

/NO STAL GIA /

REMEMBERING THE GOOD OLD DAYS

JEREMIAH KIPAINOI

FREE
eBOOK

“NOSTALGIA”
Remembering the good old days

First series
Jeremiah Kipainoi
www.kipainoi.com

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Nostalgia

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For information contact:

Jeremiah Kipainoi

Email: kipainoi@kipainoi.com

www.kipainoi.com

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About The Author



Jeremiah Kipainoi is a multi-award-winning journalist, a multimedia storyteller and content creator with a keen interest in Civic Imagination. He believes that, for meaningful change to be made, one must first

imagine how a better future will look like. By looking back into the past, Kipainoi believes that a better future can be achieved.

He is passionate about Civic Life and has been involved in projects such as #CivicImagination and #MentorsOnTour as well as Online #CivicLife shows.

His Audio, Video and Photography work can be found at www.kipainoi.com/work and articles at www.kipainoi.com/blog

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Dedication

This ebook is dedicated to all young people who want to make a positive difference in their societies. Though you go through daily heartbreaks and fatigue, always remember that better days are coming.

NOSTALGIA

Musana was staring blankly at the buildings dancing in the mirage engulfing the Nairobi National Park. Nairobi no longer enjoyed the cool breeze it had been named after. The black-cotton soil he was resting his tyre sandles sent dry heatwaves through his worn-out pair of nylon shorts as he stared from the other side of the *Empakasi* river.

From a distance, a lean figure approached. "It must be a school boy," he muttered, pinning his eyes to the vast mass of land that silhouetted the approaching figure.

The once - green cold hills, where cattle grazed facing the rhino springs, *Enkong'u Emuny*, lay half bald with large mills turning like grandfather clocks. Blixen's machines died away long time ago and the failed coffee farms were replaced by palatial houses, pools and car parks.

"*Nkayioni Ai supa,*" he greeted as the young boy bowed his head in respect. "*Ipa.*" The young boy responded, looking up straight into his eyes.

Musana looked away.

He was surprised by the confidence school gave to these young people.

Back in the old days, boys would hold their heads down or turn and run away without further exchanges.

It was his nephew Saloni, son of his late twin brother. The young man was an intelligent lad with a dilapidated appetite for the traditional Maasai lifestyle.

My son, what did you learn in school today?" Musana asked.

"We learnt about conservation in the twenty first century," the young boy replied, pacing up and down. "Teacher *Pepedo* said that we must protect our animals by passing policies in parliament. There are bills that have already been enacted by parliament and signed into law by the president."

That statement surprised Musana.

"You are a young detailed man." He said. "Come on here. There is something I want to show you."

The two walked East, against the wind towards a rugged hill.

SALONI

Papa, where did you go to school?

MUSANA

(He smiles, recalling the first day he reported to school.)

I went to your school son. I was the first pupil to be enrolled there. Admission number one of *Naipurr Emuny* Primary school.

SALONI

Did you wear the same uniform we are wearing today?

MUSANA

No! No! my son. Things have changed.
Things have changed my son.

Admission day at Naipurr Emuny day was a spectacle. Musana recalled that day vividly. He was half awake when the boys' Manyatta house door was flung open. His twin brother shot in, describing *sukuul* where they would report to that day.

“*Malimui* is here. Let's go Musana,” he recalled.

He had two pieces of clothing hanging from his shoulders, a rabbit belt he had made and a necklace on his neck.

That is how Musana reported to school. No book, no bag, no pen and no shoes.

They two stood on the hill overlooking a valley filled with shrubs, webbed by electric wires and manned by hungry watchmen.

“My son,” Musana said. “There was once a dense natural forest over there. There was a little stream that gracefully descended down a hill in the west.

That is where the River Cottage stands today.

The shimmering water in the afternoon sun played with rain drones, little fish and frogs. It was our swimming pool son.

These little creatures will neither wave their fins nor sing their croaky songs in a few years, maybe just a few months to come. Today, before it flows down to join *Empakasi*, the water color gets gloomy and smells like a poacher’s boot.”

Both of them laughed.

“It is now home to a few well-off men.” Musana continued. “The few descendants of the Maa tribe that live there no longer drink cow blood. They do not pierce cows’ veins.

They live a quiet life.”

A whirlwind picked up a brown envelope of dust in the middle of the game park. The drought was severe.

