

Ohaga Paul

**He may be the gate man, watchie, soldier' or 'chief' at your office. Some people just call him 'officer.' Yet he could be a university or college graduate trying to make ends meet. Ohaga Paul investigates the secret, silent life of the gate watchman.**

Nobody seems to know what the most appropriate name should be. Sometimes it even degenerates into such demeaning terms as "Nani" or "H'ewe," depending, on who the boss is. But they all do one thing- they man gates.

With the current wave of unemployment rocking the country, many youth are turning into any kind of work. It is not by coincidence to find graduates doing odd jobs too, a situation worsened by the load of certificates tacked beneath their sleeves. Many youth have now ventured into professions that were once shunned and regarded as the preserve of 'some retired old folk. 'Manning gates' is one such career. I remember those days when I used to see very old shabby looking men, usually overdressed, working as watchmen. They wore oversize coats, worn out garments and woollen hats that covered the entire face with openings only big enough for the eyes and nose. Feet were warmly adorned with heavy woollen socks and boots.

It was a despised profession, and woe unto you if your father or grandfather was a watchman. You would constantly be a point of ridicule. In fact, teachers poisoned our brains when they continually hammered it into our heads that poorly performing students will only manage such jobs that lack respect and dignity as being a watchman or a tout.

Many years after college, I have met many of my high school and collegemates who are guards out there. The number could be much larger.

In present day Kenya, finding an eighteen year old man clad in a security guard's uniform is normal. The only problem lies in the scornful looks from friends or relatives.

When I recently took a walk along the streets of Eldoret, I came across a rather mystifying scenario. Standing across one road, I saw this man in his early twenties shouting some incoherent words. Curious, I got closer and learnt that he had been asked to advertise at the door's shop. He was chanting words to the effect - 'Karibu, malinshi, uniforms, vitabu bonazé.' That was eleven in the morning. That evening about five pm, I used the same street. Surprisingly, the same guard was still 'advertising.' I was left wondering whether the guard was being paid extra for delivering that service or whether it was some kind of exploitation from the employer.

Their world abounds with tales of exploitation, overwork and underpayment. But none of them will dare raise a finger for fear of getting the dreaded marching orders.

None of the 15 guards I spoke to was willing to give me any information concerning their working conditions. My efforts to talk to the administration at one of the biggest Security Firms in Kenya equally hit a snag when none of my two appointments were honoured. This prompted me to carry out some underground research and here is what I unearthed.

The guards report on duty long before everyone else. Usually, at 6 am. As if in mockery of their duty, they are armed with a wooden baton or

some imitation of a gun and a whistle. Then there is the name calling by their employers. This is one of the few professions where one can be referred to using demeaning terms and is still expected to say 'Yes sir, ndio afwande.'

I hardly heard any one being called by his name, even when their names were tagged in bold on their chests for all to see. After arrival, the guard then cleans the premises, washes the boss' car (s) then goes to the post office to pick letters.

The situation worsens in cases of robbery. Whenever such an incident occurs, these guards are usually the first suspects. The police categorize them as potential offenders. Most of them are unable to defend themselves in a court

of law.

When the day ends for the boss, the guard must continue, awaiting his colleague to relieve him off the duty. In case he fails, the guard must stay on until the following day. Some employers begin hurling insults and hooting fifty meters before the gate. In case the gate is delayed, the guard will have to withstand all manner of insults. Many guards usually tolerate this, but the public adds more pain to the insult by viewing them as good for nothing people with no sense of dignity.

The situation gets out of hand when payment is due. Majority of them who earn peanuts, can't dare say much, lest they be given marching orders. There are many who never get paid at all, or are

paid in bits.

Most security firms actually claim as much as Shs 20,000 a month for security services, but pay the guards a meagre sh 4,000.

The society has made their work even more difficult. The recent call to arm guards was watered down by protests that such an act was even unthinkable unless we all want our poor heads blown up. However, there is need for cordial relationships between them and the police force. The Private Security Industry Association should also look for ways of incorporating this association with Central Organizations of Trade Unionists (COTU) and to work closely with the ministry of labour to enhance working conditions.

# The silent sentry



# In Kabasseleh's footsteps

OHAGA PAUL

Reggie Kabasseleh on piracy and 'sianda' artists.

The loss of DO Misiati of the Benga maestro early last month was undoubtedly a big blow to Kenyan music. In 1998, another all time singer, composer, and producer Ochieng's Kabasseleh passed away.

Ochieng's death was reason to believe that his songs would also go under.

But his son Reggie kabasseleh put on his big shoes and has been marching on ever since.

In fact, Reggie seems to have made a major strides to retain his father's legacy. He is taking Ochieng's music to a whole new higher level.

