



THE TENANT'S WRATH

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BOOK SUMMARY

THE TENANT'S WRATH (previously published as *Outrageous Humans On Exoplanet*) is a novel that has been written according to the author's experience in living as a tenant. The author had tenanted in nine local houses from 2005 to 2010 before he shifted into his building in 2010. While he was living in this building, he published part of his book in January 2012. This work had only 112 pages, and it included only 500 printed copies.

He employed it to extract data from other tenants as he walked with his book in the streets. The author continued to tenant after he moved from his house in 2015. At the time of publishing this book, he has an experience of fourteen tenancies in local houses. There are nightmare tenants and troublesome house owners in some tenancies. How is this report presented? Through appreciating efforts that are done in space technology and exoplanetology.

Technology has drastically developed nowadays and, keeps on advancing rapidly. This has not left behind exoplanetology and space technology (Let's appreciate how curiosity rover was positioned on Mars). Presently, we can live outside our customized planet for several months. Due to it, we know the biological impact of lacking the Earth's gravitational force. For instance, cardiovascular behavior of the human body when it's in weightless environment.

The laboratory that has been built outside the world by exceptionally committed scientists, International Space Station (ISS), is another justification of technology improvement. With the strength of current technologies, humans can get physically to 'ISS' building through the support of space shuttles, as it was the case of Atlantis and Soyuz in 2010. Also, as it was the case of SoyuzTMA-14M spacecraft in September 2014, and several voyages that have been done recently. Now, this is only the 21st century, what about 1100 years later?. Let's imagine technology advancement in the 33rd century. A reader may generate possible answers to it.

The report on how landlords and tenants live together is assumed to be written in 34th Century. One century after the first signal indicating aliens' presence is detected. A fictitious reporter from the Earth, writes it after he voyaged to aliens' planet. In nature, this exoplanet has very angry aliens.

In 34th century, when earthlings start to interact with aliens, some aliens take advantage of interplanetary mobility by harnessing wisdom from earth's very wise ancestors (In the book, words of ancestors are written in bold). These are like Henry Ford (1863 - 1947), John Lennon (1940-1980), Bertrand Russel(1872-1970), David O. McKay(1873-1970), Sarah Josepha Hale(1788-1879), Johann von Goethe(1749-1832), Abraham Lincoln(1809-1865), Benjamin Disraeli(1804-1881),Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882),Mischel(1968), and many others. How do they employ our ancestors to benefit their wrathful nature? The reporter has everything.

The reporter does thorough research on aliens' culture, including their science, daily life, food style, theology, landlord-tenant relationship, education system, and others. Then, he writes a report which he forwards it to his fellow earthlings. It takes only a month for the emailed report to reach the planet Earth.

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OUTRAGEOUS HUMANS ON EXOPLANET

Memento Mori is one of the planets that are entirely outside the world's known solar system: an exoplanet. This exoplanet has features that resemble stars. Among those features, one of them is very big and, is similar to the world's sun to give life to natives of this exoplanet. There is also another feature, resembling Earth's moon, but, it's not very similar to that moon.

This exoplanet is quite distinct from the one that orbits the star named 51Pegasi, I mean, 51Pegasi b. It's not similar to the one that orbits the star named Gliese 581, specifically, Gliese 581 d. I'm referring to those exoplanets, which were discovered by earthlings.

Of course, I'm still baffled; earthlings' disclosed exoplanets, like HD 189733b and HD 209458b, are more than 55 light-years away from earth. However, exoplanet Memento Mori is only 23 light-years from earth. Why did earth's famous technologies of previous centuries, like that of the 21st century, totally fail to discover it? Alas, it's too late now. Our fellows have already done it.

Earth's thirty-third century was wonderfully accompanied by drastic revolution here on Memento Mori. Before the incident, no one knew that on earth, there were also humans as here on Memento Mori. Very high advancement of internet technologies on this exoplanet impacted communication interference between websites or servers of these aliens and those which are found there on earth.

Consequently, natives of this exoplanet were marveling at websites whose owners perplexed all Memento Morians. Some of those websites were displaying very annoying pictures! The pictures were more unpleasant than those which exposed earth's naked humans. Those pictures were worse than those of earth's twenty-first century.

Observing the negative outcomes of those pictures to Memento Mori generations, nations of this exoplanet united to expel websites hosting those pictures. Memento Mori's *international* police organization, *mentapol*, was assigned to arrest those website owners.

They had to reconnoiter for years and years; finally, they realized that; those websites were not launched on this planet. This was the start of their

research for a planet with that information. For half a century, they scratched their heads, looking for that planet.

Finally, they found the earth. Thereat, they saw some creatures that seemed somehow similar to those worst pictures. They instantly perceived that the earth's humans were the ones who owned websites with those pictures.

When they landed there, on earth, for the first time, they were in their spacesuits. Those spacesuits were linked to some features which looked like gas bottles. However, one of the crew risked himself by removing his spacesuit to taste that earth's air.

Fortunately, that air didn't cause biological problems for him. Thus, they all started to breathe that earth's air. That was also the beginning of inter-civilization contacts between residents of this exoplanet and those from the earth.

Although the humans of this exoplanet Memento Mori are outrageous, however, they could no longer manage to arrest their criminals. Their presence on a bizarre planet, earth, for their first time, really fascinated our fellows.

Unexpectedly, they postponed their goal. Instead, they concentrated on enhancing communication with earthlings. They also found it better to spy on that earth's science and technology.

One of the extraordinary things present on exoplanet Memento Mori is that almost all countries' names found on it, resemble those present there, on earth. Memento Mori's inhabitants considered sending all earthlings to a court for imitating their countries' names.

As they lacked supporting evidence to prove beyond doubt, 'who imitated from whom?', that tension was automatically neutralized. They, instead, compromised to collaborate with earthlings in fostering space technology.

The collaboration led to a notable revolution in space technology. Earth's space technology and this technology from here on Memento Mori, were unified. It resulted in a very advanced space technology, which enabled the engineering of spacecraft which could transport people between these two planets.

As a consequence, the International Space Station, ISS, which was initiated by earthlings and positioned in a low earth orbit, was tremendously

improved. It became among these nine thousand and five passengers' rest centers.

Most of the passengers' rest centers were constructed in areas with zero gravity. Passengers from either planet could travel safely. Gravitational force among universal objects like moons and planets never induced obstacles to spacecrafts. Passengers enjoyed them. The force just increased 'touring' entertainment!.

In previous centuries, for instance, like earth's twenty-first century, voyaging between these two planets would be very fictitious. The fastest earth's space shuttle would take three hundred thousand of earth's years. Then, it was to add two more Memento Mori's years to complete a journey between them. For, according to how this exoplanet revolves around its sun, one year, here on Memento Mori, has fifteen months.

Any earthling who has never visited Memento Mori will never agree that this exoplanet is very, very far away from there, on earth. My friend, who is there on earth, never be extenuated!. To be honest, here on Memento Mori is very far from you.

Its distance is such that, for a spaceship that had to move at a low speed as that of earthlings'

known sunlight, 299,792,458 m/s, would make us fatigued on the voyage. For, with that speed, that light takes twenty-three earth years to travel from there on earth to here, Memento Mori.

The unification of earth's astronomy and Memento Mori's astronomy in the breakthrough of earth's thirty-third century exposed lots of phenomena. Earth's scientists joined with aliens to strongly reject Albert Einstein's formula: $E=MC^2$. Hence, that oft-sensed headache of utilizing an infinite amount of energy so as to exceed the speed of earthlings' known sunlight, was totally cured!.

They reached a consensus that a relativistic mass of a body doesn't necessarily increase as its speed increases: *special relativity absence*. Thus, the integrated technology empowered passengers to travel between these planets within fifty-four earth months.

My voyage from there on earth to here on the aliens' planet, took only four earth's years through this hired transport. A leased spaceship that has been recently innovated here on Memento Mori, *Atlantis 979*, made my odyssey so short.

My friend who is there on earth doubtlessly would wonder why I opted for the greatest speed space ship although it was very expensive and

risky. It's because I was very ambitious to arrive here in the shortest possible time.

Later, I will explain what forced me to flee from the earth and decided to land here on Memento Mori as a tourist. For, no earthling had ever given me a clue on fascinating scenery of this exoplanet.

It is a real ecstasy to secure an opportunity of touring this exoplanet. It has an infinite number of extraordinary things! Those termed as earthlings' extra ordinaries are just kids. You can completely forget that its aliens are very dangerous.

As I highlighted, they are naturally outraged. If you used to hurt humans awkwardly, please just remain there on your planet. Here on the aliens' planet, there are guiding laws. However, to these aliens; wrath first, the law is coming next.

Calculating from the first day I landed here, up to the moment, I'm now among the hosts of this exoplanet. I'm jubilant when I keep on admiring its attractive sceneries. For your information, I'm presently in a country known as Byeveni(BienVenue).

Byeveni is among the luckiest countries here. It behaves as if it's at the center of the planet. It's also bounded by all other countries!

In the interior part of the country itself, Byeveni has a thousand regions. Among those regions, one of them encloses the entire country. The head of that region is accountable for protecting all borders of the country.

The geographical location of this country befriends many. The reason is that anyone who lives in Byeveni, has the advantage of visiting any other country without crossing the unplanned country. Alternatively, all other countries here on Memento Mori, are neighbors of Byeveni.

This situation has forced Byeveni to be very illustrious. Many countries are struggling to invest here in Byeveni. Byeveni's land is a very expensive asset to secure. Several guests have already invested in it.

Thus, it's merely normal to spot an average Byeveni citizen who can speak more than ten international languages. Regardless of these endowments, still, a large population of this country don't take advantage of a variety of economic opportunities scattered throughout Byeveni.

Setifokasi (SetFocus), as a modern teenager here in Byeveni, found this fracture. He is endowed with a broad scope of thoughts. He loves to be among those who successfully figured their lives. He is a young boy who is enriched with daydreams, yes, he thinks about issues which may currently seem implausible.

This young boy launched ‘thinking about tenancy’ as soon as he graduated secondary school education. This was due to his perception.

“I’ve already completed my form four. I’ve not been selected to join form five. So, what can I do now?” Setifokasi found himself reasoning it, especially at the time when he woke up in the morning. (Allow me to clue you; here in Byeveni, a single academic year lasts for fourteen months.)

“It’s better you fail, but you qualify parameters for form five, rather than you pass and miss those parameters. I’ve done well in civics. I’ve got excellence in religion! But, all combinations are imbalanced, why? Ah! It’s true; these are tortures.” He paused to think as he was responding something to his father.

“Therefore, getting division two is meaningless,” Setifokasi resumed his thoughts. “For how long shall I continue to stay at home?”

Living with only my parents, like this, may only squeeze my mind in a bottle.” He then took a toothbrush and cleaned his teeth.

“I eat freely! I sleep freely,” he continued to think, brushing his teeth. “Shall I be able to invent an idea which will enable me to employ my country’s richness properly? Byeveni has various economic opportunities.”

“Good morning,” he said after he saw her mother.

“I had better occupy a tenancy,” he resumed his thoughts. “As I’ll be self-reliant, I’ll also be aware of various life figuring skills. Hence, it will, in turn, disclose to me all techniques to employ those opportunities that our neighbors merely harvest for their benefit. Although they say go slowly, however, if there is a chance to fly, why should you crawl?”

Setifokasi kept on sinking into a chasm of thoughts as he asked himself more and more questions. The more the days went on, the more fatigued he felt relying on his parents. (My friend, let’s share this information, the exoplanet Memento Mori rotates on its axis for twenty-two hours only, in each rotation. Hence, one Memento Mori’s day

has only twenty-two hours. Thus, the earth's day is distinct from Memento Mori's day.)

“If I go to rent a house and become self-reliant, what shall I eat?” Setifokasi advanced his thoughts. “Where shall I get necessary needs like soap, fuel and even clothes to wear? I'd better continue to escort my father in his daily home tasks so that I maintain 'no payment' policy in eating and sleeping.” (Another geek, the environment and chemicals present here on memento mori, tune all soaps to be foam-free, but they are very good at removing dirt.)

Setifokasi found himself thinking and criticizing. “No, if my father had similar thoughts, it means I would now be living in my grandfather's compartment? Let me invent a way that will allow me to live an independent life as a tenant.” He went on thinking like that for two months. He finally thought of seeking temporary employment to achieve a self-reliant life.

Setifokasi was eager to capture a job as it happens to many young graduates. “Should I wait for job vacancy advertisements, so that I cast my applications? No, I'll delay! After all, my brother captured a job that was not publicized.”

He tried to remember how his brother made it, then he continued. “My brother told me that some companies or organizations find it very costly to advertise a job, especially minor jobs. What they do instead, is use friends, relatives or employees of that firm. Let me try my luck. I’ll supply my ‘temporary work’ application letters to every reachable place.” He kept on encouraging himself through those thoughts.

Setifokasi acted the way his ideas commanded him. He wrote many application letters. He treated them as earth’s brochures by distributing them to almost every organization or company found in his Delo district.

His ideas came into life when he received a letter from Delo Tea Processing Company Limited. Most people abbreviated it as DTL. This company was dealing with the processing of a product which was similar to earth’s tea.

A reason to clue; in contrast to earth, all young leaves, here on Memento Mori, have black colors. They lack chlorophyll, for chlorophyll is present only in water. When these leaves dry up, they become gray.

Science books, here on aliens’ planet state that a plant makes its food by the support of only

two things; sun and water. When the energy from sunlight reaches those black leaves, it creates a gas that is utilized by many creatures here on Memento Mori. This gas is somehow like earth's oxygen. For, even I can freely breathe this gas here in a strange environment.

Setifokasi was required to weigh some tea that was being harvested by labourers. Various laborers were harvesting tea from company estates. Thus, to Setifokasi, this letter was like dawn. For, his dreams were now starting to come true.

Instantly, Setifokasi started to work so hard in DTL. This made him very popular among the other employees. He was loved due to his steadfastness in weighing tea with great caution. Thus, many laborers were surrendering their tea to him to be quickly examined so that they could return for another harvest.

By using distance measurements found there on earth, there were five earth kilometers from his parents' house to his job. Contrary to it, Setifokasi was never late at his workplace. Small passengers' buses which resembled earth's small buses, simplified transport of Delo residents who were as busy as Setifokasi. (I ought to use the earth's distance measurements. For, one kilometer

here on Memento Mori is equivalent to eleven kilometers, there on earth.)

At the end of a month, Setifokasi was visited by new thoughts. “Now, I can buy my own personal needs. Let me start hunting for a room that is close to my workplace so that I improve my work efficiency.” Setifokasi fell into those ideas as soon as he earned his first salary.

Thus, he immediately began to search for a house with a room that suited him. (Let’s get closer; a moon, here on Memento Mori, orbits its planet for thirty-five days per revolution. Months are neither leap nor short; all are equal! However, calendars have never been in contradiction with different phases that the moon undergoes as it orbits Memento Mori.)

THE FIRST HOUSE

Setifokasi managed to acquire a room in mama(mother) Ndezi's house. This building was close to the DTL factory. Hence, it rescued him from that burden of squeezing in a minibus with other passengers. This also eliminated his travel budget to and from his workplace.

The room had two parts; a bedroom and a living room. Its sitting room was as big as its bedroom. This gave him extra space to store his additional items. He didn't find any obstacle to affording rent in this house. Of course, the house had all the necessary supports to a young boy like him.

The presence of electricity and a borehole awash with water was a sufficient reason for Setifokasi to accept mama Ndezi's house. (A tip please; clean *water*, here on Memento Mori, has a greenish color. According to aliens' science, water is composed of *hydrogen ion*(H^+), *hydroxyl ion*(OH^-) and *chlorophyll*.

Memento Mori's chlorophyll is the one that turns aliens' water *green-colored*. Also, it's the one that's capable of releasing a gas that is similar to carbon dioxide found there on earth. Particularly,

when a plant wants to manufacture its own food. For this gas is very rare, here in the aliens' atmosphere.)

Mama Ndezi's house had a reasonable volume. Inside the courtyard, there were five rooms; each room had its living room. Tenants had already occupied four rooms. The fifth room was the one that was waiting for Setifokasi. In its main apartment, it had only three rooms. Renters had already dominated two rooms. The house owner utilized the remaining room.

Setifokasi was extremely amazed to observe the woman owning this house alone. He was accustomed to such houses being owned by two people, usually, a father and a mother.

Mama Ndezi didn't have a family life. She had only one child named Ndezi. At that moment, the child was sent to a boarding secondary school. Mama Ndezi managed to live on her own because she was a hard-working woman. She frequently walked to work in the morning and returned in the evening.

"These are your fellow tenants," Setifokasi began to recall how he was welcomed by Mama Ndezi on the first day. "You'll often not find me here at home during the day. My tailoring job

leaves me with no time to spare here. In rare cases, I finish my assignments very early. However, I'm obliged to escort my apprentices at work."

"I started tailoring activities as soon as I completed my primary school education. I didn't get an opportunity to get a secondary school education, for secondary schools were very scarce at that time. Admission to it was extremely sparse. The admitted ones were those with the highest scores in their examinations. And my parents couldn't finance me in private schools."

"Hence, my parents bought me a sewing machine. I was then sent to a certain old man who taught me how to sew. Thanks to God, I'm now a competent tailor for men's and women's fashioned clothes. Welcome, feel at home. Those whom you see here are some of the tenants. Two tenants are on a voyage; they will be back soon." After learning these details, he decided to clean his two chairs that were in his parlor.

The presence of Setifokasi in this house was like a fortune to him. He treated it as a unique opportunity to learn from Mama Ndezi; how to live a self-reliant life.

"If this woman has managed to have a building as beautiful as this one, I will volunteer to

have a house like it or even more than that. What's needed is attitude and knowledge. For, even my grandmother once told me: **the poorest man is not without a single piece of money, but without a dream.**"

Setifokasi kept on reflecting it as he prepared himself to go to his job. At work, he thought of how to augment his income during ample time. Moreover, his working hours were ending at 3 P.M every day. *Important please;* here on Memento Mori, one hour is equal to one hundred minutes. One minute is also equal to one hundred seconds.

It's an inevitable fact that sixty is the smallest number which is divisible by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. It's also divisible by twelve, fifteen, thirty and itself. Even these aliens acknowledge it. Regardless, sixty has never been favored here as on earth.

"My grandfather once told me: **what you do when you have nothing to do, is what qualifies how you are.**" Setifokasi revived his grandfather's life by meditating. From 3 p.m. to sleeping time was a long duration to him. He felt that the time was wasted.

He observed no answer to it; hence he assigned himself additional time to conduct research on it. As usual, he couldn't avoid criticizing himself on some of his decisions.

“It looks as if I'm pursuing an entrepreneurial path. Eep! I once tried to read an entrepreneurial pamphlet from my friend. What I grasped was just a definition of entrepreneurship. I don't know another side! Science and entrepreneurship, how come? I don't acknowledge that what I did was a big mistake.”

“Big mistake?” he repeated those words.

“Science needs tranquility and high level of concentration. After all, entrepreneurship was just optional. If entrepreneurship was important, wouldn't those who initiate curricula make it mandatory? Some courses just aim at torturing brains. They're meaningless. Science is all about life! If I had studied entrepreneurship, it would have swallowed me!”

Setifokasi went on comforting himself through those notions. “Ich! in the current challenge, how can I apply my science?” That criticism kept him restless.

During the evening, he preferred to wander in several nearby streets. At this time, he walked to find a commercial idea. The day of the sun was the fifth *day* since he invented ‘walking for a business idea.’ Halt please; day of the sun is the first day of the week, here on Memento Mori. To some extent, it can be like earth’s Sunday.

As a routine, on that day, he visited Mshikeni street, casting his eyes to various traders in that street. He saw many local businessmen and women in the street. “Have your used clothes, please,” one young brother directed his trap to Setifokasi, wiping dust that scattered throughout those used clothes. “I’m just passing,” replied Setifokasi, “I’ll buy it next *time*.”

Setifokasi paced on after responding to that used clothes dealer thinking, “This business environment is very critical. These car manufactured specks of dust, destroy a market for used clothes. It’s better to wrap them with white nylon sheets.” The more he paced, the more local traders he saw.

“Come here, uncle,” a certain young boy’s voice called Setifokasi. “These are beautiful oranges; I’ve already peeled them off. Your only task is just taking them and eat.” (Information

please; my earth's friend, in fact, those were not as true as earth's oranges. They were fruits that are somehow like earth's oranges. Their vivid name's pronunciation returns the name of a certain president, there on earth. So, call them just oranges.)

Setifokasi turned back to obey that voice. "Where is some water," he asked, looking at those oranges with a desire to eat them. "Oranges have already been peeled off, you just eat them," the young boy replied, blowing those oranges with his mouth. He did so to remove dust that was accumulated on those peeled oranges.

"If you want coated oranges, they are here in a bag," that young boy shouted, holding a bag with those covered oranges.

Setifokasi opted to purchase two rind-oranges and put them in his bag. Then, he carried on with his leisure walk, exposing himself to more and more traders. Some of them were selling pots, dry roasted nuts, ornaments, mats made from woods which are similar to earth's reeds, and so on. He witnessed very few customers dealing with those traders.

When it reached 6 p.m. in the evening, he went back to his leased home. He did so by

occupying a route found in Mwacheni street. As he was on his way back, he saw a certain lady who was selling rice fritters.

Setifokasi thought of purchasing them for breakfast the next day. Those rice fritters were stored in a clean wooden box with a glass at the side facing the road. Thus, it made them well exposed to customers without being decorated with dust or flies. The beauty of that container interested Setifokasi.

“What price do you sell?” Setifokasi asked, immediately after approaching that lady.

“Only two hundred pieces of money per each rice fritter,” replied the seller.

“I take four of them,” Setifokasi uttered, selecting some of them by employing a steel rod, set for that purpose. The seller took a piece of newspaper, put the rice fritters on it while repositioning them, to settle them properly on it. She did so with her right hand while her left hand was holding a newspaper with those kinds of stuff.

“Sorry, sister,” Setifokasi spoke, “I know how many items I’ve grasped since I watered my hands. I know how many parts and, where I’ve scratched on my body. However, I’ve respected to

utilize this rod that you've provided for it. Why do you employ your bare hand to arrange the rice fritters of which I'm the eater?" Setifokasi criticized while holding a newspaper containing that food.

"I'm sorry," the lady apologized, restoring those sold foodstuffs while giving him others. Setifokasi accepted them, paid cash and associated receipts as demanded by the culture of Memento Mori's aliens.

(Briefing please; on earth, the seller is the one who issues a receipt to a buyer. Here in the aliens' world, things are different. Firstly, each transaction has to be associated with a receipt, no matter how small a transaction is.

