MUST READ!!

Exclusive Interview with the talented Collins Pasi—Law student and Artiste pg.3

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MESSAGE FROM THE EDITORIAL DESK

May I take this chance to welcome all KUSOL members to this January-February issue of the KUSOL Monthly magazine 2013.

Once again, we appreciate the commitment and charisma of the members who sent us well written and researched articles.

On behalf of the editorial desk, I wish to extend our gratitude to the THINK AND TREND WRITERS CLUB, KMUN and all other clubs for their continued support in mobilizing members to participate by submitting their essays.

I would also thank the KUSOL Administration for their financial support in publishing and overall advice on improvement and development of this publication.

This issue summarizes all the events during the month of January as well as a general take on current affairs.

This and subsequent magazines shall always be available at the library or soft copies online at www.ku.ac.ke/schools/law—student magazine.

Thank you, nice reading.

ETALE REAGAN ROY– CHIEF EDITOR.

MY PIECE TO MAMA—LUCY MONYENYE ’07

Mama, if I may call you
Do not let your emotions
Overtake your thinking
For thoughts are the foundation of acts
Stop and listen
To my broken speech, as I give my piece

Mother, I may have feeble limbs that can’t support me
I know I may have an impaired speech
Hard to understand
I accept it
My face may be wrinkled
as that of my granny’s; don’t remind me
Because each time you remind me, I feel like a loser

If you don’t want me as I accept myself
Take me to a home!
Write your hatred of me on tablets
That when I’m old I’ll read and admire your writing
Knock it into my takers’ heads
That each time they see me
They will remember my painful story and protect me

Better yet, sell me and use the money wisely
So that each time you look at the investment, you will remember me
Do all this, but leave me on the streets
Because I may be inferior to your eyes
But I believe that someday I will be somebody
And when am old I want to be told that I had a mother
That my bearer wanted to do away with me but instead left me to some tender hands
And one day
I will protect life, teach others how to
I will look for you
Want to know why
Because am alive and human

MARCH ISSUE

Forward any articles to:
parklandslawmagazine@gmail.com

WORD LIMIT : 700
DEADLINE : 28th March 2013
THE TALENTED COLLO...LAW STUDENT AND ARTISTE

Typically, every student in KUSOL desires to finally graduate with a credible law degree. However, some students have seen more opportunities in KUSOL than just a law degree. One of us who has with time perfected this act is the reigning Mr. Parklands, COLLINS PASI. Reagan Etale recently engaged him on his talent and how he balances schoolwork and his career.

ETALE: Who is Collins Pasi?

PASI: I am a 21 year old law student at KUSOL as well as a music artiste and a model.

ETALE: Describe your reign as Mr. Parklands as it comes to an end on 28th February?

PASI: It has been interesting. I have met and interacted with so many people both within KUSOL and outside.

ETALE: What achievements have you realized during your reign?

PASI: I have been on the ground nurturing new talent. Together with Miss Parklands we are working on an anti-drugs campaign which will be climaxed by a major drug awareness concert at the end of the semester.

ETALE: Recently you released a new track titled “CAMPUS DIVA.” What inspired you to make it?

PASI: The beautiful ladies in KU inspired this song. When you look around this campus you see beauty of all sizes and shapes. I decided to put that into a song and Campus Diva was born.

ETALE: Is this your first ever single?

PASI: No, it’s not. My first single was titled “Nagging Me.”

ETALE: How do you balance between your demanding studies and eventful life out of class?

PASI: Discipline is key
The KUSOL dream of holding a state of the art international moot court competition became a reality on the Friday the 15th of February 2013. The monumental event dubbed the All Kenyan Moot Court Competition was unveiled with all the vigour, jubilation, anxiety and expectations. The event was officially commenced with the superb keynote address by the Attorney-General Hon. Prof. Githu Muigai who expressed the importance of mooting in developing advocacy skills as a lawyer. The Attorney General lauded KUSOL for its contribution in ensuring the prosperity of the legal profession.

The Attorney General’s speech raised the curtains for a flurry of activities. The neatly dressed participants from KUSOL, CUEA and University of Nairobi, the honorable judges and the essential bailiffs majestically made their ways to the courtrooms for the preliminary rounds. After tight races and commendable presentations from the teams, the preliminary rounds ended after the lunch hour break.

At exactly five o'clock, the Dean of the school, Mr. Nzuki Mwinzi announced the results. Two teams from KUSOL proceeded to the semi-finals whereas CUEA and UoN had one team each qualifying.

On Saturday the 16th February, the Chief Guest was the Hon. Justice Lee Muthoga, a highly distinguished legal scholar, advocate and judge who presided over the International Court Tribunal for Rwanda.

At 11 o'clock, the semi final rounds were well underway in the two courtrooms. The well prepared contestants left nothing to chance to book a slot in the finals. After a tight race, the KUSOL team comprising of Mr. Hamisi Lugogo and Miss Dorcas Endoo managed to land the coveted slot in the finals facing the CUEA team comprising of Mr. Makonna Bereket and Miss Darya Kidakwa. Everyone had to eat to their fill in readiness for the highly anticipated final and thus the KUSOL catering team were on hand to do what they do best, to the fill of all attendees.

