

A COPING JOURNAL

The darkness in the void that surrounds
will always yield to purifying light

~ Lion-turtle to Aang (Avatar, L.A.B.)



Shades Of Pain

MEA Sattosh

Foreword

This coping journal started out as an experiment. The idea was that, in order to deal with reality and the world around, the world that was going on within the mind, the inner dialogues had to give way. Dealing with doubts and uncertainties leaves little room for one to process the reality of their situation. With that in mind the first few compositions were written down in a notebook and it felt like releasing a valve on some internal pressure, and more that was written, the more that wanted to come out.

The message here is that the coping journal works! A lot that is in this journal used to swirl about in the mind. After putting it down in the written form the swirling ceased. The writing went on for two to three enjoyable years. The process produced a further two novels of over fifty thousand words each and a third mini-novel of five thousand words. All of this writing helped to cure the mind of its inane restlessness.

This journal therefore, is composed of a healthy mixture of private thoughts and prayers, as well as some creative writing. A lot of what is in here is near and dear to the heart. That authenticity is part of the purging process. It is difficult to imagine this process working any other way. It is hoped that the reader can identify with the process and empathise or at least identify with it. Maybe even encourage the use of a coping journal among their peers.

With that said it is hoped that you the reader finds this journal both insightful and entertaining.

Oct-2016

By: MEA Sattosh

Shades of

Pain

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Shades of pain: The fallible wick flame.(30-10-2014)

There is nothing more unpleasant than watching the candle light dying out right before you. In the few moments that remain all the wax is melted and the burnt thread stands alone holding the flame all on its own. In that little pool that has formed around it, it will soon drown and go out. But some wicks try and hold out prolonging the inevitable. What is inevitable is that it will go out and an immense shadow will engulf it and all who are round. It will be forever dark all over, and not a thousand candles could bring back light to this place. Yes the world is a really dark place right now. I dare not move; I dare not try to get up and find my way around. Everything is unfamiliar to me. What larks in this dense darkness waiting to bring harm upon me? I must sit here where I feel safe and let what larks lark and await my doom. I will try and let what little warmth that remains around the extinguished flame be my solace.

So, what is a Coping Journal(Asked and Answered)

*“...a **coping journal** is a journal in which you pour out those thoughts that are ever present in your head, those thoughts that fuel your spells of depression and your moments of uncertainty. I got creative with mine and this was the result. I wonder what shape and form yours will take...”*

Men who take great risks -Quotes from Madiba's book(30-10-2014)

Men who take great risks often suffer great consequences: Madiba's book on Abraham Lincoln's assassination.

There is little to be said in favour of poverty, but it was often an incubator of true friendship. Many people will appear to befriend you when you are wealthy, but precious few will do the same when you are poor. If wealth is a magnet, poverty is kind of a repellent. Yet poverty often brings out the generosity in others. Madiba's book on poverty in Alexandra.

In love, unlike in politics caution is not usually a virtue. Madiba's book on politics versus love for Didi.

Without language, one cannot talk to people and understand them; one cannot share their hopes and aspirations, grasp their history, appreciate their poetry or savour their songs. Madiba's book on language with the then Queen of Lesotho Mantsebo Moshoeshe.

BIRTH OF A FREEDOM FIGHTER: Madiba's recollection of 26th June 1952 Defiance Campaign.

"I had engaged in a just cause and had the strength to fight for it and win. The campaign freed me from any lingering sense of doubt or inferiority I might still have

felt; it liberated me from the feeling of being overwhelmed by the power and seeming invincibility of the white man and his institutions. But now the white man had felt the power of my punches and I could walk upright like a man, and look everyone in the eye with the dignity that comes from not having succumbed to oppression and fear. I had come of age as a freedom fighter.”

Taming the Dragon (29-10-2014)



The Dragon Warrior

The dragon within that manifests and unleashed its terror when you're in a fit of rage has no real form. If one were asked to construct the most vicious most powerful most invincible and most resilient animal, the one that would hold up against all other beasts would be the dragon. It's impenetrable armor, it's flaming breath, it's ability to fly, its magical and mystical capabilities, its nobility, its wisdom, all these render it invincible against any foe. It is truly the best that the imagination can conjure up and it best describes the feeling you have when in a fit of rage or passion.



It is important that it looks nothing like any other creature and yet still be recognizable. It is an attempt at personifying the results of reason, emotion, and sensory assimilation all working together at a highly optimal level to propel an individual in pursuit of their goal.

To witness this is to witness greatness. We sometimes call such a person a warrior or a champion, a hero even, but the closer the person comes to displaying their invisibility, their resourcefulness, wisdom and inner strength, the closer they come to being a dragon.



However, while some people slowly and gradually unlock their inner strength, for others it is readily available at an early stage and they do not realize that in some situations you need to compromise and in others situations just simply yield. The dragon within at some stage becomes overpowering, and it is the job of the person to control it. A dragon breathes fire and can accidentally burn those before it and in a fit of rage or an intense moment of passion; you have to watch the flames burning, sometimes burning those that are near and dear to you.

The dragon must not be tamed either, for it eventually turns into a caged animal with just enough room to stretch its legs and spread its wings. Unfortunately it can never fly again. Like at the zoo, it is wild but trapped. Eventually it comes to feel bulky and without purpose, disinterested, quiet, silently awaiting its next life as this one slowly fades away.

Ubuntu(29-10-2014)

I had a friend at college who drove his own car to school. He was the type of person that was obsessed with driving, he always told you to wear your seat belt; he drove carefully; he even used fuel saving techniques such as driving with the gear-lever in neutral when on a steep decline. He also told some of the strangest stories. One morning he came to school with the story that at a zebra-crossing he hit a child with his car killing the child. For compensation he was told to pay for the child's burial. Up to today I am still not sure if any part of that story is true, but it was and still is believable to me. In the Africa that I am a part of that is the way such a situation would be handled.

However, there is such a thing as culpable homicide and had my friend been a negligent driver he would easily qualify for this crime. Culpable homicide has gotten many people into jail including, most recently, the double-barrel (no pun intended) South African Olympic and para-Olympic athlete.

I know of a negligent prison warden whose reckless driving resulted in the death of one of his four passengers, and he never went to jail. I don't even know how he got out of it but I do know that his car was a stolen car and he didn't have a drivers licence. My point being that a lot of things are swept under the carpet this side of the world. When the damage is done the damage

is done and some people simply write it off as bad luck and get on with their lives. Negligence isn't a thing that many Africans feel that they should be punished for; but if you become a public figure you do it at you own risk. On our path to a better world for Africans we are going to have to confront some very difficult issues, one of which is the Ubuntu question.

Ubuntu suggests that we are all human beings and we are a community. Furthermore it suggests that, for a society to function, individuals need to be conscious of or take into consideration in their actions that, what they do has an effect on everyone else. Basically it is saying be considerate. "A person is a person of people," goes a famous song in a South African language. The best translation for the word "ubuntu" in English would be the word "human".

101 ways to earn 1000 Ugandan shillings(18-10-2014)



My Ugandans have found so many ways to make 1000 Ugandan shillings that they're ready to publish that book "101 ways to earn 1000 shillings"(note that 1000/= is now worth slightly less than two fifths of a US dollar . . . since like just two weeks ago).

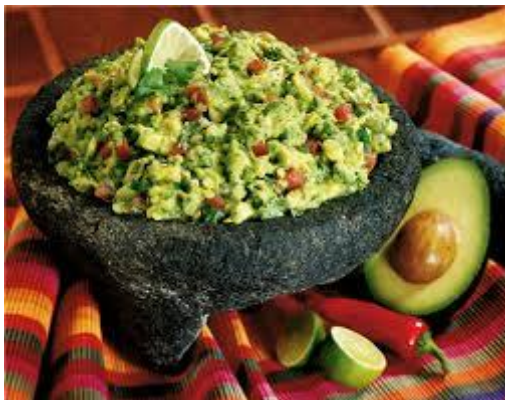
Many of those 'ways' have something to do with food; like selling fruits of all kinds; most recent of which is Oranges, the big yellow ones. It was impossible to find these fruits in the country (before what, 5 maybe 7 years ago...), which is strange because there is a word for orange in the vernacular that is not a derivative of either the English words for orange or lemon, it is not even similar to the word for lemon in vernacular, instead it is a descriptive word which begs the question as to why they aren't grown around here? And why are they so expensive in **My Uganda**?

Previously it was green apples; suddenly they were being sold at every streets corner, highly over-priced and yet you couldn't (and still can't) find an apple-tree growing in any corner of



My Uganda. Now, at least with the oranges you can find tree seedlings at the numerous seed-beds that line the roads as your entering into many towns; ...apples, ...not yet. But if I may continue with my digression, I'll should add that there are no peaches, plums, apricots, pears, cherries and the other jam making delights, when I think of more I'll be sure to update this list.

But back to the 1000 Ugandan shillings. We can take the Avocado example, and see that the seed-beds sell the tree seedlings at 1000 or there about; the fruit



sells at 300 shillings so that is about 3 for 1000 (and maybe get one free). The tree, which, might I say grows very well, can fill those fifty kilogram sacs three times maybe every six months or every year, which really means that you have too many trees if you have more than one growing in your back yard. But you have to have more than one, because there are in fact three varieties of which I am aware, that grow very well in **My Uganda**, one of which make fruits that are very smooth and creamy/buttery (those who have eaten it will understand what I mean, they will also understand when I say it has no strings in it), but yet again a digression, hurray for guacamole!!! May be another hurray for the biotechnologist...



But again, you would think that that is all there is to the 1000 shilling and the avocado, but no. At the restaurants they have their contributions to the story with their 1000 shillings meals, sometimes just avocado with beans and nothing else, but mostly with the boiled meals i.e.: g-nuts katogo; beans katogo; matoke and the likes, and it doesn't end there, for the story of the Avocado and the 'one-kay' stretches beyond food; the world of research has its contributions to the tale too. The avocado medicinal properties have earned it a place in the list of

ingredients for cosmetics, the biotech industry has found some value or another in it, the entertainment industry has even found use for it as filler in time slots on television stations; a fifteen or thirty minute documentary about all the benefits packed into the avocado plant and its fruit. I'm sure a lot of 1000 shillings were spread around when putting that together.



My Uganda has the boda-boda and taxi transportation, whether you're going to work or coming from school, or maybe traveling between jobs (you see, many of the working people at **My Uganda** are doing more than one job at any single time).

1000 Ugandan shillings can get you drunk, quench your thirst, with a soda or some water, milk, that too you can get... and juice as well, I'm pretty sure if you looked hard enough you could find warm porridge of about three varieties, or a cup of tea, coffee even... There is even second hand clothing, in fact you could find almost anything except maybe a place to sleep which is most disappointing (but I say that and yet, at some level I believe myself to be wrong, or I should say that, maybe if you found a place to sleep for 1000 you wouldn't want to sleep there...), but I can add that for 1000 shilling there list is endless as to what you can get and do; DVDs

haircut a shave, a manicure treatment, beads, sandals, 5-10 bricks for you house, strong long elastic-strips cut from the inner tubing of a car tire; all these things essential for the their intended purpose, except the soda of course... (no one needs soda-drinks, not even for parties although it seems to be an 'indispensable' in **My Uganda**.)

There is: airtime, sugar, mobile money transfer services, watch repairs, cooking-oil (they used to sell this by the spoonful), A4 print out, scanning a



document (although I still think that 1000 shillings is too expensive for this), A4 envelopes, you can even have your over-sized shirt resized, you can get your shoe repaired, and as the list continues I imagine that many will see that these are all job openings. Many of these are not businesses they are not profitable but simply freelance jobs that are sustainable for as long as the economic environment allows. One can see that, at the heart of it all basic needs are can be met with 1000 Ugandan shillings a pop. The only aspect lacking in all this is healthcare, **My Ugandans** are very healthy people, the smallest earner on average is a very healthy

man well-built and very able... the women even more fascinating, for with lots of her own children, others at home, she will still give birth in the fields on the hill side while on a break from digging and then continue to do live to be 90 years old, still working and able.



The world of healthcare in **My Uganda** rather than enhance this life, "seems" to be working to hinder the progress of this 1000 shillings life. At some level we are even talking about "frustration" but I'll revert to the word "seems" and place my hopes in that. Now healthcare at 1000 shillings for herbal remedies finds a woman in my back yard fishing through an unkempt patch of bush and shrubbery grass looking for medicine for her new born baby, or for herself. At some level I am reluctant to prevent her from doing this but I send her away empty-handed in the end. And these herbal remedies also show-up on the shelves in the market stalls, so they can get on the 1000 shillings list as well. And there you have it 1000 shillings in **My Uganda . . .**

that any other red blooded dreamer can also experience his movies in this way. Film directors that try to do anything else simply aren't attuned to the essence of what a movie is and their work will remain half-baked.

By writing all of this, I am proposing that films are simply an exploitation of some individuals' accounts of their dreams. There is no creativity in them, but instead just ingenuity... simply put, films are an attempt to arrive at some person's weird late-night experience while they were asleep.

An Act Of Faith (18-6-2014)

I find myself in the mood once again to explore the strength of my faith in God. This post is, in essence, a prayer:



I believe my life is a gift given to me by God, the actual gift being the RESPONSIBILITY instilled in me as in the parable of the talents(Matt. chap.25). This life God blessed me with is precious, it is filled with potential, its beautiful, and I am grateful for it.

