

I sat on the couch too tired to reach for the remote to change the channel. The past week my house was so invaded with a plague of soap operas. I couldn't watch my favorite news channels courtesy of Angie who I had hosted seven days then. My kitchen was spotless clean. The recent transformation of my house was so sudden and fulfilling. It was the biblical transfiguration of Christ.

Let me peel your eyes on Angie. A third year student at The Multimedia University. Her weekends were spent in my house whether I was there or not. She was a girl who was well endowed with the goddess Diana physique. Her light complexion was spotless, her ripe legs took even shy steps, with an air of glamour around her. Her smile was a weapon, her ways as sweet as unpolluted honey.

It was some time last year; I was reporting for Channel T news when the students were demonstrating over alleged constant trend of missing marks. The police were firing rubber bullets and teargas in the air to disperse them, I was with my cameraman, and I saw this girl trying to hide from the police who were clobbering people mercilessly. They were approaching where she was and the sight of such a girl being clobbered shuddered the gentleman in me.

I rushed where she was, took off my Journalist Press Badge and stuffed on her chest. Well, unprofessional, her chest was a firm fine pair of twin projections that defied the gravity. She stood behind the camera men as the police continued to fume the air with teargas, unleashing terror to the unruly comrades, as students loved to be called.

Scenes of students being bundled in police vehicles were all over. They would make news, they surely would.

After the recording, I gave her my card and straight away went to prepare for the 9.00pm bulletin.

I took a deep breath and sank in my chair. I had already scripted for the morning news and all material was set, the presenter would handle the rest. I made myself coffee.

"I need some actual food for my actual stomach". I told myself, feeling the bite of self-inflicted injustice in my stomach.

My phone rang. It was a new number.

One of my respondents, I supposed. I hurriedly picked up.

"Hello, is that Gabriel Juma?"

"Gabriel Juma News Editor Channel T, Kenya, who am I speaking to?"

"My name is Angeline Nduta."

"Angeline, what can I do for you?"

"Err. uhm." a casual hesitation, killed me with suspense.

Sounds like some news was cooking.

"Angeline, talk to me, take it easy, relax". I calmed her.

I could tell she was scared or tense, or both.

"I am sorry to call, but I had to, I just want to thank you for your help. I am the girl you gave your card".

My mind quickly flashed back. I remembered back in the chaotic day. God! She looked scared to death, in a ragged pair of jeans and a bright blue T-shirt. I laughed a bit, sunk deeper in my chair and brushed my face with my palm and powered on the fan. The fluorescent bulb reflected its light on the martini glass at the dining table. A slight breeze shook the curtains which were almost falling in love with the seductively yellow moonlight. The July ambiance was so serene. I rested my left leg on the glass table.

"Oh Angeline, I thought you wouldn't call, it's always a pleasure to help".

I felt her smile over the phone.

Her dimpled cheeks struck my memory with a sweet slight thud. Despite the environment she was, her eyes shone with a persistent and consistent beauty. Her eyebrows were drawn in a pattern that looked like a promise of happiness.

Her hips were *reliable* and her tummy a plateau of evenness.

"Aww, those police could have killed me. Thank you, sir."

"You are welcome Angeline; I guess you owe me coffee." I eased her tense tone.

She giggled sweetly. I know you are mesmerized why I describe this girl in such high accord. I am equally surprised.

"Yeah, sure, I am indebted to you. When do you want the coffee?"

Tomorrow at 1600hrs, at a joint you will decide".

"Okay sir, I shall call you. Goodnight ".

She hung up.

The phone remained glued in my hands for a few seconds, me, thinking about nothing.

"Goodnight Angeline". I said to no one and put the phone down.

I tossed in bed for not a short while. I had barely slept for an hour than my alarm clock rung.

I took a quick shower and drove to work. All was set in the studio; Carolina Kadzo my presenter was ready. I cohosted the morning breakfast show with her. The show with her was always vibrant. We struck the breakfast show with active talks overwhelming our listeners, warming up their morning, laughing out loud at their opinions through call ins.

After the show at around 10am I took an early lunch and my day being over, I decided to drive to Naivasha for the weekend. I stopped at Limuru to check on a friend, Mike who taught Media Studies at a certain private college. Being a Friday, I thought he would be free to accompany me for a getaway in Naivasha. He was drinking beer in the house while playing music. From college, he never changed.

Being a teetotaler, I took some mango juice from his refrigerator.

"Gabriel, when are you marrying?"

I chuckled. The fool asked me this question times ad infinitum.

"When you shall be sober enough to be my best-man".

We laughed. He had been my stubborn roommate for my entire 4 years at college, a chronic drunk who could call me any time of the night after drinking more than he could afford. He solemnly swore to quit the bottle and the following day he would be somewhere blissfully imbibing on his jug.

