





**LET ME TELL YOU WHAT  
HAPPENED THAT NIGHT!**



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**SAM OKELLO**

**A SAHEL BOOK, USA**

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Published by Sahel Books Inc.  
PO Box 6451  
South Bend IN 46660, USA

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Manufactured in the United States of America

ISBN: 978-0-979795851-6-6



**To those brave men and women who died  
fighting for their democratic right to preserve  
the democracy our forefathers gallantly fought  
for. Rest in peace comrades!**



ONE

SK

**Fellow** Kenyans, my name is **Samuel Kivuitu**. I could tell you all my Akamba names, but I don't see what purpose that would serve, so let me stick to the two names you know well. I know that you've waited a long time to hear from me, to learn from the horse's own mouth what happened that night...the night I finally decided to announce that President Mwai Kibaki had won the presidency by a thin margin.

First off, let me tell you that Mwai Kibaki never won the election. Indeed, I have proof that the Hon. Raila Odinga beat Mr. Kibaki soundly. According to my own calculations—and based on the strength of documented data—I can categorically report that President Kibaki was beaten by his opponent by a clean nine percentage points. Had everything played out according to the dictates of democratic practice, the Langata Member of Parliament would be Kenya's president today. There would be no Prime Minister and Assistant Prime Minister and forty Cabinet ministers and over fifty assistant ministers and so many permanent secretaries and...

But I digress.

I know that the question uppermost in your mind is—  
*Why did you do it, Samuel?*

If you expect a simple answer, I'm sorry to disappoint you. This is indeed a very complicated matter. But despite the complexity of it, I promise to tell you everything, and to tell you

nothing but the truth. And I hope you understand that I'm doing this only to set the record straight and to leave an authoritative document for posterity on one of Kenya's most painful chapters.

*Why did you do it, Samuel?*

Before I answer that question, let me give you a backgrounder. In Kenya, what we have is an executive, all-powerful presidency. The president of Kenya—at least within the borders of the nation—is so powerful that he is only beneath Christ in the hierarchical scheme of things. His word is law. His desires are orders. And his reach is from sea to shining sea. Talk of a monster!

But I digress again. I do that a lot, don't I? I hope you understand that digression and a little humor—as you'll run into later in this debriefing—is the only way I can deal with an issue that led to the death of more than one thousand of our fellow countrymen. It saddens me that when history is written, our historians and writers will place the blame for what went wrong in Kenya on me. They'll conveniently ignore the role the men and women who were directly responsible for the implosion played. But...there's nothing I can do about that. I hope, though, that after you read my account of what happened, you'll at least understand why I called the election for a man I knew didn't win it.

Okay, buckle up now.

Here is the story.

It was December 30<sup>th</sup>. The election had been conducted three days earlier and everything had gone just fine. The Electoral Commission of Kenya officials on the ground—men who were my eyes and ears in the field—had called in and given a positive report about how things had played out. From Nyanza to Central, Western to Eastern, the Coast to the NEP, the reports were glowing. Kenyans had carried themselves with remarkable dignity. The occasional skirmishes that had reared their ugly heads in certain parts of the country had been dealt with swiftly.

I was a happy man.

We had pulled it off.

And this evening—the results were coming in steadily from the precincts. Nyanza was turning in spectacular numbers for the Hon. Odinga. Central was voting to a man for President Kibaki. The Rift Valley was following the counsel of the new kingpin, William Ruto, and voting impressively for the Hon Odinga and the Orange Democratic Movement. At the Coast, the competition was stiffer, but again Raila had the edge. Out in Western, the emerging picture was one where the Hon Odinga was going to carry the day, but he was going to be beaten in pockets of the province by President Kibaki. Nairobi and Eastern were problematic. These were the two provinces that I can confidently say—even as we speak—still fascinate me. I say so because the results were so badly tampered with, it was impossible to say with certainty who won.

Here is what I mean. Did President Kibaki beat the Hon Kalonzo Musyoka in his own backyard? And did the ODM kick the butt of the president's Party of National Unity in Nairobi? An area everybody thought would come down to the wire? My take, if you ask me is—there was a deal. There was fixing.

*Fixing?*

Let me be categorical here. I know there was fixing. Do you remember the day—it was October 14, 2007—when President Daniel Arap Moi met Kalonzo Musyoka and Attorney Mutula Kilonzo at Kabarak, ostensibly to strategize? I have evidence that at that gathering, a deal was reached where Kalonzo Musyoka would work to divide ODM and mount his own run for the presidency. The idea was to weaken the opposition. Anyway, it was at this high-powered meeting that Moi's and Kibaki's men prevailed on Kalonzo Musyoka to deliver Eastern Province in exchange for the Vice Presidency. After money exchanged hands—and I can prove this—the deal was sealed.

So did President Mwai Kibaki beat Kalonzo Musyoka in Musyoka's own backyard? Quite Unlikely. What happened was simple. Musyoka's men in Eastern Province—in cahoots with sellout precinct officials—sent deeply flawed figures and compromised reports to Nairobi. Based on the figures I saw at

the headquarters, the KICC, it was clear that the rigging was blatant and done with chilling impunity. It was unbelievable.

But I had to work with the set of circumstances that were presented to me. So I sat at the KICC and warned the electoral officials there to do the best they could, to consult with me over any matter they didn't understand, to avoid talking to the press as much as possible and to carry themselves with utmost dignity.

You have to realize that by the 30<sup>th</sup>, votes from most of the country had already come in and were already tallied. The Hon. Odinga was ahead by nearly one million votes. Because of the insurmountable lead, it had become a forgone conclusion that President Kibaki had lost and would graciously concede defeat...turn over power to his opponent. But that was not to be. Instead, Kenyans watched with collective horror as results from Central and Eastern Provinces started to roll in. The numbers were simply astounding. There were precincts that reported a near one hundred percent turnout.

The gap between the Hon Odinga and President Kibaki started closing fast. Tension started rising dramatically in the country. Everywhere I went, I could feel the sense that something grave was about to happen in Kenya. And even though I projected the image of one in total command of the process, I can safely say that by this time my commissioners and I had effectively lost control. The bravado with which I spoke at the KICC was just a show. A sick show. But what could I do? What would you have done?

Resign?

Talk to the press?

Flee the country?

Trust me. Those were options I considered carefully. In the end, however, I concluded that the international community wasn't going to let anybody rig an election in one of Africa's most prosperous and quiet countries. The United States wasn't gonna let it happen. And the Brits would surely say no.

Right?

Wrong.

But I'll talk about that later. Suffice it to say that it was around this time that I first realized just how dangerous the situation was. And it was the first time the warning to the public the Police Commissioner had issued two days earlier started to look very ominous indeed. Did Ali know something I didn't? If he didn't know something, why had he warned the public? And why were his boys on high alert all around the city? Indeed, why was the KICC practically barricaded by the police? As I went into a bathroom to pray and think, I remember whispering this:

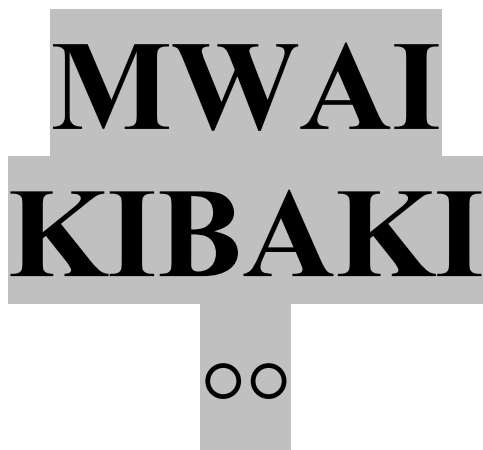
*Dear God,*

*I fear that this nation is about to be hit by a storm of a proportion I can't even begin to comprehend. I pray that you may give me the wisdom to steer the country out of these turbulent waters.*

*Amen.*

Yes, I'd gone into the bathroom to pee, but I never did. I couldn't. I don't know whether it was a premonition or just a bad feeling, but by the time I walked back into my office, it had become clear to me that the nation I love was only moments away from going up in smoke.

Was I going to burn with it?





## Two

### ESMK

**My** name is **Emirio Stanley Mwai Kibaki**. Ohhh yes, those four are my real names. I've been the President of the Republic of Kenya for five years. The Hon Raila Odinga and millions of Kenyans have accused me of staging a civilian coup and of massively rigging the election in my favor. I find that very disturbing. Here is why. I find it disturbing because I never—at any one time—participated in the blatant theft that I witnessed with my own eyes. In fact, I'm still amazed that there are people in this world who can so coldly and methodically doctor numbers, manufacture votes and announce fraudulent results with such a straight face as Samuel Kivuitu and his commissioners did. You'd think the results were authentic and irrefutable. Absolutely dead on.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Since you want to know what happened that night, I'll start from the beginning. The truth is—*I lost the election*. I say that right off so you'll understand that there were forces that made it their mission to stop the Hon. Odinga from becoming president. If you ask my son, Jimmy, he'll be glad to tell you that I wasn't one of those people. In fact, I was ready to turn over the government to the Hon. Odinga.

*So why didn't I?*

Let me take a deep breath. I'm about to bore you with a backgrounder, but I make no apologies for it. You have to realize that to understand Kenya, you must crawl back into the deep past. You have to come to terms with the sense of entitlement that has characterized Kikuyu attitude because of the disproportionate sacrifice they made in liberating Kenya from colonial bondage. You have to get to the fact that the Kikuyu are vastly wealthier than other Kenyan communities and feel a strong need to protect their wealth from any possible threats.

Now, in the Kikuyu mind, there is no other threat that is greater than a man called Raila Odinga. That man—for reasons I've never ever understood—is a symbol of what political and business thought-leaders from the Mt. Kenya region fear like a plague. His name is synonymous with trouble. His actions are watched very closely. His words are listened to, studied and debated late into the night all across Central Province. Why? Look, all I can say is that the fear is based on a fundamental misunderstanding of the man's nature and character. I've worked with him and found him to be a man with a sincere and deep love for Kenya. He is a man of his word, a guy you want on your side, not against you. But that's all I'm gonna say about him...lest I annoy the folks who support me.

But the one thing most Kenyans don't really know is just how uncomfortable former president—Daniel Arap Moi—is with the Hon. Odinga. The loathing borders on hate and a pathological fear, really. So while the Kikuyu elite harbor a sizzling mistrust of the Langata MP, the former president and his minions are mortified by the man. They'll go to any lengths to stop him.

And that's how we got to where we are.

I'm sure you've heard the rubbish that the Americans supported me because I surrendered Kenyan citizens of Moslem persuasion to them for interrogation in camps in Ethiopia. Others have said that the U.S. Ambassador, Michael Renenberger, had a stake in the outcome of the election because he was my personal friend, a golf buddy and a *nyama choma* partner.

*Bullshit.*

Truth is—and I'm an old man so I won't lie—there were three forces that derailed the elections. Before I mention them, let me take my portion of the blame for not stopping them. But that does not answer your question about why I didn't stop them, does it? In the interest of posterity, I'll answer that question very directly. I never stopped them because I was afraid.

*Uoga.*

And I'm very sorry about it. I hope Kenyans will forgive me for letting them down. For cowering behind the marble walls at State House while children and women were being butchered and burned alive by marauding gangs.

*Pole sana—Very Sorry!*

Okay, now I'll tell you who I was afraid of.

**John:**

What most Kenyans don't know is that this is one of the most dangerous men on the face of this earth. When John Michuki warned once that "If you rattle a snake it will bite back" nobody took him seriously. People thought those were the words of a deranged man, a senile fat cat. But I knew better. Since our Mau Mau days, I knew that John was not a man to mess with. Look, he fought on the side of the white settlers and enriched himself like a toad in the process. The plight of the Africans—our fellow Agikuyu—didn't seem to mean much to him. *I'm talking in whispers because I don't want him to hear me say things about him.* So, does the fact that he fought darn hard for the British mean he didn't care for the cause of the Mau Mau? I wouldn't say so. I think he just figured out a way to make money for himself and keep it. But once that money was made, John has worked extremely hard to keep it, to grow it, to make it protect him. I know for a fact that if it came right down to it, he's all along been willing to die to protect his empire. And now there's no bigger threat to it than that *kihi*.

Does that mean he could kill even a long-time friend like me?

The answer is yes. I leave it at that.

**Nicholas:**

You should have seen this man on the night of the 30<sup>th</sup>. I was seated in the State House, at the balcony, having coffee with a friend that I'll not mention here. I was politely notified by an aide that Nicholas Biwott was in the living room and wanted to see me urgently. I naturally thought he had a word from President Daniel Arap Moi...since the two have been very close over the years.

