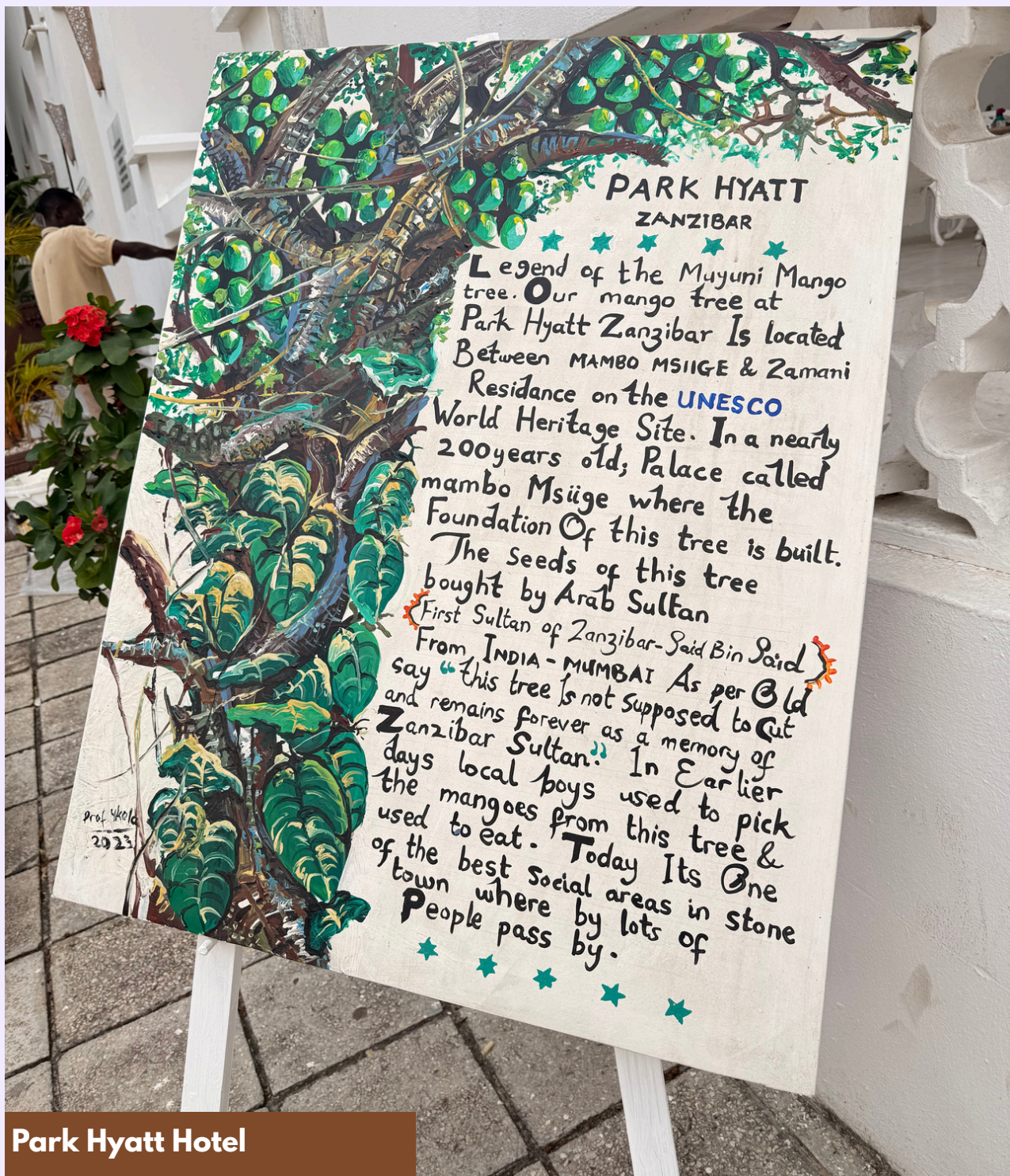




MY KIPENZI, ZANZIBAR

A memoir of food, feeling, and healing in Zanzibar

FAITH MASENGO



Park Hyatt Hotel

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First edition, 2026.

Written by Faith Masengo



Park Hyatt Courtyard

Dedicated to all survivors of gender based violence.

