

The African Powerhouse

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

TO GOD ALMIGHTY FOR BEING MY CONFIDANT IN THE CREATIONS OF THESE ARTICLES. AND TO MY, TO MY LOVING GRANDMOTHER IN HEAVEN, THANK YOU FOR THE LAUGHTER AND THE LESSONS.

Preface

This Book is a collection of sixty-one articles that talk on malignant issues that affect our society. It is by a far a knowledge that traditional African societies were rigid in their structures. In our current 21st Century, it is probable that our problems

could be solved with some introspect coming from ancient Africa. The African Powerhouse displays a variety of solutions in every title that could help/ assist the reader navigate through life with the ideal reality of ancient Africa. The powerhouse in this case is the basic African hut, in a context it represents a quiet reading room full of introspect, and profound ideas that improve livelihoods. Have a good quiet read!

Formula 1

Valentino Rossi was once a champion in the Moto Gp Motorcycle series. In this new scope of thought process, it is humane and thoughtful to become competitive in matters affairs life and its other tags. In my days in the University, I loved formula and math simply because of these obscene rules and regulations that had one going about with numbers calculating and thinking of one correct answer. In class, I preferred this to what am doing right now; writing. It is in the sense that Formula 1 is a concept worth pondering on and peeking. Let me jog your mind a little bit, I chose math as a career subject over English, a subject I comfortably scored an A minus with math me having a B minus. It is in this captivating situation where I expound on the concept of Formula 1.

Valentino Rossi is a speed freak especially in race events like those held in Dubai, Tokyo, and in New York. Those two wheels of his are the start and finish of his racing experience. It was the other day my moms' became a driver and it was only yesterday she convinced herself to walk to the market only for her to use taxi on her way back. I suggest we adapt a finger print syndrome in the essence in this discussion of Formula 1. With replica of the herd immunity coerced during the initiation of defense mechanism against the virus, this formula 1 entity could rub off dirt from the earth, dirt like the world was ending, and Armageddon type of dirt. I could picture the synthesis of a technological hub such as Silicon Valley and the tech stuff going around that hub; similar to what NASA does with space? Btw, what happened after man landed in Mars? Any news? If any share the buzz. Ha-ha...

In school, I disregarded my talent for writing, for my thought of my mathematical whizz, which was obviously off the charts. I this decree, I do strongly advice that a formula is much better than planning, and with reference to my tittle in the book Tha African Powerhouse, "Present Pays", planning is sort of a hindrance to the obvious rewards and collections life has set in one's path. I am happy I found my one formula and stuck with it even when the answer was not correct. When Rossi is on a corner, he gets adrenaline from putting his knee closer to the gravel with his fist wrapped round the gas gears at the front. That is a formula of negotiating a corner when using Rossi's rulebook; you could see that he practiced this every time he cut a corner, every time. With my homework, it is so obvious that I should have picked one formula, the English formula, the correct answer. Here I am with my knees close to the gravel, rubber burning me cutting my last corner, cheers Valentino Rossi: Formula 1.

That year 2016

At the brink of 2016, especially on financial matters, physical fitness, and family were the core attributes that were on most people's schedules. Training for some is like tea and bread in the morning, tagging the jogs and runs become the norm without forgetting gym routines. Nevertheless, why is everyone not as fit? I would suppose this has always been the story at every start of every year for such a long

time. What am sure is when January hits, the usual complaining starts and before you know it, everyone is singing this song so nicely. It turns to a synchrony all of a sudden and January becomes a month where members of the bar start testifying of how they will quit the bottle, only to find them two weeks later in their usual buzz and frenzy, trashing their resolutions after deepening their pockets with January's salary. .It is also the month the little ones are excited of how they will move out of their now boring classroom to a new classroom.

Coming to think of time, billionaires in this time and era should invest some money into this time travel thing. For sure, people would pay for the most awkward of reasons. Some for adventure and others for the thrill of time travel and others to escape the trying times of this century. Competition sparks negativity in some of us. For one, it is a major slayer for innovation, a kryptonite so strong that it blinds most of us and we veer off-track. Take a scenario where, a group of ten people put in a dark room with three boxes, only one containing one lottery number, confusion and conflict would be the usual spectacle to take place. With the problems we have, competition kicks in and everyone tries to be the winner. All the same, with innovation, ideas come out of the least expected people living in the most unexpected of places. I believe what we enjoy in this century, especially the tech mostly came out of ideas, and solutions developed over a period. Innovation is a key cog that still keeps the wheel going. Planes, cars, bicycles all

came from ideas. With cars, there is this vintage cartoon called The Flintstones, where Flintstone, the main character, used his feet as gas. Such illustration is an indicator of how innovations could be developed to represent a time in the past. The show premiered on September 30, 1960 and it captures the social orders of the early man. It is through the integration of technology and history that current and future generations learn the means by which the early man was practical in their operations as illustrated by Flintstone using legs to drive and brake the crude vehicle. Innovation in this case bridges the gap between timelines.

Between the month of June and July, people start racing against time to complete their bucket list three months into the New Year. Here is where all the muss is, most of our peeps sway away from their resolutions as the year gains momentum. We have the entrepreneurs or may I say the Jimmies' who appear to aid numerous businesses with the intention of making a lot of money. In the end, such adapt to becoming conmen in the later months of the year most probably after their deals went sour, leaving you in an aura of hope after being shown the loopholes in the land of demand and supply. Nonetheless, the moneyman is among the worst procrastinator known to earth, preferably matching the so-called aliens' astronomers have from time immemorial looked for and with the recent Mars expedition; perhaps aliens will have their way this time and invade earth.

Next in line, we have the body builders, weight loss, or body mass gainers, whichever suits them better. At least they are a bit more pragmatic than the Jimmies. The press ups, push-ups and the heavy weight lifting especially in the morning makes the latter feel fantastic during their working hours. The hardest obstacle being diet, a significant number of those who pledged to cut weight and gain muscle losing their mojo, a number of them pushing their body resolutions to the following year. Some of them push their resolutions to the following year. The ones who went through with their workouts are probably enjoying their ripped bodies in this moment, admiring their endurance every morning they leave for work. Nothing is as tough as maintaining a ripped body, the water, the vitamins, and the now routine workouts. As the Englishman would have it, one reacts in three ways after they get what they desired; they become contented, they no longer want it anymore, and lastly they want something else.

A wise man once said, “New Year resolutions are for the faint hearted, he sees no point in waiting 365 days to do something you have always wanted to do.” .He adds on and questions the legitimacy of time. Does it really exist? Time has been with us since the first day God created earth. Time is calculated on the construct where minutes and degrees combine in an arithmetic to calculate the different time zones we have in various parts of the globe. With a much deeper insight, one could wonder whether time really exists. I mean, we all know of the different time zones.

New year resolutions should be rebranded and carry a new name, everyday resolutions perhaps. The habits we try to change every new year are because of bad habits occurring in our past behaviors. I guess the truth lies in what one believes is good or bad. A question I would ask myself today is, are my habits healthy?

A coin

Coins as ancient as they are have lost their meaning in this 21st century. Most of us take coins for pocket change while others are on the look out of the thin line between a meal and a hungry stomach. They are collectors who savor the sound of the coins in their pockets, with some having a coin a good luck item. Coins serve a variety of purposes to many individuals. Coins as usual come from the coin mint in

a blend silver and iron. The first coin was minted in 700BC going by the name turtles. Facts prove the Greeks were behind the invention of the turtle. They were supreme to other empires not forgetting they also came with the Olympics. A fist bump goes to the ancient Greeks. Their social order was optimum and its functions were too top-notch. However, in Aegina, there is a place going by the name Ephesus Lydia, which claims the ownership of the first coin in the 6th Century in a small town in Circa.

In those early days, the coin was a naturally occurring pale yellow mixture of gold and silver, the mixture was then alloyed with silver and copper. The turtle coin was on one side showing the image of an elephant and a lion on the other side. It was symbolic in that since, the lion represented power and strength of the jungle and the elephant displaying the same strength and size of the animal. If all this represented the power of currency, people valued money and trading was a usual spectacle in everyday life. The first gold coin was the Persian daric and the first silver coin was known as Siglos. Coin collectors prefer Greek and Persian coins primarily because of their value. The coins date back to the era of the dinosaurs making them of much appreciated value. Such coins are indeed priceless. In the Byzantine Empire, they minted thin gold coins with a Christian cross and the faces of Byzantine Emperors; it was obvious that the head bore the faces of the then mighty rulers.

In contemporary life, the coin could cultivate a deeper meaning in that they could philosophize our routine lives: The head teaching us lessons and the tail also doing

the same. There is this game where one tosses a coin into mid-air, if the coin reveals the head you have the advantage, and if it shows the tail a disadvantage is upon you. Here, the question begs, are you head or tail? This question should run through your mind as we dwell in deep in this conversation. Once the coin is tossed, it spins a couple of times before it shows itself. I believe most of you had been in fixes before, fixes that required hasty recoveries lest consequences befall on us. Without knowing the results if positive or negative, you toss the coin up in the sky hoping for the good news. However, this is not the usual, I have both good news and bad news which one do you want to hear first type of thing, this is a matter where It is more of chance, a possibility and a bit of opportunity.

I would take a chance anytime it knocks on my door, toss my coin up high with so much vigor, and hope for good news. Nonetheless, question still remains; is it heads or tails?

Culture as we know it

What is culture? Common definitions have it as a behavior people have around each other, one's state of mind or even what makes us tick into our routine

duties. It has been with us for such a long time that it has become the norm. Fading into the web of technology and IoT in a way that socialism is becoming history. Into thin air, culture is becoming something that is discussed behind closed doors. It was back in 2009 when I happened to visit the Nairobi show, then Nairobi was a bit in tune with culture but it seemed to be more of another urban city. Culture in traditional settings was the cog that drove the functions of the day. There were seasons and there were celebrations that lasted many moons, then labor schedules were prepared and the many social classes were efficient through the stipulated frameworks. In those early times, young adults could court only during dances and to add salt to the open wound, this was under supervision from elders. The strong values instilled in them by their fore fathers gave them a drive that saw them accomplish goals and overcome obstacles with much cultural ease. It's common to hear a younger generation praise and older one on how they had a simple life unlike how it really is for them .

It is to common knowledge that what you give is what you get. In addition, with choice, what we give is by a larger significance a portion of what we get. The rewards we receive are a product of our own doing. Rewards are classified into two ways, either extrinsic or intrinsic rewards. Extrinsic being materialistic in things like money, cars, and houses and intrinsic rewards being what is found deep in

ourselves within on the other hand is what lies deep in us, that fuel so rich in energy and enthusiasm. Pride and honor is what you get as, knowledge is acquired and courage manifests itself afterwards, a juice so strong that some achievements are almost unthinkable. A precious gift that is close to impossible to harness. It could be because of the energy input required for the near-roof achievements. Gone are the days where professors, inventors and scholars made the front page for some long-term or discovery they made. These actually do not exist in modern print. They would rather put up images of politicians and the order of events in a country. On the other hand, maybe, this could be our time as writers to forge the path for our elite brothers and sisters to shine! I could imagine the excitement it was when the first automobile was first invented ? That tingle is what I am talking about. Wall Street, politics, and war stories stole the first news page, with the media houses getting that fat cheque. As much as we are growing and diversifying our world, some sanity would serve as a nice topping with a cup of tea would do good. I mean Isaac Newton got his quite successful law, still used to date while sitting under an apple tree. Intrinsic rewards gives us the concentration needed to be creative at the most infinite levels, art is also an intrinsic reward, something so strong it touches the minds and hearts of millions after its immediate consumption. Medicine by now should have a cure

for cancer or even HIV, leave alone the dreaded Covid-19. Culture as the word sounds simple is surely intriguing.

In our country Kenya today, this extrinsic vibe is maiming generations by the day. It has brought disunity among such a beautiful people, bringing to knees a place warmed with over 42 ethnic tribes. What happened? Is it greed? Is it dishonesty? I could claim that all this are a side package of waywardness. We should make use of the little genius that is God-given in each and every one of us. Innovations are what should be making the front pages in our daily newspapers as much as the new info that keeps the globe going round and round. Then and only would pupils and students in our current education systems would be much more vested in knowledge and arts opposite to what they are up to today. Time has come to stand firm and clear all the negative air. Take responsibility of whom you vote in the coming 2022 elections.

Widen your horizons as you get to enjoy your intrinsic rewards, rising to the discoveries of this 21st century (not forgetting the vaccine to this dreadful Corona menace), perfecting those of past centuries and creating an intellectual society rich to the core. Nevertheless, remember, it is all a matter of choice and energy input.

Africa as they know it

Since the beginning of time, Africa was still the black continent. Home to the dark pigmented race, a place filled with thick potent cultural heritage. The thick forests, the mighty rivers, and the mornings full of mist add a golden ribbon to this beautiful continent called Africa. Africa dates back to the biblical times in a

timeline where .Kings would travel for kilometers to meet other Kings in distant lands. Egypt is in the bible quite a number of times; King Solomon is mentioned to have visited the nation. I wonder if that part above Egypt in our today's map is part of Africa. I mean there is no water body that separates Africa and Saudi Arabia. Looking more at the world map, one could see the correlation between Israel, Egypt, and Saudi Arabia. Anyone knowing the concept of cosmic perspective could weave a hypothesis from the positioning of these three lands. Africa is really a continent to discover.

Egyptians built pyramids with such sophistication that they still stand tall to this very day. Then, in those days who would have thought pyramids would be a major tourist attraction and an area of deep research? Looks like we still have the tools and zest to rebuild the once great continent, shattered even before the word continent existed to the elite? I wonder what other civilizations were framed. Anyway, here we are, still struggling to salvage what they left behind after they gave us independence, stuck in deep debt. Or maybe it is fate, we import second hand stuff and wear them with a hindsight of how developed we have become. Could be that all our wealth was and still is slipping through our swollen fingers. And by wealth i mean the slaves we lost through sea, the traditional healers, the rain makers, the sacred priests, and still today, Africans working

overseas. However, with the signing of treaties and sporting events across the world, the migration became harmonious. Nonetheless, east or west home is best.

In our leadership spheres, our elected leaders are fighting each and every day: running in and out of courts chest thumping of who's mightier than the other, wooing masses working their magic money to almost every African. These are people with no idea what they want ;nevertheless having power in their hands to change destinies of bloodlines they even not sure will exist. After independence various men and women were left with the duty of leading nations to prosperity. This sought of brought differences to the infant nations: more like the struggle was now handed over to the citizens of the various states. Power was given to African elite at the time and I believe the colonizers had his best interest at heart for the African people; maybe Africa was not ready for such power, political differences emerged out of nowhere and a new cold war came to be. Civil wars became the new struggle for Africa to date after integration of previous traditions. Look at Congo and other civil war bed ridden countries: Both the government and the traditional rebels were after one thing, development. If you ask me, I could say all we are doing is proving how primitive we are: Africa as they know it. I salute and honor the legend Bob Marley. At a time Zimbabwe was crawling on its belly and this great reggae artist united the two rival politicians causing mayhem and showed them the truth ,the light. Why

bring so much conflict yet all this is for the people of one nation? This might be a hard pill to swallow: take the case of the pestle, mortar, and the grain. The pestle cannot grind the grain on its own, same way the mortar cannot grind the grain on its own. Economies woven since time immemorial are fading by the day. What if they went by the example of the pestle and mortar and worked hand in hand to sift the grain into flour and feed its people? One Gaddafi had a dream of uniting Africa, a super-power of its own. Our very own Martin Luther King! Bet you have noticed, African voices are the loudest all over the globe. You now get the whole idea...Civil wars should stop and folks should take the example of the pestle and the mortar: work hand in hand with aim of waking up this sleeping giant.

The Breakthrough

As I was travelling one early morning, enjoying the mist as the soft sunrays hit deep in my skin. A thought suddenly struck my mind. How do underdogs cope, everyday living in the hope of making it one day: a day they finally get their big break? Working to their very best to beat big fishes in the humongous rat race. As the mist cleared and the fresh air was felt in my nostrils, I realized that I too was in

the rat race, an idea I did not like, even to this date. I mean man is supposed to be free from his everyday struggles. Free from this economic stimulus that keeps governments on their toes. This is the way man was supposed to live, free at heart, body, and soul. This rat race thing has a few enemies here and there me included: nonetheless, there are elites coming up with laws to beat it, I have gone through the famed law of attraction that states all you have to do is wait, listen to the vibrations and everything you desire to have will swing itself right before your eyes. Am not sure how that works for you but for me: here I am typing my thoughts trying to wake the underdogs. The power is in those hands; this menace nicknamed the rat race depletes the magic in you and makes you believe you are capable of anything: A beast that fears nobody and bites anyone challenging with so much vigor. The funny thing is, deep inside is a scared little notion that is just scared of facing it's fears and growing out of this monetary illusion also known as the rat race. It is about time the underdog faced the imperfections that surround and be free at heart, soul, and mind. It is about that time to stand tall. Time to break through!

Labels that define

We humans say perfection is similar to the fabrication of a glass, which is blown to take various shapes, designs, and sizes. That is indeed perfection. Over centuries, the human race has been known to chase this idea in almost every aspect of their life, from education, to lifestyles, to relationships, and in our workspaces. We all want the best for ourselves; there is always this demagogue at the end of every new

endeavor that is ready to scale the perfection card. How high is your score? Is it worth of my time? Should I proceed or should I just mark it as, 'below standard' and continue the adventure of seeking perfection. Why shouldn't I continue pursuing this so-called perfection and blossom from it? I have the right to such elegance and class. I want to flaunt these newly acquired skills or gifts to the world. The particular item or person is stretching to greater heights, a virtue that is hidden from you the perfect self. That demagogue rather cheated on you. There is nothing close to perfection in our daily endeavors and since the beginning of the human race; those acquired skills you flaunt are just as fragile as the glass itself. In fact, those scores on your scorecard become an inverse of reality as soon as we hit the big red button. Let us take a good example of the business sector. After scaling and perusing through opportunities: testing the laws of demand and supply and filling our scoreboards, we feel like some CEO of somewhat huge company that is yet to be. The mind goes on this mirage and there you are living in a huge mansion with servants all over, driving expensive cars and having the best life has to offer.

Talking of dreams and possibilities.

Some of you by now have this great distaste in their mouths .Maybe this is the most pessimistic article I have read in a long time. Well, you are done with scaling and filling your scoreboards. I have something special waiting for you. The main theme in being successful people globally is something known as growth. This is

their scorecard. They are not interested in labels and tags or rather; they do rather not do labels. By labels, I may mean stereotyping of individual traits. This is the demagogue am talking about. We have our dear sisters owning themselves as divas, a label that is supposed to make them feel perfect and satisfied with their way of livelihood. When the big red button is pushed, all we see is the vulnerability of our dear sisters which if challenged turns to aggression. I see no cringed person in that, I see a hurt sister. Growth in the size of the mustard seed and it needs to be stretched to the extremes possible for us to get the right scores, not letting labels shade who we truly are. Thank me later!

Tribesmen

Tribes have been core units of societies since time immemorial. Back boning the native human in his place. Tribes lost meaning in the modern scene or rather everyone is in a tribe of his/her own. Let us go back to the times of our ancestors' time and see how tribes worked to their favor and preference. A tribe is a group of people living together and has rules or traditions that keep them together. You may wonder how this people fused into one common folk. Ever heard of the Swahili saying 'haba na haba hujaza kibaba', that is how they did it back in the day. Have

you ever thought of how those people spent their days? Moving all over: skins covering their nakedness, turning to roots and barks for medicine, cleansing rituals and special sittings for elders. Envision a tribe in the capacity of a big ball moving with supersonic speed crushing walls of neglect, barbarism and all that slime present in those days. Solid fusion that got stronger by the day and even stronger from generation to generation. Each member of each society readily put their foot on the ground and brought forth desired fruits.

Where did we go astray? Could be the money, the internet, or the lifestyle and everyone forgetting to claim a tribe of his/her own? It does not make sense unless you are nuts or rather in this turmoil that will end only, in the grave. What if we paid attention to the gray haired folks who have seen it all? Paper chasing is the excuse we give them old folks and shrug them off. Building castles and beating our chests of how great we will be: A system that holds enough reason to detach the elderly cords and go get it with their age mates. Forming tribes that are fragile than feathers from a chicken. These old frames as we call them were not born old, they had their time, and they danced jolly swinging their hips and bodies from side to side. Those gray eyes are like slides: one can play a blockbuster movie if it were possible. The tribesman is now standing as steady as water like never waiting

patiently for that one wise or rather lucky youth to feed curiosity and quench thirst of the generations. Will you take the bold step and get replenished?

Beating Addiction

Tiny monsters cross our minds from time to time with an effort of luring us back to any dangerous habit. Addiction comes in many forms. One can be hooked to something in his or her life to an extent it crashes dreams into many small pieces. It is peculiar to note that the larger majority is fully aware of their disease. What stops them from cutting down the habit is procrastination. Procrastination is what eats up the young talent and crumbles humongous mountains built by our fathers in their time. This thing of pushing decisions until later might be detrimental to our success stories. It is easy to spot a drunk claiming it was their last drink until they become sober again and repeat the same phrase, with an echo of laughter stuck in their throats. Claiming it is the last drink to taste. What deprives us of the liberty to cut off such unhealthy habits is the unwillingness to accept change.

It is change that could save us from this sinking ship. Once you accept change and appreciate the new environment then you will have no room for procrastination.

