

FROM PROTEST TO POWER

“For The Sake of the Nation, Greatness Requires Our Will”

*The best way to predict the future
is to create it.*

~ Abraham Lincoln

ALEX MIRINGU

FROM PROTEST TO POWER

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FOREWARD

This book hit me like a tear gas canister straight to the chest.

From Protest to Power by Alex Miringu, is a story of raw blood, sweat, and fire from the streets of June 2024. Alex doesn't just write about the biggest protest in our history; he turns it into a battle plan.

Right from the first page, the dedication to our fallen heroes hits you hard: Rex Kanyike Masai, Abdi Kadir, David Chege, Kennedy Onyango and all the others whose names we still whisper like prayers. They were murdered for daring to say "Reject" to a Finance Bill that wanted to tax the air we breathe. Alex names them, honors them, and refuses to let this murderous regime forget.

He takes us back to that historic moment when the streets spoke. When Gen Z stopped being "keyboard warriors" and became the heartbeat of Kenya.

This book is the bridge we've been waiting for, from anger to action, from hashtags to power. We will only get real change by fighting for power and taking over the leadership of Kenya. For those who are called to lead: stop complaining and start leading. This book doesn't

wallow in despair. It gives us a clear roadmap: don't agonize, organize and take power.

Alex has turned a historic moment into strategy, rage into readiness, and protest into power.

This book is a weapon of change. Read it. Use it wisely.

The future is ours. Aluta Continua!

~ Boniface Mwangi

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the brave souls who gave their lives in the struggle for dignity, justice, and freedom during the generation-defining protests of June 2024 and the continued demonstrations into 2025.

Your courage will not be forgotten. Your sacrifices will shape our future. And your names shall forever be remembered in the story of Kenya's youth rising not as victims, but as *heroes*

The Fallen Heroes

Rex Kanyike Masai: One of the earliest casualties of the anti-Finance Bill protests, Rex was shot and killed in Nairobi on June 20, 2024. His death shocked the nation and became a rallying cry for young demonstrators demanding justice and accountability.

Abdi Kadir (Abdikadir Ayub): Shot during the first wave of protests in June 2024, Abdi battled for his life in hospital before succumbing to his injuries on July 16. He was only 24 years old.

Evans Kiratu: A young man struck by a tear gas canister during a protest. The force intended for control became a fatal blow.

Eric Shieni: A university student from South B with dreams of graduation and service, Eric died outside Parliament during protests. His potential and promise were abruptly cut short.

David Chege: A JKUAT Computer Science graduate and freelance IT professional, David stood for his nation and fell outside Parliament grounds while peacefully protesting.

Beasley Kamau: After participating in the protests, Beasley disappeared. Days later, his body was found at the City Mortuary, a grim reminder of the heavy cost borne by many families.

Ibrahim Kamau: At just 19 years old, Ibrahim represented the dreams of young Kenyans everywhere. Shot twice in the neck while urging lawmakers to reject the bill, his future was tragically cut short.

Kennedy Onyango: Only 12 years old, Kennedy went out to fetch a schoolbook and never returned. Shot eight times amid protest clashes, his death remains among the most heartbreaking losses of that period.

Other Lives Lost in the Struggle

Many others also perished across the country in the wave of unrest and commemorative protests. Among them were:

- **Caroline Shiramba**, 34 A voice for her community silenced too soon.
- **Emmanuel Giggs Tata**, 20 From the Coast Region, he left home on June 25 and never returned.
- **Anthony Macharia Mwangi**, 17 A young Kenyan with a life ahead, whose story remains a painful reminder of the human cost of change.
- **Brian Kimathi**, 21 Seriously wounded on June 27, he died at Kenyatta National Hospital the following day.
- **Wilson Sitati**, 22 An electrical engineering student who died on his birthday in Nairobi's CBD.
- **Dan Kakai**, 17 A Form Two student shot while heading for a haircut, he succumbed to bullet wounds.
- **Kelvin Odhiambo Maina**, 17 Found with severe head injuries in Nairobi's city centre.
- **Kenneth Njeru Mwangi**, 20 Found in the city centre with fatal injuries.
- **Kevin Andrew Mwawasi**, 36 From Taita Taveta, he died from gunshot wounds at a Githurai bus stop.
- **Austin Onyisa**, 18 With autism, he suffered fatal blood loss from a bullet wound in Nakuru.

- **Michael Kihuga**, 28 Shot multiple times and left to die from internal injuries.
- **Kelvin Kagoni**, 25 Died from a severe head injury caused by a gunshot wound.
- **Brian Lemaiyan Kasaine**, 19 A pre-university student killed while demonstrating in Narok.
- **Chris Gitonga** and **Matthew Njoroge** Both fatally shot during the Nairobi protests.

And the Ongoing Losses of 2025

The fight did not end in 2024. During the **June 25, 2025** anniversary demonstrations, at least **eight civilians were confirmed killed** by gunshot wounds amid nationwide protests marking a year since the 2024 unrest.

In Honor Of Your Sacrifice

To every name spoken here, and to the many others
whose stories have not been fully told
this book Honors you.

Your courage transformed grief into consciousness.

Your sacrifice demands justice.

Your memory fuels the fire of a generation.

We dedicate this work to you

the fallen heroes of the Gen Z struggle.

Your fight continues in every page, every voice raised in
truth, and every young Kenyan who refuses to be silent.

