

Karl Glanz

A Foreigner In Kenya



Abenteuer

BookRix

Karl Glanz

A Foreigner In Kenya



Abenteuer

BookRix

Karl Glanz

A Foreigner In Kenya

BookRix GmbH & Co. KG
81371 Munich

A Foreigner In Kenya

*what do i see on the horizon
is that africa?
what do i see on the horizon
is africa there?
what do i see on the horizon
is that africa?
what do i see on the horizon
there is africa!
foreign shores in the distance
rising like mist from the ocean
strange coast in the distance
rises like mist from the ocean
green hills wide valleys
what do i see on the horizon
there is africa
there on the horizon
there is africa
cradle of mankind
beginning of everything
there on the horizon
there is africa
foreign coast in the distance
rising like mist from the ocean
strange coast in the distance
rises like mist from the ocean
green hills wide valleys
africa*

*was seh ich am horizont
ist das afrika?
was seh ich am horizont
ist dort afrika?
was seh ich am horizont*

***ist das afrika?
was seh ich am horizont
dort ist afrika!
fremde küste in der ferne
steigt wie nebel aus dem ozean
fremde küste in der ferne
steigt wie nebel aus dem ozean
grüne hügel weite täler
was seh ich am horizont
there is africa
dort am horizont
there is africa
wiege der menschheit
anfang von allem
dort am horizont
there is africa
fremde küste in der ferne
steigt wie nebel aus dem ozean
fremde küste in der ferne
steigt wie nebel aus dem ozean
grüne hügel weite täler
Afrika (Georg Danzer)***

***Throughout history it has been the inaction of
those who could, have acted, the indifference of
those who should have known better, the silence of
the voice of justice, when it mattered most, that had
made it possible for evil to triumph. (Haile Selassie)***

***Everything the state says its a lie, and everything
it has it has stolen. (Friedrich Nietzsche)***

It is wrong to look for happiness, because it hides in the desires. When you get it, it's already somewhere else. This applies to love as well as to money. (Carlo Pedersili alias Bud Spencer)

None of us come out of here alive. So stop treating you like souvenirs. Eat delicious food, walk in the sun, jump into the sea. Tell the truth and carry your heart on your tongue. Be silly. Be merry. Be weird. There is time for nothing else. (Anthony Hopkins)

“But there's something just as inevitable as death. And that's life. Think of the power of the universe — turning the Earth, growing the trees. That's the same power within you — if you'll only have the courage and the will to use it.” (Charlie Chaplin)

Kenya is a multi-ethnic country: the approx. 51 million inhabitants are made up of 40 different ethnic groups. An example of this are the numerous nomadic peoples, who pass on their nature-loving way of life from generation to generation. The Bantu people make up about 50% of the population, followed by the Nilotes and Kulshites. In addition, some Europeans, Arabs and Asians also live in Kenya. The majority of the population are Christians, however Islam is also practiced in some parts of the country. Kenya has a very young population: 42% of the people are younger than 15 years. Therefore, Kenya is a very promising country. In terms of human history, Kenya is particularly interesting: evidence of the earliest

human history can be found here, giving us an insight into the culture and ideas of our ancestors. The country is

considered the cradle of humanity, as the origins of our species are traced back to the remote Lake Turkana. Kenya is a driving economic force in East Africa and also plays an important security role in the region.

The country is involved in regional and international political processes. More than 500,000 refugees, mostly from neighboring troubled countries Somalia and South Sudan, were registered in Kenya as of December 2020. Kenya has only a narrow industrial base, the main potential lies in agriculture (cut flowers). The Kenyan government is failing to harness the country's economic potential in a socially equitable and environmentally and economically sustainable manner. More than one-third of the population lives in extreme poverty, and youth unemployment is high. Widespread corruption and deficits in governance are among the country's major challenges.

