

Diary Of A Bemba Girl → ∟→ ∟→ ∟∟Part 36-37

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The baby turned and twisted in my stomach Like a Kunfu energy drink advert. I didn't know what was more painful between the divorce papers and the baby in my tummy. Mr Peters rushed me to the clinic where they confirmed I was in labour. They examined me to determine the cause of my labour which came early, they told me my BP was high and needed to be stabilised or they would perform a caesarian section. I didn't care what would happen to me, divorce was more than enough to kill me. I couldn't stop crying, my mind couldn't process the thought of being a divorcee. Mr peters assured me everything was going to be fine, "Should I call your husband", "No! please don't".

I refused. Mr Peters wanted to inform Jack I was in the hospital, seeing jack was going to make me feel worse. He promised not to call him but stay with me in case I needed anything. I stayed in labour for 8hours and I was ready to get done with it, but the nurse kept telling me it wasn't my time yet. I told her I needed to use the toilet and she insisted I use the buckets they provided. We argued for a while and I wasn't wining, I got the bucket and sat on it to pee I felt something big coming out. I looked down and I saw the baby half way in the bucket, "ahhh!!" I shouted. Without knowing the shouting pushed the baby out and the nurse helped to get on the bed. She cut the cord and cleaned it, "you now understand why I insisted you use the bucket?" She questioned. Had it not been for her the baby would have gone in the toilet. Thank God I never went through the painful pushing phase. She cleaned me before handing the baby to me, holding my baby for the

first time wasn't magical, in fact it wasn't special in anyway. I blame the nurse because she did not put the baby on my chest after delivery isn't that what they do in the movies? Yes she didn't let us bond. I felt nothing, it was like I was holding somebody's baby. I kept thinking about jack and why he would want to divorce me. Part of kept telling myself it wasn't going to happen, jack loved me so much. I didn't know how I slept till jack woke me up with his child, when I opened my eyes I saw him playing with our baby the look on his face could melt cold ice faster than fire. There was something about his face, jacks face lit up the moment he held her for the first time. Our daughter was beautiful she looked so much like her father yet with her mothers features. I couldn't help but smile and rejoice seeing their first meeting. He asked how I was doing and told me how blessed he was to have his first child with him. His face changed after saying those words to

me, its like he recalled something bad.

"Divorce!divorce!divorce", it kept ringing. "Jack I wanted to ask about the paper...". "Mulenga". Nalishebo shouted. She interrupted my question though I must admit her timing was perfect. I wasn't going to be dumped in a hospital just after giving birth like a prostitute. Sheshe gave me a tight hug, "congratulations mummy". She smiled. "Where's Jr (her son)". I asked. "He's outside". She answered. Jr was outside with my mum, well that's what I thought. We waited for the doctor to discharge me and I was surprised to see Jay with his son. I didn't want to worry about my mother who decided not show up when I had my own problems. When we reached home Mr Peters surprised me with a homecoming party for my daughter. Everybody was excited even Jack, I just wanted to sleep and have some time alone but Mr Peters couldn't let me go into hiding.

Its been four days now since I gave birth and my Mother is nowhere to be seen, she hadn't even called and my pride wouldn't let me call her. Jack has been distant just like expected, I was in the bedroom when I heard some laughters in our living room. I went to see who it was and boom! It was the perfect family. Nalishebo and jay seemed so in love than ever, their son looked happy and healthy too. I only saw such families in movies, I was so jealous of Nalishebo. I was the one who deserved to have such a beautiful family. Yes! I did deserve it more than her, I mean I brought her from the village right? Having the kind of husband she had was my dream which she hijacked. "Stop it Mule. Stop it". Said my inner voice. I wondered why my family couldn't look that cute but it was too early to judge. Sheshe's family gave me strength to fight for my marriage, I needed to give my daughter a wonderful family experience.

Mr Peters found me staring at Nalishebo and tapped me, "are you okay?". he asked. "Yes". I whispered and went to my bedroom where I broke down in tears. I buried my head under the pillow and cried my heart out, I was very emotional and felt so much pain. I didn't even notice Sheshe walking in, "Mule what's wrong?". She questioned. I continued to cry, "Mulenga please tell me what the problem is". She pleaded. "I can't do this". I cried. "What can't you do Mulenga please tell me, you know am here for you". She squeezed my back. I explained to Nalishebo what was going on and she advised I confronted Jack about it. Sheshe told me to fight for my marriage and not just sit and cry about it. I was prepared to ask Jack about the papers I found but he never came home.

Early morning My mother arrived from Lusaka, I was upset with her for not coming on time but she had things to do. Peters took Nalishebo and

her family to the station as they were living for Lusaka.

We waited for the baby's cord to fall off before we could officially give her a name. Mum asked Jack if his parents were going to come and name his child and he got mad. "No, they will come later but the name will be given to her". He was rude, "what's her name?". Mum continued to ask, "she's Thandiwe we have named her after my Mother". He replied, Mum and I looked at each other without saying anything. Jack's Mum wasn't a very good person and naming her after my daughter was going to bring her bad luck. "Thandiwe sounds nice". Mum added, "thank you", he stood up and left. I thought having thandy would bring us closer but she didn't. Her dad loved her so much but not the mum, he kept ignoring me and only cared about his child. I must admit I was jealous of my child, its like she took away my

husband in a way. Jack never asked if I were okay or needed anything, all he ever cared about was his Thandy. He contributed greatly to the lack of affection for my own child. I never felt the connection between my child and I, I always felt like I was babysitting for a friend. I tried so hard to change things but the more Jack showed her he loved her more than me the less I bonded with her. Jack completely changed, he wasn't the man I met in the village. He turned into a mean person which was so hard to believe. Even worse when my mum stayed for two months to help me with the baby. He came home late or sleep out and I had no right to question him. The day hell broke loose was the day jack came with his underwear worn inside out. It was the day I confirmed he was having sex with someone, "what is this now? Are you sleeping with someone". I asked. "No! Am not". He replied. "Explain to me why your underwear is not properly worn". I looked at him, he didn't

even realise how wrong he wore his panties. "Jack are you going to lie to my face". He removed his underwear attempting to put it on properly. I noticed his BMW was dirty too, his flat tyres were more dirty. "Look at your self jack what's going on?", I was at the verge of tears. He walked to the bathroom where I followed him, "Jack what the fuck are you doing? You think you can just come home with your dick soaked in milk and expect me to buy your lies?" You must have been there to see how mad I was. The fact that I had to push him to just say something freaked me out, "what do you take me for?". I pushed him, "don't force me to react what's wrong with you?". He had no defence mechanisms. "You dare ask what is wrong with me? My problem is you, why can't you just tell me the truth are you not a man?". I told him, "Okay! I do have someone and yes I slept with her so what?". He ripped my heart apart, "who is the bitch, tell me! Tell me!" I said.

"tell me?". I cried. "Stop it please". He pleaded. Jack was a fool, he didn't talk a lot but his actions did. "What did I ever do jack? What have I not given you". I threw things at him. "Mulenga am tired of this marriage I can't do it". He said what I wasn't ready to hear, "Please jack am begging you don't do this to me please". I knelt down, "okay I will change am asking you to reconsider your decision please". I was literary on the floor begging and pleading for a man who wasn't even worth of dating me let alone marry me. "Its not you Mule, its me am just not". He couldn't finish his sentence. "What is it about you that you can't tell jack please look at me, if not for me at least for our daughter. Do it for Thandiwe". I looked into his eyes hoping he could see what he saw in me the first time we met. "I love thandiwe so much but I can't go on with this marriage am just fed up, we need to divorce". It all felt like a dream on a bad day, I sat down crying my lungs out. "Jack I gave up

everything for you, what did I ever do to you please don't leave me". I could hear the baby cry in the other room. "Even if I told you the truth you would never understand". He said, "is it another woman?". I questioned. "Yes but its..." "Don't even say that mother fucker, how dare you do this to me after having your child?". I wasn't interested in his explanation, Jack disgraced me in my mother's presence I took a wine bottle from the table and hit him on the head. Thank God for Mr Peters who walked in to restrain me I would have been writing from Chimbokaila today. Mr Peters instructed his workers to take Jack to his car while he held me so tight.

"Mulenga calm down its not good for you". He whispered, Mum came to talk to me while he took Jack to the hospital. I didn't know what came over me but the anger I had overpowered me I became so powerful like a virgin about to be raped. If you ever wondered how a woman would kill a man ask me, I used all my energy to

hit jack who fell down like CD4 count. I regretted what I had done after they left, I shouldn't have hit him but what was I supposed to do? The guy was dumping me and throwing our marriage away after giving him a child. Thank God jack was alive, it was just a minor injury which brought so many problems in my life.

Our relationship was never the same, jack never give me hope of rebuilding our relationship, he never spoke nor look at me since that day. He moved his things in the guest room, he came home very drunk and late if not sleeping out. The only time he had was for his daughter. My mother suggested we met his parents who never showed up, they never even bothered to see their grand child, it was clear jack and I were done. I can't deny Jack loved his daughter so much, his love contributed to the hate I had for my child, I felt like she took jack away from

me. She was the only thing he cared about. "Mulenga I was thinking we go to Lusaka for a while, he needs to feel your absence for him to realise how important and valuable you are". Said my mum. "No mum its going to make him worse, he will have all the freedom he needs". I refused. "No! Your mum is right, he takes advantage of the fact that you are here. Take sometime off you are not well". Mr Peters added. White people had a problem, he always said the way I behaved was due to a psychological problem. I agreed to what my mother said and we were ready to leave Livingstone for Lusaka.

The next day, we packed our clothes and Mr Peters dropped us at the bus stop. Don't ask why we couldn't use my car, which car are we talking about? I gave my car to Jack and I never

saw it after 3 months when I asked about it he said he would return it but never did. When I say I was broke you would think am lying, I was a full time house wife and jack bought everything that we needed at home, he never gave me money to buy anything. Mum called Nalishebo to inform her we were going to Lusaka, she held the baby the entire journey. When we reached Lusaka we found Nalishebo and Lily waiting for us, they almost looked shocked when they saw me. Well, at least Nalishebo tried to pretend. She drove us home where Lily and mum lived. The house looked so dirty and out of style, it was like it wasn't the same home. I didn't want to nag about it I just bit my tongue.

A week after we left home jack never bothered to call, we didn't say bye to him when we left but he still never called. It made me question if he ever loved us even for us at all. Mum kept telling me it was too soon for him to call after

what had happened. My mother's attitude changed as well, it's like I was burdened with my problems. She wasn't there for me the way I needed her, funny how she spent most of her time with Nalishebo and her perfect family. I decided to visit my brother at his home, I was very happy to see him after a long time. I had a nice time talking to my sister-in-law and my brother even though I was jealous of how loving he was towards his wife and child. Chanda told me he would take me home, he was doing well so well that he even bought two cars. As he was driving he asked me about my marriage and what had happened for me to leave home. I didn't know how he knew I left home. "My husband and I are having problems that's why I left". I answered, "what caused those problems?". He parked on the side of the road. "I don't know he just changed, he comes home late and drunk". I told him, "no! The same jack that I know it's not possible". He refused. "Yes jack is no longer the

same, he doesn't want me". I explained. "But what made him change? Did you cheat on him?". He asked. "Cheat on him? No! I have never even thought of it". He didn't look convinced, "Chanda you know me, I have respected jack and our marriage. I have never cheated on him besides who would I cheat with? He never let me leave home without him". I explained. "But Mum said.." He couldn't say it, "what did mum say". I insisted. "Its not important am so shocked jack would do this to you". He shook his head, "I have never been with any other man since I met jack even when he beats me". I said, "what he beats you, chikala chakwe jack nkamuponona". He was upset, "imagine he sold my car without my permission but I just let it go since he is my husband". I added. "No! I need to deal with him". He drove me home, he was very upset I was scared he would crash his car. When I got home I used the kitchen door to get to my room, I could hear voices of people laughing in the

living room. As I was passing through the passage going to my room I heard someone mention my name. I took a few steps back to see who it was, "She's probably lying". Said Lily, "You think she cheated on him?". Asked Natasha, "I don't know but why would jack do this to her?". Nalishebo said, "Jack is a very good man". Mum added, "too good, Mulenga has messed up her life yet again. She shouldn't have cheated on her husband". Natasha replied. "Especially now that she has a child with him". Added Nalishebo. "I feel bad for jack, we all knew Mulenga couldn't stay with one man for a long time". They laughed, How my mother condoned such behaviour and people talking about her daughter like that still was saddening. "Why did she leave the baby with you?". Asked Natasha, "I don't know" mum replied. "She doesn't love this child". Lily answered. "Maybe its not Jacks baby". Natasha added, I was judged by the people I considered Family. How

could they even suggest I would cheat on my husband and betray him? Everybody thought Jack was so innocent. My past wasn't so clean but God knows since I married Jack I never looked at any other man. I loved my husband so much and I respected my marriage because it was a sacred union from God. I felt so alone, My mother sitting there with the girls and not do anything about it broke my heart. I ran to my room closed the door and cried, they didn't know I was back until they heard someone cry. They all came to my room trying to comfort me and asking why I was crying. I tried bonding with my daughter that night, I really did but I couldn't. No matter how much I tried to show her love it wasn't in me, but for them to turn my life into a joke was something else. I remember my brain shutting down from all the crying till I fell asleep.

The following day I felt very weak, I didn't want

to Want to be home with people who were so judgemental. I took a shower and left for town, Mum and thandiwe were still sleeping when I left. I went to my shop and it was trading on water, it looked so dirty with a few clothes. It made me wonder what Lily had been doing with the money. I asked one of the girls to bring me the sales book which had a lot of hiccups. I told Lily to use the money for the shop to take care of my mother who left her husband. Mum and Lily were staying in my house and used the money for upkeep, what I didn't know was why the shop was trading on water. I sat down in my old office reflecting on my life, I couldn't figure out where I went wrong in the first place. I practically lost everything. Jack convinced me to sell my house when he haf problems at work. I wasn't going to let my marriage fail and be a laughing stock. I was determined to fight for the person I loved, I had nothing to my name. I wasn't the same Mulenga I was years back

when I came to Lusaka, all the money I had was lost. How was I even going to take care of the baby without money? My day couldn't get worse when Mr Peters called to say he had a fight with Jack when he brought a woman home. It was too much for one person to bear, I decided to go for a walk within town. As I was walking I saw Isaac, Salim and their friends coming my direction. I ran into the nearest hair shop to avoid any contact with them. I waited for them to pass before I went out, I was just one step ahead when I bumped into Isaac. The moment I laid my eyes on him I began to panic, "excuse me, have we met before?". He asked. "No". I walked away, "come on I have seen this face before". Isaac is the most stupid person I know. I pulled away from him, "Mulenga! Mule! Mule hahahaha Mule". He laughed his ass off. He scratched his eyes to see if it was really me, "Is this the real Mule or its probably the sister from the village?". He continued to speak, "No! This is

not my Mule, Mulenga my babe". He laughed in my face, "Let me call Salim he needs to see this". He said, "No Isaac please am begging you, don't do this". I pleaded, "yes, its my Mule. What happened to you? When did you come back? You look sick, are you okay? Where are you going? Where do you live now?". He asked a lot of questions. "Am around I will call you". I told him trying to leave, "No, you won't give me your number I need to see you damn you don't look okay". He said, I gave isaac my number to just let him get off my case. I walked as fast as my legs could take me got into a cab I didn't even have the money to pay for just to avoid bumping into isaac and his friends. As we were approaching home I searched my bag looking for an imaginative purse. "Are you okay?". The cab driver asked. "No! I think I lost my purse". I replied. He was kind enough to sympathise with me and told me to take care next time,phew!

*****Its been a month since I left home with thandiwe. Life in Lusaka hasn't been easy, am always in hiding from people who asks why I left home. I received a summon from the court over my divorce with jack. Its more clear now that there is nothing left between us. Am Leaving Lusaka today on a bad note, I feel so lonely. I can't count on my mother with her new attitude. Let me not even say anything about Lily and Nalishebo. I still have mixed feelings about my daughters birth, it had brought me a lot of pain but I took her with me. We arrived in Livingstone very late, I had no choice but to call Peters who was kind enough to take us home. He was very happy to see us, he couldn't stop talking about how excited he was to have us back. Jack was not even around when we reached home, I waited for him hoping to reconcile or talk about our pending divorce. Peters told me how he brought different women home and encouraged me to seek counselling,

"for what?". I questioned. "I think you have postnatal depression". He said, "No! I don't". I denied, "for the sake of your daughter who needs you please do something". I just shook my head.

In the morning, Jack came home looking so fresh and handsome. He didn't even answer when I greeted him, he left a summon with Peters to remind me about the court session. Peters took me to court and stayed with Thandy in his car, the judge asked why we wanted a divorce and Jack said irreconcilable differences. The judge tried to reason with Jack but he refused saying I was a threat to his life. Jack filed for divorce without telling me, the court gave him sometime for separation which he claimed couldn't work. I felt betrayed by Jack, I had no idea we were on separation. They granted our divorce and I lost it, I ran to the car where Peters and my daughter were waiting

from. I cried so hard, I knew my life was over, Jack played me so hard. I lost at my own game, he sold my house and car. Jack milked all my money and dumped me with a child, I was so confused "Cry, let it out". Peters whispered. The moment I heard those words they opened all the wounds from my past. "You failed, you failed Mulenga". I kicked myself. Jack broke all the hope I ever had in life, he loved me so well and dropped me when I was vulnerable. When we got back home I received countless messages and phone calls from people questioning me about my divorce. Its the people that sent me into a spiral, I wanted to be strong but people made it worse for me. I took a bottle of absolute vodka which peters kept in his cabinet and drank it. I didn't even care about Thandiwe crying on the bed, I was broken I needed some comfort. I remember spending day and night crying, kicking and cursing myself for what had happened. I cursed jack and the

ground he walked on, My daughter was affected by everything. Peters called his maid who helped him take care of my baby.

I wasn't in the right state of mind but I thought about how my daughter and I were going to survive if I left. I called a friend of mine from dambwa north who told me she made a lot of money in a day. I wanted to prove to jack I was Mulenga who could survive and bounce back in any given situation. she told me there was a place in town where she worked as a translator for white people. Without thinking about it I went ahead to work, Leah was a UNZA graduate like me. We went to a place near livingstone museum Somewhere behind civic centre. There was a tight security team which made me wonder why translators would have such security. We were finally allowed to pass and we sat in the refreshment room. Leah spoke to one of the white men who seemed creepy, they

looked like those we see in movies as killers. We drank the juice offered to us and the next thing I remember was feeling dizzy. The fact that I didn't have the right state of mind made me think it was my depression getting the best of me. The two men came to get my friend and I as we made our way into a room which had two other naked girls, it was like they controlled us using remotes. I had no energy to resist whatever they said to me. They undressed us and made us lay in beds with white sheets. Leah's legs were spread apart, they were two more new white men who had cameras while others brought the dogs. One of the dogs were brought to Leah, she wasn't scared at all. She embraced the dog and smile while it licked her face and body. I was too dizzy and tired to scream, I felt so disgusted. Leah had sex with a dog and she was enjoying, that sight alone made me throw up. The white man who stood next to my bed helped me get up, he handed me

some water which I threw up too. "Did you give her a lot? Why is she vomiting?". He shouted. "Let her lie down for a while". He instructed. All the girls had sex with the dogs while being filmed. I was the only one left in the group. When I felt better, they brought a big dog which didn't even waste time to jump on my bed. What did I just get myself into? Jack fucked me up.

But sleeping with a Dog on camera??

DOABG 36-37

[01/07, 17:28] Ron: Diary of a Bemba Girl

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I was very afraid when the dog jumped on me, it came closer to lick my face and I began to scream disturbing everybody. "What's wrong with you mother fucking ass bitch". The camera man shouted, "you are disturbing the entire set". He added, " I don't want to do this". I cried. Their boss told them to take the dog away and came closer. "Do you know how much time and money I just lost because of your stupidity?". He asked, "am...am sorry". I replied, "sorry? Nobody fucks with my money understand? You will get a special welcome". He blew cigarette smoke on my face. He instructed his Boys to organise all the dogs that would sleep with me, my heart was literary out of my chest. I begged him to reconsider and I promised I would behave if he brought only one dog. He told me to stand and look at him, he moved closer and looked in my eyes before he told me to turn around so that he could see my behind he kept staring at my naked body for a long time. He held my hand

and smiled, "you are beautiful, I love your eyes and your bushy eyebrows". He whispered. The situation was awkward I didn't know how to react but I knew I had to be nice, "now if you can impress me in bed I will give you a better offer". Those words were like getting new clothes on christmas day in my village. "What should I do?". I asked. He went out for some time while I sat on the bed waiting, I could hear car sounds and people disappearing. I knew I was going to die, he sent everybody home just to kill me. "Yes, what's your name again?".he asked. "Mulenga". I quickly answered. "Mulenga show me your skills in bed, am sure you are experienced". he said, I had to be at my best behaviour or I would be having sex with dogs. He sat on the chair and asked me to dance for him, I kept telling myself to bring back the old mule just to survive. It was the first time I danced for someone naked as I was, I could see a smile building up as I shook my ass like Mampi on a big brother

stage. I went to dance on him and he held me so tight enough to chock me. He threw me on the bed and touched my body, he began to caress me. He was breathing so heavily as I removed his clothes. Michael had unattractive body, he was so hairy and pink his skin looked like a pigs skin. I thought his hairy chest would turn me off but the moment his chest met my nipples I was almost paralysed. He kissed me so hard my nipples hardened, I could feel his pink zambeef sausage getting hard as he sucked life out of nipples. I stopped him when I could feel the milk coming out, there was no way I could let him taste my Bonita long life. I directed him to my mouth which did more work. I have never had sex with a thirsty man as michael he was too fast and couldn't take it easy. He was screaming like a child asking and begging me to stop but I knew he didn't mean it. I showed him how it felt to meet a real african woman, I represented my people well (don't

worry). I was turning 360 degrees on that bed as I lifted him up and down using nothing but my waist. I used all the skills I was taught to please him, little did I know I made him lose his mind. He couldn't let me go, he became so red that I was scared. The moment he offloaded his chunks he went into a mini sleep. I sat on the side of the bed watching him not knowing if I had impressed or not. When he woke up he went shower and showed me where I could take one too. I opened the tap to let the water pour on my head, my mind was congested with a lot of things. I bent down to clean my legs when I felt something. I turned around and saw the naked michael, "I just want to feel your body close to mine". He said, he made contact with my naked body like he said for about 10 minutes before he told me to meet him in his office. I dressed up so quickly and went to his office, this time he was shy looking at me and I knew he had gotten the Mule fever. "Mulenga

arr would you be interested in doing adult movies?". He asked, "what's that?". I questioned, "its pornography". He replied, "Pornography? With animals?". My heart skipped. "No, with people I can double the amount your friends are getting". I was hesitant. "I can pay you more than that". He added, "Can I think about it?". I place my finger in my mouth. "Yes, yes take your time love Just give me your number". I gave him my contact details, he insisted on dropping me home and buying me something to eat.

It was already evening when I got home, Peters asked me where I had been and I told him looking for work. "For what". He seemed surprised, "for my daughter and I to survive". I replied, "but you can stay here for free". He said, "I will not stay here forever besides we need other things too". I told him, "I know but the court said jack will pay child support and I can

help you with whatever you want". He assured, "thank you but I don't need anybody's help". I was stubborn. Peters was very good with babies, he was the perfect grandfather for thandiwe. He was basically the one who took care of her, She never cried when she was with him. That night Jack had quarrel with peters and I over a woman he brought home. He was very disrespectful towards us and our daughter, jack hurt me too much. I couldn't even go on facebook without coming across subliminal messages from friends. Mum suggested I went to Lusaka with thandy but she didn't know what staying in Lusaka meant for a girl like me who was divorced and dumped with no money and a child. I was angry at everyone, My Mother for not being concerned. She never showed her face when I needed her, instead she opted to call even mrs abdul was more concerned than my own mother . I really needed someone to talk to and share all my problems with. Peters

tried everything he could but it wasn't enough I needed my family. I avoided Michael's calls for a week, I felt like I was suffocating in my own body. That was when I felt the real depression, peters suggested therapy countless times but I wasn't interested.

On 18th june I changed my life, i decided to do whatever I wanted I started with posting a lengthy note on facebook. "In case facebook doesn't change my relationship status am officially and happily divorced. My marriage was hell on earth and am glad it ended, I can confirm I never cheated on my ex husband and I did all I could to make it work but God told me it wasn't for me. Right now am trying to find myself after such a nightmare but God blessed me with a child who brings joy to me now". I wrote while crying, they were over 50 comments within 3minutes and I didn't respond to any. I posted on facebook because of how our generation is,

if you don't post anything on social media you would be considered guilty of whatever you are accused of. I called michael to tell him I was ready to work with him, he was very excited to hear that. He invited me and Leah for dinner to celebrate our new partnership. Leah lied to me at first but I never judged her because her intentions were good. We toasted to the good life and new phase that we were about to begin.

We have been going through training for a couple of weeks now. I thought adult movies were easy but there's a lot to learn. Am happy we are doing our final touches today, michael buys everything that we need from clothes to make up. He also pays us every week, its not that much money but its enough to take care of our daily needs. When we finished arranging the set Michael and I went to his place to chill. I told him about my life in the village and the city, he was very intrigued by my character. Michael and

I had a quick round which left him begging for more. I rushed home to see peters and thandi who were sleeping. Jack came in while I was in the kitchen, "I can see you are now free to tell the world about our divorce". He said, I washed the cup I was using and walked away, "I will destroy you Mulenga till you beg for my forgiveness". He threatened, I didn't understand how and why jack hated me so much even after divorcing me. Michael called me that night and sounded so serious, "hello what is it?", I asked. "Mulenga where did you come from". He questioned. "What are you talking about?". I was confused, "I can't stop thinking about you, its like you have charmed me or something". I smiled, "really? Well thank you". I replied, "see you tomorrow have enough rest". He cut the line, I didn't know what I had done to michael because I didn't expect him to fall for me. He boasted my confidence, he was a bad boy covered in tattoos and very rude but he liked me.

That conversation changed my life that day.

The following morning Peters told me to find time for the baby and I promised I would. He also questioned about my movements which made me upset with him because it wasn't his business to know where I had been. I told him to let the maid take care of her while I was out looking for money for her up keep. Mr Peters was behaving like my father when he wasn't I left my home very angry and went for work.

When we reached at the location we were injected with the hard stuff, this time I knew what was happening. I liked how happy and hyper I became after the injection. I saw the world from a different perspective and I loved everything about it, my world came alive in that moment. All my sorrows were gone, I felt so

confident and I was ready to shoot my scene. Michael kept delaying my shoot, Leah finished all her scenes and I was the only one left. He told me to wait for a while before he came in with two Zambian men, I was very excited. The script I had said I should have sex with both men to show how naughty I was. Michael was a very bad director, he couldn't let the guys do their job and I could see they were really frustrated. He chased one of them off the scene saying he was touching me too much which wasn't part of the script and made the whole act look fake. We managed to shoot the other guy with difficulties, "don't scream too much". He shouted, I did what Leah had done and she was praised. With me everything was wrong, I wasn't allowed to show pleasure and the guy was told to hump me slowly. Michael ruined the entire shoot with his stupid changes, everybody was surprised but they couldn't say anything Michael was the boss. The more movies we

shot the more I got addicted to drugs. I just wanted to be high all the time, I loved sex even more. The money that Michael gave me was spent on drugs because I couldn't go a day without an injection. Michael was becoming so possessive, he couldn't bare seeing me with other guys but he wasn't interested in a relationship. I remember the night we went to Faremount nightclub where he fought with a guy who came to dance with me. He said he was jealous, "but why? Am not like that when I see you with other girls". I told him. "I know Mulenga but, am just selfish". He responded. "Am not even your girlfriend". I smiled. "That's the point, I don't know what I would do if you were my girlfriend". He hugged me, we ended up in his house where he confessed his feelings to me, "I can't fucking believe this shit", he threw his phone. "What?you will break your phone". I picked it, "no phone is worth your beauty Mulenga". He said in his funny accent, "am

serious Mule, I feel like kicking myself seeing you with any other guy". He said, "but you don't want a relationship". I said, "yes, arrrr can't we just have sex and stay faithful?". He sounded stupid, "What? Hell no and if you ask me that's a relationship on its own". I explained. "I know I have strong feelings for you Mule but relationships sucks". He said, we stayed quiet for a long time till he reached for my neck and bit it. He fingered me so hard and I was ready to give in, I had sex with michael without any regrets. "I wonder why your husband left you". He whispered, "because he's a fool". We laughed. "Look at you, your teeth are perfect. You smell so good and you give the best sex, you are beautiful what else fuck that nigga". My heart almost melted but I couldn't let myself fall in love again especially not with him. I vowed not to let any guy fool me, it was all about sex and money. We smoked together before we went to shower, the bad boy life was very

interesting and I was determined to get a tattoo as well. What a night!

I temporarily moved in with Michael, Jack moved out of peters house and stays with one of his girlfriends. Thandiwe is still with peters, I drop by to see her from time to time. Michael and I have so much fun doing different things but I still have my heart guarded. I enjoy spending time with michael, he removed me from his movies but still pays me good money. I have reached at a point where I need two injections everyday just to survive and that's how michael leads his life too. My mother and I don't talk much, Natasha told me she was tired of my problems and always putting myself first as well as my disrespect towards her. I mean talk about being judgemental when she left her

husband home and has a new boyfriend in Lusaka *claps hands*. I wondered how a mother could do that to her own child whom she gave birth to.

