



À BOAHORA

Gazelle-Gazette

Salut A Tout Le Monde
#1
Makuyu, Kenya

Ega Real

An offer to
Makuyu Children's Home
and the village of Gat'ia

À BOAHORA

is an offering to and from the fabrication of itself.
Au Bonheur, À Bem-aventurança, To the Goodhour –
‘Tis the unending Hour where the dream lives Real;
conveyed continuously by the work at it.

Ega Real

is a non-based and non-profit label
dedicated to the free association of individuals
for the fabrication of the Hour through arts, literature,
and the cultivation of a regional-to-global journalism,
natural and supernatural, supporting the making and
the circulation of story and history from real people in
the world of life and in the world of dream.
Its Name was born one year ago from now, in Brazil,
when in the circumstance of portuguese literature
studies the surname “da Ega” seemed so good and
beautiful but the Necessity was to be freed from the
enchantments of alienating Romanticism and to walk
solemnly towards hopefully more breathable (Infra)
Realism fields. Right in the midst way, the African
Secretarybird suddenly stepped in the wetlands of
that oasis-like, unreal royal room, questioning itself:
“What is the value of a Name?” And having in mind
the comically contradictory name of the natal country’s
currency, Real, in one kick the serpent was caught; and
eaten.

Salut A Tout Le Monde

is the project that carries the mobile roots of our
Association around.

Its Name was born four years ago from now
when a senegalese man merchant on Ipanema beach
gave to our first (yet unnamed) member his contact
number because of an African outfit ordered for the
next day. When he, then, sent the unnamed a message,
his Name was, by himself defined on his mobile,
“Salut A Tout Le Monde”.

The first edition of the gazette, gazeti for kiswahili and nicknamed Gazelle for the sake of Grace, was born in the village of Gat'ia, Makuyu sublocation within Murang'a County, in the countryside two hours from the capital Nairobi.

Its content was created with the collaboration of the members of Makuyu Children's Home and its neighbors, the people of Gat'ia.

Ega Real is grateful to the Home keepers and staff members Pauline Wambui, Lucy Gathuka and Grace Kibira, for hosting its three-month volunteer work and stay; and to the sixteen children in residency, namely: Dahera, Christine, Tabitha, Catherine, Janet, Caroline, Clarence, Benson, Thomas, Golicha, Daniel, Leonard, Christopher, Peter, Kelvin and Boniface;

to Francis Ngaruiya, Kenyan father, friend and host for the other three months.

The present volume focuses on the presentation of the Children's Home and its members, in a first place; then of its surrounding spaces and people – On the publishing of their productions, offerings, or else simply of their Grace.

Language is English because of them.

Whatmore, here we witness the birth of Ega Real.

May our Gazelle bring a Goodhour
to eyes and minds and hands.

Salut – A Tout Le Monde.

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Ark Star of Hope Makuyu Gatia Children's Home

Craddle of the Kikuyu tribe, the village of Gat'ia spreads itself not far. Accessible it is through the same highway that connects Nairobi to Nyeri, where Mount Kenya sits, and upwards to Ethiopia.

The exit is Gagunku, where the motorbikes are chaotically aligned, *boda-bodas* awaiting service, and the vegetables are spread around. 'Tis tarmac road still – Is leading straight to Makuyu Town. But to reach our Home directly, one should take the first dirt road that shines in the way, on the right side of the tarmac road, orange as it is. Then goes down in and up out of the vast red depression field, where a stadium should've been built if the money hadn't been washed – Or else, keeps with the dirt road straight, passes the Police Station, strolls through the more narrow ways between bushes and houses, grasps maize chambers – With no deviation one walks up until our gate. But if coming from Makuyu Town itself, the straight way to be followed is just behind the *matatu* and *boda-boda* stages, not the ones next to the Big Tree, the *Kimumbuini* Tree, the other stage, down after the bend, next to Chewa Bookshop – After fifteen minutes into the bush, having greeted goats and kids, one is left sided by the growing stone wall with its continuous blue line laying on its top – Reaching the corner, bends with it to the left, follows the blue line again and discovers the orange details on it. Finally, the sign which reads “Ark Star of Hope Makuyu Gatia Children's Home”. The gate might be open.



The blue answers for the sky – The orange for Gat'ia's ground; mud; for our compound earthly – We are, thus, located in the heart of peace – Shimmering soap-opera of serene infrareality.





At 5:30 Lucy unlocks, I hear it from inside my blue mosquito net, the big blue metal door that veils her room and the ones of the kids; nine boys in one, four girls in another, plus two girls in the last. They walk out ghostly and silently put their feet in their school shoes, then move to the dinning-classroom where their *mandazis*, two each, and the kenyan tea jugs, are placed prepared by Grace. Whithin ten minutes they'd all disappeared, walking through the gate and down the hill now on their fourty minutes walk among the bushes until Makuyu Primary School back on the tarmac.

7:30 I wash, with and for Lucy, the tile-red dust and mud from the patio's tile-red floor with the tile-red towel.

13:00 Sharon arrives, we do the kids' laundry, she then cleans the dinning-classroom.

3:30 Grace starts the preparation for supper, we peel potatoes and carrots, or we cut the *sukumawiki* that goes *boga* with the *ugali*, the *ugali* is then cooked in the biggest *sufuria*, on the firewood, the amount for 20 people.

Between 4 and 5 they start coming in through the gate, marching, they are the Hours for which the Home's engines work. They throw their uniforms in a basket, take out the hard mud from the soles of their shoes using woodsticks, polish the black leather, wash their tupperwares, bathe. During the wait for supper 'tis the time they get their clothes dirty again – They have to play.

At 6 or 6:30 we eat, supper is swallowed by them in thirty minutes; the teachers make'em keep with time. They wash after themselves – The teeth are brushed –

For at 6:30 or 7 the evening classes have their start. Lucy teaches in the dinning room for some, Pauline in the small iron sheet attachment for the rest. Goes until 8, when they then sing gospel songs in Kiswahili and English. After singing for the living Lord, comes the praying for the living God. *Sala la jioni* – Night Prayer.

Now the children are sent to their bedrooms to sleep, after maybe they take some of their clothes from the lines.

At 8:30 the big blue metal door is locked by Lucy again. I hear, however, the boys continuing with their business, the lights back on.



The village

At Makuyu Town center it be found the Milk Bar
The hardwares and the beauty saloons and the Agro Vet
The shops for all the supplies needed and the *bamba* – Airtime
And the stages for the *matatus* and for the *bodas*
Not a one supermarket, no, but enough fruits and all.

How the orange dirt road mingles with the asphalt...

I be there I buy the Candles, the Kifaru matchbox
Them bananas, avocados, toilet paper
Fifty bob *bamba* for calling Ma' –
Maybe milking or petrolyum jelly for the skin
And the peoples greet, they scream: “Musungu”.

Me I have to Smile – Have I
Although I'd rather be not seen
As a Queen
For what – I know not what – Don't I.

But some know my name, they shout: “Ega”
And for that I have to die
Of fondness.



Short Story

Storytelling evening class and The Secretary asks the children to write short stories under either the Name of an invented character or their own, the story taking place somewhere real at some time real but then being assaulted by uprooted fantasy of any kind.

I told them the story of when I made acquaintance with the *boda*-boy Stephen Kariuku, after having walked for long hours along the red pathways between the maize chambers. I told them how I'd found a place that served me as a Fortress – A water tank construction as we later came to realize –, how I'd climbed that ladder and gotten the wind's assentment in a soft blow when standing on its last level. About how, then, I'd layed down and fell asleep. I told them how I was awoken by the motorcycle sound coming from the dirt road behind me, then had to rise on my elbows because now the boy, demanding to know what was I doing there?, had left his motor on the road and was coming up my direction. Told'em how he then climbed and how the Fortress was, now, shared. How we'd struggled to communicate between Kiswahili and English. "I am looking for a Specific Animal", I told'em I'd told him. Then I told them how the boy, after seeing the bird's picture, pushed me off of the fortress, seven metters high to the ground, and how I fell in the middle of the nappier grass, the Elephant Grass, "Stephen Kariuki, why did you do that?", and was soon put up on my feet by his hands pulling me directly into fast running through the green. I could not resist the absurd, I told'em that. Told'em how we suddenly found ourselves on a plain prairie, and how Stephen pushed me to the ground once again and gazed at me stupidly while I sat on a mud slop. I told'em gloriously about how I, then, saw the great creature grazing behind him and pointed to it with my head, having the boy sit down besides me on the mud slop. It was told – How we watched, as queen and king before a spectacle prepared specially for them, the Secretarybird finishing a snake with one lightning kick. How the prize was, finally, divided in four equal parts and how the three of us enjoyed that slimmy meal together. How the fourth part was left on the mud when we all disappeared.

I did tell you, Madam, that Realism and Romantism would have a fair pretty baby on me. 'Tis both orange and blue.



