

## Chapter 3

What part of the day is hardest for you? Morning, noon, evening or the night. What if I say the whole day seems hard enough when you are all alone.

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Anisha MaanSingh found ways to avoid this feeling of loneliness creeping in her heart. A er the family had breakfast all of them were o to work leaving Anisha behind, lonely might I add.

Though she had the company of the working sta but they could only accompany her for so long, a erall they too focussed on finishing a given task and moving ahead faster. It had come to a point where she had started second guessing all her choices, which was not healthy.

This a ernoon she had the task of finding an answer to the question put forth during breakfast.

Ofcourse she wanted to get rid of this boredom, loneliness but she was not given much of a choice despite having such lovely in laws. Now she had, a er six months of marriage, a chance to prove her worth to her ownself.

It was not hard to make a decision. It was rather expected of her to start either working or studying and she planned exactly that but was confused on what to choose.

If she was asked this question before marriage, she would have said studying in a heartbeat to fulfill her dream of becoming a successful lawyer. Now neither the circumstances were same nor the chances of her getting a law seat, as she had missed the entrance this year.

Thankfully she was not helpless enough to not have any chances at all and decided she would start working, at least she can earn her money and not ask her generous husband for a penny.

With that it was decided, she would start working.

In excitement she dialled the first number she can think of, her mother.

" Hello?"

"Maa, how are you?"

" Mein thik, tu bata ki haal?"( I'm good, you tell me how is it going?)

" Maa, aaj Papaji ne mujhse kaha ki mein bahar niklu ghar se, ya to padhne ya kaam karne...mein soch rahi thi kaam karti hu...thoda time katega.. ( Today, father-in-law asked me to either start working or studying and I've decided to work, at least time would pass with a new job.)

There was a silence on the line, enough to make her think the line had gone dead.

" Kya tune jamai babu se baat kari?"(Did you have a word with your husband?)

" Nahi..."( No...)

" To kab karegi? Jawaab dene ke baad! Mene tuje bola tha apne pati ke iccha ke bina koi kaam mat karna!"(When will you talk, a er giving him the answer? I told you never do anything against your husband's wishes.)

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Anisha was stumped, her eyes teared apart and finally she cut the call. There was only so much she could bear.

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Her parents had gone distant on her a er she completed graduation. Immediately a er they got her married to Abhimanyu MaanSingh not caring about her wishes, her goals! She was a burden they were happy to be rid o .

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Her eyes blurred and she couldn't read the name of the person calling her! Must be her mother calling to scold her for mannerless behaviour.

" Maa, muje aapse baat nahi karni hai! Shaadi ke baad aap jaise na muje samajte hai, naa meri koi baat sunte hai, mene kisiko koi jawaab nahi dena bina inko puche! Aap please mujhe dobara call na kare aaj ke liye! ( Mom, I don't wanna talk with you! A er the wedding you neither understand me nor try to understand, I won't give any answers to anybody woithout consulting him! Please don't call me again for the day!)

With that said the phone was slammed cut and hot tears trailed down her eyes finally succumbing to the pain of loneliness and unworthiness.

Meanwhile, Abhimanyu MaanSingh stared at the phone like it had lost its mind. He had never heard his wife utter more than a yes or no alongside a jiiand here she was talking to him, though she assumed it was her mother, in a cracked voice indicating some sort of disagreement between the two women. Anisha Abhimanyu MaanSingh was a woman of many qualities including inability to express herself but then who was the woman who spoke on the phone a minute ago!

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Clearly Abhimanyu needed to have a better judgement around her and a way to crack those walls to get the glimpse of this broken woman behind those cracked up voice filled words!

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Continue reading next part