I was sleeping after my mid-morning shot when I received call from Peters saying my daughter was sick. In that moment all the drugs in my body might have stopped working because I felt normal. I felt a sharp pain in my stomach reminding me of the child I carried for nine months was dying. I ran outside got a cab and went straight to the hospital, I was shocked to learn how serious her illness was. I fell on my knees crying, she was in the ICU and nobody but peters was allowed to enter. I watched from the window how a small tiny angel baby was connected to tubes,that moment changed my love for my child. I cried so hard knowing I

wasn't allowed to be near her, my baby was dying her lungs were failing. She couldn't breathe, I didn't know why I never paid attention when Peters told me to take care of her. Had it been a government hospital she would have died, I texted Michael explaining the situation at the hospital. He came in the evenings and people couldn't stop looking at his tattoos others even wondered Why the two white men were with me. I could see Peters getting a little upset about the situation but couldn't say anything. I was so scared my baby was going to die but Michael kept me sane. We spent a night in his car outside the hospital. In the morning we were greeted with bad news the baby wasn't going to survive if she stayed in Zambia. We were told she should be moved to South Africa where she would meet with a specialist. I didn't know how I was going to send my child to another country when I was broke, the money was too much but we couldn't wait any longer. We tried calling

Jack but his phones were off, Peters suggested she could use his life savings medical insurance and I jumped with joy. But there was a condition "she can only be a beneficiary if she is registered as my daughter". My heart dropped, "that means I have to give you all the parental rights not so?". "Yes". He replied. I was so conflicted, the man was willing to save my daughters life but I had to give up and give her to him as her legal parent. I never knew how much I loved my daughter till that day I had to make a choice. Peters was a hero but I knew everyone was going to look at me as a bad mum. The worst thing was the little time i had to decide what to do, my emotions over powered my reasoning. Michael kept encouraging me to let my daughter go but he didn't know how much I loved her. Michael was stone hearted and didn't understand anything about love, "you love your daughter don't you?". He held my face, "yes! too much", I replied,"then

give her a chance at life". He hugged me, as much as I didn't want to let her go I knew I was doing the right thing by letting her go with Peters. I told him I would let him get her and have all the rights over my child. I only asked for a name change which he agreed, he asked his lawyer to organise the necessary papers which didn't even take time. "What name do you want to give her?". Asked the lawyer. "Kalenga, yes Kalenga". I said with eyes full of tears.

"Kalenga?". Peters looked surprised. Yes, that's her name". I answered confidently. Changing my daughters name gave me some peace, I knew with her name she was going to be a fighter and a survivor like her mother. Kalenga is a native bemba name which means "Creator", there was no difference with my name, she was my junior. Mulenga and Kalenga means the same. The name alone would instill a fighting spirit in her. They all loved her name and the logic behind it. Michael couldn't stop praising

Peters and how selfless he was. I spent my day at the hospital talking to my daughter and explaining why I changed her name. She looked very sick and I knew I made a right choice by letting her go. I never informed anyone from home about my decision because they wouldn't understand. Before they left Mr Peters registered his concerns over michael, he said he didn't trust him and that I should be careful. Peters managed to get everything ready and he left with my daughter Kalenga Ashley Peters. It was a very painful and emotional moment, I gave Mr Peters a tight hug not knowing that was the last time I was going to see him and my daughter.

Will I ever see my child again? Oh! Mule what a life, a drug addict, a porn star and a divorcee all in one arrrrrr.

38-39

[01/07, 17:29] Ron: Diary of a Bemba Girl

Diary Of A Bemba Girl → ∟→ ∟→ ∟∟Part 40-41

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Mr Peters landed safely in Sa and told me Kay had been taken to hospital. Her healing was going well and he sent us photos of her recovery. I felt so guilty for not being by her side but Michael reminded me I did what was best for her. I remained in contact with Peters and he called me everyday. Michael and I became so close and we were literary inseparable, our relationship was very beautiful. I helped him with the recruitment of girls for his business, the girls were not forced to do anything though.

They willingly wanted to do his jobs, Michael was such a flirt and I got jealous all the time. Even though I was having so much fun with my new man I missed my daughter so much, it made so sad.

On a thursday afternoon I went to peters house to get some clothes I left since I was basically living with michael. I was surprised to see Jack at the house, I minded my own business and went straight to the bedroom. The house keeper came to tell me Peters gave her something to give me, it was a document saying I was in charge of his house and company. Jack walked in on us discussing the issue, "where is peters?". He asked, I was surprised to learn that jack was not aware of what was happening, he was such a fool. "He is out of the country". The house keeper answered, he grabbed the paper and read what was on it. "Oh! I can see you don't take time huh, you

fucked that old white man". He insulted me, I was very good at ignoring him and that alone pissed him off. He sent the maid away and locked the door, "so peters had sex with you and he went astray?". He threw the clothes at me, I just smiled and picked up my clothes. "My mom will be coming to get thandiwe I don't want her to stay with you or your boyfriend". Jack had not heard our daughter was sick, "The baby is not with me". I answered, "where is she?". He asked, "she's with peters in SouthAfrica". I replied, "South what? Mulenga be serious, why would my daughter be in South Africa with peters". He pushed me, "Jack our daughter was very sick and the doctor said she should go to southafrica to get treatment". I explained, "why didn't you call me then?". He was angry, "I tried calling you but your phones were off". I was tearing up. "You are lying! You are a fucking liar". He repeated, he called the house keeper and asked about the baby. Jack

thought I had taken Kalenga with me to live with Michael, he confirmed the story and hell I was in deep shit. "You sold my baby Mulenga, you did". He shouted, "I had no idea you were so wicked and stupid to sale your own daughter. Mulenga!". He pushed me to the wall, "jack please am begging you I never sold our daughter". I pleaded, "does your mum know? Let me call her". He called my mother who was just as shocked, I looked like a liar to jack. "I want you to bring back my daughter". He pulled my hair, "Jack please, she's also my daughter I wouldn't". He didn't even let me finish the sentence, he pushed me against the wall and hit me. Jack insulted me and beat me up, my explanation was not making sense to him. He kicked me so hard, "you shouldn't have touched my heart, that girl is the only thing I have mule". He continued to beat me, "since you have given my child to peters we shall make another one". He undressed me, he was so strong I couldn't

stop him. "You and I will make a new a baby". He forced himself on me, I cried begging jack to stop but he wouldn't listen. "No! Give me another child". He pulled down my panties leaving my well shaved vagina exposed, "oh! You are so beautiful mulenga". He looked at my face, "jack please am not lying to you". I said, "I know, but I want you". He whispered, "no", I shook my head. "Yes", he kissed me. Jack was my ex husband and the father of my child, I still had feelings for him and the moment we kissed the feelings I had for him were slowly coming back to life. It took me back to the first time we fell for each other, despite being beaten I allowed us to make love. It felt so refreshing and real, I could feel our heart beats while he humped me. I wanted the moment to last forever, somehow I hoped the sex would bring us back. Am a fool I know! We had two rounds of good sex full of emotions before we cuddled in bed, "Mulenga, Mule tell me the truth is our

baby okay?". He asked, "she is better now, I showed him the pictures and he spoke to peters. Jack cried when he cut the line, he apologised for his reaction and yes, I did forgive him. Unfortunately the magical moment ended so fast when he said he was going for work. I stayed home the whole day waiting for jack who never showed up, Michael asked why I didn't go to his house and I lied. I kept hoping and praying to Jack to come home for three days but he never did. Down and disappointed in myself yet again, I ended up in Michaels house. Jack messed up things for Michael and I, we were just off. He knew things were never the same and he kept questioning me if I was losing interest and denied it all time.

A week after, I woke very early so that I could call peters on off peak because I had a lot to tell him. The number wasn't going through, I tried couple of times but nothing. It was too early

and I assumed he was still sleeping. I waited for the sun to come out before calling but the phone wasn't going through. I had an odd feeling, I ran to the toilet and I had diarrhoea. I became so scared, Michael gave me a tight hug telling me things would be okay. We tried the hospital number and we were told they had been discharged. Michael told me Peters was probably surprising us, I wanted to believe him but everytime I thought about it I got sick. We waited for the surprise for one week and I really got worried, Michael had no words. "Maybe they had an accident", I told him. "God forbid, in fact there is no report of plane crash from SA". He replied. Everyday that passed I stopped eating, I was always worried about Kalenga. We never heard from peters nor his sister who I was friends with on facebook. I cried day and night hoping to hear from them but there was nothing. It was after a month when Michael used his contacts from SA to check if they left the

country or were still in SA. Bad news, he left for Australia with his child that was the news we got. "Australia!" My life was over, "he can't do this to me he promised me he would be back". I was mad at my self, we drove to his zambian lawyer who was also surprised he left for Aussie. "Can't we report him for kidnap or something?". Michael queried, "no, don't forget Kalenga is registered as his child and has full custody over her". I was crushed, I sat in the car crying over my baby. I knew it was my fault peters took her to australia, I wish I looked after her better than I did. I wished I showed her how much i loved her and cared. I was so guilty I just wanted to die, Michael was patient with me and tried to be there for me. My guilty concious was eating me up everyday, I knew Peters was not going to come back and he took my child because I was a bad mother. I didn't know how to be strong, my life was just messed up. I started reflecting on the things that had

happened, I was convinced my curse never ended. It followed me wherever I went, I didn't know how to deal with my problems than turning to alcohol and sex. Michael gave me shots everyday to keep me going, I was always asleep from overdose and when I woke up I was having sex with Michael. I wanted to disconnect from the world, the world was too judgemental. I was losing weight everyday that passes by, I looked so sick and michael was very worried. The day my mum came to livingstone was the day I knew everything had changed, in a bad way though. My mother had changed and I wasn't so excited seeing her, I knew she would only judge me and make me feel worse. I refused to come out of my room when she called out, Michael opened the door and let her in. The moment my mother saw me she cried, I didn't want to show any emotions I blocked them. My mother was a good pretender, she was secretly happy things were not good. I

knew in my heart my mother never really loved me, she tolerated me because I was her child. I knew she was disappointed with the way I turned out, she wanted to live her dream through me. She prepared me to marry a prince since I was young but I never fit in that life. She manipulated me a lot with her emotions but she wasn't so innocent as she portrayed herself to be. She knew if she cried I would become weak but it didn't happen. She asked me what happened to me and why I was looking sick, "you have lost so much weight". She held her cheek, "and what happened to Thandiwe?". She looked at Michael, "her name is Kalenga not thadiwe". I replied. Michael explained what happened and she couldn't keep it together, "what have you done to your child Mulenga? You are so selfish my God! What kind of a mother gives her child to a stranger?". She ranted, "mum she was very sick, what was I supposed to do? Her father was in exile, you

never cared about us who was I suppose to turn to?". I shouted, "don't talk to me like that, you are really ungrateful and selfish. How can you even have the audacity to say I don't care about you?". She was upset. "Because that's how I feel, you never called to check up on us. You never bothered to come to our rescue after my divorce and you claim to care spare me Mum". She slapped me, it was almost unbelievable for mum to act like that. Michael didn't want to interfere he asked if I was okay before leaving. "After all the things I have passed through because of your stupidity today you disrespect me like this?". She was on fire, "Mum don't even pretend just tell me already. You never loved me, you have always loved Chanda and Mutale. They were always right in your eyes and I wasn't". I cried, "You are very different from your brothers, always been the trouble maker but I didn't love you less. You don't appreciate Mulenga, I had put my life on hold for you and

yet you don't see all the things I do for you". She said, "didn't I take care of you too? You are quick to pinpoint all the things you do for me but forget the things you didn't do mum am tired". I said, "And what exactly did you do apart from being a disappointment? She said what I was afraid to hear. "Yes Am sorry I didn't turn out the way you wanted me to, am sorry that I disappointed you am so sorry mother I will never bother you again". I tried to leave. Before she pulled me back, "are you sure you want to leave my life? Yes am disappointed with the decisions you made, look at your friends Nalishebo and...". "Mum stop! Just stop it, don't fucking compare me to anyone. Yes am not a perfect daughter but don't rub it in my face". I cut her off, no one likes to be compared to. My mum was out of line, we argued for a long time and she was so upset with me, "I have never felt disrespected in my entire life, you look so sick and am not heartless. I will take care of you for

now because you are my daughter". She said, "No I don't need your help am fine". I replied, "No you are not fine, look at how sick and thin you have become I don't want people to blame me if you die. And we need to find a way to look for your daughter". "No!". I refused. "No, nothing Mulenga don't be stubborn get your things we are leaving". she ordered, I didn't want to go home with my mother but I had no choice. I said bye to michael and he promised to visit me, "oho! Beautiful girl how will I survive without you? I will miss you so much". He gave me a kiss, Mum looked disgusted as she walked out. "I will miss you too bad boy, please don't forget about me". I told him, he kissed my forehead. "How can I forget my african queen? Don't let no man tap that ass". He was so cute, Mum came to remind me we had to leave four times. She didn't even want michael to drop us at the station but he did.

Leaving Livingstone was like giving up my child, being there made me feel like I was still with her. But reality kicked in when I arrived in Lusaka, Lily was shocked to see me. "Mule, are you okay? I didn't know you were very sick". She said, "am not even sick am fine". I replied, "but you look sick, look at you ah! Your skin is literary on the bones". She made me feel bad, "I have just lost a little weight". I answered, "a little? You are a walking skeleton". She laughed. That was basically my life in Lusaka very frustrating, everybody thought I had some incurable diseases. I was the laughing stock of our circle, Isaac visited me a lot and brought some fruits with him. He sympathised with me because he thought I was sick, Isaac literary refused to have sex with me when an opportunity presented itself. Everyone was afraid of me, I knew I was okay and I told myself to be strong. It all affected me negatively when a picture of me was posted by Lily in the Whatsapp group. I

didn't know even know who added me but the person wanted me to see what people were saying. I was literary crying, I didn't know why people would be so mean and make fun of me. Some girl said she couldn't believe how thin I was and that the disease hit me bad. Another asked isaac if he had gone for VCT who responded by insulting the person. I noticed a girl who was defending me and told people off, I looked up the DP and it was Natasha. I was very surprised how she stood up for me and told everyone to respect me. She also wrote, "Lily as a friend of Mule you are supposed to help her get better if she is really sick, not what you have done. Grow up, after all you depend on her to survive". The comments really fucked up my self esteem, but I was about to beat a dog. I stormed out of room went to the kitchen and got cold water which I poured on Lily. "What's wrong with you?". She shouted, "What have I done to you that you decided to humiliate me

like that?". I asked, "what has she done?". Asked mum, "she posted a picture of me showing everyone how slim I have become". I said, "am not the one who posted". She denied, "No its you". "Calm down, maybe she was just joking don't take things too serious". Mom defended her, "joking? Mum a joke? People are saying I have HIV and am a walking coffin because of her and you say its a joke?". My mum was insane, "it was a joke I swear". Shouted Lily, "oh! A joke you are so stupid and foolish I will deal with you today". I threatened. "Deal with me, let's see if you can even fight maximo mabonzo". She replied, I reached for her face and mum separated us. "What's wrong with you Mulenga? Can't you take a joke? Are you not slim? And why should it bother you when people say these things?unless you are really sick". I lost it, "Am a joke right? My problems are funny to you yes. Let me show you what jokes look like". I went to the Lily's bedroom and

threw her clothes out, "Leave! Leave! Leave my house". I shouted, I threw all her things outside the house and she began to cry. "Don't do this mule". Mum begged me, "no Mum she said its all a joke let her find somewhere else to stay". I threw everything, "If she leaves am also leaving". Mum threatened. "Okay leave! Leave mum Leave I threw her clothes too. I made sure they all left the gate and i closed it with keys, I didn't want to see any of them. I was so upset but that day I changed my life. I had no one in my life, the only thing I had was hope that one day my baby girl would come back. Since I couldn't count on my mother I had to be strong for myself and i cried myself to sleep that lonely night.

In the morning Natasha gave me a surprise visit, when I opened the door she hugged me. "Am so sorry Mulenga". She whispered, "sorry for what?". I asked. "For what people are saying

about you, I feel so bad and guilty". She said, "and Lily caused it, Natasha its so hard to live without my child and after being divorced my life has been on the rocks and people think am sick". I wept, "No mule, don't cry things will be okay". She encouraged me. I told her about the argument I had with my mum and Lily. Natasha was happy with the way I handled Lily but my mother, "you shouldn't have thrown your mum out of the house". She said, "Mum has changed Tasha". I told her, "yes I know, she told us how much she was disappointed and how she wished Nalishebo was her daughter". That statement alone separated me from my mother forever, I lost all the respect I had for her. I didn't feel sorry at all for throwing her out of my house, after all she wished I wasn't her daughter. That day i became an orphan, I even missed my dad in the village but I couldn't go back.

A month later****, I began to gain some weight. I was doing so good for myself. Natasha and I became so close, she was my sister after all but I don't trust her completely. I got a job in kitwe and am so excited, I love kitwe and the energy levels of everyone. My job is to work in a photo company called photo7 run by koreans. The boss Mr Lee and I met in Lusaka and he offered me a job with good money. I thought being kitwe would do me some good and it did but the guys made it very difficult. I was at ravens club when I met up with some of Syds friends who couldn't keep it together. "Bakamba uyu mwaiche tamu mwishibe? (Don't you know her)", he asked the guy who showed interest in me. "Awe ni nani (who is she?". He kept throwing his eyes at me. "Syd ewa lelya nombamba achi kalyaka (she was syds girlfriend and rumour has it she has HIV)" he told them. He made me feel bad, like why was everyone convinced I had HIV? It was very annoying. I went home that night and

the devil visited me because I was sick the next day. My back was itchy and I couldn't move my legs. I went to the clinic and the doctor was quick to say it was herp zoster I almost peed in my panties. Herp zoster was common in people with HIV and that freaked me out. He immediately took an HIV test and I waited for the results. My legs were shaking and I was sweating, I began to think about all the men that I slept with and that moment alone told me I was such a hoe. I went through the list to see who could possibly infect me, "syd, papa P, isaac, salim, jack, michael,...the list was too long. That moment was almost like a flash back when I had STI's an it was in kitwe. Just looking at the doctor I could tell I was HIV positive I asked him to give sometime to use the toilet and I ran away.

Am such a bitch damn! But who is not scared of HIV/AIDS?

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DOABG: 40-41

[01/07, 17:29] Ron: Diary of a Bemba Girl

Diary Of A Bemba Girl → ∠ → ∠ → ∠∠ Part 42-43

The was no way I was going to sit in that office and have someone decide on how my future life was going to turn out. I walked as fast as I could from the clinic it was katende mpela ulubilo. I went straight to tummy fillers and ordered some spicy food to quench my anger and hunger. I was already positive, there was no way of escaping it. But I couldn't go down alone, I had to take some people with me. When a king dies he takes some people with him, I was

queen Mulenga the creator. I was very upset with myself but I couldn't go down alone, I vowed to infect as many people as possible. "Guilty?" I wasn't guilty at all ask the person who infected if they ever felt guilty. I sat at kaunda square not knowing whether to go home or start my mission. As I was minding my own business a voice came from behind, "Mulenga! Mule". She called out, "Oh! My God how are you?" She greeted. "Am okay how are you?". I replied. "You are in kitwe and didn't say anything?". She pinched me, "sorry girl just been busy". I lied, "where you now?". She asked. "I work at photo7". Before I could even finish she began to laugh out loud, "stop!". She continued to laugh, "why are you working there? It can't be that bad". She sat down, "they are giving me good money". I told her, "what do you even do there? Pack pictures?". We both smiled, "No am a manager, I just supervise everything and my boss is cute". We laughed, "you will never

change Mule". We sat down to catch up, My friend was a well known DJ at flava FM let's call her MP. She was married but her marriage was on the rocks, she was the perfect friend for my new life. MP was a hyper person and very funny, we agreed to meet up at her work place the next day.

The following morning I went for work and it was slow, I was listening to MP on the breakfast show. My boss kept looking at me in a weird way, I caught him a few times starring. "I hope he doesn't know am hiv positive", I told myself. There was no way he was going to know, I told him I wanted an early lunch break so that I could visit MP. I walked to Flava Fm at Mukuba pensions house and found some random DJ's at the reception, I asked for MP and I was told to wait for her. She came out and told me she was in the production booth, I followed her there and I was almost surprised to see Gesh.

He greeted me with his fine english and left us alone, "Gosh!Gesh". We laughed, "what's up with you and him?". I asked, "nothing you like him?". She smiled, underneath her smile I knew there was something but she couldn't say it. "Well he is a fine young man and rich", she gave me a side eye, "you will never change Mule". She said. MP told me about a party she was attending the following day, even though I was on self medication for the herp zoster I couldn't miss a high class party. I was so excited and I knew I was going to meet my next victims, she showed me the guest list and it was full of the elite from kitwe.

The next day I was ready for the party, I just wanted time to fly. My boss asked me and a girl from the shop to escort him to Chisokone to buy some clothes. I couldn't understand why a man with so much money could not buy his clothes from the shops around town. We went

kuliba Tanzania and we found what he was looking for, as we coming back we accidentally ran into commando the handsome hulk.

Commando is a guy who owns a clothing shop in Chisokone, he buys his clothes from US and he rents them to celebrities. Commando looked rough just like Syd but he was a nice guy, I knew him from Syd because that's where he got his shoes and clothes from. All big artists from kitwe got clothes for their video shoots from commando a very popular guy. My boss was sacred when he stood in front of us to say hi with his big muscles, we spoke for a few minutes as my boss went in his shop to look at his clothes. Ben blazer, dandy crazy, Uniq and his girlfriend Taonga came in too. They were attending the party that night, what caught my eye was taonga I was surprised she was still dating Uniq. Not that I wanted to them to break up but their relationship was longer than my hair. We greeted each other and left, I was even

more excited about the party. When we knocked off and my boss told me about the brai at his house, "damn!". I kicked myself, "brai for what?". I asked, "just workers". He answered, I told him I would go there but never did. I went to MP's house to prepare for the party. She was a loud person even at home, I was shocked to see her husband. I had no idea she had been married for a long time but she was a bitch like me. Well, not so much at least I wasn't cheating on my husband when I was married. MP's husband wasn't even invited to the party when I asked who her date was she told me a new man I didn't know was coming with a friend. Mp warned me not bring any date. We sorted out our clothes and we were ready to go. Her husband sent his cousin to drop us and said he would pick us when we finished. The event was glamorous, in fact too glamorous for the people of kitwe. Don't get me wrong but people from kitwe are not too much into glamorous events

with wine glasses pretending to be classy and rich NO!. They love a good party were anything goes they were dressed in casual outfits and as usual the artists and boss jerables were in their oversized T-shirts, baggy jeans and sneakers. Top Dj's from kitwe were present as well as station owners. Kenny T and Vinny from yarfm looked so hot it was the first time I saw Vinny's wife, she was so beautiful. K-plus was the one deaying and he looked so bored, Mp and I went to his desk and asked him to switch up the music a little. His girlfriend Janet came to stand were we stood, she was pretty protective of her man. Mp and I looked at each other and smiled, "doesn't she know we don't deal with kids?". She pointed at janet, and we burst into laughter. Finally our dates arrived, Mp welcomed them and showed them our seats. She introduced me to them and they were footballers, one of them spoke good english the other one not so much. They played for teams outside Zambia, they

were not the most good looking but they were loaded and well travelled MP always said there was always something about football players. We had a great time at the party, there was enough to drink and eat. Around 3 in the morning we all went to Lunte lodge where we slept, My date and I couldn't take our hands off each other. The moment we entered the room we ripped each other on the carpet. By the time we saw the bed we were going on round two, it was live of course. Remember I was on a mission? I wasn't going to let him get away. Around 9 I was ready to go home and rest, we exchanged numbers and the rest is history for now. MP and I took a taxi to my home, I was staying at Ingwe flats in town. We had a chat about the party and how everyone was behaving. It was always nice to catch up after an epic night, "so what will your husband say?", I asked, "nothing, I got him under control don't worry and don't ask how". She took a sip from

my water, "So what's up with you and drogba?". I questioned. "I think I love him". She hid her face, "love? Oh please MP you can't be serious". I replied her, She told me they had been in a secret relationship for a long time and she fell for him. He had told her to get a divorce and move to europe with him but she wasn't so sure, "now am sure, I love him". She said, "Mp what will you do in europe?Dj? Girl let's be real". I grabbed a pack of crisps, "Well, be his wife duh!", she was insane. "Girl! His wife? Well let's see just how serious he is about you". I said, "but there's a problem with him", "baby mama drama" No! "kids?" No! "He is married to a white lady in europe too". "No"!, I twisted my mouth. "Its a secrete please don't tell anyone". She was shy, "are you pregnant?", "No Mule!", "he is dating someone", "So what? They ain't married", I answered, "uhm..m.. They are engaged". I laughed in her face, "and? People break up all the time, "He's engaged to Mampi",

'Ma.,Mam,..Mampi? The mampi we know?the musician mampi? No mampi chimo ni chimo?", I was out of words. "Yes Mampi", she bit her finger. "Girl, I didn't know that was mampi's footballer damn MP you are a whore". "Thank you, coming from a master of whoring herself its an honour". She replied, "yah, the master says you are a certified whore". I congratulated her, "So how will you play this one? Its pretty higher than the usual you know". I was interested, "I have been keeping it cool for now but I will soon explode when he dumps her". She said, " don't risk your marriage and reputation for this guy what if he lies to you about breaking up with Mampi? You better be smart". I advised like a pro, "I know just don't tell anyone". She warned, Mampi was good friends with Natasha. They were almost bff's and if I ever told Tasha she was going to kill a bitch, I remember she talked about it but I had no idea the girl they were referring to was MP. Just to

be on the safe side I asked Tasha the name of the girl and she had no idea who the girl was. And that was it!

A few days later, MP passed by my work place to ask for my house keys. "What's up?". I asked, "I just want to meet someone there for a while I promise", she said, "I have no food though". I replied, "don't worry its a business meeting I can't do from work". She answered I handed my keys to her and left in a hurry. My boss told me not to trust what she said, "she's going to meet a man". he said in a chinese accent, MP would never lie to me. If was meeting any man she would tell me, I knew all her affairs. My boss dared me to follow her after two hours just to confirm. I rushed to my flat and saw her car still parked with another white car behind it, I quietly walked in through the back door and it was locked, I went through the window of the toilet. The sounds coming from my bedroom were so

loud, I slowly moved my feet to my bedroom which was half closed. She was on top riding it, believe me MP was one hell of a rider. She challenged my thrown, that was the most erotic thing I have ever seen in real life. The sounds of pleasure she was making were enough to wet a duvet. I pressed my legs together as I felt a strange sensation down there.

My eyes met with guy as he squeezed her behind, "woah!" He pushed her to the side, I closed the door and ran to the kitchen.

"Mulenga what is this?", she was shy. "Am sorry I had no idea business meetings took place in bedrooms", she looked the other way, "shit!" She shouted, "okay you Can leave i will explain later", she suggested, "uhmm I need some papers for my boss in the bedroom that's why I came", I lied. She went to check if he was dressed, I followed behind and went to search for the imaginable files and papers. "Can I just join in please", they all seemed shocked. "Join

in?". MP questioned. "3 some wow, am I just not a lucky man?", he smiled. Let me spare you the disgusting details of what happened that day, My boss called me countless times before I picked up. I paid attention to the mans face after he had given us countless rounds, I remembered him from the party we attended. He dropped us off that night and he was the husbands cousin, I closed my mouth for a while till he left. "Mulenga! You are the craziest human being i have ever met". She was smiling, "thank me later but you are the sneakiest bitch I have seen in my life. Who the hell is that man?", I rested my hands on my waist, "you like him? I can give him to you", she joked. "Hell no, he gives good sex but isn't he your husbands cousin?","he is", "MP ain't you just after my crown?", I teased. "No master, but that guy can fuck your brains out I tell you". She said, MP was worse than I was. She was sleeping with her husbands cousin, who was I to judge her

anyway. As long I got my piece from the national cake I was willing to keep my mouth shut.

