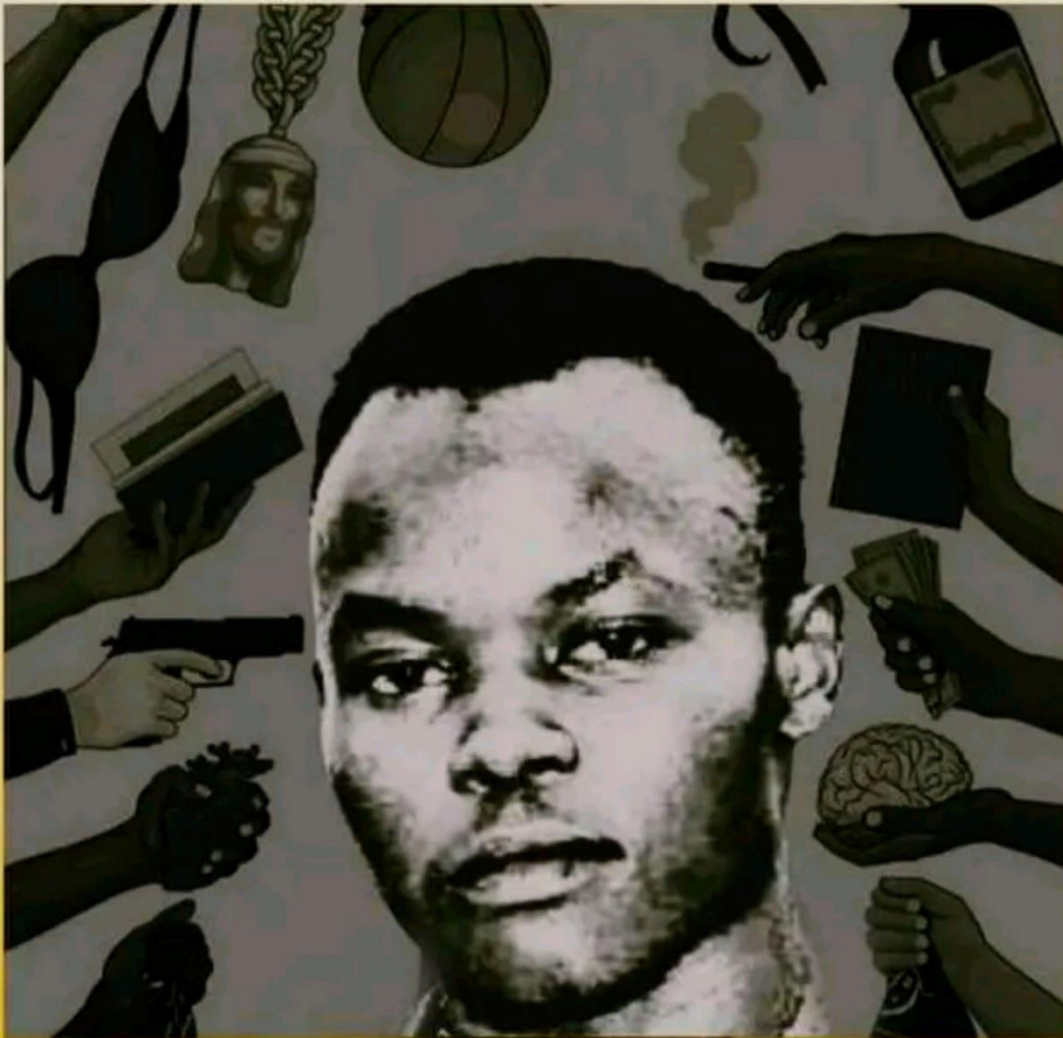


Raphael M Kinyele
CHOICES I NEVER HAD

BOOK 1 & 2



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GENERAL INTRODUCTION

The world attempts to differ with the nudge theory of self-absorbed egocentric nature where a person counts on their conscience when making vital judgments to base their life on.

For instance

It will show you a couple of victorious married some ones who succeeded from nothing to greatness and on getting inspired, you opt to copy and marry at your lowest with the hope of "getting rich together" but It will not show you how life will turn out like if the two of you don't make it in life as you aspired because the end happening might be scary.

The world's monstrosity voices will whisper to you "Oh! Young man/lady, open your eyes, harden that heart of yours, and subdue those heedful sensations of being good See what money can do to you, it will go ahead and show you an alternate route to take to become successful but it will not show you the aftermath of the choices you make because that's empirical.

Same voices will tell you "To bump off with self-discipline and morals, after all how being has good benefited you so far apart from getting backstabbed by the people that you cared for? They will then go ahead and give you reasons to not be good anymore but they will not tell you that you can still be a good person and not get hurt because that's worthwhile to you.

The point is that the worldly voices will only walk you into tangles of despair, put you below its general epitome and enjoy upon your misery I.e. when you sink deep into the pool of laments, loneliness, abandonment, and all kinds of desperations.

The only solution is to listen to your innermost voice and make decisions based on categorical imperative and your internal monologue without involving the world.

PART 1

INTRODUCTION

(Depression began to weave into my life when I was 19 years old, when I finally got to face the world, the life of self-reliance, the life away from school and all sorts of ordinances to obey in a close-up, the life away from my parents and any kind of stewardship, and the cruel world ready to devote and break me apart).

"It wasn't that leisurely I can tell you my little angel, I was on my own, I had it all in my bare arm and I had to decide what I was compelling to do to unfold this misery and what to avoid so that I wouldn't botch up my precious life.

A very long time ago, my grandmother used to narrate to us more about her past when she was new in marriage, the adversity she went through just to have a family.

This was a part of colloquial education that was given by the grandparents to their grandchildren at teenage and it was purposed to educate, prepare and enlightened next progression of passage after birth and initiation.

(At times I spend very cold nights in the forest whenever your late grandfather came home drunk because he implied to harm everyone around him, he didn't care what if we were stricken by the hyenas...not what kind of life). It seemed like at times she regretted marrying that man.

She would say dirty words about her late husband whenever she was hungry".

David melted in tears as he narrated the story about his life to his 10-year-old daughter who sat on the red upholstery couch listening keenly and carefully word by word.

For the longest time, his daughter had been soliciting to know the whereabouts of her mother who was lost to sight mysteriously and her father had always been fibbing to her that she went to the downtown to greet their grandmother but today like no other day, Mueni had been imperiled to go after her beloved mother until her father had to vow to tell her the whole truth in the evening before she went to bed.

I had a choice that I inferred to make, I had to choose what best fits me or should I say I was about to make a courteous choice that was to determine the kind of person I would become in the future and the kind of life I would

live with my kids, the life I am living now and remember this daughter,
We do not decide on how we want our future to be at times instead we choose on our habits and our habits creates that fate for us), furthermore choices have consequences.

(The choice I'm about to make requires deeper enlightenment and a wilder experience than mine but I have to do it anyway.

This is my battle that I have to fight and not just to fight but to win, I never suppose in failure and I will never be a delinquent in life and so, I have to make a generous choice)"

"I encourage myself with these words from the great book of Original Vampire Diaries".

She laughed when he mentioned vampires since he used to tell them stories every night before they went to sleep.

The African Stories of vampire and zombies.

"Wait! Am I supposed to be perfect in every decision that I make? Well, let me gather some confidence in this theory because I believe in my instincts they are always right.

I gave longing to myself since I had no one to turn back to or cheer me up, I only had myself and so I couldn't afford to detonate any opportunity that came through”.

Mueni felt pitiful for her dad, she conveyed her apologetic feeling by giving the dad a tight hug that made him shed tears out of the love he had for his family.

David was a no psychologist professional and certainly not a theologian, he was like a genius kind of and a real genius I suppose, someone whose ass had been on the line, someone who kept his head down as best as he could and did what he had to do when shit hit the fan.

"The young boy in me chose to fight,
I chose to fight out the shady part of me. I chose to fight
out my deep worries, my drawbacks, and the
vulnerabilities"

David said.

Indeed there is more to life.

(To have a promising life, you must be inclined to pay the true cost of a gallant life), And all these come with a cost because there is nothing gratis in the world we are living in today, the world dominated by the 21st generation.

Whatever accomplishment depends more on our passion and perseverance than on our innate talent.

Abstracted from a book called

(THE POWER OF PASSION AND
PERSEVERANCE by ANGELA DUCKWORTH))*

CHAPTER 1

The Story Of My Life

"I came from a very unpretentious background, having being raised up in the village by my grandmother, my mother was a very hardworking woman that I had ever known throughout my entire life and there she was one day, sick in bed, unable to neither talk nor hear, she was in deep pain.

I felt sorry for her, I felt desolate and depressed, I neither conversed with anyone nor interacted/ with no one, I kept a distance from everyone, and all I wanted was to be alone, well! To grieve doesn't mean to admit a defeat but to rest, regain more power to handle the situation.

The young boy in me felt like unearthing through the whole ground in pursuit for the cure to heal this woman of iron.

Why is it that ominous fortes happen to good people anyway? Is it some kind of ordeal that God puts us human beings through, or what?

I had such rhetoric queries back in my small medulla oblongata and all I needed was to be provided with instantaneous explanations but no one gave me.

She was the only hope that I had to join the university to study the course of my dream (Statistics) even though I was no good in mathematics but I surpassed with a grade of (A minus) in geography.

I was terrified as every kid can be, I thought that I was going to lose her, I couldn't mind sketch how my entire life would be without her presence to cheer me up, that woman was my greatest source of happiness and inspiration to me.

We had the strongest bond ever that a mother can have with her child.

This woman had been there for us the whole time, she was not moneyed but she made sure that we never got to bed on an empty stomach, she was our greatest resilience and her position was irreplaceable.

We were one happy family and I was fortunate to be surrounded by the love of women. My grandmother was a generous kind, she would put other people's wants before herself but again she was "tough" and self-centered, no one would dare differ with her idea.

She was well known in the village.

On the other side, my young sister was just but a unformed young girl who was in class two by then, she could barely comprehend what was going on although she was beginning to presume that something wasn't right as children always do, they have a special bond with their mothers such that they share the same feelings.

She would dodge into the room just like immediately whenever we were having a conversation with a visitor and ask "where is my Mama? Is she okay?

Monica says that my mama is sick, is it true?"

Monica was from the neighboring village, her classmate, and her best friend.

Betty was too inquisitive and brave so the big brother had to give her a better lie. "No dear, come here greet Madam Elizabeth your class teacher, do you remember her in school? She wants you to be entirely happy, okay baby! Mama is absolutely fine.

She just toured somewhere far but she will be back momentarily before you know it, okay baby?, now go and play with Monica so that I can have a little chat with your class teacher, take this phone with you and play games, I will award the winner".

"Yiiiiieeh..."

"She would rush out yelling to the top of her tiny lungs calling Monica to play with her".

Sometimes the world sucks.

All that David could hope for is the best for her young sister whatsoever, he loved her so much.

David was the only son and the only man in a family of four and he had not met face to face any serious misery in his entire black African life.

This was too much for him to deal with and at some point, he lost dominion of himself. He could barely live with into overrun so he got himself into drug abuse with an aim of "getting rid of stress" little did he know that he was tearing himself apart.

He didn't know how it all started until later on when he was deep into it.

"It was my first time to go to a tavern and buy a tot that was only supposed to give me much of the courage to endure all that psychological torture that I was going through but in the end, I would wake up the next day In front of the paramount gate next to our house, and at that moment I knew that I had ravaged my life in no small part because it became a habit of getting drunk every other single day".

Sometimes smoking or rather "getting high" as many young men in the village would prefer to say. David did not mention this part to the daughter.

It really must have felt awesome to be on top of the world, to have it all by his side, Eh!

To him, life was getting sweet like never before not even before all these weird pieces of stuff.

And this time the young innocent boy graduated from bad poetry to bad short stories.

CHAPTER 2

Childhood Life

Growing up in the village, my grandmother used to tell me of this Kamba proverb

"Kavisi ka uthuini kaitongoasya maundu amwe" which meant a boy from a rich family was not allowed to lead in some community undertakings.

What she meant is that children from moneyed backgrounds were always brought up debased and lethargic since the able background could provide everything for them hence they never learned to provide for themselves and certainly cannot provide for others. Well, that was her thought.

Nowadays it's quite the vice versa. The indigent people are barely elected to lead the community.

These influential positions are held by the rich goon's and most of them have shirked their duties to provide and protect the less privileged in the society.

Many of them only want to be in power and In a position to command people.

Others are misusing that power that they have been given for their own greed for wealth.

Well, every dog has its own day and theirs will eventually come.

The only family that I had was these three women.

My father on the other hand whom I did not get wind of, not until 10 years later was already married to another woman with children of my age".

This man was irresponsible and even if he was to come back into his life, David swore he would treat him like a stranger and not a father.

The young boy had suffered enough in this life and he couldn't allow himself to crumple for the love and care of a person who had never lived even a single day of his life when he needed him the most.

"My mother was the closest person that I had and I can affirm that the strength of motherhood is greater than the natural self - says Barbara Kingsolver in Brainy Quotes.

I was very brave back then, can't even tell what happened as I grew up I bet drugs happened.

My class teacher Mrs. Ng`ola always told me to believe in myself and indeed she was right, an individual who puts forth self-control and perseverance can reach as high as those who are naturally talented".

This statement didn't make sense to me until I grew up.

Mueni was already asleep, her eyes were wide open but her mind was far away, the young girl must have been good at infidelity.

Her father took a pillow and laid her head off. He kissed her on the forehead then covered her with a duvet.

Next day being a weekday she was supposed to be in school and so the story would pause until next weekend same time.

I love an idea that oppugns my mind. The Psychiatrist has been spending decades searching for the secret of a success.

The motivational speakers have spent quite precious time not only showing us ways to which we can archive our goals, giving us all the tips and source licensed information about the already successful people but also telling us what success is all about, what it is and how to

archive a successful life. The Biblical side of it tells us that everything is possible in God.

David had all these qualities of a good leader until he became one.

Teachers knew that he was brave and he was actually not just brave but obedient as well! That what he allowed them to see of him, but in real sense they knew nothing about him.

Parents used him as a good example for their children and that's hit different to him, it felt like a blessing.

Later in second school, he was appointed as Student Right Representative (SRR) a position that had been held by girls for quite some time because boys were seen as immoral and rude in Gatwanyaga Mixed Secondary Day and Boarding School and his role was merely to stand for the rights of students, to be the voice of the students and make sure every student had equal rights to each other.

He wasn't a substantial student leader. His position was unique and different from theirs.

People do not apply for this position and neither are there elections, instead, the student leaders usually meet and

decide to give this position to a student whoever has the qualities stated below.

Obedience, Hardworking, Creative, and a student who is friendly to others and David had all of these.

He could also sing, the young boy had a talent for singing as well, he could sing very well and one day a prospect presented itself and he sang.

It was on Saturday evening, and all the students had gone for a short evening prayer that was mandatory.

David hide in a resting room to take a nap, he was not feeling well, and again the same night they were having a very enormous school occurrence in the messing hall during the pastime hour and the school had invited one of the recognized kamba live band widely known as LaFrick Kenya that was going to warm the stage.

At around 7 pm, many of the students had convened in the hall ready for the occasion, others were taking showers while others were practicing on what to showcase.

David was feeling some tension being the main reason why he wasn't groping well although he couldn't tell where the pain was coming from.

He stared at the stars on his way to the Hall and he only picture himself a star like real star one day and be known all over the world.

"I had a dream and a vision to greatness one day, just one day and this was the first step that I took a mile.

I knew this was a special day not just for me but for the good of my career because such occasions gives people an intense nerve to stand before a big crowd and perform without fear or getting tensed".

I knew that I was a special kid and I could sing nicely, most of the students who had bad voices thought that they were good at singing, but I was not like them.

I knew that I had the potential and neither did I brag about it, well! I could sing in pure Swahili ascent and I could also sing in plain well versed English.

Then a chance came along. This being my first time on the stage, I was scared to face the crowd, fear ran down my veins solidifying my heart with anguish".

The thing about doing something for the First time is that before you get scared, during you remain calm, and after you get relieved off.

"I walked to the stage confidently despite the fact that I was still tensed.

These were my friends, my classmates and we were very close to each other, the audience clapped hands, yelled to the top of their lungs and shouted out a certain alias they had given to me which I'm not going to mention.

They said I resembled one of the tremendous East African Musician from Swahili land and I also sang like him.

I bet that was not childish after all he was my greatest inspiration back those days in music world.

Then I sang. My voice didn't come out clearly as I expected, what was really happening to me? What could be the source of such sentiments?

I was dredging into a pool of sweat very first, my heart beat increased, I could barely fixate my mind since all the lights where on me while the crowd was seated in the dark hence they could clearly see me while I could see no one but darkness.

There sited our principal Mr. Ndung`u, the teachers and staff at the front seats then the students at the back.

The hall was big enough to accommodate the whole school.

I began to feel giddiness, my mind was now balked and overwhelmed by fear, I was shaking on the lips, I tried to sing once more but the voice didn't come out completely. Some of the students began to laugh at me while making noises "toka toka hapo" this went on for quite some minutes and I could no longer defy the embarrassment and so I ran outside, some of my very close companion followed me to see if I was okay, some of the naughty students laughed at me while others felt sorry for me.

There was murmuring everywhere.

It was dark outside and some students were shouting from the inside.