He once was kicked out of the KBC during our internship for coming to work fuming,

smelling like a brewery.

Apart from his reckless drinking, he was a man who knew how to impart knowledge on his students. One of his students is an intern at our media and he is doing well.

Waiting for me to stop drinking is like "looking for the name of Lot's wife in the bible. A big vanity. Now shall we go to Naivasha?" He submitted, swallowing the last glass as if his life depended on it.

3.10pm. If I stepped on the pedal at a constant 100kmphr, I would be in Naivasha in an hour.

I started the engine as my phone vibrated. I hoped it wasn't work, neither my fiancée hopefully. Her nagging was just much enough to ruin a weekend as peace-deserved as this. I checked it.

"Hello Sir, Java, Kencomm is where am getting you your coffee, see you then".

The finality was so full of assurance that it ruled out any chance of me disappointing. I swerved to reverse hoping not to be late or caught with traffic. I had forgotten that Mike was on the front left.

"Hey, this is not the way to Naivasha". He protested, "where are you taking me?"

"I am kidnapping you". I said thoughtless.

"Can I call my son first?"

"No need, say your last prayer. You got a will by the way?"

He studied me. He could read me like a book.

"Women. Women ". He hissed.

"I am dropping you at the Intercon. Please drink responsibly".

At the Intercon Hotel, I instructed the bartender to ensure the guy was taken to his room after 5 bottles, that is if they valued their glass furniture. Mike always had a shaky relationship with reason when the bottle hits the right places.

I parked at the Intercon basement and rushed to Java, it was 1609hrs. I saw her seated at the edge of the hotel. I had to put on a baseball cap to avoid people identifying me as selfies were the last thing I wanted to hear about.

She stood up to shake my arm. I gave her a short-lived hug before I sat. Java on weekends was packed to capacity but the ventilation was done by passionate interior designers.

"You are late sir".

"Call me Gabriel". I flatly stated amidst her beautiful smile.

The air around Java was not ordinary. The soft pop music played in the background. Couples spread the scent of romance as the immaculately polished waitresses wore smiles easily, you would think it was part of their training. A certain soccer match was going on. Outside, the city buzzed with activity being a weekend rush. A queue outside the Nairobi Cinema as people jetted in numbers to watch the recently released thriller, *No Time To Die*.

"Your card said you are a reporter at Channel T, but I heard your voice at the One+ FM breakfast show yesterday."

"How sure are you it was me?" I said lightly removing a small thread on her shortly and perfectly barbered hair. I dropped it on her shoulder and it dropped down her dark maxi

dress that clutched on her body with divine devotion, descending to her fair dark heels. I couldn't give her pedicure a blind eye. How can a girl have such beautiful small feet?" "Gabriel, Gabriel Juma, the prince of talk." She tried mimicking my introductory statement that usually sent my fans crazy.

I laughed heartily at that, I really did.

"Good evening, excuse me gentleman, what are you having this evening?" My laughter was interrupted by a soft voice of a waitress who stood before us.

"Ohh my, Gabriel Juma, is it you. I am your big fan!" Her voice raised in excitement. I was no stranger to such.

I gave her a warm smile and shook her hands.

"Thanks, Sarah." I said reading the name tag on the chest on her waistcoat. "I am humbled that you like it, make sure you call in too, on Monday we are discussing why Java hires such queens for waitresses."

She giggled shyly as well as Angeline whose smile didn't seem so genuine.

My life outside radio wasn't different from the public one. I flirted those I could, joked and despite call ins by especially female listeners to praise me, once or twice I got into problems with the guys above my paygrade.

"Two white coffee, German cream stirred." My host placed the order which came in less than a second time. That is Java for you.

I looked at Angeline and laughed once more.

"What?" She too said laughing.

"How do I say my name?" I asked again.

"No."

"Yes."

I learnt that she was in her third year doing a Bachelor's Degree in Journalism at the Multimedia University. She was aged 23, and to some or all points I wanted to imagine she was too pretty for her age. She was intelligent and shared her visions and dreams so articulately. I never imagined a student could be this future oriented. During our college days, our lives rotated around changing women, partying and forcing talents in rap music and acting. Everyone wanted to be Denzel Washington, Nick Mutuma or Eminem. Here is a girl who is so passionate and confident about her future, so ambitious and intelligent.

My phone rung. I hoped Mike had not caused a scene at the bar. I was wrong. It was Julia, my fiancée, who worked at the Jomo Kenyatta International Airport as the assistant Communications Officer. I knew she wanted us to travel to Kitui for the weekend. I had obviously made excuses. She was too strict and very sensitive. If I failed to pick it, she would bombard my inbox with text messages complaining how I maltreat her.

