

[3/24, 10:58] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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SHORT STORY BY

Mai Nakiso

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CHAPTER 1

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I am Trina Viga. I was born on 02 June 1989. I grew up in a medium density suburb. I did my O and A level at Lord Malvern high in Waterfalls. I passed with flying colours. During my Upper six I met a guy. His name was Marcus Mazanda. He was 4 years older than me. We fell in love and he was totally my fairytale.

Just after I collected my A level results, I applied at University of Zimbabwe then I realised I was pregnant. I could not think straight, one thing I knew was that my father was going to skin me alive. I decided to have an abortion and it did not go well. Marcus decided to pay my Lobola.

My father refused to accept the money saying I needed to finish off school, get a degree and probably live an American dream before I got married. However my aunt told him I was pregnant and eventually he accepted. The plans went well and we had a small wedding.

Three months down the line, I gave birth to a premature baby and she only survived for 4 days.

My prince charming was so caring and 2 years passed and we did not have a baby nor a sign of pregnancy. We went to doctors and nothing was wrong with me but I just could not get pregnant. My husband's mother started insisting that Marcus should get a new wife but he refused. Another year passed and finally his mother had found her way into Marcus' head. He totally changed.

14/10/2012

Marcus came home late totally drunk and I asked him why he was coming home late because this was his first time.

Marcus: Whats wrong with me coming home this time huh?

Me: sweetie its 23:45 I am concerned thats why I am asking

Marcus: You want me to come here early everyday and do what? Watch you get fat from eating my money. Tell me whats so interesting in this quiet house. Instead on working out on making this house noisy with kids you busy talking crap

I could not believe this. I was so hurt by his words that I could not talk back.

I wept until i felt like I was weeping off my energy.

I slept on the sofa and the following morning I was awoken by a loud voice

Marcus oh my Goodness what a lazy bit** you are. You can not even prepare me breakfast early.

Me :I amso sorry Marc I slept late. It will be done in 15 minutes.

Marcus: dont worry your lazy bottom I will eat at my workplace' canteen.

And with those words he banged the door .

I cried and asked myself over and over again. _How did we get here?_

Marcus had turned from my Prince charming to a monster but still I loved him with all my heart. He was my 1st love. He took my virginity and he taught me how to love.

17/August/2012

It was on a Wednesday. Mrs Murairwa, our neighbour invited me to a midweek church service which started at 1800hrs. Since last week Marc had been coming home late. It had become a usual thing. I went to the church it was a pentecostal church people prayed and sang. For a moment, I forgot all my worries. But i could not pray because I did not know what to say to God.

After the service we went back home and on our way Mrs Murairwa taught me some of the songs from the church especially the one which i had liked most which had the words.

Ini ndinoda jesu agareee. Ini ndinoda jesu agareee mumoyo manguuu

As we got home i was shocked to see the lights from my house on. Mrs Murairwa somehow noticed that i was scared thus we quickly bid farewell.

I opened the door and Marc was sitting on the kitchen table. I knew horror awaited. My husband had become so scary more than a serial killer...

Watch out for chapter 2

0027845657126..Drop your comments!

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SHORT STORY BY _Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 2

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Marc: Where are you coming from?

Me: Church

Marc: Since when did you start going to church?

Me: Today Mrs Mura...

I did not finish explaining, Marc slapped me.

I screamed because the slap had caught me unaware and this was the first time he slapped me in the three years we had been married.

Me: Marc why did you slap me

Marc:If you keep talking I will slap you again and again and again.

I did not talk back I decided to just go to bed.He grabbed my hand.I kept quiet and kept facing the door.

Marc :I amnot done talking

He started twisting my armand I moaned in pain.

Me :Max stop you are hurting me.

He did not stop I moaned and moaned until I started screaming and then he let go of my hand.

He went to the bedroomand locked the door and I slept on the sofar again that night

21/October/2012

It was on Sunday and I wanted to go to that church again.I decided to ask for permission frommy husband.

*Me*Marc can I please go to church with M's Murairwa

Marc:No problembut tell the pastor to give you the fruit of the womb.I dont care how you two are going to do it.Just bring a baby

Me:But babie children come fromGod.It is not my fault that we are failing to have a child.

Marc:so its God's fault?Then why are you going to church?You know what stop playing innocent I know what you have been doing

With those words he left the house.

I prepared to go to church and just when I was about to finish M's Murairwa came

She waited until i finished and we took off

The service was great and the pastor preached about Taking Back Whats Yours.He said the devil came to steal kill and destroy.I realised that the devil was after my marriage.

After the service we went home and on our way home I told M's Murairwa my troubles and she

comforted me with scriptures which I failed to understand.

I had been in the Glen Norah A neighbourhood for 3 years but I had no friends. Marc was my number one friend. With my neighbours it was just hellos. My first conversation with Mrs Murairwa was that one which she invited me to church.

After I told her my troubles I felt better. We got home and we parted as she went to her house next to ours. We lived at Marc's parents' house. It was a four roomed, walled and gated house. We used 3 rooms because the other room had some things that belonged to Marc's parents and that's where they slept whenever they visited. They lived in the rural area in Buhera.

That Sunday I unlocked my door and I started preparing lunch and I sat down and ate but I struggled to swallow the food so I did not eat much. I felt like I had this piece of rubber stuck on throat. I decided to go to Mrs Murairwa's house and I asked her to teach me how to pray.

That Sunday evening I prayed and prayed and prayed until I had no more words to say and I went to bed. I don't know what time Marc came in but I just felt someone touching my waist while I was sleeping and I knew it was him. He pulled me closer and we cuddled. From then things went back to normal. He did not ask for forgiveness but I just forgave him just like a loving wife is supposed to.

I started going to church every Sunday and Wednesday. This time I was praying for a child.

05/November/2012

It was a beautiful day. Marc called me and told me to make supper for two more people because his parents were coming. They arrived around 1600hrs. They sat down and I greeted them in the respectful shona way. Just after the greetings my mother in law ran got up and went into bedroom

Father in Law: Chihera what are you doing in our daughter in law's bedroom?

Mother in law: I am looking for the child

Father: Which child?

Mother(aka Chihera): My grandbaby

At this time I knew she was mocking me.

Watch out for Chapter 3

0027845657126 Drop your comments

OMT my typing errors.Chero tabata nyaya

[3/24, 10:58] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 3

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Chihera:You are just getting fat forgetting to perform your duties as a wife.

Father:Chihera stop it

Chihera:Stop what Chirasha(he was of the ngara totem)I am going to get a wife for my son not this barren witch

Me:I am not barren and you know it.

Chihera:I know what?am I the one who ate your womb

Me:No what I meant was that you know I gave birth once thus I am not barren

Chihera:Stop justifying yourself.Chirasha let us go before this witch bewitches us.

Father:No chihera I am tired let us spend the night here and depart tomorrow

Chihera:eeeh this witch has bewitched you already since when did you start arguing with me?Huh?

Father quickly stood up because he knew Chihera would keep talking and scolding me.

After they left I sat on the floor and cried until the t-shirt I was wearing got wet.After a while I

called Marcus

Me:Honey your parents already left.Mom said..

Marcus:shut up you lying bit**.How dare you chase my mother out of her own house?

Me:Marc listen to my side of the story.I did....

And he cut off the line.I knew Marcus' mom had turned the story against me.

That day Marcus came home drunk and he shouted at me saying I had called his mother a witch who feeds on my womb.He dragged me out of the house and I slept on the door stoep.

At one moment I thought of going back to my parent's house but I realised I would not get transport because it was late and I had no money.The following morning Marcus went to work and left the door open.I went in and cleaned up then I called my aunt and told her my problems for the first time and she said all marriage pass through that phase.A woman gotta be strong.

12/November/2012

It was now about a week after that incident with Marcus' mother.Marcus and I were not talking.I heard someone opening the gate and I peeped through the window to see who it was.It was Chihera herself with a dark young lady.I rushed to the door to welcome them.I tried to help with the small monarch they had but Chihera pushed my hand off.The young lady sat on the sofa while Chihera went into the kitchen and brought Orange juice and biscuits and they ate discussing different aspects of life.That lady had yellow teeth and messy hair.

That day Marcus arrived home early and they exchanged their greetings and Chihera started her introductions.

Chihera:Manyara thats my son I told you about.That one over there(pointing at me)Ingomwa yakewo iyo.(_his barren wife_).Marcus this is Manyara and I have brought her here to make babies for you.

Marc:Mom!we should have discussed about this first.

Chihera:Discuss what?Manyara is here to stay with you.Do you hear me?Do you want me to die before carrying my grandchild?

She started crying.All this time I was just crying quietly.

Marcus:Ok stop crying mom Manyara will stay here with me.

I could not believe my ears. I went straight to bed and it was before 7pm. After an hour Chihera came in and said I was supposed to sleep on the floor because the bed now belonged to Manyara.

I did not argue because I would end up sleeping outside.

Marcus went into the bedroom and they closed the door.

That night I cried and prayed and cried and prayed until I fell asleep. The next morning Manyara was in my kitchen preparing breakfast but Marcus did not eat he just left. It was now Manyara and I only in the house, Chihera was still in her room.

***Me*:** Manyara put yourself in my shoes how would you feel if you were me.

***Her*:** About what? If I were you I would just leave and let Marcus enjoy his life and have grandbabies for his mother.

***Me*:** Are you sure?

Chihera appeared from nowhere and started telling me not to talk to Manyara and I should mind my own business. That afternoon Chihera left for the village.

I went to Mrs Murairwa's house and told her the situation and she promised to take me to the pastor for one on one session.

Watch out for Chapter 4

0027845657126 Drop your comments

MARRIED WOMEN ARE YOU THERE??

[3/24, 10:58] Fifi Zimbabwe: ***DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE***

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***SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_**

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CHAPTER 4

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15/November/2012

Manyara was still at my house and she slept in my bedroom every day while I slept in the sitting. This was the day I was going to meet the man of God on an one on one session. We arrived on time at the church's offices and I finally got to talk to the man of God.

I told him my story while he listened attentively.

Pastor: Ms Mazanda this is just a trying time. It shall come to pass. Keep praying God is not like man he does not sleep or drink beer. Every time you feel down always sing this song..

Munoziva kusasimba kwangu. Ndotya kurasika asi iimi muri simba rangu. Munondipa Simba. Mwari wangu ndoda Mwari muyamuri muri wangu ndakatengwa neropa ralshe ndava wenyu chose

This song meant Lord you know my weaknesses and I am afraid of getting lost but you are my strength you give me strength. My God I want the saviour for you are mine and Jesus died for me on the cross thus I am yours for eternity.

We sang together the song for a while until I started crying and he comforted me and prayed for me for the fruit of the womb and my marriage.

Pastor: God works in mysterious ways.

With those words I thanked him and left his office. Ms Murairwa was waiting for me outside. We then went home together.

On my arrival I overheard Manyara talking on the phone.

Manyara: He hasn't touched me since I came here. He just says he is tired.....yaah I think so too...Ok please talk to him..Ok bye.

I was glad because I knew that if Manyara got pregnant before me that was the end of my marriage

Marcus came home around 5pm Manyara was wearing a very short dress which revealed her big black legs. I knew he was trying to seduce Marcus. My Marcus.

Max:Nyarie(short for Manyara) what did you tell my mother?

Nyarie:Nothing Marc why?

Marc:I hate it when you tell people what happens in here.I do not like it.Do you understand me?

Nyarie:Yes honey.It wont happen again.

I took my bible and started reading.They both took aprons and started cooking and they ate their meal and went to bed.That night I could not sleep because I could hear themmaking love loudly.My heart bled.

14/december/2012

Marcus came back home with his mother .

Chihera:Why is this witch stil here?

Me:How are you mother?How was your journey?

Chihera:What about my journey?nxaa

Manyara comes out of the bedroomto greet Chihera.

Chihera:Eh My daughter take this,You know how to use it huh?

Nyarie:yes

Chihera handed her a pregnancy test.I prayed silently that the results would be negative.

After a while Manyara returned and showed her the pregnancy test.

Chihera:Manyara..This whole month you have been wasting my son's sperms huh?why are you not pregnant

Nyarie:Chihera your son made love to me once.Aml a tree that bears by itself?

Chihera:Marc is this true what is this I amhearing?Are you mad?huh

Marcus:No momNyarie is just not my type I do no have feelings for her.

Chihera:What has feelings got to do with making babies.Oohoo your type is that one.That pile of bones?

Marcus:Thats enough MomWhen are you leaving?Please take Manyara with you.I do not want her here.

Chihera:Marcus I amyour mother.How can you talk to me like that.

Marcus:Infact today ,sleep with her in your room

Chihera started crying but Marcus went into the bedroom and packed Manyara's clothes.

Marcus:Here is your suitcase.

Chihera and Manyara begged him to reconsider staying with Manyara but he said she was dirty as a pig. She could not take care of her body so how would she take care of him

That night I slept on my usual place while Marcus slept in the bedroom and Chihera and Manyara in Chihera's room. The following morning I woke up and prepared breakfast for four but Chihera and Manyara had already left for the village. To my surprise Marcus ate the food and left for work. After Marc left I went to Mrs Murairwa's house and told her what happened the previous day. She rejoiced with me and told me that as soon as Manyara left I should have slept in my bedroom

That night Marcus came home early and we ate together though we were not talking. I slept on the sofa as usual. Mrs Murairwa's advice did not seem good to me. I was afraid Marc would drag me out of the bedroom and who knows? I would end up sleeping outside. I read my bible and fell asleep.

16/December/2012

Marc woke me up. I could not believe my eyes. Marc was standing in front of me holding a tray. I yawned and looked around and I realised I was in my bedroom on the bed.

Me:How did I get here

Marcus:I carried you while you were sleeping.

Me:Ooh ok

I was surprised and all I thought was it was a dream

Marc handed me over the tray. He had prepared breakfast for me. This was my first time having a breakfast in bed. Marc had prepared Toasted bread, ham, russian, cheese and a glass of apple juice. I cried tears of joy. Finally my husband had come back to his senses. Marc hugged me and kissed my forehead. Under the juice glass there was a small paper. I took it and read it.

To my beautiful wife. I am so sorry for the pain I have caused you. May you find it in your heart to forgive me! Love you so much... Yours Marc

I hugged him and told him I had long forgiven him. After my breakfast I went to the kitchen to do my chores so that I could go to church because it was Sunday. To my astonishment, everything was in order. Marc had washed the dishes and cleaned the house. I went back to the bedroom and found a

beautiful two piece ladies grey suit on the bed and a two piece men's suit.

Me:Whats going on?

Marc:Surprise!! bought you a suit.

Me:(in tears)Thank you so much.

Marcus:So,church starts what time?

Me:Ten o'clock.

We took a bath together and we danced and sang together in the bathroom

After that I tried the new suit and it did not fit it was too big.Marc realised I had lost weight.He had been too busy to notice that.I had gone from size 30 to 26.

I was naturally slim and tall.I had a beautiful structure with hips and bums that suited the slim figure.But right now the hips had disappeared.Marcus said he was going to take it back where he bought it and exchange it with the right size.He suggested we wore blue but I told him the only thing I could wear was my red dress because all the other clothes were big.He decided to wear his red shirt and we went to church.I called Mrs Murairwa and told her I was going to church with Marcus and she told us to go ahead she would follow.

After the service Mrs Murairwa came to greet us and I introduced her to Marc and she whispered to me that she was happy for me.We went back home and after a week Marcus took me out for shopping and bought me new clothes and 2 pockets of potatoes.He said I should eat them everyday because I had lost weight.Once again my marriage was in place.God is Alive!!

Forgiveness helps us move forward with life and God blesses everything we touch!!However the devil is always at work thus we must not relax

Watch out for chapter 5

0027845657126Drop your comments

ngatisiyanei nemamistakes didnt get time to reread.Chero tabata chii??

MUSHA MUKADZI!!

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 5

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25/January/2013

I was coming back from my parents' house when I noticed something on my door stoep. It looked like someone had dug up a hole and closed it. I quickly ran to my neighbour's house to ask Mrs Murairwa if she saw someone in our yard while I was away. She said only Marcus had come around in the afternoon. I went back home and prepared supper and Marc came right after I finished cooking. We ate together but he was not in a good mood. I asked him if he was the one who dug up the hole and he denied it. A week passed and he was on silent mode just going out and coming in without a word. I knew right then that my marriage was in devil's claws again.

01/Feb/2013

Right inside me I had a feeling that whatever that was going on had something to do with that hole on my door stoep. I decided to dig it up. I dug and dug and I found nothing.

However Marcus became abusive both Physically and Emotionally. He would beat up for a small issue. One other time he got mad at me because I served him supper while standing instead of kneeling down. I tried explaining to him that he is the one who said it was old fashioned during the first years of our marriage. He said talking back at him was provocative but I swear I talked to him in a polite manner. That day he spanked me with a broomstick.

Another time he punched me several times just because I had cooked a little salty relish.

A week would not pass without him hitting me twice or thrice. I prayed and fasted but it seemed as if the more I fasted the more it got worse and the harder I prayed, the harder living with Marcus became. It was wound after wound, bruise after bruise and scar after scar. I was losing my mind because of this abuse.

04/March/2013

Marc came back around 10 in the evening and his car radio was so loud that I woke up. I could hear female voices screaming from the car. I got out of bed and peeped through the curtains. I noticed two females getting out of the car. I remembered them though it was dark. I saw their structures and the other one's hairstyle and I remembered them. They were Marc's workmates. I got off the window when I saw Marcus pacing towards the front door.

Marcus: What the heck were you doing at the window embracing me like that

Me: I'm sorry I didn't mean to embarrass you.

Marc: Too late because you already did. I'm going to teach you some manners.

He punched me in the face and I fell on the floor. He started punching and kicking me. My body was already hurting from the last 'discipline' that is what he called it. I cried and screamed for help. He dragged me out of the house while I lay on my back. He dragged me up to his car. One of the two ladies names Mrabel tried to stop him but to no avail. When he saw that I was helpless and blood was all over he stopped. Every opening on me was bleeding ears, nose etc. I blacked out.

12/March/2013

I struggled to open my eyes and everything was blurry. After some minutes it became clear. I realised I was in hospital. I tried to get up but every part of me was in pain. After a while a nurse came in. I tried to open my mouth but I couldn't.

Nurse: Mrs Mazanda I am glad you are awake. You have been in a coma for 8 days. We will discuss more once you recover.

She smiled and checked on me and left. After a while my parents came in and my mom wept when she saw me.

After some weeks I had fully recovered and was discharged. Marc never came to visit me all the time that I was in the hospital. The day that I was discharged was the day I learnt that I had lost a baby. Poor me! I was pregnant and didn't know. Why was I so unfortunate??

I went back to my parents' house and mom told me that Mrs Murairwa found me unconscious and went into my house to get my phone and she called them. Marc wasn't around he had left me there. Who does that?

Upon arrival at the hospital the doctors needed a police report because I was in a bad condition. Mrs Murairwa gave in Marc as the first suspect because she knew he had been abusing

me. Marc was arrested but to their surprise he was out in no time. My father reopened the case but I decided to drop the charges. Crazy right? That's what Christians do. They forgive long before the people who wrongs them ask for forgiveness. I stayed at my parents' house. I was in bad shape. I looked like a moving skeleton. Love robbed me of everything. I lost everything. I hated him but part of me still loved him. He was my first and you know 1st cut is the deepest. What I had for him was stronger than you can ever imagine.

06/May/2013

I was still at my parents' house and Marc never called or came to check on me. I could not eat or concentrate on anything or even say hello without bursting into tears. I was psychologically disturbed. On this day I decided to pay him a visit. I knew by this time that Marc would be probably married but there were things I wanted to tell him. There were things I wanted to straighten out with him. After all we were still legally married.

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 6

0027845657126. Drop your comments.

Big love to all Mai Nakiso's fans!! You are the best!!

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 6

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My mother tried to talk me out of visiting him but I was too stubborn to listen to her. So, I went ahead. I went there around 8pm. Fortunately I found him home. I knocked and he told me to come in.

I just stood there leaning by the door thinking how I could start the conversation without provoking him. After a while I threw my papers from the hospital on the table.

Marc: And what is this? Divorce papers?

Me: Go ahead and look.

He read the papers slowly and I could see by his facial expression that he was full of regrets.

Marc: So what?

Me: So I was pregnant and you destroyed our baby. You killed my child.

Marc: So you decided to forge some papers to make me feel remorseful? Now listen.. I don't care. Read it from my lips I do not care!

Me: Marcus what happened to you? What happened to us? It's me Trina

Marcus: Trina nothing is wrong with me. Marrying you was my biggest mistake.

Me: What happened to all your promises to me. I'm still that Trina.

Marcus: Trina stop your nonsense. You are becoming a pest. Promises are meant to be broken

Me: Marc I know deep inside you you still got something for me. What have I done to make you treat me like this? If I wronged you in any way please forgive me.

I knelt down and wept. Marc came and hugged me and held my head with one hand pressing it hard on his left shoulder.

Marcus: Shhhhhh stop crying and get up sweetie.

I got up slowly and I heard the most shocking words of my life.

Marcus: Please just go inside the bedroom and pack all your belongings and leave. Please don't ever come near me ever again. I will send someone to usher you the divorce papers. We done.

Me: Marcus can't you see the devil is using you? Come to think of it that day I asked you about the hole that was at the doorstoep, that was the very day all this started.

Marc: Stop!! That day I was here in the afternoon I came here to see mom. Mom came here that day and left before you came back. So are you saying my mom is a witch that dug up your so called hole? huh?

Me: Oh so your mom was here?

Marc: My Mom got nothing to do with this and you know it

Me: All I'm saying is you know she hates me...so maybe ..

Chihera:Hold it right there you skinny witch!

Chihera just came from nowhere.

Chihera:I have been listening to your conversation while I was in my room Chihera this Chihera that. Why do you have to blame me for your misfortunes? Oooh now I am the witch just because I came to see my son and you saw a hole or whatever that you saw.

I decided to talk back.

Me:Enough Mother! You know exactly what I am talking about. Why do you hate me so much that you decided to ruin your own son's happiness.

Chihera:Marc dont just stand there like a zombie. Cant you hear she is calling me a witch.

Marc:Enough Trina pack up and leave.

Me:Listen you people you reap what you sow. The God I pray is not deaf

Chihera:Of course he is not deaf thats why you have six children and you are happily married! hahaha God my foot

Me:You will reap...soon

Chihera:No worries! Its quite obvious you sowed something bad thats why you are so unhappy.

These words hit me like a rock. In tears, I went to the bedroom and packed all my things and when I was about to leave Marc shouted,

Marc:I'm sorry Trina I know this is not right but I just dont know why I cant love you anymore. I no longer have feelings for you.

Me:Its okay Marc. Thanks for destroying me and my future.

With those words I left. I had come with my father's car so I just packed in all my belongings as I was about to drive off Marc came running to the car

Marc:On second thought, leave those things.. I bought everything with my hard earned money.

I threw all the clothes, accessories and make up etc at him and left.

The pain I felt was like a knife was stuck on my chest and someone kept turning it slowly. I felt like the sky was crushing down on me

When I got home I went straight to bed. I wept until both pillows which I had were wet. Marc and Chihera's words kept replaying in my head.

07/May/2013

I told my mom and dad what happened the previous night.

My dad decided to call him

Marc:Hello

Dad:Marc so you no longer have anything to do with my daughter?

Marc:You got it right old man

Dad:I will make you pay for all that you have done.Trust me.

Marc:Hahaha will be waiting

And he went off

Dad:You see TeeTee?You see?I dont ever want to see you with that man again.The day that you choose to be with him is the day that you will cease to be my daughter.

Mom:Same here.I will disown you.

I had realised that nothing good can come out of loving Marcus.Maybe we were not meant to be.The following week Marcus sent me the papers and I signed and we went to the court and had our marriage cancelled.

I got to the point that I kept asking myself how I got here.Each time I looked into the mirror I felt pity for my self.I did not stop going to church.I kept going to that ZAOGA in Glen Norah and Mrs Murairwa always comforted me.I thank God for her if it wasnt for her I would have gone mad.The church became my favourite place and slowly I started forgetting Marcus and started gaining weight.

24/August/2013

I got admission at the University of Zimbabwe as a Media studies student.I was so happy that once again I was going to live my dream.I realised that ITS NEVER TOO LATE TO BECOME WHAT YOU SHOULD HAVE.Dont lose hope.

14/November/2013

I was on my way to school when I bumped into this other pregnant lady.I could not believe my eyes.As soon as she saw me she hugged me and cried so pitifully that I almost cried too.Guess who it was?

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 7

0027845657126!Drop your comments

LADIES ARE YOU THERE

Nomatter what,you will make it out of that situation!Trust in God

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 7

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On my way to school I bumped into Manyara and she was pregnant.

Me:Stop crying

Nyarie:I'mso sorry Trina

Me:Its okay dear.Marc is history to me now

Nyarie:It ended because of me?Oh my God

She sobbed

Me:After you left things just got worse.Look!

I pulled up my trousers to show her my legs which had marks which I obtained during that time when Max was abusing me.I lifted the fringe of my weave to show her my forehead.

Nyarie:Jesus!Eh eh eh Marc is an animal.

Me:The nightmare is over now.So whats up?Are you married now?

Nyarie:Mmmmy sister life is hard.I want to talk to you when you are not in a rush.Give me your adress and the day that I can visit you.

I took out a piece of paper frommy notebook and wrote the adress for her.We parted.

09/Nov/2013

It was a beautiful Saturday morning.I was sun buskiing when I heard someone knocking the gate.Our garden boy went there and opened the gate.It was Manyara.

Me:Ah Nyarie.Welcome deae

Nyarie:Thanks Trina.

Me:Lets go inside

We went into our house and I gave her a seat.

Me:What can I offer you?

Nyarie:Imfine dont stress

I kept insisting until she said anythng was fine.I prepared hot milo and toasted bread and polony.Manyara ate hungrily and in no time she had finished.After that we went back outside and sat on the verandah

Me:So tell me where are you staying and with who?

Nyarie:mmmmy sister,life sucks.I got pregnant for my boyfriend fromour village.I decided to elope.I only stayed with himfor two days and my stay was shortlived by another girl who eloped too.My boyfriend said he could not cope with two wives thus he chose her over me.I was chased away and I went back to our home.My parents deceased long ago that I do not remember their faces so I grew up with my uncle.