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A love letter to Zanzibar

I did not arrive in Zanzibar looking for love. I arrived as a storyteller, travelling to host a film editor's workshop and very much in work mode, but Zanzibar slowly stole my heart.

From the moment I arrived in Stone Town, I felt it. That subtle, deeply personal way that only certain places move me. I remember standing still for a moment longer than necessary, letting the air settle on my skin, and thinking to myself: what an enchanting atmosphere.

Zanzibar introduces itself pole pole, slowly. No rush.

I love the people. Zanzibaris have a way of making conversation feel like a gift rather than an exchange. There is warmth, humour, openness, and an ease that disarms you. People are always ready for laughter, storytelling, and genuine connection. Speaking to locals throughout my travels felt less like meeting strangers and more like reconnecting with long-lost family members I hadn't realized I'd been missing.

I may be slightly biased. Zanzibar is only an hour and a half from Kenya, where I am originally from. I also speak Swahili fluently, and that shared language creates a resonance that feels grounding. But Swahili in Zanzibar feels different. It's softer. More lyrical and almost musical. Every conversation carried a familiarity that made the island feel less like a destination and more like home.

Then there's the food. You have not had proper Swahili food until you eat local in Zanzibar. Fresh seafood pulled straight from the Indian Ocean. Octopus cooked slowly in coconut curry until tender and fragrant. Crisp tuna tartare that tastes like the ocean itself decided to give you a taste. Swahili pilau infused with cardamom and clove. Ndizi za tembo rich, comforting, and grounding. And then there are the fruits; juicy, tropical, exotic, and bursting with sweetness.

The best Swahili soul food I have ever eaten in my life has been in Zanzibar. You can tell that the food is cooked tenderly. The spices beautifully matched, the flavors intentional. Think fresh, but with a rare way of always leaving you feeling warm. Eating is never rushed and meals always feel ceremonial.

As if that was not enough, the Indian Ocean stretches beautifully from the north in Nungwi to the south in Paje, and everything in between is like exploring different shades of the rainbow, a different rhythm for every layer. A perfect backdrop. Powder-soft white sand, endless blue water, the lull of dhow sails cutting quietly through the horizon. Arabian architecture, intricately carved Swahili doors, coral-stone buildings that are preserved. Walking through Stone Town feels like walking through history. No wonder it is a UNESCO World Heritage Site.

But most of all, Zanzibar has always known how to hold me. It has held me in seasons of exhaustion. In moments of creativity and when I needed grounding. The island soothes you with its beauty, smothers you with warmth, and somehow manages to do all of this without asking you to be anything other than yourself.

Zanzibar is my kipenzi.

With love
Faith



Les Saint Tropez, Nungwi



Seyyida Hotel Rooftop

*Breakfast with a view,
Seyyida Hotel*



Seyyida Hotel Room Balcony

Just a stone throw away from Forodhani Market, Seyyida Hotel offers a rare sense of calm despite its central location. The rooms overlook the ocean, and the architecture feels poetic and almost otherworldly. From the moment you step into the reception area, where oversized genie bottles stand, you are transported into a Swahili Arabian dream that feels both romantic and surreal.

The rooms are dressed in beautiful Swahili kangas, and the balconies, softened by overgrown vines, make you feel as though you have stepped into a fairytale. From here, you can watch the sunset melt into the sea and observe ships quietly docking in the distance. There is something beautiful about witnessing the world move at its own pace while you remain still. I loved my stay here, and after a deeply restful night, I woke up with a sense of ease that stayed with me as I made my way upstairs for breakfast.

The rooftop view is breathtaking, introducing you to beauty just as the day breaks. The breakfast spread is equally thoughtful. It starts with a generous selection of fresh fruit, juicy mangoes, papaya, and pineapple, vibrant and sweet. This is followed by spiced masala tea and warm vitumbua drizzled with honey, comforting and familiar. For something savory, there are sausages, eggs prepared just the way you like, alongside shiitake mushrooms, grilled tomatoes, and crisp bacon, a fine balance of nourishment and indulgence.

The hosts move with quiet attentiveness and kindness, allowing you to settle into your morning without interruption. The ocean stretches endlessly in front of you, reminding you that there is no need to rush. It is the kind of breakfast that sets the tone for the entire trip.

A Healing journal prompt for you:

As you sit with your morning, ask yourself this: How can you start each day feeling rested?