KELVIN DONGU

Boniface Ngugi

It was seven o'clock in the morning I and my friend drank the brackfirst. We drank tea and ate mandazi. After we had eaten the breakfirst we went with our dogs to hunt.

My dogs were very strong we went to the forest my friend Kelvin Dungo and I we hunted with our twelve dogs five rabbits and three deer. My dogs which were the best were called Lexcy, Beeju, Starcy, Simba, Anna, Tutu, Cheupe, Beeco, Tom and Tiger and then my friend put them in the cart then we went to fish in a river we took a fishing net we forgot to look after the net.

We swam in the river our dogs joined us we saw a bad man coming from a distant our dogs stopped swimming. When the man saw the dogs he took the stones and started throwing at the dogs the dogs were very sad with the man the man said to us Hêy you boys why are you swimming in the river do you know that I can take your clothes No do not take our clothes please then the man took our clothes.

We were very sad we stopped swimming in the river we told the dogs to eat him the dogs started the biting him...

We took our clothes and we went back home we slaughtered the ears of the rabbits and gave it to the dogs we were very happy about the dogs.



MY PET

Daniel Mumo

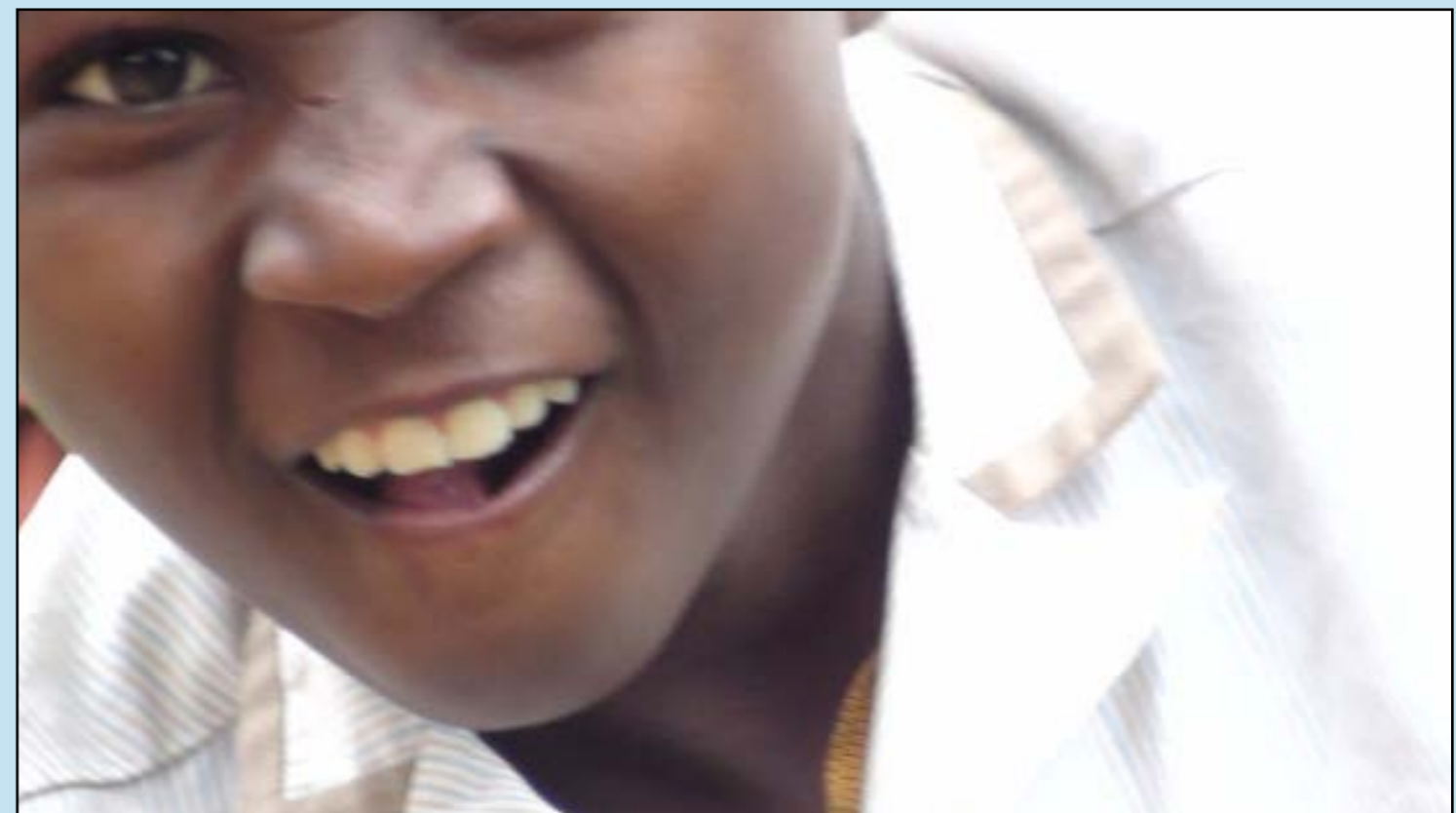
One day six fluffy yellow ducklings hadtched frim their eggs Mother Duck was verry happy “Cheep cheep!” the ducklings called to their mother.

There was one big egg left in the nest. At last the big cracker open out poppep a funny gray duckling with big black feet and a big black beak. The other ducks crowded around to look with Mother Duck “It does not look like a duckling” they said Mother Duck gathered up her fluffy yellow ducklings and her funny grey duckling “Follow me” she said.

She led them through the farm yard. All the animals stopped to stare at the funny gray duckling. The animals made fun of him. When they got to the pond Mother Duck ant the little ducklings all swam off the funny gray duckling was left behing “Go away” Daniel send the goose “you are ugly” “You are not one of us” she said”.

The funny gray duckling went back to the barn. But the fluffy yellow ducklings wouldn’t play with him. “Go away” they said “you are not like us, you don’t belong here”. The little duckling was very sad he ran away. The funny gray duckling walked for miles until he came to a cottage. A __ old woman gave him some grain and milk. “Go away” said the hen, “you are eating all my grain.” “Go away” said the cat “You are drinking all my milk.” “And don’t come back.” said the cat and the hen.

The funny gray duckling went back to the pond. But winter was coming and the pond was turning to ice. The funny gray duckling was cold and hungry. He saw some fine swans fly over the pond. “I wish I could fly up in the sky with the swans” the thought. The swans did not him. They flew far away.



A beautiful girl named Vivian

Janet Wamuhu

I have found a beautiful girl I never met. I was coming from school. I was very tired and sat down in a small stone. I sat there for one hour. It was 6:30 pm. I was very sad. But a beautiful girl named Vivian Wambui passed there with a motorbike. She saw me with a uniform. She asked me, 'Why are you standing on the road and it is late?' I told her what I did one day when we were on holiday. She asked me to go to swim in a lake. I was very happy. We went to Nairobi; the lake was Lake Victoria. She told me that she saw a hippopotamus in a lake. She even said that the hippopotamus was dancing with an elephant. I swam in Lake Victoria. I was very happy. She was a kind, honest girl. We said 'Hurrah!!!'



LION THOMAS

Thomas Mumo

My name is Lion Thomas. I am a Lion. I like hunting animals. I am the king of the jungle. I only eat meat but I do not thin animals. One day I went to hunt and I was so hungry and I saw a thin buffalo killed by a hyena. I shouted to the hyena and do not fear the hyena and it was also too big. The next day I became sick I did not sleep all the night because I did not sleep all the night I saw also thin antelope I killed and I left it there it was eaten by the greedly hyena in the wild and by all animals. The next day I ate a fat giraffe at the giraffe centre and I became healthy and also I fought with a strong lion and it was very strong. The lion beat me at my elbow I cut it with my strong nails and I started beating it on the nails. I was very happy to kill the strong lion and very healthy the next day I saw a caracal and it was running with its family to celebrate.

The next day I went to celebrate my birthday on July five. That was my best day.



PETER WATHAKA

Peter Mbugua

When I was going to school I found Peter Wathaka standing under a tree I asked him what is wrong he told me he doesn't have a friend. I asked him do you want to be my friend and he replied yes. He was very happy we played sanderey the hipopotomas appeared we started shouting help! Help us the big hipopotomas appeared when we were playing in the field the teacher came and helped us and then he carried the kids and then they ____ they take the hipopotomas of the game park. And they gave our teacher a lot of money. My teacher was very happy when our teacher was writing on the blackboard he was _____. And then Peter Wathaka was sad because the teacher didn't share the money with us. When it was sport Peter Wathaka bought for me cake biscuits and sweets. Oh! No another animal appeared at one moment I took a stone I threw to it at that animal it died and we shared that animal like our meal on that day I never forgot it. I love it.