She paused and then continued

Nyarie:After 2 months I went to my boyfriend's house to ask for money so that I could go and pay for martenity.He refused to give me.I decided to come here and look for a job and I worked until my tummy grew bigger and my employer dismissed me.These days I amsqatting with a friend in Matapi.

Me:So does the friend treat you right?

Nyarie:Its a male friend,I pay my stay there with s*x.

Me:Holy crap!!

Nyarie:I'v realised how much I hurt you that time and I amso sorry.God is punishing me.

Me:Oh yes you are reaping.

I held my mouth with my left hand trying to take back those words.Those word had just slipped out of my mouth.

Tears were falling down her cheeks.I pitied her.I comforted her and told her I was gonna help somehow.

We talked about a lot of things that day.

Nyarie:Mmmso how is Chihera,Marc's mother

Me:Ooh your friend?

We both giggled.

Me:I dont know

Nyarie:That woman eish she is a problem.You know she biwitched her son so that he can do whatever she says.

Me:Really?How do you know?

Nyarie:Eh-eh she told me.She never liked you fromthe word go.She wanted a rural girl to be her inlaw not an uptown girl.

Manyara had reveales to me thingz that I failed to understand.I didnt know why Chihera hated me with a passion.

Around 1600hrs I accompaned Manyara back to her house with my father's car.I had tried to talk her into spending the night at our house bt she refused to give in.

Since that day Manyara came to visit me every saturday and I started going to church with her and I saved up some money and gave her so that she could add up the preparation for the baby.

22/December/2013

Manyara called me and told me she was in labour.I quickly hurried to the hospital and she delivered a baby girl safely.I took her to

our house when she was discharged.I begged my mother to let us stay with her for a while.During her stay she did all the chores because our house help was on leave.She was hardworking that my parents decided to give her the job and the previous maid was told not to return.

25/January/2014

I went shopping with Manyara and I met Marcus at Ok Mbuya Nehanda.

Marcus:Trina is that you?

Me:Yes?You thought I would die?Well guess what I amlive and kicking

Marcus:Ey you look gorgeous hun.Let me take you out for lunch.

Me:Dont worry I can afford my meal.

Nyarie:Hey Marcus

Marc:Hie.Trina I know you still feel me.Lets get back together.

Me:Imstill that barren Trina.

I felt tears filling up my eyes and quickly grabbed Manyara's hand so that we could go.I did not want to cry in front of him

Marc:Manyara You are in bad shape girl.

We were about forty meters away fromhimwhen he called out those words.

Nyarie:You too Marcus.

As I was walking I could feel Marc's eyes glued to my booty.I shaked it like no man's bussiness.

Around 2 in the afternoon we sat down to eat and we met the devil again.

Me:Are you stalking me?

Marcus:Nope but its destiny calling out thats why we keep bumping into each other.

WATCH OUT FOR PART 8

0027845657126.Drop your comments

Thanx for the support guyz

Lets learn to forgive and forget.

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 8

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Me:I dont want to have anything to do with you.

Marc came even closer.

Me:Marcus Stop.You are beginning to piss me off.

Marc:Trina I still love you,I really dont know what got into me.I never wanted to hurt you.Please understand.

Me:I understand and I forgive you.

Marc:so,give me your number.

Me:For what?I dont ever wanna see you.

I continued eating my two piecer silently while he kept talking his nonsense.

Marcus:Trina remember all the good times and you will see that something just came between us.It was the devil.

Bla bla bla..he kept reciting his poem and after I was done eating I told Manyara to finish up so we could leave.Marc knelt down in front of me.He wasnt even ashamed of all those people.

Marc:Babe pliz forgive me,I want you back.Lets be that Trina and Marc again.

A certain guy shouted

"Trina why dont you just forgive.Its almost an hour now since the guy started apologising"

Another said,"True it shows he loves you because no man would fall so low in front of all these people".

Marc:You see everyone agree with me.

Me:Lets see if they totally agree.

All eyes were fixed on us like they were watching a soccer match.I cleared my throat and removed the chiffon I had.I also removed the upper part of the spaghetti top I was wearing.I turned around to show everyone the scars I had on my back.

Me:I can remove all the clothes I am wearing to show you how cruel this guy has been to me.I even miscarried and was hospitalised for more than 2 weeks.I lost a baby I had been praying for for nearly two years and you all tell me I am being inconsiderate.You dont know what I have been through.

At this point I was sobbing.How could people tell me to get back to that monster .

After the show,it was time to leave,I grabbed my purse and paperbag and left all the people looking at Marc with talking eyes.I kept walking and walking while crying until I realised I had left Manyara behind.I rushed back but Manyara was nowhere to be found.I tried calling her but it directed me to voicemail.I finally decided to go home because Manyara was a big girl.I knew she would find her way back home.I arrived home around 4 pm and Manyara was not there.Manyara later came back around 6pm I asked why she had come late and she said she had continued with the shopping since I left before we finished shopping.

Manyara:lil today you humiliated Marcus.All the people started scolding him saying he disturbed their peace with his stupid show.Some said he is an animal how could he do that to a human.

Me:What did he say?

Manyara:Nothing he just left .

Me:Agh he is such a pest.

After that conversation we ate dinner and went to bed.I could not stop thinking about my encounter with Marc.I kept hearing his sweet words in my head.That day I even dreamt about him

14/February/2014

It was on a Friday,at school people were getting gifts from their partners.It all made me remember about me and Marc when we were still in love.I left school earlier than usual because the environment was boring.When I got home I was surprised to hear that there was a present from

someone. I took it to my room and opened the big box. There was a big Teddy bear with a bowtie written 'give me a chance', toiletries and a set of sleep wear. I wondered who could have sent such to me and I thought it was Trevor. Trevor was my classmate and I had noticed that he had feelings for me. I was happy. It did not occur to me that he did not know where I lived.

16/February/2014

I received a call on our landline.

Me: Who is this?

Caller: Hey Trina it's me Marcus.

As soon as I heard the name Marcus I threw the receiver on the wall

The following morning I prepared to go to school. I went to Trevor to thank him for such a unique present. I felt so ashamed when he said it wasn't him I thought it might be Marc sending those gifts.

When I got home I called him and told him to stop sending me gifts.

Marc did not stop. One other time he sent me fresh flowers. My mom received them and Manyara told her they came from Marc. When I got home she was furious.

Mom: Why is Marc sending you flowers?

Me: He is apologising but I said no.

Mom: Better because if you start dating that psycho again you move out of my house.

Me: I would never do such.

28 /March/2014

After some days Marc came to our house. Both my parents were home and we were in the sitting when we heard a knock. I invited him in not knowing who it was. Marc came in and greeted everyone and got no response. He sat down on the cold tiled floor.

Marc: Please dad and mom forgive me for what I did to Trina. I want her back.

Dad: What!? who do you think you are talking to?

My father got up and went into his bedroom and came out with a baseball stick. Marc ran out and stood there apologising. My father called out our two dogs and they chased him out of the yard. I never heard from him until one day, he called and I was so happy. I realised how much I missed him

and I still had feelings for him I still turned down his proposal until one day we met at church. My church. He had started going to church for me. That was the day we started dating again. It was magical and he treated me like a queen. I was in love again. I forgave him no matter what he had done.

I started sneaking out to see him and life became joyful. One day we went to the movies and on our way out we met my dad.....

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 9

0027845657126..Drop your comments Love you all

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 9

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My father was a very violent man. Everyone was afraid of him his relatives, his in-laws, myself and people from our hood etc. He was a no sh*t man and I was doing sh*t. As soon as I saw him I turned back and went back into the movie house. Marcus was unaware of the situation so he called me because he could not understand my actions and I am sure my father heard him and that was how he noticed me. Besides that, I had a better chance of escaping.

Dad: Young lady why are you running away?

He said in a loud voice that everyone heard him and looked around to see the young lady.

Dad: Trina if you get away make sure you went to my house.

He was already near Marc and I told Marc to run away. He came running my way and we were like 2 rats and a cat playing Tom and Jerry. My dad kept coming after us until the security stopped us and said we should go and settle our issues outside. The security man took us to the door and as soon

as we were outside I ran away and Marc went the other way and my dad went after him but he failed to catch up with him I called Marc to confirm if he was okay. After talking to him I went back home. When I arrived home I saw all my belonging packed near the gate. My mother was sitting on the verandah.

Me: Mom what's going on

Mom: Trina why? Why have you chose to ruin your life .

Me: Mom Marcus has changed.

Mom: Don't come back crying again. Leave! If your father finds you here he will kill both of us. He called earlier and told me not to let you into this yard.

Me: Talk to dad I do not want to live with Marc now, I am not yet ready.

Mom: Leave!!

She screamed on top of her voice and I realised how serious this was. I begged her to hide some of my luggage so that I would come back for it some other time. She agreed and I took only the mornach and left. I went straight to Marc's house and found him there. He said it was what he had always wanted. He wanted us to stay together.

22/April/2014

It was a week after I left home. I recieved a call from my father begging me to come back home.

Dad: Trina come back home. That dog is no good for you. He will only bring misery into your life.

Me: I can not come back dad. Everything is okay with Marc now.

Dad: Trina if you chose that there is no turning back

Before I replied he hung up the fone. To tell you the truth, I really wanted to go back home but I love Marc. I could not pretend not to love him anymore. You all can not understand. He was my husband (customarily) and the only man I knew. He was the man who made me a woman, a mother and a wife. Nobody can forget that easily.

25/April/2014

My mom came to my house early in the morning around 6 am. She wanted me to reconsider my decision and leave Marcus for good.

Mom: This man changed ruined you and you survived by grace. Look at you, you cant even wear a skirt because your legs are covered in marks.

She tried to remind me of all the bad that Marc did but I was too stubborn to listen to her.

After she left I did some rethinking and I remembered that Marc had mood swings...he changes like weather.

That day when Marc came I asked him a lot of questions so I could make my decision. If you love someone you will always find a reason to stay with them no matter what.

Marc promised me that he would never hurt me ever again. He even wanted us to renew our vows.

Everything was sweet throughout with Marcus and then I called my father to ask for my fees for the next semester and he said these words

YOU ARE ON YOUR OWN STOP BUGGING ME!

Later in the evening I told Marc about it and he said he would pay for me. It was hard but he managed to raise the money. The way he struggled, made me realise that I had made the right decision. He had changed.

13/May/2014

Chihera came to our house and she did not know that I was back with Marc. I was in the bathroom taking a bath when she came and she went straight to my bedroom where Marcus was taking a day-nap. I was about to finish off when Chihera came so I wrapped my Drying Towel and went to the bedroom. I stopped when I heard Chihera talking.

Chihera: Eh Marcus why didn't you tell me that you got me a new daughter in-law or is Mrabel back? I can see ladies shoes there

Marc: shhhhhhh momlets go to the sitting and talk.

Me: Which Mrabel? Marcus! Which Mrabel?

Chihera: Oh this one again? No Marc not this barren one aah

Marc: Stop mom! I love Trina and if you have a problem with that then we have a problem

I was so shocked to hear Marc stand up for me like that. It even made me forget to ask about the Mrabel issue... The only Mrabel was that one who had tried to stop Marc from hitting me on that incident which led to our separation. Marc's workmate.

Chihera kept quiet and only said she was gonna be around for a few weeks and she did not give a

reason. Living with Chihera was going to be a torture. This was going to be the longest time staying together.

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 10

0027845657126..Drop your comments

Please go straight to your point.

Happy reading!!

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 10

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14/May/2014

I woke up early in the morning so I could prepare to go to school. Chihera was already sitting in the lounge and I wondered why she was up so early. I greeted her and she just nodded her head. I cleaned up and in no time I was ready for school.

Chihera: Better you are working now.

Me: I'm going to school mother.

Chihera: What school?

Me: University

Chihera: Marcus is paying for you? huh?

Me: He started this semester

Chihera got up and went to the bedroom where Marcus was still sleeping.

Chihera: Marcus... where did you get the money to pay for Trina's fees. You made me sell my cow for this?

Marc: No I paid for Trina's fees with my own money and I used your cow's money for other necessities.

Chihera was so angry that day and my mood was the opposite.

When I came back home that day she had left for the village.

To my astonishment, Chihera came back the following day.

19/May/2014

As I was spreading my bed I noticed something under the mattress. It looked like an egg. I tried cracking it but it was too hard to crack. I took it to Chihera's room to ask if she knew what it was. It did not go well. She said I was accusing her of witchcraft. I went back to my room and prayed. The following day Chihera left without a word.

Marc began picking up calls outside the house and when I asked who it was he would say nobody. One day I overheard his conversation.

Marcus: Eh don't give me pressure.... I know but try to understand my hands are tied... I can't do that to Trina.... Ok I will make a plan.

I could not really understand the conversation so I decided to ask him but he did not respond. Marc started acting weird. Some days he would not come back home and when I confronted him he would say he was caught up in some 'hustles'. Of course some time he would come home with some money so I thought he was involved in some illegal deals. I tried to talk him out of it but he did not change. I later complained that I did not want him to sleep out. I reminded him of the past and how scared I was that he would ruin us again. He stopped.

10/August/2014

I had long stopped going to church. When things are good in our lives we tend to forget praying. We forget God. We only run back to Him when we are in need.

It was around 7pm when I heard a knock. Marcus went to open the door. After a while I heard voices whispering outside and I went to check it out. It was dark outside I could only see a pregnant woman trying to get into the house but Marc was blocking the way.

Me:Whats going on?

Marc turned around and faced me.

Marc:Trina go back inside.

Me:Noo let the visitor in.

When she came in I saw that it was Mrabel.I gave her a seat and sat down too.Marc stood still near the door.

Me:So tell me whats going on

Marcus:Mra is looking for a place to sleep tonight

Mrabel:Seriously Marcus?Listen Trina I am 7 months pregnant and I am carrying his baby.

I could not believe my ears.I controlled myself and kept calm

Me:So where have you been all this time that you chose to elope today.

Mrabel:I have been staying in Glen norah C where Mark was renting for me.But I can not continue staying alone,the baby needs his daddy near.

Me:Marc is this true?

Marc:Listen Trina,Mra got pregnant before we got back together

Me:Let me see...so this is August and you are 7 months gone meaning you got pregnant around February.

Mrabel:That is very correct.So??

Me:Marcus seriously?So you were sleeping with Mra while you were talking me into getting back with you.How could you Marc?

Mra:Not February only up until last month.He spent most time and nights at my house.He stopped last month thats why I decided to come here because I can see he can not handle two wives at two different homes.

I was speechless.I went straight to bed and Marc followed.He begged for forgiveness and I told him to send her away.I could not live with another woman in the same house.He agreed.Mrabel came into the bedroom and said she can not sleep on the couch or on the floor because of the pregnancy.It was a good excuse because I saw how Marc looked at me with a talking eye which said 'please understand'.Marc said he would sleep on the floor and Mra and I on the bed.I so much wanted to punch that fat stomach and take out the bastard inside.

11/August/2014

I woke up early and told both Marcus and Mrabel to wake up and leave. Mrabel was stubborn at first but she later noticed that I was in no mood to play around. Marc took Mrs's bag outside and told her to go. She asked to take a bath first but I refused. She pulled her suitcase a bit and stopped.

Mrabel: No Marcus, I'm not leaving. Kill me if you want. I am carrying your child for crying out loud.

Me: I am not going to say it again. Leave! This is my house I am not going to let a husband snatcher in.

Politeness was not an option here. I was jealous that Mrabel was living my dream. She was carrying my husband's child which had always been my dream.

Chihera then appeared from nowhere. I wonder where she got the money for these ups and downs. I could see how furious she was from afar. Immediately, Mrs ran towards the gate and hugged Chihera. I knew it was now three against one. Chihera was a two in one human plus Mrs. Marc was like a Zombie he was so indecisive.

0027845657126 Drop your comments

Greetings from Nakiso

Munondipasa manyerwe...keep it up mafans amai Nakie

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 11

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Chihera: Eeeh this is not your house. This is my house I decide who leaves and who stays. In this case Mrabel is going nowhere.

Me: It's your house but everything in it belongs to me including that door mat so she can not stay.

Chihera:Ohoo...take your bed and propert out of my house.

She went into the house and left Marc and I outside,out of words.

Me:Marc we are leaving this house

Marc:And go where?

Me:We will rent a place somewhere.I am tired of all this.

Chihera:Shut up Trina,do you have a job?How are you going to pay the rent because Marc has to start preparing for my grandchild.All the property in the house belongs to the unborn baby.Ever since you got married I have never seen you trying to look for any source of income so you bought nothing in this house.

Me:Marcus are you going to stand there and let your mother talk to me like that.

Marc:Listen Trina...

Chihera:Shut up Marcus!nxaaa and you Trina nxaa

MmmChihera was too much that's why I said two in one human.Life was getting hard for me but I was going to try and talk Marc into moving out.I could not tolerate Chihera anymore.

That night we slept the same way we slept yesternight.Chihera slept in her room

12/August/2014

I woke up and Mrabel was not by my side.Marc was still sleeping.I heard giggles in the kitchen and knew it was Mrabel and Chihera.I went into the kitchen and looked at the clock.It was exactly 6 o'clock in the morning.They were washing dishes together.As soon as they saw me they stopped talking.Chihera whispered something to Mrabel and they both laughed.Eish I was so hurt.How could Mrabel be blessed with that I wished to have?Marc's baby and now she is my mominlaw's best buddy.Tears suddenly streamed down my cheeks and went back to the bedroom.Marc was awake that time so he asked what the matter was.

Marc:Whats wrong babe?

Me:I just cant stand it Marc please lets move out.

Marc:Sweetie I can not afford renting because I have too much at hand now.Your fees,the coming baby and both you and Mrabel needs clothing and food.

Me:Find a way Marc.You are a man

Marc:Fine,choose between moving out and schooling.

DAMN..I could not stop my education and I could not continue staying with Mrabel.I had to decide

and I chose school. That morning I stayed in my bedroom until midday with my husband. Mrabel came in around 10 with breakfast for Marc which we ate together. Around 1 in the afternoon we took a bath together and I did a lot of extra ordinary things with Marc just to show Mrs that she can have Marc's baby and Chihera's blessing but nothing can overcome Love. Later in the evening Chihera said she wanted some money. Marc said he would give her on Monday when he starts work. He had a one week off.

Chihera: Marcus I want to use it tomorrow do you hear me?

Marc: I don't have it mom please understand

Chihera: You have never said that to me before. It started now because this lazy peacock is draining all your money with...

Mrabel: How much do you need mother?

Chihera: \$140 only

Mrs: Okay let me give you and Marc will give me back on Monday. It's for the baby's preparation.

Chihera: God bless you Mrs. Where were you all along when Marc was searching for a wife look what he brought for us. Don't worry keep that money for the baby because this witch might not allow Marc to give it back to you. I want it from them and I want it now.

Marc: Mom but I don't have it

Me: I have only \$80 that I saved let me give you that.

Chihera: What is \$80? I said \$140. Are you deaf?

Marc: I have \$25 now will give you the rest on Monday.

Chihera: Better but it's still short with 35 dollars.

Marc: Okay I know.

In tears I went into the bedroom to get the money where I hid it. You know as a woman we have some money we hide from our husbands for our own personal uses which we know our husband won't approve. I had \$85 so I gave her \$80. She did not say thank you or even smile at me.

That night Chihera slept with Mrs in her room. Marc promised to give me back my money.

13/August/2014

When I woke up the kitchen was a mess. The fridge was open. I closed the fridge and started cleaning up. Marc came and helped me to clean up. He had no idea where Mrs and mom were. Around 5pm Mrs and Chihera came back home. Mrs went straight to the kitchen and came back to the

sitting with a frown on her face.

Mrs:Why is there nothing to eat?I amhungry

Chihera:Trina you are so cruel.How can you not leave food for a pregnant woman

Me:I did not know when you would be back.

Chihera:What a lame excuse.Marcus go and buy something for your PREGNANT WIFE to eat.

*Marc*Something like what?

Mrs:Fresh chips and russian.

Marc took some money and when he was about to leave Chihera told Mrs to go with him

Chihera:She is pregnant so you might not know what she wants.

Me:But she told him

Chihera:What do you know about pregnancy?She might change her mind so they must go together.

Me:Then I will go too.

Chihera:Are you pregnant?Cook dinner and stop acting like a she-goat.

Marc and Mrs left and I started preparing dinner.An hour passed before Marc and Mrs came back.I started texting Marc so he could come back home.After a while I had the gate open and I ran to the bedroomand peeped through the window.This time I switched off the light so that the people from outside wont notice me.I saw Marc carrying Mrs into the gate and when they got to the door Mrs got down and they opened the door.

I went back to the sitting and asked Marc why they were so late.Chihera said I had no right to ask that because they were grown ups.After dinner I took the plates to the kitchen and started to wash them singing that song the pastor taught me.I remembered I had backslided.I had to go to church and pray for my life.I could hear clearly the people in the sitting talking.

Chihera:Mrs did you show Marc what I bought for you?

Mrs:Nooo...

I had the flip flop sound of her slops and knew she was going to get the stuff fromthe bedroom.I heard the flip flop again and knew she was going back to the sitting.

I heard sound of paperbags opening and after a while I heard Marc's voice.

Marc:Thank but this is too much dont tell this is why you were demanding money for yesternight.

Chihera:So what?Is it wrong to spoil my daughter in law who is about to give me a grandbaby?

Marc:You cant do that with Trina's money

Chihera:Stop it..where does Trina get money?Is she working?Its your money thats why I took it.

I left the dishes unfinished and went to my bedroomChihera was something else and Marc on the other hand had pierced my heart when I saw him carrying Mr a.I was going to tell him that I saw him Tears fell and when I tried to pray I choked with bitterness.

Watch out for Chapter 12

0027845657126 Dont hesitate to drop your comments.

Please msatsamwe ndikanonoka kureplyer.Chapter 4 yeCry of a woman haisati yabuda asi ikuuya kwamakangwana mamwe machapters kana yaapo muchaiona ikoko.

Lets share the book please kukupai one one zvkunetsa mawandisa but will try.

Love you all

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 12

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Marc came into the room and tried to comfort me.He said no matter what he would stick with me.

Me:So what about Mr a bel do you love her?

Marc:No what happened between Mr a and I was a mistake.

Me:So why did you continue seeing her and even went to the extent of renting for her

Marc:She kept insisting that I rent out for her,If not so she would come here and tell you everything.I was even forced to sleep at her place because of that.I didnt want you to find out but I dont care about her.All I want is you.

Me:So what were you doing when you went to buy chips with her?What took you so long?

Marc:Mra was saying I dont want this,I want that.She delayed us.You know I dont love her that is why I dont even touch her or look at her.

*Me*How can you lie to my face Marc?

Marc:Believe whatever you want Trina.

Me:Marc I saw you carrying Mra.

Marc:Mmmabout that mmmI was going to tell you.But I just couldnt find a way to.She said she was too tired to walk.I am sorry Trina.

Me:Okay but I dont like it,you know how jealous I am

Marc:It wont happen again.

That night we both prayed and in no time we were fast asleep then we heard a loud knock.It was Chihera.

Chihera:What are you doing in there?Why did you lock the door?Where do you think Mra will sleep?

Marc:Sleep with her in your room

Chihera:AmI the one who got her pregnant huh?AmI her husband?Open the door or nobody will sleep in this house.

Marc kept quiet and we cuddled.Chihera kept talking but it was of no use.We fell and we dont know when Chihera stopped talking.

14/August/2014

This was the day Marc was going back to work.I helped him prepare and in no time he was off to work.Chihera and her beloved daughter in law were in her room talking and laughing.I could hear that they were having fun.Around 10 am they came out and sat in the sitting.Chihera kept praising Mra in my presence.

Chihera:Trina,tell me something,who do you think you are?Why didnt you open the door for Mra huh?

I kept quiet until Mrs chipped in.

Mrs:You are so disrespectful that why God can never bless you with a child.

Me:My God will surely bless me one day.

Chihera:Shut up nxaax

Me:You dont shut me up.I..

Before I could finish Mrs slapped me the back of her palm

Mrs:I wont let you disrespect our mother in law like tha.

Ever since I was born I had never been in a fight but I could noy take Mrs's attitude.Mrs was bigger and older than me but that was no passport for her to illtreat me.I slapped her back and we grabbed each other's hair.We wrestled and Mrs fell so I started punching her in the face while sitting on her chest and I dont know what hit me at the back of my head.I fainted.I woke up after a while and Chihera and Mrs were watching an African movie and they didnt seembothered by my unconciousness.My head felt heavy.I got up slowly and walked into my bedroom They both laughed at me.I stayed in bed and was awakened by Mr'cs loud voice.He was back fromwork.

Mr'c:How could you Trina Huh?

Me:What have I done?

Mrabel:You know what you did.

Mr'c:How could you beat up my mother like that?Whats wrong with you

Me:Mr'c I did not do anythng.They are the ones who...

I did not finish,Mr'c grabbed me into the sitting and Chihera was lying on the couch helplessly.She was crying and covered her legs with a small blanket.I knew it was a set up.They had lied to Mr'c.I tried to explain but he failed to understand me.That night he chased me out of the bedroom and slept with Mrs.I could hear themlaughing and talking.

The following morning I begged Mr'c for forgiveness and told himthat I was nothing without himHe went off to work and left no word.After a while he sent a message written _Apology accepted_

I knew Mr'c knew that Chihera and Mrabel had lied against me but he chose that opportunity to sleep with Mrs.Frankly speaking Mrs was was more beautiful than I amin terms of structure.She had bigger hips and buttocks than me.However,facial-wise I ama bomb.Despite the scars I had,I am beautiful beyond that word.Despite all that,Mrs was a threat.You know men and buttocks.

That day when Marc came back from work, he greeted us all and Mrs took off his shoes and brought a small dish with warm water and his lotion then washed his feet and gave him a massage. I had never done that for him. Seeing Marc enjoy it that much I was so hurt. I brought him food and he ate. Mrs had called out for competition. Marc returned the favour by massaging Mrs on the shoulders. I got furious that I told Marc to stop.

Chihera: Why?

Me: Because I am his wife I will not let them disrespect me like that. I am the wifey and she is just his child bearing machine.

Mrs: What makes you think that way? We are no different Trina. Where is your ring?

Me: It's not about a ring. I am customarily married to him.

Mrs: So am I. He also paid lobola (bride price) for me.

Me: What a lie, Marc had no money to do such. Marc I am right, right?

