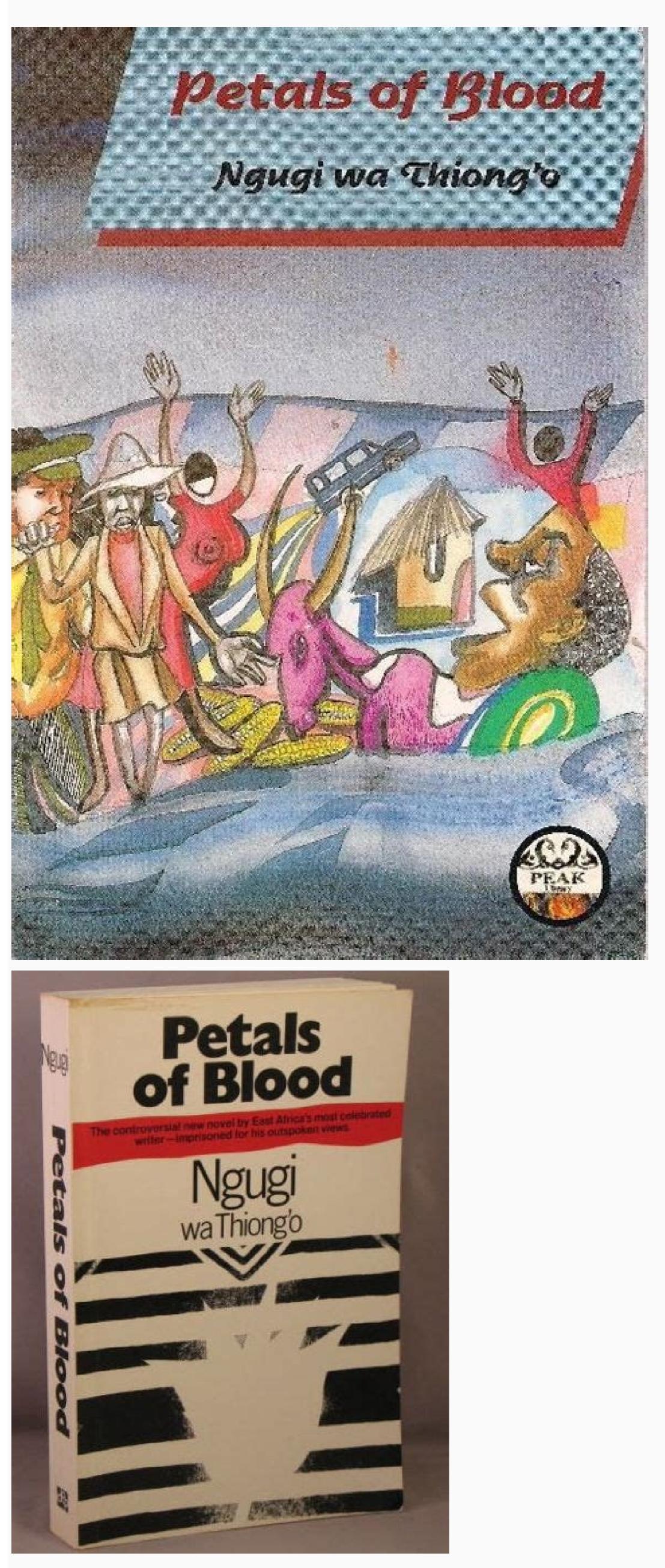
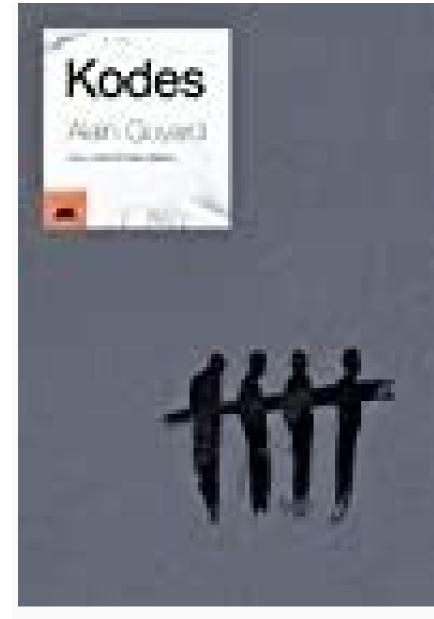


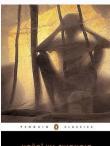


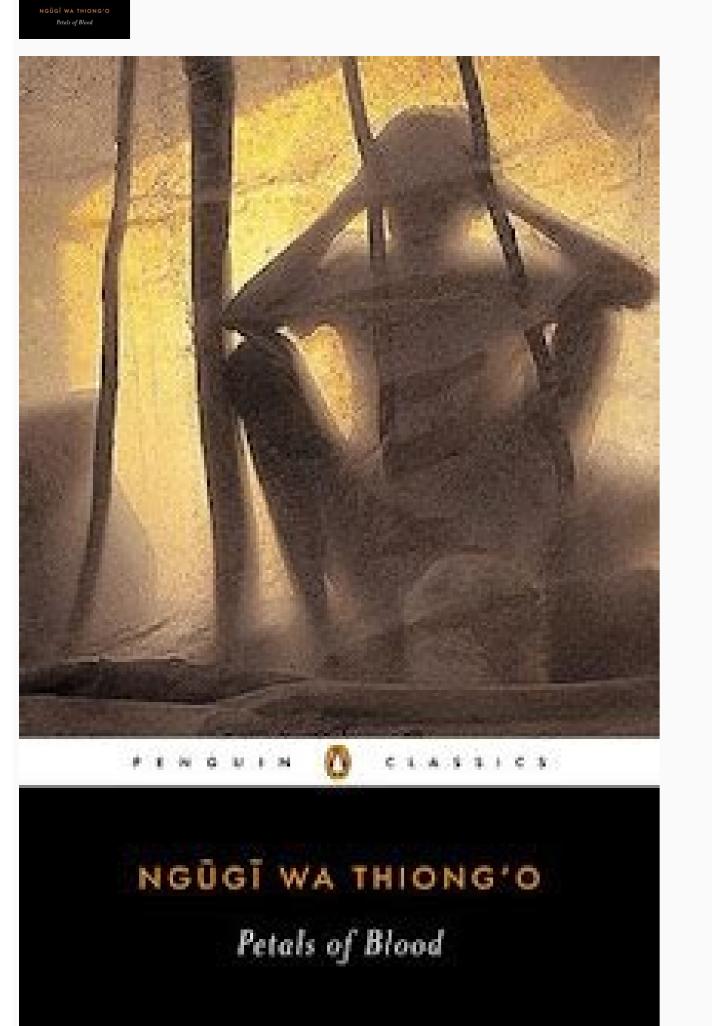
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Munira had worked out a routine answer: 'That place . Money anyway was saved only to buy other articles for use. Money or food or an item of clothing: any of these would do as a basis of exchange. Abdulla protested against the deception. After leaving Siriana in 1946, he had taught in many schools around Limuru: Rironi, Kamandura, Tiekunu, Gatharaini and for the last six years or so at Manguo. Yet another was in Makerere doing medicine. There were of course some who had devilish spirits which drove them to demand higher wages and create trouble on the farm and they would be dismissed. The children sang a e i o u i u in loud voices. Most had only tattered calicoes for clothing.But transcending this absurdity was the care they had for one another. his rather missionary posture and fervour.'I can't speak for everybody - but it seems that there is still enthusiasm and a belief that we can all do something to make our independence real. On the wall hung a map of Chiri District with the location of the various schools marked in with drawing-pins.'How goes your school?' Mzigo asked and, swaying ever so slightly on the swivel chair, he glanced at the pin-dotted map.'You sent me to an empty school. They anxiously watched him, at the end of every month, prepare to go to Ruwa-ini to fetch his salary, but they saw that he always came back, and they said amongst themselves: 'This one will stay.' Now they brought him eggs, occasionally a chicken, and he accepted this homage with gratitude. I also did some drills only done by boys. They could see his readiness to stay in his eyes, which did not carry restlessness: the others had always carried wanting-to-run-away eyes and once they had the slightest complaint they always went away in a hurry and never returned. She is still in a delirium and keeps on shouting: "Fire . They leaned a bit too heavily on their walking-sticks, eyes a little blurry: he is all right, they told the others who had gathered in Nyakinyua's hut: he's all right, they said, and looked at one another with knowing eyes. He became one of us. She had vanished. Strange, mysterious, he muttered to himself. For a week or so Munira galloped his horse the length of the hills and plains in pursuit of the bicycle. Some could not remember his name. And why? .' repeated Munira. But the cowdung had retained the fire and at night the wind fanned it into flames which would have licked up the whole barn had it not been discovered in time. But why had he needed votes? No, it was worse after Mau Mau War . The foreigner from Europe was cunning: he took their land, their sweat and their wealth and told them that the coins he had brought, which could not be eaten, were the true wealth! And so the debate would go on. They settled disputes not only between the various families but also between the various families but also between this community and that of the herdsmen of the plains. You are only doing your duty in this world. He picked flowers and taught them the names of the various parts: the stigma, the pistil, pollen, the petals. Nderi wa Riera-aa, that was the name, somebody remembered. You are wanted at the station.''Now?'Yes.' Will it take long?'I don't know. Daughters he had none: and what use were they nowadays? Maybe Ilmorog . don't you know her? Hence he felt his heart quicken at his return to a seat of his past. He crashed through into a room full of dead spiders and the wings of flies on cobwebs on all the walls, up to the eaves. Another one has come into the village, went the news in Ilmorog. A policeman slapped him on the face. He liked it especially when the herdsmen from the plains came to Abdulla's store. He came from over there and what did he bring us? He shrank a little but he was glad that Nyakinyua was now not hostile. He resumed his teaching, now warming to their apparent accept him and he would curse have you ever met a little nigger that was so lazy? In time, even Abdulla came to accept him and he would curse Joseph into bringing a chair for Mwalimu at the sight of Munira in the distance. 'Those are good words.' Munira now seized this chance to elaborate on the future prospects of the school and begged their co-operation. He had come late from an all-night executive meeting of Ilmorog Theng'eta Breweries Union. He got off and stood still, his right hand akimbo, his left holding the horse, his reddish lined eyes surveying the grey, dry lichen on a once white-ochred wall. He would often meet them, a handsome trio: one rocked a crying baby strapped on the back; the third would pat-pat the crying baby to the rhythm with a rocking lullaby: Do not cry, our little one. Whoever dares beat our little one, May he be cursed with thorns in his flesh. If you stop crying, child of our mother, She will soon come home from the fields And bring you gitete-calabash of milk. Their voices - two, three or more - raised in unison emphasized the solitude he associated with his rural cloister. Within a month Abdulla had added bar services to his supply of Jogoo Unga and pepper and salt. Freewheeling. He had visited the area to ask to be given votes. like the flowers with petals of blood and questions about God, law . He did not get enough rains last mwere season,' Muturi was explaining. they now would have to find a way of avoiding those taxes . You should know. You are therefore promoted to the English beginners' class. You should know that this world is not our home and we should be preparing them and ourselves for the next one.''Don't worry, I myself have never belonged to this world . But is it really true?' And the crippled fellow would laugh at Munira's discomfort. The laughter, other memories, and now the road to Ruwa-ini, capital of Chiri District, did not improve Munira's humour. Tell me: what then brings you to a deserted homestead? He got off his horse, letting it fall to the ground, and ran after the pupil. 'What is your name?' he asked, holding him by the shoulder. 