My relationship with MP has been great, its good to finally have a sister again. She squeezed me in on her radio show and we co-host every wednesday. She has been so nice and we still meet up with the cousin from time to time without her knowledge. The guys says he likes me better and she's married, don't say anything about betrayal am actually doing her a favour because she's married and am not serious about him its just sex. My boss finally got the courage to tell me he loves me, when I asked about the wife he says she's boring. I feel bad for the poor lady but what can I do? Oh! Don't ask about those results, we all know what they had to say. It was obvious and the signs were all over, thank God I have recovered now and eating a lot. I look so good for someone

who is potentially HIV positive, I think I have done myself proud. I was in G'n G bakery getting my favourite doughnuts when my phone rang, "Mulenga, you didn't tell me MP is the girl going out with Mampi's man". Said Natasha, "what?..I can't hear you". I cut the line. She called back on my Zain line, "Why did you cut my call you traitor", "what? Tasha what have I done now?", I acted innocent. "You know what am talking about, that girl you are always in pictures with the flava fm DJ". She shouted, "what has she done now?". I asked, "She's a bitch, just give us time". She warned. As I was about to leave the bakery MP called me, "you are the most disgusting bitch I have ever seen in my life, you are so stupid, sneaky and idiotic". She used more than three hundred new words than I had never heard of, "What have I done MP?" I was shocked, "You don't know who you have messed with, your betrayal will cost you your little miserable life wembwa iwe iyabula

nomuchila", she insulted. "Mp what's happening I don't know what you are talking about", I queried. "Don't act dumb you mother fucking ugly bitch you will see what I will do to you", she dropped the call. I stood still not knowing what to do or say, I was so shocked with the two calls I received. I didn't know how Natasha knew and if she had called MP or not. I was torn apart not knowing if I was to call my sister or MP. I ran to the shop and asked my boss for some time out, I texted natasha to ask where She got the information from and she said she saw it on Kachepa360. I called her, "what is Kachepa360?". I asked, "its a gossip website which exposes hoes like your ka friend ka MP". She replied, "wow! I had no idea". I said, "are you not the journalist? You are supposed to know all this". said tasha. "But where did she get this information? MP is mad at me thinking I sold her out". My words were going to put me in problems, "so its true? And for a moment I

doubted Kachepa360, but what was I thinking? They only write stories with proper foundation". She hang up. I ran to the computer and googled Kachepa, MP's story was one of the most read. The story was not accurate but there was truth in it, I read all the articles published and I must admit I could confirm those that I knew. The lady running Kachepa360 was very good with her information, it was all over facebook that MP had beef with Mampi over Mr Drogba. I felt so bad considering MP's marriage, I spoke to some people from her work place and she told her MP had been low since the news hit the world. It was very difficult to finally get her to talk to me after four days, we met at after ten round about. "Am sorry for what you are going through but I swear on my life and my daughters life MP I never told anyone". I apologised, "I just don't know who to trust now, I really don't", she complained bitterly. "You can still trust me I promise you". I gave her a hug. "I

think its someone from work who did this to me", I felt better. "We will find out who it is". I assured her. MP was so stressed about the issues she was having. Even Repairing our friendship was so difficult, but slowly coming to place.

On a cold tuesday morning she had a fight with someone at her work place. She called me to complain about it and told me she had been suspended from work. I gave her my house keys were she went to take a nap, when I went back home I found her with cousin which made me a little jealous. She couldn't stop complaining about her miserable life, and cousin made it worse when he kissed her everytime she complained. I just wanted them to leave my house. when her husband called she lied she was working.

The next day I woke up with a bad headache and decided to skip work. Natasha's phone woke me up, "ehe! Iwe ninshi that MP kansi how is She?", she questioned. "What are you talking about?". I asked, "so she sleeps with her husband cousin too and she has been suspended from work". My heart raced, "what? Who told you that?". I was at the edge of the bed, "Kachepa360, okay Mule MP is a whore karma will catch up with her. I feel so bad for the husband". Said Natasha, "I don't know what to say am out of words". I replied. "Anyway what's up with you? When are you visiting your mum?". I didn't want to hear anything about my mum I cut the line. I was so worried about MP, I didn't have talk time in my phone and Siliza came in handy. What was astonishing yet interesting about Kachepa360 was how she managed to get even the secret information, her article was well written. I felt bad for cousin too, he was dragged into a mess. I called MP

countless times she didn't pick up, her facebook account was deleted. I began to panic, I called cousin who didn't want to talk to me.

"You girls just have a problem, you can't do this to your friend", he said. "But I didn't do anything trust me". I told him, "but who could have done it? You are the only person who knows about us its not possible anyway I have to go". He hang up. I was very upset with whoever wrote the articles for Kachepa360, they were so mean. All the evidence pointed at me, there was no way I could defend myself from that story. I knew everybody thought I had leaked the information to the so called Kachepa but I did not. I wondered if I would ever find a real friend that I could and would trust me.

MP came by my flat mid morning to insult me, "and I thought it wasn't you Mulenga, wow! Just wow, you are a good pretender. Why didn't you tell kachepa that the cousin has also been smashing your dirty ass too". She shouted, "if I

say I don't know what you are talking about I would sound like a liar but I have no idea how the information leaked". I tried to defend myself. "Of course you do you mwebantu bakumushi mwalikwata problem. You think you can just come mu town and do this to us town girls". She sounded childish. When MP pushed me to the limit I reacted, I had no idea who sold her out and my concious was clean. We started fighting until people came to watch us, I was even afraid we might end up on Kachepa360. Mwila Aka Bad nigga from Katondo who was a good friend of mine came to my rescue when the owner of the flats threw me out, he helped me get my things to my work place. I explained to the boss what had happened and he offered his house. I had never felt so emotional in a while and I cried that day, my wounds opened up. I felt so bad and I missed my daughter Kalenga, my boss with his Chinese accent tried to comfort me but he couldn't understand what

I was going through. He took me to armstrong for some drinks to calm my nerves. He told me he felt responsible for everything because he brought me to kitwe from Lusaka. He was also having a tough time with his wife who was no longer interested in being intimate with him saying she was no longer sexually active. Armstrong was a very kombonic (ghetto) place but had entertaining people, we had a great time drinking and dancing. We didn't even go home that night as we slept at persie-persie lodge.

DOABG: 42-43

[01/07, 17:30] Ron: Diary of a Bemba Girl

Diary Of A Bemba Girl → ∟→ ∟→ ∟∟Part 44-45

In the morning I felt bad for sleeping with my boss, he wasn't part of the people I wanted to sort out. I looked at his yellow face as he slept thinking about what I had done, I was very guilty but there was nothing I could do. I woke him up to inform him it was time to go, as he opened his small Chinese eyes his face lit up. He was very happy, He told me it was his first time to be with a Zambian girl and he had an amazing experience. We left the lodge around 9 to his home. His wife was so nice to me I was dying inside. That night when his wife was asleep he came in for a quickie, we were both scared and excited. The fact that his wife would walk on us anytime made everything more exciting. Even if it wasn't long as we all know nothing Chinese lasts long. In the morning we went for work and for some reason I was pissed, I was angry at the world. I wondered why I couldn't get a real friend. Somehow I was still worried about MP, I

called Mimi who worked with her to get some information. Mimi was (wamulomo) but with MP she told me she didn't want to get involved. Getting info from Mimi was almost impossible, I asked her about the flats where she was staying if they had a vacancy and luckily they did. I told my bossfriend about it and he wasn't happy but he had no choice. After work we went to donna court to check the flat and we paid, I moved my things that night and I still wasn't happy. I felt so lonely, from nowhere I knelt down and said a little prayer. Knowing my relationship with God was non existent at that moment made me want to pursue it more.

The next day I skipped work and stayed home to fix my flat, I went to micmar to get a few things that I needed. My bossfriend came home later to check on me and I was moody, he tried to cheer me up but it wasn't enough. We had one round before he left. I called Natasha just

to check up on her. She asked me about MP and I lied we were cool, Natasha told me she wanted to visit Kitwe and I was hesitant. We talked about a lot of things that lifted my spirit and made me smile with all her silly stories.

After a week, Chileshe gave me a call, do you still remember Chile? My friend from ZNBC? Yes she surprised me, how she got my new number I never asked. "Goodness gracious am actually near central hospital", she said. "How did she call me when she's near my new house?", I thought to myself. I looked through the window and saw her drive in, I ran downstairs to get her. She gave me a hug and more countless hugs, "I have missed my favourite bad bitch", she joked. "I have missed mine too", we laughed. "How have you been Mulenga? Kwena iwe weka munthu". She said, "I have been okay munthu wandi". I replied. Talking to Chileshe was refreshing it was like we were never apart. I

asked her about Vintage and she said he had another girlfriend who was an intern. "Oh! Yeah what happened between you and MP I overheard her talking about na vintage three days ago that's how I managed to get your number". said Chile. "Wow, are we ever going to move on from that? I don't know what MP wants from me seriously". I complained. I told Chileshe my side of the story and she kept rolling her eyes, "Remember what I told you Mule? People like MP love drama how is it even your fault that a cheating married woman was caught in a scandal? She has a lot of friends that she shares information with, like Vintage who can't keep his mouth together". Chileshe made me feel better. It was comforting knowing I had someone who believed me, "I will call you pa weekend for some drinks, am going to do a story ya Focus", she left. I had tolerated MP for a long time because I considered her a friend and a sister. I was done feeling guilty for what I

had not even done, I gathered my courage to call her. "Hello", she answered. "MP this is Mulenga". I said, "which Mulenga? Ba mulenga bengi". She replied. "Can we please move on, am tired of hearing stories about me from the people that you talk to", I said. "I have no time to talk about back stabbing, depressed and jealous people like you. Tell whoever comes to you I have no time for such". She sounded guilty. "Okay leave my depressed life alone then, I don't talk about you why should you?". I asked. "Mulenga am with my husband, do you know how important it is for one to spend time with their husband? Oh! You wouldn't know you are divorced". She laughed and cut the line. For some reason I wasn't mad anymore, I tried for so long to suppress my issues with my ex husband and I wasn't going to let anyone take me back to that sad and lonely place I told myself it wasn't worth the thought.

Early morning as I was going for work mimi told

me to listen to MP's show and knowing how petty she was I tuned in. I wasn't surprised she was talking about me without mentioning my name, I brushed it off and kept myself busy. As though that wasn't enough she gave me a surprise visit at my work with her big nose. She spoke to the other boss and told him to feature on her show. Excited as he was asked me to accompany him, and I declined. "Ama hule awe boss", she whispered. I just smiled and left, MP was trying me and provoking me on purpose. They exchanged numbers before she left, I told Chile about it and she laughed at me, "and what are you doing about all that miss am a changed person?". She teased. "I wasn't going to do anything but, I will". I said, "yes, that's the Mule I know don't even pretend to be a good girl ala iwe that girl alitumpa". She encouraged me. If MP was going to be petty like a kid I was going to give her the test of her own medicine. I started by calling in on her show to ask what

should be done with married women who cheat on their husbands. That call provoked all the bamba demons she had in her body, she texted me a lot insults that day I replied with LOL. She was so angry with me, thank God my bossfriend knew everything about her even when she came to cause a scene at my work place they just threw her out. Kitwe was no longer big to contain MP and I, I wasn't going to give in to her little demands. Kitwe being a small place that it is, we found ourselves at Cosy Joz at the same time. She was with Mimi and some other women, Chileshe and I tried our best to ignore MP but she kept coming our way. My boyfriend suggested we leave before she gets out of her hand but I wasn't ready to back down. When I went to the ladies she followed me, she told her puppets to wait for her outside. "Excuse me", she tapped me. I laughed, "you are so jealous of me, what have I done to you?". She was drunk, I tried to leave. "Tell me why?", she followed me

outside. "Why in the world would I be jealous of you MP? In what sense", I was laughing.

"Mulenga let's not pretend, just because your marriage failed you want mine to fail too, you told everyone about me and drogba even ka!". I interrupted "Shut up! Shut up MP that's your problem you can't keep your mouth together am not going to have this argument with you, look within your group you will find the person that sold you. I have no reason to be jealous". I left her screaming, I didn't want to end up on Kachepa with the attention we attracted. We dropped chileshe home and went to my flat with my boyfriend. After a while we heard noises down stairs, it was MP causing a scene insulting and throwing bottles. I was so upset with her, I went to the gate and spoke to the guard who let her in and I gave her a good beating before we threw her out. MP was such a drama queen, she made me so angry and I was given an eviction letter the next day. Oh!

Gosh, I started looking for where to go and I had no idea. As I was chilling in the afternoon at home, there was a loud knock on my door I opened the it and surprise! it was sime, delede and their friends. They were ready to pounce on me before DJ recognised me. "Alo! Alo! Bola panshi (take it easy)". He told his friends, he spoke to Sime for a few minutes in private and they came back. "Mule how are you?", sime greeted. "Am okay", I replied. I knew these two guys from Syd, actually his big brother liked me sometime back before Syd claimed me. They told me MP had sent them to beat me up and they had no idea it was me. One thing I loved about those guys was the loyalty they had towards their own people. "Mule nimwebo mulechitika,". Said Dj before we all burst into laughter.

The next day, We tried to look for a place to stay but couldn't find any around. Syd showed up at

my work place to talk about MP, walking with Syd in the streets of Kitwe was like walking with Tupac in New York city. He was some sort of hero and everybody chanted his name in praise, Jerabo's were hero's in kitwe. I wish I could tell you Syd's real name but its not important.

Anyway we sat in his car and he told me what DJ had said to him, "what is really the problem? You and MP are not even the most beautiful girls in kitwe so what's all this?". He asked, "Syd, is this why you came?". I questioned. "Yes, am tired of hearing about you two. Especially you ka Mulenga ulembweneshamo (you are embarrassing me)". He said, "how?", I looked at him. "Iwe tawishibe achi bonse balishiba ulimbama yandi, (everyone knows you are my girl)". "Girl?". I was smiling like a fool, "people don't know we broke up", my heart sunk. What was so nice to hear was Syd telling me I was his girl, I still loved him but we all know Syd would never date me again. We went to Katondo

street to see some of his people. I jumped on bad nigga and Syd gave me an eye. Bad nigga respected Syd even though I hugged him he still gave his dues to Syd. He spoke to his friend called Ze Mambwe whom he told to find a flat for me and he would pay. Believe me I wasn't excited about Syd paying for my house I knew it was going to be trouble. I pulled him on the side, "why do you want to pay for my house?", he looked at me like I was insane. "Am doing you a favour", he answered. "Syd I have a job", I told him, "you mean a boyfriend", he laughed in my face, "yes", I pushed him. "Are you serious about that china fool". He teased. I told Ze Mambwe to call me if he found a house and not call Syd.

A week after, Ze mambwe found a place for me in Ndeke village. It was so far from town but it was peaceful, we moved to my new flat in Amis Village and I for sure needed a car. I couldn't deal with cabs and lifts from friends.

On a tuesday mid-afternoon I was going to after

ten when I met one of MP's boys who was suspended from Flava fm too (no names mentioned). He told me MP was going through a rough patch and she needed me. I didn't know how to help her when all she did was insult and blame me for everything. I promised him I would try to contact her because I knew how it felt when you go through something horrible and have no one be there for you. It also made me feel so guilty because I didn't try harder. I made an effort that night to send her a message even if she replied after three days. We agreed to meet up at Shamo guest house in ndeke village, it was the only decent location we could get. MP was in a mess when we met up, she looked so scruffy. The moment I gave her a hug she broke down. It was clear she needed someone to talk to, I gave her time to cry before we could talk. "Mule, am sorry". She sobbed, "its okay MP, am with you". I told her. She confided in me saying her husband filed for divorce and

was going to take her son away. Divorce was the worst thing after death anybody could go through. MP was suppressing everything with alcohol but things were not improving. I had no choice but to invite her to stay with me for a while, I know you guys are probably thinking am crazy but MP needed me. She had nowhere else to go and her family practically abandoned her. She moved in with me while she was going to court, as usual Kachepa got hold of the divorce news and it was published. Thank God MP trusted me even when the news of her divorce was all over town. I was proud of her for staying strong and moving out of my house without asking her to. MP and Drogba sort of became an official side chick couple (Since Mampi was still the main) Drogba would come in the country secretly to see her and she enjoyed the attention. I stopped working with the chinese people because Syd found a better job for me. MP became so popular in the country and I was

very envious. I complained about her to Syd all the time and Syd advised I spoke to her about our issues which I never did.

Syd and I were not in a relationship but we had sex all the time, I remember the first time we had sex in his house he didn't have a condom. Knowing how thirsty Syd was I was happy to finally have it without a condom with him. Syd hurt me in the past and I still wanted revenge. He shocked me when he stood up with an erected penis to go and buy some condoms. well, not him going to buy he sent someone to buy them. Syd was very frank with me, he told he didn't trust me after I left him and slept around. He beat me at my game but I knew I would get him one day.

I was going to Kitwe Little theatre to watch some comedy when I met Kay, she was working

as a receptionist at yarfm. She told me MP was auditioning for big brother and drogba was helping her with everything. I felt betrayed by MP, she knew I had always wanted to go to big brother. I was so hurt and knowing how confident and fluent she was in English I wouldn't stand a Chance. Yes, MP had a good command of Language. Being a village girl that I was I couldn't match up with her, even if I stayed in town for a long time Mwalishibafye akakumushi takapwililika (LOL). To make matters worse she didn't tell me drogba was in the country. I couldn't even watch the play, my mind was just thinking about big brother. MP promised me she was going to keep me updated with the Auditions.

The following morning I went to MP's flat in Chachacha to pay her a surprise visit. I knocked four times before someone came to answer the door. "Hello", I greeted. "Hello, Mule". He replied.

"Come in", he offered. I wasn't going to say no, I entered the house and Drogba told me MP wasn't around. When he tried to call she said she was in the bank and couldn't talk. Drogba and I had a good chat about life and I asked him if he knew Natasha. "That's my sister", I laughed. It was so funny because it was the first time I referred to Tasha as a sister. "Wow! Mampi's friend Natasha? The yellow one?", he held his chin. "Yes", I smiled. "Wow! Beauty runs in the family, you are really beautiful". He complimented. "Thank you", I blushed. "Woah Tasha the naughty one, that girl is on fire". He said to himself. There was an awkward silence before he spoke, "if you are sisters then you must be like her or have some elements that she has neh!". He said, "what do you mean?", I asked. "Natasha is wild, fun and funny she's just cool to chill with. I remember one time her friend was performing somewhere we had lots of fun". I began to question Drogba and

Natasha, "I don't know but people say we are alike". He licked his lips, we spoke for a long time about Lusaka and the people we knew. We exchanged numbers and he took me to my car actually I was driving Syds car. Drogba and I had a long chat that night, MP never called me even after being told I went to her house. She made me feel like she was avoiding me for some reason or her ass was guilty.

Since I shifted from Ndeke Village I went to Nakana East Kantanta street where Syd had a house. It was a week after talking to drogba that he made advances on me. I invited him to my house for some chill time, he arrived 5pm. Drogba was a shy person but as we had some drinks he loosened up, "Mulenga, are you sure you grew up in the village?", he asked. "Yes", he shook his head. "You have no much class for that". He said. I was never ashamed to tell people I was a village girl. People said I learnt

things fast and I adapted well, which to me was a big compliment. Anyway drogba and I spoke about big brother and I told him how MP promised she would tell me about the auditions which she never did. Drogba was also disappointed in MP, "you stand a better chance than her", I was shocked. "Me? No!". I disagreed. "Mulenga look at you, very beautiful and your body is amazing you don't even need fake hair or makeup your beauty is to die for". I was excited. Drogba promised he would take me for a private audition at multi choice before he went back. He couldn't stop with the praises, drogba wasn't handsome but he sure knew the way to woman's heart. I avoided close contact with him that night but it was hard, on my way from the toilet he pulled me where he sat and said I should hug him. I gave him a tight hug and he held me so close, "mule" he whispered. He rubbed my back and kissed me, since I was already horny I kissed him even more. The

passion between us was mind blowing, he was so good at everything. It had been long since I had a guy do all the nice things for me in bed, Syd was so rough and always pleased himself. Drogba necked on me and my nipples hardened, the time he got the hard nipples he squeezed them with his tongue and teeth. My body was on fire, he moved down on my tummy and licked my belly button. He slowly removed my panty as he met with my waxed apple. "Wow!". He whispered. He was impressed with what he saw, okay takuitasha but everyone knows my apple was one of a kind bonse baletasha. With his big mouth and forehead he licked the apple so good and stroke it with his tongue, "Jesu"! I put my legs around his back. My clitoris was beating so hard I came all over his face. "Wooah drogba". I shouted, we had two long rounds of sex. He was shaking the whole time asking if I was real. I allowed him to cum inside not worrying about being pregnant, I mean who

wouldn't? The sex was so good I couldn't understand how someone would be as good as my Isaac. We cuddled in bed and spent a night together.

Lights off!

In the morning we talked about the night we had and agreed not to tell anyone. "Your boyfriend is a lucky man", we laughed it off. Drogba wasn't good looking neither was he handsome but his bed skills matched with his football skills. He was so good, it made me understand why the two beautiful women stayed with him even after knowing he had numerous girls. He set up a meeting for me at multi choice for big brother before he left the country.

When drogba left, MP decided to reply my messages and I gave her the taste of her own

medicine. She was shocked when she saw me leaving multi choice. "Baby girl what were doing here?", she asked. "I came to see Ben", "Ben?", "yes!". "For what?", she asked. "Over big brother", I flipped my hair. "Oh! So you were serious". She laughed. We went to have some drinks at barcelos and she paid for it. She tried to discourage me from entering big brother but I wasn't having it. Even after sleeping with different men MP and I were both not chosen for Big Brother. I was pretty devastated, MP was worse because everyone including the media were sure she was going. When I spoke to D about my rejected audition he encouraged me to apply the following year. I missed him so much and my feelings for D were maturing everyday. Despite sleeping with Syd countless times I still missed my D.

****Two months later, my periods were late. I didn't even realise it until Syd asked about it, "I

don't know bakamba". I answered. "Are you not pregnant?", he asked. "Syd why would I be pregnant? We use condoms all the time". I answered. "Filalepuka naiwe (they burst) besides you are too sweet these days I don't trust you". He replied. Syd gave me something to worry about. Why was going to be pregnant at that confusing state of my life. "Go and get tested". He shouted before he left. I spent my entire day counting my days, I was getting stuck everytime. "I can't be pregnant again". The calendars in my house were all over the floor trying to figure out how and when I got pregnant. I didn't even realise MP had arrived, "iwe you made wait for you walitumpa", she sat down. "Ninshi ba mule". She asked. "Boi I have missed my period". I replied. "Didn't you have your period during that polo gala dinner?", she asked. "Yes, that was a month and some weeks ago". I held my mouth. "Uhhh but who is responsible? You can keep it", she suggested. Knowing in my

heart of hearts D was a potential father worried me. Yes, I had slept with other people in between D and Syd. I have never been so confused in my life, "just test to be sure". MP added. After having lunch we went to chemopham and bought a pregnancy tester. I waited for the following morning to test, I woke up with diarrhoea. I was so scared, I didn't want to be pregnant. "You can just abort", "no keep it, you can replace Kalenga". My inner voices kept fighting each other. "Oh! Lord please let me not be pregnant" I prayed. I peed on the stick and in that moment it showed positive, "Am fucked!". I sat down to cry, yes typical Mulenga always crying after making stupid mistakes. I spent the whole day crying, I called MP home and showed her the stick. She felt sorry for me but always gave me tough love, "Mule you can either abort or keep it, you have Syd he will take care of it. Just don't tell him you slept with other people". She advised.

That night I missed Kalenga a lot, I missed my baby girl. I knew that pregnancy wasn't Gods way of saying I didn't need Kalenga. I thought about the baby growing inside and how it would be born, the fact that I was potentially HIV+ made it worse. I wasn't going to give birth to a child and let it suffer with HIV out my own selfishness. I wasn't even sure who the father was, I couldn't even talk to my mother about it. Lily was the only person who could give me sane advice but she turned her back on me and adopted my mum as her own mother. I was mad at my self for what I had done, my stupid revenge landed me in trouble. Why was I the only one who was unfortunate? A divorcee with a stolen baby, and pregnant with a fatherless child. Eish!

In the morning I decided not to indulge in self pity. I told myself I was strong and the baby wasn't part of my plan. I called MP who

escorted me kuli Doctor Lee for abortion. I wasn't going to keep the baby I didn't plan for, Kalenga was the only child I had. As the doctor was scanning my pregnancy to make sure I did not miss the counting. He noticed something usual in the pregnancy, "this is not normal, you can die". He said. "Its not a normal pregnancy, its not".

Is there anything like normal pregnancy? Is this baby stuck on me forever?

DOABG 44-45

[01/07, 17:31] Ron: Diary of a Bemba Girl

Diary Of A Bemba Girl → ∟ → ∟ → ∟∟Part 46-47

I waited for the doctor to finish what she was doing before she called us to the office. His english wasn't clear or I must have been confused, MP understood what he said but asked for his wife who was also a doctor to come and clarify the information. Dr Lee's wife spoke better than her husband, she handed us the scanned ultra sound picture. "This is where there's a problem, its stuck here". She pointed. Both MP and I couldn't see whatever she pointed at. "Its an ectopic pregnancy, its growing in your fallopian tube". She said. I began to feel hot, I removed my blouse. "Mule calm down", she said. "You need to have it removed as soon as possible", she suggested. "Yes, let's do it now". I told her. "Its a different and delicate case, your next of king should sign some forms before we do anything in case of death". She explained. "Am I dying", I asked MP.

"Awe Mule, she's just saying". I was confused after learning more about an ectopic pregnancy. I was lucky to have gone earlier because many women died without knowing what was happening. MP refused to sign the forms saying she didn't want to be in trouble if anything happened. She made me worse, I was shaking with fear knowing it was matter of life and death. We called Syd as he was the only person close to family that I had. It was equally difficult to explain what kind of a pregnancy I had. "So ninshi you wanted to abort ka?", he looked upset. "No we came for a check up because I felt pains in my stomach". I told him. "Nomba achi lifumo lyashani ilyaku saina ifipepa (what kind of a pregnancy is this that require to sign papers,?)". He asked. "Its an ectopic pregnancy", MP answered. "Efinshi ifyo? (What's that?)", he looked confused. "Lifumo yalimu tube", I whispered. "Arrrr iwe temangalo ayo nomba? (Is that a joke)" He was getting worked up, "MP

explained what an ectopic pregnancy was and he understood a bit. He got upset when MP told him I couldn't keep the baby, "tapali nefyo ulelanda this is nonsense what kind of people are you? Abanankwe balasunga inga ena", he said. "Syd this is a do or die situation its very serious, am not doing this on purpose", I pleaded with him. "You want me to believe you when came to dr Lee limbi ni plan", he shouted. It was very difficult to convince him what had happened was true even when Dr Lee told him he turned a deaf ear. He took me out of the clinic leaving MP behind, "you think I can let abort my baby? You are a joke". He said, "Syd even if I wanted to I can't keep this baby, its in the tube". I replied, "I don't care, abanobe balafyala nangu lyamu tube". he answered. "I can die Syd am not okay". He u-turned the car and drove to Company clinic, he left me in the car for a few minutes before a nurse came to fetch me. She took me to the doctors room

where Syd sat and I was examined. I left him with the doctor and waited at the reception. I could hear Syd shouting at the doctor for over 20 minutes, I was getting impatient with Syd. Finally I was called in, "how are you feeling", asked the doctor. "Am okay, just a few sharp pains around here", I pointed at my tummy. "Its normal for your condition, you are lucky to have come to the hospital early". He said. "I will give you some painkillers to ease the pain. But, you need to have surgery and remove the embryo from there". I didn't even understand what an embryo was, for some reason I thought he meant the baby could be moved from the tube to uterus. "When can she do it", asked Syd with his head facing down. "As soon as possible, she can go to Wusakile Mine hospital". He handed a letter to Syd which was supposed to be taken to the main hospital. "Mulenga I don't know what to do", he whispered. Syd was so confused, he couldn't even drive properly. We went to my

house so we could both relax, he was sweating all over his body. "I needed this child", he said repeatedly. I didn't know how he was so sure it was his child, "I waited for this for so long". He complained. "Syd what are you saying?", I asked. "I knew you would get pregnant I planned it". I looked at him. He told me about the day we went to the farm house, we came back so drunk and I forgot what happened. He confessed he had been trying to get me pregnant for a while and he was happy it happened. "Mule nalefwaya umfyalileko umwana umusuma", he said. "You have kids Syd. I told him, "its not the same, I wanted your child. Imagine how beautiful she would look". He got some vodka, "am sorry Syd I wish I could have this baby with you, I know she would be so beautiful with your eyes". I said, I have never seen Syd so broken in his life. It was clear he really needed a baby from me, in that moment I wished it was a normal pregnancy. He drank a lot and changed his

mood, the old Syd was almost coming out. When one of his many wives(baby mama's) called him. He insulted her like she wasn't his childrens mother, he pulled me closer to him and kissed me. He was rough but I knew pulling away was not an option, I knew he was going to beat me up. Hence I played along, he forced me to give him a blow job and he pushed his dick down my throat till I was choking. He stripped me down and gave me one round from the back, it was painful that I cried but I couldn't show it. I watched him do whatever he wanted and the pain increased each time, the pressure exerted on my tummy was too much. When he finished, he sat down crying. It was so hard for me to understand what his problem was, Syd was hardcore. He wasn't an emotional person and for some reason this pregnancy hit him bad. We cuddled in bed till we both fell asleep.

In the morning, he went out for a quick errand

and he returned around 9. We went to Wusakile hospital where the doctor gave us some bad news, he told me my tube was swollen and the operation had to be instant. He also told Syd about the possibility of removing the tube because the scan showed something threatening. That was a defining moment, I begged Syd to tell the doctor transfer the baby from the tube to the uterus as if it was possible. Believe me I was so scared, my mind was telling me if the tube was removed that would be the end of having a child for me. I knew I wanted to be a mother again in the future. I still had hope I would get married someday and have children. I was taken to the theatre God knows how long it was since I woke up the following morning(that's what I thought) . My eyes could barely open, i looked around and saw my mother. I knew it was a dream I had to blink four times, my mother was still there. I tried to get up but the pain was intense, My

mother came closer trying to help me get up. Natasha was there too, she cracked a few jokes to ease things up since my Mother and I didn't speak to each other. When Syd came in the evenings I was excited to finally have someone I could talk to. He was very worried about me he couldn't hide it. He told me he had bought a new car for me. As excited as I wanted to be the pain wasn't going to let it happen. As we were talking I could hear mum and Natasha whispering to each other. When Syd left I felt so empty, I just wanted him to be with me. Natasha took mum to my house in nkana East to have some rest. Mum was still giving me an attitude which made me wonder why she came.

