

NONE THE WISER

My names are Paul Nginyo Gichigi, ID No. 22645501, cell phone numbers 0720788696, 0733788641 and 0772788696 (all inactive for reasons that will become clearer later) but currently using a new Airtel line (that has also developed a peculiar habit of being offline). I am a former employee of the UNHCR (Dadaab) and a former student at Homeboyz Music Technology Academy. I used to live a simple life until I met one Rose Wangui Kimotho in 2006 and her approach was swift I must admit and long before I knew it, I was a bagged man when she stated she was pregnant after our first sexual encounter. Considering am a bastard myself, the option of walking out on my responsibilities was none to hear of. Talk of being played for whom you are. Fast forward to 2007 and 1st son (Ethan) is born. We opt to move in together and the events after that 1st night as co-habitants have continued to rock my world to date.

Early Nov 2007, and the house debate has been finalized. Ngumo (Golf Course estate, Hse # 580) it is though I did not have much of an option then since we come from different economic backgrounds. Shift my stuff with the aide of my brother and a childhood friend and then head to Heritage for a drink and nyama (talk of appreciating the help accorded) and then I return back home. We have some small talk with Rose as we unpack my stuff and then to bed. Next morning is a memory that will remain engraved as I remember waking up with the feeling of anesthesia and am thinking to myself, "Could those two beers have had such an effect?" as I was heading to the shop to get some cigarettes. Upon my return to the house, I accost Rose with my predicament to which she retorts something to the effect of having done so much lifting that I must have been suffering from burn out. "Really?" I ask myself. For one, I play basketball everyday in Dadaab hence my muscles could not have over reacted from lactic. Moreover, I had been under surgery twice and the feeling of anesthesia cannot be mistaken for a fever.

Two years down the road and we have hit rock bottom as far as our relationship is concerned (at least from my point of view of things). Dec 2009 and I decide am done and need to move on from the woman who barely wants to be a wife, one who has no respect for my friends, or family and can barely stand the man she chose to be the father of her child. The Christmas is spent at my aunt's place in Thome with family and friends and here I meet my second wife. Fresh from high school and innocent as ever then one thing leads to another and we hit it off.

Come May 2010 and I resign from my job to follow the passion of my heart, music. During my studying period at Homeboyz Music Technology Academy, I get the constant feeling that something is going down in the background that am unaware of. How does one explain the trainers being ever busy to attend classes, then the same students who were my former classmates attending the same class when am gone? I had earlier on paid for the Audio production and DJ-ing courses but now that the 1st class did not go as well as I had planned, and considering I had acquired the status of King of the Jungle when it came to DJ-ing in Dadaab, I opt to challenge myself and take the Basic Radio course. (Rose and her people probably thought that this was a calculated move to be closer to the management, but guess what? I did not plan for it yet it winds up working to my advantage.) Here I am met with more drama as I am told initially there are no students who have enrolled for a class that was to begin in September. However come Nov and we are ready to begin. There are three students initially, but two weeks down the road and there are three more students who I must add leave in the same fashion they arrived before the class is over. During my entire stay at Homeboyz, I constantly get the feeling that I am being investigated because of how events unfold.

1st, my favorite teacher approaches me with a loan proposal a day before my final dues from UNHCR arrive (How did he have wind of my monies?) An off the mark comment by G-Money that I always tell I like it is, if and when I know something. Duncan telling me not to bug myself about things during our resumption class after a period of unexplained break from studies, that was after I had told him I was about to give up on my classes there altogether. The "Weird Look" that I was accustomed to during my stay in Dadaab had resurfaced even at Homeboyz. The look that says we would like to tell you, like to help you but our hands are tied. And many more that have to be left out for obvious reasons.

Back to my life with my new wife as the drama unfolds. Late May 2010 one weekend I escort her back home as she had come to visit me at my uncle's place in Kianjogu (I did not have enough money on me and I had to make do with available resources and living at my uncle's was an amicable option). She on the other hand is living with her aunt in Kangemi due to unknown strains at home (please note that she still will not open up and tell me exactly why, but I guess you shall figure it out later) and the manner in which we parted ways that evening cannot be regarded as cordial. Later that night as am catchin up with a few pals at Delta in Ruaka, I get a call from my girlfriend's aunt saying they are heading to Kenyatta and I should avail myself there if possible. Her last words during that call leave me in shock. "*Kai ari ki wikire na mwana tondu ni akugeragia kui uraga?*" I rush to Kenyatta Hospital to find the mother of my second son on one of the beds at the emergency bay, wailing in pain as the Red Rat she took is being neutralized. Yes, she did try to commit suicide as I learn and to make matters worse, she is two months (or there about) into her pregnancy and am thinking to myself that at her tender age, she must have been in too much stress with everything happening around her. There are mentions of her leaving behind a suicide note that some refute stating that she did not finish writing it.

