

# A visual and verbal narrative

[Life](#), [Love](#)



Malia Wittgenstein had finally made up her mind; she would pursue a promising job offer, with Starcom Fashion Design Company in Washington as a personal assistant to the director. Malia was willing to leave behind her usual life in Newcastle UK.

Her lover; Jethro who was a Chef in a renowned Newcastle hotel, was not happy about her decision but he could not control her considering the fact that she had caught him flirting with a prostitute in a local pub. Jethro, had apologized profusely but Malia seemed to think that he was treating her that way because she was jobless at the time.

Malia sat in the sitting room staring at the two bags she had packed for her departure. Emotions overwhelmed her, as she thought of her usual life in Newcastle. Malia had built all her life around Jethro but his betrayal in a drunken stupor had neutralized all her trust in him.

As she stared at their portrait on the wall, so many emotions were running through her, she loved and hated him at the same time. She smiled at the memories of good old times and shed tears when she remembered their latest scuffles with Jethro. Malia seemed to be sure that all she needed was to get away from Newcastle, and prove to Jethro that she could turn around and make it in life.

She looked at a painting hanging loosely on the wall depicting a girl in pursuit. The painting seemed to collude with what she was going through and felt so much in touch with the painting. Suddenly she felt nostalgic and was not sure if she should go or not and tears filled her eyes.

Malia was not sure if she was making a mistake or not by leaving Newcastle and more so if she was wrong about Jethro and if he really meant his love to her as he had promised earlier in a bid to try and coase her not to leave him.

She had decided to leave today because Jethro would be busy at work and would not try to stop her to leave through his sweet tongue. She cried and sobbed with a heavy heart not trusting if she could leave the life she had so much gotten used to. When she finally calmed she took a paper and a pen and wrote a letter to Jethro:

To my first love,

I never knew the meaning of love until I met you Jethro. You were the first man to take away my innocence and I don't regret it because then I knew I loved you and you loved me. When my parents died and I lost everything, God brought you to my life and you have been the onlyfamilyI have ever known.

I am still hurting because you cheated on me the other day. I don't know why, but I want to hate you so much yet I can't because I still love you so much. Why did you hurt me so bad? Is it because I am jobless unlike you? This new job offer in Washington is promising and I think it will make me happy and that's why I want to leave and let myself be.

I hate to confess this but I don't know if I will ever be able to get you out of my mind Jethro. Please don't try to stop me because I won't let you. I have to leave now don't worry I will get in touch after sometime. Jethro? Do you

really love me as you are professing? Am I the woman of your dreams and are you certain that you really want to marry me as you told me last night?

From your Cherry,

Malia