I knew that I had failed myself and the people who believed in me.

This was hard than I thought it would be, I wept like a small baby.

One of my classmates nicknamed Majwani got into the stage, his voice was not so good but he had much aplomb than mine and his performance was just awesome and into no denial I got so jealous of him and for 3 reasons.

One is that Majwani executed moves so well than I could. Second is that he boasted too much and the third one is that all the girls liked him.

That moment ravaged my entire mood that night and I could barely sleep, all I did was to sob while my friends in the hall were enjoying the show of the LaFrick Kenya who had arrived immediately Majwani got out of the stage.

My actual friends felt sorry for me and enlivened me with their sweet words even though they could do nothing about what had just transpired to me and because it was my entire drawback perhaps I never got prepared well before the event.

Words can heal a wound despite cutting deep than a knife.

"This is not the end David" William spoke. "Everything is going to be alright friend take heart and don't give up yet. Someday you are going to recall this day and especially that moment on stage and you will be surprised on how you will have moved on" Juma the school Captain said.

"Mwamini Ala kwani ndiye aliumba vyote vilivyo chini ya jua" Fatma spoke with a very nice Swahili ascent from the coast.

Williams and Michael were my closest allies and I never gave up, "may God see you through".

One day I sang, "Oh my God!" I was surprised on how I actually did it so well than I could ever have imagined. My closest allies were so proud of me and this time round, the audience was even much bigger than the previous in the Hall.

It was on an open field on a prize-giving day in our school, I just couldn't let my talent vanish and so I made it a career and now I am a good singer".

You can be everything you want in life as long as you are determined to be and with God as your source of strength.

David led all the clubs in the school and he was friendly to everyone. That is how people described him.

He protruded a good portrait to cover the dark part of himself and after four years of great achievement he made it to the University.

He was the most ecstatic being in the whole world emerging from the dust and booming so fast like newly

established trade Centre near a Port. He just felt like he had made the greatest achievement in his entire life.

They held a red-letter day on that December holiday and even though they had little, they were elated, contended and united as a family.

David used to pray for his family day and night, his mom was the only hope he had for joining College.

The next weekend, Mueni slept all day long so that she would stay awake for the night and listen carefully to the whole story of her dad's past life.

Days ran so fast than David thought. Mueni is seated on a couch wearing a black furry leather jacket because it's cold.

Her brother is seated on the red carpet playing with a car toy.

The Television is on playing their favorite cartoon scene (Mr. Batman) but the dad had connected the sound system to Bluetooth mode playing some cool Nigerian afro music and David Continued with the story.

"Devil isn't merciful, my mother who is your grandma now was involved in a very deadly road accident on her way back to work after the long holiday and she was

diagnosed with fatal infection where she wasn't supposed to work for the next one year.

I could only thank God because she lived that was all matters to me I guess life is precious after all.

In January 2015, life became very unbearable at home now that the only source of income was cut short and that's how I got into drugs. I hope you all remember last weekend where the story ended?

"Yes dad" she replied

"Good I can see you're brave just like your mom was".

He gives them both a high-five.

"Children's life is not as easy as it seems to be".

The whole thing felt like a nightmare, it was the worst moment of my entire life and I wondered why God would let me go through such a hell of a thing only to realize that he had a good reason and a good plan for all this.

God always has plan for our lives. Don't ever doubt that.

The hardships that I went through were made to make me stronger and less vulnerable again and again I always say thank you to this great man of God Pastor Ngash.

This isn't his real name but an alias to hide his identity. I remember very well this day. It was on Saturday in the late morning.

I was alone in the house sleeping on a couch because the previous night we couldn't sleep, my sister Betty had fallen from a double-decker, she broke her arm badly and we had rushed her to the hospital, the same hospital where my mother was hospitalized but I couldn't tell her about it because she was still unconscious and at some point I felt like our family was cursed.

Pastor Ngash was preaching about salvation and the signs of the beginning of the end world.

"Wake up! Child of God, if only you knew the extent of His love and the good plans that He has for your life, you wouldn't deny his presence in your life.

Do not downgrade yourself just because you are nobody in the society remember.

The book of **1 Samuel 2;8**. He says that He raises the indigent from the dust and lifts the beggar from the ash heap, to set them among royalty, and make them inherit the throne of glory.

Face your fears boy, stop abusing those drugs in the name of stress..." the voice from the Television particularly this part awoke my senses, I felt like the words were calling out straight to me.

Then I heard a voice, a strong and strange voice from the inside calling out for help.

At first, I thought that I was day dreaming or hallucinating (so I pinched the upper part of my wrist to see if he felt the pain, "Ouch! It's painful",) or I am going mad, but the voice was real.

"Help, anybody up there"

I did not answer but I did think deeply about whom might be. Then I heard the voice once again.

"It's me calling out for help from this dark void of tremendous suffering. I am in pain please rescue me"

That was when I realized that it was my inner essence calling out for rescue.

I was in deep agony. I was suffering from both psychological and emotional pain.

The good part of me was gone and I was more of an empty broken vessel that couldn't be fixed, drunk and out

of control of my own body and I needed someone to reach out to me and light up the dark void that was inside.

"Yes I am up here"

I heard a powerful voice answer on my behalf and the inner voice asked,
"Who is it speaking?"

"It's me, God"

This was a dialogue between the two voices one from the Television and the other one from my head but both were inside my head as at that particular moment, I did not know whether it was dream or they were real.

"Amazing, so you can help me right?"

And the man of God answered

"Yes I can help you, I have helped many overcome this but under one condition".

"And what ailment is that?"

"Very plain in fact, you just need to have a little faith in me",

And the inner voice answered,

"Well!, I do have comprehensive faith in you and of course in you I syndicate, I used to go to church every Sunday, serve in the altar and pray for long hours but now I don't know what to believe anymore and so maybe you could just get on with the helping like immediately.

And the powerful voice said,

"Boy, let go of them, the things that are holding you back, you know them, the friends with no benefits into your life and the drugs you have been abusing, let go of them all and invite me into your life.

"It is not that easy".

The powerful voice began to fade away

"It is simple, have little faith and give it a try".

The powerful voice faded away and the light in my head disappeared.

I recalled all the good remembrances we had with friends and now someone is offering me an opportunity to start over again.

A new life provided that I walk away from all that fun, I thought about it for a moment but I couldn't let go and so I opt to look for a second option.

Change is created but it is inevitable to adapt into. In other word, it is called the fear of the unknown.

"But dad you always telling us to go to church and listen carefully to the scripture but you yourself don't?" Tell me Dad.

Mueni asked.

"Yes daughter but for your own good, I want the best for you children, both of you my past life is complicated and that's what I am trying to explain to you so that you may get to the know everything about your dad and what he has been through, isn't that okay with you baby or should I stop?"

"No don't stop proceed with, am listening".

Don't aspire to be like me when you come of age. Be different, someone better, someone that the society can be proud of and bring positive impact to the world.

Divulging even a single fact is the hardest task ever for a drug addict's.

These are signs of depression, misusing drugs makes one weak and vulnerable, they changes a person, gives one a mindset where you think that you are broken beyond restoration and you only go about looking for a meaning that can make you whole again.

No guard, no teacher, no discipline at all and at some point you have nothing to lose nor gain.

If life was a teacher, there would be a lot of bad students out there.

The inner voice was haunted. With no rest at all and not even a single chance to escape.

"The main reason why I got myself into those drugs is that I wanted to feel normal, to get rid of the stress, I felt like my whole life was a mess.

I had dreams of joining campus and determination to succeed in education life but now there was no hope.

I felt "wasted", I felt like a rotten sack holding some maize cobs, all the promising life I ever admired felt like a dream, a fantasy and a thing of the past but the reality was quite different.

One day my mother woke up, she was still in great agony but she was now conscious and I stood by her side holding her hands."

Yuck! Wait. What is that smell...? Someone is smelling hashish over here doctor and I am allergic to..." (The doctor looked at me and ushered me to get out by sign).

"Wait! Is it you Papi?

(Papi was his childhood nickname although he didn't like it) are you smoking weed son? Eh, talk to me boy are you?

But why for God's sake" she slapped me in front of the doctor and all the people in the ward and everyone turned their attention toward us, she was shouting at me while the doctor was trying to calm her.

"I am ashamed of you. You aren't even my son because no child can enjoy themselves while their mother is sick

(A little did she know that David wasn't `enjoying` himself but the young boy was trying to get rid of the strain in his small mind.

She wouldn't listen to anybody all she wanted was to beat him up as if she was strong enough to.

I had a lot of respect for her but she even denied being my mother because of the person that I had become.

"Son, listen to me very well, you are the solution to all these problems, I have done my part and thanks to God you were able to complete your high school course.
She said.

Why are you doing this to yourself? Why can't you change?

Why can't you be the most responsible son that I knew back then before all this happened"?

She was about to cry out of extreme hunger and frustration.

"Do you want me to die or what", her words sunk deep inside and I felt like to cry too but I couldn't, tears ran down my cheeks, I really felt sorry for betraying my only

mother, her eyes were red and one could tell how much bitter she must have been.

"I am talking to you. She slapped me again and this time much harder but to my maze, I never even felt the pain. All I wanted was to apologies and say sorry but my lips were heavy and couldn't alter a word.

I felt culpable of my actions and couldn't abide to all that self-reproof so I ran out of the hospital as she shouted at me.

I felt valueless, a traitor and a burden to the family and I wanted to "get rid of the burden" I was to my family
Something came into my mind as I stared at the gate for a while, then I thought of running away from home and going somewhere, anywhere far away from home to start a new life, and so I took this thought into consideration instead of "getting rid" of the burden and when I got home, I packed some clothes and left.

I hide inside the trunk of one of the lorry that was coming to Nairobi because i had some little money by then which I had huddled from selling of drugs back then.

I was about to turn into a real bastard were it not for all of what had happened.

We arrived in Nairobi at late evening. I bought some snacks to eat as I walked around the town exploring every corner of such tall buildings.

It was getting late in the evening and I was tired, I had nowhere to sleep and so I moved across the road passed town to the one of the old garage in Makandara and into one of the old cars, I slept in cold".

It was passed midnight and two children where already asleep all this time, they didn't listen to the whole of the story.

David carried Mueni on his right arm and the little Jonny on his second hand to their bedroom where Mueni slept on the upper bed of the double decker while her younger brother slept on the lower bed.

He covered them each on their colorful duvet and a mosquito net then went back to the sitting room and laid on the coach, he was lost in thoughts for quite some time and he began to recall what had happened there after he got to the city of Nairobi.

CHAPTER 3

The weird Dream

David had a weird dream that night. He dreamed that he was a student in one of his dream School that he never got a chance to attend (Thika School of Medical).

One day he found a letter in his bag. It came from one of his secondary school friend whom he hadn't met in 5 years.

His name was Williams and the letter read as follows

Hi I hope you are having a good time

I am doing great too

I know it's been long since we met and I kindly need your help please, I really do.

Last time we met in the high school event, the county music festival and we were both in form two if I can recall very well.

A lot has happened after that.

My parents got divorced and I went to live with my mother because my father is drunkard bastard. My mother couldn't afford to pay for me to study in a boarding school and so I joined a nearby day school where I completed my

studies, unfortunately I didn't make it to the university like you guys and so she got me a job in one of the busy shops around the market center, I worked for months but I didn't feel like it was what I wanted to do so I quitted.

Then I joined a driving school, got a driving license and I was employed in the Non-governmental organization as a personal driver to the company manager and it really felt great to have this job because it gave me a lot of leisure time for my own undertakings.

One day, I met this girl by the name Faith whom you are studying in the same college I bet you know her and I fall for her. She was tall, medium, light skin and curved, how beautiful she was way too beyond my little description,

We got to be friends for quite some time and one-day I proposed for her and she accepted the proposal to be my girlfriend.

You already know campus ladies, they love rich tall dark handsome men like me Ah! Don't they? I'm kidding anyway but something terrible happened, I accidentally got her pregnant.

She was really stressed out. We got into argument and she wanted

to carry out an abortion. She said that the other students would laugh at her and she will be ashamed to walk around the school compound while everyone stares at her in shock as if she had turned out to be a ghost.

Thika School of Medical was a private institution with a small compound hence students were congested in a small area just like most of the medical schools.

I told her to hell with the students and let's live our own small World. I would love her and our little angel to be born till forever.

She still doubted my love for her, "if dad finds out I will be in trouble", she was scared to agree with me.

We were in a car from dinner heading home one night and she kept on staring at her stomach which had begun to grow big and in no time she was holding a knife. I didn't know where she got it from, I suppose from the hotel and in a spam of a second before I could stop the car, she slit her throat in a split second.

The blood was gushing out of her and I couldn't do anything about it so I stopped the car on an almost emergency brakes along the road, tore my shirt and Covered her on the cut to prevent blood from coming out but all in vain.

I watched her die in my bare arms dredged in her blood. I felt like to cry but no tears came out and I ended up in shock.

I didn't know what to do, I thought of taking her to a police station but this would be a heinous crime that would destroy my recoupable and might even cost me to losing the luxurious job opportunity I had gotten, I also felt guilty that it was my fault so I couldn't do that, I thought of taking her to my room but also I couldn't because I had a relative who had come to visit so the only thing that later on came into my mind was your place.

I penned down this letter to tell you that I will be coming over to your place at night so that you may help me figure out our next and safe move.

I know where you stay, Faith showed me some times ago only that I never got a chance to come over and say hi during the day because am always busy.
I will tell you all about it

See yah then
Williams.

This one could be a prank, as it was not fool day, was it really a prank!

David couldn't focus in class that day and when the lessons were over, he went straight to his place.

He wanted to give him a call but he didn't have his contact so he had to wait till midnight and see what was going to transpire this freaking day.

Hours went slowly than usual. He felt the ground shaking in a distance like there was supposed to be an earth tremble or a volcanic activity taking place underneath.

Then a call came through, he couldn't keep his phone even a centimeter away from him because it's the only sound he wanted to hear at that moment so he picked up the call and there he was,

David couldn't forget his deep voices and Williams told him to go and open the gate for him.

A black Noah type of a Car with tilted screen windows stood In front of the main gate.

All the tenants were inside their houses, No one minded the business of another person except for the caretaker who was peeping through the Window. Williams opened the Car door and there was a dead body of a girl blotted with blood all over her clothes.

Oh my God! It was Faith his girlfriend, but why? life can be so unfair sometimes there was no life for him without the love of his life, David said as he took a knife from her hands and cut his throat in a Sharp and swift motion, and there he was choking in blood when he heard a voice say that and it was a prank

"Hey look I have a camera recording everything, oh! My God! What have you done"?

Williams said.

David went into nothingness as blood gushed everywhere.

The caretaker who had been watching them for quite a while wondering what was happening screamed when David woke up unexpectedly from his weird dream, scared, sweating and his heart beating very fast, he held

onto his throat to confirm if he was still bleeding but it was just a weird dream.

It was getting late in the morning when David woke up only to find that his bag was gone and all the clothes he had, to his luck they didn't touch his pocket which had the phone and some cash.

He sat for a juncture holding up on his chin wondering if at all he was really going to survive these streets but it's not that he had a choice.

CHAPTER 4

The Dark Street

David decided to explore the city, find a job if necessary and start a living, he walked door to door, day by day asking for any job that may be available to no vain all day long until in the evening where he would return to his home garage and sleep in the cold.

Then one day he came across this well-known street named as Kananga Street. Here it was a bit congested unlike other parts of the city that he had visited and so he hoped to get a job around this place little did he knew what happens here despite having heard some sagas about the street.

There were few girls idly standing against the walls of the tall buildings,

They only had few pieces of clothing partially covering their bodies, they were beautiful and they scrutinized every passerby.

David recalled a certain stature of the city where it was known for girl trafficking young girls where traded for commercial sex, although he didn't worry much since he

was a boy and again he had never been to Nairobi before, this was his first time in the street at night, back at home, he had to be in the house by 7pm failure to that he wouldn't sleep in the house for the next 2 days with no food given to him.

His grandmother was very strict.

While he was in the state of awe, someone grabbed his arm and before he knew it, the girl's hands had circled around his waist, pulling him closer to her body.

The conduct was thrilling.

"Hey handsome, do you need some company, I can show you around".

The girl spoke to him in a seductive manner.

David was lost in thoughts for a while, he couldn't believe it, in the village, the idea of girl proposing to a boy for intimacy relationship was unheard, normally boys were the one's expected to find their spouses, not that it didn't happen but the Society condemned it.

"I can also take care of your needs boy at a reasonable price", the girl said, she looked at him straight into the eyes as she smiled but David was shy to maintain an eye contact with her.

He wondered what she was really talking about by "taking care of his needs".

His mind was blown away and alarmed in a state of confusion.

How beautiful she spoke.

Her touch and close proximity had triggered some wild reaction at certain parts of his body.

If anyone would look closely at him, he wouldn't have failed to notice the condition he was in.

David smiled at her in mischief.

He wasn't ready for this or presumably he was but scared so he disentangled from her grip and walked away.

Across the road there was a club and a restaurant, on one side of the club,

At the entrance there stood a Goliath of a man, gazing curiously at him as he approached nearer.

When David reached to the gate he ignored the gigantic man and moved in a speed of a square shooter.

"Hey you," the man shouted in a deep and spy voice.

"Entrance fee" he said stretching out his hands.