'Muriuki.''Son of?''Wambui.''That's your mother?'Yes.''What about your father?''He works far away.''Tell me: why don't you like school?'The boy was drawing marks on the ground with his right toe, head bent to one side, holding back laughter with difficulty.'I don't know, I don't kno prevented from reaching the light.'He was pleased with himself. But out in the fields, outside the walls, he felt insecure. So, Njuguna, like the other peasants in all the huts scattered about Ilmorog Country, had to be contented with small acreage, poor implements and with his own small family labour. All rights reserved. He heard a knock at the door. A deed without a name. I want to see that school grow. She could have been beautiful but too much righteous living and Bible-reading and daily prayers had drained her of all sensuality and what remained now was the cold incandescence of the spirit. You should be ashamed, blaspheming to the children. One or two workers sustained serious injuries and were taken to hospital.Workers were waking to their own strength. He strolled to the acacia bush and started breaking its thorn-tips. These said that both were important: a person paid goats for a girl, true: but he looked for the only wealth. Oh no, the other side would argue: the white man first took the land, then the goats and cows, saying these were hut taxes or fines after every armed clash, and only later did he capture the youth to work on the land. I would like to see all the classes going.'He stayed the night at Furaha house in Ruwa-ini. And another horse came forth, a red horse: and to him thatsat thereon it was given to take peace from the earth, that they shouldslay one another: and was there given unto him a great sword . He was amused by their ndunyu which was more of a social gathering of friends than a place for exchanging commodities and haggling over prices. He wanted to spend a day or two at his home in Limuru before pedalling back to Ilmorog. He had until now practically lived all his life at Limuru. I know that water is like thahabu in these parts."It has rained recently. evil, don't you think? But I have never seen him. The following day he crossed over into Kiambu District. .But the sweetness of mercy brew'd destruction, and the frighten'd monarchs come back; Each comes in state, with his train - hangman, priest, tax-gatherer, Soldier, lawyer, lord, jailer, and sycophant. Walt Whitman Chapter One1 ~ They came for him that Sunday. A dispensary might have been a useful addition. The children especially were often a nauseating sight: flies swarming around the sore eyes and mucus-blocked noses. No matter how you looked at it, it gave you the impression of a flow of blood. And had it not been known for people to hire themselves as ndungata in the hope of one day getting a goat? Now imagine, a donkey! What have you really come to fetch from our village? Let her spy on him, on his doings, the defiant thought gave him momentary relief: what did it matter? Standard II or what he called the English beginners' class met in the morning: Standard I in the afternoon. He now missed their idle gossip, their anecdotes, and even their activities on the land, and he felt sad and a little abandoned. The women only threw him hurried greetings as they rushed to the fields between bouts of heavy downpour. But he tried to understand and he even made a lesson out of it all: 'There is dignity in labour,' he told the children. They greeted Munira and started talking about the weather. 'Where you come from: is it as dry as this place?' It is . He would ask yet other questions hoping for a conversation that would not make demands on him to choose this or that position in politics. Later, after dusk, the three peasant farmers staggered back to their homes, but not before reporting their findings to Nyakinyua. It was as if there was a big break in the continuity of his life and of his memories. They met on the ridge whenever the need arose on an evening before sunset. Do you have good roads? Children spied on him, on his frantic efforts to trim up and weed the place, and they reported everything to the old men and women. Her words and voice lingered in the air, caressing the heat-filled silence between them. 'Come into the house,' he said. The water was in a clay pot in a corner of the sitting-room under a bookshelf. Others blubbered on for a week or so and they too rejoined the cattle trail. He did not say a word about resigning or asking for a transfer. Ask Abdulla. He felt strangely calm after the night's ordeal. He leaned on it and watched the scene over the hedge. did not always choose to stand aside . before that . He would suddenly become conscious of never having done or willed anything to happen, that he seemed doomed to roam this world, a stranger. Ha! ha! Brought all that shit from out there? Then a heated debate would follow between the tillers and the herdsmen as to which was more important: animals or crops. When a second later he looked to the path, he could not find a trace of her behind the kei-apple bush or anywhere. Suddenly, determinedly, he strode to the door with his right shoulder. Part One: Walking . But she herself was not there .2 ~ Munira's life in Ilmorog had up to now been one unbroken twilight. You are indeed a bachelor boy. And I saw, and behold, a pale horse: and he that satupon him, his name was Death . They still don't like it. In the morning the children found a not-so-dry mound of shit. I would like another cup of water. Off and on, over the years, he had engaged many hands - some from as far as Gaki, Metumi, Gussiland - to help him in cultivating his fields, picking his pyrethrum flowers all the year round and drying them, and picking red ripe plums in December, putting them in boxes, and taking them to the Indian shops to sell. It reminded him of similar scenes of rocking, lullaby-singing children on his father's pyrethrum flowers all the year round and drying them, and picking red ripe plums in December, putting them in boxes, and taking them to the Indian shops to sell. It reminded him of similar scenes of rocking, lullaby-singing children on his father's pyrethrum flowers all the year round and drying them. never intruded into his life: why should he - stranger-watchman at the gate - interfere in theirs?Today as he walked to Abdulla's place he felt slightly uncomfortable at the elusive shadow that had earlier crossed his path. He and little skinny Joseph had come into our midst in a donkey-cart full of an assortment of sufurias and plates and cheap blankets tightly packed into torn sisal sacks and dirty sheets knotted into temporary bags. I also climbed up trees.' Wanja . Others sometimes come to see the wives they left behind, make them round-bellied, and quickly go away as if driven from Ilmorog by Uhere or Mutung'u. Munira had never seen him: nobody below a certain age could see him but he was shown his homestead hedged round with thabai, and he was grateful to know this, for in future he would avoid passing anywhere near the place. A challenging place? 'No pupils even.'I honestly don't know what's wrong with that school. You have too much of the Foreigner's maneno maneno in your heads. Ha! ha! Joseph, Gatutu Gaka, bring another beer for Mwalimu. What was an MP? .'2 ~ Abdulla sat on a chair outside his hovel in the section of Ilmorog called the New Jerusalem. Yet he never rebuked her or dismissed her. And why did the colonial settler and his policeman capture the youth? .' He want back and changed. She saw the Land Rover drive away. He watched the flames and he felt truly purified by fire. He would go away with the wind, said the elderly folk; had there not been others before him? .Politics! Couldn't one escape from these things. Munira thought impatiently? He developed a working pattern; classes all day; a walk to the ridge; then a stroll to Abdulla's place. 