In a recent interview, Reggie tells me soon his new albums will be begging for more space in the music shelves.

Tall, dark and hugely built, Reggie strikes the pose of a serious businessman as he walks into the Kisumu studio. He is smartly dressed in a black trouser, an African designer shirt and black shoes.

The noise around him as he welcomes me is disruptive, but he turns it down and we chat. His real name is Nathan Ragerar Kabasseleh. He was named after an uncle to his mother. Reggie is the short form of Ragerar. Musically speaking, he is Reggie Abuta Kabasseleh.

Names like Abuta, Masanga, and Kidi are his trademark names. He comes from such a large, extended family he says he does not know the number of all his siblings.

Reggie has two mothers, Joan and Judy Kabasseleh. They are sisters. His grandfather, Joshua Ogola Kadwo, who is mentioned in many of late Kabasseleh's songs, had thirteen wives and countless children. He was born in 1978 in Ombia location, Rarieda division of Bondo district.

Reggie is a devoted Christian, yet his father was a staunch Muslim. The younger Kabasseleh got into music in the early 90s, when he performed alongside his father.

He says for seven years, he trained on how to play guitar and other instruments. After performances, his father would allow him and his elder brother Joel Babu to practice in other bands like Super Mazembe (associated with the late Jaingo Dulos) and JP Jakorandi's band.

They also had a chance to play alongside L'Ochestre Kisasa Five, and even performed with Moreno Mbatamba and the Congolese Choc Generations band which then based in Kisumu.

After honing their skills in these bands, he and his brother went back to take control of his father's band, where Babu became boss.

He has also performed with Ken Watenya (of 'Adhambambo Sianda' fame), Jasolo Akush Omin Oswaga (now with Ahoach Jamaranda of Malo Malo Kings), Lomboto Banja, the late Bitota and Omondi Tony (Akinyi Judy Akinyi) among others.

The band's name was later changed from Luna Kidi to

Reggie, son of re known musician -the late Ochieng Kabasseleh is passionate about music just like his father.



TP Luna Kidi Ngoma Kubwa, where the two helped their father release a number of hit songs. His father helped them with the recordings and acted as a technical advisor.

He has several nicknames. Reggie is also called Halujas Nyapange Ogola, Kidi, Olywigo Kwach, Masanga, Mbuta, a nd Ochieng. He has been in the music industry for twelve years and has so far produced three albums, a VCD and is on his way to producing his fourth album.

His latest VCD is called Waga Jaka Mbare. The three albums, which he produced with the help of his uncle, are doing well. He says his first album Rapudo Kambuta, which had five tracks, did well, while the second one, The Second Liberation of Rainbow, did poorly. The third, Los Mari Kata Tin is reportedly doing well.

"The fourth collection will be my best," he says. He attributes his success to his uncle Amisi Buddy, whom he considers his mentor and guardian. "Amisi nurtured me into what I am now. I played alongside him in the L'Ochestre Buddy Sikse Band for at least four years. In fact, I produced many of my songs while I was with him.

But he had to quit because he wanted to pave way for other upcoming young artists to get the necessary support that Amisi gave us."

His new outfit, L'Ochestre Kidi Masanga, has ten members. There is Malachi Raring'o Odiendo, who does solo and is also the personal Assistant to the band.

There is also long term singer Crispin Odhiambo, Sylvester Jaunguna (drums), Katana Kazungu (rhythm), Sheriff Otany (bass) Sheriff is also a long time friend and technical advisor to the band.

Others members are Omwidi Jakakath, Ochieng Otare,

Oluoch wud Min Oluoch, and Owiyo wud Jokindu.

Reggie adores music because it pays. "Music is my source of income," he says proudly. "I do it like any other work. I don't consider it a talent, but a job, just like any other. Music has also made me responsible."

The artist is married to Hilda Akinyi and has four children. He describes his wife as 'the loveliest woman on earth.' In jest, he tells me, "Make sure you report that. She is the best woman who ever lived."

He says he will go on to compose more songs on national unity. He is however, critical of a section of the current crop of musicians, whom he says are 'overly obsessed with singing about the size of women's behinds.'

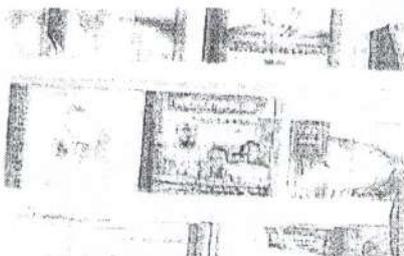
"How I love the songs done by the old artistes! They were so educative and could soothe your spirits. But the current musicians only sing about love and sianda (women's bums) Music is good. We can make it better if we kill piracy and encourage creativity.