It was only one hundred shillings so David turned back and paid to avoid a lot of chaos.

Immediately he entered the club, someone touched him in the shoulder, David turned hastily, oh it was Williams, his old high school friend whom he had dreamed with the previous night when his bag was been stolen.

"Williams!" They hugged.

"Long time brother, how are you doing?" Williams was very elated to finally meet Him after such a long time

"I am fine, how are you?"

"I am cool, I saw you talking to a lady outside and I followed you here, let's get in.

They covered a few steps before taking the stairs.

There were live band playing and flashing lights in various colors making it hard for his eyes to adjust.

Then they saw unoccupied seat at one corner and settled there.

A waitress was wafting around waiting to take their order. This place must have been for the people of upper class

"Habari zenu" she greeted them with the smile on her face.

"Mzuri Sana"

"May I take your order, please".

David was thinking of which soda to take when Williams ordered two bottles of cold Guinness.

He didn't even bother to inquire what his best friend preferred to take but then David wasn't the one to pay for them why would he bother anyway.

"May I have your money please?"

This one is quite unexpected, normally one had to be served first before they could pay the bill, but here it was quite the opposite.

"How much,"

Williams asked

"Eight hundred" what! David was stunned but he didn't make any sound, this was twice the normal price of a Guinness.

Inside the club, there were several girls partially dressed dancing around. Waiting for potential clients, others were romancing, these must be lesbians. David thought.

"Now tell me when did you arrived in Nairobi?"

Williams asked

This query got him steered for a while when he recalled of what had happened back at home, he left his sick mother in bed and ran away from home.

Then Williams touched him on the wrist when he realized that his best friend wasn't in his right mind.

"Oh yeah we, we, wait, what was your question?"

Williams was daring, he asked the same question once again in a repeated manner,

"Well, I got a job in Pipeline", David lied about the job but he knew pipeline,

It was the only place he had been to in the whole of Nairobi.

His mother used to work there when he was young and at times he gave her a visit during holidays.

"So what are you doing around here if you live in Pipeline?"

Williams asked.

"I, I know yeah, I mean I came to pay a visit to an old friend who stays across the road and I decided to move around and explore the street". Okay, now I get it.

There was a girl seated opposite to them and in between, there were couple of empty tables. The girl looked at them every moment with a seductive glance.

Then David realized that it was the same girl that he met outside,

"She must have followed me in although she had changed her clothes".

David thought.

He took a closer look at her, she was beautiful indeed with natural style and a little makeup, she was medium

sized not too thick and certainly medium-sized and according to him, she was in her early twenties.

Pushing the idea of the girl aside, he now focused on the beer which was already on the table and took one long sip. This one didn't taste any good though, David knew the test of almost all the common known beers He used to get drunk back then to drive out stress that he had back then at home.

Presently they had finished with their first bottle, the girl made her first move shifting to their table. Despite having rejected her in the outside, David still had a crush on her but he wouldn't dare show any feelings.

Her heels clicked on the tiles tiled floor as she slowly paced across the floor. Her short blue skin-tight skirt showed her long slim legs, she pulled over an empty chair from the other table to their table and there she sat face to face In front of him.

"Hello gentlemen! Mambo zenu"

She greeted them in a smooth tone in Swahili wearing a saucy smile on her face.

"Poa Sana" Williams replied first jiggling her hand firmly.

One could easily tell from the look on his face that he had already shown interest in her.

"I hope you don't mind some girls company, do you?"

"Sure we don't, feel free to... In fact it would be more fun".

"Thank you, my name is Patricia Mumbua" she introduced herself pleasantly.

"My name is Williams and my friend over there is David".

"Oh let him speak for himself, he is a big boy"

Patricia said.

Argh! He clears his throat.

My name is David Motuku"

"Okay well pleasure to meet you", she stretched out a hand to greet him.

"Pleasure to meet you too,"
they both answered
simultaneously.

She was simple but attractive girl and she just seemed nice.

"So where do you come from?" She asked

"I come from Kitui County". David answered.

"What! So both of you are Kamba?"

"No honestly I am the only one my friend here is a Kikuyu".

Williams grew up in Nairobi his entire life and didn't know his tribe or he just didn't care about his origin or was just feigning like most of the Nairobi boys do.

He went to high school in Kitui County because his father had been transferred to there, where he was working as a police officer hence Williams stayed in the police camp whenever the schools were closed.

"What a coincidence! I am also a Kamba from Machakos County" she surprisingly said.

"I thought you were supposed to be one of the Mijikenda tribes from the coast region actually" David humorously said blinking an eye to her.

"And why is that? Because I have this Swahili ascent No! Actually it's just that we used to live in Mombasa when dad..." she couldn't finish the sentence and suddenly her face became gloomy like she recalled something wrong that had happened to her or him who knows except for her.

"Well it is okay, don't say it just relax it's going to be well" David told her to calm down.

He too was relieved off stress by the company of these two.

A waitress passed by and Patricia boldly asked them if they were going to buy her a drink.

This girl was so daring, they were just getting to know each other and there she was already asking for a drink.

"Which one do you take?"

Asked Williams

It appeared that he was so tenacious to please her.
"Smirnoff vodka"

Patricia said

"Get her a bottle of Smirnoff vodka and for us another bottle of Guinness each, at least you didn't ask for an alcoholic drink",

Williams said making fun of the young lady.

In tandem of hours, Williams was totally drunk and David too pretended to be drunk too just to watch out the kind of lady that Patricia was.

Patricia sat there for some minutes drinking her Smirnoff vodka, she seemed to be lost in thoughts and indeed she wasn't the kind of lady that David thought, a slut maybe but she was self-disciplined.

Most of the ladies would put a drug on your drink to make you pass out and then robe you but Patricia was not the kind of or maybe she knew this trick and she choose to pretend to be better than she was.

David was testing her characters and when the fan hit the dead end, he woke up again but this time he was beginning to feel some intractable movements because he was getting drunkard so he stood up for a dance and she joined.

Williams also worked up instantly when he heard them got off our chairs to go and dance, I guess he was jealous after all he liked Patricia and because David was no good dancer, he let Williams dance with the girl despite feeling some pinch of pain.

David tried his best to keep her and make her not to get bored with them, they both liked her.

Patricia set her dance floor dragging

Williams along with her, " wow!, She was an amazing dancer indeed", William said.

She executed her best moves turning the attention of married men who were seated with their "girlfriends", to them.

Williams was a good dancer too and they executed the best moves ever seen.

David wondered if this guy was really drunk for sure or he was just pretending and to his assumption he pretend to be drunk so that his friend could keep the girl busy with some stories because he was no good in making charming stories to ladies and David was since the biggest part of his life, he had stayed with his grandmother who would give them stories every night outside the house as they assembled near fire.

When the song was changed, she got bored and they both came back to seat. "That was really amazing" David remarked then he dared her with an obvious question out of ignorance just to hear what she would say

"So what do you do around here?"

And Morris replied "I thought you two know each other,

I saw you standing there outside", she smiled "Oh no! We don't we just met outside,

I am a sex worker.

Let me be honest with you".

"Okay, I know you have your reasons for doing this"

Williams replied "It is all about money. In fact I am planning to go out with any of you"

She said humorously.

"Eh! Gladden, tell me this is a joke, look there are other better ways to earn a living my dear, you can try something else like cleaning, bar attendant, waitress anything else apart from this".

David gave her some words of advice to encourage her even though he wasn't a good person he himself, he had left his sick mother in hospital bed and ran away from home and sometimes he felt guilty of his actions.

She starred at him for a while lost in thoughts then she said "You think I like it here? You think I want this?

I have bills to pay how I wish I could".

Her words got him into a deep thinking because like her he ran away from home and came to Nairobi to look for a living, he had nowhere to go, no job and he was no better in anyway the only discrepancy they had is sex because she was a lady and he was a man perhaps he would have been doing the same "job" just like her.

"So what's your price? Williams asked changing their conversation.

"Well! It depends"

On what?

"Time, short or whole night stand"

Short time.

"2 dollars only per a couple of shots"

"What! That's a lot of money"

David found himself complaining

"You heard me right, in fact 2 dollars is the slightest amount, I charge my clients by their impression, some even pay up to 10 dollars, don't be surprised".

"How on earth, this is a lot of money just for short time, it's not worth it" he actually didn't know why he was complaining yet he had pushed her in the outside when she was holding him.

"It is the differentia of service they will receive" Patricia answered" David come with me and you'll enjoy I promise", she said wearing a smile on her pretty face in a seductive manner.

Silent rendered the air for a minute. They seemed to be lost in thoughts as the music played softly.

After finishing their drinks, it was time to leave and David told her that they were leaving because it was already getting late

"What! So none of you will go out with me?" Williams so badly wanted to "go" with her but he was afraid of his best friend.

"Not today, perhaps some other day"

Williams said while he offered her some little money.

"Here take it, thank you for your company".

"You are welcome", she said wearing a warm smile
"So when do I see you guys again?"

Here take my number".

She gave them both her business number so that they could reach out to her anytime they had a plan. "We will get in touch",

"Bye"

"Bye"

They hugged and left

"That girl really likes you"
Williams said,
"Really now!".

"Yes, didn't you even see the way she reacted?"

"Oh yeah, I did notice although I wasn't very much interested in her she is beautiful, isn't she? She shouldn't be there, I am sure if she meets a serious man, she can make a wife"

"Look that's not your problem", Williams said "these girls have their issues and stable men take good care of them, they have got sponsors"

He was right though.

Her beautiful picture couldn't get out of David's mind.

He could see her smooth shapely legs in her beautiful curves towards the knees "So tell me, are you going back to the friend's house or pipeline".

Williams asked excluding him from the state of awe he was in.

"I will go to a friend's house"

They took a walk for a while disseminating girls' stories as boys do and later on they got separated everyone went on his own.

"I will see you tomorrow".

David was left alone, he didn't know where to go and he could only think of going back to the club to disburse the night over there instead of the garage place where he had made a home.

Immediately he turned around then he saw a bunch of young boys holding knife to an old woman, David deliberately approached them to save her but deep down he also wanted to save her from these street boys so that he could rob her too if she doesn't help him out because he so badly wanted a job, a place to stay and start a living but in the moment of the fight she escaped.

David had contrived to fight out the boys when more of them street urchin came from nowhere.

They stumped him with a knife from behind and left him to fibbing on the ground helplessly as he bend over to pick the handbag that the woman had left.

This was his beginning of the end, he was left hopeless and he even began to regret leaving home and all he wanted at that moment of pain was to die and be buried deep in the ground.

He couldn't visualize how his life would end so mysteriously before it even began.

We have heard stories of people who ran away from home, came to Nairobi and they were successful but to him it was quite different, life had turned upside down and it was the beginning of a long journey.

The next moment he woke up in Kenyatta General Hospital, his hands were tied up in a chain to the hospital bed.

He tried to extricate himself from the chains when a nurse rushed in to check out on him.

She said that he was brought there for treatment by the patrol police because he was in a very bad condition and had been admitted there for 2 weeks of the insentient moment and they thought he wouldn't even make it alive.

"Your God is tremendous.

David was rerouted from the hospital after 2 days of recovery because he didn't pay the hospital bills.

They thought he was just a street boy from the way he appeared shaggy.

David was strolling past the same street when he met this woman that he had saved from the street boys the night he was stabbed to death, she recognized him from afar

"Hey there, come over here.

"Hi Habari you look familiar are you the boy who rescued me from a bunch of young boys in the street around 2 weeks ago?"

David recollected her very well.

"Yes I am".

"Oh my God and what occurred to you? “She was kind to him.

"Are you angry my child or what? You look weak, come with me",

David had hardly eaten anything for two days after he was released from the hospital.

She paid for him some milk and bread to eat.

David was quite feeling pain since he was released from the hospital before he even got recovered since he didn't pay for the hospital bills.

He had no money no card no phone at all just him and the knife cuts.

Do good and one day it will reciprocate back to you same way, his grandmother used to tell him these words.

This lady was his guardian angel, she took him in a black Mercedes Benz to one her secluded hospital and hailed two of the doctors to take good care of him and in God's favor in had fully recuperated in two weeks' time and in good health.

He opened to her everything about himself, how he left home to Nairobi to look for a living, go back to the village and help his parents although he never told her the whole story why he would leave his mother in hospital bed, how he was into drugs and never left home in good terms with his mother.

We all have dark part of ourselves.

Some lives are built in secrets and when the secrets are revealed and so does the life's get destroyed.

She really understood the situation he was in and offered to help him out to the best of her ability.

Madam Lilian clutched him to a house in Mlolongo where she stayed. It was a big apartment and this one didn't seem to be a rental house, it had almost everything, expensive furniture and it was a 3 bedroom house.

To his stupefaction she stayed there alone and this got him thinking a lot even though it wasn't his problem and he wasn't such kind of a person to invent other people's privacy.

Madam Lilian offered to help him out, she offered him a job as a caretaker in the apartments and indeed David began to see a promising life ahead of him.

"I have a daughter but she ran away from home after we quarreled".

She said it all one day in regrets

"What happened? "David asked

"My daughter got pregnant at form three and I wanted her to abort but she declined and ran away from home, since then I have never heard from her, it's my fault", she said it very sad, life sucks

"Can I see her?"

Yes over there near the cupboard look at her.

"What! She..."

"She is what? Do you know her?"

"I mean she is beautiful, you both look alike".

David smiled at her and she smiled back Madam Lilian was relieved. She appeared to like David a lot.

This is Patricia, the girl he had met in the club back in Kananga lane.

"Yes she is beautiful that's why men took advantage of her.

If at all David had her contact he would call her right away but he lost his phone the night of the attack and so he could neither reach her nor Williams.

David recalled a time when Patricia said that she had bills to pay and so to his guess she meant to say that she had a child to take care of but they didn't understand.

And we'll, he began his job immediately after one week time of accustoming with the environment.

His duties was merely to pump water into the tanks, tidying the stairs, cleaning and coordinating the workouts of the apartment including opening and closing the gate.

David earned madam Lilian trust such that she authorized him to collect rent and bank the money for her at some point and David never broke the trust.

He ate from her house and slept in one of the rooms and they lived happily together like mother and her own son and she was good at it I guess it's because she had never had one to take care of.

David was determined to work so hard, save some money and go back to the village so that he could help his sick mother. Many times he was depressed when he remembered the situation back at home.

The young boy had a dream of going to campus and a vision to greatness but now he felt like drowning in a deep

void full of darkness even though he still had some hope that one day, his dream will come to happen doesn't matter how long it was going to take him.

He pledged to himself that he was never going to give up in life not anytime soon, he promised to himself that he would fight till his last breath, he was holding into this every moment he was about to give up and because he had a talent that he could sing, he knew his time would eventually come, patience pays.

When the deal is too promising think twice, David kept wondering how Madam Lilian got to be that rich? She mentioned that she only had one daughter and she stayed alone over there, how about the husband? How about what she does for a living?

He had all these questions but he asked none.

These questions caught him thinking too much and later on he found out that she was working as a cashier in Mulley's Supermarket in town, but this wasn't enough to illustrate how she got to be that wealthy.

There is a saying that says the Devil cannot allow your soul and money to prosper, sour soul increases one and takes control of the other.

Despite this being a myth that most of the poor people believe while others believe in fate, David was different from them, he believed that fate could be changed.

The reason as to why most of the poor people remain to be poor in their entire life is because of their twist mindset, most of them consider themselves as the less privileged in the society and so they allow themselves to sit on their comfort zone and let life take them to whichever destination after all we are all going to die one day and we will not be buried with our belongings and in heaven, we will be contemplated equal before the eyes of god's,

Unfortunately I do not happen to know more about the next life because I have never been into transcendent but what I know is that it feels good to cry on a Mercedes Benz than on a bicycle and that is the main reason I completely refuse to advocate for indigent life.

David was born in a poor family and only he knew how it felt like to have nothing to lose neither to offer.

"If at all we were all prosperous, who would work for the other", the late Mzee Mtuta would provoke.

"I never even got a chance to study in a big school, I am illiterate".

And If I would ask

What is the association between richness and illiteracy?
Are there rich illiterate people and the impoverished literate at the same time living in the same community?.

Madam Lilian was wedded to a lawyer years back but she couldn't have children of her own and so the husband went out with her young sister as it used to happen with the Kamba tribe those days where if the woman was not able to give birth, the husband was allowed to go out with the wife's sister or cousin or any other relative in the family of the wife but the other woman had no rights over the child, she wasn't allowed to visit her/him or tell them anything until 18years later when they were grown-ups that is when they could get to know of their biological mother's.

Today it's quite different.

The baby was now Patricia, madam Lilian took good care of her as her own and they lived cheerily together as a

family, one day she came across the will that the husband had written allotting all his properties to Patricia and since she was not her own blood,

Madam Lilian felt unconfident and worried that one day when the child gets to grow up and finds out the truth, she might go back to her own corporal mother and with all the wealth they had, several business and apartments they had built with the husband from the grass level.

She would be left with nothing and so she plotted with gang of thugs who attacked and obliterated him in his car one day as he was coming from work.

She also obliterated the will and all the property was allocated to her by the court of law weeks after the husband died.

Patricia was in form 2 back then but one thing led to another and from then she never had any good relationship with her mother as before until the day she ran from home.

The holy book says that. And the love of money is the root of all evil.

