

BOAZ ADHENGO

TALES OF DHOLUO



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Adhengo Stories

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*To my son Jahwar Amber, in all that you are becoming and as
God strengthens you to even see beyond my visions.*

PREFACE

In my memories of the past, I stumble upon statements that intrigue my mind, statements that trance a wonder; why folklore? Am stranded in thought as to whether my indulgence into this realm of enlightenment would rather contradict my ego, or if you wish, delude my inherent search for truth and meaning in this humble life we breath.

But what are folklores? What is the economic importance of folklore? Do these folklores promote superstitious thinking? Is superstitious thinking different from critical thinking?

These and other questions that are beyond this publication has embedded a constant debate at the Jahwar Amber Foundation's boardroom, with gradual agreement that culture is endemic to Africa and colonialism in as much as it is a past occurrence, is still memorable. We must therefore document our roots, at least, even if we have grown far beyond such lines of thought as superstitious or meticulous.

In our African past, classic approaches to folklores had sought their ground in anonymous social forces, primitive mentality, the entextualising of words, or metaphysical presuppositions. Often the approach has been a mere representation of facts without any admixture of theory or mythology.

As a ground for folklore research in this past, representation had its discontents and diminutions, the result was an organic conception of literature and a separation of literary criticism from sources, social effects and backgrounds, history of ideas, and politics, for the sake of attention on the object called literary, which was separated from its producer and socio-historical setting. Criticism thus unknowingly justified the practice by a new generation of Africanist ethnographers, who published lists of proverbs and riddles, translations of folksong lyrics, and texts of folktales quite separately from their accounts of economic activity, gender roles, and political organization. The principle of such an objective orientation was to regard the work of art in isolation from all these external points of reference and analyse it as a self-sufficient entity constituted by its parts in their internal relations.

We must, however, agree that traditions play a significant part to the lives of a people, shaping their moral inclinations and generally, their patterns of livelihoods. In this regard, oral traditions (*as part of folklore*) are messages that

are transmitted orally from one generation to another. These messages could be passed down through speech or song and would take the form of folktales and fables, epic histories and narrations, proverbs or sayings, and songs. Oral Traditions make it possible for a society to pass knowledge across generations without writing they help people make sense of their world and are used to teach children and adults about important aspects of a culture. However, due to digital growth and artistic enlightenment, there is a drastic change on the different niches of folklore, with many gaining from cosmopolitan relations whilst others draining away from despise and unsophistication.

Although written history existed for centuries in East Africa, most writing was in English as documented by the so-called ethnologists who came in as missionaries but would in greater detail collect tales from villages and ponder to gauge the level of reasoning amidst such a people they chose to brand as primitive; yet as truthful, the majority of the African people did not read or write in English. So the transmission of knowledge, history and experience in East Africa was mainly through the oral tradition and performance rather than on written texts. To experience these modalities, they had to become settlers.

Tales of Dholuo originates from an understanding that Africa's heritage is continuously shifting away from its basis, with meaning derailing away from its core. Although a digital product, this book is intended to act as a documentable tool for oral traditions, written and expressed in such methodology that will steer experiential interest for oral narration. We agree that oral traditions guide social and human morals, giving people a sense of place and purpose.

There is often a lesson or a value to instil, and the transmission of wisdom to children is a community responsibility. Parents, grandparents, and relatives take part in the process of passing down the knowledge of culture and history. Most importantly, storytelling provides entertainment, develops the imagination, and teaches valuable lessons about everyday life.

Many thanks to a great mentor, Mr. *Dickson Okumu Rawago*; a personality I have always quested to understand however bold and encouraging his own life has reflected change for the better but a real conservative ideal to maintaining a Christian living. It is for this love of *Agwara* village in *Bondo* that am

encapsulated to make known the rich culture of the *dholuo* nation; even as I struggle to understand this language which am identified in ethnic.