I hurried to the living room and met a man with red eyes. He was in full panic mode. Only moments ago, the results for his constituency had been announced and he had been trounced by a humiliating margin. So what did he want?

He said, "Your Excellency, I have come here to warn you that you can't turn over power to Raila Odinga. The man is dangerous."

"But he has won," I said.

Nicholas looked at me and said, "Mr. President, we don't know that he has won. The Electoral Commission has not announced that he's won."

"So what are you saying?"

"That the *wazee*—the elders have decided that power can't be turned over to the Odinga boy. We won't let him rule this country."

"But the people have voted for him?"

"Damn the people. What they say doesn't matter."

I was stunned. Was Moi in this scheme? If he was, why was he doing this? To this day, I don't know whether Moi sent Nicholas, all I know is that by the time I was about to tell him I couldn't put the country through such drama, John Michuki and my wife—Lucy Muthoni, the daughter of Reverend Kaggia—burst through the living room door and sat opposite me.

It was dramatic.

It was scary.

But I'll have to let Lucy talk for herself later on. For now, let me just say that she was the third force I was scared of. Read why below.

**Lucy:**

That's my wife. The First Lady. You've read a lot about Lucy. How she slaps people. How she doesn't take *shit* from anybody. How she doesn't get along with her more attractive co-wife. But what you've not heard is just how...obstinate and nagging she can be. Matter of fact, by saying obstinate and nagging, what I'm trying to hide is the fact that Lucy treats me the exact same way she treats everybody out there. Has she slapped me? I won't answer that. Has she made me sleep in the living room couch? I won't answer that either.

All I can say here is—Lucy was the person I was the most afraid of. I saw her eyes on the night I suggested that power be turned over to Raila. Her eyes were red. She was ready to kill. Matter of fact, she drew a shotgun and pointed it at Jimmy. Before I could get to her—you know *pombe* has slowed me down—she squeezed the trigger and got the boy's butt. I don't want to get deeply into this story. I thank God that Jimmy is alive today. I would have lost my son.

And because I know people will always wonder what the Kibaki children felt about the election debacle, let me say—for the record—that all my children wanted the right thing done. They wanted the presidency turned over to the man who won it. Jimmy was especially keen that democracy not be subverted. Obviously his wishes were never carried out...because he feared for his life.

*What!?*

*Feared for his life?*

Sorry, guys, that's all I'm gonna say about that. But you get the point. I was trapped. Had I turned over power to Raila Odinga, the power cartel that has controlled politics in Kenya since independence would have done everything to make Kenya

ungovernable. In fact, they were prepared to do something heinous.

They were ready to kill the man.

Kill him!

After what I've said here, you are obviously telling yourself that Emirio is saying this just so he can look good, so Kenyans can see him in a better light. Let me assure you that I'm not engaging in revisionism or trying to make myself look good. I'm just telling you what really happened. Ultimately, the buck stops with me and I know that I let Kenyans down.

I'm sorry for that.

But I also think we need to move on. That's why I must say—*Mjienjoy*.



## THREE

### RAO

**Wananchi** Watukufu,

My name is **Raila Amollo Odinga**. Most of you know me by my nicknames. *Agwambo. Tinga. Wuo Nya Alego. Owaga Kinyi. Nyundo*. Or the more recent one—*Arap Mibei*. Where do you guys get these names from? No. I'm not complaining. I'm just humbled by the faith my fellow Kenyans have placed in me. My family and I realize that to whom much is given, much is expected. We don't take this faith for granted. I will always work hard to make sure Kenya is a place where fathers and mothers and grandmas and grandpas can bring up their children and grandchildren in peace.

That's my pledge.

Now to the matter at hand. You've heard what Samuel Kivuitu and President Kibaki have had to say. I'm not going to spend the little time I have here disputing anything they've said. What I want to tell you is the inside story of what happened that night. Most people—after I bit the bullet and got into a coalition government with Kibaki—accused me of not standing strong. Of giving away too much. Of having been hoodwinked. Outgunned. Outsmarted. People who are saying those things don't know me very well.



I've always loved Kenya. I own businesses in Kenya. I am a grandfather and a Christian. My father brought me up to respect all people and to see Kenyans as members of one big family. Over the years, I've lived by the principles the old man instilled in me as a young man.

Well, on the 30<sup>th</sup> of December 2007, I was at a secret location. It was clear to me that ODM was on the way to winning the election. Our party had just swept out political titans affiliated to the PNU across the nation. Matter of fact, it was clear that the ODM was going to be a dominant party in Parliament and that Kenya—under our leadership—would never be the same again.

But even at that time, what bothered me was a secret that was shared with me by a friend inside the PNU. This was a guy who had always told me—in confidence—what was going on on the other side. His word had always been good...and I fully trusted him.

What he told me was that there was a very dark plan in place for Kenya. He said that the people around President Kibaki had realized, since September 2007, that he was headed straight for defeat. All the major polling agencies were placing him a distant second to me. In fact, even George Waititu's discredited Steadman Poll had him trailing me by a significant margin.

It was during this time—in total disregard for the staggering numbers—that Uhuru Kenyatta and other hangers-on were telling Kibaki that a GEMA-Akamba alliance was sufficient to defeat the ODM. What I kept wondering was just how stupid these people could be. Did they really believe that the four communities in Kenya's central region had more numbers than the combined numerical strength of the rest of the Kenyan communities? What kind of math was this?

But like I've always realized in politics, when your opponent is looking at a set of misleading data, making decisions based on grossly flawed logic, don't come to their rescue. Cheer them on. So I let Uhuru and Michuki feed Kibaki the bullshit. Even so, I couldn't shake off my friend's warning about PNU intentions. *They are going to take the government by force*, my

friend warned. *In fact, let me tell you how it will play out. Samuel Kivuitu will be taken hostage and given a set of rules. He'll be made to swear—at a secret State House ceremony—that he'll do whatever is asked of him on behalf of Kibaki. He'll let the elections go well, but he'll find a way to declare Kibaki the winner. Predictably, the nation will erupt in chaos. There will be riots. It is then that Michuki—in his capacity as Security minister—will unleash terror on Kenyans.*

“But the military is made up of a lot of ODM supporters. Do they think the sons of the Kalenjin and Luhya and Luo in the forces will take that kind of treatment lying down? Do they?” I asked my friend.

He said, *That's where things get really complicated. Strategists inside the State House—I mean the few elements intent on subverting democracy—have anticipated just that kind of trouble. So they won't go with the military to quell and contain the riots. They'll use soldiers from a neighboring nation.*

I knew immediately what nation he was talking about. The only pinhead in Eastern Africa—a man who has been at the center of some of the worst bloodletting in the region—was Yoweri Kaguta Museveni of Uganda. He troubled Rwanda. And Sudan. Some even blame him for doing in the leader of the SPLA, the late Dr. John Garang.

But I digress.

I asked my friend how he came by this sensitive information.

*Njenga Karume. That old man is deeply disturbed by what Kibaki has become. The two have been friends for years. Matter of fact, they co-dated and—if I'm not wrong—Njenga was even Mwai's best man at his wedding. They are that close. But Njenga has been increasingly frustrated by Kibaki's direction since becoming president. He's watched with alarm as Kibaki has gone from a wise, accommodating man to one flatly controlled by his wives, especially Lucy, and a bunch of hardliners from Central.*

*But when—in October 2007—a meeting was held at the State House, where members of the Mungiki were brought in and*

*given the task to terrorize Kenyans into accepting another Kibaki presidency, and when it was revealed that military uniforms would be given to members of the outlawed group and transported to Western Kenya and the Coast in the Daily Nation newspaper vans, Njenga knew that he had to act to save Kenya. And to save his friend, Kibaki.*

At this point, I was trying very hard to stay calm. I knew Kibaki. I knew that he couldn't possibly want a legacy that was marinated in the blood of innocent Kenyans. So how could he let his kitchen cabinet plot something so evil?

*So Njenga—when he walked out of that meeting—drove straight to my home in Lavington. He asked me to make sure I told you what the men and women around Kibaki were planning.*

Here is how he put it: “I want you to warn Raila that if he doesn't act prudently, Kenya will be reduced to ashes, and the blood of innocent children will flow to the Victoria and leave a curse on our land forever.”

I said, “They really want to use the Mungiki?”

Yes.

“Kibaki's men want to kill fellow Kenyans?”

*To these people there are no fellow Kenyans. I get amused when I see the blind support the Kikuyu people give Kibaki. If they knew just how disdained they are in the corridors of power... But I won't get into that. What I'm trying to tell you, Hon Odinga, is that Njenga has passed on to you very sensitive information. He gets killed if this comes out. So handle it with care.*

“One last question,” I said. “How did Njenga know that you and I are friends?”

*Look, they see our children together. They see our wives together. And we've occasionally been seen together. People have a way of making those kinds of associations. In any case, if Njenga didn't come to me, he was going to find another way to reach you. This is too scary for him...and he believes the Kibaki group is bent on starting something that once it gets going will consume Kenya. He can't let it happen. So let's just be thankful that he came.*

When I was done talking to my friend, I called Ida. I was in total shock. I told her to meet me at Safari Park. When I was done telling her what my PNU friend had told me, she pulled out a Kleenex and dubbed her forming tears.

It was too much to take.

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Fast forward.

Everything my PNU friend told me was planned—with senior Mungiki figures at the State House—came to pass. Over one thousand five hundred Kenyans perished. The former United Nations Secretary General, Dr. Kofi Annan, came to Kenya and gracefully nudged Kenyans to form a provisional coalition government. But because of the sheer scale of the violence and destruction visited on Kenyans by the Mungiki and the supposed Ugandan forces, my supporters were livid. People wanted me to fight. Fight. And fight. In fact, there were those who were prepared for an all out war.

Then what?

Then what after the war?

How many Kenyans was I willing to sacrifice by my intransigence? One thousand were already dead. Property worth millions of shillings destroyed. Thousands of our people were in refugee camps. Was I to overlook that grim reality and insist that I had to be president or else? If I did, what would be the difference between me and them?

I decided that I couldn't let Kenya burn. I decided that the internally displaced brothers and sisters at the camps had gone through enough. I decided that our people stuck in Ugandan camps needed to come back home. That Kenya was bigger than any of us and needed to heal. After all, in just a few more years the post-independence politicians who have subjected Kenya to such retrogressive politics would be dead.

Why destroy our nation because of them?

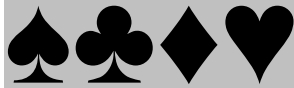
Well, I've said a lot. I hope you now understand why I made the decision I made. It had nothing to do with Renneberger

or Sir Adam Wood or a misread of the gist of the agreement I signed...the one that produced the 50-50 government. Some people will try hard to make you believe I didn't know what I was doing. Don't believe them. We will have another chance to present the ODM vision to the public. This time I'll make sure we do it after the constitution has been changed to reflect the common aspirations of Kenyans, and the process will be overseen by a newly constituted electoral commission.

Isn't that better than a civil war?

God bless Kenya!

**KALONZO  
MUSYOKA**



## FOUR

### SKM

**My** name is **Kalonzo Musyoka**. My Christian name is **Stephen**. I come to you—my fellow countrymen—with a heavy heart because I’ve been called one of the worst things a Christian can ever be called. **A Traitor**. You’ll recall that in the Bible only one man has been branded a traitor...and that man did the worst thing any human being in history could ever do. The man was Judas. He sold Jesus Christ for thirty pieces of silver. To be compared to such a man is devastating for me, personally, and even more hurtful to my family. That’s why I want to be straight with you—my fellow countrymen—about what happened on the night of December 31. I hope this clears the air.

It’s true that at a top meeting of my party’s officials, it was decided our party would back the PNU position of calling for an official announcement of the results of the presidential election. We did so because since October 2007, it was the official position of ODM-K to be in government.

Now, the question many have asked is—how did you know Kibaki’s PNU was going to form that government. That’s a legitimate question. Truth is, I held a meeting with President Daniel Arap Moi and President Kibaki at Moi’s Kabarak home. At that meeting, I was with my good friend and our party’s Secretary General, Mutula Kilonzo. You’ll recall that Mutula had been President Moi’s lawyer for more than ten years. So he

was my guide at the meeting. He knew the two men better than I did. And he was a player at these high levels.

Anyway, as the meeting progressed, the talk wasn't about how to defeat Raila and his ODM party, rather it was about how to make the country accept the defeat. In fact, I even raised the possibility that a Raila defeat would plunge the country into chaos because it would look rigged.

