

SHORT STORY



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IMPORTANT

All characters and pictures in this short story are fictitious. Names given herein are in any way not associated with a person in real life.

Everything I write is an imagination of real life issues that happen in our societies. Stories are meant to edutain i.e. educate and entertain at the same time.

Each published story comes with it experience and lessons that help the author to perfect his art with every short story published.

In our quest to know more about the author, we found out he has a serious problem. His problem is he doesn't stop writing as long as the pen has ink. Somebody please call 911, the author will kill us with his creativity.

MANAGEMENT



Aisha: The Girl I Thought I Knew

Friendship, like any relationship but ndezverudo kaa izvi, is a journey of discovery. People evolve, circumstances change, and sometimes the person we thought we knew so well reveals new facets of themselves. Such was the case with my dear friend akazova bhebhi rangu, Aisha – the girl I thought I knew.

Our friendship began in the simplicity of school days, ariku primary ini ndiri kuA-level. She used to call me mkoma. And ndaitovawo brother vekuScripture union nawanadem.

However, life has a way of unfolding its mysteries, and as the years passed, Aisha started revealing layers I hadn't seen before. Beneath the surface of her radiant exterior, Aisha grappled with insecurities, dreams, and a complexity that added depth to our connection. She was not just the bubbly friend (kasisi kangu) I once knew; she was a young woman with aspirations, fears, and a profound sense of self-discovery.

But what went wrong..... Guess it's the ama2k syndrome.

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Aisha was outgoing, vivacious, and seemingly fearless, possessing an infectious energy that lit up any room she entered. As she navigated the challenges of adolescence, I believed I had an intimate understanding of who she was.

Our friendship faced its trials as we confronted the inevitable changes that accompany adulthood. Life led us down divergent paths, and as we pursued our respective dreams, I realized the importance of accepting the evolving nature of relationships. Aisha's journey included unexpected twists and turns, challenging her resilience and altering the trajectory of her life.



Ndanga ndakuitiswa mastanz eTiktok and Instagram

It was during one of our candid conversations that I grasped the significance of acknowledging the person she had become (munhu akura and akunakirwa nebhawa zvekudaro). The girl I thought I knew had transformed into a 22 year old lady mabhebhi manyama but anoda zvinhu.

By the way, I am a 33 year old professional young man working as an IT support at a telecoms company. I never thought I would at one point see Aisha as my girlfriend but our shared laughter and common interests forged a bond that felt unbreakable. Ndakatanga kunakirwa nesimbi paya.Sorry muface wangu ndozvazvinoita tea inotanga ichipisa.

Dating someone is a unique journey, an exploration of shared moments, and a discovery of the intricacies that make a person who they are. Aisha was a captivating blend of contrasts, a captivating enigma that left an indelible mark on my heart.

Her laughter as they say ama2k vane nharo, was infectious, a melody that echoed through our time together. She possessed a rare combination of strength and vulnerability, navigating life's challenges with grace and resilience. Our conversations were a mosaic of dreams, fears, and the mundane details of everyday life, weaving a tapestry of connection that grew more intricate with each passing day.

In the initial stages of our connection, everything felt promising and full of potential. Ko unenge wamurudo watoobofu uchitambiswa paTiktok, uchiitiswa live paInstagram, iwe kaaa iwee, unoti baba nemuridzo wanakirwa nerudo. We shared dreams, vulnerabilities, and the highs and lows of life.

However, as time unfolded, the cracks in our foundation began to reveal themselves. The revelation of her character shattered the trust we had built, leaving me to grapple with feelings of betrayal, confusion, and heartbreak. Unoziya soo, rudo parunonaka satan ndopachinoda ipapo chinouya chonyasoti hello hello.

It was one Sunday morning when I woke and my friend was calling me. I picked up the phone and his question was, "Where is Aisha?" and with innocence I told him she is at home. Amana, for the first time my friend laughed at me zvikanzi enda paStatus uone. Iwe vapfana vacho vakangwarisa, she had blocked me from seeing her updates but ndakangoti bhoo futi zvese bho. Ndaive ndakanyura murudo ndaitoda vakomana vepaCentral aqua squad kuti vazondinyurura.

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My friend came, we went out with his car yekubasa tichiita kasaskam round so that we can make an unexpected move paden pemuface aimhanyawo nemwanasikana. Little did I know he is one of the guys among our circle as men. As we arrived I realized no mhani paden ndopaziva apa. We knocked and there was no response. I opened the door and walked through the passage. As we were close to the door, sounds could be heard which meant nobody can attempt to stop reggae from playing.

It was acapella by the way....so you can imagine.

We opened the door and you know that moment of being caught red-handed in the act, shimandaring all over apa uri bagwe. Apa inini manje, the initial shock, disbelief, and heartbreak overwhelmed my senses. Ndakamboda kuti batai munhu, muface wangu akati ease ease wangu. Apa tiripadoor gaya, meaning hapana anakwanisa kutiza. Mwanasikana akamboda kundibata ndikajamuka. Muface wake akanditarisa zvikanzi let's talk pachirume pakutongoda man to man apa.

Ndakazongoti kumwanasikana ndipowo phone yako ndione something kuWhatsApp, iye nekutya ndokundipa wanike mashura. Mwanasikana katori kadrone, takawandisa, it's a mjolo pandemic here. Ndakagumira pamachats 7 after I discovered kuti tese tirikuchera mvura mutsime rimwe chete. Apa tese we are swimming in the same pool without the costumes, gaya.

At that very moment I was flooded with emotions — betrayal, anger, confusion, and a deep sense of hurt. Unohwa sekunopisa apa kutori nemakore wangu. Pandakazogara pasi ndakaona message yekunzi ndine nhumbu on the other conversations ndikati ko apa how far....and with no guts zvikanzi ehe ndine nhumbu sha and ndeyako.

Iwe ndati ama2k hausikuvaziva mushe. Mwana aitoganza apa hembe dzaita kure kaaa since tapinda akangozvivhara neCurtain. Kakanditarisa wena zvikanzi, "sha bota rinotodyiwa anytime chinozongosiyana ndechejkuti radyiwa nani, nguvai and kupi. Iwewe wambonditsvakirei. Kana yanguva yako ndokutsvaka enda kumba kwako."

Ehe chokwadi chacho chorwadza but ndavhurikawo kaa iweee.

Unoziya kana watambwa nyowani pataundi soo, the trust that formed kafoundation kerelationship is shattered instantly, leaving one grappling with the harsh reality of the situation.

Coping with the aftermath involved a delicate balance of self-reflection and the painful process of coming to terms with the new reality. It meant confronting difficult conversations, acknowledging the depth of hurt, and deciding whether the relationship could have survived such a breach of trust. The journey toward healing was long and challenging, marked by periods of intense emotional turmoil and, at times, a glimmer of hope for reconciliation.

Despite the pain, navigating through the aftermath of infidelity became an unexpected catalyst for personal growth. It forced me to confront my own vulnerabilities, reassess my expectations in relationships, and reevaluate what I wanted for my own well-being. The experience, while painful, became an integral part of my journey toward self-discovery and resilience.

In the end, the girl who cheated on me became a chapter in my life story, a painful lesson in the complexities of love, trust, and human fallibility. While scars remain, the experience ultimately shaped my understanding of relationships, resilience, and the importance of prioritizing my own emotional well-being coz unonyura nemjolo kufa chaiko kuti zii. Moving forward involved a commitment to healing, learning, and the gradual process of rebuilding trust, either within the relationship or, ultimately, within myself.

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