Piracy is killing us. The government has neglected us, yet music is a source of income and employment to many people. He rummages through his suitcase and pulls out a copy of a CD with pirated songs.

"You see, I found this in Nakuru. Someone hawker was selling it to me. Just imagine! I got hold of him! I am going to sue for piracy.

Reggie has recently shifted base to the sugar town of Muloroni and acquired new producer named Kademba Productions.

"Make sure you report correctly, or I will take you to court, like the pirates. Mark you, I have a very tough lawyer," he says as I leave.



LIVING

Statistics reveal that Kenya has the worst forms of Child labour with over 1.9 million children in Nairobi alone living on the street, with a considerable proportion engaged in child labour

# Is there hope for child labourers?

Ohaga Paul

Rose, 15, was orphaned at four, and became a mother at 14 on a street in Kisumu city that she had grown to know as her only home.

One day however, hope appeared on the horizon when a stranger offered to help her. But it turned out that the good gesture turned her into a housemaid.

Hard work allocated to her daily was not good enough as the stranger often subjected her to sexual abuse at her tender age, forcing her to quit.

With nowhere to go, she hit back to her 'home'—the streets.

Not long after, she met other street children some of who assaulted her sexually leading her to conceiving.

Such has been Rose's rough life that even when the Narc government offered to send her to a rehabilitation centre, Rose, who has grown to be suspicious of strangers who appear with promises of good things, turned down an offer a social worker provided for her to relocate to a rehabilitation centre.

Rose has grown without love and when I ask about her parents and why she opted to be on the street, a pensive mood quickly registers on her face. She looks at me shyly with her small deep-set eyes and seconds later the eyes turn puffy as tears roll down her cheeks.

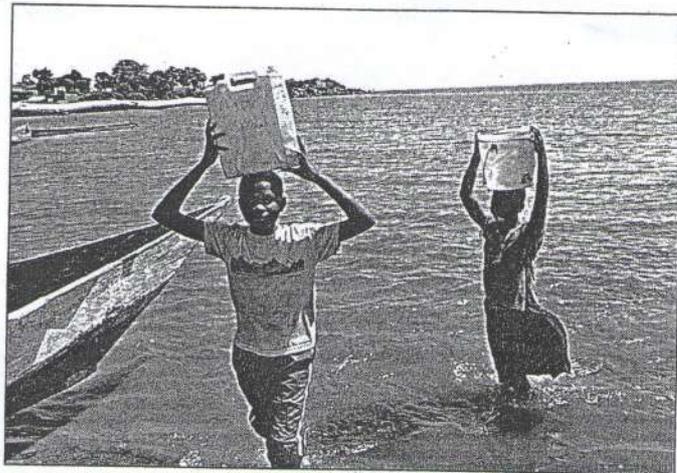
But she still gathers the courage to talk about them. Rose's parents passed away leaving her in the hands of her only brother. She says her brother's wife turned violent on her. "I was always ordered to do heavy work all day long".

On turning to her brother, her sister-in-law threatened to walk out on the marriage.

How about life on the street? I ask her.

Rose's day begins at about five in the morning, when she begins to scavenge for food. At six she moves to a make shift restaurant run by one woman who prepares food for Jua Kali traders. She fetches water, helps in preparing food and takes orders around the whole Jua Kali area in Kisumu.

She tirelessly does this daily save for Sundays and in the company of her baby. Her only rest comes at seven in the evening and supposing nothing comes by to



Mary Awino and Julian Atieno at Osieko Beach in Usenge, Bondo, deliver water to kiosks for a fee.

prostitution, drug trafficking or in the production of pornography.

Others are involved in domestic services in both rural and/or urban areas where they suffer among other things, sexual exploitation leading to early pregnancy, maternal mortality, sexually transmitted infections, HIV/AIDS, trauma, emotional and psychological problems.

They also suffer physical violence.

Child labour is often considered to be an inevitable part of the life of the poor and perceived as a necessary survival and coping mechanism for families in poverty."

Child labor cases are experienced across the country for instance in Uasin Gishu District particularly Timboroa and Burnt Forest areas, where some children leave school and engage in hawking of farm produce like carrots, cabbages and potatoes along highways. But there is hope. In Western

sustain her, she will have to park along side other prostitutes in the streets, leaving the baby all alone.

But Rose is only one of the 1.9 million children in various urban centers in Nairobi who not only live on the streets but also find themselves engaged in child labor. Rose, still a child by legal definitions, says she has to do this "for the sake of her child".

According to the International Labor Organization (ILO) and International Program for the Elimination of Child Labor (IPEC), child labor is often considered to be an inevitable part of the life of the poor and perceived as a necessary survival and coping mechanism for families in poverty.

