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GHOSTS OF OUR PASTS

Four millennials share heartfelt accounts of their difficult experiences growing up in broken, dysfunctional homes, and how their childhoods shape their current lives **P.4&5**



MyNetWork Show Biz

Elizabeth ngigi

Podcast review

"Otherwise?"

<https://www.otherwisepodcast.com/>

Hosted by Brenda Wambui, the "Otherwise?" podcast is a weekly show that delves into Kenyan current affairs, with topics chosen by the listeners themselves. The podcast debuted in 2016 with its inaugural episode tackling the widespread phenomenon of sports betting in Kenya. It posed critical questions about the impact of betting on society and potential avenues for improvement. Since its inception, *Otherwise?* has covered a diverse range of topics that resonate with ordinary Kenyan citizens. Other discussions include women's experiences in public transport and the complex dynamics of human-wildlife conflict.



Hotspot

Comedian Timothy Kimani, famously known as Njugush, and his wife, Wakavinye, are gearing up for the highly anticipated fifth edition of their stand-up special, *Through Thick and Thin*. Scheduled for July 27, the event promises an evening of laughter and heartfelt moments at The Sarit Expo Centre, starting at 6pm. Since its inception in 2020, TTNT has become a beloved fixture in the comedy scene, with the couple sharing their experiences and poking fun at various experiences in their lives. In the last show, the couple went even bigger and performed in Nairobi, London and four cities in Australia. Ticket prices range from Sh1,000 to Sh3,500.

Yvette Obura first captured public attention in 2017 when news broke of her relationship with former gospel singer Kevin Kioko, popularly known as Bahati. Since then, the mother of one has become an internet sensation who attracts both praise and criticism online.

In this interview, Yvette discusses her journey of building her career as an influencer despite her introverted nature, discusses the highs and lows of celebrity hood, and the strategies she employs to handle the pressure.



1. What did you study in school?

I have a Bachelor's degree in business and IT from KCA University. I have never practised it though. It was a course my parents wanted and I also liked it. To date my parents still wonder why they took me to the university. However I am glad I took the course because the knowledge I acquired helps me in my business. I am able to handle so many issues with ease, including book-keeping and accounting.

2. What projects are you currently working on, and do you get a good income from influencing?

I am in the process of bringing back my fashion line, 'Yvette Fashion Hub'. I'm slowly reviving it after taking a two-year break to focus on influencing. My sister, who loves fashion and already has her fashion line, inspired me to start my own. Now, I'm returning to it with full dedication.

As for influencing, it pays very well. However, I struggle because I am camera-shy and prefer to keep my personal life private. Despite getting many gigs in the industry, I often feel that this career isn't for me, but the financial rewards motivate me to continue. There are certain gigs I decline because they don't align with my beliefs.

The great thing about influencing is that once you do a good job for one client, other opportunities follow, so there's not much struggle to find work. Currently, I am working with about five brands, with Showmax being the biggest one.

3. How did you and Bahati meet, and how has your life in the public been since then?

We met through a mutual friend in 2011. By the time I came into the limelight in 2017, I had known him for six years. Life in the public has been a mix of positive

and negative experiences. I have had to overcome tough challenges just like other public figures such as Eliud Kipchoge, who recently trended online for discussing his social media tribulations.

The harshest criticism I've faced online is related to my past relationship with Bahati. Bullies targeted me through my daughter. I've been called a deadbeat and irresponsible mum because my daughter spends time with her dad. This negativity stems from being in the limelight. Many parents co-parent, and children live with their dads without any issue. People who know me personally see me as a devoted mother, but online, I'm judged unfairly.

On the positive side, social media has opened up numerous job opportunities which have helped me financially. When I bought my car, there were rumours that someone else paid for it, but the truth is, I worked hard and saved for it. Despite the

challenges, social media has positively impacted my life, and for that, I am grateful.

4. Your co-parenting arrangement with Bahati seems very peaceful. What advice would you give to other co-parents?

The peace didn't happen in one day. It took years for us to be where we are right now. I am a cool person and what has worked for me is that I don't cross boundaries and I avoid exchanging words with anyone. That is key. I know that for the 18 years we are raising the child, we need to be cordial with each other.

