I am Abhita. Age of 16 and just got Married...

I’m just a normal girl with parents and plenty of brothers and sisters. I love to paint but I don’t do it very often because it takes much time which actually I don’t have. I have to help my mum with younger sibblings and with the housework or do my homework from school. I like to learn and I personally think that I’m one of the best students in my class. One day my teacher told me that I’m the smartest girl she has ever met. I won’t forget it.

How do I look? Like an ordinary Indian girl: long, curly, brown hair with a little bit darker complexion. But it doesn’t even matter because nobody could see my real appearance. I have to pin my hair under black head scarf and cover my body under a dark coat when I’m in public. I look just like every other women here .

Semptember 14,2006

Day as always. Just came back home. Living here is so tirering. Everthing is so weird and mysterius Man never appear without curved daggers worn proudly at their waists, while we have to hide behind thick black veils. Every day looks the same. It only gets more interesting when on Sunday, the merchant caravans come to the city. Laden with fine fabrics, cinnamon, and other aromatic spices cause many confusions. Sometimes you can see that they probably had been journering on for long time because they look very damaged. But that’s the smallest problem. Some stories say that because of bad weather conditions, many weak travelers never came home again. They all stop at the market near the town hall. That’s the only one place where you can find our head of state – president whose photographs decorate every display windows of shops. People hates him. They say that he’s rude and selfish and is going to enter more women restricting laws. Luckily he’s not the only person who has got power in that city – he has to consult all his decisions with tribal chiefs in turbans who wield authority in small districs. My mum keeps saying that no metter what happens, women won’t be able to lead normal life just like others do in diffrent countries. She’s right.

November 14,2006

To be honest I forgot about this diary. Many things has changed since I last wrote something here. Couple days ago when I was feeding my younger sister, my dad came earlier from work. He was acting very strangly. After dinner he went to his bedroom and was talking on the phone for about 2 hours. When he came out was very satisfied. To be honest I have never seen him being so happy. About 6 o’clock I made dinner for whole family. Just simple chicken Tikka masala with chapathi bread. After we ate everything dad stood up and said: „I found a man for you Abhita. You are about to be married”. Firstly I Thought he was joking so I didn’t say anything and smile but after a couple of minutes I relized that he still is waiting for my answer. So i asked if I have heard everything corectly that I’m going to be somebody’s wife and he said yes. He said even more about him –he’s very rich, has got big family but last and the worst thing that I heard was that he’s three times my age !!

November 15, 2006

Last night I felt terrible. After dinner I went to bathroom. I didn’ t even clean meal because all I could do was just cry. It was like the whole world had lended on my shoulder. But now it’s going to be even worse. I have to marry him to the end of next week because he’s going to turn 41 in 14 days and doesn’ t want to wait with the wedding untill then. Maybe he thinks that will be a shame for him to be 41 and be without wife…

November 17, 2006

My wedding preparations are moving ahead. This is happening too fast… My future husband’s family and my have already signed the marrige contract and it was obviously only men event so even my mum, sisters nor I weren’t able find out how things had gone. Later my mum spoke to dad and he told her that my dowry had been set at about 680 dollars and they promised that my future husband won’t hurt me … Even more, my future patents in law said

November 20, 2006

The wedding is tomorrow. I’m so scared. Today Aika is going to visit me and help to pick up my dress for my big day. She’ s my best friend. We become inseparable since she had moved into our neighbourhood. She always stops in the morning to get me and we go off to school together. Malak was the only person that was always honest with me in every way so she was the best peson to consult about wedding dress.

November 21, 2006

I woke up about 6 am. The sunlight was flooding the room when I realised that today is wedding. I went down stairs, sat on the carpet and bowed down before God, reciting the first prayer that I had to say before ceremony. Then I went to the kitchen when I was surfed a bowl of ful and a cup of tea by my mum. Outside the kitchen window I could see my little budle which was already waiting for me. At this moment I realised that this was really hapenning. I would never have imagined that this day would arrive so quiclky. I didn’t even know what the marrige was and how does it work…

About 10 am I was ready to go for a ceremony. I was dressed in beautiful Saree and had henna decorations on my hands and arms with many different designs like flowers and others.

The wedding celebration was quite nice. It began at about 3 pm and lasted for about 4 hours but for me it seemed to be never ending for me. I was sitting near my parents. Didn’t want to dance, eat or drink with others. I just wanted to go out …

November 22, 2006

Yesteraday I came back about 11 pm and went straight to bed. I was so tired afterb all of that wedding attractions – allt the belly and folk dances, so I fell aspleep very quickly.

Today I must pack my things and move out from my family house. I don’t feel prepared for it. I already miss my parents, younger sisters and brothers.

In the afternoon I’m going to meet with Aika. Like always on Fridays we’re going to go on dance lessons…

We love these classes. Our dance instructor is amazing. Her nam is Jasmine. It’s a beautiful and very tall woman. She’s always dressed in dress with oriental patterns. She’s always very nice to us and helps everytime we can’t remember or do any of the steps that she’s showing. But the best part is in the end. She always tells us to sit down and watch the whole choreography. We love to watch her dancing. She does it so beautifully that we go out from the school and still think about her and her moves, keeping in our minds that someday we will learn to dance like our teacher does.

The other nice part about the classes is that we have to have special dresses. Not so beautifull like Jasmine has but also very colorful and girly. We have been searching for them for so long! We could not find the perfect one’s in the whole city. But luckily Aika’s mum had found them in local boutique on the outskirts of the city on her way to work. She had only saw them from the bus and didn’t have time to go into the shop so we went there the next day and of course bought them as soon as we only got there.

November 23,2006

I keep hearing my father’s words in my mind : one less to feed…

All I was for him was the money that he was given by my new family as a brude. But even through I still believe that this nightmare will finish some day… That I would escape from this terrible marriage and go back to my lovely family.