Mama Mia Gelato

*A Love Affair with
icecream*

There is a version of me that only exists when I am holding ice cream. She is softer. She laughs easily. She does not overthink. She is playful and a little bit in love with the world. Mama Mia Gelato is where she comes alive.

It would be almost dishonest to write a love letter to Zanzibar and not speak of ice cream. Mama Mia waits for you on the way to Forodhani, just before the tunnel, resting quietly on the left corner like a sweet secret. From the outside it is charming, but inside it is pure joy.

The shop feels like stepping into someone's happiest memory. The colors are cheerful and bright. There is a wall filled with photographs left behind by travelers from everywhere, hundreds of frozen moments pinned in place. Lovers holding each other. Friends laughing into the camera. Solo travelers who look like they found something they were not expecting. This feature adds warmth and adds life to an already lively atmosphere.

I always begin with the passion fruit sorbet. It is sweet and sharp at the same time, the kind of sweetness that wakes you up. It makes your taste buds alert. Later, sometimes on the same day when the sun is scorching, I return for my true love, the Kilimanjaro vanilla. It is creamy, comforting and familiar like being held by someone who knows you well.

On the hottest afternoons, I sit with an iced coffee in my hand, watching Stone Town move slowly around me.

I have not yet pinned a photo of myself and my kipenzi on that wall, but I have it on my bucket list.

Perhaps one day, someone will look at our photo and wonder about our story.

A healing journal prompt for you:

What is something you can do to make your inner child happy?



Jozani Forest

The Endangered Zanzibarian Red Colobus Monkeys

It was the last day of the year, and with it came one of those decisions that feel spontaneous yet inevitable. A dear friend and I decided to drive to Paje for a New Year's concert drawn by the promise of live music, the ocean breeze, and the promise to see Nandy, one of Tanzania's most beloved artists perform.

What began as a concert plan quickly turned into a road trip, and somehow, into a memory I knew would stay with me. The day was perfect in the effortless way Zanzibar often is; warm, sunlit, and generous with joy. We stocked up on water, sweets, and a few drinks for the journey ahead, knowing the drive would take about an hour and a half. As we set off, the scenery unfolded like a tropical daydream: endless palm trees, pockets of forest, and occasional glimpses of the ocean shimmering through the green. As we approached the Jozani Forest, the landscape shifted, and suddenly, there they were, monkeys along the roadside. At first, I smiled casually and thought, Oh, monkeys. But my friend quickly corrected me, with the kind of pride that comes from knowing you are somewhere truly special. "These are red colobus monkeys," she said. "They only exist here. Nowhere else in the world. Get your camera," she urged.

The car was still moving, but instinct kicked in. I reached for my phone, trying to capture even one. And then magic. Not one monkey, but two. Sitting close. Intimate. Lovers, unmistakably so. In that moment, I felt an unreasonable surge of triumph, as though I had just unlocked an elite tier of wildlife photography.

Modesty aside, I believe a new skill was born that day. And if there were awards to be handed out on that drive to Paje, I'm quite certain this one would read: Best Accidental Animal Photographer of the Year: Faith.

Zanzibar has a way of doing that, turning ordinary moments into stories you carry home with you, wrapped in sunlight, laughter, and just a touch of wonder. Needless to say, if you are an animal lover, make time to visit Jozani Forest. Walk slowly. Observe gently. Let yourself be present. But beyond the monkeys, remember to pause and notice the quiet beauty unfolding around you and within you.

A healing journal prompt for you:

What are the beautiful moments in your life that you can name today?



Les Saint Tropez

Sun-Drunk at Les Saint Tropez



The first thing you notice at Les Saint Tropez Hotel in Nungwi is how effortlessly beautiful and luxe everything feels. Even time seems to slow down so you can savor it properly. It is a French fine dining restaurant and hotel.

My friend and I had gone for the brunch party. When we arrived, the DJ was playing afrosoul. The kind of music that lifts your mood. We claimed one of the poolside day beds and it sat at the edge of an infinity pool that spilled visually into the ocean, blue dissolving into blue until there was no clear beginning or end. For once, there was nowhere else to be.