IPEC defines child labor as both paid and unpaid work and activities engaged in by children that are mentally, physically, socially, or morally dangerous and harmful to them such as work that deprives them of opportunities for schooling or that requires them to assume the multiple burdens of schooling and work at home and in other workplaces; and work that enslaves them and separates them from their family.

Statistics from IPEC reveal that at least 250 million children aged between 5-14 years in developing countries alone, are engaged in child labor with almost half of them working full time.

Kenya is in fact considered to have the worst forms of child labor. According to research carried out by the IPEC, children are engaged in

Kenya, one Child Labor Organization working under COTU (K) in collaboration with ILO/IPEC has done a commendable job towards elimination of child labor. The Community Child Labor Self Help Group COTU (K) that is an extension arm of COTU (K) went ahead to children found working in quarries, fishing and commercial areas.

Mr Joseph Modi, the director that the Community Self Help Group sponsored 86 boys and girls to go to schools.

Similarly the organization has managed to sponsor at least 86 boys and 76 girls in secondary schools with others in vocational training.

However, the organization has experienced a relatively difficult time sensitizing the public and has discovered that many people even educated do not know what exact entails child labor.

There is also no cooperation from the local authorities like the chief their assistants. Neither does the funds for the coordination of the help matters.

The demand for child labor still remains high. It costs little and sometimes even nothing at all.

Since 1919, the ILO has sought to put an end to child labor by adopting international labor standards to set minimum ages for different types of work children and to regulate the nature and distinction of work.

Even so, unless child labor is addressed expansively, the prevalent will continually be on the rise spell dark future for Africa.



Young William Otieno labours the great River Oroba in Masoi in Nyando district as a sand harvester.

Ohaga Paul

## The lakeside town heaves in a sea of countless, colourful bicycles

MY TOWN

A warm gush hits your nose as the vapours are swept by slow moving winds across the shores of Lake Victoria. Even in the dead silence of the night, one can hear the lake breathing.

Kisumu is a whole new world. As dawn breaks, birds start chirping, bells ring. A new day has begun.

Like the early bird rushing for the late worm, cyclists go for the early risers. It is not a fight. The whole town is turned into a battlefield as the wheeled birds compete for attention, waking even the heaviest of sleepers.

From the East, West, South, North, left, right, the boda bodas criss-cross each other, moving from everywhere to nowhere in particular, sometimes narrowly missing a car or pedestrian. If you have never been here, you would be struck still in wonderment.

The lakeside city was recently celebrated as the cleanest town in Kenya. But its image is far from this. Not with the chaotic traffic, bicycles scattered practically everywhere, and hawkers spread all over.

One 9 O'clock, I wipe my sweat-drenched brow. Yes, it can get real hot by nine in the morning. I am dehydrated and thirsty. By merely stepping out of my house, I look like I need a boda boda.

Choosing one is the biggest problem. They are so many. So after some hussling and negotiating, I climb on a 'souped up' one. We jerk off, the wheels revving against the tarmac.

When I first came to Kisumu, I had very high expectations. This is the hometown of Kenya's most renowned politician, Raila Odinga. Its lake was also famous for the huge masses of the frightening water hyacinth.

I have been so suprised by what I see. This is the only town whose residents speak exclusively in their mother tongue. Every business is conducted in Dholuo. Men in Kisumu prefer Safari boots and slippers while for women the fake hair phenomena has really got into them. Back to the situation at hand. Am almost at the main stage. The bicycle is speedily cruising and I can hardly hold my breath.

Am not so sure I will reach my destination safely. My driver (oops! sorry, pilot), relishes every moment of the air ride. He is making some real *safari rally* moves in as he deftly dodges the piling jam along the Jomo Kenyatta Highway. I sink my palms onto the handle and close my eyes as we miss hitting a maratu at the Kenyatta sports ground roundabout.

When I finally gather courage to open my eyes, a group of bemused boda boda operators are all eyes on me.

I fish into my pockets and give his one, then flee into the passing crowd.

I discover I have reached the heart of town, the pulse of boda bodas. It is known as "Guba."

This is the main entrance to the main bus stage. Another looks at me rather cautiously and I am tempted to ask why.

One, whom I later learn is known as Odoyo says, "they think you are a police officer. They think you want to arrest them."

"This area is known to be the most dangerous of all the stages. So why is it called Guba? Odoyo tells me that the spot was named after Guba in Iraq."

"Almost exactly what happens in Iraq is what occurs here. You can get killed at anytime, be arrested by Municipal askaris or police. We also fight for customers frequently. A group approaches me and I foolishly say, I will walk."