One of our biggest challenges is that we fight for Mueni's presence, but let me give Diana Marua and Bahati their flowers. Diana takes care of my child in the best way. My daughter has never told me anything negative about Diana. I think where Diana is in life, she has accepted all the chil-

dren. Bahati has also been consistent in providing, and we have never lacked. My only fear is that I am overprotective because I live in a crowded area so I keep reminding my nanny to take care of my daughter because so many people know her and I don't know their intentions.

5. Are you dating?

I am currently single and content with where I am in life. My past relationship was quite challenging, and it ended in 2023, affecting not only myself but also my child. It's been about a year since the breakup, and now I'm focused on my family and business endeavours. While I am not a celebrity, being in the public eye means that anyone associated with me also becomes subject to public scrutiny. In my previous relationship, I felt embarrassed when I was held accountable for my partner's past. I regret making that relationship public.

The Hustler

Some sports betting mayhem in May and the reincarnation of Safari



BY MIKE SAFARA

Of course, as a hustler, I am into sports betting. And last Sunday, the last day of the EPL season, was a good payday.

Three of the eight teams I had bet on let me down – Aston Villa, Brighton and Burnley, but five came through – Liverpool, Tottenham, Fulham, Newcastle and of course, Chelsea FC.

But the best bet I had made was on the last day of December, 2023, when Arsenal was at 40 points, five ahead of second-placed Man City, and their fans posted all those memes with pachyderms perched atop trees, with captions like *ndovu ni kuu!*

I had bet Sh1,500 that Man City would win the league by end of May, and on Sunday, they did, winning me four times my bet amount. Throw in the Sh5,000 from my quintet of Sunday winners, and I had Sh11,000 on my phone.

Monday morning found me at the DCI Desk of the Central Police Station in Nairobi, where I met a very efficient-sounding investigating officer called Kangethe who assured me, alongside his boss, that we would prosecute those Gitanga Close frauds.

“Watch out Odongo, Odhiambo

and Onesmus,” I said to myself, “if you don’t refund my money Mr Zhang and I are coming for you!”

Then, midweek, out of the blue skies, as I sat thinking of my next investment moves in case I did not make my end month deadline to partner in Safara Mascara, I get a call from a most unexpected person.

Desiree Simaloi, my ex-colleague and recent paramour, sent my pulse racing.

“My guy,” she said in a syrupy voice, “How have you been this last fortnight?”

“Pretty crappy actually, Simaloi,” I said truthfully, perhaps just longing for a touch of human sympathy. “I got taken to the cleaners by some city swindlers for a fake fertiliser procurement deal...”

“*Pole sana*,” Desiree said softly. Then her voice hardened. “Go after them hard! And if you do take them to court, I am good friends with a top criminal prosecutor?”

“Good friends?” I said.

“Okay,” I could hear the shrug in her voice. “I am actually married to him.”

“Oh Desiree,” I sighed. “Are you happy?”

Switching the subject, her tone now businesslike, Simaloi said, “That other day, I think I forgot my tablet on charge in your living room.”

“You did?” I said. “I did not see

any tablet, Desiree...”

“Well, I did.”

“Let me check when I get to my place in the evening,” I said. “If it’s there, I will send a rider to bring it to your residence, if you drop me a PIN.”

“I am sure it’s there,” Simaloi said with finality. “I’ll pass by at 7pm to pick it up. And you better have a tasty supper ready, you Safara. I will be very hungry.”

I was home by half past 5pm, turning my place upside down for a tablet I had never seen. Was Desiree using a fake tablet as an excuse to come over?

As if by *deux machina*, Laura’s name lit up on my phone. We hadn’t spoken in two weeks.

“Hello?” I answered the phone, the caution obvious in my voice, as always with her. “How are you doing, Mama Neo?”

“Not your concern,” she snapped. “Are you aware *wakina Neo walirudi shule* last week, and I had to pay half the 50K fees?”

“I got conned by some wicked hustlers,” I started to say, “but I am in the process...”

“*Staki stories zako*, Baba Neo,” she snapped. “*Mi ni 50K school fees* I need.”

A light flashed in my head. “Laura, did you take a tablet from my place the other morning when you were here?”

A short silence, and then: “Neo took it. He now plays games on it.

Kuna shida?”

“Yes!” I said, knowing my young son would never pick things without permission. “It belongs to my colleague, ex that is, and she needs it back.”

“Does she now?” Laura said. “It’s okay. Buy Neo a new one, and you can have it back...”

“Mama Neo,” I said, a desperate edge to my voice, “that tablet ain’t mine, and I don’t have money right now to buy the boy a new one...”

