

The Seashore Mountain: A Metaphorical Reflection on Emotional Loss and Personal Growth

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Abstract: *This metaphorical narrative explores the emotional journey of a narrator who finds inspiration, protection, and love in a symbolic mountain by the seashore. Through poetic personification, the mountain becomes a representation of strength, sacrifice, and silent endurance, ultimately shaping the narrator's personal growth. The story reflects on misunderstood relationships, emotional loss, and the importance of clarity, faith, and resilience. It conveys a powerful message on coping with grief and misunderstanding while holding onto hope and self-development.*

Keywords: emotional growth, symbolic narrative, grief and healing, misunderstood relationships, self-reflection

Sometimes, the hardest hit becomes the turning point of life.

It was the month of March in 2020. I was roaming between hills, exploring the beauty of nature with wonder in my eyes. I came across a mountain standing stiff near the seashore. Unlike the others, which stood grouped together on solid ground, this mountain stood alone by the seashore, standing on the hardest ground, but this mountain chose the seashore for himself, enjoying his own company.

Standing by the seashore was not easy; waves relentlessly crashed against him. Yet, he still smiled proudly and confidently. Other mountains were laughing over him because of his choice. But this mountain stood undisturbed, grounded in its sense of worth. His self-esteem was so high, and to achieve the highest peak, the passion was too strong in his heart.

I went near this mountain, and it seemed like he was calling me. I touched him, and it felt like I was touching my own shadow. Suddenly, a high tide rushed towards me with sudden, overwhelming force. I was unaware of it. This tide hit so hard, I got puzzled for a second, but the stiff mountain took it over and saved me from drowning. I was choking. In shielding me, the mountain bore the brunt of the wave's fury. He trembled with such force that the ground seemed to cry out in pain, and the mountain was mourning too. I was standing helplessly, crying, and watching. I hugged him tightly. I could feel his pain; that was the hardest hit for both of us.

I slept on him, feeling as though I lay upon his shoulder, and he wrapped me in his arms to protect me from every hit. When I woke up in the middle of the night, I found people were partying, campaigning, and dancing in between the mountains, but nobody wanted to come near this mountain. I sat beside him the whole night under the sky full of stars and a soothing breeze. He was still battling with all the waves in this painful condition. I wished to be with him forever, but the next morning I found him silent. He had fallen silent, lifeless. I was filled with aching because I never wanted to leave his side, and he didn't want me to stop my life and my goals for him. That's why he was silent; he was avoiding me. I tried my best to stand by him in his suffering, but he was stiff. I left in tears.

Every day, I think about him, trying to forget him, but I can't. I started working on myself, for which he left me, hoping that maybe someday we will come across again, and he must feel proud of me, and once again we will go to enjoy the seashore time, perhaps a never-ending one. He was, and he is my motivation.

I am dedicating this story to one of the most important people in my life, who was that seashore stiff mountain. I can't describe our relationship because few relationships have no name. But I always have his back. Thank you for always being there.

Through this story, I want to convey that sometimes the situation is not right, but we are unaware of it, and because of this, misunderstanding grows so strong that we lose those people who were truly there for us. And by the time we realise this, it is too late. Instead of bottling up feelings, communicate openly and honestly because misunderstanding will always tear the rest of your life with the question "Why?" At least things will become clear if it is not the situation, then it's a person, and you will be satisfied. Sometimes, be patient and have faith in God. He will definitely heal all your pain.

Conclusion

This narrative is dedicated to those silent figures in our lives who offer strength without recognition. It serves as a reminder that misunderstandings, if left unspoken, can sever the deepest bonds. Through this reflection, the author urges readers to practice direct communication and faith during emotional trials, and to recognize the healing power of time, clarity, and inner strength.