

A black and white close-up photograph of a woman's face. She has a tear on her cheek and is looking upwards and to the right with a somber expression. She is wearing a dark, textured sweater and a black strap with a metal ring is visible around her neck. The background is blurred, showing what appears to be a window or a doorway.

**Lest
We Forget
Chapter II**



Lest

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@Amnesty International Kenya

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Lest We Forget

Chapter II



Amnesty International Kenya is a section of Amnesty International's global movement of over 10 million members and supporters, committed to building a future in which human rights are enjoyed. United by our shared humanity, we know that the power to create positive change is within all of us. We are funded by members and people like you. We are independent of any political ideology, economic interest or religion. We stand with victims of human rights violations, whoever they are, wherever they are.

Amnesty International Kenya followed a survivor-centred methodology to document these stories for exhibitions and in this booklet. These are stories of extrajudicial killings and enforced disappearances in 2025 and are only a sample of the few incidents we could capture. All the survivors whose stories appear in this booklet consented to have their stories out. Our meetings with survivors and families of victims of police violence were carried out in line with the code of conduct for documenters of atrocities to ensure a survivor-centred and "no harm" approach. Its key objectives are to respect and protect survivors' rights and to ensure that working with survivors to investigate, document, and record their experiences is safer, more ethical, and more effective in upholding their human rights. We sought to make the documentation and exhibition process empowering for survivors and mitigate risks of harm or re-traumatization. We also did this to humanise victims of police abuse of power.

For the most part, the survivors we spoke to express a strong desire to share their experiences to build courage and resilience, encouraging others to come forward and speak out. We ensured that the survivors received psychosocial support and access to independent investigation institutions, who could address their ongoing concerns.

We approached these conversations by engaging survivors as actors and decision-makers, not merely as victims. Our discussions focused on what they need now, what justice means to them, and the messages they wish to convey to duty bearers and the nation.

We acknowledge and commend all those documented in this booklet for boldness and courage in speaking with us.

Amnesty International continues to observe, monitor, and document violent policing of assemblies as part of the Protect the Protest Campaign.





“Those Mandated to Keep My Husband Safe Killed Him-I want Justice”

Story told by **Yvonne Akinyi**

“He died wanting to honour a leader he adored. He died in a place where he should have been safe. We want justice - not just for Vincent, but for every family that woke up to death instead of closure..”



My name is Yvonne Akinyi, and I am living every wife’s worst nightmare. My husband, Vincent Otieno, was shot dead at Kasarani Stadium. He had gone to view the body of his hero, the late Raila Odinga.

The last time I heard Vincent’s voice, he was full of life. It was Wednesday afternoon when he called from Nairobi to check on me and our six-year-old twins in Rongo. He also spoke to his mother and my siblings before promising to call again on Thursday evening. He said there was something important we needed to talk about.

Thursday came. No call. While at work, I stumbled on a post on social media claiming that Vincent had been shot at Kasarani Stadium. I refused to believe it. Not my husband. Not the same man who laughed with us the day before.

Vincent travelled to Kasarani to pay his last respects to Baba. It was supposed to be peaceful—a moment of national unity. But chaos broke out in the terraces, and gunshots rang through the air.

Witnesses told me he was seated quietly when the bullet struck him. When we met the pathologist, Dr Bernard Midia, he confirmed our worst fear: Vincent was killed by a live bullet. The bullet pierced his left chest, and fragments remained lodged inside. Hearing those words shattered me.

“Someone shot him,” I keep repeating in my mind. “Someone took him away from us.”

Vincent was our sole provider. Now I must raise three children on my own — our eldest and the twins, who still cry for daddy at bedtime. I do not know what the future looks like. I do not know how to explain to them that their father is not coming back.

What hurts most is imagining the person who fired the shot. They went home that night. Maybe they hugged their children. Meanwhile, mine lost their father forever.

We want justice - not just for Vincent, but for every family that woke up to death instead of closure.

He died wanting to honour a leader he adored. He died in a place where he should have been safe.

I spoke to my husband the day before he died. I never knew it was good-bye.





“My Husband Evans Left Home to Work Brought Back in a Coffin”

Story told by **Brenda Akoth**

“All we want is justice. I want the truth written officially, not whispered. I want those responsible to face us and explain why a peaceful, hardworking man came home in a coffin.”

My name is Brenda Akoth - now known as the late Evans Kiche's wife. My heart still hasn't accepted what happened.

Thursday began normally. Evans left home at 5:30 am to report to work at Pan Africa Christian University. We spoke several times that morning- at nine, ten, and eleven. He promised to come home early after leaving work to attend the viewing of Raila Odinga's body at Kasarani.

At 2 pm, he told me, “Give me a minute,” and then hung up. That was the last time I heard his voice.

Hours passed. His phone stayed off. Fear crawled through my chest. At 8 pm, I received a Facebook message titled “Emergency, Evans Kiche.”

A stranger on the line gave me another number - the person who had booked my husband's body at the mortuary. My hands trembled as I tried to dial.

The next morning, when I saw Evans lying cold on a slab at Nairobi Funeral Home, my knees gave way. He had a hole between his eyes — the perfect mark of a bullet.

Later, the pathologist confirmed that live ammunition killed him. Evans was one of the two victims who suffered gunshot wounds to the head. The bullet entered and exited his skull, violently destroying part of his brain.

I keep replaying the day in my mind. I miss him dearly. Now his seat at home stays empty.

We have three children. They keep asking why Daddy is not at home. My eldest, in Grade Seven, tries to stay strong, but I can see the fear in his eyes, the fear of a future without his father.