People may develop into a confused society, becoming anarchic and lacking a logical order; hence, with morality transcended even where the knowledge of Christ Jesus has not been entrenched, there would be wisdom. Hitherto, the credulities of *Kapiyo* village where my heritage home belies still torment my psyche; am not even willing to sympathize on how deluded superstitions have been used to entertain malice; even raise a generation of fanatics who are stubbornly ignorant. This is only more chaotic and to address such gaps within the pendulum of development, history has to be retold with special attention raised towards connecting with the good away from the evil. In this book, a system is started and it's my hopes to have volumes of editions transcending to even narrate whatever wellness my upbringing would have missed.

My father resided in *Tudor, Mombasa*. He never visited his ancestral home for reasons best related with avoiding encounters with magical acrimonies. Like Abraham leaving his own land to migrate into some unknown location, his life was always dependent on God. May the descendants of *Okumu Rawago*, this man who signifies OLIMA, live to become experiential results of such a migration. To God we give all the glory.

The Origin of Adhengo Narratives

In the olden days all the stories which men told were stories of *Nyamgotho*, the goddess of beauty. Cricket, who was very conceited, wanted the stories to be told about him by someone called Adhengo.

Accordingly, one day he went to *Nyamgotho* and asked that, in future, all tales told by men might be *Onjiri* stories narrated by Adhengo, instead of *Nyamgotho* stories. *Nyamgotho* agreed, on one condition. He told Cricket (*or Onjiri*) that he must bring him three things: the first was a jar full of live bees; the second was a boa-constrictor, and the third a tiger. Cricket gave his promise.

He took an earthen vessel and set out for a place where he knew were numbers of bees. When he came in sight of the bees he began saying to himself, "*They will not be able to fill this jar*" - "*Yes, they will be able*"

- *"No, they will not be able,"* until the bees came up to him and said, *"What are you talking about, Mr. Onjiri?"* He thereupon explained to them that *Nyamgotho* and he had had a great dispute. *Nyamgotho* had said the bees could not fly into the jar - *Onjiri* had said they could. The bees immediately declared that of course they could fly into the jar - which they at once did. As soon as they were safely inside, *Onjiri* sealed up the jar and sent it off to *Nyamgotho*.

Next day he took a long stick and set out in search of a boa-constrictor. When he arrived at the place where one lived he began speaking to himself again. *"He will just be as long as this stick"* - *"No, he will not be so long as this"* - *"Yes, he will be as long as this."* These words he repeated several times, till the boa came out and asked him what was the matter. *"Oh, we have been having a dispute in Nyamgotho's town about you. Nyamgotho's people say you are not as long as this stick. I say you are. Please let me measure you by it."* The boa innocently laid himself out straight, and Cricket lost no time in tying him on to the stick from end to end. He then sent him to *Nyamgotho*.

The third day he took a needle and thread and sewed up his eye. He then set out for a den where he knew a tiger lived. As he approached the place he began to shout and sing so loudly that the tiger came out to see what was the matter. *"Can you not see?"* said Cricket. *"My eye is sewn up and now I can see such wonderful things that I must sing about them."* *"Sew up my eyes,"* said the tiger, *"then I too can see these surprising sights."* Cricket immediately did so. Having thus made the tiger helpless, he led him straight to *Nyamgotho's* house. *Nyamgotho* was amazed at Cricket's cleverness in fulfilling the three conditions. He immediately gave him permission for the future to have all tales of *dholuo* narrated by his favourite orator, *Adhengo*.

Onjiri and Onge

Near *Onjiri's* miserable little hut there was a fine palace where lived a very rich man called *Onge* (Nothing). *Onge* and *Onjiri* proposed, one day, to go to the neighbouring town to get some wives. Accordingly, they set off together.

Onge, being a rich man, wore a very fine velvet cloth, while *Onjiri* had a ragged cotton one. While they were on their way *Onjiri* persuaded *Onge* to change clothes for a little while, promising to give back the fine velvet before they reached the town. He delayed doing this, however, first on one pretext, then on another, till they arrived at their destination.