'She is not in a position to answer questions. Karega is here for routine questioning. Was there nothing that could cleanse him from doubts, this unknowing? Hands untouched by soil, it's as if they wear ngome.'Njuguna's ambition had always been one day to wear ngome.'Njuguna's ambiti that laughed at his failure behind the hedges. But he was suddenly shaken out of this mood by her vigorous laughter. Flowers are of different kinds, different the fire!" and such things.''Record her words. He argued that there was no difference between African and European employers of labour. He turned his face aside to hold back another sneeze. everything about his past since Siriana was so vague, unreal, a mist. He had made several promises. The smell from the rotting fermenting kei-apple hit into his nostrils. And suddenly, remembering the lorries and the matatu drivers who had forced him into the bush on his way here, he saw great wit in Mzigo's condescending compliment on bicycles. He had even collected two shillings from each household in his constituency for a Harambee water project, and a ranching scheme. And why did nations go to war, if not to secure these things of blood? He contrasted their direct approach with this pomposity; their atmosphere of curiosity with the fear behind the faces that sat in the back corners of sleek Mercedes Benzes, behind the walls of the once for-Europeans-only mansions and private clubs; their sincerity with the bellies pregnant with malice and cunning that walked the length of a golf course negotiating business deals, and recalling Abdulla's words he felt kindly toward Ilmorog. Maybe he had not understood Nyakinyua, Abdulla, Njogu, Njuguna, Ruoro and all the others, he now reflected. No sooner had he started drinking than three strongly built but elderly folk joined him at the table. disband the tyranny of foreign companies and their local messengers!"Out with foreign rule policed by colonized blackskins! Out with exploitation of our sweat! The crowd was getting into an angry, threatening mood. It's about murder - murder in Ilmorog." Murder of the workers!" somebody retorted. Murder of the workers' movement!''Long live the workers' struggle!''Please disband—' appealed the officer, desperately.'Disband yourself . Further in the fields women mockingly sang to a gitiro tune of another horseman long ago, when Ilmorog was truly Ilmorog, and they chorused: Sons of Munoru we see; where now the stock of Ndemi?He did not care. OK, I will read you something from the Bible, he told them, and his wife's face beamed with pleasure. the hands of a Msomi are themselves a book. No teacher wants to stay there. But occasionally Abdulla would get into one of his vicious moods and would remind him of his first reception in Ilmorog. He told them about Ilmorog. It was at one of their meetings that Munira once during his holidays from Siriana had felt a slight trembling of the heart and a consciousness of the enormity of the sin he had earlier committed, his very first, with Amina, a bad woman, at Kamiritho. Look at Muturi, Njuguna, Ruoro and even old man Njogu: they don't like my donkey. He got off the metal horse. the song I should say Actually he has a reputation. Didn't they know the saying that wealth was sweat on one's hands?.' he said.'That's the way to talk,' said Muturi in completed their high schools: one was in England training as a nurse: the other was at Goddard College, Vermont, USA, taking a BA in Business Administration. Sometimes he made them sing nonsense songs like: Mburi ni indo; ngoat will find a teacher, even UTs, we shall certainly employ them.''But . It can even eat roots, you see: it can find water where no cow or goat will find any. It's strange, he muttered to himself again, recalling the encounter with the old woman as he waited for Joseph to bring him a Tusker beer. The eyes of the elders beamed with sinews of energy. Have you any water to spare? Was he a carrier of evil? Caddy boys, in torn clothes, stood at a respectful distance weighed down by bags of golfsticks and white balls. Wealth was in the soil and the crops worked by a man's hands, he felt his six months' security threatened; what did they really say about him in the village? .'I am not really a farmer.' Munira hastened to explain, all this talk of niahi, themithu, gathano and mwere, confusing him.'We know, we know. The workers, in a hostile mood, marched toward the police station demanding his release. They say: there is room for only one . Sometimes too, at the beginning of each year, the Chief, the tax gatherer and a policeman would come and they would terrorize them into paying their dues. The one following him had even gone to England and returned to a successful career with the banks. The young men also. He swallowed something before answering.'I am well. What you mean is that it is red. .And I saw, and behold, a black horse; and he that sat thereonhad a balance in his hand . The pupils were mostly shepherd boys, who often did not finish a term but followed their fathers in search of new pastures and water for their cattle. But Munira staved on, and after a month we were all whispering - was he a little crazed - and he not so old? Other heads of big houses and clans and mbari had had enough wives and sons to do the work or enough daughters to bring in more wealth. Sometimes he would give the children addition or subtraction sums and go out into the sun. He would watch the peasants in the fields going through motions of working but really waiting for the rains, and he would vaguely feel with them in their anxieties over the weather. half-severe, half-reproachful eyes. 'And you don't trouble yourself. The peasant farmers of Ilmorog, though they were worried and anxious about the lateness of the rains, would hold themselves ready to defend themselves and their calling. She shrieked out, auuu-u, Nduri ici mutiuke muone, and fled in fright. Why did things eat each other? it is always hot in January. ''It's the same season of course - githemithu season.''Is that the name of it?''These children . My grandmother here would know.' Who is your grandmother?' Abdulla asked. 'Nvakinyua . In ten days' time . Farmers always talked of being threatened by droughts, as if giving voice to their fears would keep out such calamities.'I am sure it will rain,' he said, just to assure them that he was interested. That is, if the rains come . no secret . Standard I in the afternoons,' he said. You must be very dedicated,' Abdulla said, and Munira did not know if it was said in sarcasm or in compliment. .'He stood looking at the flower he had plucked and then threw the lifeless petals away. He caught up with one. He collected chalk, exercise books and some writing paper.'Mr Mzigo, are you serious . Excerpted by permission of Penguin Publishing Group. They ran back to their parents and told a funny story about the new teacher. He stole a matchbox, collected a bit of grass and dry cowdung and built an imitation of Amina's house at Kamiritho where he had sinned against the Lord, and burnt it. It was as if Abdulla was already suspicious of, or else antagonistic to his . Her mother would remonstrate her with: 'They are paid to work!' Her committing suicide - she had jumped off a quarry cliff overlooking Manguo Marshes - must have been her act of saying a final 'No' to a trying world. His father Ezekieli, tall, severe in his austere aloofness, was a wealthy landowner and a respected elder in the hierarchy of the Presbyterian Church. Fire . He raised his head and saw a police constable looking at him. 