"Working on some features but shall let you know in the morning."

"Okay, I love you."

I took a deep breath; Angeline was checking her phone. Her ears were checking me as if she followed the conversation.

"Take care, talk later."

Angie, as she preferred to be called, was born and raised in Kiambu town. She was the second born of 4, and the only daughter.

"Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel, it was a pleasure serving you." Sarah said as she showed us out.

It was 1803hrs. She laughed at the manner we were addressed.

"Sounds funny, awesome though."

"Why, seems Sarah saw we suit each other." I added checking on her.

She smiled as paradise leaked its appearance through her dimples.

"Is Gabriel your real name?"

"Yes it is. Unfortunately, you won't have to use it, Mrs. Juma would do."

We laughed out loud as we got a taxi to take her back to school.

"Sir, it was such a pleasure being with you. I am grateful."

She said.

I smiled and simply stared at her, not in an uncomfortable manner. I felt a certain sensation strike down my spine to my feet. A touch of magic.

I hugged her and watched the cab slide into the main lane.

"Bye."

I headed to the Intercon. Mike is a nuisance when alone.

I was anticipating for her to be in my house for the very first time. I had tried to clean my house and change the curtains. I removed the disorderly books and rearranged my shelves on my study. I dusted the carpet and sprayed the air freshener.

The Uber man called me, Ahh, good Tommy had already brought her. I casted a glance around the house satisfied that it was neat and took the lift down. I was tired of living on the 12th floor but I kept forgetting to request the landlord for a possible shift to a lower floor. With the demanding nature of my work, I forgot almost everything basic about me, my dad had twice lectured me on the need for a leave, so did my sister who was studying at Mt Kenya University. They thought I would break down. This was so false of them, though they cared, they didn't know how much I enjoyed my work. My lecturer always said that love the job you do and you will never have to work a single day. My good teacher, I felt guilty that I had not called her for a long time. I had promised to visit her in my former college to talk to her students. I would make it up big time. I would. I promised myself.

Angie was dressed in an immaculate white knee length sleeveless dress, hugging her voluptuous physique with passion, deeply attached to her abundant pair of hips. She had a flat pair shoes, and a small clutch bag tucked under her right armpit. Her short glittering dark hair embraced the sun rays making a striking beam and her fair complexion was visible amidst her hair. Her barber is someone who probably had a prowess in head architecture.

I gave her a prolonged passionate hug and she had an inviting scent to which I gave up my spirit.

"Hey, young girl, remind the prince of talk to clean up his kitchen, it looks like the Dandora dumpsite". Tommy interrupted the near amorous moment.

She chuckled as I laughed off my favorite Taxi man's nasty joke.

"Not funny Tom, not funny, am not paying you today." I said lightly.

"Well at least don't forget the rating".

"5-star, see you soon".

He sped off.

"Welcome to Hurlingham, Angie". I said in my popular radio tone.

She stared at me struggling to contain her laugh with no success then burst it a bit loud. "Thanks Gabriel, Gabriel Juma, The Prince of Talk". She mimicked with her sweet voice. I feel not so well for not having told you about her voice. Angie is one girl who is voiced. She had the voice of a Caribbean songbird. Her voice was the sound I could hear when I had nothing to hear. Once or twice I called her as late as 2.00am, just to wish her a good morning. She would sound sleepy but the consistency in her voice was still the same magnet that trapped my steel ears on. This was a calm voice and whose smoothness cast a spell on any man who is straight. It was a drug that I got hooked to and I was helplessly beyond rehabilitation. Any time she would call everything surely turned and the whole of me was transfigured. I was so psyched up at work and my ratings got bigger.

Ting! The door unlocked as we stepped in.

"Wow, a nice place you have here". She said admiring the maroon seats that matched the wall colors and carpet, thanks to my little sister's ideas which are so helpful.

"Thanks, Angie. Have a seat. What shall you drink?"

Thanks, what shall you drink?"

I chuckled.

"You have a habit of answering questions with questions".

"You have a habit of asking questions that invite more questions". She said gorgeous covering her dimples. Her mastery of language and her tactful approach when gaming with words was just amazing.

"Nooo, remove those palms, I want to see those dimples, I really do want to". My heart screamed though my lips remained awe struck motionless.

"Okay, I am taking Red wine, shaken over ice". I said looking her in her eye.

She wiped her face, the edge of her palm remained on her round chin, lips a bit hardened, then looked at me.

"I guess I won't enjoy the party because I don't take anything alcoholic.

I feigned a surprised look. Deep inside I felt suddenly proud of her. We had known each other for three weeks, yes, I hadn't read any signs of her being a wild one. As a matter of fact, she remained adamant whenever I invited her for outings in clubs. She usually preferred hotels and parks. In fact, this was the first time we were meeting in a private place. I had deep inclination towards her and if not at work, I would I be taking her for walks.