The final was well underway at 3 o'clock, where Justice Lee Muthoga presided as the president of the court. Everyone had a piece or two of knowledge to pick from the him. He skillfully managed the whole session immaculately.

The mark-tallying took place immediately and within a short time all were gathered at the arena to know their fate. The Dean, Mr. Mwinzi, assured everyone the event will be held annually.

KUSOL dominated the prize-winners’ podium with the overall winners’ team comprising of Hamisi Lugogo and Dorcas Endoo being lauded for their competitive edge. The best orator title also remained on our home-grounds, being snatched by Miss Beryle Were CUEA and UON emerged 2nd and 3rd runners-up respectively.

Justice Lee Muthoga congratulated KUSOL for holding such a vital event. This moot competition surely remains a defining moment in the history books and also a landmark event when KUSOL thundered its lead as the premier law school in Kenya.
A
der a successful year for the KMUN Parklands Chapter, a number of activities have been lined up for the year 2013. This is in a bid to jumpstart the year into a high tempo and to keep up to date with current affairs.

PAST ACTIVITIES

The first activity was a community service trip to Arusha, Tanzania in collaboration with Kenyatta University Main Campus Chapter.

PLANNED ACTIVITIES

On the humanitarian front, a visit to a home for the elderly has been scheduled. This will be followed up by a team building trip whose aim is not only to foster the group bonds among the members, but also to motivate every team player, team participation being a main pillar of the Kenya Model United Nations.

There will also be a team building walk on the 23rd of February organized by the Kenyatta University School of Law chapter.

The climax of the KMUN activities will be capped by the annual main conference to be held at the station quarters in Gigiri, Nairobi in March of this year.

Wishing you all a happy and participatory year..

CHRISTINE NJOKI—U0
President, KU Parklands KMUN General Assembly.

YOU LEFT

My memories are filled with the past
Some sweet, some are a blast
I picture me before I met you
You were a dream come true
My whole life was a total mess
With much pain and lots of stress
Then you came out of nowhere
Then you took me somewhere
I felt the beauty yet to be seen
Took me places I’ve never been
You told me amidst the strife
There was still hope for life
That even a broken heart
Still has a loving part
You gave me the will to fight
But just when I reached the light
Just as you had come, you left
Just as I had cried, I wept
I hate thinking of the future
Me without you I fear to picture
So I’ll just relive the past
And hope it’s my very last
You left.

“Do not fear to be eccentric in opinion, for every opinion now accepted was once eccentric.”
— Bertrand Russell
The right to vote is a fundamental human right. Every citizen of full age and sound mind has a right to cast a vote in an electoral process. In human rights jurisprudence, a right of commission automatically guarantees a right of omission. The freedom of speech includes the freedom to remain silent. It is a common practice for the media and other groups conducting voter education to intentionally omit to inform the masses of their right to not to vote.

As a true patriot of Kenya, I have averred never to cast my vote; at least not in the near future. An ideal democracy dictates that leaders should be elected purely on merit. Such meritocracy is alien in Kenyan elections. This nation of ours has merely been labeled a democracy by a constitutional provision. In reality, it is a ‘tribocracy’.

Abraham Lincoln, at the famous Gettysburg Address of 1863, advanced a perfect definition of democracy: “A government of the people, by the people, for the people.” At independence, a century after Lincoln’s address, Kenyan minds only had a primitive definition of democracy – A government of our tribe, by our tribe, for our tribe. This has been the persistent election slogan since then.

I consider it futile to engage in such a defective election; one which the candidate’s sole merit is his tribal affiliations. The candidate who comes from the most populous is destined to win. Such an election, which has been reduced into a tribal census, is not worth voting in.

The tragic post-election violence of 2007-2008 is recorded in the annals of history as Kenya’s darkest days. The nation swiftly transformed into anarchy. Kenyans butchered fellow Kenyans on the mediocre basis of politicoreal tribal differences. It’s regrettable that more than a thousand Kenyans perished because of ambiguous results of an election. In the Election Day, Kenyans from all walks of life queued to cast their vote. Although their political preferences were chiefly informed by their tribal instincts, the act of going to vote in itself was patriotic. But after such sacrifice, the authorities went on to shamelessly release ambiguous results. This amounted to gross abuse of the dignity of Kenya and its people.

The Kenyan political sphere is monopolized by poor and myopic leaders who suffer from acute deficiency of integrity. The big names in politics are implicated in grand corruption scandals that have blatantly robbed Kenyans of millions of shillings. Others are suspects of crimes against humanity and are still eager to lead the same humanity that they are accused of murdering. Basically, the 4th March 2013 General Elections would involve choosing the best among the worst candidates appearing on the ballot paper; the lesser rot.

