It’s been nine years since I had control of my life. I’m jealous of the people in control of their life…

Here comes Ted. I know how his footsteps sound, lazy. I have to stand up and open the door for him. He is my husband. His mother thinks so, but the government knows otherwise. If you ask me, he is my guy. He provides, I survive. He is so bare-minimum though. I know I can do better but I’m too lazy for that right now.

I open the door for him. He’s sweaty, must be the weather out there.

“Babe I missed you. How you been today?”

What do you think, dumbass? I pause. I take his bag off him and walks to the bedroom. He pulls my hand. He wants some. I drop the bag. I serve him.

….

I start preparing our dinner. Ted’s asleep. Yes, I put him in his place. Minutes later, I’m done cooking. I check Ted’s bag to see how much he made today. . I check the pockets, but I only get some coins, worth 80 bob. I also find a packet of cigarettes. Ted! I hate smoking and hate smokers. Ted had stopped smoking two years ago, but he backslid. Honestly, he really wants to stop, I know that and that’s why I’m putting up with him. But today, I’m pissed. He bought cigarettes worth 300 and came home with nothing. I decide to wake him up.