

KtalkVille Weekly

Migration

The world's 10th wonder as Mafisis stage a spectacular Kenya-to-Eretria Migration, a move as spectacular as the wildebeest crossing Mara. Back Page

"I will drop you at work kesho"

Page 2: After meeting a 'gentleman' at K1 and having being convinced to drop the panty, the graceful lady found herself reading maps.

ALL ABOUT THE PAST WEEK AT KTALKVILLE

NOT FOR SALE

FIUD MASHO AMEVUKA BODA

In this issue

Hekaya of the week:

The_Atheist's climbing a Corinthian. Do not miss the serialization of the epic story as narrated in Krost-Page 4

Wakanyama in Trouble

When the village butcher decided to set up a ultra-modern estate in King'eero, his political enemies plotted to finish him. Page 6

KTalkVille Cheki Maneno Enthusiasts

Turn to page 3 to learn why everyone in KTalkVille has had to develop this hobby in Njaanuary

Rats invade KTalkVille

Read how Aviator managed to nab three mother rats, and how the gang plotted revenge by invading Ziga's homestead. Page 6

...Plus so much more

In an unprecedented move, the old geezer received an email informing him that he had won a huge sum of money (dollars). Immediately, he switched to celebration mode only to end up in hospital suffering from a rare disease.

Full story on page 3



RATS INVADE KTALKVILLE

When Aviator woke up one morning to find the tips of her children's feet gnawed upon, she knew there is a problem. Being the no nonsense lady of KTalkville (remember she poisoned Dodi's dogs for shitting in her compound), she set on a mission to trap these rodents which were disturbing her children's sleep. Full story on Page 4.



Man Caves Do you wonder where your man disappears to on a Friday night only to resurface on Sunday afternoon without any visible signs of alcohol? Most women think that the man was arrested, out with friends or at worst with his mistress. Nothing could be further from the truth. KTalkVille Weekly reveals where he goes and what he does. Page 7



My Personal Appeal to you, my audience- Find out the story behind this publication, and my appeal for your support. Page 8

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Transation

@Lab lost his bro on Monday. We pray that God gives his family the grace to go through this difficult moment.

SOMETHING FISHY AT M4 HOLDINGS

Word from Meria Mata is that the city of Mombasa has been running dry taps for the past 3 weeks. Some multinationals like M4 Holdings have had to cease production, not because there is no water, but because the directors have no water in their homes to shower. The CEO of M4 Holdings confessed that he has not had a shower for the last three days despite him being a self-confessed fish of the order of Kidinyi- he cannot sleep without dipping his shaft in some comer. The other three employees- 2 females and a male have also not had a shower for an even longer period, And they engage in matters coital daily. Imaging the stench at Mh4 Holdings!



PURR_27 LEARNS CARTOGRAPHY

On Thursday last week, this honorable female talker went to have a glass of wine at K1 after a day at work. She ended up being fungwad by a guy who drove a merc and who promised to buy a roast mguu ya mbuzi as supper. As time went by, the talkeress could be heard whispering to the guy how sweet he was. At some point, she went to the washrooms and returned bila ngotha, just to prove to the guy how mush she was already "too willing". One thing led to the other, and before long, the two were in a gland-to-gland combat at the guy's upmarket apartment in Runda. The lady had the assurance that she would be "dropped" the next morning in time for work.

True to his word, the guy dropped the lady albeit in an unexpected way. First, he totally refused to talk to the lady after the morning glory. Then, he refused to give her cab fare. Finally, he gave her a map indicating directions from "You are here" to the matatu stage, some 4.8kms away.

Whereas the lady had no problem with walking the 4.8kms to the stage, she had a problem after that because... she had not a single cent with her, and her phone had run out of Okoa Jahazi the night before, and her MPesa was negative. Several "please call me" to her husband in Moyale saved the situation. The guy MPesa'd her some 160 bob which was enough to take her to work.

Lesson: If you got to be chips fungwad, be ready to study a map.

GOV'T REGULATION ON CHURCHES HITS ACCOUSTIC



The recent directive by the GOK to regulate churches has been received with mixed reactions across KTalkville. While majority are in support of this move-termining it necessary to protect gullible individuals from their own stupidity-others read mischief in the move. One specific critic is Accoustic who views it as part of an elaborate agenda to impose Sharia Law across the country.