"Great, neither do I, just kidding, let me get us some passion fruit juice".

I blended the fruits from my freezer and served them in glasses. I welcomed her and sat at a seat slightly far.

I showed her around the house.

"This is my study, as you can see the books, I love reading".

"Are those trophies yours?"

"Yeah, different awards, the silver one is my best. I was awarded in London as the best young journalist. I was 28 then I think".

She looked at them closely as if trying to establish if she had seen it somewhere.

"What book are you reading now?" I brought her to from that Déjà Vu.

"Uhm, From Russia with love."

"Ian Flemings". I added.

She nodded beautifully. I couldn't help but stare at her edges when she slightly bent to

sample the lower shelves. This girl was created, she was molded.

"How old are you?"

"Turning 30 in two weeks' time. Yes, exactly two weeks' time".

I showed her my rooms and explained the different portraits on my wall.

Finally, the kitchen, it was nasty. Now this was the main reason I dined in cafes and at work. All my utensils were untidy. She simply laughed and stared at me.

"Your suits are the complete opposite of your kitchen". I noted the game of her words more than her sarcasm.

"Life is messy when a person who suits proverbs 31 loves to watch movies at the cinema". I joked. She punched me slightly on my shoulder.

"Why don't you sit back and let me help you clean up?"

"Come on Angie, it's your first time here. You should rest and let me do it all."

"You didn't do it while I was away either."

I laughed at how we argued. This girl is too good, I told myself. Sadly, I didn't have anything that could wash or scrub the dishes.

"Oh no, there is a lot of work to be done here." She exclaimed.

"Let's roll downtown and do some household shopping." I suggested.

I hopped into my casual khaki pants and a dark t-shirt, picked up my keys and we went down.

"Wait for me."

I went to the basement parking lot and reversed the Benz towards her. I opened the door for her. She beautifully placed herself on the leather seat as we headed to the mall.

After buying groceries, we were to head to the house but as usual, not without teenagers and other youths scrambled for selfies with me. I was so used to this.

I stopped at the boutique.

"Tell me you are going to do all that in such an outfit." I said.

She smiled, we walked in bought a sweat pant and a t-shirt and drove back home.

"Wake up, Gabriel. Wakey wakey." I heard a soft voice whisper and a tender touch on my shoulder. I rose from the couch.

"Am sorry the beef had to boil enough."

I was struck by a sensational aroma of pilau and beef laid on the table in a royal manner.

"I shall lay you a table before your foes...."

The pilau was golden brown with some salad on a platter. Along were glasses of juice and I stared at it.

Not even my fiancée cooked with so much dedication. The girl was so orderly.

"Shall we eat or you need more time to study the food?" She said while serving me. I felt like going on my knees, scream and tell her how much I saw my mother in her. I felt weak and happy at the same time.

"Ah. Ah, ah, manners maketh man, let's say a grace of thanks." I closed my eyes for a grace.

Phew!

"One feels born again after such a meal. I feel it's time we divorce Java. As a matter of fact, Java should come here."

"Gabriel." She said shyly as she took the dishes to the kitchen.

I did the dishes as she stood by watching.

"What happened to your back."

She noted the scar on my shoulder.

"That, well some bad people once tried to kill me. A night ambush. four years ago."

Silence.

We sat close while going through my photo album. It carried memories. She would laugh each time leaning on me. Soft Celine Dion and Boyz II Men's *one sweet day* music played. It was a serene afternoon.

I took her arm; she did not put up any resistance. I slid my fingers into her palm. Her hands were soft. We were seated on the furred carpet, having put the glass table in the dinner room. The space between the 3 couches looked like some love-nest, an illusion came to me of Ngugi Wa Thiong'os 133rd page of the 24th chapter of his *thriller "The River Between"* where *"they lay on the grass and the Honia River went on with its throb. Waiyaki and Nyambura did not hear the throb."* We also did not hear the music that was softly playing on the background.

"Gabriel, I can 'see' your heart beating." She said softly, her head rested on my lap, facing me.

"I can feel your heart burning." I responded.

Her eyes were rolling slowly in a sensual manner, her heart thumping, as I took her head by cheeks, gently piloting her lips towards mine. She groaned a bit as our tongues came in contact. I had never tasted such soft lips for quite a while, well exclude my fiancée and some random women I met. I always enjoyed a new tongue. Her palms gently scrubbed my hairy chest, as I gently caressed her back, down her abdomen, round her hips, then softly grabbing her evenly molded assets. She was on top of me breathing heavily, her eyes closed, her hands struggling to reach my manhood. Angie hissed as I felt her chest, she rolled on me back and forth with a deep and unstoppable yearn for something, her lips still glued on mine. Her mouth was warm and wet, her body scent sending a frenzy down my body. My magic stick was now very rigid and I felt her palms, with an unexplainable zest and energy zipped me down, fairly pulling my trouser towards my legs, and started feeling me, amidst my irregular groans. I slowly turned on the carpet to give her easy access to my balls as I unhooked her, her firm breasts pressing on my chest, I then tore her sweat pants with one attempt. She unhooked from my lips, gave me a sleepy sexy look, now my mouth flooded with her sweet breath, touched my genitals softly and said.

