

Chapter 4

Expressing yourself is what many find difficult, like it's a 'task' for them!

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People find it easy to judge, passing comments here and there is like second nature to them. Maybe this is what prevents rather forbids people like Anisha to express themselves, fear of being judged.

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After that gruesome phone call with her mother, Anisha felt drained emotionally and mentally, she had reached a decision which was looked down upon by the only person who should not be doing this, her own mother!

She felt dejected! It was like history repeating itself!

Certain incidences that made her forget her dreams and become a dutiful wife and daughter-in-law started clawing her head. Sighing she took a glance at the clock only to notice more than an hour passed, while she sat there brooding!

Having enough of this sulking attitude she went upstairs to their room and washed her face. With the rub of napkin she wiped away the water as well as her sorrow.

She had made peace with her future long back and there was nothing she could do about it. She went downstairs again and made up her mind to go to the bazaar (market).

Shopping acts like a therapy and so was true for Anisha like any other woman out there.

She picked up her phone lying dejected on the living room table along with her wallet and few more belongings before going out of the house to be greeted by the security asking for any help.

She nodded, asking the driver Shaam to drive her to the nearest bazaar.

When the car pulled up beside her, she hopped in quick and started making a mental list of whatever necessities she needs at the house along with a few pennies she could spend here and there.

In no time was she standing outside the supermarket and fetching a trolley, ready set on her shopping spree.

Anisha shuffled between aisles looking for one or other thing, her mental list long forgotten replaced by a hump of things lying in the trolley. She couldn't help it, she was an avid shopper. Her mood had improved and she was content, truly shopping was a therapy to her. But what she saw next was enough to wipe the content off.

There he stood along with the girl who loathed Anisha to an extent inexpressible.

He who had her heart but crushed it like it was a useless piece of trash.

He who was unfortunate enough to not know the value of the gem he lost.

Suddenly thoughts of a certain six feet tall man hit the back of her head, Anisha was married now. What he does is none of her concerns anymore! She has moved on but why did she feel that familiar ache when he bent down to kiss that awful woman.

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Anisha felt helpless with her condition and thought about Abhimanyu and his family. She couldn't be seen eyeing the couple like this! She had enough experience to know what is it like being a famous person's family and it was nowhere near good.

As if on cue she heard her phone ring which pulled her out of the bubble which was close to be burst anyways and answered the call, which was her husband,

"Hello?" she said timidly into the phone.

"Kaha hō" (Where are you?)

"I am at the supermarket."

"Why would you even go to shop for these things when we have started to do that, is beyond me!"

"I...", she was rudely cut by him

"How long will you be gone?" he asked exasperated.

"I'm done. I'll just pay and start for home." With that said she made her way to the payment counter.

"Good. I know this is very assumptive of me, but you are a commerce graduate right?"

"Yes" she drawled.

"Anisha, I have an important meeting tomorrow and my secretary has gone for her honeymoon, moreover the one replacing her has caught terrible flu and I have no professional help." He brisked out to her meanwhile Anisha completed the payment and made a beeline for the car.

"How do I enter the picture?"

"Aaj subah hi dad asked you na, about the job thing? What better way to get back to practice other than help your husband?"

He replied impatiently.

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"Oh. Are you back home?"

"I'll be there in five. Listen Anisha I need your help. This deal is important. About food let mom handle it for tonight and give your whole concentration to this deal." He commanded as if he was her boss.

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Anisha could only meekly nod her head but of course he couldn't see her so he asked

"Clear?"

"Crystal."

With that the phone was cut and Anisha sat still in the car that drove her home thinking of all the reasons why her husband would need her assistance out of all the highly qualified people who are much better than her!

Maybe she just had to find it out by herself.

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