

# Letting Go is Easier

“Leave me alone” you said but I wish letting you go was easy. In life we get addicted to things easily and getting addicted to people we like is the fastest addiction you will ever have & the hardest one to overcome. I knew it is going to happen one day but never thought that day will come at the speed of a burning train. I barely had time to recollect myself from the death of my best friend and another heartbreaking news was waiting for me in my front door. Suresh left the house. I came back from the funeral of my best friend & witnessed a note hanging by our refrigerator door, something was written on it, it was in his handwriting “ I am leaving, I cannot come back home to someone who does nothing but fight with me, you were never my choice, my father made me take the wedding vows with you, I wish I never said yes to my father, life with you has been a living hell and the only way out is evident to both of us, the divorce papers are in the cabinet next to the refrigerator, don’t call me. Just sign the papers my lawyer will collect them for you.” not even a final farewell, I won’t pretend that I never expected it, in fact, for the past 6 months this is the only news, I expected that I will get sooner than later.

I couldn’t fathom what wounded me more? Him asking me to sign the divorce papers or him saying, I do nothing but fight, I left my job of a software engineer for him because he said he wanted me to take care of him and his family. I was independent, materially and emotionally, he made me beg for every penny I spent. 3 years of marriage and he says he never wanted to marry me. Few days after marriage he said he is elated because I chose him. I guess men change like seasons. Even seasons give warning but men don’t show any warning signs or us women are dumb not to understand them.

‘No matter how ready you are for a divorce, thinking life will be better, I will be free, I don’t need his permission to do what I like’: when you open your wedding album you realise, It is not just you and him there are other people behind this marriage your parents, his parents, the entire family, Do I have the courage to break this news to them? I can’t breathe when I think the father who spent his entire life’s earning so that he could see his daughter start a new life, she is not happy, how can I reveal it to him there is no prince in shining armour but his son-in-law is a beast who almost killed his daughter by choking her neck when I accidentally left the heating iron on his black pant and it got burned. My father, a man who never even raised his voice at me even when I broke his favourite tape recorder which his father gave him as a graduation gift and explained to me that, “If your grandfather was alive he would have never wanted me to even pull a finger at you for this tiny tape recorder.”

To my mother who saved her wedding jewellery and saree for me because her only dream was to see me getting married and have a happy and fulfilling life. Fulfilling it indeed was but with pain, agony, regret, tears and sorrow. Suresh would come back drunk from his office parties and start hurling bad words at me and abusing me “you are ugly, you should look at the girls from my office, they maintain themselves, they are beautiful, you look 10 times older your age and please eat less, you look so fat, it doesn’t mean you will empty the kitchen just because I fill it with my money.” That day was karwachauth I didn’t even have a sip of water that day and I went to bed empty stomach. The next day I ended up in the hospital & had to get an IV. He scolded me again why you had to pretend to be a good wife and give me unnecessary stress on a work day now I have to work overtime just because you got sick. Why you can’t take care of yourself, I will leave you back in your father’s house. They will take care of you. I can’t.” when I am at my best health I should stay with him and serve to him like he is my master and when I am sick I am my parent’s house that’s how my relationship with Suresh is. People considered him as a great husband because he is a great son, great co-worker but it is not a compulsion that one adjective should be applied to every relationship.

Naturally he was great so, as soon as people heard our relationship is strained and we are thinking of getting a divorce I was the target of the society and his family members. “She already has a love affair, she married my son because he earned 12lakhs package at that time. My son is a gem, she never knew how to handle a gem because she came from a poor household.” These were the remarks of my mother-in-law.

And after all this I still believed he would change for better one day. The idea that breaking a relationship is easier but keeping one is the hardest and our society will always look down upon the divorcee women had caved in my brain. I didn't want to stay with him but I had no other choice. I was drowning in depression when taking my own life seemed easier than leaving this demon of a person. I tried but I presume I never possessed the courage to take my own life. Everytime I went closer to death the thought of my parents kept me alive. Their faces always appeared in front of my eyes even when I was holding 10 sleeping tablets in my hand to eat for the 3<sup>rd</sup> time in the same month. My death would have meant my parents being blamed for my actions and lifelong hell for them. That day I realized letting someone go is easier, I mustered the courage that I am ready to hear whatever the society throws at me once I get separated from this man, it will be nothing compared to the eternal pain and suffering that would have come to me if I would have decided to stay. I signed the divorce papers with my head held high I felt even the birds outside my glass window are encouraging me in this endeavour. They are signing with their fearless voices that now I am free to fly like them.