Onjiri, being dressed in such a fine garment, found no difficulty in getting as many wives as he wished. Poor *Onge*, with his ragged and miserable cloth, was treated with great contempt. At first he could not get even one wife. At last, however, a woman took pity on him and gave him her daughter. The poor girl was laughed at very heartily by *Onjiri's* wives for choosing such a beggar as *Onge* appeared to be. She wisely took no notice of their scorn.

The party set off for home. When they reached the cross-roads leading to their respective houses the women were astonished. The road leading to *Onjiri's* house was only half cleared. The one which led to *Onge's* palace was, of course, wide and well made. Not only so, but his servants had strewn it with beautiful skins and carpets, in preparation for his return. Servants were there, awaiting him, with fine clothes for himself and his wife. No one was waiting for *Onjiri*.

Onge's wife was queen over the whole district and had everything her heart could desire. *Onjiri's* wives could not even get proper food; they had to live on unripe bananas with peppers. The wife of *Onge* heard of her friends' miserable state and invited them to a great feast in her palace. They came, and were so pleased with all they saw that they agreed to stay there. Accordingly, they refused to come back to *Onjiri's* hut.

He was very angry, and tried in many ways to kill *Onge*, but without success.

Finally, however, he persuaded some rat friends to dig a deep tunnel in front of *Onge's* door. When the hole was finished *Onjiri* lined it with knives and broken bottles. He then smeared the steps of the palace with *chwodho* to make them very slippery, and withdrew to a little distance.

When he thought *Onge*'s household was safely in bed and asleep, he called to *Onge* to come out to the courtyard and see something. *Onge*'s wife, however, dissuaded him from going. *Onjiri* tried again and again, and each time she bade her husband not to listen. At last *Onge* determined to go and see this thing. As he placed his foot on the first step, of course he slipped, and down he fell into the hole. The noise alarmed the household. Lights were fetched and *Onge* was found in the ditch, so much wounded by the knives that he soon died. His wife was terribly grieved at his untimely death. She boiled a lot of sweet potatoes dipped in honey, mashed them, and took a great dishful of them round the district. To every child she met she gave some, so that the child might help her to cry for her husband. This is why, if you find a child crying and ask the cause, you will often be told he is "*crying for nothing (onge)*."

Nyamgotho and Onjiri

There had been a long and severe famine in the land where *Onjiri* lived. He had been quite unable to obtain food for his poor wife and family. One day, gazing desperately out to sea, he saw, rising from the midst of the water, a tiny island with a tall mango tree upon it. He determined to reach this tree - if any means proved possible - and climb it, in the hope of finding a few nuts to reward him. How to get there was the difficulty.

This, however, solved itself when he reached the shores of the lake; where lay the means to his hand, in the shape of an old broken boat. It certainly did not look very strong, but *Onjiri* decided to try it.

His first six attempts were unsuccessful; a great wave dashed him back on the beach each time he tried to put off. He was persevering, however, and at the seventh trial was successful in getting away. He steered the battered old boat as best he could, and at length reached the mango tree of his desire. Having tied the boat to the trunk of the tree which grew almost straight out of the water, he climbed toward the mangoes. Plucking all he could reach, he dropped them, one-by-one, down to the boat. To his dismay, every one missed the boat and fell; instead, into the water until only the last one remained. This he aimed even more carefully than the others, but it also fell into the water and

disappeared from his hungry eyes. He had not tasted even one and now all were gone.

He could not bear the thought of going home empty handed, so, in his despair, he threw himself into the water, too. To his complete astonishment, instead of being drowned, he found himself standing on the sea-bottom in front of a pretty little cottage. From the latter came an old lady, who asked *Onjiri* what he wanted so badly that he had come to *Nyamgotho's* cottage to seek it. *Onjiri* told his tale of woe, and *Nyamgotho* showed herself most sympathetic. She went into the cottage and fetched a fine cooking-pot, which she presented to *Onjiri*, telling him that he need never be hungry again. The pot would always supply enough food for himself and his family. *Onjiri* was most grateful, and left *Nyamgotho* with many thanks.