The next morning I was very happy to be discharged. I told Syd to ask the doctor if they had removed my tube and he brushed it off. Syd knew I would go crazy if the doctor confirmed my worst fears. "Let's focus on the fact that you

are fine". He said. He told his boys to take my things to the car while he pushed me on the wheel chair. Natasha tried to make things less awkward between my Mum and Syd she always did. He drove us home and left as soon as he put me in bed. It was hard to believe Syd could be so caring as he was. MP came to see me later in the day, "iwe ka kwindi shani", she woke me up. "Iwe koswe bwino shani", I smiled. "You wanted to die? How can you sleep for 3days sure?". She asked. "I didn't even know it was three days, I thought it was a day". I replied. "It was too much, I forced Syd to call your mother". She told me, "But why my mother sure MP", I asked. "I couldn't organise your funeral alone". We laughed. "Iwe koswe how can I die? You wanted to inherit my Syd?", I teased her. MP called Natasha who told my mum about My condition. I knew it was awkward for her to do it considering she was sleeping with drogba who was her friends man. I told MP about my car

that Syd had bought for me and her face dropped, even though she tried to be pretend things were okay with I could see right through her. What a jealous bitch she was that she left my house saying she had things to do.

Its been two weeks since I came out of the hospital and am feeling better. Mum and I don't talk much still, if she wants something she passes through Natasha which is pretty childish if you ask me. She's always talking about how she misses Lily and Nalishebo and how she wishes she was in Lusaka. I just wish she could leave my house but we are waiting for my Dad who was coming to talk to Syd about what had happened. I wasn't looking forward to any meeting with my parents and Syd. We all know how rude syd is and having my village parents question him would annoy him.

I told Natasha to go and fetch her Father who had come arrived from Mporokoso at KMB, "they used power tools just use my car". I told her. She drove my car to KMB to get father who had arrived. She didn't even take time to come back home, I was in my bedroom when I heard two male voices in the living room and I knew it wasn't Syd's voice. I rushed to see who it was and my heart sunk when I saw the pastor. I didn't expect to see him with my father, knowing how judgemental he was worried me. I extended my greetings to both of them and had a little chat. Natasha brought a 2 Litter pure joy and some biscuits which finished in a blink of an eye. My mother stayed in her room the entire time which was pretty irritating. I texted Natasha to see what was up and she said Mum didn't want to see my father. I didn't know why mum insisted on dragging the issues with my father when I had let it go. Even when Natasha asked her countless times to come greet my

father she said no. I followed her to the room and told her to go and welcome the visitors. "This is your house, its your job to do that", she answered.. "If you want, don't talk to dad but the pastor has nothing to do this please leave him out of this". I told her and Natasha agreed with me. As angry as she was she left the room and went to greet the pastor and my father. I could see the pastor's face change when he saw mum. She had changed a lot, her hair and dressing were so evil just like the City. Natasha cooked nshima for everyone and we talked about the mines in Kitwe. Dad knew Kitwe very well, more than I did actually. He made feel like I missed a lot not staying in kitwe growing up. I showed them their bedroom after prayers they went to sleep. Natasha and I spoke about Mum and her change of behaviour, we both agreed there was more to behaviour than the misunderstandings that we had.

Early morning I told Syd to come and see my Father and the pastor. He was very nervous, he complained about everything. I told him to call me when he was near home so I could calm him down. When he was Kitwe little theatre he texted me and I followed him, "hey", I greeted. "Nochi nefya fisungu apa, hey ifinshi". He said, "Syd is this what you are wearing to see my father?". I asked. "Iwe nombamba ninshi chabipa pa ngubo inshi (what's wrong with these clothes?)". He asked. He wore his loose fitting jeans and a tight shirt almost exposing his waist and other valuable goods. Not forgetting his chains looking like a dog on the run. He got very angry with me for suggesting his clothes were not good enough. I managed to convince him in removing his chains and pull up his pants. When he got home Natasha couldn't keep it together. She laughed at Syd making him more nervous, we finally got in the living room where everyone gathered. The pastor prayed

committing our discussion in the lords hands. Syd and Mums eyes were not closed, don't ask me how I saw them if my eyes were closed LOL (OBJ;). My Father was the first to speak to Syd, he expressed his disappointment in him for going after a married woman and the pastor added backing scriptures of adultery. The way My father was talking its like he was blaming Syd that I got pregnant or he took advantage of me. I was so proud of Syd in that moment for not losing his cool. The pastor emphasised on the fact that I was a married woman prostituting. I reminded him a few times I was divorced. "The Bible does not permit divorce therefore you are still married", said the pastor. "So what do you want me to do now?". Syd asked. "You have ruined my daughter, her husband can't take her back after what has happened.". My father Answered. I swear My dad must have forgot that I wasn't a virgin, "what does that mean", questioned Syd. "I can't

force you do anything but in our tradition if a woman sleeps with a man that's marriage". My father was seriously losing it, "Why should Syd marry her? Is he the first one to get her pregnant?". Mum asked, as if my father wasn't enough mum was worse. She wanted me to look like a hoe in front of Syd which he already knew I was. "So you don't want your daughter to get married?" Father asked. "This is the life she has chosen, Mulenga is not a child. Ask her who she sold her daughter to, that old man from Australia". Syd gave me a bad stare, "Sold her child?!" Both my father and the pastor shouted. Syd stormed out of the house, I ran after him leaving my parents arguing with each other. "Syd wait", I called out. "Ninshi? Mulenga walikwata ichiwa mwaiche iwe". He shook his head. "What did I do?". I asked. "So washongweshwa umwana sure (you sold your child)", he said. "Syd ulimbwa saana pamo nabobene abachikweba how can I sell my own

child? Didn't I tell you what happened?", I was almost crying. "You are a liar, your father is saying something else. And how dare they even suggest I marry a woman like you Mulenga ninshi nimpina ine". Syd was provoking me, we argued for a while before he sped off. I went back inside to talk to my mum, "I don't even who called you here, why are you here? You don't love me go back to Lusaka and continue staying with Lily and your boyfriends". I shouted at Mum, I didn't even realise how hurtful and damaging my words were to my parents broken relationship. I went to my bedroom and grabbed my car keys and left home in tears. I couldn't stay in my house with my mother, Natasha tried to be a peacemaker and offered to go with me I refused. I was wearing a chitenge and a vest when I left my house. I was in tears, nothing ever hurt me in life than losing my child. To think my own mother would say such a thing and build up the hate for her own was so so

hurtful. I drove around Nkana West and went to parklands. From parklands I went kuma container to get something to drink. I knew it wasn't advisable but I needed to let it all go, with a bottle of straw belly lips in my hand I drove back to shebourne guest house. I removed my chitenge and wore my revealing sleep shorts. They were really short and my ass crisp was exposed but I didn't care. Since I didn't even wear any panty inside my behind was having a World war 3. I sat near the pool alone, crying and drinking. I asked the waiter to give me some shots of any hard liquor that they had. I drank for an hour and lay besides the pool. The waiters kept coming to ask if I was okay or I needed help. I was trying to get up when I tripped and fell, I laughed at myself so hard. A man dressed in white clothing with an awkward accent came to help me, "are you okay?, need help", he asked. "Do I look like I need your fucking help". I looked away. "Easy beautiful, am

just trying to be nice". He said. "Well I don't careeeeeee....." I fell again, he picked me up and helped me get to the bathroom and eased myself. He collected my stuff and took me to his room. Since I was already drunk I followed him behind, holding on tight to his hand. He put me in bed and I grabbed him. I kissed him but he wasn't responding. "You are drunk, I don't want to take advantage of your condition". He whispered. "Condition? You think am HIV positive". I started crying. He looked at like a confused person, I was such a drama queen. I cried so much till I took a power nap, I could hear him talking as I was falling asleep. He assured me everything would be fine. When I woke up after two hours I couldn't see my phone and car keys I started panicking. I went to the door it was locked, I looked through the window to see if I could get someone from the room service staff but nothing. I sat on my bed wondering where the man had gone, few

minutes later there was some noise on the door I tucked myself in pretending to be asleep. I stretched myself as I slowly opened my eyes. "Hello beautiful welcome back", he greeted. I smiled and said hi. "You had so much to drink I booked a room for you to have some sleep". He was such a gentleman, no man tells a lady she's drunk. He handed me my phone and car keys, "what's your name?", he asked. "Mulenga", "oho Muleeengah". I smiled. "What's your name?", I asked. "Shawi", "shawi! Is that a zambian name" I asked. "No, its not. But am Zambian". We threw in a child's laugh (kalya akaseko kabufi). His accent was the funniest, his face was yellow which made me question his race. He looked white but too dark for a white and too light for a coloured. The most important thing was that he was handsome. We talked about random things and I told him why I had been drinking. "A beautiful girl like you should not suffer in the hands of men", he said. He was so

nice and romantic. I showered while he watched me and didn't show any signs of lust. It reminded me of what Fale had done to me, it was the same lodge I swear it felt like de ja vu. Shaz (shawi) as I call him asked for my number before I left the lodge and went home.

When I got home I went straight to my room and locked the door, Natasha came to knock asking if I was okay. "Am fine Tasha don't worry". I replied. "MP came, she just left a while ago". Said Natasha, "what time did she come?", I asked. "Around 10, she has been here the whole day". Natasha answered. "The whole day?!", "yes", "what did you guys become best friends all of sudden?". I looked at her, "not really but we bonded. She's so funny I tell you". Natasha helped me loosen my bra. "Yes she's a funny hoe", we laughed. I told Natasha about Shawi and she swore she knew him, "Mulenga that's the richest man ever", she jumped up and down. "No you are lying he didn't even look rich",

I said. "Am telling you, if he is the shawi I know believe me he is very rich", she held her chin. "Maybe they just have the same names", we both agreed.

Four days later, shawi gave me a call saying he wanted to see me over the weekend. I was very hesitant but since Syd was tripping I said yes. Natasha and MP have become so close they are always together. Am practically like a third wheel in that friendship. As I was walking to town because Natasha borrowed my car, I met a tall handsome guy. I was busy minding my own business till he stopped me, he was walking too. Probably to see his girlfriend at one of the boarding houses in nkana East. When he came closer I noticed he was very handsome, his lips were too nice for a guy and I knew he was a player. "You are new in kitwe right?", he asked. "Not really", I replied. "Why don't I know you?". The same basic line all the

guys use in kitwe, yes its a small town but don't use the same boring lines. Anyway, this guy was a smooth talker. I gave him my line to get him off my case since he was started following me. Let's call him EJ, EJ worked in A-Z. For those that don't know A-Z its a jewellery shop which deals with phones and accessories. (Forgive me if that's not the best description). Well, A-Z deals with men staff mostly but its so popular with the girls, don't ask me why I just found it like that. A-Z employs only handsome men. Well, according to what I saw there was no room for ugliness. Ej went his way while, I followed Natasha and MP to Zako. They had already finished eating when I arrived. We walked to Mud jeans to see the new stoke they had. I didn't plan on shopping but since I had a date with Shaz I bought myself a nice bandage red dress. "I like the white one too", said the shop keeper. "Why would you get the same dress twice", MP discouraged. "Its nice though",

the shop keeper added. I bought the two dresses and I noticed MP wasn't too happy about it. "Let's go and get something to eat am hungry", I told them. "Am not hungry". "MP answered. Natasha suggested they would get Milkshake while I ate, we went to barcelos and grabbed something to eat. MP insisted we went to After ten to get her favourite milkshake and we sat outside eating and chatting. Out of the blue Natasha opened her big mouth, "did shawi call you?", "yes", I answered quickly. "Which shawi", MP asked. "Just some guy I met", I continued to text EJ. MP told me if it was the shawi she knew then I won a jackpot. Everybody knew this shawi and I didn't know him. I tried to convince her maybe he wasn't the one even though her descriptions were right. I didn't want to raise my hopes high, EJ was such a charmer I kept smiling whenever he texted. "Who are you texting? Is it shaz?", Asked Natasha. "Who is shaz?", MP questioned. "Shawi is shaz that's

what we call him", answered Natasha. "We!". I laughed. I told them its just someone I met, I heard someone calling my name from the parking lot. I looked around and saw no one I knew, "Mulenga, Mule". They called out, we all looked behind and saw some girls. "Why these kids calling you?", MP asked. "I don't know", I replied. "Don't go there". MP discouraged. I saw Tracy walking towards our table in a very tight mini skirt. Tracy was friends with Chile's friends you remember her not so? The coloured girl I met when I came to kitwe. She was a nice Beautiful girl who was misunderstood. She gave me a tight hug, she introduced me to her friends and I could see MP almost blowing up. "I missed you so much Mule, what happened to your phone it doesn't go through. Please give me your new number". She didn't even give me a chance to talk, it was funny in a way. I gave her my number and said bye. "Are you friends with school children now?", MP asked. "Calm

down its not that serious". I replied. "So what are guys going to do about drogba since he's sleeping with you, MP and Mampi", Natasha killed me. "What? D sleeping with Mule?", MP was shocked. "It was once right", Natasha answered. "It was a joke Natasha my God", I was pissed. "Mulenga are you serious right now?", MP was fuming. "It was a joke", I told her. "I was kidding Mp don't worry", said natasha. MP was so upset she left us seated, we saw her book a taxi and drove off. I slapped natasha so hard my palm was hot, she was such a bitch. "Am sorry Mulenga I thought you guys spoke about everything". She sounded so dumb, Natasha had no idea what she had done to MP. We drove home without saying a word to each other, I never wanted to be home with people that never understood me. I just wanted to go away.

The next day I waited for shaz to call me but he

took long, I prepared myself for the date since morning I was so desperate to go out anywhere. He finally called in around 3 saying he was coming from the airport. I tried my two clothing and wore the white one which made my ass stick out more. MP showed up of all a sudden saying she came to hang out. It was very strange but made me feel better in a way. They helped me get ready for the date and begged to see shaz even if it was for a second. When he came to pick in his beautiful huge black car the girls escorted me and they said hi. We went to a private candlelight dinner and he treated me like a queen, after dinner we had a chat about his life and he opened up about his children. He told me he wasn't married but had kids, I felt so comfortable with shaz I told him about my life and Syd. "You are too classy to date jerabo's". He said. I smiled so much and we sealed our date with a kiss, he took me home and gave me another long kiss before he left, "thank you for

wearing white I love you for that". He whispered. Shaz was the perfect gentleman, he waited for to go inside my house before he left. I was so happy and in a good mood when I entered my house. MP had not gone home, I could hear her laugh with my mother and Natasha. I changed my clothes and went to talk to dad who was listening to the news. My father had something bothering him but he couldn't disclose it to me, I didn't want him to ruin my beautiful date night I said goodnight before he could start complaining. When the girls saw me they ran straight to my room leaving mum alone. All they wanted was the gist about my date. "Did you have sex?". Asked Mp, "no my God, shaz is a gentleman". I replied. MP swore shaz was married with kids all over the place. She was sure it was him, deep within me I knew she was just jealous. Natasha was so happy for me she couldn't hide it. I ended my day with a nice text from Ej.

*****It hasn't even been a week since shaz and I went on a date, someone told Syd about it and he has been threatening me since. Shaz told me someone told his baby mama and she's has been discouraging him about me. I was giving EJ a push in kalungwishi st when syd parked in front of us,"biggie man laka?", EJ greeted Syd who called him by the side. He spoke to him and EJ left without saying a word. Syd asked what I was doing with EJ and shaz, "they are my friends so what", Syd was shocked to hear me talk to him like that, "I don't know why I thought you would change its fine", he got in the car and left. Believe me standing before Syd was so hard, I used all the nerves I had including my ass bone to put him in his place. It made me happy he didn't raise his hand on me. I called EJ but he didn't pick up. I followed him at ravens where he was and we fought about Syd. He told me he couldn't text me anymore because he

respected Syd so much and they were almost brothers. I kissed EJ so that he could stop talking, the kiss was so magical. EJ was so smooth and I liked it. I ended up feeling so emotional and cried in front of EJ. I don't know why I was crying but I just felt like it, he held me so tight and kissed my forehead. He demanded I told him the truth and if they were any guys apart from Syd. I explained everything to him concerning Syd and Shaz, he was so quiet it bothered me. "Don't worry baby, I know you gotta do what you gotta do", he said. "What does that mean?", I asked. "I got you babe, just don't forget about me please. I will let you do what you want because I love you". EJ allowed me to date whoever I wanted since it was about money, part of me was convinced EJ was the one for me. He made me feel so comfortable, we kissed the all the way to my house. EJ my heart beat.

The following morning, Shaz's baby mama gave me a call and told me not to ruin her children's future. I was. With MP when she called, "she's a coloured woman from riverside, her children go to lechwe". She said. The moment she said that I knew she sold me, I knew MP told her everything. I texted shaz who was out of town and he got upset saying he would deal with her. MP was seeking revenge, I left her house and ignored her calls the whole day. When Shaz came to see me that night he told me he had a surprise for me, "just pack your personal things, your passport and a dress". He said. I ran to my house and told Tasha to give me her handbag which was a bit bigger than mine. I parked my makeup and other little things. He kissed my hand and told the driver to take us to Ndola, we went straight to the airport. He took me to a nice plane, it was so nice I didn't know how to react, "welcome to Kinshasa". I jumped up and down, we were flying to Kinshasa in one night

on a private plane. My life couldn't get better. I was so excited I didn't even notice we were landing. It was a vip travel, they took us straight to a beautiful hotel. I quickly ran to the bathroom to pee and I asked him to hand me my scented wipes. He threw everything on the bed and gave me the wipes, Natasha left my hospital results in her bag. When I came out I saw him with my hospital papers, "you didn't tell me you were in the hospital". He continued to read. "Ahh even Hiv test is here", I sat on the ground sweating like a pig. I knew shaz was going to dump me and leave me in kinshasa. I didn't even look at the results, I had no idea why Natasha had them. my legs were vibrating like a chinese phone from big Moze.

Bana ba congo bana ba kinshasa! Ze Mule Ze problemo

DOABG 46-47

[01/07, 17:32] Ron: Diary of a Bemba Girl

Diary Of A Bemba Girl → ∟→ ∟→ ∟∟Part 48-49

"How come you didn't tell me you were in the hospital?", asked shaz. "I...I... Ummm", I coughed. "You didn't think it was important?", he asked. "No, I did. Its just that..I was..ehh..", I was stammering. "Hey don't worry about it, Good thing you are fine now", he said. "And your HIV status is good a lot of people don't have the courage to go and test, am so proud of you". He gave me a hug, my eyes were wide open and I stood there like a robot from Nkana west. I was so shocked to see HIV negative on my medical

report, "Natasha must have tempered with it to save my ass from Syd". I told myself, Whatever happened I was just happy it wasn't positive. As much as I was excited it gave me a sounding warning to take care of myself and I was ready to go back home and get tested to be sure. But in that instant I was very happy and excited I couldn't even lay my head on the pillow of that 5 star hotel. I just wanted to jump up and down and scream, "am not sick!".

In the morning, Shaz brought some breakfast in bed for me. He was so romantic I kept smiling, he was so cute. He told me to get dressed in a white jumpsuit he bought for me. Shaz loved white so much it was insane, his driver drove us around Kinshasa. It was so beautiful, the streets were more clean than Lusaka and the shops had the nicest clothes. We spent our day touring and shopping, he wasn't even bothered about the bill. We went to a nice massage

parlour before we had a romantic dinner. My imagination of Congo didn't do justice to the place, I associated it with an abandoned country with war. A dusty place with ugly people but it wasn't the case. Shaz told me he was going to have dinner with some of his friends the next day. I asked him if I could go with him, "no, you will be bored. Just men only what will you do there?". He asked. "I just want to be with you", I said. He spoke to some of his friends who said they would bring their girlfriends along, I was excited.

I had never met a man who took his time with clothes like Shaz, he was good looking such that any cloth on his body was perfect for him. He tried countless outfits just for an ordinary dinner with his friends. It was worse when it came to my clothes, my clothes were beautiful but he wanted me to look extra beautiful. Even my make up was under scrutiny, it was nice in a

way especially when it came to lipstick I laughed so hard. We fought about lip colours it was the cutest thing.

We drove to a nice house it was so huge I thought it was a hotel, I couldn't stop staring at the house. "This is my friends house", said Shaz. I had never seen such a beautiful home in my life I thought it was a state house. The mansion was so huge I couldn't keep it together, "This is so beautiful shaz", I whispered. The gate was far from the house and I could see different fruits as we drove. Something that i only saw in movies. When we got out of the car, Shaz held my hand as we walked in the house with our host. The house was just as beautiful on the inside, we went straight to the dining hall where everyone was chatting and sipping on some wine. There were three ladies that Shaz introduced me to, they were so pretty. One of them spoke good English, the other two weren't so good. The ladies were nice to me, but they

couldn't stop talking about their vacations. It was a new thing for me, I didn't even go on vacation. Well, not the expensive ones they spoke of. When it was my turn to talk about my favourite vacation destination all I could think of was Mporokoso and Mbala. I was never ashamed of my past, I was about to tell them I never went on a vacation before shaz took me away. He introduced me to his friends. The owner of the mansion was so handsome, he looked like fally Ipupa. His fashion sense was to die for. He was a young rich man, "hello", he greeted. I couldn't help but smile, he was so beautiful I think God created him on a Tuesday special. He was so delicious his facial hair was nicely cut and his lips were pink. "You are so beautiful". He complimented. I could see Shaz becoming an easy and told him I was his woman. "Am chouchou (shushu)" he said. "Mulenga", "oh! Mulengaahh", I hate people don't know how to pronounce my name. Shaz

whisked me away and introduced to me his other friend, "this is Moses". He said. I extended my hand to greet him and he pulled me for a hug. Shaz didn't say anything about it, I could see he was relaxed even When moses complimented me. Moses was a charmer, it was clear he was a ladies man too. Shaz walked me back to the ladies, and left. "Did you give MK a hug?", Tjuna asked. Tjuna was the one that spoke good english her name was also pronounced as "Shuna". "I wanted to give him a handshake but he pulled me towards him", I answered. "He like beautiful ladies". She answered. "But am not beautiful". I replied. "Oh No! You are so beautiful look at you". I smiled. Honestly it still shocked me when people said I was beautiful, I never saw myself as beautiful as people claimed I was. It was nice and refreshing to be told and reminded of how beautiful I was. Tjuna was equally beautiful, her skin looked so clean. She was very classy, and

well travelled. Believe me she was more beautiful than me even though she said the opposite, "its just make up, you have less make up on and you still so beautiful I love your eye brows". She complimented. Tjuna was flirting with me, I was loving the attention anyway.

When we all sat down on a huge table to eat, I could see ChouChou staring at me in a evil but sexy way. One of the men on the table asked what I did for a living. "Am a journalist, but I deal with women clothing and interior decor". I answered. Shaz didn't want the conversation to continue he cut it off by asking someone else a question. After dinner the men went to have their talks and we listened to some music.

"When are you leaving Congo?", asked Hanna. "I don't know maybe next week". I answered. "We should hang out before you leave", Said Tjuna. I asked Tjuna to show me where the toilet was and we met Chouchou on our way. "Where to ladies?", he asked. "Toilet". I replied. "I think he

likes you", said Tjuna. "No, he doesn't know me". I answered. "It doesn't matter". I smiled. "He looks cute, but I have a boyfriend". We smiled. When we came out of the toilet we heard noises in the living room. They were dancing, Congo men were so good looking and their dancing was to die for. Chouchou was dancing like his depended on it, "wow, he dances like Fally". I whispered. "Fally ipupa?", asked Tjuna. "Yes". I answered. "Yes it runs in the family, they are brothers". She said. "What? No way". I laughed. "Yes way", Tjuna made me laugh. Chouchou was a replica of Fally, they were so alike. "Their fathers are brothers". She added. We had a great time I didn't want to leave, Tjuna gave me all the gist about the men who were around. "These are some of the top Elite of Congo". She said, "Who is moses?". I asked. "You don't know Moses? I thought everyone knew him in Zambia". She replied. "Is he famous in Zambia". She Laughed. "How would I know you are the

one who stays in Zambia". She kept on laughing, "well, I thought everybody knew him Since most of his players come from Zambia". She answered. "What players?". I was blank, "Football players, he owns TP Mazembe". She replied. "What is TP Mazembe?" I questioned. "Mulenga you are just like my sister always clueless". We laughed. I had good vibes about Tjuna, we connected and talked like we had been friends for a long time, Shaz gave me a bad eye when he saw me and Tjuna laughing. He pulled me on the side and told me we had to go, he went to say bye to his friends while I said bye to Tjuna, Kappi and Hanna. Tjuna and I exchanged numbers and promised to show me around the following day. Chouchou escorted us to the car. He gave me hug and slipped a paper in my dress. He spoke to Shaz for a few minutes while I waited in the car. On our way to the hotel Shaz looked upset, he was quiet on his phone the entire time. "Is it true MK has a

football club?", I asked. "Its non of my business". He answered. I kept quiet too, we got to the hotel and I was minding my own business on my phone. "Dating beautiful women is a problem", he whispered to himself. I didn't want to start a fight with Shaz I concentrated on my whatsapp messages. "Pack your bags we are leaving at 4am". He told me, "at 4? Why? I wanted to spend time with the girls". I was disappointed, "so they can introduce you to some Men right?". He sounded upset. Shaz and I were not even in an exclusive relationship. He had children and he never told me he wanted a relationship. He wasn't serious with anyone. Yes, we both liked each other and the chemistry was undeniable but I could tell he got bored with women easily. Knowing how I wore my heart on my sleeves when it came to love I blocked my feelings for Shaz he was a bad boy and bad boys where my favourites. I packed my bags and slept, it was barely two hours that I

fell asleep when he woke me up to go. We went to the airport and flew back to Zambia. I was so cranky and irritable, even when Shaz tried to be nice I wasn't having it. He dropped me home and said he would call me later. I went straight to my room, locked myself and slept.

When I woke up I went to greet my father and the pastor who told me they wanted to go back home. I told them I would get the tickets ready in two days. My father and I went to have some drinks in town so we could talk. He complained about my mother, "she has changed a lot, I know I have made some mistakes in the past but I changed". He complained. "Yes, maybe she's still upset over what happened between the two of you". I said. "But why is she taking her anger out on you too? And her recent behaviour is it justifiable?". He asked. "No its not, honestly am not even bothered about mum anymore. I have you and I have forgiven you". I

hugged him. "Thank you my daughter". He said, "No need, you are my father I wouldn't do without you. Please move to the city". I begged him. "No Mulenga, am fine in the village". I could see he wasn't. "But you are lonely there, at least you can talk to Mutale and Chanda here". I could see tears in his eyes, he was so lonely and alone. "Dad I think you are better off in the city". I pleaded with him. "What will I do here?". I didn't know what else to say, "I will die soon". He said, "Don't say that, I will talk to mum about coming back or you moving here with her". I assured him. My Mother was dragging the whole issue, even if she wasn't talking to me. My plan was to make her go back to my father. "The funny thing is I thought you would hate me the most but Mutale and Chanda have surprised me, your mum has turned them against me". He shook his head. I didn't even realise how much I had missed my father, no matter how much I denied it he was still my blood. I felt at peace

after talking to my father, I had been holding on to the pain for a long time. I was so happy to finally forgive and let it go. I knew things would never be the same between us. When we got home, Natasha told me Syd had come looking for me. She told me he didn't look so good, but knowing Syd I knew he was looking for my trouble. Before I went to bed I went mums room to talk to her about dad. My Mum complained about dad when she was also not perfect. We screamed at each other for over thirty minutes before we both decide to calm down. Let me spare you the details of our fight, but Mum finally agreed to reconsider going back to my father. I left her alone crying while I went to my room. I found Natasha waiting for me, "are you okay?". She asked. "Yes, am fine". I removed my clothes. "How was congo". She was smiling waiting for Gist. "It was okay". I wore my night gown. "Anything interesting happened?". She was so inquisitive. "No, nothing". I tucked into

bed, she said goodnight and left. At that point in my life I had learnt not to trust Natasha she disappointed me a lot in the past and I sure learnt my lesson.

The next day, I went town to get my Fathers tickets and spent my entire day with Chileshe. She told me she was moving to livingstone and I was excited for her. I helped her pack and buy things she needed for her trip. When I went back home I was surprised to learn that Syd had come with his bashi bukombe to ask for my hand in my marriage. "Did he really bring these tumbale?". I asked. "Yes he did", Mum answered. I was shocked and surprised Syd proposed to me. After all the insults Syd showered me in the past, It was so shocking. "What should we do". Asked my Father, "I don't know dad", I was confused. "Think about it", Natasha said. I told Dad to give me a night to think about it, Even when Syd called I failed to pick up. I didn't know

what I was going to say to him, I needed to think about it and real hard. That night part of me was telling me I was old and no man would ever marry me. I was even lucky Syd considered me for marriage after all that I had done. My bitchy side kept telling me I was worth more than a guy who would only abuse me and turn me into a punching bag. I was so conflicted, I knew marriage was so hard to find but after my first marriage failed I had to think twice about getting married.

My night was flooded with thoughts about Syd and his proposal.

In the morning, I was in high spirits. I received a surprise call from Tjuna who was mad at me for not saying bye. I explained to her what had happened and she told me if I needed to go back I could just call her. Tjuna and I exchanged messages on whatsapp and she kept telling me

about Moses Katumbi MK. I googled him and nothing much came up. She sent me countless articles about him. He was a governor in Katanga province and an extremely wealthy man. A chance with MK I knew my life problems would be over. Tjuna was so sure he liked me, I asked about chouchou who had been begging her for my number. I told Tjuna I had this number and I would contact him if need be, I liked shaz even though what we had was complicated. He didn't make it clear as far as what he wanted from me. Nevertheless, I was still hopeful.

