FUNGUO TISA ZA TUMAINI



soma

Readership for Learning and Development

soma

Readership for Learning and Development



UTANGULIZI 1

KUHUSU WAHARIRI WANAFUNZI 2

WANDE *by Marry Sulla* 3

TUMAINI *by Amina Kibangali* 10

Sura ya Kwanza: Mwanzo wa Safari 10
Sura ya Pili: Mvua ya Machozi 11
Sura ya Tatu: Tumaini Linarudi 12
Sura ya Nne: Vita ya Ndani 12
Sura ya Tano: Tumaini 13

PLOT TWIST *by Cecilia Mgimbila* 14

30-DAY PREGNANCY *by Joha Ibrahimu* 23

PRESENT DAY. 28
FLASHBACK 36
PRESENT DAY. 38

ZOHARI YA NAIMA *by Irene George* 46

ZOHARI KIZANI 56
KUIFIKIA NAIMA : MIAKA SABA ILIYOPITA 67
ZOHARI NURUNI 70

FROM SHADOW TO LIGHT *by Esther Kasanga* 74

Chapter 1: Cracks in the Sky 74-75
Chapter 2: Dreaming Through Darkness 75
Chapter 3: The Hustle Begins 75-76
Chapter 4: Stitching Her Future 76
Chapter 5: Empowering Others 77
Chapter 6: Healing and Hope 78

MSHUMAA KATI YA UPEPO *by Blandina Kisula* 79

NGUVU YA MWANAMKE (MAKALA) *by Wemael Mmaraba* 90

MWANAMKE 'STUKA' USITUANGUSHE (MAKALA) *by Lydia Inda* 92

UTANGULIZI

Kitabu hiki, Funguo Tisa za Tumaini, ni matokeo ya shughuli za kulea kizazi kipya cha waandishi wachanga wa kifeminia; nafasi tuliyojiwekea ili kuunda jukwaa la ubunifu, utafiti, na kuibua sauti za wanawake wachanga. Mafunzo haya ya uandishi yalikuwa nafasi ya kina ya kujifunza, kushirikiana, na kuunda hadithi zinazoonesha upinzani, utunzaji, na fikra za kuibua jamii mpya.

Mkusanyiko huu unajumuisha hadithi tisa zilizochaguliwa kwa makini, ikizingatia ubora, maadili, na sauti za kipekee za waandishi. Hadithi hizi zinashirikisha hisia, changamoto, na mafanikio ya maisha ya wanawake, zikitoa nafasi kwa msomaji kuangalia dunia kwa macho mapya, yenye uelewa wa kina na huruma.

Lengo la kitabu hiki ni kuendeleza mjadala wa kifeminia, kuhamasisha uandishi unaoonyesha ukweli usiokuwa umefunuliwa, na kuanzisha mazungumzo yanayochochea mabadiliko katika jamii. Huu sio mkusanyiko tu wa hadithi ni mwongozo wa sauti, nafasi za kujieleza, na mwanga wa kuibua uelewa mpya wa jamii yetu.

Mchakato wa kuandaa kitabu hiki umezingatia mafunzo, ushauri, na uhariri wa kina, kuhakikisha kila hadithi inawakilisha sauti ya kipekee na inafikia hadhira pana. Kupitia Funguo Tisa za Tumaini, tunaleta pamoja vipaji vipya, changamoto za kijamii, na fikra zinazohamasisha mabadiliko, huku tukihakikisha kuwa kila hadithi ni kioo cha jamii na kizazi cha waandishi chipukizi.



KUHUSU WAHARIRI WANAFUNZI

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Kitabu hiki, Funguo Tisa za Tumaini, ni matokeo ya shughuli za kulea kizazi kipya cha waandishi wachanga wa kifeminia; nafasi tuliyojiwekea ili kuunda

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

soma
Readership for Learning and Development

WANDE

Marry Sulla

Siku hazifanani wala dakika zifanyazo masaa hazina usawa, kila dakika hubeba matukio muhimu kwenye maisha ya kila avutae pumnzi na ndivyo ilivyokuwa kwa Wande.

Jioni ile alitembea kwa haraka akijaribu kuiwahi mvua ambayo ilionesha dalili kwa mawingu mazito yaliyolitanda anga. Uzito na rangi ile ya mawingu ulifanya jua lione haya kupenyeza miale yake kwenye ardhi hivyo kulifanya giza lisambae kwa uhuru kwenye sura ya nchi kabla ya usiku kuingia. Hakutamani mvua ile imuoshe kwa kuwa misuli ya mwili wake ilikakamaa kila alipo loana lakini hofu na majuto ambayo yangempata kama angebaki nyumbani visingekuwa na tiba kama ulivyo mwili. Alijitahidi sana kuchapulisha hatua lakini jitihada zake hazikuzaa matunda kwani alipofika njiani mawingu yale yaliamua kuyeyuka kwa hasira kama yalitaka kumkomoa. Matone makubwayamaji yalidondoka kwa kushindana nani atamlowanisha Wande haraka.

Alijitahidi kushindana na mvua ile kwa kupiga hatua za miguu yake mirefu mara dufu zaidi ya alivyoianza safari yake lakini aligundua vita ile asingeweza ishinda. Aliangaza kushoto kisha kulia kwake na mbele aliona duka lililokuwa bado wazi. Alitembea hadi katika varanda la duka lile na kusimama kujikinga na mvua ambayo kwa mda ule iliongezeka. Alivitazama viatu vyake virefu kwa mshangao “mh! Sori yangu jamani, nimewezaje kutembea navyo vikiwa hivi?” alilalamika mwenyewe akiitazama saa yake ya mkononi ambayo wakati ule ilisema ni saa kumi na mbili na robo. Alilitazama anga kwa umakini kama analipima ujazo, alijishika kichwani wigi lake refu la rangi ya udongo lililomkaa vizuri na kumuongezea uzuri nalo lilikuwa limeanza kulowana “Nywele yangu wajameni” Alisimama kwa dakika chache akijishauri kama aendelee na ile safari ama la. Kila mtu barabarani alikuwa mwenye haraka zaidi ya mwingine hakuna aliyekuwa anataka kulowana, miundo mbinu ya barabara ile nyuma ya uwanja wa Kirumba haikuwa rafiki mitaro ya kupitishia maji ilikuwa imeziba kwa michanga mingi, mashimo mashimo katikati ya barabara yaliyogeuka vidimbwi yalipangana kama yanakaguliwa gwaride, kila mvua iliponyesha ilifanya hali kuwa mbaya zaidi kwa watumiaji wote sio tu wenye vyombo vya usafiri bali hata watembea kwa miguu. Magari yalipiga honi kutoa tahadhari kwa bodaboda na watembea kwa miguu ambao walitembea bila tahadhari barabarani kwa kuhofia mvua.

Wande aliamua kutembea kuiendeleza safari, alivivua viatu vyake pia simu yake kuiweka kiunoni ndani ya suruali yake, alichukua mtandio wake mdogo mweusi aliokuwa ameufunga shingoni mwake kama skafu na kuufunga kichwani, aliikunja suruali yake ya jeans nyeusi hadi kwenye magoti. Sasa hakutembea aliamua kukimbia bila kujali alikuwa peku, alivikanyaga vidimbwi vya maji na matope bila hofu ya kukanyaga uchafu wala wadudu. Aliikumbuka siku aliyotangaza nia yake ya kugombea nafasi ya udiwani kwenye chama chake, majibu ya haraka na kikatili yalitoka kwa watu wake mwenyewe si wanaume tu bali wanawake na wazee wa chama chake walimbeza na kumdhihaki “Kuna kanda ya kuongozwa na mwanamke ila siyo ya kwetu, kashindwa kupata mume ampikie? Wanaume walisema. “Chama hiki kinahitaji wanaume shupavu kucheza michezo ya kisiasa huyu atawezea wapi?” Wazee walitamka waliidai hoja kana kwamba mwanamke asiye na mume hawezi kuwa na akili ya kufikiri au kufanya maamuzi ama hakutakiwa kuwa kiongozi bali mama wa nyumbani. “Tangu lini mwanamke mnyororo nyororo kama yeye akaweza kutuongoza? Kucha na zile kope ndefu nani atamsikiliza?
Yeye asubili viti maalumu tutampa” Wanawake wenzake walinong’ona. Nguvu zilianza kumuishia lakini tamaa yake ya kushuhudia hatma yake usiku ule ilimfanya ashindwe kusimamisha miguu yake.

Alifika kituoni akiwa amelowana tepetepe, hakukuwa na mtu nje zaidi ya walinzi wawili mlangoni na kelele zilizotokea mle ndani ya ukumbi. Mapigo ya moyo wake yaliongezeka kudunda “Sikumbuki mara ya mwisho kukimbia hivi ilikuwa ni lini hiki kiburi kitakuja kuniua” alijisemea akihema juu juu mikono kaiweka kiunoni. Alizipiga hatua hadi mlangoni walipokuwa wale walinzi vijana wa chama walimruhusu aingie ndani.

“Wajumbe tupunguzeni kelele, mbona tunaweza kukubaliana tu?” mwenyekiti alizungumza kwa hisia kuwasihi wajumbe watulie ukumbini mule. Hakuna mjumbe aliyekuwa ameketi, wengine walisimama hadi juu ya viti wakipiga kelele “Tunataka majibu yetu, tunataka majibu yetu” wengine walirukaruka “Tunamtaka mrembo wetu, tunamtaka mrembo wetu” Mwenyekiti alisimama na kwa sauti ya mamlaka alifoka “Kama sisi tutakuwa wendawazimu na kushindwa kusikilizana basi hao watoto wa mamdogo watatuondoa kwenye viti vyetu mapema sana, Kelele mnazozipiga hazitoweza kuwapa majibu mnayoyataka. Haya wagombea wote watatu njooni huku mbele pamoja na kamati” Kelele zilikoma Mzee Masala alisimama akiitengeneza miwani yake vizuri ikae vyema kwenye pua yake nene kama pera, kipara chake kilichong’aa kwa kupakwa mafuta na ile rangi yake nyeusi kama chungu cha dawa vilimfanya aogopwe na kila mtu pale alipokasirika. Alivalia suti ya kijani jeshi iliyomkaa vyema maungoni na kuongeza umaridadi wake, kwa sauti ile ya mamlaka kama simb aungurumapo nyikani ukumbi mzima ulikaa kimya.

Kila mtu alimgeukia mwenzake kuhakikisha kama alisikia vyema tamko, mmoja baada ya mwingine waliketi taratibu akabaki mzee Masala kasimama mwenyewe mbele ya ukumbi. Wande aliketi chini kwenye sakafu nyuma ya ukumbi matarajio yake yaligeuka na yaliambaa kama kishada.

“Nimesema wagombea wote njooni mbele” haikuwa sauti ya kuomba bali agizo, ukumbi mzima ulikaa kimya ukisubili kuona nini kinakwenda kutokea. Taratibu wagombea walianza kupiga hatua kuelekea mbele, Wande alijikusanya na kuinuka, haikuwa rahisi kwake kwenda mbele vile alivyo lakini ilimbidi, alijilaumu kwa nini alifanya maamuzi ya kwenda ukumbini pale kinyume na makubalino yake na baba yake

“Hawa ndio wagombea wetu ambao mnapiga kelele leo hii kwa ajili yao, mtazameni Mabhele Ndaki mtu mzima wa miaka sitini amewahi kushika nafasi hii zaidi ya awamu tatu ni ukweli uzoefu anao na michezo ya siasa anaijua swali ni mh! awamu zote hizo katufanyia nini kama chama au kama wananchi wa kawaida ili leo hii tukimpitisha anaweza kutupunguzia gharama za kumnadi kwenye uchaguzi mkuu ashinde wagombea wa vyama vingine? Hilo hamkuliwaza hata kidogo, wa pili ni Jaden Manoni, kijana mdogo machachari mwenye elimu ya chuo kikuu na shahada nyingi, amekitumikia chama muda mrefu ameona sasa ni muda wa kuwatumikia wananchi, anazo nguvu na nia pia ingawa hana uzoefu wa bwana Ndaki je tutaweza mnadi? Haya wa mwisho ni…” Ukumbi mzima uliangua kicheko, haikuwa rahisi kujizuia kucheka kutokana na muonekano wa Wande pale mbele, shati lake la manjano lililowana na kujikunja kunja huku vifungo vikiwa vimepishana, suruali yake ya jinsi imekunjwa hadi magotini kuiacha miguu yake yenye matope kuonekana, viatu vyake vyekundu vilivyotoka sori na kitambaa chake cheusi kichwani kama mganga wa kienyeji hakukuwa na tofauti kati yake na wendawazimu njiani.

“Msicheke msicheke hebu tulieni, huyu ni Wande mwanamke wa miaka thelathini na tano na hajaolewa, ingawa anazo shahada mbili bado kachagua urembo kama kazi yake. Huyu tunatakiwa kumnadi akatutetee kwenye uchaguzi, huyu akashindane na watoto wa mamdogo kwa hoja jukwaani. Hebu tufikiri kwa umakini na tusipoteze muda na nguvu nyingi, uchaguzi huu ulikuwa wa wazi na haki, na kwa mamlaka niliyopewa mshindi wa uchaguzi huu ni bwana Jaden Manoni kwa kura hamsini na sita sawa na asilimia thelathini na saba point tatu, wa pili ni Wande M. Masanja kura hamsini sawa na asilimia thelathini na tatu pointi tatu tatu, na wa tatu ni bwana Mabhele Ndaki kura arobaini na nne sawa na asilimia ishirini na tisa pointi tatu tatu. Baada ya kusema hayo naomba kubaki na kamati ya uchaguzi na wagombea, wengine mnaweza kutoka na kuendelea kusherekea, ushindi ni wetu sote kwa maana safari ndefu ndo tunaianza kuelekea uchaguzi mkuu. Angalizo ukifanya fujo na kuleta shida yoyote hautakuwa unafanya kwa ajili ya hasira yako

kunikomoa mimi bali unakiaibisha chama hivyo chama ambacho ndicho chenye dora hakitakubaliana na uvunjifu wa amani lazima kikuadhibu. Muwe na usiku mwema Dj weka ule wimbo wetu tililili, tililili, ntanta nta nta. Mzee Masala alimalizia na kushuka jukwaani kuelekea kwenye chumba nyuma ya ukumbi akifuatana na kamati pamoja na wagombea.

“Mwanao yuko wapi?” mzee Masala alimuuliza mkewe akivivua viatu vyake mlangoni kwa hasira alisonya, hakumtazama mkewe usoni bali macho yake yalikuwa kwenye viatu vyake vilivyokanyaga matope. Mkewe hakujibu swali ila alilalamika akimpokea mumewe briefcase yake aliyokuwa kaiweka kwapani “Presha yangu iko juu kwa sababu yake, na mvua hii iliyonyesha mh maskini mwanangu”. Alitikisa kichwa kwa masikitiko akimtazama mumewe ambaye alikuwa akikung’uta tope kwenye viatu vyake kana kwamba hakumsikia. “Sijui hii ng’ombe uliitoa wapi nkema bhebhe” (mwanamke wewe) Mzee Masala alisimama kwa dakika chache akitafakari, wingu la hofu lilitanda usoni mwake alijitahidi kuificha hofu yake bila mafanikio. Taswira ya mwanaye akiwa amelowana, shati imepishana vifungo na yuko peku peku viatu kavishikilia mkononi ilimuijia kichwani kama picha mjongeo. Alibaki kasimama mlangoni akimtazama mkewe ambaye naye alimtazama na sasa wote walitazamana kama waliviziana nani aanze kutoa maamuzi ya nini wafanye. Kelele za geti lao kugongwa kwa nguvu uliwazindua na wote kukimbilia getini. “Nani?” mzee Masala aliuliza kwa sauti nzito “Ni mimi Jaden nimemleta…” kabla Jaden hajamalizia sentensi yake mzee Masala alifungua geti na kumtazama hofu yake ilionekana machoni “Nimemleta Wande baba” Wande aliketi chini akitetemeka mwili mzima ulijaa matope. Mzee Masala alitoka nje na kumtazama mwanaye, kwa sekunde chache alizosimama alitafuta maneno ya kusema bila mafanikio, alimsogelea na kumuinua akisaidiana na Jaden wakaingia naye ndani. “Asante baba kwa kumsaidia mwanangu jamani sijui hata nisemeje” mama yake Wande alimshika Jaden mkono kumshukuru shukrani yake haikujificha kwani goti alilolipiga lilidhihirisha wazi aliuthamini msaada ule. “Pole kwa usumbufu mwanangu unaweza kwenda sasa na asante sana” Mzee Masala alizungumza akimshika begani Jaden na kumsindikiza nje. “Haya isalimie familia, mambo mengine ya uchaguzi tutazungumza kesho” Jaden aliondoka kwa mzee Masala na mzee kurejea ndani, alimkuta mkewe peke yake sebuleni akikausha maji yaliyokuwa yamedondoshwa na Wande. “Yuko wapi huyu?” alimuuliza mkewe, sauti yake haikuweza kueleweka ilikuwa ni kama mtu mwenye hasira na huzuni, alikasirishwa na tabia ya mwanaye lakini alihofia kama jambo baya lingemtokea angefanya nini? “Yuko chumbani anabadili nguo” alimjibu akielekea jikon.

“Umekuwa ukimdekeza sana huyu mjinga, umri huo bado anaendelea kufanya mambo ya kitoto kitoto, anajua kabisa hatakiwi kulowana kwa nini aje kwenye uchaguzi eeh, ni wazi anafanya haya kunikomoa” Mzee alimfokea mkewe kwa sauti ya juu, sauti yake ilikuwa ya kuogofya, watu wote wa nyumba ile waliamka kutaka kufahamu nini kiliendelea. “Ni usiku sasa mume wangu acha tulale kesho tutazungumza au unataka uamshe watu wote humu ndani Mtoto karudi salama hilo linatosha” mkewe alimfuata kumtuliza. Watu wote walitoka vyumbani mwao kusikiliza mzee alipiga kelele za nini. “Unajua kiasi gani ameniaibisha leo, kwa nini kila siku ni yeye tu? Mwanangu Ng’walu hakuwa hivi!” mzee alilalamika akizunguka zunguka sebuleni, kutoka kushoto hadi kulia, aliivua miwani yake na kuishikilia mkononi pua yake kubwa ilicheza cheza kwa hasira sasa kila mtu kwenye chumba kile alimtazama akitamani kufahamu nini kiliendelea. Wakiwa bado kwenye taharuki hiyo Wande alitoka chumbani kwake akijikokota taratibu uso wake ulikuwa mwekundu kwa kulia na macho yake yalimvimba “Mama muache afoke hakuna upya kwenye hilo lakini naomba leo uniambie baba yangu ni nani?” kwa machungu na kwikwi neno moja moja lilimtoka, alisimama kwa shida kwa maumivu, kila mmoja alipigwa na butwaa hawakuamini ujasiri aliokuwa nao ulikuwa wake kweli, hakuna aliyewahi kumkatisha mzee yule lakini yeye hakuwajali aliendelea kumhoji mama yake “Kwa miaka yangu yote thelathini hajawahi kuniona mimi kama mwanaye, kila nilipofaulu na kumletea matokeo bila kujali juhudi na kiasi gani niliteseka kuvipata aliniuliza maksi kumi zilizobaki ziko wapi mh? Kwa nini sikupata mia moja kama dada yangu? Kila nilipokosewa shule na hata nyumbani sikuwahi kuwa na haki ya kujitetea aliniadhibu kwa makosa ambayo sikuwahi kuyafanya. Ng’e aliingia kwenye mkoba wa mwalimu darasani kwa kuwa ni wangu mimi niliadhibiwa, Ng’walu alitaka kufungiwa kwenye freezer mwenyewe hakuna aliyehoji niliadhibiwa mimi. Nilisoma shahada yangu ya kwanza na kuwa mhandisi kwa ajili yake lakini hakutokea hata kwenye mahafali yangu kisa sikupata GPA aliyoitaka bila kujiuliza nilipigana kiasi gani kupata hiyo ya nne” machozi yalizidi kumtiririka na kwikwi kuzidi, alijisogeza ukutani na kuegemea ukuta chumba kizima kiliingiwa baridi kwa ukimya, mzee Masala aliacha kuzunguka sasa alisimama akimtazama mwanaye kwa mshangao macho yake madogo kayatoa mkono ukiwa kiunoni. Mkewe aliyekuwa kasimama katikati ya sebule alimtazama mumewe kisha mwanaye hakujua ajibu nini, swali lile lilikuwa likijirudia mara kwa mara kutoka kwa mumewe aliyeuliza kama kweli Wande alikuwa mwanaye na sasa mwanaye wa kumzaa mwenyewe alimhoji.

“Unaongea upuuzi gani wewe? Miaka hiyo thelathini unakula na kulala kwangu, nililipa ada na kukupa kila kitu tumbafu ewe (mpumbavu wewe) unahaki gani ya kuhoji?” Mzee aling’aka kwa hasira macho yake yaliiva kama nyanya “Huo ulikuwa wajibu wako ulitakiwa kulifanya hilo, kila siku umekuwa ukinilinganisha na dada yangu ingawa hayuko hai ni lini utanipenda kama nilivyo na si kwa ajili ya mafanikio yangu?” Wande alijibu bila kwikwi “Wajibu? Msukuma gani

anasomesha mtoto wa kike digrii mbili? Ningekuozesha wewe ningepata ng'ombe nyingi sana, Mwanangu hakuwa na tabia kama zako ni mzazi gani anafurahia kuwa na binti mkubwa ambaye kazi yake ni kuweka kucha na kope, kuvaa nywele ndefu na kushinda mtandaoni eti ni influenza mara mwanamitindo? Jitazame ulivyo kazi ya urembo inakusaidia nini" mzee alizidi kufoka akipiga hatua kumuelekea Wande lakini kabla hajamfikia mkewe alimzuia. "Unadhani sijui kwamba hata Manoni amezishindwa tabia zako ndo maana hajataka kukuoa? Nilikwambia wazi usigombee ulinisikiliza? Baba gani atapenda mtoto asiyemsikivu? Kuna mwaka sikuitwa shule kwa kesi zako za kitumbafu kitumbafu? Yote haya ni huyu mama yako" hasira yake ilionekana wazi kila alipozungumza Wande alimjibu "Uliwahi kuniuliza kama uinjinia ninaupenda? Kura zangu umezibadili ili nisishinde kuna baba anaweza mfanyia hayo mwanaye?" Wande alijibu lakini kabla hajaongeza neno lingine mama yake aliingilia kati majibizano yale ambayo hayakuwa na mwisho "Keleleni" kwa sauti ya ukali aliwanyamazisha "Siwezi kukupakazia uzazi, kwa miaka yote nimekuwa nikivumilia haya masimango yako yasiyokuwa na kichwa wala miguu, ugomvi wako na mwanao unaonesha kwa namna gani vichwa vyenu vinafanana sasa iweje mnihoji kuhusu baba yake, msinikasirishie roho ya mwanangu huko aliko ashindwe kupumzika, sasa gombaneni mkimaliza kila mtu akalale." Aliondoka akawaacha sebuleni wengine wote kwa hofu walifanya hivyo kasoro Wande na baba yake. Walikaa kimya kila mmoja akijadili waliifikiaje hatua ile, palikuwa kimya hawakuzungumza muda mwisho mzee Masala akaukata ukimya "Umekula?" alimuuliza mwanaye ambaye aliketi chini, aliinua kichwa na kumtazama baba yake ambaye bado alikuwa amesimama wima."Hutaki kula sawa" alielekea mezani na kupakua chakula alikula vijiko vichache kasha kuinuka kwenda chumbani.

Usiku ule ulikuwa mrefu sana kwa wanandoa wale, kila mtu alijigeuza geuza kama samaki jikoni mwisho mama Wande alikata ukimya "Kwa nini hukubaliani na ukweli kwamba hatukubahatika kupata mtoto wa kiume? Wasichana hawa umewalea kama wanaume tangia wakiwa wadogo, hukujali wao waliwaza na kupenda nini. Nayajua maumivu ya kutokuwa na mtoto wa kuendeleza ukoo wako, mimi ni mama uchungu ninaousikia kwa kumpoteza binti yangu hauwezi kuelezeka kwa maneno lakini nifanyaje basi Wande ni mwanangu , sawa hafanani kama dada yake lakini maisha yake yote amejitahidi kuishi kuturidhisha kwa nini tusimpe nafasi ya kuishi anavyotaka? Ni mwanao unayempenda naliamini hilo ni vile tu haendani na tamaduni wala vile ambavyo wapwa zako wanaenenda,
hutakiwi kuukaza sana moyo mume wangu" mzee Masala hakujibu kitu alibaki kimya akivuta kumbukumbu za mwanaye Wande, matukio yake ya ajabu na mafanikio yake, alikuwa injinia mzuri nyumba waliyokuwa wanaishi ilithibitisha hilo ilikuwa nyumba iliyosanifiwa vizuri na kujengwa kisasa, alikuwa mwerevu na mwenye hoja thabiti na ndiyo maana alishinda uchaguzi.

Mzee hakuweza kulala aliinuka kitandani na kutoka nje ya chumba chao kwenda sebuleni ambapo hakutegemea kumkuta mwanaye ameketi kwenye kochi kajikunyata alimsogelea na kumuangalia, macho yao yalitazamana alisogea karibu na kuketi karibu naye bila kusema neno. Walikaa bila kuzungungumza, haikuwa hulka ya Mzee yule kujishusha ingawa nafsi yake ilimsuta kwa kutomtendea vyema mwanaye. “Nitapeleka jina lako kamati kuu ugombee ubunge huo utakufaa kwa uwezo wako na si udiwani.” Alizungumza akimshika mwanaye paji la uso kumpima kama joto lake lilikuwa sawa. Kwa muda Wande alimtazama baba yake kwa sura mpya, hakuwa na kinyongo tena kama awali mzigo wa maumivu aliyoyabeba kwa miaka yote hakuwa nao tena. “Sikuwa nataka kuwa mwanasiasa nilikuwa nataka niione sura yako itakavyokuwa siku ukitangaza matokeo na kuona nimeshinda” Wande alimjibu baba yake kwa sauti ya chini, baba yake aliangua kicheko akimtazama “Hii ng’ombe ni mimi kopraiti” alijisemea moyoni, Wande alijikuta akicheka pia . “Kwa hiyo unampango gani?” alimuuliza mwanaye ambaye alijitengeneza na kukaa vizuri aliacha kujikunyata, alikaa kimya akitafakari si ukweli kwamba aligombea kumkomoa baba yake bali ndani yake kulikuwa na msukumo wa kutamani yeye kuwa sehemu ya mabadiliko ambayo alitamani kuyaona. Alimtazama baba yake na kumuuliza “Naweza kuongoza jamii hii isiyoamini mwanamke anaweza kusimama bila mume?” Baba yake alikohoa na kumjibu “Kama utajifunza kufunga vishikizo vya shati lako vizuri, kutotembea peku matopeni na kutokukunja suruali wewe ni kiongozi mwerevu, sijaisahau siku uliyofukuzwa shule kwa sababu umeongoza mgomo kwenda kudai mazao ya shule yasiuzwe bali yatumiwe kwa matumizi ya shule.” Mazungumzo yao yalikuwa ya kipekee sana ni wazi kila mmoja alichoshwa na marumbano kati yao. “Jimbo la Ilemela utapeperusha bendera ya chama chetu haya kalale” Mzee aliinuka na kwenda kulala.

Ulikuwa mwanzo mzuri kwa Wande kwani alibadilisha hadithi yake binafsi kutoka simulizi ya aibu kuwa ushuhuda wenye nguvu thabiti. Hakuzungumza kwenye kampeni kama mwana siasa, bali kwa lugha ya wananchi wake, lugha ya uzoefu wa maisha ya kawaida ambayo aliyaishi. Haikuwa kampeni rahisi kwake wapinzani wake walikuja na kila aina ya mbinu kuhakikisha anashindwa, kama ilivyo desturi kwamba mwanamke huaibishwa kwa orodha ya watu aliowahi kuwa nao kwenye mahusiano haikuwa tofauti kwa Wande, walitafuta hadi rafiki zake wa kiume aliokuwa nao shule na kutengeneza stori kumvua maadili yake. Baba yake aliijua vizuri michezo hiyo hivyo alisimama kidete kuhakikisha mwanaye anashinda uchaguzi ule, Mapambano ya usawa wa kweli, kwa jamii yenye haki na jumuishi vilikuwa muhimu zaidi na alikuwa tayari kupambana kwa ajili ya wanawake wengine kama binti yake.