LEONARD OUKO

Leonard Ouko

I had found something that made me happy/mud/mad. It was a surprise my mother told me that tomorrow we are going to Mombasa I was very happy at night my father had came we cooked chapati, ate, we finish we went to sleep when the morning come, my mother woke up, she went to the kitchen, and I went to the bathroom I took cold shower, my mother prepared some stimulating tea. When we reached at Mombasa we went to the shop and bought some pizza and chicken inn, when we finished eating I found athlet stealing money from the car I call the police the police come and arrest the thief, when I went to check who whas the thief we was wearing a hood and I took out the hood it was a mask of a dog the thief was wearing a lot of clothes and mask that is the end.



SAMUEL SAHATI

Christopher Muiruri

It was eight o'clock in the morning, when I was going to the market. I found a person who served me like a real friend. We talked for few minutes and because he had known another we became friends. Nothing made us different except the age. He was twelve and I was ten years old.

When I return home I started thinking about what happened of both of us. I drank tea and I went the way he went when he left me. I found him playing football. What he said "Where are you going my friend?" I answered I was looking for you. We went somewhere scared me it was in the river where children were fishing. Until now I too fish but the thing that scared me is I caught a mud fish that made me run away.

"Bahati said" I would like to teach you how to swim.

He immediately jumped into the river and started swimming. "The way he swam made me happier than ever". I quickly took off the clothes except my short and I jumped into the water. I didn't know even one skill of swimming but the shiny sun made me and Bahati stay in the water.

The only thing that made me frightened is Bahati knew everything about fishing, swimming, preparing the fish and every dam position. Until now he is my friend at Makuyu Primary and we are not at the same class. He is in class seven and I am in class five. We stay together at break time to say stories that we did the first day we met in (2014) in two thousand and fourteen.



MY SELF

Tabitha Myokabli

My name is Tabitha Myokabli. I am twelve years old. I live in Gatia. I have a friend and her name is Jannifer. She is thirteen years old and she lives with her grandmother. Her father died when she was a young girl. I love my friend very much. She is in standard six. She goes to school to learn. One day I was sleeping I had a dream that showed me that when I grow up I will be a baker. I was very surprised. That morning when I woke up I told my mother, my father, my brothers and my sisters. They were very happy. They told me to improve my position if I wanted to be a baker. I will never forget my dream.



PAULINE WANJIRU

Christine Mugure

When I was going to school I found a girl called Pauline Wanjiru. That girl lives in Makuyu Town. We are related with the girl. But I hate him very much. Because she likes biting pupils and disturbs them. One day she found me playing hide-and-seek she started biting me until the bell rang. The teacher asked me who has bitten me I said Pauline. Pauline was asked why did you bite me and she started crying. The teacher asked me What were you doing I told the teacher that I was playing hide-and-seek then she came and started biting me then I sat down on my desk I saw a snake I started screaming and I cried a lot. End.



CAPTAIN

Kelvin Irungu

My name is Kelvin. I have twelve years.

Once upon a time there lived a boy. Named Jambazi. One day I woke up very early in the morning I found that my mother had prepared me some stimulating tea and fingerlicking snacks.

Within a twink of an eye I was in the frog's kingdom. When I had finished my luke-warm bath I went to my room and opened my shelf which was shining as yellow as gold. I packed my clothes to school because we were going a two-days trip. When I negotiated the last corner the bell rung my legs seemed to add wings there were three mini-bus which were taking us to the trip.

But something made me angry because our class was not going we were very sad. Some people were looking with some stupid faces but we were told by the teachers that the next year we were going. We brought the bad news. Our parents were worried because they had given money food and all was wasted. I will never forget until Lake Victoria becomes a desert.



MY FRIEND

Caroline Waithaka

My name is Caroline Waikhira I live in Makuyu sublocation. I am ten years old. My friend is called Ester Njeri. Her mother do work in Gacunku my friend is beautiful and more beautiful.

My friend told me she had a sister and she told me their names her sister is called Mary Mulhoni and her brother is called Samuel Kamau. Her sister is in class eight and his brother Samuel he is in class six he reads very well and became a good boy and coming number one.

My friend told me we got and play the games like hide and sick and other games in the school.

My friend at lunch time she told me to go and ____ the crassroom Hogarrah! Uyee! I love my friend very much.



Dennis

Golicha Ibrahim

My best friend Dennis is very good in school, home and even when we travel. Some times he travels by airplane and by train. Dennis teaches me to construct anything, like bulbs and airplanes. Dennis' teacher is a farmer. We always milk cows. Sometimes we collect bugs in the farm.

It was winter. Dennis used to skate in the ice. Dennis is a scientist. He knows how to make things. At night we count shooting stars.



MY PET

Dahera Ibrahim

My name is Dahera. I live in Makuyu location. I am in standart eight. I live with my mother, my father, my sister and my brother. I have a pet, my pet is a lion. I loved my pet só much. One day I made a home for my pet his name is James. I usually used to play with my pet ouside our home. As I was playing with the pet.

Suddenly, my father arrived from work he was very tired and thirsty. Because my pet didn't liked my father he ran after him and beated in in on the right leg! I was very sad the pet come with a bunch of meat! Because my father also did not like the pet he also bit him on his neck. Then my mother heard this she come running with a knife. Within a shake of a duck's tail my mother buckered the lion. I stood there mesmerised. My parents and I cried louldy iii! Iii! Iii! Mourning for help. We were so sad. Within a twinkling of an eye our home stead was full of concerned neighbors.



MY SELF

Catherine Wangari

My name is Catherine Wangari. I am standard five girl. I am a very good girl and obedient girl. Even I am a very clean girl. Another name of my Self is Karufuku. I live in Nairobi city. At Dodola. I Karufuku I saw a muzungu he asked me are you relaxing. I answered My name is Karufuku from Dodola. One day I visited to Mombasa. When I reached to Mombasa I went to the beach. I saw my friend from Mombasa and then we saw a Hyena swimming my friend asked what is that a crazy animal I said that is my another friend I want and run to the beach to hug my friend the Hyena asked me where have you come from. The hyena came hungry and started running to the beach. When I and my friend Kiasharti. Another day we flew up to the sky with an airplane. That day we went to Blazil. We found a mzungu, When he saw him he told us that we are Bonito. We did not know the meaning of Bonito. When I went I saw a mzungu who know the meaning if the word Bonito. He was an english. When we knew the meaning we became very happy. Next day we went to our country Kenya. That was the exciting day of Karufuku and Karsharti.