"That was gross, those pants were expensive." She complained at my herculean stripping effort.

Her face was beaming and sizzling with a sexual desire beyond measure.

"Were they? How about we wet this floor, wash it on the pool then get a tailor's number?" I gave her that James Bond vibe, the 007 piece of brain.

"Bring it on daddy." She whispered and bubbled her body rubbing me.

"Is that a dare?" I said as I bent a bit low and kissed her neck.

"I find it in order to call it an afternoon of wet games, Mr. Bond."

"I like a challenge, Miss A"

We chuckled as I lifted her, cast her on the couch, got on top of her, choking her with deep kisses, my tongue alternating between hers and her nipples while my right hand supporting her neck and head, my left one finding its way to her warm depths, rubbing and teasing her. She was letting sighs and slight screams of pleasure as the space between her thighs got slippery and wet, inviting my leather to glide in the chambers of honey.

"Oh no, Gabriel, I love you." She kept sighing.

I lifted her and carried her to the Jacuzzi while still kissing. I laid her on the water and turned on the steamer and foam.

"What an intense foreplay." I said staring straight into her eyes, my eyes scanning her breasts that stood firm and erect with a determined point.

"Is that steam really necessary, she said offering me a hand inviting me into the tub."

"I don't know; it all depends on your understanding of steamy sex".

She grabbed me and led me to her by my manhood, directing it into her depths, I gently stroking back and forth amidst her screams and my groans, the air was hot. My hands gripped on the edge of the Jacuzzi, knocking down the toothbrushes scattering them on the floor, as I roughly pumped, shooting hot life into her. I lifted her, while we still dripping on wet, cast her on the bed and came from behind, every thrust with a scream, our voices hoarse and after a few hours, we collapsed on the bed, her head on my chest as my arms wrapped on her waist with a security grip as if I suspected someone might take her away from me.

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I made two cups of coffee and placed them near the bed. I then went to the living room and took her clothes and put them in a laundry bin. I took note of the sizes and dashed out to the boutique. I concealed my face with a cap and glasses while purchasing female underwear and a pair of beach shorts.

I rushed back to the house. It was 1830hrs. I sneaked into the room. I put on the lights and watched her sleep. Her eyes were closed and her arms folded. Her shape was visible through the duvets, perfect curves. A small smile curved on her beautiful face, ear to ear. I had never had such a fulfilling moment, not even with my fiancée.

She blinked a bit, opened and rubbed her eyes before lazily rolling them.

"It is rude to stare, how long have you been there?"

She said, rose up a little, stretched and yawned. I smiled just watching her. She looked at me with a sexy grin.

"I didn't check my watch".

She threw a pillow at me, hitting me on my temple softly though I tried to dodge it.

"Too slow, too slow Juma". She laughed, brightening her face.

"I brought clothes and coffee right here next to you, which one are you taking first?"

"Uhm...the coffee".

"I unfortunately can't recognize you with clothes on"

We both burst into laughter.

The pleasure yours, I am in the living room, join me there my love."

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I switched on my phone, 14 missed calls from Julia and a suicidal message. I texted her explaining I was and still am in Naivasha doing a documentary. One thing for sure, she could not come to my home without informing me first. There was nothing to worry. The three weeks I had known Angie changed almost everything. I didn't want to think of anything, Julia included, but just Angie. I just wanted to live the moment, without any mental distractions. I switched on my computer to set some works for Monday, though it was Friday, I like planning earlier to avoid rush. It also gives me the time to scrutinize and self-critique any mistakes. I arranged the files well and switched on the television. Angie walked in wearing my hoodie, looking funny in it. She cat-walked to where I was, put her arms around me as we took a light meal for dinner, watching a movie.

At 2240hrs after stories and lots of talk, she fell asleep on the couch. I carried her to bed and laid her there. I watched her once again, and switching off the lights, her words that evening came back to my head. I adored her, I could kill concrete for her.

"What now? Can I drive you to school?"

"Let's see, I go to school, where my roommates are still arguing who is cuter between Trey Songz and Chris Brown, or stay here, with the love of my life, listening to him talking while his beard playfully moving on his chin? I think I have dropped out of school for this weekend".

Bad girl.