She is admitted for three days at Kenyatta and during her discharge, I decide to take her under my wing to which my uncle reluctantly obliges. Things are not smooth sailing and I reduce myself to the thought that maybe I am not husband or father material after all. Combine that with the fact that everything I try to achieve comes crumbling at my feet, having to occasionally depend on family and friends as try to make ends meet, with the ever elusive pension pay that seems to never materialize, things are ever thick from whichever angle I try to look at life. Dec 2010 and Travis is born and with a small loan from my uncle we manage through the initial trying period. Come Jan 2011 and we resume classes albeit marred by inconsistencies. Here, I learn that one of our students was dragged from the DJ class to join the radio students. The other one is just there for the sake as he plans to sail quickly through and move on to other things. The girls who were ever probing my personal life left right and centre have evolved onto other roles and as classes come to and end I opt to leave my exams for later. It turns out that I have a job offer after my classes are over but none of that is to be relayed or shared with any of my other students. Why, I ask myself. Come Feb 2011 and we have our major break up with my 2nd wife. It was un-manly for me to slap her despite everything we had been through but the one thing I could not stomach was the fact that she was flirting with my aunt's husband online plus the kind of language and tone that was being used was way too suggestive.

Mad to the brim, I asked her to pack her stuff and took her back to her mother's. During our one month break up, as I analyze how the events materialized, I come to my senses and decide to take her back in. Why you might ask. When we were co-habiting with Rose as I was in Dadaab and she supposedly somewhere in Liberia, there was another me (as in Paul Nginyo Gichigi – please note the unique names here) on Facebook and it just did not make sense. Moreover, this impersonator was asking me personal questions like they wanted to get to know who I was, where I come from and what I am supposedly meant to be. I recall raising my concerns to Maureen who was my office mate then and her advice was that I change my details. I opted to delete my account all together and use my other emails and chat services for communication. The content of the communication between my wife and my alleged aunt's husband was way too vulgar even for his caliber.

Come April 2011 and my uncle decides its time for me to move on if I intend to have my wife back. House hunting becomes a nightmare (as is usual) but I find a house in Gachie that leave me more puzzled than relieved. 1st there is the 6k 1bedroomed house that somehow gets a new occupant who allegedly had paid the rent deposit a day prior to my coming to pay mine. This is after I had viewed the house on a Tuesday, decided will move in Saturday and was coming to pay for the house on the Friday as well as have it cleaned. Now that there is no house, I decide move on to other plans but before I leave Gachie, I get notified of another vacant house. Go over and view it, like it, and have a chat with the owner who sets Sunday as the date for finalization. 2 hours after that and I get a call telling me that the 6k house has suddenly become vacant again but I let the owner know that I have found another. Come Sunday and my meeting with my new landlord becomes another spectacle. The 1st thing he says is that from the call he could tell I was an honest man which left me baffled. He goes on to ask me if I have a

family and through the small talk that materializes, I can tell that something is amiss. As I leave Gachie, I have a look at the paper and there goes my 1st sign of things going bad. The horoscopes read “Your sense of commitment will be your suicide” in Daily Nation. I don’t take much to it as any one can interpret a horoscope to their liking, but little do I know what the decision to start a family with Rose really meant.

During our break up period with Travis’ mother, I visited them often at her mother’s place as we made plans on how to move on. Come Tuesday and as I was packing the little stuff I had, I get a call from Mama Travis stating that her mother does not support our plan to move in back together. This surprises me because she had been involved in the decision making all along and if anything, I would like to see her in person so that I can get her full verdict. I dump my stuff at Gachie and head to Marurui to see what unfolds. As I depart I get a call from my new landlord asking me if I have a family. Does not make sense coz I recall asking him on Sunday to leave the windows open so that the smell of paint will have dissipated and thus will not be as chronic to my three month old son. On arrival, I meet my wife who seems reluctant to tell me why her mother has suddenly changed hearts, plus she is nowhere to be found. I decide to take my wife with me and hope to sort out things later.

That Tuesday as we are settling into our new home, my new landlord comes over for the lease signing and small chat. A question he said that night left me puzzled beyond words. “Why don’t you just marry one of them?” This was the same question a good friend of mine asked me as we were heading to Onkoroi to plan for a pal’s wedding. A remark that was part of our conversation during the drive when I was telling him issues affecting my personal life. How did he get wind of that? I mumbled that I’ll go to the AG or something. I asked him about the lease and he adds that he has to do a name search before we come to an agreement which does not make sense coz only criminals (or victims with something to hide) get a name search done. Two days down the road and he introduces me to his wife adding “Here he is. I told you he was an honest man...” as he gives me my copy of my lease agreement. A couple of days later, I call him for a little bit of questioning to see if he has gotten wind of things affecting my life and there is reports of a suspicious group of persons who have been hovering around the neighborhood by the night watchman. On quizzing further, he tells me not to worry about it as he will have it sorted out. Furthermore, “I never let anyone bother my tenants” and also goes on to add that “It’s bad to start a relationship with someone when you do not fully understand her background”.

During the stag night for our pals wedding in early April, I got wind of how some of my friends in Dadaab would be privy to my smses and calls and how Rose and her family were the “wrong family to get into”. Then pieces started to fall into place and I recalled one of our staff retreats in Garissa in April 2010. I was on chat with a pal (please read girl) via text and every time I got a message, a staff member who was a close friend would get one. I thought he must have been on chat too until I went outside for a smoke during the break and at the corner of the building, there he was on call reciting the same numbers of the gal I was chatting with. Fast forward to 2010 and my meet with this particular gal was weird from the way she talked and her behavior. Also as I recall, there was once when I was chatting with Juliet over text in Dadaab during one of our protection induction training, my roommate would receive a text every time one reported to me. Coincidence ha? In April 2011, on one of the weekends after we had moved back in with Mama Travis, I choose to visit my 1st family and see how my son is doing. I get there at around 11 and during my 4 or so hours stay there, Rose seems to be acting all creepy as she is on phone sending and receiving messages which I pay no attention to. While there, I feel the need to keep tabs with my wife back home back but I get no response for my texts or calls. Am supposed to be meeting Victor in town and leave at around 3.30. Upon arrival to town, I try Mama Travis again severally as I await Victor at some cyber café. To my surprise, at around 3.45, three texts and 4 missed calls from Mama Travis report at the same time and for the first time I witness technology at play with my own phone. Then Patrick’s words suddenly ring true and the reality of it happening to me hits in.