I ordered the tuna tartare which is a bold choice, and one that reveals the truth about a kitchen. Fresh tuna leaves no room for disguise. When it arrived, it was exquisite. The tuna was tender and glistening, marinated in a citrus sauce that kissed every bite with brightness. Sesame seeds rested on top, adding a delicate earthiness that deepened the flavor. It melted slowly on my tongue and it was the kind of meal that makes you close your eyes to savor the flavors without realizing it.

I would sink into the day bed, then slip into the cool water when the sun became too insistent. I would return to my drink, take slow sips, and every now and then rise to dance when a song I loved filled the air. It felt like a dreamy luxe destination nightclub but during the day. A contradiction that makes perfect sense.

SHANGA

In Swahili and Kigiriana, it whispers of beads—delicate treasures woven into jewelry. As an African name, it carries the spirit of birth and new beginnings. We invite you to embrace this essence of beauty, renewal, and celebration.



A shot of espresso at Shanga

The espresso macchiato at Shanga is anything but ordinary. It arrives steamy, bold, and aromatic. The bitterness hits first, confident and awake, then melts seamlessly into the softness of that gentle dollop of milk. Together they hum, surprisingly reminiscent of salted caramel: deep, slightly sweet, impossibly smooth.

If you're leaning toward indulgence (and honestly, why wouldn't you?), the perfect companion is their decadent hot brownie, still warm, almost molten topped with a scoop of cold vanilla ice cream and finished with a velvety drizzle of toffee sauce. I wanted to lick the plate clean out of pure pleasure. It's that kind of dessert.

The contrast is everything: rich chocolate warmth meeting cool, creamy vanilla, all tied together by that glossy, buttery sweetness. It completely satisfies. What takes this moment from delicious to downright electric is the setting.

The outside deck overlooks the clear, endless blues of the Indian Ocean at Paje Beach. And if you're lucky, the moon slips out while the sky is still holding on to a trace of light and suddenly a soft beam of moonlight glosses over the sea. The DJ eases in, the energy shifts, and effortlessly, a wonderful time is had.

A healing journal prompt for you:

Where in your life are you being invited to indulge more deeply without guilt?





Yeoyum, Stone Town

*A white chocolate brownie
addiction at Yeoyum*

If you have a sweet tooth like mine, you are always quietly on the hunt for something indulgent. I found mine at Yeoyum while I was actually searching for Korean cuisine. I had heard glowing reviews and the photos online hinted at something special, so I followed my curiosity, arrived at the restaurant, and ordered their loaded fries, fully expecting that to be the highlight of the meal.

The brownie arrived almost as an afterthought and promptly stole the entire show. Soft, rich, and impossibly fudgy, it melts in your mouth with the kind of ease that feels intentional. Every now and then, a bite of white chocolate appears, lifting the brownie from good to unforgettable. The white chocolate tastes less like chocolate and more like warm toffee or caramel, deepening the richness and adding a gentle sweetness that lingers. From the very first bite, I knew this was the beginning of a slightly unhealthy attachment.

The space itself makes the experience even better. Inside, the walls are painted a joyful bubblegum pink, and the eclectic furniture adds a playful charm that feels both stylish and welcoming. A bookshelf lined with books invites you to linger a little longer, whether you are reading while eating or sipping on a drink. The balcony opens out onto a green stretch where you can watch revelers and tourists wander through town, shopping, laughing, and soaking it all in.

It is an entertaining place even when you visit alone. On my last visit, I ordered a coffee and a brownie and then immediately ordered another to take away for a friend. She later confirmed what I already knew. These brownies are something special.

If you find yourself in Zanzibar, make time for Yeoyum. Try the Korean dishes, yes, but save room for the brownie. I am certain it will win you over too.





Archipelago Restaurant, Stone Town

*A Sweet Healthy treat at
Archipelago Restaurant*

Tucked along the seafront in Stone Town, Archipelago Café is one of those places that feels like the unofficial neighborhood hang out joint with an elevated feel. The tropical interior against ocean blue waves in the horizon creates a cool and calm interior. The hosts are gentle and welcoming. I'd recommend this as a "chai ya saa kumi" type of situation rolling into golden hour.