At that point, Kilonzo had asked for a timeout and taken me aside. He said, "You don't get it, do you? What these guys are saying is—Kibaki has already won. He is the President whether Kenyans like it or not. So the reason you've been called here is to gauge whether you want to play on the Nyayo side or the Agwambo side. Do you get it?"

With a heavy heart, I nodded, then asked, "Then what's the point of our running? What's the rationale for ODM-K's continued fight? Why don't we just join the PNU?"

Mutula cleared his throat. He looked pensive. You see, there are those who've assumed the guy was my friend just because he comes from my community. That's not the case. What brought us together was my presidential run. In fact, if truth be told, Kilonzo would have preferred that I stayed within the Odinga camp so that victory was assured and he'd be appointed Attorney General. He was keen to oust Amos Wako, whom he's always held in low esteem. But when we went to Kabarak and Moi asked Mutula to send feelers my way, I saw Mutula change tack. He went from working to unite Raila and I to figuring out how he benefited from a PNU-ODM-K alliance.

I know what you're thinking. You think I'm trying to tie a rope around Mutula's neck. I assure you, that's not what I'm doing. I'm just trying to help you understand how this thing played out.

So like I was saying, Mutula cleared his throat and said, "We can't join the PNU because that would be suicidal. What we can do is continue to run as if we're in the opposition."

"Does that mean we won't be in the opposition?"

"If we accept to work with the PNU...no. At that point we become the government."



I frowned. “Really? But how will we officially join the government. How will this work structurally?”

Most of you don’t know Mutula Kilonzo well. There’s a good reason that man was the president’s attorney for a decade. When he saw that I was hesitant to endorse the crazy scheme he’d apparently worked out with Moi and Kibaki, he looked me in the eye and grimly declared, “You have two choices to make. One, you work with Kibaki and get rewarded. You’ll get most of whatever you ask for. And you’ll be compensated well.”

I thought...*a bribe?*

Mutula said, “It’s not a bribe by any stretch of the imagination. I couldn’t let myself be party to anything sleazy. This is just a token of appreciation for agreeing to help the Head of State stabilize the nation. That’s all.”

“What’s the second choice?” I asked.

“If I were you I wouldn’t entertain thoughts of a second choice. It’s dark. After working with these people for years, I know what they are capable of. Let me just warn you that since you have children, you don’t want to have a second choice.”

I froze.

“So what will you do, Mheshimiwa?” Mutula asked.

I told him I couldn’t make a decision so quickly. At that point, President Moi joined us at the porch.

Before I delve into Moi’s discussions with me, let me tell you straight out that Moi *is* the reason I am where I am. Together with Mulu Mutisya, he helped me gain traction in Kenyan politics by appointing me to the Cabinet. Look, at the time he appointed me, I’d just come out of a second attempt at being elected. My first attempt was just shortly after I’d come out of the University of Nairobi. I was trounced. At the second attempt, Mulu Mutisya reached out and took my hand. With the blessings of Moi, he guided me through Ukambani politics and helped me get elected.

With that backgrounder, now you know why Moi mattered to me. He was my mentor...in a way. So when he came out and asked for a minute alone with me, I signaled Mutula to leave us alone.

Mutula did.

“I hear you’ve decided to stick with Raila?” Moi said without preamble. “Have you so soon forgotten what Mulu and I did for you?”

The old man could be blunt. But it wasn’t the bluntness that got to me. It was the pain in his eyes. I could see the fear, the tension, the sense that his prestige was on the line if Raila won. For him, a Raila win was tantamount to saying the Kalenjin had rejected Moi. Here is why. It’s because Raila was working closely with William Ruto, a man who had taken Moi on and was slowly replacing Moi as the political kingpin in the vast Rift Valley.

So as far as Mzee was concerned, this election was more about him than it was about Raila and Ruto.

“I can’t forget what you did for me, Your Excellency,” I said.

“Then do as Mutula says.”

That was it. Moi walked back into the mansion and shut the door. He left me alone. I thought they wanted to give me time to think, but it wasn’t so. Within minutes, Mutula walked out and said, “Fifty million in the U.K. for you. Are you in or out?”

“In.”

“Good choice,” Mutula said. “You’ll pick that money in London. I’ll let you know the details.”

I’m sure you’d like me to tell you the details of my London trip and the complex transactions that brought millions of shillings to my account out there, but I don’t see the relevance of it. Suffice it to say, I followed the instructions and bagged my money. Once I had the money, I was in the opposition in name only. I was there to *chochea*, to derail the opposition, to make sure Raila was wounded beyond repair. That was what Moi and Kibaki wanted me to do. That’s what I did.

Now, there are many people out there—led by an uncompromising string of *Kumekucha* writers—who accuse me of having betrayed Kenyans. By the way, *Kumekucha* is Kenya’s most authoritative blog...for those who don’t know it. Not

surprisingly, I don't agree with the views of these writers. When they say I betrayed Kenya, are they assuming I knew Kenya was going to implode? Are they suggesting I wanted Kenyans to die? Or is it their contention that my Christianity doesn't mean anything to me?

Look, I'm a very competitive politician. And politics is about winning and strategizing. That's what I tried to do in 2007 when the elections were approaching. Obviously my strategy worked in a way I would never have predicted. It led to the death of over a thousand of my fellow countrymen.

I'm sorry about that.

But if you expect me to be sorry about the money I transferred into my account in London, you're mistaken. I love money. I love power. The only way to get both—in Kenya at least—is to consort with Moi, Kibaki and the Kikuyu elite who support them. If you disagree, tell me another way.

Finally, I can't stop talking without telling you that I can't stand Raila Odinga. I can't stand his brand of politics. But what bothers me most is the adoration people have for the man. Just consider this...at a time when people call me a traitor, he's being called *Nyundo*!

I don't find that funny.

Do you?

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Most people thought I was at home, in Ukambani, on December 31, the night Samuel Kivuitu was battling James Orengo and William Ruto and Otieno Kajwang and Musa Sirma and other ODM luminaries. Others think I was at my Karen home. Both are wrong. I was actually at the State House.

I know you're surprised by my revelation. What you don't understand is that I was scared. It was clear to me—by the time I was whisked to the State House—that something major was about to happen. Of course I was aware that the elections were going to be rigged, and that I would eventually be named

vice president, but I never thought that because of the rigging churches were going to be burned, property destroyed, thousands of people killed and many others displaced in Kenya.

So when I tell you that the eruption of violence in Kenya took me by surprise, I'm telling you the truth. But if I say the first night of violence stunned me, I was in for a rude shock. Because in the next three days, Kenya literally went up in smoke. I watched with horror as Kenyans butchered Kenyans. As people were burnt to death in a church in Eldoret and in their houses in Naivasha. I sobbed with my wife when I saw the charred remains of a family. All of them set on fire till they were rubble. It was...worse than anything I've ever seen.

You blame me for that?

Let's be fair to each other, my fellow countrymen. Like I've said, I'm sorry that the policy of my party to be in government at any cost may have been partly responsible for the mess that followed the elections. But I hope we don't lose sight of the fact that when all is said and done, I just walked into a plan that had already been put in place by others.

I was a pawn.



## FIVE

### LWK

**I** am **Lucy Kibaki**. You've heard what my husband has said. It's bullshit. The man always wants people to believe that I'm a bad girl. But you all know that I'm not. In fact, let me tell you right away that my daddy was a pastor, a revered minister of the gospel. The reverend Kaggia brought me up to be a good, honest girl. That's what I've been all these years. Even when Stanley provoked me deeply by bringing some piece of trash called Mary Wambui home, I tried hard to control myself. Yes, I made him sleep on the living room sofa a couple of nights, but what woman wouldn't have done the same?

I have four children, but it's Judy and Jimmy who are known well to Kenyans. I always get amazed that people know Judy because she's a very quiet girl. Jimmy—my eldest—came to the public's attention on the night I shot his butt. I know that Emirio and his spin machine told you that I didn't shoot the boy. They are lying. I shot Jimmy in the butt. If you look at his right butt, you'll see a mark. It's probably healed now because I don't see him limp anymore. I'm told he was sent to a London hospital for treatment. I don't give a shit where he went. All I know is that a *msaliti* is a *msaliti* whether it's your child or not.

Let me explain.

The night was December 31. Across the nation, tensions were rising. The returns from most of the country were in, but Central and Eastern were not. When the results started coming in from those two Kibaki strongholds, the numbers were incredibly high. Even an idiot could sense that they were cooked. But what

did people expect? That Emirio and I were going to just walk away from the State House? That I was going to graciously show Ida around the executive mansion then pack up and leave? If you expected that, you people don't know the daughter of Reverend Kaggia very well.

I was born a fighter. I don't take slights lying down. So when those results started trickling in from across Kenya, it became obvious to me that Kenyans had slighted me, told me to go to hell. What I couldn't understand was why they were doing so after all I'd done for them. Wasn't it me, Lucy Muthoni Kibaki, who had gone around the country telling Kenyans that my husband was a good man? Wasn't it me who had shaken the dirty hands of *Wananchi*, telling them how I loved and cared for them? And wasn't it me who had made a fool of myself by dancing at campaign events in all the provinces except Nyanza? Do you think I did that because I was ready to leave the State House? If you thought that, you're even more stupid than I thought. *Mjinga kabisa!*

Truth was, I wasn't ready to leave the State House. I didn't care what Emirio and his handlers thought. I was going nowhere. Not even Muthaiga.

So I called all the District Commissioners in Central and Eastern and asked them to sit on the results. "We'll release them after the rest of the nation's results have come in."

One chilled DC said, "What good will that do, *Fast Redy?*"

"We'll top up the nation's. Emirio must win!"

I could tell the DC was stunned, but I didn't care. Where was he when Agikuyu warriors stormed the bush in Nyandarua and drove the Brits away? Where was Ida and *Raira*? I know they call Emirio General Kaguoya, claim he was a home guard, but that's just bullshit. Emirio was a fighter. It's true I saw him talk to the British soldiers. I even saw him picked up in the green Land Rover...laughing with the British Marines, but that wasn't because he was an informant, it's because he was cunning.

*But how did he make his money?*

That's a stupid question. In fact, why don't you ask Michuki that question? Why don't you ask Biwott and Moi? And why don't you ask Raira and all the other fat-cat politicians? What I know is that Emirio worked hard for his money. He had the brains. Everything he owns is legit. Period. I must warn you that if you ask me anything about our wealth to my face, I'll slap the shit out of you. I mean it.

But I digress.

Hell no, I'm not digressing. This is important. Look, there are people who claim I cost Emirio the election. They say I did it by slapping people who ticked me off. What I ask such people is—what would they have done were they in my shoes? Take the example of the night Diop, the World Bank Country Rep, was holding a farewell party at his Muthaiga home. First of all, that home was not Diop's home...as was reported by some dunderheads. It is our home. Diop had rented it from us. And second, I was in my home asleep that night. Emirio was in the State House. At around midnight, there was music blaring from Diop's house. It was loud. It was obnoxious. Is there any surprise it pissed me off?

When I couldn't take it anymore, I jumped out of bed in my pajamas, went straight to the electric outlet where the cord was and unplugged it. I told the idiots to turn down the volume or I'd make sure the party was over. Then, like a reasonable woman, I plugged the cord and went back to sleep.

The revelers didn't obey me.

So when I came back, I unplugged and started to walk away with the cord. It was at that point that I saw Judy and Jimmy. Judy was practically near tears. She said, "Mama, why are you doing this?"

I didn't answer.

Then Jimmy rolled around and tried to grab the cord. I told him to leave me alone if he didn't want any embarrassment.

"*Ngai*? More than you've already caused Judy and I, you mean?" he asked.

I said, "Believe me, you ain't seen nothing yet."

He backed off.



Judy backed off too. She went away saying *Ngai Ngai Ngai*. But I didn't give a damn shit. Why didn't they try to stop the loud music?

Moments later, trouble with the press started. This is even more interesting. If you give me a minute, I'll tell you about it.

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Trouble with the press started as soon as the *Daily Nation* and the *East African Standard* people saw me trotting into the backyard of Diop's house—where the party was going on—in pajamas. I instantly saw flashes, angling, laughter and horror. It was refreshing. Within minutes, a couple of men—who I later thought were my secret bodyguards—rushed to the spot, approached the media people and told them to hand over their films. *Usi fanye ufujio hapa!*

The reporters declined.