'Abdulla?''Yes.''I am a policeman on duty. for a change.'So Godfrey Munira once again galloped his metal horse into Ilmorog, and this time people actually came out to greet him. Munira did not take part in such talk: he felt an outsider to their involvement with both the land and what they called 'things of blood'. It surprised him how, in his selfisolation, nursing his failure at Siriana, he had lost touch with and interest in active life at Limuru . 'Now we look at the sun and the wind and the sun and the people would stand aside, in reverence, to let him pass and he would accept this with a slight nod or a smile. She left the village path and to charcoal-roasted potatoes in Mariamu's hut. Now Munira stood for a while by the cypress trees where her hut used to stand before she along with the others were moved to the new Concentration village of Kamiritho. For more serious disputes and problems they went to the diviner, Mwalimu: is it true that she once shat a mountain in your compound? You see? all right, all right a mountain in your compound? You see? all right a mountain in your compound? You see? The glint . He felt a little generous within, even a bit warm. The old woman went to the school compound and said: You have indeed come back, God bless you: and she showered a bit of saliva into her hands in blessing. Wheelbarrow. I chose transfer to this . He was a regular churchgoer and did not want to be caught on the wrong side. You have already started your routine questions, eh?''No, no, this is off the record, Mr Munira. The land seemed not to yield much and there was now no virgin soil to escape to as in those days before colonialism. And I saw, and behold, a white horse, and he thatsat thereon had a bow: and there was given unto him a crown:and he came forth conquering, and to conquer. They called him Brother Ezekieli, our brother in Christ, and they would gather in the yard of the house after work for prayers and thanksgiving. Have you seen their anxious faces raised to the sky? They bought some of the produce. .Chapter Two1 ~ But all that was twelve years after Godfrey Munira, a thin dustcloud trailing behind him, first rode a metal horse through Ilmorog to the door of a moss-grown two-roomed house in what was once a schoolyard. Was he God? But the sun was nice and warm on his skin and he would suddenly be filled with a largeness of heart that embraced all Ilmorog, men, women, children, the land, everything. His home and its problems were far, far away!At the beginning of April it started raining. He it was who advised on the best day for planting seeds or the appropriate day for the herdsmen to move. He was even denounced in a church sermon. He kept on diving into the bush to avoid the oncoming lorries whose drivers only laughed and made obscene gestures: let the cycle suckle the udder of the lorry. The buildings of Ruwa-ini came to view and it suddenly occurred to him that he had not yet thought of an alternative. The new Uhere and Mutung'u generation: for was it not the same skin diseases and plaques that once in earlier times weakened our people in face of the Mzungu invasion? No part of this excerpt may be reproduced or reprinted without permission in writing from the publisher. His inward rage gave way to laughter. 'They are a bit suspicious of strangers and strange things. but these birds, we fear.' Munira was not interested in farming. At first they did not like my donkey. He is mocking Ndemi, said Mwathi wa Mugo, who divined for both the ridge and the plains and prescribed a deterrent. Because of the grass. One of them attempted to organize the workers into a branch of the Plantation Workers' Union that operated on European farms. 'You don't believe me, eh?' Mzigo was asking. Mzigo's routine questions came to acquire menacing edges in Munira's own mind: might he not actually carry out his own promises and visit Ilmorog? Didn't they ever get visitors from the outside? His first conscious attempt to keep in step with the song seemed to have ended in vet another failure and defeat. Spurs, stirrups, metal horseback, rider in a cloud of dust. And there was given unto them authority over the fourth part ofearth, to kill with sword and with famine. and with death. Revelation, Chapter 6The people scorn'd the ferocity of kings. The other had just finished Makerere and was PRO with an oil company. I will make it.'He gave her another cup of water. But let me put on my coat.'They looked at one another, surprised at his cool reception of the news. even to Limuru . He was tall and mean in his austere holiness. An officer in khaki clothes stepped forward. 'What is the matter?' You are wanted at the police station.' What for?' Routine questioning.' Can't it wait until tomorrow?' I am afraid not.' Let me change into something . They nearly all had one thing in common: submission to the Lord. .' and he hoped this would deter Mzigo from a visit. They had a lot of money from the occasional sale of goats at Ruwa-ini Market, and they had no other use for it, carrying it hidden inside their red cloths in small tins hanging on strings from their necks. A flower with petals of blood.'It was a solitary red beanflower in a field dominated by white, blue and violet flowers. The line had carried wood and charcoal and wattle barks from Ilmorog forests to feed machines and men at Ruwa-ini. And this talk of possible droughts and rain he had heard since his childhood. Unwanted children? Soon we were glad that at long last we had a place from which we could get salt and pepper. Her voice had a studied vibrant purity: the tone was rich and pleasant to his ears. Nyakinyua, the old woman, stepped into the dusty track and shouted at him, at his retreating back. In the end, he would try to sell these for a goat - one kid, even. Do you know why? He leapt out of bed in his pyjamas. oh hell . Who would want to settle in this wasteland except those without limbs - may the devil swallow Abdulla - and those with aged loins - may the Lord bless Nyakinyua, the old woman. The school itself was a four-roomed barrack with broken mud walls, a tin roof with gaping holes and heads of dead flies. Some of the famous houses had had so much wealth in cows and goats they would get ahois and hangers-on to work for them. Yes, yes, they used to have teachers. Why did God allow this and that to happen? But this is the 1960s, not the 1860s, Munira reflected, a little disappointed. Once more he ran about the ridge, caught up with a few and asked them to tell the others that he had called a School Assembly. She was respectful to Ezekieli but never afraid of him. Munira was now thinking of Abdulla, the cripple; Nyakinyua, the old woman; the children who preferred herding cattle and climbing up miariki trees to going to school. It had always been so, these many many past years, and the only thing that pained them was this youth running away from the land. Aah, this world, Munira roused himself and quickly rode his bicycle into Ruwa-ini.Mzigo's office was a specklessly clean affair with a tray for incoming mail, a tray for outgoing mail and one for miscellaneous mail plus numerous pens and pencils beside each of the three enormous inkwells. A new type of government agent? How Nyakinyua had frightened him! and at the thought, he instinctively looked to the