Secondly, in aliens' culture, a seller must issue a receipt for every item he sells. And, a purchaser has also to issue a receipt for all the money he surrenders to a seller. Each piece of money must have its associated receipt. A person who has legally earned some money must store the associated receipt as long as she or he stays with it. Otherwise, the owner is prosecuted for illegally possessing that money.)

When Setifokasi had already received his receipt for the purchased rice fritters, he quitted,

knowing not, whether the returned rice fritters were eaten by the seller herself or, they were still being marketed. In another perspective, it may be true that those rice fritters that were secondly given to Setifokasi, were also previously rejected by another buyer. This is the vendor's secret. I'm happy; my fellow earth humans don't practice it.

Setifokasi arrived at his home very fatigued from his long walk. As he was lying in his bed at night, he thought about a type of business that would suit him. He finally concluded that he would sell second-hand clothes.

“How many traders are selling used clothes? The trading of second-hand clothes is so popular here. Shall I get customers?” Setifokasi asked himself those questions as soon as he arrived at his idea.

“What's needed is not to be alone in business. The quality and uniqueness of your service or product will sustain you in a given business.” He carried on heartening himself.

Setifokasi argued to differentiate his business by moving with it to several streets found in his residence.

“Why didn’t I take an entrepreneurial course? Perhaps, it could reward me with a more beautiful idea than selling used clothes. Uh-hu, it’s true that my Latin friends lied to me. They told me that science is scientia. Science is knowledge! Is entrepreneurship not knowledge?” He paused his thoughts while turning over in bed.

“My grandmother was not wrong when she told me: **Time you enjoy wasting, was not wasted,**” he continued to think, adjusting well his quilt. “Look now! I compensate that wasted time by lacking entrepreneurial skills. He blamed himself because he intentionally rejected the ‘entrepreneurship’ subject.

However, he had already reached an apex of his research. The only current obstacle to him was to secure capital so that he could officially commence his affair. He took a large part of his salary as principal. He went with it to the seven-gates street where he managed to purchase one bundle of second-hand clothes.

Setifokasi’s life started to get busy. After returning from his main job, he used to rest for a short time. He then took his business to various houses near his dwelling. This task was initially

very challenging for him. When he became aware of multiple streets, the job turned normal.

The affectation he demonstrated when dealing with this job, raised his attitude and trust to his customers. He preferred to wear black suits with black shoes. He was sometimes wearing a well-ironed shirt which was well tucked in his pair of trousers.

The necktie was like a finger and a ring, particularly when he opted not to wear his suits. These items were not necessary to him when he was going to DTL, due to the nature of the job itself. But, before starting his itinerate trading, he ensured that he was well dressed, then he hunted his potential buyers.

A natural hairless scalp close to his face tuned him to regularly shaving his hairs. Every day, his head looked as if he had just cut it the day before. His height, as tall as earth's coconut tree, made his used clothes easily visible even from a distant observer. Especially, those which were held in his hands.

The first day he executed it, people didn't pay much attention to him. Some people laughed at him, gossiping that he was vainly embarrassing

himself. He himself felt ashamed to some extent, although he wasn't willing to demonstrate it.

“Get clothing at only five thousand pieces! Be smart at cut-price!” Setifokasi uttered these words as he kept on advertising his used clothes.

“Your price is extremely high,” declared a certain young man. “I bought similar clothes yesterday at only three thousand pieces. Have you begun to steal our belongings?” That young man reacted to Setifokasi while departing, immediately after inspecting one of the pieces and found that it didn't satisfy him.

“You bought fake cloth, not natural. Just wear it, you'll discover why you were sold it at that price.” Setifokasi replied, after noticing that his anticipated customer had no intention to purchase it.

Among the days that encouraged Setifokasi to love his affair, was the day of Saturn. This is the last week's day here on Memento Mori. It resembles the earth's Saturday. (My fellow earthling, it was noticed that some people had many responsibilities on Memento Mori, hence the number of days in a week was not enough to them).

Thus, scientists here in the aliens' home, wanted to add at least one day, to be placed between Thursday and Friday of this planet. This led to great astronomical controversies. They lastly compromised that one week had to have seven days only. Therefore, the number of days in a week resembles that of earth.)

As he used to, in the evening of that Saturn's day, Setifokasi went to advertise his affair. He walked while memorizing the five steps to a sale. "Introduction! Presentation! Short storytelling while influencing your expected customer to buy your product! Close your affair to save time, by learning whether an expected customer will buy it or not! Rehash to maximize sales within the shortest time!"

Setifokasi was fond of repeating these steps to help him overcome various categories of customers. This technique is employed by most of Memento Mori's residents who have gone to school. Setifokasi captured it after attending a two days training course.

The training was conducted at the College of Entrepreneurship and Empowerment, present in Delo town. This training was offered free of charge

by the Byeveni government. It was only a week since he graduated 'ordinary level' education.

However, very few people responded to an invitation concerning that training. Many residents ignored it, proceeding with their daily jobs. They treated that call as just a waste of time.

“Customers like quality in products or service,” Setifokasi started to remember one of the college’s trainers. “Quality does never come as accidents we witness on earth’s websites. It depends on attitude, knowledge and personal efforts.”

As he walked just one earth kilometer or so from his home, he saw a man coming from town and walking towards him. “Aww! my old man!” Setifokasi started a conversation when he approached him, touching the old man’s right hand charmingly while looking at his face sympathetically as if he once saw him somewhere.

“Hello,” responded the man although he wasn’t old enough to be called so. He was about thirty years old. Setifokasi called him ‘old man’ to merely honor him. Many customers here on Memento Mori, are pleased to be pronounced ‘old’.

“I’m Setifokasi. I’m dealing with selling of used clothes from abroad, our neighbors. Today’s release is like a promotion. It’s because I’ve just opened a new bundle of second-hand clothes. I sell each garment at a discount of fifty percent. Give me only five thousand pieces of money instead of ten. Please take advantage of this discount. The price will grow high tomorrow!”

Setifokasi uttered those words while surrendering one of the pairs of trousers to that ‘old man’.” It was as if that man had already paid for it.

“Thank you,” the old man replied.

After that, Setifokasi took another pair of trousers, like the one that had already been taken by the ‘old man’, giving more details that would promote it. That man, instead of concentrating at the garment he was holding, he kept on looking at Setifokasi while listening to those blurs which intended to initiate a transaction.

“My old man, how many pairs of trousers are you advantaging today.” Setifokasi closed the deal in Memento Mori’s style of making sales. In fact, he wanted to know whether his expected customer would purchase it or not. This is how these aliens make sales.

“I’m coming from town now,” responded that ‘old man.’ “So, I’ve bought all my necessary needs! I’m left with very little money. It doesn’t equal your declared price. Since you’ve said that it’s based on a discount, let’s go to that house, there is my friend from whom I can borrow some money.” That customer kept on replying, pointing his finger to a house in which he intended to borrow it.

“OK, my old man! No problem at all! I’m for that deal! This is my own job! I’ve no boss! I supervise myself!” Setifokasi shouted those words serially, carrying his bag on his shoulders, ready to follow his potential customer.

When that ‘old man’ got the money, he bought that pair of trousers. “My old man, please buy another one for your child,” he rehashed while smiling, “or, even for your most loved grandchild.” Setifokasi persuaded that customer as if jesting.

“No, it’s quiet enough for today. Let’s meet on another day, your phone number please!”. That ‘old man’ said, smiling and taking a piece of paper to note the number.

“Don’t be annoyed my old man,” Setifokasi answered, giving the man a business card which had his name, street, and phone number.

This is a technique that aided Setifokasi in capturing numerous customers. “He employs superstitious power to sell his ‘second-hand clothing’,” some who also dealt with used clothes, reacted to him that way.

“The spirits of his ancestors appeared in his dream. They commanded him to sell second-hand clothes. That’s why customers are excited about his goods.” Others didn’t hesitate to declare those words.

Setifokasi surged forward, for, he knew that there is no fruitful engagement without an intrigue. Above and beyond, in entrepreneurship training, he was taught various tactics to overcome embarrassments. So, these statements never irritated him!.

Setifokasi’s father was shocked when he heard that his son was engaged in second-hand clothes. He admired Setifokasi’s zeal in driving a self-reliant life. Thus, he awarded him something that resembled earth’s bicycles. Sometimes, Setifokasi employed that bicycle for his business. This enabled him to bike to as many streets as he could. It, in turn, doubled his sales.

Setifokasi turned his sitting room into an inventory for storing his bundles of second-hand

clothes. He was delighted with the use of this living room.

At first, he was mandated to pay rent that associated this sitting room. Although, at that time, a sitting room wasn't so important to him. This was due to the fact that Setifokasi had no furniture reasonable enough to demand that room. Important items that he possessed were a small table, two wooden chairs, a small wooden sleeping bed, and a few utensils. Those items could reasonably be placed in his bedroom. It would, therefore, reduce his rent.

The more the days went on, the busier he became. The diversity of daily activities fashioned him fatigued, notably, when he was backing from advertising second-hand clothes.

He, therefore, requested his parents to allow him to live with his young brother, Pihechipi. Pihechipi was in form one at Mazabodi secondary school. This was a day school; it was four earth kilometers from Setifokasi's tenancy.

His parents authorized the request. Setifokasi was responsible for paying a fare each time when Pihechipi had to go to school. This wasn't difficult for him because his income could perfectly support it.

Pihechipi was helping his brother in domestic activities like preparing dinner and cleanliness. He was the one who frequently returned home early. Hence, he was a great pillar to Setifokasi who seemed very much occupied, all the time.

Selling used clothes publicized him to all the streets he used to travel. The streets he loved most were michungwani, kidongo cheupe, bababa and bibikwerekwe. His attractive language to his customers gained him more and more customers.

Some customers went to his tenancy. They did so to seize an opportunity of selecting their customized second-hand clothes, straight from Setifokasi's inventory. He immediately found himself having a crowd of customers before he even itinerated them. Customers knew exactly what time he was arriving from DTL. His sales grew.

The tenth day of the sun since he started his business, Setifokasi woke up early in the morning and got out. "Good morning madam!." He saluted mama Ndezi after seeing her in the courtyard. Mama Ndezi persisted with her task of igniting her charcoal stove as if she didn't hear that request for connection.

“Good morning!” Setifokasi repeated, louder than before, after walking closer to her.

“Morning!” mama Ndezi answered partially. Setifokasi perceived a certain hostility in that reply. However, he proceeded with his daily activities without concentrating on it. He used to know his fellow residents.

Since it was the day of the sun, in a short time, two of Setifokasi’s customers knocked on the door of mama Ndezi’s house. Setifokasi sold them used garments. They immediately left.

As soon as they departed, mama Ndezi took a broom and swept a place where Setifokasi’s visitors had stood. That place was not dirty enough to demand a broom. For, Asha, a tenant on the duty of cleaning that area, had already done it.

The day of the moon (earth’s Monday) morning, mama Ndezi pursued Setifokasi as he was assisting Pihechipi to take out dirty utensils. “Setifokasi,” mama Ndezi uttered, “tell your young brother to clean this area before he goes to school. He has to do cleanliness; a healthy body is everything!” She said in a harsh voice, casting her eyes to Setifokasi.

“Mama, we’d already argued with other house’s tenants on how to clean it,” Setifokasi replied politely.

“I’ve said he has to do cleanliness. He’s reasonably old. Why should he get to school without sweeping?.” An angry madam, now, reacted while getting inside her main house.

That incident surprised Setifokasi and other tenants. A tenancy agreement stated clearly that; any unmarried man is responsible for sharing the cost of sanitary equipment. This included items like brooms, sweeping brushes and toilet medicaments. A female tenant was liable for ensuring the house was always clean. This also associated the house’s surroundings.

This aspect also allowed both male and female tenants to discuss issues that contradicted them in this segregation of duties. The contract also prohibited tenants from implementing any house reconstruction without the owner’s permission.

Purchasing hygienic equipment wasn’t a problem for Setifokasi. That’s why he signed a contract to live in mama Ndezi’s house. Setifokasi opted to leave her and went to work. He departed while a female tenant who was on duty was cleaning the area.

He returned home as early as his habit, in order to advertise his second-hand clothes. When he arrived home, he talked with tenants who were there, at that time.

“I don’t know, maybe this woman is an alien from the earth,” shouted mama Monica who tenanted a room next to Setifokasi. “I unwillingly opted to transfer my young boy who was lying in my sitting room. The landlady didn’t like to see my child here,” she said, her right hand pointing to an intended portion in that house.

“She sometimes compelled him to have such cleaning as she tells you,” that madam continued to utter emotionally.

“Never compromise with her,” Zawadi interrupted, another tenant of that house. “Don’t you buy us hygienic kit? After all, even herself, she does never sweep here. We’re the ones who frequently do it. What irritates her?” The lady kept on talking while washing her food containers.

After being empowered by his fellow tenants, Setifokasi decided to leave it as it was. In no time, he took his business and disappeared to the streets. When he returned in the evening, he went to mama Ndezi.

“Mama,” Setifokasi initiated a discussion, the soonest he saluted her, “may you please refer to your tenancy agreement?”

Mama Ndezi looked down her nose at Setifokasi. “In the agreement,” she answered timelessly, “I’ve written that; a landlady is mandated to alter this contract at any reasonable time.”

Immediately after this, she got outside the courtyard wrathly. Setifokasi didn’t find further reason to prolong him there. He entered in his room while whistling in a low voice.

It was Setifokasi’s habitual behavior to whistle when he was angry. Any one unfamiliar to Setifokasi would think that he was singing a certain song he loved. Never! He was chanting something unknown even to himself. Only anger tuned him in that situation.

Pardon, let’s share it; on this planet, all are wrathful by nature. We know it. However, everyone has a unique style of demonstrating it to others. I know only Setifokasi’s style: whistling.

“This boy doesn’t deserve to stay here. He must leave. He contends with his landlady! If he thinks that owning a house is a simple matter, let

him build his. Wait, there is a day.” Mama Ndezi spoke to herself like earth’s mad, soon after getting back to that courtyard.

She uttered those words while bearing in mind that, she had released a semi-annual rent-agreement to Setifokasi. Only three months had already gone. Hence, Setifokasi had still more than four months to stay there.

Setifokasi treated this challenge as part of his life training. He surged forward with his hard working spirit. In that way, he gradually gained many customers. Some customers were his fellow tenants. He borrowed them because they were in the same building. All his fellow tenants were excellent payers of their debts. And hence, the amount of income he earned from his second job was more than that he received from ‘tea weighing’ job.

When mama Ndezi observed that her tenant’s contract had left only one month to expire, she wrote him a memorandum. In a memo, she had written as follows.

“I’ll not renew the validity of your tenancy as soon as it dies out. You’ve to evacuate this house immediately at the end of this month for the following reasons. Firstly, I gave you a tenancy to

live here. Who permitted you to convert my room into a store for handling and selling your goods?. Secondly, you don't perform hygienic activities. I'll never tolerate staying with someone who doesn't love cleanliness."

Setifokasi came back in the evening, from his daily duties. Mama Ndezi delivered that memo to Setifokasi when he was opening his door. That memo didn't astonish Setifokasi. He envisioned it as a rain whose clouds had already manifested three months ago. The next day in the evening, as a rule, he took his goods and disappeared with them, to the streets.

At this time, he had two tasks: selling clothes and seeking for a room. That's how he planned to kill two birds with one stone. He ported those used clothes to more unfamiliar streets to have a wider coverage of exploring a room for tenancy. He really walked!. He distanced as far as Chomboni street and Tamanda street. In each street that he passed, he also inquired the possibility of having a room.

Some people advised him to employ brokers. But, he preferred to volunteer it himself. He didn't want to waste his time with brokers. He also didn't like to incur the brokerage cost for

surveying a room. It is a fee that many dealers charge a client before that client concludes whether to accept a given room or not.

On the fifth day when he was in this kind of walk, he met with his friend named Kokomo. Both of them were disciplined at Vibii Secondary School. Vibii was a boys' boarding secondary school. These two friends cooperated in their *studies* until they graduated. Unfortunately, they graduated without exchanging their mobile communication numbers.

Back then, no one had a mobile phone. And, they didn't even have an idea of exchanging phone numbers of their relatives. Also, at that time, Kokomo was being cared for by his uncle whose dwelling was in Mbatata district. After completing form four, he opted to go back to his parents who resided in Delo district. Thus, this was ample time for them to meet each other.

Kokomo was so much surprised by Setifokasi's spirit of advertising second-hand clothes unashamedly in the streets. "Are you jobless? Did you struggle to get form four education to sell second-hand clothes? Setifokasi, you make me ashamed," he uttered sheepishly to trick his friend.

“Sir, life has no special formula,” Setifokasi answered, placing well his used clothes, “you’re better off; you eat and drink freely from your parents. I’ve parents too, but I’ve decided to be a street boy.” Setifokasi kept on emphasizing as if life had really been tough to him. After these responses, he told Kokomo how he managed an independent life as early as he graduated.

Kokomo was extremely excited to hear efforts that his friend demonstrated in managing self-reliant life. “I’m just joking you,” answered Kokomo, exposing his teeth. “I’m assisting my father in gardening. I sometimes sell *oranges* and *bananas* that are grown in our farms. This hen that I’ve carried with me, I itinerate it for sale as you do to your used clothes.” Immediately after being told that, Setifokasi chuckled.

“Keep away from your jests, I thought you send it to your relatives! to be slaughtered,” Setifokasi added amazingly.

“We keep animals to eat,” replied Kokomo, “we sell surplus, this is the benefit of farming. After all, I would have already sold it, we’ve just failed to negotiate the price.” Kokomo answered, tightening his hen.

(My earth friend, a little clue please; the hen that Kokomo was holding, somehow resembles that earth's hens. The only unique difference is in its legs. Memento Mori's climate is frequently associated with very strong winds. All birds here on aliens' planet, adapt to it by having four legs. This enables them to overcome that wind, mostly, when they stand on tree's branches or when they're on land.)

"I've got an admission to the College of Science and Technology," said Kokomo. "The college is situated in the city of Dotilaiti. I'm going to keep my head installed with tax management at a *certificate* level." Kokomo narrated, inspecting Setifokasi's used clothes like an anticipated customer.

"Congratulations," uttered Setifokasi, "I also submitted my applications to that college, but, up to this moment, I don't know the other side."

Setifokasi and Kokomo submitted their applications following an advertisement that appeared in a newspaper. The announcement demanded each applicant to engineer a letter to the head of that college. An applicant was required to have lacked form five admission. Also, a candidate

was demanded to have passed mathematics, science and language subjects.

The college was offering training in information technology, accountancy, tax management, computer science, and banking, at diploma and certificate level. The ad also demanded successful applicants not to worry about stationeries, tuition fees, meals, and accommodation. This was due to the readiness of Byeveni's government to sponsor development of those youngsters.

Setifokasi captured that notice from a newspaper that he received from his father's friend. So, he requested Kokomo to spy on his name when he would be at the college so that he knows feedback on his application.

Later on, these friends exchanged their phone numbers and wished each other all the best in hunting for life. Setifokasi proceeded to rove his used clothes while hunting for a room to a tenant. Kokomo also took his way while roaming with his 'hen for sale'.

At last, Setifokasi succeeded to capture another room to lease. He got a chance in a house that was belonged to a grandmother, grandma Chipuseti(ChipSet). Grandma Chipuseti was living

alone in a house with four rooms. Those chambers were constructed in a circular pattern. There was no main house. All rooms were positioned in such a way that the doors open to a courtyard.

The first room was for goats and chickens. The second one was for family guests. The third one was special for storing charcoal and firewood. The fourth chamber was utilized by grandma Chipuseti herself. Setifokasi loved this house because it had electricity. Also, it was not so far from DTL.

Setifokasi was directed to the room that was used to store firewood and charcoal. The room was big enough to enable Setifokasi to secure his necessary items. It was capable of storing his second-hand clothes. Therefore, he argued with grandma Chipuseti to pay advance rent for renovating the room.

The reconditioning of Setifokasi's room got completed in that house. That work reached its apex when Setifokasi had left only ten days to terminate his tenancy with mama Ndezi.

When only two days were left for his tenancy agreement to expire, Setifokasi bade farewell to his fellow tenants and mama Ndezi.

That was a day of sun. It was the day that Setifokasi had appointed for departing.

Some of his fellow tenants were gossiping at mama Ndezi, blaming that she had a questionable habit. Some of them were whispering that they were on the way to evacuate the house due to the house owner's maltreatment.

"It's implausible to be a universal negotiator at a hundred percent. For, everybody has some weaknesses." Setifokasi advised with a sunny smile. "If communication with your landlord is doing well, why desert a house? Frequent shifting isn't good, especially when there is no genuine reason to do so. Firstly, you waste your time looking for where to dwell. Hmm, hmm," he coughed deliberately.

"Secondly," Setifokasi carried on, "you restore your 'guest' stage instead of moving forward with your conditioned environment. Perhaps, in case you realize that your security is at risk when forcing yourself to live in a certain house. Under this condition, I strongly advise you to sacrifice your money by deserting your landlord."

Setifokasi uttered his advice, casting his eyes here and there, inspecting the house for the

last time. For the entire time, some tenants were just glaring at him, smiling and screaming; “hmm, hmm.”

“Don’t populate us with political lies and truths. Did you lack your security here?” a tenant popularly known as Kobe, asked Setifokasi jokingly.

“I don’t mean it!” Setifokasi replied laughingly. “Our neighbors from Latin country say; *ex nihilo nihil fit*, ‘nothing comes from nothing.’ Everything you witness on this planet has a reason for its existence. Unfortunately, we don’t know how to react to them properly, or how to decrypt them.” He hesitated, glancing at them. Some tenants laughed.

“We concentrate on trivial issues,” continued Setifokasi, “instead of scratching our heads to reasonably employ our country’s wealth, to rescue ourselves from poverty,” Setifokasi commented while shaking his right foot.

As they kept on gossiping, mama Ndezi passed close to them with a furious face. “Go to build your own house, so that we become your tenants. I know you’ll finish it within only a month.” Another tenant known as Ganda, jested while eyeing at Setifokasi. They all laughed again.

“You’ve also to get some money so that we know who you are, maybe you’re of the same species!” mama Monica added.

“Wheel!” Setifokasi shouted, desiring to walk away, “let me go to take a car, I will be late. After all, am I going far from here? We’re still together, here in Delo!” Setifokasi spoke, terminating the conversation by lifting his left foot.

They shook their hands, freeing Setifokasi to search for a car. Pihechipi was left at home to arrange all articles, ready to shift to a new tenancy.