The creepy look that has now become a part of my life re-surfaces with my new neighbors at Gachie and by now I’ve just but had enough. One day when the lights went out and I had to take to the meter box like everyone else to see what was happening, the group that had already converged before me suddenly went into whispers and I hear one of them say, “Nyamazeni ndio huyu anakuja!” With that, I take back to

my humble aboard and share it with my young wife who tells me that I must be over reacting. To make matters worse, it becomes apparent that my privacy in my own home is not ours alone. Things we discuss while in the house, the arguments and fights that we go through somehow end up in the horoscopes section of the Daily Nation and to prove to myself that am not slowly loosing it (one of the reasons that I left Dadaab), I decide to do the litmus tests. So now I've learnt that my phone has been bugged by someone and they are having a go at making me look crazy. It was sad to learn that my text messages and calls were being rerouted and sometimes not even coming through. Now even worse is that my private life does not even belong to me.

So now am broke, cannot pay my rent nor support my new family and have to move in with my brother back in Ndenderu but a week before I move out, I overhear my landlord speaking to my next door neighbor and from it I learn that they all did try to have me helped. He says "We have tried but we have no option but to let him go." My next-door neighbor says something that I did not hear coz he was inside the house and my landlord responds, "Now when you put it like that you make me feel guilty!" And as such, without delving into so many other details, it's apparent that something is happening in the background, and it is something BIG!!!

The Phone Tap

It's apparent that when you get phony calls and my text messages tend to fail in the "air" that my phone is tapped. I recall once a pal showing me how one can make a call from another person's phone via bluetooth (blame the internet for some discoveries) and I was thinking to myself, "That's a cute trick that I can use on someone else's phone!" Silly stupid me, why didn't I see that as a sign and ditch the damn phone? My aunt from the UK always comes with a smart phone every time she around but this time, she was reluctant to use it and preferred a simple sms and calls phone when she was around. When I confronted her with my query, she snorted something to the effect that her phone's software had crashed and that she would have to get sorted out back in the UK. Well, this is someone who never hesitated to have her phones "localized" in the past so that did not make sense. Moreover, same smart phone was in her purse on her day of departure (sometimes it's good to take a peek when people open their purses, plus she was in the co-drivers seat while I was behind the driver. Perfect view point don't you think?)

While working in Dadaab, one of my office mates had to change his phone and get a new line while using the former phone as a contacts database (as I had noticed with so many others). Upon asking him why he would go to great lengths to alter his contact, he responded with, "Wewe huwezi jua lakini utafunguka macho siku moja." The "look" was also apparent before I approached him with my inquisition. My young wife kept reiterating that the best I can do for our sake is change my Safaricom line and I always asked why. They did not buy it for me, it's a number that's tied to a lot of my life (what with mobile banking, my family, friends and other contacts and a whole lot more). Moreover, I still do not see the point of having to do so when I'm not a criminal. That was until she had to move back to her mother's house and that mobile number was the source of many other skirmishes between the two of us.

I was puzzled as to where my airtime was disappearing to and I decide to do a visit to Safaricom's customer care where I am told that I have apparently subscribed to a service from a company called INTEGRAT. That was not my doing and I ask if there are any contacts available because I would like to visit their offices and get to know how that happened. Their customer care number that was provided to me that day never gets picked up, why?

The Drugs Theory

In Jan 2009, I went to the Joint Medical Service at Gigiri to have my periodic exams done yearly as is the requirement of UNHCR. During the afternoon session where one gets the results of his tests, the reviewing doctor told me that I have to reduce my smoking and alcohol intake because there were "too many chemicals in my blood". I was left puzzled, especially from the look he wore while delivering his speech, because my alcohol intake and smoking had greatly reduced now that I had moved to the Resettlement Unit. With so much work and less time on my hands meant that I did not engage in extra

curriculum activities as much I would have loved and as such, the results would have been a different story if not better than those taken in 2008. Upon my return to Dadaab, the Medical unit at headquarters sends me an email stating that they cannot honor my Medical Assessment Form due to grave inconsistencies and have to retake my medicals in March. To date, I have never understood why but when I learn about the alleged “chip” in my shoulder and go to Aga Khan Hospital to see a friend, events lead me to a piece of the puzzle. While explaining to my friend at Aga Khan about the possibilities of the “chip”, he decides to do a blood test and as much as he says that my blood is ok, the look he wears on his face says something totally different. A week later, as one of my family friends is admitted at Nairobi Women’s Hospital with pre-natal complications there is a call for blood donation. This however ends up looking more of a blood test for me due to the way events unfold. This was on a Thursday, and that Saturday, I depart on a road trip with my family friend Dave (in my aunt’s truck) for the Coast (What a trip of drama that was!). During our stay at Mombasa, as we are changing tires, Dave makes a comment that leaves me baffled. “Tunaishingi na mtu tukidhania ni mzima kumbe mwili umejaa madawa!” Please note that it was Dave’s wife who was admitted at Nairobi Women’s.