Too much vacaution

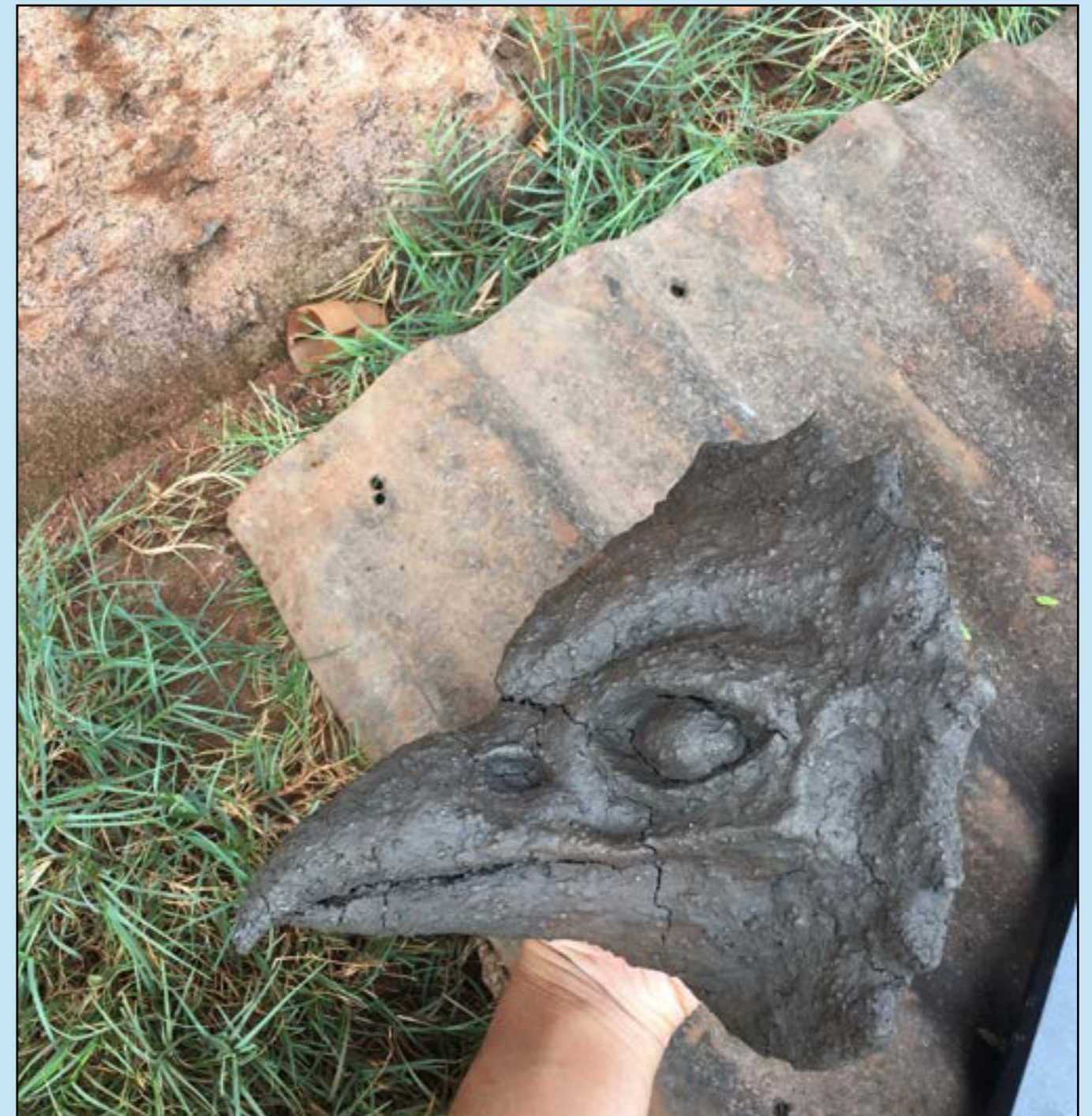
Benson Gitau

Well that everything said
mama bear as she and sister
and brother held the car
through lid so that papa
bear could tie it down
Not quite said papa
running we almost forgot
the camera he said when
he reappeared what good
is a wonderful vacation
without photographs
remember it by
good thinking papa sad brother
may
I take some pictures when we get there
And how about me sister
Wanted to know
Of course you may said papa
As they
bundled into the car were
all going to
take pictures of the most
wonderful vacation
the bear family has ever had
Alright now – every body buckle up and we'll be on our way.



Mask work

I'd memorized these children's Names on the second day, by having written down which animal faces they wished to wear as personal totems. I myself had mine, or at least had been struggling to get to terms with it for nearly a year – Where I was living before I didn't find proper mindfield for its full development, only for its premature death – I was holding the Secretary Bird's egg. But also I'd had others faces before.



The Caracal

Caracal caracal, the Desert Lynx, it hath mingled
With the colours of the steppes, of the savanna dry unmud.
“Highly secretive and difficult to observe” the Scientist wrote;
“If it reveals itself to you, brings best fortune” Allan, who drove
me from Jomo Kenyatta Aiport to the village, had told.

But it doesn't run for its prey, only stalks it – So it bides with
Its Time. It be lonely... Only walks in pairs for some of its
Time. At night... You see – At dawn – It has left, together with
Itself. In deserted burrows of aardvarks and porcupines it be born.

Carry on with your ways as far or deep as they have to go, even
If you don't have a companion to share the burden with – The load
You unload: for the World's Eyes only – for the Heart of them all
After you have learned the silent words fully; thus taken the leap.

The leap, four metters high, catches the other within its flight.
The leap, anyhow discreet, makes no fuss but leads to feed.

Can eat the Mice and can eat the Gazelle. Can go withouth water
Or satisfies with the water from its prey's body fluids. Can go
Dry and dry but will still jump – The work was done and it was quietly.



The Caracals

Thusly The Secretary, towards the worktable
And towards the vacuum remembered her solitary feline friends.

Living within a small community like ours, something a Lynx learns is not to fear deviation through association but to praise it. Nevertheless, the Hour always comes where you have to hunt apart. In a day, these two operation modes alternate not ten thousand but circle times.

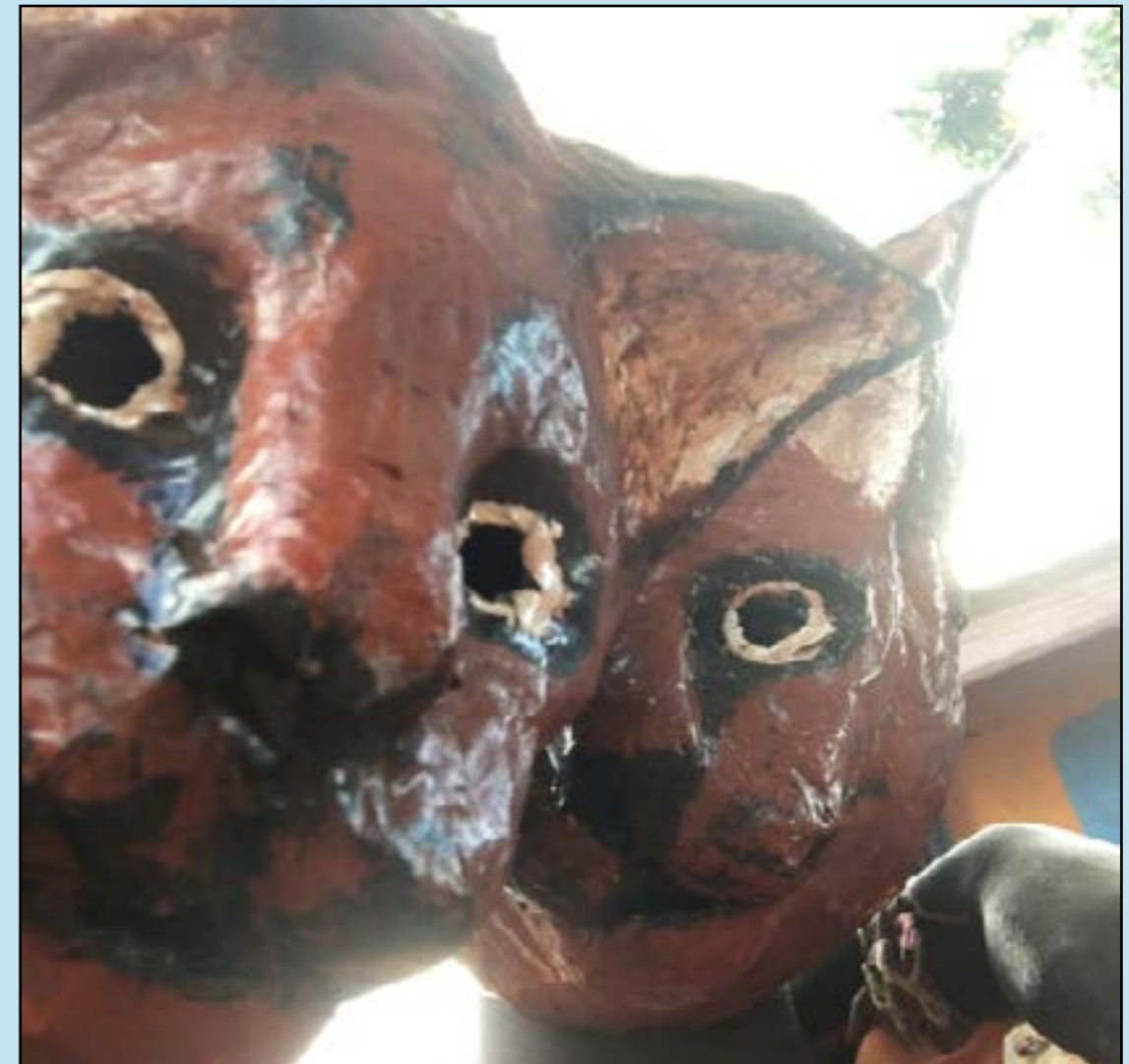
The ones, the eight ones, who had chosen big cats, either cheetahs, lions, leopards – I had to assign them, else whom to, to my most aloof, reticent fellows... For if you are so good and beautiful in absolute loneliness, you shall be it, too!, within tight, glorious companionship.

Alone, I am the myriad of lynxes.
What's my north – the one treasure of all plurals.



Boniface, Janet, Tabitha, Leonard, Daniel and Peter.





The Secretarybird

Died in my hands, in other lands, and in this land now her legs stands high alive. Holds one of the faces representing the fabrication of the present piece of work. Is our actual Head Secretary. It is she – it is She who walks the administration, the organization, the nurturance of our matters. Makes sure to deliver both the natural and the supernatural goods from Ega Real, this moving enterprise and Home, to the Goodhour – À Boahora.

Even She sings:

I am the bird of the plain fields

I
Am the bird of the plain fields

My
Uncondicional compromise is with
The Full Wind

Its
Well flying.

In gravely and gracious precision
She moves – the
Bird of the plain fields.

But help me

The loved one smells like rubis
bloomed from the fresh honey...

But help me
I've seen him walking me in dreams
as I was riding the white horse...