But I don't know what trouble I am getting myself into. Walking along Kisumu streets is harder than crossing Nairobi's Uhuru Highway.

The emergence of boda boda bicycle transport in Kisumu can be traced to 1994 and even further back to the border town of Busia. It flourished because it supported the smuggling of goods across the Kenya - Uganda border, hence its name.

The low investment and maintenance costs, its convenience in areas not served by regular motorised transport have made it even more popular in smaller village towns across the country.

However, there were no provisions made in the Kisumu Master plan drawn

years ago and hence areas like bicycle tracks, parking bays and bicycle lanes were not provided for.

This oversight has led to mammoth increase of accidents and congestion on the town's roads. A bicycle traffic survey conducted in 2004 by the Sustainable Urban Mobility at selected points and busy roads across the city showed that the highest point of concentration is around the Jomo Kenyatta Highway with 48,610 bodas plying along that route. Other areas are Gumbi road, Nairobi road and Otieno Oyoo road which share a minimum of 9,000 bodas.

The total number by that time was 88,192. However, this higher figure could be more because as far as the Executive secretary of Central Body of Kisumu Bicycle transporters Mr. there are some people who are not registered. This huge influx of bicycle into the town has led major conflicts within the existing transportation challenge in both Traffic Police Department and the Municipal Authorities, and even the residents are spared. Rose Alelo who has been a resident of Kisumu for five years shares her distaste. "When these bicycle operators came to town they were friendly and tolerable now they are a nuisance they jam all roads streets and avenues. You

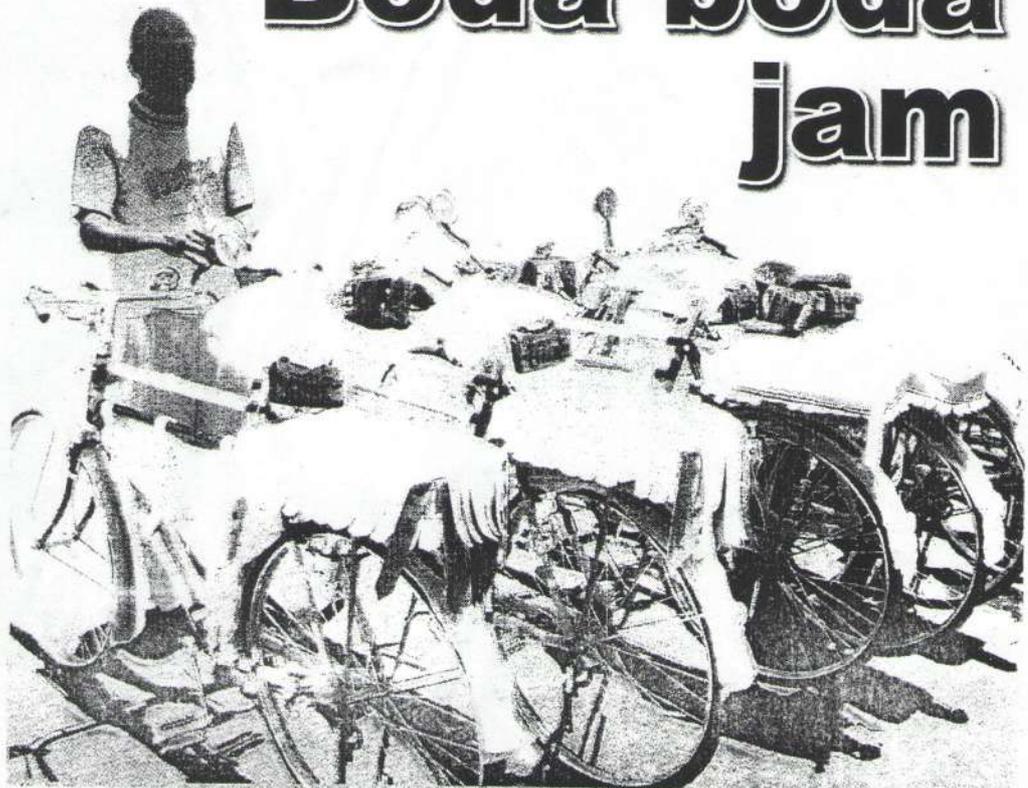
can hardly walk". However Rose is quick to add that they do help but currently their demerits are more than the merits. According to Municipal Council of Kisumu employee who did not wish her name revealed says that Boda has crippled their operation. she adds that the bicycles jam all the entrances to the stage making it hard for vehicles to pass yet the council gets no revenue from them. The same sentiments are shared by the Nyanza Provincial Police Officer Grace Kaindi.