That chorus of waiting until next time will cease with time, as the cravings subside. The confusing thing with addiction is that it bears the two sides of the sword. There is one, which is positive while the other is negative. Folks having positive addiction might be walking on a thin rope. It is so because addiction brings an imbalance to the normal functioning of life. For instance, we see people addicted to their careers to an extent they lose the human touch. They might marry in their late forties due to increased focus in their professions. I call it being over-ambitious. I could bet every one of us would be joyous to see their great grandkids. A true blessing, I would want that. We have to balance life or nature will do it for us in the most unfair way.

Addiction is defined as being hooked to drugs or booze. However, it covers a large pool of ideas. Success depends from person to person; nevertheless, imbalance might cause issues in other aspects of life. So how do we beat addiction? For starters, the will to change and experience life on a completely new scope helps as a stepping-stone to recovering lost glory. This will take you through the first step. Mind you, this applies to any sort of addiction. A recent survey conducted in Kenya revealed that 60% of the population is youth. Ninety percent of that youth is hooked to something. Actually, the abuse of street drugs like cannabis has upsurged as of recent years. Even though it has been legalized in the Western countries, it remains a dangerous drug. Changing or meeting up new circles too can

bring a significant difference. Addiction is a habit. Breaking the habit by engaging to new environments reduces the cravings, as one is alert to gathering and absorbing new information. A new circle translates to new ideas and adventures. Let us join hands and beat addiction.

N.B. If Symptoms Persist, Seek Medical Advice!

Courage, Resilience, and, solving problems.

I always say old people have an advantage when it comes to identifying and solving problems. Their eyes have surely seen it all. All they do is reflect on past situations and answers pop out of nowhere, accurate answers mind you. That is what we term as wisdom. Wisdom is achieved through working a carefully detailed insight over a specified period depending on the cognitive capacity of the individual. Young people happen to be spontaneous in what they do. They resist the urge to take time to master the art. Nevertheless, teens tend to hasten their pace as they aspire to reach their goals missing them by a massive margin. Mastering

the art of solving issues is a thing we should incorporate in our daily lives.

Problems have dragged down numerous talents down the drain. A friend of mine who happens to be a doctor once told me once of how his peers drank themselves silly as they attended their annual conferences. I promised him I would not turn into such derailing habits.

As of recent times, stress is common to the collective youth. Life is throwing huge turmoil in their direction: They lack identity of their own and are mixed up in flares of society, entertainment, business, and the corporate sector. In fact, we as writers have a hard time finding our voice in the society. Away with that for now. What is making us have a rise in pressure is the desire to achieve more at a young age. Honestly, it is ideal to make it at a young age. I contemplate the young heroes categorized as Top 30 under 30 in Kenya. Such individuals are in the process of success. In fact, the rat race is not their type of thing. I believe the rat race is an ideology created by Robert as a marketing strategy with aim to increase sales for his book Rich Dad Poor Dad. It is unfortunate to attain a college degree and continue to burn under the scorching sun tarmacking your way out of misery. Education is the root foundation of success, I could not agree more. However, why does it pay less? A couple of youth are quitting jobs in an attempt to catapult their

dreams. Why should you work in a complete circle of 8 hours, a whole week, with papers and reports all over the desk? I would call such long-term problems.

So how do we solve such issues? Schedules form unbreakable patterns. Giving yourself a healthy break, which, is essential for overall health. Fatigue from following activities in line with one's goals and career choices will be carried to the following day. We need to take stress as a mental illness that requires an immediate attention. In this life, we are meant to be happy at least most of the time.

Another reason we are abled differently to make it possible to compact and socialize with each other. If you ask the noble folks, they will tell you of the times they fell down dusted themselves, and got back and filled their deep pockets again. It is about time we rose up to our problems and exterminate them as if they never existed. It takes a lot of courage to free yourself from such a financial mess. The hardest first step is accepting that you in that situation. Admitting it is the most difficult yet the largest gateway to a manifestation. After passing those hurdles, we get to realize how small of an issue it was a minute ago.

Courage and a dose of resilience are the driving forces behind such an enthusiastic breakthrough. Many think a smart mind is the only thing one needs that can go around an issue. It can get you through some but not as many as courage would. In our scopes of influence, it should be a priority to stand up to one's beliefs and principles. Taking a step in this direction is a big plus in this game of life. Finding

bearing fueled by resilience makes a successful person stay successful. Overall, we should embrace such courage and resilience as we seize uncountable opportunities that are before us. Let us solve these problems with a dose of resilience.

The Destructive Man

Box

In these modern times, men are still trying to adapt to the traditional identity of being a real man. The man box, to me is a cage men put themselves into convincing ourselves it is the ideal way to grow into the descriptions of the real man. In the past, a man was meant not to show any emotions, of which if he did, he could have been considered a man of less stature; a trait that would make him appear less as compared to the other 'real men' out there. This box requires men to be controlling, aggressive, and competitive. It teaches them to be better than the rest through ways such as achieving status, wealth, and power. It is dangerous as men now live on the edge suppressing their relational capacities. Studies reveal the

man box destroys any rational connections we would have with society, which would lead to inequality with the opposite sex. I think this is the century we should consider looking into this notion dubbed the man box.

It is typical to see women groups lobbying for their rights in different parts of the world. It is funny to see such campaigns knowing that it is similar to chasing a rabbit around a track without prior knowledge you are the prey. It is useless to champion for women rights and at the same time push away male dominance brought about by the man box. See, the deal here is this particular box has instilled thoughts of women being inferior to men: thus, they need to be controlled. Women on the other hand, rise outraged to fight such oppression causing chaos. In addition, we all know women, they go zero to a hundred very quick. It could be a reason they are said to have a knack in multi-tasking. The man box is to blame for such behavior, as we have defined men in certain aspects and women in other aspects. Generational adults repeatedly tend to confuse young adults into conforming to frameworks they designed themselves as some sort of attribute. A famed quote says, "Anything a man can do, a woman can do better." Such quotes torment men into depression, heart disease, loneliness among other defects. Told you, we are the ones being hunted thinking we are chasing the predators.

The social and moral disparities we have in our societies make our identities invincible. We have heard Beyonce sing about how girls rule the world. Words like

these coming from an international role model are an illustration of the man box.

The inequalities brought about by the man box have mystified the gender relation between the different sexes. As of recent times, even in our country Kenya, women believe they still hold the keys to a better future. Yes, they are our mothers, sisters, and aunts but where does this leave the men folk? They have seen men struggle to fit in the man box and encouraging thoughts of them being superior. Ladies please, do not think in the line of thought that encouraging us is not good we do need the affection. Men have been pushed into achieving success and dominance making them neglect their relational connections making them get a stunted sort of growth and development that would see them struggle in their later years. With such a natural flow, the idea of women dominating over the women folk would be an idea of the past.

The man box evidently is among the root causes to a majority of societal problems today. In Kenya, this notion of male dominance and supremacy has fogged our minds into putting the women at the forefront and consciously ignoring the efforts of our men. For instance, the stance of Kenya having a woman occupy the office of the Chief Justice is an example of the natural flow of a healthy society. During an announcement of the Kenya Certificate of Primary Education (KCPE), it happened that in our locality there were two toppers in the national examination. A boy and a girl, the boy achieved a slightly higher mark than the girl achieved, but received no

accolades at all. He was told to be a man and prosper into high school. The girl on the other hand received praises from her teachers; and all this time, the boy is looking with his over 425 mark already thinking of how to transform into a man. He is contented with the fact that the girl is receiving praise. He is supposed to be a man. See, the man box has already derailed the society prompting it to see the female gender as inferior. The good grades achieved by the girl were unexpected by the society, making it applaud her achievement to a larger margin as compared to the better grades the boy received.

Consequently, such reaction has driven our men into a great deal of depression luring them into the dark shadows of alcohol and substance abuse. In Kenya today, a majority of youth are drowning themselves into liters of booze due to two opposing notions. With men, not conforming to societal expectations leading to rejection and the growing love for the bottle. As for women, comparing their achievements to the achievements of their male counterparts promulgates the same dominant characteristic the man box implicates on us as men. They feel the power and dominance prompting them to adopt behaviors of other successful men. It makes them feel more comfortable and more powerful after the long support for the man box notion. However, nature depicts a different role for men and women. Men are purposed to bring support to the woman who brings in the sense of balance. We were created to co-exist and embrace the differences each of us has.

For the longest time in history, the man box mantra has been ringing in our ears destroying generation to generation. It has reached a point where our women are being pushed into believing the notion with the belief they are making it in life. By beating dull men in academics, entertainment, and corporative capacities, women champion for their prowess in achieving goals sticking to the claim they can do better than men do. However, this is not the case; the ugly side of the man box will soon catch up to them and re-possess any ill will done to the boy child.

President Uhuru Kenyatta on June 1 2019 affirmed the rising cases of depression and femicide in the country. I believe the demands of becoming a real man are to blame for such high numbers. The man box mantra could be eradicated if we both male and female gender broke the rules conforming the transition into manhood. Empowering the male child would go a step further in empowering their relational connections. It is a sad affair for a man aged above 50 years still fighting the notion of him being a child. The creation of distinct identities and personalities would mean the creation of a diverse society with an array of resources. However, it is evident that the man box is killing dreams and potentials, it is time we stood up and slayed this dragon. Spread the word.

What if Tortoises could talk?

We used to refer to them as Mzee Kobe in our golden years; years we could never re-live but experienced with zest, a time when everyone was a bit short. I remember a time back in primary school when I got a chance to visit the famed Nairobi National Park. I was young then and I could not get a hold of myself, it was a time sleep was not important especially on the night prior to the trip. Just to be clear, that could have been the night I lost fear for the dark. Staring into the dark space waiting patiently for the light that would be a start of the most awaited day in the life of a then young boy, from the brushing of teeth to the wearing of the black shiny shoes to the boarding of the bus to Nairobi. Then, we never reared chicken; the almost natural alarm clock. Well I remember waiting for daybreak with so much anticipation that I got tired waiting and was fast asleep. I suppose we recognize this kind of sleep, the one that hammers you with the right dosage, the one that gives you a euphoria the moment you wake up.

I woke up to a rigid stupor innocently asking my mother *kama school van imeniacha*. She burst into a meek laughter knowing i had spent the better part of the night gazing into the dark ceiling. However, what can I say? It being the first time stepping into the concrete jungle, the then idealized Nairobi City. Back then, I could imagine how tall buildings were, and the massive population of the “elite folks” unlike some of us born and raised in rural areas. An opportunity to view the world from a new perspective is all that filled my head. I knew at the back of my mind that I could go back home a happy boy having seen for myself the wonders of the city. In a jiffy, I was already in my uniform sipping tea from my cup, and it was hot. I received a 1000-shillings note from my mom and left the house for the gate. As i pondered on the bizarre happenings that would later unfold, I realized i had just ditched school for a whole day, a stance of a true legend in the 90’s.

I was perplexed at its humongous size leave alone the weight, the heavy shade of brown covering its shell gave *Mzee Kobe* an authentic vintage signature old things bear. Looking at it was like looking through time. The tortoise was closing 100 years and surprisingly it is still going on with its life. Well, the large size obviously dictated its age, a situation similar to the girth of trees like an aged Mahogany. In Haller Park Bamburi Kenya, there lives a tale of a special bond between an Aldabra Giant Tortoise and an infant hippo separated from its herd after its birth. Surprisingly, the baby hippo assumed the tortoise to be one of its own because of

its size going on to form an unusual bond of friendship. So question begs, what was the tortoise thinking before taking in this new companion? What if the tortoise could speak? What would it have said to the baby hippo? Maybe it would be something like this, “Yeh! You clearly are lost but what the heck, I’ll hang with you, we could learn a thing or two.”

In society today, we interact with various personalities each carrying a different vibration. See thing is we carry frequencies that are unique to us, which obviously is what we term as personality. I am made to believe a man sitting on a bench in the park for a day would experience different shades the human race has. Same instance as the tortoise. The creature at most lives for 100 years, an age that is almost timeless. So what if it could speak and tell us the secrets to a longer life? Could it be the fragility that beckons in its every move? Or, maybe it is the shell only allows the head and limbs out in the open. Perhaps we should learn its language and coarse it to reveal the dos and don’ts of this so-called life. Nevertheless, we could take a few cues from its behavior in the wild.

A tortoise to start with is a slow steady animal. In the famed story of the hare and the tortoise, the hare ends up losing the race despite the odds being in his favor and him using trickery. With such results, it is evident that with success there is more to wits and sweat. The hare got the speed, the limbs, and of course, the energy to win any marathon the animals of the jungle set up. So how does this heavy slow

tortoise win the race against all odds? Well, the simple reason is that the tortoise knows its limitations. It knows what it can do and what it cannot do. A majority of us tend to overlook this part and end up burning out in a race that was never even meant to be theirs in the first place. By getting ahead of your limitations, determination sets in and maybe somewhere in between one gets to know when to stop. In comes the growth aspect of this equation. Adopting a growth mindset would help one advance their pursuits thus limiting their disadvantages all together. Nevertheless, remember, knowing your limitations is where the roller coaster sets off. Maybe that is where the part where the notion of a wise tortoise comes into play.

At the National Park, looking on as the tortoise chewed grass; we locked eyes for a second or two. For sure, it did notice the curiosity burning through my eyes, until this day, I still ask myself, “What if tortoises could talk?”

Present Pays

Well, the year 2019 sure has been a year and a half. From major achievements to challenges, nonetheless, I have learned a thing or two. I have, primarily on time. Time might be an illusion by itself if you come to think of it. We struggle to let go of the past yet it is the past. In addition, we come to hope for a better future. We toil every day in anticipation of a better tomorrow. Are we living life? Are we the people we were destined to be or did we just fade away in thin air? I suppose some of you are out there pursuing their dreams: Already sitted in that big corner office and with that magnificent view. A trait with successful people is that they tend to live in the present. For instance, artists compose their art in the moment. It just happens! It could take a second or even a week. Some call it a zone. Singers would go ahead and create their music in relation to the daily experiences they go through.

Living in the present has its benefits. You get to complete the circle of life. By not worrying about the future and letting go of the past you can make a leap into greater heights. This helps an individual to create new circles and deepen existing ones. The present deserves time for chance to play out. Successful people manage

their time accordingly. No wonder they have time to play golf all day. See my point! Working in the now saves you time to relax and have a good time to enjoy life. Keeping in mind their daily hustles are doing fine. The money is working for them. To manifest fully, letting go of the past is a crucial step, it is so with a mind of creating room for new beginnings. Why not live in the present and achieve your destiny?

Peeking into historical books, people who discovered stuff had syndromes of the growth mindset. Taking a day as it comes, doing the very best in every second, and in every minute. Funny enough once it turns into a habit you will get to places. Thinking about the future takes away energy that could be used now for a positive cause. See, with time, the long and short arms show time unless the battery is dead. It should represent a sequence teaching us that regardless of the situation moving forward with precision would for sure bring rewards that are long lasting. Positive attributes and character will surface and stay for good. The memories will be sweeter and the moments will be more rewarding by staying in the present.

Looking at people who achieved milestones in their life, they have put the growth mindset into practice. Look at the recent inauguration of the Deputy President William Ruto. The politician laid a solid foundation over the years and it paid off having been appointed a Deputy President. This is because of taking a day at a time and by putting God Almighty first. The fact of the matter is the road to

success will be less bumpy. It is so because one will have no time for negative energy. All your attention will be focused on the present. It is time we manifest and realize that time is not here to stay. It is time to live in the now.

Trying times of a Young Man.

Well, ladies, and gentlemen, we all have our times as life throws its turmoil and we swing back at it. Well the boy child is a topic that has been on waves for the last couple of weeks since blogger Cyprian Nyakundi broke the silence in this clear dome. It is not a wonder to see young men hovering about clueless of what to do with their precious lives. Of late, the boy child has had his turmoil especially in trying to make ends meet. Social pressures of making it in life have been the main cause of such extreme measures.

It is not an uncommon scene to find a male adult between 45 and 50 stuck in massive debts trying to show off to their peers to whom they relate with in their social circles, in churches, parks, offices, and at homes. Getting that brand new Subaru, living in that posh home, and marrying a beautiful woman. All this just for reputation, a heavy burden to the men. However, it is not the usual scene with our sisters, who know how to organize themselves concerning lifestyle. I suppose our

predecessors failed to point out valuable guidelines of living as a man, see the man box. Here I am clueless of what manhood entails. However, what do we say, we do try our best to satisfy our desires and wishes. However, is this enough?

Money has been our main misfortune, balancing family life and our entertainment or rather our spendthrift ways. There is a two way with spending money, with family or with friends in reveling spots around town. There is a common phrase that goes, “Go hard or go home.” Clueless goons created such stereotypes. Yet we as learned male Kenyans follow them blindly to the pubs and obscene clubs. I mean if they came up with such slogans, why cannot we come up with new rejuvenating lines. Lines that would see future generations prosper to our simple phrases. The dinosaur generations took care of their offspring using such catchy lines. Did education corrupt our minds into this mental emancipation is what they would ask. Think about it. One is supposed to follow curriculum up to university level. Then what? Start a family, look for a well-paying job, and maybe buy a good car. As this generation would, rather work without a purpose as long as the pay is available and suits their consumer needs. The trying times of a young man.

On the other hand, as everyone knows, a problem shared is a problem half-solved. As I am fighting ruthlessly for the existence of the male species, The Kenyan government is also trying hard to stabilize such abnormalities. As of today, art classes have been integrated into the prospectus in a program dubbed competency

based curriculum (CBC). This is a plus for all of us as a nation as our creative platforms are on the move; thus, providing more opportunities for a successful livelihood amongst our youth. Maybe then, we will meet the demands of our lavish lifestyles as well as satisfying our family needs, needs that cannot be compromised.

We as young men should borrow a leaf or two from our sisters. If you have noticed, it is easier to see a young maiden drive a German vehicle as opposed to us who grapple over used Japanese cars. Financial strength should be our core source of fuel, our tuna, and a long-lasting fuel for a matter of fact. As we, all know financial discipline will iron out the issues the boy child is facing. Think of it in the same way, as a math guru was supposedly likely to ace all the other subjects. Get that mullah and save the reputation of the male species. Make those necessary deals and make ends meet. Let us ease the burden we carry on our backs. Save the boy child especially during these trying times. Innovation through sports might work wonders. It has been a long time coming for this great country to feature in the upcoming World Cup. It is about time we rose to the occasion and slayed this vice called corruption in our great country. Rise to the occasion and save the boy child. The trying times of a young man, when will we be free?

Ink is Mightier than the Gun

Here we are again, but this time we are discussing on diversity and how networking could save a day. I am sure you have heard the phrase, “The pen is mightier than the sword,” That is the case and we will discuss some of the details below. How is the ink mightier than the gun? We are aware of how strong and dangerous the gun is and maybe some have seen the damage that comes along with it. Every time we see a gun we sort of flinch especially if it is with a goon or even more a robber.

The pen on the other hand, is shrill and it is easily broken using two hands, and runs out of ink similar to the gun running out of ammunition. Something that is the most usual thing, so what makes the ink from a pen mightier than the gun? Am made to believe the pen is mightier in a way that it accomplishes enormous struggles than the most advanced weapons on this earth. Most wars end up with millions of casualties and destruction. What does the shrill pen do then to stand

against such might and power? Remember, the pen has written millions of words that later became powerful and later on stopped wars and battles. Treaties have been signed using simple pen and ink, as there was no gunpowder that could do such duties even after being mixed with any type of solvents.

Therefore, we have seen a practical reason as to why to stick to the claim as stated in the title. Secondly, let us take a more philosophical approach to the subject at hand. At most times in our lives, we get to think big guns are the only way we can win a war whatsoever the case. It is a common belief to think that in all manner of situations whether big or small big guns remain a solution. Think about it, the mindset that immediately comes before facing a particular task, or even something one has never done before, a new challenge. We all think that facing the giant with all the weapons in the arsenal. For instance, the Bible talks about King David slaying his giant Goliath. See the success that followed slaying Goliath, the funny thing is, he had to conquer his giant for him to see and get the pot of gold at the end of his rainbow. King David rose to the occasion faced his Goliath and slayed his fears. He even got to be king and his descendant Solomon also became King. Because of such illustration, it is by fair conclusion that the ink is mightier than the gun.

On the lighter side, the ink itself serves as a solution in relation to physics. We know a little bit of viscosity in relation to physics. In addition, we know something

about streamlining, right? Well the ink in a pen is by far the most powerful ally man could get. It has not always been ink; remember the early man had his way of communication with the assistance of art, which is ancient. The carvings from stone were made as they represented a culture during their time of existence. Being hunted by dinosaurs and the running away from other large creatures was surely something. Especially the hunting thing, I can again bet that only a small percentage of the modern man could catch a then wild rabbit. I really appreciate our ancestor's culture, especially their way of living. Now understand the conversation better. Ink is mightier than the gun.

In this moment

Moments shared are memories made, as most would have it. This moment we relish alone or with our friends or even life partners is the defining moment to future engagements. How you play your cards really has it for you, a jack of all cards or rather that one card person, who rather plays the game safe. Well, it is all up to you, since all the output is actually the response one had to put in. Memories are the engines behind the laughter and joy as we interact with those we share relationships.

Still, this could be an anchor to moving forward as an individual, memories fade too however good they are. Times being primal, moments are too. Think of that good memory you have, that one good that keeps replaying in your mind. That one sort of expunge dopamine all over the body rejuvenating your senses. What of the bad memories? The ones that linger on top of our heads when we are solid drunk. What really transitions in such a case is one regrets past actions and expects a different present reaction for a better future. It does not go as to plan.

The future is supposed to happen, it is not a matter of planning about the future, or even the present, in fact, the past is the only part of our lives that was planned.

