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# IN A NUT SHELL®

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*A.K. Stine's*  
THE DEMONS  
WITHIN  
p.36

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# In a Nutshell®

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## Foreword

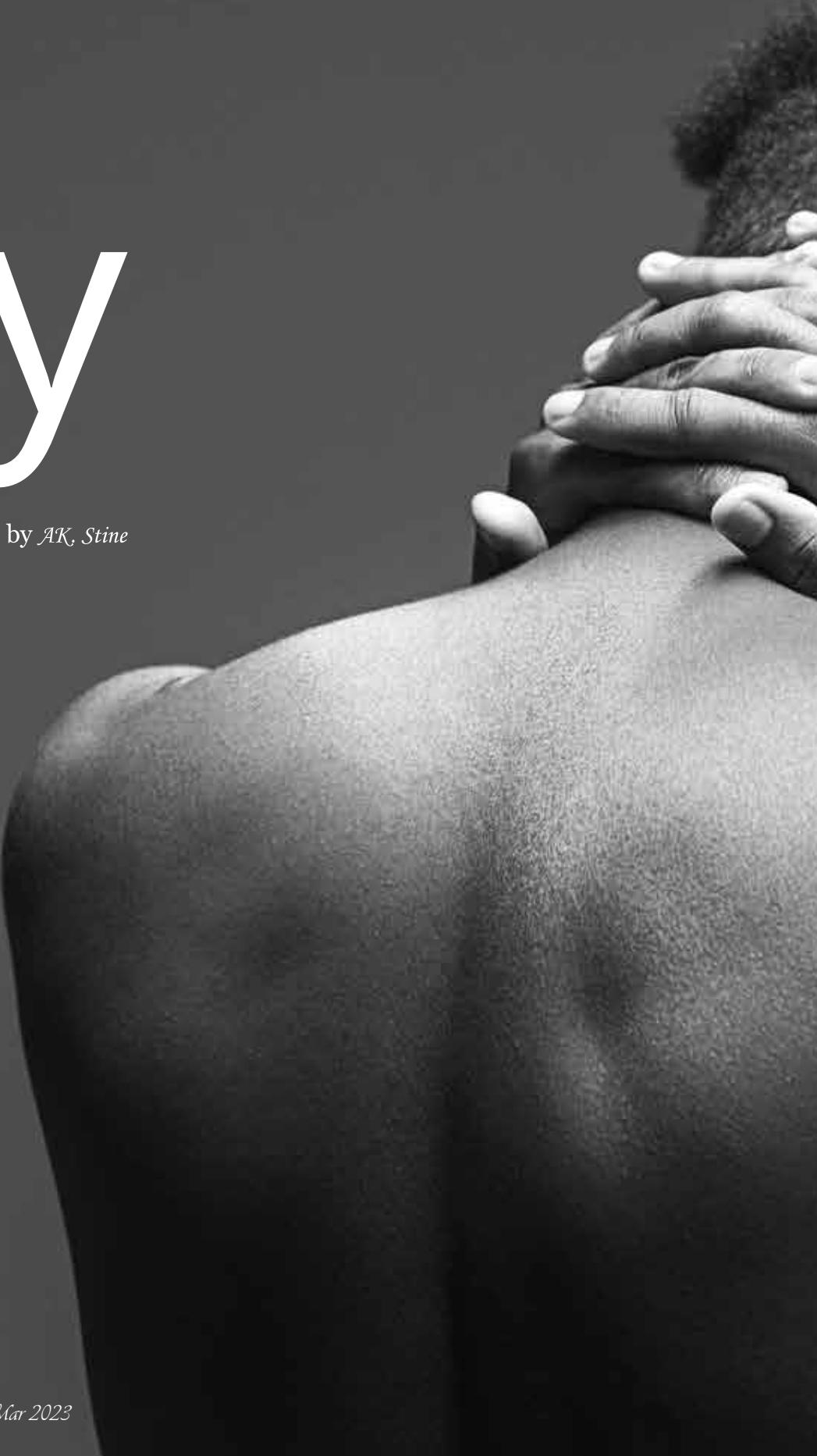
**YOU ARE HERE NOW.** Reasons as to why this is the case? I do not know and do not care. However, as you thumb through this publication from page to the next, I only ask that you permit me this single wish; for your sake. As you cruise through life, do not simply do the things that you think will have an impact on society. Neither should you fail to do the things that you desire simply because they will not have any impact. Only do everything that you deem important to you and maybe; just maybe, they could end up being the best decision you ever made.

- *Dustine K.*  
*quotes Elon Musk*

I

# Cry

by AK, Stine





❖ I cry, from the depths  
of my heart.  
I cry for all the love I  
had but lost. ❖

# I cry

I cry for all the love I had but lost.  
 I cry for all the faith I had but lost.  
 I cry for all the pain I got and caused.  
 I cry for all the tears I wept.  
 I cry for all the days I could not sleep.  
 I cry for all the time I spent and eventually lost.  
 I cry for everything I had but no longer have.

Bash me not for I am human and bound to sin.  
 Hate me not for I am a man drawn towards danger.  
 Loathe me not for I am sickly with billions of sperm to give.  
 Detest me not for I am weak in the face of beauty and femininity.  
 Curse me not for I have sinned before God and man.  
 But love me not for I do hate myself for who I am and shall always be.

In a world of indifference I am it's best perpetrator.  
 In a world of pain, I am a masochist.  
 In a world of violence I know best how to turn the times with all-out war.  
 In a world of murder I drop bodies like willow leaves in autumn.  
 In a world of suffering I distribute the same like confetti.  
 In a world of confusion I take its inhabitants in circles like a woman's brain.  
 In a world of hell I am it's Lord the Devil.

Yet I have loved before, I have in like manner hated.  
 Yet I have granted a new chance at life before, I have in like manner destroyed the very essence of its being.  
 Yet I have cherished before, I have in like manner trashed without cause.  
 Yet I have lived to the fullest before, I have in like manner died inside.  
 Yet I have achieved greatness before, I have in like manner been a perpetrator of mediocrity.  
 Yet I have worked tirelessly even now, I still am yet to become.

I hope to God that I am the devil for that would justify my devilish nature.  
 I hope to God that I am Lucifer for that would justify my imperfection.  
 I hope to God that I am unrighteous for that would justify my affinity to sin.  
 I pray to God that I am obtuse for that would justify my obscene ideologies.  
 I pray to God that I am Michael for that would justify my thriving Amazonian nature.

All I pray is that I never live to regret this but always live to remember how magically and beautifully flawed my existence has been.  
 Amen.

*\_ A.K. Stine*



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# Grow- ing into Love



by *Anonymous*





While most men have to "grow up" once in a marriage union, it has been realized by more experienced men, that women maintain similar expectations and the idea of the thrill of danger even after coming together as one. More so, the reason as to why people get married for 20 years only for the wife to leave in search of happiness.



**Y**esterday afternoon, I got the chance to get together with the boys. I never expected to learn a lot in terms of the things that I have for so long, shelved myself from delving into. Relationships and marriage. As a young man, marriage seems like a far-fetched idea that should not bother me. At least not now. However, there were some hot takes brought to light yesterday, which made me realize the specific problems that I had brought forth in my recently-ended, 4-year relationship. I also realized that the Gen Z are much wiser than the contemporary society deems them to be or gives them credit for.

In a first-world country, I would have been diagnosed as a genius at birth. They would have offered me the best chance at achieving and surpassing my construed potential to become one among the greats; Einstein, Plato, and Pythagoras, et. al. However, I was born and raised in Eastlands, Nairobi. Taken to study in a private school with kids dumber than me and was derailed from advancing faster in the classes simply because I was too young. I had to spend 6 whole years in primary school then 4 whole years in high school, advancing into the university for another 5 years because of the Corona COVID-19 pandemic. Life has served me its worst by my set standards yet I toil every day to achieve those things that I could not while growing up.

Our conversation with the guys came full circle from the candid realization of our inhibitions; intrinsic or external to the subject of what a man should exemplify at the point of the decision to marry. This was something that I had never heard even from my father. One of the guys claimed that, after speaking with several older married friends, he realized that young men know that they should lead but do not because they have no idea on how to do it.

Leadership in itself sounds like a pretty easy task but we have to realize that it begins right

from the subtleties of the food you eat, where you go on a first date, whether you cook for her when she visits you, to the questions you ask her while getting to know each other. All these things done during the dating period are metric standards that the woman inherently uses to measure your standing in the relationship and she expects you to maintain the same standards even in marriage.

While most men have to "grow up" once in a marriage union, it has been realized by more experienced men, that women maintain similar expectations and the idea of the thrill of danger even after coming together as one. More so, the reason as to why people get married for 20 years only for the wife to leave in search of happiness from a 24-year-old man without vision or direction. But just because he makes her feel nice and alive, she will stick with him like a leech.

This is not to say that women should stay in an unhappy marriage. Well, I cannot give advice for a reality whose experience I lack. Marriage is friction. It is a platform where two people come together in union and make a conscious decision to make a family and it is through this friction that they are able to build a healthy, happy and prosperous home. This concerted effort to be better in this commitment to the union is what makes the male-female dynamic of a home become something to revere and admire.

To some extent, I had a total perspective shift and I thought to leave this here so that once I can counter-assess the notions presented from a more critical lens, I may come up with a viable hypothesis to use in my life. Leadership is difficult. Not in the sense of accomplishment or accountability for that is expressly expected. It is difficult in the miniaturist of decisions that we make for self that sequentially have an impact on those around us and their perception of who we are.