In a little time, Setifokasi came back with a small car that resembled earth’s pickups. They immediately started to load it. Some tenants helped them to load it with cargos, and hence, the work got finished in a short time. Setifokasi and Pihechipi boarded in a car, waved their hands to their fellow tenants and departed, to grandma Chipuseti.

THE SECOND HOUSE

Setifokasi and his young brother treated grandma Chipuseti as a parent of their mother. Grandma Chipuseti also treated them as her grandchildren. Grandma Chipuseti was black, but not like earth's sooty rice fritters. She had an average height. She was obese. The thickness of her arm exceeded even Setifokasi's thigh. Anybody could foretell that fatty foodstuffs made her body that way.

She fancied eating ugali from polished maize with vegetable known as kismvu. She was sometimes frying some groundnuts. She was then pounding them until they became something like a frozen watered flour. In Byeveni, this is famously known as chimbondi.

Yes, this was an alternative vegetable for grandma when she was tired of kismvu. It doesn't mean that she had only two alternatives, never!. She had other vegetables like mrenda, matembele, and mchicha. However, one of the two vegetables had to be in a recipe. This grandmother was sharing these vegetables with her grandchildren, Setifokasi and Pihechipi, soon after cooking them.

In very rare cases, this grandma cooked a vegetable known as mangatungu, although she was a bigwig in it. Complexity in cooking that kind of vegetable discouraged her from cooking it frequently. (A lot of difficulties are encountered when making it ready for eating. Numerous fire-woods had to be associated with removing the pride of mangatungu.

For, here on Memento Mori, mangatungu is cooked for eight hours. After that, they are removed from the fire, and their poisonous rinds are crushed by using hands, as is done to innocent rinds of earth's boiled groundnuts. They're then kindled to re-initialize cooking. This was a reasonable punishment to anybody who had true love with mangatungu.

“Brother, how do you rate the vegetables we receive from grandma?” Pihechipi asked when they were walking in the street.

“Very delicious,” Setifokasi replied, speeding up his paces.

“Why shouldn't we cook like grandma?” continued Pihechipi.

“Where can we have a training for cooking those kinds of vegetables?,” Setifokasi replied. Pihechipi didn’t answer. He was only laughing.

“On this world,” Setifokasi proceeded, “it’s not necessary to know everything, that’s why we’ve various professions. All professions are interdependent.”

“Brother, it’s not good to be only the recipients,” Pihechipi joked, “let’s learn how to cook so that the next day we donate her.

Setifokasi laughed again a little bit. “Ok, it’s fine,” answered Setifokasi, “I advise you to commence with how to cook mangatungu. If you ask grandma to teach you, she will do it. I’ll continue to buy her some fishes and sardines, together with groundnuts for preparing her chimbondi.”

The environment was like that in grandma Chipuseti’s house. Setifokasi used to buy supermarket vegetables to share them with grandma Chipuseti. Grandma used to prepare local vegetables and apportioned them to Setifokasi.

Setifokasi had an extra task of ensuring grandma’s water containers were supplied with abundant water. This grandma was not strong

enough to fetch some water each time she needed it. Sometimes, Setifokasi and Pihechipi were assisting grandma Chipuseti to clean an area that she was dominating.

To be honest, Setifokasi didn't receive any tenancy agreement from grandma Chipuseti. This grandma turned Setifokasi into her full relative!. Thus, Setifokasi volunteered to take responsibility for the entire monthly electricity bill. He turned it into his sole affair.

He made this decision as grandma didn't have a formal job that could allow her to effectively engage in sharing electricity cost. Also, her electricity consumption was exclusive to lighting and listening to a radio.

Thus, if electricity were misused, then Setifokasi and Pihechipi would be the suspects of it. Sometimes, her children were escorting her financially. However, this grandma ran her daily life by selling foods like pastries, doughnuts, and porridge. Primary school pupils were her best customers. These kinds of food resemble those which are found on earth, although, not to a great extent due to environmental impact, here in aliens' climate.

Grandma Chipuseti's house was not solitary. There were also some neighbors' houses that encircled hers. Those apartments had tenants as it was in grandma Chipuseti's house. Lipindula and Dibagi (Debug) were ladies who lived nearby. Lipindula was fatter than Dibagi. Dibagi defeated Lipindula in terms of her white visage.

In the second week, since he occupied that domicile, Setifokasi met with both sisters at the same time. It was almost five p.m. in the evening. Setifokasi was getting back from his job.

"Nowadays, you've turned into 'brother to see', we're all living together but, we never see each other (brother to see resembles that earth's pangolin)!" Setifokasi said it to mock them, soon after eyeing them.

"Perhaps you should say, we've turned into sister to see, of course, we're not men," Dibagi responded smilingly.

"We're present all the time. You're the one invisible!" Lipindula interrupted the dialogue. "How do you live with that grandma," now, she initiated a topic, shaking her arms and hence making her exposed breasts seem as if earth's strong ocean currents were chasing each other in an ocean.

“Is your flour real protected?. Don’t you sense it decreases rapidly and invisibly? That grandma employs your flour to feed her beasts,” Lipindula carried on, putting her both hands around her waist.

“Where do you think she gets some flour while her job is unrecognizable?” Dibagi also added to the matter, “that grandma is superstitious. She is a Lucifer’s *militant*! Oooh!. We, her neighbors, are fairly living with her because you can’t opt for your neighbor. What can we do?” Dibagi uttered those piercing words, casting her eyes to Setifokasi as to emphasize her point.

“If we are deceiving you,” Lipindula drove another nail, “just question yourself. Do you think the money you earn from your job corresponds to your expenditure? Your fellow employs ‘work for me’ occult technique, to gain money from hard-working people like you! Aww! It’s up to you!” Lipindula terminated her remarks, opening her *khanga* partially and closing it tightly around her waist.

(My fellow earthling, please, let’s disseminate this one to each other; superstitious beliefs and magic do not merely annoy earth, but also this planet. After aliens’ revolution, which

occurred in the earth's thirty-third century, the majority of Memento Mori's known apostles preached this way.

“The first humans were expelled from the garden of Eden. God directed them to live on various planets found in this universe. Although, at that period, technology was very low. To God, nothing is impossible. They easily travelled from one continent to another. For instance: There on earth, they travelled from Europe to Africa, Africa to America, and other continents.”

“We've also heard that, on earth, some people were made to cross the Red Sea by drying a certain part of its water. It's a miracle of the powers of God!. The migration in that very poor technology era resulted in a skull of the first human being visible in earth's Africa. Meanwhile, those who were found in earth's Europe were the ones who advanced in science and technology.”

My colleague who is there on earth, nobody here on Memento Mori boasted of having discovered the skull of the first human. Therefore, all aliens' historians, here on Memento Mori believe that the oldest skull among those which have already been uncovered is still the one that

was disclosed there, in Africa. Now, let me leave you to proceed with this preaching.

“Likewise, in that era, humans had the power to easily move from one planet to another. Due to the increasing amount of human evils, that power left them. It never returned until God had mercy on them by gifting them a great power to possess technology. Hence, they engineered aeroplanes and space ships, which enabled them to resume navigating this universe.”

“Surprisingly, each planet in which God instructed his people to disperse, Lucifer (the head of evil spirits) ordered his army to pursue them. Lucifer continues to try combating against God by using his recruiters, militants, and his other servants. He gifts his servants a superstitious power so that they quit God and trust him.” Here on Memento Mori, sorcerers are known as Lucifer’s militants. Thus, the belief in magic and superstitions has also been planted to these aliens.)

“Hmm, I don’t know anything about it,” Setifokasi responded to those ladies. “What I care, I’ve got the room to dwell. Others are none of my business.” He said, demonstrating that he had to rush somewhere.

They said goodbye to each other and parted; everybody took a separate route. The fact was that he was rushing to nowhere. He didn't like to be told those kinds of words. This was due to his experience of living with a grandmother as old as grandma Chipuseti.

When he was at primary school, Setifokasi was fortunate to live with his mother's parents. His grandmother was living in Sihini(c-In) district, which is in that Webu(web) region. Thereat, he witnessed many scandals directed to his grandmother. Setifokasi was hearing some people, especially those of his age, gossiping that his grandmother was superstitious.

Some of them forced her to attend to a witch doctor famously known as Sikaniefu(Scan-F), so as to neutralize her magic power!. Her grandmother used her own fare to accept attending to that witch doctor so as to avoid tension with her neighbors. However, her prosecutors proved that the witch doctor got nothing from her; he merely impacted her to incur travelling and primitive examining cost.

Sikaniefu was a sorcerer who was highly valued for curing people using magic power. His dwelling was about forty-five earth kilometers from

the residence of Setifokasi's grandmother. However, many people struggled to travel to his residence so as to get their problems solved.

Thus, Sikaniefu was a very rich person. He constructed many beautiful big houses and opened many projects. He was believed to cure humanity's problems! Many Sihini residents got more and more impoverished as they concentrated on conflicts. Feedback from Sikaniefu's examinations greatly contributed to conflict with Sihini dwellers.

High examining fees that Sikaniefu charged his customers made him wealthier. He left behind his customers as they suffered from a very poor living standard. Some of those customers wished to be laborers of Sikaniefu.

Keeping it in mind, Setifokasi managed to rescue himself from a trap of initializing hostility towards grandma Chipuseti. He surged forward with his normal life, living while collaborating with grandma Chipuseti, like a parent of his mother.

Three weeks after Setifokasi moved to grandma, grandma Chipuseti bade farewell to Setifokasi. She was going to Deditiroki (deadlock) region. There lived her child known as Ezifu (Elsef). Ezifu invited his mother to assist him in rectifying his family problems. Good

communication between Ezifu and his wife was powered off. Hence, grandma Chipuseti's advice was of great value to rescue her child's family.

“If people ask for me, tell them I've gone to Dediroki to see my child, it's enough.” Those were grandma Chipuseti's wise words to Setifokasi.

I don't know why grandma didn't like to expose the reason for her departure. I surrender it to grandma Chipuseti herself. If you try to tolerate rage accompanied by these aliens, some of Memento Mori's elders are so wise!.

“Well! Grandma, bon voyage!” Setifokasi replied sadly, for, he realized loneliness.

When preparations for the journey were done, grandma travelled to Dediroki. At this time, the entire house was dominated by Setifokasi and his young brother.

When grandma Chipuseti was still on her trip, a certain old man emerged at home. That old man seemed older than grandma Chipuseti. However, he was somehow strong. He presented himself as 'mzee Java'.

“Are you grandma Chipuseti's relative or a tenant?” mzee Java asked Setifokasi politely.

“I’m simply a lessee here,” Setifokasi answered, “it’s almost a month since when I shifted here.”

Mzee Java looked here and there inside that house. Then, he turned to Setifokasi and said.

“Oh! Alright! I’m the owner of this house. Grandma Chipuseti was my wife, and I’ve nine children with her. But, later on, we divorced. I accompanied with another wife in a house that I am living at the moment,” he continued while boasting.

“Wow!” Setifokasi hesitated amazingly, “I’ve never been told about that. For my entire presence here, I know that grandma Chipuseti is living a solitary life. She has no husband. Ok, thank you for opening my mind. Where do you live now?”

“I’m living at the other bank of this river, which leads us to town,” mzee Java replied.

He then described his house. After descriptions, Setifokasi had well recognized that house. The house was at the side of a route in which Setifokasi usually took when going to DTL.

When this was clear, mzee Java requested Setifokasi to get out of the courtyard so as to talk freely. “I advised my child, who lives in Dediroki. I

told him to build a modern house for her mother. That's why, regardless of her old age, you find her living in a beautiful house." Mzee Java uttered it soon after they got out.

"In the past, grandma Chipuseti and I were living there," he proceeded, pointing a finger to where their house was elevated. That area had only residues which demonstrated that a building had been spoilt a long time ago. Those remnants were about three earth meters from the current grandma Chipuseti's house.

"Thank you 'mzee' for elaborating it," Setifokasi responded while observing those residues.

"I've opted to visit this house after capturing the grapevine that grandma is on a voyage. My intention is to know whether the building is well secured." After talking, mzee Java ordered Setifokasi to get back inside the house.

Setifokasi complied with those orders as a person who is at the initial training stage in one of the earth's armies, recruiter! "If there is any problem associated with this house, never hesitate to inform me," advised mzee Java.

“Ok, mzee!” Setifokasi replied, shaking his head as a symbol to compromise with him.

“You’ve also to submit to me all receipts associated with the payment of electricity bills. I’ll be handling those references.” He carried on issuing instructions.

“Mzee, no problem at all,” Setifokasi said, looking at mzee Java intently.

When they had talked for about ten minutes, mzee Java said goodbye to Setifokasi by shaking their hands. “I’m rushing to a mass. A shepherd is there; I see him going to it.” Mzee Java said while detaching his hands from Setifokasi, casting his eyes outside through the door, glimpsing at somebody who was passing out there. Then, he walked away.

As soon as mzee Java departed, Setifokasi found himself with several questions. “Why did mzee Java wait to address himself until grandma Chipuseti’s departure? Who told him of her departure? He has said that he dashes to a mass. Today is not Sunday; it’s neither Friday nor Saturday. What type of mass is conducted this evening? Where was he in the morning?” These questions lacked reasonable answers at that time.

At the same time, Setifokasi decided to speak with one of his neighbors, who was believed to have been there for a long time. “Yes, I know that old man,” said mzee Sokwe, soon after Setifokasi had outlined it.

“OK! Setifokasi replied.

“Mzee Java was the husband of grandma Chipuseti. However, they divorced about fifteen years ago. Mzee Java is currently a born-again person. He normally goes to pray, especially in the evening. Before his conversion, he was a famous drunkard. He was also peaceless, cruel, and never settled in his family. He often quarreled with his wife. They sometimes sent each other to court.”

After this narration, that old man took a vernacular cigarette and smoked it. “Ok! It’s true that he was the husband of grandma Chipuseti.” Setifokasi said while nodding his head.

“This old man was reckoned to be very famous in superstitions of this place,” mzee Sokwe added. “But, at the moment, ‘born-again’ theology has helped him. He currently seems to be quieter. He is also wise, contrary to his former behavior.” That neighbor narrated it in a low voice. Setifokasi thanked his neighbor for that assistance.

At this stage, Setifokasi recognized what impeded that old man from propelling to Dediroki. Ezifu was still assuming that his mother was wiser than his father. However, he phoned his father to inform him of the invitation he gave to his mother. He tricked his father that his invitation was aiming at getting ample time to discuss family issues with her.

That chance wouldn't occur if he had to go to Webu. The reason was that; he had to portion his time so that he could visit all his Webu relatives. Thus, he would have very little time to share with his mother. Meanwhile, he promised to give him fare after his mother returned so that he would also have a good time in Dediroki region for several days.

After two weeks, grandma Chipuseti came back from Dediroki. Setifokasi was so delighted to have his grandmother returned. The grandmother brought many presents for Setifokasi from Dediroki. He told Setifokasi to accept them as gifts for keeping her home well. Setifokasi was very happy to receive them.

After a rest, he told grandma Chipuseti about mzee Java. He briefed her all codes that mzee Java had issued for that house. When he mentioned

submitting 'electricity bill' receipts to mzee Java, grandma Chipuseti startled and turned to Setifokasi.

“He’s not living in this house. Why does he need receipts for paid electricity bills?,” grandma Chipuseti interrogated emotionally. “This house is mine. That’s why I allowed your tenancy without asking for his permission. After all, his house doesn’t even have electricity. Why does he care about my house affairs?. My child, who is in Dediroki, built for me this house, immediately after we were divorced. Who is more valuable than a mother?” she highlighted.

“From now onwards, never send anything to him. The house owner is back.” Grandma shouted furiously, looking at Setifokasi as if he was the one who issued those instructions. By then, grandma kept on picking small *stones* from *rice*, still enraged!. For, she had postponed the work soon after being interrupted by the electricity issue.

When grandma Chipuseti arrived from the journey, Setifokasi had already submitted to mzee Java, a receipt of the electricity bill for one previous month. Grandma’s instructions raised trouble for Setifokasi. Mzee Java still needed receipts, and grandma Chipuseti didn’t like their subjectivity to that old man.

Setifokasi was not interested in supporting any side in a match between these two contesting elders. Hence, each time he paid the electricity bill, he had no alternative but photocopying a receipt. He submitted a copy to mzee Java and sent the original receipt to grandma Chipuseti.

Life was restored to normal, as it was before grandma Chipuseti's trip. Mzee Java was never visible at grandma Chipuseti's habitat. But, he persisted in mining information about this house, through the support of Setifokasi and other neighbors.

As tension was eliminated, Setifokasi saw an opportunity to reinstate his business: selling second-hand clothes. He was already familiar with many streets around his new residence. He told grandma about his second job. Grandma thought that Setifokasi was jesting her. She knew that his main job couldn't allow him to deal with this second job, a job that she believed only unskilled people would do.

“You used to dress smartly each day,” grandma Chipuseti japed laughingly. “Will you be able to carry used clothes? After all, your smartness and used clothes don't match. Stop your fun, don't

make me laugh, my grandson. I don't have enough ribs to withstand laughter!.”

“Uh-uh! Grandma.” Setifokasi shrugged off, exposing his teeth, “this business didn't start here. I was doing it where I came from, and it has rewarded me many achievements.” Setifokasi was now insisting smilingly.

“Ahh!, yes, I remember the first day you came here to look for tenancy. You were with many parcels of second-hand clothes. I forgot to ask you that,” grandma Chipuseti answered, nodding her head.

“Exactly! I was selling my second-hand clothes while looking for tenancy,” Setifokasi interrupted.

“So, why did you quit your job instantly after shifting here?,” grandma criticized, looking at Setifokasi's face smilingly. “You were perhaps ashamed of us.”

Setifokasi chuckled and said. “I was still preparing myself.” He answered it only to please her.

For, he could perform that task from the first day of his arrival. He was still spying on that boss of his. He had already been bitten by a snake;

thus, each leave was terrible to him by that time. Breaching a tenancy contract while you love your dwelling isn't easily sensible! Even these beings, here on Memento Mori, are cautious of it!

Setifokasi told his grandma everything concerning customers who follow him at home. Grandma didn't concentrate on it.

“The customers who will like to examine those goods will be trying them in our bathroom. Let's ensure it's attractive all the time so that they don't quit with its map.” The grandma advised calmly.

“Do you think many customers like to attempt wearing them?” Setifokasi outlined.

“Oh, no!. I normally sell them on the streets. And, there are no places for essaying them. Majority of them test by using only their eyes!. If it's a pair of trousers, you'll find them straightening it to synchronize with their worn pairs of trousers. Perhaps, people of this area are not satisfied until they examine it!” Setifokasi terminated it while mocking.

“You're the one with experience. I surrender to you. Tell me about selling doughnuts and porridge. You can't separate me from it!”

Grandma answered that way, now, throwing a stone to a hen that was picking her maize.

Instantly, Setifokasi renewed his ‘used clothes itinerating’ job. Thus, his life was as occupied as before. Each time he arrived from his principal job, he went to the streets with his second-hand clothes. Grandma and Pihechipi did most of his domestic tasks.

A week later, after he renewed his second job, as he was back from advertising his business, about eight P.M at night, he suddenly heard a heavy voice coming forth from grandma Chipuseti’s room. It was grandma Chipuseti’s voice calling for help, but it didn’t mention Setifokasi. Setifokasi rushed to grandma’s door.

“Grandma!, grandma!, grandma!,” he cried forcefully while knocking granny’s door. Grandma didn’t respond. Setifokasi heard a voice of somebody over-breathing, as the one who is about to kick the bucket. He opened grandma’s door, for it was not internally locked.

He saw grandma Chipuseti staying near the door, hyperventilating, and her chest was open; she was totally unconscious. She was sweating like an earth football player after completing forty-five minutes of heavy match.

He tried to ask what went wrong with her, but grandmother replied nothing. She kept on over breathing while trying to control her hyperventilation by attempting to lower her speed of breathing. In turn, Setifokasi ran to inform her relatives who lived nearby. Kinsfolk rushed over and started to give her treatment, which resembled earth's first aid.

That wasn't the first time for the kin to hear of grandma Chipuseti's catastrophic health attack. To Setifokasi, that was his breaking news. However, after a little time, grandma gradually regained her strength and began to speak audibly.

Those relatives said that grandma Chipuseti was troubled by old age-related diseases. Some people said that she had diabetes, and on that day, her sugar level peaked.

The relatives thanked Setifokasi for informing them. They requested him not to hesitate to inform them when a similar issue arises.

The fourth day after grandma's attack was the day that Setifokasi paid the electricity bill. As habit, with his second-hand clothes, he routed a copy of the receipt to mzee Java.

When he was at the courtyard of mzee Java's house, Setifokasi told him all about grandma Chipuseti's unfortunate attack. After Setifokasi's descriptions, mzee Java laughed heavily while looking at Setifokasi with cynical eyes.

"Hmm! Do you think she was really sick?," mzee Java boasted, "your fellow was fighting with her comrades! Her comrades had defeated her! That's why she was suffocating! That grandma is a very dangerous person," he shouted, narrowing his eyes." Setifokasi wondered.

"As you see her," mzee Java continued, "she has neither neighbor nor a close friend. I think you know what I'm talking about...!" He concentrated his eyes at Setifokasi. "You're a mature person, and I perceive you've got a broad scope of knowledge."

"Hmm," Setifokasi groaned.

"That's why, me and my child who lives in Dediroki," continued the old man, "agreed to transfer her. We exiled her to Dediroki to have a little rest. So as to turn her stress-free." Mzee Java carried on, looking down at grandma Chipuseti, his eyes alerting Setifokasi.

“Hey!,” Setifokasi wondered again, failing to conclude, whether to laugh or to be more surprised. “This old man isn’t aware that *The most important thing a father can do for his children is to love their mother.*” Setifokasi thought, glaring at mzee Java like a stranger in his eyes.

“What kind of grandfather is this one?. I remember, my grandfather gave me many wise lessons! Will his Dediroki child be ready to see her mother treated this way? I don’t think if there will be any communication here.”

Setifokasi thought and asked himself those questions while mzee Java was still speaking. “I was forced to dream about salvation. Nowadays, I’m a born-again person!. I don’t even feel like visiting her home. I perceive her as Satan. She strongly denies being born-again! She is still relying on her primitive deeds.” He kept on insisting on his point.

The slanders that he channeled to grandma Chipuseti acted like earth battery acid that dropped onto Setifokasi’s suit. Setifokasi was remaining puzzled, knowing nothing to do, mostly, when he re-calculated the age of his narrator.