“Papa,” Saloni called. He had been listening with a curiously intent look on his face”

“Yes son,” Musana replied, a little bit surprised.

“What do Zebras at the park eat when there is a severe drought?”

Musana kept quiet as if accessing long forgotten memories. He stood up, went on to lean on a boulder and said, “when the Maasai people still roamed the plains of Kaputiei, where the Nairobi National park stands today, zebra and buffaloes grazed with cattle.” When we migrated south to *Kisonko*, the Zebra followed us.

They never died.

Today, we have erected barbed fences around our land. When there is no grass to eat, they die here or get entangled in barbed and electric fences trying to migrate.”

Saloni’s gaze shifted to the sky-piercing concrete buildings of upper hill. It is a confused path through irregularly-placed vertical masts on the hill that was his father’s last grazing resort before descending to the rift valley escarpment.

Trails of smog stuck on the ribs of the skyscrapers with Chinese-hat-crowns, the vast NHIF buildings and Valley Road fumes draining air of its little moisture.

Nothing moved.

When Musana spoke, Saloni felt a tinge of anger in his voice.

“Buffaloes are too weak and sickly.” He said. “Lions are rolling in the plains, tummies bloated. Hyenas laugh during the day, full of stomach gas.

But it will be for a short while.

Leopards will soon crawl into kid pens. There are no more gazelles. Lions will not be scared by the lion lights son. There will be nothing else to eat.

Cheetahs will run no more. They are learning to scavenge but the hyena will not let them have a bite.

Today, they sleep hungry.”

“Papa,” Saloni called, swinging his dangling leg from the bolder he was sitting on. “Teacher Pepedo said that development is good. These fences are good developments, aren’t they?”

“My son,” Musana replied. “The sun is setting fast but I want you to understand this.

Just below that hill that carries the black belt that connects Nairobi to Kiserian is Kibera. It is a

generational settlement for Nubians, the landlords of the shanties.

Their grandfathers started living there many years ago. It was different then, even just a few decades after Olonana signed the damn treaty.

“Who was Olonana?” Saloni Interjected.

“He was the great Loiboni.” Musana replied. “He was the mighty chief who led half of the Maa community at the time Olashumpai came to Africa.

“So, as I was saying,” he continued, “When more people came to Nairobi, the population at Kibera could not be controlled anymore. Today it is a home that hosts a big chunk of Nairobi’s manual labour.

The good old air, and fresh roof water is no more there. The rivers are grey, sometimes black and poisoned; or just sour water in the midst of shanties hosting hardy children, women and their husbands.

The little *Njolisi*, the hedgehogs that crawled into Maasai homes to bring fertility charms in *muatat*, the sheep pens and the grey doves that sang *turkulu* are no more.

They are all gone.

It was once lush, and vast.

It was good land!

Development killed it son!”

“But... Papa,” he cut him short. “I think development is inevitable. We need diversity. We also need money. That is why you sold that parcel of land near the river. Isn’t it Papa?”

This was a tough question for Musana and men of his generation. Among the highly patriarchal Maasai community, Land and Children are two treasures. There is a saying that goes, “there are two things that cannot be taken away from them. **The boychild and Land.**”

Selling land was a sign of perverted men. Perverted by greed and disregard for community.

Musana looked down to the young boy and said, “Old men... those who have no homes elsewhere, or are not brave enough to go back home, because they have no money, live in Kibera.”

Musana was visibly distraught. His lips were thin and dry. His face was straight and eyes red. Both the boy and the man silently went down the hill. Only pebbles talked. Birds neither chirped nor did sheep bleat.

The evening was bright. The rays were golden and the breeze was cool.

It was peaceful.

The sun touched the Ngong' hills, painting the peaceful Kiserian town in the West with orange flares. Frogs still held onto reeds, soaking in the springs that gave life to Empakasi, its alligators and house-sized ivory-laden rhinos. ELang'ata, the crossing, God knows where to... where lions lay in wait of unsuspecting prey was calm and warm. Not even the frailest branches swayed.

Saloni pushed his eyes past the brown park. From far, times towers... edging into the sky, next to the old locomotives colonial headquarters, Railways.

“Change is inevitable. Ours is to adapt.” He slurred, lost in thought. He was flying a small airplane, those that glide and shake at the slightest waft of rising winds. A trail of rugged-ugly tracks scribbled through the once-beautiful, now short-lived Nairobi national park as he flew took off from Wilson Airport.

