

RICHARD ONYANGO
The Rise and Fall of Richard Onyango



Richard Onyango, *The Massage*, 2009/2024.

RICHARD ONYANGO

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

INTRODUCTION

To all my beloved readers. I'd first of all give my great thanks to all my friends, relatives, parents, co-operators, companions, mates, bosses for all the kindness I have received from everybody, who assisted my life support my daily for living.

I'd also like to thank Mr. Feisal Osman of Malindi Kenya for the efforts he made for my beginnings. It's such a great thing for me to remember him. Lastly I'd praise God for his general love for us. Thanks in advance.

I was born in Kisii on the 2nd day of the 2nd month of 1960 in South Nyanza then. Today Kisii is no longer in S. Nyanza District. It has its own H/Q which is Kisii District in Kenya.

ABOUT MY FAMILY

My parents are converted Christians, my father comes from Gem Location «URANGA» in Central Nyanza while my mother comes from «UGENYA» also in Central Nyanza. My Father Mr. Joseph Odongo Mdira is the son of a farmer the late Mr. Elisha Mdira, and Mrs. Lea Mdira while my Mother Mrs. Pheobe Aloo is a daughter of the late Mr. Nundu Randiga and Mrs. Apeles Amoth.

They were married in a ceremony wedding in 1955 in Maseno Kenya. After their first-born in 1956, Mr. Peter Odhiambo, my Mother had uterus problems and so the second-born died in a premature pregnancy. The 3rd born also had problems, and she had to go under operation, the 4th born also made her to go under another operation for the second time before I was born one year later after my grandmother's hard prayers. So I'm the 5th child of my mother, even though among the living children I am the 2nd child. I have 3 following brothers, John, Elisha, David and a last-born sister Lilian: that's all about my Family. I have only one Uncle, a brother to my mother, Philip, and his wife Alice.

THE BEGINNING OF MY LIFE

As converted Christians, my Parents had to live in a Christian living dedicated to God and the Lord Jesus Christ. By then in the early 1960's when Kenya was still under colonial Government it was hard to find a job. Even though my Father was an Educated man, he could not easily find a job, he therefore started looking for a job in Kisumu where my Mother was training herself on tailoring at Kibuye. By then she had been operated twice during delivery, which indicated a danger to her delivery system because the three of her children died after the first-born, Mr. Peter Odhiambo, my elder brother. One of the Missionary Doctors promised my mother she would now feel better after treatment. It was not good in Kisumu so my Father went to look for a Job in Kisii while my Mother gave birth to me. Both parents were worried because my mother had twice suffered operations, but God was kind. I was delivered safely in Kisii District Hospital, on the morning of February 2.

My Grandmother Apeles took me to her knees to breast feed me according to the Luo custom of traditional laws, and she gave me the name OBED, which means «LET HIM LIVE». She then returned me to the mother, I miraculously escaped the knives which operated in my mother's womb. I was given the name Richard Onyango. «Onyango» means born in a late morning. I understand it's great news that this time I'd live.

My father had no good job yet, so he went to Nairobi to try his luck. Meanwhile, my grandfather Mr. Elisha Mdira and grandmother Mrs. Apeles Aluoch bought a farm in Lambwe valley west of Homa-bay on the way to Mbita point near Rusinga Island in South Nyanza District. There is where we are now and is where we live up to this day: my homeland. In Nairobi my father had not lived for long before he was called by Christian Brethren in Mombasa, by Mr. John Ouko. Later he was called to Malindi in 1961 by other brethren called Mr. WAMBOGO and his wife SOPHIA. It was learned that the Agricultural Dept was beginning to cultivate in the Tana River through irrigation on the side of the Tana which pours its waters into the Indian Ocean from Mt. Kenya. So there came a vacancy for my father to get a permanent job as a water operator of diesel lister machines and water treatment Technician at this place on the Northern side of Malindi on Lamu road about 300 km from Malindi. This town was called Galole in those days, but today it's called Hola. The name was changed at the demand of the people from that area of the POKOMO tribe. Galole is 62km from Garsen on the Lamu junction so this is where I found myself four year later in 1964. In those days Galole which is now called Hola was bushy after the 1961 heavy downpour which came as a great overflowing rain in Kenyan History. Our home was situated near the Mombasa – Hola road in front of the Hola Police station. My father's work place was near his house where there were big water storage tanks and channels leading the water to the farms. The Agricultural Department handed over the company to «NIB» National Irrigation Board – where Hola. Branch was called «The Tana Irrigation Scheme».

THE TANA IRRIGATION SCHEME

At the age of six I became interested in the lister Machines my father operated and started making fans for them by imitating my father's engineering works. Then I became interested in the Massey Ferguson Tractors which came to fetch water near the storage tanks, I also became interested in the insecticide plane which worked for the scheme. I also became interested in Government Land Rovers I used see one of our family friends driving. At the same time I was interested in the passengers bus which was travelling between Mombasa – Hola. There was only one bus in those days that left Hola in the early morning and arrived Mombasa late evening. The bus belonged to Tana River Bus Services. I was very interested in Bus Driving which I really cherished when I was about 8 years old when I started my primary School. In 1974 I went to leave with my Uncle Philip Ogada who was teaching in Ngao Primary School near Tarassa in Tana-River district about 78 km from Hola on the way to Malindi. I now became interested in learning many things. I had started drawing pictures of fans and I could draw Tana River Bus, GK Land-Rovers, Tractors which I was interested in from my childhood: I also became interested in animals, birds, vessels, planes, plants and whatever my eyes could see. I became more interested in photo pictures: to keep these things properly in my mind I had to draw them since I didn't have a camera to record whatever I would like to put in memory. This interested me to drawings which was accompanied by painting. The painting led me to fine art I do up to this day. My father became bitter when he learned that I was more interested in painting than reading for my exams. He would cane me to leave painting and concentrate on my studies, so I had to hide whenever I wanted to make my drawings. I was mostly interested in pictures I saw in the book he bought for me to read than reading it. He wanted me to become District Commissioner or Provincial Commissioner after my university studies. But I had something else on my mind than to be a Government Official.

I reached Secondary School level in 1976 after passing my C.P.E. Exams and I was called to join Tudor Day Secondary School. I now got full Independence from my parents and could do what I liked freely. In Tudor we had a special ART CLUB and I got a lot of lessons at school from a Lady Teacher called Mrs. Ziro, she was a very good artist who really encouraged me. I could now promote myself easily, through her help. Even though I had known painting, shading was what I learned more from Mrs. Ziro. I left Tudor early in 1978 to look for a job as my results were not satisfactory due to living conditions. Tudor was a day school therefore I had no relative in Mombasa to stay with.

I decided to rent a room in the low-class slums in Maweni in the North of Mombasa mainland on Mombasa – Malindi road. It was far from the School so I had to foot it every morning to school and evening back home, because there were very few buses on the Shimo-la-Tewa route which I could use, so I would always get late to school and this could not give a performance. Also, I was given very little pocket money which would finish before the end of month. It was a tough life because my parents were in Hola while I was in Mombasa about 400 kms away. My father had to give a Tana River Bus conductor my pocket money every month to bring me in Mombasa, but the money was not enough to keep me in a town like Mombasa. I therefore started starving before the end of every month. What I did was to make few pictures to sell to get more money.

This pushed me to a stage of being known to the bus company which started recognizing my pictures. The bus owners Mr. Mohammed Naji and Omar Naji invited me first in 1977 when I visited them in Malindi. They told me they would help me in case of problems with fare, therefore that was the beginning of my success. Up to this day Tana River Bus helps me a lot. Special thanks to Tana River Bus services for their help. After form 3, I could not continue with my studies, and I therefore felt I should learn something that might add to my talents. I was now very interested in music. I made friends with musicians for whom I organised some trips to Hola through my elder brother who is now a cripple, Mr. Peter Odhiambo. He was showing interest in the entertainment sector. I had to learn music and that was when I was hooked in the Night Clubs, to work at night and to go to school by day. It now became very difficult.

I met Drosie first in my dreams before I left my dramatic music career, which I had just started. I started my next job with my elder brother Mr. Peter Odhiambo, who was now operating some film shows in Mombasa, Hola and Taita-Taveta. During this job I learned more about pictures and machines which led me to be a better artist, actor, musician at constructional events, language, and other things which I've attained through experience. After 3 years, I went back to school to begin form 3 and 4 when I came out with my div. 3, not bad because I had passed five subjects out of 8. This School was called MAU-MAU MEMORIAL SECONDARY SCHOOL in Hola Tana River District.

