

# HER NAME WAS "X"



FICTION  REALITY

By **Sheppa Kalunga**

Her Name  
Was “X”

# Dedication

I dedicate this booklet to you...

# Endorsement

If there is a middle ground between being social and being antisocial, that is how I would describe Sheppa Kalunga. We may call it being “Uncle-social” if that word exists. I say that to describe, people who seem uninterested in something until they find something worth the interest and go all in. In this fictional yet “may be real” booklet, He explores the idea of loving and being loved from the stand point of all things being right except the love itself. \*Her Name Was “X”\* is a story that shows that sometimes giving up is the only option and though it may hurt, it hurts more to hold on.

*Sir Bob Banda*

# About The Booklet

Even the truest love can't overcome every boundary.

This booklet explores themes of identity, sacrifice, and the bittersweet beauty of letting go.

# About The Author

## Who Is He???

Sheppa Kalunga is an online digital skills mentor(on Udemy) with a degree in IT, dedicated to helping others navigate the digital world. A Christian, avid reader, and creative mind, Sheppa brings depth and empathy to every story, exploring themes of love, faith, and self-discovery with a compassionate lens.

Other People say...

**Namwawa Ograce** writes, “Sheppa is focused, goal driven and selfless young man, and most of them all Lover and follower of Christ. He diligently seeks God. He spends most of his time with his Machine (laptop) and loves to read book for his personal Growth.”

**Aliwark Banda** writes, “Sheppa is passionate about positive impact and he is courageous.”

**Lyness Msoni** writes, “He is humble, motivated and focused.”

**Patience Munshya** writes, “Sheppa, A.K.A The Only Breathing Machine. I would describe you as someone who has an inherent ability to see the potential in others and approach challenges with a steady heart. You move forward with a sense of purpose, always bringing an uplifting energy to those around you.”

**Joyce Shumba** writes, “He is a diligent and driven individual who consistently demonstrates a remarkable work ethic, tackling challenges with unwavering dedication and perseverance.”

**Henry Muma Paragon** writes, “Very dedicated. He is a goal getter. He is someone who wants to always win with others.”

**Mable Zulu** writes, “Overthinker, Mastermind and Humble person.”

**Precious C Kalunga** writes, “Sheppa is a workaholic, determined youth who loves everything to do with coding and is an avid reader.”

# PART 1

## *The Beginning of Forever*

**K**wame first saw her on a late Saturday afternoon when the sun dipped low, casting a golden glow over the small town market. He was there picking up a few things for his mother, weaving through the busy crowd when he caught a glimpse of her near a vendor selling beads and fabrics.

She was inspecting a set of complex woven bracelets, her fingers tracing the delicate patterns. There was something about her presence that drew him in; she moved with a quiet grace that made the noise of the marketplace fade into the background. As though it was a vacuum!

She wore a long skirt with vibrant colors (like Joseph's coat of many colors) that seemed to shimmer under the fading sun, and her hair was wrapped elegantly with a patterned scarf.

The confidence in her step was evident even from afar. As she looked up, her eyes met Kwame's for the

shortest of moments, and he felt an odd flutter in his chest.

She gave him a slight, polite nod and continued her browsing, but Kwame's curiosity had been piqued. He found himself lingering nearby, glancing at her as she spoke softly to the vendor, her voice clear and warm.

In those few minutes, he could already sense something about her—a kind of beauty that went to *private school* in terms of her appearance. She was gentle, polite, and when she finally picked up a bracelet to buy, she flashed a smile that was so genuine and Kwame felt his heart catch it. Before he knew it, his feet had carried him to her side. The words came out before he could stop himself.

“That’s a beautiful choice,” he said, gesturing to the bracelet in her hand.

She looked at him, her eyes dancing with a bit of surprise and a hint of amusement. “Thank you,” she replied, her voice steady but curious. “You have good taste, then?”

Kwame laughed inwardly, scratching the back of his neck. “I like to think so. I’m Kwame, by the way.”

She paused, studying him for a moment before replying, “X” is my name.