There is more to this life though, for my lord Jesus Christ went further to tell me that he is the light and the way, and he taught me that his word(the TRUE talents) was all I needed for life. His word is the possession that I

have been entrusted with. It is more precious than my health or any wealth I may accumulate or even any prosperity that I could ever achieve. I'm glad that I know this, I am also glad that I live by His word.

Living my life by His word makes me look good in the eyes of God-loving people; it makes me a well rounded person in a society that is God-fearing; and it makes me more productive in a world that is governed by God's love. All this is my Act Of Faith. I pray that I am able to accomplish all of it and that God is pleased with the stewardship of this life he has blessed me with.

In Jesus' name we pray,

Amen

BUSINESS IN MY UGANDA(12-6-2014)



The business culture in **My Uganda** flows in two parallel streams. One stream can be described as those people pursuing their dreams and passions. These are people that have adopted a trade and built on it from a respectable start-up to a high-end setup at some of the best business locations the country has to offer. The fashion industry has a good example in Sylvia Owori. The

second stream can also be described as dream chasers, but I prefer to refer to them collectively as businessmen and women. The dream being pursued here is one of hope; hope in a better future for their families. These people



are characterised by their location in markets and at trading centres around peri-urban and rural communities. However, in **My Uganda** these people are not restricted by these locations, some polish up their appearance and graduate through a series of locations until they have a business space right at the high-end locations competing with best. The key here is to sell whatever product that shows the highest potential of profit for the

businessperson, from the banana (or matoke), to second-hand clothing, to charcoal, and to all sorts of Dubai imports. A common phrase heard here is that the money is 'seasonal'.



Stream two has a few key problems; it purports to tackle poverty when I'm not so sure it does. It also appears to encourage a high rate of school-dropouts, and here I may be wrong, but I think it does. Furthermore it creates, potentially, a high rate of credit defaulters and all the problems that usually accompany that in this brave new world of Microfinance. One other aspect about it that I have a problem with, is that the businessperson can switch from business to business depending on which is the more profitable to them. As a result profit becomes the pursuit, which can lead to business activities that are corrosive to the social fabric of [My Uganda](#), [My 'Uganda Waragi loving' Uganda](#).



.....THAT BRINGS ME TO THE NEXT TOPIC: The Business of



Homosexuality!

Homosexuality in [My Uganda](#) was a bit of an eyesore and at the same time an eye-widener for me, especially in the world of business in [My Uganda](#). ‘Human rights’ as a concept APPEALS for the freedom of expression of My Ugandan, among other things, but what was happening in [My Uganda](#) that would lead Mr. President of [My Uganda](#) to “halt the madness”.

It is well known that the prostitution industry exists in [My Uganda](#) even though prostitution is not legal. It seems that [My Ugandans](#) are being told at every turn to sell something: jobs are few in the government and private sector, so don’t be idle burdens to society, setup shop and SELL SOMETHING! Butt, as many of [My Ugandans](#) are opportunists, there seemed to be a spike in the number of MALE-prostitutes... which may have raised some concern among the parents of these young men, and parents of young men that potentially could be lured into this trade. Also there may have been a spike in the number of foreign customers seeking this particular service and we all know how [My Ugandan](#) loves the dollars. Many parents at the grassroots, making the votes, felt that their sons would go into this trade because that is where the money was. I think in the end the bill simply had no chance amongst the electorate.

My take on prayer(18-5-2014)

Here what you have is a means to express gratitude. You don't pray to get something or you don't pray for something. If there is something you truly desire, there is no other way of acquiring it other than first overcoming the barrier holding you back and just going for it. In many cases this barrier can prove to be illusive making people think that the only way to get ahead is to make a plea to a deity. From my experience, getting past the "barrier" mostly happens when you're not aware of it and you just simply realize that your inhibitions, whatever they were, are gone. Overcoming these inhibitors is a process that you simply cannot initiate, and trying to will only lead to frustration. Knowing this can help you understand the drift to the respective deity.

Gratitude should come with having accomplished or acquired something. When you pray if there is something that you have and you truly appreciate, that is what you should express. In my experience, when you express your gratitude in prayer you tend to appreciate it more. It also increases your awareness of thing you have to be grateful for. There is a comfort in expressing your appreciation of what you have. There is an even greater comfort in expressing it to the God that you love.

A thanksgiving in my opinion is the only true and genuine prayer. Your appreciation delves deep down to the true meaning of your relationship with God.

Some fun With Facebookzero(7- 5-2014)

May 7

4:40pm

I just finished spell-checking my facebook posts since January this year and, some of the words I'm missing... WOW!!!... my spelling is just , so , very , well, to put it in plain terms , it **NEEDS SOME WORK**. Let me a p o l o g i z e, to all who had to read it. Sorry.

May 6

7:21pm

the 24 dude wouldn't poop the whole 'day', I guess that happens sometimes...

May 5

2:17pm

I'M a tiny tea-pot, shot and stout, here is my handle, here is my snout.

-stewie

May 4

10:56pm

MAY THE 4TH BE
WITH YOU

May 4

10:24pm

I've been on facebook on my phone for most of today also a headache has been slowly brewin, don't you just hate when that happens!

May 4

3:07pm

IT sucs that every futuristic thing I've come across from #starwars to a way back novel called 'Farmer In The Sky', and all the other stuff in the middle like matrix, star trek etc., they all predict hostile environments and a harsh life for humans, the Avatar sequels are in the making any chance that may change hmm...

May 3

1:02pm

No its settled, chess is not for the assertive but for the passive aggressive... just moves and counter moves...

May 3

3:31pm

DREAM MORE

May 3

2:04pm

I'm ok its just eye-sweat thats all.

-Gary in Kunfu Panda appologies

May 3

1:35pm

#BLOOMBERG is a marketing channel for the top brands, using news-style reporting to create brand awareness OR mostly to restore it...

...the reporters have those sacry faces you find on the E or style or fashion channels.

...the question is who is it marketing to.

May 2

6:25pm

somuch to say umm... for all the guys out there, the privacy of the privy can be used to cure all your derier itches, you can just chill in there and just scratch

and scratch heck you can just take your time in there and distress, we should thank the privy inventor for this great great comfort and life changing invention...

May 1

9:06am

THE NEWS channels have in their hands a video of the sinking ferry(taken by a kid that also died)... i'll just stay away from tv news for a while cause you know they are going to abuse that video at our expense even when they have nothing of any value to add to the story...

May 1

13:38pm

ITS over and no it didn't
get better...

May 1

12:03pm

gravityvs the perfect
storm well i wouldn't
know i never saw that
one not sure i should
have watched this one
either... maybe it gets
better let see...

May 1

11:44am

#gravity should have
been called "death in
space" like the book... or
the movie? i forget... lol
woman driver alert

May 1

11:40am

sex jokes about gravity
would have blowup
dolls and umm... a lil
help...

May 1

11:19am

I'm watching the gravity
movie and i think this is
a rip off... its not that
different from those (i
know what you did last
Friday) haunted house
movies... this chic
sounds like she has
expanded her larynx(i
won't speculate on how
she achieved that) the
guy George Clooney is
buzz light year brought
to life...

to think it was among
the nominees for movie
of the year...

April 30

12:27am

IF I were president of #nigeria I would have retired by now... the damage is beyond repair. good luck just quite and declare Martial law... all this talk about the biggest economy in africa is rubbish... this is not the first time nigeria has claimed to be the best in africa while selling their people into slave-trade... south africa is great economically because its a great place to live in... one of their biggest problems is xenophobia, that only comes from influx of foreigners, i wish other people look at the colourful sa and not nigeria as they move forward...

April 30

11:31am

#THEROCK brings back the good old action flicswe all miss... this was a fun watch, good guy vet takes on the bad guy gambling drug peddler who was his high school buddy, good guy bashes bad guy in a final fight scene, and somewhere in there he makes it with the hottest chic...

(feels like I could have cut that down to say FIVE WORDS...)

April 28

1:45pm

STUDED LEATHER JACKET, only in the

changing rooms on
fashion tv... you can also
spot the unslim bearded
women of the fashion
world, fir coats... one
last thought FTV is
almost the exact
opposite of the NBA

April 27

9:20

WISH i could blender
my cold pizza like
arnold did in end of days

April 27

9:08am

YHEY yesterdays pizza
for breakfast

April 27

12:40pm

The world will always
welcome lovers as time
goes by... wow a really
nice song that one.

April 26

4:11am

Coffee and soy-milk?
I'm thinking about it and
it doesn't add up... Not
sure I wanna try it:(
nope I won't, black
coffee and cookies it is
then :)

April 26

10:13am

Wow in the buildup to
war politics moves fast...
in the news they are
already talking about the

G7 instead of G8, like when did that happen?!.

April 25

9:03pm

Made my first beef pattés today. They were low on the spices and high on the veggies, they tasted great without salt. But with salt all the flavors came together making it wholesomeish. I made sandwiches with them and squeezed a pineapple for juice to wash them down :). The whole meal reminded of tuna and mayo sandwiches something foody meaty and smooth. I still have a lot of the pineapple juice and i'm taking small sips at appropriate intervals :)

April 25

10:29am

I was so sure this tea would burn the skin off my tongue but yey that did happen it went down real good:)

April 24

8:37am

If this was porn most of the scenes would be censored but since its an e-cigaret its ok... some of these news channels make me wonder.

April 24

12:04am

Outside is a little weird, its almost mid-night and a thick mist has settled around the the neighbourhood, at first I thought power went out but its just a dense mist over the valley... so its double blankets for me if I don't want to wake up sneezing and whizzing with a flu and sore throat which I can already feel creeping in...

April 24

7:18pm

These kids don't have some nice cartoons to work with... from the beginning you already know what to expect, man its depressing. The nephew has a pillow over his head, that how bad it is.

April 22

8:13pm

Thats snake number 4 this is really annoying

April 18

9:11am

Am I the only roman catholic that thinks pope francis is superficial, maybe its because of the way the media is watching his every move an over analyzing everything he does. It seems ARTIFICIAL maybe like madonna or some diva's independence campaign... nothing he does matters the church will always remain just that the church!

April 14

5:36pm

So in "monsters vs aliens" the girl is a monster lol...

April 14

4:52pm

Title-sequence songs are exhausting to listen to thank goodness for the mute button:-)

April 14

4:10pm

Pistorius has it rough he gets a second chance at life and instead of finding he cure for cancer or something like

that he goes and kills his girlfriend and on valentines day of all days.

April 13

12:52 pm

Fart -Butt.chics flapping in the wind :-)

April 12

10:23am

Let her down easy, her heart is on the line:)

April 11

5:56 am

Hillary Rodman Clinton

April 9

11:38pm

MAN FACEBOOK now
i have a weird black f
that looks like a virus at
the top on my fb wall.
itscreapy...

April 8

9:58am

DR DOLITTLE YEY
this should be fun

April 7

10:09pm

yupfacebook just won't
stop changing things...
lets hope this one
improves things

April 7

2:18pm

STAN goes to a gay
strip club to earn extra
cash as a stripper, then
starts to complain about
the underwear restricting
his erections... the other
guys are like you still
get one of those; your
still straight, and they
gulp down their drinks,
smh ...these guys are
brutal!

April 5

3:27 pm

an electric eel sneezed
big deal!

April 5

1:36 pm

my morning started with two hours of garden work while listening to radio then a nice heavy breakfast with about three hours of funny tv AND now maybe more tv yup the weekend goes on who knows whats too come...

April 4

12:57pm

BIG brunch turns into lunch

April 2

10:18 am

by staying home today and watching tv and catching up on my reading i'm going to save 4dollars, unfortunately that feels

like a whole lot of cash to me... :'(

February 27

1:51 am

OUTSIDE its like a lake of stars scattered about before me; the security lights on at night at the many homes in my neighborhood.

In the still of the night, thats the tranquil 'nightscape' I get to look at before I lay my head down to sleep, nytnyt all!

February 22

2:49 am

FEELING LIKE I've bitten off more than I can chew. I'm hoping I

wake up tomorrow
feeling more up for the
challenge.

February 18

9:04 pm

yey satellite tv back
online... goodbye
facebook, maybe

February 16

4:25 am

PORN FLIC ALERT...
yup 'Wolf Of Wall
Street' is a porn flic
without a doubt.

February 14

12:59 pm

LOL, gay bill banning
homosexual practices
signed on
VALENTINE'S DAY...
talk about tough love.

February 13

9:42 pm

YO!-HO! YO!-HO! a
pirate's life for me...

February 13

8:10 pm

Ok done reading
ROOTS, yey... that was
a li'l hard.. 2months of
hardness to be specific.
Now to try and finish
'STEVEN HAWKINGS
BIOGRAPHY' I started
last month...

February 12

1:36 pm

Huh! I
betchanowdaysdem
Indians wish dey's made
dat boat look like a
porcupine widdey
arrows! -ROOTS

February 6

2:40 am

"In the world, the
payment of good is often
bad." -ROOTS

February 3

9:54 am

..cooking takes too long
sometimes.

January 30

4:25

"...promise you won't
fall in love with me."
Jamie in A Walk To
Remember.