spot where she had once stood and questioned him about the city and ladies in high heels. For a few seconds Munira's heart stood still: he could hardly believe his eyes. But he felt as if his father knew and this had added to his consciousness of guilt. One woman Munira always remembered: although she never went to church she stood out as holier than all the others and more sincere in her splendid withdrawal and isolation in her hut surrounded by five cypress trees. He instinctively looked at the zip of his trousers and he found it in place.'Men, men,' she was saying. They say it eats grass enough for several cows. It had eaten the forests, and after accomplishing their task, the two rails were removed, and the ground became a road - a kind of a road - that now gave no evidence of its former exploiting glory. He smiled once when he came to the tarmaced last stretch which zigzagged through coffee farms previously owned by whites. It was enough for him that to the old men and others in Ilmorog he was the teacher of their children, the one who carried the wisdom of the new age in his head. Two of the labourers had remained in his father's employment ever since Munira could remember - still wearing the same type of patched up trousers and nginyira for shoes. One child cried out: 'Look. Have you seen the old woman's eyes? He was only an outsider, fated to watch, adrift, but never one to make things happen. He heard feet bustling and books rustling. She rushed to his place - she had never been there - and found the door padlocked. Within a few hours word had spread. His sons had gone away to European farms or to the big towns. When the rains had come and seeds sprouted and then, in June, flowers came he felt as if the whole of Ilmorog had put on a vast floral-patterned cloth to greet its lord and master. He took the children out into their midst, these ghosts from another world. etc . heaven is woman. our employers, they don't want babies about the tiny rooms in tiny yards. 'They say that if you don't drink your share on earth, in heaven you will have too much in stock.'Abdulla shouted at Joseph to bring in more beer. I often wrestled with the boys. So that taking a definite decision to go to Ilmorog was like his first conscious act of breaking with this sense of non-being. He played with his two children, wondering for a time what image he presented to their young minds. 'This colour is not even red . It cannot be slaughtered. One saucepan, one plate, one knife, two spoons, two cups: don't you ever get visitors? At home he hardly ever stayed more than a night, suddenly feeling his new sense of 'being without involvement' threatened by their young minds. inquiries. Why not? But why was he scared of being seen? He found the floor to dry. Why can't the eaten eat back? He had just returned from a night's vigil on the mountain. Abdulla would lean towards him and assume an intimate tone of false conspiracy: 'These people you know - too suspicious. He had a star-shaped scar above the left brow. Yes. 'You teach at the New Ilmorog Primary School?' And where do you think you are now standing?' Ah, yes. Muturi, Njuguna and Ruoro were prosperous peasants, and as such they were the wise men, the athamaki, of the farming community. It has no stigma or pistils . well . No . He tried to steer the conversation along different lines, and it was Abdulla who came to his rescue. 'Do you think you can manage the school alone?' Abdulla asked.' I hope that once Standard I and II classes start going I can get more teachers.' Standard I and II, how?' Well, Standard II in the mornings only. She always did this, automatically, and she had promised herself to cut out the habit. He had listened to the six o'clock news and so he knew that the strike had been banned. Since wealth. He plucked a ripened yellow kei-apple and crushed it between his fingers: isn't there a safe corner in which to hide and do some work, plant a seed whose fruits one could see? And so on, carefully, gingerly toward the inevitable: had she been sent by Mzigo to spy on him? So they came back cautiously: they still thought him a bit odd and this time would not venture out of the closed walls. She waited for Munira outside the school kei-apple hedge. We have nothing against you.''Twelve years!' he told them.'Twelve years!' both echoed.'Yes, twelve years in this wasteland.''Well, that was - you must have been here before New Ilmorog was built . Muturi, Njuguna, Ruoro, Njogu: even these, for a time, would not come by Abdulla's shop for they were tired out after the day's involvement with planting or walking their cows and goats in muddy fields. He himself hobbled about and brought a paraffin lamp, cleaned the glass and lit the lamp, and sat down to drink. 'What is your name?' Munira was asking the woman. 'Wanja Kahii?' Abdulla joined in. 'How did you know that? But he hoped that even if he was arrested, the strike would go on. He was hurled into a waiting Land Rover, and driven off. Akinyi, preparing to go to Ilmorog Church for the morning service, happened to look in the direction of his house. do you mean what you said just now? Kamuingi koyaga ndiri, he said, not believing it, but noting that the words impressed them. Munira stayed on. Another beer for Mwalimu - but tell me, was it really true?''Listen, Abdulla,' Munira would say, trying to steer the conversation away from this delicate area, 'now that you have brought up the question of education, why don't you let Joseph enrol in the school?' And bring my donkey to run errands in this shop as it does outside?' Excepting for such small irritations Munira had come to like Ilmorog, and now he even tended to view the other world of his wife and Mzigo and his father with suspicion and hostility. 'There is a worm - a green worm with several hands or legs.' 