The beautiful continent has over fifty countries. Some of these countries are ruled by corrupt leaders. They influence the judiciary, give jobs to their relatives and restrict freedom of the press. As a result, many African countries have a small wealthy elite, while the majority of the population lives in poverty and desolation. We can only take a look at number 1 and the last one. According to Afrikanza: 1 - Somalia 10 - Central African Republic According to AnswersAfrica: 1 - Democratic Republic of the Congo 10 - Ivory Coast According to Jatoday: 1 - Angola 10 - Somalia What we can see here is simple. All African countries are driven by corruption. The lists are not important, the important thing is that nobody claims that their country is not corrupted. Let's look at Kenya. This is the 2020 corruption report from the Risk and Complying Portal. Kenya's competitiveness is hampered by high levels of corruption that pervade every sector of the economy. A weak judicial system and frequent bribe demands from public officials lead to increased business costs for foreign

investors. Widespread tax evasion hinders Kenya's long-term economic growth and government procurement fraud is widespread. Corruption, active

and passive bribery, abuse of office and bribery of foreign officials are criminalized under the Anti-Corruption and Economic Crime Act 2003 and the Bribery Act 2016, which intensifies the fight against corruption on the supply side. Facilitation payments are criminalized and there are rules about the types of gifts officials can accept. Adequate enforcement of the Kenyan anti-corruption framework is a problem due to weak and corrupt public institutions. Corruption is widespread among Kenya's police force. The National Police Service of Kenya is considered the most corrupt institution in the country and bribery is reportedly the only way to expedite access to the police and services (HRR 2016). The competitiveness of the Kenyan business environment is being hampered by rampant corruption in the public sector. Fulfilling administrative requirements takes a lot of time and is bureaucratic (GCR 2016-2017). There is a very high risk of corruption in Kenya's land administration. Kenyans report a high likelihood of taking bribes in meetings with land service officials, and corrupt practices are reported to occur in nearly 20% of all interactions (TI Kenya, 2014). The tax administration in Kenya carries a high risk of corruption. Companies report that irregular payments and bribes in tax payments are very common (GCR 2015-2016). Public procurement in Kenya is subject to widespread corruption and bribery. Companies report that bribes and irregular payments are widespread in public procurement (GCR 2015-2016). Businesses should note that enforcement of anti-corruption laws in Kenya is inadequate due to the weak judicial system and lack of strong institutions (BTI 2016). The Kenyan constitution guarantees freedom of the press and freedom of expression (HRR 2016). In practice, the government does not fully respect these rights; Journalists are facing increasing

pressure from authorities and new laws that call into question their ability to report freely (FotP 2016). And that's not all. Companies are exposed to a moderate risk of corruption when dealing with the Kenyan judicial sector. Companies often report bribes and irregular payments in return for positive decisions (GCR 2015-2016).

This is just a very brief overview, which does not reflect the real situation in Kenya

Chapter 1

What can I tell you? Kenya, the country of nature, of wildlife, and, last but not least the country of the Rift Valley.

Let me start from the beginning. The beginning is usually at the airport. You're very excited about this adventure which is in front of you. Many people have been here, all of them have told a story, different ones but exiting.

You got everything in your pocket. Passport is at the moment not so important. Important is the PCR-Test - of course a negative one. Passengers lining up in a line, waiting patiently, holding their result in their hands. A guy is checking it, reading, then saying: "It's OK". You're going further, some steps, you must show your QR - Code. This got copied. Some steps later you have to wait on a spot, your temperature got measured.

This procedure takes some time. But Passengers are used to wait. They have to wait everywhere. Flight time is sometimes shorter as the flying time.

From now on you have to run down a long gangway. Money hangers are there. ATM also. I tried to change money at one office, they refused, they only take cash and I'm always short of cash, I prefer to use credit card. The only change to chance to change is the ATM. Here the amount is limited. That's bad! What you can do?

Next stop is Immigration. You need a visa. Funny thing, visa you have to apply online. After three days you will get a visa, that means a peace of paper. That's not a visa, the visa you hopefully applied for, gives you the nice immigration officer.

