

**THE
ANITA
EVERYTHING
COLLECTION**

How the uneducated girl child from Ggwa became the baddest business tycoon in Najjera.

A compilation of very short stories from Ernest Bazanye



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Chapter I

Once upon a time in Uganda there lived a girl child.

Actually there lived many of them because Ugandans rut like rabbits on caffeinated viagra. All they do is drink, complain about Umeme and reproduce.

The nation is populated by drunks, whingers and newborns, some of whom are girl children, and form not only a very important social demographic but also the centre of this series.

One such girl was Anita. Anita lived in a rural village called Ggwa, which is found up the hill, then down, then you go round the corner, then you see the muyembe, you pass it and you go and go then you will see a boda stage where the bikers are human and the bikes are Bajaj mate. The green ones. Don't stop. Keep going.

Then you will find another boda stage. But the bikes are roadmaster and the bikers are zombies. Keep it moving. We ain't done yet.

Then you will find another stage. Here the bikes are donkeys and the bikers are zinj anthropus. You are almost there. Keep going

Go until you find that the air smells different. You will detect the smell of perpetual despair and poverty. You are getting close. Be of strong heart. Keep it moving. We don't have all day.

You will eventually find that the sunlight looks different. It shines with the glint of hardship and destitution. You are getting very close. Keep it going. This ain't no joyride.

Finally you will see a cluster of huts so beaten up and broken and battered and busted up that you will understand why, when you ask the first resident you speak to for the upscale neighbourhood of the village, he or she points to an anthill.

It was in this village that Anita was raised.

Now Anita was the village belle. Not only did she have one of those Baganda faces which you know... you know what I mean? If you look at Mariam Ndagire and Grace Nakimera and Ella Nantumbwe and see what they have in common, that is what I mean. That one. Anita had that.

She also had a tremendous ass. Whooo! That ass. It was an ass that would not submit to patriarchal constraints which try to shackle a woman's sexual power and subdue the might of her sexuality. That ass was too awesome to allow.

I don't mean it was big. I mean it was good. It was perfect geometrically; surface area and diameter could solve for x . It was the ass that throws enemies into disarray because they don't know where to ogle. Her ass was da bomb to such an extent that Kim Jong Un wanted to launch it over Japan.

The rest of her body was also very pleasant to see, and as for that face and that smile and the way they moved when she spoke? Heavy sigh.

So Anita was hot. But in addition to this she was also very clever. Which is why she decided to leave Ggwa and head to Kampala.

That was the first chapter. We will continue

Chapter II

The village of Ggwa was in turmoil. All across the dusty, dung-strewn pathways and all across the seething sewer streams, the men were in a high level of perplexation, which spell check has just informed me is not a real word. But what does it want me to do? How else can I describe the state of being both perplexed and vexed?

The men were in a crim cram and kabomboliggo at the news I relayed in the last chapter, i.e, that Anita, the village belle, was leaving Ggwa to go and seek her fortunes in the city of Kampala.

“How can she go when none of us has married her?” each of them whined.

“Yes, how can she go when none of us has committed adultery with her, having already married someone else?” each of them also whined.

“She is not only the hottest girl in the village, but she is the only one who does not have enkyakya on the bum. Do you know how many of us have fantasied about having sex without enkyakya?” whined one particular segment.

“Me I am not just in love with her body, as amazing as it is, but I am also in love with her mind. I need a wife who can reason and think, seeing as I, myself, am an idiot,” said several other men.

“But chief, what is wrong with you? She is a girl child. Where did she get the right to just determine for herself? Oppress her and make her stay,” whined all of them.

But unfortunately for them the village chief of Ggwa was a woman. Her name was Ryan because she believed in equal rights and did not see why a woman should not have equal access to the cool names, so she changed her name to Ryan after watching Deadpool. She knew the law granted every Ugandan the right to travel wherever they want (except in the case of Besigye travelling to Bombo Road) and she could not stop Anita from leaving. She could, however, talk to the girl.

Ryan: Anita, you are 20 and a half years old now. You can go whelever you want. But are you sure you want to leave your home village?

Anita: Chief, with all due respect, look at this place. Ggwa is leached and impoverished. It is so backward and undeveloped that it is impossible to have a future here. Only a past. Because of aforementioned backwardness. I need to get out.

Ryan: But if you leave, your family will miss you. Your friends will miss you. All the men with eyes will miss you.

Anita: My family consists of a father who is so perpetually drunk and disorderly that when he tries to spouse-batter my mother he always misses and punches himself instead. My mother is similarly drunk, though she her aim gets better as she gets drunker so she always hits him with what she throws. She is like in that Jackie Chan movie. Dulanken Master.