While love is an essential aspect in a union

between two persons in a committed relationship, I came to the realization that it is not a prerequisite to a marriage and a happy one at that. Two souls come together in union before God and man, according to the religious fanatics; and decide to work together to build a family which is much greater than themselves. The man needs to have a vision for the family and a goal in which the woman shall believe and help to achieve. It is a dynamic that works in theory.

However, in practice, there are hurdles and pitfalls that may derail these two who have become one in union and they might end up digressing from the goal. The moment this happens, they no longer are in sync, hence a failed marriage. Thinking about the dynamic of arranged marriages, there were families who desired to get joined in business and friendship through marriage to strengthen these bonds. Most women who got husbands through arranged marriages have recorded the highest percentages of happy marriages as compared to their counterparts, who 'marry for love.'

After a heartbreak, I have tended to fill that void with numerous warm wet holes. The number of partners I have amassed over time in terms of rebounds is somewhat worrying. That brings me to the aspect of discipline. We all think that discipline in a relationship or marriage union is non-negotiable, because it is. However, the demons of the past will always come to haunt us in the present. Imagine if I had a son and implored him to be disciplined for it is a virtue for living, only for him to retaliate with the question, "But Papa, why weren't you disciplined enough to fulfil such and such promises as you had made to me?" A-ha! The vicious cycle of life.

We all think that change begins with us but forget that we should also exemplify that very change. I have on multiple occasions thought to visit the Kabarnet Gardens to squeeze out these two nuts that are bothering me every

night because of loneliness, but does that illustrate the level of discipline that I'd like to have, be and impart? The cycle of rejection is a place to begin when you decide to be a man. For being a man is not only about showing it, financially, physically and mentally, but also about being the leader who leads by example; a good example.

As I work daily to achieve the material goals that I have set for myself, I have made a conscious decision to work on my biases, notions and adverse traits not only to become a better man or person, but a better father to my son.

*\_ Anonymous*

Art





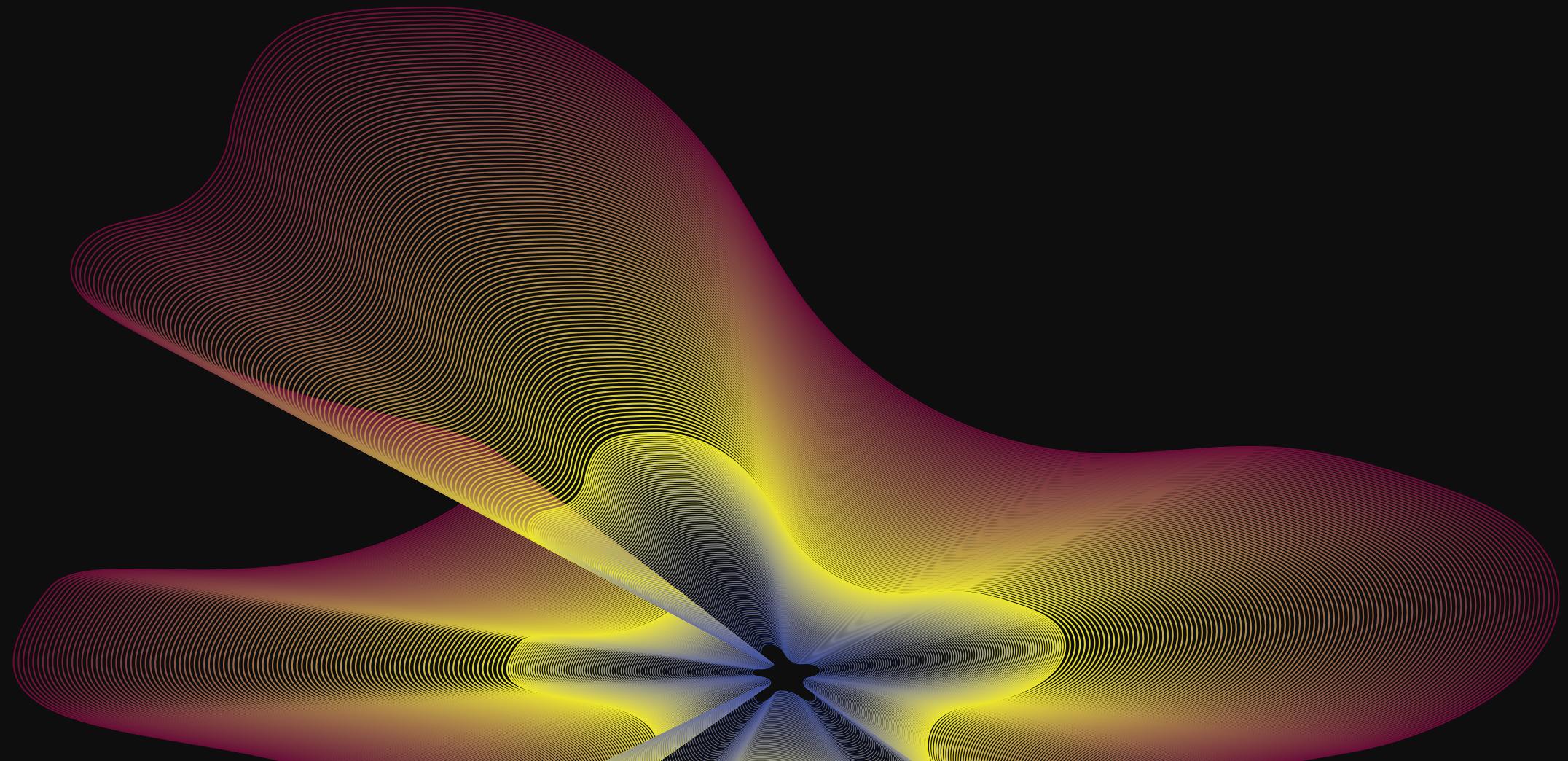
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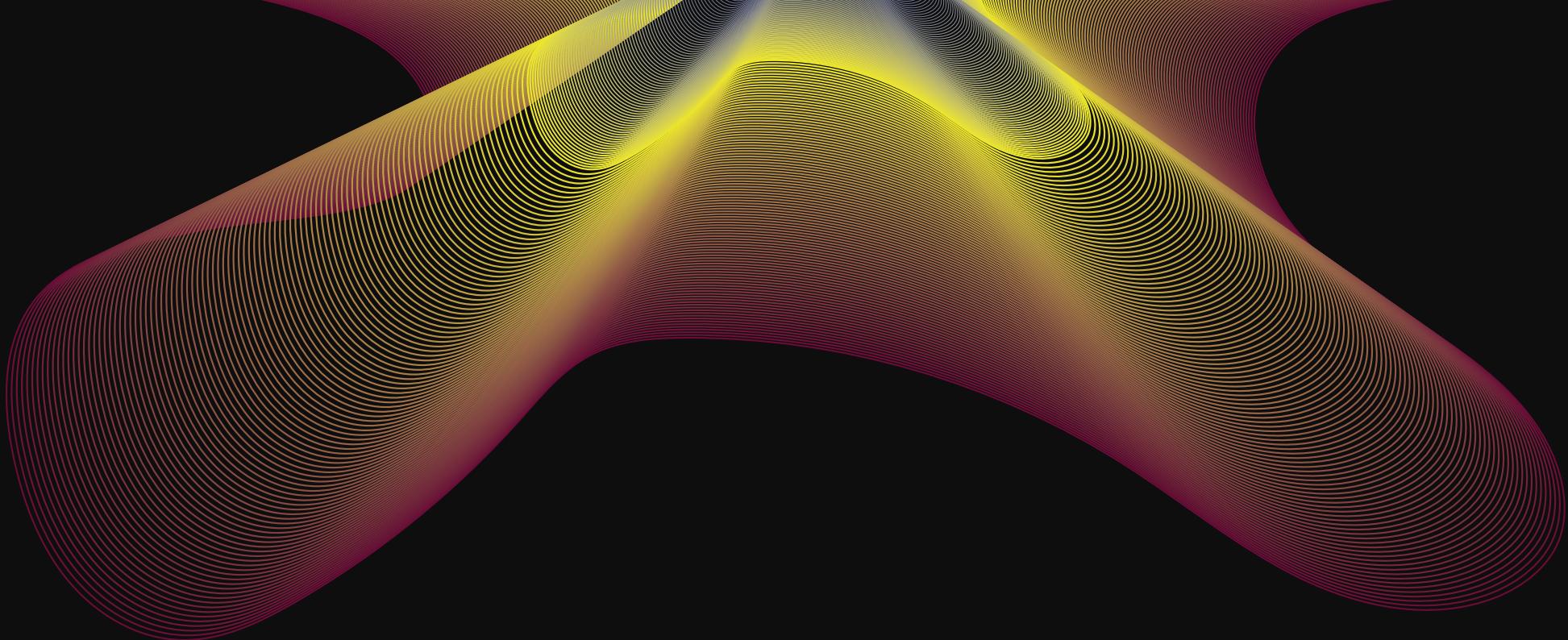
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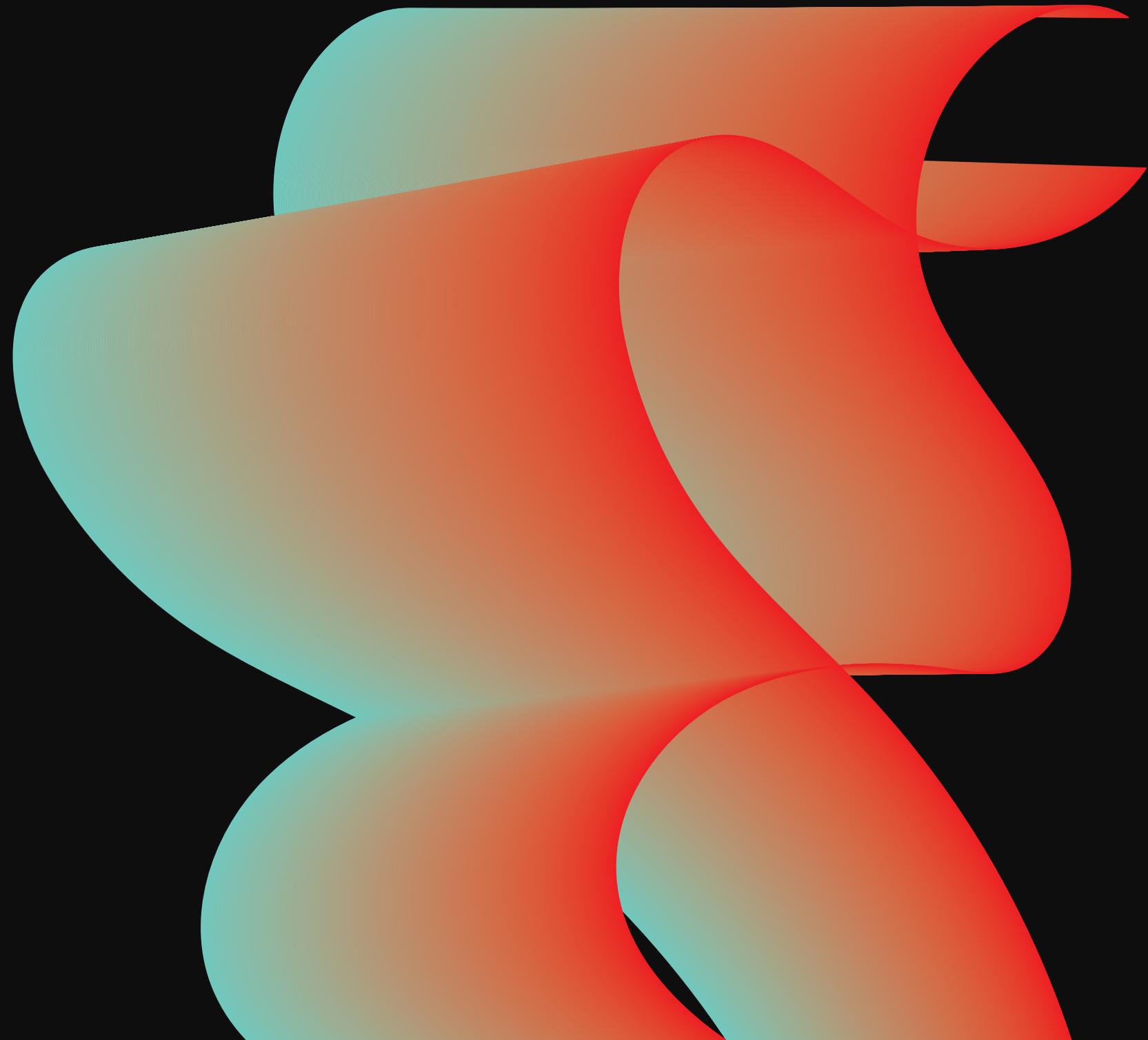


