

This iBelieve Essays

Betrayal

by **Rebecca Loaisiga**

Like all things, even good things must come to an end. I was taught at young age to shut out all evil, to laugh at my pain, and to be kind and generous to everyone. I was also taught karma: “everything that you do will come back to you sooner or later.” So if it was a good deed, good would follow.

But all that changed a couple of months ago when I was introduced to betrayal. I had heard plenty of stories about it and how insanely painful it is. I always wondered what it was like and tried to sympathize with these people who had experienced it, but I just never understood it. How could you be so good to someone and still be betrayed? At the age of 15, I crossed paths with my first love. I shared my most intimate secrets for 380 days with him. In our relationship the one thing we emphasized was loyalty.

October 8 was that 380th day. We sat in what is called the silent commons. It’s so quiet you could hear a pin drop on the floor. I had asked him for his phone, and I saw a conversation with him and another individual trash talking me. Silence filled me. All I could hear were the tappings of keys, and the screeching of pencils on papers continued, yet one or two near us suddenly stopped to turn. I could feel their questioning and confused eyes on me, but at the time the only thing I was focused on was the phone I clutched in my hand. I felt as if someone had stabbed me in my heart, creating a hole so deep. I wanted to get up and talk to him and just yell at the top of my lungs, but my legs wouldn’t even move and my butt was suddenly glued to the chair. You could feel the tension in the room, and my anger was taking over by the second, causing tears to shed one after the other. My face clenched and my teeth gripped together. His last words to me were, “Don’t cry; you deserve better.” But I stormed out of the room only to find myself panting heavily and losing my breath. I could barely even walk. I had those stupid text messages so memorized, and it just felt so unreal. I walked in the bathroom and my hands gripped the wall because I had no control over my body and I could feel the weight go to my knees. I could slowly start to feel myself tumble onto the ground as I blacked out and hit my head on the floor.

Was it a good thing that happened to me? Absolutely not, but did I learn from it and did it impact me for sure. Just yesterday we exchanged two sentences about math. It was a simple conversation, but I walked out feeling at peace. I had endured it. What impacted me the most wasn’t the things that were said, but more how the person I thought would have my back didn’t. But knowing myself, I leave everything to God. I’ve learned everyone makes mistakes and that they shouldn’t define you, and that everyone should be given the opportunity for amnesty, and that grudges aren’t healthy. Do good anyways, continue doing good karma. I’ve become a more

compassionate person because of this experience, and I haven't lost hope for the future. I hold onto the people who have been there for me the most, and I'm satisfied to say that I'm blessed.

I believe in forgiveness