All we want is justice. I want the truth written officially, not whispered. I want those responsible to face us and explain why a peaceful, hardworking man came home in a coffin.

Evans left home to work, not to die. He wasn't fighting. He wasn't rioting. He was just a father trying to provide for his family. Now I must walk this road alone.







“He Prayed That Morning. Then He Was Shot in the Eye.”

Story told by **Dr. Jiddah Choke**

“Jida was not a criminal. He was not a threat, just a father honouring a leader. Justice must not remain a slogan for the news. It must knock on our door.”

I am Dr Jiddah Choke. I lost my cousin, Jida Burkah, 42, to a bullet fired at Kasarani Stadium.

Every morning before leaving home, Jida prayed. He prayed that Thursday too. He told his wife he wanted to be part of history by paying his last respects to Raila Odinga at Kasarani Stadium. He began at Parliament and later walked to Kasarani, full of hope and pride.

That evening, news broke that shots had been fired at the stadium. I saw the headlines but never imagined Jida could be among the victims. He avoided chaos. He avoided anger. He was gentle, man who loved a quiet life. That is the cousin we knew.

Two days later, someone posted his photo online- lifeless- asking if anyone knew him.

My heart stopped. We rushed to Nairobi Funeral Home. The truth confronted us brutally. A bullet had entered through his left eye and exited at the back of his head, leaving a massive wound. Pathologist Dr Bernard Midia explained that a live bullet killed him. Jida was one of two victims shot in the head. The bullet shattered bone, tore brain tissue, and destroyed any chance of survival.

He died praying. He died peacefully, but someone’s bullet ended his life violently.

Jida left behind three children, aged 12, 10, and 6, who depended on him for everything. His parents are frail, sickly, and now heartbroken. His wife can hardly speak. Their home feels like a wound.

We are demanding more than condolences. We want the truth, from the government, from the police, from those in command.

There were cameras all over Kasarani. Someone knows who fired. Someone knows why.

Jida was not a criminal. He was not a threat, just a father honouring a leader. Justice must not remain a slogan for the news. It must knock on our door.

His prayer that morning was for peace. The bullet he received was state violence.







“He Only Had Sh400- And It Cost Him His Life”

The story told by **Rinah Wanjiku**

“We buried Charles in Kikuyu on October 24, 2025, but my soul is restless. Charles was not a criminal. He was my brother, a son, a dreamer. All we want now is justice, justice for a life stolen too soon.”



I am Rinah Wanjiku. I still hear my brother's voice in my head, calm, frightened, and fading. Charles Ndung'u was only 23, a hardworking bodaboda rider from Kiamaiko who spent his days weaving through the dusty roads of Mathare, ferrying passengers to make an honest living. On the evening of September 2, 2025, he left home as usual. He never came back.

That night, around 7 pm, Charles called me. But his voice trembled; it wasn't a regular call. I could hear commotion in the background, men shouting. He told me he had been arrested. “Wamenikamatia tu bila sababu, wanataka pesa (they have arrested me, and they want money),” he said softly.

The officers wanted money, but he only had Sh400. I asked him where he was, what was happening, but he said, “Wacha nisikie watasema, nitakupigia tena (I will call you back once they give me way forward).” Those were the last words I ever heard from him. Then his phone went dead.

I called and called, but it never went through. The next morning, we went to Kayole Police Station to report that he was missing. They told us they had not arrested anyone fitting his description. For days, we went from one police station to another, hospitals, and mortuaries included.

Each time, we were told, “Hakuna mtu kama huyo. (we don't have anyone that fits that description),” My heart broke a little more each day.

A month later, after the story appeared in the media, we finally got a call from the same police. They said the OCS wanted to see us. They drove us to Mama Lucy Kibaki Hospital, straight to the mortuary. And there he was, my little brother, cold and lifeless. His face was bruised, with a deep cut on his forehead and more on his cheeks. The postmortem said he died of internal bleeding. For a month, his body lay there, even though we had visited that same hospital many times asking for him.

We buried Charles in Kikuyu on October 24, 2025, but my soul is restless. The police later produced his motorbike from their own station. How? Why?

Charles was not a criminal. He was my brother, a son, a dreamer. All we want now is justice, justice for a life stolen too soon.





“He Promised to Stay Home. But a Police Bullet Took Him Away.”

Story told by **Fatuma Makokha Opango**

“He was only 17. He didn’t have a weapon. He wasn’t a protester. He was just a boy, curious to see what was happening. They (police) killed my helper, who dreamt of putting a roof on our heads..”

My name is Fatuma Makokha Opango. My life was shattered on June 25, 2025 — the day my son, Ian Sabatia Opango, was killed by a police bullet. Ian was only 17 years old - My second-born of five children. A humble, kind, and hardworking boy who had dropped out of school in Grade 6 because I couldn’t afford to keep him there. But he refused to give up on life. He started learning welding, hoping to help me provide for the family.

We live in Rongai, in a small, rented house we’ve always struggled to pay for. I wash clothes for people to feed my children. It’s not much, but it’s what keeps us going. Ian understood that. He was my helper, my survival partner. Together, we scraped for a living.

He used to tell me, “Mum, one day, we’ll leave this place. We’ll build our own house back home in Western.” We had even started saving — just a few hundred shillings each week. We dreamed of buying iron sheets, one at a time. He gave me hope.

That morning, before I left for work, I told him to stay home. There were protests planned — I knew how violent they could get. I said, “Ian, please don’t go out today.” He promised he wouldn’t.