“That grandma is superstitious. She’s a Lucifer’s *militant!*, Oooh!” He recalled Dibagi’s words. He then took courage.

“Thank you, mzee! I’m going to sell my second-hand clothes.” Setifokasi said goodbye.

“Ok! That’s what maturity is all about! Living in people’s dwellings is learning a lot! Good work!” mzee Java said while getting slowly inside his restroom. Setifokasi got out of the courtyard and left.

Selling of used clothes was so challenging on this day, for he was not so charming to his customers as he used to be. He frequently kept on recalling mzee Java’s words. Mzee Java’s age made Setifokasi totally exhausted in grandma Chipuseti’s scandals. He always believed that; words from elders like mzee Java were wise enough to drive youths of his age.

In fact, he sold none of his used clothes on that day, because he returned home very early as opposed to other days. Grandma Chipuseti noted something unusual in her grandson; the soonest Setifokasi arrived there.

“Setifokasi, why have you come back so early today? It’s not your habit!,” grandma asked politely.

“It’s true that’s not my habit, but I’m not doing well today. I’ve got a headache,” he disguised sadly.

“I’m sorry, my grandson,” she said sympathetically. “I think it’s because you stay in sunlight for a long time. Sometimes you need a rest.” Setifokasi bade farewell to grandma and got inside his room, to have a rest.

As they were in their room at night, Setifokasi initiated a dialogue. “Mzee Java has intensively dispirited me today,” Setifokasi said while muffling himself in a blanket.

“Why?” Pihechipi interrogated.

“Those rumors that Lipindula and Dibagi had spread have been revived today by mzee Java,” Setifokasi proceeded. “That issue of grandma’s hyperventilation, he says that her opponents treated her superstitiously. Her comrades were champions! Grandma was defeated in that boxing.” Setifokasi went on; then he adjusted his blanket.

“Brother,” Pihechipi said, “you’ve to take care of your businesses. Surrender theirs to them. If

this grandma had been as perilous as that, up to the moment, wouldn't we have been affected?" Pihechipi continued to advise while doing his *mathematics* homework.

"It's logical," Setifokasi supported, "even the parent of our mother once faced a similar tragedy. Some people said that she was a very dangerous woman. But, I knew her perfectly. So, I undervalued their claims. I finally completed my primary education and passed well in my exams."

Setifokasi proceeded to answer his young brother at a low voice so that if there were some people outside, they wouldn't hear it. Pihechipi advised his brother to stop going to mzee Java, advise that Setifokasi certified with his two hands.

"What God has planned, has been planned. If dying, we would have died a long time ago. After all, who is mzee Java to turn grandma into today's harmful person?" That's how Pihechipi ended the discussion. They agreed to collaborate with grandma Chipuseti as they used to, without being deterred by people who lived away from grandma.

The next day, things resumed their normal pattern. Setifokasi continued with his activities while avoiding mzee Java. Pihechipi proceeded to return home early and helping his brother to

prepare meals. As usual, grandma Chipuseti prepared a very delicious kisamvu. She gave part of it to Pihechipi so that he ate with his brother. She also gave him doughnuts that remained from her business.

When Setifokasi was back, he found some tasty food that was prepared by his young brother, but Pihechipi hadn't yet commenced eating it. When they started eating, Pihechipi took kisamvu and doughnuts and put them on his plate. He then gave Setifokasi a well fried-fish so that he ate it with ugali.

“Don't you love fish nowadays?” asked Setifokasi.

“Oh! No!,” Pihechipi replied, “I've given it to you so that you eat it. My vegetable is solely kisamvu. I'll also eat doughnuts because I got them from grandma Chipuseti. You don't have to eat grandma's food. I think you know this grandma deeply.” Pihechipi continued to boast, mixing doughnuts and kisamvu, eating the compound without hesitation.

“Stop your jests! I'm terribly hungry now. It seems you help her in feeding her beasts. That's why she gives you these articles.” Setifokasi replied with full laughter.

“Just leave me to die, of course, I haven’t even completed form four. So, my parents won’t be exposed to a great loss. If you die, you’ll cause them a great loss, because they struggled for you until you completed your form four.” Pihechipi persisted in his jokes; then he returned to his doughnuts and kisamvu. They ate those doughnuts together with that ugali.

From that time, the lives of Pihechipi and Setifokasi were full of fun. As it was just the fourth day since mzee Java poisoned them to hate their grandma, Setifokasi heard a voice when they were sleeping in their single room.

“Kruh-kuh-kruh-ku-ku-ku-kruh...,” those were the noises of athletic rats who were chasing each other on a roof, close to their room. “Grandma is calling you to feed her livestock,” Setifokasi told Pihechipi, shaking him forcefully to wake up.

“Oww! I fed it yesterday,” Pihechipi, as he was still with sleep-related hallucinations, answered. “She told me that today is your turn. Never try to ignore it. You’ll be transmuted into maize husks for feeding her beasts.” They all laughed. They then proceeded to sleep.

After about three hours or so, Pihechipi was annoyed to wake up from sleeping. “Kwauu,

kwauu, kwauu, kwauu...,” those were the noises of a neighbor’s cat who came to hunt rats in grandma Chipuseti’s house. The noises of that cat were big enough to awake Pihechipi.

“Bro, bro, bro, get up quickly!” Now it was Pihechipi’s turn to scare his brother.

“What’s going on?” Setifokasi replied angrily.

“Don’t you hear strange voices,” Pihechipi answered while turning to the other side of the bed, “WHAT SPECIES OF CAT CRIES THIS WAY? Alas! You haven’t gone to feed her livestock! That’s why this investment cries out for our lack of accountability.” Pihechipi highlighted as if he was certain of what he was talking about.

“Go feed them yourself. I’ve already told you!” Setifokasi responded violently.

“I don’t feel like competing with very old people like this grandma. Let me feed them so that my life lasts long.” Pihechipi said, waking up and getting out. He urinated, then, he came back.

“I forgive you today because you’re very tired due to your daily activities. Keep on sleeping. However, you’ve to go to yourself tomorrow.”

Pihechipi said while imitating hyperventilation, immediately after he returned to the room.

“We can treat grandma as a magician, while in fact, you’re the one who trained her,” Setifokasi added. They all laughed, then they slept again.

The next day was the day of Saturn or agriculture’s day; it resembles earth’s Saturday as I outlined it. On that day, Setifokasi stayed at home doing his normal domestic tasks. When he finished washing his clothes, he thought of cooking some food, for, it was already twelve p.m. Meanwhile, Grandma Chipuseti was sorting her kizamvu while chanting a song that was decipherable only to herself.

Setifokasi entered his room. He took a maize flour in a plate and went with it directly to a toilet. He muddled the doors because the toilet’s door was next to the kitchen door. Grandma remained puzzled, knowing not what impressed him behaving that way.

“Aah!, ncheh,” Setifokasi hesitated and groaned, soon after opening a door and found himself in a toilet instead of a kitchen. Grandma Chipuseti couldn’t hide her laughter.

“Hah, haha, Hah, Hah!,” you child, why do you force me to laugh like this? As young as you are, you do it! What’s likely to happen when you grow aged?” Grandma burst out laughing. Her hands were now away from that kisamvu; she had no extra energy to hold that vegetable. Laughter saturated her.

“Ahh!, you grandma, just leave it,” Setifokasi regretted. “At present, I’m dealing with cooking, but all thoughts are on my second-hand clothes,” he guffawed. He never did witness grandma being amused that way.

When the food was ready, Setifokasi submitted it to grandma. He prepared ugali, sardines, fishes, and pitiku he received from grandma. “Have a nice meal, grandma,” Setifokasi said, glancing at grandma who was smiling.

“I can hardly eat some food that has been cooked in a toilet,” grandma replied while getting inside her room. She came out with chimbondi and gave it to Setifokasi. She then took some fishes that were cooked by Setifokasi.

“Today, I’ve no appetite for ugali. I’m waiting until night to eat rice with kisamvu,” grandma answered while re-entering her room to

store those fishes. She then got outside and proceeded with her task.

“Nyiuhh,” Setifokasi groaned after spitting what he was gnawing.

“What’s so wrong with you today?” asked grandma.

“These sardines are cursed,” Setifokasi declared wrathfully.

“That’s why I am normally disappointed to buy them here. This is the fourth stone to chew. Perhaps, these fishers are mixing them with stones to fake their weight. I’ve tried my level best to sort them out. Regardless of my efforts to chop off their heads and purify them by hot water, stones are still there.”

“Hmm,” grandma just hesitated.

“If I had authority, I would convince their clients not to purchase sardines with such stones. When appendicitis occurs, they don’t assist us in treating it.” Setifokasi kept on complaining while rolling his bolus.

“All those complaints,” grandma replied, “were you constrained to buy them?”

“I simply loved them!,” Setifokasi broke off.

“So, to whom do you blame?” grandma asked while sniggering.

“Ok, I’m too late to avoid its risks on me,” Setifokasi advanced while chewing carefully. *Information please*; my earth friend, all stones here on Memento Mori, resemble earth’s minerals at hundred percent. However, aliens’ minerals never resemble these stones.

On the tenth day of tiu, since Setifokasi shifted to grandma, as a habit, he went to sell his second-hand clothes immediately after he left DTL. *Information please*; the day of Tiu resembles earth’s Tuesday. Here on Memento Mori, this day is weekly celebrated as the end of Memento Mori’s international war.

As Setifokasi was wandering with his used clothes, his phone suddenly rang. “Setifokasi, do you have any current news?.” It was Kokomo’s voice.

“I know nothing, sir!” Setifokasi responded, somehow puzzled.

“I’ve seen your name here at the college,” Kokomo said, “it’s in a list of students who will

take information technology at *certificate* level. Come here as soon as possible. The admission deadline is written to be the day after tomorrow. I was unfortunately late to spot this advertisement.” Setifokasi was excited at the news.

“Thank you very much, Kokomo,” he replied gleefully. “I didn’t get it. Now, I’m going back home with my second-hand clothes to use this information.” He put down his bag of used clothes while his phone was still in his ear.

“Hurry up. The chance is very limited. They can expropriate it to someone else. If you’ve no fare, you had better borrow it rather than being late,” Kokomo continued to emphasize.

“Thank you, my best friend. I’ll do my best,” Setifokasi answered, and the call was terminated. He picked up his bag and returned home.

This was good news to Setifokasi; he liked very much to study information technology. His country, had a great demand for youths who took information technology. This was due to the geographical location of the country itself, as we know it. Various techniques were needed to keep records of neighbors who invested in Byeveni.

Lots of information systems were operating manually. The vast population of hosts and guests found in Byeveni resulted in a permanent loss of some information. The government lost most of its revenue due to the absence of the state of the art systems for keeping track of revenue sources. The most targeted group was investors from neighbors. Hence, Byeveni government found it better to prepare its young people to harness computer systems to fetch and store information profitable to this country.

The information about his selection to the college, arrived only two and a half months after he moved to grandma Chipuseti. Thus, he perceived that his life with grandma Chipuseti helped him to proceed with further studies.

“I’ve no reason to detest mama Ndezi,” Setifokasi started to recall that madam’s image. He completely denied that event, although, it was the fact.

“If mama Ndezi hadn’t told me to evacuate her house, I wouldn’t have looked for another tenancy. Thus, I wouldn’t have met with Kokomo. And hence, we wouldn’t have exchanged our phone numbers. Therefore, it would be very imaginary to capture this ‘selection’ information through this

fast means. I realize that my wrath towards mama Ndezi was nonsense!” He thought, pacing towards grandma Chipuseti’s dwelling.

Immediately Setifokasi phoned his parents and informed them about it. His parents were overjoyed to hear it. They instantly phoned him back to discuss ‘the journey to the college’.

The next day, Setifokasi went to DTL to inform them of his voyage to the college. The company promised to pay him the entire monthly salary although payday was so far. However, he didn’t get that salary on that day; an accountant was out of the office to attend a one-day seminar. Setifokasi said goodbye to DTL workers and went to his parents.

“Congratulations!,” Setifokasi’s mother said, soon after she was greeted.

“Who will be responsible for paying college fees?” his father asked, rubbing his head.

“The government,” Setifokasi replied, “they indicated it in the advertisement.”

“That city is very big. It has all sorts of chaos. Who will be your host?” Setifokasi’s mother queried, her left hand grasping her left cheek.

“My friend Kokomo has pledged to wait for me at the bus station. He will then send me to his uncle before I go to college,” Setifokasi unfolded it, chuckling.

“Your comrade is so amicable! What can we gift him?” his mother added again.

“He has been your great help,” his father also added.

The discussion didn’t last long because Setifokasi had other tasks in preparing his trip. Thus, he returned to his room at grandma Chipuseti’s house and informed her of the news.

“Oh, you’re still studying,” grandma wondered, “I thought that you’ve reached your limit. Doesn’t your DTL job makes you very smart?” Grandma continued to question while preparing her fried groundnuts.

“Education has no physical boundaries. I don’t have any specialization. I like to specialize in a certain field to be a bigwig in that field.” Setifokasi answered, smiling.

“You deserve congratulations for having such a tough mind,” grandma replied, “even my child, who is in Dediroki, studied a lot. When he had a job, we were happy because he had already

begun to assist us financially. But, when he told us that he had to leave his job and go back to school for further studies, we intensively regretted it.” She stopped using a stone to chase hens that were picking her maize.

“We worried about lacking his support!” she resumed, “contrary to it, when he completed his studies, he kept on supporting us. The support was heavier than the former one. Up to the moment, I’m proud of his decision.” Grandma Chipuseti was presenting her advice while grinding slowly her groundnuts in a wooden mortar.

“You also deserve congratulations for educating your child,” Setifokasi said.

“What are you going to study?” grandma asked.

“Information Technology,” Setifokasi boasted.

“Do you want to be a radio or TV presenter?. I know, you’ll opt for TV presenter.” Grandma interrogated and prophesied smilingly.

“No,” Setifokasi responded, “Information Technology isn’t broadcasting.”

“So, what is it?” she asked.

“It involves fetching and processing of various types of data by computer means,” Setifokasi answered.

“So, how will it help you?” Grandma asked again.

“Our country has many blessings. Guests have uncovered them; that’s why they have crowded this country. We don’t have good information systems that output the best information to enable effective utilization of our country’s richness. I like to specialize in this field so as to collaborate with my fellows in facing this challenge.” Setifokasi proceeded to stress it, demonstrating his ambition to be an expert in that field.

“These are for you, youths. In my time, we didn’t have these pieces of stuff. I wish you all the best.” Grandma responded, now, touching Setifokasi’s hand to symbolize her good wish.

Up to this time, grandma had not totally believed that Setifokasi had to quit. Setifokasi didn’t indicate that he would stay with grandma for that duration. Setifokasi himself didn’t think that one day, he had to abandon grandma’s house and go to college.

“During my vacation,” Setifokasi uttered, “I’ll go back to DTL to apply for a job. If I’m accepted, I’ll come here for tenancy.” Grandma remained quiet, thinking of something.

“I’ll not expropriate your room,” said grandma. “I’ll wait until you’re back because you’re the one who refurbished it. I had no idea of tenancy. You’re the one who gave me that advice. My grandson, you’ve paid a rent of half a year, but from the day you came here, you haven’t consumed even three months. So, I don’t think of any reason to give it to somebody else.” Grandma uttered it while Setifokasi was brushing his shoes with something which resembles earth’s shoe polish.

“Never mind, grandma. It’s just normal. I don’t put any obstacle in that room. It’s true my tenancy hadn’t yet expired, but it’s not important. Give it to anybody. When I come back for my vacation, I’ll stay here if there is space. If not, it’s OK!” Setifokasi insisted while still polishing his shoes.

“Thank you, my grandson. Go to live peacefully. Dotilaiti is a city with many events. Never lose your attitude. Be careful, my grandson. City factors shouldn’t make you lost.” Grandma gave her advice politely.

“Thank you, grandma; I didn’t even think of this chance. I’ll never be lazy.” Setifokasi answered, nodding his head as a symbol of understanding well her grandma.

The next day, the deadline for the college to admit students, Setifokasi went back to DTL. At this time, he met with the accountant, who was back from his seminar. After receiving his payment, he went to buy a ticket the same day, ready for the tour.

He was obliged to wait for his salary. Although his parents gave him some money, it wasn’t yet enough for Setifokasi, who had to go to a city with a very luxurious life. Also, because Setifokasi had no close relatives in that city, he was obliged to prepare himself for risk, especially if he had to be urgently demanded to return home.

Thus, Setifokasi journeyed to Dotilaiti when he was late. Pihechipi stayed with grandma Chipuseti for three more days. Then, he assembled his belongings and went back to his parents. For, there was no genuine reason for him to prolong his time there.

A JOURNEY TO THE CITY OF DOTILAITI

Dotilaiti(DotWrite) is a very popular city in Byeveni. It's the one that encircles the entire country. No one can come to this country from any neighboring country without crossing Dotilaiti city. It's quite plausible to visit Dotilaiti only, without moving to any other region. And, returning to motherland while declaring eligibility; 'I was in Byeveni.'

It's the city with all sorts of luxuries and chaos. None of earth's famous cities resemble this one. Setifokasi had never got a chance to see this city before. He was hearing it from the media. Hence, this was a favorable time for him to conduct a free of charge tourism.

He began his trip to Dotilaiti, one day after the admission deadline. Kokomo prepared himself very well to attend his friend, Setifokasi. He phoned and told him where they had to meet soon after reaching the Dotilaiti bus stop.

From Delo district to Dotilaiti is nine hundred and forty-one earth kilometers. However, road infrastructure has been highly advanced here in Byeveni. A normal functioning bus takes only

fourteen hours. Usually, buses leave Delo at six in the morning and arrive at the Dotilaiti bus stop at eight p.m. The driver attempted to drive at a reasonable speed.

They reached Manducare center. The bus driver stopped here so that the passengers may have some meals. Manducare is owned by an investor from neighboring country, Italy. Almost all passengers alighted from the bus to get some food. Setifokasi ate quickly; then he informed his friend of where he was at that time.

Kokomo encouraged him to be patient because Dotilaiti is far from Delo. After ten minutes, all passengers started to board on a bus. There were many people at the bus's door, attempting to get in. Some passengers seemed to board and then get out as if they forgot something.

The journey resumed safely. After a while, Setifokasi heard a phone ringing from a person who sat next to him. He remembered to look for his phone, in a pair of trousers that he wore. He looked at his left pocket; he saw nothing. He looked at his right pocket, he grasped nothing. He repeated to search it in his left pocket, again, nothing was found.

He then realized that his phone was stolen. He started to panic. He requested a phone from his neighbor to phone his number. When he tried to trace it, he was told, 'THE NUMBER YOU ARE CALLING IS NOT ON THIS PLANET'.

Setifokasi thought, "it was stolen when I was boarding the bus, there at Manducare. We were squeezing at the bus's door. Perhaps, others were not passengers. People are very tricky. I haven't yet seen Dotilaiti, what if I arrive there? Sheesh, he has picked it out of my pocket!"

Setifokasi advanced his thoughts while shedding tears, one drop after another. What mostly triggered his tears was not a stolen phone, but how to communicate with Kokomo. "It's very imaginary to find that phone; the thief has already gone to earth." This voice was heard from a passenger who sat at the back of Setifokasi's seat.

It became messy to Setifokasi. Knowing not what to do, having no one to advise him, this was his first journey. Phone card with the phone itself was all stolen. There was no further communication between him and Kokomo.

Kokomo was his only support soon after reaching the city. He didn't memorize Kokomo's phone number, for, he had stored it as 'Kokomo' in

his phone book. So, in it, he read 'Kokomo' and not Kokomo's phone number. This created problems in remembering his friend's phone number.

As they had travelled fifty earth kilometers from Manducare, their bus developed a technical problem in its engine. Technicians said that a car part, similar to earth's crankshaft, was misbehaving.

They tried their best to rectify it; however, it took them two hours to undo the problem. They had no spare for a malfunctioning part. So, they ordered it from a shop which was a little bit far from where they stopped. After all, the place had no shop for that part. Fortunately, the rectification of the weak part was done, and the journey resumed.

At the Dotilaiti bus stop, Kokomo was waiting without knowing what turned Setifokasi's phone number unreachable. He kept waiting until seventy minutes past nine p.m. He didn't sight a bus boarded by Setifokasi. It was no longer time for Delo buses to arrive at the Dotilaiti bus station.

Thus, he returned home without being aware of what happened to his friend. When he arrived at his home, he turned on his radio to capture any news from that day.

Meanwhile, the bus that Setifokasi had boarded arrived in Dotilaiti on a new day (at ten P.M if we convert to earth hours). The driver had to drive more carefully due to inconveniences that occurred on the journey. That's why they were forced to arrive at that time instead of eight P.M as scheduled.

Setifokasi was very careful soon after he descended from the bus. When someone has been bitten by a snake, he becomes timorous even to a leaf. Some passengers searched for guest houses. Others boarded taxis to get to their destinations. Setifokasi wished to go nowhere that night. Every time, he carried his big bag of clothes. He was anxious about it being stolen particularly, that night.

He asked the driver of that bus where passengers who were worrying about missing their buses were resting and sleeping. He was then directed to that place. He slept there. When the morning came, he asked for the buses which channeled to the college of science and technology. He arrived at the college at eighty-eight minutes past eight in the morning.

Setifokasi was escorted to an admission office. After saluting admission staffs, he

introduced himself, as the habit of Byeveni residents.

“Why are you late?” Mr. Mazomba, one of the staff team, questioned. “The deadline was the day before yesterday. You’re coming today! We don’t make any further admission here. Chances were very limited. We’ve already admitted another person on your behalf. We advertised successful applicants via newspapers. Where were you?”

“I’m from Delo district,” Setifokasi defended, “I’m living in a remote area. Newspapers aren’t reaching us instantly. Also, the majority of people in our village do not read newspapers.” Setifokasi kept on advocating himself with merciful inferiority. That staff simply continued with his tasks, as if he didn’t hear Setifokasi’s advocacy.

There was a certain young youth who was also late, and he received the same answer as Setifokasi. The young man decided to quit the office after he heard his fellow being criticized as they did to him. Setifokasi was almost paralyzed, not knowing what to do.

“I’ve already wasted my time and many pieces of money to travel from Delo to Dotilaiti. There was an opportunity, but I missed it for failing to meet the deadline. So, what can I do now?” He

found himself sank into those thoughts which puzzled him.

“These people aren’t japing, you see, my fellow has decided to depart. How long shall I continue to stand here? Should I quit as my fellow did?” Setifokasi continued to meditate while looking at those officers, of whom, everybody seemed busy with duties in that office, without paying attention to Setifokasi.