Marc: Actually I did, Mrs was threatening to terminate the pregnancy. I had no option. I lied to me so she could sell two of her cows so I could add up with what I had and pay her lobola.

Me: How could you do that to me?

Chihera: Eh eh was it your money? Were they your cattle? I am the one who is supposed to be mad but I am not. Do you want to know why? Because it's better it was used to pay lobola for a fine daughter like Mrs. If it was for you hee it would have been another story.

Me: Marc I am so disappointed in you. All this time I thought you used that money for my fees.

Mrs: Would it make you feel better if it was used on you.

Chihera: ululululu (ululating) well done Marcus. That is called being a man. I was worried that my grandbaby will be an illegitimate. I was going to give you the cattle to marry her anyway.

I fell down on my knees and started crying. I felt like the skies had fallen down on me. I was hurt.

Marc grabbed my hand and I pushed him away. I hated him so much that I wanted to leave him for good but where would I go? My parents' house? Hell No. My dad would never let me back. I regretted my choices but there was no turning back. I had designed my fate.

I went to my bedroom and Mrs followed and I told her not to sleep on my bed and she called Chihera who said it was her husband's bed too. I decided to sleep on the floor.

16/August/2014

Chihera woke all of us up and she said she was going back to the village and said we had to take

good care of Mrabel. IMAGINE!

Chihera: So since I am leavin now Mra will take my room and take out all the things inside to the garage. Marc you should perform your duties equally. Sleep in Mra's room more times than in Trina's because that is what's good for the baby unless you want to lose him

Mra Thank you mom

She kissed her cheek and they both (Marc and Mra) accompanied her to Mbare musika with Marc's car. I cried a lot when they left and decided to go to M's Murairwa's house. It had been long since I talked to her.

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Drop your comments

Ndri kmaona ma comments enyu Thank You Thank you.

LETS SHARE PLEASE KUTANDADZANA TICHIDZIDZA

kune varikuda group handina group rema Stories angu handha tymyekumanager group kana raapo ndichakuudzai.

LOVE YOU ALL nemi ana CHIHERA tokudai amwene.

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: Follow this link to join my WhatsApp group:
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DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 13

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I knocked at Mrs Murairwa's door and she answered. Mrs Murairwa had 3 children and I had always admired her marriage. Her husband worked as a truck driver and he had a decent paycheck. However, he hardly stayed at home because he drove trucks to Namibia. They were a perfect couple.

She offered me a seat and I sat down and we exchanged greetings. After that I began narrating my story to her from the last time we talked up to the present day.

Mrs Murairwa: I knew something has gone wrong the moment I saw you coming. Trina, it's been months since you came back and you never bothered to say hi to me.

Me: I am so sorry for that please forgive.

Mrs M: It's okay I know people turn to others when they are in need and tend to forget them when they are happy and fine.

Me: It's not like that Mrs Murairwa I have been busy with school and everything.

Mrs M: Why did you stop going to church Trina.

Me: I have been busy

Mrs M: You should never be busy for God because the devil is never busy for you. He will keep tormenting you and he is always waiting for the time that you stop using your knees.

Me: Things are now hard my sister I need prayers

Mrs M: The pastor went to Singapore so until then we should pray on our own.

We prayed together for my marriage and we parted. After that she promised to take me to a women's club where they met once in two weeks to discuss and help each other.

When I got home Mrs M was already back and she was cleaning her new room. After she finished she came and sat next to me. I knew she had something to say.

Mrs M: Trina we need to agree on which days Marc will sleep in your room. I like the weekends.

Me: I am not going to share my husband with you like that.

Mrs M: We will see. You take him Monday to Wednesday and I will take him Thursday to Sunday. I hope you will understand I need him more than you do. One day when you get pregnant you will understand what I mean.

Me: I was once pregnant I know it all.

Mrs: That was a long time ago so its obvious you have forgotten.

I did no answer her because I coul feel tears filling my eyes and I did not want to cry in front of her. Mrs Murairwa had taught me not to cry in front of my enemies. In would give them nothing but power over me. One thing I knew was that Marc loves me but I could not figure out what was wrong with him

Marc came back home around 6 in the evening. I told her what Mrs had said earlier and he said he would never go into her room. That night he slept in my room and the next and the next until Mrs got tired of it.

One night she screamed in her room and we both rushed there. She looked disturbed. It was like she had seen a ghost or had the most horrible nightmare ever. She was shivering and sweating. It looked so real but I knew deep down that she was pretending. She begged Marc to sleep with her but I said no. Marc asked to stay for one night and I said no way.

Me: Its better we sleep in my room together with Mrs or we sleep in here the three of us.

Mrs: I will never sleep in your room and I do not want you in here. Marc take your Trina and go. I will be fine.

Marc: Are you sure?

In no time Mrs was sleepy. She suddenly fell asleep. Marc and I tiptoed out of the room and just when we were about to open our bedroom door, Mrs screamed again. Marc quickly rushed there and I knew I was never going to stop this drama queen so I went to bed. Marc stayed in Mrs's room

21/August/2014

It was late night and I had a bad dream then I woke up. Marc was not by my side. I went to Mrs's room and when I touched the door to open, I heard very a disturbing noise. I almost fainted. Marc had sneaked out to sleep with Mrs. I went back to my room and waited for him. It was high time I had to accept that I was in a polygamous marriage. In no time Marc came in quietly and slept beside me thinking I was asleep.

The following day Mrs wanted so much to tell me that Marc came into her room. I told her first that I allowed Marc to spend some time in her room

This was the day Mrs Murairwa was going to take me to the women's club. I prepared and went to her house to collect her because I could not wait. In no time we were at the club. It wasnt far from

home. The club was held at a house in Glenora B. The women gave me a warm welcome. I felt at home. We all sat in a circle and the other lady who seemed to be in her early fifties introduced me to the rest of the group. Obviously, Mrs Murairwa had told her about me. She asked me to tell my story and they all listened attentively. I felt better after telling them. They did not seem surprised at such a surprising story. My Story.

The woman asked each one of them to tell their stories that brought them to the group in short. I was not the only one in a shaking marriage.

The 1st lady got married as the fifth wife and she discovered it after she got married to him

The other woman's husband was in prison for impregnating her 14 year old sister and was left in care of 6 children with no stable income. She was currently working as a maid for one of the group members.

The other's husband left home without a word and it has been 6 months but he has never called. She even thought he was dead until she bumped into him with another woman. When he left, they had neither fought nor argued, he just left.

Aaah they were too many that I even got tired of hearing their stories. I felt pity for most of them more than myself. When it came to Mrs Murairwa's turn I thought she would say "everything is fine, hubby is totally fine".

However she surprised me. She said one of the children was not hers. The child's biological mother is a Namibian. Her husband brought the child to her when she was 2 months old and that was when she discovered that her husband had been unfaithful. I was so shocked and I realised I was not the only one. Most men are like that. I felt better and I left the place in a better mood. My day ended as usual but I felt much better. The women had encouraged me to pray oftenly and also to look for part time work since I was still a student. That way, when things get bad I will be able to work for my self and kids which they assured me that I would soon have by God's grace.

29/August/2014

Mra was so irritating. No matter how hard I ignored her she would not give up. Sometimes I would feel like hitting her but I am a Christian I could not. On this day she went too far that I talked back at her and she slapped me. I stayed calm because I knew the devil was driving me into hitting her. She started shouting at me pointing her finger at me like I was a 3 year old. When she saw me ignoring her, she grabbed me by the collar and I told her to stop. I pushed her away and went to the bedroom I called Marc and told him what had happened. After I finished talking to him I went to the kitchen to grab a glass of water then I heard Mrabel on the phone.

Mra: I tried to provoke her but it did not work... Of course I will try again she must leave this house.... Yaa I understand. I love you so much _amwene vangu_ (mother in-law) bye

I knew there and then that Chihera and Mr a were up to something not good.

When Marc came back he shouted at Mrabel and told her to leave me alone.

Me:I overheard her talking to your mother that her plan failed.Probably she wanted me to hit her back and when you come back you would throw me out.

Marc:Trina is going nowhere Mrabel.Stop your stupidity

Mra:Trina is lying,I didnt do what she is saying I did.

Marc:Stop lying against her nxaa

Marc went to the bedroom and Mr a came near me and she whispered.. "You have no idea what you have done.I will make you regret this.The name Mrabel will remind you of your worst nightmare.Goodnight"

WATCH OF FOR CHAPTER 14

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Drop your comments.

Join group to get the next chapters.I will no longer be giving them via inbox because mawandisa zvakutora kunetsa

I will only assist those who are behind

Love you all

Arikuuya macoments ndrikumaona.

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DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 14

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30/August/2014

After I finished washing the dishes as part of the morning chores I sat down to eat breakfast because Mrs was sweeping the house. Mrs took the floor brush and I told her not to scrub the floor because I pitied her. Her tummy had grown big that she struggled to do almost everything. I told her I would finish off the other chores. She did not answer me. She continued scrubbing the floor and when she reached where I was she knocked off my legs with the brush. I ignored her and silently lifted my legs. I was avoiding fighting with her. After I finished eating my meal I took all the dirty clothes and I asked Mrs for her's too.

Mrs: Why do you want to wash my clothes. What do you want to do with them

Me: I just want to help you Mrs.

Mrs: since when did you start caring so much? You should leave some of Marc's clothes because I want to wash for him too.

Me: Why didn't you wash them before?

Mrs: Stop being a b***h

I gave her all of Marc's clothes to wash

Mrs: I didn't say all of them I can't wash them all.

Mrs was something else. I just kept quiet and continued with my laundry. Mrs continued talking and talking until suddenly she poured a bucket of water on me. I got very angry that I could not control my anger. I slapped her twice and she did not retaliate. She went into the kitchen and I don't know what she was doing in there. After I finished my laundry I went to Mrs Murairwa's house. In no time I heard Marc calling me

Marc: Trina, Trina... Where is she?

I rushed back home and saw two other men holding Mrs taking her to Marc's car.

Marc:What have you done?You better pray that nothing goes wrong or else you will leave this house.

Me:Marc I did not do anything.

I was so confused.I slapped her on the cheek,how could that affect the pregnancy?.

Marc:She is bleeding...Ooh my goodness.You are atrocious

I peeped through to take a look at Mra.I could not believe my eyes.She had bruises all over her face.The car drove off and I saw Mra smiling at me.I ran into the house and I saw drops of blood everywhere.I cleaned it and took out the rubbish from the trash can we kept in the kitchen out.Then,I saw a plastic with dark blood and a sticker which shows it was a ox liver wrapping bag.What troubled me was that noone had bought liver in the house.I realised Mra was faking.The bleeding and everything was fake.I relaxed knowing that the doctors would confirm that it wasnt a miscarriage.

Marc came back home his usual time and I asked him about Mra.

Marc:Whaaat?You want to know if the baby is dead?Sorry to disappoint you.He is fine.It was just minor bleeding which you caused.Listen Trina,I will not have you treating Mra like trash.She is the mother of my child for crying out loud.

Me:Mra is lying,It was fake bleeding.

Marc:And the doctor too?

Me:Which hospital did you take her?

Marc:I took her to a private doctor.

Me:Ooh she is clever indeed

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 14B

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Marcus went into the bedroom and took out all my clothes and packed them into my suitcase.

Me: No no no Marc you can not do that. Where will I go?

Marc: Who cares? Leave

Me: Marc I am sorry my husband. Please give me a chance to explain.

Marc: I can not live with you any more. 1. You can not give me a child 2. now that I am expecting one, you want to kill him before he is conceived. huh?

Marc dragged me out of the house, out to the gate and locked the gate. I had money hidden in my suitcase but it was less than \$10 so it was so little that it could not last me a week excluding shelter expenses. Since it was late I went to Mrs Murairwa's house to beg for a place to spend the night. Her husband was around but they both agreed to let me in. I slept there and the following day I went to my parent's house.

31/August/2014

When I got to my parents' home my parents were not around. Manyara gave me food and I took a bath and fell asleep in my room. I woke up around 5 pm and went to the sitting room where I found my parents watching television. As soon as my father saw me he got furious.

Dad: What do you want here? Get out now.

Me: Dad I have nowhere to go. Marc chased me away last night.

Dad: Didn't you say he changed. I bet that is the change you mean. March out.

Me: Mom please talk to dad.

My mother got up from the sofa and went into the room where my suitcase was. She took it outside the gate while my dad dragged me out of the yard.

Mom: You disappointed me, I will never forgive you for what you did. Go back to your Marc.

With those words, she closed the gate. Truly speaking I had no friend or anyone I could turn to. I went into the CBD to wait up time and in no time it was 9 pm. I had nowhere to go so I waited for most people to go back to their respective places so I could find a small corner to sleep. Around midnight, two men came to me and took away my suitcase. My money and cellphone were in that suitcase. They robbed me of the last things I had. I realised that spending the night there was not a good idea so I went into a nightclub. I just sat at a corner buried in my thoughts. Men came to me trying to convince me to go with them. God knows where but I refused. I do not know how I fell asleep but I was awakened by a man who said the club was closing. I had to leave. I looked around and saw that there was no one else in the club except me.

Me: Ooh sorry, what is the time?

The man:04:15 am

Me:Okay thank you.

The man:I could not help but notice that you are new here.What is your name?I am Donaldson but my friends call me Dons.

Me:Trina,pleasure to meet you.Will see you some other time.Let me go

Dons:Trina I can see something is not right somewhere.I have been working here for 5 years I know a night lady when I see one.Whats wrong?

Tears fell from my eyes and he hugged me.After I calmed down I explained everything to him in short and he said he would give me a place to stay while I figure something out.He said he was the manager of that club and 3 more clubs so he hardly stayed at home.He took me to his house and somewhere in Greystone park.He had a very big house,an electric gate and 3 maids.I felt better when I saw other women at the house.He said his wife was studying in China.He gave me a room in the main house and I thanked him Everyday I would help the other maids with the chores but they all lived in the cottage at the back of the yard.

18/October/2014

I was in my room taking a mid day nap when I heard a female voice calling out giving orders in the other room I went there to check who it was.With the way she was dressed I could see she was the madam boss.Oh my world,she came back too soon!! I doubted if she would approve of me staying at the house.She asked who I was and the other maid said I was one of the maids but off duty.

Boss lady:How come you stay in the main house?You already got promotion?Something is fishy here.

She took out her fone from her purse and called her husband.

Boss lady:I came home to surprise you and I find trash in my house?Who is she?..Come now.

Dons arrived around 6pm and he tried to explain to her but she did not understand.Of course I dont blame her,who would understand such a story.She declared that I had to leave the house that very moment.I left the house and one of the maid gave me a dollar so I got into town and when it was around 10 I went to small corner and slept there covering myself with cardboard boxes.After about an hour there came 4 boys around 15 to 25 years of age.I could judge from their dressing that they were the ones we call streetkids.One of them tried to touch me and I pushed him away so the others held me down while they took turns to rape me.

Watch out for chapter 15

Love you all

Pane zvaitika zvaita ndizoita A and B.Chakakosha kut tiverenge nhaika.

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Comments only handna nguva yenyaya.

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DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 15

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I begged them to stop on the top of my voice but they did not.I screamed and screame but maybe I wasnot loud enough.They took turns one after the other until I got very weak and I do not know what happened next.I think I fainted.When I woke up there was noone around me.The street kidz had left me there.I tried to stand up and every part of me was hurting.I could not walk.I waited until sunrise and people were rushing to their jobs.I begged for money and noone seemed to look my way.After a while a woman stopped and called me by name.I did not feel ashamed,actually I was glad someone who knew me came my way.I looked up and I saw that it was one of those ladies from the women's club.I walked slowly to her and she also walked towards me.

Fadzie(the ladie's name) are you ok Trina whats wrong?

Me:I was gang raped l...l...l

I choked with bitterness.I tried to calm but I could not talk.Fadzie took me to her car and took me to her doctor.The doctor examined me and took tests to see if there was any internal

damages. Fortunately I was fine. I got the necessary treatment. Fadzi came to see me everyday with Mrs Murairwa until the day I got discharged. Mrs Murairwa said she did not tell Marc about me. Fadzie lived with her in laws thus she said she could not take me in. Mrs Murairwa said she can not stay with me for long because her husband would never approve of it so she was going to live with me for a few days. I thanked them for their kindness. On our way out we met Marc.

Tears started falling from my eyes the moment I saw him Mrs Murairwa and Fadzie encouraged me to walk past him and ignore him but he came to us.

Marc: Trina what's wrong? What are you doing here? Are you ill? I have been looking for you everywhere.

Me: I am fine Marc, thanks to you.

I suddenly burst out into tears.

Fadzi: She was gang raped....

Mrs Murairwa: Fadzie aaah aaah

Me: It's okay tell him I was raped by four street kids. Are you happy? Marc I lost everything because of you. My pride, dignity, confidence and the future I had because of you. That is all I had to pay for just loving you.

Marc: Listen Trina, I just overreacted and after you left I called you that same night and your number was unreachable. You know I can not come to your parents' house because of what happened the last time I came.

Me: I have been living in the streets.

Marc: What? I am so sorry Trina I never meant for all this to happen. Come back home. I still love you.

I so much wanted to say No but where would I go? At Mrs Murairwa I could only stay for a few days. I agreed and Marc asked Mrs Murairwa and Fadzie to take me home. I did not ask what he was doing at that surgery.

When we got home Mrabel was not around. I went into the bedroom and saw Mrabel's belongings in my room I realised she was now using the bedroom I went to her room which Chihera gave her and slept there. I did not want trouble with the madam Marc came back later that evening and he told me his good news.

Marc: Mrs gave birth to a baby boy. I am a father now.

Me: Mrs?? Wasn't she 7 months gone last month? A baby now?

Marc: Yes... premature but he is totally fine.

I could not say much because I knew there were chances that an eight-month premature would survive.

28/October/2014

Mra was discharged the following day and was surprised to see me in the house. After greeting and congratulating her I went to 'my room'. After a while Mra came in.

Mra: Why did you come back?

Me: Mra I beg you in the name of God, I do not have a place to go I have been living in the streets.

Mra: so why didn't you stay there? I don't want you here so you have to go.

Me: please have pity on me. Let me work as a maid if that will make you happy. My payment will be food and shelter please!!

Mra: Okay, if you think you can take Marc away from me you are wrong. We are inseparable now. Oooh did you know that we got married at the court. Oooh naaaay. I am legally married to Marc now.

Me: Its Okay.

Mra: I don't want you anywhere near him or else you out

Me: Noted.

She left the room Marc came in just after she left. He told me he still loved me and wanted things to work out. I turned down his proposal and told him I was going to stay as a maid. Mra controlled Marc like a remote controlled toy car. So I knew if I do not get along with Mra I would be chased away again. I started working as a maid for my own husband in my own house. Yes if you relax, the devil will take authority upon you.

01/November/2014

Chihera came to the house to see the newborn child. When she came to the house she was surprised to see me.

Chihera: You are back again? It must be hard to live with your parents. Why do you keep throwing yourself on him like that?

I kept quiet like I was absent. Chihera greeted Mra and thanked her so much for giving her a grandchild which I had failed to do for a long time. She named him Junior. After a while Chihera started taking out some herbs from her bag. She said she wanted to give to the child to clearly see if he was Marc's. She said it was just a tradition. Mra said she did not want her child to have

anything to do with witchcraft

Chihera:Are you saying I am a witch?why are you so afraid nothing will happen.

Chihera chewed some of the black powder she had and spit it on the baby's face.The child started crying like nobody's business.They tried to stop himbut they failed.Mra even asked me to help but the baby would not stop.Chihera told Mra to call the real Junior's father not Marc.Mra quickly grabbed the fone.

Mra:Hello,Marc your mother came by and gave our baby juju herbs now he is crying.She must have poisoned himI amgoing to take himto the doctor.

Mra grabbed the baby bag and took her baby fromChihera and left.Chihera just stood there baffled.

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 16

Be patient handinyore nemagetsi kaa ini.

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Comments only

NO MORE CHAPTERS KUINBOX JUST COMMENT.

Luv you all

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: Follow this link to join my WhatsApp group:
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DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 16

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Chihera: I knew it as soon as Mrs entered this house that we can not trust her.

I did not answer her. I just went to my room and locked the door. She followed and knocked at the door

Chihera: Trina where do you think Mrs went to?

I kept quiet.

Chihera: What are you even doing in my room? Get out n xaaa Mrs's wives you are all a stress. One is barren the other a harlot aaaah.

I quickly opened the door and went to the sitting. I sat there quietly watching Chihera taking out Mrs's belongings. After that she sat down talking to herself.

Around 5pm Mrs came back together with Mrs.

Chihera: Where did you get this harlot. That child is...

Mrs: If you say one more word, you will regret the day you gave birth to me. What did you do?

Chihera: Mrs you can not talk to me like that. I am your mother.

Mrs: So what? I always knew that you are a witch probably you are the one who tied Trina's womb now you want to kill my son. Leave my house immediately.

Chihera: I do not care what that harlot said to you but junior is not your child. You can go for tests if you want.

Mrs: Just leave. Stop telling me rubbish.

Chihera: This is my house you all leave not me.

Mrs: The house is under my name remember!?

Chihera: Only after your father dies that's when you can claim it as yours.

Mrs: Paps is as good as dead. You do the talking, the deciding and the thinking for him

Mrs grabbed her and Mrs helped him drag Chihera out of the house. Her house. I went to my room and I kept telling myself, she reaped what she sowed. I was glad she got the chance to feel what I felt when I was dragged out of the house many times. Suddenly, another thought flashed my mind. I am

Christian I should not be feeling this way. I should be helping Chihera. I ran out of the house to look for her but she was long gone. I closed the gate then I heard someone calling me. It was Mrs Murairwa.

Mrs M: Trina come here... Eh eh what happened? Chihera came asking for a place to sleep.

Me: eh I am looking for her. Is she at your house

Mrs M: Why would I? She is the cause of your troubles

Me: aah Mrs Murairwa the bible teaches us forgiveness. You are a christian

Mrs Murairwa: Not Chihera Trina. You can't forgive the devil. Chihera is a she devil.

Me: Let me go and look for her.

I ran to the bus stop but she was not there. I went to Chitubu (nearby shopping center) and I did not find her. I decided to go back home. I knew that even God knows I tried my best. On my way back home I found her sitting on the ground leaning against a big stone. I went there and told her I had been looking for her. She thanked me so much for looking for her.

Chihera: It's okay my daughter you can go back home. I will sleep here and find my way back to the village tomorrow. Even if we go back together Marc and Mrs will not let us in.

Me: Let's go to Mrs Murairwa again. I will talk to her. If she fails to understand us, we will sleep here together.

Chihera: Really? You can do that much for me Trina?

Me: Yes because you are my mother in law despite all that has happened.

Chihera and I went to Mrs Murairwa's house and when we got there Mrs Murairwa was standing by the gate.

Mrs M: I am glad you found her Trina. After you left I did some rethinking and surely you were right Trina.

I left Chihera there and went to our house. When I got there Marc asked where I was coming from and I told him He chased me away too and I went back to Mrs Murairwa. When I got there Chihera was eating sadza which Mrs Murairwa gave her.

02/November/2014

In the morning Mrs Murairwa gave us breakfast and I borrowed her money for Chihera's bus fare.

Me: I have no other way to repay you. I can only do laundry, thorough cleaning and gardening for you.

Chihera:as soon as I get to the village I will send the money to you through ecocash or Marc will give you.

Me:Marc wont give her that much I know.

Chihera:Dont worry I know what I amsaying.I will straighten him in no time do not worry yourself.

Mrs Murairwa:Straighten how?What do you mean?

Chihera:Just wait and see.

Watch out for chapter 17

0027845657126

Drop your comments

Zvisina m̄oro kuinbx kwete.

LOVE YOU ALL

Chihera muriko here?

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

.....

CHAPTER 17

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After accompanying Chihera to Mbare where she boarded the bus to the village, I went back to Marc's place. Marc had left for work.

Mrs: Good you came. I want you to repack all my clothes back into my wardrobe. The bedroom is a mess.

Me: No problem

Mrs: Where did that old hag go?

Me: To the village

Mrs: Nxa she thinks she knows everything. She does not know me too well.

I did not answer I just went into the bedroom and started cleaning. While I was cleaning I kept saying _Lord I repossess what is mine. My husband, my marriage, my house and everything in it. I take it back Lord for you say in your word that THE VIOLENT SHALL TAKE BY FORCE_

I cleaned the room while crying and praying. I had nothing left in life. I only had God. Whether I had faith or not in him I had no choice other than to believe in him. He was my only hope.

While I was cleaning the room I saw a diary written MARC MAZANDA in capital letters. My heart started beating fast and I opened it. The first events recorded were from 2011. I quickly rushed to mid 2012 to check what he recorded that time. That was the time everything changed between us. I wanted to check if he wrote how and why he changed and why he stopped caring about me.

27 August 2012... Dear diary: I really love my wife and know very well that she is not barren like my mother says. I believe God will bless us with a child when the right time comes. But the pressure is too much.

I skipped some lines because I wanted to read more before Mrs comes into the bedroom

14/October/2012... Dear diary: I told the love of my life the most painful words. I almost cried too when I saw her look. I don't like what I did today but it just happened

As soon as I finished the last sentence I heard Mrs's footsteps and I quickly hid the diary back to where it was. I wanted to continue reading and find out more. Mrs came in and told me to hurry up because she wanted me to look after the baby while she goes to do some shopping. After I finished I took the baby from Mrs and went to my room with him. I had no hatred towards the baby but I only cried each time I looked at him. How could other women be so fortunate?

Marc came back before Mrs and came to my room

Marc: How are you Trina

In tears, I answered him

Me: I am fine Marc.

Marc: I know how hard it must be for you to see me with Mrs and take care of junior

Me: No you don't understand Marc... Marc I gave up a lot for you. Marc we were so in love. What happened to you.

Marc started crying. This was my first time to see him like that. It pained me more than how much he had hurt me. I cried too until we heard Mrs opening the gate and Marc stood up to leave my room

Marc: Can I ask you for one favour?

Me: Anything

Marc: Please pray for me.

Marc of all people asking me to pray for him

03/November/2014

After finishing my daily chores I took a mid day nap since I was not allowed to watch the television, I spent most of my time praying in my room. As I was sleeping I had a dream. In this dream I saw myself on one side of the river and Marc on the other side. He was trying to reach for me but I could not reach him. He was trying to tell me something but I could not hear him. Suddenly two shadows appeared one from his left the other from the right. Each of the shadows grabbed his hand and started and started dragging him to them. It seemed like the shadows were fighting to go with him. The other wanted to go left the other one wanted to go right. Then I woke up.