During that week in Mombasa, I notice that my libido is naturally active again after being offline for some reasons, something that I had noted during my stay with Rose. When we started out with Rose, I was one healthy bugger (doesn’t a goal in one strike that results to a typical photocopy of me speak volumes?). However, things went south after my stay with Mama Gachina and I just could not understand how and why Mr Little Man would not rise up to the occasion when he was called for duty while I was in Dadaab. More so because whenever I got home for RnR or Leave, a couple of days were all it took for me to start having wet dreams like a teenager again. (Please note the few times I tried to give Rose some insight into what I was going through all she could do was brush me off.) So here I am in a wider dilemma than my simple brain could handle and many questions come to mind. The week before I went to Coast with Dave, I found a text in my wife’s phone that read “Ok?” (yes, now I even have to investigate my own wife, coz when people change habits and moods, something somewhere is not right) and it was odd because someone who was somehow an “open book” suddenly has to start deleting all smeses in her inbox while trying hard to be as secretive as she can. It was like someone was asking her to do something against her will and she had no option but to oblige plus I could not help but ask myself, “Was that what she was in “counseling” for after her suicide attempt? To tell her what to do, when to do it and how to go about it? Was that text message meant to be her confirmation of compliance? Is it possible that she has also been flipped into silence and secrecy like my friends at Dadaab or my brother that I have no doubt is?” (During this trying period I have had to rely on science and technology to get “active”, thanks to the invention of Viagra and other pills). Upon my return back home and Mr. Libido chooses to play hide and seek with me again, ha?

I recently visited Nairobi Women’s and apparently, the records for my blood test results for the 19th of May just could not be found. And am certain that my friend at Aga Khan just will not divulge info because he hardly picks up my calls anymore (or has my new line been officially “tagged” as well?)

People always talk and through that I came to learn that Rose was dating one Charlie during her stay in Kakuma (something that she likes to deny to date) and when we were living together, they had been seen out on a date. This friend of mine remarked, “Two wrongs do not make a right” based on the rumor that I had a side dish of my own as well at that point in time. This is the same guy who before my moving in with Rose reiterated that I should avoid her because she allegedly was infected with HIV from another source in the same humanitarian camp. Both persons in mention were smokers and alcoholics (a trait that many men in that family have). And as I’ve come to realize, it’s the perfect cover for sinister motives when you want to turn someone into a zombie without raising eyebrows. The story about Rose being infected of course was untrue because after the pre-natal visits before Ethan was born, results proved otherwise. He however was not the only one who tried to tell me to avoid the mother of my 1st born son and I was always wondering why many people were out to make sure we never merged with her. Now it’s apparent that they knew (and still know) what lay ahead of me.

When I approached my aunt (from the UK) with my issues late July 2011, she offered to take me to a psychiatrist (which was a ploy to sell me off as crazy as I've come to learn) and the first question the doctor asked me is if I am doing drugs or under medication of any kind, the response to which is rather obvious. 5 minutes into it and DR. Hinga at Mater decides that I need to take medication. I am reluctant at first but two weeks down the road, I opt to take the medication to gauge what happens or where it shall lead to (as I had confided in my cousin). The medication has no effect on me and turns out to make me thirstier as I have been all along. During the last and final visit at Mater Hospital's Doctor's plaza, I choose to eavesdrop on the conversation of my aunt with Dr. Hinga and what I learn makes me loath her for having uttered those words, as it dawned on me then that the choice to take me for counseling was not hers to begin with, and neither was she catering for the medication. More so, it was a ploy to sell me off as delusional and not of sound mind so that whatever I say there after will be disregarded.

My memory has always been good but somehow seemed to fail me when I was living with Rose. I could barely recall what I had left the house for when going to the shop and had to resort to using small notes to keep things in check. What suddenly changed here? What was wrong with this picture? Why did I suddenly start having memory lapses?

There is one thing that has been bugging me for quite sometime and am yet to understand how it's possible. Once while at Kirinyaga at the diner table while having a chat with Rose's father, he asks me if I would indulge in a pint of liquor while he sipped his tea. I obliged and proceeded to probe why he was on tea while I was under the impression that he used to drink and smoke as well. He stated that he did not see the point of drinking any more when one beer was enough to get him high as a kite. I found that impossible to believe until my return to Dadaab later that week. Half way down my 1st tusker and there was proof to the words spoken over the weekend. And now I start suspecting my colleagues for sabotage while at the staff bar.

I have always been a heavy sleeper but somehow after starting off with Rose, the sleep patterns worsened because as hard as I tried, I just couldn't seem to get enough sleep (especially in the afternoons). Somehow nowadays all I need is 2 hours and I am up like I have never been tired. Now that's weird coz as much as I try, I am up all night and have to depend on sleeping pills.

My Stint At KNCHR

Early August (or late July 2011) I get a call from KNCHR stating that they would fancy my DJ services for a function in honor of a diplomat who was leaving the country. The motive behind the call still remains a mystery to me because I believe a large organization as such could have afforded better services from major players in the entertainment industry. Or was I a ploy for Rose to have me near? On the first day when I get to the KNCHR offices, I have a chat with a good old pal and I recall telling him that their offices would be the last I came knocking to for help. That's because the government funds them plus the woman who dragged me into this mess is working there. What's to stop her from altering aspects of my story to cover for her family (as she has continuously done before) or inject herself in the investigations for whatever reasons?