The guards confiscated some of the films, but I later learnt the journalists got away with others. What that meant was that the pictures were going to hit the news the following day. I couldn't let that happen. So I jumped into the gray Mercedes Benz and ordered my driver to paste his butt on the driver's seat and nail the accelerator.

"But where are we going at this time?" he asked.

"*Nation* and *Standard*."

You should have seen the guy. He bit his lip. "At this time?"

I nodded.

"But...you are in those!"

"Pajamas? Forget about pajamas. Take me to those idiots. They had the audacity to take pictures of me; they are going to pay a price."

"But they'll take more pictures!" he said.

"Then I'll have no choice but to fight."

"Fight!?"

“*Exactry*. I’ll fight them like a school girl. I’ll grab their groin and scratch their faces. And if they fight back, I’ll tear their shirts and throw my shoes at them.”

“But you don’t have shoes on, ma’am.”

“Then let me get them.”

I saw the man say...*wazimu*. I didn’t care.

I ran back to the mansion and grabbed some low *Adidas*. I dashed back to the car, and this time the guy didn’t ask any questions or try to dissuade me. He just turned on the engine and kissed his foot to the accelerator. Within minutes, we were at the *Daily Nation* offices. There, I demanded the rest of the footage from the Diop party. To my astonishment, instead of giving me the damn thing, some son of a bitch started taking more pictures. I hurried to him and grabbed the camera. I slapped him hard...I think I even drew blood.

As this was going on, Judy and Jimmy called the State House and Emirio was told what I was doing. Within minutes, the pot-belly Nairobi Police Commissioner arrived at *Nation*. He persuaded me to leave.

I left.

But I never told him what my intentions were. He only came to realize when we were approaching the *East African Standard* and KTN offices that my nocturnal mission was still on. When my Mercedes Benz stopped at the lobby, his Toyota Land Cruiser screeched to a halt right next to my Benz. He jumped out and said, “Mama Taifa, what are you doing here? I thought you were going home?”

I said, “I changed my mind. I have to teach these fools a lesson. *Watajua mimi ni ndume!*”

What I didn’t know was that the *Nation* people called their *Standard* colleagues to warn them. So when I got into the lobby, flashes blinded me. I could tell there were multiple shots. Strategic shots. They had me covered. Worse still, these people owned KTN and I was sure the TV crew was here too.

For some reason, the Nairobi Police Commissioner didn’t follow me into the studios. He waited outside a couple of minutes. Was he talking to Emirio? I couldn’t tell. But after five

or ten minutes, he walked into the studios and asked me to leave. As he did, he told the cameramen to not dare take any pictures of him.

They didn't, but I suspected it was only because they'd already taken the juicy part. They didn't need pictures of the commissioner. They wanted pictures of the President's mad wife. *He he he!*

Needless to say, the next day TV stations around the world showed footage of me straddling the studios at *Nation* and *Standard*. They also carried a full story on how I busted the party at Diop's. It made me so mad. But it was then that I learned never to trust the press. The idiots were up to no good.

Then there was the story of Mary Wambui—my purported co-wife. I literally had to call the top editors at *Nation* and at *Standard* to warn them that the woman was not Emirio's wife, and that if they reported anything to the contrary I would personally deal with them.

That scared them.

But let's move on. Finally, there were the slaps. I slapped a lot of goons, that's for sure. But the question isn't how many goons I slapped, it's why I did slap them. Well, I've already elaborately told you why I slapped the fools at *Nation* and *Standard*. Other people I've slapped include Emirio himself, that bitch called Mary Wambui, my sons, my daughter, and my driver.

I've told you about slapping my immediate family members so you can ask yourself this question. *If she can slap Emirio and the boys and the girl, who won't she slap? Who is safe from her quick hand?*

Answer: Nobody.

That's why I came after fools like Gitobu Imanyara, that idiot who had the audacity to mix up my name with Mary's at an important state function. Look, you can call me what you wish, but I must warn that if you plan to do or say anything stupid where I am, make sure you're out of the range of my flailing hand. Okay?

Thank you.

Now back to that night. December 31, 2007. Tensions were rising across the country. By nine o'clock, KBC and KTN were reporting the beginning of trouble. Over in Kisumu, irate youth were burning tires and warning members of the Kikuyu community to leave. In Eldoret, a seemingly organized gang of youth was advancing from the east, approaching the city military style, warning members of the Kikuyu community to leave. At the Coast, a few members of the Kikuyu community had already seen their homes burnt and their property—worth millions of shillings—destroyed.

It was at about that time, right around 10:30 p.m., that Jimmy walked into the living room, where I was seated with Emirio, and asked his dad to do the honorable thing. "Turn over power to the man who won it," he said.

Emirio said, without looking at him, "I would if your mother allowed me."

"Mama?"

I said, "Jimmy, if you repeat what you just said, I'm gonna shoot you."

But I was his mother. He didn't think I would shoot my own son. So he pressed his bullshit. He pleaded with his dad to turn over power to *Raira*. Finally, I had enough. I grabbed a shotgun from under the chair, pointed at his butt and squeezed the trigger.

Jimmy limped out of the living room and was hurriedly bundled into a waiting State limousine. Within minutes, he was rushed to Kenyatta, treated, then put on a flight to London. At least that's what I was told.

While all that went on, Emirio cowered at the corner. He didn't want to mess with me. I left him there and walked into another room. When I came back, I was with John Michuki and Nicholas Biwott.

These were fighters.



## SIX

## SK

**I'm Samuel Kivuitu.** I like the way everybody is being forthright about their role in this debacle. I wish though that Kibaki could have been more descriptive about the Mungiki meeting at the State House. But if Kibaki won't, I hope Maina Njenga will...in another segment.

For now, here is why I'm back. While Kibaki and Lucy were telling their stories, it just hit me that Kenyans were not getting the full picture. The truth is a lot scarier than the two actors make it out to be. For me, here is how that night evolved. I was at the KICC. There were several GSU personnel, some mean people who had earlier even pushed the Hon Raila Odinga out of the building.

James Orengo and William Ruto and Charity Ngilu and Kosgei—the man—had just led ODM supporters in demanding that election results be withheld because they suspected the numbers that had just streamed in from Central and Eastern provinces were doctored. “In light of how these numbers have come in, we ask that they not be read, Mr. Chairman,” Orengo pleaded. But when it appeared like I might just read the results, Orengo went back to his University of Nairobi days. He came at me and literally warned me not to read the bogus results.

Justice Richard Kwach, who was in the building at that time, was more controlled. He beseeched me to take my time, to ensure that the matters raised by the ODM side were adequately addressed before results were read. Because of the respect I had for this seasoned judge, I led the commissioners back to our

offices at the KICC and deliberated on this matter. Within minutes, we came back out and gave our findings. It was Kihara Muttu's suggestion that carried the day. Here is what it said:

*We, as a commission, are tasked to carry out elections and read the results. Once we've read them, it's the duty of those who feel aggrieved to have their grievances heard in court. We therefore must proceed with reading the results.*

When I made that statement, all hell broke loose. Both inside the KICC and in the wider Kenya, I could feel the heat. Kenya was beginning to burn.

Orengo, seething at my apparent carelessness, said, "Mr. Chairman, does it matter to you that this nation may go up in flames?"

I said, "If it burns, I'll burn with it."

Now it was burning. What was I going to do? Was I going to heed Raila Odinga's call and resign? Was I going to declare the results inconclusive and call for fresh elections? Thinking fast, I told Kenyans that I had to sleep on this matter. "I'll come back here tomorrow to read the results," I said.

Needless to say, the following morning, by the time I came to the KICC, hundreds of Kenyans had died in the night and millions of shillings worth of damage wrought across Kenya. The simple matter was—people were convinced that rigging was taking place blatantly...and that I was part of it.

Like I said earlier, it's true rigging took place. And it's true Kibaki lost the election. But what Kenyans don't know is what I went through. The previous night, as I left the KICC, I was shoved into an idling Mercedes Benz and driven away from the raging mob at a high speed. It took me several minutes to realize that the car in which I was was neither my official ride nor any of my private cars.

But when I looked at the driver and saw a man in GSU uniform, and another next to him talking on a walky-talky, I knew things were not good. Where were they taking me? And who the hell were they? The Mungiki?

But I had no nerve to ask.

Nearly half an hour later, I was brought into a dark room. It was about 1:30 am. I was led up the stairs and shoved through a marble door. The minute I got through, the lights went off and I found myself in total darkness.

“You were supposed to read the results!”

That voice belonged to a man. I didn’t know who it was. “Because you didn’t read, you’ve made yourself a target of our crusading army. But lucky for you, I’ve just heard word from the Big House that we spare your life. So I won’t cut your throat. But I must warn you that your foolishness has made us bring in your wife. You may talk to her on the phone if you wish.”

I wished.

After talking to my shaken, pleading wife, I regretted taking money from these goons. Was five million shillings worth putting myself—and my family—through this?

“You must read the results tomorrow or you’ll never see her again,” the man said.

I was shaken. Never see my wife again? And just where were they holding her? Was she in this same building? Was she safe?

“Will you do your part?” the man demanded.

What if I didn’t? What if I called the election for Raila? What would they do? Would they kill my wife? My children? Would they *rape*...

Rape.

That stopped me cold. Rape my wife?

“Will you, sir?” the man said.

“I will,” I said.

But where were my children? Were they safe?

The man interrupted my train of thought. He said, “Here’s how things will play out. You will sleep in here...under guard. In the morning, you’ll shower, take breakfast, then you’ll be driven back to the KICC.”

I said, “My security is in the hands of the Police Commissioner. Matter of fact, he may be searching for me right now. Can I at least talk to him? Let him know all is well?”

“He knows.”



My brows arched. Major General Mohammed Ali knew I was here? In a dark room? Being warned with death? Was he aware that my wife had been kidnapped? Feeling utterly defeated, I said, looking in the direction of the voice, “I’ll do what I’m supposed to do.”

On that note, the lights came back on and I saw the man’s back as he walked away. Jesus, it looked so much like Michu...

Right then, a lady walked by and asked me to follow her. Only God knew where she was taking me.

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I slept in a small room. I had no idea what part of the city this was. At 7:30 a.m., the lady woke me up and made sure I was taken excellent care of.

At 8:30, two men walked into the building and asked me to get ready. They asked me to follow them. As I did—and just before I reached the last set of stairs—he slapped a piece of cloth on my face and made me blind. I didn’t see a thing the rest of the way.

I got to the KICC at around 9:30. I instantly read the fear in my commissioners. The nation was on fire. Word was trickling in that a church had been burnt in Eldoret with people in it. Kibera and other city slums were on the brink. The city, though I was blinded, I could tell was a ghost town.

“We must get out there and read the results,” I said.

My commissioners looked at me with fear in their eyes. It was at that time that I realized that some of them must have been put through a similar ordeal as I was. They were terrified. I had to wonder...*had they also received the five million?*

Without a word of protest from the commissioners, especially Kihara Muttu, who I suspected was put in the commission to deliver the presidency for his longtime friend, President Kibaki, I led the commissioners to the lobby of the KICC. Without preamble, I started to read the results.

I was stopped by hecklers.

The GSU people moved in and led my commissioners and I to the office upstairs. When I got to the office, I found a KBC crew waiting. I was ushered to a seat and a mic dropped before me. "You may read now, Mr. Chairman," a sweet voice said.

And so I read.

When I was done reading, I felt like killing myself. I had given Kibaki the presidency when I knew very well he'd not won it. I had denied Kenyans their democratic rights for five million shillings. But what became too much to take was when I saw Kenyans being butchered in Kisumu and Nakuru because of my actions. It made the five million instantly become blood money.

I was devastated.

But if I thought having the KBC on short notice at the KICC was quite something, I was in for a rude shock. Because as soon as I read the results, I was bundled into a waiting Land Rover and sped with to the State House. When I got there, I found dignitaries seated and ready. I saw the Chief Justice rise. I saw President Mwai Kibaki seated nervously behind the podium. But what I didn't see were diplomats and presidents from neighboring countries.

Within minutes, it occurred to me that this was a swearing in ceremony. But it was not like any other Kenya had ever witnessed. There were no diplomats, the national anthem wasn't played and it was over within minutes.

It was a sham!

After it was over, other dignitaries stayed back to celebrate. For me, I asked to be taken to my wife. When I finally met her...it was the first time I've cried in my adult life.

I'd set Kenya on a path to destruction.

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Hey wait. I know you'd like to hear from the next guy, but if I don't tell you why I chose to take the five million, you'd think it was plain greed. Truth is, it wasn't. The man who came to me with the proposal made it clear if I didn't accept the money, the alternative was death.