Being anxious to test the pot at once, *Onjiri* only waited till he was again seated in the old boat to say, "*Pot, pot, what you used to do for your master do now for me.*" Immediately good food of all sorts appeared. *Onjiri* ate a hearty meal, which he very much enjoyed.

On reaching land again, his first thought was to run home and give all his family a good meal from his wonderful pot. A selfish, greedy fear prevented him. "*What if I should use up all the magic of the pot on them, and have nothing more left for myself! Better keep the pot a secret - then I can enjoy a meal when I want one.*" So, his mind full of this thought, he hid the pot.

He reached home, pretending to be utterly worn out with fatigue and hunger. There was not a grain of food to be had anywhere. His wife and poor children were weak with want of it, but selfish *Onjiri* took no notice of that. He congratulated himself at the thought of his magic pot, now safely hidden in his room. There he retired from time to time when he felt hungry, and enjoyed a good meal. His family got thinner and thinner, but he grew plumper and plumper. They began to suspect some secret, and determined to find it out. His eldest son, *Olitho*, had the power of changing himself into any shape he chose; so he took the form of a tiny fly, and accompanied his father everywhere. At last, *Onjiri*, feeling hungry, entered his room and closed the door. Next he

took the pot, and had a fine meal. Having replaced the pot in its hiding place, he went out, on the pretence of looking for food.

As soon as he was safely out of sight, *Olitho* fetched out the pot and called all his hungry family to come at once. They had as good a meal as their father had had. When they had finished, Mrs. *Onjiri* - to punish her husband - said she would take the pot down to the village and give everybody a meal. This she did - but alas! In working to prepare so much food at one time, the pot grew too hot and melted away. What was to be done now? *Onjiri* would be so angry! His wife forbade everyone to mention the pot.

Onjiri returned, ready for his supper, and, as usual, went into his room, carefully shutting the door. He went to the hiding place - it was empty. He looked around in consternation. No pot was to be seen anywhere. Someone must have discovered it. His family must be the culprits; he would find a means to punish them.

Saying nothing to anyone about the matter, he waited till morning. As soon as it was light he started off towards the shore, where the old boat lay. Getting into the boat, it started of its own accord and glided swiftly over the water - straight for the mango tree. Arrived there, *Onjiri* attached the boat as before and climbed the tree. This time, unlike the last, the mangoes almost fell into his hands. When he aimed them at the boat they fell easily into it - not one, as before, dropping into the water. He deliberately took them and threw them over-board, immediately jumping after them. As before, he found himself in front of *Nyamgotho's* cottage, with *Nyamgotho* waiting to hear his tale. This he told, the old lady showing the same sympathy as she had previously done.

This time, however, she presented *Onjiri* with a fine stick and bade him goodbye. *Onjiri* could scarcely wait till he got into the boat so anxious was he to try the magic properties of his new gift. "*Stick, stick,*" he said, "*what you used to do for your master do for me also.*" The stick began to beat him so severely that, in a few minutes, he was obliged to jump into the water and swim ashore, leaving boat and stick to drift away where they pleased. Then he returned sorrowfully

homeward, bemoaning his many bruises and wishing he had acted more wisely from the beginning.

The Legend of Nyamgotho

A poor fisherman called *Kwogo* migrated from Southern Lake Nyanza then called *Nam Lolwe*. He settled at a place called *Gwasi*. From *Gwasi*, *Kwogo* continued to eke out a living as a fisherman.

One day, he was fishing as usual. It was a particularly bad day for him, since it was late afternoon and he had not caught anything substantive to take to market. *Kwogo* consoled himself that there would be tomorrow, since the sun always rises without fail.

Just as *Kwogo* was about to call it a day, he felt a tag at his fishing line. At first he thought that his hook had touched a rock so he tried to unlodge it. Instead, the weight on his hook was bigger and *Kwogo* decided that perhaps the gods had rewarded him with a very big fish.