'Right. The glittering metal has called them. Their exaggerated concentration on their books confirmed his suspicion. And even after Munira had come back from Siriana they kept some kind of company - not much - but enough to have made Munira really shocked when in 1953 or so he heard that Mariamu's son had been caught carrying weapons for Mau Mau and was subsequently hanged. Only his tone in conversation - between friendly hostility and playful contempt - sat disagreeably in Munira's stomach as he sipped beer in this land of easeful dreams. Where did she come from? my dear aunt. The ahois and the ndungatas of course hoped to get a goat in payment and strike out on their own in the virgin common lands or unclaimed grassfields. How far had he willed it? .' he said as he sat. Three Africans were laughing at a big-bellied fourth who kept on swinging the stick without hitting the ball. Old Njogu, after all, had several and they had only brought him sorrow instead of goats. But now, with independence, we have a chance to pay back. Everybody was busy about the fields. Instead, he had gone home, convinced that inwardly he had given himself up to the Lord, and decided to do something about his sins. They want you to record a statement and to answer a few questions." That's all right. Did he have the same austerity and holy aloofness as his own father? He would then be like some of the mbari lords of his youth. He too was instantly dismissed. Was it not the ambition of every real man, especially before the white man came, to possess cows and goats? nothing inside.'He went to him and the others surrounded him:'No, you are wrong,' he said, taking the flower. But such prosperity had always escaped Njuguna. Who was their MP? One, Mukami, had recently died and he still felt deeply saddened at the memory because, although she was much younger than himself, yet he felt that she somehow sided with him, and did not look upon him as a failure. They would plant their spears outside and drink and talk about cows and make jokes about those who lived like moles, digging the soil. A mystery, eh? The brats had been watching the whole scene through windows and cracks in the wall. That I could recruit UT help?'Yes, Mr Munira, provided you bring them to me for formal appointment. He got on his metal horse and slowly rode toward Abdulla's shop. Abdulla was also a newcomer to Ilmorog. My mother's sister . Petals of blood — I mean red . 'So it is true, what they say of you in the village. darkness unknown, unknowable . He found a heavily armed police contingent at the door. He had taught for so many years now - teaching ready-made stuff must be in his blood - and one did all right as long as one was careful not to be dragged into . Her neck was long and graceful: she-gazelle of the Ilmorog plains.'Some more, if there is,' she said, panting a little.'Perhaps you would like some tea,' he said. Have you ever heard of that? The few who later came never stayed. He felt a little awed by their total conviction and by their total conviction and by their belief in a literal heaven to come. He strolled across the ridge following the paths scattered all over. At night, under the cover of darkness, the old woman shat a mountain between the school building and the acacia bush. Walking on my hands. Once he saw one or two spears and knives being sold and he was surprised to learn that it was the work of Muturi. She turned to Abdulla. He steeled himself and entered: 'This is your other hiding-place, Mwalimu,' she said. Was it any wonder that teachers ran away at the first glance? And why did wealthy people keep ndungata and ahoi? He had once heard her name mentioned in connection with his father's missing right ear - it had been cut off by Mau Mau guerrillas - and more recently in connection with Mukami's suicide. A man without a goat would often plant fields and fields of sweet potatoes, vines, millet or yams, sugarcane or bananas. We stood outside . He addressed them from the raised mud rostrum: 'Listen, you have shown more than average diligence and even intelligence by attending this meeting. But she stood in the middle of the narrow track supporting herself against a twigged stick. 'Where you come from: are there tarmac roads?' Yes.' Oiled hair singed goatskin smell?'Yes.'He looked at her furrowed face, at the light in her eyes. He came back carrying the Holy Book in one hand.'You never leave the Book's power.'We must always be ready to plant the seed in these last days before His second coming. Often even after she had been admitted to Kenya High School, she would, while on leave, join the gang of workers and she would help in picking pyrethrum flowers. 'You see, I am finding out all about your secrets.' This . And the children thought it was you? yes . nature: he had never thought deeply about these things, and he swore that he would never again take the children to the fields. But this was nothing new. It was not only the high esteem in which the village held him: he cherished and was often thrilled by the sight of women scratching the earth because they seemed at one with the green land. For a month they had made a fool of him. People sold their daughters for goats, not for crops smiths, workers in pottery and basketry or in beautiful trinkets would more often than not only exchange their wares for things of blood. That's why we must always kill worms . We used to crowd his little shop and look curiously at his stumped leg and his miserable face and listen to his stream of curses at Joseph. Only five pupils turned up. It might give us a clue in case—"No, she is not in a critical condition. It is just conversation. hell is woman. He had always thought of striking out on his own but he had remained circling around his father's property without at the same time being fully part of it. The pupils came in and out as they liked and he took this lack of expected order, this erratic behaviour, even the talk of drought with an aloof understanding and benign indifference. into . solely for the personal use of visitors to this web site. Otherwise he felt secure: to be so liked, honoured, venerated, without the mess which comes from hasty involvement in other people's lives: this struck him as a late gift of God. Excerpts are provided by Dial-A-Book Inc. She drank from a cup and he watched the slight motion of her Adam's apple along the bow-tightness thrust toward him. He signalled his lieutenants. Murder, after all, is not irio or ugali.''What are you talking about?'You are wanted at the New Ilmorog Police Station.''About?''Murder, of course - murder in Ilmorog.'The tall one who so far had not spoken hastened to add: 'It is nothing much, Mr Munira. He felt a sudden nausea, Lord deliver us from our past, and frantically fumbled in his pockets for a handkerchief to cover the sneeze. Did you have a good gathano harvest in your place? But they had hardly seen him since. Afterward they would disappear for days or weeks before once again descending on Abdulla. Munira entered the place through the back door and sat on the edge of a creaking bench. He laughed until his ribs pained and he felt better, lighter inside. And Jesus told them, it's time for a break.Man. They would even go to Mwathi's place to ask him about the donkey. But he still could not understand what had really happened. There is no colour called blood. Don't I see those town-people when they come to visit us? And even Abdulla, whose store and bar had become a daily refuge, would not help. He now put the question to himself: what did the children really think of him? All the signs - strife, killing, wars, blood - are prophesied here.''How