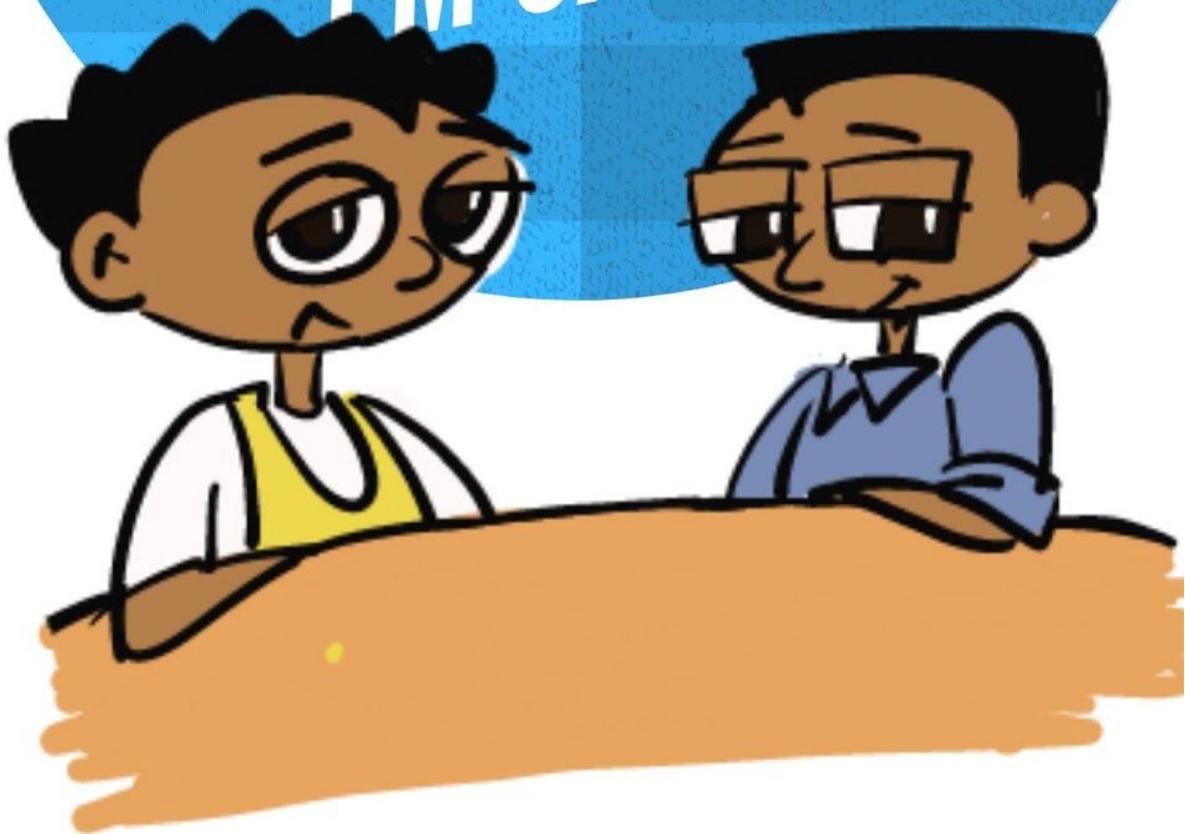


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CHANDLER AND FRASIER IN: MY NAMES I'M CALLED



CHANDLER AND FRASIER VOL 2
BY ERNEST BAZANYE

-For Martha, Phyllis and Angie.

Of the two boys in this family, the eldest son is named Frasier Bazanye. The younger son is named Chandler Bazanye. Any other offspring is as yet, at time of print at least, unaccounted for.

There was a moment of doubt a couple of years ago when Chandler and Frasier's father saw a photo of Alice Kemigisha on Instagram where she was glowing in a suspicious manner. That was not just the glow of life, he observed. That was the glow of multiple life. That woman, he instantly deduced, was pregnant.

He dived immediately into the DM to demand the explanations he felt were due. The following ensued:

- Alice, who is that in your belly!
- Hi Baz. Long time. How have you been?
- How have I been? I have been thrust into a state of confusion and panic, Alice, because I have just seen that my recent ex is pregnant.
- Recent ex? And who would that ex be?

(Alice likes playng coy. Just because she has this feline grace and this gorgeous purry voice and these mesmerising eyes she thinks that she is a cat. And she thinks that makes this man squeaking desperately into her DMs a mouse. She's kind of right, though. She is a cat: manipulative and smug and supercilious and snobbish. And he is a mouse. Timid around her and easily dominated by her.)

- YOU WOMAN! You are aforementioned recent ex! Did you not take advantage of me for carnal pleasure on a number of occasions prior to this photograph's appearance on social media?

- Bazanye, you are of the patriarchy and I am but a woman. How could I possibly take advantage of you?
- Because I am a very low-ranking member of the patriarchy with insignificant influence, whereas you are a highly empowered woman. Between us the balance is not as standard.
- Dude, I didn't make you do anything you didn't want to do. At least not the first couple of times. The third round, admittedly you needed a bit of coaxing, but that is not because of gender politics. That is just because you are so out of shape.
- I am working out these days, and taking better care about what I eat. I curate my carb intake and I cut out red meat. I am optimistic, Alice, I am optimistic, that if I ever have sex again, I will be better at it.
- And whoever it is, I wish her the best. So, Baz, it's been great catching up but...
- Oh wait. We have not had the discussion I barged into your DMs for.
- I was trying to avoid hearing you say it... please, please don't ask if this is your baby.
- You make it sound as if having my baby would be such a terrible thing. Why? I have great genes.
- I know. I have met Chandler and Frasier. They are great kids and I love them. But I am not unaware of the fact that part of the reason I can adore them so much is that I met them when they were old enough to understand and respect personal boundaries. I am sure that as infants they were absolutely terrifying. Frasier, with his curiosity and his scheming, was probably always testing what items in the house would electrocute what other items. And I bet Chandler bit people and ate everything.
- He only bit us because he thought it was funny. And he didn't eat everything. Some things could not fit. His mouth was small.
- And then there is the other fact that, Baz, you would be a deadbeat dad.
- I would not be a deadbeat... I resent that. It only looks as if I don't support my kids because their mother is so rich that she supports them a lot more than I do. I know I don't pay school fees for them, but I used

to. I paid their school fees every year until she decided to take them out of the school I could afford and put them into an super-expensive international school because she wanted them to get accents that match their fancy names.