Continued on page 7
I have never been at ease discussing politics, even within myself. A shame, I know. I also have the greatest hints yet, that a political themed article is stereotypically heavily clichéd. However, before you write me off, just read this out. My focus will be premised on two layers. First, as concerns the maiden presidential debate in Kenya, and secondly, on why it is such a herculean task for me to engage in political talk.

I watched with keen intent the presidential debate. My analysis of it being that it was a contrived farce. A flaw, a flop, merely conducted as a social formality. Failing just short of being as interesting as the Minoan civilization. I watched in awe as politicians and presidential hopefuls, one of whom will be sworn in as commander-in-chief, delivered with aplomb, promises that are purely theoretical and whose practicability probabilities were almost nil. The spurious promise of hiring teachers without offering a clear-cut plan on how to fund the same coupled with the absurd notion of the privatization of the port at Mombasa was enough to question the ‘convenience debating’ as opposed to ‘issue-based debating’. This rings a bell from popular mystery author, Sue Grafton; “It’s like comparing a student managing to conquer five essay pieces on the piano and then wondering if they are ready to be booked into Carnegie Hall.”

Was I to vote on the impeccable manifestos going round, no doubt it would be a stroll in the park. I, however, am not quite certain that still remains.

Next. Kenya is hugely a tribopolitical country. What this fails to incorporate is the fact that this fact does not include multi-ethnic individuals. Where exactly do we draw the line? How do I pick on which tribal leader to support? Is that not an analogous way of asking of me to divide loyalty between my parents? I have always held that it is possible to argue things out. Not based on tribal undertones but on the finer salient details. Reminds me of a close friend of mine; we lived together for close to two decades. Suddenly in the dawn of 2008, they were unwelcome because they did not ‘belong’. He was multi-ethnic. So until then, I choose to be voluntarily gagged on the issue.

Finally, I take great exception in respecting and appreciating the diverse opinions held by every single individual. It is such appreciation that has enabled me to smile and live away the days with all my colleagues. Had I chosen to interact solely by people whose ideas I hold incompatible with mine, I doubt we would be at this forum.

Have a great month ahead, won’t you?

By YUVENALIS NYACHIO
yuvenyach@yahoo.com

Continued from pg. 6

MY VOTE

It is the moral responsibility of all Kenyans to strive to ensure that such a grotesque occurrence doesn’t recur on our soil. The only way to achieve this is by totally shunning tribal politics. The infamous post-election violence cast strong doubts on the collective intelligence of Kenyans and made apparent the danger of democracy in a politically-ignorant state.

Therefore, come March 4th 2013, I will proudly exercise my right not to vote. This is my form of a personal protest against tribalism, election violence and bad governance. These are the toxic evils which are eating up my beloved country to its very roots. I will sleep a disturbed man till the results of the tribal census alias elections are released. Exercising my right not to vote is my wisest choice in that election.

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yuvenyach@yahoo.com
THE PRESIDENTIAL DEBATES

It has been termed revolutionary, a step in the right direction, and a true embodiment of a democracy that occasionally does not seem to fully exist. But in a set of two presidential debates, spaced over a fortnight, Kenya’s political and electoral scene has been ushered into a new age, in which the electorate finally has a vivid opportunity to see or hear the mettle that their prospective choices are made off.

On the 11th of February, the eight candidates, albeit with some contention, all lined up before the Republic, answering questions pitched at them by the moderators of this premier event. In a variety of issues, ranging from governance, health and education as well as the proverbial elephant in the room: the ICC Trials, the presidential hopefuls engaged each other, shining light upon their respective policies and plans. The apparent front-runners, however, were seen to steal the spotlight for quite a while as they traded jabs on the ICC issue with a notable quip from Raila Odinga querying if Uhuru Kenyatta would be able to run the country via Skype while before e court.

Other aspirants had several notable moments, but Abdouba Dida warrants special mention, gaining an image as the voice of the common man; an underdog loaded with witty yet quite relevant statements. His ‘triplicate division of meals’ statement quickly became a social media sensation and a common phrase in social gatherings.

The second debate held on the 25th of February, focused on the economy, foreign affairs, corruption and the emotive land issue. Corruption was enough to drag out several skeletons out of each aspirant’s closets, with the moderators quick to put them on the spot to clear their name publicly. This session was escalated quickly into a mudslinging competition, with most aspirants, airing a variety of scandals that their opponents have been implicated in.

In the end, it was moving to realize that this revolutionary project came to fruition due to the endless effort of the Kenyan media. Hopefully, this will set a standard for future elections. However, it became apparent that the significance of the two debates was minimal as most voters interviewed in a variety of polls admitted that their electoral choice was not altered this being blamed on the lateness of the events in the campaign calendar, most voters having already made up their minds. Hopefully, with time, this shall change for the better.

MY LETTER TO GOD

Dear father,

Allow me to ask a few questions

Do I remain silent and watch people suffer or smile at wrong deeds just cause silence can avoid trouble and a smile provides solutions?

