

life was.

“Aww,” I burnt my little finger against the red-hot pan. It was the sixth month of my married life. Pain, both physical and mental, sorrow and tears were not strange to me. I stepped out slowly towards Sithanga with the plate of food. As usual, he was working on his lap-top.

Sithanga Kaveeshan Disasekara, he became my husband through a proposal. But, I felt that I was manipulated against my wishes into marrying him. However, after my wedding, I thought I would be a good wife to him forgetting my past. Though I really wanted to forget my past, Sithanga's aggressive ways and behavior always drifted me back to the past. The memories poked my heart hard causing pain.

“Breakfast, an omelet with carrot sambal, you like that... that's why...”

I just gathered some words responding slowly, though there were thousand reasons to cry.

“Hmm...”

He responded even without looking at me.  
Ring... ring... ring...

“Yes, Mr. Prathap... at 8 “O” clock ok ... I will come,”

Sithanga threw the phone away briskly and looked at me like a rascal.

“Shit, he told me that he'd come at 8.30, but, now he says it's 8....” he started to collect the files in a hurry.

“Breakfast...” I said in a brittle voice.

“Food... shitty food, idiot. You are the one who is responsible for all of this,” he just burst upon me.

“Shall I feed you....”

I whispered fondly, because I knew that he had to starve until lunch.

“Keep your food and go to hell!!!” he shouted viciously.

I looked at the clock with tearful eyes. It was seven and so late. I quickly got ready to go to school. The only consolation in my life was being with those young children at school.

I, Akshara Munasinghe, is the only child of Rathna Munasinghe, the most successful businessman in the area. I had everything I wanted. As any other girl, I too yearned for a happy wedded life. It is true that everyone feels sad and sorrowful at times. But, as far as my life is concerned, it is no exaggeration to say that I only experienced suffering during these six months of married life. Whenever I thought of my life, it is only tears that kissed my cheeks. I remembered my painful life with Seethanga more and more as I saw a lovely couple near the bus halt. Six months ago I was so comfortable with my life. I was really happy and I was enjoying the blessings of life. That was with Abhi, the only man I ever loved in my life of 26 years. “Abhi, I cannot wake up in the morning, you see.”

I told one beautiful evening hugging his warm chest.

“I know, it is ok babe, you can sleep until you want to get up, I will look after you, dress you, and if you want, I will take you to school.”

Abhiman whispered to me in his super husky voice, hugging me even tighter in his arms. I looked at his eyes. Those eyes, they were full of love. Yes, that is my one and only soulmate. He is the one whom I love the most in this world.

“Gaurav Abhiman Dissanayake”

It made my heart burn more when I recall the past moments with Abhiman than when I think of my life of suffering with Sithanga.