The pastor woke me up very early saying he wanted to have a word with me. We prayed together before he could say anything. "Did you pray about your marriage proposal last night?". He asked. "Yes". I lied, "what did God reveal to you?". He questioned. "I don't really know am so confused", I replied. "My child God does not love

divorce unless adultery is involved. Even then you are not supposed to get married because you will be committing adultery too". He said, "uhmmm", I grunted. "Child of God listen, you and your husband are still one body. If you accept another man how will God look at you? Don't let society push you into a marriage that you will regret forever. Why did he even divorce you?", I had no answer. "And your daughter? Ask God to intervene in your situation, all I can say is, that man is not the right one for you", he touched my head and left my room. I can't lie any meeting with the pastor made me feel guilty, he knew how to make me feel bad about my life. My father wanted to go back to the village and I had to make a decision. MP came home from nowhere to give her two cents about my marriage proposal. "Just give Syd a chance he loves you". She said, "yeah he does". I replied. "Anyway I heard Shaz took you to congo can I see the fancy things he bought for you?", she

was going to my closet. "Tell me all the details, where did you guys go? Did you have sex on the plane". She was laughing. "Tell us please Mule". Added Natasha. "Am tired of playing hide and seek with you guys. I don't trust any of you". They both looked shocked. "What did I do?". Asked MP, "Don't act like you don't know what am talking about, you sold me out", I told her. "What? Me? When? to who?", she stood up. "I have no time for all this, I don't trust you enough to tell you things or be friends with you at the moment". She looked at Natasha. "Mulenga are serious? MP is a good friend". said Natasha. "If I were you I would not even say anything right now. The fact that you are my sister doesn't mean I will keep forgiving you. I will drop you one day and that will be it", I was mad. "But Mule...." "Shhhhhh" I asked them to leave me alone. When MP left My family and I gathered in the livingroom and I told them I was declining Syd's proposal. I could see Mum and Natasha

weren't so pleased. I gave them my reasons and the pastor agreed with me, My father was also proud of my decision. They summoned Syds bashi Bukombe and returned to mbale. I knew I had made the right decision. Syd would never make me happy. Yes, we had our moments but I wasn't going to rely on moments alone. I needed a man that would love me and treat me like a queen. I was leaning towards Shaz for that, he was quiet on me I was very worried. I took my father and the pastor to the station, Mum and dad spoke for a few minutes before they left. Knowing how stupid Syd was he was going to make my life a living hell. I had to move out of his house before he threw us out, Mum and Natasha told me they would be leaving for Lusaka the following day. I packed most of clothes and all my things in the car in case Syd came to throw me out. I gave Natasha my car to go with it to Lusaka, Shaz was the only person I stayed back for. There was nothing for

me in kitwe anymore. When I tried to call he completely ignored my phone calls.

When Natasha and Mum left for Lusaka I was so lonely, I regretted not going with them. MP texted me saying she wanted us to talk because she was also leaving. I got on a cab to her house and found her packing. "Everybody is leaving kitwe". I said, "yes, Kitwe yatukana". I smiled. "Where you off to?". I asked.

"Somewhere far". She looked happy. "D proposed". She said, "wow! After breaking up with M". I said. "Yes, he loves me". She said. "Am happy for you MP". I told her, "Am moving to Lusaka for a month then SouthAfrica I got a job offer there". She told me, "really? That's great am truly happy for you MP seriously". I gave her a hug. "I want us to go to SA together, I will find something for you too". Said MP, it caught me by surprise. MP wanted to move to SA with me after everything that had happened I

doubted her intentions. "I know we haven't had the best friendship. But you and I are alike Mule that's why we fight a lot. I still love you even after you slept with D". She said, "D wasn't your boyfriend, both of us were stealing". I replied. "Yes! We were his bitches". We laughed. I told MP to go ahead and move to Lusaka, I was going to think about moving to South Africa with her. MP was right both of us were so alike and would make things happen for each other. On my way from MP's house I passed through Monalisa to get some pizza. As I was waiting for my food I saw Shaz with his children and baby mama eating. He wasn't looking my way but I really wanted him to see me, they looked so happy and perfect together. When he kissed her my heart dropped, I placed my hand on my chest to make sure my heart was still pumping. I deliberately dropped my purse where he sat just to let him know I have seen it all. We looked at each other and he was uncomfortable. I got

my food and left, my heart was sad but I didn't cry. "Was I growing up?". I asked myself. I always cried when such things happened but for some reason I didn't cry. I wasn't even half way home when he called, revenge is sweet I cut his calls to let him know I was mad. That incident made me realise there was no point of staying in Kitwe, I packed the things I remained with and texted MP we could drive to Lusaka together. Shaz came home barely two hours after I saw him, I didn't want to be mad at him I smiled through out our conversation. He told me she pregnant for him again, "what? I thought you didn't have sex with her". I was still calm. "Am sorry Mulenga its complicated. Sorry I put you in all this, I wanted to tell you we are getting back together for the sake of the children". He said, "that's okay". I was a bit hurt, "Mulenga you are so beautiful no man would want to leave you. Having you around has been the best thing in my life but I don't want you to be the other

woman". He made me feel better, "You deserve better than me Mulenga, I don't deserve you. I love you and wish you all the best". He kissed my forehead and left. Shaz dumped me ouch! I respected him for that, till this day he is one of my best friends. He came clean and told me the truth, there was no way I would be guilty if I left or moved on because we ended our relationship on a good note. Isn't that how a break up should be? As I was packing my things I told Syd I would be leaving his house and he came home. He was sad to see me leave, he begged me to stay in Kitwe even if we weren't getting married but I couldn't. "Do you have a boyfriend now? Why do you want to leave?". He asked. "No I don't Shaz dumped me, I just want to have a new start". He laughed. "New start Mule you move in circles from kasama to lusaka to kitwe and the other way round". We both laughed. It was refreshing for Syd and I to laugh like that. "Am sorry about shaz but I found out he got his

girlfriend pregnant again but I didn't want to tell you knowing how stubborn you". He said, "so instead you proposed to me". He pinched me. Syd told me if I needed anything I could call him and he loved me still. "No I don't want baby mama drama I want a virgin". Syd laughed so hard. He spent a night with me and we humped me so hard knowing it could be the last time having sex with me. Don't worry we used a condom, I was careful this time. Syd gave me some money before MP and I left for Lusaka, As usual leaving Kitwe was bittersweet. After ten shawama was the hardest thing to leave behind, my relationship with that shawama was the best thing that happened to me in kitwe.

****Few months later, Lusaka has been great. Am still single but been chatting with a few guys, chochou has invited me to congo countless times but I turn him down. Now that Tjuna is back from Peru I agreed to visit. MP

moved to South Africa and that was the end of our friendship, Mum went back to the village but dad told me a day doesn't go by without her complaints. Natasha and I are close but not close enough to tell her my business. My confidence levels have drastically improved and I love the new Mule. I learnt how to use a female condom LOL I need to protect myself at all costs since I don't trust any of these guys. Yes, am single but I have had sex with two guys that I can't mention, I know you guys will judge me but its all good.

Am flying to congo tonight courtesy of Tjuna. She flew me to Congo instead of chouchou. When I got to her house I wasn't surprised to see how good she had done for herself. She was living large, she told me she didn't want chouchou to pay for my flight because he would take advantage of me and think am broke. "You need to fake it till you make it". She said. Tjuna was a nice person. "When you told me your

story I was touched, I felt like you were reading my story. Friends have disappointed me in the past and I trust no one, even my marriage fell apart because of my friend". She sobbed.

"Knowing how you have been betrayed I knew you and I would be bad ass friends just don't let me down". She said, Tjuna and I were like black widows, we were so alike it scared me. "No I can't do that", I told her. "When it comes to men we shall divide". We laughed. She gave an insight of congo and all the places she had gone to. She even promised me to help find my daughter Kalenga. Tjuna reminded me life was not a rehearsal and we needed to enjoy and take care of our family. I told her chouchou liked me but she though MK was a better candidate. One thing I loved about Tjuna was that she would give you advice but it was up to you to decide. I so wanted to be like her, going for shopping in london or dubai whenever I wanted. Those are the problems I wanted not

knowing where to go for a holiday like she did.

I have been in Congo for two weeks now and am having fun. Chouchou and I have become closer, he is not the commitment type neither am I which works perfect for me. MK is a very busy man and has no time for romantic dates or whatever but he promised to take us on vacation with the girls the following month. None of us are his girlfriends, so don't worry. Tjuna is a very busy woman, she has several businesses going on and always travelling. Since she went to SA for to get some new stuff for her shops, chouchou is the only person I have. He picked me up from her house to have dinner in his beautiful mansion. They were so many people at his house, "they are shooting a music video today on the other side". He said. Chouchou's house was used for music videos most of the times, it was so beautiful. We had dinner and watched movies just like in the

movies I was living a dream. I kept pinching myself maybe I was dreaming, when I went to the bathroom I looked at myself in the mirror asking if it was real, I laughed at myself.

Chouchou was so sexy when he removed his shirt everything seemed to stop. He didn't have a six pack but he was so cute. He showed me my room and I liked it, "where's yours?" I asked. "Oh! Mine is here come and see". He took me to his room. The bedroom was too nice for a man, it was so clean it made me feel unworthy of sleeping in it. His bathroom had different lighting I couldn't believe there wasn't a woman in his house. "Your bathroom is so nice". I said. "Thank you". He kept quiet, I opened the tap, "can I shower here?". I asked. "Yes, go ahead". He said. He sat on his bed while I took off my clothes, he didn't even look at me. I went to his shower and believe me the water was sweet with a lemon scent. "Is this pure water?". I asked. "No it's flavoured water". He answered. "I

like it". I shouted, "thanks"he answered. I was tired of giving him hints, I was so horny he wasn't picking it up. "Chou, please come and rub my back". I said. He came in with his jean pants and socks on, he rubbed my back and asked if that was all. I turned to him and looked in his sexy eyes damn! I wanted him so bad, he kissed me and I kissed him hard. He took off his pants and joined me in the shower, he whispered sweet things in my ear before biting it. Wohhhhh I was taken, he necked on me and did sweet things to me. When I looked at his milk chocolate body I noticed his was nicely shaved. He had no hair at all, he directed me to his D and I went on to suck it. I know I did a good job going by the sounds of pleasure he made. He picked me up from the shower and threw me on the bed, he didn't care about the water on his nice beddings. Chouchou was so delicious I couldn't even believe it. He told me to just lay there and allow him to explore my body,

he did the nicest things to me I was half dead. I was shivering the entire time he ate my body and gave me head. My vagina juices were dripping all over the beddings, he took time with foreplay and made me realise he wasn't selfish. My clitoris was at the verge of bursting from all the beating. When he finally put it in I was in heaven, he made me so weak and happy and sad it was so emotional. He started slow and picked up the pace, just when I thought I was a master in bediologoy he proved me otherwise. Even when he was pumping hard it was acceptable, Gosh he was dancing like a Doctorate holder in sex. I had never met a man who danced like he did in bed, he challenged me. He knew how to make me want him, I tried my best to represent my country. Chouchou was so sweet I just wanted him to continue humping me. I have never cried during sex the way I did when I had countless orgasims with him. He was so sweet he left me in tears, tears

were rolling down my chicks even when we finished. I could see him crying too, "you are so sweet, Mwana Zambiyе". He whispered. Chouchou made me feel some type of way, he was the best man I had been with in my entire life. Men from congo were blessed they were not like a big bite 2 from hungry lion they were a mixed bucket of different portions. Once you test congo you can't go back to Zambia. I hope Tjuna doesn't come back to get me soon.

But why were we both crying?!!!

Do you love the new Mule?

DOABG 48-49

[01/07, 17:35] Ron: Diary of a Bemba Girl

Diary Of A Bemba Girl → ∠→ ∠→ ∠∠Part 50-51

I know I have said this about different guys but Chouchou was the best man I had slept with. He knew all the right spots to hit, I had never cried with real tears of joy at sex. I had the time of my life like there's no tomorrow.

In the morning chouchou was busy with work. I stayed in bed living the life of the rich. We went out for lunch and shopping during the day. He never worried about the bill, he let me choose whatever I wanted. When we went back to his place boom! Tjuna had arrived. She was so excited to see me, "what have you been up to Mulenga". I smiled. It was so clear something had happened between me and chouchou. We

said bye to him and left for Tjuna's place, she had bought so many things and asked for help to sort it out. "What were you up to when I left?", she asked. "Nothing much just here". I answered. "Ummm and chouchou right?". She smiled. "Yes, and him". I laughed. "Tell me about it", she insisted. I told her what had happened and the light on her face dropped. I could see she was forcing a smile and played along to whatever I said. She quickly changed the topic to something else that she had done.

A week later, I had not seen chouchou I missed him so much. Whenever he wanted to see me Tjuna asked me to do something for her and I couldn't say no.

Tjuna and I are going to spa today but am not in the mood, she picked me up from her office where I was working. "Hey, give me a hug". She opened her arms. I hugged her, "you don't look

happy". She said. "Am just tired", I said. "Its fine you will be okay after a good massage". She said. The spa was so beautiful the ladies were kind and gentle. "I think I will go home next week". I told her, "Go back to Zambiyе! Zambia? Why?". She shouted. "I need to sort out some issues". I told her. "What issues do you want to sort?". She asked. "Never mind its a personal matter", I was rude. "Its personal? I thought we were friends and sisters. So you won't tell me?" She looked disappointed. "My parents depend on me, I need to make sure they have everything they need". I explained. "Okay, we can send them some money tomorrow". She said, "no Tjuna I don't want to take advantage of you. I mean look at me, you have helped me a lot". I declined. "You are my friend and sister why would I not help you? Mulenga you help me with my work as well please let me do this for you". She answered. There was no way Tjuna was going to take no for an answer and there's

no way I wasn't going to stop her but nali ivinyolako panono LOL . "Is that why you look unhappy?". She questioned. "Yes, and am horny". We laughed. "Okay will do something about that too". We burst into laughter.

The next day, Tjuna was busy with some people that came from france. Chouchou surprised me with flowers at the office. I called him to say thank you and he offered to take me for lunch. I had missed him so much I was excited. The moment I saw him I couldn't keep it together. He was even more cute and sexy. Whatever he said to me didn't matter, I just wanted to hug him and smell his perfect skin. "Can I drop you off at work?". He asked, "No, I want to spend more time with you". I told him. We went to the studio to see some of his friends and later went to his house. I didn't even know where I left my phone, Chouchou was just too good at what he did. The fact that I knew he wasn't into

committed relationships scared me because my heart was pumping delite baby cereal for him. I was falling for chouchou it was crazy, no matter how much I ran away from it I knew I was in love. That afternoon he gave it to me like no other, each round was more sweet and intense than the last one. When we took a break it was after 6pm, I looked for my phone everywhere and couldn't find it. His driver gave it to him saying I left it in the car. I found 72 missed calls from Tjuna, I was so scared something had happened to her. I called back and her voice was shaky, "hello, are you okay?" I asked. "Mulenga where you?", she asked. "Am with chouchou". I didn't even finish the sentence before she began to shout. I didn't get why she was so upset with me, she didn't even want to hear my explanation. "Am sorry Tjuna". I said. "Mulenga come back home". She cut the line. Tjuna was behaving like a mother to her a teenage daughter I didn't know why I had

friends like that. Chouchou was surprised too, I told him I had to leave and he became moody as well. I didn't know what to do, I was torn between this great guy that I was desperately wanting to be with and a great friend. The situation wasn't even supposed to be complicated Tjuna was making a big deal out of nothing. My instincts never failed me, I chose to spend a night with chouchou and my heart was at peace. I sent a text to Tjuna telling her I wasn't going to be home for a night and her reply got me worried but I had to be with my man. Did I say my man? Well, a man I was having a good time. *laughs*

When I met Tjuna in the morning she gave an attitude. "Am sorry Tjuna please forgive me". I apologised, "why are you apologising?". She asked. "Well, I wasn't there for you when you needed me". I answered. "I sent the money to your mum call her to confirm". I felt so bad, I

spent my day apologising for whatever I didn't do to Tjuna. Even when chouchou said he wanted to see me in the evening I turned him down to spend some time with Tjuna. "Babe, baby, my boo, my Tjuna am sorry". I called her all the pet names I had in my vocabulary, I saw a smile coming out. "I love you". I said. "Show me". She replied. I jumped on her and gave her a tight hug. "Is that all?". She asked. I gave her countless kisses on her face and she laughed. We hugged it out and she told me she was just worried about me in a foreign land when I didn't even tell her where I was. It was good to have someone genuinely care about me, I knew Tjuna was the sister I never had. She wasn't sure about my relationship with chouchou and she let me know, "you will get hurt I know". She said. "Why? He cares about me". I said. "Mulenga I know chouchou he can be excited about a new girl for a while then just lose interest". She said. I really wanted to believe her

but I couldn't. Chouchou told me he had never done the things he did for me for any other girl and he had been with countless girls. He always said I was special and cared for me. Even if he didn't say he loved me I knew he did, his heartbeat was different when he was with me. I knew chouchou was the one for me, "You are so in love already, give yourself time so you don't get hurt". She said. "Am not looking for commitment so its cool". I didn't want to have negative and trust issues with chouchou. I wanted to take one step at time with him, I was too fast. I had been down that love road before but I knew chouchou was different. Tjuna was looking out for me and I loved her for that but I still wanted her to let me make my mistakes.

Chouchou proved to me all the time he truly cared for me, everytime Tjuna was out of the country I lived with him. He was surprised I wasn't like other girls who always wanted

money from him. In fact I never asked him for anything because I was working and getting good money from Tjuna. I was so proud of myself for not asking for money we all know how Mule loves good things and money. I was happy to be far away from Zambia and its never ending drama. My life in Congo made me a better person, I wanted to do so good for myself.

*****Wooh!!!!!! Chouchou finally proposed, he did it. He wants me to be his official girlfriend. I know you thought it was marriage but hey its just as good as marriage for a person like him. Am so happy to call him my boyfriend, it means the world to me. Love is truly beautiful it can change everything you believe in. it took him a year and some months to put a title to our relationship. I promised never to let him down and I meant it, I used to think its cliché when they say "when you find

the one your heart will tell you". I was at peace with myself I had no insecurities with my boyfriend. I couldn't wait to tell Tjuna who made fun of my relationship.

When Tjuna came home from her date she seemed to be in a good mood. She brought some red wine and poured into the glasses. "You seem happy". I said, "yes I am happy". She replied. "Me too". I smiled. "Tell me about it?". She said. "No you tell me the good news". I insisted. "Well, we are going on vacation. Will start processing your Visa tomorrow Mulenga". She said. "Yay! Yay! Yessss!". I jumped up and down. "Tell me your good news". Said Tjuna. "Chouchou asked me to be his girlfriend". I said with a big smile, "what?". Tjuna began to laugh uncontrollably. Have you ever been in a situation where you are excited to share your

happiness with someone who dims your light? I quickly dropped my smile, "well I know its not good news but it makes me happy". "Mulenga please stop! Just stop it". She fell down laughing. "Am sorry but this is funny, so what will change now about the two of you?". She questioned. "I think just the dynamics of our relationship you know". She laughed in my face. "Mulenga just get ready to go on vacation". I felt like an idiot telling Tjuna about my relationship with chouchou. The fact that he had a past that she knew and was used to didn't make things easier for me. She told me her boyfriend from france was taking us on vacation as soon as my visa was ready.

A week later, chouchou asked me to move in with him. I was the happiest person alive, I couldn't believe I was going to live with the love of my life in a beautiful home. I told him to give me time to talk to Tjuna but I was definitely

moving in with my boyfriend. When I told Tjuna about it she didn't surprise me at all, she reacted the way I expected her to. She discouraged me from leaving her house. "Why would you move in with him when he has not shown you any commitment?". She questioned. "He has shown me commitment though". I replied. "What commitment". She asked. "Well, he asked me to be his girlfriend". I answered. "Mulenga, that's pretty dumb if you ask me. Is being a girlfriend commitment to you?". That was our first argument, it was pretty intense and heated. I loved chouchou and I didn't want Tjuna to feed me her negativity. Yes I made such mistakes in life before. Falling in love too fast, so what? I was ready to give myself a chance and fall in love again but how was I going to do it when I have trust issues? I was so mad at Tjuna and somehow felt like she was low-key jealous of me and chouchou. I was so upset that night I just wanted to leave her house.

The following day, I went to the office where I was transferred to work under digital marketing, I was a social media associate and I was doing very good. Tjuna had a lot of things going on. she had clothing stores and three (3) companies, that's what I wanted as well I wanted to build an empire just like she did even though she still had a long way to go. I texted my boyfriend and told him I would move in with him that evening. When I knocked off from work Tjuna called for a meeting in our office but I skipped it. I ran home quickly and packed my stuff ready to move. Tjuna arrived home when I had done packing my clothes, "oh, so the move is serious?". She sat on my bed, "yes it is". I answered. "You will regret this". She didn't even finish the sentence before I cut her off, "Stop! Just stop. Am an Adult Tjuna. Am a divorcee I know what am doing I have been down this road before". I shouted at her. "Am sorry

Mulenga, I think i over stepped my boundaries I will know better next time". She made me feel bad. "Listen Tjuna I love this man at least let me see if he could be the one". I hugged her. Even though she didn't want me to move she let me go, I left her car knowing chouchou had a lot that I could drive. My first night in his house was magical i couldn't have asked for a better welcome. He treated me like a Queen that lam. I felt like a kid being with him. He made me feel at home and played with me, my heart was at home.

In the morning I didn't go to work I stayed in bed with chouchou who only worked on his terms. He was his own boss and worked at whatever time that he wanted. He left me home around 11 when he went to see his friend. I video called Natasha to show her my new home, "Mulenga ni nyumba yabandani? (Whose house is it?)",Ask asked. "My boyfriend". I laughed. I

showed her around the house but I couldn't finish the network got really bad. She later texted me asking for a hook up. I watched tv and ate the entire day, I was surprised Tjuna didn't call to check up on me it was quiet strange.

I left Tjuna a message days after I had moved in with my boyfriend but she didn't get back to me. I was so worried about her, when I went to check up on her she was giving me an attitude. I waited for her to knock off so that we could talk. We sat across each other and she wasn't talking, "hi, how are you?". "Am fine", she picked her phone. She told whoever was calling she was in a meeting. "Well, how are things?". I asked. "Mulenga am an upfront person and you know. I won't sit here and lie to you things are fine, No am freaking mad at you". She said, "why? Because I moved in with chouchou?", I was surprised. "Why would I be mad if you

move in with your boyfriend? That's not my business you are an adult". said Tjuna. "Am mad because you didn't tell me you were going to stop work. You gave me extra pressure to find another person to fill in your position". I was so dumb to not realise Tjuna took work so serious. I was so used to the Zambian mentality on friendship and work I took advantage of that. In my mind I thought she would understand and keep my seat warm since we were friends. And I also thought she was just being jealous of me, I was used to friends like MP and Natasha who always wanted to compete for men. "No, that's an acceptable, am a business woman.

Everything was slow this week because your office was down. At least give me a heads up when you want to quit". She shouted. I was lost for words, my employees in my shop missed work and I never snapped. It was a wake up call for me that I needed. "Am so sorry Tjuna, I hadn't been feeling well these past days". I lied.

"Its fine, I found someone to fill your position". She said. Tjuna taught me a lesson that day, she made me realise no one irreplaceable and there is always someone willing to take your position. "If you want to go far in business have a great attitude towards work and don't depend on someone". Tjuna added. I was practically fired from my job, I thought I was punishing Tjuna after our argument but things didn't work like that in congo. Tjuna was never a person to hold a grudge she moved on from things quiet fast. After talking to her, part of me was regretting moving in with chouchou. Yes, I loved him. But, was that enough? It made me question what I really wanted in life. Was it being a house girlfriend/ wife to a rich young man or build my own empire and empower others? I knew for sure my priorities were misplaced. I asked Tjuna if there was any position i could apply for in her company. "Send an email I will look into it". She laughed. "Just

joking, if you are serious and sure about working come on Monday you find me. I loved how Tjuna separated her business and social life. It was like a different person all together, I was learning good life lessons from Tjuna. At her age she had done extremely good. Tjuna helped me realise women were not only good in bed but could make something out of their life too. I was so ashamed of myself, sex was my biggest weapon. It was my AK47 to getting things done. I used it all the time and the fact that I was good in it spoilt me into thinking that's all it took. At the back of my mind like any typical Zambian girl marrying a rich man like chouchou means no problems. Tjuna had her fair share of men too, she had a social life but that never interfered with the kind of woman she wanted to be, she wasn't a virgin and gave it up a lot of times but never forgot to work for her own things too, she was independent.

When I went home that night I spoke to my boyfriend about my meeting with Tjuna. I didn't say a lot or what I planned to tell him that night because he was flirting with me. I told him I would start work on monday and he was totally okay with it. Thank God he was open minded unlike other guys who would tell you they would rather pay you than having you work. Even if he didn't take what I told him serious because he was horny, I was happy he was fine with me working. I told myself sex was not everything then chouchou picked me and changed everything. I wasn't mad at myself because I enjoyed every bit of it. "Fuck it! Am already spoiled". I told myself. I wasn't afraid to admit I loved sex and it was part of me. I knew I would change someday but that day wasn't coming soon with chouchou around and I accepted it. Change was a gradual process, I wasn't going to change overnight but I reduced from 4 rounds per session to 3 and a half rounds LOL.

In the morning, Chouchou told me we were going to Lubumbashi for his brothers concert. I was so excited to see Fally ipupa, I invited Tjuna who was just as excited as I was. Chouchou's stylist came with some clothes for the function. It was a dream come true to have a stylist. We left for lubumbashi in the afternoon. We were taken to fally's room where chouchou spoke to him before I took pictures with him. I needed evidence to show Natasha and people back home. Fally was so cool, he looked just like chouchou but my boyfriend was more cute. I swear they could pass for twins, I got so many pictures with him and I couldn't wait to post them on facebook mwalishibafye fwebena zambia.

The show was amazing, his dancers were out of control even my boyfriend was dancing. After the show we all went to the club to drink till morning.

On our way back home Tjuna invited my boyfriend for a vacation in france the following week. He told her he would get back to her through me. Knowing how busy he was I knew he wasn't going to make it. After chouchou told me he wasn't going to go with us to france I also changed my mind. I didn't want to go without him and Tjuna was going to be with her french boyfriend. After work I explained to Tjuna why I couldn't go with her, "But, mulenga you promised you would go with me". She said. "I know babe but I can't leave chouchou alone". I answered. "Its just for a week please I can't go alone. Okay do this for me as a favour". She begged. "Now I feel bad, let me talk to him tonight I will call you". I told her. I went home and asked the chef not to cook anything, I cooked some food for chouchou to charm him. I told him about the vacation and he was cool with it. I was so happy to go to france, Tjuna did

all my paper work and we were ready to go. I knew I would miss my boyfriend.

The day before we flew to france Tjuna slept in my house. We were taken to the airport at 4 in the morning. France was so far I got sick, I was throwing up and had a panic attack (vabazungu chabe) lol.

When we arrived in paris I was so tired, it was the first day I learnt the word jetlag (don't ask me what it means). We were taken to azure beach resort it was more of an apartment than a hotel. It made me feel at home, the building was surrounded by a beach, beautiful trees and a swimming pool. Azure was the most beautiful resort in the world, it was also like a family home.

In the morning Tjuna and I went to the beach to relax, her boyfriend joined us later in the day.

Our day at beach was so much fun, I was so happy to see paris with my naked eyes. The resort was full of children running around, everything was easy in paris since Tjuna spoke fluent french. We felt at home, the place had a coffee shop and a nice bar. When her boyfriend and his friend came to our room they brought wine. They were so much fun, people in paris never slept at all. We went to ibiza night club my God it was so nice, I had only seen it in movies and heard it songs I was living the dream once again was I not just the luckiest?

Who knew the shy and timid girl from mporokoso was going to set her foot in ibiza? They were celebrities from all over.

The next day, we were all exhausted. Tjuna's boyfriend luiz and his friend Andrew slept in our room. Don't worry nothing happened, maybe just a few kisses. I was committed to chouchou

and I didn't want to mess up anything. Luiz planned a picnic at the Eiffel tower, it was so romantic for them and I wished my boyfriend had come with us. It was so emotional seeing all the couples declaring their love for each other. We took a lot nice pictures and had a nice playing games. Tjuna and i went back to the resort to rest. That evening we went down to have dinner and something strange happened. As we were eating kids were playing around and one girl kicked the ball where we sat, the ball hit me on the leg. The girl came running to get it, "am sorry Aunty it was a mistake". She said in her little tiny voice. "Awwww she's so cute". Said Tjuna. "I know am cute, my daddy always says that". We laughed. She was so beautiful, a white woman came running to our table. "Sorry ladies, did she do anything?". She asked. "No, is she your daughter?". Asked Tjuna. "Yes, she is". The little girl hugged her mother. "She's very beautiful and talkative". Tjuna added. "Yes,

she's miss world". We laughed. "What's her name". Tjuna asked, "Queen KK" the little girl shouted. "Wow Queen KK". I laughed, as I was laughing tears filled my eyes, I felt this wind blow the back of my neck as the hair stood. I felt a strange sensation and I became emotional. "Her name is Kelly Kalerrngarr, she calls her self queen KK" she said. We spoke for a while before they both left.

