



CHARLES ARORI (far right)

I am staying in this ten-by-ten feet house in Kibera with my five children, and also five other small children who are depending on me—my brothers' and sisters' children. As you can see on my walls, there are some daily newspapers that we have been reading, The Standard, People's Daily. I put these newspapers up to decorate my house—for their beauty. It makes the house look beautiful, and it makes you able to see anything—like cockroaches. When the papers are hanging, you can see from very far away that this—this is a cockroach. Or that—that is an ant. So, you protect yourself.

You see there is one bed in this house. It's OK, but there are no proper windows in the house so there is not enough ventilation, and although we are comfortable,

sometimes there is risk. We pray to God that we are not going to be attacked with disease or be suffocated. That is the only problem I have in the house. I am hoping soon, if I become better off, to have a fan.

I am happy to stay in Kibera, because that is my standard, because I am earning less than a dollar a day. I am happy because I don't depend on anybody else. Our neighbors regard me as "first class" within the slums. Most of them depend on only one meal in a day. We cook two meals in a day, and we have breakfast. And also, I have a television in my house. I can see what is happening with the outside world. But my neighbors, they come here to see the TV, like now, they're coming to watch the news.



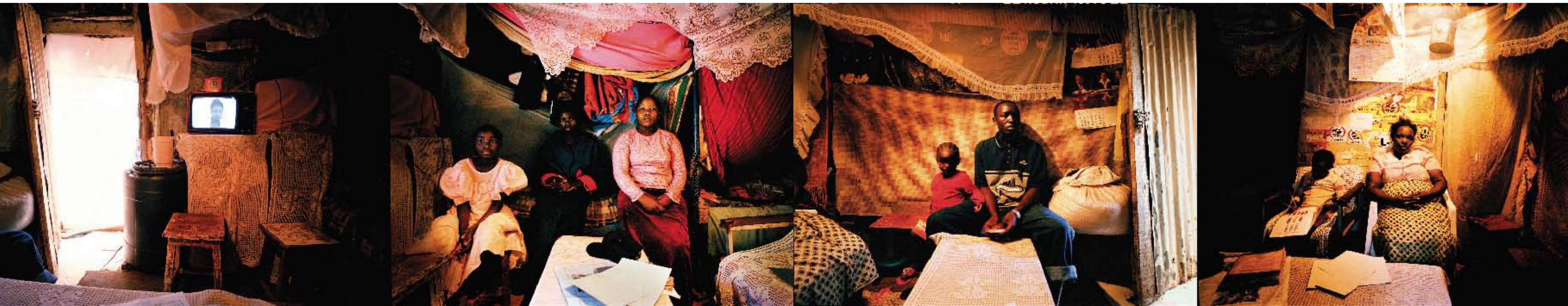
ANDREW ONYANGO (*far right*)

The house that I'm in, it's a one cubical house. I don't know how you are seeing it, but according to me, it's a beautiful house, and I like it and I appreciate it even if it is a small one. You can see, I have my bed there, and it's comfortable. I have my seats, the sofa, I have my little kitchen, and I can put my TV and my CD player there, my speaker there, my aquarium there. You can find people who are not living in a ghetto, they think negative things about the ghetto. But since I was born in this ghetto, in 1982, I have never seen such a house. You can see it's painted blue—it's kind of smooth. I think you like it.

After I finished my courses, I joined British Airways and I was doing quite well. But unfortunately the job came to an end, and at the same time I had the family, my wife and my daughter. So since that time I'm struggling. I can remember, in

my first year with British Airways I used to return home after midnight. So when I was dropped off by the car, it was very late. I walked a few steps, and suddenly I had someone step on me and kick me. I was down on the ground, and then I saw someone coming in front, coming toward me, right at me, with a knife. I screamed, I said, "GOD!" They took my phone and my ID. I screamed for almost five minutes, but everyone was quiet in their houses.

This kind of life that we live in the ghetto—it's weird sometimes, because you have to live with a kind of fear. You never know what is happening, you never know what is going to happen. I cannot say whether this is a bad life or it's a good life.



JOYCE MORAA (above right)

I was born in Kibera. It's a dirty place, the drainages are very bad, there are too many people and there are so many houses gathered together—let's say it's a slum. We stay in a one-room house, six children plus my mom. My father, he is not dead, but he got another wife and he left us.

Kibera is OK because things are cheap but I left school because of the fees. I'm the breadwinner of the family. I work as a fruit seller. I get up at five in the morning, I prepare my siblings, I take them to school, I start setting off to where I work. Two weeks ago, I got home and I was so tired and I felt sick but I had to make food for my brothers—and not all of them was satisfied. They needed more, but I was so tired I just went to bed and I pretended that I am sick.

Last week, two of my friends had been stealing. They are my friends, I can't deny that, but I didn't know how they have been behaving. One of our neighbors saw them enter a house, and they took the TV. The neighbor shouted and a lot of people came around shouting, "What is happening? What is happening?" They stoned the girls, and they beat them. As they stone you, you run. And the gang follows you, the crowd follows you. Then you are being beaten as you run. I didn't follow them. There is a railing, over where the train passes, so I stood there watching all of them. You know the police can't come to the slum area. The place is dangerous, they can be killed and their guns can be taken away. People around here, when they catch you stealing—they just kill you. They ran onward and down, and down, and the girls were stoned: you can't survive.