TUMAINI

Amina Kibangali

Sura ya Kwanza: Mwanzo wa Safari

Nilikuwa bado msichana mdogo wa miaka kumi na saba, nikiishi na mama yangu kule kijijini Makuyuni. Nilipenda shule kwa moyo wangu wote na hasa somo la Kiswahili. Wengi walinicheka, wengine wakinishangaa, lakini mwalimu wangu, Bi. Nuru, aliniona tofauti. "Asha, una nyota kubwa," aliniambia siku moja tukiwa darasani. Maneno yake yalikaa moyoni mwangu kama mwanga wamshumaa gizani.

Lakini maisha hayaandikwi kama insha, wakati mwingine huandika kwa damu na machozi. Ilianza kama urafiki wa kawaida. Juma alikuwa kijana mrefu mwenye tabasamu la kuvutia, mwanafunzi wa kidato cha nne katika shule jirani. Alijua kusema maneno ya kunifanya nihisi kama dunia inazunguka kwa ajili yangu tu. Sikujua kuwa nyuma ya tabasamu lile kulikuwa na mvua ya huzuni. "Asha, nitakulinda. Siwezi kukuumiza kamwe," aliniambia mara kadhaa. Lakini majira ya masika yalipofika, nilianza kuhisi tofauti. Kichefuchefu, uchovu na hali ya kutoelewa kilichokuwa kinaendelea mwilini mwangu. Siku moja, niliamua kwenda zahanati ya kijiji.

Nilipofanyiwa vipimo, nesi aliniangalia kwa tahadhari na kusema: "Binti, vipimo vinaonyesha una ujauzito wa takriban miezi miwili." Nilitetemeka, dunia iligeuka giza.

Sura ya Pili: Mvua ya Machozi

Nilirudi nyumbani nikiwa kama mzoga wa ndoto. Kwa siku kadhaa nilikaa kimya, nikipambana na mawazo yangu mwenyewe. Sikuwa na ujasiri wa kumwambia mama ukweli moja kwa moja, lakini sikutaka afahamu kupitia kwa wengine.

Siku moja usiku, nilikaa mezani nikiandika barua. Kila neno lilinitoka kwa maumivu: Mama, samahani kwa kukuvunja moyo. Nimepata ujauzito. Si kwa kutaka, bali kwa kutojua. Niliahidiwa upendo, nikavuna majuto. Tafadhali nisikie kabla hujanihukumu.

Niliweka barua hiyo chini ya kikombe cha chai mezani, mahali ambapo mama alipenda kukaa asubuhi.

Asubuhi ilipofika, nilikuwa nimejifungia chumbani. Nilimsikia akiifungua barua, ukimya ukatawala. Dakika chache baadaye, mlango wa chumba changu ukagongwa kwa upole.

Mama alinimkuta nikiwa na machozi usoni, nikilia kwa huzuni kitandani. Uso wake ulikuwa umejaa mshangao, kisha akaingia kwa haraka, akaketi kitandani mwangu, akilia kimya kimya huku mikono yake ikiwa imekumbatia barua ile. Alipojaribu kuzungumza, sauti yake ilikatika kwa kwikwi za uchungu. "Asha... mwanangu... siamini... lakini nitakuwa nawe."

Alinikumbatia kwa nguvu kama mtu anayeshikilia kilicho muhimu kabla hakijapotea. Machozi yetu yalichanganyika, na kwa mara ya kwanza nilihisi kuwa pengine matumaini hayakuwa yamekufa.

Siku iliyofuata, niliitwa ofisini kwa Mkuu wa Shule. Wazazi walikuwepo. Mwalimu Nuru aliketi pembeni, macho yake yakiwa mekundu.

"Kwa mujibu wa sheria za shule, Asha atalazimika kusitisha masomo yake kwa sasa," Mkuu wa shule alisema kwa sauti isiyo na hisia.

Nilihisi kama naanguka kwenye shimo lisilo na mwisho. Wanafunzi walinicheka, wengine walinizungumzia nyuma ya mgongo wangu. Sauti zao zilikuwa kama misumari kwenye moyo wangu.

Lakini kila usiku mama alikuwa kando yangu. "Mimba si mwisho wa maisha. Ulianguka, sasa simama. Tutamlea huyu mtoto, na utarudi shule. Nitaenda mpaka kwa Waziri kama itahitajika."

Sura ya Tatu: Tumaini Linarudi

Nilijifungua mtoto wa kike nikiwa na miaka kumi na nane. Nilimwita Tumaini. Alikuwa mzuri kama jua la asubuhi. Upendo niliokuwa nao kwake ulizidi huzuni niliyokuwa nimebeba.

Mama alianza kufuatilia taratibu za kunirudisha shule. Alizunguka kwa viongozi wa elimu, taasisi za wanawake na hata kutoa taarifa kwa redio ya kijiji. Polepole, watu walianza kubadilika.

"Binti wa Makuyuni arudi shule baada ya kulea mtoto!" Ilikuwa kichwa cha habari kwenye gazeti la mkoa.

Nilirudi shule mwaka mmoja baada ya kujifungua. Nilivaa sare yangu ya shule kwa mikonoinayotetemeka. Wengine walinicheka, wengine walininyoshea vidole. Lakini nilitembea kifua mbele.

Mwalimu Nuru alinipokea kwa mikono miwili. "Karibu nyumbani, Asha."

Sura ya Nne: Vita ya Ndani

Kurudi shule haikuwa rahisi. Kulikuwa na dharau, kebehi na wakati mwingine nilitaka kukata tamaa. Lakini kila nilipomwona Tumaini nikirudi nyumbani, nilipata nguvu mpya.

Wakati wa mitihani ya mock, nilishika nafasi ya kwanza kitaifa. Ilikuwa habari kubwa.

Mmoja wa waandishi wa habari alinifuata kwa mahojiano. "Ulikuwaje na moyo wa kusoma katikati ya hali kama yako?"

Nilitabasamu. "Kwa sababu najua najenga maisha yangu. Sitaki kuwa hadithi ya huzuni."

Sura ya Tano: Tumaini

NMwaka uliofuata nilifaulu kujiunga na Chuo Kikuu cha Dar es Salaam kusomea uandishi wa habari. Tumaini alikuwa ana miaka miwili. Mama alilia siku nilipoondoka.

"Nenda ukaandike dunia yako, mwanangu." Nilijifunza kuwa maisha si kuhusu usafi wa safari, bali nguvu ya kusimama baada ya kuanguka.Wanafunzi wenzangu alinipokea vizuri. Baadhi walishangazwa na hadithi yangu, wengine walipata motisha.

Leo, nikiwa mwandishi wa habari, ninawaandikia mabinti kama mimi. Nawashauri, nawasikiliza, na kuwaambia:

"Mimba haimalizi ndoto zako. Wewe bado ni thamani. Bado unaweza kung'aa.

PLOT TWIST

Cecilia Mgimbila

Kuvuja kwa pakacha nafuu kwa mchuuzi wahenga walisema, lakini liwapi hili pakacha nilitumbue hata kwa kisu linipunguzie shuruba na dhoruba.

Miaka thelathini yote ya kuwa duniani bado maswahibu hayaniishi. Alijiwazia Marietta, aliyekuwa ameketi juu ya sofa akiwa amevaa gauni nyepesi ya satini nyeupe yenye mikono midogo ya kamba huku amekodoa macho kodo kuitizama runinga ambayo haijawashwa. Alisonya kwa nguvu na kushusha pumzi ndefu huku akinyanyua simu yake na kubonyeza kitufe kidogo cha pembeni, simu iliwaka kwenye kioo ikionekana picha ya Marietta akiwa amevaaa shera, alitabasamu huku akitikisa kichwa kwa masononeko. Alipotizama saa ilikuwa ni saa tano kasoro robo, aliinyanyuka na kusogea mpaka dishani, alisogeza pazia pembeni kidogo na kuzima taa iliaweze kuona nje, ukimya na giza totoro ndo vitu pekee vilivyolitawala anga la madibira, hakukuwa na sauti ya bundi wala paka, hata mfalme mwezi hakujitokeza kabisa siku hiyo. Marietta alipepesa macho huku na kule kama angeweza kung'amua chochote lakini aliambulia patupu. Aliwasha taa na kurudi kukaa kwenye kochi akitafakari mstakabali wa maisha yake huku akikagua mandhari ya sebuleni hapo, runinga kubwa iliyosimikwa ukutani, chini yake kukiwa na meza yenye visimbuzi na vitabu kadhaa, sofa kubwa mbili, na ndogo moja, katikati ya sebule kulikuwa na meza ndogo, iliyokuwa imebeba ua juu yake. Marietta aliendeleza ukaguzi macho yake yakatua kwenye picha kubwa ukutani, picha ambayo hukaribisha kila mgeni aingiae, pichani alionekana Efrahimu aliyevalia suti nyeusi akiwa amemkumbatia Marietta ambaye alikuwa ndani ya shera jeupe, nyuso zao zikiwa zimepambwa na tabasamu. Macho ya Marietta yalilengwa lengwa na machozi kadiri alivozidi kuitazama picha ile akaamua kuchukua remote na kuwasha runinga, alibonyeza kitufe mara kadhaa mpaka alipoifikia stesheni aliyotaka kuitazama. Taratibu sauti ya runinga ilianza kufukuza ukimya wa usiku uliopelekea upweke moyoni mwa Marietta, licha ya kuwa na kazi na uwezo wa kujihudumia hata bila ya kuhitaji msaada kutoka kwa mumewe Efrahim. Marietta hakubarikiwa kuwa na mtoto katika miaka yake mitatu ya ndoa. Ubongo wa Marietta ulitopea kwenye kipindi ha "INNER SELF", ambapo mshahiri alikuwa akighani.

“They named me weak,
They tried to bury me,
They didn’t know I was a seed,
I grew.

Through the weight of silence,
Through bruises no one saw,
Through nights spent stitching hope,
From scars of broken yesterdays.

They told me, I’d never win.
That I’d break, that I’d beg
That I’d craw back quiet,
That no women survives a storm
With her voice still whole.

But I……”

Ghafla mlango ulifunguliwa, alikuwa ni Efrahim mwanaume mwenye majigambo zaidi ya miviga ya shilembe na mchezasili wa mayo, akitanguliwa na harufu kali ya pombe hata kabla hajazisogeza hatua zake. Marietta aligeuza shingo taratibu kumtazama.

“Wenzako wakiwa vitandani kuwasubiri waume zao wazalishe watoto, wewe ndo kwanza uko hapa unalaghahiwa na hao waghaibu wanaodai fifty fifty” Aliropoka efrahimu huku akiwa anayumbayumba kwapani akiwa amebana chupa ya pombe. Pasi na kutia neno Marietta alirudisha macho yake kwenye runinga.

“I bled
I burned
I cried in the dark
And wiped my own tiers.”

“We kuruti, unataka nipige salute ndo ujue nimesimama hapa.’’ Aliongeza Efrahimu huku akipepesuka na kujitahidi kukaza macho yake yaliyokuwa yakirembua kilevi kumtazama Marietta ambaye alimjibu kwa ukimya.

“I kept going,
Even when my knees shook,
Even when world said “no”
A thousand times.”

And you
You are not weak
You are not soft
You are not too late

“Kwahiyo unaona mumeo kama kisiki si ndio. Nyumbani walinambia mimi “usioe mwanamke msomi” nikajitia baba upendo ila haujanishinda wacha nikukung’ute kidogo ili nikuweke akili sawa.”
Aliongea Efrahimu huku akikwapua rimoti mikononi mwa Marietta. Marietta aliikaza rimoti vilivyo mkononi huku akimpandisha na kumshusha Efrahimu. Mapigo yake ya moyo taratibu yalianza kuongezeka, alivuta na kutoa pumzi kwa mkupuo akijitahidi kuizuia ghadhabu yake.
“Unataka kupigana na mimi si ndio?,” alibwata Efrahimu.

Kama aliyeshtuka kutoka usingizini, Marietta alinyanyuka huku akimuachia rimoti Efrahimu na kukwapua chupa ya pombe na kumpiga nayo kichwani.
Efrahimu aliyumbayumba huku akipiga yowe, kama mbogo mwenye hasira kali Marietta alimsukuma Efrahimu ambaye alianguka chini kama mzigo “tii”.
“Mamaa kiuno changu, wewe mwanaharamu nikinyanyuka leo nakuua” alilalama Efrahimu huku akijaribu kunyanyuka lakini kabla hajapata nafasi hiyo Marietta alimfuata na kumkalia kwa juu, na kushushia Makonde ya kichwa huku akilia kwa kwikwi.
“I am tired….., nimechoooka, nimechoka”.
Mshairi aliendelea kughani shairi lake lililozidi kumtia uchungu Marietta. Aliacha kumpiga Efrahimu na kujikunyata pembeni huku akilia. Macho yake yalirudi kwenye runinga.

“Let them talk
Let them doubt you
Just don’t stop
Grow anyway
Win anyway

You are the fire
You are the storm
You are the woman
They fear you will become”

Taratibu Marietta alijizoazoa pale chini na kusimama huku akirekebisha mikanda ya gauni aliyokuwa ameivaa na kuupangusa uso wake uliokuwa umejaa machozi kwa mikono. Alimtazama Efrahimu ambaye bado alikuwa akilalamika pale chini na kutoa vitisho bubu, uso ukiwa ushaanza kuonesha matokeo ya makonde

aliyoyapokea. Alimsukuma pembeni kwa miguu na kuingia chumbani, moja kwa moja alifungua kabati la nguo akatoa suruali, fulana, na sweta na kuviweka kitandani kisha akaingia bafuni, alifungua koki ya bomba la mvua na kuacha maji yatiririke kuanzia utosini mpaka unyayoni yauoshe na kuuondoa uchungu aliokuwa nao moyoni, wala hakuangaika kusitiri mabutu ya rasta yaliyokuwa kichwani mwake. Alitoka bafuni huku akipangusa maji mwilini kwa taulo na kusimama mbele ya kioo cha kabati kilichoonesha taswira ya mwili mzima, alidondosha taulo na kubaki mtupu, alijitazama mwili wake ulioharibiwa na makovu. Aliilaani siku aliyozaliwa kwani ndiyo siku aliyokuta na Efrahimu katika mkahawa mmoja jijini Mbeya akiwa anasherehekea kutimiza miaka 26 ya kuishi duniani akiwa na marafiki zake kadhaa. Alitoka katika mawazo hayo na kufungua droo moja ya kabati na kutoa mkasi, alizikata nywele zake zote huku akilia kwa uchungu, kuna muda alishindwa kuendelea lakini maji alishayavulia nguo. Alipomaliza alitupa mkasi chini ambapo palitapakaa nywele na unyevunyevu na kuchukua nguo alizokuwa ameziweka kitandani na kuzivaa, alichukua mkoba mdogo wa Mama Africa na kuweka vitu kadhaa ndani, alipojiridhisha kuwa yupo vizuri alitoka sebuleni na kuchukua simu yake, ilikuwa ni saa saba na nusu ??. Kwa macho makali alimtizama Efrahimu ambaye alikuwa akikoroma palepale alipomuacha, hakutaka huruma za kike zimbakishe hivyo alimpuuza na kuondoka. Alitembea taratibu bila kugeuka nyuma ni kama mwili wake ulikuwa na ganzi, mara nyingi huogopa usiku, hata kutoka tu nje ya nyumba yao ni mtihani. Lakini safari hii hakushtuka hata aliposikia michakato kwenye vichaka vidogo alivyovipita. Alifika Mikoroshoni mtaa wa tatu kutoka anapoishi na kusimama mbele ya nyumba kubwa ambayo uziowake ulikuwa umejengwa nusu. Mwanga wa taa uliyapashida macho yake ambayo tayari yalishaanza kuvimba, hali iliyomfanya azibe paji lake la uso na kusoge mpaka mlangoni, alikohoa kidogo ilikurekebisha koo na kugonga geti kwa nguvu.

“hodi… kokoko.., hodi” Kimya.

“Dada…, kokokokoko”. Alijibiwa na ukimya kwa mara ya pili naya tatu tena, akaamua kuweka mkoba chini iliaketi, lakini kabla hajafanya hivyo alisikia mlango ukifunguliwa. Alikuwa Mama Kabsoni, au dada Mkombozi kama wengi walivyopenda kumuita, mwenyekiti wa kikundi cha umoja wa akina mama wajasiriamali na mwelimisha rika, alikuwa amevaa gauni jepesi na kujifunga kitenge kifuani. Alishtuka kumuona Marietta katika hali kama ile, nywele timu timu, huku uso ukiwa umesawajika. Amezoea kumuona Marietta akiwa nadhifu muda wote, mcheshi, sura yake ikiwa imepambwa kwa tabasanu bashasha akimsaidia kutoa elimu kwa vijana na wanawake wanaopitia changamoto mbalimbali.

“Marietta, kulikoni!” aliita kwa mshangao na udadisi.
“Dada nimechoka” Marietta alijibu huku akiangua kilio na kumkumbati kwa nguvu Mama Kabsoni.
“Pole mdogo wangu nyamaza” aliongea huku akimpigapiga mgongoni.
“Karibu ndani kwanza mdogo wangu”

Mama Kabsoni aliokota mkoba wa Marietta chini na kuingia nae ndani, moja kwa moja alimsaidia kuketi kwenye kochi na kufunga milango. Akili yake ikiwa bado inajaribu kung’amua kilichomkumba Marietta ambaye alikuwa akijaribu kuzuia machozi yake kwa mikono. Hakuona kama itakuwa jambo sahihi kuzungumza katika hali kama ile hivyo akamchukua Marietta na kumkaribisha mpaka kwenye chumba cha wageni.

“Nahisi kuna mengi ila nakuomba upumzike, ukiwa sawa tutazungumza”
“Asante dada”

Marietta alipanda kitandani huku akizuia kamasi kumtoka. Kwa huruma Mama Kabsoni alimtazam Marietta na kumfunika shuka mpaka usawa wa bega kisha akakaa pembeni huku mikono yake ikimsaidia kumfuta machozi Marietta na kumpapasa taratibu paji la uso. Aliketi hapo mpaka Marietta alipopitiwa na usingizi, akasimama na kuzima taa kisha akarudi chumbani kwake kulala.

Miale hafifu ya jua, ilipenya kwenye pazia kupitia dirishani ikiuangazia uso wa Marietta na kumtoa kwenye tope la usingizi. Taratibu alipepesa macho yake na kuvuta pumzi ndefu kuruhusu hewa safi iingie kuburudisha mapafu yake, alifunua shuka alilokuwa amejifunika na kukaa kitako. Mwili wake ulikuwa umechoka lakini kwa mara ya kwanza alijihisi mwepesi. Sauti ya mlango ukifunguliwa iliigeuza shingo ya Marietta na kutazama mwelekeo huo. Alikuwa ni Mama Kabson, akiwa ameshika taulo na nguo zilizokunjwa mikononi, juu yake kukiwa na mswaki, dawa na sabuni ya kuogea.

“Ee! Kumbe umeshaamka mama”
“Ndio dada, shikamoo”
“Marhaba, umeamkaje”
“Salama” alijibu Marietta huku akiachia tabasamu
“Hata mimi naona. Nilihisi utavihitaji” alisema huku akimkabidhi vitu Marietta ambaye alivipokea huku akiitikia kwa kichwa.
“Kaoge utoe uchovu, mimi namuandalia chai Baba K asije akachelewa kazini”

Mama Kabson, alitoka na kumpisha Marietta ambaye alishuka kitandani akavua nguo zake na kuingia bafuni, alifungua bomba na kuacha maji ya tiririke kwa muda kabla hajapaka sabuni, kila tone lililomuangukia lilimpa faraja na kumfanya ajihisi kama kiumbe kipya.

Alioga taratibu mpaka alipojiridhisha kuwa ametosheka, alijipangusa maji kwa taulo alilopewa na kutoka bafuni moja kwa moja mpaka kwenye mkoba wake ambako alitoa mafuta na simu, taratibu alipaka mafuta na kuvaa gauni lenye mikono mifupi ilipita mabegani na kuonesha sehemu yake ya mgongo, alijitazama kwenye kioo kilichokuwa mbele yake, nyuma ya mlango na kutabasamu, ilimkaa vyema lakini makovu yaliyokuwepo mgongoni yanififisha nuru yake, alivuta sweta lake akalivaa na kutoka mpaka sebuleni.

“shikamoo baba”
“Ooh Marhaba Marietta, haujambo” alijibu baba Kabson, huku akishusha kikombe cha maziwa mezani.
“Sijambo Baba”
“Njoo uketi hapa” alisema Mama Kabson huku akimuoneshea Marietta kiti, kilichokuwa karibu nae, ambaye alitii agizo bila kutia neno, uso wake ukiwa na tabasamu hafifu akimuangalia huyu malaika aliyemuoka usiku uliopita akimminia maziwa kwenye kikombe na kumsogezea, pamoja na vitafunwa alivyokuwa ameviandaa.
“Sukari unatumia”
“Abee” aliitika Marietta huku amekodoa macho
“Unatumia sukari kwenye maziwa au na wewe ni kama baba yako hapa” alirudia Mama Kabson huku akitabasamu.
“Natumia mama”
Kwa dakika kadhaa ukimya ulitawala, kila mmoja akiwa amezama kufaidi radha ya maziwa, viazi vya kuchemshwa na soseji. Baba Kabson alikuwa wa kwanza kuachia kijiko.
“Jamani! ndiyo tayari” alihoji Mama Kabson
“Tena hapa hata mchana usinihesabie”
“Asante dada”
“Na wewe pia au ndo unamfata baba yako”
“Hapana nimeshiba”
“Usilie njaa baada ya dakika tano” alitania Mama Kabson huku akimalizia kunywa maziwa yake na kuondoa vyombo vilivyopo mezani. Marietta alijaribu kumsaidia lakini alizuiwa. Alipomaliza kusafisha alirudi na kuketi.
“Nimewajulisha Ofisini kuwa nitachelewa kufika leo”
“Ni vyema sana” alisema Mama Kabson akihamisha macho yake kutoka kwa Baba Kabson na kuyaelekezea kwa Marietta.
“Marietta mdogo wangu ni nini kimetokea”
“Kila kitu dada” alijibu Marietta huku machozi yakianza kumlenga lenga.
“Pole mdogo wangu, najua inaweza kuwa ni ngumu kuyaongea uliyonayo kwa

sababu yanakutia uchungu, lakini hatuwezi kutibu ugonjwa pasipo kujua chanzo”
“Ni kweli anachokisema dada yako, jikaze kike, ni changamoto tu za maisha”
“Naelewa kuwa ni changamoto lakini kwangu zimezidi, mpaka najiuliza niwapi nilimkosea Mungu, miaka yangu yote mitatu ya ndoa haijawahi kuwa na amani kabisa.”
alisema Marietta huku akifuta machozi yaliyotiririka kutoka machoni na kufanya vifereji vidogo kwenye mashavu yake. Baba na Mama Kabson walipigwa na bumbuwazi na kumshanga Marietta, ambaye aliwatazama huku akilazimisha tabasamu lililochanganyikana na uchungu moyoni mwake.
“Naelewa ni ngumu sana kuamini, kwa sababu sijawahi kumshirikisha mtu yeyote na wala Efrahimu hakuwahi yaonesha makucha yake nje, Mama, Efrahimu ni mnyama, amekuwa akinipiga, hataki nifanye kazi, ukikuuliza atakuambia nikijua kutafuta pesa nitakuwa jeuri, mara nyingi ametishia kuniacha anajua naogopa kumdhalilisha baba yangu, nikaibeba aibu yangu kwa mikono miwili na kuikumbatia ndani ya uvungu wa moyo wangu nisiache hata chembe ya mtu kung’amua. Haya hayakuanza jana, tangu tukiwa kwenye mahusiano niliona dalili kuwa Efrahimu ni mnyanyasaji lakini ningefanya nini na alikuwa tayari katoa posa na mahali nusu, kidoleni nilishavikwa pete ambayo ndiyo pingu yangu. Baba yangu alinikumbatia kwa mapenzi kumbato ambalo katika makuzi yangu sikuwahi kulipata kutoka kwake, aliniambia hatimae nimeificha aibu yake, kwani dada zangu wote walikwisha msononesha kama mama yangu. Nyie mnaelewa Eliza, dada yangu wa kwanza hataki kuolewa kutwa kugombana na wanaume kwa madai kuwa anahaki sawa nao, Teresia nae mpaka sasa yupo nyumbani na wanae wawili kila mmoja na baba yake, na mama.., mama..” alilia kwa kwikwi na kushindwa kuendelea.
“Pole Marietta” Mama Kabson alijaribu kumtuliza Marietta huku akimpigapiga mgongoni.
“Mama yangu, aliondoka nyumbani nikiwa na miaka kumi na tano, Joshua akiwa na miaka sita tu, baba alimsihi sana abaki lakini juhudi zake hazikufua dafu. Msongo wa mawazo ukamfanya baba yangu ashindwe kututimizia mahitaji, nikalibeba jukumu la kuihudumia familia kwani dada zangu waliokuwa wakijiita wafeminia walikuwa bize kupigana na wanaume na kuzurura mikoa mbali mbali. Nilisoma huku weekend nikifanya vibarua kwenye mashamba ya mpunga ili angalau tusishinde njaa na twende shule mpaka baba alipokaa sawa nikiwa naenda chuo, tayari alikwisha kata tamaa ya kunisomesha kwa sababu alihofia naweza kuwa kama dada zangu au Mama, ambao walitumia ufeminia kama ngao ya kuficha makucha yao”. Alifuta machozi na kuendelea.

“Nilipokutana na Efrahimu, niliona uhusiano uliovunjika kati yangu na baba yangu ukirejea. Na alipopokea mahari nilimuona akishangilia, sio tu kwa sababu nilimfichia fedhea lakini pia alikuwa kapata pesa ya kumsomeshea Joshua. Sasa ningeanzaje kuyasema yaliyotokea, ningewezaje, ningeonekana ni wale wale mwanamke msomi, mfeminia. Hakuna ambaye angesimama upande wangu, ningetolewa mfano kila sehemu ambayo wanaume wangejadili kuhusu kuoa wanawake wasomi. Jana usiku nilishindwa kuvumilia, kama kawaida yake akirudi amelewa ni vipigo na matusi.” Alisema Marietta huku akishusha sweta lake kidogo na kuwaonesha baadhi ya makovu aliyokuwa nayo na kuwasimulia mkasa mzima ulipelekea yeye kufika kwao usiku.

“Pole sana Marietta, sikuwahi fikiria kuwa unapitia yote hayo” aliongea Mama Kabson uso wake ukiwa umejawa na masikitiko juu ya yale aliyoyapitia Marietta.

“Binti yangu, haya unayoyaishi ni maisha yako siyo ya baba. Sisemi kuwa sielewi kiu uliyokuwa nayo ya kupata tena upendo kutoka kwa baba ulioukosa kwa kipindi kirefu, lakini nataka ujue kitu kimoja wewe ni jasiri sana na nina imani bado unayo nafasi ya kuwa karibu na baba bila kujiumiza wewe mwenyewe” aliongeza Baba Kabson.

“Lakini nitawezaje, jamii itanionaje?”

“Punguwani watakuona mkaidi, wenye hekima watakuona dhabiti”

“Sasa nifanye nini”

“Listen to your heart my child”

“I want to break free, ninahitaji uhuru wangu nahitaji haki yangu”

“Haki haitakufuata ukiwa umejifungia ndani, unatakiwa kupambana” alisisitiza Mama Kabson

Marietta aliingiza mkono kwenye mfuko wa sweta alilokuwa amelivaa na kutoa simu ambayo ilikuwa imezimwa. Alipoiwasha alikutana na missed calls 67 kutoka kwa baba yake, mdogo wake na mawifi zake. Hakukuwa hata na missed call moja kutoka kwa Efrahimu. Kabla hajafungua upande wa ujumbe, simu iliita, alilitizama jina la mpigaji “Baba”. Alisita kupokea na kumgeukia Mama Kabson alitikisa kichwa kumuashiria apokee, alipokea simu na kuiweka sikioni akiwa anajiandaa kufokewa na kupokea lawama kutoka kwa baba yake lakini badala yake, alisikia sauti ya upole iliyomfanya aangushe machozi ambayo yalikwisha anza kuanguka.

“Mary, mwanagu upo salama?, uko wapi binti yangu.”

“Nipo salama baba”

“Mbona unalia mama, usilie tafadhali na ninaomba usiteseke mimi baba yako sijafa njoo nyumbani”

“Lakini baba, Efrahi…”

“Njoo nyumbani utanieleza kila kitu, Mama Sauda kanielekeza vitu vingi sana

lakini ningetamani nivisikie kutoka kwako".
Mama Sauda alikuwa na wifi yake Marietta mwanamke waliyeshibana haswa, huyo tu ndiye ambaye alishirikishwa baadhi ya mambo yaliyokuwa yakiendelea na kwakuwa alizijua fika tabia za mdogo wake na mara kwa mara alikuwa akisuruhisha migogoro yao na hata kumshauri Marietta kuomba msaada wa kisheria lakini aligoma kutokana na hofu aliyokuwa nayo juu ya mtizamo wa jamii yake.