- Speaking of which, I never asked because I never got around to it, but what is it with those names? Why call your kids Chandler and Frasier, of all the names in Uganda?

Which is the point that begins this story. This is where we were trying to get to with this narration so we don't need Alice any more. I will have to close the convo with her a bit abruptly: Here is what happened. She informed the man that he was a side dish all along, reminded him of the efficiency rate of condoms and said he was officially invited to her wedding even though he must, under no circumstances, dare show his face there.

And now we have wrapped that up, we can talk about the Bazanye boys and their fancy names. Here we go.

We open in the kitchen of a modest home in Kireka. The gentleman behind the door is standing straight and still. As the chief executive of this household, he is very careful to observe all protocols associated with the position. This includes strictly observing the proper etiquette for household meetings. So he stood outside the kitchen door for two whole minutes— counting them on the cellphone, sipping his whiskey at eight-minute intervals, refilling the glass when, inevitably, those eight-minute intervals accumulated to the emptiness of the glass, and finally, walking into the meeting venue, i.e. the dining room, late.

He began: "Good evening children and colleagues. For you are not mere children. In the enterprise of home building, you are more than mere dependants: you are participants. You see, homebuilding is like nation building. Too often a leader will view the people as mere fodder to be taxed,

fed, employed, and ordered about. That is a leader with limited vision. That (sip of whiskey for dramatic pause and also because it is good whiskey) is a leader without good leadership skills. But I emulate the greater leaders, youth of mine, those who understand that the people of a nation are the energy *with* which, the material *out of* which, and the purpose *for* which the nation is built. They are not mere goats to be whipped around. They are Citizens!

"As the head of this house, a position I inherited when your mother went to jail, it has always been my intention to run a productive and successful enterprise out of Chez Bazanye and that is what we are going to discuss in this family meeting today..."

"Hi Dad," said Chandler. "Crisps are finished."

"What is wrong with you?" he turned to the boy. "That is not a question. Can't you see I am still making my introductory statements for this meeting?"

"Paps, that was not an introduction," said Frasier. "An introduction, we were taught in Oratory class, is like a hat. What you have just given us is a whole agbada."

"Mixed with a gomesi," added Chandler.

"And then mingled with a wedding gown"

"Kwegamba, it was too long, Paps."

"You two are impudent and you are arrogant!" their father snapped.

Chandler and Frasier exchanged a look and a grin. You know this type of look and grin. It is the kind two people share when they are just about to enjoy an and oft-repeated in-joke.

"No, we are not impudent and arrogant," they said in unison. "We are Chandler and Frasier." Then they laughed and laughed and laughed.

The father rolled his eyes. "Yeah. hilarious. You should get a column in the newspapers or something like that."

The kids were still laughing. Chandler was grabbing his stomach as if the laughter inside his belly was gestating a baby of mirth. Frasier was slapping the chair as if to punish it for being in the vicinity of something so uproarious.

The senior Baz just watched them and sipped from his glass. There was no point, once they started, in trying to stop them. Might as well let them finish.

Finally, they were done.

"Whooo! Ooowaye," sighed Frasier.

"Aaah-aaah-aaah!" sang Chandler, in the melody and key of an old Muganda Jajja, thus signalling the end of the bout of mirth.

"May I contin..." Senior Bazanye began to say before he was cut off.

"Yes, let us proceed with this meeting. Thank you for making time to attend our conference, Father, sir. We shall get straight to the point, unlike some people. The issue at hand is this: My name is Frasier."

"And mine is Chandler," contributed his brother. "I am sure you can see the problem."

The only problems their father could see were that his meeting was being subjected to a coup and that his whiskey needed replenishment. But he succumbed to curiosity before proprietary pride and asked: "Why would those be problems? A boy needs a name. Otherwise how will the parents know who to blame?" he asked.

"It is not the particular concept of names, but rather the specific nature of the names you gave us that is problematic," Frasier said. He had slipped into the

attitude and posture of the TV figure Tywin Lanister from Game of Thrones. If you have not watched Game of Thrones, take a minute to go tweet that fact so people can know how special and unique you are, and if you have, hey, remember Tywin? That guy was so cool. He had this simmering, sinister elegance about him. His whole demeanour was that of a person who will kill you with a one stroke of a very thin sword slipped directly through a vital organ so as not to make a mess, and so as not to create the need for any unwanted noise. Tywin was very cool. People should name their kids after him.

Having said his bit, Frasier turned to his left. "Chan, I will let you have the chair."

"Thank you, my esteemed colleague in having lousy names. Dad, I was named Chandler."

"I know. I was there," was all his dad could answer at the moment.

"My girlfriend calls me Sandra," Chandler continued.

Somewhat stymied by this revelation— not of the fact that one's girlfriend would call her boyfriend a girl's name, but that Chandler, age 14, had a girlfriend— Dad just asked, "What is your girlfriend's name?"

"Her name is Ellen," said Chandler.

Another sip of whiskey clarified the thought process which was beginning to get jumbled in their father's mind. There were too many questions clamouring for the gate of his mouth and he could only ask one at a time. He could not choose which because they all seemed equally urgent, so instead of letting anything out, he first let some whiskey in. This forced the mob of questions to back down until only one soaked question managed to drip out.

"Why does she call you Sandra?"

"Dad, Ellen is a local girl. I don't mean this in the way you oldies use the term 'local' as if it is a bad thing to hold on to the culture that raised and nurtured you. I don't get why you oldies think that if you are not just like bazungu on TV then something is wrong with you. Why can't we just appreciate ourselves for who we are? We are beautiful, African people!"