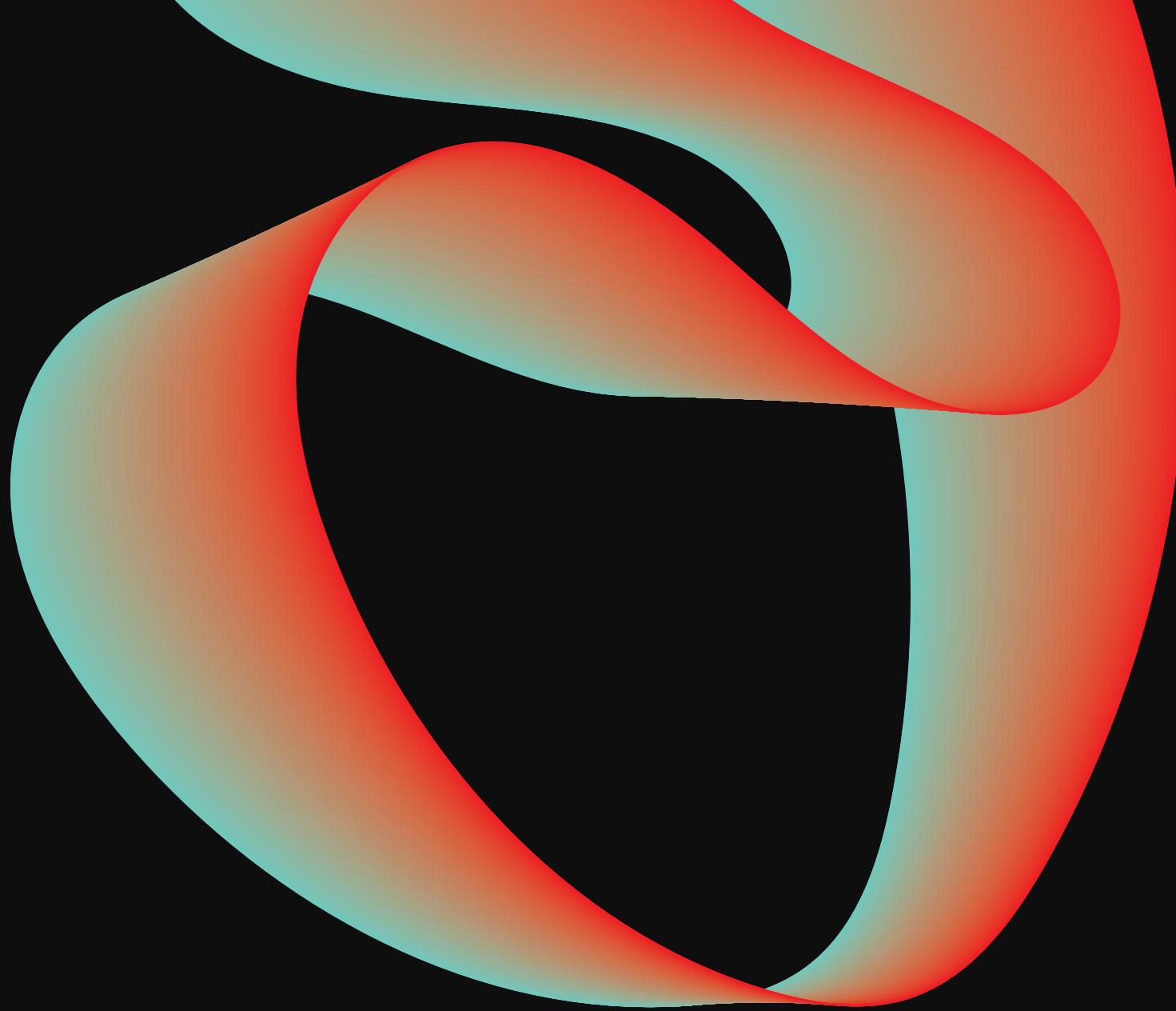




\_ Come Closer

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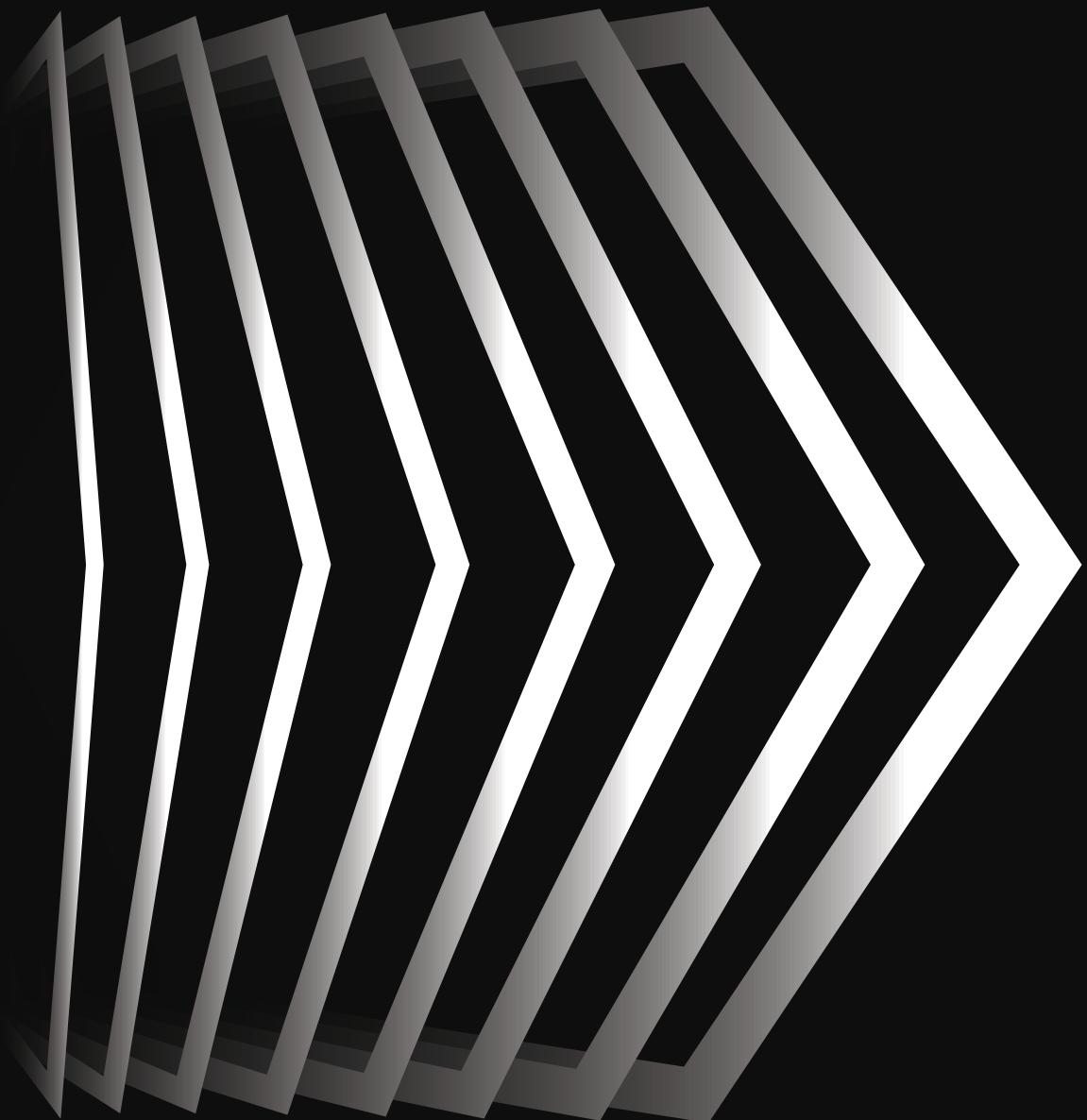