Both the present and the future are spontaneous, as the moment is supposed to fill one with adrenaline and wilt in readiness for the next hour or even minute.

Back in time, my old folks used to tell me of how they would travel kilometers barefoot just to have a snapshot, this one in particular would be hung in the table room for everyone to remember the moment. As of today cameras are all over from the smartphones to the advanced cameras, companies like Nikon have innovated. This lays more emphasis on the current situation, sieving the good present into a memorable past, a past with no flaws, a past with no hitches, a good past to remember.

The point is to lay more emphasis on the moment, the now and keep good memories locked in some safe spot at the back of our minds. Our past does matter. Even though we treasure some memories, it does not mean it should pull us back, better memories are yet to be lived. As I close take into consideration, what you are doing now as well as what you will be doing next, that is what counts. The one two three, have a nice day!

Leading Operation Young

There is this wave all over the country proclaiming the rise of young people. Recently leaders started to campaign looking to have authority within the borders of the nation. Everyone around the country is talking about leaving something for the youngest generation. This is a drive behind most Kenyans in this time and age, me included, am doing this for my kids too. Hence, operation young has been with us for quite a long time only that culture and society is put under the bus and the smart devices on our wrists. This is the century where technology robbed us blind. Nonetheless, it is possible to create a way out of this wireless dome of energy that has choked the earth of its tradition and its natural order.

Well, the young person sure does have a lot to prove to achieve a higher social statute. In light to this, a hashtag ifikie wazazi trended for almost a week. This one in particular exposed the young generation on the sinful acts they engage with their peers. It is a shame to witness young people acting like puppets yet they have

brains. Nonetheless, I suppose this is only a small margin as compared to the rest, the rest who are breaking sweat to leave a mark in every area they engage. Funny thing is, I overheard someone say of how his kids had better come packaged with helmets in their hands, ha ha! What a bad joke!

Discipline ceased at a time the Kenyan government made caning illegal. In our days, the cane was my undisputed mate. It was as if we were in a cordial relationship, everywhere I went, and the cane followed my shadow. If I was asked, that law to be specific should be abolished if Vision 2030 is to be realized. The current generation is under siege from these claws of social injustices. Gone are the days where a young person belonged to the community. Days where the young adults could get punished by any adult that came across their misconduct. Days whereby communities thrived in all social capacities, the old relish this days as they rekindle how young they felt then. We should too enjoy our youth!

What must we do as more mature generations? Are we to shine light to these blind youngish ones? Yes, in fact we should hold their hands as so what was done to us when we were at that stage in life. With no wisdom of what was happening, jumping from one possibility to another like young kangaroos, and drunk with knowledge we got from school. Arguably, they are not to blame, we are. Parents have become too selfish with their time, most preferring to consume career and money forgetting their primal role of raising families. We should start a campaign

to enlighten current and future parents on the relevance of family. As the Englishman would have put it, "Charity begins at home."

This operation young should be a campaign that should include every member of the society. Let us save this promising generation from the bitter claws of society. It was a sad agenda when suicide became a viable option in Chuka University as two students choose to end their lives after succumbing to pressures of their surrounding environments. Operation young should turn from a mere idea and into reality, hand in hand salvaging what is left of the timeless young generations.

Differences make us Beautiful

Differences have been shaking the country. Recently after getting closure on the famed handshake between our President and the official opposition leader, Kenyans can now breathe as they let out sighs that have been stuck deep in our guts for such a long time. Since the inauguration ceremony of Raila Odinga at Uhuru Park, there has been tension from both sides especially after the deportation of Miguna Miguna. However, having the coolest president in Kenyan history, all this went behind us, and the famed handshake symbolized a fresh start.

Currently, Kenyans are in a jovial economic mood, everyone now indulging into business without a tone of regret of what happened in previous months. Despite the flash floods, Kenyans are sure peace will be something they will enjoy for a long time. So, why didn't we break into civil war like other African countries? Why didn't we break over our differences? It is by far a better agreement with the setting in of the Building Bridges Initiative (BBI) between leaders across the

country. We as Kenyans have amongst us the most diversified cultural traits in the continent, boasting of 43 tribes. Today being Wednesday the 21 2021, the handshake between President Uhuru Kenyatta and Official Opposition Leader Raila Odinga saved the country from a catastrophe.

Differences are what happened; the beauty of our differences stuck us together like glue. Some sort of insecurity turn cohesion. Everyone minded their business, as usual, caring for our neighbors, and sharing opinions on a perspective basis unlike the previous years, our differences made us beautiful. In addition to the famed handshake, the two leaders agreeing to put the past and the 2022 succession behind them: a new dawn has just set in. A dawn spearheaded by devolution, Kenya is undoubtedly scaling up from a third world country. Singapore at a time was at par with Kenya's economy, why are they among the leading economies?

Devolution as the Deputy President said, should level downwards and not upwards as some opposition, leaders had it. Citizens need some motivation to keep them on toes, and devolution is doing precisely that. Take an example of a teenager with outstanding soccer skills, before devolution; the particular teenager had to climb some steep ladder for his dreams to morph to reality, no wonder some generations are stuck in dark drinking dens. With devolution in the country, a footballer with an adopted growth mindset, would play ball through his years and later become a professional star.

Kenya is bearing too many different shortcomings, in the end, it will get to overrun them and create something beautiful. Shining in athletics, and rugby, which plays in the seven series. Point to note: The Rift is about athletics; foreign sport stakeholders' and investors flood the area poaching talent. That is how devolution will work countrywide. What a country it will be! Every citizen will display skills and ability that devours any social injustices. The ongoing devolution conference is putting all these variables in one pot, one pot where investors will quickly get what they need to push the country forward. The Differences that make us beautiful!

Reminiscing on the Past

Has it ever come across maybe a situation should not have gone the way it did? On the other hand, perhaps it was not meant to be the way it looks at the present. All these questions are some among many that we develop after making a mistake in the past. Dwelling in the past has a likelihood of not living through experiences as expected. Such keep on looking at the rear mirror imitating perfection, igniting the ego, and blinding purpose.

As the saying goes, “Perfection is as brittle as glass,” so are the people trying to live in the past. It is not unusual to see such having anger turn depression in those who dwell in a fixed mindset. The latter envisions a goal and work towards it with no distractions. However, success is not a guarantee as seen in the growth mindset. Since most of them assume they deserve the accolades they might have gotten if they won the first time. However, that is not the case. Once a door closes, another one supposedly opens. Perfection and human nature are parallel to each other, and to err is too human, you get it? Perfection is not something to chase, no matter how enticing it looks.

What is the solution? Shatter that rear mirror if you have to. The windscreen is much clearer and it is right in front of you! Adult humans have the tendency of looking back as they work on the present, and I quote the Bible, “The kingdom of heaven belongs to those with hearts are of children.” What does this statement imply? I suppose some of you are wondering how lucky kids are, not my point at

all. See with infants; there is no past they turn their heads to, they live in the present and enjoy every minute of them being short.

Reminiscing on the past is like wearing an old tattered cloth that cannot give you dignity. Living in the past is like revealing holes from your personality nobody else knew about, deep swords cutting into your soul, tattered rags trying to cover your chest, old shoes with your toes curling out in despair. The past should stay in the past, period. Mistakes are turning into skills, heartbreaks turning to lessons, and punishments turning to enlightenment. The past is there to remind us there are yet better days ahead, a ray of hope a few, a source of inspiration to many.

Moreover, focusing on the present is equally important as it is in the future, forget, and learn from the past, as it is past tense. Moving towards tomorrow, there is a toolbox we keep on adding positive attributes we collect through our lifetime.

Keep in mind, the kit may have rusted tools that need other tools collected later.

This is a snippet of how the growth mindset works. The future belongs to the brave ones, the ones who collect tools through their lives knowing the tool kits work only to their needs and wants. Those are the real heroes. Old as I am, children are my role models, small as they are.

Decriminalizing Poverty

A typical phrase, “Justice delayed is justice denied.” I pondered over this judicial terms and thoughts of the people clinching on to hope that justice in deed will prevail in the end. Is it really justice? I mean why an individual should go to law

school for close to six years then turn into a barbaric law enforcer after they pass the bar. Well, today, I would flush all that down the drain.

Thing is, I pondered on the thought of how a chicken thief is stoned near to the point of death while a rich man goes to court and gets away with crime. Where is integrity? When did the sovereignty of the judiciary expire? Such questions are just among the many questions asked by the citizens of Kenya. I have to mention the famed case regarding our very own scandals involving major state-owned organizations. In the National Youth Service (NYS) saga, a neighbor in our rural home who got dismissal from the National Youth Service (NYS) due to lack of funds at the state-owned facility. Now, to be honest, the fella comes from a humble background and this was obviously the only chance he had to save his entire clan, or what should I say not to sound rude. Still, it is the truth! To date, the case involving the culprits experienced delays and other culprits stole millions in the next National Youth Service scandal. Agencies claim that the cases take a longer time as international relations come into play. This is what we need to decriminalize. Them who take millions out of other's pockets happen to put their monies in offshore accounts creating a hectic situation for the detectives. But, hey, as long as the enforcers are doing what is right and failing in to solicit funds out of people standing at the deck. It is through the process of seeking justice on an equal measure that in deed justice is given to the chicken thief and too to the rich person.

It was the other day the President of Kenya, His Excellency Uhuru Muigai Kenyatta swore his fight with corruption, and I am with him on that.

Decriminalizing poverty is an anthem we should incorporate in our judicial systems. This past week, there was a judgment involving our very own actor, Inspekta Mwala, in the show Kona Mbaya Police Station whose charges read murder after hitting a pedestrian. Per say, am no judge but it read a fine of thirty thousand shillings or he could face a jail term of one year. The comedian come radio presenter obviously paid the thirty thousand and was cleared. So here, I ask, “What of that family that lost their loved one. Was the life of their loved one worth a jail term of 1 year? Was the 30,000 fine enough justice for their lost kin?” I am sure Thirty thousand shillings could actually amount or exceed burial preparation of the bereaved. Such an apparent scene displays a rot in the justice system.

Surprisingly, in the United States of America, the same corrupt system is eating society where a substantial number of young adults are behind bars awaiting trial. With such deductions, it is now obvious that the rich can commit a crime and pay off their sins with the disguise of cash bails. The poor person really has no pillar through which they could lean on and find comfort from the harsh realities of this modern world.

It with the utmost importance especially for the judicial system to acknowledge and admit to this thorn stuck deep in their feet. Such gullible systems should re-

structure for the benefit of all movers and shakers in the economy. With the named situations, it is next to a laughable matter that one would steal a sum of a hundred million from a government institution only to receive a cash bail of a million or two. I mean as long as this happens the world would still be in a turmoil over the inequity and corruption that crippled the society to its knees. There was this video of a man hacking another one in broad daylight simply because he had stolen a chicken. Maybe the wrath was from the famed belief that that particular tribe (Luhya) relished chicken as their favorite dish. Nevertheless, hacking one because of a mere chicken that would not exceed a thousand shillings in market value is not what justice represents. Now if this is what we call justice, what action should follow to those who pocket millions of tax money? I suggest that public stoning should become an option. I as a Kenyan citizen decry of such behavior by our so-called leaders and advocate for public stoning to any person stealing millions only to get away through the corridors of justice on a cash bail.

Still, decriminalizing poverty should be outdated as of this time. Since I was a child, i admired the Moi administration with such zest you would think I was the one running the government. Back then, even the mighty were responsive to their criminal behavior. It would not be news for a of a top government official to be headlined primarily because of graft charges. It was the norm. The government was responsive to their duties of running the country. Then, the law was the law; it

with a patriotic stench those such times should be the norm in our present times. It is by far too much of a crime that a rich person could get away with anything simply because of the availability of a cash bail, yet the poor people get the full force of the law for minor atrocities: Decriminalize Poverty.

Advertisements and Women

Yesterday being International African Writer's Day, I had to honor my predecessors by writing something that would add value to humanity.

Advertisements go back to the 1960's in American media outlets. It was during these times, the likes of Henry Ford used the chance to make a large profit out of

their shiny cars. Women in this time were in line with the easy money the business was offering. The trend followed through the 1970s without much of a fuss.

However, this new trend in women was turning them into objects that became easily brainwashed by companies that surged their profits. Women in the United States had then become targets of sexual predators. In the 60's, grown women were veterans behind the camera shots. Within a decade, small children had become the ones advertising products on television. It is indeed a fact that this was not in any case an abuse of children but it had a massive impact on the specific generation in terms of morals and character development. With the influencers, the media has played a major role in shaping who we are and what we could be in the coming days. It is typical to listen to the success story of your hero. English men claim it would be a bad idea to meet your hero, might turn out to be the worst day of your life. Especially when you realize that, you are better. Back to the media, well this people control a certain margin of people who glue themselves to the screen. With such audiences, what we see in those TV boxes of ours should regulate in a manner ensuring there is conformity across massive groups of people.

Women have since been the primal target in the advertising world. During the inception of the famed internet, a significant number of us dove right into this new technology. Gone are the ages where discoveries took decades to realize. Take the example of Albert Einstein who took to discover the formula for relativity. Such

discoveries took almost a lifetime of try and error. They had shock absorbers unlike modern one-second discoveries such as the internet and the computer. It is of recent times the likes of Richard Branson and Jeff Bezos forging in the discovery of space. With such advancements, it is quite difficult to sustain the negative bombs such discoveries hid deep inside the proprietors. In modern spheres, money has become the core reason as to why people wake up in the morning and spend sleepless nights trying to forge their way into status and recognition. Even so, the dark sides of such immediate inventions are starting to stir the same platforms that brought pride and admiration.

Women and advertisements have been a ticking time bomb ever since its inception in the early 60's. With the numerous women trying their luck in securing deals from the top executives, sexual malpractice became a secret tool in winning such prestigious roles that had massive financial benefits. For one to secure a spot, they had to pay the ultimate price with the mind that they had made it in the advertisement world. Moreover, apart from the oldest profession, women began thinning themselves to get more attractive for the brands they were to represent. Nonetheless, this later morphed into issues such as depression of the women as their bodies were not functioning in the normal stances. More so, the engagement of platforms such as Photo Shop, creating images seemed a matter that was controlled; however, the women had thinner waists as compared to their upper

parts of their body, which in biological terms is unhealthy. With the men, they tend to look bigger on screen than they appear in real life. I think time has come that we address such issues before we spoil generations with intent of making a livelihood out of the advertising profession.

In movie scenes, women tend to play a rather exaggerated role with instructions coming from the script. Because of the huge profit margins, they are willing to cross and break such moral borders with an intent of making quick cash out of the lucrative movie industry. With morals out of the window, they are willing to do anything just to increase their page viewership and likes, a sign that the bomb is no longer ticking but is just about to blow right in front of our noses. Such issues bring about the malice in our women, as some of them are willing to sabotage honest efforts of other women in the industry. So, what do we do? For such situations, we need to re-live our days with more integrity and morality and realize that our days are numbered on this earth and we should not just dwell in strain just to make a quick buck. It is through such incentives that we will forge ahead and uncage our women from standards convenient only for First-world countries. For Africa to realize its true beauty and heritage, we have to come together and preach against the dark side of advertisements. In our country, we have top celebrities engaging their babies in advertisements primarily for commercial purposes. They claim they are still children

In destroying the Man Box, the article discussed the various ways we men faced during our transition into manhood. See, these two articles become co-dependent in a way that the positives of both are extremely fruitful while the negatives are potentially destructive. See, a majority of us chase what they could think is the answer to their numerous problems starting with money, which is clearly not. Understanding who we are is core to the satisfaction we would derive from our daily escapades. With the synchronicity engulfed within the two articles this could shed light on our almost-everyday issues. However, if we disregard our current dilemma, younger generations will question us with such arrogance and hate demanding to know why we did not follow the right way, a way that has seen older generations follow and allow easy navigation into the old age. In addition, if we think we are ahead primarily because we have advanced tech, the kids already have learnt from our unjust ways of doing things.

On September 20 2019 was the start of many demonstrations championed by younger generations across the world. One Greta Thunberg, a 16-year-old from Britain rocked world leaders by instigating a worldwide strike demanding for the conservation of climate. See, in our very own Kenya, the strike shook the mighty. As it is tradition with us Kenyans finding humor in the most serious of matters, one-protester claims that the earth is getting hotter than her imaginary boyfriend is. See, where am going with this? Advertisements rather pushed us to the edge of

despair, an edge so brink that an inch either way is detrimental to the success of a generation. If the kids and young adults found power in internet technology, it is time we responsibly handle this gift and use it to find solutions for problems in our immediate environments. So, to our women folk, is advertising that much of a fuss?

With the morphing of advertisements, women are posing close to nude with the fogged notion that they would garner a larger audience translating to a larger profit margin. See, as you chase your dreams, remember that a point in time, one of your grand or even great grandchild will peruse the then advanced internet scrolling through pictures of you posing in front of those cameras as if you owned the world and reminisce on the lifestyle you could have lived during your younger days.

The Magic of Generations

It is quite unusual that we as young people dread to be in our parent's generation, yet admire, and stand strong of their grandparent's generation. For me, this has been the case for the longest time possible. I was like; how do these people age so gracefully? Did it have to do with how they lived their lives, the food they ate, the morals and ethical boundaries they instilled and adhered to or was it by sheer luck? Coming to think of it, how did man after inventing fire get to know the herbs that were free of poison? Or was it through trial and error that they sorted out the favorite herbs to eat and the favorite animals to slaughter? See, here we have two different generations each boasting of how they apparently saved their people in

that time and space. However, the earlier generations carry a little bit more practicality as compared to our parent's generation. It is right of us look up to our grandparents for advice and insight. Some time back, my grandmother claimed she follows the blue print passed down to her by her own parents and elders dating back to the 1950s. Apparently, she was justifying herself for the strenuous casual duties that she gave us her grandkids, me being dutiful in finishing her chores. She continued to tell us a hardworking man survives in any situation in his lifetime, and her being my grandmother, she expected I adhere to her words, which I did. During her wedding, regardless of her being a legend, she stood submissively next to her husband, just as her elders taught her in her youthful days. Sadly, she is late now.

Well, older generations since time in eternity have been and still maintain as the guardians of the society. Armed with taboos, morals, stories, and harsh realities they have experienced where they became unstoppable. Such stories to the ear of a young person full of life and expectations bring in perspective where they find a purpose to live their lives. I believe America to become a super power had to be a great nation full of endless opportunities. In the United States, starting a company is easy as there are genuine incorruptible individuals and systems ready to take interest and catapult ideas the younger generations have to offer. In our very own Africa, the tale is different as the young people consider themselves a mess as putting up a successful start-up is close to impossible. With such, the noble would

look for advice and insight from older generations and with such a profound hunger for knowledge, they would find satisfaction from the ways of previous generations.

As the younger generations continue to build networks that would supposedly direct them to their expected goals and milestones in the future of their life timelines would be a factor the older generations had to consider in the workings of their daily routines. They are lessons and teachings they learnt from the days they made hay, their younger days, days when culture was all over the place and civilization was creeping close behind the ever-vibrant cultural empowered person. Seasons when birds would sing at dawn as the sunrays burn their colored shiny backs and crickets soothe us to sleep in the night. Culture is what brought us from a structured era where value placed itself in the number of goats and sheep an individual had in their sheds. Gone are those days when culture built societal frameworks that had robust penalties for those who broke the law. In the then pragmatic days, wrongdoers had themselves put into hives full of bees, then placed at the top of a hill and pushed downhill. It was through such stances that societies had strong cultural values and communities survived for years from their wisdom, which passed down from generation to generation. It explains the reason why noble youth seek insight as to what it partakes to be wrong and right from the

perspective of their ancestors from the oracles of wisdom who happen to be their grandparents.

Our identity being crucial to all platforms useful to us in the workings of our daily lives, we have to know what a particular item does for us to use its function. With our African Identity, it remains our core identity. The tribes of Africa are our signature fabric in this 21st century and it is slowly fading by the day. In the generation of our parents, bearing in mind that I am 26 as of 2019. The age was popular and typical to the idea of going and residing in America. In the late 1970's and early 1980's, going to America was equivalent to having a university degree, in the sense of the opportunities the country had to offer. I believe then, love was potent, a time where letters wove lover's language. It was during this time that media was on analog and everything was a job, unlike these days when the digital wave is in the hands of every person on earth. The narratives of Africa are evolving and changing from the then traditional settings to new fresh vibes and it is for sure an uphill task and a risky one too; risky in that this could be it! Africa could unite!

Even though I seldom participate in sports or other extra-curricular activities during my days in high school, I have heard stories of how my dad was a football striker. In their younger days, schools had sporting activities that made a huge impact to the lives of the students especially in their later years in college. Heard

he used to score magnificent goals and woo crowds as he moved with the ball in the pitch. In addition, in their years, honor was a gift and a reward for the strong willed, which is an African trait confirmed by the slaves who worked for hours in cotton plantations. In any positive move, it had to balance with a negative attribute for it to become useful to society. In our modern social circles, the ones that went abroad during the 70s and 80s for either academics or business trips are the ones who yield power today. The professors are leading and navigating nations through turmoil into solutions with business moguls maintaining the monetary value of the country. But, remember, too much of anything is poisonous! All too of a sudden we started living the American way and losing an African touch completely. It is the early 90's where people living in the suburbs became hazy. Hazy in a manner home appliances were traditional in their every look. Then, in the nineties westernization dwelt in hire purchase stalls to be specific ART stores all over the country.