long have you been in Ilmorog?' asked the tall one, to change the subject from this talk of the end of the world and Christ's second coming. Some go and never return. They also sang: Kamau wa Njoroge ena ndutu kuguru: and thought of their own jiggers eating their toes and scratched them against the floor in earnest. We try to be very sure. He dwelt on the flies that massed around the eyes and noses of the shepherd boys until his wife exclaimed: 'How can you -?' He told them how Ilmorog was once haunted by one-eyed Marimu; funny old women shitting mountains; morose cripples with streams of curses from their foul mouths, until once again his wife exclaimed: 'How can you-?' without finishing the sentence. Look at white people: they first took our land; then our youth; only later, cows and sheep. He wondered how he would contact the others. Yet Ilmorog ridge was quiet, serene: let it be, let it be, world without end, he murmured. As he was about to knock at the back door to Abdulla's shop, he felt blood rush to his head: for a second he felt as if his brain was drugged. He was given as an example of 'the recent trials and temptations of Brother Ezekiel'. On a Friday or a Saturday the herdsmen from Ilmorog plains would descend on the store and drink and talk and sing even more fervently: Cows are wealthWork is healthGoats are wealthWork is he lord's pain of working out losses and gains, the goats lost and the young goats born. This was going to be an eventful year, Njogu had exclaimed sarcastically on seeing the odd trio, and listening to their even more odd request: how in this desert place could anyone even think of rescuing the broken mud-walled shop that had once belonged to Dharamashah of Ilmorog legends? A heated exchange would follow. But the others argued that goats were not wealth. But I know they are really envious of the appetite of my donkey. A police officer came out and spoke to them in a surprisingly conciliatory manner. Please disband peacefully. Also at the end of every harvest, some people, traders, would come with lorries. He stood aside, thinking she only wanted to pass. perhaps . You must learn the names of the seven colours of the rainbow. Ilmorog river is full.''I stopped at the right place then,' she said cooingly. It is what they used to call me at school. But then the children started asking him awkward questions. not too old . So during the period of planting, Munira drank alone or with only Abdulla and Joseph for company. He tells me: Baada ya kazi, jiburudishe na Tusker. He tried to forget his fears, his guilt, his frozen years: he stifled any unpleasant memories of his father or his wife or of his childhood and youth with a drink or so. Shalom. He would always remember that period when the rains came and everybody was in the muddy fields, sacks on their heads - not to protect them really from rain but to cushion its fall on the safety of his classroom or of Abdulla's shop! There was a cruel side: this he had to admit. But he tried to answer it sincerely.'Some of us who had a schooling iron with bellows and hammer, he must be protected from the power of evil and envious eyes.' And he came to know that Mwathi wa Mugo was the spiritual power over both Ilmorog ridge and Ilmorog plains, somehow, invisibly, regulating their lives. Have you ever seen this priest of theirs? .'4 ~ Karega was fast asleep. Just routine questioning.''Don't explain. to show that we d . To cultivate his fields and also to look after the cows. She was of a lively, rebellious spirit: Mukami had once or twice been beaten for joining the children of the squatters in stealing plums and pears from her father's fruit farm. But Munira even as a boy was quick to notice that away from his father's house, in their quarters down the farm, the workers, even as they praised the Lord, were less stilted, were more free and seemed to praise and sing to the Lord with greater conviction and more holiness. The listening silence of the children - those who turned up for classes - thrilled him. Those from the plains would bring milk and beadwork, occasionally skins, and the young women only return now and then to deposit the newborn with their grandmothers already aged with scratching this earth for a morsel of life. and yet not of it . It was too late. Munira let him go after getting a promise that Muriuki would return and even bring the children into the open. But they of Ilmorog . He had not been kept long at the hospital. This was unlike his more successful brothers. Then, unhurriedly, he leaned the metal horse against the wall and, bending down, unclipped loose the trouser bottoms, beat them a little with his shoes - before moving back a few steps to re-survey the door, the falling-apart walls and the sun-rotted tin roof. God . A bright coloured kitenge cloth, tied loose on the head, fell wide on her shoulders so that her face was half veiled from the sun.'Are you well, Mwalimu?' she called out boldly. old Njogu had said, pointing to the building, whose roof and walls leaned to one side and looked indistinguishable from the dry weed and the red earth. Imagine that. He would turn to pour curses at Joseph before continuing, leaning toward Munira and assuming a conspiratorial voice: 'Mwalimu, is it true that the old woman shat a mountain in your compound? just shock and hallucinations. What about men and God? Count the number of petals and pistils and show me its pollen . In the morning he heard them talking about it - saying that maybe some jealous neighbours had done it - and he decided to keep quiet. He had never bothered with those kind of questions and to silence them he told them that it was simply a law of nature. — especially when he started holding classes under the acacia bush near the place rumoured to be the grave of the legendary. Ndemi, whose spirit once kept watch over Ilmorog Country before imperialism came and changed the scheme of things. A good reputation. to Ilmorog.''I am not sure that some have not already started looking after their stomachs only,' Abdulla said, and once again the tone made Munira slightly uncomfortable. This is a worm-eaten flower. Her hut was exactly halfway between their big house and the other workers' quarters. Won't you have another?''That I'll not refuse,' she said, laughing, throwing back her head, breasts thrust out in a fatal challenge. I would tuck in my skirt and hold it tight between my legs. But the main reason he remembered her was because she would protest against low pay or failure to be paid on time where others trusted his father's word and his goodwill. Such a defiant confrontation with authority had never before happened in Ilmorog.5 ~ One newspaper, the Daily Mouthpiece, brought out a special issue with a banner headline: MZIGO, CHUI, KIMERIA MURDERED.A man, believed to be a trade-union agitator, has been held after a leading industrialist and two educationists, well known as the African directors of the internationally famous Theng'eta Breweries and Enterprises Ltd, were last night burnt to death in Ilmorog, only hours after