Ktalk Weekly has reliably established that Accoustic is one of the preachers being targeted by the new regulations. Reason- you guessed it right- kanyari-ism. Reliable sources have revealed that Accoustic is the Bishop of a certain church whose location cannot be disclosed at this moment. The church is notorious for selling miracles, holy water (mineral water spiced with lime) and anointing oil (Arimis mixed with NaCl to maintain liquid state). His church also airs several programs on major TV stations, and prominently displays MPesa numbers for tithing, seed and purchases of holy relics. The physical location of the church is still unknown at this time. Reached for comment, Bishop Accoustic evaded the question and instead quoted irrelevant bible verses.

CHEKI MANENO BUG HITS KTALKVILLE

KTalkVille Weekly has observed an increasing number of riders within the gated community. A few months ago, this leisure activity was the preserve of a few elders led by The.Black.Templer, but now, almost everyone is riding. The most intriguing part is that these riders are now venturing outside the gate at 7am and returning late in the evening. Only Pamba operates in the reverse- he arrives at 7am and leaves at 6pm in his black mamba. Reached for comment, @Supu Don claimed that she is trying to cut down her weight and thus opts to ride to work and back instead of driving. The skinny chief Old Mangi could not be reached for comment, but KTalkVille Weekly thinks the increase in the number of riders has something to do with Njaanuary Economics.

FIUD MASHO WINS MILLIONS, CONTRACTS POST-COITAL MALAISE

A maasai gets rich overnight, or so the Greeks say. This couldn't be truer for anyone else other than our very own fiud masho who started the week by winning a humongous sum of money in a draw that he never participated in in the first place. How lucky some niggas can get! Ktalk Weekly has been unsuccessfully trying to get a comment from the old general regarding his plans for the money. The old geezer was lastly spotted at karomaindo (SJ)

taking a tusker while sandwiched between two toothless momos- one taking GK and the other taking MUR (Mother's Union Remover AKA Naps). Later the next morning, he was spotted at Dr. Luthers clinic complaining of fatigue and blood in his cum. He was diagnosed with a severe case of PCM-Post-Coital Malaise- and orderd off fucks for the next 21 days. KTalk Weekly wishes him quick recovery.

KTALKVILLE CHOKOSH WARS- THE INSIDE STORY

Over the past few weeks, KtalkVille has been the arena for the never ending wars between the two village chokoras- Tom and Jerry, or if you like, Uwesmake and Jirani. Some talkers have attributed these wars to the control of the village dumpsite.

While this is partly true (uwes has a fetish for smelling soiled sanitary pads, while Jirani will be seen searching for anything edible from the trash), the real reason is that these wars are a creation of the village headman aka Mod Deorro. Indeed, Tom and Jerry is one and the same person.

It all started with the death of KLost and its founder Mr. Wanderi (RIP). In an earlier exposee, AwardWinner had documented how the late Admean had invented tools to help maintain membership in his forum. One of the tools was multiple handles which would spend the whole day



arguing and insulting each other. Listers joined in droves and started not only insulting each other, but also insulting admean. The issue of Moderators was born, and another tool created- equator aka suspension. Mods were responsible for enforcing the

rules and had powers to arrest, prosecute, judge and hand any offender. Listers would soon tow the line and the mods, threatened with retrenchment, founded the character called Jerry. His multiple handles were enough justification for the mod's payslips. Back to KTalkville. The mods

also neded to keep talkers glued to the village, and thus the character Jerry aka Jirani aka uwesmake aka Lichoti aka Jerry_dubiz aka... too many to list here. The reason the character exists is to ensure that you login first thing in the morning to catch the latest news on the chokosh feuds.

Climbing the Corinthian Part One

Once upon a village, The_Atheist was born and brought in a remote place called Wiyumiririe- meaning Jikaze! The village's main economic activity was, has been and shall forever be poverty. From Nyeri or Nyahururu, you take a matatu to Nowhere, and when you alight at that stage called Nowhere, you walk towards the end of the earth. A five-hr walk should get you to Jikaze. Our family was amongst the richest by comparison. Even more important, we were the most respected family. My father was a vet. Ok, he wasn't trained, but had worked as a herdsman for some mzungu, and could do several things. Most important being that he could get rid of the placenta (thigira) out of the weak cows in the village. No cow ever managed to get it out without mzees intervention. And a proud man my dad was. He couldn't go to where the problem was. He waited for the problems to be brought to him. And he charged dearly. 13 bob before bargaining, 10 bob after bargaining. A very expensive professional.