They say we should love those who perse cute us, even when its so painful that I want to give up,

How do I love them?

They say we should leave vengeance to you, but if it is making people so sick that they just want to die,

Please don’t avenge them

Even for my worst enemy, I pray that they do not suffer.

Yes they make me cry at times, but please if it is a punishment that you want to administer

Let it not cause pain to them

Your child.

LUCY MONYENYE

DID YOU KNOW!!

The shortest war ever fought was between Zanzibar and England which lasted 38 minutes.
**Too fat for murder?**

A woman, Ms. X, testified falsely to murder but was found innocent on the grounds that her smothering obesity could never have allowed her to commit the crime. In March 2008, the accused told police officers that she killed her two-year old nephew by accidentally rolling on top of him while babysitting. Due to her more than 1000-pound frame, she imagined her story to be unbelievable, until doctors revealed that the boy could only have died from a blow to the head. Then her attorney’s main argument for her defense became the reality that she was too big to move her arm.

After lying to the authorities, she eventually confessed the truth. She had invented the story to protect her sister, whom she claimed had struck the boy several times over his body with a hairbrush earlier the same day.

**The jaws of the law can be merciless.**

Sometimes, they can be harsher than the jaws of a wild creature. In Florida, a man who had his hand bitten off in an alligator attack was punished for the criminal offence of “illegally feeding an alligator”. Wallace Weatherholt, a 63-year-old airboat captain, was giving a family a tour of the Everglades in Florida when he was attacked. His hand was found in the alligator’s stomach but could not be reattached. Mr. Weatherholt was later arrested (without the use of handcuffs), charged, convicted and sentenced to a year of probation, one year suspension of his captain’s license and a $500 fine.

**FACT OR FICTION?**

So you think Usain Bolt is the fastest man on the world? I don’t think so. Let me prove it.

Usain Bolt won 100 meters race in London Olympics clocking a time of 9.63 seconds. Jamaica 4x400 metres rally team set a world record time in London clocking 36.84 seconds. There are four runners in that race each covers a distance of 100 meters. Bolt was one of the runners in that race and if we multiply his time in 100 meters that is; 9.63 multiply by 4 you get 38.54 seconds. If you compare it with 36.84 there is a difference of 1.64 seconds. This means somebody in the Jamaica team is faster than Bolt. Prove me wrong!

By Geoffrey Mbui—UO
Promises and Memories
Promises, they say
Are made to be broken
We make them, everyday
But most are always forgotten.
Memories, I know
Always die with time
Some go fast, some slow
But soon, they all sublime.
The promises we make
The memories we made
They make us or break
Our hearts alive...or dead.
Promises and memories
Keep us stronger, still going
Happy amidst the worries
We live on, always hoping.
Promises must exist
Even if lies lie in them
Memories must enlist
For in them lies life’s emblem
Lies.
~GEORGE OWUOR~
Is it not true that a problem shared is half solved? But when faced with issues at times we lack a shoulder to lean on, or an ear to listen or a heart to understand what we are going through. We at times fail to find that one person who not only has the time to listen, but will have the right words to tell us.

But hey! You don’t need to go down alone, we are here for you. We may not be these solve-it-all guys, but we are here for you, anytime. We have undergone training and we are equipped with information on stuff like sexuality issues and reproductive health, drug and substance abuse, dealing with stress, time management and much more. Introducing the peer counsellors team: Lorine Atsieno, Mellen Moraa, Joy Kamau, Felix Oketch and Mary Nyawira are peer counsellors under the able leadership of Madam Rono.

Feel free to approach us, and you can be sure of confidentiality, we zip our lips….

No one should suffer alone, let the world be a better place for us all!!!

Life is full of hassles, deadlines, frustrations, demands and pressure. Sometimes we don’t notice that we are under stress because of all the strain. Small doses of stress can help you perform under pressure and to give your best in that exam or presentation. But beyond a certain point, it stops being positive stress and helpful. When you find yourself constantly running in an emergency mode, that is negative stress and your body and mind pay the cost!

How do you know that you are under stress? Well, take a pen and a paper if you can, and honestly observe if you fit in the following categories. If you do, then maybe you are under stress.

- Easily agitated, irritable or pissed off.
- Moody and unpredictable.
- Memory problems.
- Anxious and with racing thoughts.
- Worried all the time.
- Feeling overwhelmed like you don’t have enough time to do anything.
- Sense of loneliness and isolation

If you are eating more or less than normal.
Feeling sick without any diagnosis.

How much stress is too much stress? Because the truth is that each one of us will go through a kind of stress every day in different scales. But anytime you go beyond the mark, kindly consider taking a break, maybe a day with yourself away from the normal schedule, and just relax by sleeping enough and unwinding the way you know best. If there is a subject matter like surgery coming up, do research on what to expect and the challenges and you will somehow cope. Social networks like friends and a counselor will never be overemphasized, so hook up with somebody. Research has also proven that believing in a sovereign power beyond us reduces our stress levels by far.

