

It was not asking, but, a strict order. I listened to him as I knew that going against him would make my life more painful.

“Wear this,” he threw a short red frock which is of the sort that I would never wear.

“I cannot wear this, I am a teacher,” I said softly, yet sternly.

“What... what did you say, he just held me by my hair and slapped me continuously. I couldn't bear it any more, I ran away from him to my room and locked the door. “What is this hell? Why, is my life a hell?” I cried. I tried to visualize Abhiman as my husband. Things would have been much different then. I wailed.

I dialed Abhiman's number. I will tell all of this to him. My fingers were shivering and the phone started to ring on the other side.

“Hello...”

When I heard his usual husky voice through the phone, I couldn't bear it any more.

“Hello... who is this?”

Even his words started to heal me.

“Daddy... come on I want to play...”

I heard a sweet and mischievous voice of a little girl through the phone.

“Doni... wait ... you will fall, come hear... mmmwah! My treasure...”

I was shocked... it was like an electric shock.

I only remember that my phone fell down...

I couldn't believe those words. It was three years after I stopped calling him. But, for all these years I couldn't stop living in my seven-year relationship but, now he is married...

I understood that god has given him all his life...

I remembered the day I told him that I wanted a breakup with him...

he cried out in pain and frustration, “You are such a cruel woman... a heartless woman. You are going to leave me...is this the value you give my endless love. Ok you go, marry a rich one and suffer...”

I knew, he was, in heart, undergoing excruciating pain at the sudden change in me. But all I knew was if I went against my father, he would kill Abhi and his family. He didn't know that I sacrificed my love because of his life. I had nothing to wish for. I had no dream to achieve. I felt like I was dead and I decided to wear what Sithanga wanted me to wear because I had no hope... no value in me. I lived with my Abhis' memories but, I don't own them now.

I let my life be a puppet in others' hand. All I wanted now is to get rid of this painful life. I wore the frock and put some makeup on me. With a heavy heart as usual, I got in the car. We arrived at the wedding hall and Sithanga left me alone and joined his friends. I even saw him dancing with some other women paying no attention to me. Meanwhile, some drunkards tried to allure me to dance with them seeing that I was alone. How can I put an end to all this suffering, all this humiliation? There should be a way to end all this. I sat and waited looking at everything blankly. I came out of the hall which was located near the sea and started to look at the sea with an empty heart. Suddenly, I heard a familiar voice of a man.

'Doni... come on we will have dinner...'

What? Life... am I a joke to you?  
Abhiman.... Is he here?

I only remember that I ran towards the sea... The sea waves hugged me lifting up all my burdens off me. I started floating like a feather. I wanted to stop breathing... The