During my second visit to their offices, I bring along a friend of mine who doubles up as a deckhand during some of my gigs. While in the library as we awaiting preparation of my contract for the DJ services, he gets a call that is ended abruptly as he resorts to using sms. After a short while, with the look of fear (for lack of a better word) in his eyes, he tells me, "Unajua kureport kesi za polisi huku inaeza fanya ukuwe target. Chunga usijimezeshee." As far as am concerned at that point in time, we are there for provision of music services and reiterate to him the need to relax. However for me, that was all the proof I needed to confirm that my friends at Gachie knew what was (and still is) happening in the background. It was also an affirmation of my suspicions, that my friends at Gachie were also being used to monitor my movements.

A week prior to my gig at KNCHR, I had met one of Rose's cousins for a chat (one of the very few members of that family who I was close to and could easily relate to). He makes a comment about how

he has acquired a taste for the Star newspaper and flips open the page where there is a story about how Hon. Harun Mwau claims to be allegedly followed by strange persons. I make a comment about it and he remarks, "For you to be followed around by people who are unknown to you, there must be some information of great importance that you have. Or you are involved in criminal activity." This statement seemed to have been direct at me and for not wanting to take assumptions, I ask him to clarify who he is referring to so as to ensure we are on the same page. The look of shock in his eyes for having let the cat out of the bag is obvious when I confer to him that I was talking about the Hon. Harun Mwau story in the paper while he was actually talking about me. Now that's something, another confirmation that Rose's family is up to something.

The day for my gig comes and from the speeches presented I gather that something is being directed at me (or so I think). "Considering that this is a government funded organization, people are sometime skeptical about presenting their cases to us for help (A remark I made when chatting with my pal on the first day) and sometimes other avenues can be used." You would not want to guess who the guest of honor that day was, the Hon. Harun Mwau. Could this have been a sign?

The Daily Nation Theory

1st April 2011: Stop feeling that you are being driven in to a lie over a relationship. Your sense of commitment can turn into martyr doing when it gets out of control so be more assertive in saying goodbye to the past and face the future with a certain amount of aplomb. (I did not think much about this particular horoscope until I learnt that they were sending me messages through the local daily. A facebook comment about it later and the events that unfolded are none to be told in public).

14th June 2011: This is not the time to attempt to use charm to attain your ends. Instead, you must try to convince other's that you know your facts backwards. You may feel a little confused and uncertain about your personal life and long time career issues. Tackle one problem at a time then new chances will soon arise. (This the day after I make a facebook update stating, "Man, even my high school bullies had balls, at least they had the guts to deal with their personal issues upfront. Nevertheless, even the bride has to take off her veil at some point in the wedding". Definitely someone somewhere was pissed off with that comment.)

18th June 2011: "Go out there and take it, after all, it's your money" (Was what the paper I read, in part, during my short trip into the city center in a matatu.) However, a check in the records at the Kenya National Library Services revealed something different. It reads; The changes that you have been awaiting for have now come about and something that has always been out of reach is finally within your grasp. You will have to summon up all your courage if a great opportunity and advantage is not to be missed. Don't allow the chance to away. (So now it's apparent that the paper I read that day was "planted" because there is a total contradiction between what I read that day and what I find at KNLS. Who could be this bold? More so, the guys at AMAYA had setup cameras in readiness for someone. Was this part of the setup to sell me off as crazy?)

08th Aug 2011: Potential planetary influences might leave you powerless in a situation which must be clarified sooner rather than later. However, you have total trust in a loved one, who will put your interests before anybody else's. This is not a major war you are facing, just a minor skirmish. (I had visited Mama Ethan on Sunday the 7th and in our small talk as I was trying to probe her for info, I remarked that whatever is happening felt like a war but was not mine war to fight since I have no idea why I am in it anyway. By now the feeling that I was working against everyone and everyone against me had taken effect.)

27th Sept 2011: You begin the period of the year when the stars allow you to push ahead with all that's of great importance to you in any area of your life. Just for once you won't be brow beaten by other people. You know what you believe in, what must be done. (This is the day after I have a chat with a close pal and my bro as I reiterate to them that I will have to go public with my story regardless of the repercussions of my decision.)

During a meeting between myself and some “concerned” family members in Aug, when I told them of my newspaper theory, my bro gave me the idea of checking through the archives in a library and my aunt scolded him. Probably coz she knew me finding evidence was inevitable and was definitely scared of me going public with my story because she can (and probably will) have to bear the larger grunt of public scrutiny, the same aunt who was quick to take me to a psychiatrist. Yes a lot has been found and left out on purpose.