Mama Mboma alifunika kitabu na kuwageukia mabinti waliokuwa wameketi kwenye ukumbi wa mikutanonwakimsikiliza.

"Hellooo….."
"Hellooo….." wote walijibu
"Natumaini wote mmesikia simulizi ya Marietta, unahisi tatizo kubwa lilikuwa wapi?." Aliuliza Mama Mboma, huku akimpa Grace nafasi ya kuzungumza.
"Mimi nafikiri tatizo kubwa lipo kwenye kutokuelewa maana halisi ya ufeminia na mfeminia ni nani? Ndio sababu inayopelekea watu kuogopa kutoa sauti zao, kwa sababu kumekuwa na kasumba ya wanawake wengi kutumia jina au nadharia ya ufeminia kama ngao ya kufanya mambo yao"
"Kwani mfeminia ni nani?" alihoji Mama Mbona
"Kwanza kabisa ningependa kutoa maana ya Ufeminia. Ufeminia ni msimamo au harakati zinazotetea usawa wa kijinsia, hasa kwa kuangazia haki, nafasi na heshima ya wananwake katika jamii, huku ukipinga mfumo dume na kutetea wanawake waweze kupata haki sawa kama vile elimu, kushiriki katika uongozi, kupata nafasi za kazi na kuwa na maamuzi juu ya miili na maisha yao sawa sawa na wanaume. Tukirudi katika Mfeminia huyu ni mtu, anaweza kuwa mwanamke au mwanaume anayeamini, kutetea na kusimamia misingi ya ufeminia, anapinga ukandamizaji wa jinsia na kupigania haki na usawa wa wanawake katika jamii."
"Asante sana Dada Halima, tunakwenda kupata chakula na mapumziko mafupi tukirejea tutaendelea. Na swali tutakalo anza nalo ni je nini kifanyike?" alihitimisha Mama Mboma huku akiweka vitabu vyake sawa.

30-Day Pregnancy

Joha Ibrahim

It was not about the black dirty soil covered with what remained of garbage leftovers of plastic bags and used bottles that adorn the unfinished roads, the old fashioned shops or unhygienic markets Syana just disdain the very idea of coming to this place, now with the state of the street even breathing the air around it made her nausea kick up again, didn't they say coastal region was a dream land a touristic point where hearts settle why was it the opposite. A moment ago she was a bit excited leaving the busy city of Dar-as-Salaam and even more when she read the high profile banner that read 'GOODBYE DAR-ES-SALAAM' 'WELCOME COASTAL REGION' at the turn point of Kongowe bus station. At that time watching the high crafted buildings fade and getting replaced with small farms of corns, healthy cattle and local residents made her feel tranquility inside her but now thinking about the reason why she came all the way here in the first place her already frowning face had even more wrinkles.

Syana frowned when a grey RAVA4made a splash of muddy water stain her white skirt, looking at the speeding car she was left in disbelief others started shouting at the driver but in a blink of an eye he was gone and that instant she knew she didn't want to be there.

SYANA POV

I knew that I was not the most unfortunate one, that at least I spent five years of my life with them. I've seen their conflicts and struggles trying to be something they didn't want to be some I could vaguely recall and some still living fresh inside me as I vividly witnessed. Being in a broken family one would wish at least to have that desire to have them back together but not me or maybe I did before, maybe I felt it but not anymore not when I began to understand some things.

Now that I understand, I know love was never enough, the longing, the regret, the pain, the beliefs, the values, faith and family differences love was not enough to overcome it. I've seen it all what relationships could do to people the likes of how a fine cloth under the mercy of a rough floor, shattered and broken. And you tell me to buy one. Will it be different for me? Beloved when I see a broken soul mine shatters and I feel it deep within my bones. If my life was a Wi-Fi connection then I couldn't have connected with any device, I am mono.

So how can I regret my decision to do it, I know where I stand and I have never regretted it I had a reason and no matter how much the world point a finger at me I will not drop to shame, because it has always been my business my agony, pain and sufferings had always been mine to bear then why this one.

They were all against it looking at me as if I was a killer or was I? Even Masha couldn't keep her cool. I could still remember her perplexed eyes looking at me as if I was the damaged star in a horror movie.

"Don't give me that look I promise this time it won't cost your freedom" Masha had been in jail two years ago so I know what was bothering her but I could think of no one but her. "Are you sure about this Yana" how can I not be? In fact nothing had ever been so clear to me in my life than this I can't keep the baby. Looking at her hesitant look I replied "I'm positive, no illegal drugs this time, just find me a doctor" she sighed heavily in relief her hands that were on her hip stir she was more anxious than I was, still in disbelief Masha exclaimed

"My God! Yana you are pregnant"
"Won't be soon" wasn't a big deal as long as I can get rid of it.
"Are you sure you don't want to keep this child?"
"Did I laugh?"

"Fine let's first get something to wear" Masha was still in her purple PJs a favorite color of hers in contrast to me who goes around with black and grey. Watching her choice of clothes made me scoff subconsciously like now wearing a purple dress was all high key something that doesn't quite seem to sit well with me not unless I was at work, attention is important especially for my kind line of work. The judgmental look I received all the way to the doctor was nerve wreaking suddenly I felt like a star in attention of paparazzi maybe I should have worn a mask too, well who cares what they think at least she didn't give me that look but Masha was too quiet all the way there and it was nothing like her, I was well aware that she was against my decision and she did say something along the line like "finding a bond or this child would be my family and a bundle of joy as if there were no children who became the death of their parents instead. It didn't matter I won't let it come and that was my final decision no one can change it.

The doctor Masha introduced me to was an expert known for this job he was a bald haired middle aged man probably in his late 30s or early 40s he didn't seem pleased with my decision as well I realized he had been affirming my decision like a hundreds of times but my answer was always the same "Take it out please" I confirmed time and again. I knew that the moment I stepped inside the room verything will be over and I would be free from this nightmare.

Did she feel bad after what she decided to do? Not at all! or maybe she did a little bit but she was very much sure that it was not guilty that was stopping her right now that she knew best however something was happening to her and she had no idea what it was.

"What are you talking about?" if I was doubtful before then this time I was sure Lord! Let it not be what I was thinking about. I know my tone was not good even the doctor frown at it but then I didn't understand why can't they just get rid of that damn baby. Noticing my unstable emotion Masha took my place and ask the doctor.

"Doctor please tell us what happened?" though personal information of the conscious patient is not allowed to be shared to others Masha had introduced herself as my sister and had been with me all the time when I was out of it, the doctor with a conflicted look took her aside and talked to her after all I was not stable and I knew it had something to do with this pregnancy ugh!.

"This is not something we can deal with I'm sorry even we have never seen anything like this before" though he said that I bet he felt the opposite the likes of serves you right for being evil"

"What did the doctor tell you?"

"What is wrong with me now?"

"Why aren't you saying anything?" I couldn't wait the moment she came back but to bombard her with questions, the fact that she was not answering any of them made me feel restless.

"Yana how can I answer when you ask a lot of questions at once?" Masha seem calm but I knew things weren't going well I know my own body how can I not feel anxious, calming myself I exhaled

"Okay answer my first question" but she was hesitant

"Mass what did he say?"

"The baby is still there"

"What…..how? Didn't they remove it" Masha seem puzzled too just as I was.

"Come on Mass tell me what do you mean?" I was now holding her shoulders tightly. This was my what does she mean it was still there?

They say the ghost that eat you won't finish you at once and that was evident to me now but why? Why was this even happening to me? I just wanted to live my life alone but strangely things doesn't seem to work the way I want, first it was my will now this baby, the doctor said the baby refused to be aborted and any further attempt might endanger my life too even the doctor couldn't do anything about it, Masha knew my attitude well however she was very strict this time and maybe more willful than I was.

Repeatedly warning against any idea of using other method to get rid of the baby but as the say the dying ear hears no healing rescuing mission became a habit for her, three times with medication, another was the use of herbs and this time a surgical blade was involved.

"Are you crazy?" she was frightened, all I did however was in vain I knew it but I was desperate, devastated and helpless I no longer knew what to do.
"Masha please….I can't do this please help me…"
"Just please help me take it out" it was the first time Masha was seeing this side of her even her anger found no place, it was as if seeing a desert dweller in final moment desperate to at least quench his thirst with a drop of water, it was unbearable for her to watch Yana was in bad state, this was not even close to how she was when she was at the worst time of drug addiction this was…..
"Yana..." her voice choked.
"Please I will die like this….I….I can't carry it" it was a pleading call coming deep from her fears and those nightmares she had been talking about. Masha has always known about Yana's unwillingness to have kids let alone to have a spouse but seeing the desperation and devastation on her eyes made her realize, this was definitely something else it even made her wonder what storm has caused this deep rooted rock to waver this much.

It took time but eventually she managed to calm her friend, inside her apartment Masha made sure she was well tugged and covered her with her favorite black bed sheet it had always been a wonder to her how she manages to sleep on a black bed but come to think of it almost everything in her place was black or grey even her coffee cup was black in color despite the red sticker that read 'love thy self' on the middle of it, Masha remembered it very well it was a gift from Theophil the GM of LIFEPLUS company from last summer.

"What did they do to you baby girl to turn out like this" Masha wondered silently as she watch her sleep. "Take a proper rest I will talk to HR tomorrow to see how she can help Grace can be a pain in as& but I will deal with her" Masha reassured her friend knowing she would not be able to go back to work so soon at least not in her current state.

“You have to help me Mass”
“Okay but you have to calm down first”
“You do know that this could be dangerous right?”
“mmh”
“Your life could end do you know that?”
“I know”
“Then why would you....” Masha was frustrated but about why she didn’t know either she just knows that she couldn’t do it.

In the middle of the night when the nature bring out its tranquility and the owl bless the silent darkness with it voice Syana was turning and tossing on her bed her sleeping took a ninety degree turn with her sleeping like fetus in the womb. That voice the voice of the night the one well known to her became even more prominent in silent, it was not a nightmare that she knew best because even her eyes refused to close despite the heaviness of the lids.

“She is my daughter you have no right to keep her away from me” it was her father she remembers that voice very well because it used to be her favorite and her sanctuary.
“Who is your daughter do you even know the pain of delivering her”
“Mercy I’m tired of your dramas I see now you and your mother are getting over my head”
“Don’t you dare call my mother you shameless jerk? Had you had enough of fun with those sluts you lie to be you are busy with work and long journey to the boarders but I should have known”
“Have you finished?”
“I am not finished yet Masudi come back here”
She knew where this was going and as usual her presence was ignored until she was but abandoned.
“I’m taking her to my sister do what you want” her face was the shade of purple and red bruised the evidence of what transpired thirty minutes ago the dark side of a broken bonds and the challenge of strength in conflict but the stubbornness was 100% there.

It didn’t seem to help turning and tossing fighting also seem useless at the moment, the voice grow louder and louder now it was threatening to deafen her ears making her tremble and mumble in fright.

" No...no..." there it comes again the start of her nightmare.

The voice brought her back to those days of agony, broken family, and abused childhood, messy teenage and cold days.

PRESENT DAY.

Five years had passed living in another world she almost forgot her origin but having lived with that woman for many years nothing seem out of ordinary, her maternal side couldn't be any normal than it was, those people were too educated to even accept someone like her let alone associated to something as superstitious as that. It has to be him, her eyes dimmed with dissatisfaction as she thought of that particular person whose face was nothing but a vague image like a mirage or a fading shadow.

The pouring didn't stop so soon that she was starting to get impatient but like a fleeting wind it stopped like it was never there a few minutes it started and they were all relieved.

It was not hard to reach her destination while public transportation to the interior was not easy getting a boda was fast enough the mini bus were all old but the only available shuttle barely able to interchange each other on the way, coupled the road was rough very narrow and sandy she don't know how they were able to get through it but the next thing she knew she was standing next to the address given to her by a distant relative.

This was where she was directed to find her supposed to be father who disappeared in her life like a decade and a half ago, never in her wildest dream did she envision she would come to search for him and that too in this kind of living condition.

"Thief…thief" her purse was gone and everything in it, it hadn't been even half an hour and she had lost nearly everything in a blink of an eye, one time she got a harsh pinch and immediately let go of her purse, the man who seem to have legs of an ostrich was just as fast as it or maybe they were all in this together because the moment he disappeared it was as fast as wind even the jet industry would feel envy, they all went on with their works as if nothing happened.

"He is dead" that was she was told and like that what had been the only lead to solving her puzzle was now gone and bad enough she couldn't even tell which family he belonged to not even a surname all she knew was the address and the nickname was this the end? Was she supposed to just accept this fate no! She would never lead that kind of life she would rather die instead.

Was this a punishment? Masha said to come here to inquire about her family taboos and how to break the curse if there was any, the things she had been experiencing the couple of days were no ordinary at all even she who believe no superstitious stuffs had to admit this was indeed out of ordinary and now this had to happen.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing the man who was supposed to make me understand what was happening to me was now a deceased, did she know this too? How come nobody told me anything about it and the fact that he got married after was dark to me that too he married two women who died along with him, this was all insane to me.

"Mr. Mabembe and his family met a tragic death three years ago the family died the very same day after fire broke out inside the house and everything was burnt along with them, their five years old son was the only survival but he was too injured to be saved so he too died few hours after the fire was put out" one man explained and I was lost.

It made me wonder had he ever thought about me and my mother? Did he just forget that I ever existence? Did he ever miss me or did he ever ask about me? I knew all this was useless now but I wasn't ready to accept that my trip here was useless maybe I should now look for a way to make sure I deal with this problem myself, the thing is I had nothing here with me I can't even contact Masha to ask for help or advice of what to do after.

Just when her eyes swell with unshed tears a senior lady carrying a cooking pot and what seem to stack of herbs came near her with an offer to help and she couldn't have been relieved.

"You are from the city young lady aren't you?" she asked and her accent seem that of Kilwa region probably she was from Matumbi tribe and was a very welcoming old lady even Syana felt safe in her presence she offered water from the water pot and even though she was unfamiliar with this kind of storage she couldn't refuse her thirst "Yes" she answered honestly her eyes cast down in shame realizing she was now akin to a beggar, when had she ever experienced this kind of embarrassment?

"You don't look like those tourists…then you must be here for something else" she seem investigative but it understandable after all I was but a stranger, the old lady had two grandchildren one was at most seventeen and another probably seven a young girl whom I was offered to sleep with and the young boy who was sleeping with the grandma.

They all seem like nice people and even though they were not living in a great condition they were content with their lives I felt the deep bond of a family just with a short time I spent with them.

However the privilege of living with them didn't last long after meeting the village chief who was surprising a woman I didn't have much good impression with women in power especially of government office I have had the taste of female leadership at my office the CSO and HR are both pain in the heart so I didn't think I could handle another.

Surprising village leader Tabu wasn't the type to put on air the senior lady gave off a motherly feeling that makes you feel very comfortable to talk with her what's more she was very humble that put my thoughts to shame. I was welcomed to the office and got a hearty talk with the lady who suddenly asked a question that took me off guard. "You are expecting right maybe I should have my assistant bring soup for you"

Despite my attempt to deny it the senior lady didn't seem convinced and ordered food for both of us it was lunch time anyway and the old granny had explained my situation to her already, right now I had no penny to even buy a candy let alone something meaningful to eat. I was not sure how I would be able to go back or if I will even succeed to fulfill my decision.

While I was contemplating what to do next senior Tabu reminded me of another matter that I almost forgot Mr. Mabembe must have a family member even if they may not be from this region at least someone must know something about them though she was busy herself she entrusted me to one of her trusted people who seem to be very close to her. It was a man probably of the same age as mine 25 or 26 at most but he seem much more matured than I was. He introduced himself as baba Aziza but his really name was Bakari a father of two children and a husband of a pretty lady called Fatima a young lady that had brought us food that afternoon she looked at least three years younger than I was but she already had two children.

Anyway we walked a bit of a distance that I was starting to feel my feet give away our walk didn't stop until we reached a secluded house at the foot of the village, there seem to be a sand block house, the old house seem to be the only one with a steel sheet roof here and electric power was available probably solar source.

After a couple of knocks a middle aged lady came out she was wearing the old fashion chicken and eggs kanga with the saying "a mother's prayer" by first glance she seem familiar but I wasn't sure where I had met her she had that energetic and charming smile probably she was talking to someone.

“Excuse me….greetings” my hesitant voice seem to brought her attention to us but the moment her eyes met with mine her demure changed a fickle of panic passed her eyes but quickly got hidden but I could tell she recognized me, even her hands were slightly trembling despite the tight hold of the green basin that was carrying vegetables not sure if she was selling them or had a big family enough to cook all that. This was still rural area despite being close to town people still live together as extended family so it was very understandable.

“Welcome please, baba Aziza how is your wife and children, I was planning to visit your mother soon but you know my work it too demanding running a restaurant is not easy job, when you go back please tell her I will come to the club” she seem enthuastic and as I thought she was a talkative lady and why not she was running a restaurant it important to be one.

“I will mama Zara but today I have brought a visitor for you” Bakari was very straight forward he must have noticed that I was exhausted and I was hardly able to keep my legs standing any longer.

“For me? Oh then come in” we entered inside it wasn’t as outside the interior was very neat despite the old furniture that was well covered with knitted cloth the house was well arranged there was a single hand radio that was playing news from TBC FM, she had one Centre wooden table that was also covered with neat knitted yellow cloth and on top there were two glasses and a jug of water a typically old noble home. To be able to have such a setting and house in the village the owner was at least well off. And Miss Zara seem like a hustler herself it was justified.

“Please feel comfortable to seat” she said but I was ready to even if I wasn’t comfortable in fact my whole body wasn’t after walking for a long distance. Bakari was my savior he explained almost everything to mama Zara who was very quiet and listening saving my breath as they talked she would time to time turn to look at me as if assessing his words or looking for something and when he finished she had that ‘poor you’ look on her face seeming to feel bad for me.

“I’m sorry for your lose my child it was really a tragic but aunt is here I will take care of you from now on” not sure if she understood or I understood it differently but I wasn’t here to be taken care of but since she accepted to be my kin it was a good sign, soon I will find my answers.

She was very attentive and it didn’t take a long time to notice I wasn’t alone but compare to the village leader she didn’t probe or voice it out but her action spoke it all, Bakari left soon after and I didn’t forget to send him with my best regards to mama Tabu if it wasn’t for her I wouldn’t have found this aunt of mine.

I didn't know how to start about after a week passed the time I got to spend with mama Zara I realized the real power of a woman to the development of her community, mama Zara was among the seniors who started the gender and health club she was also the chairwoman and a teacher at various centers where youth and women are taught various skills like knitting, making buckets, homemade soaps, detergents and making culture bracelets that was on high demand especially by tourists.

Mama Zara was also assisting many young girls into entrepreneurship, those who wants to start small business and has also hired quite a few at her restaurant she also work hand on hand with village leader Tabu toward the campaign of eradicating theft in the village by offering the young men and woman education and means to start their own business or pursue the career of their choice in order to have economic freedom and according to many it was succeeding.

The leave I asked for was almost over and I have already contacted Masha who was surprised by the turn of events. I didn't know how to take all this, it even gave me a moment to rethink why I was even here and what I wished to do so far. Maybe mama Zara knew my reason and maybe she already knew why I was here even before my trembling mouth could voice it out to her, one day I asked about the values and taboos of our tribe but instead she asked me to go straight to the point to what I wanted to know and for the first time in my life someone's disappointed gaze affected me that much. I didn't want her to look at me as they do, I have come to admire mama Zara and saw her as my guardian something I never felt before to even the matron at the rehabilitation center who had played a great part to help me get out of my miserable life.

This feels different, she makes me feel different, with her I felt secured and loved something I dare not admit I felt with my parents around so how can I bring myself to raise that topic, but that didn't seem to stop her from seeing through my veil and maybe she didn't want to deal with it herself and let the world open up to me. Sometimes asking someone to quit feels like breaking ones footing that they had built as a foundation a part of them they may end up holding tight despite it brokenness, she understood me better the more you push me the more I pull and the result was never something to be proud of.

Mama Tabu invited me to join the club even if I don't necessary become one of them I could just go there and learn. Despite my constant denial she still insisted relentlessly that I was sure she knew my little secret as the say African mothers always have their ways of knowing pregnancy no matter how early it was so I guess she already did.

Today at the SONDO club we met doctor Sarah she introduced herself as a volunteer MD and she was from USAIDS she was here to talk to women especially mothers and expectants, she taught us the importance of health diet for a mother and it role in ensuring health growth of the child. She also taught us about gender and leadership enlightening us about the power of a woman to influence development of her family and the community.

She asked about what was that we hold so dear in our lives and most without much thought knew the answer by heart but of course that didn't include me however that wasn't what intrigue me rather it was when she asked about fear, what was it that was holding me back that thing I fear the most, something that made me powerless something that demean me that made me feel worthless that fear, that fear that always bring me back to that moment. The one that destroyed part of my life and threaten to crush the rest.

That fear that has become part of my habit deeply engraved in my memory and mind. The fear of not being heard not having a place, it was the fear of not given a voice.

Smack!

A harsh slap landed on my left cheek leaving a mark of brutality purple and red marks on my face a finger print in display, I remember those pair of furious eyes looking at me in unison as if I was the villain in a good story.

"Such a venomous serpent you are, how dare you slander my husband" her eyes spackle fire. It was my thirteenth year and only then did I get the courage to speak up about it, the beastly acts her husband had been doing but the moment I did this was how I was received. What fear?, that fear had long turn into a venom to all of his kind and that venom had taken a great part of me and grown deep inside me however I was not sure just who it ate.

Back to the moment that training did have an impact on me and for some reasons I started seeing things differently watching how the SONDO women and those village women interact with their children and families opened up my eyes to a whole new world nothing like the one I had been living before, I was even invited to visit a young lady who had just given birth, my first impression was astonishment despite the hustle and pain watching her hold and breastfeed her baby with a joyful and proud look made me rethink my life values.

Throughout history child bearing had always been a woman's glory, her pride and not her damnation listening to these women's confessions and proud looks made me think how selfish my decisions had been I was opened to a new world that I never thought I did see before.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Today I have come to understand why all this was happening I never expected much from a fellow mankind whatever I get and whatever I receive I learnt to appreciate it because I know I couldn't expect less or more from them.

Mama Zara was very hardworking woman she had been taking care of my needs for some time now without getting tired, I hardly know her but from what I heard is that her husband and kins had long abandon her after realizing that she had AIDS some even accused her of infidelity, coming from Mkuranga all the way here she was lucky to meet village leader Tabu, at that time her health had been very poor until she joined the club.

So receiving her kindness at first I thought she was feeling empathetic but now I know why she was so good to me.

"I didn't want you to know like this Yana…I am sorry you had to know this way" was I hearing things? But I couldn't have heard it wrong. I was coming from the market and happened to overhear what mama Tabu was saying "How long are you going to hide this to Syana she has the right to know that you are her real mother" they both seem to be in a huge argument until the shopping bag made a loud noise after touching the ground.

"I don't understand" I was being honest I was not an emotional type but what I learnt was a bit too much for me to accept, that all this time I lived the life of lies, and if I didn't know better I would have thought this was a drama but both mama Zara and mama Tabu were not the type to joke around.

"I am your mother Syana and Mr. Mabembe was just my brother in need of a child at that time, back then I was just a naïve young girl I had harsh parents who didn't want me to study so after I reached fifteen they sought a spouse for me but the man was three times my age so I decided to escape from home.

I went to my uncle's place he had promised to find me a job and he did, there I was sent to work at a restaurant at city center I worked there for three years until I met your father he was working as a mason at that time, he was a frequent customer at the restaurant he did show interest but I was the foolish one to ask him to marry me, at that time my uncle had become exploitative he would take all my salary and even abuse me he was so strict that I couldn't bear it but now that I think about it he had every right to be.

At that time I didn't understand why he joined hands with my parents to marry me off it was not until I became pregnant that I realized what I had got myself into the man became irresponsible leaving my needs to myself I had to work with heavy pregnancy without taking a break. I knew you were innocent and my only dream was to have you in my arms no matter how hard things turn out to be.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

My condition became bad that the boss wouldn't allow me to work anymore I had even contacted serious diseases. I was HIV positive luckily I found out in time so it didn't get to infect you.

I thought I would lose my life dear when I decided to give you to my brother and because he and his wife were in need of a baby I thought they would treat you better only after many years did I realized it was not true, my brother had completely hidden this fact from me not even when I recovered and wanted to see you I didn't even know where they had hidden you.

Mama Zara was very emotional when she told me all this to which I pretended to calmly listen but inside me nothing was calm. Was it all just an excuse I really didn't want to know but one thing was for sure this was my real mother and she had fought all the odds to ensure I survived.

How can I judge her decisions when I myself am walking imperfectly? I had questions my whole life but all was pointless in the comfort of her embrace, she had tears on her eyes and mine were long drenched how can I act tough when all I ever asked for was this a family, someone of my own, someone to not just care but to feel my pain and joy, not just as an obligation a façade of pity or hidden shame but a natural existence that bind us by souls. Whether it was a silent prayer or unanswered wish, I know by heart this was what I had always wanted and all this cold front was to protect myself from expecting what was never to happen.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

The commotion was attention gathering especially with a latest Range Rover making its way into the interior of the village.

She couldn't have predicted this was how they would meet after that day he was still well collected much dignified however beside him was a much younger girl that seem to resemble the man somehow. Immediately after getting out of the car he seem to whisper something to her and her youthful green eyes lit with excitement.

Meeting the man like this her face showed inscrutable expression and had a blank look with dead eyes giving away nothing one to read, was he her ex? no he didn't even deserve that title who was he then?

This question brought her back to about two months ago.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

FLASHBACK

Why was I selected again? Right! Just for the sake of a pretty face and an African figure.
I don't know if my presence would make any difference even Sasha the best sales lady of the year couldn't what can a mere fifth rank do but it seem Mr. Theo was desperate and ready to use every mean possible even something as useless as this, looking at the thigh length red dress I was forced to wear I frown in displeasure.

The man did he had black hair I couldn't tell but his eyes were not something to miss they had extra fold in the upper eyelid giving him a lazy look even when he was deadly serious 1.7m tall his eyes twinkle with greenish color not sure if it was the lights or his pupils color. Like a typical mixed bred was he my type? Well it didn't even matter at least he wasn't that old.

"Hello" here comes the hypocritical die smile that I disdain but then again it was my job and I loved it just not this part that comes with heavy price, a gamble of character and challenge of wit. The man's gaze shift from bored look on the performing dancers to me, "hush!" I exhaled. Here we go again despite doing t his couple of times already every time seem like my first, tucking my dangling dread behind my ears I gave my attention to the man but also trying hard not to show desperation.

"Mr. Hans" the music was loud but his voice was audible enough to hear his effortless introduction clearly, strangely he didn't have any foreign accent that I know of he was more like someone from Indigenous speaking regions with his fluency.

"I know" I like it straight forward but I couldn't believe the man initiated the convo, oh! I know why my clothes themselves suggests convo, damn you Theo! I couldn't help but curse the man for choosing such an outfit, almost all that was supposed to be hidden was out in display who wouldn't converse but didn't they say Mr. Hans was different even Sasha's shameless antics didn't work on the man then why? Not like I'm complaining as long he sees us talk was enough to indicate I did my job regardless of what the topic was about, who would blame me even they couldn't do it themselves.

"I know?" he raised his thick eyebrows then chuckled he seem amused by my response probably didn't expect that from a sales girl it might have come out cold but I was not cold to him in fact I was with all of them.

"Yes I know, you are the man who gave the whole sales department headache for months who wouldn't" it was an honest one and I thought it was better than feigning ignorance especially in front of man with his caliber it would just be an embarrassment.

soma
Readership for Learning and Development

“Does that include you?” his tone was out and a little bit different from what I heard it didn’t have that usual cold and inscrutable vibe at all rather he sounded playful and the question seem personal even his eyes shone with extra interest that I couldn’t have missed or was I overthinking because it disappeared as fast as it appeared.

“Of course it does, see the wrinkles” another of my honest reply and this time he laughed, that man laughed so hard that I suspect he shed tears can anyone be truthful at least once this wasn’t that Mr. Hans right?, I took a moment of extra look at him and noticed his outstanding look he was wearing a dark blue suit without a tie looking all matured and dignified however looking at his face, his smile was priceless the next moment I scolded myself inwardly I was about to break rule number two so instead I broke the sixth ‘never drink with a strange man’. The moment my glass met the hard table he frown.