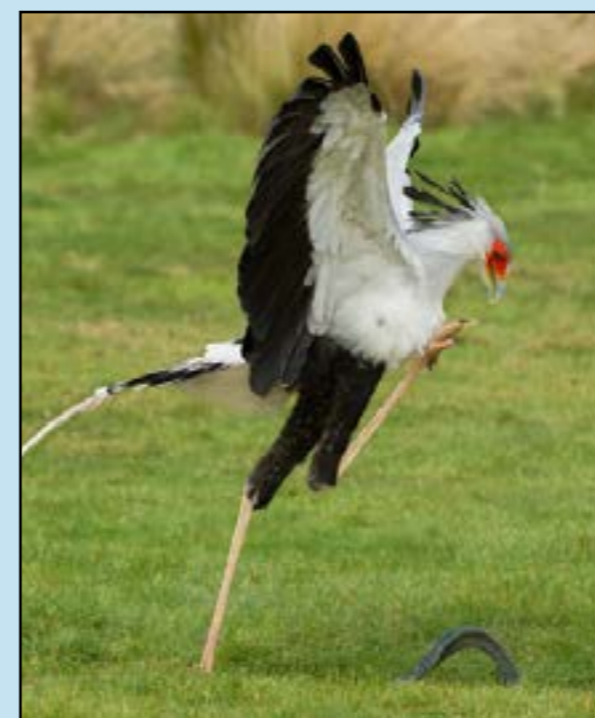
It helps me thus – the
Unconditional compromise
of the bird of
the plain fields.

This bird it walks more then it does
fly – And – Her friend is You.



both facts. Now we eat both facts, for her taxonomic name, *Sagittarius serpentarius*, means “the archer of snakes”.

The elegant terrestrial hunter is found in Sub-Saharan Africa, strolling amidst the open grasslands and savannas, lightly wooded semi-deserts and scrub areas. Although she prefers walking, can soar up to heights of 3 thousand meters. At night, she roosts on the local Acacia trees, and just after dawn she drops down to ground to initiate the daily hunt. Often stalks in cautious pairing. The small prey are consumed whole, highly venomous puff adders and cobras killed by several rapid blows to the head and swallowed promptly. Secretary's long legs must be bended in a crouch so she can feed or drink.



Is essentially a solitary. But more often is found in duet, or family groups of up to five individuals. Essentially a silentary, when she does call, her deep, croaking wail can be heard from Great Distance. Monogamous, for courtship the individuals perform a grounded display by chasing each other with their wings up and back in the same way they chase prey. Or they soar high with undulating flight patterns, liberating roaring groans, roaring groans, roaring groans. The nests are built at a height of 5-7 meters on the Acacia trees; and the eggs are up to three.

Adult Secretary Birds have no natural predators.

Presents, now, her kids' crew, the eight anothers:

Fischer's Lovebird



Love-flock – *Agarponis*.
Not by our perching habits nor
By plumage alone one dimorphs Our sexuality.

But generally – Females
Sit with their legs farther apart
Than males because female pelvis Is wider.

Some do learn words. Be it she that does.



“Kelvin is a Love-boy.” –
Her voice, to be enjoyed, sounding.

Red-billed Firefinch



Although it is the male that scarlets itself entirely,
I, too, shall do.

I'll queet-queet softly – You
Will find familiar to hear – Me
Rising high my chick-pea-pea-pea

Within your human house where I inhabit.



Christine she fires so very often.

Lagonosticta it boils. Do not weep-weep.

Purple Swamphen



Pukeko, you moorhen! Stuck on this muskeg!
Lift your gallinule feet and manage the endless *paul*.

Purple as you are you must triumph the dam the dam
Swamp this
Swallow
This swamp water shallow.



Catherine had me swallow:
If you encounter the witches of Tanzania
You pray. No. You run away.
– Should I run or should I pray?
– You pray. And then you run away.

Hadada Ibis



Three to four note extremely loud calls uttered in flight
Drags you out of your nightmare straight to a mourning morning.

These: don't depend on water as much as other Ibises
But will often be found midst wetlands, drowning feet.

When within the suburbs,
they are able
to judge the direction of human gaze.



Silently: Golicha.

White Crested Turaco



Roots of the evergreen riverine forests
Where water is always available.

Evergreen mantle around my shoulders
And my violet wing coverts and rectrices
I gloss alongside the rivers; talking freely of love and beauty;
Consuming flowers.

Nest is a rather insubstantial, saucer-shaped structure.



Dialogue appreciation.

Ross' Turaco



To be independent even before I can fly.
I opt to climb about
in the canopy of the forest.

To climb, rather than to fly.
To be near the family flock. Flock
Members assist flock members and chicks;
Specially the first time mother's chicks.



To climb about in the canopy
of the Forest. To climb about
and travel still.

Benson's cousins live down there near Makuyu Town in a stone house so
small.

Ostrich



Caroline disliked the Ostrich's face for others made fun of its funny traits.

Flightless – Noblety.

Walkery. Prairies in the sky of the
Womb.



African Jacana



Overpauis. Triumph over the wetlands.

Clarence the boy doesn't mind playing alone.





Ega Real and The Women

“Ega” used to be an abstract being by the time it was named and, only then, begun to be born. When the Secretarybird stepped into that royal no so real room, still in Brazil, and spelled the letters which formed that name, I firstly assigned it to the bird itself. But as far as bird goes, it would stay loose, I saw. I saw: it cannot act nor speak alone. The name itself then meant nothing but a currency, a volatile value, an ideal to fulfill in terms of Being, even the shadow of a flag. The shadow of a flag was fine with me, though. ‘Tis really all the flags in the world.

*This thing, that hath a code but not a core
Hath set acquaintance to where might be affections
And nothing now
Disturbeth its reflections.*¹

I wanted to leap off of the romantic realm, which was too much a wetland, too dangerously ecstatic – Needed to communicate with the world of life, moving.

I realized Ega hath to be human, for I wished to praise my own kind, too. But it needn’t have a gender, I thought, thought I, should it represent a Real, a full, thus empty, character for the humankind.

I then saw, months later, Her statue, gloriously standing on the grass amongst the boys, and the chicken and cocks, playing. Although at first sight one could not know, back at ground zero sight one would know: it be a She for sure.

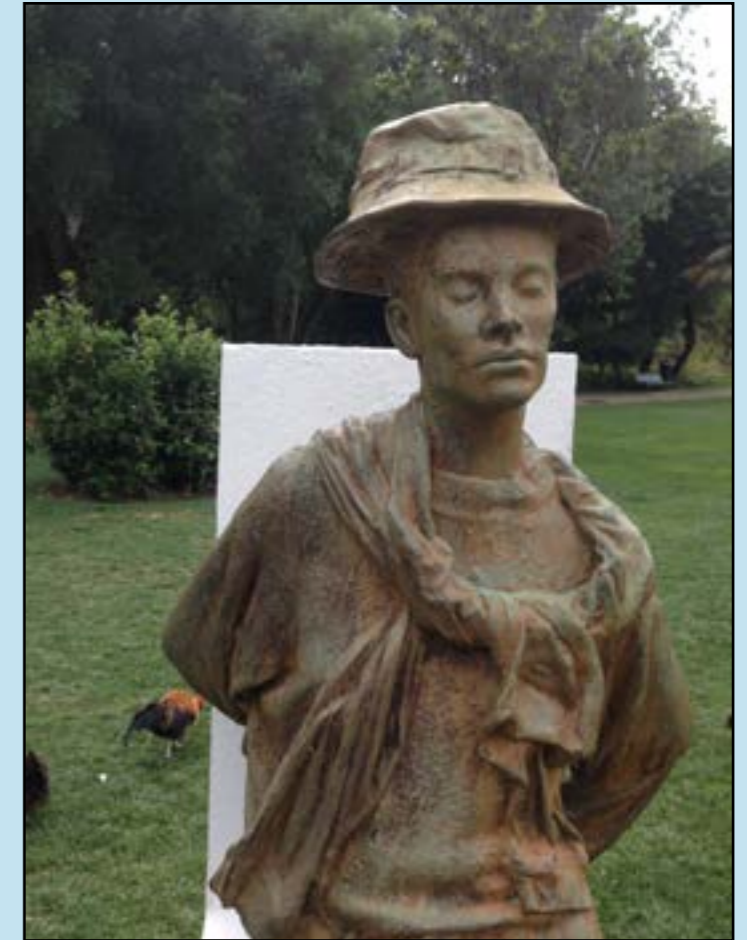
Still too dangerously ecstatic, however – At that time an obsession with the perfect entelechial being haunted me brutally... Even I could write only a word or two.

Leave aside the night of Aristotle;
Meet up with Sappho in the morning.
Let it move; it be seen.

I’d wrote:

Virago
Among the cocks
And the hens
On the branches.
Fly themselves them ducks
And Virago’s there
At lightly leaning the ivory
At being-she.

She in bronze,
On her eyes closed
Relaxes the gold.
Playing be the chickens,
The boys.
And Virago, the stillest wiggle,
Be mistressing-She.



Now, Ega was a statue. At least a She, but not at last. Back there, in the city of the imaginary wetlands, only ducks stuck; no movement.

Even the Caracals had shut their silent mouth. Even love hath, for I hath. And sitting before the table even She'd paralyzed.

