

A SLIPPERY PATH

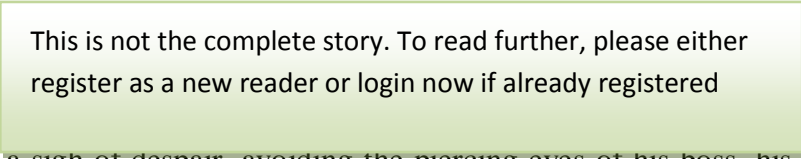
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He always wanted to be a driver. He was known among his peers as the one who had the skill to make toy cars using barbed wire and the inside tube of bicycle tyre. Simiyu didn't learn from anyone how to make cars.

His father used to work for a certain business man who had the first wholesale shop at Kiminini town. No one knew his name but people called him by the name he had painted outside his wholesale shop - Bulah Investments.

Being a sweeper and *mtu wa mkono* (a person who does menial jobs) didn't fetch Werunga enough money to buy all nice things that life had to offer for Simiyu but he made sure they didn't go to bed on empty stomach.

One day, Simiyu was taken ill and his mother, who used to wash clothes to support the family had already left. With very few options left on his side, Werunga decided to take Simiyu along to his work place.

At a first glance, I  *hapa* (Who said you bring your ch

Werunga heaved a sigh of despair, avoiding the piercing eyes of his boss, his right hand firmly holding Simiyu. He mumbled, "I was coming to tell you he's unwell and..."

The wife of Bulah just appeared as Simiyu vomited and came to his aid.

"Stop showing your weakness to these people. Don't you know that you shouldn't let him be very free with you?" Bulah shouted at his wife in a language Werunga couldn't understand, clenching his fists, threw his hairy hands in air and dashed into the shop.

Filled by a sudden wave of compassion, she bought drugs for Simiyu after noting that he had only mild symptoms of malaria.

That day Simiyu played with Kishah - one of the child of Bulah who looked like his age mate. For the first time in five years that Werunga had been working there, he didn't buy *githeri* (a cooked mixture of beans and maize) across the road from a Luo woman who was his customer but he took lunch at his boss from the verandah.