Kwogo dug his feet into the ground and pulled at his catch. He heaved and heaved and eventually the head came out of the water. But it was not the head of a fish. It was the head of a beautiful girl, holding firmly onto his fishing line. *Kwogo* was disappointed. He had wanted fish very badly, and now he had a woman instead. *Kwogo* helped the girl onto the beach and prepared to pack his things for home. The girl would not be left behind. She said she would go wherever he went. *Kwogo* explained that he was just a poor fisherman and that he had nothing of value in his miserable hut. He never even afforded to join his friends for *busaa* (traditional porridge wine).

“It is the last place that a beautiful girl like you will want to spend a night,” *Kwogo* explained.

“Don’t worry Kwogo. You have rescued me from the deep waters of Nam Lolwe where I have remained lonely for many seasons. I will be your wife and together we shall work and get rich.”

“What will I call you, now that you know that my name is Kwogo?”

“*Call me Nyar Mgodho,*” the beautiful girl replied.

And so *Kwogo* took *Nyamgotho* home where she became his dutiful wife. Whenever *Kwogo* went fishing, he caught a lot of fish and whatever *Nyamgodho* planted, the harvests were good. *Nyamgotho* had brought good luck to *Kwogo*. With the income from the fish, *Kwogo* bought *Nyamgotho* a pair of goats, male and female. *Kwogo* could now afford to drink *busaa* occasionally with his age mates.

Soon the goats had increased so much that *Kwogo* bought a cow and a bull with proceeds from his fishing and goat keeping. *Kwogo* made a fortune from fishing as his wife looked after the homestead. Their livestock increased so much that *Nyamgotho* was overwhelmed by the work at home. She encouraged *Kwogo* to get another wife. The Luo were polygamous and the man would take on extra wives as his fortunes improved. *Kwogo* was very grateful to *Nyamgotho* who had brought him a lot of luck.

Before long *Kwogo* was a very rich man with several wives. It was not long before the riches got into his head. *Kwogo* boasted to everyone that he was a rich man and should not be taken for granted. His walled homestead resembled a small village, teeming with wives, children, livestock and chicken. It reached a point where *Kwogo* saw no point of fishing anymore. He had everything a man would want. He could even afford to spend more time drinking with friends.

Kwogo's behaviour changed drastically. The richer he got, the more he drank *busaa* with friends, acquaintances and strangers. He relished boasting about his riches and his large family. Due to drinking for long hours, *Kwogo* started arriving home late. He made a lot of noise when he went home. He demanded food with a lot of insults. His own family started to fear him. His wives hated the insults and occasionally if one was slow to feed him, *Kwogo* would beat her.

Kwogo's homestead was not the same happy place that *Nyamgotho* had helped to build.

The wives became fed up with *Kwogo*. They conspired not to open for him if he ever came home drunk and querulous. It didn't take long before that happened.

One day *Kwogo* went home drunk even more than usual. He knocked on *Nyamgotho*'s door, making a lot of noise as he did so. She refused to open. *Kwogo* went to the second wife's door and knocked with force. She too did not open in spite of *Kwogo*'s insults. *Kwogo* knocked on all the doors of his wives but none was willing to open even after he used all the threats in the world. It was almost day break when *Kwogo* gave up knocking on his wives' doors and retired to sit outside.

Kwogo was completely fed up when he uttered the unthinkable words:

"This is me Kwogo, the richest man in Gwasi, having to sleep outside because all my wives will not open for me. Not even the one whom I fished out of Nam Lolwe!"

Nyamgotho was just preparing to wake up for the day when she heard those words.

"Kwogo! What did you just say?" *Nyamgotho* asked. She could not believe her ears. She had come to live with *Kwogo* when he had nothing but his limbs. And now he had the audacity to speak like that.