I agree that tradition is tradition and it is woven and stitched in a manner that it is so rigid. However, in this time and space, indigenous tribes do exist and happen to live deep in forests protected by nature. In the movie Black Panther, whose theme was Africa, the city *Wakanda*, reveals top-notch technology that suits the needs and preferences for its citizens in their time. More so, the city is more like an invisible dome that is hides itself from the rest of the world. Africa itself should

realize its potential by first understanding that it is a small continent in relation to economic prowess and possess the strength similar to that of a mountain gorilla. We have to go back to the drawing board and learn through the magic loopholes our people used to navigate through some harsh realities of life. With such basic information, we would be able to live freely as Africans enjoying land, culture, teaching, rectifying the young generation of what is useful, and what is destructive to their livelihoods.

With the aged, they are still wiser regardless of the technology and advanced computer networks that everybody today is using to shield their fight for dominance and recognition in society unless the elderly too have been caught up in this web of the internet. It is quite a sad situation to find youngsters adopting realities through what they find in Google, rather than interacting with peers and acquiring new skills within a specified period ranging from a day, a week, or even a month. Remember, in the 60s, shoes were a very rare utility and the cobbler was a person with a social status. People were well off. More so, after this time, there came a time that had beautiful homes with no electricity. They used lamps fueled by paraffin. People with electricity belonged to a higher social status as compared to the ones who used lamps for light at night. A time where education was sipping in the society and farms still provided employment. Now at this particular point, the land and livestock, previous social accolades as such, were now for the low

class. With electricity, people turned by a landslide to academic ways pursuing the elites who went to Ivy League Universities of solving problems and were resistant to farm activities. Vehicles now parked in towns, the cobblers were jobless, and mechanics climbed social status.

I grew up in the early 90's born in 1993 June 23 to be specific. At this time, people with PlayStation 1 and had a subscription to the famed DSTV channel were from higher social status. As opposed to such, I was wild moving freely on my BMX bicycle with little care for the world. Over time, there was the inception of the mobile phone then the internet. Internet separated the generations with a significant margin as the young were at par with knowledge, all it took was a click of a button. Some other day, an older person asked me what I did for a living, I responded I do research. The man let out a pitiful smack, said research takes months, and it is meant to be in the field not behind a computer. I insisted that in deed, I worked as a researcher but his answer remained the same. Such minor differences bring about faults that erode social empathy: A cue that is integral for the sustenance of a community, generations!

The Last Decade

Wishing the decade goodbye, I honor the ten years with a big thank you for the experience and a big Amen to the Almighty for giving me breath unto this very moment. During the Christmas festivities, I hope and pray for a better decade, one with advancements in technology, education, healthcare, economy, and most importantly leadership. The period between December 2019 and January 2010 has transitioned into a diverse conversation that is still deeply rooted in tradition. It is this year 2019 that I have had insights into traditional societies, in the ages of pre-colonial times. How did they prosper so easily? Alternatively, did the money make the man mad? Barter trade worked, as both parties dwelled in their pieces of land diligently cultivating their massive acres of land. Well, as for my tribe, the Kikuyu, they are famed for having a massive population spread across the country Kenya.

As the decade is having its last kicks, I would like to thank the global community for the various technological campaigns it has initiated. It was in 2009 that Mark

Zuckerberg launched Facebook from a small room in his hostel at Harvard.

Recently, I heard someone complain that in this time and age, there are no inventions as they were in previous times. They believed that the genius of people like Albert Einstein and Isaac Newton belonged to the dark technical industrial age. We have to acknowledge that even the early man invented fire, which is crucial to this very day. We still need such heat in preparing our meals; more so, a man advanced and used the smoke to preserve meat. With such deep insight, I could claim that the invention of Facebook carries a similar weight as that of Newton discovering gravity. In this decade, I understood what a genius is. Myths surrounding geniuses tag negative attributes common in mental illness cases. I grew up in a suburb knowing that professors were, in fact, mad and that the extensive knowledge acquired through those long years of study balanced their sanity.

It was in 2009; where I was the onset of puberty call it full-blown; I had my whole future planned out as I had confidence in my academic toolbox. With that in mind, I set foot on the journey of self-discovery. I knew the walls of beer parlors and danced my way through my early twenties with a clear vision of who I wanted to become in the future, an economist at least, but at the same time, I pondered on the thought of becoming a minister during my prime ages. With all these ambitions in play, I continued to passionately dance my way through early mornings with the

satisfaction of making a friend after some deep, insightful conversations. Boy was I enjoying my early twenties. See, as of today, I learnt that then I was in a man box. A box that I safely exited a few months ago after I got to learn of the stipulated box. With that in mind, I transitioned into early adulthood: A stage where one goes on too long for the cries of their offspring only to regret once they are blessed with chubby babies primarily because of the constant noises in their once silent abode where love and passion was the order of the day. Well, as I look back, I see the younger me happy, a friend who escaped the various traps that came along with the thrill of my early twenties.

It was in 2010 that I sat for the national examinations with confidence that I was a conqueror entirely because I was an academic giant at the time. Nevertheless, the academic prowess and stewardship was part of the man box, I never lived within the constraints of our high school. Who I wanted to be in future, the man with the ultimate guns that could solve solutions of the time. Well, with such analogies, I present the notion of geniuses again. I could say that the man who invented fire to be the first human to conform to the characteristics that defined the modern-day genius. Mark Zuckerberg at first had a problem maybe connecting to a friend or lecturer during his time at Harvard. The first step in solving the challenge was to create a program, which then hosted Facebook. The project was a success as it solved problems concerning communication and networking. Facebook to this very

day is continuing to connect people and businesses. More so, the social media platform is now a typical application in the many smartphones across the globe.

After completing high school, I was thrust into the life and the world as if family and close friends thought I had the blueprint for a successful life. I fitted the description as I had adequate mathematical skills and easy entry to the university was a visible indicator that I would sit on the throne of success. Then, math was the thing, and anyone with such expertise belonged to the high table of success and wealth, or so I thought. My credits did not qualify for the course I wishfully admired then. Consequently, I preferred to repeat high school and get the marks that would automatically put me in the field where I could have the title Economist tag my rather unusual long name. I prospered, and I began forging on this new journey of mathematics and graphs. It was during the end of this decade where mathematical careers are on their deathbeds primarily because of the apps that could handle their trained skills of balancing books and completing audits in a shorter period as compared to manual methods. It was the man box that I was trapped for so long I forgot myself in my both consciousness and sub-conscious and wasted away with the thought of having mastered math as a secure weapon to succeed in this life. Boy was I wrong!

All through the decade, the ten years shifted the global scene. With platforms such as Facebook, businesspersons and artists are now able to connect and share content. More so, the ten years have seen the internet morph into diverse, influential segments. For instance, in music, there have been massive advancements in ten years. Music evolved from boom boxes to iPods, to streaming. Platforms such as YouTube came to be, and numerous artists across the world are earning money from the live streams. Things have become more manageable as an artist now can record his music through software applications in their smartphones and reach their audience through YouTube. With such monetization, economies are transforming and the period after this decade will see the emergence of a gig economy, where the young generations are using available resources to engage every other component of the economy. The trend is typical in the taxi business with companies such as Uber, Taxify, and others create and satisfy the livelihoods of their proprietors.

Even so, as it is usual, everything has a positive and negative attribute, and as the Englishmen say, “There are two sides of the coin.” With the continued use of the internet, the state of mental health in the country has been a rising challenge.

Massive numbers of youths spend most of their time on their smartphones trying to figure themselves out. It is without a doubt that this is a detriment to health as youth are substituting their leisure time with destructive habits such as substance

abuse terming it a safety net for their growth and development. It is without a doubt that the internet today has bits of false information. More so, with the increasing campaigns of cannabis addiction, a majority of states in America have legalized this psychotic drug with the claim of it helping in decreasing pain in cancer patients and surging perception in creative artists. However, we all know the dangers of using marijuana as studies done in the past have confirmed it to be a potential threat to the state of one's mental health.

With an affiliation for creativity, there are star celebrities that use this drug as an escape from their damaged realities. Fame for so long tags with massive drug abuse. We have had greats such as Whitney Houston and her husband Bobby Brown succumb to overdose of cocaine; such a sweet voice ravaged by the ugly tongs of drug abuse. In Kenya, rising groups of Creatives are wasting their years by misusing substance abuse. I believe that the trend will catch up to their promising careers, as they would run out of ideas prompting them to indulge in heavy substance for them to dance to their original beats. More so, at such a point, it would be late, as the young individual would have a hook to the drug. In the past ten years, I would comfortably say that drug abuse has become a problem, an issue that has even beat first world countries.

For us as a species to advance to the next decade, some of these issues are to be addressed, if natural selection is to remain in the books and libraries in various

parts of the world. Failing to do so would only lead us to more problems. At the start of 2009, the climate was an issue that was being discussed, and automotive companies joined the fight by manufacturing eco-friendly vehicles. However, until today, the problem of weather is still detrimental as we have youngsters such as Greta Gutenberg who fearlessly champion for climate conservation, a move that shocked world leaders. It was during this decade that the Amazon forest dubbed the “earth’s lungs” caught fire only for nature to step in and rain saved the forest. In this context, we find human abilities surpassed by nature. Helicopters were in plenty to put out the fire but to no avail. Nonetheless, we continue to devise mechanisms that could save our trees, rivers, and mountains with a primal aim of preserving them for our future generations.

In this last decade, mental health issues are rampant, with many young people rushing to discover something that could catapult them to success. In my quest for university admission, I effortlessly achieved grades I had struggled to make in four years in a matter of months! A majority of people were astonished at my meagre achievement. The rebel has finally done it. However, this was the beginning of my journey to self-discovery. I had to know myself again. Today after that decade, I can now boast of my skills as a writer who has a purpose of reclaiming African lost glory through open talk sessions and factual discoveries. Nonetheless, the internet is a tool necessary for the completion of this mission I embarked after I found the

taste and skill the writing niche dictates. In between the decade, there was a point I fancied myself being a writer, for a second or two, an idea that I gradually polished primarily because of my then unmatched mathematical stereotype. I considered the ancient art a by the way only to stumble at the heart of the industry. My story is similar to Jonah's story in the Bible, where a huge fish swallowed him after refusing to follow God's simple instructions of going to Nineveh. I found my passion since, forging steadily with a sword/pen ready to cut through any misconception about our vast continent Africa.

In mid-2015, I was diagnosed with bipolar after I survived a nasty episode that almost had me kick the bucket. However, it is through His grace that I am writing down this piece in a healthy body despite the stigma that tags mental illnesses stuck at the back of my mind. It was then that I relaxed and took life by the horns and lived the way I deemed fit, following my dreams and chasing the girl of my dreams, of whom I have already found. See, this decade has been the onset of the negative attributes brought about by the internet. The other day, a 20-year-old came to me and said they think like a 30-year-old; hence, my advice was literally in the gutter. I was surprised at this as I saw the young person forging in the same path I took nine years ago as I stepped into the gates of higher education. I ignored the set guidelines towards success and thought myself the master of math. I could garner the top accolades and shine regardless of the sins I committed in my

younger days. As for the millennial who claims, they could think like a 30-year-old, I still ponder as to whether they can accommodate the pressure of a 30-year-old.

Well, my story of self-discovery turns with this new profound love. All through I have been leading a single life, with my nights spent in bars and my days filled with the hope of ever finding the perfect one. Contrary to the many myths that perfectionism cannot be achieved, I presume that indeed I might have the solution to counter the negative attributes the internet brought upon as a species. The likes of Mark Zuckerberg, Albert Einstein, and Isaac Newton were not in touch to the regular routines other people followed. They followed a distinctive path, and they raised questions whenever there were no answers. Their charisma carried them from the questions to the answers and with these; they solved global issues and formulated mathematical formulas. To other folks, what these exemplary human beings did was out of this world hence the term genius.

In the next decade, science and technology will outwit the age of the internet with advances such as artificial intelligence and blockchain rocking the world. Question is, are we ready for such drastic moves in technology? With problems of this decade still glaring at us, will we make it to the next level as a species or will we

end up stuck and moving in every direction to unplug and breathe a little bit before pushing again for the advancement of humanity. This takes us back to my tribe, the Kikuyu. Back then, tradition was core to the life of a Kikuyu tribesperson: Rules that were set with the aim of relinquishing bad habits. In modern times, those set guidelines set with the age of the internet. Nowadays, it is rare to see a couple getting approval of marriage from a house of God; relatively because of money and status.

In traditional settings, authoritative charisma was the order of the day with Kings ruling the people and commanding the army. Nowadays, corruption has eaten through the once able systems. More so, the vice has become rampant that it is the order of the day. One would find it impossible to get a job as per their credentials simply because they do not have connections in their area of expertise. Such analogies drag success and it takes long before recovering to a healthy status. Nonetheless, it is without a doubt that being authoritative sparks a vibe that could just save the world from unnecessary trouble. As for me and my profound passion for the art of writing, I am excited to live through this new decade, are you?

Could Charisma Wash Africa's Dirty Linen?

Well the December holidays are just around the corner and invoke the spirit of festivity all around the globe. We are here again, where we spend on high-end bottles, garments, and other sort of sweet musings. Kenya as a country am proud we are eyes on this dark moment we refer to as January approaching from a distance laden with school fees and other new ideas concocted in makeshift December beer dens. The media is actually doing their job by guiding Kenyans on

their spending habits this festive season. Actually, rumor has it that people are ‘releasing brakes’ after a tiresome 2019, chasing after their resolutions only to realize that it is just blur. Yet we pull down our Head of State for appointing old people in top government positions. What we have is dirty linen so dirty that washing it on the streets is just as dusty as the garments Africans wear today. We are shaming ourselves to the rest of the globe in particular. Nonetheless, who implanted the mentality that we Kenyans leave alone other Africans cannot make a difference that could re-shape the narrative of Africa. It is pitiful that some populations in some parts of the globe still think of Africa as a continent of poverty, HIV/AIDS, civil wars, gender inequality, corruption, bad leadership, and other negative attributes a continent could attract.

After hearing all that all you could do is almost lose hope as a Kenyan but to a larger perspective as an African. It is through such charisma that we are actually receiving backlash from first-world countries giving us names that cannot be spoken in public let alone by a leader of a first-world country. The chains our ancestors wore in their feet on African soil during the era of slavery. It was during this time that the United States and other Western countries needed a strong work force to spark their Industrial Revolution blue prints. Amazingly, they succeeded in building a fortress of their own. Maybe they learnt the tactics from eras of King

Arthur and mastered the art of colonialism. With a steady growth, they created numerous employment opportunities, especially for the youth with intent of raising their families. Clearly, such strategic moves have placed countries such as the United States on the global map.

During the initialization of the Industrial Revolution if a slave could not comply with the rules, they ended up in misery. Democratic charisma was and still is a chief component behind the drive that kept Africans working in the farms happy. They themselves could see the discrimination their ancestors faced and they concocted ways of defeating the already established structures of government that had policies and find them to work in their favor and those of their families. The then government in-turn was enacting authoritative charisma, as they too believed that the policies protected them from the rage and anguish of the cotton pickers. With such insight in hand, one could easily re-write the anthology of the African person.

Authoritative and democratic charisma are the two types of charisma known prompting them as clear mirrors of our society not forgetting our problems. Charisma is associated with seduction as a negative trait that tags the authoritative type of charisma. In our modern political and business spheres, relation is a primal component in any transaction between individuals. The business sector, profit plays a key role as a key to the catapulting of any transaction: Similar to the

political field where the number of votes a candidate has determines the class in which they fit. In our political positions, there are authoritative levels that dictate the power an individual possesses. Concerning democratic charisma, we have heroes such as Martin Luther King, Nelson Mandela, and Malcolm X who shared and made differences to the then societies primarily because of the trait. I bet now you understand how top corporations and first-world governments work.

Nonetheless, there is still hope with the authoritative type of charisma, as it defines itself as a double-edged clause.

If one's subject is authoritative charisma they happen to develop a self-interest, then the ugly side of charisma shows. Scholars claim that selfish interests diminish charisma. In our Africa today, our leaders have developed self-interests that have corrupted their jurisdictions in the serving of people. It is usual to see democratic charisma in leaders after they have secured their seats in places of influence. However, it is after they receive the position of authority that their integrity is challenged and this is the thin line between good and bad leadership. For generations ranging from the time of Socrates, Martin Luther King, and Jesus Christ, democratic charisma has been behind the reason the renowned leaders had massive followers. However, they had to stand firm against the negative aspects of authoritative charisma, which breeds bitter fruits such as corruption and gender

violence. In this context, there will be an illustration of how the two definitions apply in our modern-day lifestyle.

In this our Africa, we are laden with usual problems like corruption, bad leadership, and gender violence. It is crucial to note that authoritative charisma is to blame for the emergence of the named problems. With corruption, those vying the seats before the elections fill themselves with democratic charisma as they charm their way into civil service. However, before they receive accolades tagged with top positions they have to choose to remain with the authoritative charisma or develop their democratic charisma in the offices they hold. If the individual gets to withhold their urge for self-interest, then they will reap the benefits of cherishing authoritative charisma. Nonetheless, if the elected leaders lean on their selfish interests, then corruption sips in their bloodstreams and maddens them with authority. Wait a minute! Could charisma be the antidote to all of Africa's problems? It could be, but sadly, there are numerous crowds of people leaning on the negative side of authoritative charisma. More so, I believe with a sound subtle mind, we can sit out corruption through and clear all the dark spots that discolor our linen.

Concerning violence against gender, African women are the marginalized gender that is always on the receiving end. In movies from the first world nations, sexual violence is a detriment that is causing international applause. Because of this,

international development in many African countries is slow. Foreign dignitaries fear loss of their investments because of violence in small villages. During the 1960s, advertisements were booming and a significant number of women tried out in the auditions. With the high number of sales, the producers of such advertisements received large sums of money from companies, a move that circulated the industry with billions of dollars. Women at this time were required to be in particular weight and height for them to fit into the commercial or the then developing movie industry. Their waists were expected to be thin and their bodies slender. Violence in this context elaborates itself as the women were robbed of their usual way of living. The producers and movie creators were drawn to an authoritative charisma and chose their self-interests over the interests dictated by the industry. Lust now is a shade behind those camera flicks. It is almost regrettable that our African women strive to copy the style that is outdated in its country of origin.

With democratic charisma, the likes of Nelson Mandela were able to think independently against the then apartheid. Democratic charisma creates an extraordinary character from an ordinary person. A person showing such charisma stipulates to be against the already established authoritative frameworks. With an example of our Lord Jesus Christ, he stood against the Roman doctrine and his punishment was crucifixion. Socrates on the other hand was up against the

Sophists who used the laid laws to disapprove him of his gifts and abilities. For one to acquire democratic charisma, one has to seek out deep within themselves in quest of divinity, and within this divinity, one receives their heart's desire. Under the names tagged under democratic charisma, all had acquired this type of characteristic for them to share ideas that changed the world during their time of existence. Therefore, the big question is, can charisma clean Africa of its dirty linen.

If I was now asked about Africa's problems, I could say that it is we who are responsible for our own troubles and mistakes. We should move on from the analogy of slavery, colonialism, and gender violence, look for solutions and start writing our story again. Moreover, this time to fill African libraries with educative content and with the backing of technology from the likes of Bill Gates and Steve Jobs. In our Africa, we have had Pan-Africans like Mandela or Mwalimu Nyerere beat and who are experts to dances in the African rhythm. More so, it takes only one person to amass crowds and do away with the negative attributes of authoritative charisma. However, a new query arises: Who is brave enough to wash this dirty linen?

Of Sarcasm and Humor

The year 2019 coming to an end, and the decade waving goodbye, there was quite some humor and sarcasm in the very many sectors that run society. Humor and sarcasm have been two sides opposing with each carrying a weight of its own. Sarcasm today disguises as a weapon to fight evil, or so they claim. A majority of us abuse and tarnish humor as a way of gaining something that was not even in their way. We have seen world leaders use humor to ignite massive crowds and at the same time, use sarcasm to cement their government positions. Twisted phrases nowadays are the norm with the majority of politicians across Africa claiming they are the better herd. It is more laughable as I recall someone saying birds of a

feather flock together. With the impeachment of Trump, this was a pace setter and a pacemaker in the field of international politics. It is evident that with such occurrences there is hope for a better leadership. We as a nation and continent should learn from such situations where democracy is balanced and there is no problem in changing leaders and them also accepting change.

With the likes of Barack Obama using humor to express themselves, he for instance, tasted authority since his times at the University of Harvard. It was then he was able to garner a charisma of getting people to listen and pay attention to him. He was able to discuss matters of which a solution happened and ideas that are more diverse came to the table. Such skills gave Obama the skills to tackle world and national mandates with such ease unlike his predecessor Donald Trump. See, the U.S government is structured in a way that there is indeed authority in the Oval Office. It trickles down to other subordinate offices that assist in running the country. With the recent uproar Africa is making on traditions and all, we have to acknowledge that we cannot compete with other continents despite our rich resources. Nonetheless, joining forces with them would rather push us back to the colonial way of doing modern things of we became sarcastic about the matter. If our interests preceded the intent of the relation, then the bad side of sarcasm crops in.

We have seen in the last couple of months since January of 2020 our African leaders coming into a consortium in Kigali to discuss Africa in the next 60 years: This to me is being far-fetched regardless of their effort and the numerous Pan Africanist gathered in the conference hall. I mean, how can one plan a whole continent's blue print for five decades? That is absurd in such, self-interest plays a role. The panelists should be aware that the topics they discussed are topics discussed in other parts of the globe decades ago. One of the panelist is now eyeing for the seat of the President. I mean, after discussing possibilities of how the continent could come together, one Mukihisa Kitui asserts he can lead this nation to greatness: Sarcasm on the bad side here folks. See, thing is, there is a natural order of things. I mentioned that Africa was something before we had visitors and it took some of us for a tremendous amount of effort and tears to cross-seas.