I was sweating and panting. I was so confused that I decided to go to Mrs Murairwa to ask her about the dream. When I got there she said she had no idea but she would go with me to the Pastor and ask for a revelation. I thanked her and as I was about to leave she said

"Trina please come and take a look"

I turned back and we went back into the house. She took out a bag full of second hand clothes.

Mrs M: Please try any of these clothes and take those which will suit you.

Me: Aah thank you. May God bless you. You are truly a God given friend.

Mrs M: Hey Trina it's nothing, I took them from my sister's house who is engaged in selling bales. I just thought of you and begged her to give me some from the bale which might suit you. Since you came back I have noticed that you only wear that set of clothes you are wearing.

Me: I lost all my clothes and I wash these and dry them in my room when I go to bed. Thank you Mrs Murairwa.

Mrs M:No need to thank me dear.I am your sister not your friend and I want you to come and eat here everyday.I will cook with your share.

Me:No do not worry they do give me food at the house.

I thanked her so much and I tried all the clothes in tears.Tears of joy.Most of the clothes fitted perfectly.I took the bag and left her house.

05/November/2014

It was on a Sunday and I went to church with Mrs Murairwa.After Praise and Worship, when we were all seated Mrs and Marc entered.They drew everyone's attention with the shoes which Mrs was wearing.They were wearing matching outfits from Royal blue suits,white shirts and black shoes.Of course Mrs's suit was a two piece of a skirt and blazer.When they sat down I also noticed that Junior was wearing something matching too.I couldn't see what because he was partly wrapped in a towel but all I saw was that it was royal blue in colour.

Watch out for chapter 18

Dont forget to comment

0027845657126

Please no more chapters kuinbox pihwai nevamwe mumagrups.Those vanouya nemacomments knonoka kupindura kuwandirwa musatsamwe ndee ndchakupindurai just be patient.

GOD BLESS YOU ALL

Ana Trina hope tirikunamatira ana Marc vedu.

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: Follow this link to join my WhatsApp group:
<https://chat.whatsapp.com/ELnYhPS0NPtFgrLDwyAxkN>

DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 18

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When Mra and Marc entered the church. I am sure everyone noticed them because Mra made sure of it. The sound of her platform shoes was so loud that everyone was forced to look that way.

The Pastor preached about Hannah and Peninah whereas Peninah was the second wife and was blessed with children before Hannah the 1st. I broke into tears because the Pastor was preaching about what was in my life. I looked at Mra and she rolled her eyes and looked the other way. I checked to see if Marc was listening to the word, he looked right at me then looked down. The Pastor called out for deliverance so I quickly stood up then I also saw Marc standing up but Mra grabbed his hand so that he would sit down and he did. The Pastor prayed for me and I was delivered. He whispered to me " _Sister do not give up_ ".

After the service Marc and Mra went to the car. Marc called me and offered me a ride. Mra gave me a wild look but I ignored her and called M's Mrairwa to and her children to the free ride. Mra sat on the mother seat in the front next to the front seat and rest of us sat at the back seats. When we got home, we saw Chihera and two police officers there. The officers told us to evacuate immediately as the owner of the house requested. I could see how shocked Marc was.

Marc: Mbmyou can not do this to me. Where will I go?

Chihera: That day you chased me out where did you thought I would sleep? Take your Tavern whore out.

Mra did not seem to care at all. I felt pity for Marc. What was he going to do? Then I remembered myself. Where will I go?

Marc: Mbml am sorry do not throw my family out. Give me two weeks to leave.

Mra went into the house and started packing her bags and Marc followed. I was buried in my thoughts when I heard Chihera talking on top of her voice

Chihera:And you lazy bones,what are you waiting for,go in and pack your rags.

Chihera was something else.After all I had done for her she was still the same.

Marc begged his mother to let him stay at the house for a week.After a while she agreed.

*Chihera*If you want to stay here these two must go.

Mrs:Mrs is not leaving mom let her stay.Trina can go.

Me:Where Marc?Please dont do that to me.

Chihera:Marc you should chose whether you stay here or you leave with you wives.I can not let them stay here.

Mrs:Marc lets go to my parents' house.We will look for a house to rent

Chihera:Marc is going nowhere with you.You must go.Both of you stop pestering my son

Mrs:We will see about that

They went on and on quarrelling about it until Marc screamed on top of his voice

Marc:Stop!!!Why are you doing this both of you.Mom I cant let Mrs go because I just cant let her go.Mrs I cant leave my mom I can not leave against her wishes.Trina help me decide.

Me:Follow your heart

Marc:You have heart but they have my mind and body

Mrs slapped him and took her mornachs and her baby.She left and Chihera told the police that it was settled.I even wonder if they were real police.

Chihera asked me to leave but I locked myself in one of the rooms.Aah where would I go?Chihera slept in the sitting after a long and loud knocking on the door.

06/November/2017

I woke up late because I was afraid of Chihera.I knew she would kill me for making her sleep the whole night on the couch while I slept in her room but she was already gone.The house was so quiet.I knew Marc had gone to work.So I cleaned the dishes and cooked a heavy meal for myself.After eating I washed the dishes then I went to the bedroom hoping to find the door unlocked so that I could finish read that diary.Luckily the door was open but I saw Marc sitting on the bed reading a novel.I was so shocked to see him

Marc:You seem surprised,why?

Me:I wasnt expecting you to be here.

Marc: Trina I know sorry is not a word to say now but I don't know any other word to say besides that I am sorry.

Me: You don't know what sorry means. Marc I am living like a slave in my own house. I have nowhere to go and I am sure you know it that's why you treat me like this.

Marc: I don't know what is happening to me. I love you but I can not say No to Mra or mom I find myself so weak to defend you.

I did not answer him Tears fell from my eyes and I wept silently. He came closer and hugged me. He kissed me on my forehead and we made love.

12/November/2014

Everything was going smoothly between me and Marc. The first word he said every morning and the last he said every evening was SORRY. This time around I did not stop praying and staying faithful to God. On this day Marc and I woke up late so Marc left in a hurry. He forgot his phone on the table. I checked messages and calls and found nothing. Mrs Murairwa came later in the afternoon and we spent the day discussing about different issues. While we were sitting Marc's phone rang and I went to check it then I saw this message

Marc I need pampers and clothes for Fortunate. The old ones are torn out

As soon as I finished reading it I received another text again.

You have to send me the money or bring it as soon as yesterday. If you fail to do as I said, your precious Trina will find out the truth

I could not figure out what the sender was trying to say. Does that mean Marc has another child elsewhere because Mra's baby's name was Junior. The only Fortunate I knew was Manyara's baby. I decided to call. If it was Manyara I knew I would be able to identify her voice by a simple hello. The phone rang the receiver answered.

Receiver: So finally you have decided to call. Marc you are depriving Fortunate of her rights.....Hello...are you there...Marc

Me: Hello Manyara its Trina

Receiver: Tri...what?...Sh*t

And she cut off the line.

I decided to wait for Marc and then the following day I would visit my parents' house to see Manyara. I was very sure she was still working there because my mother treated our maids like her own daughters so they stayed for a long period.

When Marc came home I asked him about Fortunate.

Marc: You know what? I just could not tell you. I didn't want to hurt you babe. Please I am sorry.

Me: How did it happen? Marc why can't you keep your pants up?

Marc: When mom left with Manyara that time, Manyara lived with my mom. So when you left, I would visit the village and that was when Manyara got pregnant and when she came here later on Mr. A chased her away.

That night was the most horrible night. I helped Manyara and her child not knowing she was lying to me. However I decided to pay Manyara a visit. I wanted my parents to chase her away because she had backstabbed me. I had made a very harsh decision because I was angry but that's not what Christians do. Even though Christianity crossed my mind I decided to put the thought aside. I was so hurt. Marc on the other hand, had hurt me but I had fought for so long for him. Nothing would make me give up on him.

Watch out for chapter 18

0027845657126

Comments only.

Vari mumagrups just give your comments mumagrup inbox imirire vanyowani.

Musauye mchindipa kainterview kasina basa farbirai chimwe hatidi kzotsamwisana.

Vanwe msataure semurikundi bhadhara book racho.

"IRIPIKO CHAPTER YACHO TANETA NEKUMRIRA ISU"

Imii....

Love you all mafanz aMai Nakie

Cry 4 mangwana neDiary 19

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 19

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Fortunate was dark just like her mother. Her nose, ears and lips were the same as Manyara's. There was no way I could have guessed that Fortunate was Marc's baby.

13/November/2014

I went to my parents' house. When I got there my mom was at home. I was glad when I learned that my dad was not around. I entered the kitchen already calling out for Manyara who did not respond to my call. My mom was sitting in the lounge watching a local drama.

Mom: What's wrong? Why are you shouting?

Me: I want to see that backstabber you call your house help.

Mom: Trina you don't just come into my house making noise. What are you even doing here anyway?

Me: Mom I want to see Manyara.

Mom: Manyara!! Come here Mrs Marc is demanding to see you.

Manyara came and she greeted me.

Me: I took you in, helped you secure a job here and you lied to me. You did not tell me the truth about Fortue's father.

Nyarie: I am sorry Trina. I needed help.

Me: If you had told me the truth, I would have never reconciled with Marc and all that I happened to me would not have happened. You must leave, you ingrate!

Mom: She is not going anywhere. She didn't do wrong to you in any way. It was your choice to go back to that idiot.

Me:She should have told me about Mrabel.I suffered because all she cared about was herself.I slept in the streets,I was abused sexually by streetkids.

Mbm:What!Are you serious?Sit down Trina.What happened my baby.

We sat down and I explained everything to her.She felt pity for me.She even shed tears.After I finished telling her everything,we heard someone clapping frombehind.I looked back and saw my father leaning by the door frame

Dad:Ooh What a touching story.I ammoved but get the hell out.You chose Marc over your parents,your future and your life.Get out.

Me:Daddy please forgive me.I made the wrong choices.

My father did not say anything.He went into his bedroomand my mother told me to go to and wait for her outside the gate.

I sat on the small pavement just outside our gate.Manyara came to me to apologise

Nyari:Please I have nowhere to go.All I told you that time was the truth except that the man I eloped to was not frommy village.I knew how much you were trying to have a baby so I did not want to hurt you

Me:So that day when we saw Marc in town,you came back home late were you with Marc

She did not answer.

*Me*My good Lord!

Nyarie:Dont get it wrong,I went with himto his house just to get Fortue's stuff that he said he had bought for her.Nothing happened.Marc does not love me.He used me.

Me:mmmmm...

We heard my father's voice calling Manyara so she ran back inside.I called out to her to greet Fortunate for me.

I went back home and went straight to Mrs Murairwa's house.I told her about Manyara.

Mrs M:I thought you knew.Aah Manyara came and Mr a chased her away.That time Mr a was not yet staying at your house.She just visited oftenly but what I did not know is that Manyara was pregnant that time.

Me:The two women that came after me already have children and I dont.

Mrs M:You will have your own in God's time.

Me:Amen

I went back to my house and prepared dinner for Marc and I then I remembered Marc's diary which I had failed to finish reading that time. I knew Marc would arrive anytime from that time but I just could not wait for tomorrow. I looked for the diary where it was last time but I did not see it. I looked for it everywhere but I did not find it. I went back into the kitchen then I heard a voice from outside. It was Mrabel.

Mrs: knock knock

I opened the door and stood on the doorway.

Me: How may I help you?

Mrs: Get off the way. I am back for my husband.

Me: Listen Mrs, this is my house. You and Marc find somewhere else to play husband and wife because this time around I am not going to allow you back into my house.

Mrs: I am legally married to him not you.

Me: I do not care.

Mrs: Okay wait.

She took her cellphone and called Marc and the phone was loud that I could hear Marc too

Mrs: Marc, Trina is refusing to let me in

Junior and I are tired.

Marc: She is behaving that way because she has never had a child. She does not know how vital they are.

I was shocked to hear that from Marc. Marc and I we were just fine in the morning.

I rushed to my bedroom and locked the door from inside and when Marc came I just heard them laughing and playing with their child. I cried so much until I fell asleep.

14/November/2014

The following morning, I woke up around 10 and I locked my door. I didn't want Mrs to pack back into my bedroom I was going to keep it locked and keep the keys hidden. On this day I was fasting.

In the afternoon my mother came. She called me while she was outside the gate. I went there to meet her. After greeting her she told me the reason she came to visit.

Mom: Trina, you should have listened to us. We are grown ups we know what's good for you.

Me: So did dad change his mind?

Mbm: You know your father. He will never change his mind. If he discovers that I came here he will kill me. I want you to photocopy your certificates and make about six curriculum vitae's so that I will help you get a job. Once you are independent you can move out of Marc's house and stay on your own. That will be up to you.

Me: Thank you mom

Mbm: It's alright, if I do not support you who will? You have come a long way my dear, when life gets harder always know that your breakthrough is near. All marriages are like that.

Me: But you and dad never fight or argue.

Mbm: It's because you never saw us fighting. That does not mean we don't. I do not argue with your father because if I do, I know I will be asking for trouble. I do as he says.

After the conversation my mom gave me \$100 for the CVs and anything I needed. I thanked her and she left.

The following day she came to collect my CVs.

On this day I wasn't feeling well. I felt dizzy and I was vomiting a lot. My mom said I could be pregnant. I must go to a doctor. However I wanted to save money I decided to go to a pharmacy to buy a pregnancy test. When I got home I went into my bedroom and I urinated in a small container and I waited for the results.

Watch out for Chapter 20

0027845657126

Comments only

This story is based on real life events but none of this happened to me. I am *NOT TRINA* stop sympathising with me. Trina is just a character I created.

Love you all

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 20

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After 10 minutes I checked the pregnancy test and the results were negative. Of course I wasn't disappointed because I was used to it. I had tested a lot of times hoping that the results would be positive but everytime I got disappointed. It wasn't a new thing.

At my house things were not good between Marc and I. It was like I never existed. It was just Mrs and Junior that he cared about. They were playing Romeo and Juliet and I acted like I did not notice. You know sometimes one has to get used to a new living condition. Hard times never kill. I became used to stress and hardships. As long as I had food in my tummy and a roof over my head I didn't mind. All I knew was what doesn't kill me makes me stronger.

One day I received a call for an interview at Cotshold Investors. I was happy for such an opportunity. I went to Mrs Murairwa's house to tell her the good news.

Mrs M: So Trina what are you going to wear? You have to dress well for the interview

Me: Eish you know that those clothes you gave me are all I have.

Mrs M: You know you have to dress formally. Ok come lets see.

We went to her bedroom and she took her old outfits out. I tried them but I could not fit into any of them. Mrs Murairwa was a size 38-40 woman. The outfits I was trying were size 32 to 34 and by that time I was a size 24 to 26.

I could see my friend was so worried. More worried than I was.

Mrs M: You can not miss this opportunity because of a small issue like this. Lets go to the flea market and look for something cheap.

Tears filled my eyes. Noone in this world had ever cared for me that much.

Mrs M: Ah ah why are you crying? We havent bought anything yet and you are crying. I dont like it Trina. I told you that I am a sister to you. That is what sisters will do. I know one day everything will work out for you and who knows what the future holds for me? I might end up asking for help from you.

Me:They are just tears of joy.

After that we went to the flea market.I passed through my house and took \$20 from the money I had so that I will buy shoes or something that I might find there.When we got to the flea market she bought me a black high waist skirt and a maroon formal top.It both amounted to \$22.I saw black platform shoes and they were going for \$35 but there were maroon stilleto costing \$18.I decided to buy those because they still matched with the top.M's Murairwa told me to take the black platform and she added the \$15.

M's M:The black pair is better than the maroon because people wont notice quickly that you have 1 pair.

I thanked her but I couldnt help it,I broke into tears.I was not ashamed of my actions.I was happy that despite all the hardship I was going through,God had blessed me with M's Murairwa.She was not so rich but she sacrificed.She promised that she will go to her sister to look for other formal clothes and shoes from the bales.

25/November/2014

On this day I woke up early and I was in a happy mood.At 7 oclock exactly I had finished bathing and dressing up.I went to M's Murairwa and she helped me put on makeup using her cosmetics.The interview was at ten,so I went back to the house and when Marc saw me,his heart melted.I looked very beautiful.Mra saw me and said nothing but I could sense her jealous

By 9 o'clock I was already at construction house where Cotshold offices were.I called M' Paul who had called me to inform me about the interview and he came out.He told me the questions they would ask and said hd used to be my mother's classmate.He directed me to the offices.When I got there there 7 more girls who had came for the interview.However,I was the successful candidate.I got the job as a receptionist.They told me that I would start on 1 december.I was so happy.I went straight to M's Murairwa and she said she had been praying for me.

1/December/2014

I went to work as my first day but I was feeling weak and nauseaus.I knew this was the devil trying to play around with my blessings.I prayed for it but it did not stop.I puked a lot especially after eating and everything had a bad smell to me.On this day I worked and went back home.

The following morning I vomited before I even ate anything.It was so painful and I could not eat or drink anything.I just went to work but I was ill.My boss even said I looked pale and he gave me an off day,so I went back home.I was always spitting out saliva.It was so gross.I went to the pharmacy

with Mrs Murairwa and I told them my problem. They said I might be pregnant and I had to go to doctor first and bring a prescription or rather buy a pregnancy test. I told them I had tested myself and I was not pregnant. I was even too weak to walk. Mrs Murairwa walked with me slowly until we got to the nearest clinic. When we got there the nurse told me I might be pregnant. I told her again that I was not. She told me that a pregnancy test can only detect a pregnancy that is 2 weeks and older. On the day I tested it was just 12 days after the day I had started sleeping with Marc. I was tested and the results were positive. At last I was pregnant.

I asked for medication for the morning sickness since I wanted to keep my job. I was disappointed when they said there was none. I had to eat uncooked groundnuts they could help. We went back home and Mrs Murairwa told me not to tell Marc or Mra because Mra might do something evil.

The nausea got worse that I stopped working and spent all my time sleeping in my bedroom. I got very tiny in no time because I was not eating well. Everyday I prayed for my unborn child and covered him with the blood of Jesus. I did not want the devil to take this from me. I prayed for a child like Samuel. I thought having a baby would end all my troubles but I was wrong. Children are nothing but a blessing from God. They come as a bonus. A stable marriage is built from a concrete foundation called love. No matter how much you stomp over it, Love always survive.

3 months down the line I had to register for maternity and had no money. My mother gave me the money and I registered. I could see how much Marc felt pity for me. He noticed I liked puffed corn so sometimes he bought packets and threw them into my room through the window. I thought he had no idea that I was pregnant.

14/February/2015

Marc bought me a brand new phone and threw it through the window because I never left my door open. Later that night I heard Mra complaining that Marc forgot to buy her a valentines gift. I went there into the sitting room with my new S4. She looked at it jealously.

Mra: look what Trina got from her boyfriend.

Marc: Trina has no boyfriends.

Me: I got it from my mother. Stop insulting me Mra.

She totally had no idea. After that, Marc told us that Chihera was coming the following day.

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 21

0027845657126

COMMENTS ONLY

I DONT GIVE CHAPTERS FROMMY INBOX.YOU GET THEMFROMTHE GROUPS.HANDIDI
KUMHANYISWA KUNYORA I WRITE IN MY TIME.

LOVE YOU ALL...group 1,2 & 4 mondipasa manyemwe

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 21

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15/February/2015

Chihera came around 10 aml was still in my roomand so was Mra.She went straight to Mra's
roomChihera is someone who talks loudly all the time.

Chihera:Eh eh what are you doing here?

Mra:Whats wrong with me being here.You gave me this roomremember .

Chihera:That was before I realised that Junior is not Marc's baby.Now get out.

Mra:Haaa Mbmcant you see that Junior looks just like Marc.Check his ears and nose

Chihera:Is that why you are keeping his ears out of the hat because you want themto look like
Marc's.Look at that big head of your son nxxxx.

I could hear from the noises that Chihera took Junior and went out of the house. Mrs was begging her to give her back her son but Chihera went and left the 4 mth old baby outside. I believe Mrs followed and took back in her child.

Mrs: You are so wicked!

Chihera: Ooh my..listen to the devil talking about wickedness. What did you do to Marc?

Mrs: You gave me the concoction

Chihera: Why didn't you say no Holy Mary?

Mrs: I am going to call Marc now.

Chihera: Do it fast, as soon as you finish I also want to call the police to take you out of this house.

Mrs: Nxa Chihera aah you are such a pest

Chihera: Soon it will be over between you and Marc. I reversed that concoction

Mrs: kkkkk you wish. You not the only one who knows about herbs.

Chihera: That barren witch is better than you.

Mrs: She is in there, go to her

Chihera: Trina is there aaahh

They started whispering so I could not hear more. After a while I came out of my room and Chihera almost dropped the glass she was holding.

Chihera: Eh eh eh ...where did this skeleton come from My my my!!

Me: How are you mom

Chihera: Are you on the programme?

Me: Which programme?

Chihera: That one for ARVs

I did not answer her because Chihera never ceased to amaze me. Her mouth was full of rubbish.

Later Marc came and no one was talking to the other. Mrs told Marc that Chihera so doubted that the baby was his. Marc told Chihera that he was sure of it.

Chihera: Better go for a paternity test

Marc: Why would I waste money on something that I know

I saw Mra wiggling her tongue at Chihera like a five year old.

Chihera: Manyara's child is your real child not this bastard

Mra: Which Manyara Marc? Is that true?

Marc told her about Fortunate and she cried. I was so happy to see her hurt like that at least she felt near a percent of what I went through.

Me: Ooh I am sorry Mra I thought you knew. I would have told you. Junour is not Marc's first kkkkkk

Mra ran into her bedroom and I knew she was crying. I went to her door and whispered.

"Mra what you are feeling right now is what I have been feeling everyday of my life since 2012"

With that I went back to the sitting room and sat on the carpet. Chihera served dinner but it did not go well with me. I quickly rushed to the bathroom and puked. When I came back to continue eating I rushed back to the bathroom again. I was starving that is why I kept trying to eat. After 3 trials I went to my bedroom and took my puffed corn. In no time I had finished four packets and Chihera was looking at me like she was looking at a ghost. After a while she came where I was sitting.

Chihera: Are you pregnant? Let me see your finger nails and ears.

I refused because I did not want anyone of them to know yet.

Chihera: Mra come here. Trina is pregnant!!

Mra came running and asked if it was true and I did not answer. Marc quickly got up and hugged me.

Me: You are all saying what you do not know. Its not true

Chihera: Marc I will buy pregnancy test tomorrow.

I could see how jealous Mra was. That night Chihera refused to sleep in the sitting room and as soon as I heard that I rushed to my room because I didn't want to be the one to sleep on the sofa. So Mra and Marc slept in the sitting.

16/February/2015

I woke up around eight and Marc was about to go and buy a pregnancy test. I told them the truth.

Marc: Why didn't you tell me?

Me: Does it matter to you?

Marc: Of course it does. You know how long we have waited for this.

Mrs: Marc she did not tell you because its not yours. The father was told. I am sure of it.

Chihera: Trina is not like you Mrs. Shut up.

Marc: Mrs has a point. Why didnt you tell me Trina?

I turned and looked the other side and went back to my room Marc followed.

Marc: As soon as you give birth we go for partentiy test. For now, partentiy or preparation you do it on your own until I find out the truth because I will not let you make a fool out of me.

I was so hurt but I did not cry. I was tired of crying. I had no more tears to shed.

0027845657126

Comments only

Love you all

Group 3 thnx nerunyararo

Plz handipe machapter kinbx I do not have time for that just join group.

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

.....

*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 22

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I went to Mrs Murairwa and told her what Marc had said.

Mrs M: But are you sure its his child?

Me: Ahhh you know me well. I have slept with Marc all my life....mmmm and the rape of course but I was treated.

Mrs M:Are you sure the treatment worked?

Me:Of course because I also know my dates.This is Marc's.

Tears filled my eyes because she had reminded me of something I wanted to erase from my past.I did not get mad at her because I knew she was not trying to hurt me but she was just concerned.

She comforted me and encouraged me to pray even harder.

Chihera had totally changed.She washed my clothes,cooked food for me and even bought me all the things I craved for.Marc never seemed to care about me.I was happy with Chihera's change of character until one evening.

22/February/2015

It was in the evening after supper when Chihera told Marc that he had to shift his attention from Mra to me.

Marc:Why should I?

Chihera:She is pregnant and she needs you more than Mra.

Marc:Why wont she go to the owner of the pregnancy

Me:Marc why would you say that to me huh?

Marc:Whats wrong with what I said?

Me:I have never cheated on you.Ever since the day I mer you I have been nothing but faithful to you.

Marc:Ooh I never said you did.

Chihera:So you know she never cheated,so why are you being such a knucklehead

Marc:Mmstop it.Ask her about the streetkidz who rapped.It might be theirs who knowz?

Chihera:Oh my gosh,hehehe Marc what is this.Trina you are pregnant for street kids?

Me:I was raped and I got medical attention before 72hours mom This is Marc's child.

From that minute things totally changed.Chihera hated me so much that she told me to get out of her house a number of times but I refused.I told them they had to call police and soldiers to throw me out otherwise I wasnt gonna leave.

After a few days Chihera left.

This time I was not allowed to cook,eat or use anything in the house.

One thing I failed to understand was that Marc changed like a chameleon. This time he would care about me and the other time he was so uncaring.

27/February/2015

Marc came back home and Mra was not around. He came and sat next to me.

Marc: Are you okay Trina?

Me: What do you expect? I am feeling what you want me to feel.

Marc: Trina I know the baby you are carrying is mine. I will take care of the baby. Just that sometimes I listen to Mra because I do not want to hurt her because I love her.

Me: Marc this is me, Trina. How could you possibly say that to my face?

Marc: That's what I feel but it doesn't mean I don't have feelings for you. I do.

Mra came back and was furious when she saw Marc sitting that close to me.

Mra did not even want Marc to say hello to me. She tried by all means to get rid of me.