January 26

3:16pm

just reached the end of a
chapter in this book i'm
reading 'ROOTS', ...my
heart is pounding heavy
and my head feels
compressed... crazy stuff
this is.

January 26 2:01pm

oh man when is it ever
ok to doubt yourself...

January 246:05pm

again ...mmm thats the
life!...

it just hit me no more
twichieichie nose, the
flu left, i can breathe

**More fun with
facebookzer0V(1
0-2-2014)**

February 7

"In the world, the payment of good is often bad." -ROOTS

February 4

..cooking takes too long sometimes.

God's Love.

February 1, 2014 at 3:38pm

I just had a dream a few minutes ago and in that dream I was seated with my nephew in a couch at

a home for orphaned young women.

First a kid came accompanied by another man my age and we played with the kid till they left. Then a woman who seemed like she was in her late teens came followed by another woman her age who was pregnant. They played a bit with my nephew then he left, then the first girl left, and then I was left alone for a bit with the last woman.

Left by ourselves, the last woman made a comment about the first woman saying, "can you believe she has five abortions !" After that the dream passed and I woke up.

I felt that i should have told her that the previous girl isn't MAD, she is

just a child(mentally immature). And as she is a child she should be looked at as such and be granted the same patience one would give a 3 year old.

I felt I should have told her that, "that girl is a child as you are a child. Protect her like she is ur baby. God has made you women **POWERFUL** enough to handle it."

January 30

"...promise you won't fall in love with me."
Jamie in A Walk To Remember.

January 26

just reached the end of a chapter in this book i'm reading 'ROOTS', ...my

heart is pounding heavy and my head feels compressed... crazy stuff this is.

January 26

oh man when is it ever ok to doubt yourself...

January 24

it just hit me no more twichieichie nose, the flu left, i can breathe again ...mmm thats the life!...

January 17

I WISH I SWORE LIKE THE KIDS IN SOUTHPARK, that would be great

January 17

WE exchanged
snail"sealed-and-
secured"mail for
instant"open-for-
all"messaging now the
spammers have alot of
access and they don't
have to clutter up our
mailbox they just read
all our private messages
and ask us if we want to
buy CONDOMS!, OR
PERHAPS A NEW
BED!, OR EVEN
PILLS TO MAKE US
'GO ALL NIGHT'..

...i mean WTF!!!

January 17

Two Words-
JEHOVAH'S
WITNESS!!!

for CHRIST's sakes i
had just woken up, i still
had on my favourite

sleepin socks, the ones
with holes so big you
can see my BIG TOE!...
...well serves them right!

January 15

anyone see that film
ZERO EFFECT, cause it
just hit me who one of
my facebook friends
reminds me of... the
deep dark mysterious
girl thats doing the
blackmailing

January 13

CANNIBAL in the
middle of Africa and the
journalists found him, I
want to now how?

January 12

ITS early morning here at that time when the cold settles in around the bed and you just have to coverup right up to your ears... a cozy fuzzy good morning to all!...mmmmm..yeea...

January 9

Like with smokers there must be advers effects from inhaling the second-hand vapor from this hungover person sittin next to me...

January 7

FACEBOOK reads like a female comedian's work, lots of horror and drama then a couple of jokes to decompress.

January 7

Wow I just had a very refreshing dream! It's amazing how my mind uses the information it has to put this stuff together.

January 2

OH MAN! nobody break your back carrying heavy stuff, take it from me, IT SUCS, especially if your trying to get some sleep!.. ouch!!!

January 1

WOW the night sky is in a 'SPLENDER OF SPARKLES' as we usher in the new year... happy new year all!...

December 5, 2013

STILL SNAILING
through the first
chapters of 'ROOTS'

...the man stays in his
own hut with his hunting
gear and his manly stuff,
and the wife in hers...
WITH THE BABY!

November 25, 2013

someone could burst a
gut while attempting to
control displaced gas
brought about by the
sudden onset of
laughter... so be
considerate.

Farewell to thee, Unpleasant two zero one three (2013) (25-12-2013)

I came into 2013 expecting the worst, I was full of uncertainty, I did know how the year would turn out. My outlook however, was lacking of any hope to say the least.

My first instinct was to protect myself from the eminent despair that lay before me. I developed a regular church going habit; I planted trees, potatoes, pot plants, just about /anything that I could place some hope in.

I cleared clusters in and around the house that reminded me of my entanglement.

I reduced the amount of cloths in my room, the book, machinery stored in my room; anything that looked like a hoarder's paradise was systematically removed till it was me, my bed and the walls.

Outside I did the same. I cleared the grass, bushes, and all vegetation that looked like bush. I created breathing space around the house.

2013 looked bleak, mostly because the money we had was not enough to continue living the way we were living. Also, my only form of escape –the laptop- on which I played movies, logged on to the social networks, and simply did my compositions, was about to break. Also I couldn't buy any more DVDs. So the first pocket

money I got, I used to buy a nice phone. It would give me all the access to Facebook and other social media that I required. This proved to be a very very suitable companion throughout the year. It is not a phone to brag about but it has served me well beyond my expectations; year round access to the internet and free access to Facebook, fm radio access free, fantastic music software and hardware, great movie software, a weak camera that takes some very artistic pictures. The pictures it took are quite moving and very unique: some of the best pictures I have ever taken. The camera function was the bonus feature for me in this phone.

In the months that followed as the year began, I also engaged in some craftsmanship. I built a few shelves in my room, and a small desk with a glass top. I also built a bar/Lab stool. I did some tailoring, some landscaping, some electrical rewiring and just some handy work the results of which I found quite up lifting.

I attempted to better my current situation; I applied to study Business Administration. Eventually I was successful but I couldn't enrol considering my financials and to put it plainly my confusion.

I made it through to the end of the year in this fashion and yet still looking back, the year has proven itself to have been immensely horrid.

I had a pleasant conversation with a girl on the bus a few days ago. She seemed open and conversant although quite equally as unintelligent as I am. She wasn't

attractive to my eyes and she wasn't my idea 'pursuit'. But she showed herself to be insecure; a quality which I find reinforces my confidence. She was the first girl that I talked to, in this country of mine that I didn't find repulsive or intimidating.

So in summation, in as far as 2013 goes, I tried to improve my relationship with God, I avoided despair and I restored hope in my life. However, the year felt artificial, like I was a crying baby given a sweet to halt my whaling. That the pending doom God had me envision for 2013 was postponed until I was in good health.

Throughout the year I asked God for a job, and he did bring two new jobs into my life. Also my hero Nelson Mandela who was on his death bed was given an additional six months of life. Meaning he would die in the season of tranquil greenery that enbeauties his homeland Qunu in the Eastern Cape (South Africa) in the mid-summer months. God made my only companion which was my phone, very fulfilling in its functions, very personalised that I dare not lose it, very simple and yet so beautiful in its design. He however showed me how useful I think I am and how useless I really am to myself and my family and friends if I had any.

Today I have less money and less stuff than I had at the beginning of the 2013 and 2014 beckons. It is impossible for me 'not' to have a positive outlook on 2014. The optimist in me only sees it ending as fruitless and as uneventful as it

appears to me now and as 2013 was. There is no sign of prosperity for me.

The pessimist at best sees what can only bring one to the paralysing clutches of despair. War and destabilisation, lack of coordination escalating expenses further isolation/loneliness, and a build up of resentment towards a community and a country I would rather be a part of. I feel like I am failing like I have failed so many times before. But my greatest fear of what tomorrow brings is death and that is what I hate about my relationship with God, he allows death to claw at my life persistently and I find it very exhausting. It is the one thing I cannot find a way of managing or processing or controlling. 2014 promises to make it more prevalent a discontent in my life. I cannot find a solution to this but I don't want God to find one for me.

Fun with Facebookzero 3 (10-5-2013)

-- Jesus taught us how to live a life of suffering. He taught us that we should not try to avoid suffering we should embrace it, and we should not be preoccupied by the perils of our suffering.

Dispair is the construct of suffering>the very fabric of it>the cement, the stone, and the sand, but the is no true dispair without hope.

Jesus taught us about the hopewe can find in a relationship with God, in a relationship with Himself Jesus, and enduring our suffering with such hope should make it more purer and

truer suffering and yet also more meaningful and fulfilling. Let us find hope in God's love Jesus.

-- A bustling fountain of melody. Snaping banjo strings, reverbarating flute, pling pang pong xylophone. like a firewax array spilling out from her ring tone.

#BUSTRIPTOKAMPA
LA

--Who would have thought a decade ago that today almost everyone on the bus from kampala would be using a smartphone of sorts...

---I've just been thinkin about it and those black south africans had it good compared to other oppression-suppression realms, for one they got the apartheid deal, then there was the reformation schools, and no mass-graves or public sadistic lynching, even kids were in position to challenge the system... say what you want but... theirs wasn't earth shattering.

--#mbarara interesting fact: at the bus-park the cross-dressers leaning towards not-straight are called 'celebrities' by the bus park peeps, then the white foreigners are called 'vampires'... just something new to me.

#mbararavs #alshababz
gr8
fireworks(alshababz)
array at #theboss
tonight, it was like
newyrs all over again...

Suffering builds
character..?

#thedarkknighttrises

There is no true despair
without hope!

#blaine
#thedarkknighttrises

Inocense cannot thrive
under guard it must be
stumped out..?

#thedarkknighttrises

The Fear of death, the most insidious form of fear...! simply because the fear cannot be avoided...! no matter what your #breed.

I'm just wondering at what age one should stop eating bread...bcos its jhust..soh..ghood..!

People that I thought I had long forgotten about showing up in my #dreams, makes me wonder if I live in other peoples dreams too.

HIGHWAY GAMBITS:
You know you're driving tooo fast when you start to overtake cars that are 30-40 even 50 meters ahead of you... peewww

Easter Prayer(31-3-2013)

So a few Sundays ago while at church, the priest said a sermon that I then meditated on. One of the reading for the day was about the prodigal son that had left home with all his inheritance and had gone to seek his fortune in the city only to fail and end up with nothing to show for it all. At which point he was faced with the decision to go back home in his rags empty handed. The priest, an Indian, whom I was listening to for the first time: I think he was recently appointed to our church, he highlighted this part of the story saying that the prodigal son was in the dirt, in the filth of sin, but he was also in an ocean of despair for he had lost everything and there was nothing left for him. So at the bottom of it all he gathered up some courage and went back to his father's house, where he was received by his father with cheers of joy and celebration. The priest was teaching us about God's love for us. He wanted us to find it in ourselves, like the son did, to repent and return to a life with God.

Another Sunday service not long after that one, the priest preached about Easter and its meaning to us. He told us about a friend of his that lost his life while protecting their brother. A very noble act, trying to save the life of someone you love even if at the expense of your own. The priest said that this is what Jesus did for us, he literally save our lives. The priest talked about compassion in the passion of Christ and I'm not sure what that means but what he said that day sounded

something like that. A lot of what I recall about these sermons is the priest and what he said and how glad I was that I understood.

I want my Easter Prayer this year to resonate with the lessons learned from these two sermons. They came at a time when I had decided to return to God and ask for his compassion. I seem to be forgetting a key lesson but I simply cannot recall from where I heard it. I am almost certain it was from the same priest; but as it goes, a man told God "I am sorry, please give me another chance, I will not disappoint you." These three lines are simply a summary of my understanding of the lesson for they are what I went away with. Afterwards I did the same thing by asking God for a second chance.

My Easter this year has been all about repentance and returning to God, searching for and trying to get back on the path of righteousness, in the process appealing to God's compassion, appealing to the compassion that Jesus taught us about, so as I bow my head to pray in the name of Jesus Christ my lord and savior, the only son of God, I ask for the following:

- I realize more and more every day that I want Jesus Christ to be an integral part of my life so firstly, I pray that my faith in Jesus will increase to be more than it is now.
- Secondly, I have been looking for a job and trying to make a livelihood for myself, currently I have made applications to further my studies, and I have made job applications to help finance

my studies if successful; I pray that these and other endeavours are a success and they help to make me a success in life.

- Prayer is a conversation with God and as such I would like to thank Jesus for all the good he has done for me, I would like to also thank him for allowing me to prepare this prayer, I have been thinking about it for the past few days and I am pleased with the outcome.
- Now lastly, Winter is so profound a season because it pushes us all, will and unwilling, to the warmth, God has been and always will be my blanket and I will flourish in his warmth.

I ask all this in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord who lives and reigns with the holy spirit for now and forever and ever,

Amen

**Fun
WithFacebookzer
o II (29-3-2013)**

And that is your
opinion.

~Mrs. Cooper #TBBT

In the water #penguins
are like poetry in
motion.

~Animal Atlas

Deep purple horses
racing to the east, on
moonscapedbarrenlandr
asing up the dust. With
alerted eyes and
hurdeling hoofs and a
glistening silvery hide,
and with maine and tail-
hair catching light and
waving to the wind.

~My Description of the
First Painting To Mount
My Wall

The silence is deafening,
only music can quench
the quantum of solace.

I am not afraid of you
you scary looking thing,
for my heart is as pure
as a fresh water spring.

~ DRAGON HUNTERS

Sprinting for the finish
line, a new dawn a new
day as I close eyes and
fall
asleep.~Fightinginsomni
a

If you cry like an old
tinker-boy you usually
cry in vain.