As for my brothers, they were given money to go to school and instead they went to become DJs in a stupid club in Lyantonde.

Ryan: What about the rest of the village?

Anita: I cordially and sincerely and with no reservation or remorse hereby invite the rest of the village of Ggwa to line up behind me in an orderly queue and kiss my ass goodbye.

And with that Anita picked up the single bundle of dried banana leaves that was all that amounted to her luggage, and set off for Kampala.

Chapter 3: Kampala is not the zimbes

I remember the first time I ever laid eyes on Anita. She was wearing an apron with the logo and in the colours of one telecom company while selling the airtime of another company.

She struggled to stay seated on a small stool which every observer could instantly see, was too small for all that hip she had.

I took one look at her and thought to myself, “Shyayaya, this girl faaaayayaain!” .

And then I took one smell at her and thought, “Eh! Which village is this one from?”

Those of us with economic privilege and Facebook accounts all know that villagers smell very rural. They smell of a mix of earth, unprocessed milk, damp hair and ganja.

So, noting that this was a country bumpkin fresh off the boat, I did what any typical Kampalan would do: I prepared to run a confidence trick on her.

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. Everyone knows that before one attempts con artistry in Kampala, one has to center ones chi. So I did like Ip Man in the Kung Fu movies and waved my hands around as if shaking hands with various mosquitoes while standing on one leg.

Then I stomped up to Anita, and barked,

(Enter Dialogue Mode)

Me: Give me ten thousand airtime. Hurry up. I don't have time!

(You have to be assertive when you are conning people. Ask anyone who has ever conned you.)

Anita: (Smiling in that way people with good customer service smile at you, that way that makes you think they care about your happiness and



sincerely hope you are having a nice day) Should I squach it?

Me: I don't have time! You just bring!

Anita (producing card from apron): Here you go.

Me: (After snatching the card away from her. Was 10k a card? I don't remember. It had been a while since I bought airtime. Even before they banned use of scratch cards, I was already on unlimited data because real men use WhatsApp. Calling is for kids). Take! (And I tossed five thousand shillings at her and began to leave) .

Anita: Um, sir, it's supposed to be ten thousand.

Me: What is wrong with you are you serious how come since when all as one question? Everyone knows about the promotion where members get fifty percent discount. What's wrong with you?

Anita: Anko. May I call you Anko? I am twenty years old, so I call people with grey hair Anko. Anko, you are very funny. You should have a newspaper corumn with your humour, or even a brog. Mbu fifty percent. Hahhah. You know we have a saying in my home village of Ggwa. We say, "Just because you see a frog, it doesn't mean there is water in the river. It might have come from someone's septic tank."

Me: There are septic tanks in Ggwa? I thought that place was underdeveloped.

Anita: We are not too underdeveloped to shit so we have septic tanks. Anyway sit down and let's talk about your options.

Me, trying to maintain character: I don't have time!

Anita: Sit down. This is an airtime stall, Anko, which means it is very easy for me to make a phone corr. Like, for example, a corr to porice emergency. I could have Affande Mande, the rocal psycho cop, here in a minute. I may be new to the hood but I have heard that Afande Mande suffers a panic attack if he goes 12 hours without firing his rifle.

Secondly, I can see from the rook on your face that you are not leally a bad person. I see that you are full of warmth, kindness and compassion. Or at least cowardice. They look like the same thing. Either way, you are essentially harmress.

Me: (Going down faster than Golola Moses in the ring against a Hungarian) But I am wearing glasses. They are supposed to mask it. But you are right. I don't have the balls for actual crime. I don't know what came over me, I have no idea what made me act like that.

Anita: I forgive you. Tis olight. Tis olight. Here is your two thousand shillings of airtime. I will see you tomorrow, okay?

Okay. Bye.

Me: (As I walked off. I stopped. I turned round.) Oh, and Anita?

Anita: Yes?

Me: Thanks.

She looked confused. It seems she hasn't seen enough movies to know that people do that when they are walking away after an emotional moment.

But wait. She gave me Two K! I gave her five thousand!

Chapter Next: Anita Meets Big Ssu

Now, this is how the suburb of Bulabira was laid out, for those of you who are unfamiliar with how every single Kampala suburb is laid out. We have the trading centre here. It is a string of shops each selling the same stuff. Stale cakes, sachet liquor, mosquito coils, soda, katunda lager and groundnuts. Then we have the boda stage. We also have the airtime stall. Then we have the rolex guys, roughly eight of them. Two smell more than the food they cook and yet they still come back every evening wondering why no one buys their rollas and blaming the government for destroying the economy.