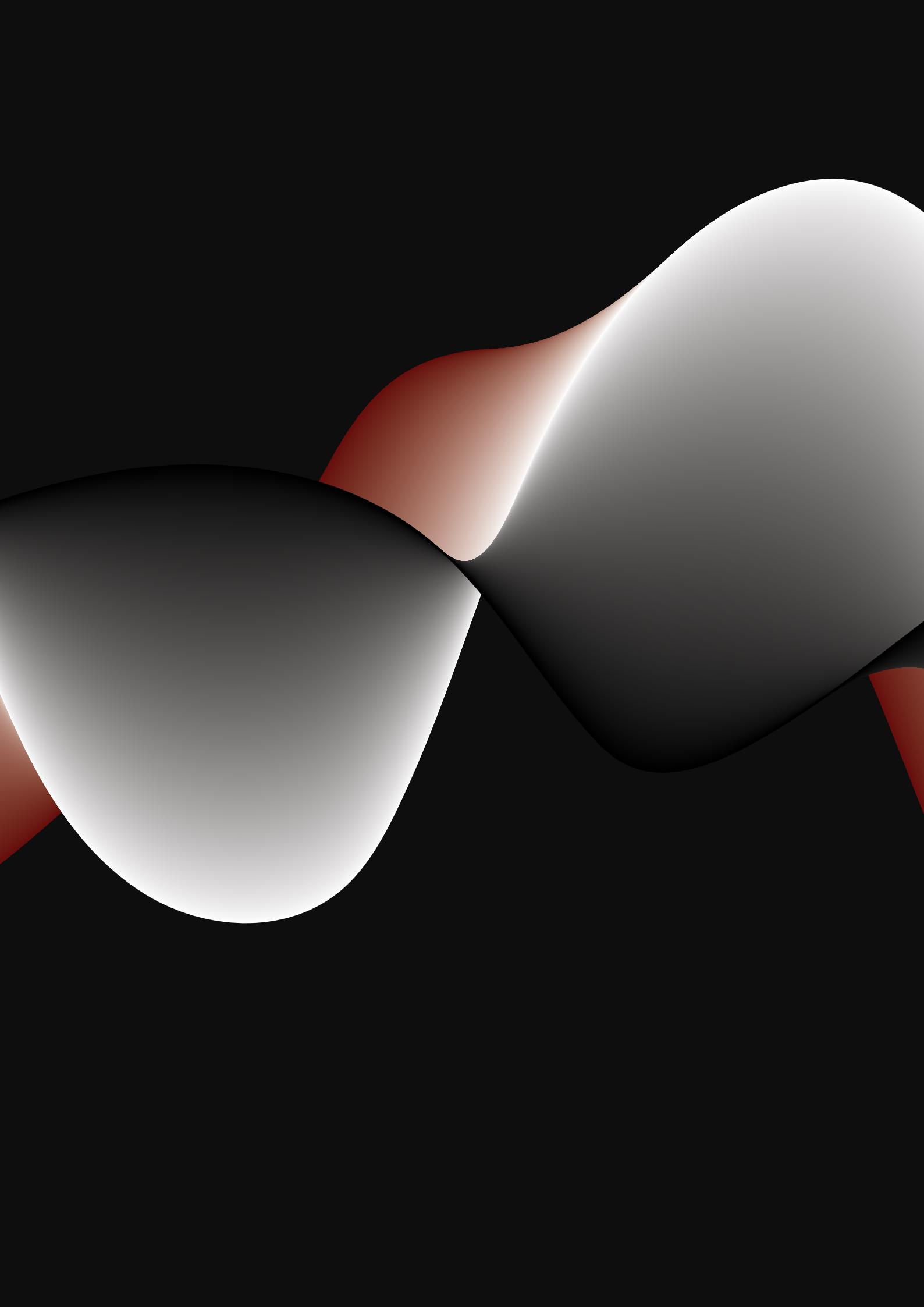
\_ Can't Lose You

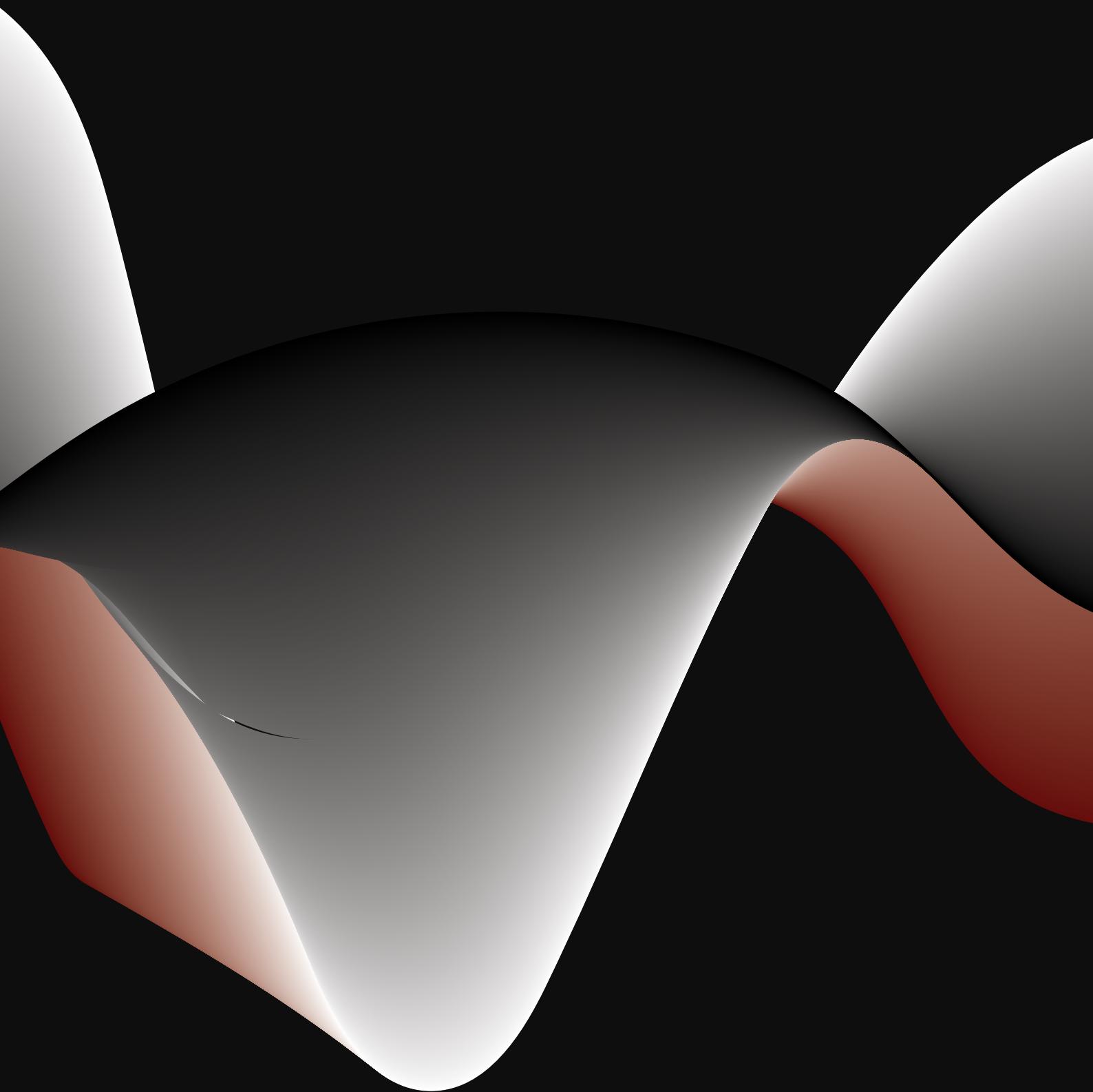
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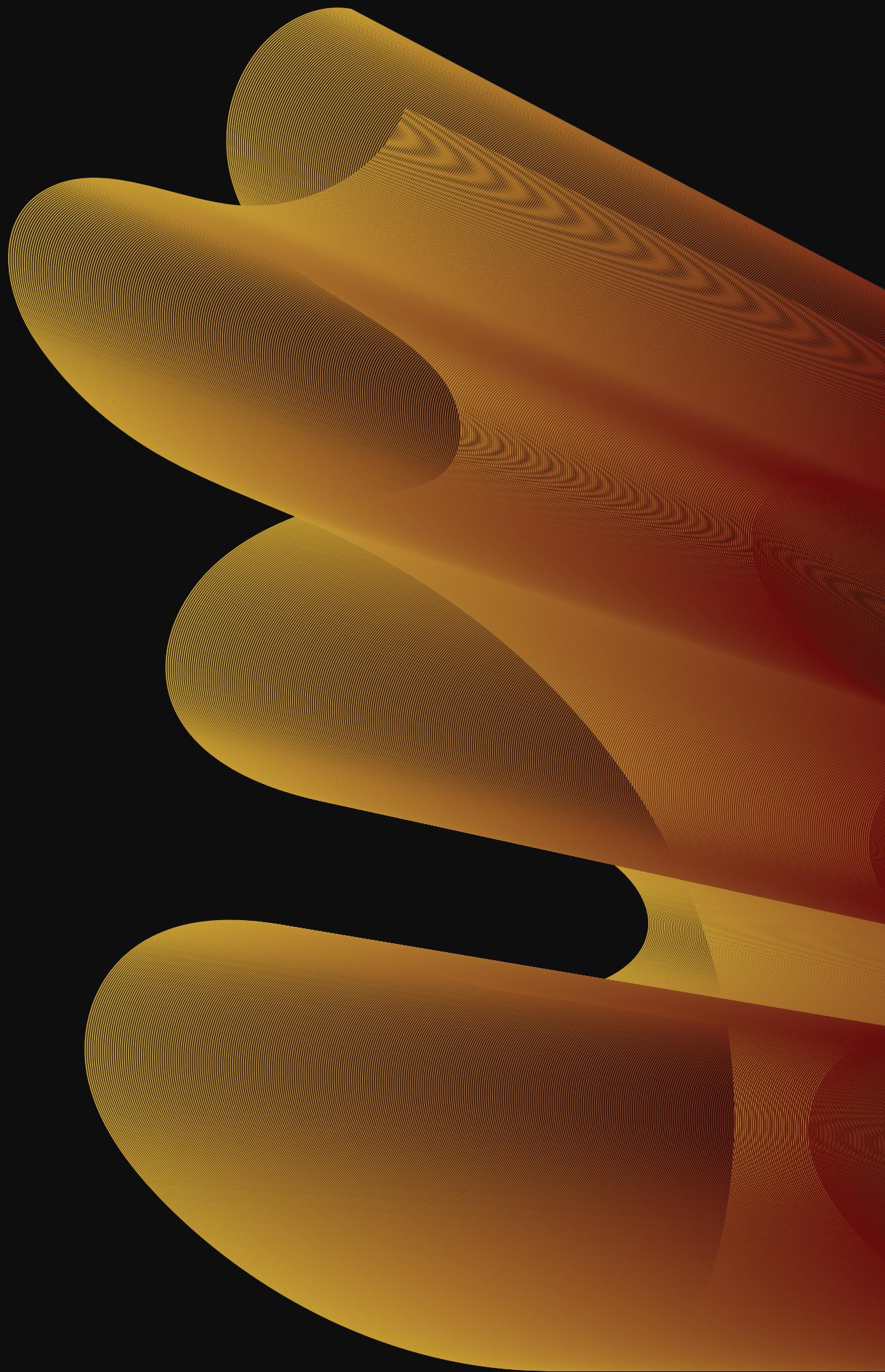