Now suddenly a leap was given, the colourless mud almost reaching the last hair, hair was almost none already.

I was having a deep, depressive sip from a too clean cup of ethiopian coffee with rice milk when a workmate offered me a special National Geographic issue dedicated to the life and work of Jane Goodall. I read about how she was "one who could survive long stretches of isolation, who could sit and watch and learn"; how she, asked by Dr. Louis Leakey, archeologist and curator at Nairobi's natural history museum back then in the 60's, accepted to set up a camp at Gombe Stream on the shores of remote Lake Tanganyika without hesitating for a moment. How, when the Tanzanian government obliged her to bring a companion, she'd bring her mother.

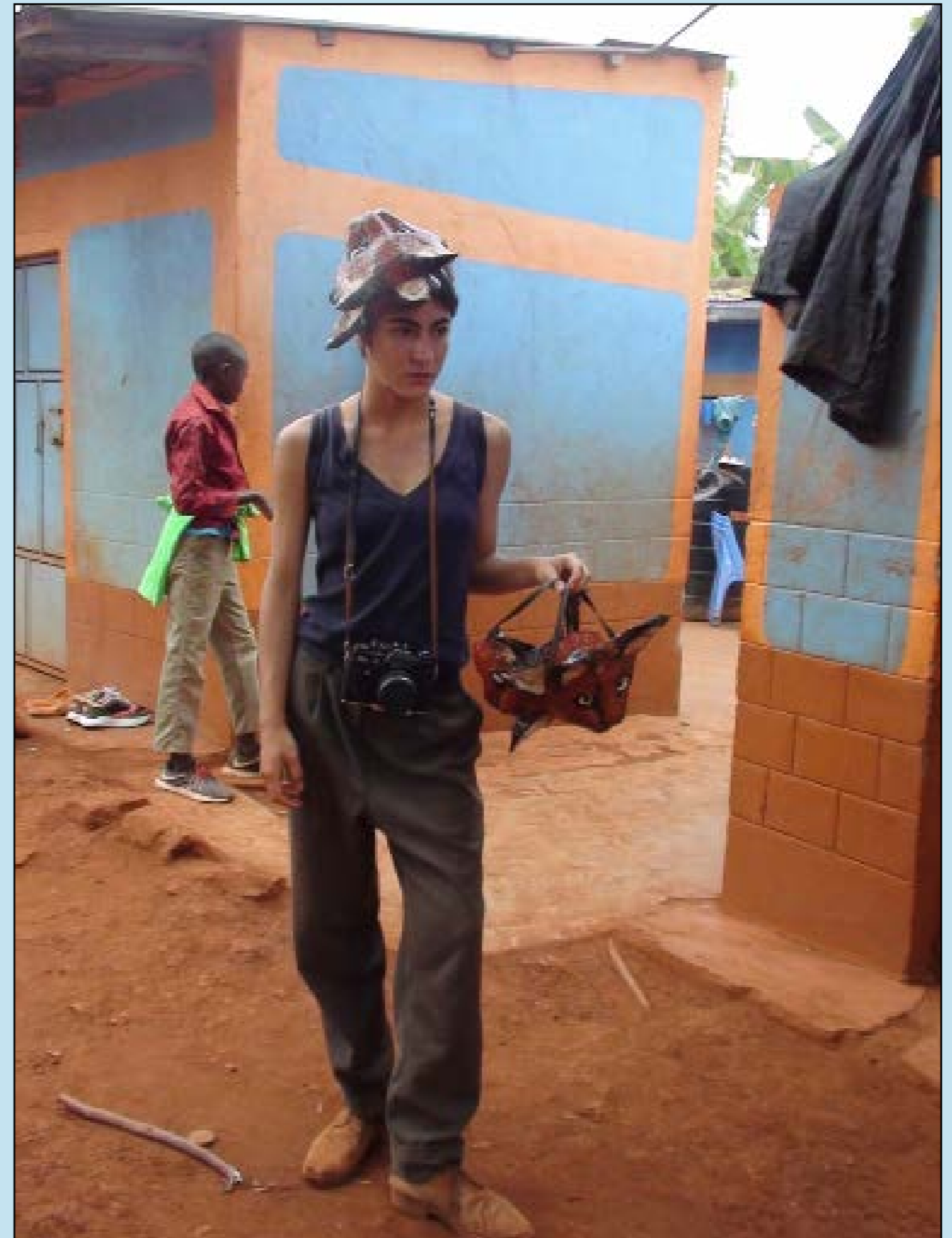
People of Makuyu couldn't figure. Ega was a women yet so weak a one that didn't look like it?

Strong enough to be landing here –
Alone-she.

Observing these women's ways I'd polished mine
Not for being as them beings, no
Not gonna be the original wife, though, I told
Not the original woman, I wouldn't know

But I did learn who Ega be.

While scanning their stone-carrying roles, the heaviest and precious gemstones, I'd reflected the essential ways. Their secretiveness, their resignation, their ferocity of women. As I – Am mother to my royal realness simple and my bird of prey realm unchained.



X

Lucy Gathuka

She told me: “Sometimes, you cut the story short.”
I had to interview her anyway, even if shortly.

After she handed me back the paper, questions answered,
She realized she didn’t want to be published and read.





Living your own life is the easy way to live. If you try to make people happy, you will never satisfy them be hurt yourself. Just trust fear and have faith in God. Live positive and enjoy the life you are living today for the better future.



X

Lucy Shiro

Hi am Lucy “Shiro”. I am a born again Christian. I am a Kenyan, I believe that life is not easy and is full of uncertainties. But one thing that keeps me going is the fact that there is perfect peace from our creator. When we trust in Him, He gives us peace & joy amidst the challenges we go through in life. No one knows exactly what the future holds for him or her. When we acknowledge our creator we are able ti cast our fears to Him who holds our future & experience the inner peace & joy.



Gat'ia

Many a happenings within Gat'ia. But one does not come to an acquaintance with the many a happenings of Gat'ia until one steps out of the Children's Home gate.

For exemple, in the corridor one night, after we'd put the children in bed, Lucy told me what she came to know on her way back from Don Bosco Church on a sunday. She was crossing the vast red depression field, the "stadium", and a commotion was taking place. A dog had found a man's head hidden behind the bushes.

Next morning I walked down to Francis' house, met him in the kitchen it was six o'clock or something, we had tea, I mentioned what I'd came to know the night before. He then told me "Even the dog had brought a full arm up to some woman's house, who of course screamed in panic, Lord, whose arm is that?"

"You see, that's why I hate dogs", he explained, "They will eat anything."

The man who have gotten his head chopped off was a worker on the coffee chamber up there. Was money issue, as one would expect.

Another morning I went to Francis' for tea and found only Dennis there, Francis' his firstborn and my agemate – He told me they'd slept few hours that night, around two a.m. they had all been surprised by the neighbour screaming, who got their cow stollen, or what.

Francis had told me that the Luo people don't allow Kikuyus to have cows. If a Kikuyu do get a cow, they, the Luos, will come for it.

Francis told me that one night he was awakened by his cow being loud, went out to see, was terrified to see a big hypopotamus standing near, had come with the stream, all muddy this time of the year – It is again rainy season.



Whilst late tea and *ndazi*, a guttural howling was calling just outside our stone walls – It was women fierce. First I’d assumed it to be children playing, and just after Grace gone out to see, because she knew what it meant, also I came to know it.

Immediately outside the gate, the villagers were gathered and growing in numbers, all looking left and down, down and up to *wa* Shiro’s land and house, house now shattered to the ground. I walked along and through the crowd of women and men and children, the howls coming from up somewhere. I was accompanied by my compatriot Thamy, who had recently joined the Home for a few months. We didn’t dare inquiring, just yet, and I was just moving forward in the fuss. My compatriot expressed to be feeling out of place, as if sticking the nose on another dog’s issue, and it wasn’t as if I myself was intending to do it, felt belonging or what; only the howls had called also to my fierce; I was living there for three months and was not going to leave anytime so soon. I put a blade of grass to the mouth, chewing it aside, my compatriot turned back home; and I deviated from the vortex of the conflict – Followed the path up the hill just in front of the crime scene, another land and chamber, for up there were the howling women.

I strolled up cautiously, Secretarybird, and stood besides them. From up there, half a dozen women, grandmothers, mothers and daughters, held up their callings, some holding also babies, for all the village to hear. As the monkeys and the birds and all the fine animal intelgency would do, they’d alarm their people, evoke their people to come see the threat, to come help. A big woman carrying a small boy in her right arm would stretch the left arm down with the fist closed, shout Kikuyu protesting words. *Maandamano* is what it was: Protest. From up there I watched the villagers coming from the chambers, from the bushes, they’d come in groups or alone, but they’d all come and make themselves present.