“That was the strongest one”

“I can handle”

“So can you tell me your name?”

“Can you sign the contract?” that was bold but I wish he stopped looking at me as if he was meeting his first love which was not true, not from a man in his mid- thirties and not for someone whom you just met. ‘Interesting’ his look seem to spell that and his whole demure changed like a challenged lion he even turn to me with his elbow pressed on the single couch handle resting it right on his left cheek looking at me with a closer range, I was seating next to him on another couch but the proximity was unbearable. This was Leopard pub a low-key den for big lions so I guess he didn’t worry about his image.

“Then would you if I do?”

“Deal” I replied now he was showing his white perfect teeth the one you only see on dentist care ban or on toothpaste advertisement I gulped down, was he for real? I hate this kind of stuff but if they come to know I was about to sabotage the deal I am sure he would have my head.

I didn’t know how we got here but I wasn’t strong enough to stand on my own feet and that strange guy offered me his support. “Are you sure you will be okay on your own if not I can….”

“Just go… I…I can handle myself” that stubbornness was kicking up especially with male scent around, the next moment I was sure to break my nose after twisting my ankle damn high heels! Now he got what he wanted his hands on my waist “Yana are you alright”

“Damn that devil” I cursed at that man again, always playing the old tricks I was sure it was his plan again just never thought he would do that to me how dare he? Now who knows what would happen to me with this man around whoever he is.

The next moment my world became upside down and I lost track of time they knew my weakness and they used it well, why? Just why mix drinks?

PRESENT DAY.

“What are you doing here?” I really didn’t have a good feeling with his coming all the way here.

“We need to talk” as usual straight forward and I liked it.

“We have nothing to talk about” who comes all the way to the village to talk and that too to his so so.

“Yes we do, Masha told me everything you are with a child” Wooh! I didn’t see that one coming I didn’t even think about it but the heck! Masha why would she tell a stranger my stuffs?

“Is it mine?” he seem hopeful.

“No it not” what was he expecting me to say he was probably a man with a wife and family home.

“Then you are expecting” it was a trick why didn’t I think of denying it all together he seem to get me there.

“I am not” I snapped and he realized I was not stable in fact it was not a good idea to talk like this in an open area so the next moment we were in his car to where he thought was safe to talk, the young lady said a few words to him before leaving but I couldn’t miss her curious yet joyful eyes on me.

Near the busy town village was a small district called Kisemvule quite lively place especially with the construction of new bus station and market.

The place was much better and more calm I even ordered fresh mango juice my favorite one after the golden ones become a prohibition for me.

“I know you haven’t been in contact with any man after me Yana even Doctor Fredrick confirmed that your pregnancy is not more than a month” he started again to my displeasure.

“You have been watching over me that’s sick” I can’t believe he just did that and how dare a doctor sell my personal info.

“You can’t blame me Yana I was worried about you and no one knew where you were”

“What do you want from me didn’t you go back to your country?”

“I have come to fulfill my promise I told you I would come back for you Yana” you have got to be kidding me what was this man thinking.

“No don’t you start” I didn’t want to hear more nonsense.

“I like you Yana” damn why won’t he listen.

“I won’t keep it”

“I am going to abort it” I made my stance clear and he seem alerted.

“No you can’t do that” I understand a man’s commanding presence but not this certainty tone he seem so sure that I won’t succeed that I had to take extra look at him, looking at his mysterious expression now I understood the reason behind this mystery.

“What…what do you mean?” to explain that even he had troubled look definitely not something normal

“Back home my people believe that we have a guardian of fertility whom they believe protect our lineage and each time a baby is born becomes a sign of blessing, our tribe makes a sacrifice of thanksgiving every time that happens to express gratitude of growing bloodline but something happened years ago” he posed as if to give importance of the story.

“My late aunt did something and for twenty years our family saw no birth of a baby and it is believed she was cursed for an early death after what she had done since then all the people in our family are paying the price too”

He seem ashamed and his eyes that were cast down seem to hide his embarrassment, he was trying to say he didn’t have a family of his own even if he wanted to because of some curse from their guardian whatever that meant but what does that have to do with me?

“Because you are carrying my blood you can’t do anything to it they had made sure nobody repeat what my late aunt did” he answered my unspoken question and I frown what the heck! Was this for real?

“So Yana please don’t take away this chance for me and my family God had given us this blessing through you don’t deny us of it I promise to treat you right I know it was wrong of me but believe me I didn’t intend to start things that way”

“Stop! I am tired” my head was hurting already listening to this tale who was he kidding but when we embark on the journey back to the village he had this serious look again.

“I am serious Yana” and I knew what he meant I have witnessed it first hand and experienced it.

“mmh you go first”

People might think of me as heartless but I am not it not that I do not want it no! I was not clueless of the blood bond but how can someone like me fit to be a mother, no it must not come at least not from someone like me I can't even control what is coming out of me who can I do that for. They say being a mother is the best feeling one can ever get in this world, it that time when the status of a woman is elevated, the time when you feel the power inside you manifest but to me it is different the coming of this child means disaster, deprivation of my freedom, loss of identity and opportunities to me. I wasn't ready to lose my life for another.

"I would never allow you to suffer, you must not come to this misery at least not through me, baby don't think I am cruel I need to protect you not from anyone but myself, that I will do"

But it was easier said than done as days went on I realized it was getting harder to stay firm, now I could feel its heartbeat resonating with mine a clear indication of life that my mother sacrifice to bring how can be the ungrateful.

Hans was even more than a headache with his all-out approach he even went far to make me meet his family who all seem hopeful as if I was a messiah in their lives they even promised to come and see me and what irritated me was they were super nice people especially Hans' little sister who couldn't stop texting and sending gifts to me, she even came to the village that time. What's more even my own mother anticipate the coming of her grandchild though she knows my intentions it didn't stop her from preparing the nursery and knit baby's clothes.

Bye bye my choice!

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Today I had a weird dream I dreamt of a baby girl she had my brown eyes and curly black hairs but the nose and lips belonged to a certain someone I know, however she was very beautiful angelic indeed she even cooed at me and smacked her little lips together her cuteness was magical and her toothless smile stole my heart. It was nothing but a dream however around one when the weather changed I thought I broke something and the bed was wet.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

The mild pain had been part of me for the past two days but now time to time it took another pace with a series of pain and calmness that didn't seem to stop anytime soon. By now the village leader who was not far heard my agony even Hans seem awake he had requested to stay after the mild pain started his family was on the way and probably will be here tomorrow. Despite my clear rejection he didn't seem to give up not after I decided to keep the baby he even introduced me to his foreigner mother it was really awkward to talk to her however I must admit she was too polite and plead with me so many times to keep the baby she even told me about the long wish of the family to have a grandchild which had been nearly to impossible they even resort to superstitious beliefs I can't believe that was happening to them too.

In short carrying this child had been more than a blessing and if I was looking for the source I guess they were with super faithful mother and superstitious indigenous grandmother how can I even succeed.

Hans had been worried sick but I was adamant not to go back to the city even Masha was worried about me where we were living was still underdeveloped village and most of public services were not available even the dispensary lacked sufficient personnel and tools I had this hope for a change of heart not sure if my decision was right but if something were to happen now I wouldn't be able to forgive myself for my stubbornness, now I felt like I was going crazy with pain and worry the road was block after a series of rainfall even if I were to take a shuttle things were even more ugly outside. Hans had parked his car a bit far not with the threatening theft so it would take long to fetch it. I could tell he was blaming himself, "we can just do it here" the senior ladies decided and I was sure it was not the first time this happened.

Hans couldn't have agreed to it but there was nothing he could do it was my decision too after all.

Nothing felt like it, I was moving between death and life but if someone had to ask me to choose in case of complication my answer will her "bring a fresh towel" village leader Tabu said she was worried just like everyone else "is the nurse still not here?" they requested a nurse from neighboring dispensary after noticing my case was not normal, the baby was coming with the legs first and things were looking pretty bad I could feel it myself I was losing my breath and so much blood it was dangerous, first the child had delayed to come and when it finally came it was troublesome.

He was in a mess too pacing back and forth not sure what to do next, he had even took off his waist belt as told but things were not going well the road was bad so the doctor would not be able to come even the line was cut off, communication was unstable too plus electricity was out luckily we were using solar power and Hans had installed enough panel around the house.

Around five in the early morning the doctor arrived and I was finally able to deliver not an easy job but with the senior women's assistance and herbs I had a safe delivery.

Finally my little princess blessed us with her presence.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

I know where I stand and I have never regretted it I had a reason to fight for but if I was given a choice then I wouldn't have chosen who I was before. The scars that I'm yet to heal from and the pain I buried deep inside comes like cold wind every night threatening to freeze my bones to death however I am hopeful with the coming of this child my dull life would gain color.

"Marry me Syana" the joy of having his daughter in his arms was unexplainable but I never thought he would blurt out something like that, watching baby Jasmine on the cradle sleeping soundly the turmoil inside me settled.

"Hans!"

"I know….and I won't force you I …I just wanted to let you know my desire to be your spouse"

"Why?"

"I want us to be a complete family because I know how it feels to live without one and by God I wouldn't want that for our little angel too" if someone had ever told me the harsh truth then it would be him and this one.

The ones who destroy others are the ones who are destroyed themselves, it didn't give me the right to hurt just because I was hurt, my gaze subconsciously turn to my daughter I couldn't picture the life I lived for her.

However must I really sacrifice my life this way to protect her from that misery would it help if I was miserable myself? Did I love the man did I want him in my life? Would that make us happy? I had a lot to consider.

Few days of silence and reasoning was harmonious, his mother and grandmother were also here and they were all over the child mama Zara was very kind to accommodate them too but they decided not to impose they had booked hotel rooms near the town.

Jasmine was too cute to let go especially those adorable eyes of hers, granny was all smiles and mother Florida couldn't contain her happiness. Village chief and SONDO group were very supportive each taking turn to watch over me even the youngest among them would prepare Mtori, a daily meal for the lactating mother here, brother Halife even slaughter his sheep and chicken for me saying drinking soup is good for me. I soon see myself not fitting any dress but they said.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

“It normal dear we all go through this, for the sake of your health and the baby you have to eat well as for the body you can always find ways to get back in shape we will all be here to assist you when you do” it was good to get reassurance from the seniors all my worries were settled.

Things got ugly by the start of the year, the village erupted into a scandal that gave mama Zara a headache four days after Jasmine’s forty days she was finally able to come out as the tradition of the coastal region.

Village leader seem conflicted as she had a good talk with mama Zara who later looked at me hesitantly “What’s wrong?” I asked

“Ferry men are troubling village leader again” those men were the ones who were against her leadership even Mr. Mabembe was once a member of the union too now what do they want? is it because village chief was selected candidate for the district office, despite their dirty underhand means the people of Kazole still supported mama Tabu all the way to take the office, they had seen her work and dedication to the people of Kazole and now they are looking for trouble.

“Why what are they up to this time?” I was starting to feel worried myself with the look of it, the matter was not small not with the way mama Zara was looking.

“They are now spreading rumors”

“What rumors?”

“They are about you Yana” what about me? I wondered.

“That Tabu is supporting adultery in the village”

“What?” that was new how did they come to think that way? “Mama you know that this is not true” even she didn’t seem convinced I don’t know how things had become this way but I know it could be a big problem for Mama Tabu. It had not been easy for her to establish herself in her position at least not with male dominance mind of the people even though in coastal region some of the tribes had maternal system there were not many who would accept a woman in power. So a little mistake was not a mistake for a woman but it a sign of her incompetence whereas for a man it different his mistake just happens he could correct and do better because he was born for it. I could understand her concern but I was not sure how to go about this time.

It was really something personal even Hans was not here he had gone back to the city to take care of his work. What century are we in for someone to make a big deal with coexisting “but we are not doing anything wrong Hans is here to assist me with the baby and we do not even sleep together”

“It doesn’t matter what is the truth to them you two are not even married but already have a child” I didn’t see any big deal out of it and I was sure she realizes that too I was not seeing the real issue.

“It is a big deal especially when he is the father of your child and you are staying here with him they won’t understand any other reasons”

Things were getting worse to worst what started like a rumor became a topic of village and an agenda to be discussed by discipline elders of the village even mama Tabu was invited and had a lengthy talk about morals and ethics of the people of Kazole.

All started with avoiding and finally now they won’t sell anything to us. “How much is spinach”

“We don’t sell spinach” even mama Ashura refused to sell things to me. I understood it was their way to show disapproval they even hide their children in the neighborhood not to talk or come in contact with us even little Chale was afraid.

The village made it far to mama Tabu they were not selling anything to her too saying she was giving a blind eye to sinful behavior what century are we in?, they were even making a big deal of coexisting, in my world half of the people I know just coexist without a care, I guess these men were just looking for faults knowing there was high possibility of mama Tabu to take the office.

But I didn’t want to be the source of her failure her work was good I didn’t want to taint it with my bad reputation.

“So what should I do to help?”

“Are you sure?”

“Mmmh! I am tell me how to solve this”

“Well if you are we can start with a traditional nuptial tie then call the sheikh that way it would be easier to get a certificate” they seem more excited than I was I knew what I was signing for but it was the only way to stay safe for all.

Not like I care about the gossip but my mother did and the Sondo women were in this too though they said nothing to me I am sure they had regretted taking my side because of what happened.

Hans was mad with what was going on but with this outcome he even volunteered to sponsor the school construction, he said he was okay with any arrangement as long as I was the bride.

The wedding was simple but nothing could beat his willfulness I say it was a waste to make so much food but even the thieves had a share, if you ask me I didn't think much about the union. Over the three months we have lived together he had proved to be useful as a human and father I knew it wasn't enough to prove anything however by heart I knew he was already part of us leaving his work and luxuries for us he wasn't bluffing when he said he wanted us to be a complete family and I couldn't think of anything greater than the promise of building a stable family.

I don't entertain love promise nonsense that don't even stand the test of a month some not even a week, what has love have to do with marriage and marriage to do with love people marry because they believe in marriage they believe in family and that is what I chose.

"I do"

ZOHARI YA NAIMA

Irene George

Anga lilionekana kuwa tulivu kwa muda ule wa adhuhuri, mawingu mepesi yaliambaa taratibu huku upepo mwanana ukivuma taratibu, ukisukuma matawi dhaifu ya mkaratusi uliosimama kandu tu ya kioski nadhifu, juu yake bango safi slilisomeka, “MRUTO’S POINT” kioski kile kilijengwa kwa mchanganyiko wa mbao na mawe huku sakafu yake ikiwa mbao iliyorandwa vyema na kung’arishwa kwa rangi asili, viti safi vya mbao vilipangwa kwa ustad huku mito minene ikiwa juu yake sambamba tu na meza ambazo nazo zilitengenezwa kwa mbao huku juu yake kukiwa na urembo wa aina aina, picha na urembo wa asili ulinakshi kuta za eneo hilo na pia nguzo zilizochongwa kwa ubunifu zilizotumika kama mihimili ya dari na sakafu ya kioski hicho. Kila kitu kilikaa kwa mpangilio mahali hapo na kufanya mahali hapo kuonekana nadhifu na pa kisasa, “Mruto’s point” kilikuwa kijiwe maarufu mno kwa wakazi wa Moshono Arusha ila hata kwa wakazi toka viunga tofauti tofauti jijini Arusha, hakuna mjanja ambaye hakufahamu au tu kupata kusikia jina la mahali hapo, pia ubunifu wa huduma nzuri na vyakula vitamu ulimjengea jina hata mara dufu.

Mchana huu Mruto aliketi kimya juu ya stuli ndefu mbele ya kaunta ya vinywaji mkabala tu na jiko la chakula, mchana huu macho yake yote aliyaelekeza kwa rafikiye wa muda, ambaye muda huo aliketi umbali wapata hatua ishirini na ushee toka mahali alipokuwa, akili yake yote ilizama kwa binti yule mrembo, hata sharubati yake ya mchanganyiko aupendao wa Tufaa, Tende, Korosho na Maziwa hakuutia maanani kabisa. Mchana huo rafikye huyo hakuwa katika hali yake naye alipofika tu wafanyakazi wake hawakusita kumweleza yaliyojiri, licha ya kuwa rafikiye alikuwa mtata na mwenye hisia, mchana huu hauwa sawa kabisa, ila Mruto hakuharakia kumfuata na kumwandama kwa maswali bali yeye alimpa mud awa kuziishi hisia zozte alizkabilii kwa wakati huo.

Mruto alikuwa kijana mtu mzima wa miaka yapata arobaini na miwili, alikuwa mwanaume mtanashati mwenye tambo na wajihi wa kuvutia, ndevu zake zilizojaa na kuchongwa kwa ustadi ziliongeza mvuto hata zaidi na mwanamme huyu alikuwa kivutio cha warembo wengi, kimo cha futi tano kilimbeba hata zaidi kwa ujumla alikuwa wa kuvutia na alivalia mavazi ya kupendeza na kuongeza utanashati wake hata zaidi.

Rafikiye aliyempa Mawazo hakuwa mwingine bali binti mrembo wa miaka iapatayo thelathini na moja. Ngozi iliyokwiva ya binti huyo ililandana na Karmeli (sukari iliyounguzwa) iliyochovywa katika maziwa, alikuwa na umbo dogodogo lililo endana na kimo chake cha futi nne na ushee, umbo lake lilichomoza na kuingia katika kila eneo sahihi, uso wake ulibeba macho makubwa ya Kijapan na pua ya kuchongoka huku lipsi zilizojaa zikiufanya mdomo wake mdogo kuvutia mno, kichwani alimiliki msitu wa nywele za wastani zilizokatwa kwa ufundi na kutiwa rangi ya kahawa angavu, shingo yake ndefu ya kiasi ilipendeza hata pasipo kuvishwa mkufu. Mchana huu binti huyu alivalia nguo zilizoshabihi hisia zake, alivalia top fupi iliyojimwaga (Crop top) nyeusi zikifanana na suruali pana yenye mpira kiunoni na chini alivalia buti za kahawia, alipendeza mno katika mavazi hayo ya kisasa ila umaridadi huu haukuweza funika macho yake yaliyokwiva na kuvimba kama mtu aliyelia kwa muda mrefu na Ngozi yake ilikwiva kama tu macho yake.

Pengine mtu angejiuliza binti huyu mzuri alikosa nini kwani alionekana kubarikiwa kila kitu na ukweli kuwa yeye alikuwa Malaika hasa ambaye tu hakumiliki mbawa za kuruka na kulitawala anga lakini Arusha mjini angeweza tu kuitawala endapo angeamua.

Malaika huyu hakuwa mwingine bali Tima Joseph Makundi, binti wa mtu maarufu na wa kuheshimika jijini hapo, Advocate Joseph makundi na mume wa Mtaalam Maarufu wa magonjwa ya wanawake Dr Hellen Dominic Makundi kama wengi walivyomfahamu. Tima hakutoka katika familia duni wala dhaifu, Mruto aliifaham vyema familia ya binti huyo na alibahatika kusoma na dada mkubwa wa Tima alitwaye Tamari, huku Tima akiwa kitinda mimba wa familia juu yake dadaze wawili na kaka wawili. Tamari, Tina, Thade na Theo wote hawa walikuwa wasomi wa vyuo vikuu si wa shahada tu bali shahada za uzamili na zaidi, yeye mwenyewe alimiliki shahada ya uzamili ya uongozi wa biashara na masoko, ni kipi binti huyu angeweza kosa hata awe katika hali ile mchana ule?

Sauti laini ya mwanadada mahiri Judithi Wambura ilirindima taratibu na kibao chake maarufu kijulikanacho kama “Faraja” ni kama ulimwengu ulijaribu kuzungumza kitu eneo lile?

Ni kama moyo wake uligawanyika vipande, hisia nzito ziliigubika nafsi yake hata akauhisi mwili wake ukiwaka moto na bado asiweze kuteketea, licha ya kujaribu mno kuzuia hisia zake, bado machozi yalimmwagika yakibubujika toka katika macho yake yakifanya vilindi safi panapo mashavu yake laini, alihisi joto kali mithili ya mtu aliyeungua homa kali. Maswali lukuki yalipita ndani yake na hakuwa majibu ya kuweza kufanya hali kuwa nafuu.

Kwa shida aliinama na kutizama IPhone Promax yake, macho yalijaa ukungu naye hakuweza kuona chochote. “Yuko wapi huyu nae?” alijiuliza akihisi kuchanganyikiwa, tayari kitambo kilipita na aliyemsubiri hakuonesha dalili ya kutokea, laity tu angekuwa na gari yake angeondoka,”gari yake; Mungu wangu” hata gari hakuwa nalo na hakujua endapo lingetengamaa tena na hata fedha ya kuhakikisha hilo hakuwa nay oni mkosi baada ya mkosi, licha ya mkanganyiko wote sauti ya Judith iliweza kupenya katika ngoma za masikio yake naye alihisi uchungu hata zaidi.

Mithili ya pazia la sinema kumbukumbu ya kilichotokea asubuhi hiyo ilipita machoni mwake.

Sauti safi za watangazaji wa kipindi mashuhuri katika radio moja mashuhuri nchini zilimfanya aachie tabasam dogo, hakuwa na nguvu ya kuvuta furaha kwani maji yake yalifika kina kirefu ila mada ya asubuhi hiyo ilimfanya ajichkee mwenyewe mdahalo hasa ulikuwa maoni juu ya nguvu na uongozi kwa wafeminia na ikiwa wangeweza liendesha gurudumu hilo, basi hapo simu zilimiminika na watu walitoa maoni yao. “Kumwamini mwanamke atatawale nisawa na kuamua kutembea peku jangwani” alizungumza mmoja wa watoa maoni na hili lilimchekesha na kumsikitisha kwa wakati mmoja.

Huenda angeishi katika mada hiyo kwa muda ila yote yalikatishwa na mivumo ya ajabu katika gari na ghafla moshi ulianza upande wa mbele naye alihamaki na kuanza hangaika kulisukuma gari kando ili aweze kusimama hatimaye alifanikiwa. Alihamaki kwa hasira. “Unbelievable!” aling’aka huku akitoka garini kwa haraka na kulizunguka gari lake, hakuharakia kulifungua alihofia maisha yake naye hakuwa mtaalam wa masuala hayo, licha ya haraka yote hiyo hakuacha mkoba wake ndani angali amesawajika aliingiza mkono na kutwaa simu yake akisonya kwa hasiira alibofya kioo na kutafuta namba iliyosomeka kwa jina “Kevo” aliipigia na taratibu alipeleka rununu yake panapo sikio la kulia na kusikiliza mvumo wa mwito upande wa pili, iliita wee isipate majibu, akionesha kukasirika zaidi aliipiga tena ila haikupokelewa naye alikwiva kwa munkari iliyojaa.

“Huyu chalii ananitafuta” aling’aka pumzi zikimpaa, hakukoma aliipiga tena na mara hii upande wa pili ulitii wito. “Oi La Mama” sauti ya Kevo ilisikika na uso wa Tima ulikunjamana hata zaidi.

“Kevo, umempa yule nyoka wako gari yangu tena asee?” alihoji akionesha kuchukizwa.

“Nyoka yupi tena la mama, mbona nimeifanyia mafekeche hiyo ndinga mimi mwenyewe? Alijitete.

“Hapana Kevo nakujua, hii gari hujagusa wewe, Imagine imenizimikia njiani inapasha ile mbaya asee” alilalamika

“Haki tena hiyo chuma nimeigusa mimi siyo chalii, uko wapi asee?” alihoji na hapa Tima alihisi kuchanganyikiwa hata zaidi,

“Niko hapa boma siara” alijibu kinyonge

“Ngoja nimtume Selee yuko hiyo mitaa” alijibu Kevo

“Kevo mimi sina muda kuna mahali natakiwa saa nne kamili jamani”

“Usijali la mama, yuko hapo saa hiihii, yaani kwa fasi ya dwasi shaa” alimfariji ila bado Tima hakuwa na amani

Alisimama nje ya gari na mwisho alinza kupiga hatua kama yuko katika gwaride na alipokaribia kuhisi kurukwa huku akitwaa tena simu yake, alisikia akiitwa na sauti hiyo haikuwa ngeni masikioni mwake, aligeuka na sasa Sele alikkwisha chepuka lami akimwendea kwa haraka, alikuwa ndani ya gwanda la bluu iliyokoza.

“Pole sister, Kevo kanipigia nilikuwa hapo kwa Bonge naye chuma yake imezengua” alieleza akimifkia Tima aliyempa mkono na bila kukawia aliifungua boneti na kuitizama kwa sekunde kadhaa kisha alitikisa kichwa.

“Sister hii uongo haki, ngoja nikuchekie usafiri uwahi hizo maeneo, hii lazima niirudishe mjengoni” Selee alieleza ukweli na hapa Tima alifikia kilele cha mkanganyiko wake.

“Mungu wangu jamani sasa hii ndo nini, Selee niambie ukweli mdogo wangu Kevo hajagusa hii gari” aliongea Tima huku Selee akibofya rununu yake ni wazi alitafuta msaada kama alivyoahidi.

“Sister si unajua tena Kevo mishe zake” alikiri na Tima alivuta pumzi ndefu akionekana kukata tamaa, Kevo ni kama alimfanya bwawa la kuvunia fedha na sasa hili lilimchosha.

“Sasa hivi namuhama mazima haki” alieleza.

“Usijali sister cha msingi nikupatie usafiri uwahi maana aliniambia” aliongea Sele kwa utulivu.

“Eeh Moja em njoo hapo boma siara chaap” aliongea haraka na kukata simu “Huyu chalii ni mdogo wangu anakuja chaap atakupeleka, usikose raha asee, me nakukubali kinyama sister” alimtia moyo na Tima alitikisa kichwa kuridhia kwani chaguo hakuwa nalo, kweli dakika kumi mbele Moja aliwasili na pikipiki aina ya Boxer na kwa heshima alimsalimu Tima ambaye hakuchukua muda kukwea, muda haukuwa rafiki.

“Selee Ahsante mdogo wangu barikiwa sana” alimshukuru kabla ya Moja kuondoa pikipiki.

“Usijali sister, mfike salama me nitaikalia hii ndinga” alieleza akiwapungia pindi tu pikipiki iliposhika mwendo naye alimpungia kinonge, Kevo angemjua baada ya hapo.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Simu yake ilimkurupua toka katika lindi la fikra alizokuwamo, aligutuka na kwa haraka alitizama kioo “Nora” ndilo jina lililosomeka na mtu hasa alyemchomesha mahindi mahali hapo.

“Nono, Please nambie umekaribia babe” alisihi pindi tu alipoipkea, upande wa pili Nora alihema kwa nguvu na utumbo wake uligeuka kwa hofu.

“Kipenzi change nimeshindwa kutoka na pia imeshindikana labda mpaka baada ya mwezi mmoja wameniambia ni mapema sana kuchukua kiasi kikubwa ndani ya muda mfupi hivi” alizungumza Nora kwa sauti iliyonyong’onyea

Machozi yalirudi upya panapo macho ya Tima na mikono yake ilitetemeka ikimlazimu kuishikilia simu kwa nguvu kama vile alishika uhai wake.

“Oh mungu wangu Nora, nitafanya nini sasa? Sina msaada mwingine unajua na sina mwezi wa kusubiri rafiki yangu” alilalama akibubujikwa.

“Najua Kipenzi lakini hili pia liko nje ya uwezo wangu we unajua siwezi kukatili kamwe, umenitoa mno” alieleza Nora kwa masikitiko.

“Sijui nafanyaje haki, ndugu zangu unawajua, Tamari ndo utakuwa muda muafaka wa kunitungia muhutasari, Tina na Thade unawajua hawamjali mtu, Theo mkewe amejifungua kwa matatizo na ndo wamemaliza nyumba yao sithubutu, Advocate Makundi atatangazia mahakama zote na kuthibitisha kauli yake”

“Mama Makundi je?” alihoji Nora bila uhakika na hapa Tima ali Hema kwa nguvu akihisi kifua kuwa Kizito mno.

“Sijui my dear, sijui kweli” alikiri kukata tamaa

“Jaribu Kipenzi hatuwezi jua jamani” alishi Nora

N akinyonge marafiki haw awa kushibana waliagana, akihishi kupotea aliegema kichwa chake katika viganja vyake na kuangaua kilio taratibu, na alipoona hawezi tena alijaribu kuinuka ili aondoke eneo hili ambalo Aliona kuwa alishajitia fedheha vya kutosha. Miguu yake haikumpa ushirikiano aliouhitaji na taratibu ilimtupa mkono, alipohisi ya kuwa angeanguka na kujipiza katika meza, alsituka pumzi zikimpaa, aliihhisi mikono safi ikimkamata kwa nguvu na kumzuia kuuendea mwanguko wake, ni wazi aliishiwa nguvu.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

“Uisjali Tima tulia niko hapa, ni mimi Mruto” sauti kavu ya kukwaruza aliyoizoea ilimsihi kutulia naye alitii na sasa aliachia huzuni yake ikunjuke, akalia na kulia tena, kiasi cha kukabidhiwa kitambaa cha mafua basi akawa akilia na kupenga hata akahisi angepenga na ubongo wake.