Beyond the trading centre there are dirt paths that snake down or uphill to blocks of newly-built flats.

The landlord of one of these blocks of flats is known as Big Ssu. He is not big. And like the late great singer said, His Name Is Not Susan.

Ssuna just likes to wear agbadas. Big flapping agbadas which puff and bluster around him like the sails of a pirate ship in a movie. You almost expect Johnny Depp and a monkey to emerge from one of his armpits.

Big Ssu is average height. Which means he is as short as I am. But he does everything in large sizes. His agbadas are oversized, his voice, his car... Well, let me tell you how it happened as we enter Dialogue Mode.

Anita: What the frying ffff... Dooshobaga! Just because the inside of the car is Japanesey, you think the outside is arso Tokyo? You forget that outside it is the same Kampala of dust and murrum? Next time I am going to keep a sack of tomatoes here.

Me: Hi Anita.

Anita: Next time such a veyko pass by zooming and raising dust, I will show dem why I was know as Deadshot in da Ggwa District Kwepena League.

Me: Anita, I want airtime. I don't want complaining and whining.

Anita: Who does he sink he is anyway? (Scratching the airtime card as if she has a grudge against it as well.)

Me: I don't participate in kaboozi when I have not yet had morning coffee.

Anita: Here (Producing, from behind the stand, the last thing I expected. She takes a french press ((If you know what a french press is, know why I was doubly shocked)) a ceramic mug and a bag of Kanungu's finest grounds and proceeds to brew the best Tiwa Halle Toni Lyda Jazmine Savage Berry Braxton cup of coffee ever. Yeah. Now I'm fuelled up, I can debrief her.)

Me: That's Big Ssu. He owns the block of flats I live in.

Anita: He is your rand road?

Me: If only he was just that....

(Cue memory flashback. I am at home, and the door has been suffering repeated knocks for a minute)

Me: (Grumbling at door) I hate it when people wake me up early in the morning. Who is knocking on my door at 10:40am?

Big Ssu: You are lazier than a bag of wet socks. Get up. It is your landlord and I have come for the rent. Let me play the clip of the song I downloaded on my phone for such situations.

Rihanna: Pay me what you owe me! Brah Brah brah!

Self: Go away, lumpen fiasco...

Big Ssu: Since when does a tenant say that to a landlord at the end of the month?

Self: Me. I pay rent so that I can have a place to rest, but if you come here with your hooves slapping at the wood making it impossible to sleep, you are deliberately curtailing the freedom to use these facilities for the purpose I paid for, which makes the transaction void. If I don't rest, I don't pay. I am going back to my nap. I will send you your money if and when I agree with myself to wake up.

Big Ssu: Come on, Baz, I really need money. I have to get the new iPhone.

Self: Weren't you cut off by NIRA for not registering?

Big Ssu: That's another reason I need rent from you people. A Congolese smuggler who used falsified documents to get a national ID used the same ID to get a registered line then left me the phone. Now he's gone back to the Congo but the law is after him, by which I mean, if you have been following the story, I need to pay some bribes.

Self: Okay, I will pay you now. But on the condition that you stop perpetuating the culture of corruption that undermines this nation's economic growth.

Big Ssu: I promise. After all, breaking promises is part of corruption.

(Flash Forward to the present, or whatever time you are reading this post.)

Anita: Here he comes again. That big fat Plado raising dust. Do you have a tomato to rend me?

Me: (Too busy gulping down the coffee so I can get it done before the dust comes and a: contaminate the coffee and b: because I won't be able to breath when the dust arrives and breathing is part of swallowing.)

(We expect the car to zoom past, but instead it screeeeeeeches and comes to a braking stop right in front of the airtime stall and Big Ssu pops his head out of the window.)

Big Ssu: Hello, Nakabuyairtime. Do you have the airtime for an iPhone X?

Next episode. Big Ssu vs Anita.

Chapter then: Anita And Chemistry

Previously on Anita Everything, a fat thick huge obnoxious Prado comes to a screeching halt at the edge of Anita's airtime stall. Which is now also a coffee kiosk.

Big Ssu is my landlord. I would call him a friend except for two things. First of all, he's not the sort of person you want to be associated with in public. He is very very corrupt. He is possibly the most corrupt Ugandan not working for government. This guy has a fully valid driver's license, but he would rather bribe the police than spend the energy looking for it in his agbada. Yeah. he wears oversized agbadas all the time. That's why we call him big. And his name is Ssuna, that's why he is called Ssu.

Second of all, your landlord is like your ex. You can never be just friends.

Big Ssu: Do you have airtime for the Iphone X?