This is why it is very difficult for the decadent people to enter into the kingdom of God, real wealth comes from God and in Him it lasts.

Do not be restrained by love for the money, we all need it to cater for the living but I believe there are right culverts to fetch the money.

"Despite being indecency, this woman was God send because where it not for her I forthrightly didn't know if I was going to make it in such a big city with nowhere to start, I had relatives staying in Nairobi but I couldn't find anyone who could help me out since none could extend a hand of help but this stranger helped me out".

David narrated his story to the church group of holy saint Elizabeth.

"After 5 months of working, I asked for permission to go back home to see my family even though I was nervous and afraid to get home because of what had happened, I had too many questions back in my mind with no answers.

"I hadn't left home in good terms with my mother and I was afraid to meet her as any other person would be, but now I was a changed man having shaved my shaggy hair

into bald head and wearing suit Which got me some confidence enough and a proof of the great change for the better, that's how I thought she would think of me.

I found my mother at home, she had been released from the hospital but she had not recovered fully,

I hesitated to calling out to her when I reached the compound because I was afraid and I didn't know what was going to happen next.

"Mammie look who is there"

My young sister Betty was the first one to set eyes on her big brother as she ran inside the house calling out to her mammie.

My mother was the merriest person ever after seeing her lost son back at home and in good health, tears of Joy ran down her cheeks as she gave me a tight hug out of love for her only son.

And for the love of a mother to her child is strong enough to break natural laws.

"Son, are you okay? Where have you been? We've been looking for you day in day out and we even reported to the police".

I never had seen my mother so happy like that not until 20 years later on my graduation day in Thika School of Medical and Health Sciences.

"Mom I'm okay as you can see, I'm really sorry that I left you my own mother in the hospital bed while I was supposed to stand with you till the last minute".

I knelt down for forgiveness but a parent love exceeds the hate for a disrespectful child.

No, son don't do that. It's okay I comprehend get on your feet I can see a change in you and perhaps if you stayed, you could end up a drug addict forever, welcome back home son".

And always remember east or west home is the best.

David was welcomed with open arms and he really felt good to be back at home and united with his family.

"I explained to her what really happened, about the woman I saved in the street at night who later offered me a job and everything and of course as normal with me in hiding secrets, I didn't tell her about the girl I met in the club.

That was my little secret.

I dwelled at home for a week and then I had to get back to Nairobi for work because the dream of going to campus was still in my mind, this one I never lost, I might have lost everything else but this.

It just seemed impossible sometimes and I visited a psychologist professional so many times since I had not settled off my mind, I had lots of pressures as any other person would have in my position and I promised to myself to do my best and never allow my family to go through such pain as I did

During the weekend I went back to Koinange street where I used to meet my old friends Williams and Patricia, I had convinced her to leave her "job" and helped her to establish a saloon with the money I stole from Patricia's mother after all I was helping her daughter, our love knew no boundaries and I really liked Patricia so much but I never told her that I was working for her mother.

Our bond grew so substantial and one day I proposed to her, I got nerve enough and told her how I felt for her since the day in the club when I knew definitely she could change under support from the way she talked "you think I have a choice, I have bills to pay..."

Patricia shed tears of joy when I told her how much I loved her, how I felt for her, she has never experience a true love before since her father died when she was young until now and so she agreed to marry me.

One day Patricia demanded to come over to my place, she wanted to know more about me beyond the words of mouth, she wanted to know where I stayed, what kind of job I was doing and everything about me. And she was very much serious about it.

Formerly, I had lied to her that I got a degree from the college and I was working as an assistant in one of the private hospitals around the city as I waited to get a permanent job that I had studied for.

This was a lie though, because I myself I had never been to college before and I was just a gardener. She couldn't believe, she wanted to find out for herself if indeed what I said was all true.

I wondered if I was going to tell her the truth and how I would do it anyway, where would I even start, how was she going to say if she ever came to find out the truth while I lied to her all this time.

But one day I just decided to do it anyway.

If at all this love was real she wouldn't hate me for being a liar because that's who I was and I had my own reasons for that.

I resolved to take her to my place so that she would find out the truth for herself.

Patricia had begun to believe indeed that I was a doctor because of the apartment I stayed little did she know that it was her mother's place.

When we reached the house she was surprised of the way things were, expensive furniture and everything like a mansion.

"Patricia I need to tell you something about me".

"What the hell you are now dating my own mother you idiot?"

She got so hungry and threw the glass of water she was holding at me, it almost hit me so bad but squatted fast and it hit and broke the mirror on the other side of the wall.

"Hey please listen to me babe, this is not my house, I wanted to tell you before but you wouldn't believe me", I

showed her the picture of her when she was young which made her tears flow.

I elucidated to her about how I left my sick mother in bed, came to Nairobi to look for a living, met her and later on saved her mother from bunch of street boys who wanted to rob her and later how her mother offered to give me a job and everything.

Patricia was quite for sometimes, she seemed devastated by thoughts.

"Hey come on, say something, anything",

"What do you want to say, David why didn't you tell me before? Why are you telling me now?

You lied In front of my face. You are just a liar like them all",

She was very angry with me and she hated her mother too so much. Patricia cried out same as on the day of the proposal but this time for a different reason and that was pain of feeling betrayed.

She thought back to her past and everything she went through but i was there to comfort her, she couldn't bare

the pain and she left the house in a rush after pushing me away,

"This was my fault.

I should have prevented this by telling her the truth".

A week passed without hearing from her and I had to go and look for her from her saloon, at first she chased me out but as time went by we began to create a good relationship once again but this time built on sincerity.

I later on moved to her room where she stayed in a bedsitter and I had to quit working for her mother and established my own side hustle an electronic shop.

CHAPTER 5

Choices I never had

(Patricia was married to one of David's cousins Justin back then.

She was a student in St Anne's high school when they met and Justin was an alumna in one of the local secondary schools St Philip Gatuanyaga mixed boys and girls secondary school.

Justin happened to impregnate her while she was in form three and since then life has never been the same.

He was ready to take full responsibility for the baby who is Mueni and God willing to marry Patricia and so Justin's family traveled to Machakos to concuss for the bride price with his mother-in-law Madam Lilian who declined their proposal of her only daughter Patricia to get married to an indigent man like Justin.

The mother to Justin had succumbed a long time ago at his young age and his father ran away from home when he was just but a toddler on his entire life, Justin was brought up in a children's home and when he completed his studies he had an opportunity to join a technical school that was nearby and studied artwork.

On one fine day, he was invited to make an exhibition of his art in a talent show where he met this girl Patricia who was in form two by then.

In his entire life, Justin has never felt a feeling of hemophilic to someone, strange emotions and an attraction towards someone.

This girl was super-hot and into no denial, many men who crossed their eyes some by coincidence others caught by

luck, on her excellent slimming figure couldn't resist the wild reactions to their certain parts of their organisms.

And to some even a smile was enough to relieve their breath and take away their thirst.

Justin was the luckiest of them all, he watched her closely as she approached in her dark blue but the figure still protruded in her still oversized skirt

Her friends had noticed the wave around them and some who had extended from behind thought that they had all eyes around them on them but Patricia was not like them. She knew that she was beautiful and neither did she like to capture people's attention on her and the reason why she didn't care that much on her dressing for this was just but a school function.

Then they came across Justin who had displayed his artwork for people to see and on one of the pictures that he had drawn, there were several birds nest and a bee hive both hanging on a big Mongumo tree that was located in the middle of a river.

The river formed a boundary between two communities. Both communities had tried to cut down the tree into no avail because it was almost impossible for the fact that it was in the middle of a river and also it had bees on top of

it and so they had no choice but to let the tree remain there generation after generation.

It was now a duty of Justin to explain to the people the symbolic meaning of his drawing because art always represent a certain fact in the community.

Justin had all his eyes and mind carried away by the beautiful look of this young school girl and Patricia had noticed that, his explanation for the picture made no sense to them at all, he talked without talking, smiled in mischief to her often even at non-humorous statement, she too liked him of his creativity and when her friends noticed the connection between these two, they left without her consent and before she could realize it, the school bus had already left and there she was, left with no other option but to figure out where she would spend the night so that she could wake up next day and get back to school and she could only think of going back to Justin for help since he was the only person she knew in that place who offered to accommodate her for the night .

First, she wasn't in for the idea. All she wanted was to make a phone call but Justin tricked her into his trap.

He knew she liked him too and this scenario made a good opportunity for him to win her and so he politely denied her a phone and she was left with no other option but to

accept the fact that she would spend the night in this bachelor's place.

One thing led to another and she never went back to school from then. She got into unplanned relationship with Justin who hoped to officially marry her someday.

Their immature relationship went on very well for quite some time, Justin had already introduced her to his family but Patricia was yet to take his newly wedded "husband" to her home.

Madam Lilian on the other hand thought that her daughter was in school all this time long only to wake up to the truth one day.

She chased them away from the compound, grabbed her daughter by the hair and dragged her in the room and she locked her up.

The young girl wept bitterly but it was all her fault and to make the matter worse, she was pregnant for Justin and when she told her "mother", madam Lilian couldn't allow that to happen, she mistreated her day by day, locked her all day long so that she couldn't escape her wrath.

"You silly idiot, what did you see in that filthy boyfriend of yourself, look at you now, do you think that he will even accept you when he finds out about it?

(Little did she knew that Justin was aware of her girlfriend being pregnant) and even if he accepts do you think he will be able to provide for you? You brought this on yourself you silly idiot without thinking".

She pushed her day by day to abort the pregnancy and when Patricia got a chance to escape from home, she ran away from and from then, she never heard from Justin again not until today, (that is the day we went back to the village) .

She never even bothered to look after him instead she choose to strangle with her pregnancy on her own until she gave birth and moved on with her life but she hated her mother more than she loved herself and she could forget what her mother put her through).

David had taken the children back to the village to greet their grandmother who was abundantly prepared for the second return of his only son but the fun had turned out to something else.

They were welcomed by the whole family including Justin's family.

At first Justin didn't know it was Patricia who was married to his cousin but when the truth came out, the sweet party turned out bitter.

Everyone was quite for a while now when the whole story came out, this was followed by the fact that Patricia refused to greet her ex-husband Justin and David had to know why is that? How they happened to knew each other.

No one spoke to each for quite some time. Everyone was waiting to hear from the other, David didn't know what to feel about it, he was in a state of complete and uttered shock, unable to move, speechless as numbness creped across his skin enveloping his mind which refused to believe everything that he just heard.

David took the plastic cup from the table filled with porridge, his hands automatically moved forward as his fingers wrap around the smooth plastic cup before lifting it to his lips.

He drank greedily, the sour taste of the liquid flooding his throat but in his stunned state, he didn't really taste it. He felt as if the whole world was tumbling down around him while he was helpless to hold it up. The words that he just heard had established an aching loss through the fissures of his heart

Patricia felt very guilty of her actions when she met her husband's gaze.

She began to sob bitterly but no one comforted her.

"This was just the worst moment of our entire marriage, "I wish I knew" how I regretted marrying your mother at that particular moment.

Your mother ran out of the house crying bitterly, I wanted to go after her but I didn't, I knew that I had a choice to make and so I had to make the right or a wrong Choice just like before when I had make a choice, to choose whether to stay at home or leave and I chose to leave little did I know it was the right choice that I made and I succeeded in it, the question was, would I succeed this time round after making the same choice?"

David noticed that his daughter Mueni had already slept. He covered her with the blanket and laid her to sleep on the couch.

On the other side, John had already slept on the carpet. He carried him to the bed, covered him, and kissed him on the forehead.

David loved these two very much.

PART 2

INTRODUCTION

The hardest choice in life is to let go of the things we are used to, people, lifestyle, behavior, friends, family, love etcetera Most of the time we hold on much longer hoping that it is going to get better one day even at its worst.

We convince ourselves that these are just bad days that are not going to last long and when they do, when everything slides out of our hands, when we no longer have full jurisdiction of the situation, when we no longer exercise the same control as before all these messes, We end up pilling in anguish and that's the moment when depression comes in.

We regret why we didn't see that coming from the very beginning and we can only go about blaming those that are involved since we are afraid of being failures, we are afraid of facing the consequences of our actions.

We go about wanting the people around us to carry our cross, the people who shared the same perception as ours, the People who had a share of the cake initially.

But the truth is that we are the ones to hold responsible, we are the ones to blame.

They might have been involved in one way or another but we are the ones who let the shit hit the fan out of our irresponsible behaviors, mistakes, and action without bearing in mind there are consequences of the so-called choices that we made.

I always believe that there are signs of unsteadiness before everything gets out of hand, but since we are blindfolded by the fact that we are still in a little bit of control of the situation, we are determined to make things work not just for ourselves but for the people who need our help the most, the people whose successful life's is determined by ours, the people looking up to us for survival and a better living in the near future.

And that's the main reason we choose to hold on much longer while we battle day in and day out.

If by any chance we do not make it out alive, what follows thereafter, is nous, depression, overthinking, uneasiness and all sorts of difficulties list them.

Throughout his entire moment of life, David lament the day he met Patricia, was it by coincidence, or did fate happen, if by any chance it happened that he was allowed to rewrite the whole story right from the very first time they met by the street of Kananga where Patricia was working as a sex worker.

The wild reaction in certain parts of his body and everything that he felt when she grabbed him firmly, the moment in the tavern and all the shitty advise he gave to her, would he take it all back, everything that he gave out for her out of love or would he just chose the human service that she was offering over her redemption and everything else in that list then end the story there and then?.

Well everyone would have chosen differently, we think differently and according to me and the wide knowledge that I have extracted from the thousands of reads I have studied and am still reading up to date.

The choice is self-initiative. You plan it by yourself and decide to do it without anyone telling you what to do. A live wire in that case once stepped on, be sure of the aftermath which are the consequences that follow the action taken.

1. CHANGE OF FATE

Knock! "Good evening Mueni" John gave her sister a whole banquet of rose flowers immediately she opened the door for him to step in.

Mueni threw them on the floor in the corner of the room as she jumped on to her only brother hugging him right away. "Woo! Take it easy my lovely sister; you know I love you right?" John said as he hugged his sister back tight.

"Yes I know and to that, I have no doubt". Suddenly her face becomes sad, she loses her happy face and turns gloomy then begins to sob slowly as she went back to sit on the couch.

"Sometimes I wish I ran away with mom, but when I look back at "dad", I always have a second thought although I was just a kid by then.

Can I ask you something and promise that you won't get hungry with me? She stared at him with a convincing look.

"Yes go ahead". He answered politely.

I have been thinking what if we took dad to charity homecare so that I could have the time of my own, time to make my own decisions and do whatever I want with my life".

John thought for a moment about what his sister was trying to infer. "What do you mean by that?" He daringly asked.

"I need to find myself, I need, I need to get married and have children of my own you know. I need a better life for me and for my family to come too".

Mueni answered.

John thought for a moment. He suddenly got mad with his sister's words.

"He is not your biological father after all. He stormed. I cannot buy such an idiotic thought of my father living in a charity home as if he doesn't have a person who can take care of him, that is a curse sister.

Let me worry about that, this is my own". He spoke as he beat up his chest kind of exulting. My father, my blood. He raises his voice much higher.

My biological father. A person who struggled very much to raise us into the people that we are today. Were it not for him who knows where we would be at this very moment". He points at the cemented floor with one finger.

I cannot abandon him by any chance and neither should you. He relaxed his breath and was lost in thoughts for quite some time.

"Do you remember those days when he used to tell us stories every night before we went to bed? How good life was back then and every right that we enjoyed in our childhood life? That man stood for us when he was required to make a choice either marriage or family and he choose family.

"But he choose uncle Justin over mom, she was family too brother, she didn't deserve all that, people make mistakes, our past doesn't mean anything to our presence, we are all humans and no one is perfect, what father did wasn't right, he should have gone after her later on but he didn't, I think I should hate him for that you know".

Mueni busted out loudly. She seemed exhausted and suffering from lacrimation with large drops of tears flowing down her cheeks.

"No, you are wrong my dear sister, our mother too had a choice to make, I don't like saying this but she did, she made a wrong choice, I mean who does that, how can someone leave his children behind and never think about them not ever again even for a single minute?

You were there when she walked out of the house, ran away, she didn't even hesitate for a single minute to think about us, she just ran away"

That's being inhumane". He now came down and lowered his tempers after some moment of silence.

"And by the way how is father doing?"

He remembers that he didn't ask the whereabouts of his sick father since he got into the house.

"Well!, he is sleeping back in his room, although the doctor says that he shouldn't be sleeping all day long but then I cannot carry him outside to the sun, so I normally warm some water, dip a cotton piece of cloth inside to make it wet and wipe him on his forehead to ease the pain, keep his skin moist.

I think you should consider finding someone to clean him up because now it's been quite some time since he bathed".

John stood up and walked straight to the room where his father was sleeping without answering his sister who stared at him in disbelief.

He looked at his sick father for quite some time, he seemed uneasy over the situation, lost in thought and when the father turned around and saw his son standing right next to his bed, he was relieved and wore a light face showing that he was happy even though he couldn't say it out.

"It is okay dad, am back home and I will do my best to get you medication, you are going to get well soon dad".

David shed tears on the side of his cheek as his son walked out of the room. It's hard to understand the reason why we do not choose where to belong, the actual fact is that one has a mandatory stay there no matter how many times you try to run away from reality between dreams and their reasons scare you.