"We must emancipate ourselves from Mental Slavery, Taata. None but ourselves can free our mind. Bob Marley said that," interjected Frasier.

"Who is Bob Marley again?" Chandler asked.

"Some football player from those days. I think he played for Brazil."

"Bob Marley was not a footbal..." Dad began to argue, then he remembered that, actually, strictly speaking, Bob Marley did play football.

"Father, we, the new generation, we embrace our unique and wonderful African heritage, culture and essence. We do not denigrate it. And Ellen is not a sugar mummy, she is Chandler's age, so she is one of us," Frasier continued.

"Actually, she is about four months and a couple of weeks older than me," Chandler stopped him.

"Does she pay bills for you?" Frasier asked, thinking he was asking rhetorically.

Chandler snorted. "Dude, have you seen the allowance this man here gives us? Of course she pays bills for me. Otherwise all our dates would be chipsey-river at NamuHendo Take Away and Sons. When she wants to go to Javas she has to be the one paying."

"Chan!" Frasier whooped. "You have a Sugar mummy! Eh mama! Suga mama!"

Their father was concerned. "I am not sure about whether you are old enough to have a girlfriend, Chandler. According to the Excel spreadsheet your mother drew up upon our estrangement delineating our co-parenting duties, that part is within her jurisdiction, not mine, but let me go on record as being against the idea of my sons exploiting sugar mummy arrangements..."

"But Paps, isn't mum older than you?" Frasier stopped him.

"She is a year and a couple of months..."

"And richer than you?" Chandler asked.

"Yeah, but..."

"Plus, since you rage-quit that job at that ad agency after only eight weeks and spent the next three months ranting about it on Twitter, thus making yourself unemployable, didn't she pay your rent?" How did Frasier even know this, their father wondered for a moment then he realised the answer. It's because their mom drinks fancy wines. Like whiskey, they make you talk a lot. But unlike whiskey, they make you talk to the wrong people.

"That doesn't count," he argued. "She did it after we were already estranged. Estranged women who don't even like you cannot be your sugar mummy no matter how many times they pay your rent. Moreover, she only paid my rent so that I could have a home that she could send you to when you got on her nerves. All I could afford on my own was a small one-bedroom flat, so she had to put me up in this bungalow, otherwise you would never be out of her hair. She didn't even pay the unlimited bundle for the wifi. She stuck me with 20GB a month. That just shows!" He paused to sneer at the taste of the words 20GB, then proceeded. "You guys, you know I will always love your mother because we had something beautiful and special and she gave me two of the most

precious things in my life, my baby boys. But, sijjab'alimba, I can't stand that woman!"

Frasier saw that it was time to reign this wild topic back to track. "Daddyman, I am sure you will eventually come to realise that you have been distracted again. Let me lead you back to what we are here for."

And their father remembered that he had called this meeting to discuss the issue of who had been scratching his Ugawood DVDs and took a deep breath to begin his scolding. Which was a mistake. Because within that breath, Chandler was able to sneak back in.

"My girlfriend calls me Sandra because of her Luganda accent, dad."

Now Dad was freshly derailed and was back to rolling steadily off on the wrong track. "You say her name is Ellen. What does she call herself?"

"Nandutu," replied Chandler.

"So why do you call her Ellen, and not Nandutu?" he then asked.

Chandler sighed. "It's so complicated. These white naming things..."

"That's because of me," Frasier said. "My English teacher is Ms Nandutu. Gweeeeee! Ms Nandutwhoooo! She is a every positive adjective in the superlative present tense of fine! The day I first saw her, my vocabulary of words for 'fine' increased exponentially. I even learned the word 'pulchritudinous'. Daddyman, Mr professional writer and self-proclaimed best PDF novelette self-publisher in the land, do you even know the word pulchritudinous?"

"Yes. It means Tiwa Savage in jeans and high heels, duh. How dare you think you can challenge me. That is not a question. But I get it. You have a crush on a

teacher named Ms Nandutu, so you can't let your bro call his girlfriend Nandutu."

"It makes our conversations weird," Frasier concluded.

"That is not what makes your conversations, weird, my little tadpoles," said their dad. "You being weird kids is what makes your conversations weird. Meanwhile, speaking of Nandutu, who is it that scratched my Ugawood DVD? The one starring Olivia Nandutu as the Catwoman of Katwe keeps skipping..."

Frasier takes after his mum in the sense that he has the mental discipline, focus and conviction to chase his goals single mindedly once he identifies them. This is not the only bad habit he inherited from her, but is the one relevant at this time, because he sighed, set his jaw, and forced the topic of conversation back on track with this statement: "We want you to change our names."

Their father laughed.

Chandler looked at him with confusion. This was not what he expected. He expected, "Why?" or "No" or "To what" or maybe even "Since when. That is not a question." but he did not expect laughter. Certainly not laughter that was followed by the statement that followed this laughter, which was, "I know."

He attempted to proceed: "So we have a longlist of categories of names to discuss before we narrow it dow... what?"

"I know you want to change your names, kids. But it's too late now. You are stuck as Chandler and Frasier Bazanye forever. Or, until you get married and decide to take on your wife's names. Then you might be Chandler Nanduttu and Frasier Nanduttu."

"I'm sorry Father. That is unacceptable," Frasier balled a fist and brought it down onto the table. "We refuse to believe that we cannot change our names from silly things to more socially acceptable terms. Change starts with us, and we must be the change we want to see."

"Yeah," said Chandler, his own fist slamming onto the table as well. "We wanna make the world a better place, so we ask you to take a look at yourself and make that change. In our names."

"Who told you I can make that change anyway?" their father asked.

"Michael Jackson did," said Chandler. "Don't tell me you don't know who Michael Jackson is."

"The name sounds familiar, but to be honest, I have forgotten," their father said. "Did he play American Football in the eighties?"

Chandler and Frasier shared a quick cross glance to share the unspoken question, "Did he?" then, establishing that neither one actually knew, unspokenly glanced back, "probably" and proceeded with their push.