From far, the bald strip on the tip of Ngong' hills revealed a blinking night plane signal light.

Musana stopped.

Down below, on the windward side, no gnu... the thousands of wildebeests that barred children from going to school when he was still a young boy are gone. Green, pink, red, yellow and maroon rooftops replaced the scrubbed plain they walked on.

He shifted his gaze to his absent-minded nephew, who rammed into an acacia shrub.

“These generation!” He muttered, shaking his head in despair. “Where are we headed to!”

As they picked the thorns off Saloni’s skin, the young boy said, “when I finish school, I will become a politician. I want to become a member of parliament so that I can pass good bills.”

Musana smiled and tapped his shoulder.

“Now you are talking.” He said, smiling.

I wish my Grandfather Still Lived

He slept, aged 106. He had 32 teeth, an eye and taller, a few feet. He died around the same time, with the old man, *Njomo Kinyatta*. A wise man, tall and strong, with a beard as mine, white then... and hair, curly like that of Semitic descend. I am told, the wise man was tall, his resting home is 7 ft long.

He lived at a time *entidiyai*, a disease the Maasai did not talk about, swept across Maa like a leafy Manyatta broomstick. He lived at a time the Maa were at their weakest... a time when rinderpest, *oltikana* and a historical drought hit the people.

He lived at a bad time.

I am told... he rose in rank still, even when the dad was not kin. But that's not it yet. His dad walked all the way from *iLaikipiak*, barefoot, with barely a kerchief-sized cloak round his waist. The children of Maa loved them back no more... but still... he rose!

Back then, the Maasai population was tiny. The *Laikipiak* stood in the North while the *Ilkisonko* ran down south. With heron-headed warriors, like a swarm of black-bottomed bees, they stung and stuck like angry wasps, conquering other communities and occupying the land.

But this was not sustainable, and grandpa saw it. The warriors could not win, not when Kenya was a *Jamuhuri*. Not when the constitution allowed for land ownership, and the advent of sticks that spat fire.

There was need to change. It was a case of adapt or die!

It was his age set, while older than our current Ilnyankusi, that saw the streaks of education streaming from the sky-scraping buildings of Nairobi. It was under his leadership, I am told, that a few select, were taken, by force, to school. It was them that forced the young boys then, into the excruciating education experience that was laughed at by the morans. Today, the morans then wish they tucked their tails.

Sometimes, when he sat by the fireplace in the house of men, they brushed their teeth gracefully, hoping they had not made a bad decision.

Still, they took the risk.

He had nine wives and not a single time did they call for a divorce. The older ones treated the younger ones like their children and the younger ones treated the older ones like their mothers.

They were happy.

He had 39 boys and many girls. He schooled the boys and schooled the girls.

He would visit them in school, with a few loaves of bread and milk, then board *Nado Aras*, the only vehicle that plied the route to *Kajiado* then. Sometimes, he just went to pay the fees with nothing for the kids.

They loved him still.

He was a wealthy man. I am told his cows, were they cars, would create a traffic jam from *Kasarani* to *Kenya Archives* in Nairobi. He sold them, to educate his children. When cows were thin and the winds were dry, still, only him would visit.

Back then, there was no hope, but he saw a spark... that has kept us afloat.

My grandfather slept, at an age of 106. He had 32 teeth, an eye and taller, a few feet.

When it rained, we hated sunrise

“Laikinoi!” That was my nickname. You could not mention it without an exclamation - the most notorious of notorious lawbreaking youngsters in the village. It was I, a progeny from the lineage overdosed with adrenaline, that ruled the village boys.

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My Kingdom and I, an owner of a pair of denim shorts, those that shine like a self-oiled child of my generation on Christmas eve took to the muddy waters of *Kiti Enkila* on such days.

This special cloth saw the light biannually, when the rains came. I had shredded the poor thing, hanging it mid-hip, and was my sole protector from the rough ground they would scrub when sliding-in-the-mud time came.

It was a beautiful life

When the first rain drops hit the roof, even before the cows lifted their tails and skipped around in ecstasy, I was out. I was out when the thunder boomed, and the lightning flashed. There, in puddles, walking barefoot as the water turned brown, flushing twigs and disposed bottles of treetop. It was those days my influencees and I did sliding competitions.

We did “bottom” slides as well as leg-skids.

They were the days my children will miss.