When I came back around 3 p.m., I found them all safe. They had eaten, and the little ones were watching TV. Ian’s youngest brother, who is disabled, laughed as Ian helped him feed. Seeing them like that made me so proud.

But later that afternoon, one of his friends came by and asked him to step out to see what was happening near the highway. Ian hesitated, then said he’d go for a few minutes. I didn’t stop him. I thought he’d be safe. I didn’t know that would be the last time I saw his face alive.

Around 5:30 p.m., as I scrolled through Facebook, I came across a photo that froze me in my tracks. A boy in a red T-shirt, blue jeans, and a black cap, lying lifeless in a pool of blood on the road. The post read: “If anyone knows this boy, tell his family — he has been shot and is dead.”

My heart broke instantly. The clothes — the cap — they were Ian’s. I screamed, showing neighbors the photo, begging them to tell me it wasn’t him. But deep down, I knew it was.

I ran to the scene, calling his name. He wasn’t there. His body was gone. No one could tell me where he had been taken.

At 7 p.m., I went to Saitoti Hospital in Rongai. They wouldn’t let me in. The next morning, I rushed to Kenyatta National Hospital, from the emergency section to the mortuary — nothing. Finally, a guard told me to try City Mortuary.

When I got there, I found him. My Ian. He had been brought in at midnight,





He was only 17. He didn't have a weapon. He wasn't a protester. He was just a boy, curious to see what was happening.

Since that day, I have been living with bitterness and pain. The boy who helped me pay rent, who dreamed of building a home with me, who made me believe in tomorrow, is gone. His father lives back home in Western. He hasn't recovered either. Ian was his pride.

The Independent Policing Oversight Authority (IPOA) came to me once — on the day of the postmortem — to record my statement. That was the only time I heard from them. Since then, silence. No updates, no justice, no word from the police.

I still go out to wash clothes every morning because my children must eat. But every time I rinse a shirt or hang it on a line, I remember Ian — how he would come help me rinse, how he'd count the money we earned together and say, "Mum, soon we'll have enough." Now, I wash alone. I count alone. I cry alone.

I want justice for my son — justice for Ian's blood. He was my child, my helper, my hope. He didn't deserve to die like that. Until justice comes, I will keep speaking his name. I will keep fighting because my son's blood cannot be forgotten.



“No One Has Explained Why My Husband Was Shot. No One Has Said Sorry.”

Story told by **Winnie Njuguna**

“My older daughter still calls out for her father. In the evenings, she asks when he’s coming home. I don’t know how to tell her he never will. She still believes he’s at work. My baby will grow up never knowing the sound of his voice.”

My name is Winnie Njuguna, and my world ended on June 25, 2025 — the day a police bullet took away my husband, Kevin Njau. Kevin was only 23. We were young and just married out of love, raising our two beautiful daughters. Life was not easy, but we had each other. He was my best friend, my partner, my everything.

That morning started like any other. Kevin left home in Ruiru for his job in Kikuyu, where he was working under a Kenya National Highways Authority (KeNHA) project, marking roads. It was tough, physical work under the sun, but it paid our rent and helped us care for our firstborn — a three-year-old girl with cerebral palsy — and our two-month-old baby.

Caring for a child with special needs is never easy. There are endless hospital visits, therapy sessions, diapers, and medicines that cost thousands every month. Every coin we earned went into keeping her comfortable. Kevin carried that burden with quiet strength. He was determined to give his family a better life.

Before leaving that morning, he told me, “I’ll bring something nice for the girls.” He smiled, kissed me goodbye, and walked out. That was the last time I saw him alive.

Later that evening, my phone rang. It was an unknown number. The caller said Kevin had collapsed — that he had been shot in the head. I froze. I told him to stop joking. But then he sent me a photo.

It was Kevin. Lying on the tarmac. Blood all around his head. I screamed. My body went numb. When I saw him later at City Mortuary, I fainted. I remember wishing I could go with him. The pain was too much to bear.

That day, protests had broken out across the country. Kikuyu town had become one of the flashpoints between police and protestors. Kevin wasn’t protesting — he was just at work. But a bullet found him anyway. He died instantly. There was no official call. No statement. No apology. Just silence — and that photograph.

A few days later, we buried him in Gatundu, his home. Standing by his grave, I couldn’t stop thinking about how unfair it was. How could a man who left home to earn a living end up in a coffin?

After the burial, reality hit. Kevin had been our only source of income. Our rent in Ruiru was due, our child’s medicine was running out, and I had no job. I couldn’t leave my firstborn alone even for a minute — she needs constant care.





With nowhere else to go, I packed our things and returned to my parents' home in Kirinyaga. That is where I live now, with my two daughters, trying to survive one day at a time.

To make ends meet, I wash clothes for people in the village. Some days, I fetch water or clean houses. Whatever I earn goes straight to my daughter's medicine, diapers, and food. Sometimes, it's not enough. I give her painkillers and pray she'll sleep peacefully through the night.

My older daughter still calls out for her father. In the evenings, she asks when he's coming home. I don't know how to tell her he never will. She still believes he's at work. My baby will grow up never knowing the sound of his voice.

It's been months now, but there has been no justice, no answers. The Independent Policing Oversight Authority (IPOA) called me once to record a statement. Since then, nothing. No follow-up, no report. No word from the police. Not even a single call from KeNHA.

I wake up every day to care for our daughters, to fight through another day of survival. But inside, I'm still broken. Kevin was my partner, my hope, my strength. Now, all that's left are memories — and questions that no one wants to answer.