The scent of frangipani, the salty air and a hint of spice from the kitchen restaurant makes for a beautiful scent memory. This and the quiet magic of Zanzibar's coastline is what Archipelago has to offer. Now, to crown the experience, imagine a delicate slice of orange and almond gluten-free cake, warm and fragrant, sitting in front of you. Light yet rich, each bite melts into the next. The orange zest lifts your spirits while the almond adds a comforting creaminess, like a soft whisper saying, "You're allowed to enjoy this moment." Just the right amount of sweet. Nourishing, but not heavy. A sweet little healthy treat.

Pair it with a steaming cup of masala chai or a fresh herbal tea if you're dairy-free, and if you really want to take it up a notch, a spiced coffee. As you sip slowly, the spices linger. Watch as the sun dips into the horizon, painting the sky with fiery oranges and golds, matching the warmth of your cake. Around you, you can hear the murmur of laughter and the lull of soft ocean waves. A moment to enjoy sweetness.

A healing Journal Prompt:

What parts of yourself are ready to receive sweetness again?

Here is mine : I am ready to receive the sweetness of a warm sunset, the sweetness of knowing that I am safe, I am loved, and I am Held.





Travellers Cafe, Stone Town

Date Night at Traveler's Cafe

Every time I visit the Traveler's Beach Restaurant, it feels like visiting my sister who throws down amazing meals. Maybe because the lovely female hosts always say to me "Dada, karibu."

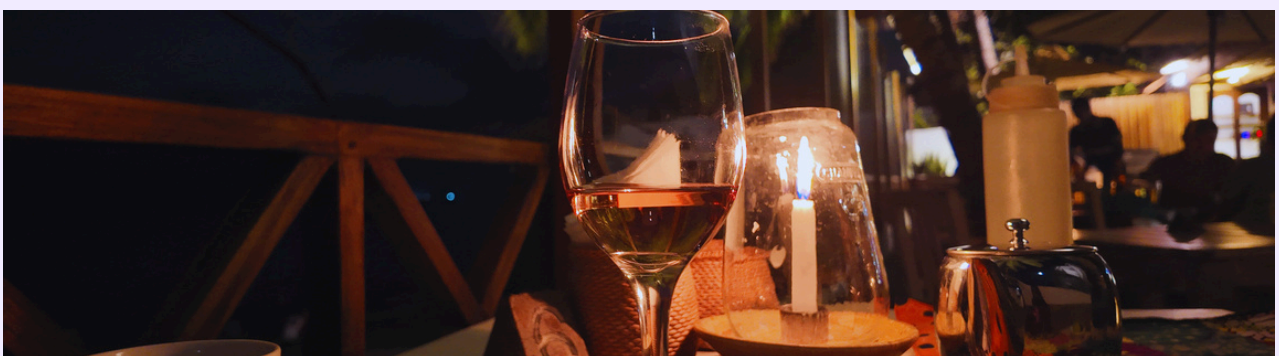
The restaurant has a Swahili rustic feel to it. Whenever I find one of these understated but charming types of places, I always know that the food is about to be amazing. My favorite place to sit is at the left corner, at the edge of the restaurant where the cliff gives way to the beach.

On a perfect day, the sun slowly undresses into a pinks purples and warm golden glows while sinking lazily into the sea. I was in the mood for a cold cheeky crisp rose, blushing beautifully in tandem with the sunset glow, adding beautifully to the already romantic ambience. 20 minutes in, the sun begins to set, the rose arrives and my date and I sip and chat as we witness the most storybook perfect sunset.

As night falls, they bring out the candle lanterns. A simple but beautiful addition to the wooden tables with kanga designed mats: (East African traditional printed cotton fabrics.)

I ordered the grilled octopus with rice and a side of traditional green vegetables. In Swahili it's called Mchicha. They serve it with a mango salad on the side and a coconut and tomato curry soup to wash it all down. It feels bountiful in a way that does not overwhelm. The octopus is grilled to perfection resulting in crispy, smoky skin with a delightful, tender, and moist bite once you dig in.

The flavor is citrusy and the catch fresh. The smokiness adds character to this already amazing dish. The greens are soulful and vibrant and the fresh mango salsa pairs beautifully with the plain rice. The soup is flavorful and rich with creamy coconut and the tang of tomatoes and red peppers. After this comforting meal, your mood is just right, relaxed and ready for wherever a beautiful night may lead. Whether it's rest or play, you are satisfied!