“Or to pay his fees, or for his food or rent or clothing,” Laura retorted. “Here’s the deal – pay half the fees, get him a new tab, and you can get back this one. Bye!”

And as she hung up, the doorbell rang, scaring me with its sharp shrill. Desiree Simaloi was here early!!

“Coming, coming,” I called out, a bit vexed, as the bell slashed my eardrums twice.

“Simaloi,” I said, as I threw the door open – and then I almost fainted.

For standing there in the hallway was Safari Safara, my first cousin, whom I had seen swept away by the floods at the beginning of May in a Mazda.

Either him, or the ghost of Safari, come for vengeance, for my abandonment of him to his warty fate, a few weeks ago.

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Movie Review

BY MICHAEL OCHEING

DARK MATTER

Where: Apple TV

Genre: Drama, Thriller

In the shadowed corridors of Apple TV+’s *Dark Matter*, the phrase “we’re our own worst enemies” takes on a chilling literal meaning. Adapted from Blake Crouch’s 2016 novel, this sci-fi series thrusts us into a parallel universe, one where our choices diverge, and our dual natures collide. The journey begins in present-day Chicago, where Jason Dessen (played by Joel Edgerton) grapples with the cosmic implications of his existence. Abducted into an alternate version of his life, he faces a harrowing truth: the most terrifying foe imaginable is none other than himself.

The series weaves an intricate puzzle, each episode a celestial fragment. Edgerton’s performance is stellar, capturing Dessen’s inner turmoil as he navigates alternate realities. Jennifer Connelly, as Daniela Dessen, adds depth to the emotional landscape, a gravitational pull toward understanding. Yet, *Dark Matter* isn’t without its gravitational anomalies. The slow-moving storyline occasionally tests our patience, like a distant quasar inching across the sky. The intellectual heft is undeniable, but emotional resonance remains elusive. We yearn for more, a cosmic revelation that pierces the heart.

The visual metaphors, the interplay of light and shadow mirror our inner conflicts. The series leaves us pondering the complexities of existence, the paths not taken, and the echoes of our choices across the multiverse. In the end, *Dark Matter* orbits the edge of satisfaction. Shocking and unsettling, it leaves us with unanswered questions, a black hole of curiosity. Perhaps that’s the point: to remind us that even in parallel universes, our humanity remains both our strength and our vulnerability.



Haunted: This is what it's like to live in an age of trauma

BY THOMAS BOSIRE

Studies suggest a higher prevalence of childhood trauma in the current generation compared to older ones. A 2020 study by the Ministry of Labour and Social Protection reveals that one in two young adults in Kenya experienced violence as a child

Our childhood shapes who we are. As young people reach adulthood, many are realising that their past experiences, especially childhood traumas, play a significant role in shaping their mental health and worldview.

A 2020 report by Centres for Disease Control and Prevention found that over 27 per cent of adolescents experienced at least one Adverse Childhood Experience (ACE) – a traumatic event such as abuse, neglect, or household dysfunction.

It is little wonder, therefore, that cases of drug and alcohol abuse, suicide and mental illness among young people are on the rise.

Winnie Machuka, 24

I harbour memories from age 10 which have stained the canvas of my life. My childhood was not pleasant at all. I witnessed terrible things. My father and mother were constantly arguing and fighting. I cannot count the number of times we had to run to my grandmother's place because my mother had been sent packing after a fight. It was chaotic.

While in Class Two, we were living in a single room and one evening, while my mother cooked *ugali* using a *jiko*, we heard my father approaching while singing. He was drunk. My mother told us to hide under the bed because when in that state, he was very violent.

That day my father caused chaos. He kicked the *sufuria* and it landed right next to my younger brother's head. We were still under the bed as this happened so I struggled to pull him closer so that he wouldn't get burnt. That memory is still etched in my head. I doubt I will ever forget it.

My parents eventually separated when I was in Class Four after an incident where some Sh20 that my dad wanted to use to buy cigarettes disappeared. Everyone in the house denied taking it and my father let out his anger on me. He beat me up for three hours, as if I was a stray dog. This was the last straw. My mother carried my brother and I and we left.

I never realised the full impact of these experiences until I was in my third year in university. A friend mentioned that I had very bad mood swings. She told me people avoided me because I would easily get angry.