It was not the case all the time though. There were bad days. These were the days when the sheep refused to move, hanging their heads under each other’s groins and udders, away from the pounding rain. Sometimes I kicked, yelled and cried but the rain quenched them all. Not even a hungry hyena could convince sheep to move on a rainy day!

Worse was when the cows would turn around and face the direction the wind was blowing to. Hail would pound my face and I turned my gaze, followed the cows, helplessly, rather sheepishly.

Those are the days I countlessly wished I was not born a boy.

The rain would fall, quick drops, angry rumbles then... light showers.

Calm.

Weaver birds would come out, the yellow, male ones, chirping... others, chirruping. I would be cold, hungry, angry and tired.

Those were the days I wished school was open.

Yet Christmas rains always knew when to spoil the mood. It was then that the herdsman had taken his annual leave and I was the only one fit, in age and "*Olayioni*" status to look after the animals.

So, the rain beat me every day.

When it rained, I would face forced showers and anti-*ormoko* scrubblings. (Do children have *ormoko* these days?)

Both were a constant injury to my esteem and social status, painful to the skin and heart, and I would resist. What ensued was running battles with my mother, beatings at times and, worst of all, cold showers at night. Those were the days.

When the rain pounded, and the good air filtered into the house, I would remember "tomorrow."

The following day!

I would remember the knee-deep cow excrete, *Olokidong'oi*, I would wake up to next morning, as I counted the number of *irkuoo* the rain had pounded on and killed.

It was those days I would rather brave the dung beetle and its rhino-headed cousin, *olemoila*, let it crawl up my spine rather than sinking my feet into that dung'.

The rain was good, on good days. However, mornings were always a nightmare, and gumboots were nowhere!

Tough times in the village

Today finds me in a Manyatta, Kajiado County; hot, humid and dimly lit. Kids race, *baahing* in the “*oltiren*” a Manyatta firewood store. The fire is not on, and it has not been for a couple of days.

The son of the village brought home a gas cooker to ease away the smoke that chokes their conversations on such days. The moon is bright, and unusually yellow. Fast-flying *Sarampala* zoom past like war drones, creating silhouettes as they, in a split of a millisecond, block the moon’s view through a bowl-sized Manyatta window.

We shall have goat for dinner.

The unlucky billy goat was, actually, not the one to face the blade today. Grandpa asked us to spare the initially chosen one because it had a bell on its neck and was crucial for tracing the rest when they wander away; since it’s playful in nature and knows the way home.

Kokoo sits on her little three-legged stool inside the house, snuffing, telling stories to the little ones amid sneezes and suppressed laughter.

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The old men are on the other side of the house, my oldest grandmother's house, drinking milk and talking in low tones. This is not unusual. They always speak their words of wisdom in hushed voices.

Difference today is an increasing number of old men trickling in. Ole Siare Narok and Lolalem were the first to arrive. They asked for some "*eilata*" to oil their walking sticks. Lenkopiwo walks in with his son as Lengulukuoni comes in with tobacco.

LENKOPIRO

(Patting his "*olkonos*.") He can't seem to find what he is looking for.

Apaayia, eitu ake ishoru enaisugi?
(Did you carry some snuff?)

GRANDPA

Mayieu taata olkumpau
(I don't want tobacco)

He gazes at the sooty roof, frailly clears his throat and calls softly, almost as if mum was in the same house.

Kutuk Ai!

"Nini," I amplify the message from the other side of the dung wall.

MOTHER

Yeeo ai olkina lai

I smile. She must be in a good mood today.

“Grandpa is calling you.” I reply, with a tinge of authority.

The old man is getting old. He lost another tooth yesterday. His hands are now so shaky, he can barely hold a mug. The arthritis won't let him go through our house door. We have to increase the height soon. Since the women are getting frail and the girls are all married off, apart from my little sister, Naibalu. I shall have to do it.

GRANDPA

Iyaki iltasati oloirowua
(Serve the old men something hot)

MAMA

As she greets the elders, bending her head in respect

Aayia

My father is away in the city. He is a government teacher, now getting his degree in a government-sponsored program in Lodwar. He will be away until Christmas.

The calves are frail and the sheep have *orkuluk*, a deadly biannual flu.

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The crickets are waking up. The sheep are just beginning to regurgitate and chewing curd and the hyenas are laughing from far.

Grandpa is not feeling well.