The next day at the beach, we met the little girl again. She was playing with her friends, Tjuna liked her so much we called her. "What's your name?". I asked. "My name is Kelly Kalengar, I don't like Kalengar so just call me kelly". She told us, "wow that's good". She ran to play in the water with her friends. After a while Tjuna's question changed my life forever. "Mulenga are your Zambian names popular? Do they have them else where?". She questioned. "No, only Zambians have them". I replied. "Good, what's

your daughters name?". She asked. "Kalenga". I answered. "That girls name is Kalenga, do you think?". I looked at Tjuna, "No, no that girl no way. Is her name even Kalenga? I doubt". I knew it was lie. "Yes that's her name its just that they are not pronouncing it properly. I always messed up your name remember?". She was sure, Tjuna and other people always put 'R's" in my name. "There's no way! My daughter could look like that. That girls mum is white you can't see?". I pointed. "Yes, but she's a bit darker to be mixed". said Tjuna. "Yes and too light to be my daughter". I replied. "Mulenga am serious, look at that girl carefully, she has your nose and lips she's just as beautiful as you are just a different skin tone". She explained. "Listen she looks different probably because she grew up in a different country. Look at how Angelina jollie's adopted daughter Zahara looks like now. Its like she's not even from Africa". Tjuna and I argued for a while, I didn't want to put my hopes high.

We called the little girl to ask her a few questions, "hey Queen KK do you stay around here?". Tjuna asked. As she was talking I could see just how much she looked like me, but she was so light. "No, I live in Australia", my eyes popped out. "Nice, you are so pretty. Where's your mother?". Tjuna was asking all the questions. "My mother is playing with her friends somewhere, I don't know". She smiled. "Where's your mother?". She asked Tjuna. "My mother is in USA". Tjuna lied. "Wow, My dad and mum plus me go to america all the time. We have a house there its beautiful". She was so cute. "Spell your name for me you look so smart". Said Tjuna, "it's K E double LL Y". She was jumping up and down, "and the other one?". My hands were sweating, "its K.A.L.E.N.G.A, I don't like it though". She danced around. "When is your birthday?and how old are you turning?". Tjuna knew how to talk to kids, before she could respond her mother came to get her. I sat

on the ground putting the pieces together, that was my child. My eyes were watery, I cried so hard and hated myself. "What if the mother had her from a Zambian father? Am so confused". I wiped my tears, as I stood up icha mumala chasasela my maternal instincts came into play. We decided to stalk little Kelly and her mom, we didn't see any father around. We went back to the resort and Kelly was nowhere to be seen. I sat at balcony looking down trying to make sense of what had happened. Something in me whispered to look down again paying attention, I saw Kelly playing with her mother. My heart was at peace, it was comforting knowing I would see her in the morning again. I looked back again and saw her with a man whose face I couldn't see, when he looked on the left laughing it was peters. "Ahhhhhhhhh hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh". I was screaming, "Mwe lesssaaaaaa!!". Tjuna shook me, "are you okay". I gave her a tight hug. "That's my baby,

that my child Kalenga I just saw peters its her". I cried. "Where? show me". I looked down again trying to show Tjuna and he wasn't there neither was Kalenga nor her Mzungu mother. I was more confused. "Let's go and find them right now". I told her, We ran down stairs and searched everywhere we couldn't find them."Let's do it tomorrow, am sure they will be at beach". She said. How was I even going to sleep when I knew my child was so near after so many years? I was mad at myself because it took Tjuna to make me realise that was my child my Kalenga.

The following morning we rushed to the beach and sat far from everyone so we could see her when she comes. We waited till 2pm, Tjuna suggested we ask the receptionist about them. The front office people were not allowed to give any personal information. We waited for Luiz to come who spoke to the manager and explained

our situation. "Yes, Mr Ryan Peters and his family were here". She said in french. "Were!" I shouted. "Yes they checked out last night". I was dead in that moment, how was I even going to look for them? I had my child right before my eyes and I let her slip away. I was so depressed the entire day. "Mulenga Luiz just confirmed they left for Australia this morning", all hope was lost for me. "I was thinking, maybe we can go to Australia and find them". I was so excited. "I don't even have money". I said. "Will just say its an extended vacation I will take care of it". She said. I hugged Tjuna so tight promising and swearing I was going to do anything for her.

But how was I going to fight for Kalenga when she was legally Peters' child? Who was going to believe me? I was excited to meet my daughter. Our flight to Australia was longer than usual. I hope Peters will give me a change to see be with my child after a long time.

DOABG : 50-51

[01/07, 17:36] Ron: of a Bemba Girl

DIARY OF A BEMBA GIRL part 52-53

As far as Australia was, I couldn't sleep the entire time, my mind was filled with thoughts about kalenga and how I was going to see her after so many years. Tjuna had her arms wrapped around her French boyfriend as they slept. When we landed in Australia I became more nervous than usual. Sydney was a big city, they were so many people moving around. We

checked into a hotel to have some rest as we prepared for the great task ahead. Tjuna and Luiz slept in the room next to mine. My room was beautiful but I couldn't get excited I just wanted to see my daughter. My dreams that night were all about kalenga and I meeting for the first time as mother and daughter.

The next day, we all sat figuring out how we would track down Peters and find kalenga. It was so difficult than I thought, Sydney was so huge for us to find Peters. We spent a week looking for them on the internet. Tjuna and Luiz spent most of their time baeing each other and making love than helping me. I got frustrated each day as nothing concrete came up. It was worse when Luiz left after a week for France. He wasn't going to miss work for a mother who lost her child. Tjuna was getting tired of the situation too. I remember how I spent an entire day in my room crying not knowing if I would see my daughter again. I had lost all hope, I

didn't even know when Tjuna entered my room. She hugged me from behind and comforted me. Tjuna was gifted, she always knew the right things to say, "Don't worry we will find your daughter", she whispered. "No! We wont Tjuna", I cried. "Yes, we are. I will call someone to help us tomorrow". she wiped my tears. Tjuna assured me she would do anything to help me find kalenga. "my life savings won't even be enough to pay someone to help me", I complained. "that's not a problem I will add up some money too". She replied. We emailed a few people to help us and we settled for Richard Grey who was reasonable with his prices. I felt so much better that night all thanks to Tjuna.

In the morning, Mr Grey had an early meeting with us, I gave him all the information I had and it wasn't enough. I had no idea about Peters state or city, Australia was a huge country. I gave him the two pictures I had of Peters

before he left. Mr Grey demanded we pay him half before he began his search. Tjuna trusted him while I had second thoughts, we paid him the money before he left.

We went out later in the day to explore Sydney, it was so beautiful with so many tourists. We ended up meeting some guys who invited us to the club that night. Tjuna and I were too depressed to say no strangers invites. We were so excited to let our hair down and have a good time. The club was so nice and huge Even though I didn't like the songs they were playing. The worst thing was how white people danced off the beat, we partied till 3am when we went back to the boys apartment. Richards phone call woke me up, he left two messages that I didn't see because I was asleep. We told the boys we had to leave and promised to see them the next day, "oh! Tomorrow we are going for college orientation", one of the boys said. Tjuna asked

if they wanted to do further their studies and we were shocked to learn that were 18 and going to college for the first time. We quickly said bye and rushed to our hotel, "I can't believe they are truly 18", I said. "yes, white kids grow up too fast I knew they were young based on their behaviour". Replied Tjuna. "what? Don't tell me, they look too old be 18". We laughed. " I feel like an abuser, i can't believe I slept with an 18 year old". Tjuna was shocked, "what! Are you for real? Like did you sleep with him? Mulenga we met them yesterday". She looked disappointed. "well, we've all had one night stands right? ". She gave me a hug and another to Richard who was waiting for us in the restaurant. Richard had a serious look on his face, my heart was literally dropping. He opened his computer and a few printed papers. "it didn't take a lot of time locating the person you are looking for". He showed us different pictures of Peters and Kalenga. My hands were sweaty, I hugged Grey

and thanked him. "When can we go and see them?" asked Tjuna. "it's up to you, but they are not here". My heart sunk "not here!" Tjuna and i shouted. "yes", he wrote something down. "where are they? I asked. "Adelaide" he replied. He gave us all the information we needed and Peters address. He gave us his friends number in adailade who would help us around. Mr Grey was so kind and a serious business man. Tjuna and I left for adailade the same day, my feet were so cold. Tjuna kept reminding me i was doing everything for my daughter.

When we arrived in Adelaide it took us three more days to finally locate Peters. I remember the first day I saw him and Kalenga. He was taking her to school, I sat in the car crying looking at how happy she seemed. We watched them for a week planning on how to approach him. I thought of getting her and run away, "we will get arrested if you did that, remember that's

not your child legally”, advised Tjuna. She was right there was no way I was going to prove she was my baby. Tjuna suggested we just spoke to him upfront, she wanted to go back home to take care of her business.

On a hot Tuesday afternoon we decided to go to Peters house, I let Tjuna knock since they didn't know each other. When he opened the door he was shocked to see me, his eyes popped out like boiled eggs from City market. “hi sir”, Tjuna greeted. “Can I help you?”, he asked. “Can you help us? You stole my Child and”, Tjuna cut me off. “well, sir we thought we could talk to you if you are not busy”. She said. “well, am busy” He replied. “When can we come and See you? “ asked Tjuna. “well I don't know, leave your number I will call you”. He answered. I couldn't believe Tjuna was trusting Peters after what he had done, “I will call you”. He banged the door in our faces. I was low-key mad at Tjuna for not putting him in his place,

“Mulenga you need to be serious you just can’t start causing a scene, what if we get in trouble with the law?” , “besides he said he will call”. She didn’t even put a full stop to her sentence and Peters called. He told spoke to Tjuna and agreed to meet only with her minus me. I was getting impatient, they spoke for a long time and I could see her throw in a few smiles which made me more upset. When she finished talking on the phone she took a deep breath, “well, he wants to see me tomorrow “. She said, “ no am coming with you”. I told her, “No mulenga let me see him alone if you come with me he will refuse to see us”, she insisted. She assured me it was for the better that she went alone. At least he even agreed to meet us that was the starting point. I couldn’t sleep that night as I kept tossing and turning. I received a call from my boyfriend chouchou who made me feel a whole lot better. He told me to have patience and that everything would be fine. I

loved chouchou so much, he was so understanding and loving. It was so clear we were meant to be together, he whispered sweet things in my ear and I couldn't stop smiling.

In this morning Tjuna went to meet up with Peters, she told me it was a simple meeting that wouldn't exceed 30minutes but she took four (4) hours. I couldn't keep it together, my thoughts were all over the place especially when Tjuna's phone was unreachable. I took a glass of wine to calm my nerve. When I heard someone coming to the door I ran to open before they could knock. It was Tjuna finally! I waited forever. She had no emotions whatsoever when she came back, she went straight to the bathroom where she took quiet sometime. When she came out she was on the phone with her cousin. I was so irritated but I just had to wait, when she finished she asked how I was doing and I told her okay. She asked

me if I really loved chouchou and saw a future together, “you know how much I love my Kinshasa baby, of course I see my future with him. I think he will propose when I go back”. I told her. “why are you asking me about him?”, I queried. “Nothing, I heard you on the phone last night”. She smiled. “Anyway I saw Peters today, he was very nice” i cut her off. “nice? That man is a pretender”. I said. “well, he was nice to me, we spent our time with Kalenga too. He loves that girl with his life and he is willing to do anything to make amends”, she explained. “he asked me to move in with him, i mean you and I we move in with him and get to know his daughter”, I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. “He doesn’t want her to be confused about who she is, he wants us to stay with them as friends. If things work out he will introduce you as her birth mother not just right now”, she told me. “you are kidding right? Am sure you said no to that crazy idea”. I stood up. “I said yes”. She

moved closer, “are you fucking joking right now? I have searched for my child for so many years and you think I can accept what that thief says?”, I became hysterical. Tjuna tried explaining things to me that I didn't understand, “listen Mule, if it was up to me I would have given your daughter back to you. I know how much you love her and am so proud of you don't cry please”, she gave me a hug. “Kalenga is legally his child, you gave him to her. You should be glad he is willing to make things work, what you do now is comply you can't fight with that story of tricking you. No one will believe you”. She said. I had to do what Tjuna said even if I didn't agree with her. Part of me kept saying the most important thing was Kalenga. That evening Tjuna informed Peters about our “agreement” to his proposal. He said he would pick us up the following day after dropping his child at school.

When Peters came the following morning, it

was very awkward for us to even greet each other. His nephew helped us with the bags and drove us to his house. We were welcomed by his sister who Kalenga called her mother. I had so many questions to ask Peters but he didn't give me a chance to talk to him in private. He introduced us to his sister and his nephew. His sisters name was Claire and his nephew was Andrew. They were so nice to us especially his nephew, i didn't like how Claire looked at me, I could smell her evilness but who was I to judge someone. I sat in my room rehashing my first greetings to my child, I was so nervous and Claire didn't make it easy for me when she came to have a talk with me, "This is super awkward for me but I will get straight to the point", she cleared her throat. "we love Kelly so much, she has made my brother a better person and he can give up his life for her. My brother wants you to have a relationship with your daughter but please you don't beak her heart".

She said. " I don't know what to say but I equally love my daughter who was stolen from me. She's the most important thing in my life." I replied. "stolen? Let me not get into your affairs, am asking this from you as a favour don't tell Kelly you are her mother she will be so confused". She Pleaded. For my daughter's sake I agreed with her. I didn't want her to be confused about who she was too, I loved my child. When she came home that afternoon I was so excited to see her, she was a little surprised to see us, Peters told her we were his friends and her aunties. Kalenga was a happy child, she didn't even pay attention to put titles. She was so kind and wanted to show us her room, she introduced us to her Nanny whom she referred to as Nana Gigi I hugged her tight and shed some tears. I couldn't believe I was holding my flesh, my own child wow she was the most beautiful girl i had ever seen, her skin was soft and her hair was curly. Believe me if

Kalenga didn't look like me, i wouldn't have known she was the one. She was completely different, She looked like a biracial child from her skin, hair, just everything. There was no happy person in the entire world than me that day. Our first night went on so well, Peters played with her before she's went to bed. Tjuna and I spoke for few minutes after dinner before we all retired to bed.

Its been a week now since we moved into Peters house, i have been trying to spend as much time with Kalenga as i can. She's still not used to us being around but she's a nice child. Kalenga likes Tjuna more than me it's so clear. Tjuna says it's because she's a kid at heart. She loves to do all the activities that Kalenga likes and she loves children, I get bored easily with children but since it's my daughter I have to be a little more patient and try harder. Honestly I love my daughter to death but life has been

boring. Peters and I have been talking and he says he loves how nice i have been with Kalenga, even though am mad at him i can't show it. I decided to take a walk on a Friday afternoon since Tjuna and nana Gigi had taken Kalenga to the park. I didn't go with them because I was feeling down after my fight with chouchou. Being our first big fight it hurt me so bad I cried, I didn't want anyone to see me crying at home. i was minding my own business as I walked on the side of the road, I ran into Andrew who was driving to our house to check up on his uncle and Kalenga. "hey!" he shouted. "hey", I slowly I answered. He got off from his car to talk to me, "how are you?". The moment he asked how I was doing my eyes became watery, that was the day I learnt the phrase "how are you" so abused in Zambia actually meant something. That day I learnt instead of the usual "am fine", it was okay and acceptable to say ""am not fine" it was okay not be fine.

“you are not okay” he hugged me. (palia pene Napongomoka namu mu sowa kwati nimu kamfwilwa). He took me in his car while holding my hand comforting me. He drove us to a nearby coffee shop and ordered some coffee, we looked at each other and smiled. “it’s okay to cry, let it out” He squeezed my hand. I went to the bathroom where I cried like a baby, I was so hurt. I didn't even know what was hurting me. Was it chouchou or Peters or maybe the guy that broke my virginity even if he just broke half of it? What do I even know about virginities? I was such an emotional fool. When I came out of the bathroom Andrew was worried sick because i took long. “do you feel much better?” he questioned. “yes please take me home”. When we driving home, he kept throwing stares at me. “what?” i asked. “Am worried about you” he replied.” I will be fine I just need a drink”, I told him without even thinking. “ i could get you one”. He offered “thank you I would love that”

He U-turned his car and went to the liquors store. He told me to choose whatever I wanted. Andrew said he was a none drinker, he was a responsible man “churchy” type. He was committed to his girlfriend of 6years. His mother's pride and he sure loved his mother like no other. I told the shop keeper him to give me the strongest thing they had, “is one enough” asked Andrew. He had no idea about alcohol, “put 3” i said. The moment we got into his car I opened the bottle and Drank from there, Andrew smiled and put some music. “ I hope you can finish these before we get home”. He said. “ I can always leave one for tomorrow”, I answered. “No, it wouldn't look good on your part. Besides you wouldn't want Kalenga to see you drinking”. Honestly I didn't know what was wrong with my child seeing me drink. Our parents drank their Kachasu in our presence all the time, those Muzungu's were too uptight. I had no choice but to agree with him I drank so rapidly such that I

choked. "let's do this, you can finish your drink in my house then I will take you home later" That was the mistake that Andrew made in his entire life. I wanted to drink so bad I agreed to go to his house. Andrew owned his own house, his girlfriend was a regular there but she didn't go un announced. Andrews house was so cosy, I loved the simplicity and how clean it was. (not bankungulume ba mu Zambia abanunka insapato). I quickly got comfortable and got down to business while Andrew sipped his water. He played some chilled music and watched me drink. " so are you a regular drinker". I shook my head in disagreement. Andrew kept asking me questions I didn't want to hear, "where's your bathroom". I ran to pee. When I came back I was just in my undies, " sorry for this, I hope you don't mind me being like this. When am drinking I pee a lot I don't want to keep removing my pants", I told him. He shrugged his shoulders and went to get more

water from the kitchen. When Andrew came back my demons were slowly manifesting in me, “so tell me about your yourself Mulegar”, he said. “uhmm believe me you don’t wanna know”, I smiled. “you have a beautiful smile and I like your teeth”. Andrew was boring who likes people’s teeth of all things. “just my teeth?” I bent my neck kwati nisolola waku Addis Ababa. “Well, you do have nice straight teeth, and you are a beautiful girl”. Now he was sounding better. “thank you”. We both kept quite. “What do you do for living? You seem like a high maintenance”. He said. I didn’t know if it was a complement or he was being sarcastic. “I do whatever brings me money”. He saw I wasn't too pleased, “you seem like a positive person I love that”, what a boring conversation it was. “why don’t you take alcohol?” I asked. “No reason just something i don't find pleasure in”. He explained. I spent 30 minutes forcing him to drink with me, “please Andy just a glass”. I

pleaded. I wish Andrew had not Accepted that glass and stood his ground. Andy began to from one glass to another he didn't even drink much but was a mess in no time. He started behaving funny and His face became red, it was the most scary thing I had seen. I gave him some water and he threw up. I let him rest for a while before I helped him take a shower I was so drunk as well but better than Andy. We managed to get him in the Shower I open the water and decided to leave. He pulled my hand stopping me from leaving . Andrew didn't know my demons were not something to play with. I stood there took my clothes off and showered with him. He couldn't keep his eyes off my body, he was like a wet chicken looking for its mother. You know mummy Mule is too kind. I kissed for a while before he pulled out, we looked at each other and kissed again. We had sex in the hot bath tub it was so sweet. I was already horny and angry with myself and the stress was

relieved. We both lay in bed naked not knowing what to do with each others fine bodies, there was something about Andy. When we were laying in bed whenever his body came close to mine he had an erection. I don't know how many times we had sex that night, he wasn't too good but i had a great time. I called Tjuna to tell her I wasn't going home, I gave her a little gist on where I was and what I was doing. I begged her not tell anyone who I was with, she didn't say anything apart from "will talk tomorrow". She sounded too serious.

In the morning I woke up to some nice breakfast in bed, i. Felt so shy which never happened to me. I didn't know how to talk to him after what has happened. It was like sleeping my with son after all he was Kalenga's brother. "am sorry about last night, I shouldn't have forced you to drink". I said. " it's okay I knew it was going to happen". He answered.

“what do you mean?” I was surprised. “which guy would shower with a beautiful girl like you and not do anything”. He smiled. “Andy andy “ i flirted with him. “ Andy? I like it”. We laughed. “you seem like a nice person, you are so beautiful mulenga now I understand why Kalenga is cute”. He complimented. “thank you so much, you are just as handsome”. I lied. Not that he wasn't handsome but I didn't mean it, what am I saying Andrew was handsome. “your skin is soft you smell so good ”. He fell in love too quick he couldn't stop talking about my body and how beautiful I was I mean it was a well known fact. Everybody said I was beautiful but me, I didn't see myself the way people saw me. Andrew and I talked about different things I told him about chouchou and his face dropped, “ he is so lucky to have you, what's there not love about you?”. He said. “ am a bad girl”. I smiled. “ if he messes up am here”. Said Andrew. “don't you have a girlfriend?”, i asked.

“ I do but she's just as boring as I am”. He stood up. “ the first time I saw you I was shocked to see how beautiful you are it made wonder how my Uncle managed to have a girl like you”. He said. “have me? I’m what way? “. Andy was just as confused as I was. “ were you not his girlfriend?” he asked. “no, not even for a night”. I refused. “oh! But you guys have a kid together”. I was shocked to learn that Peters told his family I was his girlfriend. I tried to get some information from him but he didn’t come through. I knew I had to stick to Andrew to get some information, there was more to what Peters had told his family. Andrew called a taxi for me and told me he would call me later, we both agreed to keep what had happened a secret. When I went home I found Peters and nana Gigi playing with Kalenga out side. I said hi to Kalenga who couldn’t stop with her questions I lied I went to the hotel to pick some things I left and slept there. Peters was just

looking as I spoke to my baby. I quickly ran inside the house and gave Tjuna a hug, she was so cold towards me. I told her i had some news to tell her and she ignored me, I tried everything I could with Tjuna who preferred talking to Peters and Nana Gigi than me. I slept through out the day while they all went to have lunch. Claire passed through the house with her boyfriend and wondered why I was sleeping during the day. Which was not her business if you asked me. She didn't even live there but was acting bitchy about it.

In the evenings Tjuna asked me to go for a walk with her. she was still quiet as we walked. "are you okay?" I asked. "No". She was still quiet. We went to park and sat down. "am so disappointed in you to be honest, am here for you so that maybe you would get your daughter and you are disappointing me. How can you leave a home where you daughter is and sleep

out worse sleep with your daughter's cousin". She said. "you just don't know the stress I have been going through Tjuna". I replied. "stress you say? And me? You think am happy to be here? I flew you from different countries so you that can find your daughter because I love you . We found her, instead of trying harder to win her love you are having sex with Andrew. I left my businesses running home I don't even know how they are doing. Am going out of my way to make Peters see the mulenga i know. Wow just wow". She shouted. I felt so bad that tears were just flowing. "your daughter is so beautiful and happy. She's so intelligent there's so much you don't know about her, do you know what she likes? Her favourite colour? Why not braid her hair or play with her? Mulenga you are not trying at all am seriously tired to top it all you are having freaking sex Gosh am disgusted". Tjuna finished me. "disgusted wow so judgemental right? I didn't expect this from you. Fine you

flew me here i will give you back your money I promise, it's not like you have never had a one night stand in your life and you are judging me do I disgust you that much fine". I stood up and left. Tjuna ran after me and grabbed arm almost twisting it, she was angry i could tell through her tears. "what's wrong with you? The problem is you don't get the point, you always spoke of how much you loved and longed to see your daughter. Everything you said doesn't show since you got home to your child. Mulenga I can never judge you, if I was a bad person I wouldn't be here. Am sorry I called you disgusting I just felt like you betrayed everyone including your daughter and chouchou. It's sucks that I love you so much am sorry". She cried. I didn't know if I was supposed to hug her or continue going. We hugged each other and cried. I apologised to Tjuna and she told me was leaving the following day. "Please Tjuna don't go am begging you please i promise I will play with

Kalenga I will braid her hair i will do what you want me to I will never have sex in my life". I pleaded. "it's not you, I can't stay here for a long time I need to go and check my business back home. We are both here i can't trust anyone else". She said. I was so sad Tjuna was leaving but what was I going to do alone. She told me I could ask for help whenever I wanted, she assured me she was going to be there whenever I wanted. There was an uncertainty in her voice and I could feel it, there was nothing that I could do she had her own life too. Our walk back home was so sad I couldn't believe how much i loved Tjuna and how helpful she had been.

In the morning, Tjuna left for Sydney where she took a flight back home. Kalenga couldn't stop asking about her, it was heart breaking to see Tjuna leave at such a time when we fought. I had to sober up and be a man about it. Andrew

helped me apply for a residence in Australia which gave me more days to stay. It was very expensive but that was the only option. Andrew and I continued to have sex whenever we could, it was difficult to abstain especially after the stress i had experienced. People didn't understand the art of sex, there was nothing better and sweeter than having good sex. I turned Andrew into a bad boy. He always said sex with me was the best.

A month after Tjuna left she never communicated I could see her online on whatsapp but she never wrote to me not even to ask about Kalenga. I don't know why she was still mad at me. Even when she called me on a Monday morning I was shocked. She told me she had been busy with work. " i found everything here messed up sorry I have been offline". She lied. " it's okay we miss you so much here especially Kalenga". I told her, "yes

her father told me". She replied. "her father? Did you talk to him?" I asked. "yes he calls me all the time. Actually he's so proud of you. He told me how nice you are to everyone". As if Tjuna talking to Peters wasn't shocking she said something that caught my attention, " in fact this will even prove your mother wrong". I never told Tjuna any thing about my mother what was she talking about? When I asked she meant she said it was nothing. " by the way my friend told me chouchou has been a bad boy". I didn't even want to hear about chouchou 's affairs, our relationship had become a little estranged since I had been in Australia. Of course it hurt a little no am lying it hurt so much. I was in love with chouchou and I knew he was my soul mate. When I got off the phone with Tjuna I went to check on every one only to find they had gone out. They left a note saying they rushed to the grocery store. I went to Peters sturdy to check the paintings had he done. They were so many

nice and beautiful. Kalenga's picture stood out, she looked so much like me when I was younger. Looking at that painting made me shed tears, Kalenga was a replica of me. That moment made me wonder if I was truly ready to be a mother and love her the way Peters and his family did. Kalenga truly deserved a good home that was safe and stable. I wondered where I would take her if Peters gave her to me. Was i going to take her to Congo, Lusaka or Mporokoso? I didn't even have a stable home. But maybe chouchou would be a father to her. I just wanted to do the right thing for Kalenga. I got lost in the beautiful paintings that Peters had made, I found some old pics of him and his family. My daughters baby pics were there too I was so emotional watching all her pictures, she was so happy in all of them my daughter was so beautiful and happy. I was shocked to see my mum and Peters in a picture together smiling like first time prostitutes. Peters and

mum were not friends I didn't even they had met before, I put the pictures back and I saw a painting hidden in the box i removed it and saw my self naked on the painting. I freaked out, when and how did Peters paint me naked on the bed? My eyes were closed it's like I was sleeping My hands were shaking out of fear, I had to tell Andrew. I quickly placed back the painting and they were two more paintings, Peters freaked me out. I removed things from the box and took out all the paintings. It was a portrait of me, as pretty as I looked and as nice as the painting was the second one had my heart beat faster than a politician on the race to plot one. It was my mother laying naked on the sofa smiling. She was so happy in the painting I could tell from her eyes i knew my mother so well , but how did she allow Peters to paint her naked? All that made me recall what Tjuna had said about proving my mother wrong. What was going on? Why was Tjuna calling Peters when

she left and not me? Did Peters say anything against me to Tjuna? Was I just being paranoid? And chouchou cheating on me, was I being fair with the fact that I had Andrew? Maybe chouchou and I weren't meant to be after all. But my mother naked on Peters paintings when she had sex with Father half dressed. Wow!!!

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DOABG: 52-53

[01/07, 17:37] Ron: DIARY OF A BEMBA GIRL
part 54-55

I quickly placed back the paintings before Peters could find me. I rushed to my room to

digest everything that I had seen. I needed someone to talk to, I was going crazy with all the questions in my head. "Tjuna!" My inner person suggested. I dialled her number before I realised talking to her was a bad idea. Have you ever called someone hoping they don't answer? Well, that was me that day. I kept telling Tjuna not pick up even if she didn't hear me. "phew!", and she didn't pick up. I sat on the bed with my legs shaking. I called Andy who was the closest thing to me, just when he picked up Peters walked in, "mulenga come and see what we bought". He called out. "am coming". I Replied. I went to the kitchen to see the things they had bought, Peters kept forcing a conversation with me which was pretty clear I wasn't interested in. I helped nana Gigi with a few chores before I went back to my room. I spoke to Andy for a few minutes to avoid any suspicion. Andrew promised he would pick me up the following morning after his morning workout. I slept with

one eye closed that night. I was so scared Peters might come in, paranoia was killing me.