~Creepy line from a
dream I had.

BE TOUGH IF YOU
WANT TO GET
AHEAD, THAT IS
WHAT THEY SAY.
TAKE NO PRISONERS
SPARE NO ONE. BE
AGGRESSIVE AND
LET THEM HAVE IT.

NICE PEOPLE
FINNISH LAST.

IT WOULD SEEM
THAT THEY DO.
THERE IS NO NICE IN
ANYONE. THERE IS
NO NICE TO APPEAL
TO. COLD HEARTS
ARE BEATING
WAITING FOR YOU.

~ My Job-hunting Blues

WHITE:

cold as snow
warm as milk
hot as the mid-day
sweltering sun

hard as stone or teeth or
bone
soft as smoke, steam,
mist or fog or froth or
foam or cotton balls

sweet or soar as cream
on cake
salty as table salt
bitter as sap

chalky as chalk
dusty as pixie dust
pretty as a wedding
smooth as yogurt
stained as soiled loo-
paper or grey clouds or
an inked shirt or a drive
through a gravel road or
a large puddle or by
chocolate-chip sprinkles
on a funday-sunday or
mixed herbs in rlice-
cake or blood-shot eyes
or a raisin in sweet
sweet fluffy raisin-bread

clear as a whitewash
sparkling as a diamond
simple and white and
bright and nice

Wind Dispersal(4-1-2013)

“Mrs. P these floods are crazy!”

“No shit,” she replied, “I’m really thirsty but I haven’t seen fresh water in weeks, I could drain the whole Hindus in a gulp dude.”

“Wait, hold up,”

I had an idea. Someone ahead of us had a six-pack of bottled water strapped to his waist. He gave me one for Mrs. P once we had crossed the bridge. I then spotted some heavy clouds in the distance and rushed off to avoid the coming rains.

M called me later in the day telling me he is the new president of Madagascar. He spoke between breaths, “we finished all the bullets dude, even the 38s were emptied, yet no one got killed!”

I’m here watching the countdown of MTVBase top ten videos and we’re on #8. It is a dope track about the night-sky, airplanes and shooting-stars. I don’t get why such a dope track is stuck here 8 places from #1.



The next 7 tracks must be melodic ecstasy,
.....must be sweet elation,
..... great,
..... a cool summer breeze,
..... alluring,
..... very good,
..... chics in South America,
..... in Paris
..... love in Asia,
..... college in the US,
..... Peace in Africa.



As the track is ending M switches the station to Aljazeera. Around the world leaders have been issuing statements condemning M's actions on the coup in Madagascar. The last being BeO the US president.

“What’s his problem?” M asks, but I’m not paying attention,

“dude this honey is hot.”

“Yer!” he agrees,

“Yer!”

Aljazeera has a new news-presenter. She looks Middle Eastern, maybe Egyptian, Palestinian, or Saudi Arabian, but her accent is so British that she could be a BBC news-anchor. Her black eyes, the black hair –the studio lighting– they all work together to enhance her beauty.

“I’m in love man.”

“Yer, me too.”

In the next moment there is a huge explosion outside. I get my camera and go to film the scene with my journalist. The soldiers spotted a Toyota pickup which, they think,



had Taliban fighters with weapons of mass distraction. So they blew it up, they want to go ahead of us to make sure no one survived. While we wait we strap up well

with the bullet proof and the big PRESS vests to be on the safe side.

The soldiers guarding us are a little tense. Its dusty around us and a little wind raises a small dust storm as I hide behind the walls of this roofless, doorless and windowless house. Its no use and all my fatigue turns dust brown. My cameras also dressed in protective cloth collects dust at the lenses. I can't keep them covered cause I don't want to miss out on any action.

While we wait, I film everyone around us. There are five soldiers waiting with us. They are all kids, a few years younger than me, armed with modern assault rifles dresses in their sand-brown fatigues. Their weapons seem too big for them but they carry them with ease as if the guns are made of plastic.

Suddenly, the trucks that brought us start up. The team that went ahead of us have sent message telling our team that its too dangerous to bring in non-combat personnel. We must be sent back to the base camp. I don't understand this because we've been in some of the most

heated battles of this war why are they sending u away?
But we leave anyway.

- I am aware of your achievements and they far out way
what seem to me to be your flaws. In this regard I
reserve my right to hold you in high regard.

- I need my character flaws in order to stay normal
otherwise I hold myself against presidents that I cannot
sustain.

- We only find a connection in sympathy. The deeper
(greater) the sympathy you feel towards a character
(hero, villain) the more you appreciate (feel connected
with) the character's role in the story (fiction or real).

- In a fight, war, battle, argument, conflict, the outcome
can only be one of these three:

Defeat,
Submission,
Compromise,

...any other outcome is just a continuation, until one of
these three is arrived at.

Journalists are like Darwinian Biologists(18-9-2012)

From my view point or listening post, a potential war zone to a journalist is a place where they go to seek out new stories like Charles Darwin did when he went on voyages of discovery; discovery of species that would help string together his Darwinian theory of Evolution. He would carry with him a note book where he drew pictures and made notes of the new and different creatures he encountered, pictures and notes which he would use to build upon his theory of evolution. Interesting enough he would also collect these creatures and species for further investigation later on in his laboratory or for mere evidence of his research.

The journalists, equipped with their tools; that is, all sorts of recording and communication devices not in the least the pen and notebook, embarks on an adventure into the unknown, unknown only to anyone outside the boundaries of the potential war zone. Here is where the similarities with the Darwinian biologist start; their objective is to find and report on the remarkable new discoveries they will have made while in the field. Once in this potential war zone, the note book comes out and the pen comes into action detailing and outlining the creature of a story they have discovered.

Now, some of these stories are the beautiful kind; stories of hope and perseverance in a world of plight and adversity, these will sound and read like the Darwinian biologist's encounter with a flower of magnificent beauty or frog or bird of exotic brilliance. But as it is a war zone, clearly the plight and adversity must prevail and without fail the journalist will find and highlight it (and maybe elaborate on it). Again like the Darwinian biologist, the journalist will slot the pending war into its place in the history of the conflict area, if need be the story will get its share of panel beating until it fits. Sporadic unrest will be documented and linked to the overall pending war, data will be collected, of pain and suffering and death, and it will be amassed and published for all their audience to consume.

Carbon-tax(4-9-2012)

I wanted to drive through Zambia trying to get from the country on one side to another on the other side some time towards the end of the 2010 decade. At the Zambian boarder the “agents”, people that help process custom issues, passport checks and currency converting, these agents told me that before I got permission to drive into the country even if it was just to get to the other side I would have to pay a third party insurance fee and a carbon-tax fee. My bro and travel companion called it “extortion”: a word that I didn’t understand at the time but have now come to learn to mean using force to make me pay for something leveraged against the position of power you’re in.

Third party insurance: totally understandable, and because of this, it allows the government to put any figure they feel is right on it because it is a justifiable fee. Of course this only expands the Zambian government’s tax pool. My argument here is that the carbon tax does the same but it is not a justifiable fee. So for the government it simply makes the country richer...but how is it not extortion?!...

In South Africa there are some people engaged in environmental friendly activities that earn them what is call carbon points. These point are than traded with multinational companies or foreign government for a substantial amount of cash which makes the South African person richer and it earns the multinational company carbon points. Hmm what is my point?!...

China wants to purchase aeroplanes but because of the emissions from their engines they stand to be taxed by European countries. However, the Chinese government intends to use the aeroplanes in their own air space and don't want to pay the Europeans tax fees for polluting their own air space. I read somewhere that some other airlines flying into Europe including some United States airlines are already paying that pollution fine.

I suppose the point I am trying to make here is that the 'carbon factor' has set in motion some very interesting dynamics around the world. Absurd hmm, maybe?!...

Hope, do we or do we not need it? (alil'bit of philosophy)(20-8-2012)

I think hope as a verb is by definition: instilling expectation in an uncertain situation, expectation that the desired outcome may still be realised. Hope may be a non entity; meaning as long as the situation is in a state of uncertainty then hope may remain. We can allow this to be the discourse for the moment and ask whether or not hope is an entity, a force of some sort. Thus far my understanding of hope is that it is a component of desire and needs to be acted on in order to be satisfied. I am filled with great dishearten at this acknowledgement, since it was my deepest desire, a desire beyond my realm of control, that hope be a driving force in itself.

I have found out from many of the movies I have been watching that hope is an essential ingredient in any person's life. It is however easier to instil our hope in another persons ambitions especially in a situation where they have a high chance of achieving their goals. This is because when they succeed we rejoice in having made the right choice. Somehow it validates us. Unfortunately this is escapist by nature and as many of us know, escapism only delays the moments of strife. Reality beckons and we must all face our own challenges with or

without help from others. Our problems need to be and must be addressed.

So why talk about escapism instead of sticking to the topic of hope? From the Olympic Games, to any sporting event, to even the stories be it autobiographies, of perseverance; the handicapped realising their dreams or the oppressed people's struggle and how they have overcome the oppression; an individual's journey as they champion a cause; all these have a component of hope in them. In a champion our hope is instilled; in there we find resonance for we and the champion both have goals, and if they can have goals as we have goals then they must be human and somehow we must also be champions. But how is that not escapism?

This for me explains how the very rich and the very poor in any country can co-exist. The spectators are usually the people trying to succeed, to achieve, to get ahead. On the other hand, the facilitators are those already ahead, selling hope and aspiration. I cringe at the thought of it. However, even more sinister is my aspiration to be one of them, the super-rich, a member of the hope-selling club.

In an attempt to drive it home I will ask: why do we need to put our hopes in others and not ourselves, why do we need champions? In my opinion they rob us of the sheer pleasure of raw organic success. One may say that they protect us from the pain of failure and acrid depression. I say this is only a temporary fix and to me it sums up to escapism. Here I am trying to convince myself that

having hope in my own abilities is my first step to achieving anything I want to in my life tough though it may be.

On the side of the champions I will say that an individual shouldn't have to rely on their own hope to prosper, hope from friends and a wider community of supporters can carry a person far into the realms of glory.

We are not Olympians(3-8-2012)

We find pride in our offspring,
We grow strong in their presence,
We work hard for their survival,
Leaving nothing out, for them we sacrifice all,
We are not Olympians.

We are taught to champion humanity,
We grow up with trivial strife,
Back stabbing and conniving, quarrelling and wedging
war,
Bearing grudges and pointless envy,
Unlawful engagement, deception and disobedience.

Indulging in the forbidden,
Sharply contradicting our very being,
We do learn, we do improve, we do grow,
Our kids we teach and nurture and cherish,
We sever no links between the generations to come, and
to go.

Chasing My past(3-8-2012)

Seating in the front seat of the bus,
Moving at a high speed towards the capital,
A car of my dreams that I had driven once before,
Races past in the opposite direction.

Adding spice and sauce and salt,
To my bowl of rice and soup and meat,
And stirring and tasting and adding more,
To bring out flavours of times before,
Flavours of wholesome comforting savoury foods.

Playing on swings and merry go rounds,
In swimming pools and on kiddie slides,
Looking for jeans, and fancy sneakers,
For pen-pal friends on social networks, in distant cities,
Playing kites and eating sweets, both chewing gum and
lollipops,
And, going to church and praying to God.

Why the sudden unrest?(26-7-2012)

Something one My Uganda's MP said a few days ago got me thinking, about the refugee situation happening in the DRC-Rwanda-Uganda region. He said that this unrest is happening at a time when Rwanda is showing signs of growth and development, and My Uganda is showing progress in its Oil project with Tallow Oil. In the news, Rwanda had recently talked about an urban development project for their capital city, whereby all CBD buildings would have to have a minimum of eight stories. This would improve the space utilisation in the city and it would certainly make the city stand out in the region, and in My Uganda the findings of Tallow Oil's and Heritage's exploration venture have been sold at substantial prices to Total and a Chinese Oil company in percentages I do not recall, these were over fifty wells each and I think Heritage retained some, and these companies have begun the feasibility studies of the wells. This promises to be in terms of revenue, highly beneficial to my Uganda. It has already reaped millions in taxes from the sale of the wells by Tallow Oil to Total and to the Chinese company.

It is a bit unsettling to have the refugee situation occurring at this time when these two countries are only now beginning to show their citizens the fruits of their labour, when the construction of highly ambitious administrative institutes are being put to the test. One can only hope that the unrest is simply a step in the direction of stability for the DRC east of the country and also maybe growth and prosperity for them and the

entire region as they also have a wealth of exploitable resources.

Vibrant River or Shiny butt-cheeks or both?(12-7-2012)

A stretch of road racing up the heart of darkness revealed to me that it isn't so dark after all, but instead it is a radiant golden heart, beating with life and with an aorta, a broad river vibrant with a turbulent flow revealing a breath taking vista as it races past beneath an all too short bridge (the Murchison Falls National Park river).

Now, looking at the vibrant river with his wife and kids and family friends; with beady eyes and facial hair and neck and chest and everywhere hair, and on his tail too but not on his butt; those red or pink or blue or green butt cheeks, bare on the ground as he sat there and watched. Yes those shiny glistering sparkling butt cheeks those cheeks.