Whatever you do, remember that nothing and nobody that brings you stress is worth your life, so if its going to kill you, move away.

Mary Nyawira
marywira8@gmail.com
Q: How do you get a group of lawyers to smile for a photo?
A: Just say, "Fees!"

Q: How many lawyer jokes are there?
A: Only three. The rest are true stories.

Q: How many lawyers does it take to change a light bulb?
A: Three. One to climb the ladder. One to shake it. And one to sue the ladder company.

Q: What do you throw to a drowning lawyer?
A: His partners.

Brass Rat
A man came across a striking brass rat in an antique store and decided it would look great on his desk. He paid $100 for it but was surprised when the proprietor insisted it was non-returnable. He said, “It’s been returned twice already, and I don’t want to see it again.”

Leaving the store, the man saw a couple of rats scurrying around the corner; several more were near his car. As he drove, rats appeared from the gutters and side streets until he was nearly overwhelmed. In panic, he threw the brass rat over a bridge railing into a river, and witnessed the army of live rats follow it into the depths.

The man hurried back to the store, but the owner cut him short, saying, “Look, I told you there would be no returns.” The man quickly replied, “Oh no, that’s
THE KENYA WE HAVE

By TILLEN NDONG'A

People may give vast opinions about our country Kenya. To some it is a good place; in fact a little heaven while others view it as being ‘exceptionally well otherwise.’ The latter are the proponents of the popular saying “Navumilia Kuwa Mkenya” as the former insists “najivunia kuwa mkenya”. It brings me to the ideologies of Karl Marx who postulated the idea that our view of the world depends on our social status. A luo will tell you the fingers are not proportional in height. That is why the index finger will differ in height with the little finger, the middle finger and the thumb. This is a perfect mimicry of our society. We have men of distinction, the middle class and the majority is the lower class.

Then the big question follows; why are Kenyans suffering? Why are we not equal or were people born differently. A Christian will console you and affirm that we are all equal before God and we were created in His own image and Likeness. Maybe Christians are right but in this context we are equal religiously or for that matter spiritually, are we equal economically? Why do other people’s net worth double other fellows? Perhaps you have a suitable answer.

People fought selflessly to regain their independence from colonial masters; this is affirmed in the Preamble of our constitution. Having attained independence meant governing ourselves and the affairs of our country without any foreign influence. However, our leaders have been hoodwinked and have hard-earned freedom in exchange of donor funding in the name of co-operations and development schemes. All to make matters worse, all these funds benefit the leaders and they squander the funds allocated for development projects for personal gain. Have you not heard NHIF funds, Youth Funds, CDF and other funds allocated for development programs disappear? Where do they go? Do you mean they sublime? If you can disprove chemistry then go ahead and provide a clear and a succinct report on how money undergoes sublimation and I will stand amenable.

Tribalism is a perfect weapon used by leaders to catalyze animosity among citizens. This is contrary to the expectations of our Constitution. The preamble asserts that we are proud of our ethnic, cultural and religious diversity and determined to live in peace and unity as one indivisible sovereign nation. If I may ask, are Kenyans united? People fight against each other instead of battling it out with our leaders who are the common enemy. Tribal animosity has become the national anthem of the country. Our leaders ensure the people are blinded by hatred against each other such that they cannot see the atrocities the leaders commit. This warrants to the leaders a serene atmosphere of amassing wealth unscrupulously and they thus maintain the status quo as their ‘diligent soldiers’ fight each other. When leaders visit functions or press conferences, they preach peace yet after that they coil back into their tribal cocoons which serve their interests best. Our leaders should preach water and drink the same. It is evident that the detriments will eventually befall us. Why don’t we unleash our tribal and ethnic chains clouding our sense of reasoning and then come to a consensus ad idem so that we can make Kenya the place to be.

Continued On Pg.14
Let us think about the youth; let us think about the future. The youth have become endangered species who are being targeted with quite a good number of predators. Have you not heard that the youth have become puppets of aspiring political candidates? A couple of days down the line, some parts of the country went amok and tension was high. As usual, the youth were the perfect biological weapons; they went on the streets opposing the nomination results and causing havoc on the apparent pretext that their suitable candidate lost the party nomination primaries. So what if a politician fails to clinch a seat? How will that affect our well-being? For how long are we going to be used by politicians?

As a “mwenye nchi” I have a couple of rights and freedoms bestowed upon me by the constitution. For instance, Article 38 (3) b) provides that every adult citizen has the right, without unreasonable restrictions, to vote by secret ballot in any election or referendum. The leaders we are voting in are blind to the problems facing the citizens. Is parliament a dumping ground for broke guys who only want to enrich themselves? As much as it is our democratic right to vote, let us vote in leaders who have met the requirements of the Leadership and Integrity Bill 2012, leaders who have credentials and track records.

