

Newsletter no.4

Hello again lil Cox is back with Tha Newsletter IV. This is my longest drop yet. Get ready. In this deluxe edition you get telecom infrastructure, Swahili greetings, politics, cults, and fashion. There are some literary sketches sprinkled throughout that you will enjoy. They'll make you laugh because I'm funny.

D E L U X E E D I T I O N



Section One: Telecom Infrastructure

A few newsletters ago my friend, Derek, replied asking about the cell service and what “life is like with less screen time.” Unfortunately, (or fortunately haha) this is not the case. There’s a huge cell tower in my village, and I’ve had great cell service everywhere. Check out the massive tower!



In that photo, you can see green buildings with the word “Safaricom” plastered everywhere. Safaricom is the largest telecom provider in Kenya, but these are not Safaricom shops. These are bars, stores, butchers, haircutters, clothing stores, food stores, etc. Often times buildings will be painted with advertisements for products they

do not sell. Every storefront here acts as a billboard, and Safaricom is by far the most common advertiser.

The Power of Monopoly



Now let's do some corporate talk. The telecom market in Kenya is a duopoly. The two dominant corporations are Safaricom and Airtel. Safaricom is the leader with a 65% market share, and Airtel follows with a 25% market share. Most Kenyans I know have a sim card from each provider, and they switch between the two daily. He said What are you doing here?

When it comes to mobile pay Kenya is more advanced than America. In Kenya, there is this Venmo-like app called M-Pesa. You can use this app for any and every financial transaction: buying goods from a grocery store, sending money to a friend, buying meals in a restaurant, buying street food, buying tomatoes from a grandma, applying for a micro-finance loan, or getting cash back from a designated M-Pesa agent (which is cheaper than withdrawing from the ATM!) Seriously any transaction with anybody and I mean anybody! Even great-grandparents, who only have a flip phone, use M-Pesa. I can walk down my street and visit the 70-year-old Mama who sells tomatoes, onions, and spinach. I'll buy 4 tomatoes, 4 onions, and a big bag of spinach for sh50 (~\$0.30,) and I use M-Pesa to pay her. I open the app, punch in her number, add the amount, and done. Then she gets a buzz, takes out her flip phone, and sees a text confirming the payment. Like I said, any Kenyan with a phone can send or receive a payment, and this technology predates smartphones!

M-Pesa was founded in 2007, which is two years before Venmo. How can you use it with a flip phone? It's easy! All you have to do is punch in a certain code like, '*344#' then you're prompted to add the recipient's number and the amount. M-Pesa is far more widespread than any equivalent service in the US. Also, it is an industry leader. M-Pesa has expanded to Tanzania, South Africa, DRC, Ghana, Lesotho,

Ethiopia, Mozambique, Egypt, and even Afghanistan! Oh, and do you remember that large telecom company I mentioned earlier? Safaricom? Those guys? Yea, they own M-Pesa. In America, this would be equivalent to AT&T owning Venmo/Paypal. The free market really is beautiful.

Beautiful Stories from Facebook, TikTok, and WhatsApp.



Alright, that's enough corporate talk. Let's talk about something fun like smartphone addiction and misinformation. Yay! Every Kenyan who has a smartphone is as addicted to it as Americans are. When I walk into the teacher's lounge nearly every teacher is glued to their phone. Phones are never in vibrate-only or silent mode. During lessons, faculty meetings, and parent-teacher meetings everybody's phone volume is set to 11. Every notification, text, and call is heard. If a person gets a call in the middle of one of these meetings they will answer it and begin talking as the meeting proceeds. Sometimes I'll be talking to a Kenyan friend one-on-one, and they get a buzz. They don't say any social nicety like "Excuse me" or "Sorry this'll just be a second." They cut off the conversation and take the call. Now you all know me. Right? Am I so boring that you wouldn't want to talk to me? Doubtful. Other volunteers have reported similar experiences, and I have witnessed Kenyans do this to other Kenyans. I guess this whole cellphone etiquette thing is a cultural difference that I have to overcome or at least tolerate while I'm here. Oy Vey!

What apps do Kenyans use? It's the big three: Facebook, TikTok, and WhatsApp. On Facebook, they keep in touch with relatives and read the news. On TikTok, they watch videos at full volume. On WhatsApp, they use various group chats to communicate and share stories. Pithy parables are shared frequently. These Bible-like stories leave me flabbergasted. This could be because I come from a different

cultural background, or maybe it's because these stories are written in English, which isn't the author's mother tongue. (English is usually the second or third language one learns here) Also, these stories invariably have discussion questions attached. Anyway, the best way for you, the reader, to understand my confusion would be to read an example.