Waking up next to Angie was a life changing ordeal. Waking up with her arms around my chest is the kind of comfort I would go around the globe just to get.

On Sunday evening, I dropped her at the main gate of the University. She gave me a peck and walked in the compound. I watched her till she was gone. She knew I was watching judging by the number of times she tripped. I also knew she liked it.

There was a knock on my window. I lowered. It was the gateman.

"Excuse me sir, kindly park inside".

"Oh sorry I was lost in thought; I am on my way out".

"Hey, I know you, you are the radio guy, I am your big fan. Oh my, I can't believe it".

He said jovially his pupils expanding in excitement.

"Oh my, that is great, I am glad you like it." I said and stepped out for a photo as he requested. By bad luck, or rather good luck, a bunch of students spotted me, all came for photographs. I took as many as I could have, hopped in the vehicle and drove off. Before entering the highway, I spotted Ms. Fatuma, my former lecturer. I slowed down. I watched her use the staff gate. Alas! I never knew she had moved to MMU.

"Welcome to the Breakfast Show, I am your host Gabriel, Gabriel Juma and the gorgeous Carolina Kadzo, the Duchess of the East"

I hit the airwaves as usual. Kadzo kept remarking how lit I look and my joviality was far from usual.

"Ha-ha, I shall tell you off air". I said as she chuckled life receiving calls from listeners all over the nation.

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Since I had no Programme in the afternoon, I took leave. I called Angie who coincidentally did not have classes in the afternoon. We went for lunch talked a bit, she had seen a lot of pictures of me and students on social media. They had spotted me, as I stared you disappear in the school compound, I said.

I told her how much I loved her, I adored her. She felt equally in love.

"Have you ever had a fiancée?"

She asked a question that caught me by surprise. I however stayed calm, took a breath and time before telling her I was in a relationship which never worked out because my better half was so patronizing.

She scanned for traces of lies in my eyes and found none. If anything I had mastered was the art of calmness while dispensing lies. My ability to lie surprised even my own self.

I dropped her back to school and went home.

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That Saturday, I wanted to treat Angie a surprise. I knew the pleasure she would derive being a target of envy from her friends. I parked just outside the gate having befriended the security guard.

I waited.

In a few minutes, she walked outside the gate in a company of about 6 girls. She immediately spotted the car and covered her agape mouth with her hand, gesturing her friends towards the car. Her friends raised eyebrows but the tinted glass couldn't let them see inside.

"Hey ladies, where to, can I give you a lift?" I said lowering the mirrors.

Angie jumped on me as soon as I stepped out of the car. I was in a pair of summer shorts, a sleeveless vest and dark glasses with a pair of white sneakers.

"We are headed to the mall".

"Ohh my, it's Gabriel wa Channel T". Another exclaimed.

"Ok, shall we go shopping or take photos?"

They scrambled at the rear seats as Angie was in her rightful position. The girls murmured at the rear as I drove with one arm on the wheels and the other holding her arm. I really adored the girls.

"Darling, would your friends mind if I pay their bills?"

"Aww, you are sweet, thanks sana".

They took whatever they wanted while I tried to reach Julia with no avail. I didn't care. The girls came with their shopping bags; Angie had paid using my card. I opted to stay in the car for publicity reasons.

I drove them for breakfast despite them protesting that they were not dressed well.

"A breakfast is not a moment." I argued.

I dropped them off but drove back with her to my place.

"I would love to know your home."

"Really? I wasn't prepared for this, like, I am not even dressed".

"I insist, furthermore, you don't have to look like Diana Ross when going to your own home."

We rode to Kiambu. A 34-minute drive.

I drove in the compound.

"That is my dad, a man of few words."

"Shall we?"

The man stared at the Benz as I parked. I stepped out and opened the door.

He stood up and hugged his daughter. I shook his hands.

"Nduta, karibu, naona umeleta mgeni" (Nduta, welcome home, I see you have a visitor).

"Thanks daddy". She said as he ushered us in. Her mother was excited to see their only daughter. She was from the kitchen judging by the soot on her hands.

I quickly introduced myself as her boyfriend who had decided to know where she comes from.

The old man was thrilled at my gentleman gesture. We started talking matters of national importance as the ladies went to the kitchen. It was 11.45am.

Now there is this advert I had done on The Launch of ICT Programmes came on TV.

The man looked at me, then the TV, then me. He removed his glasses.

"What do you do for a living?" He asked.

"I am a radio and television presenter sir".

"Is that you?"

"Yes sir. I am in charge of advertising sir".

He burst into a loud laughter before calling the wife to see the advert. The old lady was amazed. I felt a bit uneasy.

They talked happily thereafter as we took lunch.