The Possibility of a Government Angle

In the last weeks of July, when I was flat foot broke and the only money we had left were the coins in the famous jar, I chose to get that changed into notes so that we can at least have something to eat and some milk for the ever hungry baby (I come from a family with a very healthy appetite plus my wife had gotten accustomed to the new feeding lifestyle). Go to the local shop and the guy requests to have them packed in 100s in polythene bags and bring to him. Next day I go to him and he declines stating that he already got some from another guy. The next week is declared a National Coin Week by the govt. I buy a ZTE phone (Kabambe the one on offer from Airtel) on the 20th of Aug 2011. A couple of weeks later, the head of Airtel resigns and with it, a call from the govt. to disband the importation of China phones as well as to have all unregistered numbers taken off air. Immediately after the resignation of the Airtel CEO, my new line starts misbehaving (status reads “No Service”, “Limited Service” or “Unregistered line”). So now I have a new sim card that I cannot be reached on as well because of a peculiar offline habit. Only someone with really good links up the food chain can pass you messages through a local Daily using the horoscopes section. Who else could have access to things we only get in the movies? After moving back to Ndenderu with my brother, barely a day after I have taken my comp to the video shop, I almost get arrested by some guys from the MCSK (which as per my memory had been disbanded and the news put on the media then somehow got revived when I got setup to get arrested for copyrighting local music) but someone else instead. Who else would have the time, money and human resources to monitor a simple civilian? What else could be this big enough to silence everyone around me?

When the time for my departure from Dadaab came on the 17th of May 2010, I got called for a phony meeting with my former colleagues, which as I have come to learn was a ploy to remove evidence from my possession (or so I think). When I underwent my medicals in 2008, there was a requirement to have a chest x-ray done. That x-ray sheet was sitting in my desk at my office until that final day when I moved my personal belongings to my house in Block C. While packing my stuff is when I got called to attend the meeting. After return to my house from the meeting, something looked amiss but I brushed it off considering everything was left lying harp hazardly. After applying for a job with the UNHCR later, “my aunt” calls me from the UK saying, “Niliambiwa uliacha kazi na madharau!!” and a look at my file that had all my personal dealings with admin unit (think copies of contracts, medical claims, payments etc) and to my surprise, my resignation letter was missing. The last item in my personal file, where did it disappear to? I wonder. During the second visit to matter hospital for the “psychiatric” session, Rose mentions something to the effect of taking an x-ray when I ask her exactly what happened to me on our first night. I rack my brains trying to figure where my x-ray disappeared to until I recall that meeting on my final day. So who in their right mind has the power and the audacity to pull off such a stint (of course all calls were being routed through my tapped phone) in such an organization as UNHCR.

When we started out with Rose, I was always being stopped at road blocks where there are police checks whenever there was an occupant in her car, something that rarely happened before. Once I recall being stopped at the roadblock opposite Nyayo Stadium (just before the exit to Nairobi West) and he asks me about my lights. There was a gal I was dropping at Langata and as I was leaving a couple of hours later, same cop is at the exit to the estate and stops me again with a remark about the headlights. We all have friends or relatives who work in the government (be it in the police forces or civil/public officers) and the few I have approached with my story all come back with one response. “Boss, ningependa kukusaidia lakini siwezi. Wewe ongea na watu wako mtatue shida za nyumbani.” If you doubt my word, go to Rweno Police post at Ndenderu and check the Occurrence Book records for 7/18/8/2011 and see if there is anything to be found. Who has the guts to alter police records?

I met someone recently who claimed to know Rose's family well (apparently he shares a great great grandfather with her, plus it has always been said that they are a large family that is always close) and what emerges from my meeting with him leaves me bewildered. For starters, dude is working as a personal aide to one of the PS in some ministry plus he goes on to tell me how many of Rose's relatives are working in different capacities for the government. How true, am yet to confirm but if what I have experienced and still continue to experience is anything to go by, it could be possible.

The Shoes

I got some customized shoes from Rose (K-Swiss) and the manner in which they were delivered raised more questions than relief of receiving a gift. While living in Gachie with my young wife and as I am trying to make heads or tails about what am going through, I decide to check them out. Tear into one pair (at least the one I thought had "issues" worth checking, coz I cannot still figure out how the scouts following me manage to pinpoint my exact location every time am on the move) but I find nothing. After moving back to Ndenderu to live in my bro's house, he tells me to "Panga hizi vitu ziko nje juu zitakuja kuibiwa!!" as he takes in one pair of the customized shoes into the house. This is about a week and a half after moving to Ndenderu. A day after my bro asks me to "panga" my stuff, my shoes (atleast the ones bought by me) are nowhere to be found, while everyone else's shoes were also outside. And now the only shoes I have are those bought by Rose. Was this a ploy to make me believe they are bugged or is it driven to make me look like I cherish things received from my previous relationship coz the comment from Mama Travis after I gave her my story of how I lost my shoes left me more puzzled.

The Money Factor

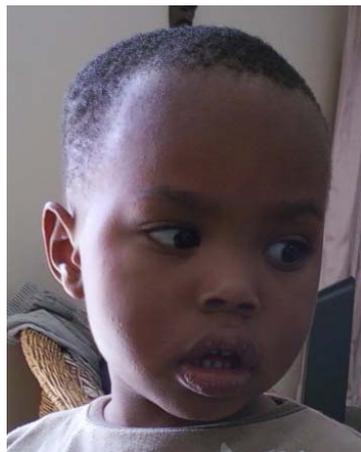
On a trip down to the Coast with Dave in a truck, a traffic cop comes and hikes a ride with us from Voi to some road block about 5km away. During his short trip with us, we get into small talk about how the youth of today do not know how to handle large sums of money when they have it (This is during the period when our famous athlete [God rest his soul in peace] lost his life in mysterious circumstances and we are debating on how money should be handled) and as such need people with business minds to help them invest. He goes on to ask me what I would do if I found myself 21 mil richer and I tell him my version of investment ideas. I get back to Nairobi in the night hence none of my friends back home have any idea of my whereabouts. Next morning, I go to Unkurt to get a few movies to keep my mind busy and while there, Robert asks me what I would do if I was to get 21 mil (Yet again, two people who are unrelated and unknown to each other but with the same question. Whether that was meant to confirm whether I am aware of the lottery money or ground for which to make me believe it's there, I am yet to find out). Now am certain that someone out there is monitoring everything I am doing regardless of where I am. When meeting a friend at Eastleigh, he asks me why my KWACHU messages are reporting to his phone. He on the other hand keeps watching his back constantly and by now I have gotten accustomed to some fellows following me around (What for and why am yet to decipher).