"Listen to her. I hooked her out of the water like a fish. I gave her a home, and now she is so big headed she will not open for me," *Kwogo* repeated.

Nyamgotho was not going to take it anymore she assured herself. She picked up what she could carry on her head, and without as much as goodbye, she walked out. *Kwogo* saw her walking towards the lake. He said to himself that she would not be able to survive without him.

Now a most shocking thing happened. As *Nyamgotho* was going towards the lake with her belongings on her head, some goats followed her. Some cows followed her too. *Kwogo* watched in shock as some chicken followed her too. Soon, all the cattle sheep and goats walked

out of the enclosure and followed *Nyamgotho* towards the lake. *Kwogo* watched in shock as his entire wealth in livestock followed *Nyamgotho* without a sign of coming back.

When *Nyamgotho* reached the lake, she walked right in. The water reached her at the ankles at first but she walked on. Then the water reached her at the knees but she did not stop.

Kwogo watched in disbelief. All this time the animals walked with *Nyamgotho*. Soon the water reached her waist, then shoulders until only her nose was above the water. *Kwogo* called out to *Nyamgotho* but she did not hear him. The water was now up to her ears. Then she disappeared into the lake and the animals followed her one by one until there was not a single animal left.

When *Kwogo* saw that he was now as poor as he had been before the arrival of *Nyamgotho*, he wept in remorse. The tears flowed to the ground where his feet turned into the roots of a *Kwogo* tree. Before very long, his legs turned into a tree trunk and the rest of his body developed branches with many leaves. That is why every homestead in Luo Nyanza has a *Kwogo* tree that grows even without being planted to remind men how pride comes before deep falls; we should control our tongues and treat everyone God brings our way as a blessing.

The Legend of Luanda Magere

Long time ago before the arrival of the Europeans, the indigenous people liked to fight amongst themselves. There used to be people who were afraid for the war and some were very brave and just wanted the war to break at any time for them to show their manhood.

This is where you were to get people like *Luanda Magere*. He was so brave such that nobody could cross his line. *Luanda Magere* was a warrior living in *Kano* from a clan known as *Sidho*. He was polygamous. They were fighting with another ethnic group known as *Nandi*. The *Nandi's* loved fighting at night but *Luanda Magere* with his group inclined for daytime. The *Nandi's* were very good fighters at night compared to daytime.

While people were fighting, *Luanda Magere* was to be seen at home smoking tobacco. But when his people were under Nandi threat, he could be seen asking for his spear and shield. When he went to the battlefield, *Luanda Magere* could kill so many *Nandis* in one single offensive sweep and eventually forcing them to retreat to their homes.

The Nandi's could always be seen discussing argumentatively about the best strategies to kill *Luanda Magere* who was their only stumbling block.

Luanda Magere was so powerful against the Nandis who feared him extensively. When they went to war and noticed *Luanda Magere* in the battlefield, they would retreat back to their *Nandi* county. *Magere* would raid the Nandi people; taking their cattle and other items without resistance. This he did in daytime. Those who may have attempted to resist were killed on the spot as they didn't know how to attack *Luanda Magere*. The secret was that his body comprised of hard stones called '*Luanda*'; no spear could penetrate his skin.

Whatever enemies were trying to spear him encountered broken or bent spears. This is when they started to worry of what protective substance *Magere* had been embalmed with. They tried all they could do to kill him but they weren't succeeding. After much research and empty results, they concluded that he was God's favoured and they could do nothing about it.

For many years they deliberated on how they could kill him. One of the Nandis thought it wise that they give him one of their beautiful daughters to marry. Eventually they found one beautiful lady whom they called *Masero* and in pretext of defeat for truce, they gave her out as a wife to *Luanda Magere* on condition that the constant daytime raids upon their homes would come to a stop. Given that cows were sacred to the *Nandis*, anyone who could overcome their defence to take their cows was also seen as sacred.

