

Chapter 1

There is something so serene as well as tumultuous about nights when the entire world is asleep and those agitating thoughts keep you awake, making the mind gasp for a moment of peace and fall into the abyss of sleep.

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Was it so much to ask?

Yes.

The mind is complex combine it with the emotions, rest is not assured at all. Night keeps one on their toes and with no army on your side but only demons to fight against, nights are gruesome.

Tring...

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Anisha turned to the bedside table and switched the alarm o . Getting o the bed she opened the blinds and went inside the washroom to freshen up.

Around twenty minutes later she was dressed in a beautiful Pink saree, hair tied in a messy bun, forearms clad in pink bangles. She stared at the mirror, at the woman she had become. Finally she put a Bindi on her forehead and filled the vermilion in her maang (Partition). Now she was ready, the lady of the house, Mrs. Anisha Abhimanyu MaanSingh.

Taking a quick glance at the wall clock, she knew it was perfect time to go downstairs and start her day just like any other day which comprised of making a wholesome breakfast for the family, doing house chores like cleaning, dusting followed by cooking lunch followed by a short a ernoon nap and then cooking dinner again. There was nothing exciting in her life apart from a few trips to the market once or twice a week or a few chats in the evening with her mother-in-law and sister-in-law, she was a simple housewife.

"Anishaaa"

"Haaa, mummyji (Yes, mother-in-law)

" Do you know where is Abhi? He is not answering my calls and is not even in his o ice! I'm tired of that boy, has no regards for his family and his beautiful wife!"

Anisha gulped ofcourse she knew where her husband was, the reason behind not answering his mother's calls and his absence at the moment. Quickly thinking of a reply that would placate her mother-in-law, she said, " Mummyji, wo exercise karne chale gaye the subah jaldi...aate hi honge abhi park se!"He went to exercise early in the morning, must be on his way home from the park)

" Accha, accha, ek kaam kar Abhi ke liye chhad hum sabke liye fresh fresh orange ka juice bana de, breakfast healthy karenge exercise ke baad!" Do one thing make orange juice for breakfast, healthy food a er exercising.)

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Anisha nodded making her mother-in-law smile at her and o she went probably looking for her husband, Anisha's father-in-law.

Anisha quickly put the dal and rice container in the pressure cooker and set it to cook while she looked for her phone placed on the top of refrigerator.

Once she got a hold of it, she dialled her husband. The phone was answered in three rings making her frown

" Hello!"

" Ji, wo.."

" Maa dhund rahi hai" (Is mother asking for me)

" Ji" (Yes)

With a sigh he said, " Tell Maa I went out to exercise."

" Ji yahi bola.." (That is what...)

" I'll be there in ten."

With that the phone was slammed shut leaving Anisha to wonder where was he actually.

Thinking no more about it she took a few oranges out and started making the juice.

Healthy food her mother in law had stated but all it took was more of her energy and time. Others might find it a burden of a task but she loved it, anything to make time pass and anything to let her mind not think of what she had become and what she aspired to be.

She was a housewife and was content with whatever she had.

Although she resembled most of the housewives around the country one thing she lacked was her husband's a ection.

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So how is it?

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Please let me know.

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