If you were me, what would you have done?

**MARTHA  
KARUA**



## SEVEN

MK

**My** name is **Martha Karua**. I'm a graduate of the University of Nairobi and the Kenya School of Law. I was in school with the likes of James Orengo, Kiraitu Muriungi and Gitobu Imanyara...among others. I know that makes me look old, but trust me, I am a very young and pretty woman. Those who say I'm ugly and that I have big eyes don't know what a beautiful woman looks like.

Well, that's it for theatrics. Let's get serious now.

December 30, 2007.

The election results are streaming in. I've just received word that President Kibaki needs me at the State House. I'm not entirely sure why he needs me, but I can guess that it has something to do with this dramatic turn of events...where he (Kibaki) is now poised to overtake *Raira* in votes because of Central and Eastern votes.

Like every Kenyan, I'm stunned by the returns from the two zones. I know that it's impossible to marshal the numbers the precinct officers have turned in to the Electoral Commission offices at KICC, but I don't talk. I don't want to talk. So I get ready and drive to the State House. But when I get there, it's not Kibaki who wants to have a word with me, it's Lucy. I'm ushered into a room, where the First Lady is animatedly talking to Michuki and Biwott.

"Welcome," Lucy says.

"Thank you," I say.

And suddenly I'm in the presence of men and a woman who are plotting to deny Raila Odinga the presidency. And by the way, these guys don't beat about the bush. They go straight to the heart of the matter.

Lucy says, "Martha, we've called you here because you are a lawyer. You know the constitution. What we want you to do is—snatch the baby from that boy from the lake...and use the book while doing it."

Biwott is not impressed. He doesn't like parables. So he interprets Lucy's words. He says, "Martha, what the First Lady is saying is that you will use the constitution to deny the Hon. Odinga the presidency."

"Deny? Are you forgetting that I am the minister for Constitutional Affairs?"

"Nobody is forgetting that," Michuki says. "But just think of what you stand to lose should Mzee be defeated. *Raira* won't give you a job, or if he does, it won't be as high a profile ministry like Mzee has given you."

Given?

I'm troubled by the word given. Does Michuki think I was given a ministry? Is it the case that he doesn't believe I deserved it? Does he feel I was unqualified to handle Constitutional Affairs? Or is he just a male chauvinist pig?

Lucy looks at me and shakes her head. "Don't, Martha. We have no time to quarrel among ourselves. Look, I know you are eager to know whether Mzee is in this scheme with us. The answer is—he is. He is the one who told us to call you."

That revelation makes me happy. But what Lucy fails to tell me is that Mzee suggested I get called only after he'd been boxed into a corner by this trio. Trying to imagine what Mzee might have told them, here is what I come up with. *Ruci, Yohanna, Kipyator, if you people are hell bent on stealing this election from the son of Jaramogi, at least let's do it with some brains. Let' bring in Madhaa Garua.*

I laugh.

Right then, Mzee walks in and takes a seat next to Lucy. *No kiss? These two are not in love at all.* Mzee says, "Thank you

for coming in, Martha. *Ohhhh yes!* Now we can start the business of undoing what the electorate did. The stupid Kenyans.”

“But how will we?” I ask.

Michuki clears his throat. I watch as his eyes narrow and focus on me. He says, “Martha, we have an elaborate plan. But first of all, we have to swear you to secrecy.”

A man comes out of an adjoining room and gives me a *shity* concoction. What he doesn’t tell me is that that’s the same concoction the Mungiki people had taken just a month ago right here at the State House. So...am I Mungiki now? Decide that for yourself.

Michuki—after I’ve forced down the shity liquid—asks me to sit down. He says, “*Madhaa*, we are now bound by destiny. Where the brave boys...the inheritors of the Mau Mau flame go...we will go.”

“The Mungiki?”

Nobody talks.

So Michuki says, “Every angle is covered. But I’ll give you the picture in a nutshell. The first phase of this operation is on. It entails cooking the numbers so that Central Province and Eastern Province give Mzee the numbers he needs to win this election. As we speak, he’s just a couple hundred votes behind. That should change in an hour.

“The second phase starts tomorrow morning. At that time, we’ll send our boys to Kisumu and other Luo-dominated slums here in the city to quell the riots that will inevitably follow a declaration of Mzee president. The boys are under orders to use maximum force so that Kenyans will know we mean business.”

I flinch. “A civilian coup?”

Michuki shrugs. “I don’t care what you call it. The third phase starts as soon as a semblance of order is restored. At that point we’ll call on *Raira* and his ODM to go to court if they feel aggrieved.”

“Court?”

Michuki nods. “You don’t have to worry about that. By the time he goes to court, Chief Justice Evans Gicheru will have

sworn in Mzee, so it will be obvious to any observer that all avenues are closed.”

“A civilian coup?” I repeat.

“Like I said, I don’t care what you call it. All I can tell you is—the next few hours won’t be pretty.”

Now, as I look back, I’m stunned by just how much Michuki and Biwott and Lucy underestimated the fury of the Kenyan people. In fact, after only two days of satanic destruction, of smoke and corpses, of unprecedented venting by Kenyans, Michuki called Lucy and wondered aloud whether such a catastrophe was worth it.

“I’m not leaving the State House,” Lucy said.

And meanwhile, Raila Odinga refused to play according to script. It was as if he’d secretly been given our game plan. First, he refused to go to court, calling them kangaroo courts full of Kibaki’s yes-men. Then he did a curious thing. He refused to meet Kibaki for arbitration unless the mediation was overseen by an international body, preferably led by Dr. Kofi Annan.

I was shocked.

And...it was around that time that Kirui came out and gave a chilling account of how the numbers were cooked at the KICC. Indeed, even the European election observers talked about precincts where they witnessed tabulation and certification only for the numbers read by the ECK at KICC to turn out to be double what was certified at the precincts.

It was amazing.

In the coming days, I sat at the Annan mediated efforts with one thing in mind. ***The Kibaki succession.*** Since I was selected to lead the government’s side, I sensed an opportunity to use this matter as a stepping stone to bigger things. I could run for president in 2012 or 2017.

But as destruction and mayhem went on across the nation, it became clear that Michuki’s plan had completely flopped. Literally flashed down the toilet. In fact, as I sit here today, I thank only one man for saving the nation we all love.

I thank Raila Odinga for his statesmanship.

But I can’t say that loudly.





## EIGHT

### BR

**Just** call me **Bike Rider**. I lived in Nakuru before the elections came and turned my life upside down. Back in Nakuru I was just a worker in a hotel. I cleaned the dishes and kept the floors clean. For that kind of work, I made just enough money to keep me going. It even enabled me to send my brother's son to school...just like I promised him before he sailed into the sunset one rainy evening.

On the night of December 30, 2007, I was glued to a neighbor's TV. It was clear that Amollo was coming like *rumbi*. There was no stopping the son of Jaramogi. I was excited because for the second time in Kenyan history, there was going to be an orderly transition in my country. President Kibaki—a gentleman like no other—was going to congratulate Raila and turn over power.

But around 9:30 p.m., things started going so wrong. Kibaki's numbers started dropping in and forcing his totals up like an avalanche. Within hours, the son of Othaya had managed to erase the one million votes Raila had built a lead of. It was like the gods were laughing at us.

At around 11:00 p.m., I went to bed, but I couldn't sleep. I knew that something was gravely wrong. And I sensed that something ominous was about to happen. But I never took any action until two days later, when the Mungiki were dropped in Nakuru in broad daylight.

Now, I'd earlier heard that the *Daily Nation* vans were being used to ferry machetes to areas considered hostile, to await

the arrival of the Mungiki, but I never saw them myself. I never saw the vans and I never saw the machetes.

Suddenly, on a Saturday, Nakuru erupted. I watched with a dropped jaw as my neighbor—the man in whose house I watched TV the previous night—guided the Mungiki to the homes belonging to the Luo and the Kalenjin and the Luhya. I watched as fellow Kenyans, even though they were Kikuyu, poured paraffin on my shanty squalid and burnt it down. I watched as children and women were hacked to death. I saw an elderly man being forcefully circumcised.

That's when I knew I had to leave Nakuru.

I tiptoed to my shell of a house/shanty, looked to see if anything could be saved. What I saw was my bike. It stood intact at a corner. I hurriedly retrieved it, then went down on my knees. I asked *Obon`go Nyakalaga* to watch over me. It was going to be a long, long journey...especially on a bike that had just come out of a fire.

I was going back to Nyanza.

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You don't know how beautiful Kenya is because you always cruise through it in a bus or your private car, or fly across its skies in a plane. Me, I've seen the beauty that only a man who has had to ride from Nakuru to Kisumu could have. It's beautiful at day time and it's calm at night.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Look, I have to tell this story with the seriousness it deserves. When I climbed on my bike and set foot to the paddle, I knew that the country I love would never be the same again. I knew that it would be Kenyan against Kenyan. Tribe against tribe. I was so dispirited that I thought it would have been much better to just hang around and wait for the marauding Mungiki forces to come out of the blue and drive their arrows or machetes through my neck.

But God said no.

**I didn't spare that bike for nothing. Get up and go back to Nyanza.**

Nyanza? Lord, Nyanza on a bike?

**Yes. I will be with you till you get home.**

That was God's voice. So I climbed on my bike and started out. One mile. Two miles. Three. Four. And on I went. No food. No water. Just my clothes and the bike. And God's promise to take care of me.

It was actually around 2:30 pm when I set out. I rode along the road, whistling spiritual songs, having a sweet conversation with God, asking Him why he'd let my country go down this path. Was there something Kenyans had done to offend Him? Was the nation being punished because of some hidden sin? Had the Lord heard of the growing devil worship in the country's secret corners?

**It's Greed.**

Greed?

I looked around, in the bushes, as I rode. There was nobody. The country was hiding. People were staying indoors. In the expansive pyrethrum plantations, I threw my eyes to the horizon to see if I could catch any human being. There was nobody. But yes, there were occasional cars and buses and lorries. Whenever a car or a lorry passed by, it did so at a high speed.

It was amazing.

As evening came and the night was just moments away, I stopped to pee. It was close to a shrub. As I was peeing, I felt fear. I looked up to the heavens and asked God why He didn't warn me this was going to be a long and dangerous journey. Didn't He know it would.

**I knew.**

So, how do you propose I ride at night?

**I'll be your light.**

So you want me to ride on?

**Keep going.**

God can be funny. I didn't know He had such a sense of humor. Keep going? In the night?

**Like I said, I'll be your light.**

How about the animals.

**They'll cheer you along.**

The snakes?

**They'll whistle as you ride by.**

The hyenas.

**I've ordered them to be quiet tonight.**

That was God.

I got back on my bike at 7:15 pm. What I saw ahead of me was a bush as long as the eye could see. In the bush was a road that linked Nakuru and Kericho. Was I going to make it?

**Yes, you will.**

But why was God doing this? I'd just come out of Nakuru and I'd seen a lot of people killed. I'd seen many homes burnt. I'd also seen the Mungiki...dressed as soldiers...manning the roads. Why was God keen on saving a worthless old man? Why didn't He save the kids I saw dead on the streets? Why didn't he save the woman I saw with a deep cut in the head?

**You must not question my ways.**

I shut up.

And now I must surprise you. Just like God said, I rode along the road without *matata*. And I could see very clearly. Some scientist will call that adaptation. I call it God's eyes. Whenever I saw a huge snake cross the road, I rode faster to see if it was going to whistle like the Lord had said. Guess what? The noise their scales made on the tarmac as they crawled by sounded even sweeter than whistling. The hyenas? They were nowhere. I never saw them. Never heard them.

Around 2:30 am, I felt like something touched my back. I slowed down and turned to look. There was nothing. I rode about three more kilometers, then the same thing touched my back again. I slowed and turned. Nothing.

Finally, when I was about to speed up again, I said "Thank you!"

**How did you know it was me?**

I stopped.

The Lord was with me.

In the bush!

**Kericho is not too far away. And since you've demonstrated your faith in me, now I'll help you ride.**

All I know is that from that point on, I was on the bike but I didn't know how it was moving so fast and so effortlessly. I even slept about thirty minutes into God's ride all the way to Kericho.

God is a safe rider!

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I know you'd like to hear the end of my story, so I'll hurry it along. I didn't stay in Kericho much. It was already dawn and I wanted to have a direct chat with God. We left Kericho at about 6:45 am. But just as we gunned left to take the rise toward Kisumu, a band of youth came out of the bush. The agile boys wore leaves and were ready to kill. Trust me when I tell you that it was the first time in my life I ever saw an angel.