The Parable of the Poor Man and the Unfaithful Wife

"A man and his wife had been married for 15 years. They were incredibly dedicated to each other, but the Man fell on hard times and he could not provide for his wife financially or sexually. The woman went around with other people, but she realized the man was the only man for her. The man forgave the woman for her trespasses, but he saw no way out of his financial predicament. So together the couple decided to kill themselves. They created a sinful suicide pact. They traveled to Nairobi and climbed the highest building. Known as the Britam Tower. (See above.) Their plan was to jump off and end it all. They reached the top of the tower and planned to jump on the count of three while holding hands one last time. They began the count 1, 2, 3..... JUMP! But the man hesitates and only the woman jumps off the tower. As she is falling and getting smaller and smaller the woman releases a parachute. The man is saddened by this but happy that he is still alive he turns around and sees another backpack he opens this backpack it has millions of Kenya shillings in it." STORY OVER.



Oops, we can't forget about the attached discussion questions, "Who is the winner of the story? Who sinned first? Who was right and who was wrong?"

Please reader sound off in the comments. What do you think the message of the story is? What is moral? And, most importantly, who is the winner?

Brigette Macron a Beautiful Man

Now with the use of Facebook comes a deluge of fake news, fake stories, disinformation, misinformation, whatever you call it these days. Weekly I am asked about some made-up story that someone has read on Kenyan Facebook. “Trevor I saw on Facebook the American government gives everyone a house and car when they turn 18,” “Trevor Obamacare is killing people,” “They say WWE is fake, but that’s impossible what do you think Trevor?” “You know we like Obama because he is our brother but Trump is better. He started less wars, killed less people, and liked Kenya more than Obama,” and my favorite fake story: the Brigitte Macron Conspiracy.

One day at school a chemistry teacher, who is in his fifties, asked me:

“Trevor look at this. Do you know this person?”



“Yes, that’s Brigitte Macron.”

“You know her?”

“Well I don’t know her personally; I know who she is.”

“They say she’s a transgender.”

“Who says that?”

"I've read some stories on my phone's Facebook showing that she is a transgender."

"So you're saying she started as a man and became a woman or started as a woman and became a man?"

Sternly now he says, "She started as a man, and is now a woman. Look that's clearly a whig."

Me, "Okay well most women here wear whigs, their hairstyles drastically change every week. If a whig makes you a transgender every woman in Kenya is a transgender."

"Well I've seen photos and she has the penis."

"Okay, I don't want to see those." (Remember reader we are at school.)

"But it is true you can't deny that she is a transgender."

"Ummmm, do you know her back story? She was Emmanuel Macron's secondary school teacher and started dating him when he was sixteen. Before they met she was married with two kids."

"I did not hear of this. So you are saying she is a child molester too? A transgender child molester."

"What? No, I'm not saying she's "a transgender.' She was clearly born a woman if she had two kids before she met Macron"

The Chemistry teacher now confused, "But she doesn't have any kids with Macron so she must now be a transgender. No?"

"I mean that's probably because of menopause. But ummm okay what does this have to do with anything? Why does it matter if she is a transgender or not."

"Yes, it's just interesting that she's a liar. Anyway, do you have them in America?"

"Have who? Transgender people? Yes, we do, and some of my friends are transgender."

"So they cut the penis?"

Now I'm laughing, "Dude, I don't know. I guess sometimes? I haven't looked into it much. You know they 'cut the penis' here too? In December, I heard drums late at night coming from the river. Isn't that your tribe's circumcision ceremony?"

“Yes but we don’t cut the penis as much as a transgender”

“Yeah, I’m just saying. Lots of cultures ‘cut the penis’”

“Okay, but a transgender cuts it all the way off? Or creates one?”

“I don’t know I’m sure you can find out more information on Facebook.”

“Okay, I will research.”

After some time he returns with another question, “Trevor are more transgenders in America male-to-female or female-to-male.”

Honestly, this was a pretty interesting question that I had never thought about before. After some quick internet research, “It says here that male-to-females are 2-4x more common than female-to-males. Neat. What about in Kenya? Are there any transgender people in Kenya?”

“Yes of course. I don’t know how many but we have, and I have no problem with them.”

Section Two: Ki-Swahili Lesson - Greetings for Gringos

In our last Ki-Swahili lesson, I started with the complex verb conjugation system. I probably should have gone the traditional route and started with greetings, but whatever. I'm a rebel - *I don't follow the syllabus man!* Anyway, here's a brief introduction to the various Ki-Swahili greetings. Buckle in because there's a ton.