Thus 1982-1983, while in Mau Mau Secondary School, I entered the National Competition of Arts on Wild Life held by the wildlife clubs of Kenya. I was the 1st prize winner of the NATIONAL COMPETITION of the 1982 W.C.K (Wild life clubs of Kenya). I was called for a presentation in Tillman Hall, Nairobi. At the NATIONAL MUSEUMS OF KENYA, which was chaired by Mr. Arap Chumb and presented by Dr. Richard Leakey who is now the DIRECTOR of the wild life services CONSERVATION OF KENYA.

I painted a subject on poachers being arrested by ANTI-POACHING UNIT on patrol in a Land Rover. I became interested in Christianity so much that it led me to become religious. I became more interested in Bible reading, which led me dedication to God, and as I was also brought up in a Christian family, I had in mind to work for God in my future plans, up to this day. I'd like to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ in the future.

After Mau Mau Secondary School I came to Malindi in 1984 to try my luck as a job seeker. Tana River Bus was my first choice. Mr. Mohammed Naji promised me a job but before I started I could paint pictures for Coast Bus as well, I therefore got a contract painting large pictures for Coast Bus including composing designs for them. At the same time I did some for Tana River Bus as well. I achieved my ambition in driving lorries and buses. I went to driving School and passed my driving test with flying colours, because I had learnt driving only out of interest I would watch closely how drives drive, the buses and from that close watching I learnt by theory, so when it came to the practical I found myself a very advanced driver including traffic signs.

The contracts were finished with Coast Bus owner Mr. Mohammed Mirza Sadiq who is also a great artist and designer of coach works. I got a lot of experience of coach building also from him, which I am very interested in up to this day. I would build small models of buses made of paper and cardboard for Mr Mirza, and he paid me very well to encourage me in arts and coach building. I also got interested in making carvings and craft work apart from painting. Recently I found myself as a dress designer, making fashion on a sewing machine. and then I was interested in many things including farming, animal keeping and taming, carpentry and furniture design and also furnishing a house.

In 1985 I was employed by Tana River Bus as a Bus Inspector, because I was also interested in travelling on long routes to Garissa, Hola, Lamu, Malindi, Mombasa and Nairobi. These travels gave me more experience and more knowledge. I left the job and worked with Mr. Armando Tanzini in his Art Studio in 1986. I felt it bored staying in one place and I became a driver with Kurawa Ltd-LTD before I went on to some heavy trucks in Garsen in a construction company the C.R.B.E.C. (China Road, And Bridge Engineering Company. In 1988 I was again interested in driving heavy trucks, For almost 2 years the company was constructing the new Garsen causeway from Garsen-Lamu. I came back to Malindi and stayed without a job for almost 6 months before I met Mr. Aziz through my friend Mr. Feisal who I met through Mr. Mohammed Bashrael. Before I met Mr. Aziz I had a plan to start a business by co-operating with Gallery owners in Denmark through, a Lady Friend Ms. Lis Villadsen, this dynamic lady had great plans for me in the future, something I always admired in her. I was to send her some of my paintings to sell in Europe and send money through my bank account. Special thanks to my most beloved friend Lis Villadsen, her efforts are still recognised to this day. She has managed to introduce my Art work in pen-pal clubs all over the world including her club in Denmark, I appreciate so much her effort, God bless her.

Mr. Aziz is the Director of the Malindi Artist's proof and also a GALLERIST in which I'm now working. He has organised my exhibitions in Malindi, Nairobi and Italy as his efforts to release my paintings in the International world of Arts, being one of the great Art promoters in the international level and also a film Director, Poet and Artist. Special thanks again to Mr. Aziz» for such a kind, difficult work he has done to support my Art-work God Bless him for ever. I joined the Malindi Artist Proof in 1990, August.

I've tried to paint heavily using all my time painting 100 pictures between 1990 August to April 1992, for the 1st International Exhibition, this year October of 1992, in Verona and Milano. This is a golden chance I'd really appreciate. To all my fans I welcome you all! all! to see my paintings which I am sure will attract all the art lovers of the world. Thanks in advance to all those who like my artworks which I made through very difficult conditions, thank you all! all!

TARASSAAA

(for Richard Onyango)

I have seen the crocodile lake and the field
where the nocturnal hippos bivouac.

I have seen the infinite and dusty road
which leads from Malindi to the lands of Somalia
and a religious ceremony, on a Saturday morning,
performed by a haggard black band of unknown
sons of Israel. I have seen your old paintings
hanging on the greeny, delapidated walls of the village
post office, and proudly exhibited (acrylic on canvas)
as a prestigious signboard by the old arab grocer
of Tarassaa. I have seen so many things on this splendid
safari crossing a savanna replete with man-eaters
lying in wait. I have seen the traces you left
in the desert in order to feel immortal, knowing surely
that one day a lean gang of poets would retrace
with a lucid understanding those rare paths
(their geographical location is a mere cultural detail)
where the lost souls, which move beyond the confines
of loutish and imbecilic authority, come together.

Tarassàa, Tarassàa, Taaaaaarassssssssssssssssssssàaaa...

AZIZ

RICHARD ONYANGO
THE RISE AND FALL OF RICHARD

PART ONE

The young Band was performing their Music in a low-class beer club in a small town called Kisauni in Mombasa's mainland. The instruments were old and worn out but provided lovely music. They performed music daily at Night to entertain the people who drank at the club; they practiced every afternoon. I followed my friend Mohammed whom I had known before through another friend who had been a great lover of music. Mohammed was a drummer, and drums were my favourite instrument. So when the Boys performed all my eyes were on the drum set and how Mohammed held the sticks. I could also watch closely how he stepped the foot-going, and how he stroked the cymbal plates which produced very interesting sounds like che-ke..cheke...cheke...cheke... Tii...chaaaa... Ti..chaaaa. I did not hurry to touch anything because I was still a stranger, so when I made a friendship with the band master Mr. SAKWA and told him I could paint those instruments to look new and good. They bought some paints and polish, and I sat down to decorate them until they were now very admirable, and that was the beginning of getting full authority on the instruments, so even the other boys showed me a great welcome knowing I could be a very important person to them, and soon I was in the band („I'm gonna use what I got. To get what I need" - J. Cliff). Well I applied Jimmy Cliff's MOTTO. I used my arts to get music lessons. Now I started learning the drums set, and since I was very interested I took a very short time to know how to operate the drums set, because that's the only thing I liked in music other than guitar. After 2 weeks, I was doing the performance excellently, and people started admiring my beats. After one month, I was completely qualified to be a drummer.

The next thing I started immediately was singing, and I managed to do the singing while I beat the drums at the same time, and again now I was a good vocalist. People had now started admiring my beats and songs, and so I had my fans who really loved to see and hear me like we do to Jimmy Cliff and Lo! I was growing very rapidly in the music field because I could now compose songs. My first song was called SUGAR MAMMY, I composed that song because I noticed a lot of women had friend to hook me by using their money but could not succeed.

Unfortunately it's not recorded, because we were still a young band, our interest was only to sing, not record. The microphone was to be set near me on the drum seat to reach near my mouth while I beat the big cymbal brass plates. It was on February, 1980 when I started practicing music. One day in mid March, when we were on the break resting, a man in a dark brown Kaunda suit approached me and called me to a private place. He introduced himself to me, he was a BAND MASTER OF BAHARI BOYS JAZZ BAND which was operating in a night club called COCONUT DAY & NIGHT CLUB, on your way to Mombasa Town Island so he said he was very impressed with the way I beat the drum set and would like me to visit them one day, if I liked. I said of course I would like to. He talked to me privately, because he did not want the other band boys to know he was interested in me, because they know who he was, and so they could detect why he was talking to me.

So one week later I dressed myself very nicely, combed my hair in an Afro style, put on my new jeans and a white long sleeved shirt; I did not forget to press the pss... psss good smelling Yoland perfume and my leather jacket on top and a well polished crocodile skinned pointed shoes I was now very smart and set off to Coconut Day & Night Club. I had begged permission from Mr. Sakwa our Congo Band Master that I was going to tackle something in town, so I had to go out. They did not know where I was going. I took the bus to Mombasa Town and then dropped in at Coconut D.& N. Clu Waaaa!

The Bahari Boys had better and modern instruments, „I must join them“ I thought in my heart, but I did not show it. Mr. Samuel Manga was very glad to see me and he took me in to introduce me to his Boys.

They all gave me a warm welcome; it was my luck because their drummer was the main soloist. They did not have proper drummer, so when he heard I was a good drummer he was very happy and said ok, I go back to my solo guitar while you sit on the set. The other soloist was now our spare man who helps the bassist and the rhythmist and sometimes the keyboard. I had trouble with their drum set at first because it was modern and it had more cymbal brass plates in those days, but since I had gone earlier I had time to check on them. They usually start their performance at 9.30 am was there by 7.30 evening. Again I found that most of their songs were similar to what we had at Congo Boys. So I practiced only for a few hours and I was through, and I did it excellently.