At KUSI in Kigali, those people should realize that it is out of their hands to plan a continent's roadmap for 60 years. I like the Kenyan vibe where nothing goes unnoticed. Well, one panelist talks of the generation Alpha. It is born from 2012 onwards. In order to get a clear perspective on why i claim it to be sarcasm, I know there are three basic types of waves in our brains. There are alpha waves, beta waves, and theta waves. Supposedly, a person claims there will be a generation who will be using only alpha waves to perform their routine duties. I may now believe that those rumors of a coming Armageddon if everyone was to use their

alpha waves simultaneously. Again, UBUNTU coming into ploy, I am because you are.

Well, you have to be wondering where the humor is. Too much irony in one pot. In the old-style of living, there was order and things went the way they were supposed to be, with zero room for sarcasm, as a majority of people would be happy and humorous. Then, men had four wives and as usual, they were there to listen to all of them. Then, men would meet in secret and in the dark to discuss matters concerning the community; thus, maintaining order. There was no corruption then, but morals were strict.

Values then were so stringent that one could not commit an offence and go Scott free, unlike our today times manned by tech. In the article generations, I mentioned that my generation was at conflict with our parents' generation especially at the time of entering adolescence. It reveals that their generation threw values out of the window and thought money was the solution to their problems. Back to my African theme, back then, regardless of their polygamous life, they were little as compared to our modern population with the mind that family planning worked. Concerning the Kigali consortium, discussing matters relating to 60 years is a total

waste of time and resources, which of course is truly African. I bet these to be the 21st century mirrors and perfumes we are being gifted by our noble visitors.

See, with sarcasm, we can go on and on and on world without an end; nevertheless, we have many happy times we have experienced in our time, the laughs, the advancements, leadership, society, and to life: Humor at its best! The line between sarcasm and humor is character: To African Pan Africanism and to Ubuntu; I am because we are.

Technology Robbed Us Blind!

It was in 2005 when the information technology IT course became more popular than the famed medicine course in universities. Young tucks at the time thought they had made it, as it was a combination of information; acquired by books, and technology that sought to solve every issue that blocked humanity from prospering.

Now this notion takes me back to primary school science where there was this topic that involved levers and pulleys whose theme was making work easier. Well, the technological evolution that was so much talked about has brought with it some damaging setbacks to the way we used to live our daily lives, the way we used to treasure memories, memories that would come in handy when making crucial life decisions.

Today, every elite thinks that Google is an Oracle where they can tackle anyone who differs their “intellect.” I believe that this is where it all went wrong. We stabbed culture in the back. Back in the day, you would find friendships that lasted

a lifetime. Such bonds went beyond pride, fame, and even to some extent reputation. More so, in the 70s, photo albums were something significant in a home as a visitor opened page-by-page sharing memories of their beloved friends. Then, friendships lasted until technology robbed us blind. As we bid this decade bye, we have to acknowledge that tech has robbed us: Similar to the notion of slave trade. The African Kings who were used to the usual praises and showering of exotic tastes found new tastes in the foods brought by the Arab traders. I even suspect they were fooled using salt: Sarcasm in ploy.

With the world jolly of the potential of Artificial Intelligence finding ground in the already set technological foundations are quite a huge step for Africa, and we should take caution lest we begin another rat race, which we will obviously loose at the end of the game. Nonetheless, the technology enables us to have conversations See, all these bonds I mentioned above represent a system that followed order. Order became disrupted by the notion of technology where the internet dubs as the ultimate source of knowledge. I have to laugh at this backward notion. See, people disregard the Bible claiming the authors of the stipulated texts were not as advanced as people are nowadays. Nevertheless, little do we know that what is written was the culture of the people back then, how they lived, and how majority ended up living close to 150 years; we remember Methuselah, the oldest person to live until date. Having a look at culture then, no wonder miracles and the

son of God Jesus Christ was able to inhabit earth. The atmosphere was quite clear as opposed to now where these wireless connections have choked natural connections that have existed since the first day Adam set foot on earth in the garden of Eden. I told you Technology is robbing us of our livelihood. Smart devices on our wrists at such a high frequency that now a watch can receive and make calls. It is the other day that there were humans in Space. A stance has countries like China to join in the race for Space dominance. India tried sometime before the Corona Virus shook the world. It is a stance that the space ships resemble human male genitals. For illustration, the space ship owned by Richard Branson who was in Mars the other day resembles a human male genital. I remember watching the India launch. The space ship crashed in mid-air and that was the end of the program initiated by India's space team. Or did God Almighty send Jesus Christ to earth for a moment like this? Come on! Think of it, he was born to the Virgin Mary. God is the King of Kings. This wireless connection that has everyone in the world communicating and finding solutions, and other things that involve supremacy. Nonetheless, we know dominance and in a world spoilt for money, stances such as Richard Branson designing a space ship similar to the shape of a human male genital, one could for sure think God is on earth. It is time Africa became Africa!

Having seen the doors of the university, i decree that us as a continent could have the right guns to deflate this humongous plastic revolution. Having deep culture instilled deep within us, we could be able to jump this rope and forge a new road towards prosperity and fortune. It is without a doubt that us as Africans had something deep within us. I picture a scenario where the numerous tribes hummed in unison summoning the spirits when disaster like famine or even floods struck. They would sing their way into the night with the united bond of the African soul and pray that their prayers were heard. I mean, it would be a disaster if such catastrophes went on; they would wipe out an entire community; thus killing their heritage just like that. With such in mind, we as Africans should stick to our roots as they give us nutrients and boosts similar to the case of a Mugumo tree, as believed by the Kikuyu tribe in Kenya. Therefore, i beg to differ with the famed theory that all we need is technology to make our livelihoods better: Technology robbed us blind.

The Kingdom of Africa

In the recent win by the South African rugby team is a tip of the might Africans possess, whether in mind or their untwisted will. Gone are the days where the strength of Africans was measured through the size of the chain that ran through your ankle, moving in unison agony painted all over their dull faces. It was happening at a time the World Wars were heckling back to back until their resolves turned into cold wars that included economic sanctions. During the two world wars, the Africans were in the middle of the battlefield, as if they posed as human shields.

I could bear the thought of an African taken away from a harmonious home in a compound filled with fruits, farm products, and a shed full of livestock. I believe this to be the African way of living: A comfortable home, a wife and kids, and a substantial way of life. Nonetheless, after education came into Kenya, such values faded by day. African culture eroded as people started carbon, copying the Western

ways of living. It is absurd that millennia are the ones who are curious enough to know the ways of the old. The scary stories of how one-eyed ogres could chase one out of the forest once dark beckoned were and still are timeless. I believe that then boys could play deep in the woods hunting squirrels with an intent of roasting the meat in open fire. Young girls back then were close to their mothers learning keenly on the skills she required to keep her man satisfied. During that time, the home was indeed a treasure as it represented a particular niche necessary for the synchronicity in the harmonious rhythm of the African beat.

Down south, South Africa clinched the rugby championship in Europe. Coincidentally, this was the second time the nation has bagged such a high accolade. The first time, the Great Nelson Mandela was the President of the country and congratulated the captain of the team. See, we Africans are have something similar concerning resolutions. Once we make up our minds, we become limitless. The other day, our very own Eliud Kipchoge, now a holder of the Golden Heart Award, proved that indeed, no human is limited, notwithstanding color or race. He showed the world that with resolution comes a plan, and with a plan, anything is possible. It is through people such as Nelson Mandela and Eliud Kipchoge that we draw some African identity, culture, and heritage.

Back to the World Wars, strong men were held hostage after defaulting loans or indulging in non-tolerant behavior in the African setting. Such men were sold as slaves to the merchants in exchange for spices and perfumes. I could imagine the pain and agony on their faces as they roared boats through the fierce waves of wind and water to their new home. Memories would linger in their minds of their lovely families they left home and pondered on how they made ends meet with the absence of their breadwinners. For a fact, not many made it to the slave auctions as either they perished during transit or they fell ill and died. What a sad tale of our home Africa.

Yet, they made it and welcomed Christianity with such embrace their scars disappeared and again, they could show the rest of the world of how African they could get. Majorities of colored celebrities in the United States claim they started singing in choir; singer Beyonce is one of them. From this deduction, it is right to say that Africans were and still are in tune to their roots. During ceremonies, people would dance through the night around a bonfire with drums beating deafeningly. It was during such times that the ancient African would be in tune with their gods and ask for rain, plenty of harvests, and protection from evil spirits. According to the then African person, this worked, and they believed it worked, unlike our modern-day African. Back then, a messenger was associated with the

utmost respect as they were the carriers of information and they eyes saw most than most in the community.

It was during these times that warriors could listen to the earth and estimate how far an enemy was. In times of battle, warriors would walk in numbers armed with spears and shields singing war songs ready to defend their land, women, and children back home. I remember a tale passed down to me by an uncle. There was a time the neighboring community ambushed our community and robbed them of their cows and goats during the night. At dawn, my ancestor led a group of warriors that was close to twenty strong men. The latter got scared once they approached the border. Therefore, this ancestor forged ahead and brought havoc to the setting. Sadly, he was outnumbered and felt the wrath of the raiders. Well, the gods of their time could not let this brave young man rest in a foreign land; he had to rest at home. He crawled to the then border, and luckily, he found other men who were on their way for a rescue mission. I now get to taste African sauce in my mouth, sweet as honey and thick like a cold cup of yogurt.

In our modern spheres, Africa is termed as a third-world continent. It is true; we are laden with corruption, bad leadership, gender inequality, poverty, bad roads, disease, and lack of financial funds. In developed countries such as the United States, such issues were tackled head on and they moved on to better developments; no wonder they bear clauses such as ‘developed countries’ and 1st

world nations. We Africans dwell on things too much, arguing on who is the smartest or even the bravest. In our societies today, it is the most educated or the wealthiest person who get respect while the rest are termed as delinquents and degenerates. This kind of ridicule is what drags us behind; we always want to look down upon others and appear superior. The trend is apparent in our political spheres; people elect their leaders in accordance to the depth of their pockets. A direction that has corrupted our government systems in a way politics is now a dirty game as opposed to a means of public service. Politics has become a plate for the mighty in society regardless of character nor personality, but by the millions and riches, they have.

How can we come to defeat this mentality? Culture beats it all. In the United States, people have a rich culture such that they do extraordinary things to prove themselves to be of first class. It was the other day on television I saw a blind man riding a bicycle. I was amazed at how people could change their unfortunate situations and create new experiences. For a fact, light waves are similar to sound waves in matters concerning transmission. They have manipulated this theory and produced devices that use echoes to alert the blind man cycling of obstacles and an idea of the terrain. What amazing stuff! In Kenya, our very own Eliud Kipchoge proved that no human is limited by running a marathon under 2 hours. It is our

time to show the rest of the world of our beauty with the same pride and admiration that those first world continents accommodate.

Talking of personalities, Barack Obama beat the odds of becoming the first colored President in the United States. Looking back, Obama studied law at Harvard, where he met his better half, Michelle. Looking back at the accomplishment and journey of the former President, we could learn something about African identity. The steady growth of a young man who bravely carried justice as his shield and defender all through his tenure as Senator then President brought numerous developments in government and societies by a significant margin. His humble background and his identity crisis of him being born to a Kenyan father and a mother born in the United States carved out an element that served the people. To date, he talks of his identity crisis in his latest book “The Promised Land,” he still talks of the distinct origins of his father and mother. It was through his slogan “Yes We Can” that he won the hearts of the American people. Even after his tenure, Barack continues to inspire the lives of many people.

Concerning African identity, it is essential to note that culture cools us down as we strive to make it in this contemporary world. With the African will deep encrypted in our hearts, we should open up to change and display our beauty and might to the rest of the world. History has made us proud with the likes of Nelson Mandela, Kwame Nkrumah, Chinua Achebe, Shaka Zulu, and Dedan Kimathi: It is our time.

**Should Sheng be
recognized as a
Language?**

Either it was in 2002 or the following year that I got to the legendary E-Sir rock radio waves with this new vibe that struck everyone across the nation. It was during this time i was dancing all over the house with music blaring with such might that echoes made the walls tremble, and from this the term hewa, which meant loud music. In his song Boomba Train, E-Sir sings of how he wants to be cool as a cucumber. With such depiction, it is evident that in deed artists from this pioneer era were the elite. His co-pilot Nameless comes in with a hook; thus, bringing the beat and the song to a melodious nod. It is through such elite minds encroached in the hoods of Nairobi, through which Sheng came to be. A new language was born and to date it is still grows.

Having gone through my previous articles, you would notice there is a niche beat I follow. The beat revolves round African tradition and heritage in general. More so, I believe that those people then had a language. Leave alone the ancient African, our own grandparents used a language they themselves could understand. I remember mine saying that during the night our country was gaining independence from the British, people climbed hills and lit bonfires as a signal to the next region. Back then, the hills were massive and the vegetation thick, hence, these bonfires were equally large. In Nairobi on that crucial night, after the founding father, His Excellency Mzee Jomo Kenyatta secured Kenya and fireworks could be seen from

miles away. (Back then, tall buildings and skyscrapers were stories from America. Alternatively, maybe, that is what they were fighting for, a taste of freedom at least.

Sheng today has seen the growth and morphing of the famed genge tone. It seems the sheng culture is still deep-rooted within us Kenyans. Debate on making sheng a national language has been in boardrooms with the elite claiming they would rather have Swahili remain as it is. I wonder if it is because of the many phrases (Vitendawili) I studied through the 8-4-4 system. Coming to think of it, after Kenya gained independence, President Kenyatta moved a significant number of Kikuyus' to the coast primarily for farming reasons. He referred to them as *turagita* (Kikuyu name for tractor). For sure, this tribe tilled the land and it bore fruits. It was said that the *Kikuyu* tribe of Kenya, had rules regarding the acquisition of land. Obviously, without the title deeds of today, land was owned in accordance to the capability of the owner to produce from the stipulated piece of land. With such insight, the then President Jomo Kenyatta, delivered to his promise of building a nation.

Language defines as medium where two or more individuals can exchange information, with response being important. During the lighting of bonfires in hills, to sending smoke signals, people were conveying messages to other parties who understood and responded amicably. So, with this sheng dilemma in our minds,

what would be the next step? See, with the *Swahili*'s famed vitendawili's, there was an origin from where the phrases were formulated. With such insight, one could say that the Kikuyus' who were sent to work on massive tracts of land became subject to ridicule, as they posed threat to the inhabitants of the Coastal region. It seemed these intruders were on the worst terms with the Swahili people. Nonetheless, they should give us credit for preserving and growing their culture in the most profound way. It was during such times we toiled in dirt and sweat; they were most probably following the traditions of the Swahili culture. We as the Kikuyu should also give them a round of applause as they too let us practice our farming too, which dictates of hard work and discipline.

Sheng tags with slums where people live in shanties and garbage deposits are all over the fields. I would imagine a well-stocked shopkeeper boasting of how he dropped out at Standard 4 and managed to set up a business, which sustained his life since he dropped out. See, the children of the pioneer elites whose children go to Group of Schools, and develop a taste of the Queen's English; only later to speak of this sheng language all through their days in University socializing with their peers. Here comes another question, is sheng the language of the subordinate Kenyan?

Poverty is like a thief in broad daylight. More like a dark shadow that walks with you silently gnawing at your will and ambition. See, sheng was a product of the

harmonious moments the ghetto community enjoyed in the evenings as they drank their strong tea with the hope of a better tomorrow. See, languages form as a code for a specific message to be put across. Take for example, the bonfires on hills. That was a sign of victory for the oppressed Kenyan then who had the thought of living a much better life free to do anything and most importantly to create wealth. Language develops with time and with the sheng of ours, it is time to own and embrace the creative minds of our people and catapult the country to greater heights.

Sheng is most importantly morphing into something else, as it is evident in the new vibe genge tone. We as Kenyans should note that this language we have developed since the ages of the Legendary E-Sir (May his soul Rest in Peace) has developed in the suburbs and has now found a haven in the corporate spaces during tea breaks. The same criteria our 43 indigenous tribes in Kenya have their distinct language, the Kenyan youth should have its own, Sheng; it should be recognized.

Made in Kenya

It is with a deep sorrow we mourn as a nation the passing on of Former President Daniel Toroitich Arap Moi. Astoundingly, the professor of politics has built the bridges himself in the heavens. For sure, he will rule this country for 100 years. I would ascertain that corruption is in fact close to becoming every citizen's shadow; yet, we live a normal life (Going to work, raising children, and searching for

resources that would sustain us.) However, until today, there are people who steal millions of shillings and go scot-free primarily because they know somebody. The President at one time announced that he loses 2 billion of Kenyan currency a day! Time is ripe to fight this demagogue called corruption for the last time.

During Moi's era, industries were hot in the market as millionaires then grouped together and forged industries that manufacture our everyday utilities. It was then where hire purchase shops were frequent across many of the towns in Kenya. I remember the company ART in our town and people were frequent visitors especially new couples who could buy on hire purchase of commodities they found helpful in their daily routines. It was also in this time that imports from the United States and other countries naming Turkey were legit. However, in today's space, it is rare to find original merchandise as a massive number of the items bear the "Made in China" tag. For that reason, I would ask where Kenyan millionaires that amassed their wealth from farming at first then morphed their investments into factories and industries we see today. These were interesting times as we saw the kind of Dr. James Mwangi, CEO of Equity Bank morph opportunities to build financial institutions that are core to the current running of the economy in the country.

After the construction of industries and factories, land became scarce as the population drastically surged. It was then when Moi was championing for

education in the country, him being a teacher by profession, he knew his ways round a classroom situation. After the rich people built their factories, they enlarged employment opportunities across the country, prompting the onset of large families. Things went haywire as the large tracts of land became small to divide amongst the children. Moi having borne all this, he introduced Maziwa ya Nyayo to encourage children to go to school. Since Kenyans remain Kenyans, children from one family shared milk and saved some to take to their mothers at home. With such, am proud to be a Kenyan!

The sun sets in the evening, and so did the hopes of the then parents. It was then that radio, television, and print media were in their once dominant position where they would flex muscles with the then President Moi. See, the president knew the three media outlets could bring massive intensities that would dissolve his efforts in exercising his duties and atrocities. It was during such times that every news bulletin could feature what President Moi did that day. In fact, I would claim it to be false that Moi was a dictator. I believe then, the media if allowed would have caused catastrophe to the nation. It is with a due diligence that during my time in high school, there was an onset of strikes that caused a lot of damage and wasted time after the media showed raw footage of violence in a number of the stipulated schools going on strike. It is with due attentiveness that the media should take

responsibility of what they cover and creep away from filling airtime with polluted info.

Then, the media that dubbed the late President Moi a dictator and it is the same media that is praising him and paying tribute after he has gone to be with God.

Nonetheless, the same media made him the man he became after the coup attempt; a President full of vengeance. I believe that he controlled the media as he had the very interest of the Kenyan citizen at heart. Maybe the media is good after all.

Nonetheless, the millionaires that morphed during the industrial revolution projection in the country before the media with them choosing their local representatives to clinch nomination seats with the then famed KANU. It was then, that corruption started seething into boardrooms and sadly also in the institutions of higher learning in the country. It was at this time where the fruits of the farmers were visible in the Peugeot and Volkswagen Beetle vehicles they drove.

There is this advert whereby someone is claiming that as long as the government and the private sector are collaborate, then the war on corruption is far from over.

As for me, I believe that the uncles, who promise their nieces and nephews jobs after completing either university or college, would rather receive 200,000 kshs as a bribe instead of offering their kin of employment opportunities. Corruption then becomes a social issue with such context. We strain to club those at the top without realizing they are scapegoats ready for deployment in case anything goes wrong.

The more I pay tribute to the Late President Moi, the more I understand his perspective on leadership; I get to understand how leadership is hard. And with this, the niche should involve decision-making, discipline, and dedication. I can proudly say that I am made in Kenya and to a peaceful rest to our beloved Daniel Toroitich Arap Moi.

People of Ancient times

I contemplate on history so much; you would suppose am an old soul. However, every time i look at my folk's photo album, curiosity gets deeper every day, and with the turn of every photograph, memories refresh and we get a new perspective. Some cup of Ubuntu tea. What am sure of is that cameras were not that advanced

as they are today. It is in these photo albums that i imagine of the life lived by the people of the preceding generations. It is without doubt that the then situations were as advanced. It is through such photo albums filled with colored and black and white pictures with negatives stuck at the back with glue. It is abrupt that newer generations are loud on social networks, which rather outshines other generations. In our country Kenya, they call it millennia, but what if these people are just qualified delinquents.

In the ancient societies, word is that people lived knowing and learning every day, and in fact, food was plenty. It was in these days that mad men and women ate just like kings of today. It was in these days that morals were as stiff as iron and education was more prized as compared to today's levels of excellence. Manual labor was a physical strategy parents used to drive away laziness, raise their children, and induct authority within their homes. Now, there is a debate on whether men should marry more than one wife. They even attest with the Bible to justify their claim; nonetheless, in today's societies, even one wife is trouble for some men. See, in previous times, it was a measure of wealth. The number of cows and sheep and goats in a son's home would determine the success of the lad in marriage. With the introduction of education, the trend slowly became outdated

and now daughter's parents now asked for academic qualifications for him to be allowed in the home.