A few weeks before I left I went to my childhood church. An older member of the congregation told me that he had visited Kenya way back in the groovy 60s, and he told me that greetings in Kenya are a 'sacrosanct ritual.'

"Before you talk to anyone or ask anyone anything you must go through the following greetings in order: 1st 'Hello how are you?' 2nd 'and how are your parents?' 3rd 'and how is your wife?' 4th 'and how are your children?' 5th 'and how are your cows?' 6th 'and are your crops?' 7th 'and how is your land?'"

While this whole rigmarole might have been mandatory in the laid-back 60s it is no longer necessary. Modern-day Kenya is fast-paced. It is a self-proclaimed *Hustler Nation* - more on that later. Anyway, let's get into it. In Swahili, there are no symmetrical greetings like there are in English. The classic "hello - hello" or "hi - hi" does not exist. Most greetings in Kenya take the form of call and response. Every call is followed by a specific response. A table will show all the calls and responses more clearly.

Question	Answer	Literal Translation Question	Literal Translation Answer	Level of Formalness
Jambo?	Sijambo	Issues?	No issues	Regular
Habari?	Nzuri/salama	News?	Good/peaceful	Regular
Habari za asubuhi?	Nzuri sana/salama	News of the morning?	Very good/peaceful	Regular
Habari za mchana?	Nzuri/salama sana	News of the afternoon?	Good/very peaceful	Regular
Habari za joni?	Nzuri/salama	News of the evening?	Good/peaceful	Regular
Habari za usiku?	Nzuri/salama	News of the night?	Good/peaceful	Regular
Uko mzima?	Niko mzima	Are you whole?	I am whole	Regular
Shikamo?	Marahaba	I give you my hand?	I accept	Extremely formal

Mambo?	Poa	Yo, what's up?	Cool	Informal/Slang
Sasa?	Niko freshi berida	Now?	I'm at fresh and cold	Informal/Slang
Sema?	Niko Fiti	Say?	I'm at fit	Informal/Slang
Unasemaje?	Poa	What do you say?	Cool	Informal/Slang

Like I said, every question has a specific response. (For my math heads out there the relationship is one-to-one and onto - a bijection.) If you answer a question with the wrong response Kenyans will look at you funny and think, “This mzungu does not know Swahili.” For example, you can’t respond to “jambo?” with “nzuri” and you can’t respond to “shikamo” with “sijambo.” (The informal/shang greetings, however, can be interchanged. Also, that is not a typo shang is what they call slang in Kenya.)

Also, here’s a little table of the Ki-Luhya greetings. Ki-Luhya’s greetings are more symmetrical than Ki-Swahili’s.

Question	Answer	Literal Translation Question	Literal Translation Answer
Malembe?	Malembe mno	General hello?	Hello very
Vushere?	Vushere mno	Morning?	Morning very
Bwakhera?	Brawkhera mno	Evening?	Evening very
Keshitare?	Keshitare mno	Afternoon?	Afternoon very
Olimulamu?	Endemulamu	Are you whole?	I am whole
Orie?	Endemulamu	You?	I am whole

‘Mno’ is extremely common in Ki-Luhya. It roughly translates to ‘very,’ but it is also used as a verbal pause amongst the Luhya.

The English Expression that Every Kenyan Knows

Kenyans love to use the English greeting, “How are you?” With the necessary response, “I’m fine.” This seems to be the first English expression that every Kenyan learns. It feels as if this greeting has come down from the Ministry of Education and is drilled into the mind of every child here. Little two-year-olds and ancient village elders have greeted me with that expression. I suppose that expression sticks more than

“hello” because it maps nicely to the Swahili call and response “Habari?” - “Nzuri,” which literally translates to “News?” “Good,” but you all already knew that from my chart. Good job! I hear this expression all the time. It is incessant. I probably get it about twenty times a day, and you will too when you visit me.

Okay, greetings done.

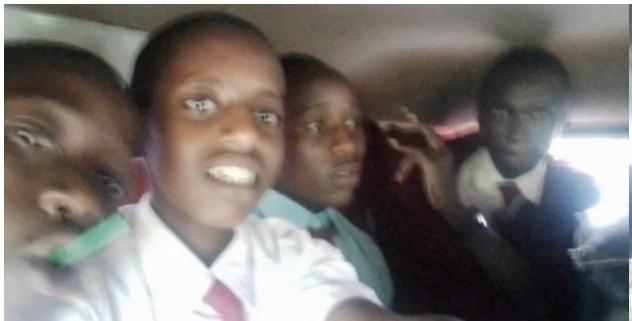
Don't be Offended Mzungu means Gringo

Alright, gringo so you now know how to greet people in Swahili and Luhya. You're welcome! Now it's time to learn the Swahili equivalent of gringo, which is 'mzungu.' 'Mzungu' is the singular form and 'wazungu' is the plural form. In Swahili, nouns are pluralized with a prefix rather than a suffix.