But keep driving and don't stop however slow you may go; for the police guard the bridge and the butt cheek hairy men guard the road and run to your car when you try to stop. Will they attack you or will they just pass or will they jump into your car and never get out?

The beautiful river and the beautiful monkeys mix well in the dramatic heart of golden brightness.

Chess vs Taekwondo(25-6-2012)

My battle with chess started while at high school when, in our spare time between classes, we would occupy ourselves with board games such as Murabaraba, Checkers and Chess. I graduated through the first two before I started playing chess, I even had these games curved under the lid of two of my school desks and I made it a habit of playing them at every chance I got. In a similar way I started playing Taekwondo around the same time, but not at school. However, I found myself jogging around and exercising and even lifting weights at every chance I got.

So the problem came when I realised that I wasn't graduating out of the novice level in chess and in Taekwondo. I now know what the problem was and what it still is:

In both, when you are starting out you are taught self-defence. In chess your mentor is always highlighting your vulnerability while your opponent is focused on reducing all your pieces down to your last piece. I never understood that: just like any other board game you are

trying to take as many of the opponent's pieces. I was always trying to protect my pieces. Similarly in Taekwondo I was supposed to focus my energy on the opponent's weaknesses and vulnerabilities, this way I may have graduated beyond novice class.

I have to say that there is no better physical workout than that that you will get from practicing Taekwondo. I assume it is the same for chess in the case of a mental workout. What I want to make clear here is that both are fights unfortunately. You will realise how equally cruel they can both be but only if you see them for what they really are.

Prayer: Tend to it like Adam (10-6-2012)

One day God will come down and into me

And I will see the world as it really is.

My eyes have served me well

I have communed with Gods love

Now I look at His creation through His eyes

And I am not afraid

I see the consequences of many different paths taken

And I take the one that He has laid before me

And I stick to it

Am I in heaven?

Can I be in heaven now?

Right here in His creation

Building on it

Tending to it like Adam

Who saw it in its purest beauty?

AUSTERITY vs BAILOUT(1-6-2012)

Austerity, a state of being austere: stern and old in appearance or manner; morally restrict; simple and unadorned and; giving little or no scope for pleasure. This is what the dictionary had to say about it. I don't have a working understanding of austerity or austerity-measures. Bailout on the other hand calls to mind the world of the court-room, where the accused in jail is bailed out while the crime is being processed rather than keeping him in jail. Sometimes bail is allowed without money having been exchanged. The accused isn't imprisoned but instead is allowed to remain as a productive person in society, be it for themselves, or for their family.

Austerity seems to be a bit more imposing and controlling almost to the point of disciplining, it even has an over tone of being judgmental. Bailout however, seems to be a more realistic approach to the problem. It is less judgmental more correctional, less of a reformatory and more a rehabilitation (more sensible).

One other thing noticeable here is the continued battle between the conservative and the liberal. It is a battle that has gone on since time immemorial. Time along history coming from before the BC years and also climbing along life from when one is a child, you will find evidence of this battle.

It is there in any socio-societal component: in religion, culture, politics, and now economics.

- My take on the Bailout is that, economically speaking, a bailout is a RESUSCITATION and it is only advisable to do that when the economic system is sound and does not necessarily need reformations and rectifying.

Colours of Roses and Their Meaning(29-5- 2012)

These images and this information were copied from this all-you-need-to-know website about roses, (access date 28-05-2012):

-PAGE TITLE: [The Meaning of Roses](#)

-PAGE ADDRESS:
<http://www.thealmightyguru.com/Pointless/Roses.html>

(click Title/Address to go)

I recently bought a **Pink-is-for-gratitude** rose seedling and I am glad after reading this that my choice in colour was suited for it intended

purpose (I didn't know it at the time that I was buying a gratitude rose). Even more interesting, the rose almost on a weekly basis produced about three fresh pink roses.

Red - Love



Colors range from bright red to deep burgundy.

Varieties include Charlotte, Forever Young, Classy, and Rouge Baiser.

Red roses are given to those
who you want to show love and passion,
people who you have great respect for,
Pink - Gratitude
and those who have shown great courage.

The quantity can also have a special meaning.
A single red rose shows love, a dozen shows love,
twenty-five shows congratulations
and fifty show unconditional love.



Two red roses tied together symbolizes an engagement.

The shade of the red has a meaning as well. Colors range from light pink to
Bright red means love, burgundy means unconscious love,
dark crimson is used to show mourning. Varieties include Ana, Livia,
A withered red rose is used to show that the love is over. Pink, Titanic, Rossini, Orlando
and Attaché.
A red rosebud symbolizes youthful love and beauty.

Pink roses in general are given
to those whom you want to show

thankfulness, admiration, and happiness. Yellow roses express joy, gladness, and friendship.

The different shades of pink can have more precise meanings. They are given to new mothers, newlyweds, and graduates.

They're also used as a reminder

Deep pink is used for appreciation and gratitude, to show that you care.

where as light pink conveys

admiration and sympathy,

In the past yellow was used

and peach roses are given to show modesty, jealousy and a decrease of love.

Yellow - Friendship



Colors range from light yellow to golden.

Varieties include Gold Strike, Skyline, Judy and Aalsmeer Gold.

Orange - Desire



Colors range from bright orange to coral.

Varieties include Tropical

Amazon, Marlyse, and Sari.

Bianca, Akito, and Vendella.

Orange roses are given
to those who you desire,
those you want to get to know better
or those who you are proud of.

White roses are given to those
who are innocent, reverent,
and pure.

They are very commonly used
in weddings.

They can also be given as a
sign of secrecy.

A white rosebud is used to show girhood.

A white rose that has been dried
means "Death is Preferable to Loss of Virtue"

A withered white rose represents fleeting
or given to show that no impression was made

White - Purity



Colors range from pure white
to creams to very light pinks.
Varieties include Eskimo,

Lavender - Enchantment



Varities include Allure, Bluebird,
Blue Curosia, and Stranger.

Lavender roses show that you
have fallen in love with someone
from the moment you saw them.

It also can be given to those
who you feel are very unique,
and those who you feel are enchanting.

An "atleast", thin though it may be.(24-5-2012)

Egypt is voting finally, the people are talking and well, here is what I think **My Uganda** should be thinking about the whole thing. One interesting aspect of it all is that the previous leader Mubarak and the leaders before him came into power so precariously and perilously that the people never gave any thought to who would rule next and how the country would be when a subsequent regime came into power. I think that goes for all the countries where they had an Arab-Spring (hey it rhymes with "uprising", who would have thought). For **My Uganda**, it seems the president is pushing for his thirty years in office, however, I would like to add an "atleast" to this, and that is: atleast**My Uganda** has never at any point of all these close to thirty years under the president felt that he is here to stay. **My Uganda** has always had it in mind that the time will come when mister president will step down. This is an "atleast" that **My Uganda** can bear in mind when observing the Egyptians, an atleast that **My Uganda** may hold over them, thin though it may be, and may even build on it by preparing properly for when mister president eventually and gracefully relinquishes to **My Uganda's** subsequent recruit for the top job.

The Hunger Games: the tale of a job hunter.(18-5-2012)

I am hungry, my last meal was a God-sent egg-and-sausage sandwich delight; two layers of fried eggs dipped in ketchup to the point of drench-soaked dripping at the sides slapped smack between butter toasted bread – forming a decked sandwich of it all. Add to this, in between, right at the middle, strips of roasted beef bangers evenly sliced and swiped also in running ketchup. Yes, yes indeed that was a good one, and I washed it down with a warm black coffee, a large one (chocolate essence). See, I could skin a lion (a live one) to sink my teeth into one of those again.

But I am hungry, my tummy-grumbling so loud its audible to others, and I am watching this fat cat munching away at his burger. He isn't so impolite though, he points me to the litter bin down by the corner at the end of the building and to the other at the other end of the building, one with shredded paper popping out at the top and the other with brush trimmings hanging out of it. With slurping lips and a condiment stained finger he says, "Over there, there must be something to eat in there, have you checked in there?"

The disappointment weighs heavily on my legs, as I lift them, one after the other dragging myself further and further away from this depressing and demeaning litter bins that call to me. I stumble and stagger bumping into stuff and into more well-to-do felines, licking their paws and offering their help, but their help too is nothing like the juicy burger that I saw before, only hope; "Just hang in there," is what they say, "soon something will come up."

A Jag a Beemer and an Audi walk into a bar no no, drive into a bar...(13-5-2012)

I'm looking through this car magazine (top car S.A.: April 2009), and well the Audi RS5... you can pimp it with the dopest 5-star magz but it still looks like a white guy playing basketball.

- The red JAG XFR vs Deep blue BMW M5 vs Audi Blue RS6:

Audi still looks like a white dude playing basketball, while the Jag looks like an Indian dude playing soccer.

Beemerwife sexy M5, well shes cool and calm and collected, like the all rounder black dude that plays both basketball and soccer or basketball and baseball depending on which side of the pond you're on, (it also works as: the white dude who plays both rugby and cricket), allthesame, no cheezie indoor activities for this dude and he'll retire playing golf on the fairway and tennis on a neat-cut grass-court no clay.

A most unpleasant feeling indeed (12-5-12)

Crushing right through to the back of my skull, scraping along my nerves and straining my mind these images are. A TV box swung and flung at a high velocity towards me, raising small clouds of dust and making sparks as it bounces and flips along, landing hard with a smash, bursting into particles all over the mound of items hiping up at the back of my mind, only to be followed close behind by a more brittle and much larger faster delivery echoing with a blunt disinterring burst... In another brief moment there will be another and I cannot take any more of it. This overwhelming discomfort is disorienting; I'm feeling nauseous and I close my eyes, my head is pounding. An endless fan, humming very loud, feels my ears and muffles out some drumbeats playing in the background. Deep breaths through my nose, long and forced, in... and out, again... and again. Rest... and inhale, feel your pulse coming back to you, just take it all in and be pleased to have overcome a most unpleasant feeling indeed.

What was that all about, the vulgar and ragged dust raising unrest? Is that what I should expect when the plane lands, when I meet my people for the first time? Is this dystopian world what awaits me in this place I long to call home? Is this plane going to crush and burn upon landing, bursting into flames and roasting every one of us into charred remains of hopeful imbeciles that thought these pilots new what they

were doing when they took charge of this aircraft? All this turbulence, is it not just a precursor to an out of control spiralling into a mountainside? Why the reassurances, "everything is fine, we will be landing in a couple of minutes."? Can they really land this thing? Why is the plane losing altitude, the ground getting closer so fast, racing past beneath me, the vibrations and screeching, the loud engine noises, the sudden deceleration, is everything fine? We are now headed directly for the terminal building, did we really make it? Well I suppose, from all the applause, it would seem that I am not the only sceptic in here.

"This way please."? Is that the room where they do the strip-searching and the brutal interrogations? My entire luggage is here, how did they manage that? The airport attendants are processing my passport and travel documents, am I the exception?

The capital city is brown and dusty, almost no paving in sight. Parking has been created out of every piece of space that isn't being used by the moving traffic. It's a miracle that we made it in this motor-vehicle, I think the driver taught himself how to drive, God really exists.

Easter Prayer 2012 (8-4-2012)

I would like to start a regular contribution for this blog. It will be a prayer and I; I hope it will be one of many other regulars that will add longevity to the blog:

There was a time in my life while I was still young, around my late teens early twenties, a time when I was becoming aware of the magic of prayer; the power of prayer; the strength of prayer: a time when I was beginning to rely on prayer as I became aware of my flaws and weaknesses. Although, I must add that it was not these short comings that were pushing me to embrace prayer; it was my family. We used to pray a lot at home and at church, and when we went to visit extended family especially our grandparents both on my Mother's side and on my Father's side. First, our arrival would be met with a prayer then a prayer would be said before we all ate together and another before we left, these prayers I distinctly remember doing on every visit. Even today the spirit of praying in our families lives on even when only my Grandmother (Kaka) on my Mother's side is still alive of all my grandparents.

The more I became aware of the intrinsic strength of a prayer the more I placed my wishes and desires before God through it. Many of my prayers I have consciously witnessed being answered, but some only later would I realise that that prayer I asked for so long ago was answered while I was unaware. Some yet still, I feel strongly have not been answered, but in those situations my faith in God's love for me simply saves me. I strongly believe that God loves me.

I recently (a week ago), lost my Father and a year before that my Mother. My Father taught me how to pray and my Mother taught me the value of prayer. The grandparents I lost, I learnt from them the value of having faith in God and living the life of a Christian. From my grandparent I also saw what prayer can really do and even today I still see their prayers being answered, even today! But yet still, when I look further back I remember the way I felt in the presence of Pope John Paul II. For me, while he was alive up until the year that he died, my faith was unwavering and my conviction needed no reasserting. The church had a light and warmth that made the world a great place to be in; with Pope John Paul II that ends the list of the pillars of my faith.

Here my prayer lays; these people showed me miracles, showed me the true meanings of peace and love, they showed me the essence of Christianity and I thank God for this. I think that I have been left yearning and for this I pray:

- I pray that the memories of these blessed people live on in my heart.
- I pray for prayers; I pray that prayers grow in their strength and I pray that praying retains its purpose in my life as a Christian.
- I pray that the light and warmth of the church remains strong.
- I pray also that my faith as a Christian remains steady and firm.