Takribani dakika thalathini na tano baadaye alifanikiwa kutulia na Mruto alifanikiwa kumshawishi kupata sharubati ya mchanganyiko wa nanasi na parachichi, ilikuwa sharubati baridi na tamu naye alihisi ahueni kubwa.

“Nahitaji kuondoka lakini, sina muda” alieleza

“Liko wapi gari lako?” alihoji Mruto na kwa muda Tima aliduwaa

“Gari langu, Oh Mungu wangu, liko kwa Kevo, huwezi amini hajafanya chochote na sasa sijui nitafanya nini” alijieleza akionekana kuchanganyikiwa

“Usijali unataka Kwenda wapi sasa hivi?” alihoji tena na baada ya kusita Tima alijibu.

“Njiro, nataka Kwenda Njoro kwa Mama Makundi” alieleza

“Okay nina safari ya huko nitakushusha hapo” alieleza na kwa sekunde kadhaa Tima alimtazama akionesha shukurani.

Akimsaidia waliongozana taratibu kuelekea lilipo gari ya Mruto aina ya Subaru Forester toleo 2024 rangi kijivu kilichokoza, alimfungulia mlango na alipohakikisha kuwa aliketi, alizunguka upande wa dereva na kuingia akiketi kandoye nyuma ya usukani na kabla ya yote alihakikisha kuwa binti huyo alifunga mkanda wa hadhari na alipojiridhisha aligeukia usukani, si muda injini iliunguruma na taratibu walijiondoa.

“Umesema gari iko kwa Kevo sivyo?” alihoji tena na Tima alitikisa kichwa kukubali

“Usijali nitamtuma mtu hapo, kuna jamaa yangu yuko vizuri atakusaidia” alieleza Mruto na Tima alimgeukia

“Hapana Papaa, sitataka kukuhangaisha and besides, sina hiyo fedha kwa sasa, nina wakati mgumu mno” alieleza huku machozi yakirejea machoni mwake, kwa mkono mmoja Mruto alimpigapiga mgongoni kumfariji.

“Tima mamangu wewe si mtu baki bali familia ya Mruto, wewe ulinishika mkono pindi kila mtu aliniona mwehu, wewe uliamini ndoto yangu na hukunikatia tamaa mama, leo wacha nikufanyie hiki kidogo, even Super woman sometimes needs a Super man’s heart alisema Sia au siyo? Alieleza na hili lilimfanya Tima acheke Katikati ya machozi huku akitiksa kichwa kuridhia japo alijisikia vibaya mno kuipitia hali hii, yeye kusaidia ndilo lilikuwa jambo lake na si kusaidiwa.

Walitembea mwendo wa wastani na kusindikizwa na mziki safi wa wakongwe wa mziki wa bolingo wajulikanao kama Msondo Ngoma na kibao chao “Kaza Moyo” ni kama ulikuwa wimbo sahihi kwa Tima kwa wakati huo, ni wazi bado sayari dunia iliendelea kuzungumza naye

.

Ila yake Sayari ilikuwa Zohari nayo haikuwa na heri za kudumu achia mbali kama tu ilivyo mbali na nuru ndivyo ilivyokuwa ngumu yeye kuifikia Naima yake ila bado aliiamini sayari yake ila pia aliiamini adabu yake katika kusimamia na kupanga mambo, hekima yake na ukomavu wake katika kukabili mambo na mipango yake na hata ya watu waliomzunguka, Tima bado hakukata tamaa licha ya gharika ile iliyomuandama aliamini tu kuwa wingu zito juu yake lingeachia na nuru angeiona tena.

Moyo wake ulipiga mkambi na tumbo lake liligeuka aliporejewa na kumbukumbu nzito za asubuhi ya siku hiyo, alikuwa na kila sababu ya kuporomoka, siku hii haikuwa rahisi kwake.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

“Ni kweli kuwa matarajio yetu yalikuwa kuipata ruzuku ya miradi yote ndani ya wiki hii lakini wafadhili wamesema kwa sababu zilizo nje ya uwezo wao ruzuku imesogezwa kwa kipindi kisichojulikana” alizungumza mwanamke aliyemwagika katika kiti cha kuzunguruka nyuma ya meza kubwa amabyo Tima alismama nyuma yake.Akihisi dunia kupromoka chini yake Tima aliweka mikono yake juu ya meza yake akitafuta msaada asianguke.

“Lakini huoni kuwa mlipaswa kutujuisha mapema kuhusu mabadiliko haya?” alihoji kwa sauti ndogo

“Ni kweli dada ila si kama hili lilpangwa ktokea, Binti Foundation inasikitika sana kwa hili na tumejaribu kuwatumia barua pepe wanufaika wetu kwa kadri ya uwezo wetu, hili liko nje ya uwezo wangu pia” alijieleza mwanamke yule amabye midomo yake iliwaka kwa wingi wa rangi nyekundu ya midomo alyoipaka, kope zake za bandia zilimfanya afanane na mwanasesere, ijapo aliongea kuhusu sikitiko bado uso wake haukuonesha kuwa alihisi chochote kila alichokizungumza, alivalia ssuti ya kijani cha mgomba kilichomwumiza macho Tima kwa muwako wake.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Hakumbuki ni vipi aliweza kutoka katika ofisi hizo ila Dunia yake ilivurugika na tumaini pekee lilibaki kwa Nora ambaye alimtumia kama mpango B endapo A ulifeli na kweli ulifeli naye alichanganyikiwa ila simu iliyomvuruga kabisa ni ya eneo alilopanga kufungua mwenye eneo hakuwa na mpango ten awa kupakodi na fedha Tima alizolipia nusu aliamua kuzirudisha, basi hilo pia lilimtisha lakini alikwisha fuatilia eneo jingine kama mpango namba mbili wake ila Bahati mbaya eneo hili la mpango B lilitakiwa kulipwa kodi ya miezi nane naye alitarajia fedha angeipata na kumaliza jambo lake na Nora akaja na taarifa ya kuvunja moyo naye sasa hakujua angefanya nini tena. Mvumo wa mtetemo wa rununu yake ulimrudisha tena katika uwepo, taratibu aliinamisha kichw kidogo na kutizama kioo, jina lilisomeka “Lina” akihisi hasira uso wake ulitengeneza mikunjo huku midomo yake akiibana sambamba na meno yake, bila kufikiria sana aliikata simu ile, “Katika siku zote ni bora leo ungeniacha” alijiwazia akizidi kuhisi karaha.

Hatimaye safari yao ilifika tamati naye aliwasili mahali alipopakusudia, Mruto aliegesha gari eneo maalum la maegesho na kumtizama Tima kwa utuo huku binti huyo akimtizama pia, macho ya mwanamume huyo mtanashati yalijaa huruma naye alishukuru mno kwa ukarimu aliooneshwa.

“Papaa, sijui nieseme nini ila nashukuru mno” alieleza na Mruto haluzungumza neno zaidi ya kumpigapiga mgongoni kwa upendo huku akitikisa kichwa chake.

“Sikia Tima wangu, if you need anything just know I’m here mamangu” alizungumza taratibu na Tima alitikisa kichwa huku macho yake yakijaa ukungu kwa mara nyingine, nyuso zao zilitosha kuzungumza na taratibu Tima alifungua mkanda wa hadhari, kisha kubofya kitufe cha mlango na taratibu alijiondoa garini na kurudishia mlango kwa utulivu.

Kwa sekunde kadhaa alisimama na kulikodolea macho jengo la kisasa mbele yake, Pengine ingekuwa siku nyingine angeweza kuchukua muda kufurahia mandhari nzuri mno ya mahali hapo kwani lilikuwa eneo la kisasa mno majengo tu yalionesha fedha iliyowekwa katika mradi huo.

Hapo ndipo Dr Hellen. D. Makundi alipofanya kazi. Jengo lilibeba maandishi safi juu kabisa katika upande wa mbele na yaliposimama malango makubwa yaliyokuwa wazi baada ya ngazi nadhifu za sakafu ya kisasa ama mkeka wa mbao. Maandishi yale ya chapa tatu ama 3D yalisomeka. “TRUSTCARE MEDICAL ASSOCIATES” huu ulikuwa umoja wa madaktari nguli ndani na nje ya bara la Africa huku mmoja wa madaktari hao akiwa Dr Hellen na pia mama yake mzazi. Hii ilikuwa moja ya hospitali za kisasa jijini na pia Tanzania na nchi Jirani pia, kwa jinsi ambavyo huduma hiyo ilifanya kazi suala la kiuchumi halikuwa sehemu ya matatizo ya Dr Hellen.

Honi ya gari ndiyo iliyomrejesha tena mahali aliposimama naye aligeuka, Mruto alimpungia na tayari alikwisha geuza gari kwa nguvu kidogo aliyokuwa nayo Tima alifanikiwa kumpungia kwaheri ya kuonana.

Sura nzuri za wauguzi wawili nyuma ya kaunta ya kisasa walitabasam wote macho wameyaelekeza kwake ishara ya kuwa walikuwa tayari kumsikiliza na kumsaidia, walivalia mavazi safi rangi ya kijani pori ama jungle green, blouse na surual pana maarufu kama scrubs upande wa kushoto katika vifua vyao nembo nyeupe maalum ilionesha majina yao katika darizi ya rangi nyeusi, kibao kidogo cha rangi ya dhahabu kilibeba maanishi meupe yakisomeka, “RECEPTION/MAPOKEZI”. Tima hakuwa mgeni mahali hapo ila kila siku alipaswa kufuata taratibu kama mgeni, tofauti tun i kuwa yeye hakuhitaji kuwa na miadi kumwona Dr Hellen, kama sit u walimuwahi siku hii, huenda angewapita ila pia hakutaka kusababisha vioja.

“Dr makundi tafadhali, naomba mjuze Tima” aliongea kwa shida na ni kama tu wote waliiona hali yake hakukuwa na maswali mmoja wa mabinti wale wa kadri ya miaka ishirini na minne au mitano alyeitwa Love kutokana na nembo ya jina lake, alitwaa simu na kuzungumza kwa sauti tulivu.

“Ni Tima, ndiyo, yuko hapa, sawa Dr, Ahsante” alizungumza kaulizi akipumzika na kurudisha jibu kisha alirejesha simu mahali stahiki na kumtazama Tima kwa ukarimu.

“Unaweza Kwenda Tima, Dr anakungoja” alimjuza na Tima alitikisa kichwa kabla ya kushukuru na kutembea taratibu akijongea malango ya lift umbali wa hatua kadhaa toka mapokezi, hapo nje alibofya kitufe cha mshale ulioelekea juu na kwa sekunde kadhaa alitulia kabla ya malango kufunguka na wahudumu na daktari mmoja walitokeza na kusalimiana naye huku akipishana nao na kuingia ndani, alibofya tena kitufe kilichoonesha nambari 2 na kutulia taratibu lift ile ikimchukua mpaka ghorofa ya pili ilipokuwapo ofisi ya mama yake.

Dr. Hellen alitulia juu ya kiti safi cha ofisi nyuma ya meza pana iliyopangwa vyema, hakukuwa na mrundikano wa vitu. Ilikuwa ofisi nadhifu mno na haikufanana na ofisi ya daktari bali ya mwanamitindo, ilipambwa kwa nakshi za ainaaina na ilivutia sana, kulikwepo na makochi mawili ya watu wawili ila pia kiti kizuri mbele ya meza ile na Tima alijihagulia hicho, ingekuwa bora zaidi ikiwa wao wangetenganishwa na meza kati yao.

Helen alimtizama kwa utuo. “Is everything okay? You look like you’ve just witnessed the end of this world” alizungumza akimkagua bintiye ambaye kweli ni kama tu alitoka kushuhudia mwisho wa hii dunia ila labda mtu angeweza sema mwisho wa dunia yake.

“Shikamo Mama” alichagua salam na si jibu Hellen alilolihitaji

“Marahaba, huwa huniiti mama, kuna nini? Alirejea mtiririko wa maswali yake na Tima aliketi na kuvuta pumzi ndefu akihisi kuchoka hata zaidi. Muda huo Hellen alitwaa sim yake iliyoanza kuita ghafla, alizungumza maneno machache na kuiweka chini, kabla ya kuita tena naye kuitwaa, ilifanikiwa kuita mara nne kabla ye yeye kuweza kuitua tena chini na kuinuka , alipendeza mno ndani ya koti lake jeupe ndani akivalia Jumpsuit ya kahawia na viatu vifupi vyeusi, nwele zake zilisukwa kwa umaridadi mtindo wa mabutu ya rasta laini na ndogondogo mno huku akizifunga kwa usafi nyuma ya kichwa chake, macho yake mazuri yalifunikwa na miwani mizuri ya macho ambayo nayo ilikuwa ya Gharama kama kila kitu alichokitia mwilini mama huyo mrembo, alikuwa mrefu wa kiasi na mwenye umbo dogo kama tu bintiye, hakufanana na miaka ipatayo Hamsini na sita aliyokuwa nayo, huyu alikuwa mama waw ana wanne na Tamari bintiye wa kwanza ndo tu alitimiza miaka Thelathini na saba wiki chache zilizopita, siku zote Tima alimhusudu mwanamke huyu mwenye akili nyingi na uzuri usiotosha kuutizama, rangi yake kama tu Tima ilikuwa ya mng’ao ikimfanya kuwa mrembo hata zaidi.

Kwa mwendo wa madaha alijongea jokofu dogo kona moja ndani ya ofisi hiyo, kisha alifungua na kutwaa maji ya kunywa ndani ya box, maji mengi aliyotumia yaltoka nje na alijali mno utunzaji wa mazingira. Tima alielewa suala la utunzaji wa mazingira ila si bei za maji hayo alizonunua Dr huyo, muda huu alikwisha mfikia na kumpatia boksi lile la ukubwa wa lita moja hivi, lilifanana na boksi la sharubati na si maji ya kunywa.

“Drink some water you look dehydrated” alishauri akiikagua Ngozi ya bintiye kwa macho Tima hakubisha na ukweli kuwa alihisi kiu kwa machozi mengi aliyoyamwaga.

“Haya spill the beans, why do you look like Hiroshima after the bombing?” alihoji Hellen akimkazia macho, moyo wa Tima ulianza Kwenda kwa kasi na jasho jembamba lilimtoka, kuzimu ilikaribia kuachia na boksi la Pandora lingefunguka muda si mrefu.

“Mama, I, I, na, nahi” ni kama hakuwa na maneno sahihi ya kuanzisha mswada

“Mama what Tima baby?” alihoji na hofu ya Tima ilizidi kiasi cha kuweza kumwangusha angali kitini aliketi. Kwa muda ulimwengu wake ulisizi.

ZOHARI KIZANI

Kwa muda Tima alijishauri ikiwa alipotea, lakini haikuwezekena kwani huo ndio hasa mtaa Mruto alimwelekeza, lilikuwa eneo tulivu mno na nyumba eneo hilo zilizingirwa na kuta ndefu na mageti. Akihisi woga kidogo na majuto ya kwanini alimwacha Toyo aondoke alitoa rununu yake kwa mashaka huku akisogelea ukuta alitafuta jina la Mruto na kupiga akijiegamiza ukuta wa moja ya nyumba bila kujali ikiwa ilikuwa hapo ama la, hakuwa tayari kukwapuliwa simu kwani tayari alikuwa na madhila ya kumtosha, alipokuwa akisikiza mvumo wa mwito upande wa pili alivuta miwani yake ya jua ya Gharama chapa ya Versace, hiyo haikuwa miwani pekee ya Gharama aliyomiliki na muda huu aliwaza ikiwa angehitaji kuchukua hatua kuuza baadhi ya miwani, viatu na hata mikoba yake mtandaoni, hili lilionekana kuwa wazo powa ila huu haukuwa wakati sahihi wa yeye kufikiri juu ya mkakati huo.

Alivuta pia kitambaa alichojitanda chapa ya Luis Vuitton, leo alijitanda na kuvalia gauni pana la kitambaa cha batiki ya manjano ya kukoza na weupe, miguuni alivalia buti nyeusi zenye kisigino cha kati, alivaa hivi kwa kuwa alikwenda ibada ya kwanza kabisa ili kuzungumza na Mungu kwani yaliyomkuta hayakuwa mepesi na nuru pekee ingetoka kwa Muumba wake aliamini hilo. Simu iliendelea kuita upande wa pili.

“Papaa pick up please” alilalama kwa kunong’ona kama vile Mruto angemsikia Sauti ya Azan ilisiikika na Tima alijiuliza nis aa ngapi adhuhuri ilifika, hata hakujua ni muda gani alitumia toka alipotoka ibadani.

“Allah Akhbar, Allah Akhbar” sauti ya Mhazin ilisikika toka katika kipaza sauti cha Masjid ya karibu ni wazi msikiti haukuwa mbali japo yeye hakuliona jengo ila sauti tu ilitosha kumfanya akadirie umbali.

“Tima mama” sauti ya Mruto upande wa pili ilimkurupua.

“Oh papaa, thank God” alishukuru Tima kwa hisia huku akifumba macho yake.

“nambie mamangu mzuri” alizungumza Papaa

“Sijui nimepotea Papaa, nimekuja kama tu ulivyonielekeza, Barabara ya kuelekea Compassion si ndivyo?” alihoji

“Kabisa na siu po huo mtaa wenye mageti karibu na hiyo “KARIBU LOUNGE?” alihoji Papaa na Tima alikiri kuwa ndivyo.

“Kaa hapo hapo, namcheck atatoka” alimpa maagizo akikata simu.

Tima alisubiri kwa kama dakika mbili hivi na geti la kama nyumba ya tatu toka aliposimama lilifunguliwa na mtu altokeza, Tima alimkodolea macho, huyu hakufanana na fundi wa magari, isingewezekana, taswira na mwonekano wa mwanamume aliyemjia taratibu kw ahatua fupi ilifanana na waigizaji filamu na wachezaji wa mpira wa kikapu na si fundi makenika. Pengine isingekuwa vazi alilovalia Tima asingeamini kamwe. Huyu alikuwa mwanamume mrefu wa yapata futi sita, umbo lake lilijengeka kimichezo hata ovaroli aliyovalia haikuficha tambo lake zuri, alikuwa na Ngozi nzuri rangi ya maji ya kunde, uso wake mzuri ulibeba ndevu nzuri na kichwani nywele zake zilikatwa vyema usawa wa Kitana kidogo, alivalia ovaroli nyeusi yenye nembo nyeupe kifuani upande wa kulia, nembo ilidariziwa kwa maandishi ya rangi nyekundu yaliyosomeka. “KARIBU AUTO SERVICE” Tima alikodoa macho zaidi je ilikuwa na uhusiano na “KARIBU LOUNGE” aliyoiona ama?

Tayari kijana mzuri alimfikia na kuachia tabasam na cishimo safi vilitokeza kandoni mwa mashavu yake. “Hapana, binadamu wa kiume hakupaswa kumchanganya hivyo” alitikisa kichwa kama aliyejitoa maruweruwe huku akijistukia, sasa kiumbe yule alinyosha mkono angali tabasam liko usoni mwake.

“Tima siyo?” alihoji na bila kujiamini Tima alitikisa kichwa naye akiunyosha mkono wake.

“Oh safi, naitwa Koneti au Norvin, Papa alinipa maelekezo ungefika leo, karibu sana” alizungumza na Tima alizidi kuchanganyikiwa, “Why does he sounds like Mufasa, oh Mungu wangu!” aliwaza akihisi kuvurrugikwa, mapenzi si jambo la kuwekewa maanani kamwe asingetaka upuuzi huo tena na muda huo dunia ilimlemea hakuihitaji kujiongezea mzigo.

“Eh, ndiyo hasa na amenielekeza kufika hapa pia” alieleza na Koneti alitikisa kichwa kuridhia.

“Karibu sana umefika” alimkaribisha na kumpsha akisha akiandamana naye na wote waliingia katika geti lile la rangi nyeusi, nje kibao kidogo kilionesha kuwa nyumba ililindwa na mfumo maalum wa kielektroniki. Walitokeza ndani ya uzio wa ukuta mweupe na hapo palitandikwa vigae ukumbi mzima, mbele yao nyumba kubwa ilisimama na kando malango makubwa ya chuma kama yale ya garaji zijengwazo katika majumba ya kisasa, ni kama tu malango yale yalitambua uwepo wao kwani yalianza kufunguka kwa kupanda juu taratibu na mbele yao, palisimama ukumbi mkubwa uliojaa magari kadhaa na vifaa vilivyoonyesha kuwa kweli ile ilikuwa garaji tena si garaji tu bali ya kisasa, Tima alitahayari asipate maneno sahihi.

“Karibu ofisi yetu Tima” Koneti alimkaribisha huku akimwongoza waliingia na yale malango yalifunga tena mfano wa sesame katika simulizi za Ali Baba. Koneti alimwongoza mpaka kona moja na mbele yao gari ilifunikwa na turubali, Koneti alijongea na taratibu aliondoa lile turubali na Tima aliachia kuhema kwa muda, hii haikuwa ile Toyota Auris Hybrid yake, hii ilionekana kana kwamba ilitoka kiwandani muda huo na moyo ulimpasuka, aliachama mdomo na woga wa ghafla ulimvaa.

“But, but, sikuwa nahitaji kupimp gari, na sina hata hizo fedha za kufanya hivyo, Papaa,”

Hakuweza kumalizia kwani koneti alimshika mkono huku akitabasam, alizungumza taratibu.

“Ni kweli, hii ni mimi tu na pia Papaa Aliona isingekuwa shida natumai hutojali”

“Najali, koneti, hii ni Gharama kubwa mmetumia nami nisingetaka kuwapa hasara, ninatambua hasara ya kuingia Gharama katika biashara” aliongea akionekana kughafilika na kuhisi kushushwa, yeye daima alitamani kusimama kwa miguu yake, ilitosha tu Papaa kumsaidia lakini si kuingia Gharama zote zile mpaka rangi na kunyoosha bodi ya gari.Aligutuka Koneti alipomshika mkono na kuongozana naye panapo ukuta wenye ubao mkubwa, alizidi kuchanganyikiwa tena sasa alimpotizama kijana huyo ambaye angali alitabasam.

“Hapo ukutani, ni mradi wetu kama sehemu ya utafiti wangu wa PhD, samahani nakueleza haya, hii project inaitwa “My Old Brand-new Car” ni mradi wa kubadii magari yaliyochoka kuwa mapya tena, mradi uko under sponsorship na nilifurahi mno kuipata gari yako kama sehemu ya mradi wetu istoshe ni gari powa sana” alizungumza na kwa muda Tima aliishiwa maneno kabisa, huyu jmaa alizungumza nini? Na hili liliwezekana vipi?

“Papa ani nani kwako?” alihoji pasipo kutaraji.

“Yeye ni kaka yangu mtoto wa Baba mkubwa” alieleza na Tima alizidi kuishiwa nguvu, sasa alihisi machozi tena na bila kupanga aliegamia ukuta na kuserereka akimstua Koneti aliyemuwahi pindi tu alipofika chini na bila kujali Tima alianza kulia kama mtoto, simu yake iliunguruma naye ilimbidi kujikaza akihisi ni Papaa ili hata apate tu kumfokea mkanganyiko wake umpungukie, muda huo hakujali Koneti alihisi vipi kwani hata wao hawakujali hisiia zake, yeye hakuwa mradi wa majaribio na hakujali kama hili lilifanyika kwa uzuri ama la. Angali macho yana ukungu alipambana kutazama kioo, “Lina” jina lilisomeka na hapa hakuweza vumilia tena alipiga kelele akiitupa simu chini huku Koneti akipambana kuiwahi, alijikunyata na kukumbata magoti yake na sasa kilio kilishika hatamu.

Koneti hakumsemesha binti yule mzuri aliyeletwa kwake na Papaa, licha ya kuonekana kachanganyikiwa kwa wakati huo, bado kijana huyo aliweza kumwona binti shupavu aliyejaribu kupambania ndoto zake, binti ambaye hata hakutaka kupata msaada wa matengenezo ya gari lake, ni ajabu mno kwa mabinti wa kizazi hiki.

“Ni manzi powa sana Tima, sema kuna ishu anapitia, hajanielezea ila hali yake naiona, tumsaidie ndinga yake ikae powa, ameshanisaidia sana asee” aliyakumbuka manneno ya Papaa naye alijikuta akivutwa mno, hakudhani kuwa kungekuwa na maneno sahihi ya kumweleza binti huyo na ukweli kuwa hawakuwa wakifahamiana, aliamini jambo kubwa ambalo angeweza ni kuketi kando yake na kumtia moyo katika ukimya wake na hilo ni kama Tima alilihitaji zaidi ya maneno.

Moyo wa Tima uliuma kama kidonda, hili halikuwa jambo la kukasirika kwani watu waliompenda walijaribu kumuonesha ukarimu na utu ambao hata Mama na Baba yake hawakuweza kumwonyesha. Dunia yake iligawanyika, alihitaji milioni kumi na tano tu kwaajili ya pango na kumalizia vitu kadhaa, kila kilichohitajika alikwisha fanya fedha zake zote za akiba alichohifadhi aliwekeza kwenye cha pa yake ya “African Lotus”zaidi ya milioni thalathini alizitupa huko, akihakikisha kila alichotamani kukiza na kukitengeneza lakini pia harama za masoko. NSSf yake ingechukua muda zaidi kwani aliachia kazi na urasimu kazini kwake kidogo ulikuwa juu. Hii ilikuwa ndoto yake ni vipi wazazi wake walishindwa kuelewa? Kwa kuwa tu yeye alikuwa binti? Wao hawakuwa watu wa kukosa fedha hiyo na majuzi tu Advocate akundi alimnunulia Tamari gari ya thamani ya milioni arobaini kama zawadi ya kumbukumbu yake ya kuzaliwa. “At the age of 37 a woman deserve to have a respectable ride” aliyakumbuka maneno ya majivuno ya baba yake ya kuwa katika umri wa Tamari mwanamke alistahili kuendesha gari la heshima, ila kwa ndoto yake ya kumiliki biashara yake mwenyewe ilikuwa upuuzi, nado hakuweza kuelewa kwanini walimfanyia hivyo.

Bado aliuona uso mkavu wa Dr Hellen alipomkatalia katukatu kumpatia msaada wiki mbili zilizopita na jinsi ulimwengu wake ulivyoporomoka baada ya pale ikiwemo kukosa sehemu zote mbili alizotarajia kufungua biashara yake. Sasa alimiliki bidhaa za zaidi ya milioni sabini ambazo hakujua angeziuza vipi kuachia bidhaa alizonunua kama sehemu ya vitendea kazi katika biashara yake. Alikumbuka jinsi alivyompigia magoti Helllen akimwomba hata basi amchukulie fedha kwa Makundi lakini hakukubali kamwe.

“Im not being heartless baby, nakuokoa kutoka katika anguko la mikono yako mwenyewe” alizungumza macho makavu.

“Mama tafadhali” alisihi

“No Tima honey, nambie unataka kurudi kazini kwako au hata unataka kampuni nyingine, your Dad and I will pull some strngs, hivi dunia ya leo nani anaacha kazi kama yako, eti country director and project planning officer wa kampuni ya kimataifa, honey uliokota Almasi samunge ati” aliongea Hellen uso wake ukionesha mshangao na kisha masikitiko yeye mwenyewe hakujua bintiye nani alimroga.

“Mama uliwahi uliza hata nini nilikuwa napitia au hata nini ilikuwa ndoto yangu?” alihoji Tima kwa uchungu.

“baby kuna msemo wa kuwa mtumikie Kafri upate mraddi wako, ungeweza kuwa na subra kidogo tu, sasa kazi umeacha na unaomba msaada” alinanga Hellen na hapa Tima hakuwa na cha kujitetea tena, hizo zilikuwa wiki mbili zilizopita na tangu wakati huo si Makundi au Hellen walioshika simu zake.

“Unapaswa kurejea akili zako Tima, umewavunja moyo sana wazazi wetu, ni kipi ulitaka ukakosa?” alihoji Tamari ambaye waliwasiliana kila dadake huyo alipokuwa na risala yeye mwenyewe hakujua kwanini alikuwa akipokea simu za dadake.