Growing up in a household riddled with conflict, I would read books a lot. That was my way of coping. I was the quiet child who loved books. It reached a point I could not distinguish between my reality and fiction. I had read so much fiction that the stories became my reality.

I also battled memory loss, which I think arose from that toxic family environment. To date, I forget things quickly and my memory span is short. This affected my studies as nothing would stick in my brain, except the bad childhood experiences.

Even now, most of my relationships are strained. I don't know how to say sorry when I am wrong. While dating, I tend to compare potential partners with my father. Whenever they shout at me, my brain immediately goes back to my childhood and I start expecting them to beat me. Most of my romantic relationships have ended by the fourth month as I am always very afraid that they will lead to physical abuse.

I recently discovered the man I called my father was not my biological dad. Maybe he did all those things since he wasn't my real father. I am looking for my real father. Whenever I ask my mother why she didn't get out of the abusive relationship earlier, she tells me that she loved him and had hoped he would change.

In campus, I was depressed, and constantly high on *bhanga*. I smoked a lot of it, and it made the memory loss worse, but it helped at that time. It was my escape mechanism. When high on marijuana, it was easier for me to communicate. I eventually reduced my intake and now I don't use it at all. I turned to journaling as a coping mechanism, and I have also undergone therapy.

Elizabeth Naimutiae, 33

I had a difficult childhood. As a sixth born in a family of eight, you would expect me to be a neglected child, but there I was, the cause of conflict.

Of all my siblings, I was the only one who was keen on going to school, and this was making my parents quarrel. At



the time I didn't know that my father had already betrothed me according to the Maasai culture. My mother on the other hand was adamant that I needed to be given a chance to get an education.

My goal was to study and be someone in future, but my dad had other plans. I was frequently absent from school as I had to graze the cows. If I failed to do so, my father would beat my mother.

There was a time during one of their fights when he grabbed her by the throat and squeezed her so hard that she developed complications and was hospitalised for a week. That scene still replays in mind, and it hurts me to the core.

My father used to shout at me and sometimes beat me up. He used to make me suffer since he was set on marrying me off. He didn't think school was a priority. I tried seeking help from the head teacher and the district officer, but it was all in vain. As a child I saw myself as worthless. I hated myself.



just one of the many incidents that left us physically and emotionally scarred.

Our ordeal didn't end when we moved to another relative's house. We only encountered different forms of abuse. At one point, I was sexually assaulted by my cousins. The trauma was overwhelming. It left me with deep feelings of worthlessness and a pervasive fear of men that would haunt me for years.

A glimmer of hope appeared when our mother secured a stable job in Nairobi and brought us to live with her. However, escaping the past was not easy. My trust in human beings was shattered, and I often felt isolated, haunted by the memories of my childhood. I hate relatives who mistreat children left in their care. Every time I hear on the news that someone has harmed to a child, I get enraged. However, I don't blame my mother. She didn't know the nightmare she was exposing us to by leaving us behind.

As a teenager, I used to cry a lot and at times even as a young adult, there are days I am overwhelmed by emotions when I recall the traumatic experiences we underwent.

When it comes to relationships, my male friends think I am difficult to approach because I don't welcome or tolerate their advances.

Healing has been a long and painful process. Therapy has been instrumental, but the scars remain.

Patrick Maina, 22

My three siblings and I were brought up in a normal family setting. The person who married my mother, however, is not my biological father, and the two of them were always fighting. My dad frequently and openly beat up my mother. We would be having supper and then all of a sudden, someone gets slapped.

The man I called my father would hurl hurtful words at me and my elder brother, reminding us that we were not his children. He would tell us that we were draining his finances since he had to take care of our needs and if not for us, he would be wealthier.

These words would ring in my mind like a bell. They affected my concentration in school, yet I would be beaten to pulp for any slight dip in performance.

I have regrets for things that were not even my fault. I feel like my mother went through domestic violence because of my brother and I. I am an introvert not by nature. I forced myself to be one because my self-esteem was severely affected by my father's hurtful and abusive words.

In high school, as a coping mechanism, I turned to alcohol and was later introduced to bhang. I was expelled due to drug abuse. I used to overdose then act mad and forget about things. Thankfully I finished secondary school. However, things became even worse in university. Due to increased freedom, I started injecting substances into my veins to calm the voices in my head.

I quit all that and now I prefer to pray and read articles about trauma management.