And that was it. Kwame and X found themselves chatting, standing in the middle of the busy market as if no one else existed. They spoke about the little things—where they grew up, what they enjoyed doing on quiet afternoons, their favorite places to watch the sunset and so on...

There was an ease between them that felt both surprising and comforting. By the time the sun dipped fully below the horizon, casting the town in a soft twilight, they realized they'd been talking for hours. Love is a drug.

When they finally said goodbye, Kwame felt an unexpected pang of loss, but X promised she'd be around the market the next Saturday. And so, they met again, and then again, each meeting filled with laughter, shared dreams, and an unspoken bond that only grew stronger over time.

They began spending their weekends together, exploring different parts of the town, discovering new eating places, and watching sunsets from quiet hills. Their love blossomed slowly, like the first bloom of a wildflower, natural and unforced. They never needed grand gestures or declarations; every moment they shared felt like a chapter in a love story they were writing together.

Yet, amid the light-hearted laughter and gentle glances, their differences lingered quietly, just beneath the

surface. Kwame was from a Presbyterian background, and while he wasn't deeply religious (aside from doctrines), he attended church with his family and was a firm believer of Jesus Christ.

X, however, was a dedicated member of the Jehovah's Witness congregation. Her faith was a core part of her life, guiding her choices and shaping her values. She never forced her beliefs on Kwame, and he, in turn, respected her devotion. But they both knew, perhaps in the unspoken parts of their hearts, that their love was like walking a narrow path between two worlds. **Check the book cover!**

One evening, as they sat by a riverbank watching the reflection of the moon on the water, Kwame brought up the question that had been on his mind.

"X," he began softly, "have you ever thought about... our differences?"

She looked at him, her expression calm but thoughtful. "You mean our faith?"

He nodded, turning his gaze back to the water. "Yeah. I know we don't talk about it much, but it's there, isn't it? I mean, we're from different worlds in a way."

X sighed, her fingers tracing patterns in the sand. "I've thought about it, Kwame. More than I'd like to admit. But... I try not to dwell on it too much. I believe

we were meant to find each other, even with all our differences. Moreover, I love you and I see a husband in you.”

Her words brought him comfort, and they left it at that. For years, they continued building their relationship, creating memories that felt like precious treasures. Kwame found joy in discovering the little details about X—how she hummed softly when she was lost in thought, the way she always carried a small notebook where she scribbled her dreams, her plans, and her prayers. X, too, found herself drawn to Kwame’s laughter, his kindness, and the gentle way he spoke of his family and his aspirations.

Their love story became the talk of the town. Friends would watch them with admiration, saying how rare it was to find such a “perfect” match. No arguments, no petty disagreements, only understanding and genuine respect. For a long time, it felt like nothing could touch the bond they shared.

But there were moments when reality crept in, moments when X’s faith required her presence at congregation events, and Kwame had to attend family gatherings at his church.

Those days, they went their separate ways, each honoring their respective commitments. And yet, they always found their way back to each other, meeting after their obligations were done, as if the universe

was gently guiding them back into each other's arms.

Then, one evening, as they were walking back from a small town festival, they passed by Kwame's church. The soft glow of lights inside and the sounds of a choir practicing filled the air. Kwame paused, looking at X with a question in his eyes.

"Would you... ever consider coming with me? Just once?" he asked, his voice tentative, almost shy.

X's smile faltered for a second, and a shadow passed over her face. She looked down, fingers fidgeting with the edge of her scarf. "Kwame, you know I can't," she replied softly, her voice filled with a quiet sorrow.

He nodded, feeling a pang of disappointment, but he understood. He knew her loyalty to her faith was as strong as her love for him. And though he wished things were different, he respected her decision. They continued walking in silence, each lost in thought, each feeling the quiet presence of a barrier that neither of them wanted to acknowledge.

Days turned into months, and the love between them continued to grow. They shared dreams of a life together, a future where they could build a home filled with laughter and warmth. But in their quiet moments, the unspoken questions lingered, haunting the edges of their happiness.