“Bring your passport size picture so that we put it in your identity card.” A certain staff was heard telling a student to whom he was attending.

“Do they need a bribe so as to capture that chance?” Setifokasi continued to ask himself. “Does that saying hold true? **An empty hand is no lure for a hawk!** How much money do I have to bribe these people?”

“Where is your name?” He heard a voice as a certain staff asked one of the students who were recently admitted.

“Hmm,” he resumed his thoughts, “our neighbors from Latin country say; *Memento Mori*, ‘Remember your mortality.’ Don’t employ the authority you have, to accumulate wealth illegally. If you’re the ones, who offered that chance, how come you behave like that for being late for these few days? People have a lot of problems. If a car is

urgently forced to spend the entire day on a journey, should a chance get lost?"

Setifokasi found himself wasting time with thoughts that he couldn't withstand. He realized that staff members were executing office protocols. So, it was not their inelegance, but procedures that had been programmed in their heads.

"But, no need to blame these innocent people," he thought, "I deserve this punishment because I'm late. So, what's their mistake? Hmm, my secondary school teacher had once told me that humans are never as rigid as computers." After recalling his teacher, he took courage.

"MY RELATIVES, MY PARENTS HAVE SOLD A PLOT OF LAND TO ENABLE ME COME TO THIS COLLEGE," He said emphatically, soon after staying calmly for almost four minutes in that office. When they heard that, some officers jeered.

"What does he say?" said another staff member as he saw his fellows deriding. Some employees of that office who were a bit away from Setifokasi, came closer to watch him.

"Comrade, when we completed form four, we came here in town to pasture bosses' cows,"

said Mr. Mcheche, another staff of that office. “What were you waiting for, there in your village?. Completing form four means declaring a war!. It’s better to complete standard seven than form four!.” He continued to mock Setifokasi while rubbing his protruded stomach.

“After all, which course did you request to take,” Mr. Mazomba came back and reacted to Setifokasi that way.

“I applied for Information Technology,” Setifokasi replied while trying to put much stress on the words, ‘information technology’.

“Let’s check if there is still a chance in this course,” Mr. Mazomba responded, inspecting a counter book with a list of all who were admitted in that course.

“There is no longer a chance in the course you applied. There is however, an opportunity in the field of accountancy. Are you ready to be admitted to this course?” Mr. Mazomba asked, gazing at him.

“Yes, I’m ready,” Setifokasi replied so as to rescue his juncture at that college.

“We allot you this chance because you said that your parents had sold a plot of land to get you

here.” He wrote Setifokasi’s name in one of his counter books.

“Thank you!,” Setifokasi replied immediately.

“I never thought of taking accountancy. I loved Information technology. For, even my grandfather once told me that: **‘The most successful people in life are those who have the best information.’** My intention was to deal with information at a very high level while being empowered by information technology.” Setifokasi found himself thinking like that while he had already argued against his ambition.

“Where are your hosts in this city?. Do you have relatives here?”. Josephina, another employee in the admission office, asked him courteously.

“I’ve no relatives. However, I’ve a friend whose phone number I lost when my phone was stolen on the journey. Setifokasi responded, his eyes were about to shed tears.

“Oh!, very sorry,” she replied, looking at the galvanized trunk that Setifokasi had put in one corner of the office.

They attempted to find his friend at the college; however, it was not possible on that day.

That's when they gave him to the college's head boy so that he dwells in one of his rooms. Thus, on the first day of his presence at the college, he slept in the living room of the students' president.

Setifokasi managed to meet his friend on the second day. He told the entire tragedy. Kokomo decided to present Setifokasi to his friend, known as Yutipi(UtP), who was living in a hostel. Yutipi was studying tax management, like Kokomo. He asked his friend to stay with Setifokasi for the first days, as procedures were taken to get a bed in a hostel.

Those collegians were used to bed-sharing, chiefly, when others had lacked beds. Meaning, a single bed was used by more than one student at the same time. Bed-sharing practices are not only done by some earth colleges; some of these aliens also implement it.

Yutipi took Setifokasi and sent him to a hostel that he was accommodated. Kokomo went away, for, he was still residing in his uncle's house. Yutipi presented to Setifokasi a place where he placed his belongings; after this task, he departed.

When night arrived, each bed in that hostel had a collegian. Some beds had two people. Setifokasi didn't notice Yutipi at that time. "Where

is your host here?” a certain hostel mate asked him. Setifokasi looked here and there without sighting a face he was familiar with.

“A certain man, I haven’t managed to see him at the moment,” Setifokasi responded while wondering in that hostel since his host was never visible, and he hadn’t memorized his name.

Yawena, a leader of that hostel, called him to get his details. When Setifokasi had well described himself, that leader supported him with a mattress that none of hostel mates was using. Setifokasi thanked him for that assistance.

Some non-collegians were tenanting at the bottom of that building. The building had three floors. The hostel was on the third floor. Thus, Setifokasi and some collegians put their mattresses outside, on a veranda which was close to their room. They did so to capture a beautiful cold wind, blowing from long trees that were close to that place.

Setifokasi’s official life in the city of Dotilaiti started in this hostel. His fellow hostel-dwellers got used to him. Setifokasi had never told Kokomo that Yutipi had maltreated him by not presenting him to his fellow hostel members.

After a month or so, Yutipi pursued Setifokasi and asked to have a talk with him. At that time, Setifokasi was descending from the floor of his hostel, so as to go to the college for private learning. It was almost seventy-five minutes past seven p.m, and the hostel was not far from the college.

“Hi! what’s up!,” Yutipi greeted.

“C’est bien(fine)!,” Setifokasi replied, shrugging amazingly, denoting that he didn’t recognize that hostel dweller.

“Do you remember me?” the collegian said proudly. “I’m the one to whom Kokomo had surrendered you to share my bed.”

“Oh! Ok! Where were you all those days? Why were you invisible?,” Setifokasi asked while wondering again.

“I had a minor journey,” Yutipi answered. “I’ve called upon you to refund me the cost of sharing my bed for the entire period. You’ve to repay me only a hundred thousand pieces of money.” Yutipi surged forward unashamedly.

“Hmm, it’s quite implausible to provide you some money. I was submitted to you when I was a

guest. But, my hosts were quite different,” Setifokasi responded emotionally.

“If it’s a matter of money, I’ll pay it as my thanks. However, I’ll never give you that share,” he pointed his finger to Yutipi, “I’ll give it to those hostel dwellers who supported me,” Setifokasi said while rearranging his books, ready to quit.

“Pas de problem (no problem). I’ll look for Kokomo and tell him about it,” Yutipi answered easily.

Setifokasi departed without adding anything while releasing a low whistling sound by using his mouth; his wrath forced him to whistle. After about three paces, he phoned Kokomo and told him this story.

“Don’t give him anything. He isn’t a good comrade. Just leave him, and I’ll tell him that what he did isn’t fair.” That’s how Kokomo reacted.

“It’s true, **‘a single conversation with a wise man is better than ten years of study.’**” Setifokasi also reacted that way after remembering wise words from his grandfather. “C’est bien, à demain (fine, see you tomorrow)!” Setifokasi terminated the call. He continued to walk towards that college while whistling, enraged!

The next day Setifokasi told his fellow hostel dwellers about that chaotic member, a fellow with no humanity. When Setifokasi had well detailed it, some of those dwellers realized that it was Yutipi.

“Don’t give anything to Yutipi,” said Koneta, another member of that hostel, “he hasn’t been fair. After all, he has no bed here. He was sharing the bed of this man.” That hostel dweller continued, pointing his finger to the bed.

“Perhaps, this bed owner owes him some money to repay for it. That’s why he compensates it by dealing with you perpendicularly,” Kwato, another inhabitant, added that way.

“He has demanded me to repay him hundred thousand pieces of money,” Setifokasi catalyzed the matter.

“Hmm, this is a very impudent person,” Koneta was heard again, talking emphatically.

Some members were continuing with their tasks while listening to that discussion. Hundred thousand pieces of money had a great value in Byeveni. It’s the money that could enable somebody to have a three months tenancy in

Dotilaiti, in a beautiful room with electricity and water.

The advice of those members empowered Setifokasi. Hence, he swore that he would never allow even a single piece of his cash to flow to Yutipi.

Yutipi persisted in pursuing Setifokasi so as to be refunded his money. He used to remind it every time he saw him around that hostel.

“Why should I keep on clinging to this lodge without genuine reasons?,” Setifokasi asked himself. “I don’t have a bed. Even my name isn’t found in a ‘member list’ of this hostel. Why shouldn’t I look for a house to tenant?” Setifokasi carried on thinking while combing his short hairs, ready to get outside the hostel.

Thus, he decided to browse for a room to rent, and live there with a comrade of his choice. He arrived at that decision because the college also acknowledged the scarcity of hostels. Thus, those collegians who desired to dwell in private houses were permitted by the college to do so.

Byeveni government financed housing for all students. Those who missed accommodation in college hostels were obliged to dwell wherever they

wished. Setifokasi was among those who were in this category.

No need to criticize it, ‘the behavior of Memento Mori alien, is the same as taking his personality times situation’. Human psychology books, here on Memento Mori, emphasize it. Setifokasi resumed the task of finding a house for renting. Sometimes he was deserting college sessions, principally, when there were no lectures on that day. He exploited that time to spy for a room to be leased.

Hunting for a room to live was not an easy task in the city of Dotilaiti. He employed his experience of selling used clothes; thus, he performed house to house inquiries. Many landlords advised him to employ an intermediary.

“Some landlords have extra rooms in their houses. However, they have outsourced house brokers to do the job. If you face them by yourself, they will tell you that they’ve no chance so as to award their agents something to earn.” That’s how he got feedback from one house owner. Due to this advice, he opted to involve brokerage.

A jobber that he negotiated with sent him to a house of a certain old man who was living a bit far from that college. Setifokasi turned into a tail by

pacing after that broker in each narrow passage he walked. Soon, they succeeded to reach the house in question. They, fortunately, met a landlord who dressed in a long vest with a loincloth which somehow resembled that one, on earth.

“Welcome,” said that house owner, staying on a mat that somehow looked like sedge grass mats existing on earth. He invited his guests to sit on that mat. The middleman introduced the guest to the landlord, who already knew the intention of that visit.

“The room you’re looking for is there; you observe how it is. I firstly expect you to pay me a rent to finalize the task of repairing it.” The landlord talked to Setifokasi while his broker was listening attentively.

“Ok! mzee, but we’re two. Let me go to accompany my fellow so that he also evaluates it. After that, we’ll pay for it.” Setifokasi answered fairly to trick him, for he was the only one who planned to get a room. He wouldn’t have argued with any friend in that decision.

For that reason, he said goodbye and parted. “The house of this old-man is very far from the college,” Setifokasi said. “Moreover,” he calmed for a while, “that environment is never conducive

to a collegian,” he proceeded. “Sometimes, sessions are conducted at night, and hence, we may be late coming back to our homes. Scoundrels may attack me on those nights.” Setifokasi talked as they paced towards broker’s house.

“C'est tellement mauvais (it's so bad),” the middleman reacted, “you’ve wasted my time for nothing. Remember, you found me washing my car. Now, I would have already been done with it. So, pay me for showing you a room.” The broker kept on talking violently while leading the path. Setifokasi opted to pay as his broker ordered.

From that day, Setifokasi faced those landlords alone. He did so to get a good room without incurring a fee for being exposed to an unwanted room. He continued this task for one week. Then, he, fortunately, met with mzee(old man) Ferumu. This old man was living in his beautiful house, which was just at the side of cars’ main road.

Setifokasi described himself smartly to this host. Mzee Ferumu(Ferrum) promised to assist him in finding a room for tenancy. Thus, they exchanged their mobile phone numbers so that when mzee Ferumu found a room, he would inform

Setifokasi. The same applied to Setifokasi; when he found a room, he would inform mzee Ferumu.

THE THIRD HOUSE

As it was only a day since he met with Mzee Ferumu, he heard his phone ringing. “Setifokasi, have you already got it?” It was the voice of Mzee Ferumu.

“No! My grandfather! I haven’t!” Setifokasi replied while descending from the hostel’s floor.

“Please come here to my dwelling, whenever you have a chance. There is a room somewhere,” Mzee Ferumu added.

“Ok! Mzee! I’ll come today,” Setifokasi responded, and the call was ended.

That evening, Setifokasi paid a visit to mzee Ferumu. After all, his house wasn’t a long distance from the college.

“Setifokasi, I’ve invited you so that we negotiate a price. The room is already there, but there are a bedroom and a living room. They’re not distant. Will you afford the associated rent?” Mzee Ferumu doubted jokingly.

“What’s its price?” Setifokasi asked.

“It’s almost forty thousand pieces of money, both of them, however, we can bargain it.” Mzee Ferumu answered charmingly.

“OK!” Setifokasi answered joyfully.

“Those rooms were previously used as offices,” the old man continued. “The first one was for the office owner, and the second one was for his secretary. However, the office owner has moved to another place a few days ago. Thus, they are currently free.” Mzee Ferumu detailed it, glimpsing at one of the windows of his house, then, glancing at Setifokasi and back to that window smilingly.

“Mzee, let me see them, are they so far from here?” Setifokasi asked ambitiously with a sympathized smile.

“No,” mzee Ferumu replied, “come to see them.” He uttered, his hand instructing Setifokasi to follow him.

“Oh! The rooms in motion are just within his house!,” Setifokasi thought, finding it hard to hide his smile.

“You see!,” mzee Ferumu said while straightening his both hands, “his secretary was here. The owner himself was occupying this room.”

He proceeded, smiling after he noticed Setifokasi doing so.

The consensus was that Setifokasi had to pay thirty-five thousand pieces of money monthly. Setifokasi was very felicitous to get his private room in the city of Dotilaiti.

He rejoiced in his room's tranquility, rather than staying in a hostel, where varieties of chaos were part and parcel of hostel life. This person is coming. Another person is smoking a cigarette; somebody else is playing a radio at high volume. You can never meditate or repose when you're in a hostel.

Accordingly, he notified Kokomo on the decision that he had reached. He attempted to convince his best friend to join him in mzee Ferumu's building, but Kokomo's love to hostel life was mad.

As he was still arranging to move, he got a friend known as Dolapositi. Dolapositi(\$Post) and Setifokasi were both studying accountancy. Dolapositi was also a resident of Delo, a situation that quickly familiarized them.

Setifokasi took Dolapositi to mzee Ferumu to see those rooms. "Mzee, as you're familiar with

us,” said Setifokasi, “we’re collegians. I’ve found it better to live with this friend so that we share living costs in this house. Also, to assist each other, especially when one of us has health trouble.” Setifokasi disclosed it to Mzee Ferumu as soon as he saluted him and introduced Dolapositi.

“No problem,” Mzee Ferumu answered, “your room has an independent door. You’ll in turn, not be annoying your grandmother. Your toilet is there,” he pointed his finger towards that toilet.

“What I ask you, make economical use of electricity.” Mzee Ferumu congratulated Setifokasi’s decision and wished them all the best in their studies.

Dolapositi had also a friend named Sufراسي. Sufراسي(Souffrance) was studying tax management, like Kokomo. Hence, Dolapositi convinced Setifokasi to accept Sufراسي in their tenancy. Setifokasi, Dolapositi, and Sufراسي went to Mzee Ferumu to convince him to accept three tenants in his two rooms.

“Setifoksi,” Mzee Ferumu reacted, “you came here alone. Later on, you brought me Dolapositi, and today, you present me Sufراسي. You collegians! You’re ready to squeeze yourself even

up to ten students in a single room.” He spoke stressfully, demonstrating that he was not pleased by that habit.

“No, mzee, we’ll never exceed this number,” Setifokasi defended, “we three are enough. We’re all very close friends. I beg you to allow us living together.” The grandfather calmed for a while as if he didn’t listen to what Setifokasi had begged.

“I emphasize it because when the number of tenants increases, there is a direct proportional increase in consumption in utilities like electricity and water. Thus, it leads to heavy cost.” Mzee Ferumu highlighted his point.

“You’re right, mzee!,” they all responded but in a slight variation.

Mzee Ferumu resumed his calmness for a little bit. “Wait for me to tell your grandmother on this matter.” He suggested while he had already started walking.

“Ok!,” Setifokasi and Sufrasi responded, Dolapositioni replied by nodding his head.

After almost five minutes, he came out again. “Your grandmother has accepted your request, but, as I told you, never exceed this limit.”

He spoke while looking at their faces, one after another.

“Well, mzee,” uttered Sufrasi.

“Thank you a lot,” said Dolapositioni. Setifokasi shook his head as to say; yes.

Setifokasi decided to bid farewell to his hostel members, without forgetting Yawena and others. Thus, Setifokasi and his two friends began their collegiate life in the house of this old man.

They enjoyed their life in Mzee Ferumu’s realm. They could sleep up to seven a.m., and yet, they managed to attend the college’s morning sessions, which were starting at eight a.m. There was no need to struggle for small buses, as opposed to those who lived a distance from that college.

The city of Dotilaiti had a great crowd of residents and cars. Sometimes, those who opted to walk, reached their destinations earlier than those who employed buses. This was due to the vast number of cars en route.

Thus, many people reacted to it by leaving their homes at dawn, as if they travelled to distant regions. They were also forced to re-think moving back to their dwellings, like earth employees who are unexpectedly assigned deadline-oriented tasks.

Setifokasi, Dolapositi, and Sufrasi only heard this daily chaos from their friends, as if they had nothing to deal with the city. Let's give thanks; there was no day in which all car owners had unexpectedly decided to retard back to their destinations. Also, there was no day in which all of them opted to drive early to their offices. I reckon, those intersecting days would be historical, here in an alien country.

After four months of continuous studies, Setifokasi and his friends had a vacation. Everybody went home to his parents. Setifokasi arrived at his parents, but he didn't stay there.

He went to Delo to apply for a job to perform during that 'rest' time. DTL management gave him a job at that time because they were familiar with him. He was not assigned to weigh some tea, for it was not a tea harvesting season.

He was then assigned to collaborate in researching the 'likes' and 'dislikes' of their tea customers. By this time, Setifokasi went to grandma Chipuseti and found his room exactly as he left it. This was a fulfillment of a pledge that grandma offered to Setifokasi. Setifokasi's vacation ended as a researcher at DTL company and, as a 'second phase' tenant of grandma Chipuseti.

When the vacation was ended, those friends met again at Mzee Ferumu's dwelling, ready to begin a new academic semester. Mzee Ferumu was extremely happy to rejoin with his grandchildren.

Two months later, from the commencement of a new academic semester, Mzee Ferumu received a call from his son, who was living in a neighboring country. That child informed his father that he was coming to the city of Dotilaiti.

Mzee Ferumu didn't have another nice room to allot his child at that period, except the rooms that were occupied by Setifokasi and his friends. This old man wasn't prepared to disturb his youths. However, he had no alternative.

"Setifokasi," said Mzee Ferumu, "tell your comrades that I've got an emergency. I'll need your house for almost two *months*. "Tafadhali mnisaidie(Please help me). My child, who is living with our neighbors, these USA citizens, will be here for a vacation." Mzee Ferumu spoke, rescuing his eyes by looking at the cars which were passing on the main road.

"Mzee, we'll sleep even in your chief house. There, in your sitting room." Setifokasi answered, perceiving that the old man was merely cracking them up. For, he was very cheeky to

Setifokasi. (We remember from the first day when he pretended to be Setifokasi's intermediary for tenancy).

“No, Setifokasi,” the old-man replied, “I'll find you another room so that you don't tenant far from here. After the named duration, you'll be back here.” Setifokasi kept silent, trying to chase away his lark.

“Mzee,” Setifokasi said, “so, you've a child living with our neighbors!. What's he doing there while those neighbors are coming to invest here? It's true; builders are not found in trees' populated areas,” he said curiously with a smile.

“He is the ambassador of our country to these neighbors,” mzee Ferumu defended.

“Congratulations on that achievement,” Setifokasi appreciated. Thus, he delivered this message to his friends. They all agreed with Mzee Ferumu on this agenda. They knew it was absolutely temporary.

Immediately Mzee Ferumu struggled to locate another chamber for his grandsons. He, fortunately, got a house of Mr. Mawungu. The house was almost a half an earth kilometer from Mzee Ferumu.

At that moment, Setifokasi and his friends had already commenced first phase tests. In each semester, they had two phases for tests. After the second phase of tests, they had semester examinations. It is similar to some colleges found on earth. Thus, at that epoch, the three friends had very limited time.

The house of Mr. Mawungu was not as beautiful as Mzee Ferumu's, although it was still novel. Mzee Ferumu authorized those friends to shift to any other house, provided they had disapproved his suggested one. They unmindfully decided to stay in that house; they had no time to walk for a house to rent. Above and beyond, they feared to lose a chance of backing to Mzee Ferumu!.

THE FOURTH HOUSE

Three days before the arrival of Mzee Ferumu's son in Byeveni, Setifokasi and his friends shifted to a new abode. They moved to this dwelling when it left nearly a month for the rainy season to resume. This house was big, but not like that of Mzee Ferumu. It had five big rooms, which were in a circular pattern. Setifokasi and his friends rested in a chamber that was pointing to Mzee Ferumu's apartment.

After a month, it started to rain in the city of Dotilaiti (Recall, it's green rain). The water seemed to accumulate around Mr. Mawungu's house.

They eventually discovered that the building was positioned in the water logging area. Sometimes, water was welling even inside their room. Some of their belongings were wet. Mostly, as it rained when they were at college. Thus, they were like refugees in their own room, moving their possessions here and there to avoid that water.

They were sometimes obliged to remove their shoes when entering their room, principally, when the rain was heavy. For an area that was close to their room's door was also waterlogged. It forced

them to remove their shoes. Sometimes, they had to arrange stones to step over when water saturated that external area. Some of their friends jested them to purchase canoes to simplify the task.

Outside the house of Mr. Mawungu, there was a narrow ditch that looked like a minor path of water. Frogs were also heard to sing even at the corners of their chamber. This annoyance impacted them to wish termination of the ambassador's vacation, as soon as possible.

Now, I beg to ally with you in my tourism. Memento Mori's frogs are utterly different from those found there on earth. Here on Memento Mori, all frogs give birth to their offspring; they also have horns. More fantastic, all *frogs* have only white colored skin.

Mr. Mawungu hadn't yet shifted into his house. He hired a certain man to safeguard it. Reconstruction of the area so as to avoid water flooding, needed permission from the house owner.