"Welcome, Sir", greeting me the officer. Actually I like more the ladies. They got more sense.

"Good day, " usually I'm answering.

I'm a kind guy.

I give him this peace of paper, my passport.

"What you're doing here?"

Actually it's written on this visa paper.

"I'm tourist."

"Tourist?!" can I hear here a surprise?

"Yes."

"Where you're going? Staying in Nairobi or you go somewhere else?"

"I'm going to Nakuru, looking at the lake and the wildlife."

"i give you one month."

You you have to smile, a Photo is taken. A stamp is given into your passport. You're released.

Collect your luggage, you can go out of the airport terminal.

Kenya, here I am.

Chapter 2

Its really amazing when a foreigner stets out of the terminal. What a nice welcome! A soldier is watching you at the door, looking at you and the crowd. Ladies waving hands! Yes, ladies am here. All the time have known, am excellent, well known on this World, but have not known that am so well recognized in this Part of the World. Handsome guy, must tell myself. What else?

Those ladies are jumping on me. No surprise! Also some guys trying to come clone but they got chased away by the ladies. I tried to remember my telephone number, no way! Hey men, would you remember your telephone number when two fiery ladies approaching you? Tell the truth, for sure not. Two black eyes! White teeth, behind a big smile. Black hair! I feel myself like George Clooney! Must be like that. At this Moment i am the sexiest man alive.... here at the airport for Sure!

"Sir, come with me!," one Lady addressed me.

That i would like, my dear, i only thought. "Where you want me to take?" Only hope she will say: to my home.

"Where you want to go? Nairobi?"

What a pity! Why she is asking when she know it already?

"Yes."

"I give you a fair price!"

That i know. It is always the same story, the fair price. What Is fair and what not? This is the question, Hamlet World answer.

"How much?" I ask but i know the price. To high, to much, it is the price for a 'mzungu'. Oder who doesn't know anything.

The lady answers fast. "3000."

Now comes the second lady. "Sir, i give you a lift for 2500!"

The first lady is angry. Why not? The second one is disturbing her Business. She is shooting star to the second lady.

"2500 is better," i said.

"Ok, 2500," the first lady agreed.

"2000!," shouted the second lady.

"Not to Bad," i answered. "But still to Expansion."

The first lady left, went back. No business for her, that is what she believes.

"So what you say?" The remaining lady ask with a big smile.

What can i tell her? That she is nice, beautiful, charming? She knows it, that's why she is doing this job.

"No way," I toll her.

I called Uber. That costs me 500.

Welcome to Kenya.

The first day can continue.

Chapter 3

I don't really have to wait long, but this short amount of time I have to wait gives me time to look around. Two policemen face me, passengers come and go. Many relatives come with them to say goodbye to loved ones or to make sure that the love leaves the country. Everything is possible. Cars come, unload someone, and leave soon. It's coming and going. It's warm, not hot, just warm. I start to sweat in my jacket. I can't see that well either, so I have to clean my glasses. Quickly, I don't have time, the car could come at any moment and I have to read the license plate. A small vehicle has come to take me away. I wave to him, he stops. It's a middle-aged man. Anyone younger than me is middle-aged, which is kind of reassuring. He's got his smartphone in his hand and taps it around. "We're going to the Y Hotel on X Street?" He asks me.

I can only confirm. We're leaving. Now some other thoughts come to my head. What I noticed is the fact that there were only a few white people on the plane. When I was waiting for the car, I hadn't seen a single white man! We leave the airport, drive on the highway, for us it's a "normal" road, a federal highway. I have some time, the drive to the hotel is not far, only the traffic slows down. There are strange curves that I can't really understand. But this is Kenya and someone will have thought something.

"Not many foreigners here?" I ask the driver.

"There are some," he replies. "They don't come in as many numbers as they used to."