One warm evening, they sat under a tree overlooking the fields, watching the fireflies dance in the distance. Kwame took X's hand, his thumb tracing small circles on her palm.

"X," he whispered, his voice barely more than a breath, "I can't imagine my life without you."

She looked at him, her eyes filled with a gentle sadness. "Kwame, I feel the same way. But... there's a part of me that wonders if our love is meant to last forever. Our worlds, our beliefs... they're different."

For the first time, a sliver of fear slipped into their hearts. They had always believed that love would conquer all, that their differences were small in the face of their bond. But now, sitting under the vast African sky, they felt the weight of a love that was pure yet fragile, a love that might not withstand the test of time and tradition.

As they sat in silence, they both realized that their journey was only just beginning, and the path ahead would not be as simple as they'd hoped. For the first time, they understood that their love was a delicate dance between heart and faith, a story with an uncertain ending.

*"True love can be both a gift and a challenge. It brings immense joy, but it also reveals the deepest parts of ourselves, including the sacrifices we might be unwilling to make."*

# PART 2

## *Love Tested*

The following 3rd year tested their love in ways they had not imagined. The vibrant days filled with laughter and easy companionship began to shift, as the reality of their different faiths became more pronounced.

It was not that they stopped loving each other, but the unspoken tensions, once small and manageable, had begun to grow.

Kwame had always been proud of his ability to navigate the world without allowing anything to hold him back. He was the kind of man who believed in the power of choice, in forging his own path, and in shaping his life by the decisions he made.

But X... X was different. Her life was intricately tied to her beliefs, to the Jehovah's Witness community she was a part of. She lived by their teachings, and every decision she made, every choice she had, was rooted in her faith.

In the beginning, it hadn't felt like an obstacle. When they were together, the love they shared seemed to outweigh everything else. But now, the weight of those differences had grown too heavy to ignore.

It wasn't just about going to separate services on Sunday anymore.

It was about something much deeper—a sense of division that wasn't easily bridged.

One afternoon, while they were sitting by the riverbank, a spot that had once been their sanctuary, X grew quiet. The sound of the river flowing over the rocks seemed distant as she watched a leaf float by.

“Kwame,” she began, her voice tentative, “Do you ever think about what happens when we're older? About... where we'll end up?”

He looked at her, a hint of confusion in his eyes. “What do you mean?”

X turned to face him, her eyes searching his face as though looking for a reassurance she knew she wouldn't find. “I mean... I know you're not a member of my congregation. I know you don't share my faith. And I've been wondering, for a long time now, what that means for us. I can't keep pretending that it won't matter.”

Kwame felt his chest tighten, the words he had been dreading to hear for so long finally spilling from her lips. “Are you saying... you want us to stop seeing each other?”

“No,” she said quickly, shaking her head. “No, Kwame. I don’t want that. But we have to face the reality of it. My faith... it shapes everything about my life. My choices, my future. And I don’t think I can continue in a relationship that doesn’t align with that.” She paused, biting her lip before continuing. “I’ve already been asked many times by my congregation and my family why I’m still with you. And I know they want me to choose between you and them.”

Kwame’s heart sank. He knew she was right. It had been nagging at him too, the unspoken pressure of her faith, the growing distance between them that no amount of love could bridge. And though he loved her deeply, the thought of losing her to something he couldn’t understand, something he couldn’t share, was unbearable.

“You want me to join your congregation?” he asked, his voice strained. “You want me to become something I’m not just so we can be together?”

“No,” X said softly, her gaze fixed on the water. “I don’t want to change you, Kwame. But I also can’t compromise my beliefs. I can’t pretend they don’t matter. They’re a part of who I am.”



Kwame sat there, feeling the weight of her words sink deep into his bones. He had always prided himself on being strong, on standing firm in his beliefs. But this was different. This wasn't about right or wrong; it was about something more complex, more tangled—faith, tradition, and love all wrapped up in a way that felt impossible to untangle.

“I don't know what to say,” he muttered, his voice hollow. “It feels like... no matter what we do, we can't win. I don't want to lose you, X. But I also don't want to lose myself in the process.”