I ask this all through the bounty of Jesus Christ our Lord who lives and reigns with the Holy Spirit One God for ever and ever Amen.

Growth and Development Effortless(22-3-2012)

It's been done before by so many, even by myself; the Jews in the Exodus; the fortune seekers of old America's Gold Rush; the farm boy to the big city (Superman); the intern to the company man; from shacking up to a married couple. What am I talking about; moving! Not just moving but, moving forward, ahead in life, which is what I am doing at this point in my life, as are we all. I am preparing to relocate, to a new place. What I would like out of this is a more productive phase in my life. In this new place, I would like to bulk up, financially, in material possessions, health wise, and more especially, my value as a productive person.

Trying is what I have been doing, and only falling short of my goals, but now I now know what needs to be done, and what here is required of me. I also know how to do it effortlessly. For finance, I do save and invest wisely; for material possession, I get myself things that I want; health, at every chance I eat to my heart's content; and for a productive life, everything I do is of a superb quality, I surround myself with all that is of great quality so I know what great quality is. Effortless I say.

Shady Music(18-2-2012)

When music sounds meaningless regardless of genre, when the ancient artists begin to produce previously unreleased or unsuccessful old music, you should be worried. This all came to me when on the radio I heard one of the former Beatles, Sir Paul announce the release of an album composed of music he's folks enjoyed listening to... then I asked myself, why would that find a market in this time and age, when there is so much variety to pick from? My theory is that he is hoping his name will get the songs on to the play lists, and then the shuffle button will get it heard. Now, as we all know, there is no such thing as a bad song in the same way as there is no such thing as an ugly girl. You just need to listen to it on repeat for about a week and it will become your favourite track; your theme song.

Okay, a better analysis is that music becomes more appealing to you when you find that it is in sync with your emotions. Also it becomes more appealing if the music evokes feelings and emotions that you yourself feel you are intrinsically incapable of expressing. The question I want to consider is; why can't the contemporary artists satisfy this need? I don't believe that it is because they are not in tune with the listener's needs, feelings, or emotions; but because the listeners are themselves uncertain of their own mindset.

The greats of long ago (like Bob Marley, Beatles, the POP and Rock stars) were working with defined categories of a buffet

of people, (the race cards doesn't not play anything into it). These include oppressed, frustrated, confused, ambitious, wilful, and reckless people, successful people; hopeful people even, and even more, but the one common denominator among them all was their certainty on prospective outlook or the lessened uncertainty in comparison to now.

This all rests on the economic outlook and its grimness. Whether or not you have a lot of cash, there is a hint of uncertainty about your economic outlook, and this at a time when all the preachers (please, again I'm not talking about religion from any angle at all), preacher like the hip-hop artist like Lil'wayne and 50 cents preaching/selling inspiration and motivation and believe-in-yourself oratory, or even "get-money!, get-money!" choruses of some of them; the RnB and POP artists preaching love, whether its love at first sight or the pain of a heartbreak or whatever it was that that 22 year old 2011 POP sensation ADEL was try to say with "...I wish nothing but the best for uuuu....uuu...".

These messages mean nothing to people who are filled with uncertainty, you have motivation, and yet many motivation vehicles seem to be making more money for them than for those that are being helped. The love messages are being over shadowed by the failed relationships; failed relationships by "you'll get over it" or "there is no such thing as love" messages, or even the more controversial "it's HIM not HER that you love" messages. Even the controversial messages aren't so controversial anymore.

We now find ourselves oversaturated with uncertainty, but none of these artists, in my opinion, know how to package

this into a song. They themselves may be experiencing uncertainty on what music to produce. That is why Eminem sounds the way he does now, why songs like Katty Perry's, "keep-on daanciiingtilll the world ends", sound so appealing. Although I must add that that appeal is only short lived because we are all uncertain about this apocalypse thing, we are not too sure any more whether it has been averted, whether it its eminent, or whether it is all just hype.

Justice by my understanding (16-1-2012))

The term Justice, the very mention of the word is now so evocative stirring in some, rage filled emotions fueled by a strong sense of revenge. It evokes basic emotions supposedly suppressed or harboured in the Freudian subconscious that many would describe as "coming out of nowhere", very intense feelings that may even overwhelm a person.

I believe that justice is a basic need; but not everyone can get it at will. yet almost on a daily basis in an our interactive society all individual are done at least one injustice. Some can submissively overcome an injustice done to them but this is a temporary treatment and it it is accumulative. So naturally when it crosses the threshold of tolerance an attempt is made to cure ALL THE ACCUMULATED INJUSTICE.

By this description justice is not an appetite-driven sensation but more of a basic reactionary mind-set with a self validation of "one is nothing less than human". It is this basic component of justice that makes me say that it is the enemy of peace in the world. I can elaborate further by saying that there is no society where an injustice is not being felt, whereas the pursuit of justice in some cases is overextended resulting, in many cases, on an injustice on another (it over-spills so to speak).

The madness in me(7-12-2012)

It is funny how solitude can bring out the madness in a person. One finds themselves lost in thought as they dwell on the monoliths occupying their mind. Take for example the ritual afternoon walk that begins with walking out of the gate and ends with the cool drink bought at your favourite shopping outlet before you get your ride back home.

As you're leaving home you do the final checks on your appearance, your hair, your face, your shirt – no stains, your pants – clean enough, your shoes – clean enough – not too tight – nice and comfortable, but then your hair, are you sure it fine – but there is nothing you can do about it now, and your face; you give your chicks a quick brush with your hands – no crumbs. But who will notice and why does it matter if they do. Then, after a few turns, in the distance down the road you spot a young lady coming towards you. You're the only two walking on this road; greeting won't be necessary, not because you don't want to but you simply don't know what to say. Saying hello to a stranger in English is unconventional if not unusual, yet it sounds wrong when I say it in vernacular: it doesn't roll off the tongue well. Just walking by without saying anything will simplify things whether or not she initiates the greeting. Meanwhile you've been looking at her and analyzing her silhouette, but as she gets closer you look straight ahead and ignore her until she has passed by. Another few steps and the woman that appeared behind her becomes the subject of your next

thought – more specifically, how irregular the shape of the body beneath her apparel is, but that too quickly passes.

As a neighbourhood of some sort draws near, you begin to examine some of the details of the houses your able to see. Since you pass here routinely, you only look for changes if any. You walk on dribbling past bumps on the uneven road, and leaping over puddles and little streams that have riddled the walkway. The sights and sounds fade in from solem calm neighbourhood to loud roadside tradingcenter. A crude mixture of cars racing on the highway and loud conversation in and around shops draws towards you. With a sprinkle of music pouring out from base speakers to top it all off. In a the yard behind the shops some kids play a game under a tree sitting on broken branches, a game that you will never understand, and meanwhile a trespasser approaches and walks right passed you. Up ahead, you reach around the front of the shops and look at the people there, but there are only women and children and maybe a man, all absorbed in their own activities, even as they look back at you.

It is now on to the main road, nice and broad, quite ideal for the walk, that is, if it wasn't for the traffic; from the large grumbling commercial vehicles raising dust into your nose to the zipping motorcycles and squeaking bicycles racing past you and having near-misses with your elbow. But today vehicles are few allowing for a relatively comfortable walk. This also allows you to scrutinise all that meets the eye. Like the bored-to-nothing shop attendants that now sit outside

their shops and look at passer-bys like myself. The men hidden under an umbrella at a bar, who on closer scrutiny turns out to be a couple of friends just passing away the afternoon over a game of cards, it's quite possible that one of them is the bar attendant also bored with no customers. These shops arranged in a line of about 5 – 7, with their doors facing the road, are all covered in the company colours of a mobile phone services company. Except a clinic, which is dawning in plain white paint, though not any different in dimension or frontage design from the pub or the hair salon or even the grocer's shop. The frontage up to the road is being used as a playground by some children, as a feeding ground by some chicken and as a display ground by those selling bulk fruit or charcoal and anything else that can be displayed here.

Since there is nothing new and nothing of interest, my attention goes to the people dispersed along the road ahead, then to the road itself. It has recently been upgraded from gravel to a coarse tar-mark material. Though incomplete most of the road has been worked on and it is a much appreciated improvement and nicely done job at that. The dust floating about has been considerably reduced, and now everyone can breathe more easily. However, cars can move faster, and they do. Taxi cars come racing past hooting like it is a matter of life and death, and it is, for people are almost spilling out of their windows as they cruise past almost smashing motorcycles that are also racing about with their own plans.

Each walk that I have taken on this route, and there were many, has had an odd surprise for me along the way. Once a man asked me for directions to some Taxis, and when he realised that he had taken a completely wrong route he then asked me for some money to help him get back to town with a taxi. When I told him that I didn't have any, he turned around and we walked together for about a kilometre in silence, all the way to town where I then bided him farewell.

Another time a motorcycle carrying a passenger with his trunk and mattress burst its rear tire while racing past a car parked partly in the road. While the passenger sat as still as a rod, the driver managed to steer it back into his control, after wriggling about and almost tumbling to the ground. The motorcycles following behind it had some well managed near-misses considering that it was at the bottom of a steep slope and oncoming traffic was moving like it was a matter of great urgency.

I suppose in the end the walk really sums up to a form of meditation where I escape from my surreal life and instead go into the realm of the reality that surrounds me. But in there I'm a dreamer and it seems like "in reality nothing is of any consequence to me and I can explore it in its intricacies and marvel at all the fascinations, after which, I cool off with a soothing drink then get a ride back to my surreal existence.

My take on “photography” in My Uganda(26-11-2012)

I think this is the first post I am making where I am going to try and highlight what I find to be a negative thing about what **My Uganda** is doing. By negative, I mean to say that it makes **My Uganda** and more importantly my home town look bad. When I saw the "photography" properly and clearly, my first emotion or rather sensation was nausea, after taking it in a little bit more (i.e.: I took a second look), I concluded that Photoshop or MSpaint was used in editing the picture. It had been censored. But who's to say that the whole picture wasn't entirely fabricated and the censoring is just being used to make it more believable.

In an attempt not to soil my blog I will continue to refrain from mentioning the word “photography” in its “literal”.

This picture was a front page 4 by 5 inch or 5 by 7 inch centre print. The “publications” are usually mounted on a two column metal rack able to hold six, three in each. Then there is a centre column built along the midrib of these two columns. It is designed to hold three publications but these obtrude over the other columns such that a publication put in it would partially cover those in the other two columns at its level, thus making it stand out and be more noticeable. I

think the idea behind this design at some level was ingenious considering its serves the purpose very well.

I wanted to buy a daily newspaper that had been placed behind this publication in subject. The daily I was buying is the No.1 seller in **My Uganda**. So I imagine many more people that had come before me were, for lack of a better word, bombarded with the same image. Furthermore, the display rack was placed outside a supermarket on the pavement in attempt to attract as many buyers as possible (it was out in the open for everyone to see): don't these guys have kids, don't they feel the need to protect their kids?!...

In all this breath, I feel the need to discredit, in my own way, three main bodies:

- I say FOR SHAME to the government of **My Uganda** for the creation of the Ethics Ministry because I believe its conception gave leeway for those who felt the need to test this Ministry's muscle, while it in itself has tried to as the saying goes "feed on its own foot" with the gay rights bill.

- I say FOR SHAME to Islamic and the Christian super-bodies. These two claim moral authority on behalf of all the people in **My Uganda**. It is clear that theirs is just a fart in the wind to the people of **My Uganda**. I find that, because of their

shortcomings, the priests in the church that I go to in my town (I'm a Christian), are now preaching like Charismatic preachers, almost as if their frustration has reached the point of overwhelm.

- The last and somewhat least For Shame goes to the people of **My Uganda**. This one is more of an expression of disappointment. I have so much faith in them as they have given me reason for it. However, it seems here they are giving in; compromising; showing tolerance to something that is neither pleasing in ANY WAY WHATSOEVER, nor informative or educational (there is nothing positive that I can think of in the public publication of this "photography"). This is something that needs to be stopped... then we will pretend it never happened and continue on with our lives.

More on Colours and their meaning(21-8-2011)

I have here a more elaborate interpretation of colours and the emotions they evoke—more elaborate than my previous post about colours and their emotions. It is more direct than general, trying to directly link our feelings and our character to colour. I found it on a “living well” website titled [YOUR FAVORITE COLOR: WHAT IT SAYS ABOUT YOU](#) posted by [Annie B. Bond](#) *[click here to read it.](#)*

Here are the colours and their personality traits:

White: Symbolic of purity, innocence and naivete, white has strong connotations of youth and purity. If you are an older person, your preference for white could indicate a desire for perfection and impossible ideals, maybe an attempt to recapture lost youth and freshness. It may also symbolize a desire for simplicity or the simple life.

Red: The color of strength, health, and vitality, Red is often the color chosen by someone outgoing, aggressive, vigorous and impulsive—or someone who would like to be! It goes with an ambitious nature but those who choose it can be abrupt at times, determined to get

all they can out of life, quick to judge people and take sides. Red people are usually optimistic and can't stand monotony; they are rather restless and not at all introspective, so they may be unaware of their own shortcomings. They find it hard to be objective and

may blame others for any mishaps. Quiet people with a preference for red may feel the need for the warmth, strength and life-giving qualities of the color, or they blanket their true feelings under a sober exterior. Red is usually chosen by people with open and uncomplicated natures, with a zest for life.