After the meal, Mr. Kimani took me round his farm showing me different sections of the poultry, dairy and plantation side. He spoke highly of his kids except one who he described as a stubborn boy in his second year at a national polytechnic at the coast.

After a few pleasantries, it was time to leave. The ordeal was easy. The old men mentioned blessings before we drove off.

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One day, I drove home at 10am from work. I still remember that day like it is yesterday. It was a year down the line with Angie. I was contemplating on taking her to see my dad. She was in school almost graduating. I called her and told her I am headed for a press conference in Thika town, I wouldn't be back till around 2200hrs. She was to cook dinner for me.

The conference ended well. I drove back to the studio at around 1900hrs, edited the work and compiled the news orderly for broadcasting before leaving. I dialed her number to know if she needed anything. Her phone was switched off. I drove home. At the last highway before driving to the estate lane, a certain Toyota vehicle came speeding and brushed my vehicle before plunging into a nearby ditch, such a nut, I hissed as I stepped out to assess the damage, my side mirror on the left was broken. I didn't want drama so I drove ahead angry. I parked and took a lift up.

While in the lift, I dialed Julia's number with an intention of telling her it is over between me and her. Her phone was off too.

"Stupid bitches!" I hissed angrily as I opened the door and stepped in.

Whatever I saw in my house shook me to the very deepest roots of my existence. It was a happening that not only threatened my career, but also my life. As I removed my shoes, opened my mouth to call Angie, I shuddered in utter horror as I was greeted with the presence of Julia, heavily expectant and Angie, seated on the same chair. Tears trickled down both their faces as I stood frozen on my door for about a minute. I then gently shut the door and sat on the couch, not knowing what to say.

"Gabriel, I am expecting a child in a month, will you abandon the child like you had abandoned me?"

Before I could answer, Angie jumped on me hitting me on the head while screaming hysterically. I tried to calm her to no avail. She continued yelling and cursing me.

"I gave you my heart, I gave you my soul, my all and this is what I get? Shame? Gabriel, lemme go and die and let you live with deception". She cried till her voice could not come out. She just sat on the floor, the floor that was once our love nest had now become our marah, the pool of bitter water.

Julia sobbed silently till her eyes were red.

"I am a month pregnant, Angie said before passing out. I was helpless and shocked. I lifted her to the ben with the help of Julia and sped off to a hospital.

All throughout the drive to the journey, Julia kept cursing me. She wished the very worst for me.

At the reception, we sat silently waiting for the doctor's word. While waiting, I received a phone call.

"Hello Mr. Juma, your car was involved in a hit and run accident this afternoon, you are needed at the station to record a statement.

I was confused. I felt dry and weak. I left promising Julia to be back in short time, she didn't respond.

I was immediately arrested and charged with murder. Before calling my attorney, I received a phone call from the St John's hospital that Ms. Julia Aketch who was identified as my wife had had a miscarriage. I croaked in pain as I was pushed in the dark cells. I contemplated my misfortunes.

The following morning my workmates came to see me. Mike too came.

I had charges of murder, careless driving and drunk driving. I was scheduled to a court hearing the following day.

On the other side, Angie was still in a comma as Mike said.

Three days later, I was found guilty of all the charges and sentenced to 5-year imprisonment with no fine option. I felt the sky fall. I looked at Angie's parents who looked enraged. On the other side, Julia's parents were there celebrating my misery. My sister cried so much after hearing the sentence. My father who was expressionless came held my shoulder, I felt a fatherly touch. I really needed that. He took a sigh.

"Son, it's never over". He handed me a newspaper and left.

As I was being driven to Kamiti Maximum Security Prison, I saw the headline.
"ROGUE JOURNALIST KILLS TWO IN A CAR CRUSH WHILE DRUNK; THE
ACCUSED HAS ALSO BEEN SAID TO HAVE ABANDONED HIS WIFE AND
PHYSICALLY ASSAULTED HIS STUDENT LOVER"

I couldn't believe all that was said about me. The world suddenly became a small cage
of unfairness. A tear of despair rolled my cheek as I turned the second page, "RADIO
STAR TURNED KILLER FIRED BY HIS BOSS OVER GROSS MISCONDUCT"

"The murderer journalist was convicted of drunk driving and may face other charges
later"

I suddenly thought how my misfortunes struck rough. Only the previous day I was in a
Benz leading a normal life, now I am in a solitary prison cell.

On the third year of my sentence, Mike came to check on me. He pitied me at how
emaciated and beaten I was. I had scars on my face and a slight limp.

"I didn't kill bro; I don't drink". I wept, tears cascaded down my cheeks as he tried to
console me. I wept for 20 minutes, my friend all silent. Probably wondering what befell
his best friend.

"Bro, I came here to tell you that Angie damaged her spine, the stroke was tough on her,
she is now on a wheelchair".