In Kenya, every white person is referred to as 'mzungu.' This term also extends to Latin Americans and Black Americans. If you are of East Asian descent Kenyans will call you 'mchina,' and some children will attempt their best karate moves. Lastly, if you are of Middle Eastern or South Asian descent Kenyans will refer to you as 'muhindi.' These are the only races that Kenyans can distinguish. Also, mixed-race people are also referred to as 'mzungu,' which is much to the chagrin of my mixed-race friends. The word 'mzungu' literally translates to 'wanderer.' A history teacher from my school gave me a quick breakdown.

“The word mzungu comes from when the Bantu-speaking tribes first came into contact with white Europeans. It was originally thought that these pale apparitions wandered from the spirit world. They were people who were constantly on the move and had no home. ‘Hakuna nyumbani’ (There is no home). These people traveled around trading exotic manufactured goods for raw materials. They breathed fire and smoke constantly came out of their mouths, and their walking sticks produced a large noise like thunder that shot out a tiny metal bee, which could instantly kill our greatest warrior”

UH OH! What's Happening? The damn students took my expensive smart phone and took a bunch of damn pictures. Then they went on my expensive laptop and inserted them into the middle of this newsletter! What the heck!



Section Three: Politics

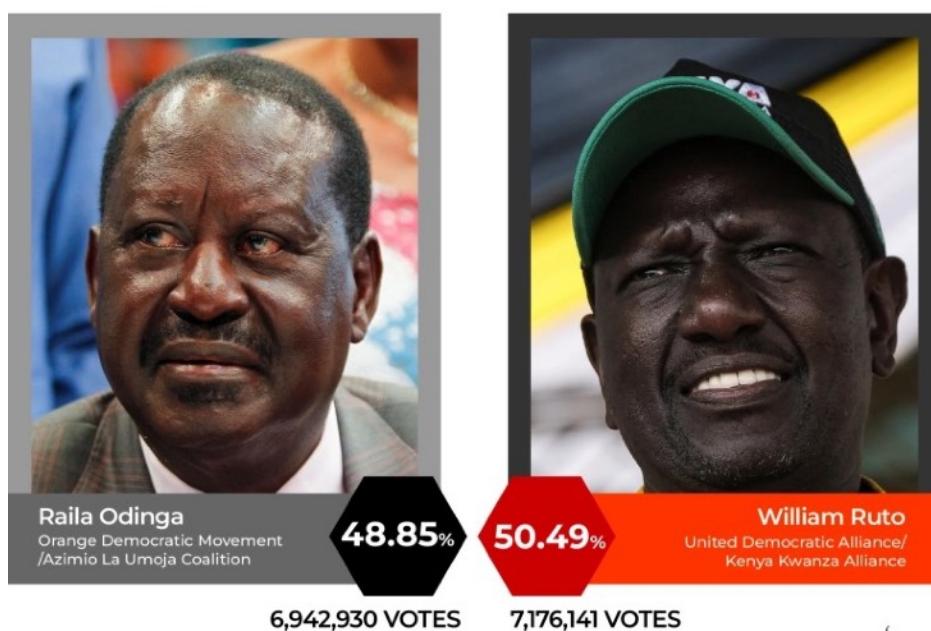
National Politics

Political ideology does not exist in Kenya. Our concept of “Left-Wing” and “Right-Wing” is as foreign as snow is to a Kenyan. Every five years there is a presidential election where two charismatic leaders square off. These leaders form political parties that change every election cycle. These political parties resemble a cult of personality rather than a traditional grass-roots formation. It's akin to Trumpism. In the last election, held September 2022, it was William Ruto's United Democratic Alliance Vs. Raila Odinga's Azimio. Previously, the Kenya African National Union, National Rainbow Coalition, Party of National Unity, the National Alliance, Jubilee Party, and the Orange Democratic Movement, have all held power. Before this election, William Ruto served as the Deputy President of Kenya from 2013 to 2022 under Uhuru Kenyatta. Raila Odinga's last position of note was Prime Minister of Kenya from 2008 to 2013 (the position was abolished after his tenure,) and he has run for president four times before. The results:

KENYA ELECTIONS 2022

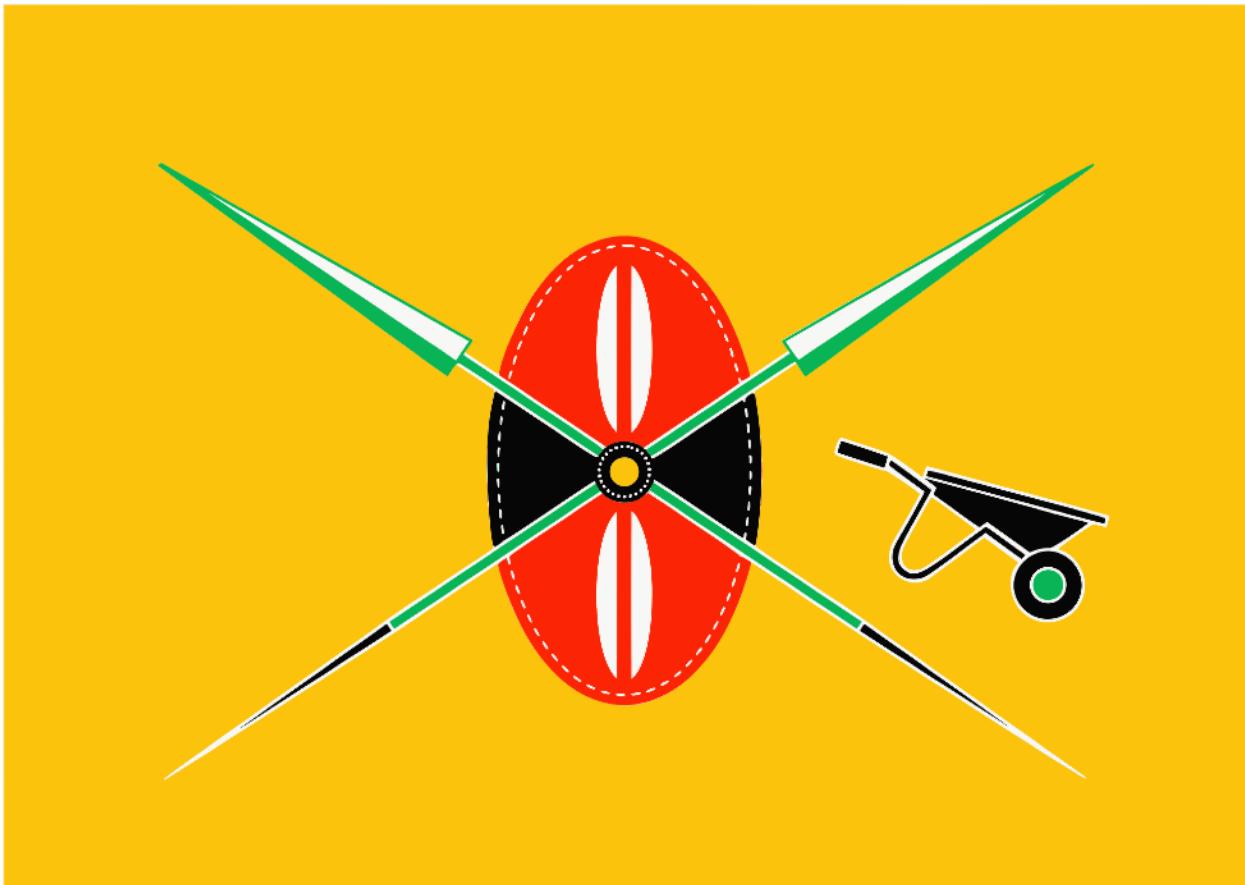
Ruto defeats Odinga

William Ruto has won the race to be the fifth president of the East African nation, according to results announced by the Independent Electoral and Boundaries Commission (IEBC).



Source: Independent Electoral and Boundaries Commission (IEBC) | Date: August 15, 2022

Both candidates ran upstart campaigns pledging to end political dynasties and government corruption. While both are products of said dynasties. Ruto was just the Vice President and was accused of crimes against humanity for election violence. Those charges were dropped in 2016. Raila is the son of Kenya's first Veep Jaramogi Oginga Odinga. Raila's campaign was based on, "the people," while Ruto's campaign was based on, "the hustlers." This group of "hustlers" includes small-scale farmers, bodaboda guys (motorcycle couriers,) and mama mboga (grandmothers selling vegetables.) What's the difference between "the people" and "the hustlers?" I have no idea. Anyway, "the hustlers" beat "the people," and, after some court challenges by Raila, William Ruto became the President of Kenya. Ruto loves the hustler identity so much so that he added a wheelbarrow to his presidential standard:



The wheelbarrow is often used by "hustlers" selling small wears during village market days. You can buy soap, garlic, sugar, flour, limes, etc. from these wheelbarrow hustlers. This is the entry-level job in the local business hierarchy. Quick hustler fact:

my Kenyan friends tell me that when you ask an unemployed Kenyan, “Unafanya kazi gani?” (What do you do for work?) They will reply in swanglish: “Niko biz” or “Niko hustle” (I do business/I hustle.)