"How did we end up with names like Chandler and Frasier anyway?" Frasier redoubled his attack. "And I think I got the worse one. At least Chandler gets a girlfriend who calls him the wrong thing. Last time I tried to drop vibing lines on a kyane— I am trying to use old-fashioned slang so that you, Father, at your old age, can follow what is going on—"

"Fraze, I don't think they used the words 'drop vibing lines on a kyane' in his days," said Chandler.

"They didn't?"

"I have heard the rap songs from the 90s. They were very disrespectful back then. They didn't call women 'kyanes'. They called them..."

"YOU WILL NOT SAY THAT WORD!" barked their father. He shook his head in shame. This was their mother's fault. When the boys were young, he only ever played Rick Dees and Touch FM. It was her who kept playing Sanyu FM with all those wicked Snoop Dogg songs. And now look.

One of the most vital components of parenting is the mother. One cannot start the process without her, and continuing the process, one finds her indispensable. So Taata Chandler got the phone and called Solome.

Solome is the mother of the two boys we have been reading about so far. She is, however, estranged from the father we have been reading about. There was love there once. There was a family there once. But, as sometimes happens, two people drift apart; they just find that their lives are moving in different ways. So when she got caught trafficking narcotics from the DRC to cartel buyers waiting in Entebbe airport (one of her trucks was loaded packages of raw opium disguised as GMO goat manure when, as it took a corner close to where there was a police post, an Isuzu truck collided with the pick-up which was carrying the cargo, causing the sacks to rupture and literally spilling the beans) she did six years in jail.

Six years apart is usually enough for members of a relationship to find out that they prefer being apart, so they are separated parents now.

However, if you are following the important parts of this story, then you know that she is now a very very rich woman. I don't want to send the wrong message to any youth reading this — I don't want you to think crime pays. It doesn't. But doing time for international criminals without snitching does pay and by the time she came out of jail she had so much money waiting in her

bank account that she now owns three salons which don't even need to be profitable. She just uses them to shave off the eyebrows of women who annoy her on twitter.

If you ever get an DM saying you have been selected to enjoy a free makeover at Salome's Salone, don't go. Don't go. I remember the time my cousin said something about Bobi Wine doing a collabo with Sheebah. Then she got the DM. For three weeks after that the girl walked around looking like Councilor Palpatine.

So, where were we? Yes. Father of the Bazanye Boys calls Mother of the Sons of Solome.

- Wharrrrrap, Biatch!
- Hi Solome.
- Dude, have you ever tried something called Kalluwa? It is like strong alcohol mixed with caffeine. You get drunk but you don't pass out. You just continue walking around annoying people. Just walking around talking too loudly, making no sense... actually, now I remember that Easter we went to my aunt's house in Kanungu, I think you *have* tried it.
- Solome, I have not tried any alcohol except whiskey since...
- Does it matter, you constant sot? You are always half full of whiskey. You are so damp you should be protected by NEMA as wetland.
- Solome, when I drink, I calm down and relax. When you drink you get hyper and abusive. And evidently there is a lot of Kalhua doing things to you right now. Should I call back later and we have this conversation when we are both sober?

She seemed to think about it. But that pause could have indicated that she was taking another swig of Kahlua straight from the bottle. Then she said,

- Nah. When I'm sober I probably won't pick up your calls anyway. Let's conversate now. What's up? Is it the boys?

- Of course it is the boys. What other reason could there be for me to call you? You are always mean to me.
- Not always. Just enough to keep you in check, dude. But okay, lay it down.
- Chandler has a girlfriend. And she is older than him.
- And you call yourself a journalist. Do you work for Uganda Argus? Why are you giving me old news?
- And Frasier has a crush on Fiona.
- You mean his teacher, Miss Nanduttu.
- Yeah. Fiona. Kale I was just about to shoot my shot. I see the way she looks at me during PTA meetings.

For those of you interested in a romance story, please tune in again next time when I find someone who can write romance stories. For now I have to break to another setting to preserve the Plot Structure. Plot Structure is one of those things Mr Kinajuyi taught us in school. He said a novel must have a plot— a process which involves moving the characters from one area to another area in the Setting (these terms had capital letters) but this whole time we have been in the same sitting room, and according to my watch, we are almost halfway through this novelette.

But then again, Mr Kinajuyi was a very drunk literature teacher who gave me a D+ when I said Shakespeare was a communist, so I am not going to assume he always knew what he was talking about.

He once came to class with his fly unzipped, and the whole class could see that, inside his trousers, he had another pair of trousers. The same pair he wore the day before. Only one Plot Structure explains this Conclusion, or "Denouement" as the other Lit term he gave us goes: Mr Kinanjuyi had gone home after school wearing trousers. Mr Kinanjuyi had become drunk in the time between leaving the school and falling asleep. Very drunk. So drunk that he did not even take off his clothes. When Mr Kinajuyi woke up the next morning, he was still so addled in the head that he did not notice that he was

still fully dressed, and proceeded to pull on a pair of trousers, oblivious to the fact that he still had the previous pair on. The tension on the zip caused by the girth from an extra pair had caused the second zip to open and the moral of the story is: This guy did not always know what he was talking about.

But just in case he had a point under all those trousers, let us move from the kitchen in Kireka, leave that phone call on a cliffhanger and introduce a flashback.

A long long time ago a young couple in love had a baby boy. They were overjoyed at the arrival of the child and so, since she was not pregnant any more and could drink, and since she was not pregnant any more and could allow him to drink, they had a toast of nice scotch whiskey and then proceeded to raise the baby, in love, joyfully, and a with a liberal but responsible amount of drinking.

Two years later they had another child. Another boy. Their joy was replicated as above and the nine-month moratorium of whiskey was lifted with two tumblers of scotch.

They raised the children in love, joyfully and with a responsible amount of drinking.

But with love and joy comes responsibility, which has an irritating penchant to come with way too many things, and one morning, it came in the form of a notification on the yahoo messenger app on her Nokia 7600.