Before I knew what, the howl rose throughout my strings and up to the skies of Gat’ia. The Kikuyu women’s howl has its own specific melody. The “u” sound strechtes until it then falls but falls to a note above, like a yo-yo, it is then pulled back up. It is the same howl that the women, and the girls, for they imitate their mothers, sometimes send out briefly amidst a conversation when a subject excites them somehowly. Only circle times more powerful.

“Don’t do it here, they will come”, Lucy censured me when I later howled inside of the Home.

After I’d joined their one Voice, those women looked at each other, smiled, laughed, looked back at me, cheered, I should go on – I wasn’t part of any a cause of theirs, I was simply there and I had a howl with which I could contribute – I continued stringing out the primal yo-yo and seeing people coming from near and far. A heat grew with my voice which wasn’t mine anymore, I’d given it to them now – I frowned, my forehead was light and afire, the tears that strolled through my face were also hot as firewood – I was feeling the thinking about the compatriot having left the scene, and I was feeling the thinking about the Brazilian *maandamanos* to which I didn’t attend in the past. I was up on this hill howling with the Kikuyu women, there among the Wanjirus, the Wanjikus, the Wambuis, the Njokis, the Njeris, I was being Ega there.

They would gaze at me and encourage my voice louder. One old woman coming from the chamber behind, walking bent and noble, was dusting off the brown soil with a big banana leaf. She shouted furiously. Another women gazed at the others for assentment and then walked down the hill in the direction of the fuss. I followed her. “Where is the Mother?”, I asked her. “Mama Shiro is somewhere there”, she pointed to behind the police pickup truck. I penetrated the crowd and saw the furniture scattered around. A table with cloth pieces on it was actually in the middle of the road. Her bed had been unclothed of its mattress and was still there suffocating below the stone blocks. “How did they do it?”, I asked a men, and he said that they had done it with metal tools. “They” were some men sent by another man that claimed to have bought the land, only he had done with with false documents, since Mama Shiro hadn’t payed for her land in the last months or years anyway. It was the fourth time they’d come and shatter her house down.

Men villagers were coming up with pieces of iron sheets, timbers, stone blocks, whatever materials they had to start the new construction immediatly. The pickup truck had left the scene. Someone said the governor was coming. I saw Victor, Francis’ last born, Dennis’ brother, standing in the crowd. Everyone was there. A group of women required me closer to cheer for my howling. Faith Wanjiru invited me over to her house. The sun was starting to become too strong, my grass blade was chewed up, used up, I followed Faith out of the scene – Only after she’d shown me who Mama Shiro was – The Mother had a deeply relaxed look in her face.

The old woman with the banana leaf is still beating the ground with it, started shouting sovereignly at a very black old man, now she bursted singing an excerpt of what is probably a Kikuyu song to insult him and is laughing out very loud.

One day, all animals held an athletics competition. The most interesting events was the 5km race between hare and tortoise. Some animal thought tortoise was crazy to participate in the race. “By the time hare is through, tortoise will not have moved even an eight of a kilometre”, some animals said.

Hare on his part said that the race would be a walkover for him. He ran two kilometers and stopped to have a bite carrot.

—

Hide amwei nyamusiothe siagithaka siarena mathako ma gutengela. Kidy kia gukenia siare kilometer ithano race iyoai yari gatagati wa thugura na ngulu yamuiga sia githaka ngulu are mukigu guthuka mathako mau. Gatatati wa mathaa thugura esilagia ati ngulu dagihota kuma nginya kilometer enyanya. Nyamu iga siaugire ate mathako noginya marike hau. Magitenyera kilometer igiri na kurugama na kuria karoti.



X

Dominic Ciitau

English and Kikuyu versions both by himself

Madigolo walked into the competition room. He had enough experience in eating fast. His throat had widened to allow big chunks of food to swim through into his stomach.

Mere were enough loaves of bread. Each contestant held his dry loaf of bread and the bell rang. Before they could say “wow!” Madigolo had swallowed his loaf. Madigolo was given the prize.

Hide irea malgeraga nyumba ya macidano madigolo niehareirie wega todü ari na umenyo mulganu wa kürea naihenya. Mumero wake wari mwaramu udu angeahotire kumeria irio nyige.

Kware na migate meiganu ya omüdü korea. Müiria malgite ‘wow’ Madigolo niamerea mugatte wake wothe. Madigolo niwe walidire na akeheo kiheo kiega.



Pregnant Girl

Francis Ngaruiya

He paid for the seat in the matatu
And walked away
And she disappeared in the city crowd
All her dreams vanished
One more passenger squeezed in
And lit cigarette.
She opened the window
And spat cold saliva out
As the cigarette smoke intensified
She wanted to vomit
She remembered the warm night
When she was man's pet.
She remember the promises
The gift, parties, the dance
She remembered her classmate at school
Who envied her expensive shoes,
Lipstick, wrist watch, handbag,
Which she bought to school
After a weekend with him.
The future stood against her
Dark like a night without a moon
And silent like the world.
As the matatu sped away from the city
She began to tremble with fear
Wondering what her parents would say
With all hope gone.
She felt like corpse
Going to be buried.





X
Julia

I

Days are moving.

You know, they have
Disappointed me – and the way
I have washed.

They put a lot of mud.
To make the houses.

I think
I won't hang on a post.
I'll hang on a line.

II

These hens think
I have a lot of maize to get them.
They don't think
How I am struggling.





The Dream, Ega

Fourten Falls

Ega

Was the fourteenth day of the month and they were dropped by the *matatu* at the Fourteen Falls stop, in Kilimanbogo. Lucy Gathuka had chosen her outfit specially. Wore a red dress with yellow figures repeated all over it, and around her head, covering her always covered, religious hair, she had a piece of the same cloth. Her sandals were not adequate, not often she left Makuyu, had to wear platforms. Lídia, the spanish staying with us for one month, had recovered from her anemia, and Ega clearly ecstasized for finding herself in the savanna's borders. They tried to bargain the entry tickets by saying that they've been here last year and had payed the price for Kenyan citizens; which was true about Lídia. The man was rigid and they had to let go of twenty dollars, while Lucy payed nothing.

Stood faced with the landscape. Nevertheless the tourist attraction that it was, there weren't many people to-day. A man in a yellow vest didn't wait long before interfering, wishing to be our guide to our crossing the river. The fourteenth fall, where to jump from, was accessible from the other side. The river's margins had one or two kilometers between them, sprinkled by small green wet isles, slimy rocks and paus. We didn't have money to pay the man, neither wanted his scolding. We walked down a black soil pathway along the density of the forest's margin and were we at the fall's base, where peoples being crossed in a wood boat crossed one of the river's shallow arms. We had no money for the boat crossing either, and wished to make it through over the upper, massive arm. Why we returned to the extreme landscape, up there, and again stood before the big water and the paus.

Ega, while we analyzed the intended crossing, I saw, on the bank, a group of three kenyans that were apparently scanning, as we were, their crossing possibilities. They were two men, sitting eating bananas, and a women, who standing pointed to the other side. Her sparse hair was hard spiked up, no adornment; wore a white skirt to her knees; a classical shirt opened, very light pink with very light white stripes; under it a hot pink t-shirt with Mikey and Minnie Mouse stitched to it, below their feet in cursive written 'Happy together'; around her neck she had a yellow cotton scarf that the wind played with; and her sandals, the cheapest in the market, were dyed by the color of the soil, tile-orange.

Twice or thrice yet we walked down to the base again and returned, scanning. In the fourth scan I saw the three friends walking along the large

river's side, furthering away from the falls. They'd be probably searching for the most favorable area for their crossing, and, because we saw no other ones that seemed to share the intention, we followed them. But still we stood again, Lídia pondering the risk of a direction that was clearly too difficult. Lucy had moved ahead, I soon saw her through vines and hanging leaves, in the margin together with the woman. An isle big and safe, covered in grass and some stable trees, floated rooted a few meters from the spot of their decision. When we reached Lucy and the women, from great distance we saw her two friends sitting on a rock, almost in the center of the river. They had left her and now we were four women scanning the *lodame's* safety.

– What's your Name? – I asked her Egaly.
– Secret Mary.
And ecstasized.

It was decided that we would cross there, and Lucy, with her inadequate sandals tied to her jacket, started our journey with a two meter jump landing on a rock. Following jumped Lídia, then Secret Mary, and then following jumped I. In my life I had felt before more confidence in jumping risky distances between rocks. In this situation, probably because of the goods I was carrying in pockets and bag, such great hesitation accused my incapacity. There was too much slime on the rocks, and I had tied my shoes to my jackets as well, but couldn't guarantee myself. But the women went on, jumped – We went on all of us. Cautious and patiently we scanned each stone and soaked paul, each piece of grass still stable, floating solidly in uprooted firmness. In doing that we had Grace, while our attentiveness continued not any less Grave. And when we finally jumped to the big grassy isle, I saw three men talking in the margin that we'd left.