Well, we have to be certain of that before the age of the camera and its niche technology the surroundings were quite similar as to ours today. However, they even enjoyed the air, as it was fresher full of oxygen and green leaves as compared to our polluted with carbon foggy air. A campaign that the 16-year-old Greta Gutenberg championed for climate conservation on all global channels, a stance that made her meet world leaders like Barack Obama. In our very own continent Africa, Ethiopia has emerged with a day where their citizens have a public day for tree planting. With such incentive, their country has clean natural air as compared to other countries. See, in the past, if tree planting were put in their schedule, it would be a thing of the norm. However, the seeds would be put in the earth and water was added for like two weeks then that was it. Looking at the generation born in the 40's, one would notice they have a certain way of doing their things as compared to the 70's generation. More so, the 40's group their authority was based on was based on old age, ethics, and morals. To them, they made it to their 80's primarily because of the lessons they learnt from stories told around fireplaces, with roasted maize for dessert. At such a time, secrets of the tribe were passed down to younger generations in the darkness of the night around fires.

Mugo Wa Kiburu, the re-known prophet saw a black snake and white butterflies. To the ancient people, they knew there was something coming. When the Europeans came into Africa and built railway stations across our lands, people realized that in fact Mugo had prophesied the coming of the White man. He said he saw white butterflies and a long snake. Africa, I tell you! The white butterflies signified the colonizers and the long snake was the railway stations and lines they built.

Therefore, it is in these times that the camera came and captured African culture, an aspect that we celebrate to date. Conversely, I wonder if some of the secrets and taboos that maintained during those ancient times were during the time of our ancestors are true.

Religion was and still is a primal prop for the sustainability for the frameworks laid down in the past. It is evident that in our African culture regardless of the location and ethnicity, religion was the backbone, as every tribe, the Europeans included, did worship God. With such in mind, one would figure that we living in this century and the people of the past awe have the same notions and behaviors. More so, one would appreciate their ancestors and predecessors for gifting us their ways of life, and as you now know, question is: What will the youngest of generations learn from you?

Juvenile Delinquency

The day was a Friday in the afternoon, I was keenly listening to a lecture by a tall dark woman going by Mrs. Atieno, a psychology professor, and she wore her hair short. She was lecturing on Juvenile Delinquency. In this age and time, there is a surged rate of this menace and younger and even older generations are falling in

this trap. It is crucial to note that the term juvenile means a criminal who is under the stipulated adult age of 18 as governed by a state or nation. With such a definition, it would be true to claim that in every generation there are delinquents that continue to spice the world. We all know that work without play makes Jack a dull boy. In past occasions, there has been major marginalization of people's minds and perspectives simply because of cognitive identity. All we do is wonder whether I am smarter than the next person is or even I am dumber than the person sitting next to me is.

With such ideologies, we get to wonder over everything we do, as if we expect it to go any other way. Such disguises as risk, which we all know that a significant population believes that it pays in a higher reward in the end. I would beg to differ to the notion that claims that it pays. Because, a majority of us begun to plan big projects/plans then begin to decipher ways in which they would achieve the desired results. Now with the notion that clarifies the cognitive identity of an individual as to whether they are smart or dumb would fog the person in engaging their maximum potential. It is through such systems, labels such as delinquents are cast with the ones on the greener side who think that they are smarter and better than the rest. Having sat in an economics class for close to three years, i have learnt to take everybody i meet equal and equitable, as principles of demand and supply state balance is the only thing that is right, or as the books of accounts demand

balancing for the monetary process to remain stable. In an economics model however, graphs would determine the outcome of a financial equation.

Over the years, experience, it being the best teacher, that being equitable is priceless. You literary cannot place a price tag on equity. We have seen countries (Italy) that exhibit might in world economies; crumble to the ground simply because of a new virus that has yet to find its kryptonite. Yesterday in Kenya, a mheshimiwa (Leader) tested positive to the Corona virus. Here in this case, I decipher the notion that ignites cognitive ability. One could think that people with money are smarter than others simply because they value smartness over the amount of money in the stipulated person's account. . In this country, it is evident that those with money scoop top positions in government claiming they have for too long starved in the private sector; look at the United States with Trump. Well, for so long since time immemorial, there has been a population that on the far end.

In our societies today, cognitive identity is a subject of discussion for a subject as young age as 10. You would see families identifying cognitive strengths and weaknesses of their younger members as they grow and develop. I mean, why would one cage another person? Simply because according to them and their times, one going in a certain way is likely to end up in a box. I would think that our leaders should be nominated in accordance to their character and personality not according to cognitive measurements and money value they boast of, under the

label Juvenile Delinquency, Defined as a group(s) of people that either engage in anti-social behaviors that often-lead to criminal behavior.)

Since time immemorial, generations have suffered under the pressures of identity. I was a victim too once (Three wasted years), SMH! It is not without a doubt that not everyone has honest ambitions, but there is a group of people that are dubbed not smart and are not fit for the white and green collar jobs. These specific groups of people continue to think that those who drop out of school are likely to become hawkers in bus stops. I mean, could you believe this! Well, currently, the once mighty academia is at risk. Those who previously thought they had secured their futures through degree and master courses are the same ones that standing in long queue in food malls busy stocking food supplies with the notion that the virus will not affect their lifestyles in any way. Money of course, their bank accounts has multiple commas. Now, an artist is having their time of their lives primarily because they now have the power to express themselves in every way they desire. Creativity is an element that has been shunned in most generations with a majority of them being dubbed as juvenile delinquency. It is time we as a human race should quit putting labels on degenerates and work harmoniously with one another despite of the profession/career one pursues. It is time we shunned dullness and appreciate the beauty and dynamics of a creative mind.

Nicknames and other tags

Remember that one person who gave you that first nickname. Yeah, I could bet it was a bad name. In addition, they said it when you were talking to either gender. It was rough those days, days when boys used not really weapons such as including academics to bring a nemesis down. It was during these times that one took pride in their achievements I went by Goliath, apparently am a bit huge than

most It was a funny name to say the least now that I am grown. The name was however, a charm to the crushes we all had, and only then, did it serve a purpose.

Today, nicknames are typical with almost everyone wanting to have one. The inception of technology and the development of applications such as Facebook have led to the craving of one disguising oneself under a persona they desire. This is a significant difference as opposed to what we were used in our younger days Nicknames were apparent in my high school days (2007-2010) as they represented the menfolk we desired to become once they joined institutions of higher learning and work environments. In those times, pride was something that was easy to find and at the same time something that weighed heavily on the shoulders of us young boys. Nicknames at some point could be associated to how we develop our cognitive skills.

Over the years, we bear the names given to us by our friends and at times our enemies. These names are primal in the development of our identity: Identity that is forward in front of our eyes now. Maybe it is in the taste of your favorite drink, or it is in the type of partner you prefer or even the car that is parked out in the lobby. Identity is crucial to the representation of an entity whether it is a speck of it or it is in plenty. In the traditional societies, names were quite significant in the creation of reputation in the stipulated family tree. It was evident that even in courts, names were crucial as they could save a man from getting to the hangman's

loose. In the traditional African setting, nicknames were close to insults as one received their punishment because of their behavior. With time, the society lowered its moral belt, it went a bit lower, and names lost their true meaning. It was major during and after colonization, African tribes were victimized with the new standards such as formal education, the English language, fabric, and perfume.

It is through nicknames that we get to have an idea of who we might get to be in the future. If we look at our artists today, it is through nicknames they brand themselves and find their pot of gold (ideas) through the times and experience they went through growing up. Therefore, next time you brandish your friend or foe a nick name, be mindful, that could be just the onset of a road to destruction.

Serenity

We all have those bad days, made bad choices in our most critical moments of decision-making. I believe with the onset and casualties global pandemic Covid-19, it is clear that the world shook to its knees with mighty nations such as the United States and Great Britain initiating lockdowns with intent of saving lives. Serenity according to modern-day gypsies is simply taking a shot of vodka for the things they cannot change and sipping coffee for the things they can change. To me, this is a bit awkward to give up without much of an intrusion. In this context, vodka and coffee are items that can go in handy one way; however, as per my take, I would start with the vodka, kill the task, and deal with the hangover in the

morning with coffee. Serenity dead-on? I too thought so. Today, being the nineteenth day in the month of April in the year 2020, I would say that serenity is the road map towards the recovery of this Covid pandemic.

A moment of silence goes to casualties in Italy and other parts of the globe as doctors and nurses, and other front-line workers to strive and save the lives of somebody's father, or even a sister or a brother. Serenity is more like an individual's way of saying this is where I can go, but i can go further within an additional time or even resource or even after a slight struggle. Serenity is for the stability of the bad days and sweetens the good days: Days with the bright skies with a blue dome covering the beauties of nature. Is serenity the option? Is simply sanitizing our only way of protecting ourselves from the pandemic? In our country, one would see a sigh of relief from the Minister of Health, especially yesterday when he wore a pink sweatshirt. It would be amicable to see our leaders become essentialized behave in such a manner as during pre-Covid times.

Talking about leadership, it was yesterday when a few party die-hards found themselves on the wrong side of the law, superficially, some leaders who are on the first ladder in their political career were on the list. What does that tell you? Does it ring a bell? *Wajinga nyinyi*, led by a musician by the name *King Kaka* was a smoke signal and this is just a strike of the match. Society is a reflection of who we truly are. Away with that for now, we are talking about being serene to such

negative ambiance. For me, this year is promising unlike other years. A career in hand, a damsel in mind, and a few coins here and there. For sure, serenity is close to being mindful and being assertive at the same time. With this, as you wear that mask, wash your hands, or sanitize, remember to show some serenity.

Owning Your Own

I relish the mornings that school bag was strung behind my back and with a face full of the anticipation of meeting up with schoolmates to catch up and share their imaginative opinions of the previous episode of Conan. (I actually had my own carved sword, I was quite adventurous in my younger days), it is almost laughable today, but at the same time could be a revelation on how we could handle this pandemic. So here I am, following the President's directives for artists in matters concerning healing and entertaining through words woven to broaden our very own perspectives. It was during such mornings that I planned on how I would dodge the English Teacher, as homework duty was close to undo-able in the then lively

bright days. The sun would kiss us hard on our foreheads as we played with marbles and cut corners with our bikes in ways one thought the devil was chasing behind us. It was during days as such that friendships grew primarily on the special roles we took in the integration of our societal roles.

Owning your own, could sound like a paradox or a word woven within a word to sound fluffy or garner a fan base? What I imply by owning your own is more like getting to know what you like better and which is more convenient for an individual. Should I take my tea or coffee with two or three sugars? Do I prefer honey to sugar in my tea? This is the thought process am encouraging you the reader to engage in. Owning your own, getting up to get what you want. Back in my primary school days, every morning I left that gate of mabati, my mind already on the thought process that Math was a double that day, and in some mysterious way, the whole day would go down the drain. I would impose that Saturday was the best day of my week. It was always sunny, rather a coincidence as most of them were indeed sky blue sunny. It was during these times where one could hit on your classmates with plans of meeting up after both of you were dropped off. It is rather shameful it being a memory but then you would be more like Spider man or The Green Lantern, or even the famed Batman. Then, it was easier to own your own.

Then, it was in recent times' responsibility and freedom was right in front of us after completing our K.C.S.E examinations and qualifying for University education. It was a bit hard to really settle and secure one's own niche. It was this thought that prompted the writing of this article. To me, during the earlier teen years, it was indeed easy to plan your day and get things done. I am sure that to a few, adulthood came too early. It was the day before the day I wrote this article I woke up at around 5 in the morning and realized that some wake up to go to offices at this time. I would amicably say that it is an honorable act to wake at this time for work. In fact, kudos to such people, they already know and own their space; they specialized in what they felt appropriate to their time and expertise. I again say, those memories of carving swords out of wood may seem absurd now, but then, which was the thought process I had at that specific time.

Well, I suppose by now you the reader is sure that owning your own is not paradox or even words woven to sound cool and fluffy. In this current global hitch we have, it would be wise to own your own. It is also wise to track back past events and ground to your roots and discover your true self, more like a digital footprint, which I would comfortably claim to be taming one's own roots. During this time of war against the Covid-19, it is wise to own your own. Stay Home, sanitize, maintain social distance, and wear your mask covering your nose.

Currency; Equity or Equality

For such a long period, exchange of goods and services has transformed from good exchange to currency or money being the primal mode of trade. It is not hysterical to figure that the then famed barter trade would dim the lights the African societies in this era knew and stood for the exchange of goods for goods and other services they did not have. For instance, it would be dumbfounding to realize that a barbershop was somebody who had respect, as the shaving styles were quite interesting and loud to say the least. Then, there were rules and guidelines as to how social order was achieved, and money was not in the equation.

In our contemporary societies, currency has become something that the poor strive daily to attain their set monetary status and the rich puppet the same poor individuals for their own benefit. Over the years, from the age of the ancient African, there has been an ever-tense social gap. In the early days, one would see the difference much clearer in the setting of King and servant. One could be born into a royal family and throughout their life enjoy the luxurious throws the then society could offer. It is in retrospect that an individual born into the 21st century could wonder mouth agape on such social privileges. In my time, I could say I have stances as such in the generation of my grandparents.

That same generation believed in hard work. I would believe that their parents witnessed the draining monarch system. It is evident that it was during this time in history that they realized that hard work in deed paid. Stories from my grandpa assert that the tribe *Kikuyu* owned land in the terms of their cultivating capability. It was law to claim and own land by clearing the bush and planting whatever one wished. It was the onset of the famed barter trade in instances where whatever a villager lacked, for example a bag of beans or even maize they could exchange the utilities with what they had in their stores and granaries. The interaction was key in the achievement of social ceremonies such as weddings, intermarriages, and weapon enhancement. With the weapons, warriors used to look for the most lethal tools they could find across the vast lands of ancient Africa. In Kenya, the *Maasai*

were known to have spears sharp enough to kill a lion. The Kamba were known for their bows and arrows. The arrows carried the deadliest poison that maimed or even killed the enemy within a couple of seconds.

Currency in other of the globe was already dipping in the pockets of the wealthy and the other class that was marginalized because of money. For instance, in places like Greece, coins were the form of currency in the banks and in their streets. In medieval movies, one could see an individual playing the character of a beggar borrowing silver coins. In the Bible, Jesus Christ was betrayed for thirty pieces of silver. It is clear to acknowledge that currency was of value during such ancient times. So, one could ponder what were the native *Bantu*, *Nilotes*, and *Cushites* had in store during this significant moment in our history. Were there any geniuses during this time dating back to 2000 years ago?

About education, i would believe Africans were very much informed as similar to other races across the globe. I further assert my facts with the claim of at the time of colonization; the Bible was used as a tool to harness and tap into a deep collective understanding. It is through such understanding that ancient chains such as Female Genital Mutilation (FGM), human sacrifice, and other mysterious events that brought the typical African to the ground came to an end. It is through the

same informal education, that the then Africans maintained a social order that is sought after until date. With the ever-growing interest of determining the culture and social nature of the ancient African, currency would be an important focal point to assess this dialogue of being a true African.

Equity is usually advantageous on the basis of satisfaction of needs and wants of a particular individual, while equality on the other end is based on the sharing of resources to equal amounts regardless of the level of wants and needs an individual has. African societies then had equity, which is provable by the way they exchanged their goods on market days. Greed and mischief was something catapulted by the then white settlers by the action of grabbing massive tracts of land. It is with such stances that disrupted the social order of the basic African rhythm. Currency is ought to be flexible as it in the same economic model of the barter trade system. Nowadays, banks are the last resort in terms of money and other money-related issues like lending. We have witnessed fraud and scammers of the highest decree in this digital age. The 21st century dictates that one should strive and work hard to achieve such status. However, this has led to a rot in the system so massive to a point only the ancient African style that could save us from the colossal ogre of consumerism. For example, world football icon Abede Pele

used Brazil's Ginga style to win two consecutive world cups! Equity. We do need a dose of this African culture.

Feminism: What is this? Someone please explain!

For quite some time, there has been a never-ending debate on the topic feminism. It has been a controversial topic since the 1970s with cultures in Japan having to accommodate people as they are. When the media across the world was championing for the rights of the LGBT community, the persons identifying themselves under this umbrella were quite in frenzy in Japan. Feminist groups then joined in the struggle for advocacy of the rights of the marginalized section of the LGBT fraternity. Therefore, this debate of feminism sparked a fire ages ago as

history dictates. I was trolling online today when a post stopped me right on the phrase “the future is female.” I was dumbstruck at this sort of new perspective and straight-out backwardness. The future belongs to our sisters without a doubt. Kenya got the other day her first Lady Chief Justice: A bold step in the right direction.

In earliest of times, we read of man being on earth on the 7th day. Then after our creator realized that man could not do it on his own, he put him to a deep sleep where he removed a rib and forth came the woman. This is the story we read in Genesis. Hereafter, we can learn that man from the start was ordained to lead his companion. With such information, it could be true to claim feminism is a scam. For centuries, there has been a major catastrophe on the roles of the male and female gender. The men folk remain main source of income to their families. However, with the 21st century becoming one with the big technological advancements, the role of men in today’s society is derailing. Furthermore, such is causing mental health issues at an early age. It is encouraged for the women to achieve their dreams and desires, and make a significant contribution to the society. However, without the input of the men, there will be no society to start with.

Feminism in our country is fueled from the constraints of our modernistic society. A campaign was to empower the girl child in our learning institutions. This

worked, as there was tremendous improvement from academic and life achievement reports. In the success-flooded offices with everyone has an interest in employing the girl-child. At the same time, after employment, the women face challenges that affect their work routine. For instance, when they are on monthly leave, the employers in turn draw their claws and halt their salaries. At a point when they need support as the moment is critical. Well, the future is here as our sisters say and that campaign left out the boy-child in the success equation. In this age, the boy-child is struggling to secure employment and engage the basic societal function, the family. It is habitual to see men flooded in drinking and drug dens, wasting intellect and to them, the drunken talk, and the music stupor is enough for them to live through the next day. To be honest, we should begin to engage the boy-child in equity to the relevance and attention we give the girl-child.

The United States legalized marijuana; nevertheless, we should also remember it had banned alcohol sometime in the past. The move catapulted a liberal boom across the globe with marginalized groups having to smoke cannabis. Feminists in this century too have their way with almost everything putting the boys in danger of finding an identity within the confines of society. With phrases such as the future is female being easily put across, the future itself is at stake. It could be a responsible gesture if equity was a standard used in the elevation of the young generation across the globe. In the African setting, roles were assigned to each

gender from a young age and each had different constraints to which they would navigate the journey of life as required. We could borrow a leaf from our ancestors and eat some traditional food considering what future generations would learn from the decisions and actions of current generations.

It is Time for Africa

A tag that characterizes the African person in matters concerning time is that they are ever late. It stipulates them to drag their legs massively such that Africa won the tag 'African timer'. Nonetheless, in the ancient African societies, directive was a focal point through which standards were set. Truth is; the traditional African was a bit more rigid than what most people could imagine. It is quite unsettling to come into terms that those folks gave up land and people for simple things like mirrors, food spices, and clothing. I could believe Africa then, was more like a colorful picture on the wall. Moreover, social order bestowed upon them celebrations that at times could last a weekend and other events that remain mysterious to date. It was in those years, years with no calendars and Africans relied on moons and rainy seasons to tell time. What interesting times!

During the ages of giants and ogres and to date, Africa bears the tag 'The Motherland.' To give credit to this, Egypt is mentioned in the Bible a couple of times. To enquire on such stories, one could wonder agape on the construction of the pyramids and laying of the massive stone blocks, especially with geometry and vectors being part of the equation. With such a high affinity for application of

physics and mathematics, it is apparent that education was an integral part of the forthright African. We acknowledge that there were different societal classes that the community members had to earn and achieve. With such, a member of the community wearing badges and accolades could get privileges from other adherents and hold an opinion during meetings. For instance, if a young man achieved the deed, he could get to marry the most beautiful girl in the village. If it were an older man, they could receive let us say a piece of land, to till and feed his family. If it were an aged man, they could attain status in the King's courtyard or another administrative post. It was during such an age in Africa that I yearn to have visited for an hour then come back to 2021.

In Africa during the pre-colonial era, time was close to a key word as it measured with the accordance to the position of the sun, using instruments known as sundials. In some parts of northern Africa, distance was equated to the number of hours a traveler would take to reach their destination. It was in such an instance, a place was termed to be three hours from where the starting point was. It was in a sense that tales of Africans walking for long distances were in deed true. They could measure the time they would take to reach their destination. It could be probable that it was more of a mindset thing to walk twelve-hour distances. In the 21st century where the black man is liberated by justice and education, it is in this setting we take a skeptical look at past events. Were people in previous centuries in

tune with everyday gifts and misfortunes? With long distance travel, it would be obvious that these folk prepared for the tremendous journeys. They most probably began their journeys in the morning when the air was cold, an incentive to cover more distance.

The straightforward African in traditional settings was muscular with his helper (the African woman) being close behind toiling in the farm, hunting, and fishing to sustain a livelihood. It could be true to claim that one would assert they were stronger than average. With the mentioned claims, it could be possible for them to walk for twelve hours with small resting points in between. It is in my gramps's generation that they would walk for long distances for administrative purposes. Then the bicycle came forth and things changed tremendously. Journeys began to get efficient and a lot of administrative work was done. It is easy to note that Africans have a wide array of information sources we can visit during escapades of diving into our rich culture.