\_ Worlds Apart





\_ We Were Magic



\_ Obsessed

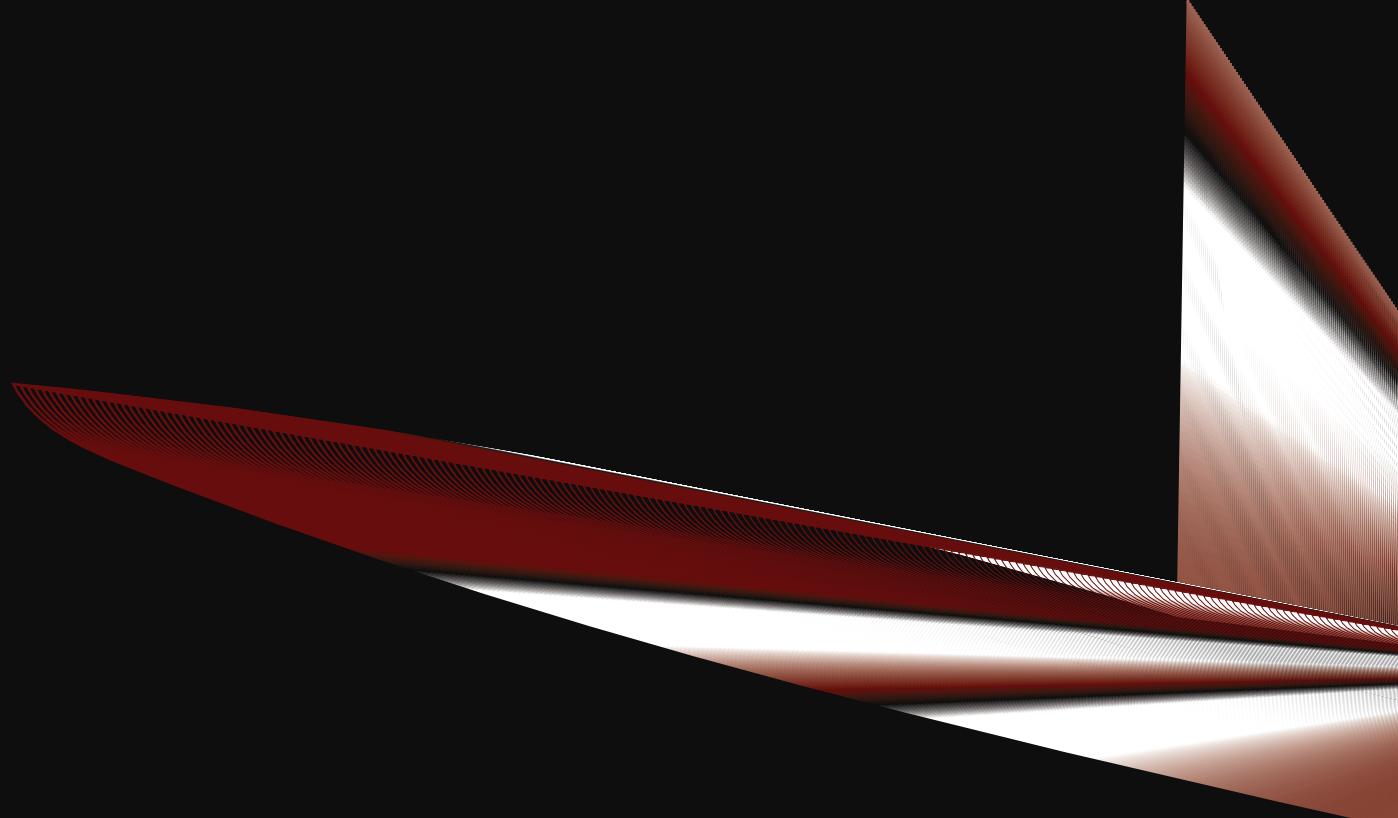


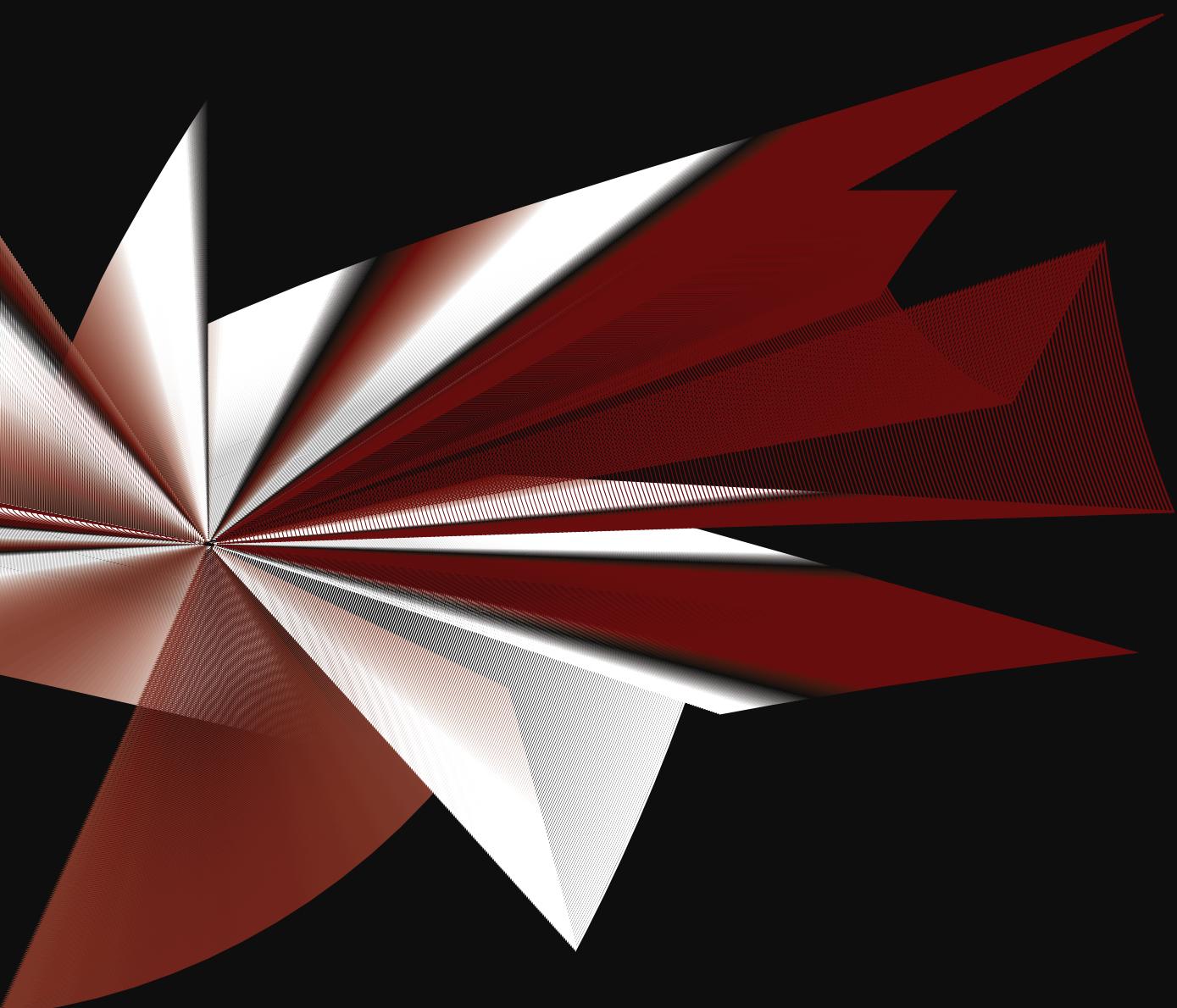


\_ Farther Away







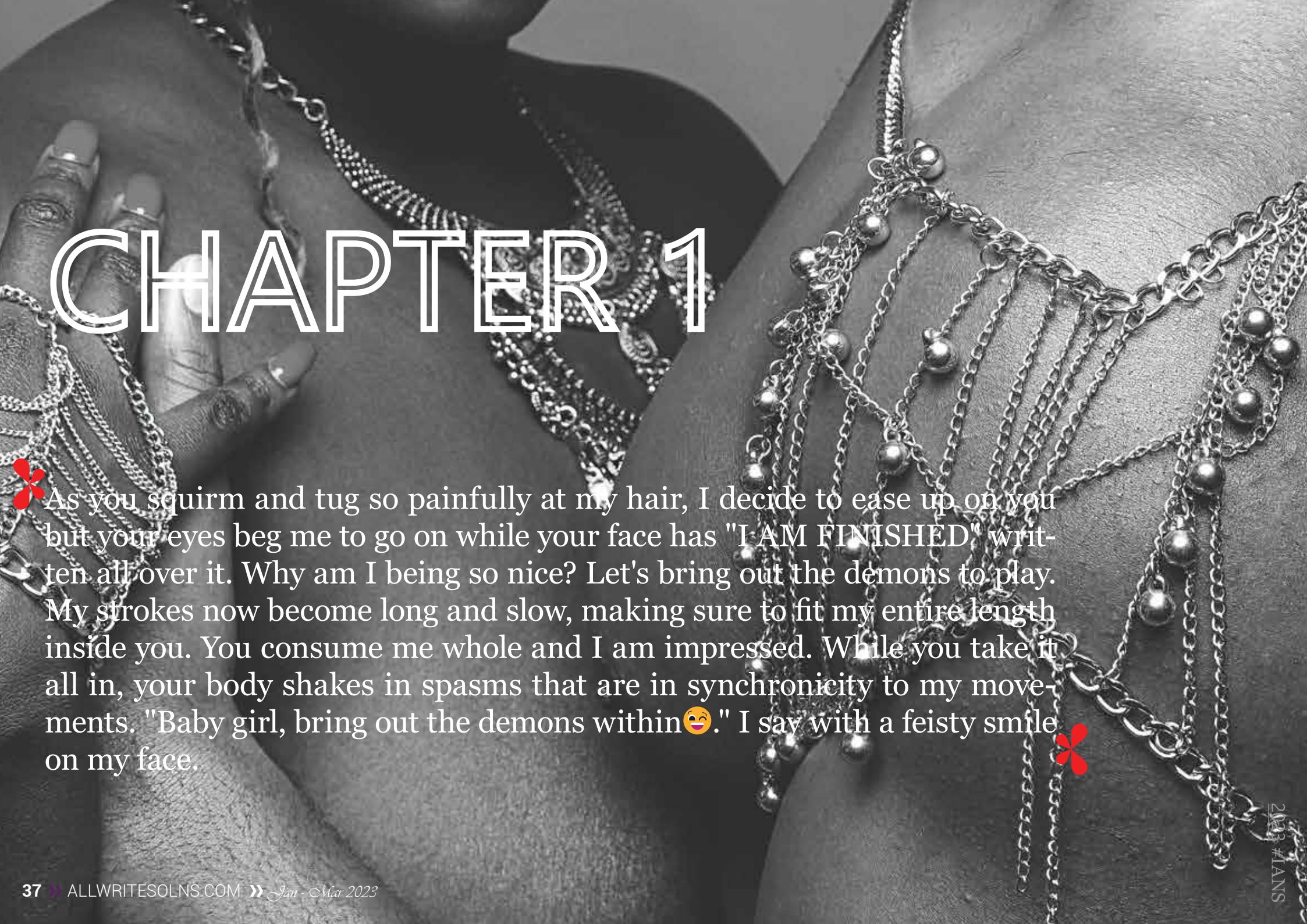


\_ Imploding



# The Demons Within

by AK Stine



# CHAPTER 1

As you squirm and tug so painfully at my hair, I decide to ease up on you but your eyes beg me to go on while your face has "I AM FINISHED" written all over it. Why am I being so nice? Let's bring out the demons to play. My strokes now become long and slow, making sure to fit my entire length inside you. You consume me whole and I am impressed. While you take it all in, your body shakes in spasms that are in synchronicity to my movements. "Baby girl, bring out the demons within 😊." I say with a feisty smile on my face.

**A**s the sweat drips from my face, charting a stream-like path down the edges of my eyes to the ridges of my lips, its salty taste brings me back to the present. I have been engulfed by the high of a ravaging ejaculation that I just had after close to 6 months of zero action. I look down at you to find your eyes loosely shut in pleasure and exhaustion. After the multiple orgasms that you have had from our tryst in the privately-owned campus hostels, I doubt you'll have the energy to even get back home. I look at you in so much love and affection that it scares me. I hate to admit that I had already fallen for you from the first time I heard your voice and met you at the park in your school. But I cannot help but realize that I would eventually break you and myself in the process. I really hoped that ours would be the beginning of the happy-ever-after which we always hoped to find someday. However, the fates would have it different in the course of time.

I cannot understand why I would even find you attractive. You are nothing like all my previous women. All 665 of them. I just realised that you were the 666 one; and I only wished that you would be my one. As your chest heaves up and down perfectly in sync with my breathing, I begin to reminisce on how we got to this point. Oh! How much I had longed for this day to come. I had mapped out all 153 scenarios on how it would go but never in my wildest dreams did I see this working as perfectly as it just did. How in hell did I land such a beautiful woman? Your allure of charm, femininity and purity was like a burning yellow flame and I; the moth could not help but desire to be incinerated by you.

When I decided to ask you to become my girl using a video, I knew that you would be charmed and endeared to accept my proposal. Despite me knowing that it was a path hardly trod, I understood the effect of my promise to you. The sweet sanctimonious satisfaction of words in perfect context to draw out those emotions of longing for and from another. And at that very moment, we were one; in mind and spirit. All the way willing to live and die for each other; just you and me.