David had been diagnosed with high blood pressure which resulted from liver cirrhosis due to excessive consumption of alcohol.

The old man had been drinking beer secretly since his wife ran away from home, he was hurting and he went through a very difficult time in raising the children on his own which wasn't that effortless for him being the reason why he got into drugs just as forth mentioned in book one.

Mental health is no joke, depression made him stay in a coma for quite some time and he needed to be served with peace of mind or else he would die in less than a year, he needed to be attended by a therapist and so, he was assigned one and a therapy session but because it was costly and he couldn't afford it, he had no choice but to be patient for nothing.

David had lived a good life for quite some time, his sickness came as a surprise, he never could have imagined that one day he was going to find himself in that situation. Well! It was never the case anymore.

He had a dream to go to college at a young age, graduate, and get a high paying lucrative job.

That was before he met Patricia and from then life has never been the same, everything changed especially when he got another responsibility to take care of children but the story is in his past and so the only thing he can do is to wish that his son John will make it happen not just for his good but for the sake of his father.

He would love to be there at the graduation of his beloved son but in this condition, he is not even sure of being alive the next minute.

2. BLURRED VISION

"Everyone wants me to be prepared. Not just my dad but aunt Betty, my elder sister Mueni, Uncle Justin but each and everyone in the whole family.

I can not deny this neither that there exist another cycle that only want to see what I'm going to do about it, about everything that surrounds me. These people wanted to see me fail but I told myself that it was never going to happen, I offered a blind hear to their fictitious advices.

The likes of dad want me to be prepared for a future that is about to come, a happy ending, an ending that is just around the corner, a few miles from where I am standing, although I cannot deny it's scary, every day am scared.

I Am drained in the world of conception, and my ending is not clear as at the moment I guess am far too way behind and I should make a step, a really big step but then as I approach, every unclear image that this directed into my eyes seems blurred to indicate that what's awaiting me on the other side is great either from the worst or the best part of it. That's my assumption as at moment.

Now as I lay on this bed, I am very tired, last night I couldn't sleep because am scared to fail and as they say for men, success is mandatory, that makes me doubt if all am a man.

We too are human beings, we cry too, we fail, we get scared too and at some point, we break apart, lose ourselves to the worst and more.

The only difference is that many of us are strong enough to do it from the inside, everything we portray on the outer part looks okay until at some point, the venom inside piles up to the peak, to a point where we can no longer hold on much further or rather "accommodate more pain" and that's when we break apart as it happened to dad. I have so many questions at the back of my head about what this so-called future holds for me.

My worries are slowly eating me up, I naturally, am a loner, and I love keeping my own company, then here I am asking too many rhetorical questions to no one. I wonder if I will make it in life, how about the so-called future, and what does it entail? Will I ever find a place of my own and call it a home?

How about finding my better half, someone who will never give up on me not even when am tempted to give up in life, someone who will still believe in me even when I stopped believing in myself because honestly speaking it's hard for me.

Would my story just end up like mom and dad that can't even fill a page, if someone wanted to write a biography of their entire marriage life, it's funny how they even met in the first place?

I still have a memory of Mom although I was just a toddler, I have a clear picture of the day that she left us, the moment she came out of the house crying, then she ran away while no one followed her, not even dad and when I went into the house I was taken up by Aunt Betty who bought me some creamy yogurt so that I would forget what had just happened and as children always are. I ended up not crying so much.

Mother didn't even have a second thought about us, at least she should have considered taking us away with her as an option but she didn't, she didn't even look back or hesitate, she only thought about rescuing herself clearly to indicate that she didn't care for us at all.

I am not so sure if am being too judgmental on this or if it's just that am feeling a lot of pain that she left us, if by any chance she would come back today, am not so sure what I would do about it at this very moment, would I welcome her back into my life with open hands and pretend like nothing has ever happened?, No!, I don't think so, am a human being too, I hurt just like any other person. Anyway, it's life.

All of these wired memories keep on running into my mind and I cannot control them. I think am ailing slowly day in and day out.

Here in College, comrades are having parties every other weekend, how about me? Is it because am a loner from the very beginning? I don't think so.

I think I have no friends at all.

I think it's a lonely feeling that I am having, no one seems to care except for one of my colleagues whom we happened to know each other from the very first day that we met when we were both fresher's, the only friend that I have together with his girlfriend who happens to follow me around without the consent of her boyfriend.

This might turn up to be a mess one day and I don't think it will be my fault after all you cannot control an adult or make choices for someone, choices are always self-initiated and they have consequences, whatever choices that we make in life, we must be ready to take up the aftermath and deal with it.

I am not saying this to advocate for fornication but the truth is that you can never choose for someone, we are just friends and she wants to make it more than that, how am supposed to say no when I have no girlfriend when I have no one to ease my mind but music, I won't pretend to be holy after all.

I saw what happened to my mother and father and here I am, strong lad and the only hope for my family, but some things are just beyond our control".

John realized that all this time he was having a daydream. He was awakened by the noises of a couple of students who were fighting over a chair.

He then slapped himself for being silly and woke up since it was getting late for class

Punching the locker In front of him, he sighs off and tried to close his eyes but all that he could see is the Faiths white eyes. His best friend`s girlfriend.

He allowed his mind to go back to the previous weekend when they went out for a nature walk, the three of them.

Faith seemed uncomfortable around him together with her boyfriend. Her pale face was somehow framed by her long blond hair.

A part of John found satisfaction at her discomfort while there was still a part that found discomfort due to his friend's presence.

It was kind of a mixed feeling and he didn't wanted to think about why would that come to be when she wasn't his type.

He exactly knew why he felt like that just that it was so hard for him to acknowledge it. If at all he had to be honest with himself, he had more anger at Faith.

He had an intense anger that he did not even understand where it came from.

He knew or rather thought that she somehow loved him so she could never get truly angry at him. With her, it just got under his skin. Why? He punched the desk before him once more strongly until his palm turned red not that he felt any pain.

It is not like she was different from the other girls in the college. It just never bothered him so much seen them, so why did it bother him so much to see it in her?

He tried his best to ignore that feeling.

He thought deeply about how his friend would say or feel about him if it came to his attention that his best friend went behind his back to date his girlfriend although he had several girlfriends in college. That's his business.

One day, it was in the evening right after the evening classes. John stormed out of the class and walked down the stairs so that he would take the lift on the second last floor for he was getting late for skating training in one of the public parks in the city before the park was closed.

Down the stairs, he met Faith eye on eye with her boyfriend, he didn't know whether to pass by and pretend like he had not seen them or just go and greet them but since they were on the same stairs on their way up and he was going downstairs, how would that be even possible so he had to greet them.

Seen his reaction, his best friend, his name was Miano began to suspect that something was going on between these two.

John knew that it was wrong to fall in love with his best friend's girlfriend but he couldn't help to stop it. He greeted them both as he looked at the girl in a seductive glance while opening an eye trick in a minute and twisted his eyes before the boyfriend could realize it.

Mueni blushed out trying to hide under her fairly thick skin.

So, are you guys going to class upstairs or something? John asked. "Yes, no" They both replied at the same time. Faith cleared her throat. John smiled at them both as Faith looked side by side, she seemed uncomfortable around them.

"And what's that supposed to mean?" It means that we are going downstairs to pick something and then we will be back although we are not in a hurry".

"But I thought you said that we were going upstairs". Faith asked while astonished what made her boyfriend change his mind so sudden.

"Change of plans babe, I forgot something on the reception desk". John answered.

"Okay, you go and you will find me here waiting for you".

Faith answered.

"Aren't you taking me babe"? Miano asked. "I can come with you but we will waste more time, you just run and I will wait for you over here or you can also take the lift.

Miano suspected that something was going on between these two and he hoped to spend more time with the two of them close so that he could prove his thoughts but it seemed that they were too brave to fall into such a simple trick.

"Dudes, I will see you around, am in a hurry and it's getting late, see you buy". John left.

Miano didn't leave with him clearly to indicate that it wasn't true that he forgot something at the reception desk downstairs.

He instead trimmed that thought, perhaps he is being nervous for nothing and again, this would bring attention to his friend of his intentions.

John was clearly in love with Faith. He tried to control it but his efforts bore no fruits knowing very well that she was one of his best friend's girlfriends but that wasn't his problem perhaps if he told her so, she would tell her boyfriend and that would be a chaos and he would be flirting at the expense of his best friend friendship which wasn't the right thing to do.

One day, a friend asked John, "and why do you love this girl so much knowing very well that she is dating?, Could you have self-control about it but John in his bravery little knowledge said.

"How then is she satisfied when she herself feds it in her chummy dark/light complexes skin when am around, perhaps she isn't comfortable with him and isn't what happens with her boyfriends? Oh my mind take that back".

"Okay then, go and tell her and see if she really like you or not". "Well, if you say so, let me go and give it a try". John replied.

He felt that was the right way.

The girl knew that her boyfriend best friend wanted her so bad and she too liked him but she just couldn't show it as girls always are. They might like you but still push you away whenever you get close to them.

"One day, he proposed to her but she rejected him. She felt guilty about it, yes she liked him but she was his best friend girlfriend or rather one of his best friend girlfriends so how would she expect her to switch just like immediately.

She just didn't know what else to do but to turn him down. She was more stressed than him, what if she turned down the right person for her and if at all she was satisfied in her current relationship why would she feel bad about it?

Something wasn't just right and as days went on, she lost feeling for Miana while she was more attracted to this man whom she turned down and he seemed not to be bothered anymore in her present.

Later on, she came to realize that she lost a fortune while holding up to afflictions.

She thought that perhaps John would stop talking to her or burry his face to the ground whenever they met but no! He did none of those. She thought of asking him why he would still pretend that everything was okay when it wasn't.

"You lost the person who genuinely loved you. I lost the person who never loved me. Who among us lost much?" This is the answer that John gave to her. She vividly tried to understand what he meant by that and when she did, she felt bad about it and walked away.

"Am very sure that she will come back one day" John smiled as he watched her flip away from the school compound.

True love is hard to get, love is affection and it can't be forced. It comes naturally. If a person rejects it, it's him/her who will be losing the most important thing in life, so never feel dejected.

Mueni is on her way back to her room after work, she is wearing brown oversized pair of slippers which she bought from Jumas' shoe store, remembers Juma. An alumna of St Aquinas and a great friend to her adopting father David.

I know it sound so often I chose brown over red, to my assumption this girl is indigent remember, brown represents a dark color that doesn't get dirt or rather gets grimy but doesn't get recognized easily, that's after trekking for long hours right from work.

She had managed to open up a 'kiosk' next to her father's shop with the help of her uncle Justin, she had always had a feeling towards this gentleman, something tells her that he might have been her father but she just couldn't believe her instincts, how could her uncle turn out to be her father?.

It's kind of weird to even think that but it happens, it does sometimes. She even got scared of him for no reason.

She would always hang her head low when speaking to him and, like a frightened little bunny, would want to escape at his sight, she never enjoyed every bit moment of it near this man, something is happening. Something strange, she doesn't know what kind of feeling she has over this old bachelor.

Could it be an intimate love? No! She sends her thought back, to the back of it its origin saying "God forbid, he might be my father", well! She wasn't so sure and she just couldn't ask anyone. Mueni knew that David wasn't her biological father but she didn't know who her real father was.

His adoptive dad used to tell them stories every night when they were young, how he met their mom and everything but he never told her the real dad, the reason why their mother ran out of the house when they visited home.

David didn't tell them the whole story. He instead told them what they wanted to hear not what they were supposed to know.

Mueni had always doubted her adoptive father and from a young age, she had been always inquisitive.

David wasn't her biological father and she promised to find her real dad someday little did she know that, she has always had him close to her entire life.

Justin on the other hand wouldn't dare tell her the truth, after all, even if he wanted to, then she would demand to know the whole story right from the very beginning and who knows she would hate him forever or never respect him not ever again and even where would he begin, how would he convince her if she didn't choose to believe.

Day in and day out, Mueni tried so hard to live a good life someday all in vain, it's like her fate was designed to end up like her mom, she even regretted why she was born to that family or rather been raised there since she had no blood relationship with them, that's what she thought and so she hoped to look for a job where she was able to secure one.

Later on in life, she came to remember this day in a very critical condition before her brain went null, and was sent to a charity home.

3. A DAY TO REMEMBER

The bride is sitting in the guest room in between her aunt Betty and her brother among other family relatives. Friends, relatives and family members have mingled all over the place with food while some have chilled drinks in their hands as there are more than enough brought for them just for the day.

There is so much food that even after some people park for their families in a polythene bag, there is still a lot remaining for late guests.

Some are there to gossip about what is there, some to oversee the whole marriage process while others are there to see the young handsome governor's pride. Most of them don't even know who the bridegroom is since no one has ever seen the son of the governor.

Most of the time when the royal family is out in public, the governor's son is either behind the tilted screen windows of his father's Car or in between the guards. The people outside are gossiping about it, the voice is becoming louder and more annoying.

"Why can't everyone mind their own business? I mean why is everyone talking about me, and if at all they are not happy about it why did they even come".

Mueni wanted to go out and make them stop but her aunt Betty told her to come down, those were destruction that wanted to get in her way, the crazy temptation to prevent her wedding from happening.

"Just let them be, after all, they can't stop it from happening". Betty said. Some were even mocking her loudly.

"How could the governor's son propose to a 'brat' like this of all the girls in the city? I think she is even older than him".

Some women laughed.

This was just too much for her to handle. "Let me deal with them" Aunt Betty spoke. She walked hastily outside to warn them to shut their big mouth or else she would be forced to order guards to throw them out, after all, she is the in-law to the governor and she has the power to give that command.

I think she would say "Guards, some women over here are trying to ruin the wedding by saying dirt to the bride just to annoy her, please take them out", as simple as that and the next moment everyone would know that she already has power after all. Some hours later, she is going to be governor's in-law.

The crazy women didn't stop, they just lowered their voices to avoid being heard speaking ill about the bride. On the other hand, the governor's wife didn't mind the uninvited guest from the bride's side as long as they didn't steal or cause any scene in her only son's marriage.

Mueni was a little tensed, this was the first and the last man to be in her entire life, how she wished that her adopting father would be there, her mother or her real biological father would come to witness this great moment but no one in her close family was there except for her brother John, his newly wedded wife Faith and her Aunt Betty.

Her real father Justin was also there but she didn't mind him after all she knew nothing about it. John hoped that he could tell her the whole truth but he couldn't, not at that time, maybe some other time, this could ruin her day so he didn't bother her much.

Mueni was the first in the family, then John followed next but from their appearance, one would say that John was the breadwinner of the family from the way he spoke, his huge skinny body, and the experience he had in marriage life.

Throughout her entire life, Mueni has never had any interest in men not until the day she met this gentleman who happened to be the governor's son.

She recalls this day very well when she was working as a cleaner in one of the public hospitals just when two young men entered to the place in suits, very expensive indeed.

By bad luck, one of them happened to slide on the water's slippery floor, the other one got hold of him. Mueni was too scared because she was the one on duty that day and she happened to forget to wipe the wet floor dry.

"Woman, did you target us or what, what are your intentions? Do you know who this man is?" One of them spoke in a very scary voice. "No! Come down, he's just a young girl," the other one said.

This was the moment when Mueni realized that these were big people probably government officials or something.

She then saw a name tag written his name, Dr. Makau and she began to have a lot of questions back in her mind who might he be? "Hey what's your name beautiful?" He spoke. Mueni pretend that she didn't hear him speak. 'Hey you. Are you afraid of me or something?".

She then pretends to have come back into her right mind. "Oh! Me? No, I am not afraid of you, I was just scared that you would have fallen there and maybe broken your arm or something. They both smiled at each other. "Well! I see, wait", his face changed to seriousness.

"Did you do it intentionally?" "No, I didn't mean that to happen, am sorry". Mueni spoke. She then realized that this man was trying to lengthen the conversation, it was like he had other intentions, but cool, she liked him too, the conversation went on although crazy and indirect and the two were seen exchanging contacts.

Some people who knew him were left surprised, how the governor's son would waste his time with a hospital cleaner of all the titles in there?", But they could not help to stop it, love is very powerful.

The conversation went on over the phone until it reached to a point of going for night dinners, and weekend outings which led to his proposal and which lady could deny such an opportunity.

Mueni was very beautiful, her curved figure protruded from her skinny body making her look healthy.

She had also developed an eye trick where, whenever she looked straight into this gentleman's eye, and turn on the trick, he went shy of her and his love for her grew strong day by day.

Everyone from her family was excited to be in the governor's place for the first time, since none of them as ever been there before, they only walked past the wall fence with longing gazes and wishful thoughts and now because of her, everyone around her family is enjoying all the freedom in the governor's compound talk less of the heartwarming sight of the governor's son who was rarely seen in his father's gatherings.

Mueni previously gave a list of fifty people that she knew from her village but a hundred turned out and claimed as family.

She was the kind of person with a good heart and so she didn't deny them a chance to experience her colorful wedding.

Some took it as an advantage not knowing that if at all she choose the first fifty of her choice, the rest would have been driven away with teargas and some leather whips would apply for the stone-headed fellow.

Others just came to see the mansion, they had heard lots about the mansion but they never thought that they could be among those setting their feet in the sacred place.