In the morning Kalenga threw a tantrum and didn't want to go to school, I begged her for over 30minute before she could agree. She asked me to call her mum Claire or Andrew since her dad wasn't being nice. I was a bit hurt she couldn't turn to me but it was the perfect opportunity for me to talk to Andrew without Peters suspecting anything. Andrew came at a speed of lightening, he spoke to Kalenga who finally agreed to go to school as long as Andrew drops her. "I want to get something at the grocery store may I ride with you?" i asked. " the grocery store is the other way I can take you". Said Peters. "actually they don't have the things I want, that's why I want to check the one near the school or the beauty shop at the mall". I lied, " but Andrew is busy how will you come back? I will take you", he insisted. "No uncle it's okay I will take her it's not a problem". Thank God

Andy helped me out I didn't know how i was going to escape that one. Andrew, Kalenga and I drove to her school. He kept staring at me as we drove, that car ride felt so real. The vibe I was getting was so good, we dropped her off and went to his house. "sorry I smell so bad I just finished my work out". He told me. He opened the door and let me in, "hug me please". I told him. He gently wrapped his hands around my body. "sorry I smell awful", he whispered. I loved his sweaty body it sent me places i had never been. We had a quick around in his living room before we had more love making in the shower. Andy was like sugarcane from Mazabuka he got sweeter and juicier by the day. For a moment I forgot about my issues with Peters. We cuddled in bed like two teenagers talking about the most random things. Chouchou ruined the moment when he called to tell me he was getting tired of the relationship and questioning why I stayed longer than

initially planned. He didn't understand i couldn't just leave without knowing if I would see my daughter again or not. I loved him so much but my daughter came first. I wasn't going to stress about chouchou when i had enough already. As Andy was rubbing my ass and gushing about my body I asked him what kind of a man Peters was. "honestly he is a good person", he replied. Of course he was, that was his uncle. "I don't think so". I told him, "Why?" he asked. I was scared to tell him anything knowing that was his uncle, " I don't know if I can fully trust you". I said. " come on mulenga, I have laid my life in the open for you. I have betrayed my family and girlfriend of so many years. I feel had now because you have made me question if I truly love her or not. You are always in my mind and it drives me crazy knowing I can't have you because you belong to another man and am foolish enough to fall in love with you". He poured his heart out. Believe me knowing Andy I

wouldn't have guessed he would love a girl like me. Normally I would be blushing if a guy said that to me but Andy was different. We had an argument over his feelings for me, I knew me and him would never work even if I wanted to. It was crazy how he thought I could trust him because we were having sex, Andy had no idea sex to me was just like a hobby. "am sorry am just ahead of myself". He apologized. I sat on the edge of the bed not knowing the right thing to say. He pulled me closer to him and said, "you can trust me. I won't let you down I promise". He sounded sincere. I told him my story (not everything though). I explained how I met Peters and everything that happened for him to get the child. "he stole my Child". I explained. Andy was shocked, " I can't believe this wow" he repeated. " Yesterday i found some hidden paintings of me and my mother naked. How and when he painted me I have no idea". Andy was still in shock. " I swear Peters

told me you were his girlfriend, he had a child with you but you weren't ready to keep her and be a mother". He said. " i was married at the time and went through a nasty divorce with my husband. I was so depressed and Peters was there for me, he was my saving grace. He never for once told me he had feelings for me nor loved me. He was always sweet like a father". I told him. " who is the father of your daughter?" He asked. "my ex husband, who divorced me without proper reasons". I told him. He stood up and looked outside the Window for a long time. "this is crazy i don't know". he said. "it sounds crazy but believe me it's true". I could see his state of confusion. "Peters spoke to your mum all the time, when he asked about you she told him you were out with a man which made him so sad you didn't care about your child". He said. "my mum? Wow are you serious?". I asked. "yes, she told Peters everything that you did. I don't want to say things I don't know but yes Peters

is very close to her and sends money over there". To say I was shocked would be an understatement, "mum? My mother doesn't even know how to operate a phone". I told him. "seems like you don't know your mother well enough how do explain the paintings". He replied. " I don't know what to say now am so confused". I buried my head in my palms. " maybe Peters was having an affair with your mum". He said. "No! Not my mother Andy". I kept standing up for her. " but then how did Peters paint you naked if you didn't have anything with him?" he questioned. " i swear that's what freaking me out because I don't remember anything at all". I shook my head. Andy suggested we investigate everything in private and not alarm the situation. Andy was so caring it was a pity he fell in love with the wrong person. He was too good for me, no I didn't deserve a guy like him . And my heart was locked on chouchou he was my soul mate.

Andy dropped me a few streets away from home so that Peters could not see us. When I got home I went to the kitchen to make some grape juice and I found Peters doing the same. "Seems like you lost your way home". He was being sarcastic. I ignored whatever he said to me and left the kitchen. He followed me to my room and apologized. "I went for a walk after getting the stuff I wanted. Am going crazy here it's too much". I told him. "what's going on are you okay?" he questioned. "I miss home I miss the people at home, this place is not for me". I complained. "your family is here, you have your daughter and me". He said. "yes but I don't do anything here and I miss my mother too". I told him. "she doesn't even miss you". He whispered. When I asked what he meant he said nothing. From that statement I knew Andy was right my mom and Peters spoke to each other, I just had to find a way to get some information from him.

After two weeks chouchou wrote an email to me stating why he was breaking up with me. I was so heartbroken, chouchou was everything to me and more. I loved that man like no other, who even breaks up on an email that coward. He stylishly numbered the reasons why he loved me but couldn't be with me. I called him countless times till he blocked my number. I spoke to Tjuna about him who told me she saw it coming considering how he was with different women every other weekend. Tjuna told me to look at the bright side and go with Peters who made it clear he loved me. I told Tjuna what I had found and everything that Andrew told me. She couldn't believe it saying Andrew was probably jealous of Peters. "you have no future with Andy he loves his girlfriend. Give Peters a chance". She insisted. I knew Tjuna would side with Peters maybe I should have told her about the naked painting of my mother too. Tjuna's main interest was my daughter and giving her a

family she deserved. I decided to give Andrew and I a break to concentrate on Kalenga and mending my heart forgetting chouchou. Andrew was getting a little too much, he texted me all the time asking me to see him. He said he was going crazy thinking about me. I knew it was my fault for sleeping with him but I gave him a chance to save his relationship.

I took Kalenga for a play date at the park with her friends. I couldn't understand white people and play dates. You just can't go to your friends house without an appointment. (noti abana bamu Zambia everyday kupula ubwali pa neighbour). She was really happy and we bonded. Kalenga brought so much joy in my life and I learnt she was the missing piece in my puzzle. She taught me I didn't need a man to feel complete. When we got home her nana took her to the bathroom. I went to the living room to cool off, I heard Peters speaking

bemba and I knew it was a call from home. I tiptoed to his study to listen to what he was saying. He was talking to my mother he called her name so many times. He was smiling all through and holding pictures. He told mum I was doing good and staying home, I could tell mum wasn't buying it and he kept convincing her. Peters told mum he loved me and was willing to do anything. A baby smile came to my face till he told her he missed her too. I ran to my room and locked myself, I wanted to see what Pictures Peters was holding. My opportunity came right on time when he said he was taking us to a family dinner. I lied to him i was sick and he believed me, Kalenga was sad about me staying home but she understood. The moment they left the house I ran to the street to make sure the car was gone, I ran back inside and got the box of all his confidential pictures. I went through them and it was me and mum. My mother was naked again. it made

me wonder why she would even do that and let someone photograph her. My mum was such a little bitch, it was clear she had been sleeping with Peters how else would he take pictures and paint her naked? I really didn't know who my mother was. Even the panties she wore were fancy and sexy she never looked sexy for my father. She never wore lace panties for my her own husband her favourite panties in the village were the Kappa's from chisokone that she bought from bana chiti which were green and white in colour. Who was Nosiku really? My mother shocked me, her poses were so sexy that woman was a whore. I was so mad at her am glad she didn't pick up her phone that night. Out of nowhere Andy walked in and hugged me from behind, he planted a kiss on my forehead. "stop" I pushed him. " I was so desperate to see you i organised a family dinner and left". He said. "what? Where did you leave everyone?" I asked. "at the restaurant I wanted to see you so

bad". He hugged me. "what do you really want from me Andy?" I asked. " I want you mulenga, I want you, your body, your positive vibes I need you". He said. "my life is complicated Andy let me not destroy what you have built with your woman for so many years". I pleaded. Andy didn't even listen to what I said he straight on went to suck my nipples until they became hard. I leaned against the bed as he hit from behind." Gosh" it was so sweet. We had a nice time and quickly dressed up. I showed him the pictures i found and he was equally shocked. "you and your mother are full of mysteries, it feels like a movie". And he was right. "keep them safe I will come and get them tomorrow" he told me. Andy suggested we kept them at his house which was safer. "why would your mum do this? Maybe she's Peters girlfriend". He said. "No! She's married". I could call my mum out but if someone else did i got offended. When Andrew left I took a quick shower and slept. I didn't

even hear what time they came back home.

The next morning, Peters asked nana Gigi to take Kalenga to school and take time off. Little did I know it was going to be the worst day. When everyone was gone I became uncomfortable knowing it was just me and him. When said he wanted to talk to me I called Andy and told him to record everything. He looked so serious, “ why did you get my box?”, he asked. “box? Which box? I was playing dumb. “my confidential box, you know the box am talking about”. He raised his voice. “oho! The box which has paintings and pictures of me and my mother naked”. I answered. “ I didn’t even want you to see that but you are too inquisitive”. He said. “inquisitive? Am scared for my life right now, why would a man capture two women naked without their consent?” i asked. “No, those were taken with consent your mother knew about them she told me to take them”. He

defended himself. "and mine? When did I ever tell you to paint me naked?" I questioned. "you told me, remember the time you spent drinking and taking hard stuff while I took care of your daughter? You practically begged me to paint you naked". He was lying to me. " you are so disgusting after taking my child from me you now take advantage of my mother and i". I was upset. " I have never taken advantage of you, mulenga you are not an angel, when were you going to tell me you have been having sex with Andrew? Even in our house and I have evidence enough evidence". My mouth opened wider than Kariba dam. I looked on the phone and Andrew was gone. "yes, i know what you have been doing with my nephew but I kept quiet". He said. "am a single lady, I can do whatever I want". I told him. "yes, but you can't see the impact it will leave on our family, my sister will go crazy, Andrew's girlfriend will be devastated and Kalenga will be confused". He said. I didn't

know what to say to Peters I wasn't ashamed of what had happened. " I was hoping you and I could be a family and give Kalenga what she deserves but you are not on the same page as me. Just leave mulenga". He looked upset. "leave without my daughter? I can't even do that". I refused. " I will file a complaint against you and you will be deported". I knelt down begging him to reconsider, I wasn't going to leave my child again with him. I didn't trust Peters around my child even if he was a good father. "I will do whatever you want please let me be with my child". I pleaded. Peters was very manipulative, he changed the subject from him and my mother to my affair with his nephew and using my daughter to blackmail me. I knew I wasn't going to give up my daughter for anything in the world. Peters confessed how much he loved me since he saw me, he promised he would never hurt me and would allow me to take Kalenga for holidays in

Zambian. He promised me so many things, I had to agree with whatever he said just to get Kalenga from him some day. We picked Kalenga from school as a couple that day, "God I was embarrassed he was too old". He seemed so happy knowing he had a girlfriend in me, I signed the pick up form for Kalenga and Peters told her teacher I could be added to the list of relatives. "you are so pretty". Said the teacher. I couldn't help but smile, "thank you so much, so are you". I told her. "am obsessed with Kalenga she's such a doll, you two have a striking resemblance". Ms marrieAnn was so talkative. "really everybody says that". I smiled. I could see Peters getting annoyed with the conversation. "Yes honey look at you, your face is so pretty like a chocolate muffin I could eat you". I gave her a hug. Peters interrupted us, "we really have to go". He picked up Kalenga and took her to the car, I said bye to Ms marrieAnn and left. "your teacher is so cute". I

told Kalenga. "Yes, you like her?". She asked. "I do love her she's so nice". Peters shook his head. Our day went pretty well and I must admit it was nice and fulfilling making Kalenga happy. Andrew and I spoke for a few minutes and I told him what happened. He was so upset I accepted Peters offer. He asked me to meet him the following day at his house and i refused. He promised me he was going to come home and cause a scene if I didn't go to see him. I told him I would find a way to see him and he was calm.

The next day Peters was sweet as always. He treated me like a Queen, I wanted to be in the moment or at least pretend to be but Andy was worrying me. Peters was busy with his work during the day and he asked me to pick Kalenga. "Please come with me". I asked. "No I need to finish up the work. Besides I don't want to listen to Ms marrieAnn talking about eating you". I

was glad he refused. Asking him to come with me was just for control I didn't mean it. "you can go with nana G". Damn! Peters was an idiot. " I promised Kalenga I would get her some ice cream today please give me some money". I lied. He gave us money for ice cream before we left. I texted Andy telling him who I was with and he didn't care. He told me to leave nana waiting for Kalenga at school so we could talk. I lied to nana G I was going to send some emails at the cafe, i gave her the money to get ice cream and begged her to wait for me at the ice cream shop. Andrew picked me up and took me to a hotel, "Peters might have someone watching my house this place is safer". He said. We went to the room and he gave me some juice. "Am so disappointed in you, I thought you had an independent mind.". He said. "what can I do? My hands are tied". I answered. "just say no to whatever he says". Andrew said. "it's not as easy as you think". I replied. "what? You love

him?”. “No!”. “ Then what? I don’t get you”. He said. “he threatened to have me deported that means I won’t see my child again”. I told him. “you see, he is so manipulative he can’t do that please Mulenga don’t accept to be his girl”. He pleaded. “you think it’s easy to lose a child”. I was getting emotional. “Mulenga do you trust me?”, “yes”, “ do you feel anything for me?”. “yeeeessss”. I whispered. “hold my hand and don’t Let go I will help you fight my Uncle. You don't have to worry about Kalenga”. He assured me. “what will you tell your mother and girlfriend?” I asked. “don’t worry I have chosen you and to me you are my number one”. He melted my heart. I could feel the truthiness in what he was saying. Andy was slowly wining me, that day was the beginning of our love story. We lost track of time in our world, that day we had the best love making moment in our young love and I let him nut in me because it was so sweet. We quickly got back to reality and

agreed to find more evidence against Peters. I promised Andy I was going to hold his hand forever. Nana G was upset with me, she was forced to watch a movie with Kalenga because I took long. I apologized and she shocked me when she asked me about Andy, "you need to be careful especially around Kalenga". Nana G made me feel like I could trust her too. I was so happy knowing she had my back.

In the evenings Peters was behaving funny he wanted to be romantic with me. I was so guilty knowing what I had with Andy. His kissing was awful, let me not even talk about his sex it was the worst and so painful. He depended on viagra and lubricant. I was kind of forced to have sex with him because of the situation with my daughter and something was telling me he knew I had seen Andrew that day. He just lay straight with his viagra erected penis and I sat on it. I swear I felt so dirty after the act, everything was so weird with no life at all. I was

mad at myself but Peters was happy, thank God for making him go crazy he confessed a lot of things to me that changed my life forever. "you have always been beautiful since you were a kid mulenga". I looked at him. "am serious, I always told your mother you were better at everything". I forced a smile. "No mum is better than me, she's my mother". I told him. "No darling look at you, your mother can't even rate with you". He answered. "really? I thought you liked her more than me". I flirted with him. "that was before I saw a full grown Mulenga, your mother has become old now. Even her skills in bed can't match up to you". He laughed. "but she taught me everything how can she not be good?". I asked. "it's you I like now" he kissed my hand. I wanted him to say a lot but he didn't, from what I was able to pick that day Peters had known mom longer than I thought. More questions were burning in my head, how and when did mum meet him? Was it before she got married?

Was it when dad ran away? I was so confused I had to get to the bottom of it. Peters didn't tell me all that I wanted that night but I was more determined even if it meant sitting on his wrinkled "viagriated" Penis. When he fell asleep I sneaked to the bathroom to take a bath in a tub full of disinfectants. I went to my daughter's room and watched her sleeping so peacefully. She was so beautiful, I wanted to be a better person for that little Angel.

In the morning I asked nana G to let me wash Kalenga. She was so excited since I let her play in the bathe. Nana G and I dropped her off at school and I met up with Andy for a few minutes. I told him what had Peters said to me, "did you record him?". He questioned. "No I did not honey". He looked upset, "I told you for us to have a case against him we need to have enough evidence". He shouted. I didn't know why he was so upset over a recording. "am sorry I didn't think about it". I said. Andrew was

behaving funny, he didn't even kiss me when I was leaving even if nana G was there she knew what was happening. He insisted I recorded everything he said and he would also investigate. When we drove back home I kept thinking about Andrew, i was so scared to lose him. I prayed he wasn't losing interest so soon. I texted him to apologise and he called me, " am not even upset about that". He said. "What's wrong then?". I asked. "I feel like am going crazy, this is too much". My heart was literally coming out of my chest. " tired? Of me?". My voice was shaking. "when you said you and him were drinking last night did you sleep with him". He asked. "No I have told you I don't see him like that". I lied, I had no other choice. If I told him the truth he wasn't going to trust me. "okay good, please don't sleep with him" I could hear a sound of relief. " i was going crazy thinking he's been touching you, I don't want you to sleep with other people". He said. "and your

girlfriend?”. I smiled. “ we don’t sleep together anymore I respect you” Andrew was getting serious with everything, he thought we would end up like Slap D, Mutinta and Nandi. “Well, I didn’t ask you to stop sleeping with her”. Nana G was smiling through it all, “ i wanted to” he was so sweet. When we finished talking on the phone nana G asked me if I loved him, “No!” I laughed. Nana was so cool she said I reminded her of her younger version. She was quite a hottie you could tell. I loved having mature conversations with her. When Kalenga came back home that day she shocked us all, “Daddy my friends at school are saying I look like aunty Mulenga”. Peters almost choked. “ I don’t think so, your friends are kids who can’t even see properly”. She wasn’t convinced. “even my teacher Ms marrieAnn said the same thing. When I told mummy (Claire) last night she said I looked like her”. I didn’t even know Claire phoned Kalenga. That was the moment I

thought Peters would come clean to my child but he didn't. Th the time wasn't right but I was willing to wait. "you are so beautiful everyone who comes close to you begins to look just like you even i look like you too". Nana G helped all of us out of that awkward situation.

I waited three months to get Peters to tell me the truth, he asked me so many times if i was ready for the truth. The truth is I wasn't but I needed to hear it. Peters proposed to me and I said yes, that's because it took that commitment to having him trust me. Andrew was upset about it but I assured him i would break it off. Peters has treated me like a Queen all these months, he got me a black card and I shop wherever and whenever I want.

We chose a private beach house to have a conversation and have him tell me everything that I wanted to know. I was so scared of the

truth but it was all i wanted. I set up a recorder in my hand bag when we got the beach house. Peters started with praising me and asking for forgiveness. He told me no matter what happened he loved me so much. I was a bit calm after a glass of wine, "where do we start"? He rubbed his hands. "anywhere". He suggested I asked him questions instead. "how did you meet my mother?". I met your mother in Kasama when she came to sell some clothes at our farm". He replied. "kasama? You are lying". It sounded like a well researched story. "you were just too young to remember everything, your mother was a very pretty lady. She was my friends girlfriend Lukas". The name sounded familiar, " I remember uncle Lukas he was the Muzungu (white) man from the farm who bought my parents a farm and a house in the village he was so kind". Peters smiled. "if you were friends with him how come I don't remember you". I questioned. " it's been too

long mulenga and I wasn't handsome then". He joked. " I know Lukas had many other white friends I just don't recall all of them. Anyway what happened then?". I wish I never asked that question, as I write today I still wish Peters had kept quiet. "Your mother was having an affair with Lukas, they loved each other even though she was married.". That woman cheated on my father. "they were having marital disputes she always confided in me because I was a better listener than Lukas.". He said. " I remember your mum coming with you to our farm saying you were in danger". "what? Danger from what?". I asked. "she told me your grandmother from your dad wanted to sacrifice you or something like that. I don't believe in witchcraft so I didn't believe her. She said her in-laws wanted to harm you especially that period when you started your first menstrual cycle. As a friend I agreed to help her, you stayed with us for a few days while your mother went away

with Lukas”. He explained. “ I think i remember mum saying she was going to buy me clothes for Mwalanjo (the initiation ceremony) when I started my first period”. My mother told me everything was part of the ceremony little did I know she was protecting me from my evil grandmother. We all know my grandmother and her evil practices. “When your mother and Lukas came back you were excited to see what your mother had brought. You were a happy child full of life”. He rubbed his eyes. “that night you insisted you wanted to sleep with your mother who was with Lukas, you didn't want to play with the other kids”. He said. “yes I remember, whose kids were those? Yours?”. I asked. “No they belonged to our Mexican colleague Salvador”. He replied. “As we were sleeping that night I heard screams coming from Lukas’ apartment. It was a child screaming and crying, Lukas took advantage of you. You were so terrified and crying after being

abused, Lukas and I got into a big fight because of that. I didn't understand why a man with a grown woman would sleep with a child". Peters opened a very nasty wound in my life, tears were coming out of my eyes. "mum told me it was all part of the ceremony that even she went through it". I cried. "yes i remember, I rushed you to the hospital because you were bleeding". That moment was so painful but i did remember being taken to the hospital by a huge white man. Mum told me not to tell anyone what had happened because it was sacred. Mom convinced me it was okay to go through everything that happened to me. " one of the workers at the farm told your father what had happened and he was furious. The pastor stopped him from killing Lukas, your family decided everything be kept in secrete to avoid the disgrace. I suggested therapy to your mother who refused saying you would be fine. Lukas bought some land and gave your parents

some money". My parents are the worst people on earth I swear. "it's ignorance, they thought money would cover up the ugly act". I was broken. "No there's no excuse for that. I would kill if somebody did that to my child but my parents". Peters Hugged me. He suggested we left the rest of the story for another day but i heard the worst already might as well get done with it. "your mother continued her relationship with Lukas even though he treated her like crap". " she deserves it". I said. " she was enjoying the money he gave her. Everything was okay till they found out you were pregnant". I ran away from Peters. "you are lying". I cried. "No am not". He held my hand. "just stop please stop". I ran in the water. I was so confused my mother would hide such a thing. My mother was a good pretender, I had no idea who my mother really was. I sat on the beach for a long time not knowing if I should let Peters continue or not. "what happened after that?". I questioned. " am

not sure because I left with Lukas who was deported. You can ask your mother because she never told me anything about your pregnancy ". I was probably 10 or 11 and pregnant what happened to that pregnancy I don't know. I started my period earlier than my friends, i grew up faster than them too. Peters told me he kept in contact with my mother as they were good friends. When she went to Lusaka after she and my dad separated they began to have sex. When he saw me he couldn't believe I was the same girl from the village. He told my mother he liked me and mum told my ex husband about Peters' house in Livingstone. "how did my husband even accept that?". Peters laughed. "The mystery between you and your mother is something I have failed to solve after so many years of knowing both of you. I always ask myself what it is with the two of you. What do you possess". I equally wanted to know the deal with my mother. "your husband

followed your mum's orders since she told him to marry you". Peters was a good liar, "no mum didn't even know Jack I introduced her to him. You are joking". Peters showed me the pics of my mother and Jack that were taken before I met him. I was shocked my mother planned my marriage, how? "have you ever wondered why Jack would divorce you without reasons? Or why his parents never came to see your daughter? Even jack doesn't care. Your mum planned it". Peters explained. My mother was so evil She was such a lunatic, who the hell was my mother? What was her intention? To hurt me? She never hurt me. My mother loved me so much but why would she hide things from me? No she didn't love me she was a selfish bitch who cared about her own desires. To think I thought my father was worse, I had so much to ask her. I didn't even want to continue the conversation with Peters.

DOABG 54-55

[01/07, 17:39] Ron: DOABG (56-60) FINALE

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Diary of a Bemba Girl updated their status.

DIARY OF A BEMBA GIRL PART 56-60

Never in my life have I ever felt so confused than that night. I had gone through worse things in life and knowing my mother was there always gave me comfort. How was I ever going to repair my life knowing the one who birthed me betrayed me in the worst way possible?

Everybody loved their mother so did I, mother's knows best right? My mother and I had always been close, she was my protector even though we drifted apart as I grew older i knew she had my back. I never doubted her love for me, how was I going to believe Peters? Someone I met a few years ago? Some one that stole my Child. I couldn't trust him, he was lying. He watched me in my state of confusion as I sat on the beach cold with tears all over my pretty face. Peters tried to comfort me but no words could make me feel better. I told him to take me home and he kept apologising.

The next day, I asked Peters to give me time to be with my daughter, he suggested we all sat together and talk. I just wanted quality time with my kay. Peters watched us play different games and laugh together. Giving piggy back rides to my daughter was so cute it was like a little movie scene . It was the least I could do after

missing out on half of her childhood. We went to have lunch and Peters told us he was taking us somewhere to talk. It was Claire's house, Kalenga was so excited knowing we were going to see her mother. She was the first to run in the house, "mummy!" she shouted. The house keeper picked her up and told her Claire wasn't home. She was disappointed but went straight to her room to play with her toys. Claire had built an entire nursery for Kalenga, her baby pictures were all over her room. Her room was bigger than our house in the village. "this is my kingdom". She showed me her room, it was so beautiful. Peters told me Kalenga stayed in that house her whole life till a year ago when they moved out. "My mother made this for me". She was so excited. "Daddy are we going to stay here now? I miss my room and mom". She looked at him. We sat in the living room watching a little pet show she put up. When she finished Peters asked her to sit down and listen

to us. Kalenga knew how to conversate like an adult. I told her I was leaving Australia in a few days and she was sad, "why are you leaving so soon? Don't you love my daddy anymore?". She asked in her tiny voice. "No honey I need to go and see people at home". I answered. "but my teacher and friends like you, I also like you please stay". She pleaded, "she has to go and see grandma" Peters answered. "My grandma? Is she going to Melbourne? " she questioned." No, your other grandma". He said, "Grandma Nosi?". I had no idea Kalenga knew mum. "yes". Peters replied. " grandma from Africa? Are you going to Africa?". She asked. "yes honey am going to Africa". I replied. "Daddy lets go to Africa, you said it's nice there please". Peters almost agreed. "No baby I will come and get you soon". I answered. "Kalenga you know I love you and will always do right?". "Right". He held her hand. "no matter what always know you are my number one". Peters sounded too serious, I

could bet on it he wanted to go back home with me. "are you about to cry daddy, oh please don't even start". She teased him. "Kalenga I love you and Mulenga but Mulenga loves you more because she's your Mother". I didn't see that coming. "My mother? No she's not". She refused. "listen baby, your mother is Mulenga". Peters put on her his laps. "My mother is Claire daddy, she's not my mother". She seemed upset. "Claire is your mother too but this is your real mother". He explained calmly. "Dad did you adopt me? Am I not your daughter daddy". I could see tears in her eyes. "No my love, Mulenga and I are your real Mum and dad. That's why you look alike and have the same names". He said. " No! She's not mother, I don't look like her. She's not my mother daddy you are a liar". She stood up. "Mulenga wasn't with you all these years because something happened. She stays with grandma nosi in Africa". He told her. "I don't care about Africa

daddy, this is not my mother. You just want to send me to Africa". Kalenga was truly my daughter, she was so dramatic but understandable for her age. Claire's timing couldn't worse, Kalenga ran towards her crying. " are you not my mother? Is she my mother". Claire couldn't stand Kalenga's tears. "Honey you are my child, my Queen K. Don't worry I will talk to daddy go to your room". She ran to her room. Claire was mad at Peters for telling Kalenga the truth. "you two are Crazy, why do you want to torture the poor baby?". She shouted. "She has to know who her real mother is". Peters answered. "yes but not now she's still a child for God's sake". Claire was really upset. "Mulenga is leaving soon, i want Kalenga to know where she comes from". Said Peters. "going where? Why?". She asked. "home she needs to sort some things out. We don't know when she's coming back". He said. "Are you guys not engaged or what?". Claire questioned.

“That’s even more reason why Kalenga needs to know this”. Claire stood up. “You guys are so selfish, do you know how broken that child will be if she knows this is her mother who has never been there for her and leaves just after coming into her life? She won’t have a sense of identity. Already she’s confused why her father’s sister is her Mother”. Claire was right we shouldn’t have said anything at that time. “ You two need to grow up and sort your shit out for the sake of that child you brought in this world. Now I have to clean this mess you have caused. She’s so upset right now thinking you adopted her”. I kept quiet the whole time, I wanted to be happy Kalenga knew I was her mother but seeing her hysterical was disheartening. Claire suggested we left her at her house for a night. I was so confused about my trip, I didn’t know if leaving my child in that state was okay. But I needed answers to understand my life better and be a better

person for her. Claire called me that night saying she was okay and playing, my heart was at peace again.

After two days everything was back to normal Kalenga was fine too, even if she didn't call me mother I was blessed to be part of her life.

Peters had gone out when Andy came to see me, he begged me not to leave saying he broke off his engagement for me. As sweet as that was going back home was not debatable. I promised Andy I would come back for him even if I didn't mean it. My love life was not my priority that time, Andy was so sweet it was sad saying bye to him.

I was finally leaving Australia, I couldn't believe Kalenga cried saying she would miss me. Nana G was sad too, it was very emotional leaving them. I felt like part of me was being ripped off, my goodbyes felt like I would never see them again. I didn't know what was going to happen when I went back home. Andy took me to

Sydney where I took a plane back home. Andy cried all the way to the airport, he made me feel so guilty for leaving but I had to do what was best for me. When we finally took off I broke down and cried, everything overwhelmed me. We landed in South Africa at 10 the following morning. I called my friend Thabo to catch up as I waited for my next flight. He was happy to see me, we laughed about the past and how he helped me with the Danish. I was forever grateful to him and we were close since then. He was shocked to learn I had a child and was married. It was refreshing talking to him after a long time.