And that is how Debora Magiri found her way home. Their cow- christened Ngunu, though its horns were 2 feet long- had delivered 3 days earlier, and had not dropped the afterbirth. This was affecting its milk production seriously- from an expected 2 cups a day to less than half a cup. Magiri and her brother Kibaiku were assigned the task of bringing the cow to the village consultant aka my dad. It happened during the Easter holidays when I was in class seven. Magiri was in class 5, though much older than me. Magiri was a Corinthian (wore religious headgear), and wore a green dress with pleats (also served as the school uniform), a purpleish kitambaa (sign of corinthianism) and sadak shoes. A very smart girl by our standards. Magiri was a beauty mainly because she was brown. Figure didn't

matter in our village, only the complexion. But at least she had some ass since you could distinguish front from behind. And she had some bumps on her chest. Too big for a class five, but good enough for an upcoming TeamMafisi Representing

”
Saitani, whom are you lying to? I know You will go secondary.

Jikaze Kingdom. Her only problem was the brown teeth, almost black. But you don't ferk teeth, ama? At least not then. I had not yet known that a mouth was ferkable. She also had some funny smell characteristic of all village queens who shared a bed with their siblings. But again, urine is not poison. Most of us were doing the same in our beds. I had not experienced pussy, but was determined to give the honor of initiating me to Magiri. The problem was her church. They were rumored to be strict moralists, and could never put it on head until their dreamer appoints the man to marry her. I was not yet an alterboy then. And I was not yet an atheist. And I was not a Corinthian. And I was not experienced. All odds were against me getting to her knickers.

After my dad rendered the services, he told me to take the money. His hands were too dirty- groves had not reached Jikaze by then. Ok, even today they don't have condoms, leave alone groves. It was 10bob, mainly in 5- and 10-cent coins. It was one hulluva load. Papo hapo, I committed my first heist job- I put aside 65cents and gave 9.35 to mum to keep for dad. Mum was one of those women who didn't care about money. After living for over 50 years in extreme poverty, money loses meaning. She did not count the money. I offered to see off the lady,

the cow and the lad, and my dad allowed me with strict instructions to ensure that their ngunu does not pass anywhere near our herd. Apart from removing placenta, my dad also used to climb cows. Ok, not him directly, but we had a bull for that work, and we charged 0.5 bob shot. Conception required five shots, but we used to give a discount and allow climbing of 7 or 8 shots for the price of 5. Mzee was not ready to lose the 2.50 if ngunu strayed to our bull and got climbed. So I escorted them. The lad went ahead with the cow. We followed behind with Magiri. And for the first time in my life, I had a mental deadlock. Where do you even start? How do you borrow? Borrow what? I didn't even know the name of the thing I wanted in Greek. Magiri would never understand if I called it in English. She was as thick as porridge.

Remember the money? Yes the .65 shillings. Immediately the 65 cents had landed in my pocket, I had got that orgasmic feeling you get on receiving your first salary. Damn, I was damn rich. I was as bold as a lion. I could face the village beauty and if she dare snob me, I would just flash the money. Thank goodness for money. Our conversation went thus. Me: Magiri, when did you last eat lollipop?

Magiri: Ngai (screaming like a calico), ati lollipop? I have never eaten. How does it taste? I only eat hall gum.

Me: Hehehehehe, What would you give me if I bought you one?

Magiri: Your problem is that you make so many jokes me. Again, what can I give you and you are masonko?)

Continued on Page 6

The_Atheist has promised to finish his 6-part classic hekaya exclusively on Ktalkville Weekly. Keep it here for the serialization of remaining parts in the series.

Mods, Banning a Talker should be a last Option

In the last few days, several talkers have faced the wrath of moderators, some paying the utmost price with their existence in this village terminated.

Whereas there are some noisy neighbours or some with very weird/perverted behaviours-and who rightfully deserve expulsion, the village chiefs should exercise caution before expelling any person from the village. In developed democracies, such a drastic decision is not left to a few individuals who may have old grudges to settle. Instead, there exists a council of elders who sit regularly to deliberate on serious cases that are of national importance. Village Elders would play a crucial role in deciding who gets expelled. For example, all VEs could get powers to cast a vote either for or against expelling an irritating neighbour. A 2/3 majority vote would be required.

It needs to be understood here that expelling a villager sets the Senior Chief (Admin) one step backwards. Only him (and probably Wanderi-RIP) knows the pain of getting settlers into the village. Chiefs should not do anything that reverses the gains achieved in democratising the village.