I had hoped that we would live in this utopian existence forever, but forever would have it not. Made us come to terms with the fact that forever was inherently till whenever. Why? Why could I not be that perfect man who would sooth your soul and rock your world? This perfect balance of your yin to my yang was so delicate and difficult to achieve but I dreamed and believed that we would have it. Not because we were perfect, but because we were not. Only did I not realize that my flaws ran too deep within my soulless being that our consequential differences would be irreconcilable.

As I breathe softly fanning your sweet face and sequentially follow up with tiny little kisses all over, you begin to come to. Your eyes open and your face lights up with a smile that turns me into mush. "I love you *my Genie*," you say; and that sequence of caresses tracing over my face to my sweaty chest, is all I need to give you one long and breathless kiss that you respond to in like manner. You turn me on so much baby girl and I am excruciatingly hard for you. My d\*\*k is still inside you and it hardens even more as your walls constrain me harder and pull me deeper. Damn girl, I want to finish already but we are just getting started.

"I love you too baby girl. My cute Smiley Emoji." I respond as I go on to ran my hands in sequence all around your tingle spots. While you jerk from my kiss on your neck leaving a trail of hickeys and squirm at my soft kisses running down your neck and back to your lips, I'm already locked in your embrace. Your feet crossed on my back pulling deeper still, inside of you and your left hand is drawing scratch circles on my back while your right hand fists down on the sheets as your first orgasm in this session draws you closer to the edge.

I begin to slowly rock my waist against you and your right hand is now all over my head massaging and pulling at my neck as you come closer still. With two deep strokes that torment your g-spot even more, you squirt so hard that it sprays all over me through the fissures created as I continue to go further and deeper inside you.

As you squirm and tug so painfully at my hair, I decide to ease up on you but your eyes beg me to go on while your face has "I AM FINISHED" written all over it. Why am I being so nice? Let's bring out the demons to play. My strokes now become long and slow, making sure to fit my entire length inside you. You consume me whole and I am impressed. While you take it all in, your body shakes in spasms that are in synchronicity to my movements. "*Baby girl, bring out the demons within 😊.*" I say with a feisty smile.