10/March/2015

On this day Mra was acting differently. She was more polite and kind. She made me breakfast but her politeness was questionable so I thought she wanted to poison me. I told her I had no appetite and she ate it while I watched. Later in the afternoon a certain man came to our house. Mra introduced him to me as her uncle. Her mother's brother. I greeted him and Mra asked me to keep him company while she went to buy him a soft drink. I told her I was feeling sleepy so I went to my bedroom and left the uncle there. After a long while I heard Marc's voice and wondered why he had come back home. When I opened the door I saw Mra's uncle by my door without a shirt and he was zipping his trousers.

Marc: What the hell is this?

Me: This is Mra's uncle I don't know what he is doing half naked on my door.

Marc: Stop lying Mra has no uncles. You what were you doing with my wife

Me: Ahh Marc it's not what it seems like.

The man: I am sorry I did not know that she is married.

Me: How could you create such a lie?

The man: Trina you should have told me. Now look what you got me into.

Marc got furious but he knew he couldn't fight the man because he was muscular so he started beating me up. The man escaped. Mrs came back and found Marc beating me up.

Mrs: What's going on.

Me: Mrs please tell him that man is your uncle.

Mrs: Which man?

Me: Mrs please!

Marc did not stop beating me until Mrs stopped him

Mrs: Tell me the whole story.

Marc: A private number has been calling me telling me that she has been bringing men into the house during our absence. I did not believe it so the person told me about this afternoon meeting they had in here.

Mrs: Trina how could you be so cheap?

I could not answer. I was crying and worried that I might lose my baby because I was bleeding.

Marc took all my clothes out and dragged me out of the house. I went to Mrs Murairwa and told her the whole story. I asked her to take me to my parents' house.

Mrs M: But you are bleeding we have to go to the hospital first

Me: No maybe if my father sees me like this he might change his mind and take me back.

Mrs M: But bleeding is not good. We need to get help first.

Me: No that can wait.

Mrs Murairwa took me to my parents' house. My face was swollen that I myself could hardly recognize it.

Around 4pm we arrived at my parents' house and when we knocked the lion himself answered

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 23

Love you all

Pliz I dont have time to give you chapters.Join groups mupihwe ikoko.Pliz varimumagrup angu isai macomments enyu imomo mumagroup ndinomaona.Zvekuuya kuinbox kwete.

0027845657126

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: Follow this link to join my WhatsApp group:
<https://chat.whatsapp.com/4N56l64Vu2H79TNI1MKDwE>

DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 23

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My father opened the door and as soon as he saw me he got wild.

Dad:What are you doing here?Go back to where you were.

Me:Dad please I am dying.Please for give me.

Mrs M:Please Trina is pregnant and she is bleeding right now.

Dad:Is this a hospital?Take her to the hospital.

My mom came out to check what was going on.When she saw me she cried and begged my father to take me in.

Mom:How many times has she begged you to take her back?Why are you so heartless?

Dad:How many times did I beg her to come back home?Why was she so stubborn?She chose to learn the hard way.

Me:Daddy please!!!

Dad:Get out!Ooh do you want me to call out the dogs?

My mom whispered to Mrs Murairwa and I.

Mom: Please my dear, take my child to the hospital. I will come tomorrow morning to see her. Take her to Harare hospital. I will talk to her father or make a plan.

We left and my mother followed us to the gate and gave Mrs Murairwa some money for transport.

We went to the hospital and I was admitted. Mrs Murairwa went back home.

11/March/2015

I woke up and the nurse told me that I was fine. The baby was fine just minor bleeding.

Nurse: Would you mind telling what happened?

Me: Yes... my husband accused me of cheating and then he did this to me.

Nurse: That is physical abuse and domestic violence. We are going to get him arrested.

I was ready to see him behind bars even up to the rest of his life. At 1 o'clock Mrs Murairwa came to visit me.

Mrs M: Your mom called to and said your father told her not to leave the house. He doesn't want her to have anything to do with you.

Me: Okay. Thank you.

Mrs M: Don't worry this is not the end of life. God will make a way where there seems to be nowhere.

Me: What did I do to deserve this kind of suffering? I am getting punished for falling in love, for choosing Marc and for being a good wife. Is God deaf and dumb? Why is he not answering my prayers?

Mrs M: Aah don't talk like that Trina. Look and appreciate the little that you have. You have me and after a long series of trials you finally got pregnant. Do you think without God you would be alive? Think again.

After the long talk with Mrs Murairwa I realised that truly God has been so wonderful in my life even though it seemed dark.

14/March/2015

I was still in the hospital when the police came and told me they wanted to open a docate. I gave

them the full statement of what happened and Marc's address.

Later in the evening Marc came to visit.

Marc: So you are getting me arrested?

Me: Soo?

Marc: Where will you go if I get arrested?

Me: To my parents' house. They told me to come back home.

He did not answer he just left.

16/March/2015

Marc had been arrested and was waiting for trial. Mrs Murairwa told me that.

On this day, the doctor came to check on the patients and I was discharged. In the afternoon I left the hospital. Unfortunately, Mrs Murairwa did not come to visit. She did not know that I was discharged. I tried calling her but it was unreachable. I had nowhere to go. I decided to go back to my parents' house.

When I arrived my mom and dad were not around so I just sat on the couch waiting for them to come back. Manyara didn't talk much. My parents came back around 8pm and when my father saw me he went crazy. He yelled at me and told me to leave. My father was never going to change. He even told my mother to stay in the house.

Dad: If you get out of this house never come back.

He grabbed my hand and took me to the gate. It was dark and I had nowhere to go. I slept there by the gate hoping that when he sees me the following morning he might change his heart. It was just a night but I knew my father was thick headed and has an ice block where a heart should be.

I slept there with nothing to cover myself. I cried but I had no one to blame other than myself.

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 24

Love you all

0027845657126

Comments only.

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 24

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I slept outside our house.It was pretty cold that night.

17/March/2015

Around 3amIt started to rain.It was a heavy rain that I got wet and shivered.I prayed that day,more than I ever did.This time I did not pray for my marriage or strenght,I prayed for death.I was tired of the cruelty of life.I wanted rest...eternal rest.I wished for death more than I had wished for a child.

Around 7 amI heard the gate open and I knew it was my parents going to work.When my father saw me he called me.I walked to the car slowly because I was shivering.

Dad:What are you doing here?

Me:I have nowhere to go.

Dad:Then go and sit somewhere else.By the time I come back I want you gone.

Me:I amnot leaving dad.

Dad:We will see.

Me:I will be waiting for you to kill me.I will be glad if you do so.

Dad:Murdering a straydog like you is not enough.

He called Phillip (our garden boy) and told himnot to let me in.

With those words he drove off.My mother gave me a sign that she was going to call me.When I checked my phone...oooh gosh the screen was full of water.I sat just by the gate and after a short

while Manyara came to me.

Nyari: Ooh Trina I didn't know that you slept here. If I knew I could have tried to sneak you into my room

Me: It's ok Manyara I am fine.

Nyarie: Come on in let me give you some dry clothes and make you breakfast.

Me: I do not want you to end up like me. I do not want to get you into trouble. Phillip might tell on you

Nyarie: No! He is the one who told me to make something for you to eat.

I thanked her and we both went into the yard and I thanked Phillip too.

Phillip started working for my parents when I was in O level. He was like an uncle to me. I used to give him my old clothes and uniforms so he could give it to his daughter in the rural areas. One time I had him talking on the phone and his family was complaining that they had no food. I gave him part of my school fees so he could cover those issues and he gave me back when he got paid and then paid for my school fees. Mom and dad had told him they could not pay him in advance because he was still a new worker. They could not trust him

Manyara prepared a warm bath for me and a delicious breakfast. I had left a few of my clothes so clothes were not a problem. I slept in my room and after a while Manyara came and told me that my mom wanted to talk to me on the phone. I went to the sitting to answer the phone.

Me: Hello mom

Mom: Go into my bedroom and look in one of my drawers you will find my bank card. Take it and go find a room to rent and buy a few things needed. Call me when it's done.

Me: Thank you mom

Mom: No problem. Your father won't let me out of his sight. He has stopped me from using my own car. He comes to my work place every lunch. Your father has totally disowned you. He wants to see you suffer and you know he won't change his mind.

Talk later.

I went back to the room so I could rest a while. Around 4 pm Manyara woke me up and told me to leave now because my father could arrive anytime from that time. She gave me food and after I ate I took my mother's bank card and left the house. I went straight to town and my intention was to withdraw some money and find a place to sleep then I would go into one of the ghettos and find a room to rent.

When I got to the ATM I swiped the card and it was blocked. I tried and tried to no avail. I even tried different ATMs but it didn't work. I was desperate. I needed the money so bad. After realising it won't work, I went back to my parents' house. I arrived around 8 pm I knocked at the gate softly and unfortunately my father heard me and opened the gate.

As soon as he saw me he grabbed my collar and mom came screaming.

Mom: You can't beat her up she is pregnant

Dad: Who cares?

He took off his belt and I ran away. Things had gone from bad to worse. I was starting to think that he was not my biological father. He was very selfish.

I thought of a plan but I had no plan thus I decided to commit suicide. I had given up on life. I went to the nearest shopping center but all shops were closed. I had only a dollar in my pocket and I wanted to use that dollar to buy poison, preferably a pesticide.

I slept at our gate around midnight, someone opened the gate and I ran away thinking it was my father. The person followed me and after about 100 metres he called my name and I realised it was Phillip.

I stopped and he said he wanted to take me to his cottage so that I could sleep there. We tiptoed to his cottage and when we got there he told me that my father heard the conversation between me and my mother on the phone just that he did not know how. My father was capable of anything so it did not surprise me.

Phillip: Manyara got into trouble she almost got fired because he said he heard her tell your mother that she took you into the house and gave you food.

I did not say anything and I did not cry. There was no reason to cry. Phillip gave me bread and baked beans to eat. Since he ate in the main house he didn't have much in his house. I tried to eat but I failed because I had no appetite. The following morning I left just after my parents left for work and bought a pesticide. I walked around the neighbourhood waiting for the night. I was going to commit suicide at our gate.

Watch out for chapter 25

0027845657126

Comments only.

For the hundredth time join groups to get chapters.I dont have time to give you 1...1 pliiiz

Love you all!!

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

.....

CHAPTER 25

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After the long day I went back to our house around 8PM and sat at the by the gate.I sang a song

Munozivaa kusasimba kwangu ini ndotyia kurasika...

I sang it in a low tone and after that I said my last prayer.

Forgive me Lord for I am about to sin.The strength you gave me could not outweighed the weakness in me.I thank you for the fruit I am carrying but I can not carry on anymore.Amen

After that I was ready to meet the Creator.I swallowed the pesticide.After a while I started feeling pain in my abdomen and it got worse and worse until I felt like my intestines were in hot oil.That pain was more than words can say.It was horrible and labour pain was much better than this.Before I knew it I was screaming for help

Me:Help.....Help....I amin pain...

Nobody heard me I guess because my voice was too low I suppose.

I saw a car coming from a distance.I could tell it was a car because the lights were low.I crawled slowly up to the road and layed in the middle of the road.The car stopped and I could hear the gent and the lady talking.

Man:Oh my goodness she is in pain lets take her to the hospital.

Lady:Honey we are low of fuel we wont get there.

Man: Oh my my she is getting a seizure. Quick lets carry her.

Lady: What if she dies on our way to the hospital

Man: Stop talking and....

That was all I heard. I woke up the following morning in a private hospital. I could tell it was a private because I knew a lot about hospitals since I have always been in hospitals. My stomach was still in pain but better than the previous night

After a while the doctor came in.

Doc: Oh you are awake I hope you feeling better now.

I could not reply because I had a tube stuck in my mouth plus I could barely move my hand.

Doc: You will be okay I will check on you later.

He left.

After a day they removed those tubes except for one on my right hand.

Doc: What is your name? I am Doctor Mulauzi

Me: Tri triiii Trina

I stammered.

Doc: Okay the good news is the baby is fine and the bad news is the poison you took slightly damaged your intestines so you have to see a specialist or else you will have severe stomachache for the rest of your life. You can book now because she is flying in next week.

Me: Oooh not now. Where is that couple that brought me here?

Doc: Which couple? I brought you here. I found you lying on the roadside.

Me: Owww thank you.

Doc: Can I call someone for you?

I gave him my mother's phone number and he called.

Doc: Hello I am Doctor Mulauzi I have a patient here by the name Trina do you know her?

He handed over the phone to me.

Me: Hello mumits Trina

I heard a male voice and I realised it was my father. I couldn't figure out why he had my mother's cellphone.

Dad:What has he done now?That Marc of yours did he break your legs or backbone?

Me:No but...

Dad:Then why are you calling us.I will only take you back when he breaks either your legs or backbone because thats the only time I will be sure that you wont run back to that fool.You said he changed so enjoy the change darling.

Then he hung up.

I thanked the doctor and he left.

After 3 days I was discharged but they could not let me go until I pay off the bills.I was thankful because I would get free shelter and free food for some days.

25/March/2015

It was two days after I started getting free meals and shelter.The nurse came in and told me that I was free to go Doctor Mulauzi had paid my bills.I frowned.

Nurse:Are you okay maam?

Me:Yes I amthank himfor me.

Nurse:On your way out please pass by room12 for counselling if you dont mind.

I thanked but I was angry at Mulauzi because he had ruined my peace.Now where was I supposed to go?

I walked slowly to the counselling roomand we had a long boring talk.All I was thinking about was a place to stay.After the counselling I left the hospital.

I walked slowly because I still felt weak.Then I heard someone calling me.I looked back and saw that it was the counsellor.She was a tall lady in her early thirties.

Her:Since you said you have noone to turn to I amwilling to stay with you.

I hugged her and thanked her.She gave me money to buy lunch and told me to wait for her to knock off.

Around 5pmwe both went to her house in Eastlea.It was a big house and she said she lived there alone.I envyed her.

I took a warmbath while she prepared dinner and after dinner she gave me my roomThat night I

slept like a baby.

The following weekend she took me out for shopping and bought me a lot of clothes and shoes. I had a hairdo too. She was like an angel.

31/April/2015

It had been 2 months since I started staying with that lady her name was Nancy. On this day she came to my room around midnight. I was asleep so I did not hear her coming in. She started touching me slowly and she lifted my nightdress. I felt like I was dreaming so I ignored her until she came on top of me and started kissing me. I woke up and I tried to take her off me.

Nancy: Whats wrong Trina? This wont hurt you, come on... I love you.

Me: Jesus!! Are you crazy Nancy.

Nancy: Who are you calling crazy? by the time I come back from work tomorrow I want you gone. Unless you play my tune.

Me: Nancy please!!

Nancy: What?? Nothing is for free in this world so you thought I go to work and work my a*s off to feed you for free. And you think I got all this from that counselling job? Wake up and smell the coffee dear.

She left the room

So Nancy was a lesbian probably she got all she had from sleeping with other rich women? I had always wondered how she obtained all she had. A big house and a land cruiser she drove. Counselling??

The thought of being with another woman was disgusting to me. I could not do that. I packed all my stuff into a big suitcase and left her a note

Thank you for the time you took care of me. May God have mercy on your soul

I had a cellphone which Nancy had bought for me so I sold it at Zimex and used the money for transport. I went straight to Mrs Murairwa. I wanted her to help me look for a place to stay mostly at churches.

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 26

0027845657126

Once you get into the group dont come to my inbx please...Its a waste of time.

Love you all.

Warm regards from Nakiso

[3/24, 10:59] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 26

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01/May/2015

I went to Mrs Murairwa's house. It was around 8 when I arrived there. Of course we had always been in touch. We talked almost everyday on the fone with Mrs Murairwa. That night when Nancy showed me her true colours I called her and told her what had happened. So when I arrived at her house she was not surprised.

I had gained weight and I do not want to lie, Nancy took good care of me. On her off days she practiced nail art so I had beautiful manicure. I had a cut and tong hairstyle tinted with Ruby red hair colour which blended well with my complexion. Make up was on point because I had used Nancy's cosmetics and was also wearing beautiful fashion martenity dress and oversize sunglasses. Noone could believe I was homeless and living a sorrowful life. When Mrs Murairwa saw me she screamed with joy. Oh my dear friend was glad to see me after a long time and also looking well and fine. My pregnancy was nearly 6 months then and my tummy was getting bigger.

Mrs M: Ooohhhh Trina is that you?? Oohhh my Lord you look gorgeous.

She came to me running and we hugged.

Mrs M:Eeeh you look good..turn around eh eh and the baby is growing I can see it clearly.

As she was saying all that I saw someone peeping from the durawall next door where Mrs and Marc lived.I whispered to Mrs Murairwa about it and we both went closer to the durawall silently and the person peeped again thinkin we went inside the house that was when we saw that it was Mabel.

Me:Hey Mrs

Mrs:Where have you been?

Me:Did you look for me at my parents' house??That's where I was.

Mrs:So why are you here?

Me:Don't tell me you are feeling jealousy over a man rotting in prison...Marc is history to me.

Mrs M:Hehehe there is a threat in town.Eh That reminds me where is that lady that Chihera brought last week I want her to meet the real and original Mrs Mazanda gegege

Me:Which lady are you talking about?

Mrs M:We will talk on our way to the church.Marc is out..lets go

Mrs rolled her eyes and disappeared from the dura.

We left my suitcase in Mrs Murairwa's house and went to our church.When we met the pastor we told him my story and my suicide attempt and Mrs Murairwa was shocked because she didn't know.

Pastor:Eeh the problem is I have to talk to the church committee first before allowing you to stay at the church's house

Me:If there is no space in the house please let me sleep at one corner in the church.I am desperate all I need is a place to sleep.

Pastor:I will let you know tomorrow night

We thanked him and went back home.Mrs Murairwa said maybe the pastor could not believe that I am homeless because of the way I was dressed.I then asked her to tell me about the lady she was talking about earlier.

*Mrs M*Chihera brought a girl from the village same as she did to you when she brought Manyara.Mrs was hurt.She tried to scold that girl eeh hell broke loose.They got into a fight and she lost a tooth.The lady there is something else Mrs told Marc to send her away and the new lady said you can't send me anywhere because you are not the one who brought me here.

Me:Eh she must be something else.

Marc's mother had brought a new wife for Marc and it seemed like Mrs's tricks had failed on this lady. She stole my man now she also had a potential husband snatcher in the house too. I bet she was feeling exactly what I felt when she came too.

Around 5pm we went to the shopping center and on our way back we met Marc. He was surprised to see me.

Marc: Trina is that you? Where have you been? I have been looking for you everywhere.

Me: Why and how did you get out of prison?

Marc: You did not appear in court and you were nowhere to be found so I became a free man since there was no one against me

Me: Good for you.

Marc: Will you come back home?

Me: So that you kill me?? Nooo

Marc: Trina you know I love you... I am sorry

Me: No it's over

All this while Mrs Mand I were walking and Marc was driving slowly beside me.

We reached home and he drove into their yard while Mrs Murairwa and I went to Mrs Murairwa's house.

I slept at her house waiting for the pastor's call.

03/May/2015

The Pastor finally called and said I could work in the church for free so that they could see how devoted I was. Probably the Pastor had forgotten me since the church had hundreds or thousands of members. I could not wait any longer. Mrs Murairwa suggested that I call my aunt and ask for a place to stay.

I had my reasons for not calling her. My father had always been the black sheep of his family. No one knew where we stayed and some didn't even know if he was alive or not. He isolated himself for unknown reasons. I first met my aunt when I was in upper 6 and it seemed they were not in good books with my dad. My mom said my dad was his late mother's only child. He was raised by his step mother who happens to be the mother of my aunt. He grew up with them up to the age of 13 and nobody knows what happened after that. He never talked about his family.

On that day I was just trying in the name of trying. I called her and told her that I needed a place to stay until I give birth. She told me she did not have enough room for me. It didn't surprise me because I hardly knew her. We barely talked.

Each time I heard Marc's voice my heart pounded. I knew I was still in love with him and I was carrying his child but being with him brought me no good. I had to move on.

One day Mr Murairwa came back and after two days he became moody. It was obvious he had noticed that I was staying at their house. One night I heard him talking in his bedroom telling Mr's Murairwa that the house was not an orphanage or divorcees' home and he threatened that if I do not leave he was going to stop supporting the family. I felt bad for causing all this trouble so I left the following morning. I told her I was going to my aunt's house but it was a lie.

When I was walking to the busstop I met Marc again and after a long talk I agreed to go back to his house. I had to because I had nowhere to go plus it wasn't a difficult decision to make since I always prayed that he would come back to his senses. I was ready to face Mr and the new lady.

0027845657126

Drop comments

Happy Val's day my fellows...

Love you all

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 27

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Marc took me to the house and introduced me to the new wife whom Mrs. reffered to as Latest. I could see that Mrs. was drowning in jealous.

Marc: My wife is back so Mrs. you should move in with Jane(Latest). Trina will take the bedroom

Mrs:. No way. They must share, I amnot moving out of my bedroom

Jane:. Why not? You are not the first wife Mrs. Trina must take the bedroom

Truly Mrs. was afraid of Jane that she did not answer. She rushed to the bedroom and started packing her clothes. Jane took my suitcase into the bedroom and started unpacking it.

Marc left for work and left us settling. Mrs. took her bags into Jane's room

Jane:. On second thought Mrs, I can not share a room with you so use the kitchen or sitting. You can pack all your clothes in the cupboard. I cant share with you.

Mrs:. I am the second wife so I get the other bedroom

Jane:. 2nd 3rd 4th 5th we are the same. Only the first was married out of love all of us its lust

Mrs:. You are married to Chihera because she is the one who paid your lobola(dowry/bride price)

Jane:. Same as you....it was not money from his pocket but out of Chihera's. Trina is the only one whom Marc worked hard to marry.

Jane had a lot of guts seriously. She was something else. God gave Mrs. her own "Mrs" to torment her like she did to me. At this point I knew they always fought in that house because they were like Tom and Jerry.

Mrs. took her bags into the kitchen. I felt pity and told her to share with me. I felt pity for the baby. How can I let a small baby sleep in the kitchen even at daytime.

Jane:. Heee you want to share a room with this devil? You dont know her too well.

Me:. I know her but I just feel pity for the child.

Jane:. If you want to stay here comfortably dont let this demon into your bedroom She is a drama queen.

I ignored her but Mrs. turned down my offer. Jane was talkative.

Marc came home and Mrs. ran to him crying. I am sure told her that she wasnt comfortable with the house arrangements.

Marc: Jane if you can't share with Mrs then you take the kitchen.

Jane: Why me? I am also your wife.

Marc: Since you came have I ever touched you? Then why do you regard yourself as my wife? You are married to my mother

Jane: It's not my fault that you do not want to look my way. Chihera gave me that room so she is the one who will throw me out.

Mrs: So if I don't get a room I am leaving.

I decided to share my room with Jane because all I wanted was a place to stay. I didn't care about the living conditions.

Jane agreed to share.

Mrs got all of Marc's attention. He slept in her room and gave her all the money. Mrs was the one who made all the house budgets. If she felt like ignoring that there was no more food that was it we would starve. They kept quarrelling with Jane all the time.

31/May/2015

There was a lot of drama in the house which I enjoyed to watch. On this day there was no bread and when Jane asked for the money to buy it Mrs refused to give her.

I loved traditional food e.g. maheu, roundnuts, peanuts and pumpkin leaves with peanut butter. Mrs Murairwa usually cooked that for me a lot. She got it from friends and sometimes she bought them from the markets. So I had no hunger problems.

Jane: Mrs give me money for bread

Mrs: I don't have the money.

Jane called Marc and he said Mrs had the money. After a long quarrel Jane took Mrs's Adidas sneakers and sold them at a very low price and bought food stuffs. Mrs complained but Jane was one stubborn person.

Jane: Marc gives you all the money and you keep it for yourself. Whenever you starve us I will sell your stuff one by one.

Mrs was in trouble with Jane. Jane and I became friends.

In the evening we would talk a lot. On that day I decided to ask her why she got married to a man

who did not care about her.

Jane: I am from a poor family so my father borrowed a lot of money from Chihera when my mother was hospitalised. He failed to repay her so she suggested I marry her son and bear him a child. I did not mind since Marc is a good guy. But when I heard your stories eeh I am grateful he has never touched me now I want to look for a job and leave this house. But you know what? I don't trust this Mr. Marc loves you and I fail to understand why he treats you this way. Usually when they had a fight with Mr. Marc would say he loves you not Mrs. and he usually mentions that Mrs. used something on her.

I just laughed and told her all I wanted was a place to stay.

We decided to start looking for piece jobs.

01/June/2015

We walked around looking for piece jobs and failed to find any.

We decided to go to suburbs and I used the few dollars I had for our transport to borrowdale. Fortunately we found piece jobs and we worked together and shared the money. Sometimes she would tell me to rest but still we shared the money equally. I started buying my preparation one by one. Sometimes 3 or 4 days would pass without getting any piece work. Most times I would cry and ask the people to let me work even for old baby clothes. Most people would pity my tummy and help me out.

Lucky for her, Jane got a stay in job in Mt Pleasant and she moved out and it was Mrs. and I again

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 28

0027845657126

Drop comments.

LOVE YOU ALL

Groups 5 and 6 itai order....

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

.....
CHAPTER 28

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22/July/2015

I woke up early as usual and went to Hatfield to look for my usual kind of jobs. I was eight months gone. My tummy was now big. Most people could not give me work because they thought I could not work like that. I got to a certain house after a long walk. It was around 2 pm. The lady there gave me some clothes to wash saying her washing machine recently stopped working. She brought the clothes and I sat down waiting for her to bring the soap and dishes. When she came back to where I was, I was already asleep. I was so tired from the long walk. The woman did not bother to wake me up. I woke up around 4 pm and my legs were covered by a dry towel. I knew it was that lady who covered me. I got up quickly and started selecting the whites so that I could wash them first. The woman called me.

Her: Do you want something to eat?

Me: No I have to wash first. I am so sorry I slept off it's just that I was tired but now I am fine and fit.

Her: Do not worry I understand. It must be hard for you to work like this.

Me: Yeah but I am managing by the grace of God.

Her: Ok don't worry about the laundry you can come and wash the clothes tomorrow morning.

Me: No I can wash now

I kept insisting but she totally refused to let me wash. She gave me a delicious meal and transport money. I told her my story and she told me that as soon as I give birth she would help me look for a job. I thanked her and left.

On my way back home I met uncle Phillip.

Phillip: Trina....how are you? where are you staying?

Me: In Glen Norah I am back with Marc

Phillip: Ok that's wonderful

Me:How are my parents?

Phillip:I no longer work there.