I want to know why. Why did my husband have to die? Why did a man who went to work that morning come back to me only in a photograph?

Until I get those answers, I carry his memory in my heart — his laughter, his kindness, and the love he left behind. He was my husband. He was their father. And his story deserves justice.





“My Brother Was Shot by Police and Dragged Like an Animal.”

Story told by **Aisha Wangui**

“Harrison was not a criminal, but was killed, and as if that wasn’t enough, the police dragged his lifeless body across the road like an animal. Even in death, my brother was denied dignity.”

My name is Aisha Wangui, and I live in the Grogon area of Nyeri County. I am the sister of Harrison Wachira, who was brutally shot and killed by police on July 7, 2025.

On that painful day, I came across a disturbing video circulating online, showing a lifeless body being dragged by police officers along the tarmac, not far from Juja Police Station. I remember feeling a deep pain in my heart for the person in the video, never imagining that the same pain would soon come crashing into my own home. I didn’t even know it was my brother.

Later that evening, at around 9 p.m., Harrison’s fiancée called me. She was worried because she hadn’t heard from him, and he wasn’t answering his phone. I tried calling him several times, too, but there was no response. Still, it didn’t cross my mind that something terrible had happened. I carried on with my evening, hoping he would call back.

The next morning, his fiancée called again, this time in tears. Harrison had not returned home. She went to his workplace and was told he had been shot and taken to Thika Level 5 Hospital. Eventually, we found his body at Kago General Mortuary.

I went there myself. I confirmed it was him. A postmortem later revealed that Harrison had died from a single bullet wound to the left side of his neck, a detail that directly contradicts the police’s initial claim that he died in a stampede.

According to his colleagues, when protests broke out near their shop in Juja, they began closing it down. Harrison was shutting the door when a stray bullet hit him. He was not protesting. He was not looting. He was trying to protect his livelihood.

My brother was only 37 years old. He was a hardworking man, a father to an 8-year-old daughter, and the sole breadwinner for his family. He leaves behind a child who will grow up without a father. Harrison was not a criminal. He was not part of the violence. He was at his place of work, and that is where he was killed.

And as if that wasn’t enough, the police dragged his lifeless body across the road like an animal. That image will haunt me for the rest of my life. Even in death, my brother was denied dignity. Harrison was my baby brother. I raised him and our three other siblings after our mother died in 1995. Our father passed away a few years later, and I became both sister and parent to them.





My uncle, who Harrison was named after, helped me raise them. When he heard of Harrison's death, he suffered a stroke and died three months later. .

The grief in our family is unbearable. The fear in our community is growing. Those who witnessed what happened are afraid to speak out, fearing arrest or abduction. But I will not be silent.

I am demanding justice, not just for Harrison's death, but for the inhuman way he was treated. I want justice for his widow. I want justice for his child. I want the truth to be known. Harrison's life mattered.

We are not just mourning a death. We are mourning the violent erasure of a son, a father, a brother, and a man who deserved better.





“Who Took My Son’s Life? Why are They Free?”

Story told by **Esther Nyambura**

“Peter was my only hope. I never gave birth to any of my own children. I adopted him when he was just three years old. He embraced me wholeheartedly and called me Mum from the very beginning. He became my world. But a police bullet took him away.”

My name is Esther Nyambura. I am a resident of Baghdad village in Kieni, Nyeri County. I am still reeling from the events of June 25th, 2025, the day I lost my beloved son, Peter Mwangi, to police brutality.

The government robbed me of my only child, a 20-year-old young man with dreams and a bright future. Two days before that fateful day, Mwangi called me to ask for money to refill his cooking gas. He had earned Ksh 500 from his industrial attachment and needed only Ksh650 more. He was a second-year student at Nyeri National Polytechnic. I sent what I could. I didn't know then that it would be our last conversation.

On June 25th, that year, I called him three times in the afternoon. He didn't answer. I contacted his roommate, who told me that Mwangi had left for Nyeri town. Worried, I kept calling him through the night. My calls went unanswered. I didn't sleep.

In the morning, I received devastating news: my son had died during anti-government protests in Nyeri town. My heart shattered.

Peter was my only hope. I never gave birth to any children of my own. I adopted him when he was just three years old. He embraced me wholeheartedly and called me Mum from the very beginning. He became my world. A postmortem examination conducted at Nyeri County Referral Hospital revealed that he had died from a massive intracranial haemorrhage and a severe head injury caused by blunt force trauma to the skull. He had been hit on the head three times and once on the back. That does not sound like a stray incident. It feels targeted and deliberate.

And yet, when I asked for justice, my cries were met with silence. The police denied responsibility. They issued statements to the media saying they were not involved in his death.

But if it wasn't the police, then who wanted my son dead? On the same day and in the same area where Mwangi died, another person was shot dead by police. What is the truth? Who is responsible?

I want justice for my son. But I am 75 years old, living alone, battling arthritis, and constantly in and out of the hospital. I have no one to help me. I sold the only land I inherited from my father to educate him. I gave up everything to give him a future.

And what did I get in return? Death. Silence. Loneliness. I want justice for my son. But who will help me get it?







“Even in a School Uniform, the Police Still Shot at Me Instead of Protecting Me.”

Story told by **Eustace Chiira and Millicah Gathoni.**

“Police cut short my dream of becoming a professional footballer. Now I sit on the sidelines watching my schoolmates chase the ball I once ran after because their bullet took away my leg.”

My name is Eustace Chiira. I am a Form Two student from Kiamwangi village, Mathira, Nyeri County. This is my mother, Millicah Gathoni. My life turned upside down on June 16th, 2024, and I am still struggling to recover from that day.