When I arrived in Lusaka i went straight to my house where Lilly was staying, I wasn't so shocked to find mum and Natasha there. Natasha sold her house and invested her money. I kept my cool and played along with whatever was happening. Mum had no idea

Peters told me things she had done. It was disgusting looking at her hypocritical ass around my friends. Lily and Natasha had no idea they were teaching an experienced woman who probably knew more than them. The anger towards my mother was building up each day, even though she was pretending like she always did i could see through her Chinese self. I was waiting for the right opportunity to confront her, I was surprised to learn that Tjuna was still sending money for her upkeep even if I wasn't working for her. My mother took advantage of that too, she used the money buying clothes to look nice for her boyfriends and not send money for Dad and Mutale. God knows i tired to be rational about everything but she kept proving Peters right. It was so embarrassing to have a mother that talked about Sex with your friends. Natasha was very intelligent she picked up on the smallest hints, "are you fine? You have been too quiet since

you returned from Australia". She asked. "Yes, am okay". I lied. " I have noticed you and mum don't see eye to eye is there anything am missing?". Natasha knew something was up but I couldn't tell her, she was just as fake as my mother. Lilly and my mother were best friends too, i had no one to trust at that point. I called Chipego to see if he could talk, thank God for his sane advise. He encouraged me to call for a family meeting and sort eveything out. He was right my family members needed to be there, but dad wasn't going to leave his life and come to Lusaka no matter how much i pleaded. I visited my older brother Chanda and lied to him about going to the village. I told him i had a surprise for the whole family and his presence was needed. It was difficult for me to convince him because of his work. I invited my friends too so that mum could agree to come.

On a Tuesday morning my brother drove us back where it all began. We drove back to the

village where my life story started. As scary as it was, there was no turning back. I sat in the front seat with my brother while mum sat with her girls giggling like primary school children. My brother noticed I was very quiet and asked if I was okay. "Am fine just tired of life, I wish I could die". I was so frustrated. My brother squeezed my hand as we drove, when we got to Kasama he asked me to go with him to buy some food. "What's wrong with you? Are you okay?". I shook my head. "And you can't talk to mum right? I can tell". I got emotional and cried. He held me so tight, "Its okay, whatever it is will sort it out". Lilly walked on us talking, my brother asked her not to say anything to mum. She sat with me while my brother waited for the food. "I know you are not okay, if you want to talk am here". As nice as that sounded Lilly was my mum's friend, I didn't want to her to say anything. We went back to the car and my brother asked me to drive us to the village. He

did all he could to cheer me up, we put some old music that we used to dance to back in the village and laughed all the way. When we arrived home my father seemed happy to see everyone. My younger brother Mutale just wanted to hear about Australia. He was such an ambitious kid he didn't deserve to be in the village but for my father. I was happy to see our house was fully built at least one of my parents put the money to good use. Mum was being a drama Queen as always not wanting to share a room with dad. I just wanted to sleep and forget about everything.

The following morning My brother Chanda woke me up to have our morning run like we always did. It was refreshing going round the village and listening to the birds singing. We sat in the tree near the stream where we watched people fetching water and do other activities. "What happened in Australia that made you so upset?".

He asked. "a lot happened, Do you trust our parents?". I asked. "Yes, Mum more because she's a mother. Our mother she sacrificed a lot for us". His answer confused me, I thought he would say something different but that was his mother any way. I told my brother a few things I learnt about mum and he swore Peters was lying. "How can you trust that thief who stole your child and not mum?". He sounded angry. "That's why I wanted to ask her when everyone was around". I answered. "Just forget it, he was probably lying. And you don't want to bring things from the past". He said. " No! Let her ask". A voice shouted from behind, it was Lily and my brother younger Mutale. "This family is full of secretes am tired let her ask". Mutale added. I didn't even know they followed us. Chanda got angry and left me with them. , "You should be careful with him too". Mutale said. I didn't know what he meant and he refused to say more. I begged him and Lily to both keep

quiet until the pastor came back from conference where he had gone. My older brother spent his time talking me out on asking anything about the past, saying it was not important.

When the pastor returned from the conference I see up a date for the meeting. Everyone thought i was going to surprise them with air tickets or cars. The reason why I waited for the pastor to be there was the fact that he knew me and my family so well, he was practically part of my family. He prayed for everyone as we gathered in the living room. It was no longer the tiny room we all knew, "How was Australia and Kalenga?". Asked the pastor. "It was so beautiful and Kalenga is a big t now". I answered. "We thank God, when are you bringing her here?". He gave me a starting point. " I can't bring her here especially not in this house full of demons and devils". Everyone

repositioned themselves where they sat. “what are you talking about Mulenga this is your family”. He looked surprised. “Family? I have no family am just alone”. I could see how uncomfortable everyone was. “Pastor whatever i say here today no one should stop nor interrupt me. Believe me i flew all the way from Australia just for this”. Chanda interrupted like he didn’t hear what I said. “ The police commissioner is my friend he has promised me to help me should anything happen or someone fails to cooperate”. Getting the truth wasn’t going to be easy I had to think fast. The police freaked everyone out including my brother. The fact that I knew a lot people convinced them i was truly going to call the police. The pastor told every one to calm down and discuss everything in a Godly manner. My throat was giving up on me i have never been so upset in my life my throat was burning. “ I want people in this room to explain what happened to me

when i was young". They all played dumb.

"Mum and Dad explain to me what happened to me when I was young". I pointed at them. "A lot of things happened to you, what are you talking about?". Mum Asked. "You think am here to joke? Tell me what your boyfriend Lukas did to me, the white man who bought the land you use to farm". Dad looked down and mum was quiet. Believe me i still hoped it was all a lie, nobody wants to go through anything like that. "We shall sit here the whole day if that's what you want. We can wait for the police to come I don't care who you are if you didn't care about me". I grabbed my phone pretending to make a call, " So Lukas was your boyfriend? Didn't you say you worked for him?". My father shouted. They started arguing about Lukas and my father running away from home. The pastor reminded them it was about me wanting the truth from them. "Everything I have done was for your own good. I lived my life for you". Her speech was

boring. "Yes, Lukas raped you and i regret it. I wish he raped me instead. I wish i killed him that night". She lied. " Your wishes didn't come true but you still went back to him huh". I asked. "I loved Lukas because your father and were having problems. Am not happy he rapped you am sorry". My mother was so pathetic. "So now am the bad person here, your father and the pastor shared the money Lukas gave us". She defended herself. "And the pregnancy? Did he pay for that too?". They were all shocked. It was clear my Father and the pastor were not aware I was pregnant. Mum didn't see it coming, "i did what any mother could do". She answered. "what did you do?". Questioned my father. Mum opted to keep quiet and not tell us what really happened to my pregnancy. " I was only 10 years old and you did that to me, since you don't want to talk the police will pick you up". Chanda begged her to just say the truth and save herself. " When I realised you were

pregnant I took you to have an abortion". My mother was so heartless. "And you judged me for all the mistake i made years ago". Said my Father. The pastor was too quick to tell us to apologize, " Mum you never loved me, whatever you did was for your own personal gain. You are the most disgusting person I know, you are so jealous of me. Dad is right you have always wanted my life because you are not pretty enough". I pushed her to talk. " i gave up my childhood to marry your father, I did everything in power to keep this family together even when your father ran away from home. I went to bed hungry just to feed you and your brother. You are so ungrateful". She shouted. "Mulenga I sacrificed a lot for you, I gave you a life no one had in this village. I paid the women from the virginity test to save you from the disgrace, nobody wanted you to dance at the ceremony I made sure you did with my own means. How did you repay me? You ran away when the

prince was ready to marry you. And today i hate a child I gave birth to?”. She wanted to leave. Mutale dragged her back, “ what disgrace were you saving me from? The one that you caused? Your boyfriend abused me when I was young he took my innocence. You should be ashamed to call yourself a mother”. I shouted. “And I fixed it for you, what in the world have I not done for you? It wasn’t easy for me to do what I did. How was I going to explain to my child she has always been different? You have always been a weird child. Most times I didn’t understand you. Nobody did, even your friends couldn’t get you”. I was more confused. My father said I was an old soul, as a child most of the things I did or said were too mature. The pastor didn't see anything wrong, he knew i was a special child. They all wondered how I knew so much about the city and the world which I had never been to. They considered the city evil and talking about it as a child wasn't ideal. They were so primitive

and couldn't understand me, even when I ran to Lusaka they knew it would happen one day but didn't know when. I was very intelligent as a child till mum started grooming me for marriage. " So being different was so much of a sin to you? Was it my fault I was born different? What kind of a mother are you?". I asked.

"Mulenga i saved you from so many things in this village you don't appreciate. Older men brought proposals here ask your father or the pastor how many times we prayed for you. Even your brother Chanda watched you take a bath". Chanda stood up trying to shut mum up, "leave me alone, let me talk. Am the only bad one here right?". She asked. " Mum please don't do this to me and my sister". He pleaded. "oh! Now we are all sacred of Mulenga? Because she provided all the nice things we have right?". The pastor tried to step in, "Mum I was young I didn't know better". He shouted. "Tell me what he did". I told mum. "Chanda tell your sister how

you molested her in her sleep and". I went to grab a knife before she could finish. I couldn't believe my own brother abused me as well, I didn't know what was wrong with me. If I had a gun that night I was going to commit murder. My father managed to get the knife from me and threw it away. Lilly came to cool me off, "think about your daughter please". She said. I knew the truth was bitter but the worst was yet to come, it was what I came for. I needed to know why my family hated me so much. " We don't hate you". My father answered. "explain to me how my mother arranged a fake marriage for me just to get me into bed with her old friend who stole my Child". I cried. "Mulenga am sorry as a mother all i wanted was to make sure you have a better life". She replied. "Better life mother you ruined my life". I answered. "Lets not talk about Peters here". She stormed crying. At that point the anger overpowered me I couldn't cry. I felt so useless, family needed

Jesus to fix it. Lily tried to talk to me but I couldn't trust her. She felt so bad mum turned her against me but Lily was an adult too. I didn't accept any justification to whatever she said. Thank God for my younger brother who had my back. He was the only sane person in the family. When he said I should be careful with Chanda I had no idea what he was talking about. Mutale stayed with me late at night making sure I was okay, he was more interested in stories about Australia. I didn't want him to grow up in such a home he deserved better.

A week passed without talking to anyone but Mutale. My father apologised countless times but I couldn't just forgive anyone yet. Something big happened that day, i got my mother to talk to me from the heart I wanted to know and maybe understand her. I wasn't the one to judge people hence giving her a chance. "Tell me how you convinced jack to marry me". I queried. " It

was easy jack was a fool who didn't deserve you. I could tell you liked him. When Peters expressed his interest towards you I needed to find a way to convince you. Peters was the right fit for you". She stopped talking with her fake tears. "Right for me? What do you know about me?". Mum was a joke, "You have always loved men with money. Peters provided all that you needed". Mum said she knew i wasn't going to accept Peters that's why she used Jack. "How did you manage to get us divorced then? Jack loved me". I asked. "He didn't love you, just like most men he wanted sex from you". She replied. Mum explained how she, Jack and Peters drugged me and have me sleep with Peters. "Do you ever feel guilty for what you did?". I never thought a mother would let her child go through that. "No, all i wanted was for you to be with Peters". Mum slept with Peters the entire time too, it's funny how she never took everything that happened serious. "Instead of going after

Peters with your child you decided to go to Congo and Kitwe for nothing. Peters loves his child and Jack knows Kalenga is not his daughter". Mum made me feel so worthless, it was like I wasn't talking to the same woman I knew all my life. She made me feel like a sex object, she kept reminding me I was just good at sex. She wasn't sorry about making me the way I was. It wasn't my fault I was sexually abused when I was a child. It all began to make sense, I grew up knowing sex was the only weapon I could use to have my way. I turned into a sex addict because of my past, I really wanted Mum to apologise for everything but she chose to be stubborn about it. Mum made Natasha and Dad look like Angel Gabriel. No matter how hard I tried to understand my mother I never did. I could not stand seeing Kalenga sad, if only Mum loved me the way I loved my child maybe she would have protected me more. That moment brought out a lot of

past memories, all my life mum lived through me. I provided every thing for her, she wanted to be me so bad I could tell. She turned my against me and still went to destroy my marriage. She took the only thing that ever mattered to me. How could a mother make a her own child have an abortion? I hated Nosiku so much. She was no longer my mother.

When we finished talking I went for a long walk, when I came back they were all pretending to be worried about me. I had to be strong for my child, but i still needed to vent. I undressed in full view of everyone and told them to do what they wanted. "Chanda this is the body that you have always wanted since we were young come and get it". I shouted. "They were all just looking at me. "This is the body that got you that job you have in the army come and have me maybe you will feel better about yourself". Dad tried to leave, "Oh! Daddy don't you want a piece of this body that bought you the land that you farm on?"

Tell them to come and rape me again maybe you will buy more land this time". I was losing my mind, "Mother of the year". I clapped my hands. " The most selfish bitch I have ever seen in my life. Am only good at sex, Yes I accept now call all your stupid big friends and tell them Mulenga is ready to have sex with you. Mum call them, please hurry tell them that the sex object you drugged for sex is ready". Natasha walked towards me with a Chitenge. "Another hypocrite, A sister who wanted me dead. Where's Danish? Please call him am ready to be raped again". She told so still looking at me. I turned to Lilly, " Lilly my Mothers best friend who knew you would turn against me after all that i ever did for you". She looked away. Mutale knelt down begging me to stop, he knew I was going crazy. I wanted to cry so bad but tears were not coming out. "All of you are fucking insane, you haven't seen the real Mule". I walked inside the house and threw things out. I started

with my parents room I threw all their clothes and beddings out. I wanted to show them how crazy I was, no one was going to stop me unless they wanted to die. By the time pastor came I had thrown everything out. "No one will enter this house that was built using the money I made from selling my body. Do you know how that feels?". I asked the pastor. He tried to reason with me but i wasn't having it, " one person has to die if you think you are sleeping in my house". I shouted. I got the anointing oil and water the pastor was holding and threw them at my mother. When she saw people had come to watch she started with her fake tears. I told Mutale he could take his things back in the house. He was the only person I had in that moment. The pastor told them to leave everything and go with him wherever they went. Mutale was on my side, he was just as mad at my family as I was. Together we burnt their clothes and guess what we discovered a lot of

money among moms belongings. I told Mutale to hide it while i continued burning everything. Burning their things made me feel so much better, it wasn't the solution but it worked at that point.

In the morning Mutale and i went for a morning run. My brothers and I always did that from a young age. When we came back they were all crying for their things. We went inside and locked the door, something big happened that morning. It was a call from Peters, I ignored it for a long time because I had no kind words for him. "Why are you calling me?". I shouted. "Hello". It was a small voice. "Hi baby". I answered. "How are you? How's Africa? Do you have monkeys in the jungle?". Kalenga was so cute. "Am fine honey, yes we have a lot of monkeys here". Peters Knew better than not to say anything to me at all. "I miss you mummy Mulenga. Please come back". I had waited my entire life to hear Kalenga call me mother, it

was an emotional moment I broke down and cried after a long time. I didn't think in a million years Kalenga would call me mum and miss me. That call changed my life for good, I was so happy I threw my phone to wall. I needed to be with my daughter, she was the only thing that ever mattered to me. Before going back to Australia I needed to do some spring cleaning, I had to be a better person for her. I told my younger brother to pack his clothes and look for a taxi. We locked the house in their faces and took our things. Dad came to asked where we were going and he was truly worried. "to find peace I can't stay in hell". I answered. He pleaded With us not to leave or at least leave Junior with him but he refused. He wasn't going to stay with such evil people in the Same house. My mother didn't even bother to stop us, she was more worried about the money she lost. "Mum has changed". Said my brother. "she has always been like this we just didn't see it. She

knows how to cover up”. We both agreed. That day I told God not to make mum go to the same hell as others. She deserved a much worse place like acidic fire or something.

Leaving my family homeless was best thing i did. If they didn't care about me why was I supposed to care? My brother and I arrived in Lusaka and I could smell the new Mule. People took advantage of my kindness but not anymore. I started with the shop, I fired all the employees but one that i knew i could trust. We went around Kamwala and used my moms money to restock. I paid for My brother and Jane's (sales girl) express passports. We had a meeting on how we were going to revamp the store and keep it going. We changed the banks signatories to my brother and Jane. When we returned home my mother, Natasha and Lilly were outside. We ignored them like we never met. They entered the house and went to their rooms. My elder brother drove them back to

Lusaka. The energy in the house where my mother was present changed. Each time I saw her I got upset all over again, she made me hate my body. My mind was messed up, I didn't want any man to look to look at me. I told my brother to find someone to clean the servants quarter and paint it. We did the same to the house, it was shocking how three grown adults could not read between the lines. When the house was done Tjuna paid for all the renovations. Yes I told her everything and she confessed Peters and Mum made me look like a bad person who was irresponsible. Tjuna's kindness shocks me to this day, even after Mum tried to ruin our friendship she still genuinely cared for me. She loved my daughter even more, and always looked out for me.

My brother and I moved into the servants Quarter and put the house on rent. The girls and Mum didn't see it coming, I loved seeing their

shocked faces. It was heart-warming knowing I kicked them out in the most stylish way.

Natasha moved in with her boyfriend while Lilly went to her sisters house. Mum was left alone and stranded, she had no where to go. I felt sorry for my father because he was alone. Mum just wanted to be in Lusaka and never said sorry to me. She went to my brothers house in the army base and I didn't care. Mutale suggested we let daddy move back in the house since he was alone. I trained my brother to be tough and not allow anyone especially mum to intimidate him. I needed to prepare him before I went back to Congo. I was happy my brother vowed never to forgive Mum no matter what. When the passports were ready we all took a bus to South Africa so that they could learn how to buy things needed for the shop. My brother learnt so fast and Jane was a good teacher. I put them on the plane and told him to call me before making any major decisions. I flew to

Congo to see if i could make things with chouchou, he was my soul mate and he wanted me back also. Chouchou made me believe true love never dies.

Things between me and chouchou were different this time. It was more of a nature relationship than the last time, I was preparing him to be my daughter's step father and he fit so perfectly. I stayed with Tjuna and not move in so fast with him. Tjuna supported everything I did but told me off when I was going too far. She never let me do stupid things, i wanted to be like Tjuna so much. She always worked hard and never complained about the situations in her life. She helped me through the things I experienced with my family. Everything was falling into place until I fell sick that night.

Tjuna and I loved our wine so much, on that night we mixed a lot of alcohol because it was a

Friday and her French boyfriend was flying in the country that night. We were so excited for double dates with Chouchou and Luiz. I felt so sick Tjuna thought it was a prank, we always did that to each other. When she saw I was vomiting and shivering she drove me to the clinic. We were both laughing thinking it's food poisoning since we ate out that night. When we arrived at the clinic the nurse took some blood samples and told us to wait. Tjuna was so crazy she kept laughing and teasing me, I told chouchou I was getting some blood work done and he was worried. He told me he was going to come before the nurse came to call us. "What did you eat or drink today?". She asked. "Wine and some home made cocktails". We laughed. "You are putting your baby and yourself at risk". The nurse did not just say baby, "What baby?". Tjuna questioned. "You are pregnant". She said. "No you can't be serious". I was in shock. "No way, I have messed up". I complained. The

nurse handed us the pregnancy results and left us talking. "Just tell chouchou, you guys can finally tie the knot and bring Kalenga later". She suggested. "Tjuna I can't, am 6 weeks pregnant he's not one". I told her, Tjuna went through the papers to confirm what I told her. "Damn! Damn man!". She shouted. We pulled ourselves together before Chouchou walked in, when I saw him i gave him a big hug and we rushed out of the hospital. We lied to him it was just a minor stomach upset just to let him go home.

I didn't in my wildest dreams thought I was pregnant. Six weeks pregnant, I couldn't believe it. I had missed my period but thought it was a normal thing considering the stress I went through and changing my birth control pills. They were only two men I could think of, we used condoms on several occasions with Andy but other times we didn't. chouchou was out of the questions, no matter how much i wanted him to be the father or how many times i

thought I would lie to him it was his pregnancy it made no sense. Tjuna and I spent days trying to put our heads together. I loved chouchou so much it hurt knowing it wasn't his baby, I cried knowing I was losing the love of my life because I was careless. Chouchou was serious about settling down and I wanted to come clean hoping he could forgive me and accept my child. "Mulenga don't even play yourself like that. Chouchou would never accept that child, unless it comes out black". We both laughed. "But am in love with him Tjuna, how do I just let go after all that we have been through". Tjuna looked at me like a mad person. "Love is an illusion for the weak, if you want real love buy a puppy". Tjuna reminded me of the many times love made me weak and a fool. She was right it wasn't all about love, Tjuna said love was for the weak. "I will just remove this baby before it grows". I looked at Tjuna. "What? No way Mulenga. I could never forgive you and myself if

we ever did it no". And I thought Tjuna was not weak. "it's not about being weak it's being responsible. Take responsibility for your own actions. When you had sex with Andy and Peters what did you think was going to happen? Were you expecting to make emeralds". I laughed so hard, Tjuna made a bad situation look so simple. She made the best out of everything, "Besides you make the cutest babies in the world. Look at Kalenga she's so beautiful". She pinched me. "I guess you are right, I will keep it". She stood up and danced. Tjuna was such a positive person, had it been Natasha we would have been at Dr Lee or Wu for a memorial service. Tjuna was not perfect but her input in my life sure changed me into the woman I am today. She taught me how to see the glass half full and not half empty that was her motto she never let her background define who she was. I wondered why Tjuna didn't come in my life earlier. We built a

sisterhood based on trust, love and loyalty.

“Now we just have to figure out who is the baby daddy. But I think it’s Andrew Peters is old he can barely release”. Tjuna made me laugh so hard, she never gave me chance to cry or be sad about my situation. The funniest thing she did was write about the two men on the white board and their advantages. “Since you believe in love so much Andy is the best fit, he seems like a nice guy who can love you too”. She said. “ I hope the baby doesn’t freak him out”. I told her. “ If does go to Peters at least you are keeping it in the family and you won’t have to explain anything to Kalenga”. I laughed. Tjuna was right Andy was the best fit at least i felt something for him. I was worried they might want to do a DNA test considering how Claire was. “ That doesn’t matter as long as the baby is yours we got this, i got you”. She comforted. When we called Kalenga that day she was happy I was going back to Australia to see her,

she was such a happy little soul. Tjuna promised her a lot of goodies too.

Breaking up with Chouchou was the hardest thing I have ever done in my life. I couldn't even tell him the truth, i have never seen a man so in love like chouchou. He was so broken knowing I was going to leave him for another man. I told chouchou I was doing it for my child, "But you told me I could be in her life". He was confused. "Yes, but I can't take her away from her father". Chouchou was so angry with me, at some point i thought he would hit me. He didn't understand why i couldn't be with him if I loved him. He changed so much for me but things didn't go as planned. "I wanted to try out this marriage thing for you but now you are leaving. I went for an HIV test just for you". He complained. There was nothing I could do to change things, I loved him like no other but the pregnancy ruined it all. The love making that night was so painful, he

didn't care about how I felt. It was mixture of emotions, knowing it was probably the last time I was going to have him made me endure the painful pleasure. I loved how our souls connected, there was no denying chouchou was the one. When we finished making love it was almost 2am, he knelt down begging me not to leave. I felt so bad I told him i was pregnant, "What? When did you get pregnant". He looked at me, "Since I was in Australia but I had no idea I promise". He slapped me, "So now what? Why did you come back? How can you play me like that? I love you". Chouchou cried, i broke his heart. I could feel his pain, "Leave! Leave now before I do something bad to you". I grabbed my clothes and handbag. I called Tjuna telling her to pick me up, I sat in the living room waiting for Tjuna to come and get me. I could hear screams coming from chouchou's room. When Tjuna arrived she was so worried, "What happened? Did he hit you?". She asked. " No he

didn't, please beg him to stop". We heard some glasses breaking. "it's best if we leave". She helped me out. "Am so worried about him, he's not okay. What did i do Gosh!". I kicked myself. "Calm down, and tell me what happened". She said. I explained everything to Tjuna and how he reacted when he heard I was pregnant. "What? You shouldn't have said anything. No! He can't be fine i will call one of his friends or the police". We managed to get his friend to his house who took care of him. I was mad at myself i caused so much pain for the one person I ever loved. Tjuna and I both agreed there was no point of me staying in Congo anymore after I broke up with chouchou. I left for South Africa the following day and wrote a long message to chouchou explaining things hoping he would one day forgive me for what I did. Tjuna flew with me to South Africa making sure everything was fine. I called my brother to inform him i was leaving, he had a lot of mum gossip but that's

for another day.

When I arrived in Australia I was anxious to see my daughter. They were waiting for me at the airport. I was the happiest person seeing Kalenga and the baby in my tummy turned or May be it was the gasses. I completely ignored Peters no matter what he said. I wasn't ready to forgive him.

It's now been two days since I came back to Australia. I have tried to reach out to Andy but no response. I told nana G to drive me there after dropping Kalenga off. Nana G was acting weird she almost didn't want me to see Andy. She sat in the car while I went to knock at the door. When the door opened it was his girlfriend, "Hello, how may I be of help?". She asked. "Am looking for Andrew". I said. "And who is looking for him". She questioned. "Just tell him

Mulenga". She looked at me, "Oh! The famous Mulenga wow I had no idea. You look pretty". She was faking a smile. When Andy came out it was awkward we all stood not talking for some time. "I will call you". He said. He didn't even ask how I was or when i came back nothing. I went back to the car and asked Nana G what was going on, " They have moved in together and a wedding is on the way". I was disappointed in Andy, when he stopped calling I thought he was busy with work. I had no idea he was getting married after he claimed to love me. Karma right? I didn't expect it to come so soon though.

Instead of crying over Andy I had to make the best of what was left. Peters! Gosh I was left with basically nothing. When Andy can to apologise telling me to help him sort it out I realised he didn't know what he wanted and telling him i was pregnant wouldn't help he was such a confused person. I wasn't going to fight

for him like he was half the man chouchou was. If I left a man as good as my chouchou who was Andy? I took Tjuna's words and Moulded Peters into the man I wanted him to be, a woman should never show her weakness. I knew I had the power I just didn't know how to use it, men were used to bring dominant but women had the Same power. Peters changed into a better man and Father, he was even more happier when I told him i was pregnant. Tjuna was surprised I didn't fight for Andy like Romeo and Juliet. She was right love grew as you spent more time with someone. My feelings for Peters changed, I was no longer angry with him. He was so good with my pregnancy and Kalenga. I loved the underlying drama between Andy and his girlfriend with Peters and I. The dinners were more nice because I cloud say anything and blame it one my pregnancy. I was grateful to Andy's girlfriend who showed me what a jerk he really was. There was no day that

i never thought about my chouchou. Tjuna told me he was moving on so well and I was happy for him.

I gave birth to another baby girl and Tjuna cried. She was in the Labour room with me and Peters. When the baby came out Tjuna was more dramatic than I was. She cried like it was her child. She was happy, Peters was excited for another daughter. I wanted a son but God gave me a baby girl, Kalenga was happy to have a little sister. The joy in my heart seeing my two lovely babies completed me. We named her Mapalo Tjuna Peters, Kalenga loved calling her little Tjuna. Mapalo made me feel truly what it meant to be a mother. Looking at how beautiful she was when I contemplated abortion made me cry, I would have missed out on a beautiful baby. I still wasn't sure if Mapalo was Andy's baby or not. Peters never questioned me and I let it go too. My strong bembamba genes came in

handy because she looked just like me but very pale with blond hair and green eyes.

A year after giving birth Tjuna and I had double weddings. I married Peters with no regrets because he was a wonderful husband and Father . It was an open marriage which made things easier if I wanted to do my own things. I loved how things such as open marriages were easy in other countries. I chose an open marriage not because I wanted to cheat or have partners elsewhere but it was the most convenient thing for me. I was building an empire for my children, I wanted them to be independent and not depend on men. My children deserved a better life than I did. I wanted to teach them so much about life.

I began to build my life from the little pieces I had. I prayed a lot too, i wanted God to help me forgive people that hurt me. It was during that

time I went to counselling school and became a relationship expert. I learnt a lot about myself and the future I wanted. I made sure my children were in church every Sunday, I wanted them to have a Christian foundation. we all volunteered at church and helped the less privileged. My younger brother Mutale and Jane became an item, they were so in love. My brother took care of my Father and his woman. I often visit them now that they have a child together. I forgave my older brother Chanda because he was young when he did whatever that he did and I wanted my children to have a relationship with their uncle and cousins. As for my mother well, she's still around. She went back to my fathers house since she fought with my brothers wife. We all waited for her to apologise like a normal person but she didn't. My parents are no longer together even if they live in the same house. Chouchou is engaged to be married but I still believe he is the one for me.

Sometimes you don't marry the right people and it's fine. Tjuna and luiz welcomed a baby boy and she's still working hard. Tjuna never rests, we are still sisters and vacation together every year. It still feels like a dream how lucky I have been traveling around the world with the Elite, I have gone to places I never dreamt of and am thankful all time. I think my family is comfortable and taken care of. As of today am still waiting for Peters to die so that my children and I can have all that inheritance lol.

My name is Mulenga Mutale a village girl from Mporokoso and this is my story.

DOABG (56-60) FINALE