Me:Why?What happened?

Phillip:Manyara got me fired.She told your father that you slept in my cottage and he got mad at me and fired me.

Me:Eeeh I amso sorry uncle Phillip.I had no intention of getting you in trouble.So Manyara is a two faced snake.

Phillip:Yes and I know she is the one who told your father about everything that you and your mother had planned that day.

Me:She is so ungratefull.So did you manage to get a job?

Phillip:Yes..everything happens for a reason.Where I now work they allowed to me to move in with my family into the cottage and my wife works at the nearby house as a maid.So I thank God for everything.

Me:Good then,let me rush back home.Greet your family for me.

When I got home Marc was already back and they were cooking together with Mra.I went straight to bed.I was trying to avoid Mra as much as I can.

That night I heard a knock on the door and a voice whispering.It was Marc asking me to open.I ignored himbecause I did not want to let him in.

The following morning I found a note which Marc had left for me.Which said

Please come to my workplace around 1pmso that we can buy things for the baby

Every Tuesdays I would fast for Marc to be delivered and for my marriage which Mra snatched from me.I had become spiritually stronger than ever.My bible was my number one friend.

That day I went to Hatfield.I was at the gate at exactly 7amI washed all the clothes and I finished in no time because I wanted to get to Marc's offices on time.

Me:I amdone

Her: I would like you to clean my house thoroughly if you can. I will pay you well

Who would say no in my kind of situation? Even though I really had to go to Marc, I could not trust her because he changed every minute. It was better to lose his money than to end up losing both.

I started cleaning the bedrooms first. I am sure that lady was so lazy. At one moment I asked her why she doesn't have a maid and all she said was that her husband was a womaniser. While I was cleaning the main bedroom I noticed a small book under the bed and when I opened to check if it was important or not pictures fell off the book. They were baby pictures. I could not believe my eyes when I noticed it was Junior on the pictures. On the other picture it was Mr A holding Junior but she was cut off the picture except her hand that was holding Junior. I recognised her hand because she had a big black hairy spot on her hand and the ring that she always wore. I wondered what the pictures were doing in that house. I placed back the book where it was. After I finished I went outside where the lady was. I checked her hand to see if she had a black spot but she did not have. She told me to take something to eat from the kitchen. I came back and sat beside her.

Me: So how long have you been married?

Her: Ten years

Me: And how many kids do you have.

Her: None but my husband got plenty. Two of them with our previous maids and the other with his work mate and a pair of twins with another woman in Chitungwiza.

Me: Yooh yaa he has plenty. So where does he work?

Her: He is the sales manager at Delta beverages.

Me: Which depot?

Her: Cnr Cripps and Seke road. Why?

Me: That is where my husband works.

The woman had a good life but she seemed depressed. She had very sad eyes. I always wondered what could be wrong with her and there it was. Her husband.

Her: I wish I could give birth to just one child maybe he would stop this craziness with women

Me: No woman is barren. As long as you have a womb you will give birth one day just pray and trust in God. Children are not the answer to a successful marriage only God is.

After a long talk she paid me and I left.

On my way home I kept calculating the equation at hand. So if that woman's husband works at Delta and has a child with his workmate where Mr A used to work together with Marc and Mr A's baby pictures were in that house it simply means Junior is not Marc's child.

I brushed it off my mind because even if I told Marc it would mean nothing to him. In fact it would all backfire at me.

That night Marc dropped a letter in front of me in which he asked why I had failed to go to his workplace.

Mra and I hardly saw each other because I tried very hard to avoid her.

One day Marc came back from work with a baby stroller, teddy bears, baby blanket, pampers giant pack and other baby stuffs. When he entered the house, Mra thanked Marc.

Mra: Ooh Marc how thoughtful of you.

Marc: Relax Mra, these are for Trina.

Mra: How can you buy a stroller for an unborn baby? Junior doesn't have a pram too.

Marc: But I give you a lot of money why didn't you buy?

Mra: You will buy for Trina later this is for Junior.

I stood up and grabbed the stroller and pushed it forcefully into my room and all the paper bags in it. I could not let Mra take this away because I could never afford these for my unborn baby and Marc might not be able to buy them again. After packing the baby stuffs I peeped from the bedroom door and called out to Marc

Me: Thank you baba zwichauya (father of the unborn baby)

Mra was crying and Marc was trying to comfort her.

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 29

ONCE YOU ARE IN THE GROUP STOP COMING TO MY INBOX. ALL SUGGESTIONS, DISCUSSIONS AND COMMENTS ARE DONE IN THE GROUPS. I DON'T GIVE CHAPTERS FROM MY INBOX ASK FOR THEM IN THE GROUP AND OTHERS WILL ASSIST YOU.

LOVE YOU ALL

0027845657126

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

.....

CHAPTER 29

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I slept like a baby that night. The following morning I woke up and found Mrs already washing dishes. I knew she had something to say to me.

Mrs: Don't you ever think there is anything left for you here. Marc will never look your way ever again.

Me: Mrs, Marc is my man..and there is nothing you can do about it. I have fought so hard for him and nothing can stop me now.

Mrs: We will see about that "Cry baby"

Me: That was then and this is now. There is nothing that can break me because I am stronger than you can imagine. All thanks to you

Mrs: This is just the beginning.

Me: Beginning of what? So tell me? Does Marc know that Junior's father is his boss?

Mrs: Heeee

A wine glass slipped from her hand and broke into pieces

Mrs: Who told you that? It's all lies.

Me: Walls have eyes Mrs. The truth is like the sun no matter how cloudy or dark it is it will come out.

I went to the bathroom and after my bath I went to my day to day business.

It was a bad day so I went back home early but chose to stay at Mrs Murairwa's house for a moment

so that it could get dark and then I would just go to bed. The main reason was to avoid that demon in my house. We had a chat with Mrs Murairwa and then I went back home. That night I decided to start working at the church Tuesdays and Saturdays then look for part time jobs the other four days since on Sundays I never missed church.

10/August/2015

I met Marc in town on my way back home from my job hunt. He was also on his way home.

Marc: Trina lets go home

Me: Go ahead I will take a bus

Marc: Why? Lets go home together.

Me: I just do not want to upset Mrs because I know how it will end for me.

Marc: Nothing will happen. Ok... hop in and I will drop you at the busstop then we will arrive at different time.

I hopped into the car

Marc: On second thought lets look for things for the baby.

Me: Most shops are closed, give me the money.

Marc gave me \$130

I had enough preparation so I wanted to keep the money for other necessities in case of emergency. My due date was near.

On our way we talked a little because I didn't have much to say to him I would end up crying which I had told myself it was a no no for me.

He dropped me at the bus stop and I passed by Mrs Murairwa's home and I gave her \$50 so that she could keep it for the day of delivery. She was the only one I could trust. My only friend and relative. The only person who genuinely cared about me. Of course there was Jane but I could not trust her because I just felt she would betray me like Manyara.

My Expected date of delivery was on 21 August so from three days before that day I stopped going for piece jobs.

Marc was the only surviving child in his family. Chihera lost the other 2 children when they were still babies. I was the only child in my family not because my mother failed to bear more children but

because my father said one child was enough. I believe my father is a psychopath.

27/August/2015

It was around 10 am when I started feeling a sharp pain on my lower back and abdomen. It went on and off for the whole day and around midnight it got worse. I tried to be strong and wait for the morning but I couldn't. I started calling for help and Marc came to my door. I unlocked the door and I told him I was in pain. He carried me up to his car and brought the bag I had packed for the day of delivery. Mrs. came out of the house asking what was going on. When she realised what was going on she ran back into the house. Marc told me to wait in the car while he goes to put on a jacket. As soon as he entered their room, Mrs. locked it from outside.

Mrs: Where do you want to go at this hour of the night?

Marc: Mrs. open this door I have to take Trina to the hospital.

Mrs: You are going nowhere with her. Let her call the father of the baby.

Marc: Mrs., she is in pain stop that nonsense.

Mrs: Who cares? You think I don't know this is your trick for sneaking out together? I will drive her to the hospital.

She came to the car and I told her I did not want her to take me to the hospital.

Me: Let me go and call Mrs. Murairwa

Mrs: I don't have time for that. Do you want me to drive you or not

I was in pain so I just nodded my head in approval.

Mrs. took the wheel and after a while she stopped and told me to get down. I looked around and noticed that we were not at the clinic.

Mrs: You will finish off on foot. I want to go and sleep.

I took my bag and started walking slowly. Fortunately a car stopped and there were three drunk men and two ladies who were drunk. They asked where I was going and I told them. They laughed and said I was going the wrong direction. They offered me a ride and I hopped in. I was in pain so I just didn't care if they were robbers or what. They took me to the clinic for free and helped me call Mrs. Murairwa.

The nurses said my blood pressure was too high so I was transferred to Harare hospital. Since the day I registered the pregnancy I never went back for check up. I had a lot to worry about than check ups.

Mrs Murairwa arrived the same time which the ambulance arrived. We went together to the hospital. We arrived at 08:00 and the doctors said I could not give birth the normal way so they opted for ceasar. Before they took me to the theater, miraculously I gave birth to a baby boy. He weighed 3,8kgs. It was a shock to me because with all that I had been through I didnt expect such a health and big baby.

At lunch hour Mrs Murairwa came with food and in no time Marc came too. He brought pizza and juice for me. I could not stop smiling at this beautiful creature. Marc left first.

Mrs M: This morning Marc and Mra were fighting. Marc was shouting at Mra for locking him inside the house.

I told her what had happened and she just couldnt believe the height of Mra's wickedness.

28/August/2015

I was discharged and Marc took me home. I was shocked to see Mra wearing sunglasses and a chiffon covering her face like a muslim. I knew she was hiding her bruises and scars. I just knew the Almighty had started his work in my life and enemies were in hot soup.

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 30

LOVE YOU ALL MY FANS

The distance to a successful marriage is similar to the distance between your knees and the floor

GOD BLESS US ALL

0027845657126

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 30

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I was worried that Mra could harm my baby. I kept the door locked all the time. I told Marc to name the baby but he said he would wait for his mother to give him a shona name first. I prayed that when she comes she does not bring trouble.

31/August/2015

Chihera came around 1 pm. She did not wait for greetings.

Chihera: Where is the child?

Me: How are you?

Chihera: Fine! Go and get the baby

I went to fetch the baby and when Chihera saw him she said,

Chihera: Yu Yu Yu... this is a small version of Marc.

Mra: How can you see the baby's similarities with Marc at three days?

Chihera: Shut up!! Nxaa

Chihera took out her herbs like she did to Junior the first time she came to see him

Honestly I didn't want my child to have anything to do with herbs. I am a Christian and using such things on a baby would only associate him with evil spirits. So I refused to let her perform her craft on my baby.

Mra: I told you, this is not Marc's child.

Chihera: Why don't you look for Junior's father and stop poking your nose into other people's issues.

From that moment Chihera became moody.

05/September/2015

I left Chihera washing the baby and I am sure that was when she confirmed if he was Marc's child. When I came back there was a sudden change with her. She was happy and that was when I remembered that I had left her alone with the baby.

When Marc came home that evening, Chihera told him to name the baby.

Chihera: This is your child not Junior.

Marc: Don't be like that mom

Marc named the baby Anenyasha (God has mercy/grace) and I also named him Shemaiah (Hebrew name which means God has heard)

I was happy surely God had heard me.

After a week Chihera left and we were in good books. She always carried Sherry all the time. Mr. A would burst with jealousy but nothing changed. God was giving her her own harvest. We reap what we sow. Chihera told Marc that when she visits again she wants to see Mr. A gone.

Things were working out between me and Marc but he still had an affection for Mr. A.

30/September/2015

Shemaiah was a month old now and I needed a job. I had learnt that a woman should work for herself not to just wait for the husband to do everything for her. I had learnt from my experiences to be an independent woman. I decided to go to that lady who promised to help me look for a job when I give birth. I decided to pass by my mother's work place and show her, her grandson. When I got there she was happy and I gave her copies of my CVs so she could help me get a job. She bought lots of stuff for Sherry including formula and pampers. She also said she had fired Manyara when she heard that she was responsible for getting Phillip fired and she was the snitch who told my father about all our plans. When I got to that lady's house in Hatfield I found her husband at home. He did not know that I am Marc's wife. After a long talk with the couple I gave them my CVs and they both agreed to help. Since we were sitting outside I excused myself saying I needed to use the lavatory. My intention was to sneak into their bedroom and look for those pictures of Junior.

I went inside and quickly rushed to the bedroom while I was busy looking for the photos I heard a soft cough behind me. I almost melted with shame. It was the woman

Her: Looking for pictures?

Me: I am so sorry I need them so bad. How did you know that?

Her: The next day after you left here I saw a message in my husband's phone of a lady telling my

husband to make a plan because Marc's wife now knows the truth. And from the questions you were asking that day, I realised you are the wife they were mentioning in that text.

Me: I need to tell Marc but I need proof.

The woman opened a drawer and beneath the neatly piled socks she pulled a picture of Mr. Junior and her husband.

I thanked her and left immediately. When Marc came I gave him that picture and told him that his boss was Junior's father. He called Mr. Junior in fury and handed the picture to Mr. Junior.

Marc: Explain this

Mr. Junior: aaah Trina why would you want to see my child suffering huh? How could you get to the extent of making this up. Marc look at the picture it's an edit babe.

Mr. Junior sobbed and ran back to her room

Marc: Trina you are evil.

He followed Mr. Junior. Luckily he did not chase me away. I decided to let God reveal the truth on his own time.

Ms. Murairwa had agreed to take care of Shemy in case I get a job. In no time I got a call from Chicken Inn telling me to start working there. That very day I got another call from Malwayi Law firm with another job offer. I decided to accept the law firm offer as a receptionist because the working hours were favourable since I also had a small baby to take care of.

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 31

0027845657126

Love you all

_Mwari uyu _

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 31

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For all my problems I never placed the blame on anyone except myself. I was the one who chose love over education, love over my parent and love over any other thing that really matters in life. I chose Marc. Of course it was obvious that Marc was bewitched but I also blame him a little. If he had not asked Mrs out then she would have not bewitched him. That is how it all starts. A man starts by flirting with a woman without no other intention but the woman takes it serious and decides to keep the man. In the "keeping process" she might use witchcraft and the man is totally swept off the ground where he stands as a man. Marc was the cause of all these problems.

06/October/2015

I started working at the law firm I used the money that Marc gave me sometime when I was pregnant for transport. Marc bought more NAN and pampers for the baby.

At home nothing had changed, Marc listened to most of what Mrs said but by his grace Marc gave me some attention and full attention to Sherry.

As time went by I became healthy and good looking. Everyone could see I was a working class. Mrs Murairwa took good care of Sherry and after a month I decided to start paying her too.

01/January/2016

Marc and I were on off and around 1 pm Mrs's cousin and his wife came to our house. During their chit chat with Marc and Mrs the 8 months premature baby issue somehow became a topic during their discussion. Mrs's relative had lost a baby born at 8 months.

Dany(Mrs's cousin) The doctors said its rare for a child born at eight months to survive.

Marc: Oow so it was by grace that Junour survived?

Dany: Junour is a premature?

Marc: Yes he was born at eight months

Dany:Ok I did not know so he is one of the lucky ones or mayb Mra did not count her dates well.

Marc:No its exactly eight months.

Paída(Dany's wife)So aunty Mra how long did the baby stay in the hospital?

Mra did not answer but I saw her puttng her forefinger on her lips as a sign of telling themto keep quiet.

Marc:He did not stay at the hospital

I saw themlooking at each other in amazement and Mra changed the topic.Marc was sooo foolish and I amsure that whatever Mra gave himcame fromthe devil himself.However,I just mumbled that God created herbs and people thus there is no curse he can not break.

After the visitors left Marc was so quiet and I could see that something was bothering himMra kept asking himand tried to cheer himup.I made no such efforts.

At work,there was this lawyer whomI talked to a lot.He was so understanding and caring on friendly basis.He bought me lunch everyday and gifts for Shemy.One day he asked me out.

Him:Trina I really love you and wish you could be mine forever.I wanna be that guy who cherish you and adore you for the person you are.

*Me*I ammarried my dear.

Him:Where is the ring?

Me:customarily married

Him:Trina let me make you happy

Me:I amhappy.

*Him*I will let you think about it

That night at home I thought about it and made the decision to give in to the proposal.Not because I no longer loved Marc but because there was a piece of me that wanted to hurt himtoo,wanted him to learn and to know my values.I then remembered Shemy,how could I ruin my baby's happiness?My child's relationship with his father matters.I could not give up now when I could see the rays of sunlight.I also remembered how Marc used to be?He was my prince charming.So what if that guy as times goes on changes too mayb to more than Marc.The devil I know is better.

With great firmess and boldness I turned down the proposal and cut all ties with himI was near my breakthrough and these were just stones which the devil was throwing my way.

08/February/2016

I came back home from work and found Marc already home. He looked so depressed so I asked what the matter was. Marc had lost his job. He said he stole some products there and someone tipped off the big bosses and he lost his job.

He started looking for another job but to no avail.

I became the breadwinner of the family. I bought all the groceries including toiletries. At one time Marc told me to leave Shemy in his care since he was not working but I was afraid that Mrs would harm him so I refused. Mrs changed from the time Marc stopped working. She refused to cook or wash for him

Marc: Mrs where is my food?

Mrs: Check the fridge and if you want a hot meal then ask Trina to do it for you

Marc: But you and I are the ones not working.. I can't bother Trina. She is tired from work.

Mrs: Good to know that you know that we both do not work. Thus we both responsible for the house chores.

I came out of the room quietly and cooked sadza and fresh Kapenter for Marc. Marc and I didn't talk much.

One day I came home around 4 pm and caught Mrs stealing Shemy's pampers.

Me: Do you know that Junior won't fit into those small pampers

Mrs: Awww you startled me I was gonna tell that I took some pampers.

Me: I can not afford Junior's pampers so you have to start using nappies or teach him to use the potty he is already walking.

Mrs: Seriously all this lecture just for a few pampers? Fine keep your pampers

Me: By the way how did you get into my room?

Mrs: Nxaaa

That night I heard Mrs and Marc arguing over money for disposable diapers and Marc was telling her to use nappies. She also yelled for an expensive hairdo which she was used to.

I wasn't earning a lot of money, but I sacrificed.

04/April/2016

Chihera came to the house and saw that Marc was jobless. She did not mind that the "witch" was now the breadwinner

Chihera: My son used to work for you now it's your turn. And you, Mrs, you should leave the house.

Mrs: I am pregnant with Marc's second child.

Chihera: So? Look for a job. You think Trina would buy you preparation nxxx.

One day Mrs was dropped at the gate by a certain car. Chihera saw it and went crazy

Chihera: Go back where you are coming from

Mrs: Where?

Chihera: I won't let you cheat on my son.

Mrs: Oow just because I was dropped by a car you think it is my boyfriend? I have relatives. Rich relatives for that matter

Mrs had a new hairstyle. She had original Brazilian weave. When Chihera kept shouting at her. She pushed her away and Chihera lost balance and fell down. Mrs took a big rubber whip and started whipping her.

Mrs: You don't talk to me anyhow you like. I am not Trina stop confusing the two of us.

Eh, I couldn't help so I went into my bedroom and locked the door peeping through the window watching Chihera reaping the harvest from her seeds. That was the kind of a daughter-in-law she loved.

When Marc came back from his job hunt he also flogged Mrs with a broomstick for beating up Chihera.

Marc: Trina why didn't you help my mother? Look at what Mrs did

Me: Chihera loves Mrs, I am that woman who would have been a loving and respectful daughter-in-law..but she chose that.

It was out of my hand, plus I enjoyed the drama. They were turning against each other and all I could do was praise the Lord.

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 32

MAFANS AMai Nakie

Love you so much...Group 1 n 2 mwaaaa rmondipasa manyemwe

Prayer is the greatest weapon and amour

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 32

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Chihera was so mad that she told Mra to leave her house. Even though Marc also flogged Mra for beating up Chihera, Marc defended her. He did not want her to leave.

25/April/2016

Mra was using Marc's car because she had a license and could afford the fuel. I could not drive but Marc had also allowed me to use the car. Mra started going out living Junior under Marc's care. She usually came back in the morning drunk. Marc sometimes would question her but she would say she was with her female friends. I took care of Junior during his mother's absence because Marc as a man failed to stop him from crying sometimes. Mra seemed not to care about Junior.

Marc and I started going to church together. He went to the Pastor to ask him to pray for him so he could get a job. I am pretty sure that was the day he was completely delivered. My mom came to my house oftenly to see the baby. I started praying that my father would forgive me too. Jane and I usually talked on the fone and she came to my workplace a number of times.

06/June/2015

Mra came home drunk and Marc asked her where she was coming from and as usual she answered coldly.

Mrs: Why do you have to ask the same question over and over again.

Marc: I am your husband I deserve some respect. What type of a woman are you?

Mrs: I am your type of a woman. You don't feed me, you don't clothe me, you totally contribute nothing in my well being. You are not a man.

Marc slapped her

Mrs: You are hurt that I told you the truth?

Marc got furious and started beating her up. I came out of my room when I saw that it was too much. Mrs was coughing blood. Of course seeing Mrs suffer were the happiest moments of my life. However, whenever Marc started beating her up it made me remember my dark days with him. After I stopped the fight, Mrs took her phone out of her pocket and called someone.

Mrs: Hello, come and get me before Marc kills me. I can not stay here anymore. I know... okay just come and take me to my parents' house.

After that call, she went into her room and started packing all her belongings. All I could say was praise the Lord silently. Marc and Mrs started quarrelling.

Marc: You are not leaving this house

Mrs: Ooh Yes I am Marc.

Marc: I won't let you leave.

Mrs: Try it. You think I am like Trina who has nowhere to go? I will not let you treat me like a dog.

Marc: I am sorry I over-reacted.

My heart sank. I thought of all the times he tortured me and never felt remorseful. Seeing him apologise to Mrs like that for beating her up for her own wrong-doings. I used to get whipped for his own mistakes and he never felt remorseful. There was nothing I could do to change the past.

Marc: If you are going, leave my child.

Mrs: Obviously I will leave him

Marc: and since you are pregnant once you live do not come back to tell me about that pregnancy

Mrs: You really think I am that dumb? I am not pregnant. I know how to use contraceptives I am not foolish.

After she finished packing. A car came to pick her up. Marc remembered the car because it was his boss' so he ran to the gate thinking the boss was looking for him. I felt pity for him

The boss told him that he wasn't looking for him. Mrs. dragged her suitcases out of the gate.

Marc: I thought I told you clearly not to take my child with you.

Mrs.: Which child? Sherry is there in the house.

Marc.: I am talking about Junior.

Mrs.: Ge ge ge... I am not stupid Marc. So you seriously thought I bore a child for you? hahaha you must be insane. Your mother told you, Trina told you. What more did you want. Hear it from the horse's mouth. Junior is not your child.

Marc.: Mrs. I know you are angry with me that's why you are saying all these things.

I was standing by the gate so that I couldn't miss a word they were saying.

Mrs.: You are so foolish. Meet Junior's father.

The man in the car opened the window a bit and called out to Marc a few boring words.

Hint.: Nice to meet you too Junior's dad (He laughed)

Marc was so speechless.

Marc.: If you two think you are going to file for maintenance for Junior you are wrong because I am going to ask for DNA so the birth certificate won't even matter.

Both Mrs. and Junior's real dad laughed.

Mrs.: Who told you that one person can go to the registrar's office and get a birth certificate for a child? It requires both parents. That birth is fake. Here is Junior's original.

Marc read the birth and the baby's names were... Tawanda Junior Marena. The father's name was also Marena. With anger, he tore it apart.

Marc.: Mrs. you ruined my marriage, my life and everything. You ruined me.

Mrs.: You are back together so there is no need to be so emotional.

Marc.: It's never going to be the same. You ruined what we had.

Marc picked up a brick and smashed the window on the side where Mrs. was sitting as they were driving off.

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 33

0027845657126

Thank you all for the 'get well soon' wishes. I am so grateful.

Love you all

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 33

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The brick that Marc threw smashed the window and also hit Mrs. They drove away quickly because Marc was picking up another brick. We walked back to the house and Marc wept like a 4 year old baby. He kept saying, "Mrs, Mrs....nxaaa"

I told him to stop making noise because Sherry was sleeping. I went to my bedroom and closed the door. He came and knocked after about 2 hours.

Marc: Trina we need to talk

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I did not answer him. The following morning he woke up early and cleaned the house and made breakfast. He also asked to babysit Sherry that day. So I left Sherry with him

When I was about to leave he called me.

Marc: Trina....I am sorry. I know sorry does not even count for all I did to you but please forgive me. Not now, not tomorrow but any time you can. I will make it right.

Me: What will you make right? Will you give me the baby I lost because of your stupidity? Will you

restore the dignity that I lost to those street kids? Will you take out every memory and pain out of me?

Marc: I know that I can not do but I just cant tell you how sorry I am

Me: What are you sorry for? For bringing Mr a into our lives or you are sorry that she left?

Marc: For bringing her into our lives

Me: But you were happy with her? Now that you know Junior is not your son you are sorry?? Your own child almost died when I tried to commit suicide just because his father was busy taking care of other people's children

Marc: You tried what??....ohh I dont know what came over me. I dont know what happened to me Trina...

Me: Really?? You asked Mr a out with that same mouth saying sorry now and brought her into my home...

I emotionally brokw down. I left the house but when I was near the gate I rembered one thing then I went back into the house and stood by the door

Me: You know what? I forgave you a long time ago and been praying that you come back to your senses. Unlike Mr a I will never leave you nomatter what. I am here to build a home with you not to destroy your life.

Then I left for work. This was the time I had to show him love and care. To show him I am here to stay.

At work it was like any other day until I recieved a call from Mr's Murairwa who said Marc had been arrested. I knew the reason for the arrest. Mr's Murairwa took Shemy and after work I went to Harare central police where he was held. There, he told me that Mr a got injured when he threw that brick. I asked him what the police were saying about the case and he said they had not opened a docate yet. On my way out I saw Mr a and the former boss on their way in. I followed them back inside.

Mr a: I want him to pay my hospital bills and repair the car he smashed only.

They wanted \$240 for that.

Me: I wont pay cash because the money you asking for is too much. I will pay the bills at the hospital personally and get the car repaired.

T snr (the former boss): where will you get my car repaired? I wont take my car anywhere else except to my regular mechanics.

