

Chapter 9

Nature has a power to heal. It can heal you with a ray of light acting as hope or shower drops on your efforts and how astonishing is it to see how these factors club and bloom a flower.

"Anisha?"

Anisha who was staring at the garden through the glass windows of their bedroom turned.

" Ji mummyji!" Anisha faced her mother-in-law.

Daljeet shook her head and marched to stand by her side, " Anisha bete..." she eyed her daughter-in-law who looked tense for some reason, " Why did you just rush upstairs after the breakfast?"

" Ji, wo kuch kaam nahi tha to mein room aa gayi socha ki kapde dhund lu o ice me pehen ne ke" (Actually, there was no work so I came in room to check on the clothes to wear to o ice...)

" Oh, did you find something?"

" No I never started..." she replied hesitatingly.

Daljeet frowned " No problem let's start now! Better late than never, right?" She asked forwarding her hand to which Anisha smiled and kept her hand in hers.

Daljeet like an excited kid dragged Anisha to the closet looking for clothes, she went through the perfectly aligned clothes for a total of five minutes and then turned around giving a disapproving look.

" Uhhh, kya hua mummyji?" (What happened mom?)

" You do not have clothes suitable for o ice." She stated.

Anisha bit her lip and went through the closet again only to come up with, " I can wear saree to o ice."

" You can. But being a secretary means you have to be on your toes all the time. How will you do that in these sarees! They are not meant to be worn in o ice and those which are light weighted are a bit rugged. Chalole't's go shopping!"

(Chalole come on)

And that is how the roles were reversed with Anisha being the stern mom and Daljeet a kid who dragged her mom around so that she could buy whatever she deemed fit. It was hilarious how Anisha was made to agree to buy so many clothes " fit for o ice" after a slaughter of three hours at the market.

When the sky started turning red the two ladies or rather the older lady who had become a kid over the span decided it was enough and finally caved in to her daughter-in-law's words of going back home.

While they were sat in the car did Anisha dared to ask with downcast eyes and hands clenched together,

" Mummyji, do you have no problems with me working in the o ice? Please be frank...!"

Anisha's cheek was slapped lightly making her gasp and lift her head to look at Daljeet, " You are one crazy woman! Why will I shop for you when I don't want you to work?"

" I thought..."

" What? That mummyji is old fashioned and would not allow you to work! Remember your mummyji wants you to soar as high as the sky! I have only one condition."

Anisha had an expressive pair of eyes that never failed to express any emotion. Over the span of two sentences her eyes soened became teary and finally widened at the mention of the word condition.

" What condition?" she asked hesitatingly.

" No actually two conditions."

Anisha nodded her head waiting for the conditions.

" First, you will never neglect your responsibilities towards the house. You will learn to manage them together. It will be harder initially but later on you will thank me for the same."

Anisha smiled and said, " You will not be disappointed."

Daljeet smiled before gathering Anisha's hands in between hers and said, " Second, you will never compromise your health and take care of my Abhi in the o ice. I know he is a very demanding boss and will make sure you have enough work that you could strangle him!" She laughed causing Anisha to laugh out loud as well. " But please never let the misunderstandings in the o ice damage your relationship. Promise me?"

" Promise." Anisha said so ly.

" Maalkin, ghar aa gaye."(Madam we are home.)

The two ladies sauntered in with the bags and quickly Daljeet said, " Anisha make a nice cup of tea after keeping the bags in the room and after that you go upstairs, rest as well as get the things arranged. Anyways, we have around three hours for dinner."

Anisha followed what Daljeet said and was now seated on the bed staring at her phone waiting for her mother or perhaps father's call but she knew in the back of her head it was a lost cause. Sighing she laid down for sometime and browsed through her phone.

" Betiyan to jigar da tukda hoti hai. Itni Soni hove si, humesha garv se sir uccha rakhdi hai"(Daughters are a piece of heart. They are so lovely and always keep your head high) Anisha smiled hearing that sentence.

It was her father appreciating the two siblings when they the younger got selected in IIT (engineering) while the elder one had passed her final with distinction.

They had so much fun that day with their parents celebrating their achievement with a visit to a restaurant for dinner followed by icecream detour and a long long ride where the four of them discussed everything they could.

How she wished to go back in time and talk to the three of them as freely as before.

How Anisha wished she would have shared that one secret with them that day.

How she wished she would have been a bit smarter and not landed where she was.

A drop of tear made its presence known along with the heaviness in the throat. Anisha missed her home. She missed her family. She felt lost without them around her.

Alas, she dug the grave and now she has to lie in it.

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