Some of you reading this may have not been viable members of the Ugandan mobile phone market in those years. Others may have successfully washed the memory of this repulsive thing from your life. The latter, I urge you to resist the urge to google it. The former, I plead with you, google it. When you see it you will thank the Singaporean genius who first came up with the plain slab smartphone design that was stolen by Steve Jobs' midnight

idea-heist/assassin squad and became the standard template from then on. No more ugly phones.

You complain about your Galaxy J freezing? What do you know of suffering? What know ye of pain? Have you ever had to look at a 7600 on a daily basis? That phone was so ugly that Instagram could not be invented until it was officially obsolete because sexy slay queens could not perform their function on such a hideous machine. That phone was so ugly, thieves who would steal it would then find out where you live, break in, throw it back at you, and take your TV instead. That phone was so ugly that Twitter worked very well on it.

It was, however, expensive, and at the time was the latest model, and those were the main criteria by which Solome selected phones. (That was another idea Steve Jobs stole. The idea that if you can't make a better phone, just make a more expensive phone and make it the latest one and people will buy it.)

Solome looked at the grotesque gadget in her hand when it beeped and read the message: "Solome, wn r u gng 2 brng t chdrn 4 bptizm n Christening?" it read.

She passed it on to her partner and said, "Look at this."

"Solome, why? Why? Why would you want to make me look at that ugly son of a shit machine? Under what circumstances? Have I done you wrong? Is this revenge? No. I am not going to. I already know what it looks like and I don't need to be re-traumatized today."

"Okay, close one eye and squint the other then. Baz, the relatives in the village have sent me a message and you know I can't read this language," Solome replied.

"I don't understand Rukiga," he replied.

"What makes you think I can't read Rukiga, kilabe olinga. I mean this way they type without spelling..." Solome began to say,

He replied. "Solome, your whole family, nuclear to extended, I can't understand, no matter what language they speak or type. Even you, here and now, you consistently confuse and bewilder me. Like now, what is this? You are still handing me the ugly-ass Nokia, yet you know."

Solome shook her head in surrender. She finally got the shamba boy, a nice young man named Fidelis who, you may care to know, now runs a successful fintech app company. He was a shamba boy back then because Android had not been invented yet and he had no choice but to wait.

Fidelis deciphered the message and it was a heavy one.

Solome returned to the house with the bad news.

"Baz, when you hear this, you will say at least four dirty words," she said. "In fact, you will prefer to look at my phone than to hear what I am going to say,"

And before he could get up and flee out of the door, she said it: "We have to go to Kabale. The uncles and aunts want the boys to be baptised in church there."

About four minutes of melodramatic moaning followed, just four minutes because the noise was going to wake the babies, then both parents stopped and retired to the drawing room to make plans.

Yes, they had a drawing room. The family was a prosperous one. The father of the boys was fast rising up the ranks at a successful media company as a fearless investigative reporter and Solome their mother was getting a lot of money from somewhere. At the time it was still unknown where exactly, but it was getting there.

"So," began, Solome, "How long can we put this off?"

"Don't judge me, but I am not entirely sure what it is we are putting off. What exactly is christening?"

"How godless are you? You don't know what christening is?"

"My family are Evangelicals. We don't even baptise kids. We wait until you are old enough to have committed a significant number of sins before we baptise you. When it is worth the water," he replied.

And no, he wasn't making a joke about baptism. Think about it. That really is the doctrine.

"Well, my family is quite iniquitous. The only reason we don't have adultery is that everyone is cohabiting; no one is actually married," she said. "And no, don't even think about it."

"Don't even think about what? Proposing to you? Do I look stupid and crazy and addicted to rejection and humiliation?"

"Depends on what you are wearing, mostly. For example, there is that red tracksuit... you wear that and you look like you are just begging the world to abuse you."

His face fell into a hurt look. "I thought you liked that tracksuit."

"Why would you think that?"

"I thought you found me sexy in it. Cos every time I wear it..."

"Because every time you wear it, I am very keen to make you take it off? Oh, that is not because I find you sexy in it. The exact opposite."

Christening was the Anglican church ceremony whereby a child is given a Christian name, they discovered after searching the term on Lycos.com.

On learning this, the couple both dumped their faces in their hands.

"I can't believe we forgot," said their father.

"I can't believe you forgot," said their mother.

"Mpozzi they are how old now?" he asked.

"26 months and 18 months," she said.

"If you could translate?"

"Two and one."

"And we still have not given them names," he shook his head, first removing it from his cupped hands, performing the shake, then returning it to the hands.

From the time the eldest was born, he had been referred to as Kacuncu. It worked so well and was so effective that nobody realised that any further additions were needed. And when the second born came along, the term Wakame just appeared and settled down to do the work of referring to him.

"Kacuncu is smelling; you clean him this time."

"Is Wakame awake or is he talking in his sleep again?"

"Who put Wakame near the fridge? What if he gets ideas? You know him and things with doors."

"Kacuncu is going to bite that! Take it away from him."

"No, they both look like me. Maybe Wakame's nose twitches like his dad's, but in general, they are handsome because they look like me. See Kacuncu's cheekbones."

"What the &^*^* is Kacuncu doing! That is not a question!"

"Relax, he is over there with Wakame tearing your notebooks."

"Why did you let them get to my notes? That was an important article about the plight of low-income workers in suburban cargo-transit hubs of Kampala!"

"Because I read your notes and that article was going to be crap. Your data was shallow, patronising, derivative, unrepresentative and honestly, I am glad Wakame now has teeth so they can both shred those papers."

Frasier was furious. "We didn't have names? Fatherman, I knew I would suffer from childhood trauma. I knew I would feel the effects at some point in my life, but I didn't expect it so soon."

Chandler was laughing to himself.

Frasier didn't find it funny. "Honestly, I thought it would come from mum being an ex-con and you being a washed up has-been journalism star, but not from not having names!"

"I am not a washed up has-been journalism star. I resigned and transitioned from the industry."