The two angels appeared out of nowhere and stood between me and the boys. The tallest of the boys—who I could tell was the leader—asked me who I was and where I was going.

"My name is Jaktone. I lived in Nakuru until yesterday. I had to leave because of the Mungiki. They killed my friends and people from my community. I had to flee on my bike."

"So you rode this bike from Nakuru?" the leader asked.

"Yes."

"Where are you going?" he pressed.

"To Kisumu," I said.

"On a bike?"

I nodded and smiled.

I saw the leader's teary eyes. He talked to his boys in Kalenjin, then came back to me. He said, "Look, we'll give you a place to eat and rest, then we'll put you on your way. Any man from Arap Mibei's community is our man...our cousin."

I said, "I'm well rested. Just let me go."

Right there, they collected fifty shillings and gave it to me. “Fare thee well, our brother,” the leader said. “God be with you!”

*God?*

So they didn’t see the angels?

Only I saw them?

**Let’s go now.**

I got on the bike and rode two kilometers...then God took it from there. While God was riding, I fell asleep.

I woke up just as we were approaching Kisumu. How could the Lord have let me sleep when I was approaching Kisumu?

**Because you’re such a sleepyhead.**

I laughed.

Moments later, we rolled into Kisumu and the Lord asked me if I could make my way home alone.

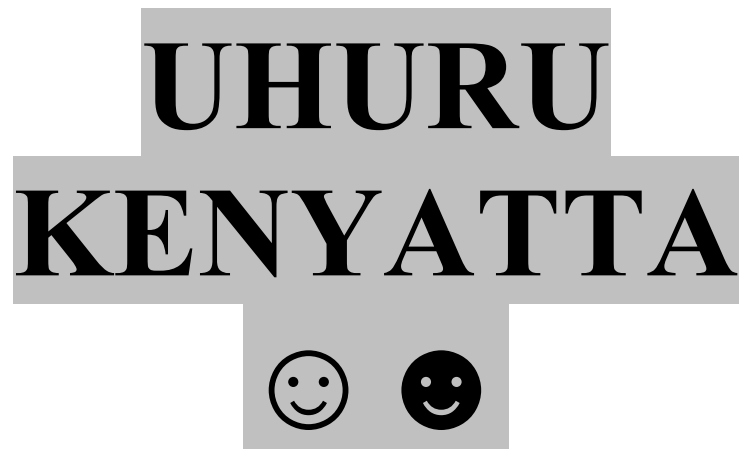
I nodded.

**It was nice riding with you. I know you have many questions in your mind about how I do things, but there are things you can never understand in your present human state. For example, are you aware that as we speak, a church is burning in Eldoret with women and children trapped in it?**

**Don’t you wonder why I’m not there?**

Yes. Why?

But God was gone.





## NINE

### UK

**My** name is **Uhuru Kenyatta**. My daddy—as you’ll recall—was the first president of Kenya. My mom is Mama Ngina Kenyatta, the woman I owe what I’ve become. Without saying too much about my family, let it suffice to say that I have brothers, sisters and a lot of relatives. Because of dad’s prominence and his influential position as president of Kenya, our family became extremely wealthy after independence. We own huge swaths of land, most of which was acquired by resettling their owners in the Rift Valley. The original owners were from Kiambu. But again, I shouldn’t reveal very much about how this was done.

Hope you understand.

So you want to know what happened that night, right? I have to begin by telling you that what happened that night had its roots in the deep past. It started in the colonial times and wound its way through my dad’s presidency, on to President Daniel Arap Moi’s and on to Mwai Kibaki’s. It’s called elitism. This is a situation where a few fabulously wealthy people in Central Province—about one hundred families to be sure—have decided that they not only own the wealth they acquired under questionable circumstances, they own Kenya as well.

When I decided to align my political fortunes with those of President Daniel Arap Moi in the nineties, it was because I thought that this Kikuyu elitism had vanished, replaced by the reality that every Kenyan community had a stake in the running and development of the nation. But aligning myself with Moi put

me in a direct collision course with Raila Odinga, who supported Kibaki.

I lost.

When I lost, I reassessed my political bearing and beliefs. Unfortunately, whichever way I sliced it, the events of 2002 taught me the lesson that Kikuyu dominance was alive and apparently acceptable to Kenyans. How else would you explain the fact that Raila led the nation to vote for Kibaki—another Kikuyu—barely two decades after my dad was president for years? And how do you explain the fact that after four years of a turbulent Kibaki presidency the nation seemed to be hurtling toward reelecting him? Didn't George Waititu's polls suggest he was going to beat Raila? And didn't the *Daily Nation* commissioned polls suggest that Waititu's polls were right?

That's why in October—after meeting Presidents Moi and Kibaki—I decided to cease being in the opposition and back President Kibaki's reelection bid. My calculation was that for me to be acceptable to the Kikuyu, I had to back Kibaki. Strangely, I was wrong again. Because this time Kenyans rose up in arms and violently rejected the shameless tribal nature of Kikuyu politics, where three quarters of important jobs in Kenya were held by people from Central Province.

In fact, so deplorable was the tribalism that I kept wondering why a District Commissioner in Kisumu was a Kikuyu. And why the Police Commissioner in Nyanza was some woman from Eastern. Do you see so many people from other parts of Kenya running affairs in Central Province? I don't.

Anyway, I supported Kibaki. And it was me who pressed on him the fact that the two provinces—Eastern and Central—were enough to deliver the presidency for him. The math seemed straightforward enough. But I was wrong. When Raila Odinga marshaled Kenya against the House of Mumbi, Kibaki was trounced.

Luckily, we were prepared.

Since November 2007, it had become increasingly clear that Kibaki was going to lose the presidency. Every credible poll showed a spread that was going to be difficult to bridge in the

remaining two months. It was at that time that I suggested we bring in the Mungiki. Like them or hate them, the Mungiki was emerging a formidable force in Central Kenya politics and a lot of politicians were working to earn their respect. In fact, most politicians in Central were secretly channeling money to this group. So, in my usual zeal to outplay everyone, I said, “Why don’t we bring in the Mungiki? If we lose the election, we can use them to keep the trophy from going to the Lake.”

To my surprise, Michuki and Saitoti and Lucy and others agreed with me. And just like that, the Mungiki became the alternative army. And I was given the task to bankroll it. Together with the *Daily Nation’s* man—Kirubi—I secretly became the man behind the Mungiki.

I know you’d like me to tell you about my relations with the Mungiki national chairman, Mr. Njenga, but I can’t. I’ll let him tell his layered story. The story of the Mungiki. What I’ll concentrate on is tell the story of what I saw on the 30<sup>th</sup>.

To tell the truth, I can’t understand why I’m always on the wrong side of political waves in Kenya. Because of the power of incumbency and the sheer sums of money Kibaki loyalists had marshaled for his campaign...and may I add...because of Kikuyu thinking, I was sure that Kibaki would form the government. And I wanted to be in government. That’s why I supported him. Moi? Okay, I supported Moi because my mom, Mama Ngina, asked me to. She explained that Moi was loyal to Daddy, and that there was a secret agreement between Dad and his Vice President.

According to Mama, Dad and Moi had agreed that when the time was ripe, Moi would help me become president. It was like making the Moi clan an extension of the Kenyatta one. I found it curious, but it helped explain why Moi had so adamantly insisted on making me the KANU flag bearer...to the detriment of my campaign.

You may call what I just said an excuse, but when you’re as young and as green as I was when those events took place... I’ll leave it at that. Let me just add that I hate opposition politics. I was born an aristocrat. I was born rich. I’ve never felt

what the common man feels. I don't walk their walk and I don't dream their dreams. To me, common Kenyans are people to be used and dumped. Isn't that what politicians always do to them? Besides, I never really wanted to be in politics. I was brought into it against my wishes. And after being in it for almost a decade now, my fears about this dirty game have been vindicated. Politics is a lousy game.

Moving on, I now focus on that night. By ten o'clock, it had become clear that Raila Odinga had won, and that plan B at the State House was in full gear. We were well on our way to overturning the people's wishes. If I told you that I wasn't scared, I'd be lying. You don't pull off a civilian coup and think everything is just fine. But for things to work, it was clear to me that we'd entered a stage where we were going to use brute force—at least in the interim—to pacify a seething electorate.

We knew that Kisumu, Nakuru and Eldoret were going to be a problem. We also estimated that swaths of slums in Nairobi would be problematic. Of course Eastern and Central provinces were not going to be a problem. Once it became clear to the people of these *two* provinces what we were trying to do, they'd fall in line and support our theft. *Democracy kitu gani?* Isn't tribalism a sweet thing?

Things played out exactly as planned. The Luo, Kalenjin, Luhya and Coastal tribes were seething. The Kikuyu and Akamba fell in line and supported the theft.

But three days into the ensuing riots, when a boy in Kisumu was killed in broad daylight, and Kenyans of the Diaspora started making loud noises in capitals around the world, and ODM politicians started asking questions about Ugandan troops, and proof started emerging that the Mungiki were deployed in cities outside Central Province, I got scared. I watched with dismay as our assessment that Kenyans would accept the status quo within three days of terror went up in smoke. People refused to be cowed. Kenyans wanted their democracy.

As I thought about these matters, I received a call from my mom. She said, “Do you feel good about working with people who’ve denied Kenyans their rights?”

That was a discussion I didn’t want to have. I knew we were wrong. And the international community was beginning to lean heavily on us to stop the killings that were destroying any chance of a quick resolution of this matter. “Mama,” I said, “I’m quite busy right now, can you call me back later?”

“No, I won’t. Just think about how you’d have felt were you in Raila’s shoes.” *Click.*

I froze.

I hung up and dialed her number.

She didn’t answer.

That night, as I sat in one of my Nairobi homes, I thought long and hard about what we’d done. I knew we couldn’t go back and undo the damage. It was already too late. Besides, we’d cut deals with the Mungiki that no Central Province politician was willing to go back on. So we had to go forward with the theft. But it was on that night that I decided that should this matter get resolved, I would take a very low profile. I would fight to be an assistant Prime Minister, but after that I would lie low. I would work hard to reinvent myself, make myself a Kenyan politician, not a tribal chauvinist, which I’ve come to be seen as.

Like I said earlier, I’ll let Njenga tell the story of what the Mungiki did that night, but let me just tell you categorically that I saw them wear Kenya Army uniforms. I saw them transported to Kisumu and Eldoret and some Nairobi slums. I saw them dropped off in Mombasa. And I knew that the people everybody thought were Ugandan forces were not really Ugandan, they were Mungiki troops, trained in Uganda by Museveni’s commanders. And lastly, I saw the machetes ferried in the *Daily Nation* trucks to these destinations for delivery to the Mungiki troops.

Why didn’t I blow the whistle?

Because I couldn’t. I was scared. Two MPs were already dead. James Orengo had just escaped death. Raila Odinga’s

Karen home had just been visited by weird people. Mungiki? I think so. So I couldn't blow the whistle. It was too dangerous.

By the time the morning came, I'd made a decision to make a trip to Nakuru. I was going there ostensibly to bring peace and healing. My real intention, though, was to bring fresh supplies to the boys. Matter of fact, I think any Kenyan with half a brain, who studied my body language as I talked to the boys, could read the insincerity in me. It was a charade. And the boys read it as such.

But I was disturbed. What the hell was this Mungiki thing? Why were we in bed with such a dangerous organization? How were we going to extricate ourselves from these people once Kenya was back on track?

As I traveled back to Nairobi that day, it became clear to me that my game plan had to dramatically change ahead of 2012.

Just how was I going to do it?

Before I answer that question, let me give you Maina Njenga. This man is the national chairman of the two-million strong Mungiki.

The floor is yours, Bwana Njenga.



## TEN

### MN

**My** name is **Maina Njenga**. I'm the national chairman of the Mungiki. I know you're sitting there and wondering why a man who is at the Naivasha Maximum Prison feels compelled to talk about the events of December 30, 2007. Simply stated, I feel compelled because my organization, which has gotten very bad press, was at the forefront of saving the Kikuyu Diaspora when Kenya erupted in an orgy of destruction and unprecedented bloodletting.

It shouldn't come to you as a surprise that I'm in very close contact with my brigades outside of this Naivasha den, where they've had me locked up for years now. In October 2007, when a meeting was held at the State House to map out what role the Mungiki would play in the coming elections, I was fully briefed. In fact, on one of the occasions, when the blessings of the top leadership of the Mungiki were required, I was secretly driven to the State House. It was around 12:30 a.m. The car that picked me up was a GK Mercedes Benz. The man who drove it had a deep voice, stiff manners, but he wore a mask, so I didn't know who the hell he was.