When the news of marrying a Nandi lady reached his first wife, she did not accept the idea and told *Luanda Magere* that as they were their enemies, there was no way he could marry the lady but he could not heed his wife's advice. Eventually he married the Nandi lady and lived

together as a husband and a wife for so many years to come. On the contrary, besides being a wife, this lady had only one mission, that is, to know where *Luanda Magere's* strength was hidden. She used to go back to Nandi and each time she would be asked if she had already known the source of *Luanda Magere's* strength.

One time his first wife went to the garden and by that time *Magere* was not feeling well. He decided to tell his Nandi wife to treat him by cutting his shadow and put medicine where she cut. When she did this, she could see blood coming from his body. This is how the son of Kano sold away his secret; now *Masero* and the whole Nandi County would know the weakness of *Luanda Magere*. When the first wife came from the garden and asked *Magere* how he was feeling by that time, he told her that although his condition worsened when she left, he was by that time feeling well. The wife asked him very loudly whoever had cut his shadow, and he replied that it was *Masero*, the Nandi lady who did cut it. She lamented that he had put his foot in a heap of burning coal, for *Masero* was not a girl to be trusted even if she was already a wife. *Masero* had refused to learn *dholuo* and was always eating milk that had charcoal in it.

After a short, time *Masero* disappeared and went back to her homeland, to tell her people of the newly discovered secret; the weakness of *Luanda Magere*. She told them everything including where and how to spear him at the battlefield. They knew where to strike.

Back in Kano, *Magere's* first wife tried to hold him away from interest into the battle, but he insisted on his heroism; even chanting that *Magere* was no coward like a woman's loin.

Eventually, in two weeks' time, the most awaited battle was to be experienced. Kano and Nandi went to war and it is said that when *Magere* went to battlefield, he killed so much people that could not be counted; abnormally he got tired and could not run any further. That is when one Nandi warrior speared his shadow that he collapsed. The whole Nandi village celebrated, shouting Kalenjin chants of success and insulting Kano for emotional stupidity that costed life of a great warrior. However, they became surprised when, instead of *Luanda*

Magere falling down, his body melted away; and where he was killed they could only see stones forming. From there, they were so proud they went home laughing though others were apprehensive wondering on whether he actually died or he was still alive as they could only see stones. The Kano people for who *Luanda Magere* fought went home wailing terribly as their hero had been killed. When he died, there was a strong wind everywhere and over the whole of Kano and Nandi, there was a thick cloud covering on the sky.

The *Luanda Magere* stone can be seen along the Chemelil - Nandi road. It is about 67 kilometers from the Base camp and 1.5 kilometers before you reach the *Kopere - Songhor* junction. It is mystified that if you sharpen your spears on these stones then you go to hunt for wild animals, you cannot go back home without killing an animal.

The Legend of Got Ramogi

For many years, the story of the *Lwos* was never spoken, and for a decade, they have been considered enemies of the state. This was to change when the world's most powerful country chose a son of *Lwo* to be its president. This incident made many interested to know of their origins, and amidst many tales, there must be a connection point.

We start from *Wau* Province now one of the states in Southern Sudan.

There was a serious outbreak of anthrax (*Opere*) which whipped out the entire livestock that were owned by the *Lwos* (*Luo*). Following this incident, which social anthropologists say took place around 1300, the community resorted to fishing along the River Nile for their survival. And this is how it earned the derogatory names Jo-Oluo-Aora (*meaning Luos of the river*).

Previously, the *Lwo* group had briefly occupied Nuba Hills, which are located North of Khartoum, the present of the Nubians (*a small community of black Africans believed to be the closest cousins of the Lwo speaking groups*). This was the first stop after Egypt, a country which the group had conquered and ruled for some times.

The Chieftain at the material time was *Sinakuru*. He is the father of *Podho* who in turn fathered *Ringruok*, who is the father of *Owat*, and *Owat* is the grandfather of *Jok*, son to *Twaifo*. *Jok* also became a grandfather to *Ramogi* through his son, *Nayo*. *Ramogi* had two sons *Aruwa* and *Podho*.