The governor's place was not the kind of a place where everyone would roam around without purpose and the royal family was hardly seen outside except for the governor during his campaign rallies even when they went out as a family, they were close to the confines of their guards or the tilted Car screen windows to avoid unnecessary attention.

Mueni was soon going to be on top of them and she was looking forward to enjoying so many pleasures as one of the royal family.

Her distant family had already gathered in one of the rooms when it started raining outside, Mueni didn't even know most of them since when her brother was getting married.

She didn't see many family members like today.

It was only her, her few friends from the city, her village friends, and two ladies who happened to know her from the very beginning where one claimed to be his ex-girlfriend, yes her ex-girlfriend and she was forced to order a bouncer to take her out so that she would not interfere with his wedding.

The room was filled to the grill and one would think that she had so many friends but the truth is that she only had the four closest people as her only friends.

Some hated her so much after she caught the attention of the royal gentleman but they still came to witness it, if at all it would go on well or fail but they were in no position to stop it, they would have tried.

"You should not by any chance deprive him of his rights, you are not a child anymore and you are marrying a governor's son not just any ordinary man, remember that, don't play with your position, a lot of women out there are waiting for a position like yours, so use it wisely".

Aunt Betty spoke, and that is how the other distant aunts continued to say their gold-digging words except for the two of her friends from college.

Not that she would pay heed to their words, they were not there for them when they were poor, so now they have the right to tell her what to do? Nah, they have another hidden agenda".

She thought.

"Well! All I have to say is that fear God dear, this world means nothing if you don't hold on to God and have patience. Try to show him what you like and what you don't.

Marriage isn't always about being happy and smiling. It has its ups and downs and you need to be ready for that.

But most of all, (patience is the key)". Naomi spoke wisely like someone who had experience in it as she gave her a reassuring smile and a hug not minding the dirty looks some of her relatives were giving her at that moment.

"The royal cars are here". An old voice spoke from the door to the room they had occupied and everyone was astonished. "I thought we were having our ceremony over here". One of her cousins asked.

"That's talking without talking, I mean can't you all see that this was just but a meeting point".

Aunty Betty spoke sadly.

"The ceremony will be held somewhere else". She said. Everyone got on their feet with excitement and enthusiasm. All of them ready to go, got in the cars as people stared at them.

Royal cars always get that kind of attention and for the first time.

David's family was going to get that attention that they always give out to the royal convoys, hearing the car sirens and seeing cars moving to the side just for them to pass, they couldn't wait for this. That's how everyone was going to touch their make-up and feel them in full mode.

All the aunties got into the car except for aunt Betty who wasn't feeling well and again, she develop a philic feeling towards the congregation so she set to remain behind as she handed her responsibility and play to Naomi and Vera and the two of her friend in College.

Betty only shook her head and smiled at the nervous wedding girl in her veil. She has always loved her since the day that her mother disappeared.

In return, Naomi respected her very much and she took her as her mother.

"Don't forget my words though, it's not only his happiness matters, yours matters more. You are more important and the root of the family. Don't let your happiness be ruined by anything". Mueni gave her a curl node, playing the hem of her veil timidly while her heart lurched in its ribcage.

A few weeks ago, some boxes had been sent to them by her mother-in-law as it was written, "from your mother-in-law to be", so, the boxes specifically belonged to Mueni but her Aunt Betty took them first.

Inside those boxes, she found expensive exclusive super curtains that were stitched by seamless threads to use for the resting room windows.

It wasn't anything ordinary though. She also removed a wrapper and a blouse with a photo of milestone carvings and she tried it on but she didn't like it.

Today, she's on a teal blue veil wrapped from the head down to her feet behind as it matches her outfit, her feet are closed on black heels which she also removed from the boxes that had been sent.

Her earrings, necklaces, and bracelets are adorned with gold jewelry also removed from the boxes.

There was a box meant only for the gold accessories and her aunt removed three of the pieces of jewelry and kept one for herself and the other two for her children, Nzisa and Katule.

Aunt Betty was acting in the place of her mother, so she had the right and access to everything that belonged to Mueni. Two of her neighbors almost stole five sets but Aunt Betty caught them in the scene and she warned them to never try that with her.

So they settled on taking the expensive laces and shoes to their children while some took bags and some little clothes and Mueni didn't say a word to them, she just allowed them to do their thing.

She had been used to them acting as thieves in all the family meetings, so that wasn't something new to her.

There were too many clothes for her and just because 5 pieces were missing, that wouldn't make her heart drop.

Her attention wasn't even on them at that particular moment, she was thinking about how she was going to give a man her fortune. That thought alone was scaring her, she thought deeply but it was not like she had a choice.

She had a choice because she could just decide not to get married but then she would lose someone that she loved, a royal gentleman in that case who would not even spend a minute before he gets another girl to marry and she would have lost it all.

Later on, she decided to do it anyway. After all, it was her husband, not any other man. She couldn't shake off that thought of imagining him and her on the same bed though.

"Avambula, avambula", we are giving you our only daughter and our pride. I hope that you will keep her safe". Aunt Betty told the group of women who had been sent from the side of the groom a few minutes after the royal cars arrived.

The 5 of them were dressed to kill and one look at them, one could simply tell the difference from the other rowdy crowd in the room. The way the air shifted when they came in was enough to make everyone create a way just for them to pass.

"Kwavuka maana".

One of the ladies greeted them in pure Taita greetings which literary translated to good afternoon. None of them knew whether to answer this or just keep quiet so as the Kamba proverb says (Uthonini ndukeingi ta mbiwa ndukese kuitina na ivai) which meant that, if at all you don't have anything of sense to say, don't say anything and in this way, you can prevent embarrassments.

"You don't have to worry about anything". The lady smiled at them. "As you all know Sir Makau is a good man and a Kamba in that case just like your daughter, they will easily get to understand each other better than you all can imagine".

Aunt Mkwajuma spoke.

The Makaus' mother's younger sister. "Let's go, my love, so many people are waiting for you for the ceremony to start". Another woman whispered to Mueni whose eyes were almost closed with a lump of tears which she wiped off using her bare hand.

"No, please young lady don't repeat that. Please use this". She handed her a handkerchief.

"You will be the second powerful woman in this county after this ceremony and society expects you to live decently.

Mueni continued to let tears drop by drop. She thought that she was ready for this but no, she is still in doubt, weighing options; she's in deep thought wondering what would happen thereafter, if she refused to enter into those cars.

She wouldn't imagine now that she was going to leave her family behind, the people that she loved especially her only Aunt Betty of all the people, and her brother.

But now, the time had come for her to seek her path. This was going to be a very long journey she had no idea what the destination was going to be like.

The path was completely new to her, it was terrifying, she had seen so many people starting the journey but among those, only very few made it through.

In fact, the closest example to learn from was her own family, her mother started the journey but she never even got to the center of it, she quit before she could even finish a mile out of 75 miles at maximum because that's the life count.

Mueni jumped to Aunt Betty and gave her one last hug before she could leave. "Mueni, you have to go to the wedding now, they are waiting for you and it's getting late. Any woman living in her parents' home is living like a guest. Her husband's home is where her home is".

Her "Uncle" Justin said this without saying. He only send her a pleading eye because she respected and feared him more. "Mueni, you need to go to your wedding, get married, and start a new life. If you can't see us, you can always call us anytime".

"Just one call away like we promised, Okay Auntie?".

"Yes, just one call".

Aunt Betty replied.

Among the closest people who escorted her were her brother John and his newly wedded wife Faith, the two college mates Vera and Naomi among other relatives who had come for this celebration with their families.

David couldn't make it to his `daughters" wedding, he had been left at home because he had not yet recovered fully.

"If at all she wasn't ready for this, she should have been given a break to think about it". Someone spoke from behind.

"She is going to marry the love of her life, that's what matters to her and everyone, she is happy to be with him, she is excited just a little nervous and that's acceptable and if anyone has a problem with that, they should speak as early as now, anyone?". No one spoke, everyone was silent.

"Cool, we are good to go, and please learn to mind your own business, if you came to her wedding, enjoy but don't you dare tarnish our good name out there or embarrass my daughter in any way and if anyone does, they will see the worst part of me ".

Aunt Betty roared hungrily.

It was already late in the evening when the cars pulled into the church compound. Mueni was getting tenser as she saw a large number of people who had turned up for the wedding, she got more scared, she never imagined that she was going to get married to a royal wedding like this one, she had never been to a wedding like this before and today she is the reason for all of this, how destiny plays it's the card so well is amazing.

She thought at that age perhaps, she should be somewhere in Diani enjoying single life on a sandy beach basking in the sun as an independent lady, but now she is thinking about what to do as a wife to someone.

"How is life going to be like?" She imagined giving her virtue to a man, well. She will figure it out later on. Mueni was dolled up ready to meet with their husband-to-be, her soul mate, the man she would live her whole life with starting from that day.

She could see a lot of women dressed in brown and cream outfits differently from the other well-adorned royal women standing in a long queue along a red carpet that was spread from just beneath the Car door she was into the church that was filled to the grim.

But well, she wouldn't be spending much time there, immediately after the wedding or even before the wedding could end, she thought that she would leave to the car and wait for her husband over there, it's like she had no idea what was going to happen there in the wedding.

This was her first time attending a wedding ceremony or rather a second time although the previous one for her brother was kind of a traditional wedding since they didn't conduct it in church, only some official signing of documents and payment of dowry. The rest was fun.

After the wedding, she was going to be taken for an early moon abroad perhaps who knows except for the husband since this is a royal family, Well!, She is going to enjoy all the freedom.

Her friends were right away side by side with her, her relatives followed back, and everyone who came with her in that convoy.

Everyone stared at the glowing young lady who caught the eyes of the governor's son Dr. Makau as they used to call him as she walked step by step majestically towards the church.

Mueni walked majestically towards the church in small steps so that she wouldn't dare tremble her feet.

She was in high heels, her expensive red wedding dress was long enough to align double her height and was supposed to be held by the bridesmaids so that it wouldn't get dirt and as the way, things are usually done in wedding ceremonies but the problem was that she was accompanied by a group of maids who knew nothing about been maids.

All they knew is that they had accompanied the brides to the wedding and a royal family should have paid them in the first place.

They were met by a lady before they could enter the church who told them that the groom had not yet arrived and that they were to wait for him so that they would go in together as it was planned.

She showed them a waiting room that had been prepared for them both to first meet and talk before they could proceed with the wedding ceremony and if at all she was okay with that or perhaps she had changed her mind.

Mueni was accompanied by Vera and Naomi among the other three ladies from the village who were also supposed to be her maids. The other Family members entered the church.

Headed straight to the front where they had reserved seats for them.

The bridesmaids wore black lace-sewn pencil gowns, which had a slit behind them to allow them to walk more comfortably. It was closed with a silky satin so that their legs wouldn't open wide.

They were wearing silver heels and black raw silk tied to their heads.

Their make-up was also expensive because the make-up artist was a professional sent from the royal family to do the bride's makeup and her maids.

Among the five ladies, Mueni could only tolerate Vera and Naomi seeing that they had no blood ties relationship. She couldn't stand the three village girls because they gossiped too much and envied her for no reason.

Mueni remembered some months ago when she was in college, it happened that her fiancé walked to their class one time without her consent, no one knew how he got there in the first place but well!, He is the governor's son and he could go anywhere he would like.

In fact, that day he just wore simple just like an ordinary man so that people wouldn't notice him easily or rather to avoid creating unnecessary attention but her friends knew him, so they started dispersing one after another when they saw that he liked her alone.

Some had tried their best to get him to their side but he never paid any heed to them. Mueni was thankful for the blind trust that this man had in her since day one.

There was a dare made by her classmates and a picture of her hugging a classmate was sent to him by her friends.

The dare was either she hugged another guy or she wouldn't eat her own money for the rest of the day which was enough punishment for her, so she hugged him feeling like it wasn't a problem to just hug a classmate, her other classmates did that all the time but what she didn't know was that, they took a photo and send it to her fiancé.

Since when that happened, she stopped talking to those sets of friends and changed her circle of friends. She, later on, explained everything to him when he came to their school.

She didn't want to talk to him though knowing that she would be hearing the voices of betrayal and disapproval in her voice as she spoke.

They had their friendship built right from scratch as best friends before they started their relationship, so they already trusted each other since before their love.

He had been her shoulder since the beginning of her five-month studies in that college and he even supported her financially since her family was broken, her mother disappeared miraculously when she was still a toddler and her adopting dad hasn't been feeling well for quite some time.

The only person who acted on her mother's behalf was her aunt Betty and she was very strict on her.

He would give her a call whenever her aunt scolded or yelled at her. She was always on her throat sometimes and so they would spend even an hour with him consolidating her.

When her aunt found out that she was having an affair with the governor's son, she demanded that she wouldn't be seen by him if he wasn't willing to marry her.

"Boys nowadays only want to spoil girls' life and leave them hanging on a cliff".

Aunt Betty said.

Makau admitted that he loved her and together they agreed to marry each other. He said that he didn't have any problem with marrying her and that he would give her a chance to study and then marry her later on but after that photo that was sent to him, he couldn't hold on any longer and he decided to marry her even before she could finish her college.

Vera and Mueni didn't dare try anything with her fiancé they respected and feared their friend more.

They only wanted to find their charming boyfriend's amongst them. They knew that his friends would come along with him and maybe their crushers would finally notice them in their fitted gowns.

The two had very beautiful figures, so they didn't worry much about attracting attention to them. They were slightly slim with an excellent body shape as confident as ever in their skins so that wouldn't bother them to flirt a little with the young men.

They also wanted to get married as soon as they found the right spouses. They realized that nothing would stop them from continuing with their college studies just because they were married and that they could decide not to give birth until they were done with their studies, so why wait any longer?

Seeing their friend happily married to her equally happy and devoted husband merely pushed them into wanting to have their partners.

They didn't care about what people would say. Sometimes or all the time, people say things because they are jealous of what you have.

They would criticize you in a way that you feel conscious of what you are doing while in reality, they just want that thing that you have.

You must be doing everything right but because they don't have what you do, they start to criticize you. Just be who you want to be and what you want to be, people, 'them', don't matter at all. "Can someone confirm what the hell is happening here, we've staged here quite some time and I don't understand what's going on".

Mueni roared.

She didn't have a phone or rather she wasn't supposed to have one at that time because in one way or another, the phone might ruin this beautiful day and she wouldn't dare risk that, so she had left it at home. "Am told that they have already left home and they should be here soon as possible".

Shammie answered.

She was the bride's cousin or rather her cousin-in-law if it sounds well so say so.

Hearing voices outside the door, and hoping that her friends heard amongst those voices, Vera and Naomi sat her in between them while the other three ladies from the village stood behind them.

A few minutes later, they started chanting about the kind of boyfriend they want.

One would be heard saying. "I want a light skin man this time round, I am tired of dating these black men, the likes of the chimpanzee family. They cheat a lot on ladies". One of the village girls would say, they all laughed at her loudly.

"I can't dare date a boy with such names", another one said as she demonstrated by counting fingers, "the likes of Jonte, Pato, Kevo, mostly Kevo, not me, I can't dare, I don't want to die young oh!, Me I love my life".

"Wait, you've forgotten to mention Brayo, whoa!". Naomi said as they all laughed loudly enough to awaken the dead this time round.

Mueni didn't even laugh at their dry jokes, she was getting tired of those cheap talks, and it was like the talk was insinuating something.

She is getting married the next minute and then the only topic they can think of discussing is about is cheating in relationships, where they trying to scare her or what?

She wondered

"Hey, stop these bullshits, can't you are ruining my mood, am getting married and the only you all can think about is cheating".

She almost yelled at them for repeating the same thing over and over again. Vera was the only one who talked sense to her, so she would listen attentively to each word and hang it around her like a sacred thread.

"Mueni I know you don't know a lot about marriage but I want you to be very careful. You are young and you need to take care of your husband just like any other older woman would.

Am not saying that you should keep your like and dislikes aside just because you are married.

Sit him down and tell him everything you like and don't like though I know you have already done that. You two should adjust to each other's presence and balance each other". She said.

"Don't you give up your hopes, your dreams, and your goals because you are now a married woman or rather you are about to get married.

Take good care of yourself than your needs. Things will not be comforting though as you might want them to be merely because you two are big grown-ups and each of you can think for themselves in which your view on a certain issue might differ.

There comes a time when all that you want to do is to run away, but you can't and you won't.

The only choice you will have is to stay strong and give yourself space when need be.

Always be happy my dear, am happy for you too. We are all happy for you girl. "Wow! That was touching". Naomi commented.

"You speak as if you have experience in this but you don't". They all laughed at this as they gave her a hug to comfort and show her that they loved her a great deal and they would always be there for her whenever she would need them.

The stories of boys and fun went on as they anxiously waited for the groomsmen to arrive so that they could get to familiarize themselves before they proceeded to the next step.

Then the groomsmen arrived much later. The perfume they were wearing wafted around the room sending a very strong scent making the girls conscious of their smell. These men were no joke.

The girls concluded.

They had almost all the qualities the girls liked. You would find that if one wasn't bulky, then they were tall and if not tall, they were bulky.

They all looked younger than their actual ages and all of them were black.

The girl who pretended to hate black men didn't even show any interest in any of them except for the bride which was understandable and the other lady who greeted them instead of giving a hug like all the other maids did but we'll, that wasn't the case.