Ruto was able to successfully put one of his policy ideas into action. Shortly after becoming President, Ruto launched the Hustler Fund. The Hustler Fund is a micro-finance platform where every Kenyan has access to credit to, “expand their enterprises.” Ah yes, access to credit that’s the solution. The only Kenyan I know who has taken out a Hustler Fund Loan took out sh1000 - about a day’s wage - to buy food for his family. That was six months ago. He has yet to pay it back.

China vs the West - the New Cold War

Alright let's zoom out a little bit. I'm not a geo-political guy, but what I can surmise from my brief time here is that there is a soft-power battle afoot. A battle between China and the West. Random local government buildings will sometimes have the Chinese flag displayed. Like this photo on the right. Kenyans love to tell me which particular roads were constructed by the Chinese. They literally call these roads barabara ya mChina (road of Chinese,) and when they say *by the Chinese* they literally mean Chinese labor. Chinese companies will have a contract to construct a certain road, and they will import temporary workers from China. The company will set up temporary housing and large-scale kitchens for their workers. This inevitably leads to tension between the locals and the imported laborers because many Kenyans are unemployed. Disclaimer: I've gotten all of this information from my fellow teachers.



Now for the West. In general Western aid organizations view infrastructure projects as quite passé. They like to focus on “capacity building,” and “education.” While it is true that coming into a community guns blazing to build a pointless structure or a bridge to nowhere is not helpful and might be detrimental. It is also true that few

communities care about lectures if there is nothing tangible attached to those lectures. Did you go to college to hear a geriatric anthropology professor pontificate about urban Brazilian Graffiti for an hour and a half? Nope? Kenyans are the same way.

Do you know that old adage, “Talk is cheap?” Well maybe that’s true in America, but in Kenya “talk is expensive” especially when it comes from a Western aid organization. Tiny rant over. The West seems to be winning this soft-power battle. This is probably because the relationship between Kenya and the West is older than its relationship with China. Also, Barack Hussein Obama. (FYI Barack means blessing in Swahili.) While the West is currently winning the battle with lectures the Chinese are actually building infrastructure and trading a great deal with Kenya and throughout Africa. I’m no journalist or Op-Ed writer this is just what I’ve seen since coming to Kenya. The Chinese build the West talks. (Yea that’s a good way to end this section. Wow, you just coined a new adage Trevor. Good Job!)

The Principal’s MAGA Friend.

Similar to how people in the Bay Area will ask me if I know so and so from Long Island or how people on Long Island will ask me if I know so and so from San Francisco or people in Idaho would ask me if I know a specific person from New York. Kenyans love to ask if I know some particular white person that they met. A few weeks ago I walked by the Principal’s office and he shouts:

“Trevor! Just come in come in here.”

“Yes? Mwalimu Mku.” (Teacher Boss)

“Do you know the Mzungu Vic Williams? He is my buddy.”

“I don’t believe so.”

“Ah well, he’s all caught up now you know he was there at the capital?”

“I don’t understand.”

“You know! He loved Trump very much, and he went into the capital.”

“Are you saying he stormed the capital on January 6th?”

“Yes yes of course he was there, and I told him not to go, but of course he didn’t listen to me! I’m a Kenyan. Well anyway, he’s a good friend of mine and he comes here to do charity work all the time. Well before the COVID of course. He wants to open

some orphanages here, but nobody wants to give him the land, and I told him there's already plenty of orphanages and not enough orphans! Hahahaha. Well, maybe it is now different with the COVID? But when he's out of jail I'm sure he'll visit us here again."

"Jail?"

"Yes, he's in jail of course for being at the capital so long ago. Just a second. Just a second. Okay look here I found the article: [**Vic Williams**](#)"



Vic Williams in a picture he posted to social media (L) and on surveillance video (R) at the Capitol on Jan. 6 (via court filings/FBI).

The principal showed me the attached article of his friend Vic Williams who did indeed enter the capital building on January 6th. The article also cites his charity work in Kenya. The principal seemed to be very upset that Vic was going to jail. He continues.

"Don't you have freedom of speech in America? You're not Kenya! People only get jailed for doing things like that in Kenya."

Being mandated to give my neutral apolitical Peace Corps reply, "Yes I agree with you we do have freedom of speech, but the government determined that he violated some laws and he was found guilty by a court."