One day at Ndenderu, I overheard my uncle and brother talking about how "some people" have declared that I will not be allowed to get the money unless I choose to take some psychiatric medication. On accosting them, the topic changes so that it now sounds like I will never be able to get a job unless I agree to partake the medication. Now that it's apparent that there is money from the lottery, (or so I think or have been led to believe) I do my several trips to Amaya to hear what they have to say about it. As I recall well, on the 18th of June 2011, my star on the Daily Nation read; "Go there and take it, after all it's your money" and on arrival at Amaya offices, I look at the cameras setup and I freak because I believe I have been played to look crazy and delusional. I meet one Ezekiel and explain to him how things must have gone down while giving him a brief of my life story. Moreover, someone out there had the audacity of going to Avenue Hospital and attempted to alter my medical records, what was to stop them from impersonating me there and taking the money on my behalf. He however explained to me that theirs was a company with an impeccable record and no one would have been awarded anything on my behalf. He also gave me some advice and a lot of other insight which has greatly helped me in uncovering

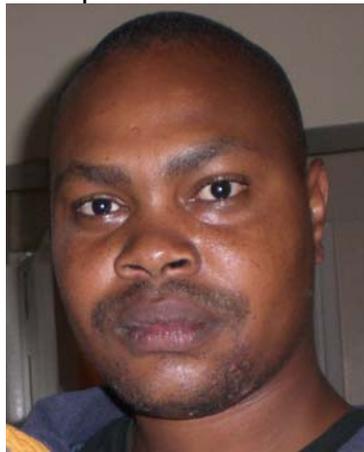
And now I think I have it figured out, reel in a smoker cum alcoholic, embed them with a tag like a guinea pig that somehow transmits your thoughts to others. How did I prove the thought transfer? When living

with Rose, I lied about having slept with one of her sisters but I still do not why I did it. She on the other hand, chose to believe it because she saw images from my dejavus (Yes, impossible to believe it but 70% of my dreams do happen). Sometime in May or June 2010, she called me to discuss a few issues and with her were two photos, one of her sister Wangu holding my 1st son, and another of Wambui with my son. The two sisters I had a dream about and when the events arose, I opted not to take my chances (Images in my mind that only she could have been privy to). There comes a time when a man has hit rock bottom and the other option out is death. I had planned to kill myself, but it did not seem fair to leave my son in the family where he has been turned into a cabbage. Hence the best idea was to take out Ethan and his mother (for obvious reasons) along with myself but every time I made a move for it, she somehow was never at home. Only one person could have been privy to these disturbing thoughts, my young wife whom I now have reason to believe that she has been used by some members of my former family to do things against her will. And a whole load of other little signs of proof that cannot go into public for obvious reasons. Apparently it's some sort of initiation period for the men who choose to start a relationship of any kind in that family so that when the men want to fall out of line, they are constantly reminded how to behave themselves (well that is if they choose to go against the "Laws" of the family).

So now I have friends who will not open up and tell me the truth about the things I missed to notice in Dadaab, family members who for some reason have refused to face the facts as they are, a wife that I will never get to trust again, a son who's been turned into a cabbage, while the mother of the other one is being forced to lie to me and am living life like an outcast, a zombie living a life that is being controlled by someone who thinks they can play GOD while they were never a part of my upbringing. Someone who did not play a part in making me half the man I am today but for some reason decides to dictate what I can or cannot do, who I can talk to or not, play my guardian by barking orders to those around me but does not have the balls to show their ugly face in public. All because I walked away from their daughter who did not want the relationship to work from the word go.



My 1st Born



Me (The Victim)



Rose Wangui Kimotho



Mama Travis and Son

To Rose;

In the very beginning, when you said that you have ruined my life, I thought you were referring to us getting a baby and honestly, if children as young as twelve can make it with a bundle of joy, who was I to think otherwise. Little did I know that I would end up in one shit hole after another, but like your memory seems to fail you conveniently when you chose to, let me give you jolt to kick start the nooks of your brain and hopefully bring you back to reality. It's not just my life that has ended up being ruined, there are many other relationships and peoples' personalities that have been ruined as well (look at your son for crying out loud). I will never be a guest at my aunt's place without raising controversy because it's apparent someone from your end played his role online while trying to break me up from my young wife (why else would she make sure I never got to have a chat with Frank when they were recently around? Afraid that I would find out something that would lead me to the truth?). The reputation of my aunt's husband has been tarnished locally; the family of my young wife will never be able to live in peace with

that of my aunt (and probably mine) because of the manipulative mind games your kind is playing on everyone while an old frail woman and her family now lives in fear of the repercussions when my story goes public. My aunt (sister to my mum) lost her farm, home and livelihood during the skirmishes in Molo in 1992 and now has to make do with whatever little she can in the little known ghetto of Kibagare (in between Loresho and the famous Nairobi Secondary School, please read "Patch") and that is the same woman your family wants to stress?

