

## *Leaving*

**"Hi" I hear Tom wishing me in low voice. I just tell him hello merely out of courtesy. I don't want to talk with him. He is not worthy even of my sympathy. He was the reason for all this mess. If only he was a little more responsible! I am struggling with my mind every second I try to forget him, but I can't.**

"You all right?" Tom tries to break the ice. He wants to talk with me. If he could ask me whether I was ok three days ago I would not have gone through this much of agony now.

"Yes" I answer him briskly as I don't want to talk with him.

I just want to be lonely. I just need to relieve my pain.

Tom again asks, "Are you sure?"

How ironical! After the loss of our baby, he now wants to know whether I am ok. Why is he doing like this? I wonder if he truly feels sorry for our lost baby or is he just acting?

I hear Tom clear his throat as I'm not answering him. "Yes, I'm sure, a little headache, that's all" I answered him in a low voice. He is not stopping this.

Again he asks "Oh good. You want some aspirin".

I look up to see his face. For all these past seven months he never bothered to ask what I wanted, what I liked to eat, what the doctor said about the baby or how my physical condition was. He just rejected me as he didn't want our baby. He accused me telling that it was my fault and he can't take the responsibility of the baby. But now he is worrying about my headache. I don't know am I to laugh or to cry?

He is the reason why I lost my baby. If he came home early and took me to the

hospital our baby would be still with us. Instead he was busy with his friends. When I phoned him to tell that I was feeling ill his answer was “Don't be dramatic.”

He told me as I was the one who wanted the baby and that I should carry all the burdens and not disturb him and he switched off the phone. I was helpless in that night. I was late to save my baby. At that moment he didn't want to help me but now ridiculously tries to help me.

“No. don't be so helpful. Ok?” I know his kindness was just fake.

“My god” I cry out.

I see his face change. He looks like he lost his hopes. But why do I care? He should suffer.

“You are upset” Tom whispers.

I just laugh to myself. Yeah I'm upset to the point I'm wishing my death soon. I don't want to be in this room any longer. I want to run, run and hide in a place where no one can find me.

Tom silently sits beside me. He puts his arm around me. I shook off his hand. I don't want to be touched. How dare he touch me after being such a cruel rascal.

“Ok, ok I thought you might want to talk” as I step away I heard him whisper to the floor. I stand in front him. Tom bends his head toward the floor and he is stroking his forehead. He never had a moment to talk with me or to go to the clinic with me. I did everything on my own like an orphan. But now he talks about talking. Do I have anything to talk with him after I lost my baby, the most precious thing in my life?

I sarcastically ask him “About what?”

“About anything,” Tom answers me nonchalantly.

I don't have anything to talk with him now. I just want to make my mind relaxed. I know my baby is not going to come again. He has left me forever. With thoughts of agony, I head towards the door. I feel Tom looking at me. But I don't want to turn back and run into his arms like during those old days when love was everywhere.

“I'm going away” I announce briskly.

I don't want to tell him. Just for information, I mentioned it.

Tom runs towards me, hugs me tightly from the back. “Where?” he asks.

I shake his hands away and turned to face him. Tom was surprised and his eyes widened. I don't know whether his eyes are filled with tears or as my eyes are filled with tears I see his eyes with tears. I quickly answer him as I don't want him to touch me again. “Not far. Don't be so excited” even

though I know he may not be excited I want to wound him with words. I want to show my anger my agony and my suffering. Tom seems to be relieved with my answer.

“When?” he questions. I just turned to the front door and opened it.

As I step out I reply to him “Now”.

I slam the door so as to hit him with it. The moon is in the sky and no one is on the street. As I start to walk along I hear Tom calling me. But this time I'm not going to turn back. I am leaving all my memories of loss and grief. I am leaving in search of humanity and true love like a woman who walks into an abyss like a doe deceived by a mirage.