INTRODUCTION

The Spark That Lit the Flame

On the streets of Nairobi, on June 25, 2024, the air was thick with defiance. The chants of thousands of youths echoed through the city as they marched with determination, their voices rising in unison: “REJECT Finance Bill 2024”. This wasn’t just a protest against a controversial Finance Bill; it was a cry for recognition, for justice, for leadership. Young people filled the streets, not just out of frustration but from a deep-rooted belief that they had been left out of the very decisions that shaped their futures. In that moment, the streets became a battleground for power, and the youth, once quiet in the shadows of the political elite, were now fighting for their seat at the table.

That day symbolized more than just an outburst of anger; it was the moment a generation of youth decided they would no longer be silenced. It marked the shift from passive frustration to active resistance. The protests weren’t just about one policy. They were about the absence of true representation, the feeling that the hopes and dreams of the youth were being ignored. It was the

point where the country's young people understood that their future wasn't something to be handed to them, they had to take it.

For far too long, young Kenyans have been sidelined by the very system they were told to respect. Corruption, exclusion, tokenism, and the betrayal of a generation's trust have poisoned the well of our politics. With a majority of the population under the age of 35, we are told we are the leaders of tomorrow but what happens when tomorrow comes and the doors are still closed? The youth have been marginalized, their voices silenced by a political system that insists they are "too young" to lead. A 2023 report by the African Development Bank found that only 1% of parliamentary seats across Africa were held by those under the age of 30. Yet, the youth make up 60% of the continent's population. This stark disparity has led to a generation that is disillusioned, skeptical, and frustrated by a system that does not represent them.

But in that chaos, there was something undeniable: a glimmer of hope. The youth are not just rebels; they are the builders of a new future. We have the power, the numbers, and the moral clarity to drive change. The time for protests has passed now is the time for leadership. What began as a spontaneous eruption of frustration must evolve into a movement that challenges the very

structures of power. Protest is important, but leadership is where true transformation lies. This book is not just an account of our struggles; it is a blueprint for turning passion into action.

I, too, have been awakened to the power of the youth. At 19, I ran for political office, and it was a moment that changed everything for me. I saw firsthand the way young people were dismissed and told we were “too inexperienced” to lead. I realized that we had been promised leadership in the future, but when the future came, we were told we weren’t ready. I understood then that we were not just fighting for the right to speak, we were fighting for the right to lead. And on June 25th, as I watched the youth rise, I knew it was time to write this book. It’s time for us not only to protest but to take part in leadership.

So, to every young person who feels unheard, unseen, and undervalued: this book is for you. This isn’t just to read it’s to ignite the fire within you. Will you rise? Will you run? Will you lead?

The nation needs you. The future is waiting. It’s your turn.

CHAPTER ONE

The Day the Streets Spoke

It began with a whisper. A murmur passed from phone to phone, tweet to tweet, post to post. At first, it was just a ripple in the vast sea of Kenya's youthful discontent. But then, it swelled into a roar. A collective voice rising against a common enemy. And on June 18th, 2024, the streets of Nairobi finally spoke.

The Finance Bill of 2024 was the last straw. After years of broken promises, joblessness, stifling taxes, corruption, and tone-deaf leadership, this bill was like a match tossed into dry grass. It proposed yet again to squeeze the very lifeblood out of ordinary citizens; fuel hikes, food taxes, digital service levies. It was a declaration that those in power had not just lost touch with the people; they had abandoned them.

I remember that morning so vividly. The air felt thick with purpose. I joined the protest not as a politician or a writer, but as a Kenyan; a young Kenyan who had finally had enough. As I made my way to the CBD, I saw them: hundreds of fellow youths, armed with nothing but placards, chants, patriotism, and raw courage. They came in large numbers clad in black, red, white, and green, the colors of our flag and of our unity.

We were not just protesting a bill. We were resisting betrayal. We were rejecting a system that thrived on mediocrity, oppression, and the suffocation of dreams. We were demanding better, not as a favor, but as a right.

The scene was electric. Drums beat from corners. Songs of protest echoed against the skyscrapers. People spoke in unison, each voice adding fuel to the flame of freedom. There were no hired crowds, no tribal slogans, just young people with open hearts and bleeding hope. For once, we were not spectators to history. We were writing it.

But then came the police.

What began as a peaceful protest quickly morphed into a confrontation. Reinforcements poured in. Armored vehicles rolled through the streets. Tear gas canisters hissed in the air. The government's response was loud and clear: silence them.

And so, many were arrested. Others were dragged into waiting vans, their only crime being the wearing of national colors and raising their voices for justice. Businesses shuttered their doors. The CBD was locked in chaos. Sirens blared as the youth unarmed and

unafraid stood face to face with a state machinery
prepared to spill blood to preserve power.

I was shaken, but not defeated.

I returned home that evening with sore feet and a
burning soul. But something deeper had shifted in me. I
had seen the heartbeat of Kenya in those streets. I had
heard its rhythm in the chants. And I knew without a
shadow of doubt that the youth were finally awake.

Then came June 25th.

I had planned to attend. I had my shirt pressed, my shoes
ready, my heart eager. But when I woke up, I felt unwell.
I sat on my couch, remote in hand, flipping through news
channels. What I saw on the screen shook me to my
core.

Chaos. Carnage. Courage.

The protest on June 25th was larger, bolder, and
tragically more brutal. What began as a continuation of
peaceful resistance turned into a bloodbath. I watched,
helpless, as young men and women many not older than
twenty, were gunned down in broad daylight. Right