

my mother,

“At thirty-three you are still unmarried. Sita's daughter, Natali is such a pretty girl and she owns the biggest shopping center in the town. Why can't you see the fortune in front of your very eyes *putha*? Even Mr. Perera's daughter, though she is not pretty, is the ideal one for you. She is a doctor and she will bring in a huge dowry. There will be no need for you to do private practice, if you marry her.”

What she believes in is that once we pass the marriageable age all the good dames would be hitched and later useless ones would be left for us. Though I occasionally try to make my mother understand that despite being rational at times, I am also a kind of Romeo when it comes to choosing the life partner. I have vowed to myself that I would not marry for advantage. However, none of my relationships with women in Canada were able to fill up the void that was created on the day I decided to be more rational than sentimental. At times, I was wondering whether the things would have been better if I became more sentimental than rational.

While wandering through my thoughts I heard somebody falling down.... The casualty was an unaccompanied young girl who was seven months pregnant and Sri Lankan. I ran towards her. She had fainted because the weight of her baby had squeezed the blood vessels in her legs. While examining her pulse, I saw that brown spot under the nose. Is it the same brown spot I loved and left ten years ago? No way! Life is not a fairy tale. Such perfectly planned surprises can occur only in fairy tales. I felt I had started to see hallucinations.

With the aid of a by standing ground operation crew member, I managed to take

her to a restroom after proving to the others, I was a VOG.

“I am OK,” said she. And opened her eyes and her mouth gaped. Her eyes turned into two pools of tears which soon started flooding.

I said at last, “Samanali, may be some invisible power has planned everything this way, some invisible power which manipulates our fate, at last has made this happen this way.” At which she only sighed.

I made her lie on the left side so that it helped to increase the blood flow to the heart.

After a while, there was an announcement for boarding. I got into the flight and surprisingly Samanali's seat was next to mine. Can our fate be this kind to us? Until that day I did not believe in luck that comes to people by chance. But seemingly it could happen only once in a life time and it is not going to repeat, so I should not let go of this opportunity of regaining lost happiness. At the same time, I was wondering if I was being sentimental or rational.

“Kanishka, my life is a mess. I'm not the same old Samanali, well he deserted me ...” all I understood was her voice was as sweet as ever. Not the rational I, but I the lover Romeo, started talking.

“I don't care who he is. I am also responsible for your misery. I deserted you too. Can't you remember? Will you forgive me?”

“You don't have to say that. You were only making your parents happy. It's not wrong. Sithum is a son of a politician and he

“That's enough.” I could no longer listen to her.

“I will marry you after you deliver the baby,