

I Too Had a Divorce Story

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Introduction: The Stain of Vermilion

They say vermilion powder, the vibrant crimson streak in a bride's hair parting, signifies a bond blessed by the gods, a promise of lifelong togetherness. Mine felt more like a stain, a permanent mark left by a promise shattered, a love story rewritten into a tale of divorce. My name is Chunmun Singh, and this isn't a story whispered over sweet chai in the warm glow of family gatherings; it's one pieced together in the sterile silence of a Bangalore apartment, under the flickering blue light of a computer screen, haunted by the phantom echoes of laughter and the sharp sting of betrayal.

This is the chronicle of how a software engineer, climbing the sunlit ladder of corporate success, tumbled into the shadows of a failed marriage, societal condemnation, and the profound ache of separation from his only child. It's about navigating the labyrinth of Indian family expectations, the crushing weight of false accusations under Section 498A, and the bewildering cruelty that can hide behind a beautiful smile. It's about the cacophony of blame – the shrill accusations, the hushed village whispers, the deafening silence of unanswered pleas – and the eventual, hard-won quiet of solitude.

This isn't a heroic epic, nor a saccharine romance. It's the unvarnished account of losing love, losing faith, and, in the ensuing wreckage, painstakingly searching for the fragments of oneself. It's a story etched in shades of grey – the grey of loneliness, the grey of guilt, the grey of a future unexpectedly muted. But even in the deepest grey, flickers of light persist. Follow me, then, back through the years, through the bright colours of misplaced hope and the dark tones of despair, to understand how a divorce story, too, can

be a story of survival, and ultimately, of finding a different kind of life, a different kind of peace, under the vast, indifferent sky. Bengali translation has been provided at the end of the book.

Chapter 1: The Village Spark

I, Chunmun Singh, a software engineer with eyes on the corporate prize, working in the neon-lit hum of Bangalore. My heart, though, still beat to the rhythm of a distant village in Uttar Pradesh, where the name Shita Mehra was spoken in hushed, almost reverent tones. She was a woman of striking beauty, her spirit a vibrant, defiant flame, yet entangled with an unemployed youth whose dreams, painted in the boldest colours, far outstripped the muted tones of his reality. Her parents, staunch upholders of tradition, saw only the impending shadow of scandal. They chose me—stable, educated, a beacon of perceived security—as her salvation.

Our first meeting unfolded in Kolkata, within the confines of her family's modest flat. The air was thick with unspoken expectations, the scent of marigolds and incense heavy, a stark contrast to the city's bustling, diesel-tinged streets outside. Shita's smile, when it finally broke through her initial reserve, was like a sudden burst of sunlight, warm and electric. "You're different," she said, her voice a playful melody, the tinkling of unseen bangles accompanying her words. I was instantly captivated. She professed admiration for my intellect, for my tales of late-night coding sessions bathed in the cool, blue glow of a monitor. "Our child will be as brilliant as you," she promised, her eyes shining with a conviction that painted a future in hues of gold and rose. In that moment, I envisioned a love story for the ages, a vibrant tapestry woven from shared dreams, even though its beginnings were rooted in the quiet, formal tones of an arranged match.

We married in a whirlwind of ancient rituals—the vivid crimson of vermilion powder, the resonant chant of mantras filling the air, and the warm, overlapping blessings of relatives dressed in silks of every imaginable shade. Shita moved to Bangalore, her laughter echoing like wind chimes, brightening the corners of our small apartment, previously filled only with the whir of my computer. We spun dreams of a house with a sun-drenched courtyard, a family whose laughter would fill its rooms, perhaps even a mist-shrouded trip to Darjeeling, its hills a deep, inviting green. But soon, fine cracks, like fissures in parched earth, began to appear in our idyllic facade. Shita, raised in a home where the tinkle of a bell summoned maids to her every beck and call, found the unadorned reality of domestic life stifling. The mundane grey of daily chores chafed against her spirit. I cooked after long days at the office, the aroma of spices filling the kitchen, hoping to bridge the growing chasm with shared meals under the warm glow of the dinner lamp, but her sighs grew heavier, more frequent, like the mournful call of a distant bird. I began to wonder, in the quiet, shadowed hours of the night, if love, however bright its initial spark, could truly survive such stark, ingrained differences.

Chapter 2: The Burden of Motherhood

Our son, Aryan, arrived like a tiny, perfect miracle with Shita's deep, luminous eyes. She adored him, her voice softening to a gentle lullaby when she held him, but she faltered under the relentless, unglamorous weight of motherhood. "I wasn't raised for this," she'd mutter, her gaze fixed on a pile of dishes gleaming starkly under the kitchen's fluorescent light, the clatter of domesticity a harsh counterpoint to her discontent. I juggled my demanding job at TechTrend Innovations, its deadlines casting long