"Yes," I agree, "It is difficult and expensive. Now everyone needs a negative PCR test in order to be able to get on the plane at all, and here in Kenya that is also checked, which is actually unnecessary, since the airline already has it Checked. Two are better!"

"This damn pandemic is killing us all. "

"Business is getting less, I mean. Issue freeze, restrictions, all of this is wrecking us."

"I can imagine that. There was also the lockdown for a few months, which certainly left its mark. It sure hit the economy."

He agrees. Then he asks: "How is it in your country?"

"Not better. More than a million people have lost their jobs. That doesn't sound too bad, but we only have 3.5 million who go to work. That's a million a lot."

"How big is your country?"

"Not big, you can hardly find it on the map, we only count nine million." The driver laughs.

"A little bigger than Nairobi."

"How many people are in Nairobi?" I ask. "I'm not sure, but about five million."

"A big city," I can only agree.

The Nairobi skyline appears. Skyscrapers shoot into the sky. They stand close together. They give each other shadows. One construction site after the other, one traffic jam after the other, actually just traffic jams. It's being built like crazy. It's the Chinese who build there, which I don't really understand because, I think there are a lot of younger engineers in Kenya who can do that too. However, there must be a drifty reason why this construction project is being carried out by foreigners. The driver doesn't know, so it remains a mystery to me too. Later I found out that an expressway was being built from the airport to Nairobi.

Chapter 4

In the hotel

I have chosen a middle class hotel. There are some good hotels in Nairobi, but the prices are heavenly. These hotels are so expensive that I wonder who can pay for them? And yet there must be people who can afford it. I'm not one of them, it hurts, but it's the truth. The lady at the reception is friendly, nice, helpful. I have to fill out an application, but after a long journey, I find it difficult to read. It is also dark, little light, a small lamp hangs on the wall, can barely illuminate the reception. She helps me, points with her finger where I should write the information. This procedure is finally over, I straighten up with relief, stretch myself; with a friendly smile she hands me the key. I go to my room. I'm a little surprised, the rooms in Kenya are a little different from those in Europe. On the left, right next to the door, is a wardrobe, in Europe they are closed, here I can see through the bars. Does not look bad. There are African paintings and decorations on the walls. The bed is just huge! There is certainly room for four people, not just one. This is not a bed, this is a battlefield! The light, ie the lighting in the room, is also not bright enough, much is in the half-dark. But it's nice. I go into the restaurant. I don't really have an appetite, only thirst torments me. I order a beer, then another. Finally, I still get an appetite. My first meal in Kenya.

"I want something to eat," I say to the waitress.

At the same time I notice that she is extremely pretty.

"What can I get you?" She asks with a smile.

I have no idea what is out there, I shrug my shoulders. She enumerates a few things, doesn't understand anything.

Just order with good luck and luck was on my side. How amazed I was when she came with a bowl and I had to wash my hands. A little strange! After a while a young man comes with a huge bone and puts it on the table. He must have seen my face, which must have had an astonished expression.

"Here is your order, sir!" I can't stop being amazed.

By the way, an excellent meal. Some mzungus are just lucky! I stayed a few days. Make friends with me. A friend is a manager of this hotel. I was sitting in the restaurant, it was afternoon, having a beer, he came by, saw me, came to me, started a conversation. I wasn't averse to doing some conversation. He told about himself, his family, where they live, how they live. After a while he asked me if I could invite him for a drink. I agreed.

"What do you want to drink?" I asked him.

"A beer."

I wanted to order a beer, but the good man held me back. I asked him why I shouldn't order. He told me that, as a manager, he was not allowed to have a beer with a guest. I got that.

"How do I order now?" I asked.

"It's easy," he replied. "We have a code here, if I have a beer, I'll just order a hallelujah!"

To this day I don't know his name, for me it's simply called Hallelujah! And it will stay like that. Later Hallelujah came to me with another friend. The friend is also an employee of the hotel. I think he's a subordinate of him. I think that should also be true. Hallelujah came to me first.