My fellow Kenyans, it is high time we change and change starts with me and you. It is a personal effort and does not require counting of heads. Leaders will come and pass but Kenya will stay, lest we give our leaders time to plunge us into an eternal ditch. Why don’t we take the necessary affirmative action so that we ameliorate the rigors posted by inequality?

Our socioeconomic development is firmly held by the various pillars which include, inter alia, education and healthcare. For our country to realize Vision 2030, the country has to make remarkable steps towards provision of adequate healthcare and proper education. Health practitioners, teachers and lecturers ought to deliver adequate and efficient services in their various realms, but will they do so if they are not properly paid? I would like to bring to your attention that the health and teaching profession have been endowed with a plethora of challenges ranging from unemployment to meager earnings which are stretched beyond limits. Do teachers and nurses need to down their tools each and every time for their voices to be heard? Which measures has the government put in place to address the problems hindering the wellbeing of these professionals? Teachers and lecturers are the ground norm, who in this world did not pass through the able hands of teachers and lecturers? Therefore success in each and every person cannot be addressed in isolation of these professionals.

The government should give due consideration to the problems facing the teachers. Our 10th parliament performed exceptionally; otherwise all they did was to propose large sums of money in the name of send-off tokens. However, their request did not fall on deaf ears when the citizens decided to purchase for them ‘golden boxes’ as a sign of ‘dignified sendoff’. Why doesn’t the government channel this money to the education and health sectors to help teachers and nurses?
The first date is always a tricky date. There are several questions that people grapple with. Where should the date be? Who should pay the bill? What is the appropriate mode of dressing? How should one conduct him/herself?

**VENUE**
A first date should take place in a comfortable public place. This could be for example a restaurant or a park. However the venue should not be an over-crowded place or a noisy place. This is because you want your date to feel comfortable and be at ease, not strain their vocal chords shouting at you. You also do not want people passing by every two seconds and distracting you. The public place aspect is important because date rape is a reality. You can never be too sure of the character of your date; maybe he/she has been ordered to deliver your head on a silver platter. The point is that this is not the point to let down your guard. Therefore his house, his friend's place or an isolated park somewhere are places you will go to only if you have a death wish. This means that the gentleman needs to get to know where the lady would be comfortable at, but must be discreet about it. He should not ask her point-blank "Where shall we have our date?" That would totally ruin the element of surprise, making him lose two marks on the score-sheet the lady has laid out in her mind. And no doubt about it, if she's agreed to go on a date with you, she definitely has a score-sheet for you. And it always reads 10/10 at first, before the addition and subtraction skills taught in primary school are applied.

**GROOMING**
This encompasses the dress code and personal hygiene. First off, take a shower, wear some deodorant and a wee bit of cologne or perfume. Please refrain from drowning yourself in cologne; you do not want a sneezing. The rule of thumb when it comes to wearing perfume and cologne is that the scent should arrive with you and not announce your coming seconds before you arrive. Brush your teeth, comb your hair or do your hair well. This is vital because as the date carries on, if it turns out to be a good one where you both are enjoying yourselves, the bodily reflex is usually that people begin to draw closer towards each other or lean closer across the table. Wear something you are comfortable in. Ladies, avoid heels if they are a pain to you, or if they make you walk ridiculously. Gentlemen, don't pile on leather coats and sunglasses in the scorching sun. The aim is to be as comfortable as possible. So be yourself, do not overdo it. Ensure you like what you see in the mirror before leaving the house, and where you have doubts, ask for someone's honest opinion. Confidence is key.

**PUNCTUALITY**
The term African-timer, a common expression that was coined based on Africans' poor time-keeping habit is not a flatter. If you go around bearing that tag proudly then you have a problem. There is no excuse for lateness particularly for the gentleman. Sorry gentlemen, dating is a bit unfair, but it is what it is. I suppose good old-fashioned chivalry is squarely to blame for this. The lady is allowed to be fashionably late. Punctuality speaks volumes about a person. A person who keeps time means he/she is reliable, considerate, organised and above all, actually values the date. If at all you are running late, then let your date know that. Ladies, fashionable lateness has been blemished. There is nothing fashionable about being 45 minutes late without any prior explanatory call. I think the fair allowance is fifteen minutes. Lastly, ladies, if you arrive at the venue before the gentleman and he has not called to inform you that he is running late, wait only FIVE minutes. Then pick up your bag and leave. You have better things to do and if you don't then you'd rather go window-shop.

**ALCOHOL**
Never, and I cannot stress this enough, NEVER order or take alcohol on a first date. For a lady, it sends a wrong message and also lets your guard down; something that is perhaps for the tenth or thereabout date. You do not want to end up waking up beside some stranger the following day wondering what happened. For a man, it INSTANTLY taints the gentleman expectation of you that the lady has. It also shows her that you have no respect for her. This will translate to a minus 10 on her score sheet pronto.