"Far be it from me to offer career audits, but you have twenty years of experience and you still can't get a real job in any newspaper," Frasier said.

"Have you seen the state of the media industry lately? Newspapers no longer work! So even people who already work in newspapers can't get work in any newspaper! Nah, man. I'm sticking with Plan A. I'm going to wait until you guys are a bit older then I will make you tiktok stars and earn off you."

"YOU DID NOT NAME US! And you, what part of this is so funny to you?"

Frasier turned to his brother who was still chuckling.

"Admit it, man," lolled Chandler. "You know it would be soooo much cooler to be called Kacuncu and Wakame than it is to be called Chandler and Frasier."

Plot Structure shift again. Let me divert the plot from the sitting room. Let me give you a flashback to a time elsewhere. Some point before Catwoman of Katwe got scratched.

It was a bar in Kisementi. A fashionable bar that became popular among the millennial generation after Millennials became real grown ups with jobs and marriages and children and Masters degrees and bank debts. In other words, a time when a Generation X man like Taata Chandler could be seen in the same place as these people without looking as if he was just there because he was buying the drinks for a "slay queen" and her friends and needed to remain on the premises to keep watch in case, after all his money had been spent, some other Millennial, one with a beard and muscles, came along and seduced his

"slay queen" away, leaving him with no one to take home for a couple of rounds of brief, weak-thrusting middle-aged sex culminating in her fake orgasm and his cloud of self-loathing.

I just assume this is what Generation X men did at those places, of course. I wouldn't know. I am an author of high moral standing and satisfactory coital capacity. Taata Chandler himself is a bit of a thirsty slut, but he would never be caught in a "blesser" situation. He's a feminist/profeminist and believes that spending money on a woman in order to have sex with her is commodification of the female body and this is the sort of thing we have to fight against as allies. So he only has sex with women who buy *him* drinks and take him to *their* place in *their* car. Aluta continua.

So, this night, Taata Chandler was at the bar, part of a mixed crowd that included GenXers who just wanted to wait out the traffic jam before they could go home, Millennials who were seducing each other with varying degrees of subtlety (ranging from flirty hints to signing of four-page contracts) and a few Independence Generation sugar daddies and cougars on the prowl. He sat down with his fellow Original Gs and their Guinnesses and gave in to the night of beer-flecked spittle and overloud political ignorance.

This is what Generation X had become, you see. It is very disappointing. You would think that the generation that created hip hop, grunge, South Park and made sarcasm a legitimate genre of movie would have better beer conversations, but every time Taata Chandler sits down to have a drink with his peers, all they talk about is how each one is perfectly, immutably correct about the exact details of the most intricate and minute facets of the nation's politics.

It was when Callista was going into the second segment of her TED talk about how Bobi Wine was an agent of the North Korean government that Taata Chandler decided it was time to hit the toilet and spew a different form of crap.

On his way back he was stopped by one of the Millennials.

If you ever see her, either do the Wakanda salute and agree with everything she has to say, or run very fast very far away. She is easy to identify: Towering headwrap, neck and wrists encircled by several coils of beads, dreadlocks waving side to side as if they are living their own life, the distinct scent of a herb some people recognise, some don't (the police do) and every square inch of fabric attached to at least a square centimetre of Kente, Ankara or Kitenge.

Her name? A combination of any of the following: Nefertiti Kwinn Shaka Royal Zenji Patra Sheba Nubia Abyssinia Warrior. It changes often.

"Aren't you that Bazanye, guy?" she asked, stridently and aggressively. It sounded exactly like the accusation it turned out to be. The tone was very similar to the one you would use if you ever had to say "Aren't you the night-dancer who sneaks into people's compounds, slits the throats of their pets, drinks their blood, and then leaves the drained bodies in the yard so that it is the first thing their children see when they wake up?"

He was just about to deny it and claim, instead, to be one Timothy Bukumunhe, when AfroQwinn Nephertiti stepped closer. (The spelling changes, too.) "Yeah. I knew it was you!"

She spoke only in accusatory tones. Sharp and vicious ones.

She circled him, like a one-woman pack of jackals, her dreadlocks were waving like tentacles. Her eyes, even in the ambient bar-light, were glowing red. Her teeth glistened with the spittle of indignance and would have only looked softer if they had been vampire fangs. "I used to see your articles in the newspapers. And now I see those little ebooks you put up on the internet. I know you."

He tried to step away. "Don't you think you should save that tone for a more appropriate situation, like when you meet a human trafficker, perhaps?" he said.

She ignored the question and just spat. "Chandler and Frasier. I see those books. Writing about these so-called kids of yours, Chandler and Frasier..."

"Whatever they did to you, I was not part of it. If it helps clear me of any reprisals, I will disown them here and now. Those are Solome's kids."

Sheba Shakka Zenji Warrior just slapped her hands onto her hips so vigorously the bangles on her wrists jangled and clangled loudly enough to be heard above the sound of Lil Boozy mumble rapping over the speakers. She rubbernecked her head and her high Ankara headwrap swayed left and right. Taata Chandler prepared to duck in case she had an assegai on her.

She just wiggled a finger at him. An Ankh ring glistened.

"Chandler and Frasier? People like you! Treacherous, sellout, Uncle Tom scum! You creep within the kingdom of Negrocity as if you belong but you are the pernicious agents of the imperialist Aryan domination matrix! The caucasial invasion continues through people like you. You disgust me! You vile, rotten, foul white rat!"

"What on earth did those boys do?" he asked.

"People like you who name your children with such whiteley caucasian neo-colonialist names are perpetuating the imperialist mindset that the White Man's culture is superior to the Black Afrikan's culture by extending the mythology that white names are right and black names are wrong..."

When he heard this, he breathed a sigh of relief. "Phew. Is that all? I should have guessed from the kente highlights painted onto your sunglasses to match your earrings."

"You serpent of Britain, you tapeworm of the mental slavery industry that seeks to enfeeble our society. Oh, Afrika, I weep and weep for you!" she shrieked. Very much like the sangoma in that Shaka Zulu movie the White Man made in 1986. That movie was entertaining.