Now the Bahari Boys performed in Coconut Day & Night daily except on weekends when they were invited to BEACH HOTELS to entertain the tourists in those hotels. The first day I went was Tuesday, therefore by Friday I was completely in form, and they begged me to accompany them to NYALI BEACH HOTEL, which was one of the best tourist hotels Mombasa's mainland. How could I refuse such a golden opportunity, my dear? So it was a Saturday. I went to my room and took time to wash myself very clean. I looked in my cloth box and took out my best clothes (SHINY VIDUDU): dark-red shirt, cream-white trousers which resembled the BAHARI BOYS UNIFORMS, I took my cosmetics, body lotion for my skin, little powder and psss-psss Yolanda perfume to my body, then I polished my pointed shoes and spread varnish on them so they glittered. I applied the hair pomade to my shining black hair which was long and combed good Afro shape with a clear outline lo! I was smart and I knew I'd created trouble to myself with ladies, but they would have to rape me, I won't do it with any lady, and I set off.

AT NYALI BEACH HOTEL

NYALI BEACH HOTEL is situated on the eastern side of Mombasa Island. From Mombasa Island you follow the Malindi road, then you turn right hand side immediately after crossing the Nyali Bridge leaving the road to Malindi. It's one of the best tourist hotels in Kenya which lies on the Coast of the Indian Ocean. So after arranging everything on the stage it was not yet time to start. They usually started at 9:00 pm and it was 8:00 pm, and they asked me to follow them. You know what? They wanted to smoke «KAYA»; you know «Kaya»? Bhangi that's Marijuana kaya is also called BOM (GANIA) OR NDOM in kiswahili. The BAND-MASTER did not use it so he remained behind. I did not like it but to please the fellows I had to go with them and lo! they gave me a puff! It was my first time to smoke the thing and lo! I could now feel something new, a strange feeling. I did not like the smell and I wished I had a perfume nearby, I could spit out the saliva every time I wondered if I could make the drum set. I was now feeling very excited. I felt it nice in the beginning, but I did not like it afterwards since it was my first time to smoke marijuana and at the same time the first time in a Beach Hotel with prominent people. I felt a little afraid that I may loosen my steps, but God was with me so we went back. I could feel my heart beat faster than normal, and it was increasing as I approached my drum set, it was now almost time, everybody got into position, I took the sticks, I was somehow trembling. I wished I had not done it, it would be a shame if I failed in front of the visitors. So we started the music exactly at 9:00 pm, all visitors were ready now, then we started with slow motion songs, instrumental only; we started with Malaika. Everybody in the band was smart, but people admired me the most, I don't know why! The white men and women were very impressed by my beats and threw money to me. I was experiencing a new thing in my life: to my surprise I could beat the drum more excellently than I used to, because I was good in timing. The money continued to flow to me, I felt in my heart that lo! these band boys will feel jealous of me. We now started singing Swahili songs like KARIBU BWANA, JAMBO BWANA KENYA YETU HAKUNA MATATA, but not like they sing it today.

At about midnight I saw a lady leaving her seat at the far end, where there was a table, a man seated with two other ladies. I assumed it was a family, a father, mother and their daughters. I assumed so because the young ladies resembled the elderly lady in physical body posture while the face of one of them resembled the man. I had not seen them before. So as I was beating my drum set plates, my eyes caught a Big Fat Thick Blonde Lady leaving her seat coming to move near my drum set.

She was wearing a cream dress - which looked very expensive like linen-velvet. She looked at me as she passed near my drum-set in front of me to somewhere, a toilet maybe - I don't know. I changed the beats as she passed and she gave me a broad smile, I accepted and responded to her smile with a smile too.

She was a big fat brawny lady with large eyes which had brown pupils and painted almost naturally with black top eyelids, her hair was covered with a red shining scarf. She had almost black lips and a pointed nose on top, on her chest big size breasts which looked like 2 big oranges left half open with pointed nipples protruding through her dress, her arms were very big as I'd not seen before, but looked strong like those of a male lion, her waist was squeezed inwards to bring her shape to a figure 8, she had large protruding bulging hips connected with her heavy bums (buttocks), they were heavy and moved simultaneously as she moved her quick steps, her thighs seemed very big and must have been close and maybe rubbing one another causing some friction, her legs were very big but ended nicely with a narrow ending; she was quick to move and her body never seemed heavy to her at all, she had a glittering watch which I thought was gold and a necklace of the same kind and bangles on the other hand; she was wearing brick-red shoes with gold plate at the back. She was beautiful of course, very beautiful indeed, I'd not seen such before, but I did not put any interest in her, such women have mighty husbands, WHO DARES TO LOOK AT A MILLIONAIRES'S WIFE TWICE, WHO DEARS TO ENTER IN THE MOUTH OF THE SHARK, OR WHO DARES TO GO BETWEEN THE CLAWS OF AN OLD LION I said to my heart and continued with my drum beating without thinking more about her. After all women are my poison how could at that I possibly big figured thing!!!! She got lost in some crowd, I did not let my eyes look in that direction again. I was singing the song called «YOU CAN DO IT» yet I never knew I could do it truly.

After some minutes I caught her by the side of my eyes but I continued at the drum set. At last I turned my head to look at her as she got near to my drum set to pass at the same spot, she suddenly stopped to check in her wallet and took out a tip of 100/= Kshs. and threw it at me with a smile to show me my work was excellent indeed.

I gave a sign of thanks and respect with a smile and a bow as I continued to beat the drum set, and she went on. Her bums were heavy as she turned her back to me, you'd think they would drop, but they never did. I watched her as she reached her seat and sat heavily to where the other two ladies and a man were seated. I first thought the seated man was her husband but I later noticed they resembled each other, and he was too senior to her, therefore I judged it must be the father while the other is the mother and the next lady must be the sister who resembled the mother by her face. I had admired the way she looked at me and again she's the one who gave me the highest tip, because others were 20's, 50's, 10's but hers was 100/= Kshs. I was surprised, that was a lot of money in those days. But I did not like to think much about her, because I didn't know her background. After some hours I suddenly saw the group raise themselves to go. Their mother was a short lady, she was leading, followed by the father, then the tall huge lady in a red dress (her sister) followed, then she was last, she turned her head to look at me as they got lost in the middle the darkness of the night, I could see her big figure getting lost in the shadows of the big trees.

As they went, I said HMMMM! that's a good experience I've got today. I continued beating my drum-set, I had a lot of money now and I ordered drinks for my fellow band boys so they not feel jealous of me, to cool them down, it was now almost 3 and we set the last record which we finished and completed the job that brought us to Nyali Beach Hotel safely. THE BAHARI BOYS JAZZ BAND was famous in those days, because our songs were copyright. I continued with them every night at the COCONUT DAY & NIGHT CLUB until one day the Congo Boys discovered that I had left them, but they had no way to convince me back because I was now going ahead.

One day at COCONUT DAY & NIGHT CLUB, just as we were entertaining our customers, I was on the drum set as usual, I noticed with a great shock a fat brown lady seated at a dark corner of the night club drinking something, I could not see her properly, but she looked like the one I saw at Nyali Beach Hotel, but I was not sure, but then I felt my heart beat had increased in speed suddenly. While I was still thinking she might be the one, a waiter approached me and asked me drink something! I asked her by whose order do I drink something, she then turned her face to the fat brawn lady seated at the dark corner, and said that mother over there waaw! who's shhh.... but I cut well I don't drink beer ee... but alal... all right I drink today, give me Guinness and Coca-Cola to mix it with and tell her thank you.

I was shocked. I do not always accept anything bought by a lady, because I knew such things were traps, but let me respect her I said to myself. We had stopped to begin another record, it was just about midnight so we had to sing two records and rest for an interval. Soon we finished the two records and broke for the interval-rest. From my drum-set I did not go direct to the mother but when I saw some women were approaching me I escaped quickly to see the mother seated at the dark corner who has ordered a drink for me. And Lo! I almost collapsed when I caught in my mind: she's the one I saw at Nyali Beach two weeks ago! Oh How are you madam? Good evening please I greeted her with high respect. Fine thanks she replied. Oh please welcome, I'm sorry, I didn't know it's you my dear please forgive me EH!!! well they call me Richard» I stopped almost abruptly with heavy breath as if I was being chased by a lion. Mine is Drosie, she replied.

