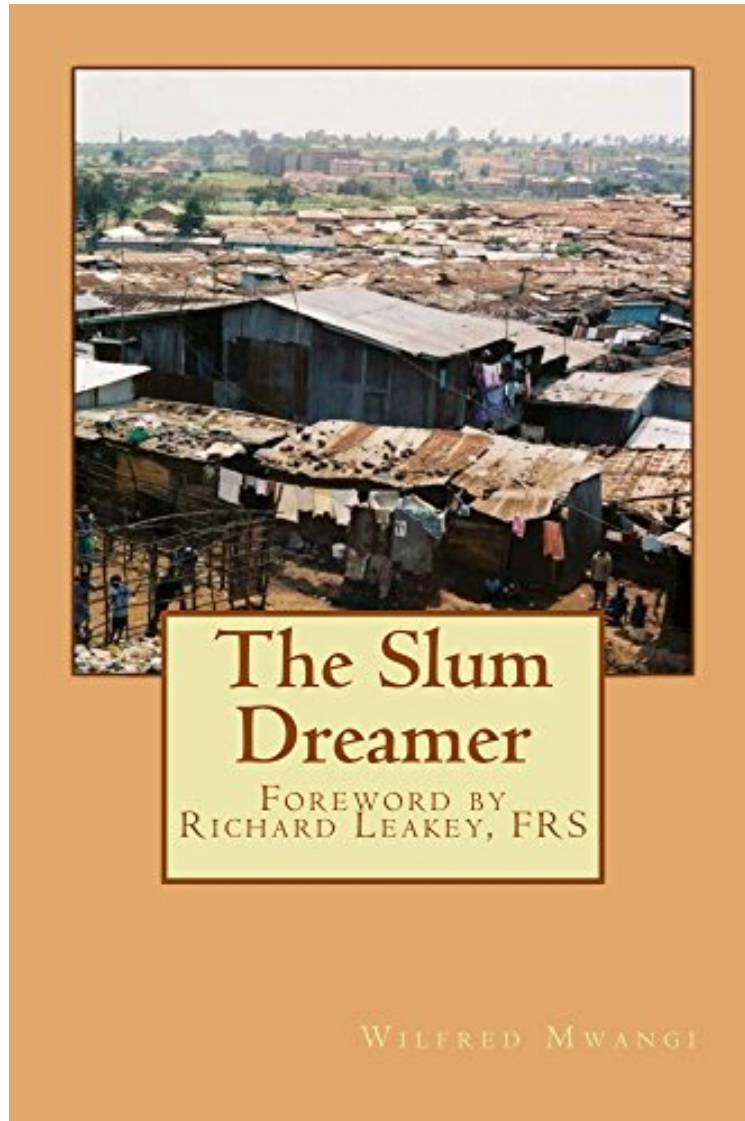


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The Slum Dreamer (English Edition)

Von Wilfred Mwangi

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Von Wilfred Mwangi : The Slum Dreamer (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Slum Dreamer (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. An incredible bookVon BujibaI started reading on a rainy evening and couldn't stop reading till I was throu.it's a amazing statement for humanity and its daily struggles. Everybody of us has dreams and we all try to make them become true - regardless if we are born in a rich or a poor environment.Thanks Wilfred for giving us the chance of being part of your

experience. The book is a must read !!!

Kurzbeschreibung The pages that follow are gripping, shocking and of immense value to anyone who wants to know more about humanity. The story is real and brilliantly put forward in enormously powerful words by a young man. His despair, courage, self deprecating humor and his sense of never giving up in his quest to make it is inspirational.

Anyone who lives or who may have travelled within Africa will be well aware of the all too obvious disparities that separate the have nots from the haves. It is against this background that I read Wilfred Mwangis book. He comes into our consciousness as someone from a rural poor family. Crop failure, family problems and a desperate need to secure some sort of future for his parents and siblings puts him on the spot. He must get a job and to get a job he must have some professional skills certified in the form of certificates, diplomas or degrees. Whilst possible, such a course of action requires money which is pretty, well where he begins; he has none. He leaves the poverty of his parents little home and heads for the capital Nairobi. Here he hopes to find the cheapest accommodation to live in for few months while he studies at a university for certification as a CPA. The college is well funded, run by the Catholic Church and it is an excellent entry on any young persons resume. Everything looks to be fine and a happy ending is

expected. Mwangis arrival in Kibera, the place where he is to find a room is a shock his system. The filth, the crime, the density of human misery and helplessness is staggering. His one room lodging, lack of any sanitation, the noise, lack of privacy and hunger puts a big strain on his natural optimism. Can he survive? The contrast between his humble rural home, poor as it was, and his home in one of Africas largest slums Kibera could not be more vividly told. I found this book to be totally compelling and I know that many will find it to be one of a kind, must read narratives. I put it down feeling truly inspired and encouraged by one young mans story. I know there are many others who have lived through Mwangis experiences and worse and this book will surely give hope where one can hardly expect it. sample chapter

The spectacle stretches for about three miles. It looks like a forest of brown trees or a brown lake. Almost like one continuous roof of brown corrugated iron sheeting. I clasp my green metal trunk as we rapidly approach the sprawling Kibera. My chaperon, if you can call him that, maintains his steady pace; to him this is just another day in familiar grounds. He is oblivious to my apprehension. I wish he would slow down, give me a moment to take it all in. He is in his early to mid sixties, heavy set but not fat, and stoic. His thick calloused fingers look like tree stumps, his thick-nosed face portrays a tough life. He dons a tattered blue jacket and I can smell his strong body odor. The only reason I am willingly following him is because I wouldnt know where to go if I turned back. He stumbles on as my new life approaches faster than I bargained for. What have I gotten myself into? The brown is no longer even or uniform; as we get closer the structures begin to take shape. Rows, or rather clusters of mud-walled shanties greet us. The brown masses turn into corroded iron roofs on top of the mud structures, and are so close I can barely tell where one ends and another begins. My chaperon does not miss a step. He keeps on like hes walking through the main street of a major city. He does not even look back to see if I am keeping up. I can feel my fingers dig into my palm as I tighten my grip on the metal trunk and I almost break into a run so I can be closer to the only familiar element around here. I have never seen or imagined anything like this in my wildest moments. Kurzbeschreibung

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