

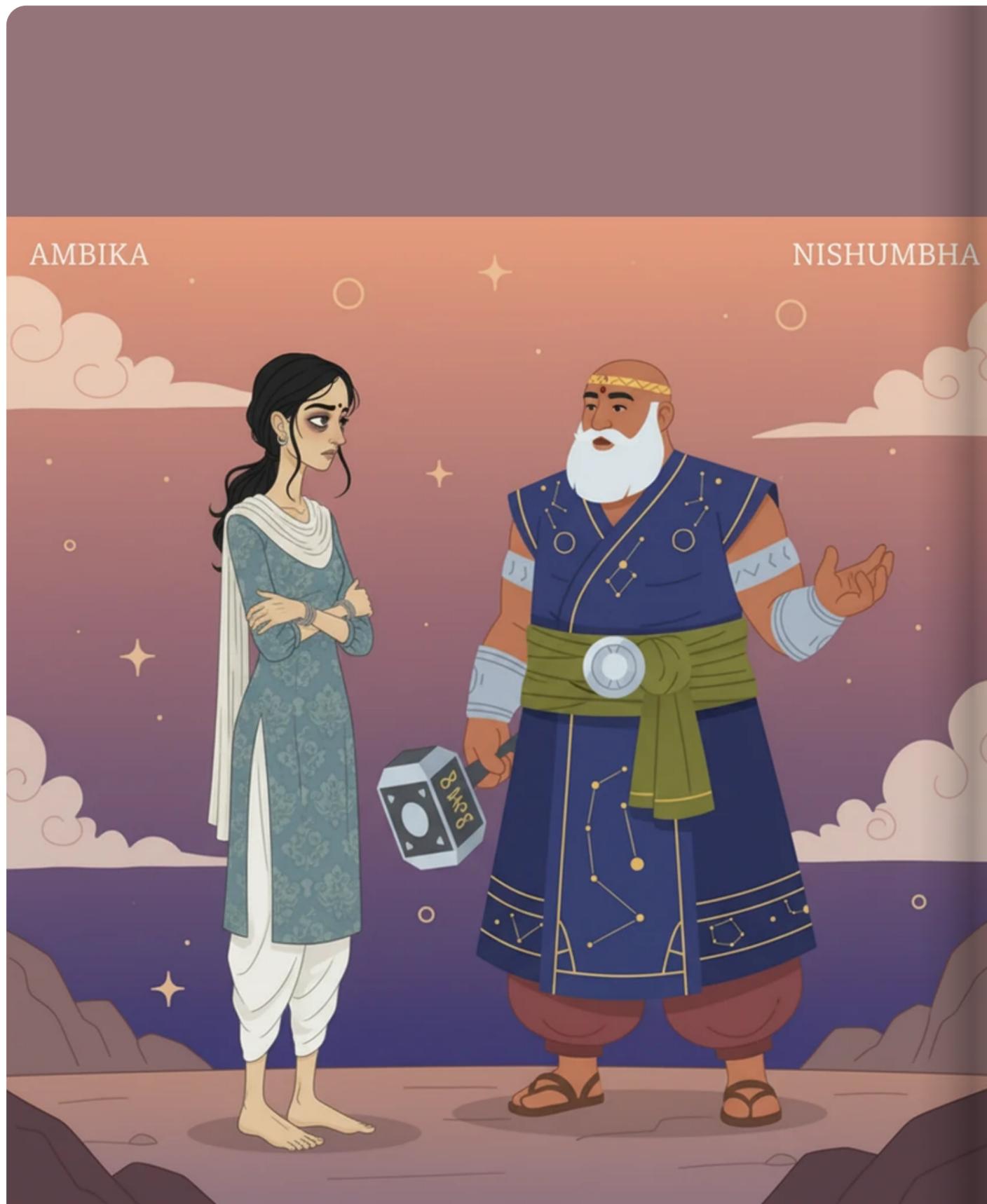
# AMBIKA & NISHUMBHA



## The Price of Silence

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Ambika stands beside a shiny new car, handing the keys to Nishumbha while her own bank records show a depleted balance. She wears a quiet, forced smile, convincing herself that supporting her husband's career is her primary duty as a wife.



Gold jewelry and family heirlooms are piled on a table as Nishumbha takes them with a practiced expression of sorrow and struggle. He speaks of a mysterious business venture while Ambika watches her heritage being melted down to fund his invisible dreams.



In the dim light of a late night, Ambika continues to work at her computer while Nishumbha sleeps comfortably in the background. Her face is drawn and tired, showing the physical toll of working twelve-hour shifts to finance a lifestyle she barely enjoys.



Ambika stands perfectly still in a darkened hallway, her head tilted as she listens to the sound of footsteps outside the door. She has learned to read the rhythm of the floorboards, knowing that a heavy step means she must make herself even smaller to avoid conflict.



A ceramic plate lies shattered on the kitchen floor, its pieces reflecting the harsh overhead light. Nishumbha stands over her, his shadow looming large, as he hurls words that cut deeper and last much longer than the broken porcelain.