So, one would ask, if at all, we have this humongous source of knowledge at our disposal, why are we still a third-world continent? In our pursuit of elitism in the 20th century, it is practicable to blame slavery for our lag in the world title race of supremacy. It was during this period, that our strongest boogied with death every day in crowded ship decks rowing oars for hours. It is sad to acknowledge that The Motherland lost generations in the incumbent slave trade. Nonetheless, a coin

having two sides, today we refer to the descendants of our forgotten people African Americans. With this now in discussion, it brings another side that could help us bring to book African time.

Third-world Africa is our nickname. I suppose the issue could be in the leadership, or even in the upsurging populous numbers. It would be all right to say so but it is us in the 21st century, that will use these bursts of knowledge and use the information to provide solutions to our modern day issues as a continent and too as a globe. The African Americans (AA) during the 1970s and 80s were in for quite a large portion of violence. We could equate this to the slave days, as cases were extreme as they resulted in death or imprisonment. The then brutality by the security enforcers was out of this world as the AA faced violence threats from all quarters. After President Abraham Lincoln abolished slavery in the United States, the AA were able to own land and property. They gave labor in exchange for wages. It was also during such a time when AA owned vehicles. It is absurd to note that even after years passed the AA had to buy a green book, its primal purpose being to guide the AA's on roads to use and hotels to book.

In Africa, the 1980s and 90s consisted more of administrative networks as opposed to the oppression the Africans Americans faced in the Western countries then. This period was expected to favor the colored person. A picture of an African sitting at the front of a lecture hall alone is popular in our computers today. The man had

secured a scholarship in one of the Ivy League universities. Apparently, in a usual class setup, this character is usually the top during examinations and understanding what is in context. The scenario portrays the African student winning again in a situation created to diminish him. This is another show of our wit with the first one being travelling for long distances. I would claim that we Africans have been for long reading the wrong script. It is true that the British and other colonialists in Africa brought education and religion to the then generations of our ancestors. Such action catapulted the process of awareness amongst us as a people in the later centuries and times. It is with so that we Africans in this 21st century should work within our reaches for the sake of future humankind.

The Green Book was published every year with newfangled policies that could have changed within the year, African Americans used to be bound to the book as finding themselves in wrong territory could be really a bad situation for them. Racism was quite intense at this time with public pools being open to the black community a day before they were cleaned. At one point, the whites had chemicals put in swimming pools with an intent of burning the AA's skins. Despite such harsh situations, black communities had to move from town to town-seeking refuge. Yet another situation that showers pride to the African spirit was to forego long distances with intent of securing safe ground. A large number moved into Detroit and found solace in each other through community-based forums where

they interacted and from a long time, they felt united and found peace within themselves. It was also at this time that police brutality was at its peak and revolutionaries like Malcolm X and Martin Luther King Jr were taking centre stage in the fight for freedom of the African American in the United States.

After some time in the year 1965, the Green Book started advertising various hotels and lodgings AAs could book as they travelled or as they made travel arrangements. Women managed a significant number of these hotels and their services were extemporary. With such proof, I could lay claim that women could be the secret ingredient in this our third-world unbalanced equation. In 1980, Black Entertainment Television (BET) came to be under the stewardship of a woman. She in deed saw the talent in AAs at that time especially the young folk. It was through this channel that black entertainment from music, movies, and radio, it served as a global platform to highlight African American culture. For 40 years, the channel has garnered interaction globally with it sticking to the exposure of AA culture at different points in time. For 40 years, BET has achieved what is similar to the Green Book in the 50s. With such acumen, one could derive a core African characteristic, unity.

Women ought to play a key role in the transition of Africa into a second-world continent. It is through initiatives as BET that African Americans stood together for such a long time. A stance that has seen them grow into respectable members of the community. Every year hosting artists and setting of award ceremonies that cultivate their culture year in year out. This is evident in the recent Black Lives Matter campaign, where George Floyd died under the arms of law enforcers. It is not a new situation as it used to happen since Abraham Lincoln abolished the trade. It being 2020, it is quite a matter of great concern to notice hate and resentment still eating us in this 21st century. Discrimination based on the color of the skin should be outdated by now. The murder caught fire on most global news stations with protestors marching in the streets demanding for justice. More like what happens in Kenya when the likes of Boniface Mwangi, the activist, march through the streets of Nairobi. It was quite a surprise that the George Floyd campaign was coordinated in the very streets of Nairobi. Maybe, this excessive extremist force mischievous sprite has been present lurking silently in our shadows. Women should be the absorbers of such social shock, telling us stories that would make our minds wander and advice that would stick in our heads with them being mothers in our homes.

Africa should have a dream of its own. A dream so inclusive that our men would accept women leadership and our women consider what the men bring to the table.

It is quite a disadvantageous situation that I learnt of Ubuntu a few months ago. I could say I got answers to questions I for so long thought I could never have solutions. Its basic philosophy of I am because we are is a key we should use in tackling personal and global issues. We could integrate the marginalized female gender in terms of social and labor spheres and work towards a new prosperous Africa. We as Africans and African Americans could forget what was done to us during early times in the 17th and 18th century. It could be a new Motherland, a new Africa, a home to everyone. With technology, internet, big data, and globalization, this dream is possible to realize. It is time for Africa to show the rest of the world what we stand for by using our morals, values, and societal functions passed from generation to generation.

Ubuntu should remain our slogan and putting in mind we are doing it for humanity, the scars of history will fade by day. We could too learn from the West and other races such as the Arabs, as they in turn get the ropes of being African. It is time we showed the rest of the world our true ways; it is time for Africa!

Game Time: Parrots

vs. Sophia

For the longest time, i have thought of having a parrot in my living room: The bird making noise and disturbing peace every time it saw a human being. I would place it at the top right corner of the living room, a place it could at least see the sunrise and set. I believe that during the creation of earth and living organisms, the parrot is quite a special bird. A bird that talks! I would wish to have like four of them in a room and listen to them all day blowing steam and sharing my problems with these unique birds. And who said the dog was man's best friend! I disagree 100% I would rather get a parrot.

It was last year when the famed Sophia graced world stages with her eloquent voice. It is an achievement to human history and i cannot detest that. However, i would find it hysterical to engage a machine created out of Artificial Intelligence possess similar attributes to that of a person. It was dumbfounding that people around Sophia were eager to ask it questions with the intent of measuring and

gauging its intellectual capacity. Over the weekend, i got to sit with an IT specialist at my local bar who got me to understand the workings of AI. Therefore, i understand that it comprises of three layers with the core at the center. He continued to explain that Sophia learns from her immediate surroundings and engages with people based on their intellect. At this point, i asked what would happen if the machine got to sit with a genius, let us say for instance Newton or even the famed Einstein, would Sophia become a master of information, data, and man? I was scared at this point as i figured the world might be coming to a sudden halt. Could Arnold Schwarzenegger be right in his movie series The Terminator? I would hope not, it is my wish to visit Brazil one day and dance with my wife to the beats of the Brazilians in their colorful streets. The IT person won and i was left pondering what nature had as ammunition. A parrot was the first thing that popped up in my mind.

Parrots consist of 350 different types with most of them being found in South and Central America. These birds learn language by listening then they repeat what they have heard. Over a specified period, the parrot could be able to communicate with its owner. Here is where i swing heavy, with AI, the machines learn from listening to their respondents over a specified period too! Isn't that a buzz kill for AI enthusiasts. Hence, parrots defy the very basics of the self-proclaimed AI. More so, with parrots, one could at least have one in their lifetime. (They can live for 80

years.) My question begs, could we be at the brink of mental exhaustion? I mean, gone are the days researchers and scientists relied on nature to validate their claims. Nowadays, technology is thought to be the end game. It was in the recent century the United States Military envisioned a helicopter from a dragonfly, a validation! You now get my point. Nature swings hard.

With Africa showing off its beauty like a majestic peacock, the male African gray parrot shines for its prowess in beating the other 349 types of parrots in language efficiency, intelligence, and color. So, which corner of the ring are you? Are you with the parrot or are you checking out Sophia!

Out of the Man Box

It is a year since I published the article ‘The Destructive Man Box.’ Since then, I have met with folks that have given me the high five and some rather gave me the middle finger with the claim that I was embarrassing the menfolk. It is okay, as this was quite a revelation I thought I should share. The man box is an enigma that blocks the progress of our very species. It was through a Ted show that I first learnt about the man box. Tony Porter is a huge advocate for the awareness on matters pertaining the Man Box. For quite such a long time, men have undergone societal pressures that force them into depression, suicide, and other mental health issues. However, this is a real gargoyle feasting on the masculine gender. A hidden force of darkness that eats us to the extent of developing violent behavior against women and young girls, binge drinking in bars (I can attest to this), and depression. I am sure, if we look at our neighbors and go against the phrase do not remove the speck in my eye before removing the log on your side, then we would have healthy manhood.

It being 2020, the Corona Virus has maimed social order across the globe. However, it might be a positive aspect, as individualism is becoming a virtue we can see amongst our friends and neighbours. With the halt of the usual consumerism habits, people across the world have stayed indoors, bonded with family, and protected each other from the deadly Rona. Individualism that was taken away by technology, internet, and social media is fresh in the air. It is through this individualism that the men folk will get back to their intended purpose with the support of the women and young girls. The negatives of sexual violence against the women are chains strung through the ankle of most men in this modern society. They see women as objects and being of less value to their male friends. It is with this mentality that the women have stood up and engaged catalytic campaigns worldwide. This is a nice gesture our sisters have adopted through the years, sadly, it means that if men have abused women because of the pressures of being masculine, then this has gone on for quite a long time.

I could say I have been in a box that is purposed to make me dominate, and sort of binge drink. It is right for men to seek dominance, authority, and the right to the body of a woman. It is also right for women to be respected in the aspect they get reason and conversation instead of violence. Men could then share their issues and avoid going in depression. It is of recent times that our President Kenyatta, has stressed on issues concerning mental health. In addition, the role of the youth lies

in handling pivots of social order, as they wait upon other younger generations to play their part once they are grouped between the ages of 18 and 35. With awareness on matters such as the Man Box, we could find solutions to nagging complex issues we face today, issues that derail the whole nation leading to some of our citizens to commit suicide and violence against children and women.

In the pursuit of dominance, power, status, and authority, we are losing young men who are purposed to be elders of our very society at one point time in the future. With the high cases of mental health, depression, and suicide among our men, it is difficult for the society to focus on facing challenges brought about by their environment. In this time 2020, there is an upsurged number of single parenthood units as opposed to other times in history. I remember when I was a small boy, I used to know single parenthood was because of losing one's spouse and I was sorry for the family. Fast forward to 2020 where gin excites my throat and single parenthood is the order of the day. However, I do not feel sorry anymore, maybe for the ones that have lost spouses. The Man Box has to go for the couples to understand each other and use technology, the internet, and social media to their advantage, as opposed to the notion of necessity where we are dependent on these devices. There was a time I wrote about technology stealing our values, heritage, and altering behaviors as people of African descent. If we could tackle

this gargoyle Man Box, I am sure we could catapult President Uhuru's dream of sustaining the youth in the country even in times of our old days.

As for me, I am counting days I sit at the *sina taabu* sipping my cold beer conscious of the claws of binge drinking keeping the Man Box at bay; I believe we will have a stronger elderly nation in our days in the fifth and sixth ladder. In the meantime, individualism is becoming a golden affair make sure you embrace it.

Our African Jungle

There is a global atmosphere is putting Africa on the map. We have seen rebranding from coming from all over the continent with avenues such as the fourth estate wearing new outfits. I can say the campaign started with our very own foot soldiers since time immemorial. Is the fight for independence historical or is it eventual? I would say it is eventual. See, it was during that time that the world was relieving itself from oppression and that is where the Greats such as Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X and Mahatma Gandhi came to exist. It was during the age of industrialization, with the likes of Eli Whitney coming up with the invention of interchangeable parts of machinery. Can you believe there was a period in history where machines were manufactured as a whole? I mean there was a time where equipment was made whole without any spares and of course without any replacements and it was quite ordinary to buy full equipment from factories once a part was worn out.

There was such a time in history, a time when Great Britain had colonies all over the world. It would send administrators who at that time were jolly they secured employment and could travel. They were the same administrators who whipped the

living hell out of our fore fathers in cotton farms, striving to make the annual quota of raw cotton that was required to build the textile industry in Britain. The rise of Mahatma Gandhi saw him boycott British textiles for two years; he himself milled cotton into fine fabric, which the citizens of India proudly wore. Mahatma beat and crushed the British textile industry in India and he was proud of it. The blow was a heavy one that saw Mahatma receive invitation to visit Britain and see for himself the unemployment he had caused to the Britain textile workforce that amounted to close to 50,000 workers.

Mahatma was a humble dude; he told the Brits there were 5 million Indian citizens that would receive employment opportunities if the textile industry were home-based. Could the use of heavy machinery by the Brits became a disadvantage as the product was intended for the global market? Is civilization the onset of oppression? I ask deeper questions with the intent of understanding a growth mindset. In Britain, they were doing a great a deal providing employment and relief for its citizens at the expense of other citizens of other nations. I would believe this is the struggle we have when it comes to bringing Africa to its feet. We need to co-exist without the spear throwing and the cattle rustling and learn a few lessons from these other developed continents.

Our African jungle is known to be full of fruits and cool waters. It is true, let us forget the tale of how some of us were kept in ships for years only for their seeds

to be put in cotton farms. Slavery was mean as hell! Imagine yourself in the lowest deck of a ship to row and row for moons with the master's mindset at your seed and limit any efforts of procreation. I feel for those slaves, God rest their souls in eternal peace. It is through such that great nations were built, super-powered tags created and the continent of Africa continues to struggle with education, culture, and receiving limelight from other developed nation. To those that understand the journey of a civilization, there has to be a generation or two that must stand in place and build a foundation, more like a staircase to ensure and facilitate the growing of younger generations. With this said I come again and salute the slaves for spreading African seed across the globe. Thanks for the story that would barricade our oppression from any side regardless of class and status.

Just like the Americans used media to highlight and diversify their culture, just like the Brits championed for the welfare of its citizens through organizations regardless of the consequences, we in this African jungle should stand up and embrace being African, it is in the air. Just breathe!

Convenience is better than Consumerism

Convenience is ought to be a mannerism in which we are supposed to achieve satisfaction, unlike consumerism where people act out of guidelines as per to how they should live their days. I am not saying living like a noble is bad, but there are trends and habits we engage in that tend to wipe our identity slowly by the day. In my last article, i wrote on individualism. It is important for us as a people in this 21st century to relish each day, as each minute passes doing what we love doing, be it in the corporate space or even in the streets as a hustler. I would believe that economies that thrive globally ensure they use convenience to operate and steward their monetary value. For instance, the country Singapore credited monies to citizens with national identity cards, some convenience for being a citizen in a country like Singapore.

Consumerism is a mammoth eating through our esteemed culture taking big bites. It was today i saw a documentary showing the ways of the *Maasai* people for the

1000th time and thought i should also dive in this cultural bliss. If you look at a Maasai man, you would notice that in his simple dressing he could spend the night in the bush. The shuka can carry a gourd of water and their famed club. A machete would hang on their waist with their feet grimacing the black akalas. This tribe is by most the most convenient as compared to others that are hit by the gumshoe of consumerism. If you would look at the urban Kenyan youth, fresh in the working environment, apart from the ones finding the loopholes, a majority are on the steep slope of spending and usually in the pursuit of a thrill, perhaps.

The *Maasai* are nomads, as we all know. They move from place to place and the women build the houses. It is an interesting fact that the use cow dung, which is mixed with soil, to build their manyattas. They go with their cows everywhere leave alone they move for the cows to find greener fresher pasture. One could now grasp the Maasai's glory for the prized cattle. If they are thirsty, they get some blood and milk a cow, mix the two and quench their thirst. Talk of convenience. I would think that if we individually fit in our frames and became convenient to our routine duties, there could be a sense in how we spend both our time and money.

Borrowing a leaf from the West, Eli Whitney popularized interchangeable parts in the United States. Before this, machines and equipment were produced once and that was it. No repairs and no replacements. The machinery had to wear out then companies would get new equipment. In the first years of the 19th Century, Eli

Whitney came up with the idea of interchangeable parts and that was the onset of repairing machines and manufacture of spare parts. One man created jobs for millions of young Americans in industries that came up in gun production and spare parts. This here is why i would go for convenience, the economy became strong. It was in this age that the United States soared to greater heights primarily because of their industrial forwardness at a time results demanded sufficient input. Eli Whitney is remembered for this ingenious thought that ensured society was just fine.

Consumerism is somewhat overrated as it is as if one strives to be in the upmost level they could imagine themselves to be in and they get to miss an ordinary life. There was a time I heard someone claim they could not find the reason as to why people driving those massive fuel guzzlers end up in suicide. I could say that with consumerism, there is no authentic glamour as compared to being convenient in one's routine operations. A consumer would wake up in the morning and rely on money to make their day happen. This is very different from having a business and planning the day in accordance to the order of business. I could say that too is convenience.

Convenience and consumerism appear to be the same but are opposites looking at the results. Walk in the streets of Spain and find shoes with soles made out of rope. A family has committed to making these pairs of shoes and exporting them to other parts of the world. It is such culture that we need in this Africa. If it were for consumerism, the shoes would be factory made as opposed to their signature of them being hand-stitched. Convenience is better.

Pick One; Evolution or Revolution

2020 is a year that has rocked us up left, right, and centre. The Covid-19 menace has brought about tears, sobs, and shoulders to lean on to the victims of the pandemic. Here in Africa, the disease is not as rampant as it is in other parts of the world. For instance, in the streets of Paris, there is little to no activity in its most populous roads. There is France, the people in the streets have moved to the beds in the hospitals. Gasping for air, as they look into their last moments, family at home anxious as to whether they would see their loved one again. That is what the pandemic is bringing to the table, a deadly stream of mass deaths across the world.

Nonetheless, with the shutdown of major operations in government, people are beginning to see the realities of their societies. It is with this contradiction that this pandemic could bring with it a leap of hope regardless of the dark dome we all are enveloped.

It was the other day that Nigeria saw its youths in the streets rioting against police brutality. I would discourage the youths in that country against disunity and instead become united in the same spirit they barricaded the roads in Lagos and other major cities in Naija. This could resemble the notion of a revolution: The youths against the police and the government. However, we have seen this very stance in European countries such as France, England, and the United States, the same rioting has taken place in the plight of equal rights for women, LGBT rights, Black Community, and other global theatrics. It is a thing we do not know is that we the youth are the ones these top government officials look up to. It is what drives them to pursue funding and champion for the inclusion of the youth in their routine government forums. We as the youth in this time should initiate governments and pitch our time-changing ideas with prospects of implementation.

The story of evolution circles round the notion of humans morphing into several forms before attaining the ultimate Homo sapiens. History books credit Kenya to being the region to inhibit the earliest form of human order at a place known as Olduvai Gorge. Evolution dictates that life forms change in accordance to their surrounding environment. Men being the most intellect, he learned through the climate changes on how they either could slightly or massively change their order with an aim of survival. Looking at polar bears, they hibernate for quite some time keeping away from the cold. Before such hibernation takes place, the bear eats to

its fill storing even water in its body. Evolution is exciting and bitter at the same time.

It is bitter because looking back; we see the first form of man with a tail being bent and leaning forward. The Homo sapiens would see this as an odd feature in comparison to their erect stature. Nonetheless, if the early man was asked, he could have said nature assisted in him not being attacked. We know the story of dinosaurs and other gigantic animals and birds. The food chain included carnivores and herbivores that had heavy appetite. However, at this time, I believe we were still apes. The good thing with evolution is that the start is hectic where all hands-on-deck are paramount in the creation of better things meant to come later. Revolution on the other hand involves going against current norms with no clear plan of what would occur next if the revolution were deemed to have achieved its purpose.

A dispute with a revolution is that it is noisy and disruptive. The orchestrators of the revolt intend to actualize their ideas, which they deem would be fit for the citizens of a nation. Looking at some African countries, such revolts would lead to disaster with the innocent citizens die and are maimed in the process: The very same citizens that believe the power of casting a vote. With the idea that that would free them from the masters of oppression, only for them to realize that the very rebellious groups do not conform to authority leading to a catastrophe. Talk of

jumping out of the frying pan into the fire! Moreover, many African states are on matters development behind this clause. We tend to go in circles claiming we need this and that yet, the very same advocates of justice and equality swallow massive funds donated by Western organization, who in their jurisdiction, are helping an African country.

We in the resource-untapped Africa of ours should realize that working in arms is what will work. We need to evolve from this story of slavery and realize that we could learn a thing or two from the African Americans. It is quite selfish to sing to the tune of slavery yet the descendants of the slaves are dominating industries in the United States and other Western parts of the globe. We have the likes of Muhammad Ali who conquered boxing inspiring the likes of Mike Tyson to brace the ring and succeed to international status. Music moguls like Jay Z, Dr. Dre, and Snoop Dogg have proved that they could live their dreams regardless of them being dubbed the N word in a time in history. We as Africans should learn from our brothers and sisters in the States on the value of solidarity despite the odds. If we could do this, African culture will start to ooze into other global cultures; thus, gaining a positive identity of its own. They forgave their oppressors who are now neighbours in the estates they live in with the families. More to this, they forged the identity of the African American.

Evolution comes into play in the arithmetic of the African American. Morphing it from the cotton fields and slave ships to multi-millionaire labels in different industries in Western economies. Such evolution is the remedy we need to solve our problems as a continent with the thoughts of slavery put behind in the history books. We should develop our African culture based on the massive number of tribes in our stipulated nations. Revolutions are messy and with this Corona pandemic at our necks, messy is not allowed for the sake of our children's children. We should evolve from the huts, the FGM, early marriages, and inter-community chaos, inhabit to our surrounding environment making it better under current demands and luxuries, and develop the African Culture. I would bet our African Americans would be pleased and honored if we followed this and incidences such as the George Floyd public killing would be outdated. It is time we evolved!

