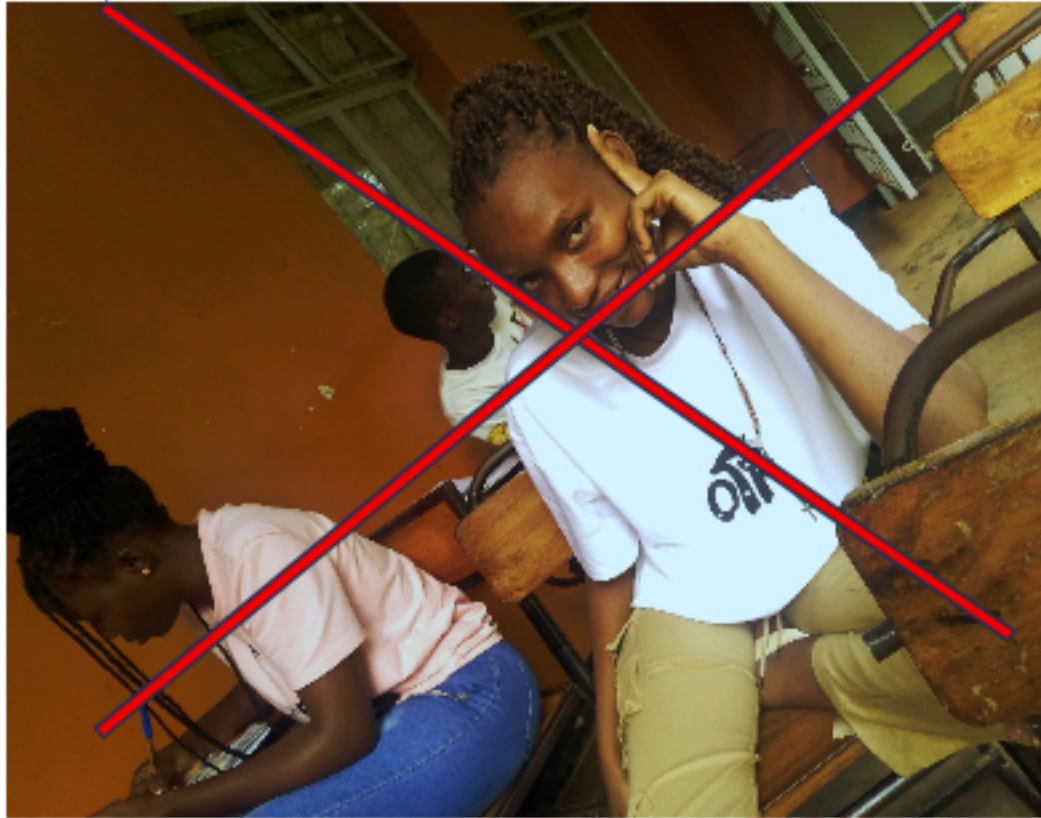


A CRUSH TURNED INTO HATE

Once a wise man told me that no man is an island, and further more, Once disappointed leaves ever with the pieces of his internal man, the solidarity of a man's hearts is after being busted his bubble, sometimes we yearn for things that are just close to us. But to get the courage of picking it.

Just like a blessed day start, automatically I realised it in the morning as I sloped off my cozy bed finding mummy's missed calls on the phone, in fact it was such a day that I got a deep slumber with sweet dreams, went into the frogs kingdom to have a morning refresh, just like a responsible person, am delegated to my morning repast not to start yawning in class because of hunger pangs, tighten ever my simple outfit as I don't expect anything different from the usual days. It started like usual days just that it was a frosty crisp morning with some sorts of drizzling. But by all means I had to appear before school so as to pursue the academic goals, reached the lecture room. But on my entry, I got a storm in me as my natural camera went directly to a mesmerized adorable angelic queen I had never seen before who was easy on my eyes, surely I doubt if I understood anything that day cuz all my oblongata was craving to feed my soul with her image. I couldn't wait to greet her. But as you know campus life you have to act mature, after the lecture I had to pretend as if my minds were not focused on her, But pretending is also a difficult thing. as the Baganda say that "**kyewayagaliza embazi kyibuyaga asude**" my group president had to hold a meeting that day even as God doesn't forget his people, my days miracle was put in the same group with me.

She was such a charming light soft milky skinned cutie pie that I was totally lost into admiration for her on my first day to glance at genotype, I really saw a true gem cuz to my understanding she was the belle of the ball, she was smelling a perfume like that of a registrar in the senate building with a clean sparkling eyes that automatically made me think of sending a hi, she was ethically good that she responded to my regard. But on response, I realised one thing, she had a deep clicking variable voice that sounded like Beyonce in my favourite song, she left no room for me not to continue introducing myself as I wanted more of her voice, I swear that voice could make a crying baby to keep quiet, listen and see the owner of it, among all her teeth were as white as snow that I thought so hard to get something to tell her such that she can smile one more time for me. It was a mental picture that we are birds made in heaven.



For real m y head w
as over heals with [Trisha](#) silently because the fear of approaching her to express my feelings to her were far above than the courage i had corrected, i died silently with the crush nga whenever i meet her i feel a stand storm in my heart Buh as i tried to speak up the words were always trapped inside, Buh what was amazing is that she also gave me a chocolate heart, I thought one time one day, I will hug her en tell her and it was long journey to get you Buh i was carrying for someone's torch . The crush was real and deep in me. My cowardness made me do a lot of things Buh surely doing them for nothing, i spared extra time for her, nga whenever she needs me i had to present myself despite of my fixed schedule to the extent that even if she does something that brings a punch to the heart, I would just carry my heavy heart en cry my heart out Buh I couldn't wear my heart on my sleeve, as they say that everything happens for a reason, my cowardness helped me a lot as i discovered later that the girl was smitten with a **mulugwala called**

As they say that a broken heart hurts Buh, they are the memories which kill, am fighting with the little memories she gave me as I try to nurse en mend my inner person to find my footing, I know I will see the light at the end of the tunnel. Unforgettable moments:

- **The ice cream place**
- **Her visit to my place**
- **The TikTok shot moment**