Ahead of us there weren't any other isles like that. Now only scattered rocks, their surfaces sufficiently lengthy but their doubtful distances, at times intercalated only by semi-flooded paus... – In the space parting us from the nearest firm rock, the river ran strong and seemed deep. Without us having seen him coming, a small boy, arriving from the water not from land, put himself in our service. He would scan the depths using his plastic sandals, the slime, he knew all that pretty well. He followed the guaranteed route together with us, not saying words other than "Pole, pole", meaning "Slow, slow", and encouraged us to place our feet in the slimy depths and on the grass tufts. Like this we advanced, now many meters from the first isle, and looking back we saw a group of women that had also made it up to there, saw them place their hands over their mouths.

Secret Mary's yellow cotton scarf waved back while she grope, through a stick's body, the depth in which she should step. Smiling calmly she held Lucy's hand while them both took their feet off of a mudwhole to put themselves over a large stone piece. Lídia wore sport sneakers so she'd drown them carelessly, following way ahead of us, unhelped. Ega, I followed many meters behind and slowly, wasn't agile now, for I was watching it all closely and from sublime distance at the same time; bird of prey; with Secretary eyes aesthetically; ecstasizing. And was video recording. Not to a point where I'd be numb and dumb whilst risky moving, I balanced with enough precision the contemplation and the recording and the moving. And because we weren't, now there, potential prey to any beast, the only threat existing not to our survival but to our good's, humanly, I could allow myself that dual, or triptych, rhythm. In a more extreme situation I'd have to develop sharper automatization on the switch of the brakes, a more precise instinct of time, less inertia by amazement. Was training myself.

– We are in the middle of the Read Sea! – punctuated Lucy, laughing herself, dancing. – Are you coming with us or are you not? – She shouted to Ega, who, in that moment, stood paralyzed over some paus in a state of wonder.

A Sacred Ibis was seen, then soon were many. In the margin towards which we moved, serene cows fed on paus. Dozens of Jacanãs overflowed us, then overflying the big dam that rested just before the river's back, put apart from it by a big waterplant zone, on its turn sided by the large stone plateau that we aimed at. From there jumped another boy, a little older, a brother to Moses, and advanced in jumping and running, away from the margin, didn't stop at us, he ran as if over a plain prairie. I had my clothes soaked, but the goods untouched, and the immortal laughter inhabited, mobile, my face. Grace! Those cows on the stone plateau facing the wetlands... Our legs solid over the slime: Secretary...

When stable walking again, I handed Secret Mary the red pen, asked her to write her full name on my notebook. She wrote also her phone number.

Some women sat themselves on a pile of garbage at the paul's shore, and the cows belonged to the man who standing there greeted us, was the father of the runner boys. They welcomed us smiling when we reached, finally, the other side. We had crossed the Big Water, and now that dam under a solemn sun presented itself to us.

Lucy and Secret Mary joined the women sitting, for they had accomplished their mission, for they don't swim. The father assured to Lídia and I that there were no crocodiles now, hippopotamus only at night, and we rushed

to accomplish ours. The brothers dove quickly, and, Ega, I dove after them while Lídia was putting her swimsuit on. The father dove too, and we swam all together in that dark, uncertain dam.

We wished to reach the fourteenth fall. The father and his sons had offered to take us to see the hippopotamus, where the bridge bridges, but it was getting late and Secret Mary had parted herself from her fellows. Why we agreed to advance. Said goodbye to them, but, before we could detach, a discretely hostile conversation initiated. At first Lídia and I could not grasp the issue.

– They want to know whether you are going to pay them – explained Lucy.

– Whether we would, if it was the case that we'd go see the hippopotamus, or whether we'll pay for some help voluntarily offered by the boys? – I demanded to know.

That went on and the man told Lucy this was how things worked here, and she knew that, and he expected something, because without his boys we wouldn't have made it, he thought. Lídia wanted to give them cookies. They asked for two thousand Kenyan shillings, which was absurd. I grew impatient while Lucy carried conversation with the father, I told him that his boys should have mentioned money and we'd have refused their help, that it was wrong to help and charge. Gave him a two euro coin I had in my shirt's pocket and he had to swallow it. We freed ourselves.

Walking towards the falls we were interrupted by a couple of men wishing to randomly charge us for our presence. I told them they were senseless and we carried our way, finally reaching the jump spot.

Secret Mary looked forward to returning back, feared losing track of her men.

– We wish to go down there and have our lunch, we even brought some *pilau* – I explained to her, – and Lídia still wants to jump the fall... – I continued, making politics: – Don't you want to join us for lunch?

Not having much choice she agreed, came with us. Following a rocky pathway right next to the falls, we reached the base. Were about to cross a wood bridge, which would lead us to the plain green field I wished to graze on, and a man stood up.

– We ain't paying to cross this bridge – I promptly said.

– Alright, I'll pay for you – senseless he mumbled back.

We sat on a rotten trunk spotted between the fourteen falls and the plain green field, spotted on a sort of isle, we had our *pilau masala*. We shared our meal with now restless Secret Mary.

– Where do you live? – I wished to know from her.
– Nairobi.
– Work there too?
– Yes. I wash someone’s clothes – gazing towards the top of the falls, at the spot where she earlier stood with her men. – We came accompanied by a blind person. I don’t see any of them.

Lucy and Lídia ate and rested.

– Let’s keep with time – Secret Mary emphasized, – hurry up eating, we have to cross this river.

She wanted to cross the river, and it hadn’t passed more than an hour since our glorious crossing. But Lídia still wanted to jump from the fourteenth fall, and I still wanted to graze over that beautiful green... Only we couldn’t simply tell her off to go, wasn’t possible to cross it alone, and we were now friends. Actually, I couldn’t possibly let go of Secret Mary’s presence. Couldn’t say no to her. Was forced by nature to do her will.

We finished eating and put ourselves in our feet to climb back up. Three small girls had put their eyes on us while we ate, and now they accompanied our route. They knew that river pretty well and looked like they wanted to guide us.

– We don’t have any money – Secret Mary made it clear to the girls –, but we’ll love each other like you love these whites.

Again crossing the Big Water, we’d made only a small portion of the way when the girls started vanishing around, fearing to be punished for helping us for free. Said goodbye, they disappeared. This time we were crossing right next to the falls, where the guides in yellow vests pushed their clients through. We realized that they’d brushed the slime off the stones. Lucy, unreflected, stopped to have her photograph taken by a man that would undoubtedly charge her for it, and Lídia impatiented herself. Secret Mary lead:

– Lucy! Let’s keep with time! Time is going, and they want more money. They want to delay us and charge us more money. The money we don’t have!

Paralyzing fear occurred to me. Again not for life, but for the goods, and now even more, for the recordings. Seemed stupid, I wished I could swim my way like a dog, naked and silly, but the human condition was something that I not only had to conform with but also honor. Earlier, whilst first crossing, I’d heard Secret Mary whisper to herself among the pails: “God give me faith. Why are you fearing, Mary? Don’t fear.” And I made me manage precision and *destreza*, keeping the feet firm on the slime. Courage was really the administration of fear, and the Secretary’s work is to administrate.

Almost to reach the end, the last portion of the crossing was large and obscure, the water violent. The women scanned alternatives, but Necessity was to cross here. I resigned before Necessity, taking full responsibility for my goods, and slowly put one foot after the other, administrating. I was administrating pretty well, gravely gracious, when in the halfway a man coming from the margin took my hand and made me finish it. He then made Lídia cross it, and Lucy, and Secret Mary.

Now we rested while our spectators shouted things. Some were saying that we were not women but men. A man asked sincerely about my gender, which made me laugh only because it’s been happening to me everyday. Another men celebrated: “What men can do, you can too!” But Peace was immensely strong, shielded ourselves from being annoyed with banality. I ecstasized, Well-Ventured. The Goodhour!

Secret Mary was now to look for her men.

– Was a pleasure to meet you – and she disappeared in the horizon running.

She then reappeared, at our *matatu*’s door scanning possibilities, already we were one kilometer away on the road. She didn’t get in the van – I waved at her from the window and saw her vanishing with the flying sand.

Lucy sat behind, Lídia sat in the front next to a charming boy, and I sat in the middle, at the window.

Too large a hot pink ray was cutting the horizon vertically. Day set.











“You made my day”, she posted on my timeline the next day and I said Same.

Few nights ahead I was dying from having quit the malaria pills, reverse effects of it as if the malaria was now mine, lasted four days, I, foetusying in bed under the mosquito net wishing not to throw up nor anything, I missed three calls from Secret Mary. Later I filled my bucket with shit and puke.

I called her another few nights ahead while the sun was setting and I was sitting under the goalpost waiting for supper. She got the call, was in Nairobi, our communication skills were funny but I believed she was in her workplace, she’d told me before about washing someone’s clothes but I understood she was in a dairy’s factory.

She mentioned Uganda, wanted to visit her family anytime soon, and I hopped in. We were now supposed to plan a date, was to be around October. We would take some *matatus* and be there.