Well thanks very much, glad to know you, so please you're very welcome to our music performance, how do you find it? I asked. Well, fine thanks, she replied in a very polite firm voice, okay please thanks. I had nothing else to say and so we remained silent, I was sitting opposite facing her, but I felt shy to look at her so I mostly looked down, I could not find the next word to say, but she broke the silence almost at once: so you perform here daily eh?!!!! she asked, oh yea yea!!!! I replied, is this your first time to come here? I asked, oh yes she said. Again we were silent. Oh so welcome, I kept on repeating the same words as I was empty of words, I then noticed she was a lady with very few words. She never speaks much. She called the waiter and asked her to supply the other band boys with whatever they drink. I was sitting with great respect in front of her as if I was before Queen Margaret II. We remained silent for long, then at last I found a word to say, well we usually perform here daily but we go out on weekends I said. So where shall you go this weekend, she asked. HOTEL MARMAID in town, please if you have time come there, we welcome you eh, I said.

Thanks, she replied. I was very surprised she looked very high class and rich, a lady that was not fit to be seen in a club like Coconut But how did she know we are here? Perhaps she had asked at Nyali Beach Hotel.

It was now time to go back to the stage and I greatly thanked her for the drinks and rose to go. She nodded. I gave her farewell with respect and welcomed her anytime. She did not stay for long as we finished the second (record) music. After the interval she went away.

That night I did not sleep, we usually end at 3:00 a.m. to rest and sleep. But so many questions arose in my mind, who is that lady, I asked myself, whose wife is she anyway? Where does she come from, how did she know we are in Coconut, why did she buy me drinks, what is she really after, music or me, what kind of job is she doing, but I couldn't get any answers to those questions. I remained silent. I'll see the end of it.

That weekend we went to HOTEL MARMAID. In the hotel were so many people because it was a general night club, not a tourist hotel, so it had all sorts of people including Asians, Africans, Arabs, Indians. White men and women. So we started as usual. At about almost midnight, again in a full crowd, I saw a big huge Drosie paving her way in the crowd, leading her way in our direction, and LO!!!! my heart jumped with a click she was wearing dark blue dress which fitted her very nicely and looked very expensive, I did not believe my eyes but she was the one, this time I believed there's something going on, she passed in front of me, but there were too many people, so she did not find anywhere to sit down. She smiled as she passed me as a sign of greeting. I replied. She passed to the counter and stood there, she ordered a drink for herself, I was singing a song «NO WOMAN NO CRY», she took out of her handbag a card on which she wrote something and gave to a waiter to bring it to me. On the opposite of the card was printed her full name, education and rank, box, telephone nos, and telex also, while at the back she wrote: PLEASE RICHARD MAY I MEET YOU TOMORROW AT NYALI BEACH HOTEL JUST BEFORE LUNCH TIME. YOURS S DROSIE.

The waiter brought it and LO!!! I could not believe, on looking at the counter she was nowhere to be seen, she had gone away, waandaaw! I was stranded in my mind and brain. I thought I was abnormal. I thought again. Me!!! Richard!!!! TO GO!!!! AT NYALI BEACH just before Lunch time!!!!!! waww this is actually fantastic well I'll go and see what's there!

The next day I woke up early enough in the morning to bath and dress in the most impressive way, combed my hair nicely and set off to Nyali Beach Hotel. I hired a Taxi. She was not there yet when I arrived. I sat and ordered a drink. She came after a few minutes, I saw her very pleased to see me, she was holding a magazine and a book, NOVEL, and a handbag, she was expensively dressed in a purple-blue dress, her clothes always fitted her very nicely. I said to my heart this lady must be very rich, but I don't know. She sat down next to me, her perfume smelled through my nose to give me a very cool feeling it as a good, lovely smell.

«How're you anyway», she asked while opening her magazine. Oh fine thanks I replied in great respect and politeness in a humble manner, but I was too shy to look at her directly. She was now reading the magazine, it was BUSINESS WEEK, while I continued to drink slowly. The problem was that she had very few words to discuss, she looked very senior to me so I didn't find anything to discuss with her, and I also remained silent for a long period. I had not known women even though I was 20 years old. But I know how to please them by good polite words and respect which I think most of them admired in me. I was a polite, handsome, young man and always smart and clean, I was slim, tall, a man with dark brown-black colour of skin complexion, my hair whining dark black.

My dressing was not like the other young guys but I was like a grown up matured person, I did not talk much but smiled much, which made people become friendly with to me, and I had no enemy in my life. I always liked peace with everybody and no one dared to abuse me except women when I refused to accept their love. I knew this blonde rich lady must be feeling a lot of love towards me but I pretended I didn't know anything about it.

It was lunch time, she was still reading. The waiter had brought her a drink earlier, and now he's back to call us for lunch. We went to the dining hall and Lo! some food I had not seen before was set, it was self-service, I was feeling lots of shyness like a school girl, but I gave myself courage. She never bothered to look at me, she concentrated on eating very quickly, while I too, once after many minutes. I had served myself chicken with some rice, I ate slowly lest I might seem greedy or something. She could eat while reading her magazine held in her left hand. She finished before I reached half my meal. She then left for somewhere in the Hotel and left me eating I could not continue much because I was too slow and white men and women were looking at me with admiration because I was the only black man at the table, which made me more shy. So I left. She came back and sat opposite me, she was now reading a novel. We had less talking but I gave myself courage at last. I asked her, so you stay here or just visiting this place?

She did not answer immediately, then almost abruptly she said «NO!» I don't stay here. She did not say anything more. She continued to read her novel. Then at last I started thanking her for her kindness, she was now attentive to me and I said: Well DR. I am very glad to meet you today it's with highest gratitude and pleasure to know you, I am very pleased for a kind heart you have towards me I'd like say lots of thanks to God and to you, God bless you for everything you've done to me. I stopped briefly, then I continued. Well please could you kindly allow me to go back because I've got to go for afternoon practice of our new song's kind heart you have. I ended expecting a reply, but she did not answer anything and went back on reading as if she did not hear all I've spoken, I waited in vain, so I repeated the same words again and I now pretended to stand, so she quickly raised her eyes and looked at me, but did not say anything still, her eyes were fierce in their brown coloured pupil which looked like those of a lion and made me afraid because her face was still lowered at the book.

She closed her book and with a simple smile she said: Well, I'm also thankful for your coming it's such a great thing for me, but still there's one more drink for you before you go. Before I could refuse she had called the waiter who was near and ordered another drink. I was mixing beer with soda. She paid the bill and stood up. Well, have that before you go eh!!! she said. I'll have to leave you now because I have to rush somewhere. She glanced at her golden watch as she say farewell. OK, see you next time!! OH when do you get off duty?!! She asked me, «On Thursday» I said well please, come to BAMBURI BEACH HOTEL next Thursday evening I've something important to send you for, okay? she finished with a very lovely smile she set off on her quick steps. I felt I wanted something but I did not know what it was, but I made up my mind to follow her and see where she was going. She first took off to the Hotel rooms but did not get to the room and branched on a private road leading to car park making her follow a very long way. I then noticed she did not want me to know she had a car. I could hide when she turned to look back; the route she took and the way she behaved showed me she did not want me to know she had a very sleek car. Again she had hidden her car almost at the end of the car park where there were a lot of trees and so now I could not see her but I waited. So she did not go immediately as if she knew I was waiting to see her drive off. I then saw a Peugeot 504 saloon go out and another, then an ash-grey-blue Mercedes followed the two cars but the glass of the Mercedes were black, I could not see the driver yet the rest did not seem have carried her so I was not sure which car she had gone with but I guessed the first on Peugeot because I saw somebody like a lady inside. So I went back but I now believed she had come with a car. I finished my drink and went away. Now the whole time I stayed at Coconut I was feeling a strange feeling in my heart I could bring lot of pictures to my mind of how she could look like if she could be my wife, but no!!! she's very senior to me, I now knew she was not married because I saw in the card she gave me the words «MISS» though she had a wedding ring on her finger but still I said it might be a decoration to her or rather to scare men who might think to seduce her because who could allow his wife to come to the night club at those hours. She used to come to the night clubs, but I said I'll know when time reaches (Again time will tell J. Cliff).

It was Monday when we last met and now on Thursday next week she will need me at BAMBURI BEACH HOTEL, so it was too far, I was now eager to know the end of it. Well 2 Weeks collapsed and that day Thursday come.