On that October night, they drove me at a high speed through the country, from Naivasha to Nairobi, and all this time



nobody said a word. Not even the two hawk-eyed paramilitary types who sandwiched me at the backseat.

Finally, at about 1:45 a.m., I found myself at the gate of the State House. Imagine my shock. Who wanted me here? And what did he/she want? I instantly prayed that it wasn't Lucy. I hate that woman. I hate her gut. But while I still wondered why I was here, the gate flew open and the driver sped up a hill, coming to screeching halt right in front of a marble door. "Karibu," a man said.

*Karibu? Whose guest am I?*

I was hurried down a long hallway. I was nervous like hell. Then...suddenly a door opened and I found myself in front of Michuki, Karume, Uhuru and Lucy. Was I dreaming? What did these people want?

Michuki was the first to put out his hand. "*Oroaku?*"

I refused to greet him.

But let me cut out the bullshit and tell you what went on there. For the next two hours, I was filled in on a plan that sounded very much like something straight out of a Hollywood thriller, or the capital city of hell. As I listened to the know-it-all confidence of Michuki and Lucy, all I could think about was that these people were either crazy or they were thoroughly prepared for what they were about to unleash on Kenyans.

I said, "How do you plan to protect our people in Kisumu? In Eldoret? In Kakamega? In Mombasa?"

"The police commissioner has instructed his officers to use maximum force to quell any riots. It's our estimation that within two to three days, people will have accepted the reality that Kibaki is going nowhere and will give up."

"What if they don't?" I asked.

Nobody had a good answer to that.

Lucy said, "We'll make sure they surrender."

I didn't know how they'd ensure that, but I didn't ask. It became obvious to me that the Mungiki needed to be mobilized to save Kikuyus in the Diaspora. So as I was driven back to Naivasha, I started plotting—in my mind—how my organization was going to save people from Central Province who lived in the

Rift Valley and Nyanza. And once back in my cell, I found it deplorable that Kibaki and his people would plan something this dangerous without adequately taking care of the security of the Diaspora. What the hell were they thinking?

To cut the long story short, when trouble started across Kenya, our guys were ready. Our boys who'd gone to train in Uganda had come back in through the lake. Our uniforms had been shipped to strategic locations by the *Daily Nation* vans. The money was available in millions...donated by fat cats from Central Province. All that was lacking—as far as my boys were concerned—was my word.

That word came at 6:30 on the 31<sup>st</sup>. A call that originated in the State House was answered by the Naivasha Prison officials. It somehow ended up on my ear and it was my field commander on the line. “We have to make our move,” he said.

“Without delay,” I said.

He hung up.

As I sat there, in the wee hours of the morning, I wondered what the field commander's thoughts were. Did he think we were going out there to fight for Kibaki? If that's what he thought, I didn't want to disabuse him of that notion. Nationalism was a powerful enough force to make the boys fight like crazy. When this was over, I was going to tell the leaders of the sect that Kibaki and those crazy men around him cannot be trusted. They were using the community to fight their evil battles, yet they don't care for the people. And just how far were they prepared to go in isolating the community from the rest of Kenya?

I slept for four hours.

At about 10:30 a.m., Field Commander Chura—again through the State House—informed me that a church had just been torched by rioters in Eldoret and men and women burnt alive. Then, over the next three days, word of total devastation and death came to me like a tornado. People were being killed, displaced, their property destroyed. What the hell was FC Chura doing? Where was Chura?

The next time Chura called, I told him that I would personally cut his balls if the Diaspora Kikuyus continued facing death and displacement on the scale they had in the two days since the implosion.

Within hours of my warning to Chura, the boys arrived in Nakuru and sent a very strong message to the rioters there. In Kisumu, where one fool called Grace Kahindi had given a shoot-to-kill order, our boys took advantage and shot a guy in cold blood. Suffice it to say that throughout Kenya, the Mungiki boys found a way to save the Diaspora from the attacks of their fellow countrymen.

Then as days turned to weeks, I watched with keenness as Raila Odinga—the man our elderly leaders had painted as a monster—took steps to save Kenya from disintegrating. I was very disturbed by the fact that Raila the monster was the one willing to climb down his demands and save Kenya while Kibaki and his team were ready to see the nation wash in blood to hang on to power. Why was this?

Fast forward.

On the day that Raila became the nation's second Prime Minister, I knew that the Mungiki had to work with him. He'd won my admiration. It occurred to me that the man had a deep love for Kenya, and that he understood why young men—like the ones who filled the ranks of the Mungiki—felt aggrieved by the way resources were distributed in Kenya.

So as I sit in this Naivasha cell, I want to tell you, my fellow countrymen, that I've grown older and wiser in prison. I know that I have blood on my hands, but that's a chapter we should try to close together...as a nation. We can choose to work with the Hon. Raila Odinga to save Kenya or choose to perish.

What will it be?



## ELEVEN

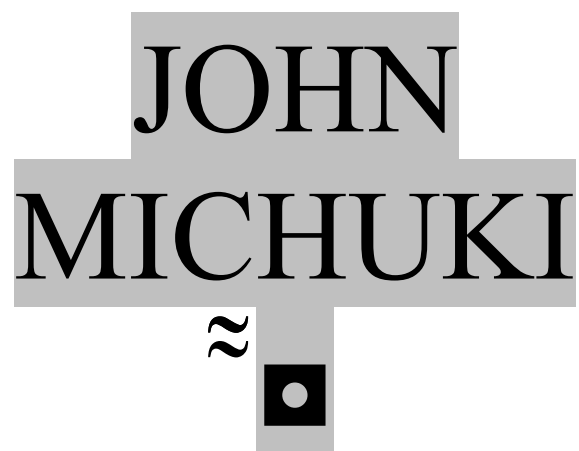
SKM

**I'm** back. I'm still **Kalonzo Musyoka**. This time I'm back to announce that I'm still running for president, and this time it's for 2012. I know you don't trust me and would much rather that I disappeared, but that will not happen. All my life, I've always been guided by one thing—*calculation*. Going into the 2007 elections, it was my calculation that I couldn't beat Raila on my own, that's why I worked with Kibaki. I've accepted blame for helping him steal an election. Can I be forgiven so we can move on? I sincerely hope that 2012—if we even go that far—won't be a replay of 2007.

Here is my game plan. I want to do everything to endear myself to the GEMA bloc. It's the calculation of my political handlers that the combined numbers of GEMA and the Akamba community are enough to beat back Kenya. What still worries me though is the fact that in 2007 that didn't seem to work out as Uhuru and Michuki had promised Kibaki. In fact, GEMA and Akamba fell short by nearly one million votes. Which begs the question—will it be an outright win or will we resort to rigging again?

All I know is that just like in 2007, I'll do everything in my power not to let Raila Amollo Odinga become president of Kenya.

No to Raila. Period.



## TWELVE

JM

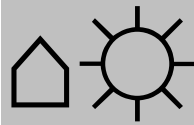
**I'm** back too. Was I even here before? I don't remember. But don't call me **John Michuki** anymore. That name has been soiled by evil people. Naturally I wouldn't want to see Raila become president, but I think that man is inevitable. People love him. And now I fear that even the younger generation of Kikuyus are warming up to him. They admire the fact that he dropped his demands to become president so the nation could calm down and heal. Just imagine how many more Diaspora Kikuyus would have died and displaced had he insisted on his rights? I guess that's why Maina Njenga is walking the sons of the Mau Mau to a tent built by Raila.

As for me, I'm now an old man. I want to sail quietly into the sunset. I've made my share of mistakes, starting from the colonial times, when I fought on the side of our oppressors, but that's too long ago.

To the extent that I've hurt my fellow Kenyans, I ask for your forgiveness. You'll never hear from me again, until the day they announce my death on KBC.



Ida, mama  
taifa



## THIRTEEN

### IO

**Before** you guys wind this up, I think I should have my say. My name is **Ida Odinga**. I've been married to the Hon. Raila Odinga for a long time. He is a man of honor. A man of dignity. And quiet frankly, he is a man who loves Kenya with all his heart.

On the night of the 30<sup>th</sup>, he called me at 1:30 a.m. to tell me that he wasn't coming home. He couldn't reveal where he was calling from. Matter of fact, I never asked him. Across the nation, things were getting nasty pretty fast, so I knew that he was taking maximum care of himself. But I could tell that he was stressed and hurt by what Kibaki had done. His voice broke for his country.

The following morning, at around 10:30 a.m., he came home for breakfast. He never ate. I watched him agonize. He was in shock. He couldn't believe that in this day and age there were some people who could blatantly steal an election and get away with it. But he also knew that the killing orgy that was spreading across the nation needed to stop.

It was around 10:50 a.m. that he opened up and said, "The Americans don't seem to understand what is going on here."

He caught me off guard. "The Americans?"

“The ambassador, Michael Rennenberger, seems to be of the idea that Kenya’s security is of more importance than democracy. He wants the country quiet. And I agree with him. My fear is that a precedent is being set where future leaders will steal elections and get away with it.”

“So...what’s gonna happen?”

“I don’t know. I’ve decided that I’m going to do everything in my power to keep Kenya from disintegrating. I’m aware that Kibaki and his people don’t really care what happens. The recklessness on their side is stunning.”

“So...what’s gonna happen?”

“Like I said, I don’t know. Opinion is divided at the Pentagon. There are those who want us to fight to the bitter end. Then there are those who are so sick of Kikuyu impunity that they are ready to curve Central Province out of Kenya, make it into a Lesotho. Finally, there are those—me included—who think we are young enough to fight another day. It’s the opinion of those who think like me that we must hold Kenya together by all means. If we prevail, our approach will be to take these people for a ride. We’ll make them think we are with them when we are not.”

“But aren’t you running the risk of being perceived as weak? Won’t people say you’ve gone to bed with the enemy?”

He looked at me, then turned and looked at his grandson. Shaking his head he said, “Sweetheart, look at that boy. Am I more important than him? Doesn’t he deserve to grow up in a peaceful country?” He wiped a tear. “That boy, and the millions like him across Kenya, is the reason I’m not going to go down a path that will lead to a civil war. I owe it to Kenya’s children to...”

He choked.

“I owe it to Kenya’s children to...”

“You don’t have to say it,” I said. “I get your point.”

When breakfast was done, he called me to the bedroom and said, “These are the moments when my faith in humanity is shaken. Give me a big hug.”

I did.

“Now I’m ready to go fight.”

He left.

I watched over the next few days as my husband led his party to the negotiating table instead of the bush. I watched as he struggled with Kibaki’s people, who included the obnoxious Martha Karua. Let me digress for a second here. Can you believe that Martha Karua—the same woman who fought the Moi administration like hell to expand democracy in Kenya—was the one now doing everything to subvert it?

Back to the elections. I was moved when I saw my husband stand and shake hands with Mwai Kibaki. I was moved when he added his signature to the document that brought a 50-50 government to Kenya instead of war. I was moved when he made it possible for a cabinet to be named. And then I was moved when he was inaugurated. I knew that he did it all for the children.

The nation’s most vulnerable.

But now, several months on, many people look at what he did, how the PNU is doing everything to shortchange him, and think he’s becoming weak. Wrong. What I know for certain is that my husband has a plan. No, he has plans. Plan A. Plan B. And plan C. When the time is right, the PNU won’t know what hit them.

Enough said.

GENERAL

ALI

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## FOURTEEN

### GMA

**Fellow** Kenyans, allow me to also say my piece. My name is **General Ali**. I am the nation's police commissioner. I hate to have to say what I'm going to say, but since everybody has been honest, I must be too. I'm a Kenyan of Somali descent. My family has been prominent in the NEP, and it has produced a number of influential Kenyans. Let that introduction suffice for now.

I want to move quickly to the night of December 30. I was at my home when I heard a sharp knock on my door. Only minutes ago, I'd just come in from my girlfriend's place—you know that media tycoon called Rose. Before that, I'd met a number of men—who've spoken ahead of me—at the State House. These men had instructed me how to handle the coming crisis. I sat there glumly as it occurred to me that a coup was being planned and executed right before my eyes.

The minute I got home—after my visit with my girlfriend—I called the State house and told Michuki, who was still out there, that I was resigning.

“Oh, but you can't,” he told me.

“I can. I must.”

“Why?”

I cleared my throat. “Because I don't agree with where you're going. When I joined the forces, I signed up to help uphold the law, to protect Kenyans, not to kill them. I can't allow myself to do anything contrary to my conscience.”