It was a typical school day. After classes, I passed by Karatina town, where my mother used to work in a hotel, to pick up our house keys as I always did. That day, anti-government demonstrations were underway in the town. Some areas were chaotic, but I wasn't involved. I was in a whole school uniform, just trying to get home.

Then I heard loud bangs. Tear gas. Screams. I found myself caught between protesters and anti-riot police. Suddenly, I was shot in the thigh, and the bullet pierced through both of my legs. I fell to the ground and lost consciousness. I remember seeing the police officer who shot me. He was tall and dark-skinned. I wasn't doing anything wrong. Why did he shoot me? I woke up in Karatina Level IV Hospital, hooked to a drip, and in deep pain. I stayed there for ten days, unable to move. I was later transferred to Kenyatta National Hospital for further treatment. When the doctors told us my leg had to be amputated, I broke down. I screamed, I cried, I begged. I was just 17. I had dreams. After several counselling sessions, I agreed to the surgery. That day, a part of me died. I stayed in the hospital for two months. When I returned home, I had missed the entire third term. I had no choice but to repeat Form Two. My mother used to hire a motorcycle to take me to school, but it became too expensive. Eventually, she took me to live with my aunt so that I could attend a nearby school. Now I walk 1 kilometre every day using crutches.

Before all this, I dreamed of becoming a professional footballer. That dream died the day I lost my leg. But I refuse to give up. Now, I want to be a lawyer to fight for justice, because I know what injustice feels like. I want to be a voice for those who are silenced. When I'm not in school, I help with farming to keep my mind busy and support my family.

(Eustace's Mother, Millicah Gathoni, chips in):

Since we left the hospital, life has been tough. The wound where my son was amputated continues to get infected. His remaining leg is now showing signs of nerve damage. I lost my job because I had to stay by my son's side during his extended hospital stay. I am a single mother, and it has been tough to provide for his medical care, school fees, and transportation. He needs a prosthetic leg to help him move more easily, but I cannot afford it. It has now been over a year since the incident, and justice feels like a dream that keeps slipping away.

We are not asking for pity. We are asking for a chance. A chance at justice. A chance at healing. An opportunity to finally be heard.







“A police Bullet Took My Son. I Want to Know Who Fired It and Why They’re Still Free.”

Story told by **Agata Wothaya**

“He was unarmed. He was not violent. He had committed no crime. The government I voted for took away my son. Since that day, no government official has ever called me or come to my home to talk about justice. Not one. I feel abandoned by a system that is supposed to protect us.”



My name is Agata Wothaya. I am a resident of Karima village in Othaya, Nyeri County. My life changed completely on June 24, 2025, the day I lost my last-born son, Joseph Ndiang’ui. He was just 27 years old. We used to call him Jose.

That morning, Jose left for work as usual. He had been working on a nearby construction site to support himself and help me repay the loan I took out for his education. He had a diploma in Automotive Engineering, but without formal employment, he hustled wherever he could. We had planned for him to return to school and study Education, a dream he never lived to see.

At 4 p.m., he came home briefly, dropped off his tools, and told me he was heading to town. Just thirty minutes after he left, I heard gunshots in the distance. I immediately called Jose. He picked up, and we spoke. He told me he was okay. That would be our last conversation. Two hours later, his elder brother received devastating news: Jose had been shot by police. When he told me, I rushed to Mwai Kibaki Hospital. There, I found my son’s lifeless body.

My heart sank. I couldn’t believe what I was seeing.

The autopsy report said he had bled to death. A bullet had pierced his right arm and exited through his chest, damaging his lungs. The next day, I went to the scene where he had been shot. I found blood stains in the shape of his body on the veranda floor.

His friends told me that two police officers, a man and a woman from Witima Police Station, had arrived in a police vehicle at around 6 p.m. and began shooting aimlessly. My son was caught in the chaos. He was unarmed. He was not violent. He had committed no crime.

To this day, I do not know the name of the officer who pulled the trigger. I want to know. One of them killed my son, and yet that officer is still working, earning a government salary while my son lies in a grave.

The government I voted for took away my son. Since that day, no government official has ever called me or come to my home to talk about justice. Not one. I feel abandoned by a system that is supposed to protect us.

Jose was a kind, hardworking, and respectful young man. A people’s person. His only mistake was being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

I want accountability. I want the officer who shot my son to be identified, suspended, investigated, and prosecuted. To me, justice means truth. It means the government is admitting what happened and taking responsibility.

Even now, I cannot watch demonstrations on TV without thinking of my Jose. The memory of that day haunts me. The silence after our last call, the blood on the veranda, and the gaping absence in my home.

I pray to God that no other mother will bury her child the way I buried mine. I will keep speaking until someone listens. Justice may be slow, but I will not stop asking: Who killed my son, and why are they still free?





“Where is my Husband?”

Story told by **Alvy Aoko Okello**

“Heard from detectives investigating the case that KWS rangers had secretly buried Brian within the park; they claimed they had credible intelligence on where he might have been buried.”



My name is Alvy Aoko Okello, a resident of Flamingo Estate, Nakuru County. My husband Brian Odhiambo, 31, a fisherman, disappeared on January 18, 2025.