"I'm sorry, Lilian, I didn't mean it. It was an accident," he said, backing away. "Look, let me make it up to you. I see you and your friends there at the darts board are eating Hawaiian pizza with vodka martinis. Let me buy you a round and we call it even?"

"Did you just call me Lilian?" she almost spat the word.

"It just came out; I know you always name yourself after great African heroes and so I just said the first one that came to mind was Lilian Ngoyi..."

"Lilian who?" AfriKaKwin Milaje snarled.

Yeah. I was trying to create a kind of point here, to illustrate something about Afrocentric outrage, but then I think it is getting a bit too heavy-handed. Too preachy. Think that's a bit too preachy? Yeah. I think so, too. It was a bit much.

So Taata Chandler called Nelson the boda boda guy, who was named Nelson because he was born the day Mandela got out of jail, and left the Que Pasa in Kisementi to go to Mama Frolence's kafunda to look for Mwenge Bigere.

Mr Kinyajui would have been either very impressed or deeply offended by what I am doing with the Plot Structure here, because now I am taking you a little over a decade into the past, to the courtyard of a humble chapel in a small village a few kilometers outside of Kabale town, to follow the family of Solome, her baby daddy, and their two sons. Wakame is fast asleep, oblivious

to the fate that awaits him. Kacuncu is uncharacteristically silent. Not that it was out of character for him to ever shut up— he was wont to lapse into silence for a few moments before he erupted into anything particularly mischievous, so much so that it had come to the point where his parents were more relaxed when he was crying. If he was quiet they would panic, wondering what this infant was plotting.

The day they found that he had five cockroaches in his baby crib, five, live roaches, that had collected one by one, carried into the crib, and stored there, was the day they learned to listen to his silence more than they listen to his cries.

But this silence was uncharacteristic in the sense of unusual. It was the silence of curiosity and wonder. This was the first time he had been out of Kampala City. In fact, this was the first time he had been in a place that was not fenced up or walled up, and he was awed by how vast and open the world could be. A psychiatrist will one day trace this as the day on which the villain in him first stirred to life.

The two children were in their respective chair arrangements. These days you parents have bassinets, right? And those complicated harness things which you put into the car which are more complicated to figure out than the car itself? Back then things were simpler. The babies were both on a simple woven mat with a couple of pillows, their dad sitting between them with a soda bottle.

Their mother, meanwhile, was a distance away, also uncharacteristically quiet. She was silent in a way one would almost construe as humble, a word her beau had never ever thought could occupy the same teleological space as her. Humble and Solome were like Sodium Phosphate and LeBron James' postseason field goal average. Maybe if you tried hard you could find a connection but, in general, when would those two subjects ever have anything in common?

A priest appeared in the door of the chapel and summoned the gathering of villagers to enter. Solome broke away from the elders who had been addressing her and made her way to the mat with the babies on it.

"Okay, it's go-time," she said.

"Kawa. Let's do this. You take that one, I'll carry this one," and he picked up the youngest and lightest. Then, as they walked towards the chapel, he asked, "So, any idea what names the priest is giving them?"

Their mother stopped walking abruptly.

"Oh..." and then, luckily, she had stopped just before she was officially on the chapel grounds because the word that followed "oh" was not one encouraged on the premises.

"What?" he asked.

"I knew I had forgotten something."

"Forgotten what?"

"So I kind of forgot to come up with names..." she confessed.

"No problem. Let's just name them after ourselves," he said.

"That's a lousy idea," she sneered. "First of all, no offense, but have you ever noticed that no one ever calls you by your English name? Even I don't call you that name."

"What is wrong with my name?"

"It's just not fun to say. That is why everyone calls you Baz if they don't have to call you sir, or Mister, or 'gwe'. Also, I am not going to call my son Solome. I have a reputation. Imagine what Kacuncu would do to my good name when he becomes a teenager."

"Why don't we ask your relatives then?" he asked. Solome considered this for a moment then, "Okay. Here, hold this," handed him Kacuncu and tripped off to a small group of elderly uncles.

A small ruckus with some loud and hissy whispering ensued, then she returned to take her kid back.

"No, that's not going to work. Very bad idea," she said.

"And why?"

"Those are my dad's brothers. None of their children or members of the proceeding generation of their extended family has named anyone after them. They each suggested we take this chance to do so," she began to explain. "They even agreed to let the two boys have two names each. Just to share."

"Lucky strike," said Kacuncu's dad, looking at his son grin back.

"Yeah. But you see, that's my uncle Jerechonia. Next to him is Uncle Zerubabelio. That's Uncle Melekizedeki to the left and that is Uncle Polinonio."

"Whoa. Even I can't," he said.

"So when we get there, we are going to say that it is a Kiganda cultural thing you insisted on that the father names the kids. Otherwise you are going to be Taata Polinonio. So come up with something, quickly."

Their father was not good under pressure, and pressure was mounting as every second was a step closer to the bowl of water in which the christening was to take place. And it was a small chapel, meaning very few steps. He had to think fast. How did people name their kids? You named them after their grandparents. But then again, Solome was right. These kids could go on to do some serious damage to some good names, so naming them after existing people with reputations was out. How about naming them after enemies? What? Where did that thought even come from? That was just so wrong! Umm... random saints? Who is the saint of chaos? Wait. Can't do saints because we are not sure what denomination this is and they may not have the compatible beatification rosters. Oh dear. We are almost at the bowl. Need to come up with something really quick. Oh, I've got it! There is the hot trend going around these days of naming people after the characters in that popular soap opera, Sunset Beach. Half the girls in Kacuncu's Day Care are called Vanessa. I don't know what the boys are called. I only know about the Vanessas because of the time a pair of irate parents in the middle of an overheated custody fight stormed in and declared that they were each there to take their daughter Vanessa away. They had to pick through eighteen Vanessas before they could find the one they were fighting over, by which time they had calmed down, remembered their love for one another that

created this beautiful miracle, this child of theirs, and had reconciled, rekindled their passion, and had left the nanny to hold onto Vanessa for a few more moments while they found a secluded part of the parking lot to make out and hopefully nothing more. Oh no! One more step. The priest is looking at me. How am I going to name my kids after Sunset beach characters? I don't even watch Sunset Beach. The only reason I know there is a Vanessa in Sunset Beach is because all the daycares that have expelled my kids were literally crawling with Vanessas from that source. I don't watch Sunset beach. I much prefer the hit sitcoms of this era, especially the sitcom Friends. My favourite character in that is Chandler. I love Chandler. He is so funny. My other favourite sitcom is Frasier. The star character, Frasier Crane, is hilarious. Chandler and Frasier should make a show together... Oh, what? The priest is talking to me! He is asking what names to name the children?

