

"We met nearly ten years ago. She was working as our acting hostel warden while I was training as a paramedic in a medical college hospital in Delhi. Initially, she was affectionate towards me and would often call me to her room after the day's work was over. I was about ten years her junior. I had heard that she was lesbian and had a steady girlfriend who had since left her. She stood out from the others because of her "male" appearance - jeans, short haircut and mannerisms.



"I developed a liking for her and we eventually became good friends. At her suggestion I started to cook meals for both of us in her room itself. This ensured us the privacy we badly wanted, as we did not now have to go to the hostel dining room. She expected me to do the household work - room making, cooking, cleaning, and washing clothes for her. She would insist that I keep things ready for her when she returned from her official work in the late evening hours. I readily complied because we developed mutual love. She would however always boss around like the men do in our society. I was over-worked because as a student I also had my studies to pursue.

"We had developed physical intimacy in the form of kissing, petting, hugging, breast-sucking, fingering, and cunnilingus. She would also attempt to have penetrative sex with her erect clitoris. Our lovemaking would continue till she got an orgasm. We would go out together for movies and dinner parties and make love in the night. Sometimes we would smoke and drink alcohol. She would however resent it if I as much as made attempts to be friendly to males in a healthy way. She was very possessive of me.

"After I graduated and started to look for a job, we decided to get married since we could not live apart any longer. But would our family members, friends and co-workers accept our decision? Would our relationship get social and legal sanction? We were riddled with doubts and I lacked the confidence and courage to take such a step. Yet we felt we should declare to each other that we were married. One evening we went to a mandir and got the blessings of the deity. When we returned to the hostel, she applied 'sindhoor' on my 'mang'. It was the happiest day for us. We never informed anyone else about our mutual pact.

"Things went on well for a year. I got a job and became economically independent. One day, on my return from work, I found her in a compromising posture with a young girl in her room. She had been drinking liquor but was otherwise quite conscious. When I protested, she rebuked me and turned me out of her room.

"From then on, our relationship soured. I felt cheated. I even attempted suicide, leaving a note written in my own blood to the effect that I loved her and she had ditched me. I was unconscious for three days following the suicide attempt. But I revived. My parents had to bribe the police to get the medico-legal case "withdrawn." Luckily, the press did not come to know of this incident. I left my job to work in another set-up. My family members were very supportive and that provided me with the strength to go on. The pain and agony of it will always linger on in my memory.



"I must add that every year there are at least three to four lesbians who can be counted in the batch of freshers at my alma mater. I have suffered a great deal but still have no answers to some crucial questions:

Why can't two girls get married? Why does society not recognize, support and sanction lesbian relationships? A heterosexual relationship may also sour like ours did. But there at least society is aware of marriage and break-ups. In our case, the most traumatic thing is that the world is neither aware of our 'marriage' or of the end. I had to face the pain more or less by myself. Many other women like me must have attempted suicide and even succumbed to such attempts. How many more must undergo this trauma silently? And why?



*Till death do us part*