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FOOD AND ETIQUETTE

The decision as to what food to order on a first date is really hard to make. This is because I do not want to come across as exploitative. Ladies, pay attention. Do not dare go Dutch on the poor guy even when he tells you to order whatever you want. Don't take that as an opportunity to order something whose name you can't pronounce. This is because the guy may be trying to impress you but on realizing you have gone too far may decide to ditch you cleverly and run away. You do not want to be left with a ridiculous bill. Order something you are comfortable eating. You do not want to put your date off by making a mess on your plate and around it. An example is spaghetti. That, I say leave to couples that have gone out for some time, who have seen each other in worse states than with spaghetti sauce all over their mouths. They can stand the slurping that comes with eating spaghetti that people on first dates cannot. Do not speak with food in your mouth, even where his/her question catches you “mid-chew”. Swallow first, and then speak. Lastly, wipe your mouth when you are done.

CONVERSATIONAL TOPICS

Conversation is the meter by which the success of a date is largely measured, hence the pressure. A first date is all about getting to know your date. Ask them questions about what they like and do not. Put on your charm, smile, relax and just go with the flow. It helps to be knowledgeable, therefore read widely and be aware of current issues; this will give you a wider selection of topics of discussion to choose from. Be a good listener because if at all you really like your date, this first date may lead to a second, and a third...it will flatter your date later if you remember what he/she said. And let's face it, who does not like being listened to? Listen out for cues in the conversation. And most importantly do not interrupt your date, it's rude. Keep the conversation light, do not go into heavy emotional things unless you already knew your date before and can trust them. A first date is also not a vent for personal problems. Offloading on your date will definitely overwhelm and scare him/her. In summary, be relaxed, have fun and just speak as you usually do.

CONCLUSION OF THE DATE

When you are both ready to leave the venue, the guy should pay the bill. This is especially if he asked the lady out on the date. Ladies, do not offer to pay your share, it injures their pride. I have never understood why this is allowed in subsequent dates by some guys. The first date, I strongly believe should be paid for by the gentleman. On leaving, it would be quite the chivalrous act to see the lady off. This means walking her to the bus stop where she takes her matatu home. Keep her company until she is ready to board. This is the point the gentleman will know whether the lady had a great time; she will not be in a hurry to leave if she did. She might even let one, two, three matatus leave before she says bye. Give each other a review of the date in brief mentioning. Appreciate their time and mention that you had a good time if you did. When you finally part, gentlemen, do not kiss the lady. Please, leave those things to the movies. A hug would suffice. The gentleman should call to check if she arrived safely at home a little later. This is the point to mention that you enjoyed the date again and suggest another. If she enjoyed the date she will welcome the idea of another. And voila, the first date is over, the ice is officially broken and you can pat yourself on the back!
Seated at the back seat in a matatu and I can’t ignore the fresh well-groomed and energetic young man seated beside me. I find myself gazing at him for seconds unconscious of its impact on him. The matatu stops and he jerks out and am thinking to myself, what a guy! I stare at him as he leaves and in a split second I don’t understand why I pictured him as a husband and father to my kids. Am a sucker for love as they call them this days and it sure does suck to always see beyond what is in reality besides, in front or behind you.

I get off at the last pull over and the tout seems struck by me. The stench from his clothes and obvious drug addiction spelt on his face should be a major turn off, but guess what, I picture him refined, in a suit well cleaned and a tie well done and the next thing in my mind is that he is a man, just broke and hustling.

**HOPELESS ROMANTICS**

*by Delphine Simanto*

Again am a sucker for love.

Got to my hostel room and my girls, all trendy as usual discussing the latest catch, not the hottest dude anymore, not the gentleman but the rich fellow with a range rover. All am thinking all he got is money? Am better off alone or with someone I love. Am a sucker for love.

Tired of hearing the same old subject of money and who got it, I plug on my earphones and stare at a blank paper with incredibly amazing seriousness on my face that one will think am actually just about to come up with the next big thing.

Am tuned in to a girls station, listening to sweet love songs and constantly humming the tunes and thinking aren’t those words lovely. Again I AM A SUCKER FOR LOVE.

So what love got to do with everything I do and everything I am. A lot of times we give advice we ourselves do not take and am a great replica of that. I know what to do but I just don’t do it.

In my head am making compromises to excuses bigger than the issue at hand. I realize that it’s never healthy for anyone from any age, sex, occupation or background to see just one thing in everyone he/she comes across. Most especially not LOVE. Don't get it twisted, love is an amazing feeling, but as good as it does to people it can do just as much harm.

Don’t make compromises on the quality of life you want to live because you are in love, don’t be too forgiving or understanding because you are in love and don’t build your dreams or peg your happiness on anyone because you love them. For any relationship to work, they have to be understanding, trust and have a strong foundation based on very important things than love. So if you got big heart and all you see is good try being a bit real, step out of yourself at times and approach situations from another person’s perspective. Make no or little compromise but in cases concerning your happiness, there is no space for compromising. Just leaves it at that!!

Delphine—U0
KUSOL students undertook a community outreach on 27th January at Joytown Primary School for the handicapped in Thika.