THURSDAY morning of October 1980: I washed my clothes in the morning, Ironed in the Afternoon and set myself more impressive than all other days. I was very smart and good looking young guy, so I set myself ready for the trip, to BAMBURI BEACH HOTEL, BAMBURI BEACH HOTEL is similar to NYALI BEACH HOTEL, it's a Tourist Hotel that just next to Indian Ocean. So Thursday I was set, but I had a lot of work in the morning because the rest of the days were busy, sleep late and wake late only to go for practice and so until the off-day. I had to wash, Iron etc. So I was a little bit late for the appointment she glanced at her watch as I arrived to meet her but she said nothing and didn't ask why I was late, but I apologized with respect and told her of transport problems. I sat opposite her, she was reading another magazine called TIME. I remained quiet. Then she told me to go for supper which was served. The visitors were already taking supper! How about you? I asked «No I've taken, she replied so I went. When I finished I went back, but to my surprise she was not there, I sat down with a drink and waited, it was now night around 9:00 and I wondered whether I will sleep in the Hotel or I'll go back Home because it was getting very late now. While I was thinking a waiter approached me and told me, please you're told to go to room 220, I said I don't know where the rooms are, he said come I'll send you there.

I followed him at last 220 was in front of me, I now felt my heart beat increasing its speed almost twice, I also noticed I was slightly trembling. I knocked on the door and lo!!! The Door jerked open, waaaaw!!! she was wearing a very transparent night dress she was holding a novel in her hand and chewing something in her mouth, I got in and sat in the sofa sets; two things she liked, to read a magazine or novel and her books were very thick. The room was self-contained with bedroom, sitting room, toilet, and a small fire place to warm tea, coffee or fry eggs or anything lighter. A TV and Music set was inside I had never entered through the doors of those kinds of Hotels before. I was surprised to see the way she was, I respected her so I could not look direct at her figure in the transparent dress. So I took a magazine on the table to read but I could not read anything.

Then I said to myself Eh Richard are you not the luckiest man in the earth? I answered yes I am lucky!!! She brought some coffee and we drunk together as she reads. She asked me to take bath if I want but I had taken bath very late at home so I replied NO, we had no more words to say so we just listened to music while I read and she read. I now knew it had reached the climax, it was around 11:00 o'clock and she now dropped the book and stood. She moved from the sitting room to the bedroom and back almost twice as if she was looking for something she did not know. She went to the wardrobe and opened it without taking anything inside and closed it again. She came back to the table took the book but dropped it back, she was anxious of something but could not reach where it was, her face was bright as if she wanted to say something, but could not say anything. She would come in my direction but change the direction immediately I raised my head as if to look at her. I could pretend reading but actually I was not reading anything. I was seeing all she was doing by the side angle of my eyes. At last she plucked courage and came to me by my back and touched my shoulders with a very gentle touch. Eh! I said to my heart, It's now time to break the cage (its time J. Cliff Again) she at last found her breath to say please Richard I can't help telling you something I had always wanted to tell you. She stopped. I remained silent my face looking down with shyness. I noticed her finger holding my shoulder trembling slightly, Then she continued:- I hate men, but I just love you. Those words were very strong to me and blasted my ears like a thunder bolt storm, I remained silent still. The Touch now proceeded to my breasts and I felt the whole body shrink as if it were too cold. She kissed my cheeks the sound of the kiss was like a bullet from a very powerful revolver, I felt more shy and looked down, I said nothing still.

Her voice was very gentle and calm, her body was very warm like an incubator, her skin was so soft, I'd never known such before. I gave myself courage and said «NO»!!!! No please, I'm sorry Dr. I can't make sense of why you should love me, you've not made a better selection, I'm too poor to be loved by someone like you, I've nothing for you why should you love me? «No please don't say that I beg you, I just love you not for wealth but for health of my own heart she said. She then held me tight and hugged me deep in her big lion like Arms. I sank the whole of myself for the first time in my life in this situation. A new thing in my life. I accepted at last, she rushed me to the bedroom suddenly and now she was very wild as if she was very hungry for love, it seemed to me she had not met a man for a very long time. I was so shy that I hid my face from her, I did not want to take off my clothes so she became angry and you know what? I awakened the sleeping lion, she turned wild (THE LION AWAKES FOR THE FIRST TIME J. CLIFF AGAIN). What I meant by the awakened lion is to arouse her ANGER because she acted like a lion in fury when she's angry. And Lol she held my shirt with her two hands and cut all the buttons from A-Z. «I was not a lesby guy by the way. She turned to my trousers and did the same waaa!!!! I now sensed danger because she pressed me down hard and her eyes were red like fire and she was now stronger than me so I had to accept, I told her, well, thus all thus all, lets end it. I've accepted, then she now cooled and the fury returned to the cage, she wept, and apologized on my chest, well I had no way out but to do what she was fighting for.

The night was very short, it was next day, I imagined the night's struggle and compared her to a lion who's caught its food prey, she was very strong on her huge fat body and her eyes turned red, you'd think they are fire, but to my surprise during all that struggle she does not speak anything, what you get is only the fury, strength and rage but not any word that comes from her mouth, she struggled silently, completely silently. I had now known what kind of a person she can be. It was morning and all my shirt was destroyed no buttons, the trousers too, she set out after a bath down stairs and went to the Hotel Boutique to buy some new clothes for me because those mine were out of order. I said to myself Hey!!! WAHT DO YOU DO IF YOUR WIFE HAS STRONGER MUSCLES THAN YOU? No Answer I got to that question. Then at last I said. Yea you have to accept to be under her CLAWS is it? no other way. Well we went for breakfast and now I saw her with a new facial expression, she now loved me more and she now respected me more than before she told me that, okay!!! «Ill take you to my house now, I just love you to be in my house, and we set off immediately after breakfast. As we were going to the car park I was still thinking of the struggle at night. I've never in my life struggled with a woman and I had never known some women are very strong that way. I had turned down so many women before, I would not reach their traps, I usually escaped before reaching their traps, but how did she get me. I thought. I could not accept any women who says she loves me, first I did not know the meaning of that word. I felt its non-sense and so women would abuse me and say Hey that young polite handsome boy is very charming but to get him is a great HELL! Me never accepts women, what must be wrong with him eh!!! The other lady would answer, perhaps he is unfit. (not functioning as a man)! you know, such handsome boys have defects in their (penis) organs so it might be the reason!!! But no, the other women replied, He says he's married what do you think his wife is eating behind that trouser, yea he told us he's satisfied with his wife so he needs no more!! Then the next lady would say «BASTARD!!! him. He thinks his wife is more beautiful or sweeter than us!!! What do you think? does she have different organs better than ours!!! Let him not lie to us!! Then the other would suggest, maybe if you want him to follow you pay him money, he might accept you. But the next cut short, last time I tried to buy beer, chicken chips and convince him he never accepts any woman's offer. What did I tell you, the first one repeated, I told you he may not be functioning! He's not a man you know what? the other asked. He knows how to please women, he'll tell you to wait for him and that's the end, you won't see him back again, STUPID of him what does he think he is ANY WAY!!! he's stupid!!!! he's not the only man, he's foolish. They would finish the topic with curses and abusing me. By then I only smile and say thanks which set their hearts on more fire.

At last we were approaching the car park, I first thought she's going to hire a Taxi but no, she was leading me to a private car park which was heavily secured. I could now see about five vehicles parked and I wanted to guess which car could be hers: there were 2 Toyota Corolla 2 Peugeot 504's, a Mercedes and a Range Rover. There were six, yes. So I guessed first. The first Peugeot 504, but we passed it, oh no its the next, but I saw her pass it, I then said, well it's one of the 2 Toyotas we're facing now, but before I finish she has passed them. I quickly guessed the last car a Range Rover aside from the Mercedes, because I did not expect it could be the Mercedes Benz, but waaa!!! I suddenly saw her branch before reaching the Range Rover to the Mercedes Benz - ash-grey- blue in colour a clean sleek 380 SEL - Automatic transmission, EH I was perplexed she was searching for keys from her hand bag waaaa! I did not believe it, I had always admired Mercedes Benz from my childhood and now today... No I did not believe it's hers, she got into the driving seat and opened the door for me from inside. Waaa, the smell of velvet covered seats greeted my nose and I got inside with surprise in my heart, though I did not show it, to open the windows you only have to press some buttons. And lo!!! the carpet on the floor, the covered dash board with green wooly velvet cloth with red hanging decorations. I could not believe my eyes, I could rubby them and open them again only to find myself on the same spot. Reverse was no problem to her, then we drove off to Nyali Residence, a lastly a private road, and ended in a very beautiful modern Gate with a security watchman inside, waaa!!! in front of us after the gates were opened was a very big modern building I had not seen its design before. But I was surprised to see only a maid inside, nobody else, she was a young African girl but matured, outside the gate I remember I saw a sign board written Dr. S. Drose and another BEWARE OF DOGS Loooo!!! The Bungalow was big and fully furnished, it had everything a person would like to have in the house, video-TV Stereo Music Machine system with 4 ways speaker system, waaa its fantastic. The music coming from the speakers was so clear that you'd think the singers inside. In those speakers you'd hear the drum set, base solo and rhythm separately. The living room was large with two kinds of sofa settees bottle green in colour, the drinks cup board had every kind of drink. To me it seemed like paradise on the earth. The carpet on the floor was very expensive. She got lost in her rooms, then when she was back, she said, well, feel free, feel free in my house please, come, now I introduce you to my house. I followed her to the kitchen. Well this is the main kitchen, this living room I think you know, that's the dining hall, that's the 1st Bedroom, the next is 2nd and the 3rd bedroom's over there, that's my office and next to it is my home library and at last this is my personal bedroom, no men enters in this room but you may enter please Rich!! so you stay and please be free, while I go out for some business okay? she called the maid and introduced me to her this is Monica, this Richard she told her. She was a beautiful shy girl but I never liked girls at all.