Kipi hukupewaa Timama?” alihoji tena

“Milioni kumi na tano Marii” alijibu kwa karaha na Tamari alimkatia simu, bora Tina ambaye hakuonekana kujua kuwa alikuwa na nddugu aliyeitwa Tima, wao hawakuwahi kupatana tangu utotoni, Tina aliamini Mungu alimchangua yeye kuwa binti wa mwisho na hakujua ni kitu gani kilimleta Tima ulimwenguni, kwa wakati huo kitinda mimba huyo wa Imani alikuwa Ujerumani akichukua shahada ya pili ya uzamili ili tu kuwaonesha wazazi wao ni kiasi gani hawakufanya makosa kumzaa. Hakuona pia haja ya kumtafuta Thade kwani kakake huyo mapato hayakuwahi kosa matumizi na kamwe hakuwahi kuwa na Imani na Tima kama vile aliwahi mtapelli kiungo cha mwili, Theo alikuwa mtu pekee mwema kwake ila tu kwa wakati huo mengi aliyapitia.

Muda baadaye yapata kama saa moja mbele alitulia na Koneti alimpatia maji na huduma ndogondogo hata waliweza zungumza machache na sasa alishukuru kuwa simu yake haikupasuka alipoitupa pia alimshukuru Koneti kwa kuidaka, hakuona haya kueleza kuhusu biashara yake na mambo ambayo yalitukia baada ya yeye kuacha kazi ili tu kuifikia ndoto yake hiyo. Koneti alimatazama kwa makini kabla ya kuvuta pumzi na taratibu alizungumza huku Tima akimtizama kwa umakini.

“One thing I ll tell you Tima, hakuna wazo la ubunifu ambalo halikumfanya mtu aonekane mwehu, take it from me hata wewe nilipokwambia kuwa tumeufanya mradi wako bure ulinitizama kama niliyechanganyikiwa, no offense though” alipofika hapo wote wawili waliachia vicheko vya chini.

“Hapana haikuwa hivyo, nilichanganyikiwa tu” alijitetea Tima angali akicheka

“No it’s totally fine, naelewa” alijibu Koneti akicheka pia.

“ ninacho maanisha hapa ni nini hasa Tima? Naamanisha usiikatie ndoto yako tamaa, trust me kuna watu wangoja huduma yako kwa hamu, kuna watu mradi wako ni ukomozi kwao, usikate tamaa, cha msingi ndinga yetu iko sawa sasa”

Aliongea na Tima alitikisa kichwa huku tabasam likisambaa usoni mwake, Koneti alimpigapiga taratibu begani mwake ilikuwa ajabu mno ila ni kama yeye na mwanamume huyo walifahamiana kwa miaka na haikuwa mara yao ya kwanza kukutana, dunia ilikuwa na njia ya ajabu mno ya kutoa Faraja. Hakujua ni vipi muda ulipaa ila alipotoka tayari ilitimia alasiri, alijikuta akitabasam aliposhika usukani wa gari yake ambayo sasa ilifanana na gari mpya kabisa, hakika Koneti aliijua kazi yake, kamwe Kevo asingemwona tena hata atakapofanikiwa kiuchumi, madam Karibu Auto services walipanga kufungua garaji kubwa ya kisasa basi yeye angewafuata hata wafungue Katiti angewafuata. Kwa mara ya kwanza baada ya kitambo kirefu moyo wake uli hisi utulivu, ila pia bado alielewa kiza kilikuwa juu yake na hata fedha ya mafuta asingekuwa nayo siku za karibuni. Aliunganisha Bluetooth na wimbo tulivu wa maadhiri ya indie “Ready now” wa mwanamuziki wa magharibi aitwaye Amstat ulirindima taratibu na kwa hakika alikuwa tayari pia kukabili kiza kile kwa udi na uvumba kama tu wahenga walivyonena ya kuwa “Anayetaka hachoki na hata akichoka keshapata” na siku zote penye nia pana njia na yake njia angeipata kwania nia alikuwa nayo hasa.

Alishukuru kwani Barabara haikuwa na magari meng kwa muda huo, akichepuka taratibu katika zunguko wan jia panda ya Impala na kuishika Barabara ya Kijenge- Moshono, alikweenda kwa mwendo wa wastani kwani hakutaka madhila zaidi, akiiacha Barabara iliyoingia kijenge na kunyoosha ataribu, siku hii alikuwa makini barabarani kuliko siku zote, alipofika Moshono aliingia mkono wa kushoto na kisha alikunja kushoto akilipita kanisa la Catholic na baada ya kanisa alikunja tena kushoto akiingia Barabara tulivu ya mtaa alioishi, hata yeye hakuwa akiamini kuwa aliweza kupata nyumba eneo hilo na huu ulikuwa mwaka wake wa nne katika nyumba hiyo akijiahidi kuhama pale tu ambapo angemaliza kujenga nyumba yake katika kiwanja alichoonunua huko Barabara ya East Africa, hiyo nayo ilikuwa kati ya mabo aliyojivunia kwani pia haikuwa rahisi kupata kiwanja eneo hilo lililokuwa likikua kwa kasi sana na moyoni alimshukuru Nobert aliyemshauri miaka minne iliyopita. “Nobert” aliskia ajabu sana kukumbuka jina hilo kwani akilini alikwishalifuta na kila aliyehusiana na mtu huyo.

Hatimaye aliwasili na kuegesha gari nje ya geti kabla ya kushuka na kufungua geti, kisha aliingiza gari na kulirudishia tena geti hilo. Ukumbi ulikuwa kimya kabisa, palikuwa mahali nadhifu palipotandazwa vigae, upande wake aliishi yeye na Jirani mwingine ambaye alionekana kama nyota ya Jaha na hilo halikumchosha kwani alipenda maisha ya ukimya. Licha ya kuwa Jirani yake alikuwa mseja wa kiume, waseja hawa wawili walishabihiana jambo moja nalo ni upenzi wa usafi na maua, nje palijaa maua ya kila aina katika vyungu vya Gharama na waliyatunza kwa ushirikiano mkubwa hata walimweka mama wa usafi nje na maua na walifuata kila ushauri kuhakikisha yalistawi.

Baada ya kuhakikisha kila kitu kilikuwa sawa ukumbini aliujongea mlango wake akiikabili veranda yake ambayo nayo ilikuwa nadhifu mno, kando tu ya mlango kibao maridadi kilibeba maandishi safi yaliyomtia moyo siku zote, kilisomeka. “Blessings will follow you as you step in and out of this beautiful sanctuary” yakimaanisha kuwa baraka zitakufuata kila utokapo na uingiapo katika makazi haya mazuri” Alivuta pumzi ndefu pindi tu alipoingia na kujiegamiza mlangoni baada ya kuurudishia, hili lilikuwa eneo lake la Faraja, apartment yake ndogo ya vuymba viwili kimoja kikiwa master bedroom, kukiwa na malwato, jiko dogo, sebule na bafu la jumuiya. Nyumba hii aliipamba kwa nakshi za kila aina, kuanzia magulia ya maua ya kauri, picha nzuri za michoro asilia, mapambo ya ukutani ya henzirani, chini sakafu safi ya mkeka wa mbao ama wood floor ilitandikwa zulia zito la kapeti la kiajemi, makochi yake ya mbao ama pallets, yalitandikwa mito minene ya rangi ya kijivu.

Ukutani eneo la mebele runinga kubwa ilitundikwa na chini yake ilitulia standi ya kisasa iliyoweka vitu vichache ikiwemo spika ya kisasa, eneo la jiko palitulia makabati ya jikooni na kila kitu kilipangwa katika unadhifu mkubwa.

Mlango wa chumba chake ulikuwa wazi naye aliweza kuona zulia la manyoya ya khaki sakafuni na kitanda chake kikubwa kilitandiwka nadhifu, shuka, mito na blanket zito vilivyoshabihiana, katika ukuta juu ya kitanda chake picha kubwa ya mchoro wa mandhari ya ufukwe wa Bahari ilitunddikwa, naye alipata utulivu kila alipoitizama, akihema alibebelea viatu vyake na kujongea korido fupi alipoweka standi ya viatu na hapo aliweka viatu vyake. Simu yake ilipoita ghafla alikurupuka akikumbuka kuwa hata hakumtafuta tena Papaa na pia ilimpasa kumjulisha Koneti kuwa alifka salama, alipotizama simu alikunja sura na kuachia msonyo mdogo aliibwaga katika kochi na kuiacha iite huku yeye akiishia chumbani bila hata kugeuka nyuma.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Aliketi kimya akitafakari yaliyojiri tangu siku ile aliyoishia kwa Mruto na kupata msaada alioupata lakini pia jinsi Hellen alivyogoma kumsaidia, tangu wakati huo tayari zilipita wiki nne na sehemu zote mbili za biashara alizkosa, tayari aliikubali hatima hii, alifanikiwa kutangaza vitu vya kuuza katika jukwaa maarufu za kuuza vitu vya mtumba kwa jiji la Arusha na tayari alifanikiwa kuuza jozi nne za viatu, mikoba yake miatno ya Gharama, miwani tatu, makoti kadhaa, sweta na baadhi ya nguo zake za Gharama ila pia mawigi yake matau. Kwa vitu hivyo tu alikwisha tengeneza milioni moja na laki tisa na hapo aliuza kwa bei pungufu mno, bado alikuwa na vitu kadha wa kadha vya kuuza.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Si hapo tu aliishia bali aliweza pia kutangaza bidhaa alizizozitengeneza na alsihukuru mno kuwa rafikize pia walimsaidia kutangaza japo zilitoka kwa kasi ndogo ila kulikuwa na matumaini makubwa naye Aliona nuru kwa siku za usoni. Nora aliweza pia kumtafutia kiasi kidogo cha fedha iliyoweza kumsogeza naye alimshukuru mno, ila aliyemliza ni Theo aliyemtumia Laki tano hata pasipo yeye kutarajia.

“Usiache tena nisikie matatizo ya mdogo wangu kwenye vilabu vya pombe” ndicho alichomwambia na Tima alijikuta akilia machozi, huyu alikuwa ndugu wa ajabu mno na hakusihia hapo kwani yeye na mkewe Leona na wifi wa Tima walifika kumsalimu wakifungasha vitu kadha wa kadha mpaka sabuni na karibu kila alichohitaji.

“Maana ya familia ni kuwa Pamoja nyakati zote, hakuna wakati sahihi zaidi, wewe siku zote uko kwaajili ya sisi sote miss Pisces, sasa ni wakati wetu kukutunza” aliongea Leona, Tima alimtizama kwa upendo wifi yake huyo mrembo mno mwenye rangi ya mtume, alipungua mno na alionesha ni kiasi gani alipitia hali ngumu, bado Tima hakuamini kuwa hatimaye alipona kabisa, alimkumbatia kwa nguvu akiacha matendo yadhihirishe maneno take.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Mapigo ya moyo wake yalipiga kwa kasi kiasi cha kufanya pumzi yake kutoka kwa shida, pasipo kuamini alibaki kuikodole kompyuta mapakto yake, aliiona vyema barua pepe mbele yake ila bado hakuwa akiamini. Rununu yake ilipota hakujishauri aliipokea ndani ya sekunde.

“Umeiona?” hilo lilikuwa swali la kwanza toka upande wa pili

“Oh Nora hata siamini hiki ninachokiona, huu ni mwujiza, babes hii od ani kubwa mno jamani” alizungumza akihisi kulia kwa shangwe.

“Babes you wanted to sell and open African Lotus right?” alihoji Nora akicheka

“Hakika babes, it’s all I’ve ever wanted” alikiri huku akilia na kucheka kwa wakati mmoja.

“Kazi ni kwako Kipenzi change, sasa waandalie invoice, wanataka mzigo in two days love” alieleza Nora na ndivyo barua pepe ilivyoeleza pia.

“Nafanya hivyo Kipenzi, these people wako loaded wanafanya nini hasa, ni Lodge?” alihoji

“Wana Air B&B kama tatu hivi, Arusha, Moshi na Zanzibar” alijibu Nora

“Wow impressive” alikiri Tima

“Okay babes let’s go make that money” alihamasisha Nora na marafiki hawa wali-agana
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

“Papaa thank you so much rafiki yangu” alishukuru Tima akimkumbatia Papaa, aliyemkumbatia kwa upendo akimfunika kwa kila kitu ni kama Dubu alimkumbatia swala mdogo.

Papaa alimkodishia fuso kwa bei rafiki kabisa kwani Tima alihakikisha kuwa huu hauwi msaada tena alitaka pia kuchangia, tayari aliweza kutengeneza fedha kupitia vitu alivyouza na pia mzigo aliokuwa akiupeleka ulikuwa wa fedha nyingi mno hata angeweza kupata sehemu nyingine na kufungua African Lotus kama alivyopanga. Asubuhi hii alivalia mavazi yaliyoendana kabisa na kazi yake, ovaroli kali ya jeans mpauko na top ndani iliyokuwa na chapa ya kampuni yake, juu alivalia kofia ya rangi ya kijivu nayo ya chapa ya African lotus alitaka kujitambulisha vyema, chini alivalia raba kali zenye Weusi na weupe, dereva na utingo waliandamana naye. Mizigo alitakiwa kuipeleka Karatu mjini na Air B&B iliitwa “STATUNGA HOUSE” walikuwa na eneo kubwa lililojengwa kisasa mno na mandhari yake yalivutia mno sit u katika kurasa zao za Instagram na tovuti yao bali hata walipofanikiwa kufika katika lango lao, lililokuwa na uzo uliojengwa kwa mawe, ni wazi pesa ya kutosha iliwekwa mahali hapo kwani ukuta ulikwenda kwa kilometa kama moja hivi toka getini.

Statunga hawakuwa tu na makazi hayo ya wageni bali pia vituo viwili vya Watoto wanawake wanaoishi katika mazingira magumu kwa ujumla watu hawa walijewekeza vyema. Walipita katika Barabara safi iliyozungukwa na msitu mdogo ulioopandwa miti na maua ainaaina yaliyovutia mno. Safari yao ilifikia tamati katika maegesho ya ukubwa wa kiasi nje ya appartments nzuri zilizootengana na jengo moja lilisimama Katikati ikionesha kuwa ndiyo mapokezi. Tima hakuweza kujizuia kushangaa kw auzuri wa eneo lile, mahali hapo palifanana na maeneo ya kigeni aliyozoea kuyaona katika kurasa za watu Pinterest ila muda huo aliyaona kwa uhalisia mbele yake.

Walipokelewa na kijana aliyevalia nadhifu katika sare nzuri ya shati la batiki na suruali ya Kadet, uso wake ulijaa tabasam zito.

“Karibuni sana Satutanga Home stay, a palce where home is the feeling you experience” aliongea kwa ucheshi akiwakaribisha nao walicheka na kumsukuru, baada ya salamu kijana yule aliyejitambulisha kwa jina la Isack, aliwaongoza taratibu wakipandisha ngazi safi za vigae laini na kuingia katika malango makubwa yenye milango ya mbao minene ya mtindo wa Zanzibar, waliingia katika eneo nadhifu lenye madirisha makubwa palikwepo makochi mazuri yenye mito laini, meza fupifupi na pia kulikwepo kaunta ya mapokezi, nakshi za mahali hapo hazkuwa za mfano, watu hao walifahamu has ani nini walifanya. Hii ilikuwa nyumba mpya ambayo ndo kwanza tu walifungua hivyo bado ilihitaji vitu kadhaa, ukuta wa mahali hapo ulichanganywa mawe na tofali za kuchoma zilzopakwa rangi na ukuta wa mapokezi ulijengwa kwa mawe ya bluu ambayo Tima aliwahi tembelea kiwanda kilichochimba mawe hayo huko Mang’ola. Maandishi safi ya chapa tatu ya rangi nyeusi yalisoma jina la makazi hayo.

“Mnaweza kuketi Madam atafika baada ya dakika kadhaa, karibuni sana, alieleza akiwaelekeza katika moja ya makochi ila muda huo huo walifika mabinti wawili ndani ya vigauni vya kitambaa cha batiki kama tu cha Isack, nembo vifuani mwao zilisoma majina yao, mmoja aliitwa Thedy na mwenziye Maria, baada ya salamu waliwapatia taulo maalumu za kufuta mikono na kisha menu ya vinywaji ilihali tayari katika meza kulikwepo chupa za maji safi ya kunywa. Baada ya hekaheka ya vinywaji Tima aliinuka na kuendelea kuzunguka akiangalia mapambo tofautitofauti yaliyomvutia mno, alishangaa walihitaji mapambo na fanicha hata zaidi toka kwake.

“karibuni sana Statunga Home Stay” sauti tamu ilimgutusha naye alizubaa kkwa muda, sauti hii haikuwa ngeni naye hakutaka kuamini hisia zake, taratibu akihisi mashaka aligeuka na mashaka yake hayakuwa ya kutia chumvi. Hatua kama kumi na kitu alismama mwanadamu mrembo ambaye hakufikiri kuwa wangewahi onana tena kwa sikuza maisha yao yaliyosalia ila dunia duara hili lilitukia muda huo. Mwanamke huyo mbele yake ni kama hakuwahi kuongeza miaka zaidi ya ile ishirini na mitano aliyomwacha nayo miaka sita iliyopita. Hata katika hasira yake alikiri urembo wa kiumbe yule, urefu wake wa yapata futi 4.8 ulimfanya ajihisi mwenye kimo kidogo, Ngozi yake ya chocolate iliwaka kama vile aliyepakwa asali, alikuwa ndani ya komono safi cha kijani kitambaa cha polyster na chini akimechi na sarawili pana mshono maarufu ujulikanao kama two piece, ndani alivalia spaghetti top nyeupe akiichomekea katika suruali ile yenye mpira kiunoni, chini alivalia sando zilizoshonwa kwaa henzirani na shanga, nywele zake alisuka mabutu marefu ya rasta, alifanana hasa na mmiliki wa eneo walilokuwapo, alionekana kujiamini kupita kiasi hata ilimfanya Tima kumeza funda akishi koo lake kumbana.

“Tima my, my dear” hatimaye alizungumza na Tima alibaini kuwa sauti yake ilikwaruza ni wazi hata yeye aliihofia hatua amabyo ingefuata na hili lilimpa nguvu ya kujibu.

“Lina Nobert Kombe” alizungumza kwa sauti tulivu ila macho yake yalitosha kumchoma mwanamke yule aliyemtizama bila kupepesa macho.

“It’s good seeing you again Tima, your works are impressive” aliongea hata kwa shida zaidi akimjongea kwa hatua fupi kama vile alijihadhari na kile alichokifanya.

“Oh, well, thank you ma’am” alishukuru Tima na upana wa tabasam lake ulimtisha Lina, ila alikwisha jiandaa, siku za vita kati yao zilikwisha naye alikuwa tayari kumkabili binti huyo anayejua kukipika na kukihifadhi kinyongo ndani yake, miaka mingi mno ilikwishapita naye alishachoka na ni kweli rafikiye huyu alifanya kazi za kuvutia mno naye alizihitaji na hakuwa tayari kuziwa na tofauti zozote walizokuwa nazo.

Tima alimkazia macho akijiuliza alipata wapi ujasiri huo, alihisi hasira, ni kama Lina alimchora, hakuamini alichokisema huyu alikwa hasimu wake namba moja na hasimu wake angebaki siku zote za maisha yake. Hata sasa alijiona asubuhi ile chumbani mwake, alipojikunyata na uchungu ule aliouhisi ni kama ulichipuka upya kabisa ndani yake, kidonda alichofikiri kimepona kilifunguka tena na sasa kilivuja usaha na kumpa maumivu kama yale aliyoyahisi siku ile.

“Harusi ni leo babes, una hakika hautokwenda kabisa?” alihoji Nora akimtizama kwa kujali, macho ya Tima yalivimba kwa kilio.

“Hata ingekuwa ni msiba Nora, watu hao sitawasamehe kamwe wala sitaki kuwaona tena kwa maisha yangu yaliyosalia” aliongea akitetemeka na Nora alimkumbatia pasipo kusema neno alijua vile rafikiye huyo aliumia na ukweli kuwa familia nzima ingehudhuria harusi ile kwani Kombe walikuwa jamaa zao.

Simu kando yao ilitulia ikiwa na moja ya picha ya wapenzi wakibusiana karibu kabisa na mnara maarufu Eiffel Paris, picha hii ilirushwa katika kurasa ya shogaye ya Instagram ambaye hata majina yake yalibadilika naye alijiita, “Lina Nobert Kombe” akiuza hadi ubini wake na ndiyo sababu kuu ya Tima kumwita kwa majina hayo matatu walipoonana.

Alimtizama na hasira yake iliwaka hata katika macho yake, hii biashara mbona ni kama iliingia shubiri, je Nora alifahamu hili? Mbona kiza kilizidi macho yake, je ni vipi angerudi na fuso lenye bidhaa Arusha? Hakuwa mpumbavu kiasii hicho ila bado hakuwa dhaifu wa kujisalilimisha kirahisi, kwake hii ilimaanisha vita na vita alikuwa tayari kuikabili.

KUIFIKIA NAIMA

MIAKA SABA ILIYOPITA

“Awww, aww, aww, she’s here” sauti ya shangwe ya Toma ilipasua anga eno la nje ya uwanja wa kimataiifa wa Kilimanjaro, angaili akishangilia alimkimbilia rafikiye aliyetokeza na mabegi yake, nyuma Nora aliwafuata taratibu na kusimama kando yao akingoja wamalize shangwe zao na kelele nyingi walizopiga.

“Oh my God bestie, meet Nora since day one bestie of mine” hatimaye Tima aliwatambulisha na mabinti wawili walikumbatiana kwa shangwe, moyoni alifurahi kuwa sasa rafiki zake wawili aliowapenda sana walifahamiana.

“Thank you so much for this Tima, ina maana kubwa mno” alishukuru Lina pindi tu walipotulia na gari lao kuchomoza nje ya uwanja huo.

“Oh love no need we are sisters, isn’t right Nora?” aliongea Tima akimshirikisha Nora aliyekiri kuwa ilikuwa sahihi.

Tima na Nora walifahamiana toka tu wakiwa wadogo kwani walikuwa majirani na walisoma shule moja ya awali walikuja tengana chuo Kikuu Nora akisoma chuo kikuu cha Dar es Salaam huku Tima akipelekwa nchini Canada alipokutana na Lina aliiyekuwa akisoma kwa ufadhili mabinti hao wakipatana muda mfupi tu baada ya kukutana na kama vile Bahati walijikuta wakisoma Pamoja kwa shahada yao ya kwanza na pia shahada yao ya uzamili waliporejea Lina alielekea kwao Morogoro na Tima jijini Arusha huku Tima akipata kazi kwa haraka zaidi na kufanikiwa kupangisha, akaona sim baya kumvuta rafikiye Kipenzi jijini ili naye apate kazi na kuanza maisha na ukweli kuwa Lina hakupenda kuishi Dar na hivyo ndivyo mabinti hao walivyoanza maisha kama wananchi jijini humo. “The three Musketeers” ama askari Watatu wa gobori waweza waita.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

“So leo niko so excited na nitaka nikukutanishe na mtu muhimu sana maishani mwangu” aliongea Tima akimtazama Lina kwa tabasam zito, tayari Lina alitimiza miezi sita jijini na Tima altamani mno apate kumfahamu mwanamume aliyeushikilia moyo wake na pia rafikiye Kipenzi,ambaye ndo kwanza alirejea/

“Nobert my love, kutana na another favorite human being of mine Lina” aliwatambulisha wawili hao na historia ya maisha yao iilibadilika.

Hakujua ni vipi Lina alichukua nafasi aliyoidhani kuwa yake, akilini mwake aliamini kuwa yeye ndiye aliyepaswa kuwa mke halali wa Nobert Kombe hatma haikuwa yake, naima yake ikageuka dhahama.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Kufumba na kufumbua Lina alimwacha akipangishiwa nyumba na Nobert wake, na hilo kama halikutosha kazi pia alipatiwa katika shirika lislo la kiserikali la kina Nobert lililoitwa Green Shade, hivyo ndivyo urafiki wa watu hawa ulivyomponyoka na tangu hapo si Nobert wala Lina ambaye Tima alitaka kumwona wote waligeuka mahasimu wake wa kudumu na asubuhi hii kidonda cha maka kilifunguliwa tena.

“Tima, Tima wait, huwzi acha tofauti zetu ziharibu biashara” Lina alimkimbiiia Tima alipokuwa akitoka kwa kasi, kwa muda Tima alimtizama uso wake ukiachia tabasam la mbali.

“Hapana Lina biashara yetu haijaharibika mzigo wako umekwisha fika nasi tutaushusha, malipo pia yamekwisha fanyika hivyo sisi hatuna cha kuendelea nacho” alijibu taratibu akigeuka na kuondoka tena

“Tima tafadhali” alishi Lina na Tima aligeuka kwa kasi.

“Lina what do you want eh?” alihoji kwa sauti ya juu kidogo na kwa mara ya kwanza alimtizama mwanamke yule usoni ajabu machozi yalimmiminika na alishika tumbo lakr.

“I just want my baby’s Godmother” aliongea ataratibu na Tima aliishiwa pozi.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Ukimya ulitanda kati yao huku wote wakiketi na kutazama taswira ya mataa ya jiji mbele yao, anga lilikuwa jesui kwa wakati huo.

“Tima I’m terribly sorry for what happened, sikuwahi jua na haikuwa dhamiri yangu kukuumiza, na kwa miaka nimekuwa nikikukasirikia kuwa ni vipi uliniacha, ulituacha kwa kipindi chote hiki tulikukosa sana, Lina alikukosa sana kwa Watoto wote wanne tuliopoteza tulitamani uwe Pamoja nasi” aliongea Nobert na Tima aliweza kuiona huzuni kubwa aliyokuwa nayo rafikiye huyo, pasipo kzuungumza Tima alimkumbatia kwa nguvu ni kama alikwisha sahau kila alichokiweka kwa miaka.

Lina alikuwa mjamzito mtoto wa tano akiwa amekwisha poteza Watoto wanne nyuma, hali yake haikuwa nzuri na alixhotamani kumrudisha mtu aliyempenda mno na si yeye tu bali mumewe pia, kilichotokea kati yao miaka saba iliyopita kilikuwa mkanganyiko mkubwa wa kutokuelewana baina yao, yeye alimpenda Nobert kwa maisha yake yote, Nobert alimpenda lakini si kwa upendo ule alioutaka yeye bali yeye alimpenda Lina, hasira yote aliyoibeba kwa kipindi chote kile ilimlemea hata akajisahau na sasa hakuwa na nguvu tena ya kuendelea nayo.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Kila tukio alilolibeba kwa hasira, jioni ile alipokuta Lina amekwishaondoka kuelekea alipopangishiwa, alishau kiasi alichomfokea rafikiye huyo usiku uliopita, mahusiano yale aliyyapinga mno alisahau kuwa hakukuwahi kuwapo makubaliano yoyote kati yake na Nobert rafiki aliyemfahamu toka utoto wake, kule kujali na misaada yote iilikuwa upendo tu wa kawaida naye aliutafsiri tofauti kabisa. Naima yake ilifungwa bila sababu za msingi kwa kitambo kirefu mno. Hakuwa tayari tena kuendelea na kisirani hicho, alichoka mno na alijisikia vibaya kwa yote.

ZOHARI NURUNI

Sauti ya mziki mzuri wa Kiafrika uliskika kwa utulivu Miriam Makeba akirindima na wimbo wwake mashuhuri “Hapo Zamani” huku sauti za watu zikisikika na vicheko vya hapa na pale. Mahali hapo palivutia eneo lenye uzio wa mbao asili huku nakshi za chupa zilizochongwa vizuri na kutumika kama chemli za balbu zikileta mwanga mzuri mno, picha nzuri za kuchora zilitundikwa katika kuta zilizopakwa rangi tulivu, gudulia kubwa na mitungi ya mfinyazi iliyopandwa maua na urembo ainaaina ulileta mvuto mkubwa eneo hilo. Palikuwepo meza nzuri na makochi ya mbao maarufu kama Pallets na juu yake mito minene iliyovalishwa foronywa za nakshi asilia iliwekwa, chini palitandikwa mazulia mazuri yenye alama asilia pia, baadhi ya maeneo paliwekwa mito mikubwa chini na makundi ya watu waliketi waktengeneza urembo mbalimbali kwa kutumia, shanga, nyuzi na vitu vingine, palikuwepo kaunta ya vinywaji tofautitofauti na wahudumu walizunguka wakihudumia watu, umbali Fulani palikwepo meza kubwa yenye vitafunwa mablimbali ambavyo vilitoka katika jiko la chakula eneo hilo hatua kama ishirini mlango wa kioo ulitenga duka dogo la zawadi za kutengenezwa kwa mikono nalo lilijaa bidhaa nyingi za mikono, likipangiliwa kwa ustadi mkubwa na panapo nyuma ya meza nzuri ya mbao Tima alisimama huku akichakarika kuwahudumia wateja kadhaa waliokwepo mahali hapo akissaidiana na vijana wawili.