Maroon: Harsh experience has probably matured the Maroon person into someone likable and generous. It is often a favorite color of someone who has been battered by life but has come through. It indicates a well-disciplined Red personality—one who has had difficult experiences and has not come through unmarked but who has grown and matured in the process.

Next: Personalities associated with **pink, orange, yellow, green, blue, blue-green, turquoise, lavender, purple, brown, gray, and black.**

Pink: This color embodies the gentler qualities of Red, symbolizing love and affection without passion. Women who prefer Pink tend to be maternal. Pink desires protection, special treatment and a sheltered life. Pink people require affection and like to feel loved and secure, perhaps wanting to appear delicate and fragile. Pink people tend to be charming and gentle, if a trifle indefinite.

Orange: This color of luxury and pleasure appeals to the flamboyant and fun-loving person who likes a lively social round. Orange people may be inclined to dramatize a bit,

and people notice them, but they are generally good-natured and popular. They can be a little fickle and vacillating, but on the whole they try hard to be agreeable. Orange is the color of youth, strength, fearlessness, curiosity and restlessness.

Yellow: The color of happiness, wisdom and imagination, Yellow is chosen by the mentally adventurous, searching for novelty and self-fulfillment. Yellow usually goes with a sunny and shrewd personality, with a good business head and a strong sense of humor. It is the color of intellectuality and all things to do with the mind. Yellow folks are usually clear and precise thinkers who have a good opinion of their own mental capacities and who

have lofty ideals. They may at times tend to shun responsibility, preferring freedom of thought and action.

Green: The color of harmony and balance, Green symbolizes hope, renewal and peace, and is usually liked by the gentle and sincere. Greens are generally frank, community-minded people, fairly sociable but preferring peace at any price. Green people can be too self-effacing, modest and patient, so they may get exploited by others. They are usually refined, civilized and reputable.

Next: **Blue, blue-green, turquoise, lavender, purple, brown, gray, and black**

Blue: Soft, soothing,

compassionate and caring, Blue is the color of deliberation and introspection, conservatism and duty. Patient, persevering, conscientious, sensitive and self-controlled, Blues like to be admired for their steady character and wisdom. They are faithful, but are often worriers with somewhat inflexible beliefs and can be too cautious, and suspicious of flamboyant behavior.

Blue-Green: Exacting, discriminating, poised and attractive, the Blue-Green person tends to be sensitive, intellectual and refined, persevering and stable if rather detached. Blue-Greens have excellent taste, and are usually courteous and charming, capable but often refusing help or guidance.

Turquoise: Complex, imaginative and original, Turquoise people drive themselves hard and may be in a state of turmoil under their outwardly cool exterior.

- Please note that Turquoise is the colour that I have consistently used to represent **My Uganda**, in bold for that matter, and I'm finding it difficult to disagree with the interpretation, the personality linked to it, in relation to my appreciation of this country.

Lavender: This is often chosen by a person who lives "on a higher plane," who never notices anything sordid and who is always impeccably and beautifully dressed. Lavender people may be on a continual quest for culture and the refined things of life, high and

noble causes but without the necessity of getting their hands dirty. A Lavender person is usually creative, charming, witty and civilized.

Purple: Purples are highly individual, fastidious, witty and sensitive, with a strong desire to be unique and different. Temperamental, expansive and artistic, a Purple person may become aloof and sarcastic when misunderstood. If you chose Purple, you tend to be unconventional, tolerant and dignified, likely to achieve positions of authority.

Next: **Brown, gray, black**

Brown: A Brown person has stamina and patience, tending to be very solid and substantial, conscientious, dependable, steady and

conservative. Browns are not impulsive, and may be inarticulate and tactless but they love responsibility and are reliable and kindly. If you chose Brown, watch out for a tendency to be obstinate and inflexible.

Gray: The color of caution and compromise, diligent Grays search for composure and peace and often work hard without reward. Older Grays like life to run on an even keel with few ups and downs. Young Grays may be withdrawing from life and suppressing their personalities. Grays often have good business ability and tend to work too much.

Black: Dignified and impressive without being showy, Black people want to give the appearance of mystery, but their preference may also

indicate a suppression of desires and worldly aims, suggesting hidden depths and inner longings.

This originally was an adaptation from *The Healing Power of Color* by Betty Wood (Inner Traditions, 1998).

Minute Anxiety(11-8-2011)

Some years ago in a place outside **My Uganda**, I remember my friends and I were in town, I'm not sure exactly what we were doing there but, at this particular moment there were some security guards or police officers or maybe they were the cash-in-transit security guards. Anyway, one of the guys I was with pointed out that they had assault-rifles and they were standing right in front of us. Although we didn't immediately scatter running for our lives as we should have (we didn't even move a little), he did go on about how absurd the situation was, it was simply odd to have these people (there were just two of them), in the middle of a shopping area/centre with assault rifles; at least side arms or pistols or even crowd control short guns, the ones that shoot out the little metals balls and reload with a pump-action movement like the big water guns, either of those would have been better than assault rifles.

Well... since that conversation, in every town that I have been to, even those here in **My Uganda**, I can't help but take notice of the security guards with guns that stand outside banks and such buildings. Now, tie this relatively new awareness with the stories that have come up in the news, most recently in Norway about Anders Behring Breivik's killing spree.

Put these together and then you can understand my increased apprehensiveness towards this one security guard that I have recently been meeting on my evening walks into town. He is just a regular guy with an un-tucked shirt; unbutton at the collar and a long short-gun slung on his back like a back-pack would on one shoulder. He is just a regular guy coming from work in the evening, but it doesn't change the fact that he is carrying a gun. Every time I have seen him I have tried to imagine what I would do if he did loose his mind and start to shoot picking us out at random.

Colours and Their Emotions(6-8-2011)

After a long search I have finally found this seemingly genuine interpretation of colours at this web-design blog page titled: [ANOTHER THING TO CONSIDER IS THE COLOR OF EMOTION](#) ([click here to read](#))

Here is a list of some colors and their positive and negative connotations:

Red

Positive: passion, strength, love

Negative: danger, blood, anger

Blue

Positive: stability, peace, confidence

Negative: coldness, obscenity, depression

Green

Positive: nature, wealth, fertility

Negative: inexperience, jealousy, greed

Yellow

Positive: sunlight, joy, idealism

Negative: hazards, cowardice, dishonesty

Purple

Positive: elegance, creativity, nobility

Negative: arrogance, profanity, confusion

Orange

Positive: energy,
enthusiasm, playfulness

Negative: danger,
warning, fire

White

Positive: purity, peace,
security

Negative: sterility, defeat,
cowardice

Black

Positive: power,
sophistication, elegance

Negative: evil, death,
mourning

When power goes out.(18-7-2011)

I posted earlier about load-shedding in **My Uganda**(Load-shedding the Good Old Days,22-Feb-2011), where I talked about how things have improved in the power supply department, but about a week ago UMEME the electricity supplier in **My Uganda** sent me an SMS (I'm not sure how they got my number), telling me that they would start load-shedding because of a shortage in generation at their suppliers. This is the message they sent:

UMEME: Dear customer, we regret to inform you that UETCL has informed us of a generation short fall of 50MW(peak) resulting into both day(6am-6pm) and night(6am-6am)emergency load-shedding. Call *** for details. We regret all inconveniences.**

It turns out that the Government did not want to renew a contract with the company supplying that extra 50MW. They instead intend to contract the Bugagali power plant some time later this year. So until then it seems we are going to have to content with the load-shedding, which happens on alternate days and nights at 6am-6pm and 6pm-6am.

Here is the story on the Bugagali power plant taken from Wikipedia:

- **Completion of the project is expected in 2012, although partial power generation may start as early as 2011.**^[7] In February 2011, the [New Vision](#) newspaper, [Uganda's](#)

leading daily publication, reported that the first 50MW will become available in October 2011 and the subsequent 50MW additional units will become available every two to three months until the final addition in April 2012. ^[8]

So when power goes out and you're at a loss for things to do, and you can't sleep because of the power nap you had earlier, here are some seemingly odd yet, as you will realize, sufficiently useful hour-hand pushers.

... Things to do when power goes out in **My Uganda**:

1. Turn on the battery powered FM radio and find a foreign music station, Oriental /Arabic music preferably.
2. Make paper needles and mend the little tears on your mosquito net.
3. You can lookout the window and take in the beautiful moonscape. This works best when thefull-moon is out.
4. After midnight if you still haven't dosed off prepare a filling snack under candle light and danceabout while your eating to the strange but enjoyable music playing on your radio.

- These are some of the things you can do to help stop you from loosing your mind :-).

Inspired by my neighbours(11-7-2011)

I am an African child, a young Black Man and this is my story:

I stood there in my house leaning with my back against the cold wall, sweating and breathing heavily. There was no way out. I could hear them, the boots, outside, many of them, getting closer and closer, th rumbling boottrots and the clank sounds of their guns as they moved in to surround me.

Outside, many began screaming; men, women, children; then the rattling sounds of gun fire, and then silence, and then the boots.

I had only one chance to escape. A trap door in the floor under the mat at my feet.

A narrow tunnel underground ran for about a kilometre, coming out at the river. I could then follow the river to safety where my family would be waiting for me. My life, my country, my friends, my soul - my Earth, my Trees, my God, all gone, I too must go.

A lot of tears, a lot of cheers -of joy and happiness feel my heart. My family was safe as was I, but I am weary and I am weak -and my family smiles and gives me strength. I get a job and work very hard and feed my wife and raise my kids.

I am strong with my feet firm on the ground. I take a seat and look to the raising sun. But my back

burns red, as hot as the sun with flames that drain me of my strength - and I will turn and face the flames or let them drain my strength away:

"I am a young black man, an African Child.

I have a home.

I am tall and strong,

I have the heart of a child.

I am confident.

I am dark and

I am smart, I am beautiful.

I can smile, I am smiling now,

I need to rest for I am home.

I am tough, I am strong and yes I am home.

Rejoice for I am home."

My reaction to the joyous mood that came from women sweeping the street of Juba in preparation for the South Sudan inaugural celebrations (written on 7th July 2011):

Ululation feels my heart with jubilant jubilation of joyous praise.

And I dance around

waving my hands to the ground and to the sun.

-In the same breath Some words for the Somalians suffering as they migrate to avoid starvation into the Kenyan and Ethiopian refugee camps(Thursday 7th July 2011 the title evoked by reports of dieing children):

WE ARE STILL KIDS

The birds are drooling, the
flies are about,

the trees the earth and
the riverbeds are dry.

The sun is up and it is hot;

Its light burns white and
reveals it all.

Life is weary and withers
away,

And whimpers and chokes
in a dry decay.

And, some are still in this
arid environment,

- ashes to ash and dust to
dust -

The Colourful Inflation(23-6-2011)

The price of items in **My Uganda**, small consumables like a loaf of bread, one kilogram of bread flour, margarine, etc, these things have increased in price by about fifty percent of their price a year and a half ago. But most of the price increases have happened in this year. Fuel (in this case diesel) has also increased in the same period by about the same amount. A year and a half ago, the least amount that I paid for a litre of diesel was 1850/- which, at the time was equivalent to one US dollar(1US\$ was equal to 1850/- at the time). Of recent the cheapest I have paid for a litter of diesel is 3180/-, which is slightly more than the current prices of a US dollar. Even the dollar itself is worth more than it was back then. Just like in the case of the bread it is worth fifty percent more (1US\$ is now equal to 2450/-).

To this I would like to add that, our economic analysts haven't once given me a reasonable explanation for this consistency in inflation. I am not even sure if they understand it themselves.

There are however other products that behave differently from these on the market. There are those like the banana (the big green bunch of bananas) with which the price varies from time to time within a year. In my town it goes from 4000/- when low to 8000/- when high, and then back down again. Then there are other products that haven't change in

price ever since I bought them the first time over a year and a half ago. For example, a sac of charcoal has remained for me from the same supplier at the price of 15,000/-. The strangest case for me of price change was when I went out to buy a gas cylinder (about 13.8 kg cylinder) the price of the item changed down from 100,000/- to 90,000/- in the space of a day, the explanation I was given was that it gets a new price each day - that fascinated me... thus goes the colour of inflation in **My Uganda**.

My Uganda is full of life.(18-6-2011)

Today, on my way, as I was walking into town, I saw a chameleon crossing slowly and steadily, the road I was on. It was as green as the leaves on the bush on one side of the road. A real life chameleon. It had two thick toes at its feet on all four legs; it was bright green; and it was beautiful - just about the size of a medium sized lizard. I was amazed. But not as amazed as when I saw, still on the same route, but on a different day, a very large snail. Its shell was one that you would expect to find at the beach. I'm sure that from the ground it measured over five centimeters or more and its largest diameter was about half its height. the snail was also crossing the road, it was a big snail. I saw what might have been the same snail a second time and I picked it up, I wanted to feel how hard the shell was. It felt old and hard, and the whole snail actually sucked back into it fizzing as it sucked itself in.