It is a tough time being home. Thinning cows, *inkoron*, have begun developing patches on their thighs. The calves are thinning and the puppies are shedding teeth. The winds from Kenyawa are blowing south.

There is no hope.

There is no rain!

The calves had suckled and there is barely a cupful of milk remaining. Tea must be served still. I was the runner, jumping hedges and clay-soil gullies in a borrowing spree.

But I know, I will find none.

We are better off at home. Our neighbours... they lost all their cows yesterday... all but one - a bull, which strayed into an immigrant's boma and got its tail cut off.

Their old man of the *boma* is frail. The elder wife can't lift her leg.

The moon is full and the sky is blue. The stars are shy to hide the gloom.

I stop by an eluai to find a fresh ant gall. Ants bite, none is ripe.

It's bad today... only the hyenas laugh!

From Grandpa's house, I hear,

Nchoo yioo enchan

Naai

Ntubulai inkuoo

Naai

Tamayiana ilasho

Naai

Ntanang'u ilkejek

Naai

The old men spit onto their palms and leave, one after the other.

Playing in the light of Olapa

Kokoo is inside, preparing *oloirien tea*. Nkakuyiaa is sitting with Ntakuka and Lemisigiyo, my cousin and his friend from Nairobi, listening to the story of *Kukuu tung'ani* that chased grandma in olesimiti.

Lerionka and I have been playing "*shabaa*" and most of the bottles of treetop are dented and scattered. Only I, the son of the iron-fisted lineage was able to break one.

"Kaaya enkaina," says Loturu as he holds his painful hand loosely. We have been throwing stones since 6PM and the owls have since then been an audience. Egrets have long formed their V shape and flown north in the direction of Nairobi National Park. Lions are waking up,

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now calling out their pride for an early day out. One roars just below our homestead.

There might be a pride - date with cows tonight!

Lemayian will be joining us in a few. He is a skilled polyethene - paper ball maker. We would play that *empuya* ball till our toes bled. I used to play with *inkinyera* but the ruthless tyre shoes would skin my ankle to the white bone. To be fair, we all shed our shoes, parade to check on our fingernails and Pushati would whistle to start of the game.

Our cows had moved in search for pasture. The rains fell but Kenya has green er pasture. We therefore have the cow enclosure, *olosinko...* our football arena, all to ourselves.

The few cows left behind will be our fans tonight. The lie in one corner, chewing flower curd from *olchampa le Saitoti*, observing.

LESIRE

Toboinu toboinu toooo...

The air that is gushing past Loboina's ears won't let him hear a word from his teammate. Didn't they say men can't multitask?

LESIRE

Ahk! Ngura ele ng'ojine
(Look at this hyena)

Mioshu empira?
(You can't pass the ball!?)

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Emotions are high today. the goalpost is smaller and the misses are many. The falls are mighty and the boys are all smeared with fresh dung. It is a spirited fight.

We have a few red cards, arguable for five minutes each with suspensions to keep the crew disciplined.

Pushati sounds the final whistle.

“Tweees! Tweeees! Tweeeeeeeeeeeeees!”

Our team wins!

The moon is big and bright today. The boys are not tired. We are all tired of the game though.

We must play *oloidi!* We have to prove our worth, by jumping high!

Out we fly, in search of ropes, or three sticks, two to support, one to jump over. Then I recall... the flowers from Saitoti’s farm have bank-note-bands used to tie flowers for export! We could make a rope from that.

Off we go... to the fodder store... wrestling to find the most bands.

It is a game on its own. We jump, dig, climb, trip... celebrate. We kick, jab, scream and laugh loud!

Then...

VOICE

“Oyie layiok!”

Silence...

VOICE

Empang'u inkikitok!
(Come out, rascals!)

It is Lemaal's voice. He never forgives... not when we scatter cattle feed.

PUSHATI

Mmeeta ake taata enikitii
(We re in hot soup)

LEMAAL

Oyie kulo toi!
(You young men!)

I respond, just louder than a thieving mouse

"Oooo"
(Yes!)

LEMAAL

Mimpang'ung'u?
(So you won't come out?)

I step out slowly, and as the enchipishipi brands my back, I hear Lemisigiyoioi squeal.

I laugh in pain as I tear my way through the thorn-hedge that surrounds the homestead.

Lemisigiyoio is last. He tries to justify himself but the pain that shoots through his city polo T-Shirt makes him accelerate at a speed of a fighter jet, joining us just

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outside the boma, pulling out the thorns that have stuck
onto our flesh.