Hatua yapata ishirini na ushee Lina alimtizama rafikiye huyo akiwa Kazama kabisa katika hudumu yake. Bado hakuamini ikiwa waliweza kuvuka vihunzi vyote na kuurejea urafiki wao wa miaka kenda, wao kupata nafasi ya kuketi na kuzungumza na kubaini utofauti wao ulitokana na nini, ilikuwa baraka kubwa mno si kwake tu bali hata kwa Nobert mumewe Kipenzi na rafiki wa muhimu sana kwa Tima, bado aliumia kwa kuwa kizingiti katika urafiki wa wawili hawa ila kamwe haikuwa dhamira yake, hata ingawa walipatana tena bado aliweza uona umbali kati ya marafiki hawa wawili na alijua wote wawili walifanya hayo kwaajili yake naye alithamini mno. Siku hii kwaajili ya rafikiye Kipenzi na kwa niaba ya Nobert alifika kumpa shavu Tima.

Mchana huu binti huyo alipendeza mno ndani ya batiki safi yenye mchanganyiko wa uzurungi na wepe uliokufa iliyoshonwa kwa ubunifu ikiwa surual pana na top fupi iliyomshika vyema ikionesha sehemu ndogo ya tumbo lake dogo, tofauti na siku zote leo alisuka rasta laini za kahawa angavu kama tu rangi ya nywele zake, kifuani mkufu wa shanga za mawe ama waweza uita mkufu wa Matinee akimechi na herein za namna hiyo masikioni mwake, Ngozi yake iling’ara kama aliyepakwa asali na alivutia mno kwa kila aliyemtizama, Lina hakuuhusudu tu uzuri wa rafikiye huyo mwenye moyo wa dhahabu bali akili kubwa aliyokuwa nayo binti huyo mrembo, fikra zake zilikatizwa na mwanamama mrembo aliyewasili kwa ghafla, akimjia na kumwita kwa jina.

“Oh mummy you’re here” alishangilia huku aliyemfurahia akimfikia na kumchukua mikononi mwakee kwa upendo.

“Aww sweetheart maternity looks gorgeous on you” alimwaga sifa akimbusu mashavuni na kumshika kichwa akimbariki, Lina aliachia kicheko cha shangwe na hapo zilifuata salam kabla wote hawajaeleka macho yao kwa bibiye mwenye siku yake.

“Tima sweetheart, guess who is here?” sauti nyororo ilimfanya ainue kichwa chake kumtizama aliyemwita, aliifahamu vyema sauti hiyo nzuri na ya shoga yake kindakindaki. Lina alimjia uso umekunjuka kwa shangwe na shauku tumbo lake kubwa likimtangulia hata lisifichwe na gauni pana la weupe uliokufa alilovalia huku ushanga mkubwa wa shanga nzuri shingoni mwake ukipigapiga kifua chake. Uzuri wateja walishaanza kutoka kwani walimaliza manunuzi yao, Tima alimpokea akishika mikono yake laini, Lina alivutia mno katika hali hiyo naye alimfurahia mno.

“Who is the famous incoming?” alihoji na Lina alicheka huku akigeuka kutazama nje ya malango ya ofisi na eneo la kuingia katika ukumbi ule, wote walimkodolea macho mwanamke mrembo aliyesimama katika geti la kuingia la uzio ule wa mbao, alivutia hata wakati huo ndani ya blauzi safi ya kahawa iliyokoza akimechi na sarawili pana, chini akivalia sendo za asili toka African Lotus na chapa aliyoimiliki Tima, shingoni pia alivalia ushanga mkubwa wa shanga zilzong’ara za chapa hiyohiyo, Dr Hellen aliachia tabasam kubwa alipokutanisha macho yake nao.

Tima alitembea kwa haraka na kumfuata, wakikumbatiana pindi tu alipomfikia. Hellen alimkumbatia kwa nguvu.

“Mama you made it” alilalama Tima

“Baby this is huge, I couldn’t be more proud Kipenzi” alisifu Hellen akimkumbatia tena kisha alimvuta Lina aliyekuwa kando yao na kuwakumbatia wote wawili kwa upendo.

Ukumbi ulizidi kusheheni na kazi za mikono ziliendelea, Tima alisimama kimya mbele ya ukuta uliotengenezwa kwa matofali ya kuchoma huku Katikati pakisakafiwa vizuri na kupakwa rangi safi ya kufifia chapa safi ya 3D ikiambatana na maandishi yake yalisomeka “AFRICAN LOTUS” chini yake maandishi mengine yalisomeka. “Sip and Craft Point” chapa hii ilifungwa taa za neoni na kuifanya kutoa mwanga wa kuvutia. Alisimama kimya kwa muda, mikono ameifumbata kifuana kama aliyejikumbatia, hakuwa akiamini ndoto hii ilitukia naye aliishi mchana huo, ilikuwa ndoto yake kubwa ambayo wengi walimwona mwehu kwa kuacha kila kitu ikiwemo kazi nzuri yenye mshara mnono na marupurupu ili tu kuifikia ndoto hii, ndoto iliyomtenga na marafiki na hata familia yake ila tu leo haikuwa ndoto tena.

“African Lotus” ndivyo chapa yake ilivyotambulika, alifanya chaguo sahihi kuteua ua hili la Yungiyungi likisimama kama ishara ya ujasiri na kuzaliwa upya ila pia utakaso. Kumbukumbu ningi zilipita mbele yake na macho yake yalijaa ukungu ila tofauti ya siku ile ya anguko leo hii ukungu huu ulitokana na furaha isiyo kifani naye alifurahia hali ile.

“Sweetheart hivi unajisikiza kweli? Hivi ni nani atakusaidia kutengeneza au tu kusaka watu wa kukuandalia bidhaa hizo, ni nani ataacha Kwenda sijui Kipong huko aje kushona sijui kutunga na kunywa vinywaji vya Gharama kwako? Baby that’s a pipe dream darling” hii ilikuwa sauti ya uchungu ya Dr Hellen mchana ule alipomtembelea kazini mwake kutaka msaada.

Alifuta chozi la ushindi na kugeuka upande wake wa kulia chini katika mito aliketi Hellen kandoye Lina na Nora wote walikuwa wamezama wakishona na wengine kutunga shanga huku vicheko vyao vikipasua anga.

“I still can’t believe how fun this si”

Alisikika Hellen akifurahia huku wote wakiangua vicheko na kumuunga mkono, hii ilikuwa kazi ya mikono yake ambayo Mwenyezi Mungu alimbariki na moyo wake ulijaa Shukrani.lango kuu Mruto aliingia akifuatana na Koneti Noel naye alijikuta akishindwa kuzzuia cheko, siku zote urefu wa kijana huyo ulimfurahisha. Hata wakati huo aliyakumbuka maneno yaliyompa nguvu kubwa toka kwa Mruto.

“Tima mama si rahisi watu kuamini ndoto kubwa tena hasa ikiwa mwenye ndoto hiyo ni binti mwenye jinsia ya kike, wawake hawaonekani kuwa mashujaa au hata wanaoweza kufanya vitu vikubwa, ila mimi naamini wewe ni shujaa na unaweza, nitasimama nawe kwa kila hatua” alizungumza Mruto na kutimiza ahadi yake mchana huo alifika kumpa ushirikiano wake. Aliwatizama uso wake ukichanua kwa tabasam zito. Wote walimpungia na Koneti alimtizama moja kwa moja machoni naye alijikuta mashavu yakimwaka moto kwa aibu, ni wazi sasa alimpenda pia kijana huyo na alikuwa tayari kuanzisha hatua Fulani naye, ila hayo ni ya kesho kwa sasa alifurahia ushindi wa Sayari yake.

Hatimaye naima iliifikilia Zohari yake naye alishukuru kwa heri hiyo isiyo na maneno sahihi simulizi yake ingetosha kutengeneza kitabu cha kurasa za mikasa Mpaka muda huo aliosimama mauzo yalishavuka lengo na alipofanya makadirio ya tangu alipofungua miezi minne iliyopita mauzo yake yalikuwa ya kushangaza, hakuharakia uzinduzi bali alifanya biashara yake kwanza na kwa hilo alijipongeza, kwa sasa alikuwa katika mstari hu undo kwanza ulikuwa mwanzo bado kulikuwa na safari ndefu mbele yake na ukweli kuwa bado Adocate Makundi Aliona kuwa bintiye alikuwa akicheza na moto, hakuwa na Imani kuwa wanwake wanaweza, licha ya kuoa mwanamke anayeweza na mabintize kumwonesha hilo, licha ya kuwa msomi ambaye mu angeamini kuwa alielewa vizuri mambo hayo ila ukweli haupingiki kuwa Jasiri haachi asili na huyo alikuwa Advocate Makundi msomi wa

shahada ya juu kabisa ya masuala ya haki za biandamu na sheria.
Mengi yaliitukia sayari yake ila hakukuwa naubishi ya kuwa kwa hakika hiyo ndiyo yake safari ya kuitii kiu yake na kuifikia ndoto na furaha yake katika sayari yake mwenyewe, hiyo ndiyo hasa iliyokuwa yake. “ZOHARI YA NAIMA”

FROM SHADOW TO LIGHT

Esther Kasanga

Chapter 1: Cracks in the Sky

In the heart of Kiloleli village, Tabora, where acacia trees danced in the wind and children ran barefoot across dusty paths, Esther Kimanzi was known for her sharp mind and contagious laughter.

She lived a simple but happy life with her parents, who were both primary school teachers. Their modest house was filled with books, love, and dreams.

Esther would often sit under the mango tree near their home, reading borrowed storybooks and dreaming of becoming a leader, perhaps a teacher like her mother or a village officer like the ones who came during census seasons.

She was among the top in her class and already showed signs of a bright future.

But everything changed the day her parents travelled to Mbeya to attend a funeral. The bus they boarded never made it home. It veered off the road and crashed into a ravine. Both her parents died on the spot.

Esther was only thirteen when the sky broke over her head. That moment shattered everything she knew, security, love, guidance. With no siblings and her closest relatives scattered across cities, Esther's life took a sudden, dark turn.

Their small house was taken over by distant cousins, and no one wanted the burden of raising a girl with too many tears and no financial benefit.

Eventually, she was sent to Dar es Salaam to live with her mother's elder sister, Aunt Rehema, who resided in Mwananyamala.

But Mwananyamala was not the city of second chances Esther had dreamed about. Her aunt lived in cramped squatter conditions, and it didn't take long for Esther to understand why.

Rehema was a prostitute.

Not in secret. Not in shame. She carried herself in bold colours and loud perfume. Esther was told, plainly, that her presence came with expectations. There was no school for her, no tender hand. Just survival.

Esther resisted, at first. But hunger does not wait for dignity. When you're fifteen, barefoot and unfed, you start to listen to the noises of the night. You start to follow.

She hated every step of it. It wasn't for fun, it wasn't curiosity. It was desperation. Every night she prayed to her late mother, asking for strength, for forgiveness. She would curl up in her thin mattress, torn between shame and longing for a different life.

At times, Esther would cry until her body ached, silently hoping someone would rescue her. But none came. The city was too loud for her tears.

Chapter 2: Dreaming Through Darkness

Deep inside, Esther never let go of her dream. She had always wanted to lead, to speak, to teach. Even as her body was being used, she kept a notebook under her mattress.

Every coin she earned, she would sneak part of it into a hidden envelope. She wrote daily quotes, prayers, dreams, names of clothes she would one day design.

She watched Rehema become consumed by alcohol and violence. Men were not gentle, and the streets were unforgiving.

Esther promised herself that she would not become a permanent shadow. This was temporary. It had to be.

One night, a client became violent. Esther managed to escape and returned with bloodied knees, trembling.

That night she didn't sleep. Instead, she packed the few clothes she owned, wrapped her money envelope tightly, and left before the sun rose. No goodbye. No looking back.

She wandered around Buguruni market, scared and confused, until a kind elderly woman selling vegetables noticed her. Her name was Mama Asha.

She didn't ask too many questions. She offered Esther a place to sleep behind her vegetable stall and some porridge. For the first time in months, Esther felt safe.

Chapter 3: The Hustle Begins

Dar es Salaam is not a forgiving city, especially for a girl with no papers, no education, and no one to trust. But it is also a city of hustle, and Esther was willing to fight.

She began selling second-hand clothes (mitumba) in the Buguruni market. She rented a tiny bed space in a shared room with four other women and used a wooden crate as her table.

Every morning, she would go to the clothes bale delivery early, choosing colourful dresses and trousers she knew would sell. She smiled even when tired, laughed even when it hurt.

Each sale was a victory. She learned how to talk to customers, how to bargain, how to be patient when someone wasted her time only to walk away.

She learned how to protect her money, how to calculate profits, and how to survive the harshness of the streets.

It wasn't easy. Some days, she made a loss. Others, she would be harassed by municipal officers or rained on until her clothes were soaked.

But she never gave up. Every night, she counted her money and added a portion to her savings envelope. She kept her eyes on the dream.

After a year of hard saving, Esther gathered enough money to enrol at VETA (Vocational Education and Training Authority) for a short course in tailoring. It was her dream since childhood, to create, to design, to rebuild.

Chapter 4: Stitching Her Future

VETA was a new world. For the first time, Esther sat in a classroom again. She touched fabrics with purpose, learned to measure, cut, and sew. She was quiet at first, afraid of being judged for her background. But her skills quickly made her stand out.

Her teacher, Madam Janeth, noticed her precision and drive. One afternoon after class, she said, "Esther, where did you learn to focus like this?"

Esther smiled, "Pain is a good teacher, Madam."

The more she learned, the more confident she became. She began designing clothes for her fellow students, fixing torn uniforms, and selling small items on the side.

She worked part-time for a tailor during weekends to sharpen her skills further.

She graduated among the best in her class. Instead of seeking employment, she decided to start small.

She bought a second-hand sewing machine, rented a stall near the market and began making and mending clothes.

At first, it was lonely. But word spread. Her hands were skilled, her heart kind, and slowly, her business grew. She branded herself "Nguo za Esther," and later, expanded to teaching.

Three years after she ran away from her aunt, Esther opened a small tailoring centre. Not just for business, but for purpose.

She began training young women, those abandoned, abused, or vulnerable. Girls who reminded her of herself.

In that small room filled with fabric, threads, and laughter, Esther taught more than tailoring. She spoke of healing, of hope, of self-worth.

"You are not your past. You are your power," she would say.

One of her students, Neema, once asked, "Esther, what made you believe you could make it?"

She replied, her eyes shining, "Because no one else did. And sometimes, that's all the reason you need."

She was later invited to speak at a youth empowerment event organized by a local NGO. Standing in front of hundreds, Esther shared her story for the first time.

Her voice trembled at first but grew stronger with each word. By the time she finished, there wasn't a dry eye in the room.

From that day, she was invited to speak in schools, churches, and community groups. Not as a victim, but as a survivor and a change-maker.

She partnered with other women leaders to establish a small foundation focused on vocational training for vulnerable girls.

Though the scars remained, Esther began to heal. She started journaling again, this time not with sorrow but with dreams and plans.

She attended leadership workshops and began advocating for the rights of girls trapped in abuse and exploitation.

She returned once to Mwananyamala, not to stay, but to speak. She visited the very street she had once walked in shame.

Her aunt Rehema had passed away from illness, and her house stood empty. Esther stood quietly in front of it for a moment, then turned and walked away. The past no longer held her.

Today, Esther Kimanzi is more than a tailor. She is a mentor, a leader, and a symbol of resilience. From the gutters of Mwananyamala to a beacon in her community, she proved that with purpose and persistence, even the most broken beginnings can lead to powerful ends.

And though the scars remain, she wears them like medals, proof that she survived, rebuilt, and helped others rise with her.

MSHUMAA KATI YA UPEPO

Blandina Godfrey Kisulo

Chala si mji, ni kijiji kilichoshindwa kupanda daraja kwa kukosa stima, barabara na ndoto za mbali. Jua likizuka, watoto hulia kwa njaa kabla awajakiona chakula, na watu wazima hulalamika kwa sela kabla hawajaona mabadiliko,Hapo ndipo alipozaliwa Manka wa Ndemu msichana aliyezaliwa akiwa tofauti, na tofauti yake haikuwafurahisha wengi.

Wakati wenzake walikuwa na ndoto za kufuga kuku na kuolewa na dereva wa pikipiki, mwalimu au mfugaji, Manka alikuwa anaandika jina lake ukutani na kusema atakuwa “mtu mkubwa” na kwa Chala, msichana mwenye ndoto ni kama kuku anayetaka kuruka juu ya paa anaangushwa mapema, kwa kamba za mila na desturi.

“Msichana akisoma sana, kichwa huwa cha moto kama jiko la mkaa,” ndivyo alivyosema Bibi Cheusi, mzee wa mtaa ambaye aliamini mwanamke mzuri ni yule anayefua vizuri, si anayejua Kiingereza.

Lakini Manka alikuwa moto wa kuotea mbali, Alifaulu mitihani yote, akavunja rekodi za shule ya msingi ya Mnyasa, hadi walimu wakasema “huyu si wa hapa.”

Akaondoka kwa basikeli ya mganga wa kijiji kwenda mjini kusoma sekondari jambo lililotikisa kijiji kizima kana kwamba limepigwa radi mchana kweupe.

Na hapo ndipo hadithi inaanza kusuka maumivu ya mila, kejeli za ujinga, na sauti ya msichana mmoja dhidi ya kimya cha kijiji kizima.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Baada ya miaka mingi ya kupata elimu mjini,
Manka alirudi Chala si kwa mbwembwe, bali kwa nia. Alishuka kwenye basi la mwarobaini lililochoka kama sela za kijiji, akiwa na koti la kazi, daftari la ndoto, na kichwa kilichojifunza kusema “hapana” kwa mila kandamizi. Watu walimkodolea macho kama wameona redio ya zamani imeanza kuongea.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Alichukua begi lake la matahiri wawili na shangazi kaja yake kuubwa na kuviweka kando kisha aka angaza huku na huko na kuinua mkono kuita usafiri wa bodaboda. Alifika kijana alie valia yebo yebo kubwa mithiri ya gari za magereza, jezi ya njano isiyo tambulika ni ya timu yani na suruali ya rangi nyekundu ilio ikamata vizuri miguu yake kwambali ungelisema ni bustani ya mau inayo tembea.

“Habari dada” alimsalimia.

“Salama kaka, nipeleke kwa Mzee Ndemu”.

“ sawa mpaka pale utanipatia buku jero tu”

“Sawa twende”

Yule kijana akaifunga mizigo nyuma ya pikipiki kisha safari ikaanza kuelekea nyumbani kwa wazazi wa Manka, ni dakika kumi tu kutokea gari lilipo mshusha lakini kwa ushirikiano wa barabara kuwa na mabonde mengi ili wachukua nusu saa kufika safari yao.

Hatimae safati yao ikafika ukingoni, nje ya nyumba ya matofari ya kuchoma iliyo ezekwa bati jeupe pikipiki ili simama na kisha Manka akashuka.

Nyumbani kwa kina Manka hapakuwa pazuri sana lakini kulinganisha na maisha ya wanakijiji wengine yalikuwa ni maisha mazuri sana, nyumba kubwa yenye ghara la kuifadhia chakula, uwanja mkubwa ulio faa timu ya kijiji kupigana vita zao na timu za vijiji vya jilani, bustani kubwa ya mboga mboga na miti ya matunda iliyo kuwa nyuma ya nyumba hivo.

Manka ali vuta pumzi ndefu kisha akasogea mpa mlango kisha aka gonga

“Hodi wenyewe nimefuata pesa ya taka” alijizuia kucheka.

“ karibuu mwee” sauti ilisikika kutokea ndani na mara mlango ukafunguliwa, akatoka Mama manka akiwa ameshika noti ya shiringi elfu moja mkononi.

“ Uwii mwanangu jamani” Mama manka ali ruka kwa furaha kumfuata binti yake na kumkumbatia kwa nguvu.

“ Mama” Manka aliita kwa sauti ilio jaa furaha mithiri ya mtoto alie ona pelemende.

“ karibu mwangu, nikupokee mizingo hee!, Baba Manka, Manka amekuja” aliongea huku anyanyua mizigo kuingia ndani akifuatia Manka akiwa na begi mkononi kuliingiza ndani kisha kufunga mlango.

Hatimae siku zikapita zikaenda zake, pasipo Manka kufanya jambo lolote, si kwa sababu ya uoga bali alitaka zaidi kumchunguza bata ingawa wahenga walisema “ukimchunguza sana bata utashindwa kumla”

Kijiji kilikosa mengi zahanati ni jengo lisilo na dawa, shule ni chumba kisicho na madawati, na viongozi wake ni vichwa vilivyojaa ahadi kuliko maarifa. Manka aliliona hilo na kusema, “ Mimi nimerudi, si kwa kutembea tu nimerudi kusimama.”

Akaanza kwa harakati ndogo alianzisha kikundi cha kina mama waliojua kusuka mikeka lakini hawajui bei yao sokoni. Akaanza kuwapa semina za afya, biashara, na haki. Alinunua kompyuta moja, akaiweka kwenye duka la baba yake, akaita “Chala Hub”. Vijana wakaanza kufika, si kwa kupiga story tu, bali kwa kuandika ndoto kwenye Word Document, lengo lake ni kuleta mabadiliko lakini pia kujenga imani kwa wanakijiji ili waweze kumpa nguvu ya kufanya mengi na kumpa mwanya wa kuingia sehemu za panya ambazo wanaingia watu wenye viti vyao.

Lakini, kama kawaida ya ujinga, wakubwa wa kijiji waliona hii ni harufu ya ghasia, na kama ilivyo desturi ya watu wengi “ bendera fuata upepo”, yale mazuri aliyo anza kuyatengeneza Manka yaka funikwa na ndimi za watu wazima walio zeeka na ujinga wao.

“Mwanamke hawezi kuleta maendeleo, hilo ni jambo la wanaume!” akasema Mzee Hasani, diwani wa miaka mingi ambaye anasaini kwa kidole gumba hadi leo.

“Mwanamke akianza kusema sana, anaita laana!” aliongeza Mama Zubeda, ambaye hakuwahi kuona mwanamke akiongoza hata kikundi cha maziko. Lakini Manka hakuja kucheza bao. Alitangaza nia ya kugombea uenyekiti wa kijiji. Kijiji kilitetemeka,Milipuko ya maneno kama bumbuwazi la mvua ya masika.

“Oo! Binti wa Ndemu ni mkosi”,

“mabinti wasiende mjini kusoma wana haribikiwa”

“ Huyu binti haeshimu wanaume kabisa”

“ mwanamke anatakiwa kuhudumia nyumba tu sio kuongoza wala kutoa kauli kabisa”

“Uongozi wa kijiji ni wa wanaume! Hatujawahi kuona mwanamke hapa!” Aliongea.

“Halafu si amesoma huko mjini, atatuletea lugha za mabeberu!”

“ Mama yake ameshindwa kumlea Binti yake”

“ jamani maamuzi ya kumchagua mgombea ni ya wanakijiji sio ya watu wachache”aliongea mzee Gumba, mzee wa miaka mingi sana yeye husema amesoma na nyerere enzi izo shamba ni mia mbili tu.

Lakini kina mama waliomwona Manka kama taa, na vijana waliotambua tofauti kati ya simu na jembe, walimwunga mkono. Waligundua kuwa maamuzi ya Chala hayawezi kuachwa tena mikononi mwa watu walioweka stima kwenye hotuba tu.

Vikao vya siri vikaanza dhidi ya Manka wa Ndemu, ili kusambaza sumu kwa wanakijiji wote wasimpe nafasi, usiku mmoja Wazee wa kijiji baadhi wame kutana katika Kibanda cha Mzee Hasani, jioni, taa ya chemli inawaka kwa miale hafifu. Viti vya kamba, vikombe vya chai ya tangawizi, wapo Mzee Hasani, Mwalimu Mstaafu Kasoro, Mchumi wa kijiji Bw. Fundi, na vijana wawili.

"Sasa jamani, tusifanye mchezo na hii habari. Mnanielewa? Huyu binti wa Ndemu anasema anataka kugombea Kiongozi wa kijiji mwanamke? Mbona tunaanza kuharibu damu zetu wenyewe!?”Aliongea mzee Hasani.

“ mila hazilitambui jambo hilo, kumpa usukani mwanamke ni kuikufuru miungu yetu, mimi sipo tayari kuongozwa na mwanamke kabisa” Aliongea Mwalimu mstaafu kasoro, mzee alio ona ameyapatia maisha kwa kuvaa batiki darasani na kuvuta kiko ofisini.

“Na mbaya zaidi, anaungwa mkono na wale vijana wanaojiita 'wanaharakati'. Hizi lugha za mjini zimeanza kutuvuruga hapa Chala." Alidakia mchumi Fundi.

"Miaka ya nyuma tulikataa wanawake hata kuingia kwenye kikao cha wazee. Sasa anataka kuingia ofisini na kuleta sheria za mabeberu. Acha kabisa!" Aliongea Mwalimu Kasoro uku akitikisa kichwa.

"Mnajua nini kinatokea mwanamke akiongoza? Anaanzisha kitu wanaita ‘maendeleo ya wanawake’ kesho yake ataanza kuwaambia wake zenu wasiwapikie mpaka wapate haki! Halafu? Watoto wetu wataanza kuita wake zao ‘madame’Hii ni laana tupu." Mzee Hasani aliongea huku akiokota kikombe chake cha chai kutoka mezani na kukigugumia kwa hasira.

"Sasa tufanyeje, mzee? Kwa sababu tukikaa kimya, anaweza kushinda watu wanamkubali." Aliongea kijana 1.

"Hatufanyi fujo. Tunacheza siasa ya kimya. Kwanza, tueneze maneno kuwa anaipinga mila. Tuseme anatukana wazee, haamini kwenye ndoa. Pili, tutumie mjumbe kumshawishi mama yake amrudishe mjini." Aliongea Mzee Hasani uso wake ukionekana kuwa wenye furaha kwa wazo lake alio litoa akiamini ana jenga kumbe ni pilipili machoni.

"Na mimi nitazungumza kanisani Jumapili. Nitasema, 'kiongozi wa kijiji ni kama kichwa cha familia je, familia inaongozwa na mama?' Watu wataelewa." Aliongea mchungaji wa kijiji ambae muda wote alikuwa menyamaza kimya akisikiliza mawazo ya wazee wasio na busara asijue yeye ni mwenyekiti wao.

"Lakini mzee, kama watu wengine wakimuunga mkono zaidi?" Aliuliza kijana 2.

"Tuna watu wetu. Tukiwaambia wasimuandikishe kwa uchaguzi, basi majina hayatafika. Hatuwezi kuruhusu kijiji kutawaliwa na usomi wa suruali ya mwanamke." Aliongea Mzee Hasani kwa uzito kimya kinafuata huku taa ya chemli ikitetemeka, kana kwamba inahisi maovu yanayopikwa.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Kwa upande wa Manka bado hajakata tamaa, mipango ya wazee wa kijiji bado haija mfikia, amekaa chini ya mti wa mkuyu, akiwa na daftari lake la miradi. Alikuwa anachora ramani ya ujenzi wa maktaba ndogo kwa vijana. Jua lilikuwa linapungua, lakini ndani ya moyo wake, jua lilikuwa linazama kwa kasi zaidi sababu ya muda kumtupa mkono.

Mara alifika mama yake, akiwa na uso uliojaa mashaka.

“Mwanangu, wamenituma nije nikuambie. Wazee wa kijiji wamekaa na kusema huwezi tena kufanya mikutano pale uwanjani. Wanasema unavuruga amani." Manka alinyamaza akatikisa kichwa taratibu, Sauti yake ilipovuja, ilikuwa ya chini lakini ya kina.

“Mama… wanaogopa nini? Haki ya mtu kujua kusoma? Haki ya msichana kusema 'hapana”?