Aruwa and *Podho* were involved in a serious dispute after *Podho* speared an elephant to scare away herds of elephants which were destroying the family farm of sorghum. *Aruwa* is reported to have insisted in getting back his very spear, though he knew that the animal had escaped with the spear sticking on its body to the thick forest and the spear was irretrievable and the issue was near impossible.

The two brothers disagreed and got separated each choosing and following his own path. *Podho* chose to move eastwards, while *Aruwa* moved west.

Today the descendants of *Aruwa* are the various communities and tribes scattered all over Africa, most of them have settled In Central and West Africa. They include the communities like the *Acholis*, *Gang*, *Chopi*, *Aluru*, *Langi* (Lang'o) *Kwa Lughbuara*, *Madi*, *Kuku*, *Mondo*, *Lukoya*, *Lubira* and *Yom*. Others are *Siluk* and *Dinka* and *Nuer*. A few of these people could also be traced in Chad, Cameroun, Ghana and Nigeria.

After the two disagreed and separated, *Podho* who moved eastwards got several sons who included *Ramogi*, *Lang'ni*, *Omia*, *Okombo*, *Didand* and *Muwiru*.

Ramogi had two sons, *Nyaluo* and *Ramogi* who is commonly known as *Ramogi Ajuwang*. He earned the extra name *Ajuwang* because his father *Ramogi* died while he was still in his mother's womb.

Nyaluo fathered *Omolo* who is the father of *Ochielo* and *Ochiel* (*Ochiel*) had two sons *Ragem* (*Gem*) and *Migenya* (*Ugenya*). And *Migenya* became the father of *Anam Lwanda*, *Omolo*, *Gor*, *Deje*, *Waljack* (*Kager*), *Nyamwot*, *Rachiewo* and *Nyiner*.

It was *Ramogi Ajuwang* who arrived in Kenya and temporarily settled and built a home in a place called *Ligala* in *Bunyala*. The place is still called by that name to this day. He then crossed *Rwambwa* and *Yala Swamp* to *Got Ramogi* in what is the presently called *Yimbo-Kadimo*.

When *Ramogi Ajuwang* reached *Got Ramogi* he had his eldest son *Jok*. And *Jok* got a son there who was called *Imbo*.

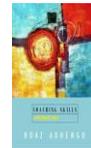
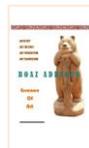
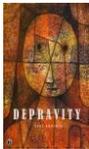
Imbo had nine sons, namely *Mumbo*, *Dimu* (Dimo), *Nyinek*, *Iro*, *Magak*, *Nyiywen*, *Nyikal*, *Rado* and *Julu*.

Mumbo is the father of *Muljwok*, and *Uyawa* and *Muljwo* is the father of *Alego*, *Chwanya*, and *Omia*.

It was *Alego* who the first to moved eastwards from *Got Ramogi's* ancestral home. He crossed river *Yala* and settled in a place called *Nyandiwa*. Here *Alego* faced the stiffest resistance from some concocted smaller Bantu tribes which had sworn not to allow the *Joka-Owiny* and *Joka-Ramogi* to set foot in this territory, but *Alego* had somehow superior force which overcame the *Kombe-Kombe* group as they were called then. These are the people who ran across *River Yala* and settled in *Yimbo* and form parts of the 54 sub-tribes living in *Yimbo* today. But they were later overturned and conquered by the *Domo*, *Owil*, *Nyiywen* and *Wareje* group which were part of *Joka-Owiny*.

It is arguably that nearly all the Luo sub-clans living in Nyanza might have settled in *Alego* before moving to their present land.

Also by Boaz Adhengo





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Mr. Boaz Adhengo is President to Creative Arts Society of Kenya, a leadership coach, business for arts consultant and a cultural policy strategist. Having published thirty-five (35) books, he manages the Adhengo Boaz & Associates consulting group and is co-founder of the Buruburu Basketball Ministry, Inc.

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