I agreed to pay the \$240 in less than two days as they demanded.

Marc asked me to call his mother so she could assist with the money.

When I got home I called Chihera and she said she had only \$160 at the moment. She begged me to cover the rest and she swore to pay me back. I told her I would cover the rest and there was no need for her to pay me back. The following day I received the money via Ecocash and added the \$80 and paid off Mra and Tawanda Senior. Marc was released.

10/June/2016

Chihera came to see her son. Chihera loved her son so dearly. This time they came together with Chirasha, Marc's father.

Chihera: I knew Mra was trouble from the first time I saw her.

Chirasha: Ah Chihera you always praised her.

Chihera: I never praised her. I was just helping her out because she was pregnant.

After a few days they left for the village. Chihera had money to waste. She spoon fed Marc.

Marc was too quiet those days. He was depressed. In everything I did for him be it serving food, washing his clothes or greeting him in the morning, he repeatedly thanked me. Most times he would look at me for a while and say "I am sorry Trina". I kept telling him that I forgave him a long time ago. Besides, I wanted us to open a fresh page.

29/June/2015

Marc filed for divorce. They were to share everything equally including the properties but in my case I got nothing. Marc sold all the properties which was left in the house after Mra took her share. They sold his car and split the money in half. Marc gave me his share from the car and the properties. He told me to buy all things I could buy with that money especially for my kitchen and bedroom. So I bought a stove, fridge, kitchen unit, bed and wardrobe. He said he wanted to fresh start so he wanted me to have new properties in the house. I told him to use the money from the car to start up something while I use the old properties which Mra had left but he refused.

03/August/2015

I met Mrs Murenda in town and told me that she was about to file for divorce because Mra had invaded her home that was when her husband chased Mra away and left the baby in her care.

I asked her if she knew Mra's whereabouts and she said she never saw her again. She never called or visited her son.

That same day Jane came to our house and told me that she saw Mra in Mal bereign with a group of girls. With the look of things she was convinced that Mra had become a full time prostitute

Watch out for Chapter 34

Love you all.

No situation is permanent

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 34

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My prince charming had come back to his senses. Everything was just as it was before the manipulative Chihera knocked evil sense into Marc's head. I never had problems with Shemy because Marc gave me a full hand. In the evenings when the baby starts crying he would hold him until he falls asleep. He became more than what I prayed for. He became a good husband and a good father too.

10/August/2016

Marc left home early. I left Shemy with Ms Murairwa. Around 1pm Marc came to my workplace. I was so surprised because it was his first time to visit my work place.

Me: Oww what are you doing here Marc

Marc: Surprise. Wanna take you to lunch

Me: Ok that would be great. Let me wrap this up.

We went out for lunch. Then he took me to Zimre park. I kept asking why he was taking me there but he kept saying he wanted me to meet someone. When we got to the house it was a newly built 3 room cottage on a big yard fenced and with a gate.

He said he wants to see his friend who stays at that place. He knocked at the door and no one answered.

Marc: Oops no one is here you are so unlucky

Me: Why didn't you call your so-called friend first?

Marc: I called him yesterday. Maybe he had an emergency.

He tried calling and he said was not picking.

I rushed back to work since it was already past lunch hour. Marc went home.

After work, I went home. I picked Sherry from Mrs. Murairwa's house then I went to my house. I went straight to the bedroom to freshen up. On the bed I saw a note and some papers

Dear Trina

You are the best woman any man could die for. Thank you for being mine

After the note I took the papers on the bed and read them I screamed "Oh My God... Marcus.. what is this? Don't tell me it's what I am thinking"

Marc appeared from nowhere

Marc: I got my pay off from Delta last month. I bought a stand in Zimre park and built that cottage. Of course that's our house I took you to, this afternoon.

Me: I thought since you got fired you don't get a dime. Besides, owww I am so excited.

Marc: I want to be independent now. I want us to live at our own place. It's high time I get out of my mother's house. (he coughed) And I want us to renew our vows so why don't we go to your parents' house so I can ask for forgiveness.

Me: You know my father he will kill both of us.

Marc: Let me try

I had seen how prayer works and since I started my Tuesday prayers and fasting, I did not stop. God is alive, he does not sleep or slumber. He is a miracle working God. Marc also joined me in these prayers. We both started praying for our marriage

After a few days we shifted to our new home. Marc baby sitted Shery while I worked.

Marc was not feeling well. He had been coughing for quite sometime. It started as a light cough but it got worse. He visited a doctor and got some medicine. It would stop for a while and start again.

29/August/2016

We went to visit my parents. Fortunately, though I half hoped we would not find them at home, we found them. Before we could even greet them, my father roared.

Dad: What? What do you want?

Marc: How are you father and mother? I came to apologise for all the things I did. I wasn't myself. I would like to rebuild my relationship with you. I am sincerely sorry

My father kicked his mouth. He started kicking him in the stomach, head and on the most sensitive organs. Marc moaned but remained seated. My mother and I stopped my father from beating Marc. My mother told us to leave quickly. Marc refused to leave.

Dad: I won't hesitate to kill you.

Mom: Johannes, Why don't you tell your child why you are so angry with her? That way we can settle this matter. You know it's not Trina or Marc you are really mad at

Dad: Just leave ...

Marc and I left.

The following morning my mother called me and I gave her directions to my new home. She came around 5pm and was happy for me that Marc had totally changed. She promised to help Marc get Marc a job.

Marc's coughing got worse and he went to see a doctor. When he came back he looked sorrowful and down but he said it was just because he was ill. Since that day he never slept with me or even touch me. He became unusual quiet. After a few days I decided to ask him the matter.

14/September/2016

I woke up in the midnight and I woke him up.

Me: Tell me what's wrong?

Marc: Nothing

Me: What do you mean nothing? If you're no longer interested in me, why don't you just say it?

Marc: No, it's not like that, Trina...I...let's discuss it tomorrow.

Me: I say we talk now. What's all this sudden change?

Marc: I am positive.

Me: Whaaat? Pos what?

Marc: HIV positive.

This was my worst nightmare. That night I didn't sleep even for a second. Marc's words kept repeating in my head loudly "I am positive...I am positive". I had to get tested too.

The following day I went to the New Start Center to get tested for HIV.

Watch out for CHAPTER 35

Love you all!!

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 35

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At the new start center I got tested and sat waiting for the results.I was so nervous that I left before collecting the results.I went back to work because it was during lunch break when I went to the New start center .

After work,I went back home.His eyes were filled with tears as soon as I walked into the house.

Marc:How did it go?

Me:What?Is that why you are crying?You are now feeling pity and remorseful for totally destroying me?

Marc:I amso sorry Trina.I never mearnt for this to happen

Me:What did you expect?You were jumping fromone woman to the other.Changing us like underwears,what did you expect?Eternal happiness?There you got it.

Marc:I amsorry

Me:Why cant I be happy for once in my life?Why cant you give me rest?Is it a crime to love you Marc?Tell me,is it?

Marc:No it not

Trina:Why are you punishing me?

Marc:I amsorry.

I did not cook supper that day.I was too frustrated to cook.I slept early.The following day I told him to meet me in town,at the New Start Center.I wanted us to get tested as a couple.Learn how to manage the disease.I was quite sure that I was infected too.

At 1 o'clock exactly he was already calling me.I met himat the construction house and I told himI wanted us to get tested together.He said he thought I got tested the previous day.

I really couldnt face the truth though I had every reason to believe that I was positive.

We got the counselling first and we told the counsellor that Marc had already been tested.

Counsellor:Having HIV does not mean you are going to die.If you manage your diet and take your pills as directed,you live longer than you all think.An infected person can live with an HIV negative person without infecting him/her.

After the counselling and long talk we had it was finally time for the results. My heart was pounding and the I saw the unexpected. I was HIV negative. I jumped from the chair and hugged the counsellor.

Counsellor: You have to come back after 3 months again.

They taught us a lot but I did not listen to most of it because I could not stay with an infected man.

On our way out we did not talk to each other. When I got home, we were still on 'voicemail'. I went to bed early. Marc came into the bedroom

Marc: I won't blame you if you leave. I am glad you are negative. I know I am not worth having you and I regret everything I did.

Me: I am on the window period Marc. There is still a possibility that I am positive.

Marc: I am truly sorry.

Me: I am actually starting to feel like my second name is 'Sorry'. You are always saying sorry. Why are you the one always on the wrong side?

He kept quiet.

Me: I am leaving this house.

Marc: You don't have to, I bought the house for you so I will leave.

I did not give him a reply.

18/September/2016

Chihera called. Marc gave her directions to our house. She was happy to see our new home.

Chihera: Heeh WaMambo (Marc) this is wonderful but you shouldn't have shifted to this place. You should rent out this house and stay in Glen Norah.

Chihera: It's much better in Glen Norah. Eeh Ane is growing well. Who is taking care of him when you are at work? Don't tell me it's Marc?

Somehow she noticed that she was the only person talking and getting no response.

Chihera: What wrong in this house? Trina what have you done?

Me: Why do you think it's me? Stop blaming me.

Marc: I am HIV positive....and..

Chihera: I knew it Marcus. I knew this your wife will bring you trouble. How could you take her back knowing that she slept with street kids.

Marc: Stop it mom! If you know how much I hate your big mouth right now, you won't say one more bad thing about Trina.

Chihera stood up. I am sure she wanted Marc to hear her well.

Chihera: Who are you talking to like that? I told you long ago to leave her. Now look what she brought you. I knew she is ill-mannered from the first day I saw her but you didn't listen to me.

Marc: Trina has done nothing to deserve this. She loves you unconditionally. She tolerates you and respects you but all you do is torture her.

Chihera: Look at this fool. Why are you protecting her when you know she infected you.

Me: I am negative!!

Marc: She is negative!! (we said at the same time)

Chihera: How come?... but Jane and Manyara are healthy they don't have the virus... even Mrs.

Marc: How many people have you talked about? How many did you bring into my life? My marriage was doing fine until you started telling me to get another woman so that I can see if I can bear children? In the process I ended up raising someone's child thinking it was mine. I hate you for this. What kind of a mother are you? You destroyed my life and now I am HIV positive, are you happy now? (sobbing)

Chihera: Don't say that my son I was....

Marc: Get out of my house mom! I don't ever want to see you ever again.

Chihera didn't think Marc was serious so she kept quiet and remained seated. He grabbed her out of the yard. It was already dark and I knew she would struggle to find a lift. I begged Marc to let her stay. That night I heard her crying in the middle of the night. The following day she left early.

I called my mom to tell her that I had plans of leaving Marc because he is HIV positive.

Mom: Think first before you act. You have come a long way just to give up now? Because of a virus?

Me: Mom I can't stand the thought

Mom: Don't make foolish decisions, you almost died, you lost a baby, you lost your career. You lost a lot to give up now. You forgave him, right?

Me: Yes but I didn't know he had HIV.

Mom: It's part and parcel of what you forgave him for. I will tell you about something. Come over tomorrow.

Bye.

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 36

To my Loyal fans I love you all the way to the moon and back.

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 36

24/September/2016

It was on a Saturday and I decided to pay my momma visit. I was curious to hear what she wanted to tell me. When I got there my father was also there. I heard his voice as soon as I entered the yard. I turned back. I didn't want to see him. As I opened the gate, he called me.

Dad: Trina, Where are you going?

Me: I dropped Ane's hat... I am going to check for it

So I walked very fast so that even if he followed he would not catch up with me. When I was about 100 metres away my mother called me. I went back to her and I told her that I didn't want to see dad. She told me that he wanted to talk to me too. We went into the house and when I greeted him he answered in a very polite way. I was shocked. I thought he was going to tell me to go back to school. I don't know what I would have said. I was still indecisive. Part of me still wanted to make it work with Marc... the other part wanted to leave him for good.

Dad: Give me my grandson.. let me hold him for a while

I looked at my mom in amazement. I was totally puzzled. That was the first time he saw Shemy.

I was now curious to hear the story.

Mom: So after what has been going on.. I decided to talk to your father. His anger was too much

that I realised he was having a psychological breakdown. We sought help and he is going for therapy now.

Dad: like your mom said, I am going for therapy so my psychologist told me that I have to tell you why I am so mad at you that I can not forgive you

I was raised by a stepmother. She was so mean that at the age of 13 I ran away. My father never seemed to care about me. Our neighbours kept telling him about the maltreatment but he never said anything. I lived in the streets until I decided to go to rural areas. I went to Mbunt darwin where I met your mom. I worked as a herdboyc for her grandparents. Out of their good heart they sent me to evening classes. I excelled and got the best grades. Seeing my performance at school they sent me to university for my masters where I met my step sister your aunt Rhodha. Your mom's grand parents stopped me from working so that I could concentrate on my schoolwork. I got a job and here I am. My father is somewhere in Binga. What made me angry about your situation is that you have a family that loves you, something that I always wanted but you chose that idiot. You gave up your education for that fool something that I worked for, to get. You had it all, I gave you all but you went astray. First you got pregnant and then he abandoned you I picked the pieces of you he left and I sent you back to school, moulded you back into my baby, my princess, my little Trina and you left again. It hurts me to think that you have us but you chose him over us. I wanted you to feel what people without family feels like so that you will learn to appreciate what you have and stop disappointing us. But I guess I crossed the line. For that I am sorry my child.

He broke into tears. This was my first time seeing him like that. I also broke into tears and apologised for hurting him

Dad: Its not your fault.

Mom: Every woman protects her marriage but what your father failed to understand was that nothing can come in between love. Jumping from one man to the other wont do you any good. The devil you know is better than an angel you dont know.

Me: I do want it to work but Marc is now.. you know...

Mom: Trina, dont blame Marc, from all that has been happening its crystal clear that he was under a spell. Its so unfortunate that he got infected with the virus in the process. A perfect man does not exist. You can live without the virus for long.

Your father and I are infected too. I got it from your father 10 years ago. Your father got infected and when he found out he started taking the ARV's secretly.

I looked at my father who looked down in shame.

Dad: I was too ashamed to tell her that I had an affair. It was just once but I got infected.

Me:Is that why you stopped having children?

Mom:No...your dad said he wanted just one child right from the beginning

Me:Why?

Dad:Well,its just because I didnt want too many children.I want to take care of one child and give her the best.

Seriously???My father was insane.Therapy wasnt enough.How could he pour out his anger on me and claim that it was love and lessons of life.

After that talk,we also discussed other issues.Later my mom called me into her bedroom

Mom:I wanted to have a small private chat with you.Look...

She showed her back full of black marks.

Me:What happened?

Mom:Your father was sooo violent,more than you can imagine.He would beat me up for no reason and then burst into tears.For your sake I didnt quit.I worked hard to keep my marriage.So,here we are.Every marriage goes through different phases.Once you out of it and keep using your knees you will be out for good.If you want to leave Marc,then do so but know that there will be a new phase waiting for you if you ever choose to marry again.

After that long day I decided to stay with Marc.Support him whole heartedly.I was past the bad phase of my marriage.It was time for my 'happily ever after'.

Around 8pm I bid farewell and my father accompanied me to my house.

He dropped me at the gate and before he left he said

Dad:Tell Marc to come by to my office at 8am on Monday.I will get him something.

I thanked him and went into the house.The lights were off so I thought Marc had already fell asleep.The door was locked so I tried knocking but there was no answer.I unlocked the door and Marc wasnt in the house.He was gone.All his clothes were not there.He left with his clothes only and left a letter.

Watch out for chapter 37

0027845657126

Comments only

Pliz stopping coming to my inbx asking silly qstns...If I dont send a chapter just know that its not yet written.Just wait...PATIENTLY

dont come into my inbx correctng me on something that ya'll know its typing error...I dont hev tym to reread.

love you

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 37

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I took the note that Marc had wrote.I was hoping that there would be a clue of his whereabouts.

♡ Dear Trina

It pains me to know that I had such a good wife and all I did was to hurt her.I never knew such love existed and of course I love you so much beyond doubt but if the situations were vice versa and I find myself illtreated and cheated,I wouldnt have forgiven you.I can not hurt you anymore and I can not remove the pain that I have caused you from your heart but I hope in time you will forget and

forgive me because I am going somewhere where you will never see me again. For everything, I AM FOREVER SORRY.

Yours Marcus♡

I bent down and wept. I felt this weird intense pain on my chest and it almost made me unconscious. I looked at Shery thinking how he was going to grow without a father. I remembered when I was young and my dad usually took me to parks and played with me. Those were the most pleasant memories of my life. I wanted Shery to have both our love. Marc decided to leave us so there was nothing I could do. I comforted myself saying that I could take care of Shery on my own, I always did anyway. He wasn't of much help anyway.

I slept with my baby and decided not to worry about a grown man. Then around 1 am Shery started crying. I tried everything to make him stop but he didn't stop. I was feeling sleepy and Shery didn't want to let me sleep. I remembered that when Shery cries in the evening Marc usually told me to sleep and not to worry, he would sing lullaby for the baby and comforted him until he fell asleep. On that day it was only me and I failed to make him stop. I realised how important he was. Not only material things make a man important. Pure love and care does. I looked around and saw that was in a house which he bought us and everything in it. I decided to look for him with high hopes of finding him. Shery fell asleep around 3 am after two long hours of crying non-stop.

25/September/2016

I woke up early in the morning and prepared to go to Glen Norah to Chihera's house where we used to stay. That was the only place I knew Marc would definitely be. I went to Glen Norah and arrived at ten o'clock. The doors were locked so I went next door to Mrs Murairwa's house to ask if they ever saw Marc.

Lucky enough I found her just about to leave for church. I told her what happened and that I was looking for Marc.

Mrs M: Marc came yesterday drunk to death.... I met him at that corner and when I asked why he was that drunk because I had never seen him like that..

Me: What did he say?

Mrs M: He started crying and said "What am I... Mama's boy... now look at me... completely ruined." I helped him to get into the house and tried calling you but your number was not available. Today I went to check on him but he did not answer the knock so I just thought he went back home.

Me:No he didnt

Mrs M:Ummmhe was in bad shape I hope he wont do anything stupid.

Me:I hope so too

Mrs M:Mmmwait lets try opening the door he might be inside.

My heart started pounding.I prayed and hoped he was ok.

Mrs Murairwa opened the door with a knife and I was shocked that she noticed

Mrs M:I know a lot...I grew up in the ghetto

Unfortunately,or should I sayfortunately he was not in the house because if he was in there I knew I would have found himdead.

I told Mrs Murairwa that I had to look for Marc.

Mrs M:Where?

Me:I dont know

Mrs M:Ok give me Shemy because you can not go around all day with the baby he might get sick

I thanked her and gave her money to buy himNAN..since I had only one ready to drink bottle.I knew it would not last for long.

I went to the busstop thinking of the place where I would start looking for himThen it hit me that I have to call Chihera and tell her about the situation.I knew she was going to accuse me for Marc's disappearance but I had no option.I tried calling her but the phone didnt go through.She was in the rural areas so I knew that the phone battery might be dead thus it might take a day or more before she charged the fone because she charged it at a shop at the shopping center.Unfortunately,Father inlaw had no cellphone.I had no option,I had to go to Buhera.So I went to Mbare musika and took a commuter omibus because I was in a hurry.I arrived at around 3pmChihera saw me from a distance and came to meet me on the way.I was so nervous when I saw her crying.I thought Marc had died.

Before I even got the chance to greet her,she started talking

Chihera:Trina....Trina...Marc (she sighed)

She was struggling to speak.

I told her to stop talking until we reach home.I wasnt ready to hear what she wanted to tell me.When we got home I saw my father inlaw sitting under a tree shade with 4 other men and nearly seven women sitting under the kitchen shade.I almost fainted.

I couldn't wait to ask what was going on.

I even forgot to greet the people there

Me: What's going on? Where is Marc? Why are there too many people? Tell me he is not dead

Father (Chirasha): No Marc is not dead muroora (daughter in law) but he is in the hospital.

Me: What happened?

Chirasha: He drank poison and he is in a coma. We are all coming from the hospital.

Me: What really happened? Where and why did he consume poison

Chirasha: Chihera! Bring that letter

Chihera came with the letter and I opened it.

It was just a small piece of paper folded twice

To You

I brought back the pieces of me that you left. You ruined what I had, you made me hurt the only person on earth who ever loved. Trina loved me more than you ever did. You just couldn't let me live happily. I hope you are happy with the way my life is now. I can not live anymore... either way I am dying. I regret the day I ever called you mom. I hope in the next life I won't have you as my mother.

Yours Marcus

I could not hold back my tears. I felt pity for Marcus. I knew exactly how he felt because I also got to the point of committing suicide. I felt more pity for Shemy, how would he feel if he grows up and eventually learn that both his parents tried to commit suicide. What a shame.

Chihera told me that we could visit Marc the following morning. I called Mrs Murairwa and told her I was going to go back to Harare the following day. I also updated her of the current situation. I also called my mother and told her what had happened. She said she won't be able to come to the hospital because of work.

26/September/2016

We went to the hospital and when I saw Marc lying there helplessly my heart bled.I realised I loved him more than I thought.I sat next to him praying silently and after some minutes my father came in.I was so surprised to see him He told me he came to see Marc and check on me too.Truly speaking Therapy was working for him He organised Marc's transfer to a private hospital in Harare.Chihera just stood there speechless.She thanked my father but Marc was transferred by an ambulance because of his condition.My father and I followed in my Father's car and he refused to give Chihera who also wanted to go with us a lift.I asked why even though I knew the reason

Dad:I dont want her in my car fullstop

It was okay with me.We left Chihera and the other relatives there at the hospital.

Watch out for Chapter 38

Noise mukunyanya kmagrup uko aaah msauye kuinbx kwangu mchindiudza zvemumagroup itai order ikoko

NDOKUDAI nekusanzwisisa kwenyu ikoko

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Comments only

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 38

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28/August/2016

Marc was transferred to a private hospital. I was so grateful to my father. What I had failed to ask was where did they find Marc? I sat by the bedside praying that he could wake up. I so much wanted him to wake up. For the sake of Shemy and our marriage. I asked for a few off days from work. It was two days after Marc was transferred to the private hospital. For those two days I had no bath or appetite. I was just sitting there beside Marc, holding his hand time and again. Shemy was now in my mother's care.

Around 5 pm my mom came to the hospital to see Marc.

Mom: Oh dear... how is he doing? Go home and take a bath you are a mess.

Me: No I want to be here when he wakes up.

Mom: Your father said the doctors said it could take days probably weeks. You can't stay here forever.

Me: I believe he will wake up soon.

Mom: Ok.. You go home and I will wait here... go and bath and check on Shemy and get some sleep. I will watch over him until tomorrow.

I thanked her and after a few minutes Marc's parents walked in. Chihera looked pale and her eyes were red and swollen like she had been crying.

They greeted us and Chihera sat at the corner of the bed. I gave Chirasha my chair and he sat down.

Chirasha: (to my mom) Thank you very much. Words can not explain how grateful we are for helping us with our son despite all that he has done to your daughter.

Mom: Ah you don't have to thank me for that let us just pray that he gets well.

Chihera just sat there without uttering a single word.

Mom: Trina go and rest now.

I went back home. On my way home I met Mrabel and she was so down and God knows why she looked that way. Her dressing and everything said it all even though she tried to play high and mighty.

Mrs: Ah Trina ohh what's the name of your child.

Me: Shemy

Mrs: How is your Marc? Hasnt he brought another woman again?

Me: Is that why you stopped me? You were the only rock that made my marriage stumble. Everything is perfect like its supposed to be.

Mrs: Ho ho ho... dont make me the bad person here. I saw an opportunity and I grabbed it. I was pregnant and Ba Junior needed time to work something out but of coz I now know he was lying. Marc and I were just friends and one thing led to another. You know what? Marc had a lot of side chicks and when I realised I was pregnant.. knowing he is weak with women I lured him into my trap and he fell for it and I told him I was pregnant and he got crazy because you were failing to give him a child.

Me: Okay I know the rest of the story. Are you done?

Mrs: Yes

Her words pierced my heart that I felt a sudden resentment towards Marc but it failed to overshadow the love I had for him I left her just standing there still talking.

Mrs: You should get tested

Me: (walking back to her.. people were staring at me) I already did.. and you know why Mrs? I am blessed beyond measure. Lucky enough I didnt get the disease you brought to my house. Its called Grace

Mrs: Wait a minute.. I did what? When I was pregnant I was tested, you know how it goes... I was negative. Your husband got me infected. That Marc of yours. Marc got it from other women it wasnt me. Why would you think it was I who infected your husband? There was Manyara, Jane and other women out there.

Me: Did I say Marc is positive? Anyway, from the way you are living now its quite clear you are a prostitute and you once snatched my husband and that other woman's husband too.

Mrs: That is not reason enough. What am I supposed to do? Someone gave me the disease so I gotta pass it on and I am

Me: Whatever!

I walked away. Marc had many other women??? What did I expect because Mrs came as another woman so it wasnt supposed to shock me. I went straight to our house and I showered while our maid prepared a meal for me. I took Shemy from her and started playing with him a little. My mind was off everything, I was worried about Marc. I fell asleep while playing with Shemy. It was around 4pm

While I was sleeping I had a dream I saw Marc sitting on a log facing a small river. I started hearing sweet female voices calling him. Female shadows started appearing from his back trying to grab him and he stood up and started walking towards the river. At the other side of the river there was a glowing light. Marc tried to cross the river and when he was about to reach the other side, I saw his body becoming two and the other fell into the river while the other walked towards the glowing light. The female shadows and voices disappeared as soon as he stood up.

When he reached the light I saw myself crying kneeling down at the far end and it looked like I was praying. Then the other body that fell into the river emerged and walked toward the other and they became one again then I woke up. I was sweating and crying. Shemy was sleeping beside me. I went to the lounge and called my mom to ask about her about Marc. I was worried. I failed to interpret my dreams.

Mom: Marc is totally fine. Relax and I will see you tomorrow.

After having my dinner and feeding Shemy, I washed the dishes and went to bed. The following morning I went to the hospital and Chihera was also there. They had slept there together with my mom except Chirasha.

Marc was still laying there helplessly. I asked my mom and Chihera how he was doing and I heard the good news.

Mom: He is stable now. He regained consciousness yesterday around 5pm so he is just sleeping. The doctors said he needs rest.

Me: (sighed) Oooh Thank you God. You are wonderful.

Mom why didn't you call me?

Mom: Wanted you to rest a bit

I sat next to Marc and my mom went back home and I also told Chihera that she could go home.