When they were in a class session, Setifokasi told a classmate all the nuisances that he and his friends were encountering in that house. "You're better off because you can sleep," Kadala, a lady of Dotilaiti, reacted. "One of my neighbors has been sold a rice paddy instead of a portion for

building. The reason was that he bought a plot during summer, and it appeared good for building. But when rainy season came, the whole plot turned into a paddy.”

“Eh!,” Setifokasi wondered.

“Dotilaiti is loved by many people,” Kadala continued, “regardless; most of its infrastructures retain water. This brings chaos to some landlords and some tenants. Many tenants complain when they find that their tenancy has water retention. They, in turn, regret their decision to dwell in those houses.” Setifokasi kept on listening to Kadala amazingly.

“It’s just common,” Kadala carried on, “you don’t have to be surprised. When you’re in Dotilaiti, the rainy season is the best period to search for tenancy, or, a plot for building. For this matter, when an area is water flooded, it will be clearly visible.” Kadala said, opening pages of her notebook, locating a page where the last lecture had ended.

“There you are,” Setifokasi echoed, “I think the majority of people love the city of Dotilaiti because of its high cash flow. A person may merely earn life by selling some water, or sweeping the roads or by doing city sanitation. You can also

survive by investing in Byeveni's immoral businesses. For instance, those prostitutes found in the city centre." As he touched this matter, Kadala started to frown.

"Yes," Setifokasi proceeded, "Do you think you can live like that in areas like our Delo rural areas? It's very difficult!" Setifokasi articulated while glancing here and there, looking out for their lecturer.

"Setifokasi, now you're going beyond the border," criticized Kadala. "You convince people to come here in the city because cash flow is high. They can even engage in prostitute business!. It's hopeless. Do you like us to be continuously looked down by selling our bodies due to the reason that you're a male?" Kadala continued to speculate it while showing her regret to those who have invested in it.

"No, please don't quote me that way," Setifokasi apologized, "Dotilaiti is the reception of Byeveni. Many people like to stay at the reception place to be easily noticeable to our neighbors. Those who didn't organize themselves to stay in the city, who were only tempted to come are the ones with such behavior. I think those prostitutes practice it after noticing that cash flow is difficult

for them. Do you know? Money is only available when you seek it, whether legally or illegally...”

“Shh!” Kadala interrupted, pointing his finger at Setifokasi. “If you men stop buying our fellows, do you think those prostitutes will stay in business? To whom will they sell? Is there any transaction without a market?” Kadala criticized with severe eyes.

“Kadala,” Setifokasi reacted quickly, “men are also not to be blamed. Before inter-civilization between Memento Mori’s humans and earth’s humans, we didn’t have that attitude. These aliens from the earth have transmitted it to us. Now, no need to complain about technology development. I think all Byeveni residents should look at how to solve this challenge.”

“Of course,” Kadala interrupted.

Setifokasi continued, “the government alone can’t succeed in eradicating it. Those prostitutes live with Byeveni residents. They don’t live with the government. Likewise, their potential buyers stay with Byeveni residents. They don’t stay with the government. So, if all of us collaborate with the government to eliminate this practice, why not strike the success!”

“Ok, Setifokasi, I grasped you entirely, I was just examining you, and you didn’t have to give all these nuisances...” As this lady kept on criticizing Setifokasi, immediately their lecturer came in, and their conversation was naturally terminated.

When two months ended, Mzee Ferumu’s child returned to his job. With no hesitation, Setifokasi and his friends returned to their grandparents. The life was then restored to ‘before shifting’.

After they had only stayed with Mzee Ferumu for seven more months, Mzee Ferumu received a call. Mzee Ferumu’s nephew was in a list of redundant workers. Thus, at that time, he was jobless in his Mtolilo region. Also, job vacancies were so scarce in that region. So, Mzee Ferumu’s relatives requested him to consider harboring his nephew. So that in the future, he may find a job in the city of Dotilaiti.

Mzee Ferumu was again at a hard time figuring how to elaborate it to his tenants. The only habitation available to that relative was the rooms occupied by Setifokasi and his crew.

Although, the house was his, he felt like he was embarrassing his tenants by informing them

about it. However, he apologized to them for the inconvenience. Setifokasi and his friends got their granddad's point. They had no reason to criticize it.

“Mzee,” Setifokasi uttered, “our comrades from planet earth are saying, blood is thicker than water. It's not wise to deny bringing here your relative merely due to room's occupancy. We, tenants, are just passers-by!. Your relative is yours! You'll frequently be watching him!”

“I thank you for having caught me,” Mzee Ferumu replied, “I perceived that you would treat me differently because it's the second time I give you a similar story. Regardless that, I also earned some pieces of money through the tenancy, but money is never enough. And, usually, its expenditure is directly proportional to income. Thus, I'd better support a child of my relative.” Now, Mzee Ferumu said it while smiling.

Those friends looked to find another house. For, they had left only one month to renew their tenancy agreement with mzee Ferumu. This information impacted their search for a new dwelling.

THE FIFTH HOUSE

It didn't take them long to find another room. For they were used to the city, already having a complex network of friends and neighbors in the city.

When the shifting day arrived, Mzee Ferumu supported them with a 'two-wheeled' wheelbarrow to assist them in carrying their cargo. After all, their new habitation was not far enough to make a wheelbarrow useless. Setifokasi and his friends had to make three trips to transport their belongings to their new residency.

This house had an average size, and its rooms were not as big as those of Mzee Ferumu. It had electricity and water utilities. The owners of this house were Mr. Dotisho(dotShow) and Mrs. Dotisho.

As their habit, Setifokasi and his roommates took a single room to minimize living costs in the city. The monthly rental charge for that house was smaller than that of Mzee Ferumu. That was due to the quality of the house itself. The house had many tenants, and it clearly showed that the house owners were experienced tenants' dealers.

The next morning, as they used to wake up and prepare themselves for college, Setifokasi was the first to get out of bed and went directly to a bathroom. As he neared it, he saw flip-flops which were placed outside the door, so that any inhabitant who needed to get inside, had to use them.

Setifokasi replaced his slippers with the flip-flops and got inside. After getting out of it, Dolapositi followed. And then, Sufراسي, but before Sufراسي entered the bathroom, Mrs. Dotisho had already sent her water basin in it.

He waited until she finished bathing. Mrs. Dotisho got outside bathroom while Sufراسي glancing at her, putting on her individual slippers. He also took his water and got into the bathroom.

“Oops!” Sufراسي breathed out heavily and said, “I’ve seen something very strange today.” He uttered, soon after leaving the bathroom and getting in their room.

“What?” Dolapositi exclaimed. “I’ve seen Mrs. Dotisho, coming out of the bathroom, barefoot!” Sufراسي responded in surprise. “She put on her slippers after getting out of the bathroom.”

“Eww!” Setifokasi intervened, disgusted and turning his head to Sufراسي. “But she seems to

be deeply in love with cleanliness. And, she insisted on a clean bathroom and toilet.” They all calmed for a moment, then Sufrasi added. “And before she got out of the bathroom, she cleaned it neatly.”

“What kind of cleanness is this?” Dolapositioni questioned. “Perhaps, this is a life style for aliens from earth. Because that interplanetary civilization has brought many changes.” They all laughed.

“Don’t we share those public slippers with the landlady?” Sufrasi asked, gazing at Setifokasi.

“This does not qualify to be a question,” Dolapositioni intervened, “as the landlord told us, those public slippers stay there for all dwellers in this house. They aim at reducing dirt or mud that might be tracked in by individual slippers.”

“Hmm,” Setifokasi hesitated, “now, with this habit of sharing sandals, others get in the bathroom! Barefooted! Can we avoid communicable diseases?” Sufrasi said while combing his hair.

“I’m not certain,” Setifokasi added, brushing his shoes, “let’s first investigate whether she’s alone or others are doing the same.” After that, all three left for college.

The second morning since they moved to the house, Setifokasi was again the first to wake up. He looked at the bathroom door and found no signal for anybody inside.

Therefore, he took his bucket and put some tap water into it. As the water dropped into the bucket, suddenly, the door of landlady and the landlord's room opened.

“Good morning,” Setifokasi said as he saw Mr.Dotisho at his room's door.

“Morning!” Mr.Dotisho replied, his towel on his shoulders. “I woke up at dawn,” Mr. Dotisho persisted, “and I filled my basin with water. It's already in the bathroom! So, I'm going to take a shower now.”

Setifokasi laughed a little and said, “I thought the bathroom had nobody because I saw no sign of it being used. OK. I'll wait.” Mr.Dotisho entered the bathroom.

“Yeah, this is their custom,” Setifokasi thought as he witnessed Mr.Dotisho putting off his individual slippers at the door of the bathroom and going inside without any foot protection. Thus, at the bathroom's door, two pairs of slippers were visible.

Setifokasi got stranded outside the bathroom for more than fifty minutes (Memento Mori's minutes). Then, he heard the voice of a cleaner which was used by Mr Dotisho. For, Mr Dotisho was now cleaning the bathroom after taking his shower. He finally got outside, putting on his individual slippers.

“Old man, why have you lengthened your time for bathing?,” Setifokasi, with his ten liter's bucket in his right hand, asked as Mr.Dotisho had resumed his slippers.

“When I get in the bathroom, I usually opt to swim. I'm not you! You only wipe your bodies! Not taking a real shower!” Mr.Dotisho boasted, his basin in his left hand, other toiletries in his basin. The basin had a capacity of engulfing three buckets of twenty liter's each.

Setifokasi got inside the bathroom and admired how clean the bathroom was after Mr.Dotisho deserted it. He 'showered' quickly and got out. His colleagues didn't take shower on that day. They dressed and left just before Setifokasi's green light for bathing was ignited. For, Dolapositi escorted Sufراسi who had a morning session on that day.

On that evening, as the three friends were leaving college, Setifokasi told his fellows what he observed in the morning. They all reached a consensus to ask their fellow tenants about the matter.

“We are familiar with these house owners,” Eko(Echo), a tenant with experience in that house, responded after being clued by Sufrasi. “Usually, Mr.Dotisho wakes up early in the morning.”

That lady continued while cleaning her food utensils. “He places an empty basin in the bathroom. Then, he takes a small bucket of water and pours into it repeatedly until the basin becomes full. He finally gets to bathe, where he stays for a lengthy and boring time. We, tenants, when we notice he’s ahead of us in the bathroom, we don’t bother! We simply rub our bodies with wet towels, off we go!”

“Pardon!” Sufrasi uttered, amazed.

“That’s the protocol,” Eko urged while putting a dirty dish in water. “If you decide to wait for him, obviously, you become late. What’s so fascinating, sometimes when he gets out of the bathroom, he goes nowhere. He just stays in the house. When evening comes, he takes back his

basin to the bathroom, fills it with water and bathes like a hippo.”

Sufrasi grinned, then he said. “What about their protocol of getting into the bathroom or comfort station, barefoot!.”

“They all wear slippers when they get in the lavatory, but in a bathroom...,” Eko replied, now, done with washing her containers. “I think, their cleanness in the bathroom is sufficient enough to get in, without slippers,” she joked. “When you notice four slippers at the bathroom’s door, be cautioned that one of the house owners is in that room.”

“Wow!”, Sufrasi said excitedly, he then smiled and added. “In this way, can’t our health be hacked?”

Eko looked at Sufrasi and said, “that’s true, but, what should we do? God protects us from diseases. Also, the bathroom has its own pair of public slippers. The same applies to a toilet room. This hardens our health security against intruders. After all, we all wear slippers in the toilet room. But, the bathroom has also some germs that we had to be hardened against, through wearing of slippers.”

Sufrasi thanked his fellow tenant, and went to join with his comrades. He shared with them what had been told by Eko. They all had mutual agreement to tune themselves as their fellow tenants did.

After a month, Mrs. Dotisho called Sufrasi. “Water bill is now open,” Mrs. Dotisho gave it to Sufrasi when Setifokasi and Dolapositioni were in their room.

“Well. Give us that bill so that we can see how it can be shared,” Sufrasi replied politely.

“Each tenant has to pay seven thousand pieces of money for the previous month. This is our custom. You don’t have to take that bill. Are you the house proprietors?” the madam criticized ferociously.

“How shall we know that your declared figure is the actual invoice due?” Sufrasi reacted with a quizzical look.

“I’ve already told you, this is my protocol,” she raised her voice, “just question your fellow tenants who are here. They’ll open your minds.” The madam kept on talking while adjusting well her wimple.

While Mrs. Dotisho was reacting that way, Setifokasi and Dolaposti had already got out, ready to go to the college. “Madam, let’s talk later, we’ve to hasten to morning sessions,” Dolaposti intervened and advised.

“Just go, but I think the message is delivered,” madam responded. She then took her water and went towards the bathroom.

Setifokasi and his crew members attempted to question their fellows on that payment style. “This is very common here,” replied one of the house’s tenants.

Thus, the crew had to pay the claimed figure because their hosts paved the way to it. To them, things began to catch fire, for, when they were at Mzee Ferumu, they used to pay not more than four thousand pieces of money monthly. The remaining part was finalized by Mzee Ferumu himself.

Three months later, Setifokasi and his two friends were surprised to see a car from the electricity suppliers, being parked at the side of their building. As they entered their room, they realized that electricity had been changed to ‘sleeping mode’. They consulted their fellow tenants.

“This house has three months electricity bill arrears,” one of the tenants responded. “That’s why electricity suppliers have come to withdraw their utility. They say that we’re chronic debtors.” The roommates remained absolutely puzzled.

“How much?” Dolapositioni asked, intensively confused. “Three hundred and fifty thousand pieces,” the tenant responded. “Were you not paying their bill dues for all these months?” Sufrasi also asked.

“This madam was demanding us to pay her monthly electricity bill. We were doing it to her as we do after your arrival. But, we’re amazed today to hear that she was not submitting our money to the company.” That tenant continued, eyeing here and there to observe whether Mrs. Dotisho was around.

“Now, where is that madam?” Setifokasi inquired.

“I saw her getting into her room,” that tenant answered while pointing to the landlord’s rooms.

“I watched her going to town,” another tenant interrupted the conversation.

“Fine, let’s wait for her so that she tells us what made her behave like an alien,” Dolapositioni advised.

When the madam was back, she apologized to her tenants by pretending that she had problems beyond her capability. However, some people who knew her well, spoke differently.

The grapevine stressed that madam had to send thirty-one thousand pieces of money to a bank. She had to do it monthly to a bank that loaned to her. She had no alternative but disbursing cash of her tenants.

The chums were so much astonished by the absence of electricity. For, they needed it the most, to simplify their studying at night. Thus, they had to employ something similar to earth’s kerosene lamps.

“We’d better pay our electricity dues,” said Sufraasi, “then, everybody should be refunded as soon as possible before the ‘renewing tenancy agreement’ arrives,” Sufraasi spoke it when he was with Dolapositioni in their room.

“This situation is terrible,” Dolapositioni added, “it’s better to do so because we don’t know

when it will be back.” Dolapositi responded while trying to employ his phone to find a bath towel.

For all that time, their room had a faint light coming from their phones. After all, Setifokasi was in a bathroom with something like Earth’s kerosene lamp. When he was back, they told him their advice, and Setifokasi agreed with it.

The next day, they told their idea to some of their fellow tenants. Those tenants passed the information to others. When Setifokasi and his comrades were back in the evening, those tenants demonstrated their willingness to accept the idea. Sufراسi passed the proposal to Mrs. Dotisho.

“You can just volunteer it,” echoed Mrs. Dotisho, “when tenancy renewing time arrives, everybody will deduct it as you advised.” Mrs. Dotisho responded to Sufراسi politely; even Sufراسi himself marveled at it. That madam shared the information with her husband, who also consented.

Every tenant struggled to contribute it according to everyone’s financial capability. They eventually succeeded to pay the overdue money to the electricity suppliers. Electricity service was in turn revived, and they all enjoyed its return.

After three months, the house owner noticed that the tenancy renewal time for some tenants was at the door. Thus, he called a meeting with his stakeholders. The chairman of the convocation was Mr. Dotisho himself.

“My fellows, I’ve invited you today to inform each of you on tangible matters,” Mr. Dotisho opened the meeting while taking a small piece of paper from one pocket of his pair of trousers.

“You know that the standard of life has miraculously raised. That’s why even the government has augmented salaries to its employees. Likewise, renting costs has tremendously risen.” He calmed.

“Those who were paying ten thousand pieces of money for each room, now, they will have to pay fifteen thousand pieces of money for each room. And, those who were paying eight thousand pieces of money per chamber will be paying twelve thousand pieces of money per each room.” Mr. Dotisho talked while reading his piece of paper and glancing at his tenants, one after another.

“My colleagues, what species of the house is this one?,” Eko uttered suspiciously. “You raise your rent frequently. Why don’t we find repairs in

exhausted areas and those cracks found in this building? Corrugated iron sheets are very porous. When it rains, it rains even over our blankets. Your responsibility is merely elevates rents!”

Some tenants seemed to desire pinpointing something. But, Mr. Dotisho outstripped them.

“Repairing a house is my own task,” reacted that house owner, “please don’t interfere with it. If you’re not satisfied with this house, you’d better desert it. Houses are nowadays so expensive, especially here in Dotilaiti. Many people look for rooms to rent. I’ll never lack customers who need them!” he roared boastfully.

“Your Highness,” uttered Setifokasi, “what this lady has uttered is very substantial. I don’t contend with you one hundred percent. It’s true; living costs are so high. However, when you increase rent, you’ve also to improve services in your house. So, it carries the same weight as its rent!,” Setifokasi remarked, standing, his eyes and hands directing to some fractures found in that building.

“You youth, you pretend to be very civilized,” Mr. Dotisho reacted furiously, “what type of civilization is it? After all, nowadays you’re just swallowing materials in classes. At our time,

we really studied,” he boasted, “but not you!” He pointed his finger to Setifokasi.

“You’re only a short cut people! Since your teacher hopelessly teaches you this way; ‘you’ll study from here to there. It’s where my exam is cited’. As the outcome, you score ‘A’ theoretically while practically you have ‘F’. Don’t agitate me with your theories. Of course, your generation is merely examination-oriented.” Mr. Dotisho shouted while hissing with disrespect.

“Hey, is it the matter?” Eko said in a low voice, wondering.

“It’s true, **you can’t teach an old dog new tricks,**” Setifokasi added impolitely with anger. “Argh!” he grieved and calmed again.

“*Oui* (yes),” Mr. Dotisho shouted with full of anger, “you! The youth of the generation which discovered planet earth, are very scornful. It’s because you can now get friends from even another planet. Particularly, these earth’s aliens.” He then rested, increasing the number of wrathful ridges on his face.

“I’ll not debate with people who are unwilling to understand,” Mr. Dotisho continued, “*je m’en vais. Restez avec votre habileté* (I just

quit. Stay with your cleverness).” He departed while saying. “Anyone not satisfied with it will look for another house.” Thus, the meeting had an informal ending although it was officially opened.

Everybody left the place with no consensus on the main agenda of that assembly. “If my tenancy agreement expires, I’ll go to rent in another house,” Eko told the others.

“I’ve to stay here until I’m refunded the money I paid for resuming the electricity,” said Limbalanguli, another tenant.

However, that king returned home at eight p.m. with his blood full of alcohol. *A glimpse please*; I shall be unfair if I don’t associate you here. All alcohols present here on Memento Mori, their color is similar to earth’s distilled drinking water.

Mr. Dotisho stood in the courtyard while singing a song which was heard as if one of the earth’s religious songs. He then apologized to his tenants with his alcoholic voice. Tenants said nothing to him. For, they knew that alcohol was still supervising him. When he noticed their reaction, he entered his bedroom while singing and staggering.

“When you pay your rents, I’ll refund your donated money. The remaining money will be used to repair our house.” In the morning, Mr. Dotisho said it to Eko as if that meeting involved him and Eko alone.

Regardless, Eko continued with her activities while saying nothing. Other tenants did also not see the need to resume previous tension. They progressed with their affairs. Each of them had something in mind, whether to leave the house or to stay.

Two weeks after they had their meeting, Eko was visited by her boyfriend. He was working a bit distant from Dotilaiti city centre. Thus, he frequently visited Eko at the weekend. He also liked to stay with her for two days. By this time, he seemed to be busy. She stayed with her for one day only. At dawn of the next day, he departed.

“Look at your fellow here,” said Mrs. Dotisho at twelve a.m. in the morning. “She brings scoundrels in this family! They’ll one day rob us.” That voice continued as Setifokasi, and his friends were in their room, preparing for college journey.

“I tell you, Eko. Stop your habit of submitting calamities to our house,” Mrs. Dotisho said suspiciously, pointing her finger to Eko who

just kept on sweeping her area. Setifokasi witnessed her being exposed to ‘mouth to ears’ missiles. Meanwhile, others were still dragging their blankets for the last time.

“You madam, you’re hunting me every time,” Eko reacted, “sharing with your kitchen impacts many things. That’s why when I get in the kitchen, you often pretend to come for cooking. When I cook delicious food, you become too sad to accept even my greetings.” Eko responded as she stood up, keeping her sweeping task away. She then continued with sweeping.

“*Hiloo, hebu mwone kwanza* (hopeless, just look at yourself),” Mrs. Dotisho boasted violently. “If you were rich enough to eat delicious food, wouldn’t you have your own house? That’s why from the first day you captured your man; nowadays you’ve turned into red! You’re similar to those who have peeled off their skins!” She calmed for a while and continued.

“You don’t know that; the more you peel off your skins, the more identical you become!. Before you caught that robber, you had a natural attractive beauty. Should he abandon you, you’ll suffer severe consequences. Your face will be

dotted like those helmeted guineafowls from planet earth. You great foolish!”

Mrs. Dotisho uttered, looking at Eko angrily. She then turned to her potatoes, which she had temporarily dropped due to the dispute, and continued peeling them off.

“You find yourself clever!” Eko reacted, “you think every dotted face has undergone chemical peeling!”

“So what?” Mrs. Dotisho interrupted.

“Aww!,” Eko despised, “some dots emerge due to climatic changes. And, some of them are simply nature!” That lady shouted as she kept on sweeping slowly.

“Hmm, keep it up. You can utilize even a knife. And you’ll finally agree with me. A woman is beautification, not skin peeling off!” That madam never hesitated to propel her missiles.

“You, madam,” Eko reacted again, “tenanting in your house leads to all these chaos. You struggle to spy on my life. Just see how your fellows and I shine!” She stopped, glaring at her.

“An expensive ring like this,” she said proudly while exposing a finger with that ring, “has

been made of unique minerals known as *tanzanite*. My hubby bought it from our neighbors, these Tanzanians. You're lagging behind!. Let's see if you'll be able to possess scarce ornaments like this."