Boniface Waingo, 26

I was born to parents whose relationship soured

shortly after I was born. I think I was only a few months old when my mother decided to leave, taking me with her. Without any notice or explanation, my mother returned to her parents' home. I spent my childhood living with my maternal grandparents, and during that period, I constantly felt out of place. I really longed for my father.

By the time I reached Grade Three, I was taken back to his father's relatives because I used to cry too much while asking for him.

I didn't realise I had made a terrible mistake. At my father's place, life was hard. There I was, a nine-year-old with people I didn't have any connection with and nobody to take care of me as my mother did.

I lived through that challenging life, but the longing for a complete family continued to haunt me. I remember crying every day, and asking God to give me both parents like my peers. I felt a huge void in my life.

I remember reaching out to my mother after Class Eight asking for her support to join a boarding high school, but she refused, saying that I had chosen my father's side and I had to face the consequences. My mother's side of the family was wealthier than my dad's and I knew she could afford to take me to boarding school, so her response broke my heart.

I went to a day school more than a month after the reporting day since my father struggled to find fees.

Shifting between my parents' homes while young, and the lack of family support greatly affected my mental health.

Even now, I often feel anxious and I struggle to understand my place in the world.

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My father successfully married me off at 16. I dropped out at Form Two but even in Form One, my school attendance was very erratic. Luckily I was married to someone who was only six years older. Nevertheless, our union was really tumultuous. I persevered because in our culture we believe a father's order carries with it a curse if not followed to the letter.

There was a time, while married, I even tried committing suicide. I felt so low and worthless. When I gave birth to my second child, I even lost breast milk. The child never suckled. In all the hospital visits, I was told to manage my stress levels.

I willed my brain to come to terms with everything that had happened so that I could move on with life, but it was not easy. I had to undergo therapy, and that somehow healed me.

My husband ended up changing for the bet-

ter and now we are both Christians. We pray and fellowship in church together. I am now a counsellor and I believe healing is a process. Accept what is troubling you, then start letting go.

Mercyline Kao, 25

At age six, my younger brother and I were left in the care of relatives while our mother went to Nairobi to look for work. Instead of the care we needed, we faced a lot of cruelty. One memory that stands out is when I fell from a tree and injured my ankle, then my auntie repeatedly hit that ankle to punish me. She was a devout churchgoer and a sister to my mother but she became our tormentor.

My brother and I lived in constant fear. One day, a male relative attacked my brother with a *jembe* and nearly split his head into two. We had to flee to a neighbour's house. This was



Students at Nyakango Mixed Secondary School in Rachuonyo North pose for a photo after a lesson on how to make reusable sanitary towels. PHOTO:GEORGE ODIWUOR

Skills acquisition YADE trains adolescent girls on how to make reusable pads

The man helping girls in Homa Bay escape period poverty

BY GEORGE ODIWUOR

As a learner in primary school, Derrick Geoffrey Onyang'o recalls seeing some of his female classmates missing lessons because of menstrual hygiene.

In Class Seven, most girls in her class had started their menstrual cycle, but not many could afford sanitary towels, which made them develop low self-esteem.

Geoffrey says some were also caught by surprise and did not understand what was happening to them.

He recalls a day when a teacher asked a girl in their class to answer a question.

"The girl answered the question correctly. She however failed to stand up when answering, and the teacher ordered her to go out as a form of punishment.

"But the girl was still hesitant to leave her seat. It turned out that she was on her menses and had soiled her clothes that day because she didn't have sanitary towels," Geoffrey narrates.

The girl did not want anyone to know what was happening to her. Her skirt had blood stains which she was trying to cover.

"She finally stood up when the teacher, who did not know about her situation, insisted that she had to leave the classroom. Some of her classmates knew what was happen-

ing and came to her aid. They covered her with a sweater and escorted her out."

Geoffrey says as the girl walked out, some of her peers, especially boys, laughed at her, oblivious to the challenge she was going through.

"I came to learn that the majority of girls who missed school on certain days did so because they could not afford to purchase sanitary towels. They chose to stay home to avoid embarrassment," he says.

After the experience, Geoffrey developed a passion for helping teenagers and young girls get sanitary towels.

Together with a group of like-minded young people, he started an organisation called YADE sanitary pads which offers cheaper sanitary towels to girls from vulnerable communities.

YADE trains adolescent girls on how to make reusable pads with the goal of ending period poverty, stigma and other taboos around menstrual hygiene.