X reached out, gently taking his hand in hers. Her touch was soft, but there was a firmness in it, an understanding of the unspoken pain they were both feeling. “Kwame, I don't want you to lose yourself. I don't want either of us to lose who we are.”

But I also can't ignore the path I'm on. It's not just about me anymore—it's about my family, my community. They need me to choose a side.”

Kwame looked at her, his heart breaking. How had it come to this? How had their love, so pure and free from conflict, turned into something so painful? The answer was simple: faith.

Faith had always been the foundation of X's life, and it was a foundation she couldn't abandon. Kwame knew that no matter how much he loved her, he couldn't

change the fundamental reality that stood between them.

As the days passed, their meetings became less frequent. They'd sit in silence, the weight of their conversations pressing down on them like an invisible cloud. Every time they talked about the future, the same issue arose.

How could they continue to love each other when they couldn't even agree on something as basic as their beliefs? They couldn't find a way around it, no matter how hard they tried.

One evening, Kwame met X at their usual spot, the place by the river where they had spent countless hours laughing, sharing stories, and dreaming together. But this time, the air was different. There was a heaviness that neither of them could shake.

"X," Kwame said, his voice barely above a whisper. "I can't keep doing this. I can't keep pretending that everything is fine when I know it's not."

"Our love... it's beautiful, but it's not enough. It's not enough to make us both happy if we're torn in different directions."

Tears welled up in X's eyes as she looked at him. "I know, Kwame. I know. I've tried to ignore it, but it's there. Every time I go to church, every time I pray, I know I'm choosing a path that doesn't include you."

And it's breaking me. But I can't walk away from it. It's who I am."

Kwame stood up, running a hand through his hair in frustration. "So, what now? Is this the end?"

X stood too, her body trembling with emotion. "I don't know. But we can't keep pretending that this can work if we're going to be torn apart by something neither of us can change."

The pain in her voice was almost more than he could bear. He had never wanted to hurt her. He never thought he would be the one to make her cry. But it felt like the only option left. There was no easy solution, no way to make it work without compromising too much of themselves.

"I love you, X," he said, his voice cracking. "I love you more than I can say. But I can't keep pretending that I can give you everything you need if it means losing myself in the process."

And for the first time, they both realized the bitter truth: love, as powerful as it was, could not overcome the divide between their two worlds.

Tears streamed down X's face, but she didn't wipe them away. She stood there, letting the pain wash over her, knowing deep down that she had to make a choice—one that would break both their hearts.

As Kwame turned and walked away, his heart shattered into a thousand pieces. He had lost the love of his life, not because they didn't care for each other, but because their love wasn't enough to overcome the walls built by faith, tradition, and loyalty.

And so, they stood at the crossroads of their love story, knowing that no matter how much they wanted to stay, the reality of their situation meant they would have to let go.

*“Love alone doesn't erase differences; it's understanding and respect that bridge gaps. Even the strongest love must be rooted in acceptance of each other's unique identities.”*

# PART 3

## *The Distance Between Us*

The period that followed were filled with an aching silence. Both Kwame and X moved through their lives like ghosts, haunted by the memories of what once was, but unable to bridge the growing gap between their worlds.

The vibrant connection they had shared now felt like a distant dream—something they both longed for but knew they could never reach again.

Kwame threw himself into his work, the hustle of daily life acting as a temporary distraction from the overwhelming ache in his chest. He would wake up early, work long hours, and go to bed late, trying to numb the pain with the busyness of life.

But every moment when he had to pause, when the world around him grew still, the weight of his heartache would crush him all over again.

He missed X in ways he couldn't explain—her laugh, the way her eyes would light up when she talked about her dreams, the feeling of holding her hand and knowing that, for that moment, everything was right in the world.

But no matter how many times he replayed those moments in his mind, he couldn't erase the reality that separated them. He couldn't undo the fact that love, no matter how pure, had been insufficient to bridge the gap between their beliefs.

X, too, struggled to find peace in the aftermath. She immersed herself in her congregation, going to the Kingdom Hall, attending Bible studies, and trying to forget the heartbreak she had endured.