Understanding the power of purpose

There was a day someone said purpose was key in achieving one's goals whichever their capacity. I did not get it at first. I was still in my 2nd year of this thrilling journey. I said I would think about it until now. Purpose is that engine that drives us. We have had labels such as rat race to a population that is determined to achieve their goals. On this, i slightly disagree with Robert Kiyosaki, author of *Rich Dad Poor Dad*. I read the book in high school and it was a revelation on matters concerning financial stability. It was in this rat race, which famed the globe, everyone now wanting out of the purported miniature race. We saw the rise of young executives ready to conquer markets with their innovative products and services. This book works in either of the ordinary employed person with the 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. schedule and to the people who want to escape the tag working class and they end up with start-ups at a young age.

The other day, I watched Mark Zuckerberg's movie and it showed the combination of purpose and the rewards of the growth mindset. He spent hours behind his laptop coding and getting his coordinates right. It is almost laughable that he was creating a platform where people could send pictures and messages with friends from the same platform. Him using the name 'The Facebook' clearly defines Zuckerberg's identity. A decade later, he is dubbed a tech millionaire having purchased Instagram and WhatsApp. Purpose engraves in the Superman wardrobe of Mark Zuckerberg. He spent hours trying to achieve his true happiness, which was invention. In this century, tech inventors are the bomb. In past times, we have seen Albert Einstein, Tesla, Newton, and the likes of the Great Henry Ford. These were the revolutionaries and scientists in past centuries who gave what we now know in the present. Two things were common in all these geniuses, they had purpose and adopted the growth mindset, an attribute that saw them try again even after failing numerous times. Glad we have art, it is much easier.

Taking a keen look at such visionaries, they knew that if they balanced their equations correctly, they would have found their pot of gold. Of course, anything without purpose would lack several other important essentials for the success of the goals. With this, the inventors use their time and dedication in pursuit of their projects and theories. I would say that these few people have a massive influence in the continuity of every individual's routine duties. For instance, if Zuckerberg

woke up and shut down Facebook, there would be economic crises across the globe. Same to the Theories of Newton's Laws of Physics, it is a fundamental topic in education systems across the world. I would say during Newton and Einstein's era, life was quite interesting. I would imagine of a situation where one would wake up and find something new that would make their life easier. In today's time, the Internet has evolved from basic connections to morphing into a practicality of its own refereed to as The Internet of Things (IoT). The same notion of discovery still works for humanity.

Taking a close look at purpose, it is vital to understand purpose for the easiness of goal achievement. It is not wrong to use 21st century massive discovery of Internet in enhancing one's purpose. Even the early man used fire to his advantage. In the same scene of this type of man striking two rocks together to discover fire; it is in the same equation as of the likes of Zuckerberg, Bill Gates, Albert Einstein, and Isaac Newton. However, it is crucial to get to the growth mindset. There is a dose of resilience in that. I did understand purpose and it works just fine.

Growing Up

When i was 10 years old, I had the thought of who I would become when I hit 20 years of age. I could say the thought was exciting enough as my mind hazed ten years into the future. It was the other day i remembered of this thought on the day in hit exactly ten years old in 2003. Today actually, the thought of my ten-year-old self-wondering of how my 20-year-old self would become popped. I would suppose the ten year old would have thought to be married by the time they hit 20, might be as well a dose of puberty. Here i am 17 years later with not so clear images of my 20-year-old self. Who would have ever thought I would be the one behind a computer typing keys, which would follow and make a rhythm that I could enjoy, a tune close to music to the ears of the writer. My twenty-year-old self should be probable to have cut through the bushes in search of a clear road. My ten year old would be surprised to see his current 2020 version, or maybe he would give the latest Colin a high five.

I would say growing up was quite a handful. I would suppose it was the time almost everywhere most of the populations were living in urban suburbs.

Livelihood then was an adventure. It was also an era where radio and TV were typical appliances in most homes. To those from affluent backgrounds, they had the colored TV, which was quite an advantage. Employment in Kenya was stable and people from Universities secured jobs without much of trouble as we do today. The society was enlightened and was accepting of social matters that were

affecting them. I would see order and discipline despite the fact that we went to the river and at times close to town. During these times, discipline was instilled with either a stick or a slipper. I am saying these times were, as they were never going to end. It was usual for one to hope with anticipation to the following day. In this context still, I was in deep-thought of how my twenty-year-old self would have accomplished. Guess there was some growing up to do there.

In between 15 and 17, i was in high school and there was a publication of the School Journal. I remember grabbing a copy i still have to date. The pages are actually like the year 2008, a bit formal with a slight graphic design touch to it. The Chief Editor is on the first page after turning cover, who would have known that today i would also bear the same not same same but as an editor at WSA-K. That kid am sure did not have clues as to what was really going on, or maybe i was nearing the 20-year-old that had his way in most of his endeavors. Back to the school magazine. The difference between who i was when i held that magazine for the first time is that i am in a magazine now. As I read the articles written by fellow schoolmates, i did not recognize that they wrote out of passion, not as a matter of efficiency system but from a writer's point of standing. I have to give respect to such people as i would have given them many thumbs up and a few high fives. Amongst the pages, there is a section where the school captain, his deputy, and the dining hall captain had their photos and aspirations printed in the

magazine. The dining hall captain said his vision entailed him to lead the nation. In fact, these are the people receiving the high fives and the thumbs. They already had a vision as to what they deemed fit to them to operate to their full potentials. A decade later, this person is a respected lawyer in the country.

Therefore, a question begs, do we have to visualize our desires for us to get the energy and knowledge to carry out the dreams we visualize. I would suggest that this could affect motivation on how we do our routine duties. As in, if one failed to achieve their visualized goals they stagnate and fill themselves with non-literal information with intent of justifying their defeat. Look at Donald Trump; giving excuses as to why he lost in the just ended U.S election. Such behavior is linked to the traits of a fixed mindset. Stances that make one give excuses for facing a setback. I would say this is where the chance for growth comes in, as in the case of Joe Biden. Sadly, it is a choice that is hard enough that it could pass just with the click of a finger. It is true since if you asked my former three selves (The ten-year-old, the 15-year-old, and the 20-year-old) that I would stumble into writing as a full-time career, I would have just laughed and probably walk away. I needed to grow up for sure!

Growing up is the best choice as it leads us to new paths. I would affirm that kids do have that fun of discovery. They are inexperienced and have limited access to movement and knowledge. Despite such setbacks still, growth lies there waiting

for your grasp. In an urban suburb setup, it was typical to notice those that had failed to secure an education farming. Today those farmers own large tracts of land where they are still farming. Vision also has proved to be of essence primarily because of the gauging of one's desires. With this, i could bet everyone is allowed to follow their passion regardless the simplicity or the complexities of their visions. Nonetheless, it is clear that growth is paramount, and i would give my 10-year-old a fist bump for the tremendous visualization that shaped who i became 17 years later, the reflection was priceless to say the least.

Balance

At a point in our child years spinning round and round on a standing on one spot then suddenly stopping was a fun thing to do. Yeah I know you do, I also spun and waited to stagger when i was a toddler. It was fun and games and the apparent

stagger act was cool somewhat to the girls we tried hard to please. Little did we know we would literally stagger into our early twenties with bottle in one hand and a stick of tobacco in the other? This is where we lost balance and crumbled down fast oblivious of the imminent danger, we still had the bottle closely tucked behind our long coats of prejudice. We were like the long lost Wild Wild West cowboys in the then movies we used to watch as kids. The long coats were brushing against the dusty road we chose to travel, laughter cringing at every joke however dry, which was made. All that misery because we missed on the definition of balance.

I would say that balance as simple as it sounds is what makes the difference between the thin line of success and failure. It is in this balance that a conjoint relation of choice and responsibility is woven in such a way that one balances properly through the jaws of being youthful. It is a bit tyrannical that we adhere to some proverbs we found along the way of our growth and development. For instance, there is a Swahili proverb saying *Ujana ni Moshi* meaning, youthful nature is short-lived. I would as a youth take this as a precaution not to do certain things society does not approve. It would be a black and white type of affair, not doing this because so and so said so in a past society. I would rather live in the now make mistakes, move on, and attain balance in the society i engage with.

In this century, Africa is getting limelight for the first time in a long time, and in a positive way. However, we Africans living in this time are wrong about something,

we think wearing Ankara clothes, brandishing our hotels with wood furnishing, and our women wearing turbans (i would like to see this) is African. We forget that yes, it is indeed exciting to wear heritage, but it is also important that we as humans live in this moment. It is so as a nonprofessional would say it is for the betterment of the generations of tomorrow. Some could say that we should live in this moment as humans for the very essence of having a future other coming generations could appreciate. It is formidable to claim that balance is what will enable us to go into the next stage. I would also say that the unification of Africa, an initiative everyone on the planet is talking about, balance is crucial lest we remain the third-world continent, as everyone else knows us to be.

Balance is a simple word yet it carries a lot of meaning. It is through such balance that when we were kids we spun in circles for the fun of it. The same balance will unite Africa one day, a day where there will be one Continent, not a United States of Africa, but a united Africa, spirit and soul, just as it was in the days of no electricity, days where firewood was the sole source of light and heat in a homestead. It is in this context that balance could solve our differences in this time and space, and it is in this perfect equation of choice and responsibility that would foster growth and development. Balance is key to the equation lest we fall like in the days where our coats were long and carried dirt at the edges, days that the bottle was held close to our hearts, days that balance was only a word.

A note to my old(er) self

The year is 2020 in the month of December. Christmas is just about the corner and the festive sensation is becoming ambient in the atmosphere. If you would have asked me whether the year would be the year I shifted gears, I could have comfortably said yes, and affirmed the statement openly. Look at where we are now, it is December, and everything is turned upside down. A time past, I was asked why I have to work from home (my office) I said it is work and I have to still do it. The only difference is that I go through schedule from home as opposed to the normal office environment. This very minute people across the globe are stuck on Zoom as a platform to air their meetings. It has become the new normal. It has to be strange for those people, nonetheless, the Internet came through, and people are engaging on a much more personal level as compared to before where people had to buy tickets for international flights. The new normal provides ample time for real time discussion. Old(er) self, take note of this new normal, it really could be the new normal in times to come.

Old(er) self, this year 2020 could have been the year I made my big break, it could be the year i could have stepped into the great doors that would have diversified my approach in the writing industry. An industry of books, here old(er) self, people read numerous of books a month leave alone a year. This version of you has started this thrilling walk with the good old books, a walk that elevates status quo if harnessed purposefully. It is in this gesture that this version could see you leaning

on a pile of books, elbow to book. This would be the day the Lord would have made, days where I would not mind not winning any accolades and if won, they would be on a shelf somewhere. Nevertheless, this moment of you the old(er) self-elbow to book would be the most glamorous moment if not the best. A day satisfaction will ooze simply because this self-did not give up. This young(er) self was knowledge and experience hungry to reach out and try new fresher things. I would think of 2020 going as i planned, as purposefully i would affirm that the walk is indeed thrilling.

I could believe it is at this time that makes the difference in the life of a young person. Dear old(er) self i think this situation is well thought through. The Swahili have this methali ‘Ujana ni Moshi’ meaning youth is short-lived. I could say if the ones in the third floor (I heard this from a person) could attest to this. In their mid-twenties, they sought independence in terms of basic needs, finances, relations, and even educational quo. For some it worked and they are happy with their small families eager to see what is in store for them in their daily routines. Then, there are the ones who failed to nail it. I read that patience is not a matter of just waiting; it is a matter of waiting with a positive attitude. Therefore, the group that is leaning on the gutter could be the ones who saw their youth fade into thin air.

Consumerism encroached their once fertile lands and they lived under the dome of

their mid-twenties oblivious of their fresh blossoming into their early thirties, a new floor.

This note to my old(er) self is well thought in that this self acknowledges the wit of ink and paper. When this old(er) self gets to read this, he could write another note maybe to our self-let's say who is in the fifth or sixth floor, it will be a moment close to the elbow rest made of books. In this, I could say that memories do come through in one's growth and development. Per say, they are as unique as a human's fingerprint. With these, we find purpose on different scales yet all aim at success. It is through this that cultures form and grow. It would be satisfactory to find people evolving in their respective cultures in the future. I would have affirmed that ink and paper surely does work. A note to my old(er) self, enjoy life.

2021 in a Nutshell

2020 has been the year where almost everyone is laying blame for his or her misfortunes. Regardless of the pandemic, there are people who minted billions in various means attached to the Covid-19. We have the Internet giants who apparently became double their worth. We could see Amazon enhancing transactions online, an avenue that was before thought to be filled with degenerates

across the globe. I in particular have found a fat cow in the writing industry where apparently the Internet is involved. Before the work-from-home, it was as if people in my line of work were just invincible in the sense that the white-collared thought themselves better as they had a baseline and claimed that we did not pay tax. This was an attribute that troubled my thoughts as this was where i had found my pot of gold, yet the rigid system denied me the freedom to express my talent to the larger global audience. It being 2021, am looking forward to claiming that pot the government having put us in the tax bracket.

This past 2020 has been full of realities. It started with the campaign against police brutality where one George Floyd (May his soul Rest in Peace) was killed by a police officer right in the middle of a street. Apparently, the officer made bail and is out in the streets. One would wonder how the Justice system of a first world country is literally in the gutter. Leave alone our own judicial systems that younglings' desire to graduate in LLB only to find themselves in a cobweb that dictates their responses to the injustices that haunt the corridors of Justice. With the global response to the brutality, the world saw the unity of the black community; a stance that initiated a campaign that fought for the right of the black person. The feedback was positive as even Africa's heartbeat could be felt across the world (A rare engagement). Those who lean on conspiracy could claim that the dreaded virus was a target for the Motherland. However, if that was the intention, those

behind the puppets should call this Corona off, regardless of how mighty they could have become on their stay on this earth.

Now, with Africa, there have been efforts made by Pioneer Pan Africanist who aimed at diverging Africa's attention through the slavery chapter. They fought for the independence of the African man from oppression, and they won our independence from our white masters. It has been victory that is almost blinding us in this new decade. If it were slaves, the Americans were still in bondage for three years in Japan. Why don't we hear them complaining of slavery as much as the Black person smears the tag? I saw them in bondage, what happened to us was beyond any human understanding. They put chains through our legs and arms, sank hot metal deep into our black skins. It is a shame to them to date. I would find it a heavy burden to a white person born after 1990 being troubled by what they ancestors did because the black community has refused to move on from this catastrophe to date.

The Japanese held the soldiers who were caught during the World War 2 with the intent of them building a railway track, which they built with the help of the Indians. I saw their figures then and believe you me, they were frames of a human person with skin covering their insides, which drew out their ribs, hips, cheekbones, knees, and their ankles. Therefore, my Black brothers and sisters, appreciate that our ancestors built those who dub themselves First World. Maybe it

will happen in retrospect and we of African descent will inherit the land of Canaan. It being the second day of 2021, it would be my humble decree that all world leaders come together and preach peace and unity, and advocate for engagement of the now elite African (Like Myself). In any case, Happy 2021 people!

Normalization

With the pandemic still within our borders, us as people have stretched to our limits, something that has revealed our true strengths and weaknesses. It was yesterday when I was involved in a discussion on matters pertaining to the heroes in the Bible. At some point, we almost went off course in that the other person argued that the book was just a written piece of art. I immediately struck him off

but he further continued to claim that we Christians do not acknowledge the fact that there is Buddhism, Hinduism, and other religions. It was quite unfortunate that i had to tell him that it was a matter of choice where one chooses to be a Christian, Muslim, or even a Buddhist.

Back to normalization, it is during these times that the best and worst in us as individuals has been revealed. I would imagine of the scenario in Western countries especially in Italy. I would believe their stance in showing spite towards the viral Corona ended up in hospitals, fighting for their lives with oxygen masks stuck on their nostrils. We have the same spite in our modern offices. I ploy with the thought of an intern on duty and an intern put there through the famed connections. The one who came into the working space through the right doors will work with diligence, getting coffee and tea with an intent of learning something from those offices, be it how to send a fax or even file a report. They learn the drill of office environments. On the other hand, the rich man's offspring would enter the same offices with spite written all over their faces. It is with these that we find a diligent workforce as opposed to finding a labor force full of corruption and nepotism. It was back in 2004 where we were taught in class on the vices such as nepotism. Then we learnt all this with the aim of passing examinations. It is 17 years later where these vices stare directly at my face and to

say honestly it sucks big time. So here, I am with my golden pen writing off such distaste in our societies.

Normalization after the pandemic will be quite hectic. As we speak, our neighbors from the West are keen on eating foods from Africa due to the obvious reasons. Right now, almost everything is at a standstill putting a smoke cloud in front of us with the assumption that we will move in unison for the rest of our lives. Instead of burying these ideologies, we should get up and work. What will happen is that those countries that were dubbed 1st world will hoard and manipulate the health sector with the thought of re-building their economies. To be clear, the creatives (who have been always termed as de-generates) are going to make a fortune healing and soothing the wounds the world has after losing people in such high numbers. After a viable vaccine is found, those with authority will do what they have always done, steal.

With the vaccine now in circulation globally, it is well written that it is a race for prosperity with the human race having come together after such a long time, (temperatures suggest that this is similar to the time of heroes we read in the Bible). Nonetheless, normalization will not be the normal we are used to.

A Web of Supremacy

Picture the spider's web, i am sure it is already envisioned in your minds right now. Well, there are connections in those strings of web that the spider uses to get its prey. With all these included, it is possible to create a web of content. What is happening at this time in 2021, under the pandemic regulations, a patient mind could notice a thing or two. First, the numbers in our country is going down, which

is a hurrah despite the loved ones we lost. Well, i would say the pandemic is another reaper, i having lost a relative through the same. It is awkward i would presume. One is breathing fine then all of a sudden; they require those tubes that pass oxygen into your lungs. I would presume with the back and forth those First world countries have had since Donald Trump was elected, then surely this whole nightmare would seem more like a spider's web.

Well putting you up with current facts, the US and China were at loggerheads for quite some time. Apparently, China flooded international markets with almost synthetic and knock offs of other products other countries manufactured. I remember this time as the prestigious Range Rover Evoque was launched into the automobile market. Few months later, China came up with their own vehicle that resembled the Evoque, the only difference being in the name and legalities that surrounded the sale and export of the Evoque lookalike. The country continued to march with its European competitors as the world embraced globalization. I would bet this is where the numerous monies China garnered during the past decade came from.

Therefore, could it be possible that all these pandemic casualties are what we call collateral damage. It could true following these webs that go back to ten years back. When things like IoT, internet, and the upgrading of technology came in the last decade, those who had insight on transforming economies then could have said

that there could be a forthcoming World War in the coming years, eras where mobile phone manufacturing was a major income earner. I remember that time where mobile devices had long aerials that could show TV stations (as per the phone's manual). I could bet like three percent of these devices worked. The makers of brands like Motorola and HTC had to change their course of line to sustain their once gigantic companies. Then came the 4G and the 5G anthem: It could literally shift dynamics of businesses especially those relying on the Internet could increase their income or choose to get stuck in the race to supremacy. With all these, could the Corona Virus be a product of these economic treasons? More so, if this is a web, question begs on who really is the spider behind these strings.

Heritage to the Land of Africa!

I would believe there comes a time in this journey called life when we need to shed something that was of use to us sometime back. This is the greatest advantage of using the growth mindset as opposed to the fixed one. It is because for the fixed mindset what one would be leaving off to create some space for growth is what one would take as important with regards to the cognitive capacity of a person.

Therefore, i decided to write this article as a means to bring more light to the growth mindset.

With the adoption of the growth mindset, it is clear that at first things might be a bit shaky. Change is difficult, we all know that, but it reaches a time in one's life where most of the stuff we do radiates at an ultimate frequency. At this time, having a fixed mindset will become tricky, as fatigue will always be behind those who are fixed upstairs. With the other latter, chances are they might advance to higher levels of frequency with fatigue at bay. It is quite a disastrous time we live in. It is in these times that the older generations are sitting alone at home waiting to rest in eternity. It is a sad affair because they are the libraries of the world.

Traditionally, African societies had an integrated framework in the algebra of their societies. It is quite a good and surprising thing that close to most of the communities in the Motherland, adopted a similar framework of social order.

Alternatively, could it be that they were uniquely connected to the animal and plant kingdom. Could it be that at this time all three forms of life were in tune in Africa? Well that could bring many questions, am thinking of some already. See what I did there, that is a revelation and one cannot have that with a fixed mindset. It is essential to learn of the social order of the traditional African. If we could learn the 'why's and why not's' on the things they did, we could tune them with modern day principles and achieve a wholesome effect of two different times.

Finding heritage in ourselves is important as we shed attributes of a fixed mindset. It is not bad, I mean, goals are accomplished faster with already-set frameworks; it is just that I wonder and ponder on how much information we have lost as Africans. From the legendary times of kingship to the harsh tales of slavery to the brave moments of independence and to this 21st Century, where partnerships with other continents is unavoidable and quite a pleasure to learn variant cultures at a go! It is through shedding off what is heavy, vibrating at your own frequency, and learning new stuff will one achieve their true destiny. In nonprofessional's language, it could be defined as unlearning to learn new stuff. Question begs, would you rather harness a growth mindset or enjoy average achievements of the fixed mindset.

“Writing is a responsibility, be generous with words and gift
your reader a story or two”

Colin Stanley Karimi