And that is how the sons of Solome, the Bazanye Boys, came to be named Chandler and Frasier.

We now return to the sitting room in Kireka where Chandler and Frasier sat at their father's dining room/conference table, having taken over his meeting, brought in their own agenda, derailed the entire proceedings and now were performing their closing move. You know the one where the two adjudicators lean back in their chairs? Then the one with the glasses takes them off and nibbles at the edge of one stem, while the one without glasses leans back and twirls a pen around? Then they both, in unison, lean forward with their fingers intertwined in their hands and set their eyes on the hapless victim on the other side of the table? You know the move. Negotiations with lawyers, diplomats, war generals and druglords usually culminate in this point.

"We have come to a decision, dad," said Chandler.

Their dad looked at him blankly. He had had no idea that there was any decision being approached in the first place, especially considering that neither one of them had acknowledged the matter of the scratched Catwoman of Katwe. But Chandler continued. "Having heard the story of how we came about our names, we have revised our demands."

"You had demands?" Laughed their dad. It was a wicked and proud laugh. The "hahahaha" that translates to, "Demands? Who are you to demand anything of me?"

Frasier laughed too. It was a small and subdued laugh. The "Heh heh. Hmm" that translates to, "Little do you know."

"Yes, Father," Frasier said. "We had initially convened to address the matter of our names. We had come to draw up a shortlist of what we think all parties concerned would consider suitable replacements, and we felt it only fair to let you think you had some input, however..."

"I just want to butt in at this point to congratulate Frazee on not saying the word 'Nomenclature'. I could see it twitching around the side of your mouth, dude, but you managed to fight it. Well done," Chandler cut in. "Now, go on."

"What's wrong with your nomenclature?" their dad asked.

"Have you not been listening to anything we have been saying?" Chandler asked.

"Of course not," their dad replied. "I never do. My DVD of Catwoman of Katwe is scratched, by the way,"

Like father, so was son, so instead of listening and responding, Chandler ranted on, "Our names are too white! In this day and age of Africa Rising we can't be called something so kizungu! We want more African names!" He paused. "Or at least we did."

"Chandler was particularly concerned that Sandra Akello kept getting his messages when Ellen tried to pass notes in class," Frasier said.

"How come you don't have a girlfriend, by the way," their dad asked Frasier. He doesn't always focus on single lines of thought.

"Because I am underage, duh," Frasier replied. "What kind of parenting is it that makes you ask a question like that?"

"Guys, you can't change your names. Sorry. I tried and it's too complicated. There is LCs and deed polls and the priest and so much public sector interaction," sighed their father. "I really wanted to change them. At least some people still remember who Chandler is named after because Friends still shows on Netflix, but nobody remembers who Frasier is and I am tired of the headache of having to explain over and over and over again every time someone asks why that is my sons' name."

He looked at Frasier and continued, "You have it easy. When anyone asks you about your name, you can just explain it away by saying 'My father is eccentric'..."

"That's not the word I usually use," Frasier said.

"It is the word you had better use," his dad said. "I am not crazy. I am eccentric. Eccentric is when you are weird because of your high intelligence. Crazy is beneath me. Please, use the correct terminology in future. Now..."

He turned to Chandler, "Who on earth has ever met you guys and had any doubt as to your Africanness? Have they ever seen you eat matooke with beef? Chandler, you abandon the fork half way, do the rest with fingers, and then wuuta the soup at the end. You don't slurp it up, you wuuta it. Because you do it in such a distinctly Kiganda way that no English word can accurately refer to it."

He turned back to the other son. "And Frasier, that brain of yours. It is cunning and swift and inventive and fearless. It is the very essence of the African spirit at its brightest. It is that quick African wit that has enabled the African to survive all the calamities and catastrophes and challenges that we have come through over years, generations and centuries. Every time you think your way round an issue, anyone who sees what you have thought knows: that is an African solution right there. Couldn't be anything else."

Frasier blinked. His dad continued. "Of course it is also the same kind of cunning, fearless, inventive and quick wit that enabled powerful African leaders to find deft ways of embezzling public funds, skirting the rule of law,

disenfranchising their citizens and pillaging their own nations, but well, at least you are not a politician yet. What I'm trying to say is..."

Frasier retracted his blink. "After all those words, you are still just trying?"

"What I am saying then, is that I tried to change your names but after they had been registered, it was too much bother. And your mum was in jail at the time so she couldn't force me to do it. It was easier to get used to them, so I did that instead. But son, being Frasier doesn't mean you are not African any more than being Laquisha Kenia Jackson means the girl in the Migos video is from Nyahururu."

"Okay, okay. You can stop spitting all over the table, dad," said Chandler.

"We already decided after hearing the story of how we got the names that we are keeping them. Just so we can tell that story."

"Yeah," said Frasier. "I am not going to let go of the chance to tell the story of how my dad snuck whiskey into a chapel in a coke bottle when we were being baptised and that is how I ended up with this ridiculous name," said Frasier.

"However, we are going to require, let the record reflect, that we are keeping Wakame and Kacuncu as official middle names. When time comes for driving license, National ID, voters card, and other documents. Good meeting. Good meeting."

Chandler had the last word: "Now, let's go watch some movies. I just got part 2 of Catwoman of Katwe on my flash drive."