



BY : D.M.N.S.N. DISSANAYAKE

## COUPLE IN CONFLICT

**T**he last guest left by eleven “o” clock at night. Shehan and Aksha were super tired, yet so content. “Yes! We did it together!” Aksha and Shehan, a newly married couple, clasped each other, victoriously.

That was the first ever dinner party they threw for their family and friends following their marriage.

"I'm gonna go to bed straight away," Shehan turned to go.

"Wait, are you going to leave all this mess for me to clean?" Aksha's tone was somewhat cross.

"Oh, come on...baby, tomorrow morning we'll clean it up," Shehan said lovingly, but adamantly.

"I can't wake up into a dirty kitchen," Aksha was insistent.

"That's your problem, I'm not going to clean now, if you want, you do it," he would not give in.

Aksha was furious and she snapped at him, "Don't you ever think about me? After all that cooking and preparation, you want me to clean it up all by myself?"

"Was it only you who worked hard? How many times did I run to the shop to buy things, all because you kept changing your stupid ideas about the dishes to cook? My legs are aching even now!"

"Ah, not because I kept changing things, but because of your stupidity! When I asked you to bring twelve limes, you brought only two," Aksha retorted flushed with anger.

"It was because you didn't tell me clearly, if you wanted twelve, I could have brought twenty four if I knew this was going this far!" Shehan bellowed.

"I always cook, cook and cook, The other day, when I told you I wanted to see that movie, you said it's useless," she lamented.

"I hate that kind of movies, that's why,"

whether you like to spend time with the woman you love.”

“ But I took you to see the cricket match,” Shehan recalled.

“ I hate cricket, I came because you liked it, that was one of the most torturous places I've ever been to, you forgot all about me when you met your friends,” Aksha's voice was at its highest volume.

“All you have done in these two months of marriage was nag me, I'm fed up now!, why can't you show some appreciation?” Shehan yelled clenching his fists.

“ Nag you? Oh you are such a prick, I'm done?”

“What ? say that again,” Shehan said softly but vehemently.

“I'm done Shehan,” Aksha shouted with even more vigour.

“Ah , really? That's what you said to me after all these years of love and caring, you did this to me Aksha?” his voice cracked. “ I won't set my foot again in this house.”

Even before Aksha opened her mouth again, the front door slammed closed behind Shehan. The clock struck twelve midnight.

“What's wrong with Shehan, I just asked him to help me with the dishes, oh great, that idiot, fought, shouted and left at twelve O clock in the midnight! How arrogant he is.” Aksha just sat down on the floor exhausted, angry and shocked.

That was the first fight they had of that great scale within

the two months of their marriage. Aksha felt that as a husband, Shehan was more difficult to handle than as a lover. "Should I tell Mom? Should I go home? Will Shehan call me now?" A myriad of questions sprang up in the mind of Aksha. But still she was not ready to admit any fault on her part, "He is sooooo pigheaded." She kept telling herself.

But in the next moment when she remembered the look of anguish in his eyes when she said she was done with him, her heart melted like butter. She felt she should have checked her anger. She rang him up to see where he was, but his phone rang from the table. She felt the gold chain he bought for her on her last birthday. She slowly took it to her mouth and kissed it. "Where the hell did he go at this time?"

In the next minute there was a knock on the door, and Aksha dashed towards the door.

There he stood with ... yes with a bouquet of wild flowers. He held it towards her smiling.

"Let's clean up!"

"No darling, tomorrow, we will sleep now, I didn't mean anything I told you,"

"I know," Shehan held her by the hand.

Hand in hand they walked into the bedroom, Aksha leaving the bouquet of wild flowers among the clutter on the dining table. If the wild flowers could talk, they would say, "And....., after a good fight, at the end of the day, the couple made up again for a wonderful night!!! But who knows, soon there will be a storm of rage, perhaps..."