“*Ujinga tupu*—bullshit,” he said.

“I’ll drop off my resignation letter in an hour.”

I never had a chance.

Within minutes of talking to Michuki, I heard that sharp knock on my door. When I opened, two men forced themselves in, pointed their guns at me and said, “Follow us.”

My brow arched. “What’s going on?”

“The president needs you.”

The president?

I was stunned. Why did the president need me? I turned off the TV, which had *Vitimbi* on, and told the two guys I was ready.

They bundled me into an idling Range Rover and sped off.

When I got to the State House, I was led straight to the balcony where President Kibaki was waiting. He was seated on a stiff chair, with Michuki sipping some kind of liquid by his side.

“*Mabo gani haya ninayo sikia, Generali?*” the president said, looking at me with deep concern.

I looked the head of state in the eye and said, “I’m resigning. I don’t know whether you’ve heard what John is up to, but I can’t go along. My conscience won’t let me.”

“So you must resign?”

I said yes.

“Then look,” President Kibaki said, “I’ve called you here to tell you that you can’t. The nation is in the middle of a crisis. Should you resign now, it has to be considered an act of treason...which means we must arrest you.”

“Arrest me?”

Michuki nodded with a smile. Then he said, “So, General, is it to prison or are you helping us quell the riots?”

“Give me time to...”

“You’ve had all the time,” Michuki said. “Either you’re with us or you’re with the other side. It’s that simple.” He cleared his throat. “Where are you?”

I felt like spitting on this bastard’s face. I said, “I’ll work for Kibaki, not for you.”

Michuki laughed. "Suit yourself."

When I walked out of that State House, I knew exactly what Michuki was going to do. He was going to plant spies on me, have his men watch me every minute. If they saw me go toward any foreign embassy or the airport, they would either kill or arrest me. I was terrified.

To cut the long story short, I didn't do anything to hurt any Kenyan. When Grace Kahindi gave her shoot-to-kill orders in Kisumu, the authority by which she did it did not come from me. It came from...John.

Now, there are things I saw during and after the 30<sup>th</sup> of December that I must die with. They are too horrible to believe.

What I want Kenyans to know is this—that had it not been for my toughness and restraining influence on the police, a lot more Kenyans would have died.

I prevented a catastrophe.





## FIFTEEN

SK

### **Samuel Kivuitu.**

I'm back to wish Kenyans peace and prosperity. I know that the nation is hopelessly divided between the people from Western Kenya—who have successfully put together an alliance that brings Kenya's tribes under one banner—and the GEMA-Akamba alliance. It's my duty, as a proud son of the Akamba, to tell my people that staying in a coalition fronted by a man like Kalonzo Musyoka is a boneheaded strategy indeed. The man is a loser. And to most Kenyans he is a traitor.

Now, before we've even had a chance to resettle all our IDPs, he is out there scheming how to become president. I know that he is more acceptable to the Central Province power barons, but I must warn that should he be shoved down people's throats, the implosion that rocked Kenya in 2007 will look like a piece of cake.

Kenyans are angry.

So as we plan future elections, let me plead with Kenyans to carry out free and fair elections. Let us get back on track.

That's my prayer.

## SIXTEEN

### DAM

*Mimi naitwa* Daniel Arap Moi. *Kimombo ni ngumu, lakini nita jaribu*. There's a good reason I've waited this long to speak. I wanted to hear what these people had to say. What I've heard has impressed me. I'm happy that there's been a candid discussion about how things played out on one of Kenya's most ignoble nights. First and foremost, I'm glad that this mess happened on Kibaki's watch and not mine. Don't pundits always say that brilliant men like Kibaki are what Africa needs? Now look at what Mr. Africa has brought us.

But to blame the entire mess on Kibaki is to miss the point. The man from Othaya is a very weak man, that's for sure, but that's no reason for people around him to take advantage of him.

Before I go on, though, let me be the first to confess that I took advantage of Kibaki. You have to understand that when I decided to leave the presidency, it wasn't of my own volition. The stupid Americans literally pushed me out. They wanted Uhuru Kenyatta to take over. So I played along—made them think I supported Uhuru—when in reality I supported Mwai Kibaki.

*Why?*

It's very simple. I supported Mwai Kibaki because I wanted someone in power who wouldn't come after me and my family and my aides. I looked through the spectrum of Kenya politicians and decided that Kibaki was the man. I didn't trust Raila Odinga. The man is like a storm. And I didn't trust Uhuru. Knowing him as I do, what I've seen in him—which most Kenyans haven't—is a man who makes rush decisions. He goes on impulse, not reason. That's why when the time came, I

secretly supported Kibaki and did everything to turn over power to him.

Okay, I know what you're asking yourself. You're wondering why the Kibaki people mistreated me after I'd so graciously turned over power to them. The simple answer is—they were idiots. And I dare say, they've remained idiots throughout the Kibaki presidency. Why, for example—did they choose to antagonize Raila after he'd accepted to work as a Cabinet minister? And why did they allow Lucy to be such a pivotal figure in Kenyan politics when they knew she was a nutcase?

That said, I believe that the events of December 30<sup>th</sup> could have been avoided were it not for the mortal fear most Kenyan politicians have for the Hon. Raila Odinga. The man is charismatic, a brilliant strategist, and he's got more energy than a high school chap. You look at him barnstorm the country during campaigns and you wonder where he gets all that energy from. It's amazing.

But if you ask me why we fear Raila, I'll be honest and say I don't know. When you talk to the man, or work with him like I did, what you see is a man whose sole desire is to create a better Kenya for future generations. He is genuinely trying to unite Kenya's tribes, be a bridge between the past and the future. And even the perception that he is a dangerous radical is misplaced. I loved to cast him that way when I was president because it worked for me, but in truth, the man is no radical at all. He is more of a pragmatist. What guides him is—does it make Kenya a better country for our grandchildren?

So, based on what I've said about Raila, if I were challenged to endorse a candidate for the presidency of Kenya, I would endorse Raila Odinga. But am I going to do so? No. I won't because he schemed and successfully made Ruto replace me as the Baba of the Kalenjin community. Besides, wasn't it him who put together the ODM juggernaut that locked my three sons—including Gideon—out of Parliament? It's a vendetta. That's all it is. But he'd make the best president.

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December 30, 2007.

I was in Kabarak. I'd just come back from treatment in Germany. Everything was going well. I'd even accepted the fact that Kenya was going to have a new president. Raila had outplayed us all. Then things started to happen. Strange results started pouring in from Central Province. I had to sit back and laugh. Wasn't it Mwai Kibaki who once said that even rigging required brains? That it had to be done intelligently? Where was intelligence in the way this one was being done? This was blatant. Impunity. Is it any wonder that a lot of PNU supporters hit the blogs and asked the damning question—*Mta do?*

There was nothing Kenyans could do to take Kibaki out. And I knew that there was nothing the Americans or the Brits could do. Look, it's almost impossible to drive anybody from the presidency if they've decided to hang on. And what I saw in Kibaki was a man who had decided to hang on, to let Kenya burn to rubble if that was the price to pay. I was scared to death.

Within days of things going out of hand, my doctor recommended that I go to the hospital. No, I wasn't sick. It was a political move. You see, I didn't want to get involved in this mess. This was Kibaki's thing.

*Did I have any part in it?*

Many people have asked what my role was in what happened. Truth is—I never had any part. I deplore what happened. It was a shocker when Nicholas Biwott called to tell me that the elders had decided not to turn over power to Raila Odinga. The first question that went through my mind was—*Who are these elders?*

"You're one of them," he said.

"Me?"

"Yes. I've told Mwai Kibaki that you're one of us."

I was stunned.

When I told my aides and doctor, they all agreed that I needed to be at a place where Kenyans would see me resting,

rather than be at a place where they'd be guessing what I was up to. That's how I wound up in the hospital. And I must say it worked well for me.

To close, let me say that I'm soon sailing away. But I leave behind my sons and grandchildren. It's my hope that when the time comes and I must go, that I will leave Kenya in the hands of the only man who can unite the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the Central Province tribes and the Western Kenya tribes. I say so because our children and children's children deserve a Kenya that's peaceful and prosperous.

That's why I endorse Raila Odinga for president.



## SIXTEEN

### RAO

**Finally**, Fellow Kenyans, I'm back to let you know the way forward. I am **Raila Odinga**. As Ida told you earlier, I took a bullet in my chest for Kenya because I want the children of the nation I love to grow up in a peaceful and prosperous society. I know there are people who don't care what history says about them, but I care about my legacy. I want future Kenyans to look back at what I did in 2007 and early 2008 and say that *A Patriot Lived Among Us*.

For now, it's full speed ahead to 2012. But I must warn my supporters across the nation that—2012 is a date we most likely won't get to. I say so because the PNU is full of people who don't have the slightest regard for the agreements they sign on to. They are dishonorable people who say one thing and do the exact opposite. However, let me disclose here that I met President Kibaki at the Sagana State Lodge in Nyeri. We drew the map into 2012, or sooner. Barring some unforeseen eventuality, power will be turned over to me.

That's all I'll say for now.

Back to what I was talking about. Many times I sit and laugh at the PNU operatives because they think they managed to shortchange the ODM on parastatal appointments, ambassadorial postings and PS jobs. Does it look like we were shortchanged? Yes. Am I aware that it's created a perception of weakness? Again yes. But after spending nearly a month with Dr. Kofi Annan and observing how Martha, Mutula and the PNU team treated our ODM team, it became clear to me that even if we



tried our best, staying in a government run by these scoundrels would be impossible. So given such a situation, it became necessary for me to do just enough to give the impression that I was in government. Truth is, we are on to the next chapter in our long struggle to fully democratize Kenya.

I'm saddened that the men and women who fought alongside the patriots of yesteryears came to power and turned out to be even more dictatorial than the previous regimes. I still wonder—for example—how Kiraitu Muriungi and Martha Karua could have wound up oppressing Kenyans. Do they remember that they nearly lost their lives trying to liberate Kenya?

Friends, the march is on. We are not going to stop until Kenya is freed from the grip of the men and women from Central Province. And this time I make this promise—that I will not let anybody play games with the rights of Kenyans. I did it in 2007 to stop the bloodletting and destruction. But you and I know that there comes a time when lasting peace can only be won through bloodshed.

So should the elections be rigged again, no amount of police brutality and gang mayhem will deter our determination to drive out autocracy and impunity from Kenya. We will fight and we will win.

That is my pledge.

So help me, God!

Fellow Kenyans,

I wrote this book shortly after the events of 2007. Since then, Prime Minister Raila Odinga and the ODM, the party most Kenyans were looking up to for deliverance, has proved to be no different from those who've oppressed Kenyans for years. You undoubtedly watched in disbelief as he remained glued to his seat as Kenyans were clobbered on a national holiday. As for Kibaki, his *wacha wapigane* call was typical. It is my belief that for Kenya to be freed from the grip of these men, the brotherhood of politicians who've misled Kenya since the sixties must now be defeated. The fight to usher in real democracy, where all Kenyans will live as one people...bound together by a common destiny...has now come.

As we march toward taking back our country from the most authoritarian, most insensitive Parliament in the history of this nation, and as we rise up to stop the resurgent and growing police brutality, let's keep that image of Fredrick Odhiambo being battered on Jamhuri Day 2008 in mind. Let's remember Caroline Mutoko, Mwalimu Mati and his wife, and all the other civil society heroes who bravely protested the media suppression bill. If we don't stop the forces that would drag us backward, we'll never see the future we wish for our children.

So ladies and gentlemen, we now know that the enemies of Kenya are not the poor Kikuyu, or the poor Luo, or the poor Kalenjin, or the poor Luhya, or the poor Kisii next door. Our enemies are the unscrupulous MPs and the successive governments that have never shed colonial, repressive tactics, and see Kenyans as a people to beat up and subdue.

This shall end.

That's why I announce my candidacy for the presidency of Kenya in 2012. In June 2009, I will put up a website that will cover in detail my plan for Kenya. The campaign we mount will

be powered by the people of Kenya, not the fat cats who have repeatedly used money to buy the presidency. We will repeat Obama's magic right here in his father's homeland. Where the old guard use thuggery and terror to silence us, we will answer them with a firm no. We will present a clear and inspiring alternative to the retrogressive politics our band of politicians have perfected over the years.

Join me, my fellow countrymen, in taking Kenya back from the Kenyattas, the Moises, the Kibakis, the Odingas and all the other families that think Kenya belongs to them...and not to us all.

Yes we can.

Let's get moving!

Sam Okello  
**Nairobi, Kenya**























