

To Be Free



I don't want to be stuck and under the control of him anymore, I'm so done with living my life according to him; cooking, cleaning, tending to his every need, being locked in this damn house with no chance of going out on my own. I want to be free. I no longer want him controlling my desires. I want to be free.

We married at a young age, straight out of high school. Everything felt like a dream, that I had just unlocked the ultimate dream, sharing a life with someone I love and that we can support each other and build with each other a future we both desire. Though, that fantasy thought of mine was short-lived. It wasn't long till I was put in an apron and pushed into the kitchen. I was then told that "A wife should cook and clean, maintain a well organised house for a husband to come home to, while he works and provides. I shouldn't have to explain my whereabouts to you, just keep the house in order for when I come home" I was young and I believed him, so I simply did as he asked, what he expected of me.

It's been 10 years of obeying his law, living up to his expectations. I'm over it.

He works every day, and yes, he helps us live well but that doesn't mean I'm happy here. It may sound selfish, but I want a chance to earn on my own, act on my own. I want to be able to set out and build a career for myself but, living under this roof, acting according to his desire, I don't see that as living. Merely just surviving and in a constant cycle of your "traditional housewife" And that's not me.

I bring up my troubles to him. After 10 years of bottling this up, its about time I voice it. Otherwise, there really will be no change in my life. My life that right now, he has full control over. I'm going to tell him. I want to be allowed out of this house, be able to work and earn money, to see people and be a part of a community of people. Will he understand me? I've tried to tell him about it many times over the years, will he hear me now?

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No

No. It didn't... he didn't... he scoffed at the idea, he told me that as a woman, I won't stand a chance, and that I'm better off just staying at home and caring for the house.

Well. I'm going anyway, I truly am tired of this cycle, of living under the title of "housewife" I know there's no wrong in that, but I want to be free to live my life the way I want to and not the way someone else wants me to. I don't want to be stuck in a house. Locked in by walls and doors.

I'm getting out of here.

When he left for work the next day and not long after, I was out the door. I had a bag of clothes, food, and money that I had stashed aside when I was given my small weekly allowance. Closing that door, being outside the house. I was rushed with emotion. But I wasn't done yet. I had to go further. Luckily for me, the train station wasn't far from the house. I walked there and hop on the first train to somewhere, anywhere away from that house, from that life.

Sitting on the train, I gazed out the window and all the emotions I had when I first left the door came rushing to me again. A strong feeling of relief, anxiety but also a realization of the freedom I will now be able to have. I am able to go and set out on an adventure of my own without being under control of someone else. This is my first step to living my life the way I want to. And I can't help but be excited for what the future holds.