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# **Research Chronicler**

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**Editor-In-Chief**

**Prof. K. N. Shelke**

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With this aim Research Chronicler, Multidisciplinary International Research Journal (RCMIRJ) welcomes research articles from the areas like Literatures in English, Hindi and Marathi, literary translations in English from different languages of the world, arts, education, social sciences, cultural studies, pure and applied Sciences, and trade and commerce. The space will also be provided for book reviews, interviews, commentaries, poems and short fiction.

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## Relations

Dr. Archana Durgesh

*BBD NITM, Lucknow, (U.P.) India*

I never had the time to stop, stare and enjoy the scene; always in a hurry to reach my goal as early as possible. I still remember vividly when he called me for the first time, his charm, masculinity with immense mannerism and chivalry seemed like a contrast. His looks and his etiquettes made me admire him. His proposing to me was as straight as a business talk with no room much left for me. I had either to answer in yes or no.

He simply said, "When do you plan to get married and what kind of a boy will you consider." My answer was plain, "As soon as I complete my Doctorate and I wish to marry a simple self made boy, if possible dark and not very handsome." "Well in that case will you marry me? I fall into the category of all of the above." Truly I was happy never ever any man dared to propose me. It was for the first time somebody said he loved me and wanted to marry me. To an extent I just can't imagine myself behaving like a teenage girl. How could I let myself down and say, "Oh! Thank God I am normal I never had a boy friend welcome to my life." I took strong charge over my urge and elegantly said, "Sorry I can't."

The story I thought would end here but I instigated the predator. I thought it was over but it just started. Next he asked if I was in a relationship. Confused and to end up this silly talk I accepted and even went to an extent to creating one. Imagine I had to edit

over 200 hundred pages for my cousin to pose as my boyfriend. He did it but once he met he said either I should tell him the truth and marry him if of course I am interested and if not then finish the unfinished business, change my contact number, switch to a new organization and end up all ties. It is always dangerous to lie if you care even a bit about how it can hurt someone.

He wanted to meet my parents irrespective of what I thought about him. To my horror in passing he confirmed my brother's identity and spoke to my parents about our marriage. Later I did explain but they were really heartbroken at my fake avowal of being committed; I ended up entrapped. He turned up anywhere and everywhere even my call logs displayed his name day and night. If I had to shop he was there, if I had to visit the country side he was there to give me a ride. I just thought and he had a ready solution. He called me once late in the night and he was totally boozed and he just wanted to hear those three magic words he had been repeating some thousand times or over, I blurted them out for him and slept. Next morning he called up to apologize and inquire about our late night conversation as he couldn't recall a word I told him it was normal talk and avoided but he said he lied he was not drunk and vividly remembered each word I said. He hung up leaving me abashed.

I am in fact I was a diehard romantic. Our horoscopes matched and sooner than anticipated we were engaged. I was so happy, of course I had my bad time as he still thought that my brother was my boyfriend but the air cleared up and there was nothing that could come between us. Our organization was planning a success party while its preparations something happened he felt offended and instantly broke our engagement I tried to talk to him but he said even if he agreed now he won't turn up at our wedding day– the single solitaire in platinum band on my palm is the last thing I remember, I woke up in the hospital. I had a panic attack first thing I saw was my mom before I could spill the beans his face loomed and before she could reach he came over and whispered softly that he has managed the situation and told me sorry he felt . I had no option left being the only daughter I understood it was a bad situation I had to marry him all my relatives were coming over to my place in less than a fortnight.

I couldn't sleep for a week or more, when I got up on my wedding day morning, the sheets were dirty and sticky because of the *mehendi*, lime and sugar syrup applied over it. All my cousins gathered to see the color and accordingly make out if my husband loved me. At least the dark color on my palm proved but my apprehensions turned

me pale even if he would turn up for the wedding. All my charm withered it was my day to look my best but it couldn't feel beautiful from inside, the fear that he wouldn't turn up for the wedding was gnawing at me alive. I was thinking of my simple parents, what they will tell the guests, how they will face the society. Putting rest to my brain wracking I heard a preppy number being played in near vicinity. Once I confirmed that the boy and his family have arrived I took a sigh of relief.

I silently congratulated myself on my wedding and thought of the new life ahead. I forgot to add a few things apart from love, affection, and commitment; there is domestic violence, taunts, jibes, dowry a girl is supposed to take with her, the gifts, the cash and demands by the in-laws, their hatred, harassment, the pain when one doesn't feel assimilated. My husband hasn't said those three magic words over a hundred times but yes he has asked for divorce many a times. I am on the crossroads of being married and divorced; my marriage is at an impasse, ironically I am not alone. If I wouldn't have married the list of sufferers would have been me and my parents now it includes all of us and even my son and my little daughter. My most beautiful dream turned so horrible and ironically enough the nightmare is not yet over.....

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