Brian went missing in the hands of Kenya Wildlife Service (KWS) rangers. He was arrested, allegedly for illegal fishing inside Lake Nakuru and trespassing in Lake Nakuru National Park. That fateful morning, I recall leaving home at around 10 am. I left him at home. He said he was going fishing but promised to be home early. I went to my workplace only to receive a call in the evening from my mother-in-law that KWS officers had taken my husband, and she said I should come and rescue him. She said that Brian was brutally beaten, dragged, and bundled in a Land Cruiser. I rushed to Bondeni Police Station to bail him out, but he wasn't there.

I waited until 6 pm, anxious, with no news of him. I visited hospitals, police stations, and morgues, but in vain. Bravely, I went to the KWS office, but they refused to let me in. Initially, my husband had told me of the brutality by KWS officers; I knew my husband had suffered the same fate. Heard from detectives investigating the case that KWS rangers had secretly buried Brian within the park; they claimed they had credible intelligence on where he might have been buried. I have not rested; the memories are still fresh. The fact that my husband is still missing 10 months down the line is a pain I can't fathom.

My two children need their father, and I also need my husband. As I hold his portrait, I hope justice will be served. I demand justice and his body. Our family has been through a lot; we have been arrested, teargassed, harassed, and endured the pain of losing him. He was the breadwinner, and he could do anything to provide for his family.

My family has faced anguish and misery after police officers arrested us during a protest on March 13. The police arrested my mother-in-law, brothers-in-law, and two of our friends near the park, accusing us of leading the protest against KWS officers. Eventually, we were released, but the arrest gave me trauma and nightmares. It changed my life; I had to work extra hours to pay bills and support my family.

Have never heard any positive news. I have been near my mobile phone, but the only calls I received are from the media, neighbours, and friends who have been asking me for updates. Justice for Brian, we need his body. I want to bury my husband.





“They Should Have Killed Me, Not My Son.”

Story told by **Meshack Ojwang'**

“When he died, I lost not just a son, but also the meaning of my own life. Sometimes, I wish the police had taken me instead. I’m old. I’ve lived. But Albert still had a life ahead of him — dreams, plans, a family that needed him.”



My name is Meshack Ojwang. My life lost meaning the day my son, Albert, died. Albert was my only child — my pride, my hope, and my future. He was a teacher, a blogger, a husband, and a father. He was also the reason I woke up every morning with purpose. When police took him away, I waited, believing he would come home as always — tired, maybe bruised, but alive.

But he never did. Albert died inside a police cell at Central Police Station in Nairobi. They said he had been arrested. They never said why. They never said how he ended up dead. All I know is that my son walked into that cell — and never came out. Since that day, my world has been nothing but quiet pain. The air in this house is heavy with silence. My wife hardly speaks anymore. She sits by the window, staring at the road, waiting for a voice that will never call out again. Every morning, I imagine Albert walking through the door, asking if we’ve eaten, how we’re feeling, or whether there’s anything that needs fixing. But it’s only in my mind now. Albert used to say, “Baba, one day I’ll make things easier for you and Mama.” And he did, in every way he could. He took care of us. He was our strength. He was everything I hoped to become through him.

When he died, I lost not just a son, but also the meaning of my own life. Sometimes, I wish the police had taken me instead. I’m old. I’ve lived. But Albert still had a life ahead of him — dreams, plans, a family that needed him. I worked all my life to educate him. When money was tight, I borrowed, sold what I could, and used my hands and back to raise his school fees. When he got into university, I paid for his parallel program with pride. He was the first in our family to get that far, and he carried that achievement with humility. He never forgot where he came from.

Now, every time I see his empty room, my heart twists. His clothes still hang in the corner. His notebooks are still on the table. I can’t bring myself to move them. It feels like erasing him all over again. The days after his death were a blur of confusion — police statements, postmortems, journalists at the gate, and crowds of mourners. For a moment, it felt like the world saw our pain. Cameras flashed. Microphones were pushed in my face. People called, promising help, promising justice. But after a few weeks, the noise faded. The cameras are left. The promises disappeared. And we were alone again — left with nothing but our grief. The attention also brought problems. People now think we received millions of shillings. They look at us differently, whisper when we pass. But they don’t know the truth.

The little help we got went straight to securing Albert’s son’s future, Albert’s widow’s education, and to building us a small house — a place to rest our heads. And that’s all. We are grateful for every act of kindness, but none of them can bring Albert back. No cheque, no house, no words can replace a son. I still wake up at night and ask God, “Why him? Why, my boy?”

He was not a criminal. He was a teacher. He believed in justice, in speaking truth even when it was dangerous. He didn’t deserve to die behind those walls. I want justice — not revenge, but the truth. I want to know what really happened in that cell. Who saw him last? Who failed to protect him? Who will stand up and say, “We were wrong?”

Every time I pass a police station, I feel my stomach tighten. The sight of those blue uniforms brings everything back — the phone call, the disbelief, the body lying cold in that morgue.

Some nights, I sit outside under the stars and talk to him. I tell him how his mother is doing, how his little boy is growing. I tell him we miss him — every single day. And then I whisper the words that never leave my heart.



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The Standard

Tortured, strangled

SENSELESS MURDER The police tried to spin a crude tale about the death of blogger and teacher Albert Ojwang, and they got it spectacularly wrong. Through their spokesperson, they claimed Ojwang fatally hit his head against a wall inside a police cell. But the truth is far more harrowing—and damning. The 31-year-old did not die by accident. He was tortured. He was strangled. And when his lifeless body was eventually carted off to Mbagathi Hospital, it was a mere formality—an attempt to cloak a cold-blooded murder in official procedure. As the President and his Interior Cabinet Secretary avert their gaze and pray for the storm to pass, the gravity of the crime deepens.

