

“Madam??? I thought she was with you.”
Saman exclaimed.

“With me? What are you saying man?”
Responded Pathum angrily.

“Why didn't you inform me earlier?”
Shrieked Pathum.

Pathum slammed down the phone. Where could she be? She wouldn't go anywhere without informing him. He couldn't call her home. Her parents would panic, if she was not there. He had to make a call.

“Machang,” Said Pathum in a sad tone.
“Why bro, what's wrong?” inquired Shivantha.

“My wife is missing.”
There was a sharp pain in Srimathi's body. She couldn't find out from where. At a distance she saw the brass door but she couldn't reach for it. She felt that some invisible chain pulled her back every time she tried to reach for it. She felt tired.

“Sir, the door,” she heard a faint voice. Was it Saman? She couldn't tell.

Suddenly, a bright light dawned on her.
“Srimathi, are you alright?” Called out Pathum in a loving voice.

“Pathum, Pathum,” she murmured. “My head, it's paining.”

“Don't worry, you are going to be alright.”
He comforted her.
But, all she heard was a faint sound at a distance.

“Srimathi!” cried Pathum in anguish.
“Why are you standing there you fool? Get some help!” shouted Pathum with tears in his eyes.

Saman looked down. How could he tell master that madam was no more? Anyone

who saw her would recognize it immediately. Her eyes stayed fixed and her body was cold as ice.

Srimathi shrieked and jumped from the bed, what a nightmare? She switched on the light. Pathum was sleeping peacefully beside her. She wanted to wake him up but she could fill him in the morning with the details. She felt thirsty, so she drank water from the glass on her night stand and glanced at her reflection. Did this nightmare mean anything? She felt she had to check something out.

She immediately walked towards the closet parted the clothes and to her surprise there was a brass door she had never noticed before. She pushed it open. The sight she saw made her shiver. She didn't find a living room as in her dream but an image. It was her bedroom, she was sleeping, her husband beside her. If she was sleeping who was standing and looking over her?

“Who was she?”
“Where was she?”

She screamed at the top of her voice. There was no stopping her.

“Srimathi, Srimathi what's wrong???”
“Wake up, it's only a bad dream,” Pathum was holding her, while he spoke.

Srimathi started to sob, “I can't live here anymore, Pathum, let's go to a new house, I think this house is haunted and the dreams keep on warning me,” she pleaded.

“Shsssssssssssh its ok, we'll talk in the morning,” replied Pathum.

“Women! all are the same. I thought this one would be different, silly cows.” He got down from the bed carefully without waking Srimathi. “What do you like? Heaven or