Besides, such actions must be carried out in a uniform manner. If a villager commits an offense and is expelled, then it should be that another villager committing a similar or comparable offense should be expelled too. There should not be cases where double standards exist. Chiefs must be seen to apply the law equally and fairly to all.

Lastly, the chiefs should know that cleaning up the village is squarely within their job descriptions. They should at least ensure that they have cleaned the garbage dumped by the potential banishees before banishing them. Expulsion should be a last resort after all other avenues have been exhausted.

#BringBackUwesmake

The cross or the dollars?



MR CHUMA'S DILEMMA

Apparently, his friend's wife's womb was sucked by a leopard, and thus she cannot bear children. After trying his luck for seven years, and with no fruits from the labor, he slept with the domestic servant and impregnated her. The Mbotch is known to sleep with other people around the village. We cannot guarantee that Mtu Chuma's friend is the scorer of the goal.

Now, the mbotch wants to be married and Mrs Chuma kicked out. Mr. Chuma on the other hand sees this as betrayal to his wife with whom "wametoana mbali". Mbotch is threatening to abort if her demands are not met. What would you do from among the suggestions given by VEs?

- 1) Marry the mbotch and kick out the wife.
- 2) Have the wife marry the mbotch amzalie. This is a custom practiced by some cultures in Africa. His work would be to service the wife and the wife's wife.
- 3) Let the mbotch abort. This was seen as an ultimate solution to a crisis.
- 4) Weka mbisha ya botch akiwa ndethe
- 5) Impregnate the neighbors' mbotch as well. Wait for the kids to be born. If they look alike, then he's the father. If not, dump the two women.
- 6) Deny, deny, deny

Most Talkers advised him to go for option 4.

What do the living achieve when a road or a street is named after someone? I think that is the highest form of bull chieth, especially when the said person is dead. I say if you have a road named after you, then you should be responsible for cleaning and maintaining it. And if you are dead, then your father takes the responsibility.

Hekaya: Climbing the Corinthian

Continued from page 4

Me: I want to marry you. See am finishing school? Promise you will marry me.

Magiri: Satan, who are you lying to? You will go to secondary school. And again, you can't marry a poor person like me, and besides, we are Corinthians.

I hit a blackout. Where do you proceed from there? Kumba hivyondivyo mtu hunyimwo nunu? I decided to do some

consultation. I would see Githiaka, the village climber who was ever boasting that he had climbed before. So I told Magiri to go well, but if she can promise to marry me, I can buy her lollipop. She laughed off like the kariko she was and went away. I returned home. I suspected my dad had noticed the loss of .65 shillings, and I knew what he was capable of doing. I thus hid my loot in a hole just before I got home.

And just as expected, my dad fumed, cursed, frisked, beat and cursed me when he couldn't get the missing money. I swore I gave mum whatever I received from Magiri. Never accept that you are a thief. The beating made me resolve to climb Magiri, if not for anything else, to revenge.

....Continued in the next issue

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RATS INVADE KTALKVILLE

It started with Aviator nabbing some 3 huge rats which were gnawing the children's feet while they are sleeping, then in honor of the departed souls, the remaining rats invaded @Zigas house. One started chewing on his Nairobi Aviation Degree certificate in Avionics, the other one on his Title Deed for a plot of unknown size at Loresho on which stands a building with an unknown number of bedrooms, the other one on his Gideons NT bible, yet another one on his Marriage certificate, yet another one on his Visa to Germany, and the last one on his JP Morgan Credit Card. Instead of chasing the damn rats away, Ziga found it best to consult the talkers on which one to chase first. The riddle is still unsolved.



#KTalkVillePeasantProblems

WAKANYAMA IN TROUBLE WITH KANJO

Our very own butcher Sir Wakanyama is in trouble yet again. Talkers will recall that the butcher has diversified into real estate and has



over the last three years been building high-end residential units at Muthure near King'eero, just before Mwimuto on your way to Wangige. Reliable sources indicate that the development comprises of a single room and a latrine cum bathroom. This is backed up by a massive 100-lt water tank mounted on top of the building. Water is supplied from the nearby Kingeero river.

Trouble started when Wakanyama dug a trench to empty the waste from the latrine to a nearby river without seeking approval from NEMA. Apparently, the recent el nino rains have flooded filled the 4ft hole that wakanyama had dug for the latrine. In his defense, Wakanyama pointed out that this is what every other developer in the area does, and singling him out is a plot by his enemies to finish him politically. He was however released after bribing the kanjo with 30cms of mutura and a cup of soup. He was seen submitting some documents to NEMA offices in what is thought to be a move to comply with the law.