She took the keys and went out on quick steps. She set the Mercedes on the road and she was out of sight, waa!!! I thought this must be something interesting, I said. I served myself a drink. The maid brought LUNCH but I was already satisfied before I could eat anything. I went back to the living room to see the 4-way speaker system Music Machine and the music Albums waaa! good music. I could take sticks like those of my drum set with a beat on either table or chairs as if were on my drum set, but pretend to be doing something else when the maid come in.

Dr. Drosie did not return for lunch, she came back late in the afternoon almost at 4:30, have you had everything you want bath, meals, drinks, she asked while speeding to her bedroom. She was very quick and her steps were light as it she's not fat. She went for a shower and called me to do so after she was out, then she called me in the bedroom I now could see her true colours waa!!! she's BIG FAT HUGE & STRONG, her breasts were decorated with black nipples but they were very big. She now cautions me never to think to go back to BAHARI BOYS. She told me she's against the job so I will only stay indoors otherwise we go out together but not alone.

It was now December, 20th and I begged her permission to go home to see my parents at last in Kisumu (Homa Bay). She asked me if she could accompany me but I refused because the people of my home area might be jealous of me and practice Magic to destroy everything, they don't like one's progress, so she accepted to remain.

The next day she asked me if I would like to buy anything for my parents which I definitely accepted: she took me to town for shopping and I traveled home just that evening, she told me make sure you are back soon before happy new year. Okay. She gave me 4,000/=Kshs.; that money was just too much in those days I gave half to my parents, they were surprised to see the situation I was in I was looking such a high-class young man, but I did not tell them anything about my new fortune.

After Christmas I was to go back to Mombasa to celebrate my happy new year in Mombasa together with Dr. S. Drosie. We stayed happily for 4 months. On April 1981 now I was feeling I was really missing my Band Boys fellows. I did not even say farewell to them, and I knew Drosie wouldn't accept me to go to see them so I thought of a trick. I was missing my drum-set so much and I felt I should at least go for it only for a day or two only to satisfy my music interest in drums. She was out, but that evening I played a trick to allow me go out the next day, so when she was back I told her I miss my brothers who stay in Hola, I would like to go and visit them. She did not answer as if she knew I was cheating her. After some hours I repeated it to her, still she did not answer, I was now surprised. I was shocked but plucked up courage again and asked her for the third time. This time she looked at me with her face to the ground, her brown eyes looked at me with a strange look and unhappy expression as if she were reading my heart. She was studying my face and at last she said, which brothers do you want to go and look for those Band Boys or what? I nearly collapsed, my heart busted with surprise which I did not show, L... I... me... mean my real brothers at Hola, didn't I tell you my father has gone on leave but my brothers are at Hola. I resisted with a little stammer, okay when do you want to go she asked, tomorrow I said. she said nothing more. The next day I prepared myself and took my briefcase to go, but she called me back and said. well, wait I'll drop you in Town. I'll go just now so we went and she dropped me at the bus station before she went, she insisted you must not stay for long, only 2 days and be back. I nodded but to my surprise she was too wise to fool and I think she knew I was cheating, her. She drove off. I pretended to enter the bus, she was suspicious and parked the car somewhere, then hid herself to see if I'll get out of the bus. But I did not. I had in mind that she might not have gone so I planned to go with the bus about 10 kms then I will return in another bus back to Mombasa, and thus what I did.

At last I dropped in at Coconut and lo!! all the boys were happy to see me back, we miss you. Richard, they told me I also missed you. I told them, tomorrow we shall perform at SALAMBO DAY & NIGHT will you please accompany us? they asked me, oh yes I accepted and so they were very happy and I was happy too.

PART II

THE SALAMBO NIGHT

SALAMBO is a very famous day and night club in Mombasa up to this day. It is in the middle of Mombasa Town Island, it lies on former Kilindini Road called Moi Avenue. These days it contained every kind of people of different races and tribes, it was always full of people. We had gone there early and we had arranged the instruments in order, the meals in my stomach. I was not happy that day and I had always felt guiltiness when I remembered I lied to my host, a person who loves me with all her heart. I did not feel the goodness of the drum set which I was very eager for at first. I would feel grief in my heart especially when I remembered those words, you must not stay long, only 2 days I felt pity when I remembered the sad face of DROSIE the last time we parted from one another. I shrank and felt shame to have spoken lies.

I remember how she looked at me last night when I was begging her permission, with disbelief in her eyes. But what could I do, anyway its only today I said, I gave myself courage. We started our performance at exactly 9:30 p.m.

Meanwhile DROSIE was back home in our Nyali residence but her heart was unsettled. She was so disturbed in her mind she did not sleep last night and was very unhappy and lonely. She never believed I've gone to Hola, she thought in her heart that I might be in Town with some women or at the Band. She could not eat, at last she said to herself before I sleep I'll check all the day and night clubs in Mombasa, if I don't see Richard I'll believe he has gone to Hola, so she took a bath and got herself ready, then she set her Mercedes Benz on the road. She told me all this one week after the incident, how she had to go round from night club to night club only to check if I might be in so, she started by the international nightclub where she paid 200/=Kshs, at the gate but when she got inside nobody like me was there so she went out and set. The Benz on the road again to all beach Hotels in the rain, then a thought came to her to go to Mombasa island and she went to SIX EIGHTY, OCEANIC HOTEL Sunshine. Marmaid Casino, Hotel Club 28, Manor Hotel but all in vain. She had to pay at the gate of each Hotel to enter only for 5 minutes to the last corner to Nyali residence she caught the emergency brake and stopped for a moment and thought, I must be forgetting something very important she said, what is it oh yes COCONUT. I've not gone to COCONUT, but today is Saturday, the Band Boys are not in Coconut, so what do I go to look for?

She thought for a moment, then her heart jumped with a click, all right, I will inquire where the Band Boys have gone from Coconut, okay. She made a U turn in a second and drove very fast to Coconut. She left the car some meters and went on foot, at the door she found a watchman and asked for the Band Boys, she was answered that the BAND BOYS HAVE GONE to town in Mombasa Island to a club called SALAMBO DAY & NIGHT CLUB wasss!!! As she told me she drove in a speed she has never driven her Mercedes before, but as she drove the fuel tank was empty and she forgot to look at the fuel gauge and lo!!! the engine went off. At first she thought something was wrong in the engine for overspeeding so she stopped and went out of the car and started kicking it and abusing the car with abusive words STUPID!!!! BA- STARD YOU!!! FUCK YOU OFF MERCEDES !!!! YOU'RE NON-SENSE !!! you let me down at a very important time of need!

sssss Hit !!! donkey benz, I'll kill you to hee!!! as if the car was hearing all those abusive words. She locked the car and started moving on foot, but luckily another car approached. It was midnight, vehicles were very few so the good samaritan stopped to see a fat woman try to make her quick steps from the Benz: whats wrong madam? he asked. Well shh shittt this car, the engine just went out. Then the man in the car reminded her have you checked on the fuel???

Oh yes, she remembered, and went back to check the gauge: lo its reading EMPY waaa! So then asked if she had an empty jerrican but she did not have one. So the man told her, just wait, I bring you some petrol, is it super or regular? Super please, and the car drove off.

