

Chapter 26

The day one agrees to the demands of another without taking their own self under consideration is the day when they start writing their own doom.

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Anisha did the same.

She wrote her misery with her own hands. She agreed with Daljeet and disregarded what Abhimanyu stood for.

That day when she had gone in the kitchen she heard no sound coming from the dining room. She thought the matter was done with but a few minutes she saw her husband sharply dressed for the day to just leave. He did not say any goodbye greeting or called out for her.

Then she saw how her mother-in-law had started making a list of things to be done by the weekend and that is what occupied her thoughts later and throughout the next week.

She failed to notice how Abhimanyu started skipping his lunch. He just ate what he was served, no questions asked. If you fail to call him for a meal, consider he will not have that meal. He had changed ever since that morning.

He had grown a wall around him difficult to be crossed by his loved ones including his wife.

She had tried talking to him a few times but she was always given a "I am busy." It was like their married life started suffering because of that one morning.

The family was never affected or rather they never knew what was wrong because these two put up an act in front of them but inside they both were crumbling down.

A week later, Anisha had enough. That evening when Abhimanyu came home she noticed he has lost weight, noticeable enough. His eyes had bags around them and he seemed tired.

She wanted nothing but to hug him tight and hold him as far as time will allow. Sighing she followed him to their room and shut the door close behind her. Abhimanyu looked at her and turned back to look at the task at hand.

Anisha called him, "Abhimanyu."

"Hmm..." He answered.

"Will you look at me while we talk? Please." She pleaded.

He turned around to look at her. She stood behind him looking timid yet determined.

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"What is it?" He asked.

"I... Abhimanyu why have you gone silent all of a sudden? You don't eat. You don't talk. You just live. I cannot see you like this, anymore. Please become the same Abhimanyu you were before all this happened."

Abhimanyu stared at her. She appeared sincere when she spoke her thoughts. He sighed.

"Anisha, I eat when food is served. I talk when I'm talked to. I live just like I used to. There is nothing wrong. Don't just assume things. Everything is normal."

"No. It is not normal!" She shouted. "You barely talk and eat. You are not being you. I don't even know you, anymore. Why don't you accept the fact that it is my destiny which has misery written in it?"

Abhimanyu had enough. She put all the blame on destiny!

He held her hand and dragged her outside the room, downstairs and in the middle of the living room. All the while she shouted, "Abhimanyu kya kar rahe hai aap? Kya ho gaya? (What are you doing? What happened?)

The commotion drew everybody's attention and the two were surrounded by all the family members.

"You tell me, what is wrong? You decide to blame destiny for things that were under your control! You decide to throw things away and stop fighting against their meaningless rules! You decide to throw away your life and blame it all on destiny! Why don't you think, if you will not fight, they will kill you!" He had lost it.

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Daljeet widened her eyes. She was shocked how her own son thought about them. He referred to his family as if they were the most unjustified people on this planet. Were their argument really unjustified?

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Anisha had tears dropping down her eyes. "Abhimanyu, I am blaming things on destiny because this is how I cope up. The day my father decided it was ok to get me married despite having not done any of the unjustified thoughts he had, I blamed it all on destiny. I blamed my destiny when you did not find me interesting or worthy enough to have even a verbal relationship with. I blamed my destiny when I became somebody equivalent to a maid in a billionaire's house.

Never was bhabhi told to do things, I was. She is rather not expected to do anything. I knew I was given a sort of special treatment because your mother doesn't like me. Then, she proved me right when she uttered why Surbhi and I are incomparable. I know, I have made mistakes but..." She couldn't continue.

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Every damn word she said, every damn sentence was full of the pain she suppressed within. It was not like she did not want to fight. She had forgotten the purpose to fight. She was living a life just because she had to. Now the dam had burst, nobody had ever listened to her side of the story. Now they knew how she felt for the past six months.

Abhimanyu listened to her. He wanted to go and console her. She was crying now in the middle of the house with no care of what everybody looked at. She had no care about what anybody thought. She knew they already thought worst about her.

Daljeet and Supreet were shocked. They thought everything was going alright. They never knew since the day the two had been married there were always problems.

Abhimanyu looked at his parents and said, "Why do you both look so shocked? You both willingly got us married and don't tell me you never knew we had problems!" He too had lost it.

Daljeet said, "We thought it was a phase."

"You listened to her. Did you find a single instance where you made our life easy? Because I haven't noticed one since the day we got married."

"Abhimanyu, it is enough. I know I deserved it. I'm sorry you have to compromise. You deserved a much better lady as your partner!"

Anisha said out of nowhere.

"Stop demeaning my wife." He shut her up.

"Mom, if you have forgotten let me remind you. Once upon a time we had a chef and now I'm appointing one again. She is my wife not some maid. And as for omelette and preparations, she will do both. It is enough we took your thoughts into consideration. If you do not want to come out of that mudhole. I can't help it."

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"Supreet ji..." Daljeet looked at him for help.

"Abhimanyu, this is no way you talk to your mother. Anisha, if you had so many problems you should have said them out loud. And Daljeet stop interfering in their lives. Two of your sons have not taken the roof above our head and we should be grateful for that. It is their life, let them be!"

"Fine. Anisha do what you want to. I'll ask the old chef to join back."

Abhimanyu looked at the drooped figures of his parents going back in their rooms. He saw his wife being comforted by Surbhi. He looked at his brother who said, "You did good. They will come around. Don't worry."

When Abhimanyu approached the ladies he heard Surbhi say, "Bhai ne sahi kaha You and I cannot be compared bhabhi. You are bearing a punishment which is not even the correct punishment for you. You are much stronger than what I can ever be." (Brother said the truth.)

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"Anisha, come on. Let's go back upstairs." Abhimanyu said.

"Yes." She replied silently.

He grabbed her hand and intertwined their fingers. Silently telling her, they were in this together. She leaned her head on his shoulder and said, "Thank you Abhimanyu. I needed to get these things off my chest."

He kissed her forehead and guided them both inside the room.

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