After two days I started working and Marc was still in the hospital. Shemy was staying at my mother's place.

06/October/2016

Marc was discharged. My parents were not there so Chihera collected the bill. She almost fainted when she saw the amount. I called my dad and told him that Marc was discharged. He came to the hospital to pick us up. He paid the bills in full. Chihera knelt down thanking him

Dad: I didn't do it for you

However he gave thema lift because we were taking Marc to Chihera's house where we were to stay until Marc totally recovers.

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 39

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Comments only

For chapters yu join grup

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 39

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I learnt that Marc had tried to commit suicide at Chihera's doorstep. Chihera found him there holding the letter. I really wish I was there to see the look on Chihera's face.

I had a few things that I needed to tell Marc. I was waiting for him to get better because the doctor had said he was supposed to get enough rest. Living with Chijera was not much of a stress. She had changed. She kept quiet most of the time. She barely talked to anyone. She was depressed. As a mother I understood her because there nothing so stressful as trying to give your children the best but end up knowing that you totally ruined their lives. Sometimes we have to let our children make their own decision.

09/October/2016

Marc spent most of his time in the spare bedroom because he wasn't strong to walk around. The

conversations between Marc and I were very short. Mostly ended at greetings. On this day I made supper for him and took it to him. He could only eat light food because his intestines (if he still had any left) were not yet strong enough to digest properly due to the damages caused by the poison he had consumed. After serving him his food I turned so that I could take my leave then he grabbed my hand. I turned to face him and he said nothing. He just kept staring at me and I stared at him too. Tears filled his eyes and streamed down his cheeks.

Marc: Trina I am so sorry for everything

Me: For what exactly because....

Marc: Yes I know I have wronged you in every way and I am so sorry.

Me: If I say I forgive you is it going to change anything?

Marc: Yes, everything

Me: I don't think so because I accepted your apology a long time ago and when you are supposed to be strong and face the challenges of life and the stones it's throwing on your path which you asked for you rush off to kill yourself. Did you ever think about us? Your son? Just like old times you only think of yourself.

Marc: You won't even understand even if I tell you. You mean the world to me and living without you is no different from death.

Me: For real? Did I tell you that I was gonna leave you?

Marc: It's quite obvious, you are a working class now and after all I did to you I just assumed that there is absolutely no reason for you to stay.

Me: That's where you are wrong, the reason is Love and I made vows before God and the angels that in sickness and in health we will be together till death do us part.

Marc: I.... I just couldn't face reality, living with the virus and most of all Shame. I am so ashamed of myself. I don't really know what came over me.

Me: I thought you were now praying and understanding the word of God.. Anyway eat before your food gets cold.

I left him in the room rushing into the sitting where Shemy was. He was crying and when I got there he was lying on the floor probably he fell from the sofa. Chihera was just sitting there facing the wall. Chihera was so fond of Shemy so I couldn't figure out why she had left him crying like that until I tried calling her thrice and she didn't answer. I called her for the fourth time and then she answered.

Her: Oh Trina you startled me

She rushed over to pick Shemy from the floor .

Her:Aaah sorry Wamarbo(totem) I didnt see you fall...shhhhhhhhhh sshhhhh

I realised she was stressed.

Me:Mhm,Marc is fine now no need to worry.

Her:I amnot worried about anything

Me:I know you are,I called you 4 times before you responded.

Her:Ah serious?I didnt hear you.

She walked away and went into her roomwith Shemy.

Marc's father had already left for the village because they could not leave their herdboy alone with the livestock and household.

The following morning someone knocked at the door around 7 amI opened the door and saw a certain woma.She was very dark in complexion,and her skin was so unhealthy.She had a very familiar face but I could place a name on it.She was carrying a baby on her back wrapped with a cloth material mostly used for bed sheets.

Me:Hello how may I help you?

Her eyes filled with tears and she looked the other way.

Me:Excuse me,are you ok?

Her:Hie Trina is Marc around?

As soon as she opened her mouth I recognised her.I recognised the gappings on her teeth and her voice.

Me:Manyara??

Her:Ye..yee..yes.How are you?

Me:I amfine

Oh she was in bad shape.Manyara was dark in complexion but that time she was beyond dark.Her had was wrapped in a doek.Her eyes looked like the had sank back into the skull and her lips were red like she had been drinking cane spirit undiluted for years.

Me:What happened to you?

Words just slipped out of my mouth but it was quite obvious that she was sick. Both Manyara and Fortunate had a disturbing deep dry cough which I had noticed in a few seconds that I talked to her.

Me: Awww forgive my manners.. come in

Her: Thank you.

She took off her baby from her back and sat on the floor leaning against the sofa. I told her to sit there on the sofa and she said it was more comfortable on the floor. Fortunate had curly hair and she looked so weak and hunger-stricken. Her tummy was abnormally big. I went into the kitchen and prepared food for Manyara and quickly prepared instant porridge for Forty. Manyara wanted to feed her and I told her to eat her own food while I feed Forty. She ate hungrily and in no time she had finished.

After eating Manyara asked for Marc.

Me: He is sleeping I will go and wake him up. Where have you been?

Her: Around.

I knew from her reply that she did not want to be bothered.

I went to Marc and woke him up and told him that Manyara wanted to see him

When he saw Manyara and Forty he almost fainted. Trust me when I say they were in bad shape.

Marc: What do you want?

Me: Greet your daughter first Marc ah-ah

Marc: That can wait. What do you want?

Her: I need some money for the upkeep of the child

Marc: I am not working I do not have money.

Her: Marc please I really need the money. Look at your child.

Marc: But you disappeared with my child as if you were going to take good care of her

Nyari kept quiet.

Chihera came out of nowhere and hopped into their conversation

Chihera: Yaa just the person I have been looking for. You ran away from me back in the village because you were ill and you knew if I had found you it was going to be something bad.

Chihera grabbed her hand and told Manyara to follow her. They went outside and I followed them and stood by the corner listening to their conversation.

Chihera: You infected my son knowingly how could you?

Manyara: No Chihera I didn't know

Chihera: Liar your friend Shumi told me that you used to collect the drugs with her.

A hand touched my shoulder and I saw that it was Marc. He walked over to them

Marc: You are so wicked Manyara.

Her: Leave me alone. Did I force you to sleep with me? If I did why didn't you report me?

She went into the house and took a plastic bag she came with and walked towards the gate.

Marc: Take your child with you

Her: It's your child see what you can do with her. If you doubt it then go for tests.

She left her child just like that. Some women, I wonder what they carry in their heads. Whether it's water or brain or worms I wonder.

Watch out for chapter 40

Love you all

Nyaya kuinbx kwete...just drop yo comment if you have and say add.

0027845657126-Mai Nakiso

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 40

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After Manyara left, there was a moment of silence. Marc gave his mother with a weird look and she looked away

Marc: nxa

He walked slowly back into the house. I looked at Chihera to see her reaction towards Marc's actions.

Chihera(to me): What? What are you looking at?

And she went into the house. She started packing her stuff and told Marc that she was leaving for the village. I was surprised with this kind of behaviour. I was working and used to babysit Shemy and took care of Marc while I went to work. All of a sudden she was leaving.

Me: Mom why are you leaving. Marc is not yet strong enough. Isn't that the reason why we are staying here?

Chihera: Argh argh... He is strong enough. Did you see the look he gave me earlier? If he gets better and I am still here, I fear for myself.

Me: Marc won't do anything to you because you are his mother...

Chihera: I deserve everything that will come my way. I have brought all the problems in my only son's life.

Me: Marc... please come here.

He did not respond so I grabbed Chihera's hand so she could follow me to Marc's room

Me: Marc we need to talk. Look, this is your mother no matter what she has done she will remain your mother.

Chihera: My son please forgive me. All I wanted was to make you happy and I didn't know that it will end up like this.

Marc: You have never wanted to see me happy but you wanted to be happy yourself. Happy to see me live the life that you want. Controlling me like a remote.

Me: Marc, mind your tongue

Chihera: I have nothing more to say except that I am sorry. Please find it in your heart to forgive me.

Me:Let the spirit of forgiveness reign in your heart(I smiled while slapping his shoulder)

After a long pause

Marc:Just like Trina forgave me I also forgive you.

Chihera:Thank you

(in tears) but I amleaving today I have somethongs to do back at the village.

Marc:Ok..safe journey...and errhh take Forty with you.

Chihera:I wont have time for taking care of a child

Marc:Ah-ah...are you not the one who said you wanted a grandchild there she is and suddenly you nolonger have time for her.

Chihera:No that is not what I mearnt...I will go with her.

Chihera continued packing and tears were falling.I comforted her and I accompaned her to the busstop.She was carrying Forty on her back.I felt for the child but my options were slimtoo.I had a small baby and Marc was not fit yet hence I could not take her.Going to work and leaving M's Murairwa with two children would be a burden to her.Forty was ill at that time so she needed attentionI vowed to myself that I would take her fromChihera as soon as possible.Yes,a child is innocent.She never wronged anyone.

I went back to the

House and asked Marc why that coldness which showed total resentment towards Forty.

Marc:I didnt ignore the child but my thoughts were just far away fromhere.

Me:Whatever happened between you and her mother,the child has nothing to do with that.She is also a victimhere and a result of your foolishness.Both you and Manyara.

Marc:I know and I understand,as soon as I get on my feet I will fetch her fromthe village.

Me:My salary is poor so we can not afford a maid.

We heard a knock at the door and I went to open the door.It was my momand dad.They said they wanted to see Marc.Marc came to the sitting to see themAfter exchanging their greetings we all had a small ordinary chit chat.

Marc:Aah Father ehheh and Mother,thank you for helping me out.

Dad:Its okay.You are family.Trina came to the house on the day of your dissappearance and I told her to tell you to come to my office and maybe I can get you something.Once you get well you can come and see me.

Marc:Thank you father I amso grateful.I will definatly come.

Marc's face lit up fromthat moment.My mother asked for Chihera while we were in the kitchen washing dishes and I told her about what had happened earlier that day.

Mom:I hope she wont maltreat that child.So when are you going back to your house?

Me:Marc is not well enough to babysit Shemy so I have to stay here for a while so that Mrs Murairwa our neighbour will babysit Shemy.

Mom:Dont leave your your child with people you dont know.Dont be so careless.

Me:Momshe has always helped me with Shemy.

Mom:Right now its late,Its already 8pmI will come tomorrow to pick you up so that you can go back to your house.Look for a maid and I will pay her.

Me:Okay momthank you

11/October/2016

As planned we packed our clothes and everything and waited for my mother to come pick us.Something strange happened.Four boys entered the yard.The came straight into the house and started beating us up.They were merciless and someone had sent themThe kidnapped Marc in broad daylight and left.

I was gratefull that I wasnt raped and not injured.It seems they only wanted Marc.I took my cellphone and called the police then I called my momThe police were on their way and I as I was waiting for themI noticed a cellphone on the floor.I was pretty sure that it belonged to one of those invaders.

I took it and went to most recent calls and called the number there.

The reciever quickly picked up the call

Reciever:did you get him?

I remembered the voice.

Watch out for Chapter 41

0027845657126

Love you all

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 41

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I did not respond to the caller. I started to mouth-blow the fone so that the reciever would hear nothing but disturbing noise and led to think it network problems. In no time my father arrived and the police at the same time. He introduced me to two other men dressed in casual as his friends and detectives. They started asking me question and taking pictures of the crime scene then I told them about the call and also the voice I recognised.

The police left and my father took me home. He said it wasnt safe for me and Shemy to stay alone at the house. I also called Chihera and told her about the situation and she fainted while she was still on the call. The phone must have dropped when she fainted because the call dropped. Chirasha called me back and told me that Chihera had fainted.

At work, ever since I turned down Timothy, one of the lawyers at our law firms proposal his attitude towards me totally changed. Every time he saw me talking and laughing with another male workmate, he would call off the chit chat. He would yell at me and call me all sorts of names. He started complaining about my laziness lucky enough our clients usually left good comments to the senior Lawyers about me for making the offices a friendly environment. Whenever he came to me smiling I knew he would ask me just one question, "You still married?" like he was waiting for us to seperate. I could see how jealous he was from the way he looked at me especially when I talk to males but I didnt know he would go to that extend of kidnapping Marc. I blamed myself for

everything that would happen to Marc. I should have told Timothy that with or without Marc in the picture, he had no chance. During our friendship days I had given him too much comfort which probably made him think I had feelings for him. At some point I wanted to give in to his proposal not because I loved him but just to wear off the burden I had.

12/October/2016

I went to work even though my parents advised against it. I didn't want to lose my job. The detectives had called the previous day saying they had visited the Law firm because his call was tracked and it seemed like he had made the call while at the law firm. When they got there he had already left and the cellphone was found on the floor in his office smashed.

At work everything flowed as usual and it seemed like none of the workmates had a slightest idea of what had happened. I really wanted off days but it was less than 2 weeks back from that day when I took some days off. I prayed that nothing happens to Marc. My greatest worry was he would never survive any harsh treatment because his health was not in a good condition. Fortunately my boss gave some days off.

Hint: I understand the pressure and what's at stake. Take some days off. Rosnee will cover for you.

Me: Thank you so much

Hint: You know what this case didn't surprise me that much. Timothy kept insisting that you get fired and he had no tangible reasons. The board ended up concluding that he had personal issues with you. He must have loved you so dearly to put his career on the line like this.

This was my longest conversation with my boss. He was a very quiet and "business only" type. I went back home and Chihera called saying she was in Glen Norah together with Chirasha. I invited them over to our house and only Chirasha came. I explained the whole story from A to Z to him. He was so sad. A few minutes later my father arrived. He told us about the progress on the case so far.

Dad: The detectives I hired have gone to every possible place in Harare where he might be and no one has seen him. But he was seen driving along Bulawayo Road in Norton.

Chirasha: Sorry for the troubles but I am sincerely grateful.

Chirasha was accompanied by my father back to his home.

My father had a lot of connections and the 'Marimatombo'(plenty cash) type. During the times Marc got arrested for my cases he didnt do anything. At one point he personally got him arrested but never tried to keep him behind bars. Maybe he really wanted me to move away from Marc on my own not by jail bars. Thats my own view judging from his way of teaching me lessons of life. I thank God anyway because it was his Will to keep us together.

I prayed to God to send a guardian angel to protect Marc wherever he was. The following morning my father and mother left for work and later in the day I went to Glen Norah to check on Chihera. I knew she was devastated by the news of her only son's kidnapping. As a daughter in law I just told Chirasha that my workmate is responsible for the kidnap.

I knocked at the door and Chihera came to answer the knock. Before I could say a word I had a lot of words coming my way.

Chihera: Have you found my son?

Me: No but Imsure the dete....

Chihera: How can you say you dont know where he is? Isnt it your boyfriend who took my son? Hooo you planned it and you think you can fool everyone...not me Chihera. You cant fool me. What kind of kindness? huh? I said it to myself. Who can accept an HIV positive person? I always knew you were too good to be real thats why I never liked you

Me: Are you done?

Chihera: When I am done with you, you wont even ask, better find my son or you will see a side of me you never knew.

Me: You know I dont have anything to do with that

Chihera: Shut up and leave

I just left in tears and met Mrs Murairwa at the gate.

Mrs M: Whats wrong Trina?

Before I replied her Chihera came to us

Chihera: Bring my grandchild here before you give him to one of your boyfriends.

Mrs M: What are you saying?

Me: She is saying I got my husband kidnapped (weeping)

Mrs M: (to Chihera) You must be crazy, have you finished taking care of your grandchild suffering from malnutrition? What has Trina done? Your big mouth almost killed your son. Probably you got him kidnapped too.

Tears filled Chihera's eyes.

Me (whispering) let her be

Mrs M: It's high time I knock some sense into her head. What kind of a person are you?

Chihera picked up some stones and started throwing them at us and we ran away. While running away a car stopped near the gate and it was my father. He was very furious at her even without the knowledge of what had transpired. Chihera started stepping back until she fell. She was really scared of my father and I knew my father would not let it slide.

Him: What has my daughter done this time. I am pretty sure you are blaming her for your lousy foolish son's kidnapping.

Mrs M: (Shouting) Exactly what she was...

I held her mouth

Dad: I am busy spending my money on detectives and driving up and down just to find your son and the least you can do is appreciate but instead you are blaming my daughter. I lose nothing if Marc is not found and I lose a lot of money if he is found. Now look for your son on your own..... Trina get in the car

I waved at Mrs M and we drove off

WATCH OUT FOR CHAPTER 42

0027845657126

Comments Only

LOVE YOU ALL

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: *DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE*

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*SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_

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CHAPTER 42

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My father was very angry and I had to let him calm down before talking to him to reconsider his decision. It was going to be hard but I had to try. I just prayed to the Almighty to bring him back home safely. About 2 hours later, after we arrived home, Chirasha also came.

Him: Please forgive my wife and her big mouth. She also asked me to apologise on her behalf. Please help me find my son

Dad: I came to talk to you about your son only to find you accusing my daughter for something she didn't do. Do you know what your son has done to my daughter? Do you? Do you even know how much I am paying to get your son back?

Chirasha: Please forgive us. I will sell my cattle and pay you back every penny please help me get my son back

After a long time of begging him he agreed.

Dad: but warn your wife. I won't have her treat my daughter like trash. I will make her pay dearly. You do not know me too well. Trina didn't get her heart from me so be warned.

Him: I will warn her... thank you.

14/October/2016

The detectives came to our house and told us that Timothy was found in Bulawayo. He had checked into a hotel using his debit card that's how he was tracked. They said he was at a detention center. They also said Marc was found somewhere in Norton laying there unconscious. He was taken to a hospital.

I knew this was only God's work. Timothy was a Lawyer and I am sure it was only by God's command that he used a card checking into a hotel. Timothy wasn't that foolish. We went straight to the hospital to see Marc. The doctor said he was responding well to the medication. I was so happy. His

face was covered in bruises and I remembered the days he used to beat me up. I knew he was feeling exactly how I felt when I was hospitalised as a result of physical abuse. Marc was getting his own punishment from God. However, the punishment was hurting me too. I prayed to God, to forgive him and let him lead a normal life. The suffering was just enough.

I called Chihera to inform her about Marc and they both came to see him quickly. I couldn't help but notice that they didn't bring Fortue along.

Me: Where is Fortue?

Chihera: I left her with our helper

I didn't ask further. How could she leave a small child like Forty with a male, responsible for herding cattle. Which meant that when he leaves the house to herd the cattle, Fortue will be all alone.

In a few days Marc recovered and on the other hand Timothy confessed that he was Mrs's cousin. Mrs was the one who masterminded the whole kidnapping because she wanted to get back at Marc. With Marc out of the picture, Timothy saw it as an opportunity to win my heart. Timothy realised that the police were on his trail so he ran away and had to dump Marc around Norton. Mrs was also arrested and they were both waiting for trial

Chihera and Chirasha left for the village when Marc was still in the hospital. He had fully recovered though. My father told Chirasha that he would take care of the medical bills and the detectives too.

28/October/2016

Marc was discharged from the hospital and I took him to our home. My mother had hired a nanny for Shemy and she was of great help to me since I was the breadwinner.

Marc and I became love birds again. We went to church together and when Marc was well again, he volunteered to work in the church during the weekends. He became a devoted Christian and the most wonderful husband. He helped me do house chores and taking care of Shemy.

12/December/2016

I decided to visit Chihera and check on Forty. In fact I wanted to take her to the City to live with us. It was easy because I had a maid.

10/december/2016

I went to the village. I only told Marc that I was going to visit only. I didn't tell him that I was going to get Forty. Upon my arrival at the village, I was shocked to see a very tiny girl around the yard. Yes, it was Forty. She had lost weight. She looked like a skeleton. Chihera was not around. There was no one at the house, only Forty. Tears fell from my eyes. I felt pity. I picked her up and washed her while waiting for Chihera. The doors were locked so I took my face towel from my handbag and from the groceries I had bought for them I took one tablet of bathing soap. There was water in the 20 liter buckets under the tree so I took one bucket and washed Forty. I also gave her cheese rolls which I had bought on my way to the village. She ate them hungrily and in no time she became active. Chihera was starving Forty. I really did not like the child's mother but Forty was an innocent soul. She didn't wrong me in anyway. After all that the Lord had done for me, I could not ignore a soul reaching out for my help. I was the only person who could give her a better life. Yes, it is easier to let go than to keep grudges and hate the innocent in the process.

Chihera arrived

first, around 4pm. My intention was to fetch Forty and return the same day but it was already late to do that.

Chihera: (to Forty) Eh you look good today

Me: mmm Mother why did you leave her all alone?

Chihera: Eh eh eh my own child is now a grown man.. I can not be bothered by other people's children. I took care of Marc on my own. Why can't Manyara do the same?

Me: But you know Manyara has become a stray dog and Forty is your grandchild.

Chihera: Yes my grandchild not my baby. At this age, stressing about a baby. No no no

Me: So Manyara never came to see her child?

Chihera: She never came but rumours has it that she is there at her parents' house. She is very ill. I don't know why she stopped taking her ARVs.

Me: I came here to take Forty to Harare. She will be staying with us.

Chihera: Better!!!

That evening we discussed different aspects of life. Chihera and I never talked this much. It was good progress.

The following day,we left the village.I wanted to get her tested as soon as we get to Harare and get her the help she needed.There is always a reward fromabove,for doing good.

I arrived home and Marc was happy to see Forty.He thanked me to the extent that tears filled his eyes.

WATCH OUT FOR THE FINALE

Love you all.

0027845657126

Drop comments

there is light at the end of a dark tunnel...

[3/24, 11:00] Fifi Zimbabwe: ***DIARY OF A FORGIVING WIFE***

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***SHORT STORY BY*_Mai Nakiso_**

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CHAPTER 43/THE FINALE

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11/December/2016

I came back fromwork and Marc told me that he took Fortue to the Clinic.Forty was tested and results came negative...she was only suffering frommalnutrition.The nurses gave her a diet chart and we started working on her diet.

I also went to get tested and I was found negative. Marc and I, we are a discordant couple. Marc became prayerful and spiritually stronger than ever. He went for outreaches with other members of the church. When Jesus say yes..nobody can say No.

25/December/2016

Chihera and Chirasha were in Harare so we invited them over to our house for Christmas. Chihera still had that attitude but somehow didnt get the courage to talk about it. She would frown at almost everything and before she says a word, Marc would say "Mbm dont Start". In the afternoon Marc took his bible and started preaching to his dead. Just in a few months he already understood the deeper meanings of God's word. I was in the kitchen, washing dishes and Chihera was sitting on a chair, then we had noise from the outside and we saw Chirasha puking. His puke if measured would have filled a 20 litre bucket.

Chihera: I knew you people have always wanted to kill me, me Chihera?? you wont succeed. Forget it. Now you daughter of darkness, you want to kill my husband. I wont let you. God wont let you.

Chirasha: (in a low and weak voice) Shut up Chihera whats wrong with you

Chihera: Eh Chirasha dont talk to me like that. Do you understand?

I dont know how and where Chirasha found an iron rod. He took and pointed it at Chihera.

Him: Its high time you treat me with respect, I am not your child okay. You talk too much.

Chirasha was stepping forward getting uncomfortably near Chihera and Chihera stepped back.

Chirasha: Thank our daughter in law... I would have rearranged your face.

This took all of us by surprise and Marc said that was the first time he saw his father stand up to his mother. Yes, Chirasha got his deliverence unexpectedly. Through hearing the scriptures only.

Chihera tried to leave that day and Chirasha stopped her. They left in the evening. After two days they went to the village and Chirasha asked Marc to look for people who would want to rent 3 rooms at his house and Marc found them in no time.

The kidnap case was taken to court and told to come back another day before Mra and Timothy got

what they deserve. On 1 January, my dad called Marc and told him to come to his workplace and Marc went there the following day. He came back home flying and glowing and he told me that my dad helped him get a job so he started that day. His job has a very stable paycheck.

14/January/2017

Marc and I never quarrelled over anything. He became an ideal husband and I did my part too. On that day we received a call from Chihera saying Manyara was no more. She was found dead in her hut. It is said that she had an STI and maybe she didn't get help plus HIV, she was attacked by different diseases at once. She had long stopped her drugs. These were just rumours.

31/January/2017

Marc and I renewed our vows. We got legally married again. On that day we had a small after party and we had the most beautiful day of our lives. My father's relatives also came to the function

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Marc and I renewed our vows. We got legally married again. On that day we had a small after party and we had the most beautiful day of our lives. My father's relatives also came to the function. One of my aunts booked us at a 5 star hotel in South Africa for a week for our honeymoon. However on our way back we heard sad news. Chihera fell in a well and broke her neck and spine. Chirasha said he didn't want to disturb us and ruin our honeymoon. Chihera was discharged around end of February and we took her in to stay with us since no one could assist her at the village. I had to help her. In our tradition it is inappropriate but who cares? I help her wash and most of the times she cries and says...

Her: Trina God is punishing me for what I did to you and everyone around me. May you find it in your heart to forgive me

Me: I forgave you way before you even wronged me because I am a *FORGIVING WIFE*.

02/March/2017

Fortue is now healthy and she is a black beauty. I treat them the same and I even got a birth certificate for her with my name as her mother. She is funny and very clever. Everyone adores her. One of the funny things she does is that, whenever she sees me quiet or alone she is like.. "mommy, what's wrong? sorry ok? sorry ok?" She won't stop even if I smile until I say.. "ok"

Manyara will never know what she had. A treasure!!

Mra and Timothy finally got their sentences and I had a lawyer from our firm who volunteered to stand up for us. I am starting school this September and my husband will be taking care of my fees etc.

20/March/2017

So Chihera and I we are in good books now. She has received Jesus as her Christ and saviour and is patiently waiting for her miracle. We are positive that it will come. Chirasha visits us here and there

to see Chihera. Chihera will be going back to her home next month.

I love Marc, he loves me. They say there is no perfect marriage but mine... is perfect. Getting married is one thing but staying in it is another.

I won't stop praying for my marriage no matter what. Prayer is the only key to a successful marriage. Whatever comes my way, I will be ready to fight.

THE END

LOVE YOU ALL

Thank you for the support throughout the book. And those who never let me run out of airtime God Bless You.

DEDICATED TO ALL WOMEN FACING HARDSHIPS AND CHALLENGES IN MARRIAGES

LET'S meet again in CRY OF A WOMAN (other book).

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Drop comments