After filling the tank she asked where is SALAMBO then she was told to go through (she paid the man all his expenses before setting off) Kilindini Road, she find it, She drove slowly, trying to read every shop's name. Eh!! she suddenly saw SALAMBO DAY & NIGHT CLUB and an advertisement BAHARI BOYS HERE TODAY and some yelling of many people and music inside waa! She reversed and parked the car just at the door, she paid at the gate and went directly inside pushing whoever was blocking her way. Of course THE LION AWAKES NOW, as if she knew I was inside, she was only eager to see who the drummer was. Meanwhile I was beating my drums not even aware that I was already in the claws of the Lion that had awoken so many hours ago. I was singing on my drum set while I stroke my heats. Some women were playing around me, some very close to me while cheering at me, she was standing in front of me looking me but I had not seen her because people were very many and also because I had to turn my head to face the microphone on my side so she stood in front of me almost for 50 seconds before I knew I was under fire. The moment I turned my head in front of me, is when I saw pepper RED BROWN EYES WATCHING all THAT I was doing waaaaaaa! All the sticks fell down out of my hands up the band had to go for some seconds without a drum-set, I bowed to pick them and I tried a smile which did not succeed, I could now miss my beats also, but I just continued as my heart beat was beating pupu.... pu.... pu.... pu... pu. I started sweating, she stood till only watching. She did not move, say or turn, anything you'd think it's a sculpture. She gave respect, she did not want to interrupt the record so she remained silent for almost 2 minutes. What made me a hell of fire was these twilight women around me. What would you think if you see a lion dog watching your meat? I was the meat and the other women were the dogs and DROSIE is the owner of the meat, so what was she thinking about her meat she sees being watched by the wild dogs??? So at last she went to the counter to wait for the record to finish.

As the record was about to finish I called the BAND MASTER MR. MANGA as he came close. I told him I'm in the claws of the lion now, but he did not understand the meaning of those words. I repeated, I am on FIRE with a little HIGHER!!! voice. He still did not understand the meaning of FIRE. Then I told him again I'm telling you my wife has come for me!!!! I now shouted the record was ending. I was still explaining to the BAND MASTER because he had not yet understood. I suddenly heard a thunder-like force on the back of my shirt, as I turn to look what's going on with my shirt I heard very strong claws that pulled me suddenly like a lightning out of the seat waaaa!!!! I quickly leaped to the direction where the force was pulling me like a rabbit supporting myself not to fall on the slippery stage floor. As I prepared to know what next, she held me by the front of my shirt and pulled outside very quickly like a lorry pulling a trailer. People were now gathering to see, wondering what was going on and some shouted. Everybody who saw her coming out at high speed left for her to pass with me following (Jimmy Cliff says in the song lion awakes again get out of the way get off the way) !!!! The lion is coming, everybody was surprised and followed us outside, she then pushed me out of the door getting out. As I stop and asked her politely, now what's this you are doing, she held me by the trouser this time and pulled me to the other side of the car, she was very strong my dear. She opened the door for me and tried to push me inside and I resisted as if I don't want to go, waaa I'd better not have done it shocked me by the back of my shirt and pulled me, then squeezed me against the car and looked directly into my eyes as if she wanted to say, don't be stupid, I'll crush you to hell! She did not say that, but the eyes were fiercely commanding as if she would say so, to my surprise she had not spoken to me yet, she was commanding me with her eyes to get into the Mercedes. I had to accept her command and got into the car. Then she banged the door and went back to the driver's seat. The Bahari Boys were looking and me in a surprise, wondering what was happening, and I just waved at them, said bye-bye, and we drove off.

When we reached home, she had not said anything yet, we were in silence. I went to the bathroom only to discover that her fingernails had cut into my chest very deeply, and I was bleeding. So I disinfected the cuts. She was in her office and I asked her politely: it's too late, you need to rest now. She didn't even bother to look at me, and then I went back to the sitting room and took a magazine to read. I noticed she was monitoring me from the secret side of the room. Perhaps she was thinking I would run away. After that, I went back to the bedroom and slept. After some few minutes, I heard her entering the room and I thought she would be still angry with me, but it turned out to be opposite. I just felt her hands on my back very gently, and she apologized for pushing me and pulling me around out of the band. We slept.

One week later, Drosie told me that her father was coming from England and she was very excited saying that she would convince her father so that we could get married. But I told her: your father will not accept this relationship. She didn't believe me, but I insisted that this relationship will not work. Perhaps she became upset by saying how did I know it was going to be that way. And because I had a feeling that the gap was too wide to bridge. She was educated, I am not educated, she is large, I am small, she is white, I am black, she is rich, I am poor, she is older, I am younger. So all these obstacles could hinder our relationship. But I gave her green light to try.

In the following week we went to the shop and bought new clothes for me, I would wear when we go to the airport together to receive the parents. And I dressed very nicely. The day came when we went to the airport. At about 2 pm, I heard very powerful engines of the Boeing 747 landing, and she said: they must be on that plane. We started waiting for passengers at arrival gates. When she saw her father she was very excited and called: daddy, daddy, and waved her hands at him. She introduced me to her parents, but I didn't like the way her father looked at me. Then I noticed that something was wrong and that I might not be welcome to the family. We drove together anyway and we took them to the apartment, which was about half a kilometer from Drosie's residence. Drosie promised to invite them for dinner that night. So at around 7:30 they arrived at Drosie's residence. The house guard Monica has been very busy preparing African dish for Drosie's parents. The table was set and everything was ready for dinner at around 8:30. We all sat together to begin the dinner, but the mood of the house was a little bit tense. I could see clearly in the eyes of Drosie's father that he didn't like me to be in that house. And Drosie also noticed that strange feeling, like her father was about to pick an argument... When I discovered that I pretended to be going to the library, perhaps the reason why he could not start the conversation was my presence. While I was in the library, I gave them a chance to talk. I heard her father saying: so, where did you get this black beach boy? And Drosie answered immediately, in a furious way. Das, you are a racist. I didn't know you were a racist. Why should you interfere with my life and whom I love. But her father wouldn't listen and talked to her very, very aggressively and furiously. And then Drosie's mother interfered and said, Mr. Galian, listen, it's her life, and we don't have to interfere with it. That's her choice, let's accept it, because you are torturing her. By this time, Drosie was silent. I came out from my hiding place to try to console her, but her father and mother were already at the door, they were leaving. The dinner was left almost untouched. And I asked her, can I go, leave you alone? But she declined: you are going nowhere, you will remain here until the days of my life. And I said to her, I told you that your father would not accept. Now you understand what I said. But she insisted that it was going to be all right. And I told her, yes, it's going to be all right.

From that day, Drosie started changing from good to worse, she was losing her weight very quickly, she spent most of her time crying, sleeping, she lost her appetite, and her eyes always turned red from tears. For me, it was very sad to see her like that, so I spent most of my time hiding away from her. But I thought it wasn't a good idea to keep hiding away when she was in such stage, I was supposed to comfort her. So I kept telling her: listen, things will be ok, you don't have to worry so much. Should I stay away for some time until he goes away? She said: no, he has to understand that you are already my husband.

Three weeks later, I had a very bad dream at the second night of the week. There were two angels in the dream that came down from the skies, and Drosie and I were in the valley of dry bones. The angels demanded to carry Drosie away, and I resisted, holding her by the wrist, she was not going anywhere. They caught her right hand and tried to pull her. Something like oil made her slippery in the way that I could not hold her any longer. I was pulling the bedsheet as if I was pulling someone while Drosie was sleeping next to me. She woke up and asked me: what's the problem, and then I found everything was ok, it was only a dream. I told her I had a bad dream. She ignored that and told me to go back to sleep, because she was not interested in bad dreams. The dream repeated three times. The third time, I couldn't sleep, I was sitting on the chair and looking at her as she was asleep. It was already the morning, she woke up as usual, but she was very weak. She was as pale and delicate as a piece of paper but she was hiding it. She dressed up, and I told her I would accompany everywhere she went that day. She asked me why, and I told her about the dream that wasn't very good for me. She answered, if you wish, that's ok. So I accompanied her, and we went for breakfast at Manor Hotel. While we were waiting, I saw her facial expression change from dull to bright, and she told me a story which I later discovered was about me. The story goes like this.

One day there was a man coming back from his workplace, and he saw a street boy collecting rotten food from the dustbin. This man felt pity for the boy and said: Hey, my boy, why should you collect rotten fruit? Come with me, from today, you will be my son. I'll give you everything you want, don't come back here again. And they stayed together. The other day, when he was coming back from work as usual past that pit, he saw his new son seating there. He was surprised: I thought I moved you from this place to stay in a good house, a better place. Why are you here again? And the boy answered: Dad, this is where you found me, without this place, you could not have found me. It was like home, I am grateful for everything I got, but I miss this place because I grew up here. I just wanted to see where I come from, to see my roots, where my life began. That's all. And his dad understood this disease called home-sickness. I immediately understood, she was talking about the SALAMBO night, she prohibited me to go back to the band, and yet I had to lie to her to get the permission to go back to the band she took me out of. I really blamed myself for lying to her and promised I would never lie again for the rest of my life. So I apologized. But she exclaimed: No!!! It's me who made you lie. By prohibiting you to go back to the band. Then I said yes, but it's my fault, I should have told you the truth. She said: No, you couldn't tell me the truth, you knew I wouldn't let you go. I'm sorry I prohibited you, because that's where I found you just like the street boy. And I hugged her and we started crying. We were both blaming ourselves for whatever we did to one another, me for lying to her, and she was blaming herself for prohibiting me go back to the band. And that was the last time I saw Drosie smile. She never smiled again.