Do you have a story to share?

Do you want to complain about anything?

Do you have suggestions on how we can get better?

Write to the editor on ktalkvilleweekly@gmail.com

OF KTALK BIRRRIONAIRES

Do you have a 40by60 plot in Kamulu that you go to see every Saturday? If Yes, then you are not likely to make it to the KTalk Billionaires' club. A certain lady bought some plot in Thika Greens some seven years ago for... 4m cash. The lady does not know the size of the plot or its actual location. In fact, the lady has never bothered to visit the plot over the past seven years. She was seen asking about the best thing to do with the plot- whether to sell it for 15m or build a hacienda for 40m and let it out for 140k per holiday season (twice an year). And she loves trains and matters military. Yes, that is how to be a billionaire in KTalkVille. Stop

Mischief joins Team Nduthi

When his girlfriend of three years phoned him on Wednesday that she would be coming for sleepover, @mischief immediately withdrew his Mshwari savings (760 bob), sent the lady 500 and bought Durex CDs with the balance. Realizing he has nothing for supper, he went to Mshwari and asked for a loan of 1K which was granted. He bought kuku porno, chips mbili and Faxe mbili. He passed by TLS' movie shop for some ngwati and went home to wait for the lady. At 9.30pm, he received an SMS from the lady. POLE BAE, SITAMAKE. NASHUKA SISTANGU. The lady's phone went mteja. To the best of his knowledge, the lady has no sister, and doesn't know anything about plaiting hair. There and then, he knew he's being played.

Disappointed, he went to sleep but none was forthcoming. And that is when he decided to take the matter into his own hands. He milked the snake dry and slept soundly till next morning.

He has vowed to dump the girl and faithfully stick to Palmera.



Do you know where your man spends those weekends after he turns up on a Saturday after, tired and looking like a house that has been hit by grenades.

MAN CAVES- KTALKVILLE WEEKLY INVESTIGATES

Picture this: Your man- husband or fiancée- fails to come home on a Friday afternoon or Saturday but appears on Sunday very tired but neat. He has no moods for coition. You ransack his pockets for any evidence that a woman was involved, but find none. In fact, he has more money than he had on Friday. He tells you that he overindulged on Friday and was carried by friends home, only to wake up on Sunday afternoon. Or that he was arrested and has just been bailed out. You know he's lying but you have no evidence to prove it. You conclude that he was with a woman, probably an old woman.

KtalkVille Weekly has established a disturbing truth- over 70% of men in stable relationships have a secret house in some dingy neighborhood where they spend those days and nights. We have also established that such houses, or man caves as they are popularly called, are shared by two or more men. We tracked one KTalker to his man cave, and what transpired is material for a movie.

After leaving work, the said Talker left his car at the basement parking of *** building and took a matatu to Imara Daima. He alighted and walked

towards the estate, into a big compound and then disappeared into the main house's SQ. An hour later, another fat old man driving an X6 came into the same SQ. After half an hour, our Talker went out to the local pub and bought 10 tuskers and 5 White Cups (sic). He also got a pack of CDs.

After his return, the place was quiet for three hours until around 10pm when the old man left. The talker spent the night there alone.

On Saturday morning, another old man came at 9am carrying what appeared to be bottles of beer. All was quiet until 4pm. The man left escorted by the Talker- he was limping- who returned after a few minutes. He had a bale of tissue paper and a jar of Vaseline.

At 7pm, the first old fat man came in and all was quiet until 11am Sunday when the couple walked out holding hands and drove off in the old man's X6.

While not sure what transpired inside that man cave, we can all guess, and most likely, correctly.



Hen-Pecked or in Love?

The Talker on the left, whose name we cannot reveal, was spotted washing clothes while the wife sat nearby smoking a cigar. We thought it was weird and inquired from the man. His response? What a woman can do, a man can do better.

Later in the evening, he was heard confiding in a friend how life has been unbearable with his domineering wife. He was considering moving to Eritrea in search of greener (or is it yellower) pastures.

Singing *Happy Birthday Song* will land you in trouble

Yes, you will be sued if you sing the popular song in public. The rights to *Happy Birthday to You* are reportedly owned by the Warner Music Group and anybody singing it in public is supposed to pay royalties to the company.

Inspekta Pamba has been moving around the estate looking for anyone singing (or even humming) the song.