Lukmaan Cafe, Stone Town

*A Hug from Within -
Lukmaan Cafe*

On the very last day of my trip, I needed a meal that would resuscitate me especially after a night of plenty drinks at the full moon party in Nungwi. Only a Swahili meal felt like it had the healing potential to cure my hangover. So I ventured out after check out at Tembo Hotel, set my google maps and decided to try Luukman, a highly recommended spot. In my mind I thought to myself, I mean surely this cannot be as good as they say it is.

The walk down the market is interesting and visually engaging in a way that leaves you energized. Beautiful curios, jewelry shops selling tanzanite and diamonds, art and African kitenge fabrics, kangas and leso's add color and warmth to the very ancient leaning architecture. Random locals saying hi and some throwing in beautiful compliments. The energy feels like walking in a local where everyone knows each other. After getting a few mementos, I finally arrive at Lukmaan. The hosts are very kind and it feels as if I found the Swahili family potluck.

The restaurant is filled to the brim with a very diverse mix of foodies, some waiting to get a seat. There's a long buffet with all the Swahili food you could imagine. Chicken mshikaki, pilau, coconut beans, mbaazi za nazi, mchicha wa nazi, pweza, Samaki wa kukaanga, prawns. It feels like a Swahili themed food hangout. I order pilau, ndizi za mkono wa tembo, chicken mshikaki, mchicha wa nazi, and a freshly squeezed passion mango juice.

There's sitting on the rooftop and families, lovers, solo travellers and friends are savoring food and it's a buzz with conversation blazing through the atmosphere, the kind that sounds joyful. The aftermath of a fantastic meal.

My food arrives and I first take a bite of the chicken mshikaki. It is a charcoal grilled meat skewer marinated with a combination of spices. Think intense yet meticulously balanced chicken tikka flavors combined with smoky charcoal grilling. A brilliant pairing of flavors and perfect seasoning. Then I take a bite of the mchicha wa nazi, which is a leafy vegetable stew cooked in coconut cream, tomatoes and onions. The coconut milk tempers the bitterness of the leafy greens, allowing the vibrant flavors of the vegetable to shine through. The vegetables are not cooked to death either. A bite of the pilau is the kind that glorifies the main actor (rice) while spices feature as the award-winning supporting cast they are. The tender beef chunks in the rice really beef up the dish in every pan intended type of way you could imagine.



The mango and passion juice is sweet, refreshing and bright, a fantastic accompaniment for this meal. For dessert, I chose nzizi za mkono wa tembo. Plantain slow-cooked in sweetened coconut cream with hints of cardamom. A truly ecstatic flavor combination. I was so impressed with the food at Lukmaan, that I had to go again I ordered pweza wa nazi and by the time I finished this meal, I felt like someone hugged me from the inside. Tender octopus in a tangy coconut and tomato sauce. It's an invitation to explore Swahili flavors; seafood, spices, fruits and vegetables in an enticing light for your taste buds and senses while retaining home-made charm, warmth and a nourishment that feels healing.

I now humbly join with the rest of the Luukman fanatics to say; it's not overrated, you absolutely must visit this restaurant while in Zanzibar.

A healing journal prompt for you:
What nourishes you?





Mr Kahawa, Stone Town

*Mr. Kahawa knows what
they're doing!*

Paje sits on the southern end of the island and hums with a lively, sun soaked rhythm, especially along the beach where restaurants line the shore and laughter drifts easily through the air. It is undeniably popular, particularly during peak seasons, but there is something about Paje that still feels free and electric, as though the ocean itself has taught the town how to move.

We arrived on New Year's Eve, and my friend insisted that we start the night at Mr. Kahawa. Set right along the beachfront, the restaurant sits beneath a magnificent, sprawling tree that offers generous shade from the heat and instantly grounds the space. By the time we arrived, the kitchen was just about to close, but the hosts welcomed us with warmth and ease, kindly agreeing to take our order. That simple gesture set the tone for the evening.

I ordered the fish platter, not expecting much beyond a decent meal, and was genuinely surprised. The Fish fingers are amazing and the calamary is grilled to perfection. The tuna tartare dip was creamy, fresh, and perfectly balanced, while the flatbread served alongside it was fluffy and warm, clearly made with care. The butter garlic dip was deeply comforting, rich without being heavy, and the chimichurri brought an earthy freshness that tied everything together beautifully. It was the kind of meal that quietly lifts your mood, leaving you lighter than when you arrived.