But no matter how much she surrounded herself with the familiar faces and comforting rituals of her faith, the loneliness gnawed at her. The love she had for Kwame still lingered in her heart, like an open wound that never fully healed.

It wasn't that she regretted her decision—she knew in her heart that her faith was the path she had to follow. But the love she felt for Kwame wasn't something she could easily forget.

She would see him in the street sometimes, his face a mix of sadness and determination. Their eyes would meet, and for a split second, they would both

remember everything they had once shared. But then, the moment would pass, and the distance between them would grow wider once again.

It was during one of those fleeting moments that Kwame saw her at the market one afternoon. She was standing by a fruit stall, her back turned to him, selecting some mangoes.

Her hair was tied up in a neat bun, and she was dressed in a simple, yet graceful, white dress. For a moment, Kwame simply watched her from a distance, unsure of how to approach her. His heart beat faster, the familiar pull he had always felt toward her surging through him once more.

But as he took a step toward her, he hesitated. His mind screamed at him to turn back. He had promised himself that he wouldn't go down this path again. He had to let go. He had to accept the finality of their separation. But then, X turned, and their eyes met.

For a second, neither of them moved. The world around them seemed to fall away, and all that was left was the raw, unspoken emotion between them. X's eyes were wide, as though she hadn't expected to see him either. She didn't smile, but there was something in her gaze that spoke volumes—the longing, the hurt, the unsaid words that neither of them dared to speak.

Kwame opened his mouth to say something, but the words didn't come. His throat felt tight, and the ache inside him flared up again.

"I didn't expect to see you here," X finally said, her voice soft, but the edge of sadness in it was clear.

"I didn't either," Kwame replied, his voice barely above a whisper.

The silence between them stretched on for a moment, neither of them knowing what to say next. It was as if all the years of love and connection had collapsed into a single, fragile moment—one they both knew couldn't last.

"I've been thinking about you," X said, her voice quiet. "About us."

"Me too," Kwame replied, his eyes searching hers. "I never stopped thinking about you."

X looked down at the ground, her hands trembling slightly as she adjusted the fruit in her basket. "I don't know what to say, Kwame. I thought I could move on, that I could forget about you. But every time I try, I feel like I'm lying to myself."

Kwame felt his chest tighten. "X... I don't want you to feel like you have to choose between me and your faith. I don't want you to feel torn, but I also... I don't



know how to live without you in my life. I just don't know."

She lifted her gaze to meet his again, and for a moment, it seemed like they were back in the place they used to be—together, connected, whole. But the weight of their differences was too heavy to ignore.

"I love you, Kwame. I always will," X whispered. "But you know we can't have the life we want. I can't walk away from my faith. I can't ignore the path I've chosen."

The pain in her voice echoed in Kwame's heart. He wanted to reach out to her, to hold her and make everything right again. But he knew, deep down, that their love was caught in an impossible web. There was no simple answer, no easy fix.

"I know," he said, his voice cracking. "I know. I just... I just want you to be happy, X. Even if that means it can't be with me."

X took a step back, her eyes filling with tears. "I don't want to hurt you. I never wanted to hurt you. But sometimes, love isn't enough. Sometimes, it's not enough to make everything work."

Kwame nodded, his heart heavy. He understood. He had always known that love wasn't enough. They had tried, they had fought, but in the end, their faiths had drawn an insurmountable line between them.

For a long moment, they stood there, lost in their shared pain. There was nothing left to say. No more promises, no more explanations. The love they had once shared had been pure and strong, but it wasn't enough to erase the boundaries between them.

Finally, X turned and began to walk away, her figure slowly disappearing into the crowd. Kwame stood there, motionless, his heart breaking with every step she took. He wanted to call out to her, to run after her, but he knew it was over.

And so, they both walked away—separate, but forever connected by the love they had shared, a love that would remain in their hearts even as time moved them further apart.

The distance between them was no longer just physical. It was something deeper, something neither of them could ever escape. But in the quiet corners of their hearts, they would always carry each other—no matter how far apart they had to be.