"Kwasinda maana, now that you guys have graced us with your present finally, let's get started. She hates when people back out of their words.

"Am afraid we don't know what next after here as he is the first one to get married amongst us all".

Suleiman, Makaus' best friend commented, hitting him on his shoulder as he was sitting next to him. Mr. Makau was wearing a white suit embroidered with silver on top of the white suit.

He looked extremely handsome. His face was free of any hair for he had shaved off all his beards. His eyes were twinkling in a sexy look to demonstrate the love in the air.

His black hair was in men`s shaved hairstyle with the long air on the top in a modern comb over to show that he was still young and energetic even though he had taken this very important step in life. On a good vista, he looked so expensive and royal.

Indeed, it suited him well to be the governor's son.

Mueni was still closed in a teal veil dress but she could see him staring closely at her, peeping his eyes through the tiny holes of the teal veil still trying to reach her eyes but she was shy even inside there.

This guy has always been shameless in her present, it makes her feel special.

"Well, it goes like this, we won't let your friend have his wife-to-be until we are paid for our service, if it were not for us, she wouldn't be here you know".

It was Naomi who spoke this time around.

"And if I may ask, is this money yours, or are we supposed to pay to the bride's parents?"

Someone from the side the groom asked.

"Oh shit! Bro that money is our nigga, we are the ones offering the services, have you seen anyone else here boy?" Sheila in her raw confidently roared.

"What the hell! Did this little brat just called me boy? Am I a boy to you? Didn't your mother teach you manners or something of sort, young lady? You need to behave".

Suleiman got hungry and the whole thing turned out to be a case now with them making a lot of noises.

All this time, the bride and the groom were just staring at each other.

"Idiots, can't you behave like adults? What's wrong with you people? Are you going to argue all day long or are we going to negotiate their price?".

Makau hungrily busted.

"How much is it then?" Another friend of Makau asked from his left side. His name was Jeff.

He knew the two girls Naomi and Faith because he was dating one of their friends whose name was Ann although he also had a crush on Vera as most men always have.

"Yes, so we want fifty thousand each. In total that's two hundred and fifty thousand but you can just add fifty thousand only to make complete three hundred thousand and then we can assure you that we will give our best for this day to make it a success and your wedding will be the best that has ever happened in the land".

Sheila said `giving we am not going to pull back look and gathering amused eyes from the men`.

"Whoa! You are so young to have such a lot of money with you. Your parents will demand to know where you got that money from and what will you say?"

Suleiman raised an eyebrow at the young lady staring defiantly at him. Maybe interested in her but he couldn't say it, not at this time, not here, perhaps later on after the wedding.

"Why can't people learn to mind their own business, okay cool, (we got the money from the wedding), that's what we will say and explain everything, and now you are going to stop calling us young, we am not that young, looks are deceiving, don't you judge, I might even be older than you".

And just like that, they kept urging back and forth irritating Makau. He only wants to get over this and take her beautiful wife home and now they are talking senseless talk.

From the way his friends were showing interest, they had something for the ladies but that was not going to happen not in his chamber, they should have considered taking it elsewhere.

"Can't you just pay them and we leave?" He gritted his teeth at his friends hungrily making everyone in the room laugh while Mueni blushed more. "Gosh! This guy can be so shameless".

She thought.

"Okay, we will pay them, let's get started now, take your wife and lead the way out.

Makau took his wife by the hand and walked as they were followed by the grooms and maids each in a pair.

There was some cool love music to bring that mood to the people's hearts and the whole air, the environment, and everything demonstrated love.

The audience ululated to the top of their lungs as the wedding began. This was to be the most memorable day of Mueni life.

Love filled the air as they walked hastily dancing slowly counting a step after another altar. They were followed by a group of people who came from the outside to witness this vow of the ceremony.

The security was tight hence no one would dare do shit in there although later something strange happened. And the wedding commences.

WEDDING CEREMONY

"Makau, do you take Mueni to be your lawfully wedded wife?" The priest asked giving the bride The Holy Bible to raise and make a vow In front of the church and the congregations were the witnesses to this act of covenant.

"Yes, I do".

He answered in a straight and heavy voice. Everyone clapped their hands while some whistled out, some gossiped around and some were happy for them.

"Mueni, do you take Makau to be your lawfully wedded husband, and promise to be loyal, loving, and caring for your husband to be for the rest of your life, in darkness and light, in sadness and joy, in good and bad health?"

The priest asked as he handed her The Holy Bible to raise and make a vow before the church. Mueni wondered for a moment why the priest used so many words on her including the 'loyal' as if he knew her for cheating or something.

She just couldn't get it straight but this one didn't make her feel any worse either. She just pretended to be okay with that after all, you cannot question the man of God, you came to him, and he didn't go about looking for you.

"Yes, I do".

Her voice didn't come out well as she was now a bit hungry with the priest's words. She tried to control it though and because her face was closed in a teal veil, then it was easy for her to control her emotions on the face without anyone having to notice her easily and fast before it was opened for the next part that was kissing the bride.

The two kissed each other as the crowd ululated to the top of their lungs, blew the trumpets and some cool music played so loudly.

Then later on a wedding cake was brought forth.

This was the worst part of the day, the love that had filled the air was about to sink and let hate spread through.

It was a large gigantic cake that was in form of a bikini shape.

This was clear that it wasn't the cake that was baked for the wedding ceremony but since it was the only cake that had arrived, they chose to celebrate with that one perhaps the other one had been delayed or something and the event organizers hoped to buy this one so they didn't mind asking but there was still some tension why the shape of a bikini?.

The cameras were everywhere, the media houses were present also since it was a royal wedding and lastly, the media personalities must have been there to collect news and air them as they always do on merger events like this one.

In order not to show any mistake, the bride feigned his gloomy face and wore a happy one to send a message that everything was okay and like they ordered such a cake in a bikini shape to mark the beginning of the end of the boyhood where he used to play with bikinis of every other girl and now it's time to settle for one bikini and as the next rite of passage after birth and initiation.

So, he hoped to announce to justify as to why they baked a bikini-shaped cake, perhaps he was the only one who could positively translate this, but the audience thought differently because there seemed some confusion on their face.

"Ladies and gentlemen" He spanked the microphone as they always do.

Hello, can anyone hear me out?" He looked at the computer person who was operating on the sound system whom on the other end sends one of his second men to come and confirm if the start button was on.

He too spanked the microphone the same way as he put on the button just beneath the silky piece of cloth covering the end of the microphone where the sound goes in.

Hello!, I know everybody can hear me now, so I was saying, this is one of my greatest moments, a day to remember, a day that transformed me from being a bachelor to being a husband and later on a father if God blessed us.

I am super excited at this very moment and as you can see the shape of our cake over here, its proof that I have stopped playing with bikinis and now am a gentleman to be dependent on".

Everyone laughed at this statement.

"This is to mark the beginning of the end of my boyhood and now I`m an adult, a gentleman, a husband, and a family man. No more bikini's from today".

Everyone clapped their hands as some screamed more, blew trumpets, and overrated they do. He thought that he had cleared the doubting air that had filled in and he did.

His humorous personality helped him more and whenever he made any humorous statement, he didn't laugh, he rarely laughed, most of the time he was very serious up to some point that one couldn't easily notice or rather distinguish whether he was happy or hungry. The man was somehow a comedian.

Everyone posed for the camera before they could go ahead to cut the cake.

"There is a surprise hidden in this Cake, press this button and you will see the magic".

Someone said to him. A loud sound was heard after he pressed the button. Soon as he pressed the button, A spring stand appeared popping out of the Cake and holding up words written in it.

Everyone thought perhaps it was a surprise for the bride and so he permissioned the letter to be read loudly for the congregation to hear how much the people loved him little did he know that it was a letter from his ex-girlfriend Lynn who wanted to embarrass him during very precious day of his life.

4. LETTER TO EX

(It is with the great owner that I write this letter to you on this special day in your life. I am happy for you. You have taken a very great step in your life which is a rare path to many men of your age nowadays, they all just want to play around with women little do they know that years are passing on every single day, and time is running and also not to forget that STIs still exist.

Well! This letter has allowed me to express my feelings for you though).

The person reading out the letter stopped at first to re-read that statement.

Did this letter come from his ex-girlfriend or something? He wondered.

"You just continue, don't stop, I'm sure whoever wrote that letter wants to put a stop into my marriage but they won't succeed, that's in my past. Right now I know that I only have one wife and that's Mueni, so I am not afraid of their propaganda".

"Wow!, That's was wisdom". Mueni commented.

(You betrayed me, you big idiot, I loved you, gave myself for you, and did everything you asked for me and what reward did I get in return?. all along you knew that I wasn't your type and that you were not going to marry me after all.

You were playing with my feelings; you were wasting my precious time for nothing. I didn't love you good for nothing brat because you had money or because your father was the governor or something, I loved you genuinely).

"Yes, I am listening, that's what all the ladies say and it's quite understandable".

Makau feigned pretense that he didn't feel anything at all but the next part was now the worst one and the most heartbreaking.

(I wish I never met you, I regret knowing you in the first place. I wish you a lifetime of darkness and a desperate end, May sicknesses befall you and your entire family into suffering, if not, and then may you get a venereal disease. Thank you for your unfaithful act that stopped me from marrying you.

This letter is a small gift from me today, once I find true love for myself, I will return the favor generously).

Laughter erupted at some the far end corners of the church when the letter was finished reading.

Those who were seated at the front seats were afraid to laugh.

This was hilarious and more serious at the same time. But seeing that the bride wasn't even hungry with that, everyone laughed.

"Sometimes, women have to accept the truth and move on with life, you cannot curse me for not loving you, love is a feeling, it grows naturally deep from the inside, it's powered by trust and if you don't trust a person, you cannot love them and vice versa. You cannot force love, either way, it cannot work.

That lady loved me because I have money as you all know that my father is the governor, she didn't love me, she loved the money if I may say, and when I realized that, look at the letter that she is sending me now on this very special day because she knew that it will be read here in church, but that's not a big deal, I was ready for any shit that would happen and am okay with that.

So let's celebrate nothing to worry about that.

She didn't scare no one, somebody tell her that the wedding is going to continue whether she likes it or not". The Bride spoke confidently to clear the confusion that had rent the air.

He reached out to cut the Cake and proceed with the wedding, he didn't think that the cake could have come from her after all she couldn't afford such a gigantic Cake.

Immediately he reached out to cut the cake, there came a loud bang. The Cake exploded without a warning and it covered the groom's entire face and body with buttery grease.

This one was more than he could pretend, he looked extremely embarrassed, this was too much and there was no way to clear the bad air now that he looked like a monster. It became clear now that his ex-girlfriend's prank was to disrupt his marriage and she already succeeded in doing that.

Mueni stood there aside confused, she didn't know what to do, she thought of running away from that place but she couldn't. How would people think about her? It wasn't her fault; after all, she just stood there wondering what to do either. The Bride and his groom were taken by the guards outside the church to their car and the two left at ease.

The story spread throughout the whole place, as everyone gossiped around to avoid being heard talking about the royal family.

Everyone could have wanted to know the girl who could have done this to the son of the most respected family in the land and the most powerful family.

"The girl who did that must be daring, didn't she even think of what would happen to her if she ever get caught? You ladies play with your life".

Someone would say.

"These men deserve more than that, I tell you no man is single, that one I always know, look now, he just embarrassed himself In front of everyone, how is he going to address the people with that image back in their mind? If I was the lady, I could have done more than that.

It was a lesson to learn, don't ever play with someone's feelings even if you have money, it's not everything. Some people just want genuine love build on truth and respect but not because they have money, now you think that you can go with every girl in the street, even that girl that he was about to marry, I am very sure that it won't last long trust me you, I know,".

Another one would say and they all continued to gossip around while keeping their voices down to avoid being heard speaking ill about the royal family.

"Why did you come? "I don't know, you tell me what has just happened there because I don't understand, I can't even understand at all".

She said.

"Then why did you follow me?" Makau asked. "I don't know", she yelled. "I think I trust you, I don't even know what to say but I know you have the answer to that and that's what I want.

Our most beautiful day, a day to remember just turned out to be the worst day of our entire relationship, how am I even going to face the people out there, my classmates with all the talk that is going on out there because right now I know the stories are everywhere.

Where am I even going to burry my face?"

She was provoked hungrily while she was sobbing slowly as tears ran down her cheeks enacting a line of separation between since had worn some make-ups.

He couldn't settle his mind either, he kept on moving from one corner of the house to another confused like a drunkard Rat. "Honey, I want you to trust me okay, am going to fix this I promise. You trust me right?"

He said while holding her by her hands.
"Of course I do but...".
"Thank you for trusting me".

He answered before she could even complete the sentence. "Am going to fix this I promise, you and I are going to live a good life thereafter, I will make you forget and you are going to be the happiest woman ever after, we are going to live together happily".

"Come, give me a hug then, it's going to be alright, I trust that you will keep your word. It was just a bad day let me say so".

Mueni said as he gave him a shoulder to lean on.

"We won't do a church wedding, not ever again, we will do a civil wedding instead, just us, our family, friends, family friends, and the closet relatives.

Then throw one hell of a party and that's all. How did she get the Cake there in the first place?"

Mueni asked. "That's what I am going to find out and whoever is involved, they are going regret it".

"I don't think it's a good idea though. Maybe she is jealous of us being together which is okay, one can be hungry with the people that they love and not be loved in return, it happens, not once, not twice, it's a normal thing and understandable.

Forgive her, whoever she is".

Mueni said.

"Thank you babe, but I must find and punish her because if I don't, she is going to repeat the same foolishness and who knows what she might do next in our party, maybe she might do something worse if I don't punish her, she is going to rot In jail that. This one will not go without payback I swear".

Mueni didn't know what to say about it. She hoped to change the topic so she looked at him straight into his eyes.

He liked it when they stare deep into each other's eyes but she blinked first.

Oh My God! It is funny how am still shy even at this age and we are already used to each other".

She laughed.

He then made a quick move and got hold of her before she could run. "Gosh! You are fast, so crazy, I didn't expect that". "Yes babe, I am crazy for you, go and take off this thing (referring to the wedding gown)".

He then carried her to the bathroom which was so huge and beautiful. Luxurious life is just amazing. She never thought that she could ever see a bathroom like this talk less of calling it her own.

"Let's do a "play". He stood behind her on the washing hand basin looking at her through the mirror wearing a smile on his lips holding her on the heaps.

They both felt like was a dream that they wouldn't want to wake up from. They had forgotten what had happened in the church. All this time, she was in a night dress while he was in a short.

She wrapped her length hair in a white veil, She had not to concentrate on making it for a quite long time not until when her wedding was close when her Aunt Betty forced her to stretch it after every two days which she did.

Her hair was hurting greatly whenever she tried to comp it. She had to use oil or warm water to soften it whenever she wanted to comp it.

The whole room seemed to shine with all the expensive furniture in the room. People living a luxurious life don't worry about anything at all.

Everything is usually there in their watch and in their want, so why worry about anything that hasn't even come when she always thinks about what the future for her. One thing that was guaranteed for her is that, if she lived with Makau for the rest of her life, she wouldn't bother about any world's stuff because it would always be taken care of even before she could say it.

The only thing that she worried was been replaced which came to happen later on. Again she was still in fear for the other lady who destroyed their wedding ceremony, perhaps she would do worse to him next move. That's what she worried about the most even though she had forgiven her but she didn't know her.

"Hey, don't overthink". His voice was soothing, though his sound was not always soothing he sounded rude and commanding.

She didn't like his normal voice, although they had been friends for long time and she had seen the worst of him. He took her by a hand, covered her eyes in a teal, and told her that he was going to surprise her.

They took a few steps when she heard him opening a door to the room but she couldn't guess what was there. Perhaps a well-spread bed with a romantic grafted bedcover and some flowers forming a love pattern but it was none of those.

He sat her on a coach, moved behind the coach, and then untied her.

"Wow! This is beautiful", she said gazing at the huge window glass before her that was facing a garden. On the garden, there were lights of different colors illuminating the red roses. It looked so romantic until she thought that she was on a date or something of such.

She turned around to face this gentleman, hugged tight, the feeling got very much intense as he circled his hands around her hip.

He started to untie the rope that was holding her nightdress from behind.

She was too shy to remove it at first knowing what would follow thereafter but isn't that what she wanted?

This man knew exactly what she was feeling at that moment. "Wow! You are so beautiful you know that right". He said as he undressed her while pretending not to. She had curves to die.

Then she began kissing him slowly while he grabbed her more tightly on a bare skin. The atmosphere was rented with sexual tension soaring all over the place.

He then carried her and placed her slowly on the bed not taking off his lips over hers. He then moved the lips down on her slender neck kissing her skin making her restless. She wanted so badly to ease that desire and just like that, she gave out her fortune that she has been afraid of for the past years.

This was the best moment in her entire life, it was a night to remember, the new night that she gave out her fortune to a man, the night that she 'knew men' for the first time as the old usually put it.

What followed there weeks after is acrimonious behavior, every other day she was receiving threat messages from unknown people.

She told him but he just didn't care at all, it's like he got what he wanted. She talked about it to her friends. Some offered advice while some laughed at her on her back. One day, Makau got home early as Mueni was preparing dinner, he held her from behind and whispered to her hears.