During a rare moment of stillness, Ambika looks directly at Nishumbha and asks why his survival always requires her total destruction. He merely laughs, unaware that the spark of realization in her eyes is the beginning of the end of his control.



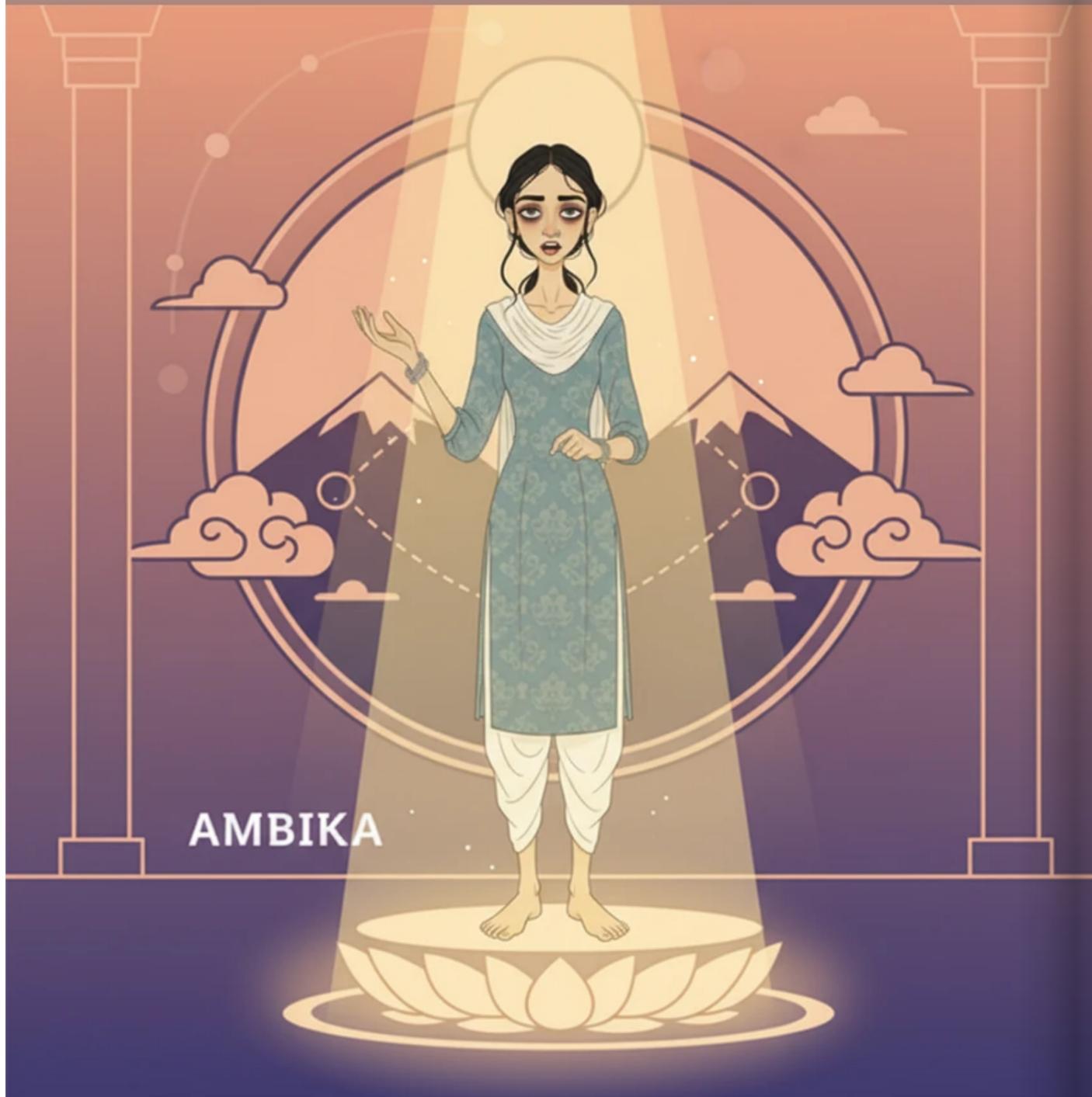
Ambika walks out of the front door into the cool evening air, carrying only a small bag and her dignity. She is not filled with anger, but with a profound exhaustion that tells her there is absolutely nothing left for her to give him.



Nishumbha sits in a circle of concerned relatives, performing a scene of heartbreak and abandonment for his captive audience. He weeps about his devotion while conveniently omitting the years of stolen savings and the silence he forced upon his wife.



An elder relative pulls Ambika aside in a quiet corner, advising her that a woman's greatest virtue is her silence and endurance. Ambika looks back with a steady gaze, finally understanding that waiting for a justice that never arrives is no longer an option.



Ambika stands tall in a courtroom of light, her voice clear and unwavering as she finally tells her own story. Behind her, a powerful and divine shadow suggests she is no longer alone, marking the moment her struggle transforms into a legacy of justice.