"May we disturb you?"

I had nothing to do so I replied it's ok.

"What's up?" I asked and looked at the two of them.

"We want to leave the country. We want to go to Europe and you should help us." I

was a bit surprised because I thought that the work in the hotel should be fine?

Chapter 5

Kenyan Ladies

Kenyan Ladies Today I would like to write something about women in Kenya. I didn't remember much, some I didn't want to keep in mind, but I can remember a lady, not because she was so pretty, more because I laughed so much. I have to admit right away that I never saw her, never shook her hand or looked into her eyes. Like most foreigners who want to come into contact with women, I went to a cyber office. It didn't take me long to look, I soon found what I was looking for. One ad caught my eye, it was Debbie's ad. I replied, briefly, saying my name, my age, where I come from. So nothing special. A few days later I got an answer.

Debbie wrote. "Hello grandfather! How are you?"

I had to laugh heartily. It's true, I'm not young anymore - I have to admit it - I'm old! I know and I'm not trying to hide. Why also? We get old on our own, you don't have to do anything, you just have to be careful that you can grow old. Well, this 'grandfather' didn't really surprise, insult or otherwise hurt me, on the contrary, he amused me. There was no photo on Debbie's profile, so I asked her to send me a picture of her. I received an answer soon.

"I don't have a smartphone, send me money, then I can take a picture of myself and send it to you."

I had to laugh again. The grandfather didn't send any money, of course. To this day I don't know if this Debbie really exists. Could also have been a man, so a fake profile. Nobody is safe! "

Don't do it," I replied. I can't remember exactly. But it sure came down to that. Another message came from her.

Heartbreaking news.

"Dad, please send me some money, I have nothing to eat!"

It may or may not be true. What should I believe? What is the truth? Not easy to find out. God and justice are a long time coming. My love for God wavers and is replaced by love for girls. The latter are more tangible, more tangible than justice. Seen in this way, one can say that love experiences lead directly to communism. It stuck in my mind because it was straightforward. She - if it was her - didn't mince her words and I think that's nice. We always have to decide before the others, about death, love, the world, we have to choose, risk something, let life draw us a little, leave something behind and find ourselves again. She was not like other women who try to avoid reality, who write that age is just a number. Even if it's true that age is a number, it says a lot about us. You can't go over it. It also doesn't fit when an old man has a young woman, expectations are different, the attitude to life is different. So there are many reasons why it doesn't fit. Everyone has to know what they want. I wish for a satisfied, balanced life and that is only possible with a partner who suits me in old age.

Gere said: "If you stay young in your head, the rest of your body is not so important to you. Is there anything that looks younger and fresher than sparkling eyes and a shimmering mind?" R. Gere is probably right there.

Chapter 6

Nakupenda kwa moyo wangu wote. "I love you with all my heart."

What else can you say? Crazy people invented love. There was another lady, I don't remember her name, I forgot. When I did The previous story of Debbie, she remembered. So we got in touch. Quick and easy. She had children, believe me, remember that she had two.

The first question she asked was: "Can you support me? "

That was damn quick. No other question, nothing else was important.

" With what? "Was my counter-question.

" I have children who have to go to school, I need money for that.

"I understand that. Children have to go to school."

"How much is this about? What would that cost? " I had to ask, I didn't know.

She said a number.

I replied," OK "

The floodgates were open." And I need something too. "

" What would that be? "Stupid question,

I could ask myself already imagine what's coming next.

"I want to open a business."

Of course, what else? I said: "You are not looking for a man, you are looking for a supporter!. God?"

She tried to give the conversation a twist." I don't fear God and I don't believe in him. "

That hurt! "Then nothing will happen to us! I only take a man who fears God. "

With that, the contact was over. Later I learned that everything is valued with money. This is no different in Kenya than in Europe. The pastors in Europe also get paid.