taking a no-nonsense-no-pay-rise decision. It is believed that they were last night burnt to death in Ilmorog, only hours after taking a no-nonsense-no-pay-rise decision. It is believed that they were last night burnt to death in Ilmorog, only hours after taking a no-nonsense-no-pay-rise decision. It is believed that they were last night burnt to death in Ilmorog, only hours after taking a no-nonsense-no-pay-rise decision. hired thugs. The three will be an irreplaceable loss to Ilmorog. He went to bed at ease with himself and peaceful in his knowledge of being accepted by the Lord. He looked at his bandaged left hand. He was not being very amusing and he felt ridiculous in their unlaughing eyes. Yet another boy cried: I have found another. And yet, yet, why this ready acceptance of undeserved homage, why this secret pleasure at the illusion of being of them? He would try to change the subject. Old Mariamu had a son who used to be Munira's playmate before he went to Siriana. Yes . He excused himself and walked toward the classroom. That's why there is that look in the eyes of these people. an area of darkness Not only to look after cows and goats but also after the crops. They built Ilmorog from a tiny nineteenth-century village reminiscent of the days of Krapf and Rebman into a modern industrial town that even generations born after Gagarin and Armstrong will be proud to visit . A bit of mucus flew onto the woman's furrowed face. Any talk about colonialism made him uneasy. He believed that children should be brought up on boiled maize grains sprinkled with a few beans and on tea with only tiny drops of milk and no sugar, but all crowned with words of God and prayers. They appreciated it that he from the other world had agreed to stay among them. he was of it . Even here there was no respite. Maybe in time, he thought - but would he ever be able to explain this fulfilment of what had only been a wish, an intention? it does not have the fullness of colour of the other one. A law was simply a law and nature was nature. One year, two years, and they leave. Don't you have a teacher's darling girl?' she asked, a wicked glint in her eyes. 'Why! How long have you been here?''I came yesterday evening.'Yesterday! and she already knew about him! He was tense a law? He could not teach now: he dismissed the class a few minutes before time and went back to the house. One day, one day, he tried to say in sudden resurgence of old anger and new bitterness at the latest provocation.3 ~ A police officer went to the hospital where Wanja had been admitted.'I am afraid you cannot see her,' said the doctor. He was, despite his rations, especially successful in attracting faithful labour on his farm. She it is who told me about you two: that you are strangers to Ilmorog.' She is well known,' Munira said uncertainly. We know her,' Abdulla responded.' I suppose you have come to visit her?' added Munira. (Continues...) Excerpted from "Petals of Blood" by . Time was when men did no planting except for things like yams, sugarcane and bananas, but times were changing, and the elders had been unable to prevent the youth from going away. Kimeria and Chui were prominent and founding fathers of KCO. This one is yellowish red. I bet that if it refused to rain they would blame it on my donkey. But it pained him that he still depended on his father for a place in which to set a home. There was a calculated submissive deference in her bearing as she stretched out a small hand and looked at him full in the eyes, suddenly lowering them in childlike shyness. It is a bit hot, though.''That is why I came here.''Ilmorog?''No. Here in your place. What was nature? They called out others who came with guns and chased the protesting workers right to the centre of Ilmorog. You know these damned cars - a real nuisance, the true black man's burden - believe me, Mr eeh, eeh - Munira, his lips split into an ironic smile as if to say: You should have known - trying to escape . Look at the stem from which you got it. But we were rather alarmed at his donkey because it ate too much grass and drank too much water. The movement away had started after the second Big War. He remembered why he had earlier so readily chosen Ilmorog and all sounds of fury inside were replaced by the fear of going to work in Limuru against the shadow of his father's success compared to his own failure, and so admitting to failure. The thought suddenly made him stop. But you will need to get a teacher who can and will endure all this hostility and indifference of a people opposed to light and progress.' He closed his first School Assembly by silently swearing never to come back to this God-forsaken place. Enclosed in the four walls he was the master, aloof, dispensing knowledge to a concentration of faces looking up to him. Stretching for a mile or so outside Ruwa-ini was a golf course of neatly trimmed green lawn. He told them a little about fertilization. And it is not about your last night's decision to take a strike action. No teachers.'I thought you wanted a place of peace? The line of division was not always clear since some owned crop fields and cattle as well. but then, thought Munira, how could Mzigo have known? What should we call them? The road was as treacherous as those hags and brats and cripples, he thought, riding through ruts and bumps and ditches. The road had once been a railway line joining Ilmorog to Ruwa-ini. He showed her where the different things were. things like that. His own wandered past her, over the empty school, for it was after four o'clock, and he thought: what did she want?' They are beautiful and wise in the ways of the white man: is this not so?"That they are: too wise, sometimes."Our young men and women have left us. 'They say tea heats the blood in cold weather and cools it in hot weather. 'Tea and water go down different gullets. Here it was poor and we don't know if the grains of maize and beans can last us to the end of the njahi rains. Now you say it has nothing inside

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All Ilmorog seemed suddenly attentive to his voice. He became a daily feature in Ilmorog, a guardian knight of knowledge for part-time pupils. You can take the ghost . Now I want each one of you to pick a flower . Was he a man? He was resting on his bed, Bible open at the Book of Revelation, when two police constables, one tall, the other short knocked at the door.'Are you Mr Munira?' the short one asked. He had felt the need to confess, to be cleansed by the Lord, but somehow, on the verge of saying it, he felt as if they would not believe his confession - and how anyway would he have found the words? Some ran away from the school to whistle the true herdsman's tune to their cattle or simply to climb up and down the miariki trees in the open fields. It was really good—'But beer is better than tea. Let me put this chair back inside the house.'But at the station they locked him up in a cell. One could more or less do without hard cash except when one went to Abdulla's shop or to Ruwa-ini.