After we came back home, and she said she had a headache, and she was very tired, she had just taught me how to drive the Mercedes. And she said, I can't drive any more, I don't have the strength to drive. By good luck, it was an automatic transmission: a gray 380 SEL W126 Sedan Mercedes Benz. She told me she had an appointment at 3 o'clock, and she wanted me to wake her up half an hour before. So I went to the drawer and took the pain killer and a glass of water and gave it to her for the headache. She was lying on her stomach, and I remembered the dream when I looked at her. Half an hour before 3 o'clock I gently woke her up. I could see her struggling to get up and go to the bathroom to shower, then I felt something strange in me, the way she was walking and struggling to reach the bathroom. I waited for her to get out so that I could also go inside, but when I was in the bathroom, I heard the Mercedes drive away. And I said, oh no! By the time I opened the front door, she was already at the gate and the indicator was flashing, she was now turning right and leaving.

I was very alert and alarmed. I started playing music on the record player. The phone rang. A man's voice asked if I knew Dr. Drosie, and I said yes, this was her residence. And the man said, we have just taken her to Pandya hospital. She collapsed while driving the Mercedes near the junction Nyali-Malindi road. I reached the gate, I had not even put on my shoes. I went back to the house to get my them, my feet were already bleeding from the pieces of stones on the terrace way. I reached the bus stop, it was 4 o'clock. People were coming back from work, all buses were full and they wouldn't stop. I looked around and I saw a taxi. I asked the driver if he could take me to Pandya. When I reached for my pocket to pay, I discovered I had left my wallet, so I took off my watch and asked the driver to keep it till I come back and pay him. Of course, he couldn't refuse, it was the expensive watch that Drosie bought me on the day her father was coming to Kenya. So I went to the inpatient ward and asked the receptionist: I'm looking for a lady called Dr. Drosie. The receptionist called a nurse and told her – this is him. I think they talked about me some time ago. And she said: follow me. When we reached ICU unit, I saw two Indian doctors coming out of the room, and the nurse told them: this is Richard asking about Drosie. They looked at one another, as if they were asking themselves: so what are we going to tell him. I passed them to get into the ward, and I saw a nurse covering Drosie's head. So I just went there, close to her, and uncovered her face. Her eyes and mouth were half-open and she was not breathing. I asked what happened to her? And the doctors came back and questioned me. When I had answered the questions, they told me she was suffering from hyper tension, and it must have been a cardiac arrest or heart attack. So I had to write the statement of the final days, how she was behaving and looking to give the doctors a clue what had really happened. They asked me if I knew where to find her people, I said her father was at the residence in Nyali. They gave me permission to call him. I asked them about the car. They said they didn't even know she had a car, she was brought by police officers. Perhaps I had to ask the police. I went to the central police station in Mombassa asking for the name Joseph Karioki, and I was told that Karioki was on patrol at Nyali junction. I took a bus to Nyali, and I saw the Mercedes by the side of the road, and two police officers. I approached them and told them that I was Richard. And they asked me about Drosie, I didn't tell them what happened, I just said she was all right, she was doing well. I feared it could turn out to be a police case. And they said they found a business card in her car with the phone number and other things. So I told them her father was at Nyali and I would take the Mercedes there. I didn't have a driver's license. I feared they would ask me, but they didn't – they allowed me to take the Mercedes. I timed them and made a sharp U-turn, going back towards Nyali. I went to Drosie's parents apartment. It was already late, around 6:30, the sun was setting. Her parents were just coming from the beach. Where's Drosie?! her father asked me, I could not answer him immediately, I then told him she's at Pandya Hospital. What's wrong with her? he asked, the mother was only looking at me surprised, mouth open, I said, well she left me in the house at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I later received a call to go to Pandya, when I went she was dead. Dead!!!! HOW COME DEAD? her mother screamed!!!! They got themselves ready and the father now took the Mercedes and we all set off to Pandya.

I was completely shocked and they both cried. Then the father took the car and left us at the hospital with the mother. I did not know where he was going, but I later discovered that he had gone to Dr. Drosie's house to take all the important documents, including cheque books, cash box from which Dr. Drosie gave me the keys of the safe, all the keys were together with the car keys, so the father had an easy time to open the safe and cash box. Afterwards he came the back for us. He took me to Nyali, then they went to Bamburi. Monica asked me what's wrong, I've seen Dr's father come here and take a bag, what's the matter? And he did not tell you anything? I asked her. No!!! he did not tell me, she answered. Dr. S. Drosie is dead, Monica screamed, I left her crying while I went to the safe to look for the cash box only to find it nowhere. I knew that's what Monica saw carried in the bag. I came and sank in the sofa. None of us ate anything. Me and Monica knew now our end had come. The next day I went to Bamburi residence, to see Mr. & Mrs. Galian to find out what they were planning about the late Dr. Drosie.

They were planning to fly back with the body to London and so they told me to wait at Nyali residence they would come to see me. I went back, I could go to the mortuary at Pandya to ask the mortuary attendant to show the body of late Dr. Drosie, for me to see her for the last time, then I paid him some money. I did that several times.

In the evening of Friday Mr. & Mrs. Galian came in Dr. Drosie's Mercedes and we all sat down, and the father told me: well, young man, it's been such a wonderful time you've stayed with our daughter with love and peace, I was impressed by the way you've been living, although it was a very short time. But I saw politeness, humbleness and respect. But now then she is no longer alive, as she's the one who kept you here, now she's dead, we apologize to say that we may now sell this house while we go back to London, so you may easily decide to go wherever you go, we shall give you some money to find for yourself anywhere you want. He took out 7,000 Kshs, and gave it to me. I thanked him with respect and told them I would like to see the body of Dr. Drosie being flown back, they said on Sunday they were going with her body back to London in England where she would be buried. They then finished, and I also gave my remarks and asked their forgiveness for any inconvenience. They accepted and I told them I would be gone by the next day. They left. The next day I took my briefcase and piled things belonging to me and went away.

On Sunday morning, I was the first person at the mortuary, I went to the attendant and paid him some money to open for me to see my dear beloved sweet Darling. For the last time he accepted. I wept bitterly and asked her body, so you defeated your death my beloved Souzy, Oh Drosie is dead? I could talk with the corpse as if it could answer me, but nothing, she was still looking as if she would raise and talk to me. I could hold her fingers to look at the wedding ring on her finger and said, well this could be mine, and I wept again bitterly. Then I went out to await the rest. Mr. & Mrs. Galian came with so many other European friends and Indians, and some Asians also came, about 18 cars had come, to escort them to the Airport, the coffin was very neatly adorned with gold look and brass arrangement, I got into one of the cars and went together with them to the airport from where they flew to London.

I cried as I saw the plane get lost in the clouds, I felt grief, I was lonely and depressed. I went to town to rent a house I did not want to go back to the band, and I started looking for another job after one month. Now the 7,000/= Kshs I had was a lot of money in those days. I then visited brother of mine - long before, we used to bring films in our School during entertainment period so I met him and told him I was willing to do any job. He then promised me a job of machine operator to Mobile film. One week later I was interviewed and I joined the company so I worked as projector operator, we travelled from place to place showing films. I was now getting another experience in my travels, but that's another part of my life experience I was grieving for almost six months, I never felt like eating, especially meat. I could talk alone like a fool and I could always stay alone, up to now. I'm still single, the word marriage does not come to my mind up to this date, and from then I've not been getting better. I've not been getting better. I've suffered a lot as Drosie told me that you'll suffer in case I die.

One day I visited Nyali residence to see who's living in the house of late Dr. Drosie only to find Fazal and Farussi inside, I was very surprised to see them, they welcomed me with great pressure, that made me cry especially when I saw the late Dr. Drosie's MERCEDES BENZ 380 SEL AUTOMATIC, SEDAN.

From then I've avoiding so much to go there and I never go. Then I've worked with many other companies before I joined Tana River Bus Service in Malindi in 1984 - 1986 as a Bus INSPECTOR. Then I left for salt manufacture as truck Driver then CRBECO and now no job still, but God has been so kind to me. I love God and I pray for his mercy every day. It's exactly 9 years since Dr. Souzy Drosie Galian left us she still rings in our hearts.

THAT'S THE RISE & FALL OF RICHARD