"Ahhh," waving his hands, "that sort of stuff shouldn't happen in America it should only happen here in Kenya - in the *Third World*"

Now I think: *the Third World? That's kind of an outdated term I should probably educate him on all the nouveau terminology I learned at Berkeley.* "Actually Doctor it depends on whom you ask. Kenya is a 'low-income' country according to the UN, a 'lower-middle income economy' according to the World Bank, and a 'developing country' according to the IMF. A 'developing country' is above 'least developed' but below 'developed.' Now the term 'third-world.' It was coined by French demographer Alfred Sauvy in 1952 to refer to the vast majority of countries that did not want to join NATO or the Warsaw Pact. Upon first glance the term is offensive, but it was actually co-opted by leaders in the global South to advocate for their desire to remain non-aligned during the Cold War. Obviously, the Cold War ended over 30 years ago so your use is anachronistic and non-sensical. Furthermore, I learned at **Berkeley** that those aforementioned terms imply that the only way to measure a country's worth is through economic indicators, which is a myopic view. I.e it is a capitalistic lens, and it is quite frankly a dumb way to measure progress. Why not look at other indicators like infant mortality rate, life expectancy, suicide rate, or food security rate? Did you see my use of the term 'global South?' I'm hip to it. That term was coined in 1969 by some writer in a Catholic newspaper. 'Global South' is the most appropriate and non-offensive term you can use to designate this group of countries. But why are we even grouping countries man? Every country is a beautiful snowflake with a unique culture, history, language, cuisine, and vibe created by God, Shiva, Allah, Yahweh, Buddha, etc. I mean this whole notion is such a social construct. Utter BS. (That's another term, 'social construct.' - Wow, reader, aren't you learning so much! You're welcome!) 'Social construct' is a great term to drop if you want to end an argument. All you need to do is say "That's a social construct" then throw both your hands in the air. Then cross your arms. Argument over. You win. You just made a profound incontrovertible point. Checkmate.

I say: "Yes, I agree with you"

The moral of the story: *those January 6ers aren't as evil as the liberal media would like you to believe man.* Another moral: *Clearly this man is an ANTIFA infiltrator who was framed. Where we go one we go all.* The moral? I don't know go ask Chris

Cuomo or Tucker Carlson or Don Lemon or Matt Lauer or Brian Williams or Bill O'Reilly or Kimberly Guilfoyle or Charlie Rose. One of them's bound to have a succinct uncontroversial opinion. Below we have the Mount Rushmore of Cable News.



Section Four: Miscellaneous Musings

The Cult



I'm not sure how many of you, my lovely followers, are New York Times readers, but you might have seen an article a few months ago about a little Kenyan starvation cult. This article: [Christian Starvation Cult](#). One of the teachers from my school was a member of this cult.

A few weeks before that news broke he vanished. He disappeared with his girlfriend and her two young children not telling a soul where he was going. Or so we thought. A few days after his disappearance his two brothers decided to go looking for him. They left the family's homestead and traveled east to the coast. Three weeks went by and there was no information from the brothers. Some teachers started to ask, "Why did the brothers travel to the coast specifically?" They claimed to not have known their brother's whereabouts. Weird.

Then the news breaks: "Over 200 people dead 600 missing." (The current count is over 300.) Teachers start to speculate that our teacher was a cultist and might now be deceased. These rumors are quickly substantiated by our teacher's Facebook where we see a photo of him with Paul Nthenge Mackenzie the "head pastor" aka the

cult leader. A few days go by and now everybody in the school believes our teacher, his girlfriend, and her two children have passed. But what about the brothers? They haven't reported any news from their investigation.

A few more days go by and there is a report on CitizenTV (The Kenyan equivalent of CNN or Fox News.) The report is titled, "Members Rescued from the Cult," and we see a scrawny figure that resembles our teacher. Is it true? Our teacher is alive. Teachers in our school's WhatsApp group confirm that it is indeed our teacher and that he is alive. Our principal gets a proof of life photo and a phone call from our teacher. He is alive he has survived self-imposed ascetic starvation.

More news drops, our teacher's brothers didn't leave to search for their brother. They were also members of this Christian starvation cult. Our teacher along with one of his brothers is in police custody while his other brother is in the hospital fighting for his life. He is experiencing all the pain and issues that come with starvation: weakness, delirium, and organ failure. After a few weeks he has physically recovered, but the psychological trauma remains. News about our teacher's girlfriend and her two children is scant and we still don't know their condition. They are assumed to be alive, and perhaps she removed herself and her children from the situation before things got too crazy. Our teacher has to testify before our school's Board of Management (i.e., Board of Education.) He is only temporarily suspended for abandoning his duties without approval. He is set to be reinstated as a teacher after he has fully recovered and is deemed fit for duty. When that will be? Who knows.