No, no, Mike please, how can that be?" I wept now tears freely rolling down my cheeks.
He held my handcuffed hands tighter.

"Angie gave birth to a baby girl, the child is now three, alive and kicking, she works at
your former place".

I wept even more.

"Julia committed suicide and it's a year since she was buried."

I don't remember anything after that. I woke up in hospital and handcuffed. My father
was there looking at me with empathy. He held my arms. Tight. He was almost crying.

"I am sorry Papa", I croaked.

He wiped my tears. He assured me it's ending soon.

I recovered and was taken to Kamiti, two more years of struggles and diseases.

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On 7th July 2008, I stepped out of Kamiti maximum security prison, a bag that had
oversized trousers and shirts and 500 Kenyan shillings only. Where would I start? I
looked back, I then started walking, before I made any step, a Mercedes Benz E200
parked right in front of me. I froze waiting for my last execution. I was so ready to go
to hell since I had nowhere else to go.

A fat guy stepped out in a dark suit, dark shoes and dark glasses came out.

I stared at him tightening the grip on my few belongings.

The man stood in front of me, smiled at me, removed the glasses, Alas!! Mike. I thought
he had forgotten about me.

"Happy birthday Gabriel!" He yelled, damn, I was born on 7th July, had even forgotten.

"Thanks my man!" I said weakly.

"Now let's give you back a life, shall we?" He said pointing the car door.

"Hey, those polythene bags are illegal in the country, throw it away". He laughed as he
sped off.

Mike the drunken man was now married with 2 kids aged 5 and 7. He had a gorgeous wife and I learnt he now owned a media house that was leading. They fed me, I got treatment and through counseling, I redeemed myself. I learnt my car and house were auctioned. I now slept on another man's couch. I started rehearsals with my voice and in a month, it was back. I decided to tell Mike that it was time to move on.

We were to talk after dinner.

"Gabriel, you see we are satisfied that you are now fit to work again. It is time you pick up what you lost. I have bought The Channel T media house and employed a director. However, my family and I are moving to the United Kingdom, where we have a media house. Tomorrow I am unveiling a new director who I have instructed to reinstate you to the position of anchoring. Don't be scared because your reputation is being repaired. See you tomorrow."

I fell on Mike's knees and cried. His wife comforted me. I could not figure out how to thank him, I just wept. That night, I remembered how I went to Channel T to seek Angie's pardon, but she didn't listen, she was on her wheelchair and was wheeled to a car and driven away. I couldn't even see my daughter. I really wept.

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"Ladies and gentlemen, finally as I leave for the UK on permanent basis, I wish to unveil successor who will be in charge of Megamax Media Group which has Channel T TV, Home TV, The Channel T Newspaper and the 10 vernacular radio stations. Ladies and gentlemen, everybody in life deserves a second chance. I was a chronic alcoholic before being rehabilitated for 6 months. I was given a second chance that is why we are all here, I therefore want to introduce to us our new Director and CEO, Megamax, Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Gabriel Juma, MBA is the new CEO having gone through all trials and falsely accused, is now a free man and fit to work." Come forward sir."

I was momentarily blind and I thought I was dreaming. Wild cheers clouded my ears. I could not just believe what I had heard. I rose and matched to the podium. I took the microphone.

"Thank you, thank you."

Tears and emotions overpowered me. I sobbed as people clapped on.

I rose my eye, beside me stood my father, wiping my tears.

"Son, it's not yet over." This time he was smiling. He then left.

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It is 0600hrs in the morning. I hear some noise from the kitchen. It's my daughter preparing for school.

"Daddy dress up, let's go." She shouts. She is 13 years old and her sister is 5 years old.

"I am coming kids; make sure those big faces are washed." They burst into a huge lively laughter. I am still in a dark suit.

A womanly touch on my shoulder.

"Darling, you have been here all night?"

I kiss her palm.

"Darling, I told you I had to complete this book before the kids' birthday."

"Are you now done?"

"Yes but you won't read it yet."

She smiles, she is still the lovely girl I met 13 years ago. This woman is Angie, yes, Angie is now my wife, I made peace with her parents. They accepted me back, I sought for her specialized treatment in Japan, her spinal cord was fixed through some therapists' procedures, she now walks and very fine, not on wheelchair. Mike is still in the UK, I still feel sorry about Julia's suicide, I too made peace with her family, Angie is educating Julia's siblings.

"Are you not going to wear your new suit darling?" She asks.

"No, am comfortable with this one, I only wore last night." I say.

Lakishah, my youngest daughter, the younger one of my eldest one Jabalinah, comes on me running and spills milk on my suit. We all laugh.

"Guess you shall have to wear the new suit."

She leads me to the bedroom.

~The End~