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"We found that there were serious injuries to the head, there were also features of neck compression and multiple soft tissue injuries spread all over the body,"

Dr Bernard Midia, Pathologist

NPS confirms that Albert Ojwang was lawfully arrested by DCI detectives for false publication and placed in custody. While in custody, the suspect sustained head injuries after hitting his head against the cell wall.

MURITHI NYAGA
DIRECTOR CORPORATE COMMUNICATION/SPOKESPERSON
NATIONAL POLICE SERVICE
June 08, 2025





“Bonface Kariuki Deserved More Capital for His Mask Business, Not Bullets.”

Story told by Susan Njeri

“Boni and I talked regularly, though not every day. He kept telling me, ‘Mom, when I get rich, I’ll build you a huge house and start a dairy farming project for you.’ At just 20 years, he bought me a calf for Sh15,000. But I’m just a casual labourer with four children in school, so I sold it at a profit and bought another one. That helped pay for their fees. When he was shot, everything changed.”

I am Susan Njeri, the mother of Boniface Kariuki. At 22 years, he was a hawker and thought he’d make an extra shilling during the nationwide protests on June 25. Boni was very hardworking, always looking for ways to improve his livelihood. He hawked many things, but on that day, he was selling masks to the protestors.

I was in my home in Kangema when my younger daughter told me that he had been shot. I couldn’t believe it until I saw the videos and images circulating on social media.

Why would anybody attack my Boni? He minded his own business and focused only on his job. Before long, journalists started calling me and visiting my home. That’s when the truth sank in. Boni worked with his father, my husband John Kariuki. He had joined his father in Nairobi in form two and learnt the trade from him. He kept telling me, ‘Mom, when I get rich, I’ll build you a huge house and start a dairy farming project for you.’

At just 20 years, he bought me a calf for Sh15,000. But I’m just a casual labourer with four children in school, so I sold it at a profit and bought another one. That helped pay for their fees.

Boni and I talked regularly, though not every day. When he was shot, everything changed. We camped at the hospital for days before he died. His father could not go back to his job after the burial. The trauma was just too much, and when he eventually did, he found that his home in the Industrial area had been broken into, and all his household items had been stolen. He came back home and primarily works on our small farm because he can’t get any casual jobs. People think he’s a city dweller and therefore can’t do any hard labour, which is not true. Life has become tough because the family is now reliant on my earnings. I work on other people’s farms, wash clothes, and do any other available work. Previously, we would consolidate our earnings, which made things easier. His sisters are still in denial, and as we head into the festive season, things will only get harder. Boni loved spending time with them over the Christmas period.

He helped us feed and educate his siblings from his little earnings and had a bright future ahead of him. I know he’d have made something profound out of his life. He made me so proud at his young age. His death shook our family to the core. The pain of losing him has been immense. I just gathered the courage to hang his last photo in our sitting room. Our hopes are now pegged on the justice system for those who shot him to be held accountable, but I’m happy that the case is progressing in court.





“The Brags of the Officer Who Killed My Son Keep Tormenting US.”

Story told by Susan Nduku

“They killed him. They killed my heartbeat. Even worse, the post-mortem was postponed for two weeks. They just kept dragging our pain until I stood my ground and declared that I’d forcefully bury my son without it. That was the last time I talked to the IPOA.”



My name is Susan Nduku, and on the morning of July 7, 2025, I sensed that something tragic would happen.

Little did I know I would lose my son, Julius Muli, the first of my seven children, whom we fondly called Julie.

My son was 30 and worked casual jobs in Kangari town in Murang’a to support himself. He was the closest child to me. Any time I was in pain, he’d also be in pain. I still can’t believe that they killed him.

He’d make Sh300 from his daily hustles and give me Sh100. He played such a key role in helping to raise his siblings.

The last time I talked to him was on July 6, which was a Sunday. He had complained that his younger brother was drinking too much and wanted to discipline him. That was the last I saw of him.

On Saba Saba around midday, I felt so uneasy and got a sudden urge to talk to him. Anxious, I called him many times and couldn’t reach him. I even sent his younger sister to look for him. Protests had started in our town the previous day.

As we were looking for him in the streets, we heard gunshots, and a lady friend of mine invited me to her house to calm me down. Four of my children were in the protests, but it was Julie I was really worried about, and the anxiety made me feel unwell. I am hypertensive.

As my friend prepared tea, I received a call from a boda boda operator informing me that a police officer had shot Julie. He said my son had fallen on the ground, but was alive, but I knew this was not true. I knew he was dead. I could feel a hollow ache deep in the pit of my stomach, an undeniable feeling that he was no more.

He had been shot in one hand and the chest. As the ambulance rushed him to Murang’a Level Five hospital, it passed me by the roadside. I fainted.

Julie’s younger brother hopped on a bodaboda and, together with some friends, followed the ambulance to the hospital, where my fears were confirmed. He had died on the spot.

They killed him. They killed my heartbeat. Even worse, the post-mortem was postponed for two weeks. They just kept dragging our pain until I stood my ground and declared that I’d forcefully bury my son without it.

That was the last time I talked to the IPOA. The officers present promised to reach out to me afterwards but never did. I buried my son in Matuu, Machakos County. Barely a month later, I was told that a police officer was bragging in a bar about how they killed my son, yet no action has been taken against them. I want the culprits held accountable. That’s the only way to stop this from happening again.





“He Was Coming Home from Work When a Police Bullet Took Him.”

Story told by Faith Indeche

“There is anger in my grief. Anger at the law enforcement officers who should use guns to protect every human life, and a system that awards its young with police executions and does not care. I want justice. I want those responsible held accountable. I like Elvis’s name remembered not just as a statistic, but as a son, a husband, a father, a friend.”