“Sio wote wamekuona vibaya. Lakini wengine wanasema umetumwa, Wengine wanasema hautaki kuolewa, Na wengine... wanasema ni laana kuwa na mwanamke kiongozi. Wanaogopa jina lako,mwanangu”

“ Mama nitagombe nafasi hii ili niweze kuwa huru kuleta maendeleo hapa kijijini” Manka alinyanyuka, akapiga hatua mbili, akasimama. Alishika paji la uso, kisha akasema polepole
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

“Mama… kama kuwa na ndoto ni kosa, basi tuwafundishe kuota,Lakini... nimechoka kupigana na kivuli, sitasubiri wanachala wawe tayari, mimi nipo tayari sita ishia njiani.” Alimaliza kisha akatokomea akimuacha mama yake chini ya mkuyu.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Siku iliyofuata Manka alienda ofisi ya mwenyekiti kijiji ili kujiandikisha na kujua zaidi juu ya Uchaguzi, alipo fika ofisi ilikuwa imefungwa kwa nje na katika ukuta kulikuwa na maandishi makubwa yaliyi andikwa kwa rangi nyeusi yakisimeka “ MSOMI HANA HESHIMA, MWANAMKE HANA NAFASI” ni wazi ujumbe ule ulikuwa kwa ajiri yake aliinama kwa pole, akakaa kwenye kisiki cha mti, macho yakimjaa machozi yaliyokaidi kudondoka. Alijiambia,

“Nimechoka kuonekana kama tishio kwa kuwa tu nimeamua kujua kesho ni nini, Nilidhani elimu ingeleta mwanga kumbe ni kama kibatari mbele ya upepo wa ujinga.” Akiwa bado anatafakari afanye nini, kwa mbali alisikia sauti ikimwita.

“Dada Manka… dada Manka!” Ilikuwa ni sauti ya mtoto Fatuma, sauti ilio mtoa Manka kwenye ulimwengu wa giza na kumrudisha ulimwengu wa vikwazo.

“Abee” aliinua uso wake na kujifuta haraka haraka machozi ambayo yalishatengeneza njia na kufika kwenye kidevu.

“Uliniahidi utanifundisha kuandika jina langu, Dada Manka.” Fatuma aliongea huku akimkabidhi daftari na penseli ya ufutio, Fatuma ni mtoto wa miaka mitano Mama yake ni mmoja wa wanawake walio kwenye kikundi alicho kiunda Manka.

Manka alitabasamu kwa maumivu, Ndani ya tabasamu lake kulikuwa na kilio kilichokosa sauti.

“ Fatuma umenifuata mpaka huku mdogo wangu? Haya twende nyumbani nikakufundishe” Manka alinyanyuka kutoka alipo kuwa ameketi na kumshika mkono kisha wakaanza kuondoka.

“ Dada mama amesema nikiwa mkubwa anatamani niwe kama wewe”

“ kwanini Fatuma?”

“Amesema sababu msichana akisoma anaweza kusema hapana.”

“ wewe unataka kusema hapana Fatuma.”

“ ndio dada.”

“ kwanini.”
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

“ sababu nataka kwenda mjini kama wewe na sitaki kuolewa kijijini .” Fatuma alikuwa binti mdogo sana lakini aliongea kwa ujasiri jambo lililo mpa Manka sababu ya kupambania ndoto za gige kuwa kipepo.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Manka akiwa sebleni ameketi kwenye kiti chake cha kamba ambacho hukaa yeye tu ata akiwa hayupo basi kiti chake hufunikwa ili ata mgeni asikikalie.Baba Manka ameshika gazeti lake mkononi akilisoma kwa umakini sana, huku akisikiliza taarifa ya Habari kwenye redio iliyo wekwa juu ya meza iliyo tadikwa kitambaa cheupe juu yake, mbali kidogo na alipo keti.

“ Manka” aliita Baba Manka akiwa analikucha gazeti lake na kuliweka pembeni.

“ Abeee baba” alikuja kwa haraka huku akifuta futa mikono yake kwenye nguo aliyo ivaa.

“ keti tuzungumze binti yangu”

“ Abee baba”

“ Manka wazee wa kijiji wanakuzubgumzia bibaya sana, mwanangu hauna cha kupoteza usipo gombea hiyo nafasi” aliongea kwa masikitiko.

“ baba hiyo ni ndoto yangu, siwezi kufunika mbachao kwa msala upitao.”

“ utakosa baraka za miungu Manka nisikilize mimi baba yako.”

“ baba kijiji chetu hakina mwelekeo, kwanini wanakijiji wasinipe nafasi nilete mabadiliko?”

“ kuongozwa na mwanamke ni mkosi!” Aliongea kwa ukali kidogo.

“ baba Manka Hapana ongea na mtoto vizuri” alidakia Mama Manka.

“ unaona wanawake wakipata madalaka? Umeanza kunijibisha mbele ya binti yangu Mama Manka?.”

“ baba…”

“ nyamaza naongea na mama yako” Baba Manka aliongea kwa jaziba zaidi, jambo lililo fanya Manka na mama yake waogope sana.

“ kila ninapo pita nanyoshewa vidole mimi Ndemu, binti unanitia aibu kijijini Hapa, mimi ndio nina maamuzi ya mwisho katika nyumba hii, acha iyo mipango yako ya laana mara moja.”

“ punguza hasira mume wangu”
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

“ Ongea na binti yako, sita rudia tena kama ameshindwa kuolewa basi aondoke hapa kijijini asinitie aibu na mikosi.” Baba Manka anamaliza na kuchukua gazeti lake na kuingia chumbani kwake. Manka amepigwa na butwaa, machozi yamatoka hajui afanye nini, moyo wa Manka ulivunjika vipande vipande, sumu ya wazee wapinzani wa kijiji ili muingia Mzee Ndemu pia, Manka alijikaza kusimama kutoka alipo kuwa ameketi lakini haikuwezekana, mwili wake ulikuwa baridi mithiri ya samaki wa maji chumvi, mama Manka alilitambua hilo lakini hakuwa na lakufanya kwani mwanaume ndio kichwa cha familia.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Wiki moja baadae. Manka Chumba chake kilikuwa kimya kama kaburi la matumaini. Daftari la miradi lilikuwa limefungwa, tope la mvua likiwa limechafua kiatu chake kimoja. Manka hakutaka kutoka nje tena. Hakutaka kuandika. Hakutaka kuzungumza.

"Labda nilizaliwa mahali pabaya kwa ndoto kama hizi. Labda Chala haiko tayari, na labda mimi pia..." Aliwaza akilini mwake, Mara mlango ukagongwa kwa hofu Sio kama mtu anayetaka kuingia, bali kama mtu anayehitaji kibali cha moyo, Ni mama yake tena, lakini sasa akiwa na uso wa wasiwasi na macho ya maumivu, Aliushika mkono wa Manka bila kusema neno Akakaa naye kimya.

“Jana Fatuma alinileta picha aliyochora… ni wewe, kwenye ubao, unafundisha watoto. Alisema, nataka kuwa kama dada Manka, Nikaona... hata kama dunia imekunyamazisha, sauti yako bado inaishi kwao."

Manka hakujibu, Alinyanyua kichwa kidogo, machozi yakaanza kumtoka polepole Moyo wake haukuwa umepona, lakini ulikuwa umeanza kuhema. Wakati huo, mlango ukagongwa tena, sasa kwa nguvu zaidi. Mama Manka akatoka mpaka nje kwenda kuangalia ninani, Ilikuwa ni vijana watatu kutoka kijiji cha jirani.

“Shikamoo Mama” walisalimia kwa pamoja.

“ Marahaba karibuni wanangu”

“ Asantee mama, samahani Manka tume mkuta?” Aliongea kijana 3.

“ Ndio mme mkuta”

“ Manka kuna wageni wako” aliita mama Manka.

“ Abee mama nakuja” alitoka Manka akionekana kama mtu alie poteza nuru.

“Tumesikia kazi uliyoifanya hapa. Tunaomba utusaidie kuanzisha kikundi kama kile chako kule kwetu." Aliongea kijana 1 kwa unyenyekevu akimuomba Manka.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

“Tuna ardhi, tuna watu ila hatuna mtu wa kutufungua macho, tunaomba uje kijijini kwetu utusaidie” kijana tatu

Manka aliangaliana na mama yake, halafu wale vijana. Kwa mara nyingine tabasamu la “ kuvunjika kwa koleo sio mwisho wa uhunzi” lilionekana usoni kwa Manka, shauku ya kulifungua daftari la maendeleo ilitawala, na Manka hakuwa na iyana, waswahili wanasema ‘kizuri kula na mwenzio’ basi akakubari kwenda kijiji cha Mawezi kwenda kuwasaidia wanakijiji walio hitaji msaada wake.
Wahenga walisema ‘Nabii hakubaliki kwao’, Manka alipendwa na watu wa Mawenzi wali mkarimu na kumpa ushirikiano wa hali na mali, kwao alikuwa kama embe chini ya mpela, hawakuichezea nafasi ya kuwa nae. Alianzisha vikundi vya kuwasaidia wanawake walio jua kutengeneza vitu mbali mbali kwa miko yao kama vikapu, mikeke na vyungu, aka wafumbua macho wanakijiji wa Mawenzi juu ya bei za pembejeo sokoni. Alifanya mengi kwa muda wa miezi tisa, na maendeleo katika kijiji kile yalikuwa kama mimba ‘hayakufichika tena’ bali habari zili sambaa maeneo mengi ikimemo chala.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Taarifa za mambo aliyo yafanya Manka kijiji cha Mawenzi zilienea Chala, wazee walio mpinga mwanzo wakaanza kuona haya.

“ Mawenzi haishikiki tena, wameyafikia maendeleo sana” Aliongea mzee Hasani

“ tena ni Binti wa ndemu alie wasaidia, nyumbani kwao amekimbia kuyafanya mazuri ameenda kufanya kwa watu” aliongea mchungaji wa kijiji

“ lakini si nyinyi mli mpinga? Makasema mwanamke hana nafasi?!” Aliongea mchumi findi.

“ Aaaa… tukilaumiana hapa haita saidia, sote tulikuwa tulichangia katika vikao vya kumpiga, jambo la kufanya ili tusionekane watu wabaya ni kumpa nafasi ya kugombea nafasi anayo itaka” aliongea mzee Hasani.

“ hili ni wazojema wazee wangu, wanakijiji wao ndio waamue wanamtaka nani” kijana moja

“ tena akianza na hii barabara itakuwa afadhari, baskeli yangu kila siku inalala kwa fundi” aliongea mwalimu mstaafu kasoro.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Baada ya siku chache kutokea kikao cha wazee manka ali rejea chala, Sasa ni Mwanamke mwenye nguvu na maamuzi,

“ Sasa ni wakati wa Chala kupata mabadiliko,nimelejea nyumbani.” moto wa harakati ulichochewa ndani yake tena, na mara hii haukuwa moto wa mabua bali wa makaa ya mawe.
Kama wahenga walivyo sema “ subira yavuta heri” na “ asie kubali kushindwa si mshindani” uchaguzi wa kumchagua mwenyekiti wa kijiji uka wadia, Manka akiwa na kundi la wanawake na vijana baadhi nyuma yake waki muunga mkono na kupigwa na Wazee wote wa kijiji akiwemo baba yake mzazi Mzee Ndemu. Lakini Adui wa mtu ni mtu ata wazee baadhi walio dai kuto kumtaka Manka bado walimpigia ndio, Mungu si Athumani Manka akaibuka mshindi wa nafasi ile ya mwenyekiti.

Mwaka mmoja baadaye…

Zilionekena gari za kubeba abiria zikipita, ndani yake walikuwepo watu kutoka vijiji vya jirani na chala wakifika chala kwaajiri ya mauzo ya mwisho wa wiki, wengi huita gulio, watu walipenda kufika chala kwa wingi si kwa sababu ni kijiji kizuri lahasha ni sababu ya urahisi wa kufika bila shida tena pasipo kupoteza muda.

Barabara zili jengwa vyema kwa rami, si vumbi tena .

Sauti ya watoto ilisikika ikitoka kwenye jumba la mkataba ya kijiji lililojengwa jirani na uwanja wa mpira, Kila mtoto alikuwa ameshika kitabu, wengine wakijifunza kuandika majina yao kwa mara ya kwanza. Pale mbele yao, hakuwa Manka, alikuwa kwenye mkutano wa wilaya, akiwakilisha vijiji vitatu vilivyofuata nyayo zake.

Aliziwakilisha vyema changamoto za wanakijiji huko ngazi za juu, akahakikisha madawati yanaongezwa, zahanati zinapata wauguzi, madarasa yanajengwa na madawa ya kutosha , chala usiku haikuwa na giza tena bali umeme ulimfikia mpaka mwenye kibanda cha kuku na hatimae chala ya kwenye hotuba ikaanza kuonekana.

Kijiji cha Chala kilikuwa bado hakijakubali rasmi kuwa mwanamke anaweza kuongoza, lakini walikuwa wanamtuma Manka kwa wivu mwepesi “twende tukaulize kwa Manka” ,Ndoto yake ilikuwa haijakubaliwa na wote, lakini haikuweza kufutwa tena.

Wale waliomsema, sasa walimnyemelea usiku kumuomba ushauri. Wale waliompinga, sasa walimchora kwenye ndoto zao za maendeleo. Na wale waliomwona tishio, sasa walimwona taa.

Manka hakushinda uchaguzi wa kijiji tu bali alishinda vita kubwa zaidi vita dhidi ya ujinga, mila potofu na kuvunja rekodi kwa kuwa mwanamke wa kwanza kuongoza, si kikundi cha wamama wapepeta mpunga lahashaaa bali mwenyekiti wa jijiji anae wakilisha vijiji vitatu katika vikao na mikutano wa mabeberu, Aliweka mwangaza kwenye jamii iliyojifunika kwa giza la mila zenye mipaka.

SAUTI YA MABADILIKO KATIKA JAMII

Wemael Mmaraba

Kwa miaka ya nyuma ilizoeleka kuwa mwanamke ni mama wa familia, ni mtu asiestahili kushiriki kazi za maendeleo ya jamii , nafasi ya uongozi kazi za maendeleo ya jamii , nafasi ya uongozi kwake ilikuwa ni ndoto isiyo weza timia kwa kigezo cha kupoteza uwezo wa kushiriki vizuri katika maendeleo ya familia.

Katika jamii ya Leo, dhana ya mwanamke kuwa nyuma ya mafanikio au kuwa mfuasi pekee inazidi kufifia. Wanawake wengi wameanza kuamka, kujiamini, na kuchukua nafasi zao katika uongozi na maamuzi kijamii.

Katika kikundi Cha TC Cha wakazi wa Majohe, Dar es Salaam, inadhibitisha kuwa mwanamke anapopewa fursa, anaweza kuwa na nguvu ya kweli ya kuleta mabadiliko..

Elias Charles ambaye ni mmoja wa mwanakikundi aliesaidika kupitia kikundi hicho anasimulia jinsi alivyohisi kuwa na mamlaka baada ya kushiriku semina Moja. Kauli yake inadhihirisha jinsi elimu na uelewa vinaweza kubadili kabisa fikra za watu kuhusu nafasi yake katika jamii.

Nae Mwanne Abdalah ni mama wa mtoto mmoja ameeleza jinsi alivyohisi kuwa na mamlaka mara baada ya kujifungua mtoto kwanza.

Tukio hilo la maisha lilimjengea dhamira mpya ya kutetea haki, kulea kwa bidii, na kushiriku kikamilifu katika maendeleo ya jamii.

Alijikuta akiwa na nguvu za kuamua, kutenda, na kusimama imara mbele ya changamoto.

Alipitia vikwazo kama kuktelekezwa na mzazi mwenzie, Hali iliyomlazimu kulea watoto peke yake. Licha ya changamoto hizo, aliweza kusimama tena, kugombea uongozi, japo kuwa hakufanikiwa kwa mara ya kwanza haikuvunja moyo Wala kumkatisha tamaa, badala yake ilimjenga zaidi.

Lakini pia hatukuishia tu kwa Mwanne aliibuka mwanamke mwingine na kutupa story yake yakusisimua na kuzunisha alijitambulisha kwa jina Zainabu.

“Nilizaliwa katika familia masikini yenye imani kali za jadi, ambapo msichana hakuruhusiwa kuwa na ndoto. Tangu utotoni, nilihusi kuwa dunia haikunitayarisha kwa maisha yenye fursa, bali kwa maisha ya kukubali tu ninachoambiwa”. Alisimulia Zainabu

Alipo fikisha umri wa miaka kumi na moja (11), alilazimishwa kuacha shule ili kusaidia kazi za nyumbani na hatimaye kuolewa na mwanamume aliyekuwa na umri mara mbili ya wake. Hapo ndipo ndoto zake zilipoanza kufifia na kuzidi kupoteza tumaini la maisha.

Bi. Zainabu alienda mbali na kutueleza namna maisha yalikuwa magumu katika ndoa yake lakini hakuna sehemu yoyote anayoweza kueleza magumu anayopitia na kupata msaada mpaka siku alipoamua kuchukua uamzu wa kuamua kubadilisha maisha yake na kubeba watoto kuondoka katika wingu la ndoa.

Zainabu alianza safari mpya yenye mwanga na sasa ni sauti ya mabadiliko. Anaalikwa kuzungumza kwenye makongamano, shule na vyombo vya habari. Alianzisha kampeni ya kitaifa ya kupinga ndoa za utotoni.

Kwa sauti yake, wanawake na wasichana wengi walipata ujasiri wa kusema hapana kwa manyanyaso. Alijifunza kuwa nguvu ya mwanamke haiko katika misuli au mali, bali katika uthubutu wa kusimama na kusema: “Nastahili zaidi.”

Zainabu aligeuza maumivu kuwa msukumo, na sasa ni nembo ya matumaini kwa wengi.

Kwa mujibu huu ni wazi kuwa nguvu ya mwanamke haipaswi kupuuzwa. Wanawake sio tu wahusika wa nyumbani lakini pia ni viongozi wa jamii, mawakili wa mabadiliko, na nguzo za maendeleo ya Taifa.

Mwanamke ana Nguvu ya kusimama tena baada ya kuanguka. Nguvu ya kuongoza bila woga, Nguvu ya kulea bila masharti.

Tunapo mpa mwanamke nafasi, hatumwinui tu yeye tunainua familia, jamii na Taifa zima.

MWANAMKE ‘STUKA’ USITUANGUSHE

Lidya Inda

Siwezi sema ni habari eti kwa kuwa mimi ni mwanahabari na wala siwezi kusema ni hadithi ya kufikirika kwa sababu ni kitu tunakiishi, pia siwezi sema ni burudani kwa kuwa kuna vya kusikitisha ndani yake.

Kwa kuwa si vyote hivyo nilivyovitaja haimaanishi kwamba basi hakikufai au hakihitaji umakini wako bali ni mbiu ya mgambo kuwa ndiyo sababu unapaswa kusikia na si tu kusikia, huenda ndio wakati mzuri zaidi wa kulitafakari na kulihusianisha na kile kilichopo kupima kama umuhimu wake si wa kupuuza.

Tunaweza kuita ‘Tafakuri Tunduizi’ kwa kuwa linamuhitaji mwanamke au mtu yeyote aliye karibu na mwanamke na mwenye jukumu la kumboresha mwanamke kujipa muda wa kuelewa kuona ni namna gani suala nitakalokuambia linaweza kuwa na athari lakini huenda halijawahi kupewa muda kulitafakari na kulitafutia ufumbuzi.

Tuanze tafakuri yetu kupitia swali hili, Ukiwa ni mwanamke hivi ulishawahi kutamani kupata huduma fulani katika ofisi fulani kutoka kwa mwanaume zaidi kuliko kuhudumiwa na mwanamke mwenzako?

Mimi binafsi jibu langu ni ndiyo na sababu ni zipi? Huko ndiko tunakoelekea. Nafahamu huenda na wewe jibu lako likafanana na langu au likawa tofauti na kama ni tofauti basi mimi pamoja na baadhi ya wengine wenye jibu la ndiyo tutakupa picha ya upande wetu wa sarafu ili tuendeleze tafakuri tuliyoianzisha.

Hili halijaja tu bure, limeibuliwa na safari yangu mimi pamoja na wanawake wenzangu wengine waandishi kupitia programu inayoratibiwa na Taasisi ya Soma iliyotufanya kuzunguka kwenye wilaya kadhaa jijini Dar es Salaam kuzungumza nao kuhusiana na nafasi ya mwanamke.

Programu hiyo ilitufanya kukutana na watu ambao walitueleza yaliyojificha na yaliyo wazi kujadilika kwa undani kupitia uzoefu wao kwenye jamii wanazoishi.

Tulipata nafasi nzuri ya kukutana na baadhi ya watu wengi wakiwa ni wanawake katika Wilaya ya Ilala na baadaye katika Wilaya ya Kinondoni.

Ni ukweli usiopingika kwamba kwa sasa wanawake wanao uwezo wa kuongoza si tu katika nafasi fulani ambazo zamani ndizo zimetengwa kwa ajili yao lakini kwa sasa hakuna sehemu ambayo watu wana wasiwasi mwanamke hawezi kuwa.

Niruhusu nitumie msemo wa lugha ambayo waswahili husema imekuja na meli 'sky is the limit' vijana wa siku hizi wameona waende kinyume na wahenga wakaubadilisha wakisema 'sky is no longer a limit' ikimaanisha kwamba hakuna kitu kinashindikana.

Nautumia msemo huu kwa sababu nchi yetu ya Tanzania ni uthibitisho tosha kuwa anga sio mwisho tena kwa sababu kiongozi wa juu kabisa wa nchi ni mwanamke hivyo, suala la mwanamke kushika nafasi kubwa siyo jambo jipya tena kikubwa ni ufanyikaji wa kazi aliyopewa kiusahihi.

Turejee katika programu yetu ile ya Soma, tulijadili mambo mengi ya yahusuyo namna wanawake walivyowezeshwa kuzifikia nafasi walizonazo katika nyanja mbalimbali za uongozi huku tukifananisha na kutofautisha hali ilivyokuwa miaka ya nyuma na hali ilivyo sasa.

Kwa hakika mjadala ulizalisha majibu chanya kwamba kweli wanawake wameongezeka katika kuaminiwa kuongoza zaidi kwa sasa tofauti na ilivyokuwa miaka ya nyuma na kazi hiyo inaendelea.

Swali langu likaja kwa washiriki wa mjadala wetu kwamba ni kweli wanawake wanapewa nafasi si tu zile kubwa za kisiasa lakini hata katika maeneo mbalimbali ya kutolea huduma kama taasisi nk. Je wanaifanya kazi ipasavyo na wanaowahudumia inavyotatikana?

Nikaendelea kuuliza kuhusu kasumba ya watu kutamani kupata huduma inayotoka kwa mwanaume zaidi kuliko mwanamke kutaka kujua ni kweli wanawake ni 'wanoko' kama ambavyo vijana wadogo a.k.a 'Gen Z' wangewaita kufananisha na wanaume?

Majibu ya waliochangia kujibu swali hilo yalikuwa ni ndiyo na wote walikubali kwamba ni kweli huona ni bora kuhudumiwa na mwanaume kuliko mwanamke wakiwa na sababu zinazofanana ikiwa ni pamoja na kwamba wanawake huwa na tabia za kutoa huduma au maelekezo kwa ukali, hasira au hata kutotaka kuwahudumia kwa wakati bila ya kuwa na sababu ya msingi tofauti na kwa wanaume.

Mkazi wa Wilaya ya Kinondoni Precious (si jina lake halisi) anaeleza kuwa ni kweli kuwa baadhi ya wanawake wanapojikuta katika nafasi hizi hujisahau na kutoa huduma mbovu na iliyo chini ya kiwango na hata utoaji wao wa huduma huja na ugumu au masimango ndiyo sababu wanaona ni bora akutane na mwanaume.

Anasema wanao mfano wa mwanamke aliyewahi kuwa kiongozi katika eneo lao ambapo alikuwa akionesha tabia zisizokubalika kama vile kuwapa fursa watu wake wa karibu ingali wapo wenye sifa zaidi waliostahili fursa hizo.

Vilevile, anasema wanawake wengi wanaokuwa katika nafasi hizo huonesha maringo dhidi ya watu wanaowaongoza na kutojenga ukaribu nao jambo ambalo lingemsaidia kujua shida zao na kufanya shida zao zishindwe kutatuliwa mapema.

“Najua sio wote lakini kwa nilichoona wanasaidiana ndugu kwa ndugu, unakuta kama mwananmke ni kiongozi anatafuta mtu wake wa karibu sio wa nje kwenye jamii tena hata huku hakanyagi, anapita tu kwa marafiki zake hivyo,” anaeleza.

Anaongeza kuwa wakati mwingine wanawake kukosa nafasi kunasababishwa na tabia za wanawake wenyewe ndizo ambazo zinawadumaza maana yake hata wao ambao ni wapiga kura wanakosa hamu ya kutaka wawe viongozi wao.

Mkazi mwingine wa Kinondoni Elizabeth (si jina lake halisi) anasema “Kuna mwanamke kiongozi ilipotoka mikopo ya serikali alichukua familia nzima majina akabadilisha tu pale wakapata mikopo, huku kuna wamama wanauza chapati, sambusa na mihogo wanateseka mtaji wao 50,000 tu walinyimwa mkopo. Kwa hiyo naweza kusema kwamba wanatulazimisha kutotaka kuwa na kiongozi mwanamke kutokana na mambo kama hayo.”

Anasema kwa uzoefu wao, ni wanawake wachache sana wanaofanya vizuri wakipewa nafasi za kuongoza “mimi naweza kusema bora mwanaume ukilia shida kidogo anaweza kukusaidia lakini siyo mwanamke,” anaongeza.

Anaongeza kwamba kuna wakati mwingine wanafanya maamuzi bila kumsikiliza vizuri mwenye tatizo na bila kujali madhara yatakayompata endapo atafanya maamuzi husika.
Hili halikuwa upande wa wanawake tu, hata wanaume wanao uzoefu kuhusu aina hii ya wanawake ambao wanapokuwa katika nafasi fulani hufanya mambo yasiyokubalika.

Ernest (si jina lake halisi) anasema wapo wanawake ambao wakishika nafasi hizo wanakuwa na shauku ya kutaka kuthibitishia watu kwamba anaweza na anapotumia nguvu kufanya hivyo ndipo anapoharibu zaidi na kujikuta anafanya mambo yanayowaumiza wengine na yanayomuweka kwenye taswira mbaya ya uongozi wake.

Baada ya kupata michango kadhaa kuhusu suala hili Precious alifanya kazi nzuri na kubwa ya kutoa mapendekezo ambayo wote tuliona ni mapendekezo yenye tija kwa mustakabali wa wanawake endapo tutahitaji kustawi na kuondoa dhana ya kwamba mwanamke akipewa nafasi anakuwa amependelewa na badala yake kazi zake na namna anavyowaongoza watu ndiyo iwe lugha ya kumtambulisha kiongozi mwanamke.

Anasema “Uongozi kweli ni mgumu tena kuongoza watu ambao wako katika matabaka mawili, matatu ni ngumu, endapo mwanamke akiwa madarakani na anataka ile nafasi iwe rafiki kwake asiangalie lile kundi lake, aangalie jamii yake, aangalie jamii nzima inataka nini.”

Anaeleza kuwa kwa namna hiyo mwanamke ataweza kuongoza bila kuonekana mwenye jeuri wala dhaifu.

“Endapo atakuwa na kundi fulani kwa kweli huyo mwanamke anguko lake ni kubwa sana kwa sababu inawezekana kundi lake ni dogo kuliko kundi ambalo amelisahau,” anaongeza.

Hata hivyo, si wanawake wote ambao hufanya mambo hayo yaliyoelezwa bali uzoefu wa watu wengi unaonesha kwamba ni kweli yapo hayo maeneo ambayo wanawake ipo namna ambayo wanafeli.

Vilevile wapo wapo wanaume wenye kutenda mambo tajwa lakini kwa mujibu wa tafakuri yetu ni mwanamke ndiye tunayemzungumzia zaidi ikiwa ni katika kurekebishana ili kufikia malengo ya kuendelea kumuinua na kumwendeleza mwanamke afikie ile hatma nzuri ya uongozi wenye kuleta manufaa kwa jamii wanazoziwakilisha.

Kama mwanamke anahitaji kufanya vizuri katika uongozi na kufikia ule usawa unaohitajika na kuondoa dhana hiyo ambayo ipo kuhusiana na wanawake kutofanya vizuri kutokana na tabia zinazoaminika kuwa mara nyingi hufanywa na wanawake.

Ni lazima kulitafakari hili kwa undani na kuona umuhimu wa kulifanyia kazi ili jitihada zilizofanyika kwa miaka mingi kuhusu kuwainua wanawake zisiwe na do ana na zizae matunda.

FUNGUO TISA ZA TUMAINI

Haki zote zimehifadhiwa. Hakuna sehemu ya chapisho hili inayoweza kuzalishwa tena, kusambazwa, au kupitishwa kwa namna yoyote.

Aidha hairuhusiwi kunakili, kurudufu au kulitumia kwa njia zingine za elektroniki bila idhini ya maandishi ya Mchapishaji.

Hatua za kisheria zitachukuliwa kwa yeyote atakayekiuka ilani hii.

soma
Readership for Learning and Development

©Soma, 2024