Kaindi who describes the traffic of Kisumu as chaotic says the cyclists have made police work impossible. "The police have really a big problem down here.

Odiambo speaking on behalf of the Traffic Base Commander says the police receives reports on boda boda related accidents on a daily basis.

They cause obstructions, poor coordination and free flow of traffic. They have invaded highways, they park anywhere. It is not fun walking along the streets of Kisumu anymore.

# Boda boda jam



“They are very common and puzzling, we are fond of them; we do them consciously or unconsciously but they irritate so much”

In the current world we live, dishonesty is the only currency for social acceptance and financial sickness. One must therefore practice some deceit to get along in life. But you must never lie to yourself or you will be left with no one to ever trust. Naturally, people don't like honesty – regardless of the numerous sermons that honesty is the best policy. Well, for the case of this column, it might be different for frankness would be the order of the day and some part of it may be uncomfortable with you. Kenyans have stopped being that they are and are now behaving more else like Mongoloids.

Before you start accusing me of calling you names, allow me to inform you that this is not a non-governmental organization seeking any resources, nor is it a pressure group lobbying for a change. This column is meant for you, your friends and your neighbors. You have seen people commit certain things that you can't understand their motivation of them doing so. Well, here is your chance to help them. This column highlights some of the annoying, self-defeating behaviours and habits we consistently do that go unpunished and above all, nobody talks about. Perhaps, because everyone is a victim.

Here are samples of those habits we do:

#### Picking Noses

If nobody has ever told you that picking noses is one disgusting, manureless and unhygienic habit, then have it from me. It is one of the most unbecoming behaviour we Kenyans have adopted as a lifestyle. And to say it is very improper and

## The things you commit again and again

### Annoying Habits

By Muga Paul

immature is excusably polite, and understatement in relation to how we do it.

Hygiene is one of the most fundamental aspect of life we have to take care of, with a lot of caution. But when we find it very normal and quite comfortable going against the hygienic standards, then we are set for doom. And cholera, Ebola and such related diseases that the government keeps reminding us to eradicate one have to start with us.

Anybody above eighteen is usually assumed to be an adult not an overgrown baby and that's why the government considers it necessary you are issued with an identification card.

The moment one reaches this age he or she is expected to stop toying around and carry him in a mature manner. Picking and pulling noses has gone beyond the boundaries and it is spreading like hell fire. It has captured almost all calibers of life. The young and the old, the blonde and the brunette, the beautiful and the ugly have all fallen prey to it. Professional, executives and celebrities have no exception. You have found yourself in a situation where you don't really know what to do. Someone from a distance is approaching you and from a good guess, you figure it as an old good high school friend. It has been very long since you were together and always wondered if you will every meet. Everything about him screams modesty and nobleness but wait a minute. This fellow makes some few stops, bends shallowly as it so pick

something from his document wallet and the next thing you hear is a squawking delecting sound from nobody knows where. Struggling with his nose as if it is a liability to remove unwanted stuff that has inhibited it. He pulls his nose for the second time and with no care where the stuff lands, he then very consciously wipe his nose with the palm of his hand and from the look of his face, everything is very normal and of course he has relieved himself.

With a big smile, he hurriedly approaches you with hands apart ready for a big hug. You were so happy seeing him, but just by seeing what he has done and how he has done it, you start cursing why it had to be you. Saying hello! Would be a problem to have alone a handshake. So in this case what do you do? Ignore what you have just witnessed and give him that hug and let him get away with it? Or compliment him on his looks and as quickly as possible rush over the conversation and go your way? I think I would tell him straight what he has done is not good. And ought to be stopped because it is unhealthy for him, and if he is not, then I will let it be take it freely, then I will let it be. I vividly recall that during our primary school days, a number of pupils could always come with some kind of clothing that resembled a handkerchief firmly pinned on their shirts such that would need a tie, they could always reach for them. But more often than not, that was never the case because as anybody else

would expect, they hardly remembered they had them. So they would always end up untying their shirts pull their noses with them, rickack then keep living.

Am beginning to suspect that it could be these memory syndrome of childhood that has captured and torments us today. For the same things that we do when we were at pre-primary, followed us up to where we are now working. Bad parenting could be blamed on this, but again even those who had the strictest parents and well known disciplinarians have the same weakness.

The other day I was at a restaurant having dinner. Being end month the place was fully packed with people and so getting a seat was a problem. I don't know why, but perhaps almost everyone have had his or her better half. Having secured a place, some few meters away from me sat a couple that I figured out from my unconnected straps of evidence to be very close spouses.