During my school's weekly assembly, the Principal said:

"If you don't go to church you will join cults like the Illuminati, LGBTQ+, Freemasons, and Satanists. You will be corrupted like our teacher. Go to church students! What is wrong with you!?"

However, his cult was not the Illuminati or the Freemasons. It was a Christian starvation cult where 300+ people died. The cultists starved themselves to meet their Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

This whole ordeal prompted my school's guidance and counseling committee, G&C for short, to lead a session titled: "Cults, Cultish Rituals, Cultish Practices, the

Corruption of Youth, and Cult Identification.” (Kenyans are not known for their brevity.) I desperately wanted to lead this session, but alas, it was given to another teacher.

I could school these kids all about cults and conspiracy: the CIA cabal that killed Kennedy, the Bilderberg Group, the Trilateral Commission, QAnon, TrueAnon, SynAnon, the Red Scare, Skull and Bones, the Lair of the Golden Bear, Project for the New American Century, the Rothschilds, the Coxs, the Hodges, the Rockefellers, Roc-A-Fella Records, George Soros, the Koch Brothers, InfoWars, Oski, Log Cabin Republicans, the Bohemian Grove, the Grateful Dead, the Shriners, Jewish Kabbalah, Episcopalians, Rosicrucians, Presbyterians, Mormons, Calvinists, Anglicans, Jesuits, Congregationalists, Opus Dei, Lutherans, the Knights Templars, the Assassins, Neoplatonist, the Irish, Theosophy, Tarot Cards, Checkers, Chess, Jokers, Kings, Queens, Bears, Playing Cards, Baphomet, Burning Incense or is it Incest?, Knights Hospitaller, the Fat People from Long Island, etc. *It's All Connected Man Hundreds Of THOUSANDS SYNCHRONICITIES. YOU JUST HAVE TO READ THE DOCUMENTS.* I could go on for hours (This is what happens if you read Foucault's Pendulum by Umberto Eco. You get really good at listing and connecting orgs.)



Well, that was crazy. It's time for something lighter. THE FASHION!!!!

Fashion Insert

To quote the Legend Karl Lagerfeld, “If you wear a graphic t-shirt and are older than 20 you are a clown. Wear fur, and leather loafers, and be skinny. It is not hard.” I couldn’t have said it better myself Karl. I’m sure you’re up there loving pussy heaven. (Pussy is what Kenyans call cats. The official Swahili word is “mpaca,” but everyone just says pussy.) Anyway let’s get down to this newsletter’s fashion fits

First, we have the *Africa is Not A Country* varsity jacket. It takes its name from Dipo Faloyin’s recently published book. Now Varsity Jackets are really cool if you’re in Highschool but after that they get embarrassing. However, as the king of embarrassment, I’ll definitely be picking up this sweet piece. I can’t wait to wear it when I return to America and visit all my old haunts. It’ll be great for starting conversations - i.e. bragging sessions. Yea, *I saved the world. No big deal. You should buy me a drink.*

Next up is a trio of closeups. The first closeup is the *Teenie Weenie Bear* sweater, which is worn by my buddy Louis. As a Cal Alumni, I find this extremely offensive. My college’s mascot is neither teenie nor weenie. It is a brave golden bear that mysteriously went extinct in 1922. Scientists have yet to discover why this bear disappeared. Was it aliens?

Now this is one of my absolute favorites! It is the classic *Shop With a Cop* tee, owned by my fellow computer teacher Dennis. Even though I was indoctrinated at an ACAB institution this promo tee absolutely slays. Thank you Ravenna Moose Lodge 1234 for putting on such a beautiful charity event. Your guys are so charitable



that you donated all your extra shirts to Kenya. Also, shout out to WalMart and the American Legion for co-sponsoring this event. Mr. Lagerfeld approves. Too bad he died he would have loved to attend your event!

For our last close up we have the classic “Supreme” jacket. This gem is worn by my friend Donald an English teacher at my school. I’ll have to take more photos of this jacket because it was replete with Gucci cuffs and “Supemre” sleeve pipping.

Last but certainly not least we have my neighbor John. I call him Johnny. You might remember him from my last newsletter? He was rocking that fire IDF tee. Well, it turns out he’s also a huge Cleveland fan. I don’t have the heart to tell him that they are now called the Guardians. I mean look at Johnny you wouldn’t want him to get upset.



That's it. Thanks for reading my lovely followers and fans! Also, a special thank you to everyone who has replied to these newsletters. If you haven't what's wrong with you? Tell me what's good in your life! Give me feedback. PEACE OUT.