"Hmm, fine!" Mrs.Dotisho remarked disrespectfully. Then, she calmed.

"Habari ndo hiyo, bila kujichubua, ni ndoto kuwanasa wanaume (That's all about, without peeling off your skin, it's very imaginary to capture men)," Eko carried on. "Just be open. You lack some money for chemical peeling. That's why you're jealous." She stressed on the word 'jealous'.

"A multicultural country like Byeveni, has all nations, even aliens from planet earth. Still, you've merely kept yourself behind, pretending to preserve nature. Hey, let people laugh at you for being so dormant!" Eko reacted, now, having dropped away her broom, putting all her hands on her waist and twisting her neck, like an earth's snake that escapes a stick.

"Let me give you the verity," Mrs. Dotisho retorted while trying to reduce her voice, "it's now ten years since my brother got married, but he is complaining every day that he never knows his wife's visage. Do you know the veracity of the

story? His wife had already peeled off her reception skin from the first day they met.” Mrs. Dotisho said it while washing repeatedly some potatoes which she had put in water.

“It looks nonsense! What do you oppose now?” Eko came up, “if her face hadn’t been peeled off, would she have had a marriage? His wife is as tricky as I am. Don’t you know that; where there is beauty, there is a *trap* too!”

“This is the original Byeveni,” Eko continued, “my granny!. If you desire artificial beauty, you’ll capture it. If you look for artificial breasts or buttocks, you’ll get them. Moreover, if you don’t know how to seduce using your eyes, you can do it artificially. It’s only the matter of your money.”

“My grandmother,” Eko proceeded, although Mrs. Dotisho didn’t answer, “what’s needed to a fisherman is catching fishes, no matter what type of bait you employ. If it’s employing a net with grains, fine!. If it’s exploiting a piece of meat with a hook, the choice is yours!”

Eko spoke quickly, progressing to touch her waist and shaking herself repeatedly. Anger augmented her speed of speaking, without permitting her opponent an opportunity to react.

Those replies severely annoyed Mrs. Dotisho. She angrily persisted, washing her potatoes.

Eko perceived that she had defeated her competitor and that she had anchored those morning quarrels. So, she resumed sadly her sweeping task.

“My aunt once told me,” Mrs. Dotisho revived the quarrels, “the beauty of any beautician of this planet, is equal to the foolishness of observer times distance between an observer and the suspected beautician.” Eko kept on sweeping as if she heard nothing.

“Beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder,” Mrs. Dotisho kept it up, “the way someone eyes you and interprets the findings. Not everything that looks beautiful is beautiful.”

Eko pretended to cover her ears with her hands, but Mrs. Dotisho continued. “What you perceive as beautiful can just be normal to someone else. What you perceive as ugly, thus it needs peeling off, can be good to someone else. Some of your peeling chemicals just speed up your oldness! Maybe, try to go there to earth, you’ll perhaps find a market there.”

“Go there yourself!” Eko, now rejoined while stretching her right arm, as an earthling who chases away earth’s hen from picking some grains. “This planet is my host, why all those complications?”

Mrs. Dotisho boasted. “I’ve to teach you, daughters!. No lady on this planet lacks beauty. You’re just not confident in yourselves. Your fellows! We were not peeling off our skins. However, why were we married?” That madam remained talking; now, she was far away from her pot of potatoes.

“Boo!” Eko shouted, “go to teach your children!. Mother, your weakness is that you don’t like to move with time. You become old fashioned, the time before we discovered earthlings. If we’re not confident, why do some men opt to marry their fellow men?.”

“Gay marriages never existed on our planet,” that madam uttered violently. “The problem with you, current youths, you merely copy and paste aliens’ lifestyles, like a blind person. You don’t like to seek advice from us, the people who previously saw the *sun*. As to inform you, our fellows, these earth’s aliens are the ones who

brought it to Memento Mori. I wish we'd never unraveled them.”

“As old as you are, you're still weak-minded. You only talk ridiculous things,” Eko said disrespectfully while Mrs. Dotisho kept on hissing. “You don't like development. You detest discoveries. Just be open to accept that obsolescence is still enslaving you. You run your affairs in an old-fashioned style.”

“In this current Byeveni, if we ladies don't undergo 'skin peeling off', what kind of men will pay attention to us? Will you not have triggered them to keep on marrying their fellow men? They will consequently activate us to react through lesbianism! You're worthless!” Then, Eko entered in her room wrathfully while uttering. “KEEP UP WITH YOUR PRIMITIVENESS!”

“You bamboozled lady,” Mrs. Dotisho remarked angrily, “after all, from now onwards I don't like to see you cooking in my kitchen. You! Local food vendor! Go to prepare your food at your unplanned restaurant! Your big pot which stays in my kitchen for a lengthened time only disturbs your fellow tenants. You surge on rusting my roof. Why don't I find you using part of your profits to repair this kitchen?”

That madam proceeded shouting to herself like a mad person, without imagining whether her words were being delivered to the addressee. Eko said nothing. Some ‘*taarab*’ music came from her room. (On earth, ‘*taarab*’ is a type of music that is practiced in East Africa, mostly, in Zanzibar and coastal zones. Here, this music resembles earth’s ‘*taarab*’ but, when executing it, it doesn’t last as long as earth’s ‘*taarab*.’)

Mrs. Dotisho didn’t stop here. She went closer to Eko’s door and shouted wrathfully.

“I warn you,” she said while bending slightly and rose again like earthlings who boo. “I warn you to stop your frequent laughter with my husband and playing your eyes at him. You great prostitute! That’s why I usually don’t like to sign a tenancy contract with young ladies like you. You can easily seduce landladies’ husbands!” Mrs. Dotisho carried on; tears were about to be shed, like a bitten person.

“If I had been a prostitute,” Eko replied after turning off her radio, “I would have already slept with your husband. Don’t you have anything else to talk about?”

After answering it, she went out, pushed her door powerfully and locked it up. She then took

her pot of food and departed towards her workplace. Mrs. Dotisho's eyes escorted her as she was vanishing.

“*Nous verrons* (we shall see)!” Mrs. Dotisho declared scornfully.

When a few days had passed, Eko found tenancy in another house. The house was about six earth kilometers from Mrs. Dotisho's apartment. She opted to move into that house to avoid further inconveniences.

Two months later, after Eko deserted the house, a realtor entered this house, accompanied by his customer. It was about seven p.m. in the evening, darkness had already commenced, and lights were turned on. Mr. and Mrs. Dotisho were at their house on that day. Mrs. Dotisho was in her room, but Mr. Dotisho was out of the room and he was the one who welcomed the guests.

“Old man, as I phoned you,” the broker spoke after greeting Mr. Dotisho. “This is the prospective tenant.” Mr. Dotisho looked at his customer, he later turned to the broker and said.

“Before all, tell him to observe the room.” The real estate broker took his customer to a room and its lounge. But, these were not previously

occupied by Eko, for she had occupied only a single room.

After inspecting those rooms while the lights were on, the customer got back to his landlord. He was escorted by his broker.

“Are you satisfied with the rooms?” the landlord asked, looking at the customer.

“Yes,” the customer replied immediately.

And the broker interrupted, “this old man is very organized! He is also a scholar! And, he doesn’t like quarrels with people. You’ll find full tranquility here. My old man,” the broker focused at the landlord and continued.

“Please, have this man in your house. The environment is so conducive to him.” The customer kept quiet, just listening.

“I’ve no problems with tenants in my building,” the landlord, Mr. Dotisho, said, looking at the customer intently. “After all, what’s your name?”

“I’m Kilagano,” the customer replied, taking his identity card and presenting it to the landlord.

“Alright!” the landlord uttered, returning back Kilagano’s identity card.

“To alert you,” the broker added, “pay it as soon as possible. Rooms are in severe competition here. The landlord is business-oriented. You may miss those rooms when you opt to pay later.”

Kilagano requested a contract for tenanting the house. After being given and having read all procedures and terms in the house, he gave the reasons for moving to that house. This included a large gate grill in that house that meant a high-security guarantee to him.

“You’ll find unlimited repose here, even stealers are absent here,” the landlord said as Kilagano calmed.

“You can’t face challenges you encountered in your current tenancy,” the broker added, “don’t you see this environment! It’s so quiet!” Kilagano paid for his tenancy and signed that contract.

“Old man, may you please do minor repair in those rooms? At least painting the walls inside the rooms. They look obsolete!” Kilagano said, soon after signing the contract.

“No problem,” the landlord replied, “I’ll also replace the current doorknob of your lounge because it malfunctions.”

“Ok!” Kilagano responded, taking pieces of money from his pocket, giving them to the broker, as the brokerage charge. The broker received them and having thanked Kilagano together with the landlord, he left.

Mr. Dotisho, the boss, got inside his room after the broker had left. He then came out with keys in his hand.

“Come here, please,” he said to Kilagano, walking towards the gate of that house.

“This is the master door of the house,” he talked while inserting a key inside the gate’s lock. “It opens twice. The large gate which is used when a car has to get inside. And, the small gate within it, which is for people only. Your motorcycle can also use this small gate.” Now, fixing his eyes at Kilagano.

“I don’t expect my motorcycle to be able to pass here. Perhaps, in suffocation!” Kilagano replied while focusing at that small gate.

“I once had a tenant who had a motorcycle like yours. He used to pass through a minor gate.”

Mr. Dotisho responded, now, testing that key by inserting into the gate and removing it recursively.

“Aha! Ok, I’ll try to mimic it,” Kilagano said.

“Do you see this key? You turn it anticlockwise in order to open the gate.” Mr. Dotisho said, with the key inside the gate, turning it in an anticlockwise direction.

“Ok!” Kilagano replied, shaking his head.

Mr. Dotisho handed over the keys to Kilagano. Kilagano received them and said, “thank you. Let me now go back to my current dwelling.” They said goodbye to each other.

As these events unfolded, Setifokasi and his colleagues were getting used to the house’s environment, at the same time, facing their studies. And, five days after Kilagano had paid for his new tenancy, at about seven and a half p.m., a car that had luggage and Kilagano’s family, arrived at the gate of the house.

“Welcome!” Mr. Dotisho said while opening his gate. The car got inside the house. Likewise, Kilagano got his motorcycle inside the gate. For, he was the one who escorted the car

driver throughout the road as he was motorcycling ahead. The car was then fully unloaded.

The next morning, Kilagano decided to survey the back of the house, at an area where a window for his sleeping room was positioned. He aimed at having a clear sight outside the rooms he tenanted. When the broker presented him those rooms, it was already dark. Thus, on that day, he inspected only the interior part of the rooms.

“Aaaah! This is already a material loss,” Kilagano thought as he noticed an indication for urine presence outside the window of his sleeping room. “Alas!” he exclaimed, closing his nostrils soon after nearing that window.

With his right hand touching the nose, Kilagano observed that the external walls of his rented rooms had several fractures. And, some weak fabricated bricks had severely worn out, letting in anyone who had to try rubbing them forcibly.

Kilagano returned inside the house while thinking. “The house looks good and somehow attractive at the gate and, inside the rooms. But, when viewed from that alley, you may conclude that only goats are found inside the rooms. It’s vulnerable to robbers.”

“Old man! I’m sorry,” Kilagano vocalized as he got inside and sighting Mr.Dotisho taking tap water.

“What!” Mr. Dotisho replied while closing the tap.

Kilagano had a forced cough before saying, “there is a strong smell of urine behind my tenanted rooms. It’s so intense at the window of my bedroom. I suspected similar issue at night. That’s why I’ve just surveyed it. So, I request you to eliminate it, or just put sand on it.”

As Mr.Dotisho was crouching towards that tap, now, he had an upright posture and replied. “Argh! You know, we’ve these mechanics here. So, some people do urinate at that place. They take advantage of the hidden passageway.”

Kilagano calmed for a while and remarked, “Why don’t you sandwich it? This becomes inevitable chaos to us, dwellers of these rooms.”

“Restricting that passage needs a mutual agreement between me and my neighbor”, Mr. Dotisho spoke, somehow gently. “I’ve told my neighbor to collaborate with me in eliminating it. But, he’s not willing. So, maybe, let me put thorns

and pour sand on it. I hope it'll eradicate the smell and restrict people's movements."

Kilagano replied, "Ok," while nodding his head.

"I anticipate a journey, at any time from now," Mr.Dotisho added, "but, I won't be there for a prolonged time. However, your mother will be here."

"Ok, best wishes!" Kilagano remarked and entered his rooms.

"Tenancy was searched in the aftermath of anger." Kilagano's wife talked as soon as Kilagano entered in the room. "You came to find these rooms without my consent. The house that we've just abandoned was more appealing than this. Your anger triggered you to position us in these chickens' rooms."

"Our rent had already expired," Kilagano replied. "And, we no longer needed that tenancy. What could I do? That's why I phoned the landlord, telling him I can't tenant in the house with such threat. We believed the threat was sneaking on us."

Kilagano's wife, regretting and keeping on peeling unripe bananas, remarked. "You'd better ask the landlord to extend tenancy for at least one

month. You could have ample time to find a reasonable house. That landlord is understanding!”

“Ok!” Kilagano replied, “but, we’re already here.” He ended the talk by getting out.

Four days had gone since Mr. Dotisho voyaged. The more the days went on, the heavier the smell became, from outside the window of Kilagano’s bedroom. Kilagano opted to phone Mr. Dotisho.

“I still wonder, what is too hard to comprehend?” Mr. Dotisho answered the soonest he was reminded on the urgency of neutralizing that bad smell of urine.

“Old man, the dwelling is not conducive to us,” Kilagano replied emphatically. “The smell is intolerable, especially in sunlight!. So, we’ve closed the entire window with woven polypropylene sacs, to restrict smell access. We no longer breathe through the bedroom’s window.” He then calmed.

“I’ve told you to wait. We’ll rectify the situation. I’m on my voyage, how can I solve that issue? Wait!” Mr. Dotisho responded angrily and disconnected the call.

“Do we shift with our houses or offices when we travel?” Kilagano thought. “Can’t we simply issue instructions to other concerned inhabitants, so that they sustain the tasks? It means I should carry on with unpleasant urine smell until he comes back!”

After eight days, Mr. Dotisho came back from his journey. He immediately called Kilagano to get out of the house’s gate and said.

“As you see, this tree sheds many leaves here. You must be cleaning this area. We’ll have a strict scheduled timetable for it!” He calmed a little bit and added.

“Furthermore, where do you store your rubbish? Don’t you know there is a charge for garbage? Without forgetting, don’t start your motorcycle when you’re inside the gate. Its sound threatens your mother. She has health-related problems. Was I wrong to make it fair by permitting your motorcycle inside the gate?” Mr.Dotisho, in a bold manner, uttered those words consecutively.

Kilagano stared at him and replied. “I had already introduced my motorcycle issue just before shifting to this house. Now, where does ‘fair’ come from? I’ll agree with you about not starting my

motorcycle in the courtyard. I'm much concerned with health matter as it impacts Mrs. Dotisho." He coughed and continued.

"Payment for domestically produced waste materials is apparent! I was also practicing it at my previous tenancy." Mr. Dotisho remained furious, just standing and looking at Kilagano.

"But," Kilagano added with emphasis, "I strongly REJECT the idea of timetable for removing shed leaves. I stop it from now, as it will bring me dispute in the future. And, I won't even advise my wife to do so."

Mr. Dotisho, with a wrathful face, said. "So, you don't want cleanness?"

"No!" Kilagano replied immediately, "I'll perform it at the field that surrounds my tenanted rooms. When doing cleanliness, I can't locate myself in this distant area. Why didn't you tell me about it, before I moved to this house?" Kilagano spoke, also, in a similar aggressive voice.

"It seems you're troublesome!" Mr. Dotisho reacted nervously. "I'll never receive your pieces of money when your tenancy expires. Now, Mr. Dotisho said while entering in his room by using

his external door. Kilagano went towards the gate to access his rooms.

The next day, as he returned from his job, Kilagano witnessed a heap of sand being placed outside his bedroom window. Likewise, thorns had been scattered at that area to eliminate informal toilet for a short call of nature.

Setifokasi and his fellows were not aware of what went on with this new tenant. However, as days passed, this tenant gradually got familiarized with his fellow tenants, Setifokasi among them.

As it was about five days since Mr.Dotisho returned from his voyage, Kilagano had come back from his job and switched off his motorbike as instructed by his boss. Next, he opened ‘car mode’ gate, since his motorbike could not use ‘people mode’ gate. Then, he dragged it inside the gate.

“Look!” the voice of Mrs. Dotisho came from the kitchen. “You don’t want to perform cleanness duties. Yet, you simply drag your motorbike here.”

Kilagano heard those words, but, he ignored and surged forward. He parked his motorbike at an instructed corner of that courtyard and entered his rooms.

“The landlady is asking where we relocated our garbage bag.” Kilagano’s wife talked as soon as they greeted each other.

“Alright! I will show her its location,” Kilagano responded, then he dressed in his home clothes and went out, close to the kitchen’s door where Mrs. Dotisho was present.

“Good evening,” Kilagano said. Mrs. Dotisho replied, “evening!”

“I’ve been told you haven’t sighted our dustbin,” Kilagano spoke, glancing at Mrs. Dotisho.

“Yah!” she responded, “I haven’t seen it. Where do you store your rubbish nowadays? Of course, there is fine for scattering waste materials.” Kilagano thought for a while and replied.

“I’ve isolated it from its former location, where your rubbish sacs were also positioned. You informed me that Mr. Dotisho thought all bags were yours. Hence, he paid for all of them and surrendered them to a trashman. Thus, I’ve shifted it somehow far, at another side of those flowers.”

Mrs. Dotisho removed from cooker what she was cooking, then she uttered, “Oh, OK.” Kilagano had a little smile and added.

“I’ve just passed here with a motorbike. I’ve heard what you said but, I was quiet to avoid rebuking you. As I was so tired at work!. In fact, we hadn’t yet greeted each other!. And, you never knew, maybe I was angered at work or on my way back home.”

Mrs. Dotisho had a little smile and remarked. “Yes, when I heard you’re going to tenant here with your wife, I realized that I had got a daughter to assist me in cleanliness. I was mistaken.” She put another foodstuff in a cooker and continued.

“I also wondered why this person draws sludge in this house while it has rained! I usually find you removing sludge from your motorbike before getting it in. But, today, I’ve seen you pulling it inside without isolating it from mud.”

“Yeah, it has rained, but my motorbike hasn’t accumulated dirt. That’s why I’ve entered with it without cleaning it. And, you observe, no mud has been left on the field.” Kilagano talked gently, his eyes inspecting the area he had just passed and finding that no mud was spotted.

“In a scenario where mud gets stuck on the field,” he continued, “I usually clean that affected area. Thus, please, don’t hesitate to inform me when you see dirt that is left after dragging it. I know the value of cleanliness!”

“It’s OK,” Mrs. Dotisho said, and Kilagano added, “Madam, I know, our tenanted houses have several challenges. There are troublesome tenants and landlords”.

Before he persisted, Mrs. Dotisho intervened. “There you are!” she said forcibly.

“I haven’t denied to make the house clean,” Kilagano proceeded. “But, the approach used by Mr. Dotisho to address his guidance was not good.”

“Your approach of listening to him was also not good,” Mrs. Dotisho interrupted.

“Possible,” Kilagano answered. “My approach was perhaps bad. But, he talked to me aggressively as if I just begged him to dwell here free of charge!. He forces me to remove dead leaves of that tree. But, in reality, he hasn’t put any term in the contract that deals with cleanness!.” After this talk, Mrs. Dotisho marveled.

“Fact!” Kilagano proceeded, “tenancy is business. Before occupying a room, there is an

exchange of materials. The landlord issues tenant agreement; the tenant gets prepared for issuing pieces of money. In the contract, tenant looks at his or her strengths, weaknesses and opportunities, to determine whether stated terms and procedures are suitable for him or her.” Mrs. Dotisho, now with somehow furious face, kept on looking at Kilagano who continued.

“Terms and procedures are hidden at commencement of a tenancy, later on, the landlord or landlady turns harsh to tenants. This is an art!. You should be harsh on breaches in the contract. But, if you haven’t specified in the tenancy agreement, that should be subject to negotiation. Humanitarianism may also be applied here. Don’t rebuke me as if you just donated me this tenancy.”

“Ok, I’ll pass it to him,” Mrs. Dotisho said, now, removing that stuff from a cooker. Kilagano left the place.

The next day, as Kilagano came back from his job before he opened that gate, Mr. Dotisho called him. “Old man, will you have a prolonged talk?” Kilagano said as soon as he greeted Mr.Dotisho. “Today, I’ve rushed to come back home because I’ve to go somewhere else.”

“Aah! No, just go! We’ll talk later,” Mr.Dotisho answered kindly. Kilagano pulled his motorbike inside the gate; then he left without it.

He returned home at about seven p.m.; he then went directly to knock on Mr. Dotisho’s door. Mr. Dotisho took two chairs outside. They sat down, then Mr.Dotisho said.

“Kilagano, I’ve perceived that you’re not satisfied, tenanting here. But you observed the rooms! And I questioned you! Are you content with them?” Now, Mr. Dotisho just watched Kilagano.

“Old man, the problem is not rooms,” Kilagano replied while wiping sweat from his face. “I saw the condition of those rooms from the first day I entered here. But, terms existing out of contract!. Although rooms are not as good as present in our previous tenancy, we were ready to dwell in them. That’s why I requested you to have renovation you did.”

“Now, let’s do this one,” Mr. Dotisho responded, with somehow much strain. “I give back your pieces of money for the remaining tenancy period.”

“It’s OK!” Kilagano, with a little smile, uttered.

“But,” Mr. Dotisho added, “I’ve to deduct four thousand pieces of money for the rehabilitation I did in your rooms. Without forgetting that new knob.”

Kilagano glanced at Mr. Dotisho and uttered, “Old man, I’d already paid your tenancy. And, we agreed to take part in it in repairing the rooms. I won’t abandon here with your knob!. I’ll not discolor rooms’ walls and move with debris! Now, why do you want double payment?” Mr.Dotisho quietened.

The house was no longer habitable to Kilagano. Hence, to demonstrate that, the deduction was immaterial when compared to chaos in the house, he said, “Ok! Deduct it from the remaining rent of four months. Give me the rest so that I desert the house.”

Mr.Dotisho meditated for a while and said, “but, you’ll have to write me a letter, stating our agreement on refund and deduction.”

“It’s fine,” Kilagano replied immediately.

“You denied cleanliness,” Mr.Dotisho continued. “But, it’s practiced in every house. Your fellow tenants in this house pay pieces of money for cleaning that area.”