Your silence and don't care attitude when I try to milk information from you has also resulted in breaking many other families' relationships that have been built over years. A 22-year-old girl out there may never get to be my wife again, or any other man's after my story goes out, now that the trust I had in her has been tarnished beyond repair (it's obvious beyond reasonable doubt that your family is involved in manipulating her. Why else would she keep repeating that they are all suffering because of one person's decision to walk away from a relationship that did not work? Her constant remarks that she would love to talk to me and tell me everything but her hands are tied). My friends are scared to meet me in public or invite me to their houses because they have to constantly watch their backs in my company. I have to live like an outcast because people are afraid of saying something that would me to the truth and they end up being victimized for divulging information.

How does one claim to be a human rights activist/officer (Rose is currently working at KNHCR) yet they are part of a family that is instigating warfare on other people, can stand by and watch her son get turned into a cabbage, have the man who is the father of her child get "slaughtered" along with his entire extended family?

So I lied about having deals with the City Council with my pals at the stalls in Imenti (sorry guys for probably having been the cause for the closure of the "Hustlers Heaven", as it is apparent from the looks you give me every time we meet), about owning matatus, land, trucks, shipping goods from overseas to sell in the local market and sleeping with your sisters. Your kind chose to believe it because the systems you put in place to monitor my movements and actions somehow raised doubts about the possibilities of my lies having some ground. Was that the reason for my being followed around?

Now that I had found someone that I truly cared about (a little bird once said that I'll never find someone whom I cared about and if I did, that would be the beginning of the end of me), is this the part where my world crumbles and I have to crawl back to the cursed house with my tail between my legs. Is this the part where everything I try to do falls apart so that I am unable to cater for new wife and child? Please help me understand why you kept repeating that your sisters will never get married (coz as per my last meeting with your father, he said something to the effect that all men in that family have to go through similar events as I am), why you kept repeating that you chose me for a reason. Or is it because I come from the ghetto, had a simple life and most of my relatives are below the economic class that they would be easy to manipulate? Who in their right mind would want a husband who is a zombie? Someone who can be dictated to? A person whose thoughts you can read and counter (or influence) his actions (based on whichever works for you).

For how long will you sit back and watch other people suffer when you have all the information required to end the strain of suffering on them? For how long will I have to suffer depending on family, friends and other well wishers when am fully capable of taking care of myself?

Is this the part where the entire of the UNCHR operation in Kenya has to be silenced because the staff members working there know too much for their own good? Will the staff of Homeboyz as a company have to be silenced as well because the management there tried to give me a job? Now that Dadaab is talking and information is slowly trickling to me, will the NGOs there have to be silenced as well? Is this the part where everyone who bothers to raise their voice also winds up as a victim of your peoples' manipulation like my former landlord? Is this the part where I end in isolation from the rest of the world so that I am complete absorbed in depression? Honestly, why use a refugee (who has probably seen his fair share of problems before ending up in a refugee camp) to act as my monitor during my stay in Dadaab?

What was (or is) pissing you off? The fact that you lost the stud that you so much liked to parade around your single mother friends? Or is it maybe because my young wife was reaping all the benefits of being loved by me while you are left in the cold in a house with empty walls (she will always be more of a woman in the house than you ever could be)? Maybe you are pissed off coz I spent the reserve money we had saved for Ethan as I tried to keep my new family catered for. What did you expect me to do? Let them die of starvation while there is money sitting in the bank (please note that then I did not know who was involved and where to start)? Or are your people afraid of my story coming out and they will look like fools for having believed in my lies then wound up exposing themselves trying to reach for money that did not exist? Or has loving in the hope of marrying someone else other than you suddenly become a crime? If yours is love like everyone tells me, why not let someone else live in peace, why ruin so many other people's lives in the name of getting to one person? Why force my young wife to lie that she is sleeping with other men to feed my son so that we break up, why force her to push me away by her actions and words so that we break up?

So you tried to sell me off as a crazy delusional person, but ask yourself this, is Homeboyz as a fraternity also run by crazy people? Or are the humanitarian aid workers in Dadaab and UNHCR as a whole also delusional? What about Avenue Hospital because now it's apparent one of your own tried to alter my medical records? Or Amaya as a gaming company coz either way, there will be something to be found there? Maybe now the guys at KTN and Standard newspaper will not have to shy away from my story because the fingerprints that have been left while trying to discredit me are the same ones that shall be used to provide proof.

And now I am itching to find out exactly what happened on my first night with Rose as "husband and wife" on a come we stay agreement, because certainly in me, I have the one piece of evidence that cannot be refuted (or so I believe). The mere thought of the bloody thing being touched by someone else in a bid to have it removed brings an immense feeling of so much pain like am being skinned alive.

Join me on facebook, Paul Nginyo Gichigi (Kichaa) or www.facebook.com/kichathez and stay in the loop of when things go down, when they do and how they do. Mainly because that's the only avenue I have left to tell my story now that mainstream media thinks it's too hot to handle.





Above is part of the larger family behind my misery (as well as mystery) that has become my life. If you smoke and drink, these are some of the gals to avoid. (Unless of course you fancy my current state of affairs.)