Geoffrey, a law student at Kisii University, says he wants to provide alternative solutions to period poverty that affects girls in slums and rural areas.

Before establishing YADE, he did his research on the accessibility of sanitary towels by adolescents in rural areas, and the results were shocking.

He found out that some girls use pieces of cloth as sanitary towels.

"Others use mattresses. Some do not

use anything," he says.

His study was backed by other findings from the Department of Health in Homa Bay county.

Because of this challenge, cases of truancy, absenteeism and dropping out among girls in Homa Bay have increased significantly.

Homa Bay is among the leading counties in teenage pregnancies, and most of the girls who fall victim come from poor families.

"Mostly, the teenage girls end up being lured by men who can buy them things like sanitary towels. These men often ask for sexual favours, and when the girl conceives, they disappear into thin air," he says.

Geoffrey is Yade's programme coordinator, and he is assisted by the group's medical officer Kefa Aywa who is a nurse at St Paul's Mission Hospital, and Fauzia Mustafa who is a medical student. The group also works with volunteers who include teachers from schools whose students have benefited from the programme.

On May 17, the team went to Nyakango Mixed secondary school where more than 150 students, including boys, were taught how to make reusable sanitary towels.

At the school, 63 students have become pregnant between 2021 and now, 55 others contracted urinary tract infections between 2022 and this year, with some cases being caused by poor menstrual hygiene.

"*We have been using our money

all along. We spend up to Sh 30,000 in one lesson," he says. The money is used to purchase the different materials used in making the towels.

The materials used include nylon, cotton and polyester. Other tools used in making the reusable sanitary towels include scissors, thread and sewing needle.

"During our lessons, learners start by drawing a sketch that resembles a cross on a piece of paper. Using the sketch, they cut out the materials and get the correct measurements. The pieces of waterproof material are joined using sewing thread, and two pieces of cotton are then put in between the layers.

"Once the materials are put together, an outer layer is added at the bottom, which has buttons or stickers that hold onto innerwear. We advise girls to have at least three pads which they can wash and use for several months," Mustafa says.

By March this year, the team had reached more than 1,000 students in 10 different schools in Homa Bay.

Aywa says use of materials such as mattresses and cloths during menses can lead to urinary tract infections because such materials are not sterile.

"Bacterial buildup may extend to the uterus and cause diseases such as pelvic inflammatory illnesses, and could also cause infertility," Aywa says.

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Careers

What to do when you get a painful rejection letter

BY MARGARET MAINA

The number of rejections a candidate encounters before receiving a job offer is unknown. But, it doesn't matter how many times you've been turned down, a rejection still hurts. However, that doesn't mean you should curl up on the floor and cry. You can transform a "No" into opportunity. Here is how.

Self-control

When your application is rejected, control your emotions. Do not vent in a professional email or conversation with potential employers. Don't take any actions that could jeopardise future opportunities. Be polite, thank the prospective employer for their time, and request feedback on what you could have done more effectively. Most of the time, you won't hear anything specific, but a hiring manager might offer advice that will help you stand out in your upcoming applications or interviews.

Redirect the negative energy

After being rejected, anger, disappointment, grief and frustration often follow. Try to channel these feelings into something positive. You could pursue new opportunities, go to the gym, or take up a new hobby.

Take note of what happened

To ease the sting, do some self-analysis. Reread your resume and cover letter and find ways of making them more appropriate for the position. If there was an interview, take note of ways to improve. You may have appeared stiff and uncertain of yourself because of the tension from a hurried and busy morning, or you were taken aback by a question.

Consider what would make each day wonderful

A fantastic offer from your ideal employer would undoubtedly be on the list, but consider additional opportunities, both large and small, that could enable you to incorporate happiness and pleasant interactions into each day. Choose an action to take at the beginning of each day and follow through with it, especially during the stressful interview periods. You could meet friends for happy hour after work, go to the gym, cook a beautiful supper or catch up on a TV show. This can help relieve stress.

Accept and move on

Successful candidates take time to reflect on their momentary setback and pick lessons from it. They also take note of the pleasant experiences in their daily lives.

This doesn't mean you become unrealistically happy. We are inclined to make comparisons between ourselves and our role models. As we do that, we tend to forget that they may have formerly faced rejection. When successful people reflect on their paths, they often view rejections and failure as crucial and indispensable stepping stones on their path to success.

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