“Old man,” Kilagano replied angrily, “that’s why I informed you, the current problem is a lack of transparency from the beginning. You were aware of these issues. Why wouldn’t you document them, or, tell me from the first day? Don’t assume every tenant can sweep!”

Mr.Dotisho remained silence as Kilagano continued. “Some have been restricted by doctors from performing certain duties. It’s not necessary to expose my health status to you. So that I get an excuse for cleaning a large area.” Mr. Dotisho coughed.

“You’ve now provided me an option to compensate for manual cleanness!,” Kilagano proceeded, “after an extended quarrel! Why didn’t you give me this alternative before?”

“Ok! Since we’ve already reached a consensus,” Mr. Dotisho intervened, rising slightly from his chair and sitting back properly, “let me get prepared. I’ll look for some money somewhere to refund yours.”

“Ok,” Kilagano replied politely.

“Water bill is out,” Mr. Dotisho added, “you have to pay six thousand pieces each.”

“Old man,” Kilagano replied, wondering. “Why do you behave like an alien’s landlord?. You should show me the bill first. I’ve to justify it before I pay for it. I’ve a house somewhere. I also have tenants! I receive monthly bills from the water supply company through text messages. And, I usually forward them to my tenants.”

“I am not an artist,” Mr. Dotisho answered, somehow furious. “I’ve calculated the exact figure that everyone has to pay. Anyway, I shall text you later.”

Each one resumed his previous activities after this conversation. Ten minutes after Kilagano had entered his room, he received a text message from Mr. Dotisho’s phone. It was the water bill. Other tenants were orally informed about it.

As Kilagano had passed two weeks since he negotiated with the landlord on termination of the contract, he met with Setifokasi. It was at a place they used to meet. The area was being used by entrepreneurs who specialized in washing cars and motorcycles. Setifokasi liked to cross the area as a shortcut way when coming back from College, especially when he was alone. For, his comrades disliked it.

“Kilagano, I spot it! As your habit! Washing your motorcycle at this site!” it was Setifokasi’s salutation.

“I’m at this venue, preparing myself for numerous cases,” Kilagano reacted, sighting at his motorcycle which was being washed. “I believe you’re aware of my coming departure!”

“How can we be knowledgeable of it?,” Setifokasi asked. “We spend a lot of time at the college. What happened?.”

Kilagano narrated all afflictions he suffered in that building. Then, he added. “The landlady turned into my great adversary from the time I moved into the house. She tolerates me because she has no alternative at the moment. I don’t know how do my fellow tenants live with house owners? You!”

Setifokasi put down his bag. “What’s the matter?” he inquired.

“Ahh, you know! I don’t understand those people!” Kilagano advanced, “my wife told me that, they walk barefoot in the bathroom. I investigated it myself; it was true.”

“We also got fascinated at it, the first day we moved there,” Setifokasi remarked. “But, we

adapted it as we saw ‘host’ tenants had customized themselves to it. Ohh! Barefoot house owner in the bathroom! Is it the root cause of your dispute with Mrs. Dotisho?” Now, Setifokasi looked at Kilagano curiously.

“Yes, absolutely!” Kilagano replied. Walking closer to his motorbike, he took an ignition key from it and came again to Setifokasi. “I was not ready to share slippers while others walk barefoot in the bathroom,” Kilagano continued. “I no longer employ those public slippers since I saw it. I use MINE!” he emphasized.

“You know what happened,” Kilagano inhaled a little bit and continued, “on that day, I came back late from my job. For, it was raining. Thus, I entered my dwelling when it was already dark. As a habit, I parked my motorbike and got into my rooms.” He paused, thinking. Then, he proceeded.

“Fortunately, there was nobody in the bathroom. I took my individual slippers and walked into the bathroom. Lo! Mrs. Dotisho had never seen me entering in the bathroom with my personal slippers. Suddenly, I heard her jarring voice.

‘I see mud at the entrance of the washroom. Who brought in this mud to a bathroom today?’

While I've neatly cleaned the toilet and the bathroom, today! Moreover,' she stressed, 'it has rained today, and a lot of silt is outside! My fellows, why not take bathroom special slippers?'"

Setifokasi calmed for a moment, marveling, then he replied, "Duh! How did you react?"

"I stopped pouring water on my body so as to hear her properly," Kilagano proceeded. "Mrs. Dotisho advanced. '*We'll see! I can't tolerate this behavior!*' " Kilagano calmed, using signals to instruct someone who was using a car wash pump to clean his motorbike.

"The light at the courtyard was, as usual, turned off," Kilagano resumed after instructing his washer. "Unexpectedly, it was turned on. She then entered her room and switched off bedroom's light." He hesitated and continued.

"As you know, their bedroom window points to the courtyard. Hence, when light is switched off in their bedroom, you easily recognize it! I think she switched it off to have a clear vision using courtyard light when I'm getting out of the bathroom." Kilagano calmed again for a while and continued.

“I just walked outside the bathroom while stepping aloud, to let her hear my slippers. I entered my rooms and got outside with dirty clothes. I sat in that courtyard and washed my clothes. Although I’d not scheduled to wash my stuff on that day, I found myself assisting my wife. Mrs. Dotisho switched on the light for me. So, I wanted her to get out and see me properly.”

“Why did you behave that way?” Setifokasi remarked.

“On a certain day at night,” Kilagano replied, “I switched on my light that illuminates the courtyard. On that day, I went to sleep, leaving it on. Mr. Dotisho came out at night. I don’t know at what time. But, he removed the entire bulb, saying it impedes their sleep.”

“Alright!” Setifokasi interrupted, keeping himself at an upright posture.

“The following day after Mrs. Dotisho’s annoyance,” Kilagano continued, now, oscillating his motorbike’s key around his right hand, “I planned to walk for leisure. I found myself getting out together with Mr. Dotisho. Fortunately, we all went in the same direction. That was an opportunity of its own to disclose my tough concerns.” Setifokasi smiled.

“I addressed my stance on avoiding those shared slippers,” Kilagano continued. “I told him, everyone has the unique discipline when present in a bathroom. For instance, some are wearing slippers, others not!. Before I persisted, he intruded me.

‘I normally don’t wear slippers in the bathroom. All tenants in this house are familiar with it. I take them after getting out of the bathroom!’ ”.

“Big stance!” Setifokasi added, “what went on?”

“I told him I had better wear mine,” Kilagano continued. “He criticized me by saying I may import debris into it. I insisted that I’d purchase my special slippers for the bathroom. That’s why you see those special sandals outside the bathroom. I’ve put them because I know, house owners won’t wear them for any purpose.”

“I’m very sorry,” Setifokasi said.

“That’s maturity,” Kilagano proceeded, “but, from that day, I believe he informed his wife who doubled her ruthlessness to me.”

“Kilagano,” Setifokasi said, watching his clock and comparing it with sunlight. “Some issues

should be ignored. Don't echo every irritating incident to the house owner. In this way, you'll never be able to dwell with house owners." Setifokasi talked sarcastically, laughing.

"My friend Setifokasi," Kilagano said, now, enlarging intensity of his voice. "Although not all, many local houses situated near the town centre, have house owners who treat their tenants so ghastly."

"Pardon!" Setifokasi intervened.

"This is my twenty first local house since I started tenanting," Kilagano kept on. "All my tenancies had house owners inside except two local houses, including the one I abandoned to move here. Thus, I've enough experience in my research. And, I'm certain about the outcome of this research."

"Hmm," Setifokasi marveled, "which methodology had you applied to arrive at your conclusion? It's only the uniqueness of your methodology that may output a distinctive outcome. No matter how many have already researched in this area."

Kilagano had a little smile and said, "There is an ethnography expert from planet earth. I can't

recall his name. But he said, when you research while you are part of the research population, it's so easy to capture data in its natural state. Unbiased.”

“What do you say?,” Setifokasi interrupted.

“It means”, Kilagano advanced, “you act like a spy or an investigator who has sacrificed himself. No overdependency on interview. No cooking of data. You capture live data.”

“It's true, no moderated data here!” Setifokasi added. They all laughed.

“I tell you,” Kilagano continued, “these uncanny owners of some local houses, force us to react accordingly. We had better distance ourselves from town, where you can acquire an entire house alone. At a rent equal or less than the value we pay for two small rooms near town.”

“You've reason!” Setifokasi uttered.

“Now, with incredible treatment,” Kilagano proceeded, “you still pay many pieces of money for constricted rooms. Unlimited chaos! Why not look for a distant house? Where you find your own electricity, water, washroom, and others! No sharing. We tend to avoid fare and the troubles of

routine movement to town from distant dwellings. This really costs us!”

“Kilagano, calm down!” Setifokasi intruded. “It’s not their problem. You know, many local houses were built intentionally to accommodate only relatives. However, life has tremendously changed. Thus, these local house owners are gradually pushed to dwell in the same building with non-relatives.” Kilagano just smiled.

“They want money!” Setifokasi added. “But, they didn’t prepare themselves psychologically, to adapt residing in the same buildings with tenants.”

“OK!” Kilagano acknowledged, “they have to harmonize! They want money! We need domiciles! What they practice! You arrive at home, full of work stress, and the house owner adds another stress as if we don’t pay for our rent. Or, we don’t follow tenancy agreement.”

“House owners perceive us as if we are too poor to do anything,” he insisted. “Can’t we build our own? We CAN! Although getting a plot close to them is already very expensive now.” Both were silent at this time; each one meditating something.

“Kilagano,” Setifokasi broke the tranquility. “Why did you abandon your previous tenancy? You could only hear Mr. and Mrs. Dotisho’s challenges from media or books!”

Kilagano shook his head sadly and spoke. “Tenancy is very provocative. We were only tenants in my former dwelling. Each tenant had his or her own meter for purchasing and inserting electricity token. Even those who occupied single rooms had their own token meters. Thus, we were able to monitor our individual energy consumption.” Setifokasi just wondered.

“We were free to make decisions as tenants. Imagine! I’ve never seen the house owner with my own eyes. We only communicated by phone. But, this motorcycle, I don’t know where it would be at present.”

Setifokasi asked, “What was the matter?”

Kilagano continued, “I realized the possibility of theft just before the incident.”

“So, you predicted,” Setifokasi interrupted.

Kilagano, while stretching his arms, spoke. “Our fellow tenant decided to have a birthday celebration for his child, who was two years old. He bought several bottles of alcohol that filled his refrigerator. He asked my wife to store some of them in our refrigerator.”

“OK,” Setifokasi replied.

“My wife agreed,” Kilagano continued. “On the birthday, he invited several friends and relatives. I also became part of it. I ate birthday cakes. Now, some of his invited friends sat close to where I parked my motorbike, just drinking.” At all this time, Setifokasi was listening, his right hand holding his chin.

“When all the alcohol in their refrigerator was finished,” Kilagano proceeded, his right hand on his left itching eye, trying to scratch it, “that tenant kept on requesting them from my wife. It went on until all the alcohol in our refrigerator was consumed. Hence, I was also involved in entertaining the guests.”

“Hmm! Carry on!” Setifokasi boosted after noticing that Kilagano had stopped talking.

“On that day,” Kilagano proceeded, “I’d not taken out my motorbike as it was not a business day. I used to park my motorbike near a water tank. So, when I approached the tank for fetching some water, I saw several youths invited by our fellow tenant. They sat close to my motorbike, drinking alcohol. I greeted them, but no one responded. They were busy with their affair. I doubted them the way they presented themselves like they were burglars.”

“You recognize a burglar by only physical appearance?” Setifokasi asked, scratching his hair.

“Just ignore it,” Kilagano remarked, “as I was about to journey to Dediroki region, I got an idea of purchasing something to chain my motorbike. Unfortunately, I didn’t get any chain. Instead, I purchased one large padlock.”

“Oh!” Setifokasi intervened.

“Thus,” Kilagano continued, “I secured my motorbike with two padlocks, one of them was obsolete. Only a day after I travelled, at dawn, the tenants’ leader phoned me, saying.”

‘Thieves have come to our residence. They’ve stolen your motorbike. The entire motorbike has been carried up! They haven’t even removed that rainy cover.’ When I asked him why they easily took it, he replied.”

‘I don’t know!’

I did not even notice it until I heard a loud noise from the gate that was left to close itself violently. I’m not certain whether the gate at your side was not secured. Or perhaps, the robbers had gate keys! But, the gate at my side was locked. I do so every day. Now, when I came on your side,

everyone was asleep. And, at present, your side has only ladies.’”

After this tale, Kilagano stopped, paying some pieces of money to the person who had finished washing his motorbike.

“When I asked,” Kilagano resumed, “where was my fellow tenant who had just a birthday celebration for his child? He replied.”

‘I also wonder about it. He has left with his entire family!. I grasped it after the theft. I’ve tried to follow robbers; I only noted traces of their footsteps. I could no longer pursue them. It was too dangerous to do so as I was alone. Let’s wait until morning.’

“My friend, I found myself out of my mind! Do you know confused mind?” he focused at Setifokasi. Setifokasi nodded his head to mean “yes,” then Kilagano proceeded.

“In the morning, that tenant and my wife tried to pursue those robbers. But, they didn’t find my motorbike. I asked them to report it to police.” He was silent, testing his motorbike by igniting it; after about a minute, he switched it off and continued.

“Fortunately, one of my neighbors heard that my fellows were looking for a stolen motorbike. He came to our dwelling and said.”

‘I’ve seen that motorbike being discarded at an alley near my house.’

“They followed him up to that crime scene. You know what! The thieves could no longer carry it up as it was approaching dawn. They also failed to drag it as I locked its rear wheel with two padlocks. They successively unlocked that new padlock and failed to unlock the old one. An obsolete padlock hardened the security of my motorbike!”

“A notable tragedy! Bravo!” Setifokasi retorted while touching his nose.

“Do you know?” Kilagano advanced, “one of my fellow tenants eavesdropped those who were drinking close to my motorbike. My fellow tenant was in a room, hearing them through a window saying. *‘Does this motorcycle stay here for the entire night?’* ”

“Ok! Ok!” Setifokasi said anxiously, “those were your antagonists.”

“I was told that,” Kilagano added, “it was a master plan!. Planned by my fellow tenant in that house. And do you see this scenario? Shifting the

entire family to somewhere else, just before the incident! It means something! For, within almost two days after the incident, the entire family returned to that temporarily abandoned tenancy.”

“It probably complicated your life,” Setifokasi remarked.

“That’s common,” Kilagano answered, “I was having an extra task of dragging it into my rooms. I believe my fellow tenant turned into my thief.”

“Hopeless life!” Setifokasi remarked. “We are having several challenges with house owners. But a tenant creates another challenge to a fellow tenant!”

“This is not the only challenge from a fellow tenant!” Kilagano added.

“Hey! What else?” Setifokasi said surprisingly.

“I once tenanted in a certain house in Dediroki. I occupied an apartment with a self-contained toilet, a master bedroom, two living rooms, and a small room. However, the apartment had one obstacle: sharing electricity’s ‘token’ meter with a tenant in a nearby apartment.”

“Ah!” Stifokasi uttered. “An apartment with a shared electronic meter! Why sharing in an apartment?”

“You know,” Kilagano replied, “the house was formally created for family relatives. It’s similar to the reason you told me. Later on, the landlady had to make a partition. So, all controls for electricity, including the main switch and the circuit breaker were still in an apartment of my fellow tenant.”

“OK!” Setifokasi replied.

Kilagano giggled and said. “When my broker showed me that apartment, I quickly told him that the house was not good to me due to that sharing. But, he told me.”

‘The landlady is very friendly to tenants. She can listen to your inquiry.’

“So, I requested the landlady that I would install my electronic meter, just for reading what I consume. The landlady agreed to refund me the associated cost when I renew my tenancy.”

“Well,” Setifokasi interrupted.

“Do you know what happened after I moved to that apartment?” Kilagano continued.

“Hmm,” Setifokasi replied.

“I told my fellow tenant that I had installed a sub-meter for my electricity consumption. And that I put it outside my apartment to enable him to read it easily.

“OK! I get you,” Setifokasi remarked.

“After I stayed there for two weeks, I traveled out of Dediroki. As I had only passed five days on the journey, my fellow tenant phoned me.”

‘Electricity token is about to get finished. Please recharge it.’

“I told him that my purchased electricity token was 35 units. Of course, he knew it because I forwarded a message of the purchased units to him. I also forwarded him a picture of my last reading of the meter before I journeyed. It was only 13 units, and no electricity appliance was left on.” He replied

‘I don’t know how your installed meter operates. I don’t have a similar device in my apartment. So, we had better have rotational shifts in purchasing electricity token rather than relying on that machine.’

“Oh! Why ignoring measures from scientific instruments?” Setifokasi marveled.

Kilagano chuckled and added. “I tried to explain it to him: how the device operates. I also told him I have been using it in some of my previous tenancies. Things worked well when every tenant knows how to record readings from the device. And, how to compare it with the purchased token. After all, the device just records what you have already consumed.”

Setifokasi remained smiling.

Kilagano advanced, “aliens say; you can’t manage if you cannot measure. I insisted it to my neighbor.”

“So, what did he say after your instructions?” Setifokasi inquired.

Kilagano chuckled again and said. “He told me.”

‘Some of your electrical appliances may not be taking power through your installed meter. Also, the house’s domestic wiring is obsolete. Thus, a lot of energy is consumed through leakages and outdated wires.’

Setifokasi smiled, but Kilagano continued.

‘Electricity moves from my apartment to yours. Before it reaches your meter, some of it

becomes lost through old wires. The energy that is lost before reaching your device will not be read on your device. So, who is to pay for it? Do you get my point?’

“Hey, he became your critic!” Setifokasi added.

“Of course, Yes”, Kilagano replied. “I reported it to my house broker, who is also an electrician. The broker answered.”

‘Wiring system of your apartment is independent. All your appliances take electricity through your sub-meter. I did wiring of the entire house myself. Let me talk to him.’

“The broker instructed him on how the device operates. He emphasized that the energy that gets lost through wires is negligible. But, my fellow tenant rejected it.”

“These are the kinds of tenants from the alien planet,” Setifokasi joked. “So, what did the electrician conclude?”

“He advised him to purchase his sub-meter to monitor how he consumes electricity as compared to me. My neighbor accepted it and texted me.”

‘Let me arrange myself financially. I’ll buy my sub-meter. You will know how I consume less energy compared to yours. When we prove it, you will have to refund me my electricity that you consume now, out of your sub-meter.’

Setifokasi just laughed.

“I replied. OK. Don’t worry. I’ll do so when we prove it.”

“Well!” Setifokasi intervened.

“After three weeks,” Kilagano continued, “he bought his sub-meter and requested that electrician to install it.”

“So, the problem got solved,” Setifokasi remarked.

“Ah! No,” Kilagano reacted quickly. “When I came back from the journey, I read my device and found it with the same reading as I left. I pictured it and sent it to my fellow tenant. He also showed me his reading. But, he complained.”

‘My device is poorly configured. It adds my consumption and yours. Look at the figure it reads, so huge compared to my energy consumption.’

“It’s so strange!” Setifokasi added.

“It was a unique challenge for me. I told him that we would discuss it.”

“OK!” Setifokasi replied.

“One day, I was using my electrical appliances at home. Unfortunately, electricity token was consumed entirely. So, electricity turned down. At the apartment of my neighbor, there were only children. The device for inserting a token was mounted inside the living room of his apartment.

“Oh!” Setifokasi wondered. “What if the entire family of your neighbor quits emergently to another region, and a token gets finished?”

“My friend, I was in endless trouble. But, on that day, I requested his children to allow me to recharge it. Though, my sub-meter reading showed I consumed only 6 units of what I purchased.”

“So, you did a donation,” Setifokasi remarked.

“No,” Kilagano responded immediately, “I appended it to my previously purchased units. When four days had passed after I recharged it, my neighbor texted me.”

‘My neighbor, only 1.9 units have left in the token meter. I have sent you a picture of the current

reading in my sub-meter. I believe when you recharged your purchased 18 units, you also recorded my sub-meter which had 51 units.'

Setifokasi smiled.

Kilagano advanced. "He had also done some calculations and added."

'Now, when you take 51 units subtracting it from my current reading, 67.1units. Then, adding with the remaining token, you get 18 units. Meaning, my sub-meter reads a sum of our electricity consumption.'

Setifokasi laughed and said, "you were lucky to tenant in the same building with the master tenant."

Kilagano smiled and continued. "My neighbor insisted."

'Our issue still needs permanent resolution. I know you believe that your device has been well configured. It's OK. If mine has been configured awkwardly, where do I get confidence to believe that yours is well configured?'

"Hmm! The logic was dominating," Setifokasi said smilingly.

“My neighbor didn’t end here,” Kilagano continued.

‘Mind you. We installed sub-meters so that each one gets what he exactly consumes. Unfortunately, I don’t get my consumption. The first person to eradicate our problem was the electrician, but he emphasizes that all devices are working well. My request, let’s have a solution that will benefit all of us.’

“So, what did you reply,” Setifokasi asked. “I said. OK!. We will discuss it when we meet. On that day evening, I went to his apartment. My neighbor said.”

‘Do you see my reading? Now, only one unit has increased from what I sent to you. Do you see? You will finally conclude that my sub-meter gives a total of our energy consumption.’

“Hmm,” I groaned, “didn’t you purchase another token before token meter read 1.9 units? He replied angrily.”

‘I didn’t do so. How could I recharge it while I was not at home?. Can my small children recharge this token meter?’

“My neighbor talked it while his wife, who was usually at home, was aside, listening to him.”

“OK, how did you react?” Setifokasi said anxiously.

Kilagano chuckled and replied. “I said. I neither agree nor disagree with your complaint. Aliens insist; no research, no right to speak. Of course, even when electricians from Byeveni electricity suppliers come here, the problem will still occur in another form. You remember, it started with a wiring issue. My neighbor reacted.”

‘This is the research to talk about! We have already done it several times. As we agreed, I also tried to switch off all my electricity appliances for the entire night. In the morning, my sub-meter had a new record. Thus, it recorded your consumption. This justifies that my meter adds our energy consumption.’

“I replied. We may waste our money and time, looking for several solutions. Also, the time we waste texting to each other concerning shared electricity. So, I think, the best solution here is to disconnect my entire system from this shared token meter. I should have my input power directly from the supplier.”

“That was the best approach,” Setifokasi interrupted.

“Of course,” Kilagano replied, “but my neighbor said.”

‘We purchased sub-meters to solve the problem. But, when you disconnect your system, these sub-meters will be useless. Thus, we bring unnecessary cost to the landlady.’

****END OF EXCERPT****

Thank you for your interest in this book, your remark, positive or constructive criticism are all important in this work.