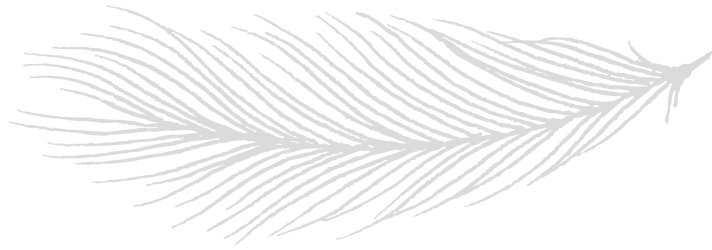


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When the Noise Fades

Written by Emmanuel Ndzeba
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When the Noise Fades

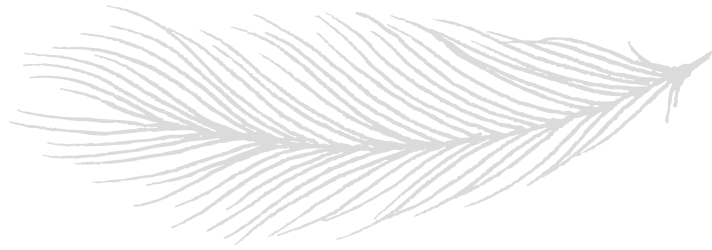
A Quiet Book About Me

Written by

Emmanuel Ndzeba (DikoderBeatz)

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Page 1: The Question That Follows Me

“Who do I call a friend?”

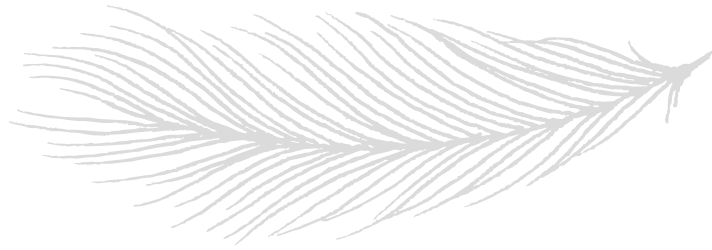
It sounds like a simple question, but it follows me like a shadow.
Sometimes, someone asks, “Is that your friend?”
And I smile. Nod. Maybe say yes.
But inside, a different voice answers, “I don’t know.”

Because the word “friend” feels like it should mean more than just
someone you talk to.
To me, a friend should be someone who notices when you go quiet.
Someone who hears the silence in your voice and checks in.
Not just when things are fun or light, but when they’re messy—when I’m
messy.

And that’s where the question lives:
When I’m not well—when I’m tired of pretending—who’s there?
Apart from family, who really sees me?

Most days, I’m still trying to answer that.





Page 2: The Loneliness in the Middle of Everything

It's strange how I can be surrounded by people and still feel like I'm floating through a space no one else notices.

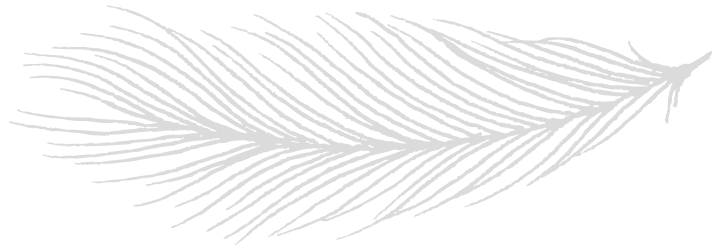
It's not always a deep sadness.
Sometimes it's just a quiet emptiness—like being in a room filled with noise, but none of it is meant for you.

I laugh. I speak. I show up.
But then I go home, sit in my room, and think:

"If I disappeared for a while, who would truly check in? Not out of habit, but out of heart?"

That kind of loneliness doesn't always look like tears.
Sometimes it looks like overthinking.
Sometimes it sounds like, "I'm fine."
But inside, it's just silence wrapped in a smile.





Page 3: A Heart Full of Unspoken Things

There's a whole world inside me—a storm, a softness, a mix of light and dark.

But I don't always know how to share it.

Maybe I've learned to be strong in ways that hide the parts of me that need love.

Or maybe I just got used to being there for others and forgot what it's like to be held in return.

There are days I want someone to ask how I really am—and stay to hear the real answer.

Not just the surface stuff.

Not just the "busy" or "tired" version.

But the messy version.

The version that says, "I feel alone even though I shouldn't."

But I rarely let that version speak.

Because I'm not sure people would understand.

Or worse—what if they don't care?

So I carry it.

Quietly.

Like I always do.





Page 4: The People Who Come and Go

I've seen people walk into my life like sunshine—and fade out like a forgotten song.
Some stayed for a chapter. Some didn't even last a page.

I used to take it personally.
Used to ask myself what I did wrong.
But I'm starting to see it differently now.

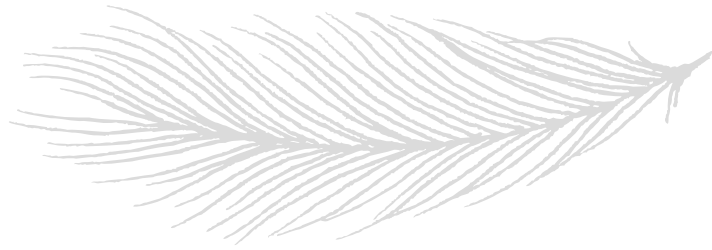
Some people aren't meant to stay.
They come to teach you, test you, or show you something about yourself.
But still, it hurts.
Because even if you didn't expect forever, you hoped for something real.

I don't need perfect people.
I just want consistency.
Someone who doesn't disappear when the conversation gets heavy.
Someone who isn't only around when the vibe is good.

Is that too much to ask?

Maybe.
But I still ask.





Page 5: Maybe One Day, Someone Will See Me

Maybe one day, someone will really see me—not just the version I show the world, but the quiet truth behind my eyes.

Maybe they'll stay.

Maybe I'll stop questioning who's real and start feeling it.
Maybe I'll stop having to pretend I'm okay when I'm not.

Until then, I'll keep learning how to be here for myself.
I'll keep holding space for my emotions, even when no one else does.
I'll keep being soft in a world that often feels hard.
Because even if I don't have the answers yet, I still have me.

And that has to count for something.

The End (Part One)

