NSORO MICHEAL SOFT

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LIFE IN DEATH WAR+CAP

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NSOR MICHEAL

*HOW BACK GROUND HAVE BIG IMPACT TO BUILD YOUR FUTER*

LIFE IN DEATH

NSOR MICHEAL This is the story of a God’s creature called **Nsoro Micheal** — not born in a place of comfort, but somewhere on this earth full of troubles and unbelievable people. I have not been able to achieve all the wishes I once dreamed of, but that is because of the way my life began.

Family and FRIENDS are most helpful people in your whole life

* Joy and happiness comes after angry and tears

My father was young and did not have the financial means to raise me. My mother was still a student, struggling with the harsh realities of life. Because of these challenges, my parents made the difficult decision to take me to **Nyagatare** to live with my grandparents.

When I was still a little baby, my mother went to Uganda.

**The Silence She Left Behind**  
I was just a child when the world shifted.  
She didn’t die, but she disappeared — from my life, from my days, from the warmth I thought would never fade. My mother left me. Not with a goodbye, not with a reason. Just absence. And in that absence, I learned how to survive.  
I learned how to wake up without a hug, how to eat without someone asking if I’d had enough, how to cry without anyone hearing. People talk about losing someone to death. But losing someone who’s still alive? That’s a different kind of grief.  
It’s the kind that makes you question your worth, your place, your story. But I’m still here. Still standing. Still searching for peace in the pieces she left behind.

I grew up with my grandparents and my Aunt Rose. For a long time, I believed she was my mother, but in truth, she was my aunt. Later, I learned my real mother was in Uganda, but at that young age, I didn’t think much about it.

One day, my uncle came to take me to Kigali to live with him. At the time, he was unmarried, and we spent some years together. Then came a period when I lived alone for about four years, with nobody else in the house. Eventually, my uncle got married to a woman whose feelings toward me were unclear. I could not tell if she liked me or not. I felt as though she was my stepmother, and peace between us seemed impossible.

The real trouble came when she had her own child. I did not mind that, but I felt she believed I was taking too much money or attention from the family. It was a difficult time, one that tested my patience and my strength.

There are moments in life when you have nobody to listen to you, moments when it feels like the whole world is against you. I have lived through such moments. But through it all, I have learned to stand on my own. I have chosen independence, and I am determined to build a future where I can live without fear or doubt.

My journey has been full of challenges, but every challenge has shaped me into the person I am today. I carry the lessons of my past, and I look forward to the day when I will say, “I made it

I was born not into comfort, but into survival.  
My father was young, still figuring out life, and my mother was a student, battling her own storms. Money was scarce, dreams were fragile, and hope was a luxury we could not always afford. My arrival was both a blessing and a challenge — one they were not ready to face together.

So they made a choice.  
A hard one.  
They placed me in the care of my grandparents in Nyagatare, believing it was the safest place for me.

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My Aunt Rose stepped into my life like a quiet shadow. For years, I thought she was my mother. Her hands held me, her voice guided me, and her presence filled the empty spaces — until I learned the truth. She was my aunt, not my mother. The woman who gave me life was far away, living a different one. At that age, I didn’t know how to feel, so I simply stopped asking.

One day, my uncle came and took me to Kigali. He was unmarried, and for a while, it felt like I had found stability. But life has a way of shifting under your feet. There came a time when I lived alone — four long years in an empty house. Silence became my companion.

Eventually, my uncle got married. His wife was a mystery to me. Her smiles didn’t always reach her eyes. I couldn’t tell if she accepted me or simply tolerated me. When she had her own child, things changed. I didn’t resent the baby, but I could feel the weight of suspicion in her glances, as if she believed I was taking more than I deserved.

Those were the years I learned about invisible battles — the kind you fight in your heart, without anyone knowing.

Sometimes, life leaves you with no one to listen, no one to catch you when you fall. The world feels like it’s pushing against you from every side. I have lived those days. I have been that boy with no audience for his pain, no witness to his struggles.

But I chose to rise.

I chose to stand on my own feet, to believe in a future I could build with my own hands. My story is not one of defeat but of survival. Every hardship, every tear, every lonely night has shaped me into the man I am becoming.

One day, I will look back at this journey and smile — not because it was easy, but because I made it through. And when that day comes, I will know: I turned my silence into strength.

@MLK

*MICHEAL LIGHT KING SOFT*