With that, you shift from looking dead and without any will of self to propping yourself using the headboard and holding my neck for support. Our gyrating meets in the middle and that explosive feeling of raw pleasure seems to be in a short-circuit between us. In a few more strokes you push me off you and sit on me sliding my appendage shyly inside you. But as my tip touches your g-spot, the demons within you awake and you begin riding me like your life depends on it. I am in utter disbelief but the pleasure allows me not a single second to realise what is now happening. "I am done for mama..."

I reach out for your waist but you push my hands back and hold them at the sides of my face to go on taking it all in like it's nothing. All 8" of me; plus, some change 😊.

"Oh god! Where have you been all my life?" you shriek as the second and third wave come in perfect succession. But I am not done. As you move away from me wondering whether there is something wrong with me, my lips curl up in a sly smile and my face contorts in a deathly stare. I am going to be the end of you today.

You begin to pull back the already wet sheets towards you trying to hide yourself in the already tiny room on a 2½" by 6" bed. "You cannot run away from me. You're mine. Remember?" I say as I roughly pull away the bedding from you and lock your hands behind your back.

I position you facing away from me and in one swift motion have myself balls-deep in that m\*f\*. You let out a small scream that lasts only a second before you go limp and allow me to have my way with you. At this point I'm already pulling back at your braids and spanking your full peach-shaped ass 🍊 that's bouncing around and off my d\*\*k. My member begins to swell with the unrelenting surge of sperm and semen that you subconsciously squeeze out of me with the flexing of your inner muscles.

I go limp on your back and we simply fall onto the bed as we realize that you're also gushing out your fluids mixed with mine. The bed is a mess and so are we. What are we going to say to the owner of the house? Jesus fucking Christ! 😱

— A.K. Stine

# The Demons Within

by AK Stine

# CHAPTER 2

on the next issue  
of #IANS

balance; the key to magnificent chaos

- *AK. Stine*





Surmise that acute Oblivion is nigh



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A black and white close-up photograph of a man and a woman. The man, on the left, has dark skin, short curly hair, and wears round-rimmed glasses. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The woman, on the right, also has dark skin and curly hair, and is looking towards the man with a soft, intimate gaze. They appear to be in a close, personal moment.

# Young Love

by AK Stine



How magnificent  
young love is!  
The joy of seeing  
another person  
like they see you.  
The mystical  
manifestation of  
butterflies in  
your tummy



How magnificent young love is!

Hark!

The joy of seeing another person like they see you.

The mystical manifestation of butterflies in your tummy whenever they say your name.

The unbridled nature of affection that you give and receive to them who you would unquestioningly die for.

The endless conversations and magical feeling of the world at your feet whenever you are together.

The sexual tension slowly building up and destroying you to smithereens once you get to *heaven*.

Truth be told, young love is the only unfettered form of love that we can ever get to experience.

It holds us high and releases us while we're up.

Much like the house in a casino, it cashes out when it's up.

When there's a winning streak you make one wrong move and you're done for.

I love young love for it is honest and pure; like my women - before they meet me.

Harken thou to me young love, for I have sought thee to the darkest crypts of my soul.

For my heart now, is just but a muscle charting the course of blood within my body.

I call unto thee with gifts and materials to appease.

I hope to find favour in thee, one day.

For thy charm is like that of the summer breeze.

And thy allure, like the sound of waves in the ocean.

Peaceful and tranquil with a dangerous appeal for extremities that foster excitement.

I hope that thou shalt hear my cry and endow me with a heart that draws thine gifts to me.

Your humble servant pleads.

by AK. Stine

» SPOTLIGHT « **Dustine K.**



# First Love

by AK Stine



# C H A P T E R 1



Mother, you did a terrible job, to say the least. But I must say, I turned out pretty decent. Not out of the abundance of your care and affection, but from the absence of it. Not out of the excellence of your upbringing of me, but the realization of your errors as I grew up. I realized that I had to be imperfect just like you, aware unlike you, to be exemplarily amazing beyond what you would ever be or dream to become. Mother, my first love, I love you, NOT.



Mother. Dearest mother. The epitome of love, care and boundless beauty. There was truly no flaw found in thee. A radiant and brilliant smile was thy covering. You strutted so gracefully across halls making sure that everything was perfectly in order for us. Us. Yes, me and father. You always seemed so excited to spend time with us and taking care of our every need without question or complain. Till pride and inequity was found in thee. And thou wanted to take the position of the head. Domineering over us all. Even though held up and uplifted to ‘independent’ levels through father’s money and influence. I now understand how money and power truly corrupt; but only to those with mediocre dreams. Those who never thought or dreamed it possible to reach such heights of success.

I realized that all my biases and choices come from the experience of being your son. The first fruit of your womb. They say that children are like arrows unto your quiver. A wise son, brings gladness to his father but a foolish man despises his mother. They might have edited that text to suit the circumstances at the time or I simply am, but a sordid disappointment to thee. I can never offer you reprieve for your sins and through your negative influence on father, I do not trust him enough to do his bidding for it is more likely solely out of self-interest. Maybe I am just but a child seeking attention from his parents. A desperate attempt at seeking validation, and an apology, because you fucked me up. Badly.

I look at the women all around me and see all your flaws exemplified by their actions. I judge them harshly and get disgruntled at their misgivings, quite unfairly most times. Yes, I admit that I have issues, but you’ve got them too. Only that I do realize the same and work on myself, though slow the progress might be. You on the other hand, deem yourself perfect, unquestionable and having the purest of intentions. Ignorance is surely bliss, but with the way you consume media content like ice-cream in the summer- daily – I doubt that you have not seen the error in thine self-righteous ways.

While listening and advocating for the nonsense of clout-chasing socialites, don’t you, in your almost five decades of living realize the discrepancies of their advice to the youth – and by extension, to you?

Why so naïve and gullible? You try so hard to advise me on life as a man yet you have never been one, your entire life. You tell me how to live with people yet you never had to all your life; you despise people and their shallow mindsets, forgetting that you are just like them. You insist on the importance of hard work, yet you are the laziest woman I have ever known; even when you had the opportunity to work, you could not be consistent. You talk about the importance of a man protecting his family at all costs as if you did not receive the same and more from father. You pretend that you understand how hard life is yet you had the luxury of two helps and your brothers to assist you at home at all times, in the absence of father. You despise father so much and give him so much grief yet all he has ever done is protect and provide for you. You are so haughty at your perceived achievements yet all you presumably own was handed to you in a few strokes of the pen by father appending signatures to property transfer forms. So who the fuck are you to tell me about life yet you know nothing of it?

Yes, I despise you. I loathe you because I expected so much from you. Well, most mothers would read this and say, “How ungrateful!” But, why should I be grateful for standard measure. For things that are imperative from a mother to her child? Why should I be grateful to you for giving birth to me? If it were my choice; knowing that I would have to live life like this, I would have led you straight to Marie Stopes. Why should I be grateful for your nurturing yet, any female that decides to be a mother has to do such things? Your role was to become what I admire and revere in a woman. You were supposed to be the spitting image of the woman I would bring home and call a wife. But today, the term, ‘wife’ translates to the devil sent to destroy my life to me.

The one and only positive thing I can attribute to you, is the fact that you caused me to become observant and critical, not only of others but mostly of self. I have always expected more from everyone that I have interacted with. In the same vein, I tend to promise less and perform exemplarily better than what was expected.

It has made me become more in tune with self and realize that my tongue and mind would do much damage to humanity if used for that purpose and thereby I steer them in the opposite direction. For good and a better, healthier society. However, I have to give credit where it is due and append blame where requited. You fucked up. I hope that I do not. Every day I live, I come closer to my grave and I wish that one day you would realize that ‘mama does not always know best’.

As I write this, I am at the best and worst point in my life. I am making progress in my life, lots of it. Yet, my body slowly dies from within because I cannot let it rest. I hated the lack that you superimposed in my life so much that I would do anything – ANYTHING! – to evade it. I have stolen, killed, maimed and tortured just to make some quick quid. Yes, your son is a criminal, and an international one at that. At some point, things got sticky and I left, with nothing. God knows how hard that was. Having the entire world at your feet yesterday and being at the bottom of the barrel today. I never had to run for my life or care too much not to lose it for I was always willing to die at any time and I have always been smart enough to cover my tracks. And yes, I am not afraid even now for it is impossible to know who I am. I am the ghost of the day, that torments you in your dreams in the night.

Enough of the bragging. Mother, you did a terrible job, to say the least. But I must say, I turned out pretty decent. Not out of the abundance of your care and affection, but from the absence of it. Not out of the excellence of your upbringing of me, but the realization of your errors as I grew up.

I realized that I had to be imperfect just like you, aware unlike you, to be exemplarily amazing beyond what you would ever be or dream to become. Mother, my first love, I love you, NOT.

*\_ A.K. Stine*

#IANS ➤➤➤

2023 Goals

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2023 Materialistic GOALS #IANS





2023 Materialistic GOALS #IANS



It's giving ...





*Do Today,*

what you did not have the balls to do,

*Yesterday.*

- AK, Stine

# Cor- po- rate Kenya

by *Anonymous*

# C H A P T E R 1





All in the name of career advancement; a white lie that the older generations were sold and unfortunately happened to believe. Thereby, consistently pushing us into certain "employable" fields. Scam!