Dont say you weren't warned.

Wheelz loses ball while getting head

Word in the streets is that our very own @wheelz lost one of his balls while getting a BJ from his mama. The circumstances under which that happened are still not clear at the moment, but sources say that he was suspected to be borrowing from various ladies in the village. When baby mama offered to give him head, she had only one thing in mind- revenge. And she got it.

Ka-buda finally Ready to be faithful

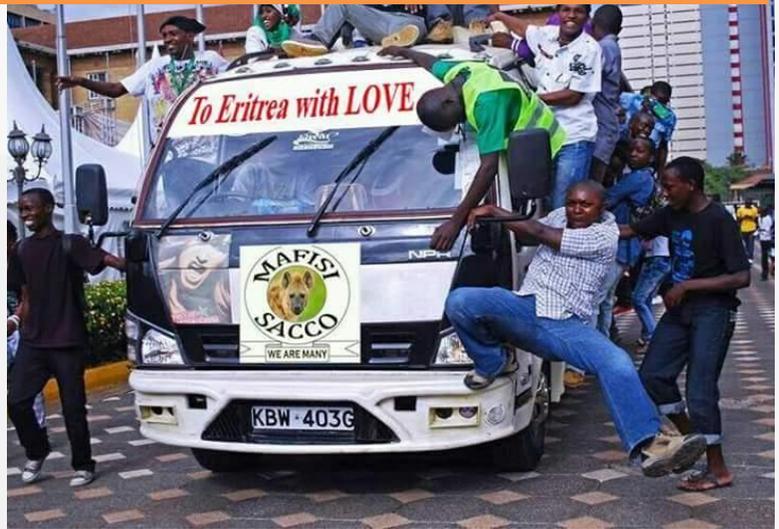
The self-confessed deadbeat dad is at it again. After sampling goods from over seven continents, he is now ready to settle. Not for love, but because he misses a nice meal after a hard day on the wheel of his 1968 Fiat truck. He was heard complaining bitterly how he has to survive on takeaway meals that he get from @Supu Don's (KtalkVille mama mboga) kiosk.

MAFISI SACCO MEMBERS MIGRATE TO ERITREA

Move declared 10th wonder of the world

The past week has witnessed a sharp decline in the number of men around KtalkVille. This has been attributed to mass migration by the members of Mafisi Sacco. These fisis have gone to Eritrea following reports that the country is rewarding men who marry more than one wife.

Long queues have been witnessed at the Eritrean embassy where the fisis are seeking resident visas to enable them travel to the country. The spokesman of Mafisi Sacco, Mr. Lichoti told KtalkVille Weekly that they are disappointed by



the slow pace of service delivery and stringent conditions set by the embassy before one can get the visa. We have established that among the requirements is a VCT clearance certificate declaring one virus-free. The same can be obtained at Dr. Luther's clinic at a cost of 7,000 bob. Contacted on phone, the doctor said that he has

issued over 200 certificates without necessarily carrying out any tests since he knows that all talkers are virus-free.

Tourists have been flocking our local town to witness this event, with one describing it to be as like wildebeests on heat crossing river Mara to meet their mates on the other side.

My Humble Appeal to Talkers of Goodwill

Dear Talkers.

I am delighted to bring you this weekly newsletter that will be coming to you every Friday. My aim is to entertain you and retell the happenings in our village over the past week. But there is a story behind it.

I am a man aged 34, a Computer Science diploma holder (Kabete Technical) who was until november last year was working for some mhindi firm. Then shit happened and the firm went down. I was left jobless and have not been lucky ever since. I have tried several things but have not been successful so far. I am still hopeful things will be okay in due time. My savings are running out and bills are piling. I have a young family to take care of. I therefore decided to venture into this task with the mentorship of a certain VE who preferred anonymity. I will keep the newsletter alive for as long as I have the time and resources.

I appeal that if you appreciate my efforts, and would want to support me as I regain my footing, kindly Mpesa something to 0724 727 585 and it will get to me. Be it 10 bob or 10,000 dollars, I will appreciate. Better still, if you've got or know of any relevant openings, let me know. Yo may reach me on ktalkvilleweekly@gmail.com. See you next week for another exciting newsletter.

(On a postive note, our village is now complete. We have the boss (admin), chiefs (moderators), prostitutes (ctaji watu), mad man (ctaji mtu), chokoras (ctaji watu) and now we have a self-employed-outdoor-monetary-solicitor (begger) But not for long.