Led by Mr. Kichana and student leaders, the students spent the better part of the day nurturing the young budding hearts with all sorts of encouragement and motivation.

Several chores were carried out. They included splitting firewood, kitchen work, slashing around the compound, washing classrooms, collecting litter and tending the gardens.

The exciting part was the socializing session, every student could at least identify one newly-made friend during the day.

Several exercise books were also donated for use in the students’ academic work.

It was a nice day productively spent. So the next time you hear of a community outreach event, be sure to be the first on the list.

Light your lamp for somebody and it will also brighten your path.

“If you want happiness for an hour, take a nap.
If you want happiness for a day, go fishing.
If you want happiness for a year, inherit a fortune.
If you want happiness for a lifetime, help somebody”.
Chinese Proverb

THE KUSOL COMMUNITY OUTREACH

ADAPTED FROM THE KUSOL WEEKLY.
One day, I’ll be a dad. Hopefully of three kids. Just enough to keep my hands full and for my family name to carry on. All genders represented because of what my life has taught me. The brothers to make men out of each other. And girls to ensure you never lose touch with the fairer things in life. To never become too callous a man.

One day, I will stand by my wife in that labour ward, as she screams her heart out. Standing by every minute just for the support. Because I will have been partly responsible for that necessary pain. Also, a real man never abandons those who need his help most; will always be there when called upon, to be the guide, the counsel, the head, the shepherd.

One day I will look down on my child, wrapped in swaddling linen, head-to-toe. All for protection from the omnipresent harshness of the natural world. I’ll take those tiny, chubby hands and hold them in my own. I will feel as my son/daughter will gently squeeze my finger as if calling to me ‘Never let me go’. And I will play with those hands, till they are strong enough to lift earth and metal...till they can knit and sew a wardrobe fit for kings.

One day, I will watch my child take those first stumbling steps, the first of millions. The first ones that will carry him into territories unknown, to marvel at nature and sample the world’s best. And with those very steps, one day I’ll walk with my children, hand in hand, through the blossoming orchards, by the ever-flowing mountain stream. And tell them of a world that was before them. Of people that were before them. Of mothers and fathers. Grandmothers and grandfathers. Sisters and brothers. Champions of their generations. And to whose name they are expected to live up to. To carry their family flag high. Their country’s flag.

One day, it will be my child’s first day of school. They will cry, of course they will cry. And I will reassure them, with a coy smile. Knowing that a new discovery will be made that day. A new friend. New knowledge. And so will continue the legendary circle of life. And (Insha-Allah) I will be there, the very day they graduate, holding now the power to read. And I will ask them, “Remember your first day in school?” and of course the embarrassment won’t let them admit it, but they will remember that very same coy smile, that ‘Daddy-knows-what’s-best-for-you’ smile.

And one day, wedding bells shall be abound. And as I lead my daughter down that aisle, not wanting to let her go, maybe thinking of later shouting in objection when the pastor asks that penultimate question (“Anyone opposed to this marriage…”) I will look at her behind that veil. Seeing that ‘I-know-what’s-best-for-me-now’ smile she’ll be wearing. Then it will hit me: the tables have turned. My time is past me.

Sadly, one day, I will be drawing my last breaths. Hopefully, painlessly as they can be, surrounded by my kin. And I will know I was blessed. To meet my loving better half. To have children to keep me in my old age. Friends who I shared my life with. Enemies who made me strive harder for success. They who stuck by me, in good and bad times. The sad and the happy times. I know they’ll shed a tear or two. I will beg them not to, for they will know it was a life well lived.

One day, a story begins,

One day, a story must end.
SNAP JUNCTION!!

PICTURE OF THE MONTH!
KUSOL members get down to business. SERIOUS business!

FASHION, THE KUSOL WAY

KUSOL members pose for a group photo during the community outreach program.
THE EDITORIAL TEAM.

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I AM ME!

I am the long shot.
I am the one they never so coming.
I am the life beat of a heart once dying.
I am the old horse that keeps kicking.
I am truth in a world that keeps lying.
I am the runner who though the race ends,
Keeps running.
I am the dancer who keeps moving,
Though the curtains falling.
I am the raindrop that split the earth
I am the straw that broke the camel’s back
I am the bullet the vest couldn’t catch
I am the arrow the armour couldn’t stop
I am the pebble that cracked Goliath’s skull
I am the hair grown back on Samson’s head
I am the longshot
I am the manifestation of a revolution
I am the symbol of a new generation
I am the underdog who becomes champion
I’m Del Monte: picked, not just chosen
I am the voice they can’t mum
I am the song hope can’t stop but hum
I am the last of a dying breed
Yet its hope that i bleed
I’m he whose passion is a creed
Created by God’s decree
I am the ‘f’ that made lame hot like flame
I am the ‘g’ that made low glow
I am change. I am difference. I am uniqueness
I am wine from The true vine
I am what you cannot be

I AM ME!

~Anthony Ngachira~