The lady who looked gorgeous in her evening dress with a well-made hair and a smooth looking face seemed very comfortable from where she sat. Her partner who was kind of abt shabby, in a blue jeans trousers and black T-Shirt sat opposite her looking so passionately into others eyes, any blind person could not doubt they were in love. But again one thing that really kept disturbing me was the way this man was behaving. For the last thirty five minutes I was there, this fellow's hands were on and off his nose. Picking, looking at the stuff, rolling it in his fingers and then dropping the stuff down. I don't want to bore you with this story. But I must tell you one thing: that even after that inserting and dwindling of fingers into his nose, these fellows left holding hands so affectionately. I

don't know how the lady felt. But from my point of view it was never a good scene.

Picking and pulling nose is a habit that is not well taken care of, it is better to stay. At one time or the other you will find yourself reaching for your nose. No matter how conscious you are, you will be caught out at one moment. Some people argue that holding or touching nose is a means of communication to show distress, discomfort or nervousness, but again that shouldn't be used as an excuse for picking it.

We also have to understand that this is a viral caused disease and therefore is never treated completely. It always recurs and spreads so fast. We must always strive to cope with it in a simple clear manner. Just arm yourself with a handkerchief. They don't cost much, the least goes for five shillings and twenty shillings and twenty shillings that us for a normal Kenyan.

We can blame the economy for that, but why do you have to dress in a shirt worth a few hundred and a trouser of skin worth five hundred with no handkerchief of twenty shillings? Sounds funny. Changing habit takes only twenty-one (21) days. And if you think you are into this habit, then it is high time you developed some device of eliminating it. Always try to remember, whenever you have a tingling feeling of sneezing or blowing your nose to do it with a handkerchief.

Nobody would like to see what comes from it and so be keen when doing it. You can also excuse yourself when blowing your nose rather than doing it in front of your audience – only if you can help avoid it.

Lastly I really don't know whether it is just we who feels pissed off with this whole scenario of picking and pulling noses or it bothers you too!!  
chagap@yahoo.com

## 7 You can break that habit after all

In his book *'from the corner of his eyes'* Dean Kootz says that one cannot be strong until he learns how to be calm. Strength and power comes from perfect self-control, and perfect self-control arises only from inner peace. Inner peace is largely a mother of deep slow and rhythmic breathing combined with - not on the past neither to the present but to the future. I can't agree more with Kootz, for whatever we do regardless on how small or big it is, if we have determination and hard work we can always achieve the set goals.

I don't think there is anyone who has a significant self-improvement by setting low standards for him. We usually think of the un-attainable dreams but with a focussed mind, we end up achieving them no matter the obstacles we encounter in the process of doing so.

Well, changing a habit or behaviour requires almost the same principle. Just by identifying a bad habit does

### ANNOYING HABITS

By Ohaga Paul

not eradicate it. It take more than time, resources and whatever you need to help you come over it. There is this habit you Kenyans do and get away with it without getting punished for it. Even the name sound weird, but that will not hinder me from saying what it is.

Farting!

Farting, as I would say is sending or releasing of air from the bowels through anus. I wish there was a better way I would I would use to describe it. But there you are! Fellows from the coast call it 'Kunyamba'.

Just like the name suggests, it is not a good habit. And you and I know that it is bad. But we still go ahead and do it. Children will be excluded, but for an adult, it is against the human morals. What puzzles

me is that even the people you would expect them to do better, more often than not do it more frequently, and yes more loosely.

Man was made to breathe with the nose. But the moment that biological system of breathing changes, then something is seriously wrong with you.

Imagine you are in a business meeting, seated with executives who are worthy their salt. These executives are very ambitious that it is only the sky that is their limit. Then without warning, a wave of a very faulty smell emerges from within yet no one seems to know where. Let me tell you what such air does. It changes the atmosphere to the extent that it looks like it is sewerage drainage. The stench will persist, until you want to react, but you fear the reaction of your contemporaries. So you sit aloof pretending that all is well. Seconds later, the smell reaches the next person in a row, who will react im-

mediately by touching the nose. You try to keep eye contact, but it is lost. Contemplating of leaving, finally, the smell engulfs the entire group and there goes their reactions as well. No body talks about it. No body even comments. Only the brave manages a smile.

And the most interesting part of this habit is that even the person who did relief himself becomes the most visibly irritated. Kenyans, what could wrong with us? I have always thought that we are quite a reasonable community.

I do believe that farting do happen to people when they least expect it. I also believe that there some who make an effort to do it. For example, lifts. The are people who leave offices and relief themselves in lifts and leave it stinking for God knows who. And because it is a bad habit, and you now that you are one of those culprits, purpose today that you can break it. Forget the cliché, that 'old habits die-hard'.

# Aviation Graduates again

By Ohaga Paul

A University don has recognised the Eldoret based Aviation Institute for its quest to empower students with necessary skills in diversified fields.