My name is Faith Indeche, mother to Elvis Musavi. I remember the morning of July 7, 2025, as if it were yesterday. I walked into the small room at our home in Kangemi, Nairobi, and saw my son, Elvis, tall, calm, smiling at me. He told me he was heading out for work. I begged him to come home early because of the protests that I had heard about on the radio. He hugged me, said he would, and left.

A few hours later, I got a call from a relative. They said they’d seen a wounded young man resembling my son near the bridge under the Kangemi flyover. My heart sank. I rushed to where I was told to go. Along the way, someone mentioned that Elvis had been taken to Eagle Hospital in Kangemi. I ran there, praying he was alive. But when I arrived, the doctors told me he had already been pronounced dead.

Elvis was only 25. His body later showed he had been shot in the back, his arm and hand bore marks of the bullets that ended him, fired by police amid the chaos of the Saba Saba Day protests. He wasn’t protesting. He was coming home from work, a gentle young man. He had a six-month-old baby and a wife who depended on him, and I had looked up to him for support, too. I have been a single mother, doing my best to raise him, pay his school fees, and encourage his dreams. And now, he’s gone.

When I stood by the mortuary identifying his body, I did not recognise the cheerful boy I sent out that morning. Instead, I saw a young man with multiple bullet wounds. The post-mortem report showed that one bullet had entered his body through the back and shattered his heart. My heart broke all over again. There is anger in my grief. Anger at the law enforcement officers who should use guns to protect every human life, and a system that awards its young with police executions and does not care. I want justice. I want those responsible held accountable. I like Elvis’s name remembered not just as a statistic, but as a son, a husband, a father, a friend.

In the quiet of my home now, I hear his laughter, his voice promising he’d be back early, the plans he had for his baby. And I am left with the echo of his absence.





“We are Devastated, Where is Our Brother?”

Story told by Ali Omar

“My brother was neither radicalised nor a religious leader. He was an ordinary Muslim man, devoted to his business and family, and never associated with suspicious individuals. His disappearance has devastated us.”



My name is Ali Omar. My younger brother, Mohammed Obo, aged 41, was a well-known fish trader. He had been in the business for many years, buying fish from local fishermen and supplying them to dealers, restaurants, and retailers in Lamu Island. I often depended on his strong client network to obtain raw materials for the products I sell.

In August 2025, he received a summons from officers at the Directorate of Criminal Investigations (DCI) in Kiunga. It was claimed that specific security incidents had taken place in the area since his arrival. These allegations were entirely baseless. He was not involved in any criminal activity; he was simply a hardworking businessman focused on his trade.

On September 12, 2025, he travelled to Kiunga to resolve a dispute over a boat he had hired out. While there, he set up a temporary base and continued his fish business, buying catches from local fishermen in the border town and transporting them to Lamu Island.

At around 8:30 a.m., he was seated outside, chewing khat with a friend while his wife was nearby. Suddenly, several masked and armed men appeared, forcibly arrested him, and bundled him into a waiting vehicle. Since that moment, he has not been seen or heard from.

I immediately reported the incident to the police under OB number 11/12/9/2025, but no help or information has been provided regarding his whereabouts.

My brother was neither radicalised nor a religious leader. He was an ordinary Muslim man, devoted to his business and family, and never associated with suspicious individuals. His disappearance has devastated us. He has left behind two wives and seven children, who now depend on me for support. His absence has also affected my own livelihood, as I relied on him for the materials he helped me source through his clients. The manner in which he was abducted and the continued silence about his fate have caused us immense distress.

Though every man is the shepherd of his own heart, I know my brother to have been a man of integrity, good, honest, and upright in character. His disappearance has left a deep wound in our family, one that words can never heal.





“Police Bullets in Peaceful Protests Took Away My Husband; Why?”

Story told by Irene Umazi Derry

“How am I supposed to shoulder the responsibility of educating our child alone? My husband was our breadwinner, and we had so many plans we hoped to accomplish together. He has left us at a time when the family needed him most..”



My name is Irene Umazi Derry. It was a dark day that I will forever remember. October 13, 2025, marked the beginning of my widowhood. That day, at around 2 p.m., my husband, Dodzweit Muyes Vwangu, aged 48, left home to return to his place of work in Kilifi Town after lunch.

On that day, boda boda operators in Kilifi Town were holding demonstrations to protest against rising insecurity following the killing of one of their colleagues.

As Vwangu approached Kibaoni Primary School, he encountered the demonstration. There was teargas and gunfire as police officers attempted to disperse the crowd. He was struck by a bullet on the left side of his chest while riding his motorbike. He was rushed to a private hospital before being transferred to Kilifi County Referral Hospital, where he was pronounced dead.

Why would police officers use live bullets on peaceful boda boda riders who were calling on the authorities to act on the insecurity that had led to the protest? My husband was not part of the demonstration. He was merely a road user going about his daily routine. He was innocent and did not deserve to die in such a reckless and senseless manner.

It was a police officer who shot him. He has left behind two children, one of whom is a law student at the University of Nairobi. How am I supposed to shoulder the responsibility of educating our child alone? He had just joined the university in August this year. My husband was our breadwinner, and we had so many plans we hoped to accomplish together. He has left us at a time when the family needed him most, mainly because of the heavy responsibilities of raising and providing for our children.

He was a humble, polite, and hardworking man. His untimely death has deeply devastated me.



Lest We Forget

Chapter II



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