*“Sometimes, faith and personal values require us to make heart-wrenching choices. In those moments, staying true to ourselves can be as painful as it is necessary.”*

# PART 4

## *Love's Last Goodbye*

They both moved on, but the ghost of their love lingered!

SIX MONTHS LATER....

**K**wame had gone through the motions of healing. He no longer cried when he thought of X; instead, he found himself reminiscing with a soft sadness that wasn't painful but bittersweet.

He had accepted that love, as beautiful and painful as it was, sometimes didn't last. That was just life. But even as he tried to let go, he felt a stirring within him one cold evening as he sat alone in his apartment.

His phone buzzed with a message. It was from an unknown number, but something about it felt familiar. He opened the message and immediately recognized the words, the language.

“Kwame, it's me, X.”

His heart stopped for a moment. It was as if the past six months had never happened. The love, the pain, the separation—it all came rushing back at once. The message was short, but it felt like a long letter...

“I’ve thought about you a lot lately. About everything we went through. I’m writing because I need to ask you something... Please, if you can, meet me. I have something I need to say. I think you’ll understand.”

Kwame stared at the message, his heart pounding. A part of him wanted to ignore it, to keep moving forward as he had been doing, but another part of him—perhaps the part that had never really let go—wanted to reach out, to meet her once more.

He replied simply, “When?”

“Tomorrow. The park. 4 PM.”

He didn’t hesitate. He knew that he would go. There was no other choice. There was something inside him that told him he needed closure, that this wasn’t just a message, but the final chapter of their story.

The next day, Kwame arrived at the park early. He had chosen a bench that overlooked the small lake, the place where they had shared many quiet afternoons in the past.

The memories flooded his mind—the walks they had taken here, the long conversations about their dreams and fears. Now, it felt strangely empty. At 4 PM, X appeared.

She looked different, but also the same. The same calm, composed demeanor, the same eyes that had once looked at him with so much love. But there was something heavier in her eyes now, something that spoke of loss, of regret, and perhaps acceptance.

Kwame stood as she approached, his heart in his throat. They hadn't seen each other in months, and yet it felt like nothing had changed. They fell into silence, each of them unsure of how to start.

Finally, X spoke. Her voice was soft but firm. "Kwame," she said, her eyes meeting his. "I'm sorry."

Kwame blinked, not understanding. "Sorry for what?"

"For everything," she said. "For the way we ended. For the hurt I caused you. I've been thinking about it a lot. And I realized... I needed to tell you that I never stopped loving you. I just didn't know how to make it work.

I couldn't change who I am, and I couldn't ask you to change either. But the truth is, I'll always love you."

Kwame felt a lump form in his throat. He had known, in some part of himself, that this was coming. He had

known that there would be a moment when they would confront their past, face the truth, and find a way to say goodbye—for real this time.

“I loved you too,” he replied, his voice thick with emotion. “I still do. I always will. But sometimes, love isn’t enough. We had our time, and I’m thankful for that. But we both know that we can’t go back. We can’t undo what’s been done.”

X nodded, tears welling up in her eyes. “I know. And I’ve come to accept that. But I needed to tell you that. I needed you to know that I never stopped caring.”

Kwame reached out, taking her hand gently. For a moment, there was silence, but it was a peaceful silence. The kind that comes when two people have accepted that their paths no longer align, but that the love they shared was real.

“I’ll always remember you, X,” Kwame whispered. “And I hope you find peace. I hope you find what you’re looking for.”

With that, they stood up, their hands still touching for a moment before they let go. It was the last time they would see each other, and they both knew it. But the love they had shared would always remain in their hearts, a part of them that neither time nor distance could erase.

As they walked away from each other, the finality of their goodbye settled over them like a gentle sigh. They had loved, and they had lost, but in the end, they both understood that some loves are meant to teach you, to change you, and then to let you go.

And sometimes, that was the hardest lesson of all.

*“Letting go can be an act of love. Parting ways doesn’t always mean the love wasn’t real; it means that sometimes, the best way to honor love is to set it free.”*

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