**C**orporate Kenya. You have not experienced frustration, exploitative tendencies and empty promises until you open this can of worms. Maybe it is a generational thing as has been pushed and portrayed via mainstream media and professional social media platforms. Being part of the system had always meant going to school, working very hard every day, acquiring and retaining loads of useless theoretical knowledge from the 1920s and showing how big of a brain you have by duplicating that very information on several sheets of paper.

And if you got the highest grades, you were rewarded a chance to further the same redundant nature of education in the University. After which you would hope against hope to get selected by the most prestigious corporate institutions to begin your journey of life; however, little would you know that your employment was actually the beginning of your end.

Your end as a human being with opinions. Absconding your duties or presence from your family. Living at the mercy of a monthly cheque without which, your life would ultimately come to a halt. Having to wake up early every morning to beat traffic in order to pursue your employer's goals. Surviving on street food cooked haphazardly because you cannot afford to have time to prepare a proper healthy meal for yourself. Putting off your hopes and dreams as the months advance whilst lying to yourself that you're saving up start-up money in order to start big. Abandoning your initial interests in life and pursuing different pleasures simply for team-building and building "connections". Halting everything else even remotely likely to take your time, only to become a "voluntary slave" to the system.

Not to say that employment is all that terrible in this contemporary age, but it was made for a certain kind of person; or anyone willing and able to become that person. I only came to this realisation after 6 months of working my first ever 8-5.

Working remotely always gave me time to be myself, pursue my personal goals and no time to rest but at the same time, I rested better and sounder. It's quite a paradox.

An 8-5 meant that I had to wake up at 4:30am on weekdays and 6am on Saturdays. 45 excruciating hours every week. Despite doing a creative tech-involving job, my allocated tasks included bits of data entry, front office tasks for the first 3 months and numerous IT officer activities. In short, I was the typical IT guy that would do anything and everything while drawing the salary of a lowly-paid supermarket attendant. All in the name of career advancement; a white lie that the older generations were sold and unfortunately happened to believe. Thereby, consistently pushing us into certain "employable" fields. Scam!

When I started out my 6-month probation, – I was shocked too – I thought that my incessant need and pursuit for much-more-than-standard work would result in a contract review in the next quarter as had been discussed, but all that was a figment of my imagination. I received an endless unrelenting supply of promises from the manager with no follow-through whatsoever. The game is indeed player against player.

As I pen this down, I too realize that the problem is only substantiated and used by companies just to fatten their bottom line every financial year. However, this scourge is only made real through our parents who worked for the system and thought that they had worked it to get to where they are. The truth is that, the system worked them instead.

They constantly encourage us and our siblings to be doctors, engineers, pilots and lawyers as if they don't already take up all those positions at the workplace; while adamantly refusing to retire. All they do is draw a salary, put it back in their million-dollar businesses, using the spare change to pay our fees and cater for their sugar babies.

And when they die, there is an endless stream of progeny coming forth to legitimately claim their wealth – their birth rights. What a useless waste of resources.

I'm now at work. It is 7:30am. I already wrote my resignation letter on the same day that I received my job offer. I'm contemplating on whether to send it or not but my mind asks me to lay off until we have the final talk and declaration of the way forward; money. Money surely makes the world go round, but people make them both function through an association with inherent value. Let's see whether I shall move forward after all.

*—Anonymous*

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2023 Music

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- *AK. Stine*



2023 Musical GENIUS #IANS



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Karey  
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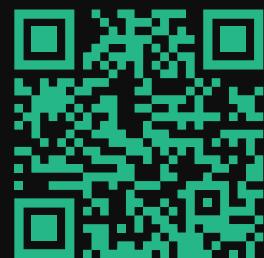
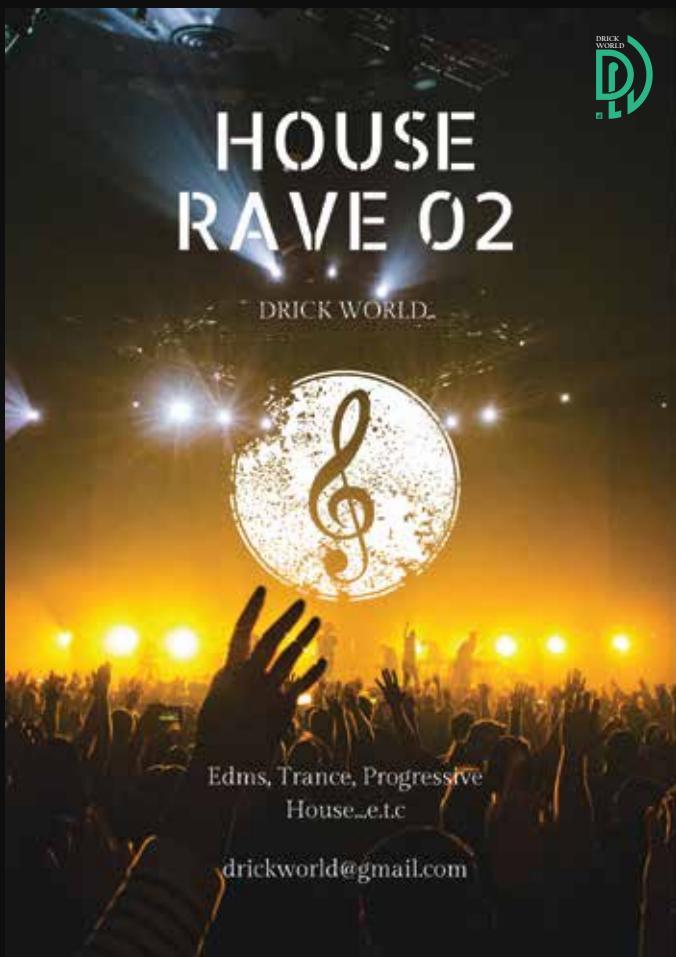


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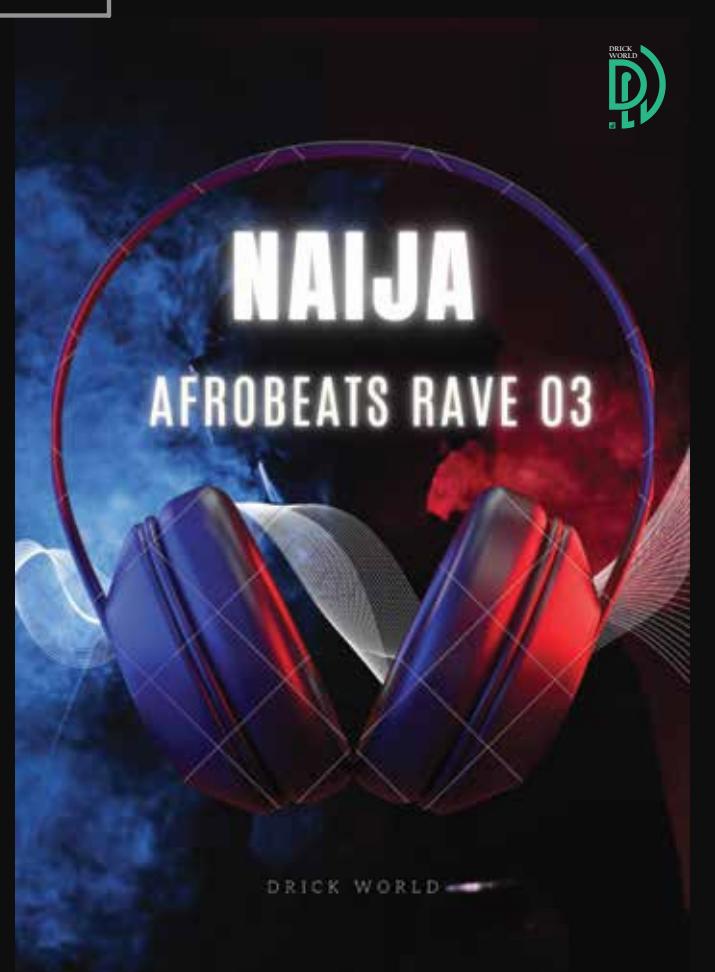
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I have loved the stars too fondly to be fearful of the night.

- Janjika Njire

scan for my Portfolio

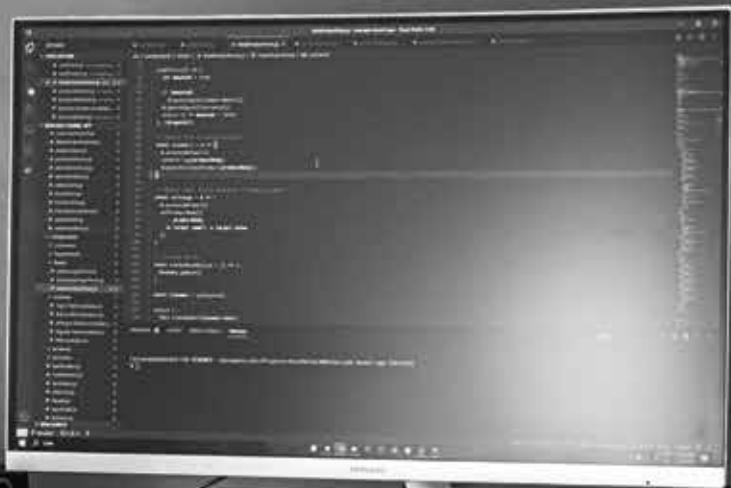
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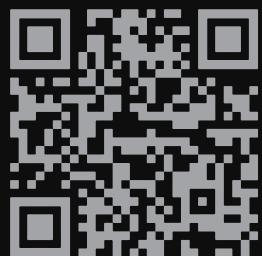


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