"Honey I have got something to tell you, I hope you won't get mad at me though".

"And what's that?

" Mueni asked.

"Let's go, get seated so that I may explain to you that you may understand or just finish what you are doing and I will be waiting on the couch".

He replied.

Mueni wondered what's that and how so sudden did he became so calm like he had made up his mind on something but she didn't allow herself to think that much as her aunt told her. After getting over with the chores, she came to the couch and joined him.

"So, what's that couldn't wait for me to hear, here I am listening".

Mueni spoke.

"Well! They aren't good news though". "What! I must have known".

She clicked.

"Go ahead and say it, am used to your propagandas and fake stories".

Mueni said

"Woman, show some respect or else...". Or else what? Are you going to beat me? Cheat on me? Dumb me? I don't think so, of course you can but I know better, I have suffered enough in this relationship, nothing can hurt me anymore".

Mueni provoke.

Makau glanced at her for a second, he could see the hurt in her teary eyes, and he knew that he was going to hurt her even more but he just had to give her the news.

At first, he didn't know how to open his mouth for a moment, but he had to let her know what he had in mind.

"I want a divorce". He raised the topic calmly. Mueni didn't seem to react to that.

She just looked at him and turned her face away. "Didn't you hear me or something?" He touched her on the shoulder.

It was clear that the young lady had suffered enough in this relationship and she didn't know what to do about it after all you cannot make decisions for an adult.

"And why is that?" She later asked. Makau tried to avoid this question by pretending to talk on a phone and this made Mueni very hungry.

He has never had time for her ever since after marriage and now out of nowhere, he comes up with a proposal to divorce her, she just couldn't believe her hears.

"Before you divorce me, I also have something to tell you, I am pregnant". She suddenly said without thinking much. How was she pregnant of him when they haven't been together for quite some time?

She suddenly recalled that but he seemed surprised and even more attentive to this.

Men don't think much when such news is broken to them, they either accept the pregnancy or deny. Makau accepted this judging from the way he was surprised but he still stood to his mind about divorcing her.

"Sometimes, it is hard to understand what men really want". Mueni said to Vera. Marriage is not that plain, I thought after marrying to the royal family, I would enjoy life but it's quite the opposite of my expectations.

Here, I am rich in material possession but poor in heart.

He accepted the pregnancy but he is still holding up to his idea of divorce".

Mueni spoke.

She tried effortlessly to find out what was happening to her husband but she could hardly get a satisfactory answer to that.

The only guess that came to her mind was that her husband had started seeing someone else which she later on came to prove but she didn't get hungry with that for she had her secrets too which made her to break her relationship with her mother in law.

Makau had long fallen out love with Mueni, perhaps he just pitied her.

One day, he drafted a divorce agreement which stated that she could own their house, car and about 20% of his known property.

Mueni glanced at it and tore it into pieces little did she know that she would need all these later on after life showed her the worst part of itself.

A man who had spent months in her life was becoming a stranger whom she could no longer understand. "Please do not do this to me".

Mueni cried.

Makau felt sorry for wasting her time but he couldn't take back what he had said. "I am ready to take full responsibility for the baby but we are not going to have an intimate union not anytime soon.

It was clear now that he didn't love her anymore; he wanted her to give birth to him so that he may dumb him later on. That's what Mueni thought so she came up with her own plan too which she told to no one.

Her mother in-law knew all these dramas which were going on between these two but she didn't bother or perhaps she didn't want to get her hands dirty because her husband was involved in one way or another.

The next day, He came home late and very drunk. He did not have dinner as usual, just went straight to bed and fall asleep.

In the morning, Mueni woke him up with a tray of breakfast on hand as if everything was okay little did she knew that he meant what he had said earlier.

Makau was surprised of how she still treated him even when she knew that he did not love her anymore and he was going to divorce her not long, but we'll perhaps she was trying to make him forget that which he swore not to and change his mind.

After the warm welcoming breakfast, Mueni brought in her divorce conditions, she wanted a three month notice after the baby is bone and in those three months, she requested a normal life like everything was normal between the two of them and in good terms during her pregnancy period so that she would take good care of herself for the sake of the baby or else if he tried to mistreat her, she would abort it regardless of whether she dies or not.

The young woman had suffered a lot in life. When she had nothing and even after she had everything. To her, life didn't get any better.

Her husband wanted the baby but he did not want the mother, how can that be?

She wondered.

"How can a person love the fruit and hate the so much tree that gives birth to the same fruit?". To her, this was a hilarious joke.

She thought perhaps she wasn't enough for him and so she planned to trick him to get to love her and her alone. To trigger his feeling for once and see if this was kind of a joke or the man was really serious about it since she wasn't ready to give her child away.

As he was seated on a couch, perhaps thinking about his hoes, Mueni came and sat on his lap, held his head beneath her breast and kisses him on the head.

"Honey, do you remember how you carried me in the room the day after our wedding was ruined by one of your hoes". Suddenly, she realized that she had made the wrong choice of words but since he didn't react to it, perhaps he didn't hear. She presumed.

"The hug from behind the big windows in the room, the beautiful vista of the flowers outside the window in the garden, the first kiss and more, can you do that every day for me once more?,

I want to enjoy the few days that we are going to spend together before I get my divorce".

Mueni smiled in mischief as she looked at her husband in the face.

"Did you really have to make me remember those days, that's in our past and it meant nothing, so yes I remember and why is that?".

He asked.

"Well!, As you can see I am pregnant of you and I have to keep on reminding myself about you or else am going to give birth to a child who doesn't resemble you at all".

Mueni said as she stood up.

"That's a dark humor, you know that right?" "No! The point is, you just do what you have to do but remember, I am a human being too...".

Mueni said as she stood up.

"Hey, what's that supposed to mean". "Come on you know what I mean by all these". "And what is it that you need, Dear?" "Wow! Did you just said 'dear'? Well! The last was the best moments in my life. Will you do it again every night before we go to bed?"

Makau looked at her and smiled. "Is that all you need?".

"Yes and more"

Mueni replied.

She was trying her tricks to get him to fall in place and forget about the divorce thing.

She wasn't ready to be a single mother, she has never thought about it not even before she started dating. When Mueni told Aunt Betty about the challenges she was facing in her marriage. She just laughed at her thinking it was absurd. "How come he wants to divorce you yet he agrees to your crazy proposal and again he wants your baby.

This is hilarious joke.

Mueni was disguised by the answer she got from aunt Betty, the only person who had been there for her for quite long is not even bothered much about her. She thought that no one cared.

"My marriage isn't working anymore brother, I have tried my best to get him in line but all in vain, he doesn't love me anymore and I don't know what's happening.

"Wait, or perhaps he thinks that the pregnancy is not his, is it?".

John asked.

"Hey! You among all people can judge me?, I thought you trusted me, so you don't?, How come you say that to me, you think am cheating on him or what?.

Mueni walked away hungrily.

"Hey sister, I didn't mean to piss you, was just asking, kidding perhaps, please don't take it much serious, I didn't mean anything wrong". Mueni looked at him twice and walked away.

She cried bitterly in her room. Everyone was just annoying to her, she had no close friend just Naomi and Vera but they were not familiar with relationship issues, how would they advise her about anything to do with relationship when they themselves had no lovers.

She talked about it to her mother in-law who said that she was going to talk tomorrow her son and get to know the problem and the possible solution to this but she didn't. It became clear to her that this man didn't care anymore for her, maybe he never loved her in the first place, just pretended to trick her into his plan or the list of the so many girls that he has ever slept with.

He could disappear for a whole week without even telling her where he went, never picked up her calls and when he came back, he became rude such that she was afraid of her.

He just changed all of a sudden.

Sometimes, she used to cry and no one got hold on her. She knew that so many men wanted her and she wouldn't lack someone to marry her but her heart was into this rude man.

Later on, she realized that she couldn't no longer stay in pain and still give a normal birth, and again give out her child and then get divorced like she was nothing, and so she escaped home, ran away to start her own life somewhere else which didn't turn out for her at the end.

5. HOUSE OF CHAOS

"You can't do this to me Williams", Mueni ran down the stairs shouting, ignoring the bruises on her knee as she ran towards the man who held a black big bag in his hands, leaving the room.

"I have had enough of you and your madness Mueni, I can't take it anymore, and you can keep the children if that's what you want but just know that you will never see me again".

Little Melody and Jayden looked at their parents fight In front of them. "Is this how you want to leave us, you don't even care about anything or anyone you selfish brat". Mueni shouted.

"Oh! Now I see you have grown goat head, did you just insult me?"

Williams was over himself but he tried his best to control temper's which had already arisen extremely up.

He wanted to throw the heavy bag that he was carrying to her but he couldn't do that In front of the children. So he pretended not be hungry.

"Please don't leave us", Mueni came down on her knee as she begged the husband to stay.

"I have given everything for you and for our family. Did you ever sleep hungry even for a single day? Did I ever bring any other woman right into our house? Do I even have one?

You disrespected me Mueni, not only are you cheating with that old man but you are going to an extent of bringing him into my house,(as he pointed the floor hungry), right into my bed, you know that's insane right?.

You should be ashamed of yourself, that man is same age as your father but just because he is the governor... (He stopped into trembling cheeks) now am going to move out and give you all the freedom that you need to bring in whoever you wish to.

Mueni was ashamed of her indecency behavior. She stayed dumb still there kneeling on the floor. All this time, they had even forgotten that the children were present and they were listening to them, although they were too young to understand what their daddy meant, all they knew was that their daddy wanted to leave.

"Daddy, please don't leave us, little Jayden walked to his daddy with tears in his eyes, "boys don't cry, come on you are strong, daddy is just travelling somewhere, he will be back soon, I will bring you something good". "Promise that you'll be back ".

Jayden said.

"I promise, I will be back before you even remember it".

Williams hold them both as he spoke with a lot of affection in his eyes. "Children, come, let's go", Mueni who had now stood up took the children from Williams hold to the resting room.

She came back to ask him about the neighbors wife who kept on following him around, whom she suspected that her husband was cheating with.

The reason as to why she went out with the old man to make him jealousy too as they say tit for tat is a fair game. Another reason she had back in her mind was that he didn't provided enough for them although it wasn't his fault, he was just a casual worker, and she wasn't working, where would he expect her to get extra money from?.

What most people don't understand is that we have different stands of life and we are blessed differently.

Sometimes we make wrong choices based on the current situation without knowing it and without thinking the greater or the lesser chances that may come along the way.

By the time Mueni came in, William had already left the house. She ran downstairs and outside to look for him but he was long gone.

She was now left alone to take care of the children and that's when the real life battle began to wrestle her, that's when she knew how much burden the husband had and the role he played in that family.

At times, people do not see the value of others until they lose them. It is mere fact.

She tried so hard day by day. Sometimes she could only afford to feed her children while she was forced to fast meal.

The old Man whom she cheated with disappeared in the wind too. He stopped taking her calls and even ordered the security persons in his house not to allow her to enter his compound after she became a `burden` to him each and asking for money.

Perhaps he only wanted to use her for his gain of sexual pleasure.

Mueni spread rumors that she had a child with the governor's son and he ceased to take care of them but her efforts to shame him and get him to help her did not bore fruits.

Days passed, seasons came, still no sign of Williams ever coming back home, his phone went off the day he left the house and it couldn't be tracked down.

She reported the case to the police station but all this didn't help out in putting a plate of meal on the table. She became so devastated at some point and turned out heal.

She knew that she was dying slowly and she couldn't help with it, she also knew that she would leave her children to suffer in the hands of relative's but what choice did she have.

"Honey, I'd like you both to stay with your hand Faith for now until I recover". Mueni spoke as she stretched her hands to hug them.

"Jayden, I want you to look after your sister while am away, promise me that you will, mum will be okay soon and will definitely come back for you and we will live a good life, a life that your father couldn't even afford to give you".

Tears ran down her cheeks as she spoke.

"I promise you mum". Little Jayden spoke.
Melody lay on her mother's lap with tears on her eyes.
"Don't cry, baby". Her mother spoke as she dried her eyes
off tears using her bare hands.
"All will be fine, I promise you".

Mueni knew very well that she was not getting any better
and all the money that she had, she spend it in the hospital
to get treatment.

She kissed them both on the forehead with the painful
smile on her lips as tears of sadness drop off her cheeks.
"You two look like your father you know, your real father
not the useless man who just abandoned you".
Then she realized that she messed up her words, she didn't
even know how that came out so she pretended like she
didn't say a word by clearing her throat. "Climb up here".

She tapped the bed with her hands indicating where they
were to sit.

The little girl on her right hand and the boy on her left as
she held them tight on her hands.

"I have been waiting for this moment to tell you something that I have been holding for quite long and since no one can predict the future". She began as the children gave a listen hear to what she was about to say. "You were still too young to know what transpired to divorce between me and your father, but now you need to know the whole truth".

She took a deep breath and exhaled before she could continue.

Your dad was having an affair with another woman and when I realized it, she beat me out of it and accused me too of having an affair with the governor, I hope you remember that day before he left what he said, even if you don't remember, you know the governor right?".

"Yes I do". Mueni answered. "I was married by the governor's son back then before I met your dad but one thing led to another and the son dumbed me after finding out that I had an affair with his father which wasn't my wish".

She lied but she did not feel sorry about it.

"He tricked me into it and got me pregnant but he couldn't marry me since he already had a wife, so he dumped me from where I met your dad before the pregnancy grew big and we got married without his knowledge that I was already pregnant of someone else.

So, to cut the story short, your real father is the governor and not Williams". The children were shocked but couldn't understand how that came to happen but now they knew the truth.

"I want you to promise me that you will not tell anyone, let this be our little secret between us, that's actually the reason why governor was supporting me to raise you but after your father left.

I began depending on him too much and he thought that I was going to leak out the story to the media, so to avoid the shame he chased me away and ordered that I should not be allowed to enter into his compound, that's when I became sick afterwards because of the struggle that I went through in bringing you up and in the process.

I lost my sense of recognition, and until then, I have always had a problem with recognizing people easily because of the brain damage caused by depression resulting from mental health, in short I was diagnosed with brain cancer".

"And what's that?" Both children asked at the same time both scared cause of what they heard. "It is a brain disease that I got right after your "father" left, that's why I asked your auntie to stay with you for a while because I will be staying here for some more time".

Both children nodded in agreement to what she said. They agreed to live with their aunt until their mother recovered so that they could live happily together after. They hugged him tight not knowing it was the last time that they would be together.

Knock, knock, "Faith knocked on the door, and a voice screamed from behind the door. Melody ran to open the door for her auntie. "Hey baby, you've grown so big, mum may be taking care of you very well, "She said as she carried her on her chest.

"Mueni'...Mueni! Mueni!", She put melody down immediately as she hurried to separate Jayden from his mother.

The children were confused about what their aunt was doing.

"Mueni, can you hear me?" Faith pinched her sister-in-law on the upper part of the wrist who was not responding to pain. "What happened to her? One could feel Jayden's heart beating loud as fear enveloped the young boy's body. Faith turned around to look at them with Jayden still in her arms.

"Melody, go to the doctor hurry...!". She screamed at her while both children ran out of the room with all their strength.

Jayden was the first one and he accidentally knocked his sister down on the floor she began to cry but there was no time to comfort her, he went ahead to call the doctor who came in no time.

The doctor checked on her heartbeat and some little test while the children went to the reception to wait for the report from the doctor. After a few minutes, he walked out as they rushed toward him. "Is she,,, ish, she okay? Can we go in now".

Melody asked as she breathed heavily. "She is stable for now and she should be awake by tomorrow morning, I will advise you, Madam Faith, to take the children home".

The doctor said as he headed to his office.

"Aunt Faith, can we see mum now?" Melody asked tucking her skirt a little. She looked at her arranging her hair with her hands.

"That won't be necessary baby. You'll see her in the morning". But you, I...! She trailed off when her aunt gave her a look of disapproval and they both left the hospital. The next day on their way to the hospital, they bought lots of fruits and flowers for their mum but when they arrived at the hospital the next day, Mueni could no longer recognize them anymore.

The doctor said that the disease tumor had damaged her brain cells and she might not be able to remember them ever again.

The children cried bitterly calling out her name, especially Melody but nothing changed, she just looked at them like they were kind of ghost thing, she neither spoke, and their aunt had to take them away.

A few months later, Mueni was sent to charity home care while John and his wife took good care of the children.

CHOICES I NEVER HAD

We are living in a world which is ready to crush and
break us apart and put our remaining reminiscence
into a deep dark void to clean up our noumenal

The pressure gets stronger day by day
Sometimes we are stuck in between the world of
conception, a certain moment of pain, a situation
where we have to choose what best fits us or should
I say a generous choice and David woke up to that
predicament one day where he had to choose either
his siblings or the marriage bearing in mind that he
already had two children with Patricia,
Mueni aged ten and John aged three.

Raphael M Kinyele

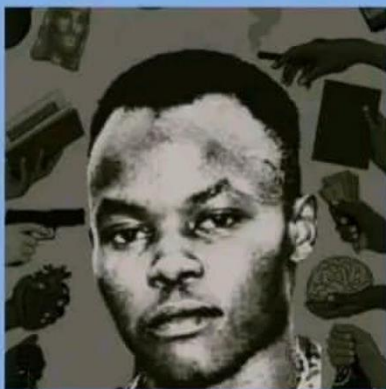


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