To drink, I chose a gin cocktail that felt made for the moment. A gin and tonic infused with black pepper and a subtle hint of hibiscus, refreshing yet intriguing, and just bold enough to signal the beginning of a celebratory night. It was the perfect companion as the sky deepened and the beach began to glow with evening energy.

The food left such an impression that I returned the very next day, this time ordering the beef tacos. Once again, they delivered. Flavorful, satisfying, and thoughtfully prepared, they confirmed what I already suspected. Whoever Mr. Kahawa is, they know exactly what they are doing.

In my books, this is hands down the best food spot in Paje. It balances quality, atmosphere, and warmth in a way that feels effortless. If you find yourself here, chances are high that you will agree.





Kendwa Rocks, Nungwi

*A pleasure to dance on powdery
soft sand underneath the full
moon*

There is a certain kind of pleasure that only arrives when you dance barefoot on soft powdery sand while the moon is watching.

The Full Moon Party at Kendwa Rocks happens once a month, right on cue with the full moon, and it feels less like an event and more like a celebration of culture and music. I had heard about it in passing, stories filled with laughter and music, but I did not plan to go until one August night when it felt right. This turned into one of my most delicious memories in Zanzibar.

The drive from Stone Town takes time, but it eases you into the night. The road unfolds gently toward the northern edge of Zanzibar, and along the way my driver pulled out a map, tracing our route and pointing out the towns we passed. The island slowly changes as you head north, opening up into wider skies and a more luxurious vibe. When I arrived, I was greeted by a sea of faces from everywhere. Different accents, different styles, all gathered with the same intention to move, to feel, to enjoy.

Once inside, the music takes over. The sound is rich and immersive, the kind that settles into your body before you even realize you are dancing. And then there is the sand. Nungwi sand is famously soft, but nothing prepares you for how good it feels under bare feet. Cool, powdery, pleasurable. Dancing barefoot becomes irresistible, almost instinctive.

As the night deepens, the full moon rises higher, its reflection gliding across the ocean. The water glows. The music swells. Bodies move freely, joyfully, without performance. What I loved most was how easy it all felt. No pretending. No separating. Just people dancing together, letting pleasure be simple and shared.

The Kendwa Full Moon Party is far from excess. It is about surrendering to rhythm, to moonlight, to the quiet thrill of being fully present in your body.

A healing Journal Prompt for you:

What does pleasure feel like in my body when I stop overthinking and simply allow myself to enjoy?



Tembo Hotel, StoneTown

An Intimate Beach House Dinner Party

That night, I slipped into my little black dress. The one that lives quietly at the back of the closet, waiting patiently for a moment worthy of it. I am glad I listened to the quiet nudge to wear it, because the evening met me exactly where I was.

I had just finished dinner when I walked past the Beach House Restaurant by the Hyatt Regency and the music reached me before I even saw the crowd. Amapiano rhythms floated through the warm night air, confident and inviting. When I asked what was happening, I was told this was the Friday night spot in Stone Town. Since I was already dressed for the mood, I followed the sound inside without hesitation.

The DJ was exceptional. Truly the kind that understands how to guide a room gently and then completely take over. If you go for nothing else, go for the music. The crowd was youthful and alive, and a small dance crew led the way, pulling everyone into the rhythm and encouraging even the most reserved among us to move. It did not matter if you could dance or not. That night, the music did the work for you, loosening your shoulders, softening your thoughts, and carrying your body forward.

What I loved most was the intimacy of it all. The party felt like something personal, like being at a friend's house where everyone is welcome and no one is watching too closely. As the night unfolded, strangers became familiar, laughter grew easier, and the dance floor turned into a shared language. There was a sense of safety and respect that allowed me to fully enjoy myself, to move freely, and to be present in my body without self consciousness.

By the end of the night, I had made new friends and collected another Zanzibar memory that felt warm and affirming. Whether you come to dance, to eat, or simply to watch the sun dissolve into the ocean before the music begins, Beach House on a Friday night offers something quietly special.

A Healing Journal Prompt for you:

When was the last time you allowed yourself to dance?



Beachhouse Restaurant

*An Intimate Beach House Dinner
Party*

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With love,
Faith.



Beachhouse Restaurant