Professor Eshitemi was the chief guest at the 4th graduation ceremony held at the Eldoret town hall on the 17th September 2005.

He congratulated the graduates for their hard work and appealed to them to keep up with their good work, adding that they should pursue their higher levels of studies.

While acknowledging that the college offers theoretical, educational and industrial attachments, he described it as a highly esteemed and self sufficient institute "It does not only aim at satisfying the aviation needs, but also commercial needs," he said

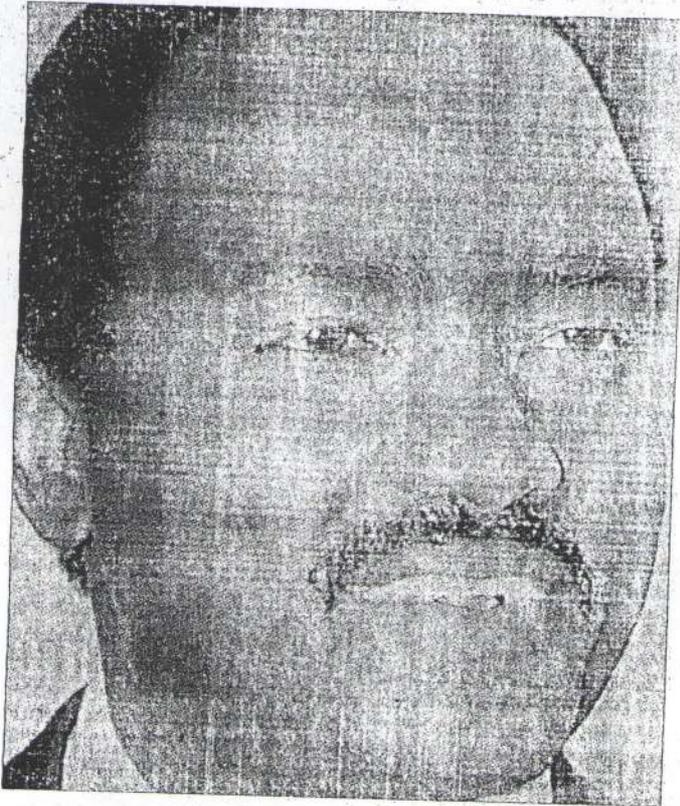
Professor Eshitemi further challenged the graduates against relying on their parents for their up keep, saying that they have the knowledge to do something of their own. He called upon employers to consider aviation graduates describing them that they have the good potential.

Mr. Jackson travuha, EATI founder and Director told those graduating to keep up with their good work and not to loose the focus, for there is a better tomorrow. He told parent to ensure that they registered their students with institutions with recognised International examining bodies like ICM, which, he said gave candidates the needed chances to pursue their careers.

The Principal of the institute Mr. Samuel Mwambura told the graduates to keep off the irresponsible lives and warned them against pandemic diseases.

It was joy and happiness as more than 250 students of Eldoret Aviation Training Institute were awarded with diploma honours. The colourful ceremony was attended by hundreds of relatives and friends who came to witness the annual event.

# What ODM split means for politics and the elections



Mwingi North MP Mr Kalonzo Musyoka could be ODM-Kenya's presidential candidate, while his Lang'ata counterpart Mr Raila Odinga could be ODM's.

**P**OLITICS has taken a new dimension with the split of the ODM family. With two ODMs, things will not be easy for the Orange parties. If the party had stuck together, it would have formed the next Government. Lang'ata MP Mr Raila Odinga could be ODM's flagbearer and the Mwingi North MP Mr Kalonzo Musyoka ODM-Kenya's.

It is nearly sewn up now that President Kibaki will romp back to State House though Raila will give him a run for his money.

Kalonzo only commands 11 per cent of the former ODM-Kenya and has only one presidential aspirant in his camp — Dr Julia Ojiambo — with the rest in Raila's camp.

Raila could have been Kenya's fourth President if the ODM family had remained intact. Kalonzo could form an alliance with Kanu, Shirikisho and the National Party of Kenya.

However, there is a tussle in Kanu, with secretary-general and Eldoret North MP Mr William Ruto in ODM, and chairman Mr Uhuru Kenyatta in the party.

Kanu could, too, split. Those loyal to Ruto could move to the Raila camp, and those in favour of Uhuru to an alliance with Kalonzo.

On their part, Kibaki friendly parties are doing fine. The Democratic Party is out for an alliance with Ford-Kenya, while Narc and Narc-Kenya are strategising on a pro-Kibaki front.

The problem is to campaign without cannibalising one another.

*Ohaga Paul,  
Eldoret*