We laugh and cry today. Yet, before everyone limps home
in pain, we agree to meet the following day, same place,
same time!

It is just another normal evening for an *Olayioni* in my
village

The day we set oloosimui on fire

It was Moi Day, on a Friday, back in 2003. It was one of
those days Letiid, Purrishoi and I would definitely cause
havoc in our village.

As usual, on such holidays, just as with weekends, our
herdsman would take a break, probably sleep or drink
goat soup all day at home. On this day, he had gone to
see his wife in Kenyawa, far south. My mother had
attended the chief's baraza while father and the other
siblings were attending a church seminar.

No one else was home by 10 AM, so when my two partners in crime joined me, we did the normal *Imregeshi* (ram) back-rides, rolled their mud-guard like *nchonito* onto their backs in the pen while we chased each other around, holding the thick-white dung' *ilkurt* and maroon rhino-headed *lemoila*, until the poor beasts in the enclosure started bleating, protesting the biting pangs of hunger.

The clouds were heavy that day. In preparation, we got rid of our shoes, (the only pair I had then) unearthed half a kilo of sugar stolen two days ago in preparation for this day and whistled our herd of sheep and goats away, in ecstasy, as we headed towards the sour-fruit-carrying *ilamuriak* shrubs south.

The drought had been severe. Even with the golden plains, the diamond-tough *ngumurr*, stumps of indigenous grass, warmed up to our feet soles for a few minutes... but we were soon crunching on them like experienced soldiers in jungle boots. The goats went their way browsing on the steep-rocky *olkarrkarr* while the sheep calmly settled on an open patch of land.

Letiid's shorts were greasy from the yellow cowboy cooking fat he had stolen from home. He pulled a matchbox from his hind pocket, lit it and held the igniting flame in his mouth. His cheeks glowed red, then, smoke... he puffed like a real sportman guru.

Then...

Cough! Cough! Cough!!!

You should have seen Purrishoi and I rolling, in laughter, in the silty gulley we were hiding in.

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This would be our kitchen today. Purrishoi had come with a yellow relief food maize flour, *kayello*, in a black paper bag, throwing in three tomatoes from home, ate two on the way, so we now had one, a sharpened nail cutter-knife and an old-sooty aluminum *emoti* that his koko had flung across the hedge a few days before. Its bottom had formed a valley that made it difficult to cook some proper *kiteke*.

The sheep grazed gracefully, their brown-white wool showing through the yellow corn-like-headed *olperesi*. Purrishoi and I went off to get some sour milk-bleeding *ilamuriak* to blend with sugar and make a “smoothie” ... appetizer.

Letiid gathered some sticks, lit a fire and blew it until there was no more smoke.

We could not afford to blow up our plan.

The goats browsed in the bushes, under *lokua*- -carrying *rng'osuani* and *imisigiyo*.

All was well.

The sun was hot and the shadows were between our feet. The soil was steaming, making us walk like Odi-Dancing teens of Kalawa, Makueni.

We slept after a heavy meal, shirts unbuttoned, prostrate!

It was then that we were startled by a stampede of goats at the edge of the gully. One let a jet of urine, splashing it on Letiid's face.

We were on our feet in a fracture of a second. We could not see anything in such a deep ditch.

We had no stick, no stone... no weapon!

So, we grabbed the glowing firewood that clung onto the fire and scaled our way up the gulley.

There, behind where the terrified goats stood, was a pack of wild dogs. The saliva-drooping *suyian* did not badge despite our yells. So, terrified, we hurled our glowing sticks at them and as a few whined in pain, a torrent of rocks followed. We managed to shoo them off, but off they went with three kids and a lamb.

We drove the flock home, planning on how to explain the missing flock.

As we locked them up, we saw a cloud of smoke rising from the direction of our "kitchen."

Flames then started leaping in the air, then tens of people running with twigs. Eagles rose above *oloosimui*, gleaning for rodents while snake eaters dived for their sumptuous species.

"The firewood we threw at the *suyian*!" Said Purrishoi, cold and silent as he walked away, back home.

That night, as rain battered our roof, I stepped out. The fire was out. I could hear water gush through the gulley we cooked in.

Good riddance!!! The good Lord had washed away the evidence! The cooking sufuria!

A few days later, the grass regenerated, green, fresh and lush...

Our fire had made a difference!

