**Price Tag**

Divorce is not an option

That’s what they say

while countless number of people keep sacrificing their lives on the altars of marriage.

Go ask my late mother and she would tell you how much of a mistake she made playing the religious wife. Her piety cost her her dreams and eventually her life

Seated here in this courtroom listening to this old hag with his lower jaw hanging like that of a toad, preaching the sermon of marital vows makes me want to burst his head.

I buried my mother after the abusive fist of my father remoulded her into a corpse.

I am not going to lose my only sister to the cruel hands of philistinism.

It is obvious this is a kangaroo court and this judge will bow to the coin.

The jury is just an association of avid worshipers of the tall tale clan. The truth in this case already wears a price tag waiting for the highest bidder, and I am nowhere near the bargaining table.

My sister is already looking like a pipsqueak.

If she stayed in this marriage any longer, it would be the last of her.

I must find a way to get this case out of this court if I must save my sister from wearing this cuff a second time.

I will not have this court scant my family, not today, never.