The safari ants; some bright red and others deep red almost brown, are another fascination. On the very same route, while walking to town, I had come across them cutting across the road from one garden to the other marching in an organized line. What was so fascinating about this particular time was that they were coming out of a tunnel in the ground on one side of the road then entering into another tunnel in the ground on the other side of the road. They had made a straight line straight across the road. At the mouth of the holes at either end of their line, they had partially

constructed with mud what will best be described as a tunnel entrance. Something similar to what the Japanese have done with their underground bullet-train railway tracks at the entrance of the tunnels.

Then out of these tunnels at either side of the road came maybe four or five ants at a time some walking on top of others and non walking outside the line. They formed a thickness of about two or three centimeters from one end to the other. From a distance it looked like a dark stick or a thin snake lay across the road. The most peculiar thing happened when I stopped to get a closer look; many of them along the line at the part in the middle where I had stopped, broke away from the line in what seemed like a defensive move, and they arranged themselves in a scattered pattern around the line stationary with their mandibles or mouth claws open and facing to the sky. This to me was really cool. The rest in the line continued with their business going from one end to the other in this dense line and disappearing into the ground.

One thing I have taken from these rather interesting walks and experiences is that **My Uganda** is full of life. You don't need to go to the national parks to see that, (I've driven through two or three parks in Uganda, one with Zebras and Antelope, and another with lots of Egrets with their clean white color in a flock). If you allow the mosquitoes to quiet down and you manage to ignore the lizards and the mice, and the large assortment of birds; the large noisy ones and the small tweeters, there is still a whole lot more. In my bed

room in the small air vent above the window, in the net that keeps out the mosquitoes there is a wasp's nest. At this moment at 2:30 am, two hours after midnight, wasps are awake tending to their nest, I can count about three or four at this moment going about their business; its almost a poetic image.

Bus Trip to Kampala(8-6-2011)

I recently took a bus trip to Kampala. I left home at around three o'clock in the afternoon. I wanted to get to the bus when it was already full so that I wouldn't have to wait a long time at the station. I walked half of the way in order to do some shopping. I delayed for as long as I could; I arrived at about five o'clock and yet still there was no bus.

The bus arrived thirty minutes after I did but it did not take long to load since there were many people waiting. We left almost as soon as it arrived, but it would further delay us at a fuel station before the trip started. Unlike many of the passengers, I chose to climb onto the bus and secure a good seat before paying for the bus ticket. When I had climbed onto the bus, I looked to the front, which is where I prefer to seat. I asked a woman who was settling in if the seat next to her was free and she said it was. I then asked her how much a bus ticket cost. She told me she knew the bus driver, and that he was her nephew. She offered to go and pay for the ticket on my behalf and I agreed. Since the price of a ticket changes everyday I did not want to be overcharged. While she had gone off to get me a ticket, another person came and filled the remaining space on our seat.

While the bus refueled at the fuel station, the woman seated next to me told me more about herself. She told me more about her relationship with the bus driver. But then she spotted another one of her other relations from her village, a

man who looked like he was in his early thirties, but whom she said was in his early twenties. He specialized in selling imported cars and he appeared to be in the middle of a business deal when she saw him. She then sent some one to call him, and when he had climbed on to the bus to greet her, the other man on our seat drew my attention to a bus driver in an air-pilot's uniform. He said that that was the uniform given to bus drivers of certain company operating between Uganda and Rwanda. The pilot then climbed into a red bus that had also been refueling near ours, and the bus pulled out of the fuel station. He then told me that that bus was coming from Rwanda.

PART II

We pulled out of the petrol station at about a half past six, the woman next to me agreed with me that we would be reaching Kampala late in the night. She greeted her nephew whom had now climbed into the driver's seat taking over from the actual owner of the bus whom had driven us to the fuel station from the bus stop. She told me that they do this sometimes. She then went on to tell me about the bus owner and their family business. Apparently, two of the maybe three or four bus companies running between here and Kampala are owned by two brothers, one had recently started his own company. The original company was owned by their father who had recently passed away.

The woman who by now was confirmed as my travel companion also told me more about the person at the fuel station that sold imported cars. She told me that although the business is his, he works with a team of friends. Together they have the biggest share in the local market, and yet he is in his early twenties. She told me that he is a married with many two children, and that he had built a house. He had married a woman from a well off family. But the marriage was not without controversy. The man had courted the woman against her father's wishes and when they were going to get married, the father gave them some start up capital and told them to leave his house where they had been staying, apparently he worked for the father at their place prior to this. She told me that his business is not as informal as it seemed, seeing that some of his business deal appeared to be happening in the back seat of the seemingly new car he was in when we saw him. She said that he had an office in town. She was fond of him, he once exchanged a car of hers damaged in an accident for another at a discounted price, and then went on to rebuild it and sell it. It was his enterprising mind that she admired.

Part III

The trip was never really silent, she was an open person. I told her that I was a recent graduated trying to get a job and then she told me that she had one or two children (I don't recall), studying at University level and some younger ones in primary and secondary school. She then told me a rather interesting account of how she got her first job in the

education ministry as a secretary - She had gone in for an interview after getting her diploma. The prominent officer that she was going to be working for instead asked her whether or not she was married. She told him she was not. He then told her he would give her the job if she agreed to marry him. She returned home without the job after refusing to marry the man. She explained what had happen to her family, and her parents her mom included, which surprised me, told her to go back to this man and accept his proposal and she did. She told me she had been married to this man ever since, and that they even have this big family together; their eldest child is almost graduating out of university. I found all this oddly absurd. She said they have even traveled together spending some of their time in Tanzania; I think she said more than five years if not ten. She also said that she even tells her children the story of how she married their father against her will.

We also talked a bit about AIDS and how its affecting the people close to us. My main contribution to this conversation was my understanding of her stories. She told me of a friend or cousin or sister of hers, someone close (a lot of this is vague in my mind because it happened over a month ago around the first of April 2011) - As the story goes, a man with HIV and AIDS befriends the girl without telling her that he is infected, then he marries her and impregnates her then afterwards tells her. Before he tells her he says that he has a secret and that he would tell her after two days. Then on the second day he tells her. After telling her she goes to get tested and she finds that she is infected even though the

baby isn't. Then, maybe out of anger she separates from him and goes to leave with her sisters. Since the separation she has gone on with her life separate from this man but of late they have started talking again. My travel companion says she recently met with the young lady and the lady was doing fine.

We also talked about something else interesting about AIDS, maybe it was AIDS awareness education in high schools and in primary schools; we talked extensively about AIDS as I recall. We also talked about the Ugandan job market and about how difficult it is to get a job. I told her that as a scientist it is very tough to secure a good job, something which she disagreed with. She told me about a situation where she had to scold one of her sons for not taking his sciences seriously, his argument was that he didn't see the point of doing well in mathematics. I tried to explain to her that as a scientist you cannot survive as an average student you have to be above average in the least. Employers looking for scientists seek out people that excelled in their studies, something that is not easy.

I remember saying something was not easy and repeating it because this is when the middle aged man sitting with us decided to enter this strangely interesting conversation we were in. He had been reading a book or a newspaper, I do not remember, his contribution as he told us was from a book called Think and Grow Rich. He quoted formulas of success from that book. He said that that we could use these methods when tackling these problems that we thought

were not easy. He then became part of the conversation for the rest of the trip and at some point talked across me to my travel companion in the local lingo leaving me out of the conversation.

PART IV

It was a five hour trip, and along the way darkness came and covered our bus. I only remember at one point looking out the nearest window and seeing some stars in the dark-black sky behind the thin trees that went rushing by. I also remember at some point my travel companion buying two fingers of Gonje for me when the bus had stopped for a passengers break about halfway the trip; there was still daylight. Another thing I remember was a rather interesting word of caution my travel companion had for me at some point along the trip - She said that seeing that you are young and unemployed you need to be wary of elderly women that prey on young men like you. She said that there are old single women that will give you jobs in exchange for sexual favours. This must have been the conversation that got us talking about AIDS. We talked about these women, then I told her that I am very religious, and if I came across such a woman, seeing that I needed the job I would have to accept what she was offering while aware of what the consequences might be, but with with Gods guidance I would not do anything that is unworthy of his love. I must add that I came to discover that she was a Muslim woman although she didn't look it, and the other middle aged man was a Christian, and yet we praised God as if we were from the same church.

She got off of the bus at a fuel station where she worked, a short distance before the bus entered into Kampala. About ten minutes before she got off, the bus went past the area where she lived and she even pointed out a plot of land that she owned. While looking at her place two red buses went past us. Our driver stopped to talk with the driver of the second bus, clad in the pilot suit. The middle age man on my side told me that they were headed for Rwanda: it was almost ten o'clock in the night.

Soon after my travell companion got off the bus, I also got off, I left on board and in our seat the middle aged man who was headed for another Kampala surburb. He told me that it had been a long day for him as this was a return trip. He had a meeting early tomorrow morning here in Kampala that he could not miss, otherwise he would not have come back today. I then bid him farewell as I disembarked and that ended my bus trip to Kampala.

Elections Sagga(8-3-2011)

One thing I have noticed about my home town is that it is changing for the better, cosmetically speaking... they just layed a nice smooth road(A-grade tarmac) going through the centre of town. I spotted roller-bladders enjoying it with no worries of potholes... and this is only just one part of the facelifts the place is getting, we have two four-storey buildings coming up, one nearing completion, and there is a lot more happening in terms of development.

This is not happening in my home town alone, it is something I've observed happening in all the African countries I have been through, well more especially when they were approaching elections or going through elections. But put aside elections, just the new infrastucture in itself does the place good. Its like a deep breath of fresh air, its revitalising.

However, one other trend observable in these African countries and also verymuchso in my home town, is the lack of mantainence that these new structures receive. Unfortunatly this can also be tied to the elections sagga. As soon as election season is over and people take their offices, the growth and development grows to a halt...

In my home town the beauty of it all can be found in the way it is always in a state change. It is consistently changing, and not just the buildings and roads; also cars, cloths(not so much), and even technology (first time I was here, public phones were linked via satellite). New things come in and give us a facelift and the old stuff grows grey and gory. They do not belive in maintaining and upgrading the old stuff...

Load shedding (the SAD old days)(22-2-2011)

About five years ago I came and spent about 4 weeks here in Uganda in my home town. At the time we in our neighbourhood were all linked to the electricity grid. At the time electricity would operate by a load-shedding system, whereby, power was distributed in rations. Some times we would get power for only three days in a week, and if one was in the house and power went out, they knew it would come back no sooner than the following day or worse after two days. It was very unpredictable.

But that was all in the past: five to ten years ago. Today the supply is so consistent that I am able to predict any likely power outages and the duration of the outage. Usually, the company will put out public announcements alerting us of the planned maintenance schedules, and even in those cases they ensure that power is never out for more than 24 hours (12 hours tops). Furthermore, in the situation where we have unplanned power-cuts, it doesn't last for more than 6 to 12 hours, in many cases just a few minutes (5 -10 minutes).

This is huge for Ug. Businesses both big and small are the first to benefit from this since it is predictable and therefore reliable. Whatever it is that they did to solve the load

shedding situation, I find myself pleased with the way things are now as I would probably lose it without electricity.

-Today power went out around 8 pm; just after it had rained, and I kept saying that it would be back in the next 5 minutes and what do you know, in 5 minutes (give or take a few) it was back, the candle wasn't even on for a minute.

Elections Euphoria(16-2-2011)

Went into town and the air was dense with elections. Clusters of bodabodas parked everywhere, some with pictures of candidates pasted on their bikes, others on their T-shirts. I am not sure if it was a part of it all, but in the sky, a jet-fighter wet swooshing by.

I went for a haircut and in the saloon a loud discussion ensued. It muffled out the words coming from the TV in the room. Elections was the agenda, and for the thirty minutes I was there that was all they talked about, both the saloonists and the customers blabbing about which candidate said what and why to vote for what/whom.

In the streets after my hair cut I became aware of posters all over the place, on cars, walls, on bikes, barricades, etc. Its like a "season", like Christmas season, or valentines... and it has everyone in a participatory frame of mind.

There is a sense of excitement that one could mistakenly assume will pass after elections are over. But I was in Kenya the day after their elections and two to three days after that in January 2008. It seems that the after elections is the tricky part. It's the part of the elections process that spoils the festive atmosphere, the all-inclusive or unifying energy that elections bring to a country.

It's like flying in a plane from Uganda(Entebbe) to South-Africa(OR-Thambo). All the passengers climb aboard entrusting the pilot to deliver a safe and comfortable flight. We all climb aboard not knowing each other or greeting each other. The take-off is smooth and the flight is quick and always goes well. But somewhere along the flight, usually closer to South African side there is some turbulence and we all get concerned. When the plane approaches its destination we hold firm to our seats and sit still. When the plane lands safely onto the tarmac, skidding and gripping, we all rise in applause for the pilot (and add to that some praises).

To Corporal Punishment or Not To Corporal Punishment; That is the Question(15-2-2011)

I found myself in a situation where I stood by and watched while corporal punishment was administered...as if to condone it...but it was beyond my control, there was nothing I could do except to just stand there and pretend to accept it.

Also, it seemed that all parties to it-even the people getting caned, have subscribed to it through and through. It happens on a day to day basis. I even think that, at some level, they all believe that it is for the greater good.

-I must say that, the thought of corporal punishment fills me with fear. But what I am afraid of, I do not know. Thus I am just left with a nauseating sensation in my upper-chest region.