Anita: What is the iPhoneX?

Big Ssu: It is the most expensive phone in the world.

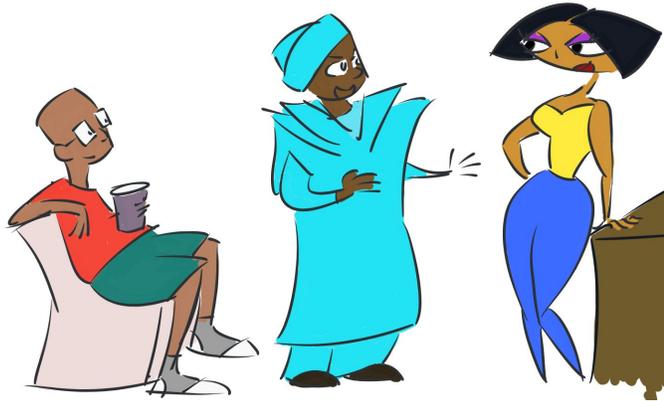
Anita: Ooh, that one. I always called it the eefoncks. But that is because I am not formarry eduated. I only have nacho interrigenge. Yes, Oga. I have airtime for your eefoncks.

Big Ssu: It's called Iphone X.

Anita: As I said, I have natural interrigenge. So I will call it the eefoncks. Let me get that airtime for you.

Me: (I was there at the time. Just chilling sipping coffee from Kanungu, best I ever had. Eyaya. Kanungu can germinate a bean! I even spilled a drop on the ground and said RIP the homie gorillas that have passed on)

'Sup Big Ssu.



Big Ssu: Baz, I can't see you, shurrup, because this woman is too hot. But what's your name? You are fine as wine, in the sunshine, all the others can go to the back of the line because you are geometrically the sine and the cosine; whoever they assign to design your bassline, was an Einstein. Surely you should be mine. Here. Don't just load airtime on the phone, load your number in as well.

Me: Wait. Big Ssu. You are a middle aged man. Why are you vibing young girls like Anita?

Big Ssu: Two reasons. The money I have and the damns to give that I don't.

Anita: Here you go. I have roaded our eefoncks airtime. But that means now I have no more airtime to sell. You know I usually stock for the simple cheap china phones of these Bulabira scrubs, like Baz here.

Me: Excuse you Snobby Wine. This is a Huawei P9. Octocore engine, Android N, and enough memory for every decent album Jay-Z ever put out. Meaning I can't store anything he made after Kingdom Come.

Anita: No offence meant, Anko Baz

Me: Don't lie to me.

Anita: Okay, some offense but not too much.

Me: That's better. Now, thank you for the coffee, I shall now be on my way. Big Ssu, see you later.

Next episode: What shocking thing I saw later. Cliffhanger! Tententeeennnn!

Chapter Something: Every morning is a new

One thing you don't like to see first thing when you get out of the house in the morning is your landlord. Why? It just doesn't sit well with me, the idea of the landlord living in the same block of flats. It's like injustice. How come he doesn't have to pay rent and all the rest of us do?

But my landlord is not the usual type. He's a jovial middle aged man deep in the throes of a midlife crisis. He wears Yankee fitted caps with his agbada, blasts Vanilla Ice and MC Hammer music out of his black Prado and sleeps around, as the saying goes, "with these bugirls you see."

Seeing Big Ssu in the flats is not an unusual thing since Frejrick left. That's what he said when we asked him his name so that's him: Frejrick.

Big Ssu is in the real estate industry of this city so he knows full well that Kampala is not buildings. When Frejrick fell two months behind in rent, Big Ssu said nothing. When Frejrick fell four months behind in rent, Big Ssu said nothing.

Not a word did he say until the sixth month when he showed up with a pair of dogs and two heavy-set drug addicts and informed Frejrick that everything in the flat was now property of Ssuna Investments limited in lieu of rent arrears.

So now he has a hoe pad in our block. It's where he brings his "bugirls".

That part we are used to. We don't like it, but we are used to it. The other part is what surprised me— seeing my airtime vendor come out of Number 4 at nine am.

And now the dialogue portion of this post begins. Zig.



Anita: Anko Baz. First open.

Me: (Having opened) Anita, the airtime chick? Why are you here? Why are you here now? Last but not least, why are you here now dressed in nothing but a towel?

Anita: I have been having seksho intercourse in one of these frats. Unfortunately, even though the patina lembered to buy condoms, he did not buy toospaste. So hook a sister up.

Me: Anita, when you first sent me into the uncle-zone, I went peacefully and without causing a scene. But you can't stand here in a towel like that and expect me to accept you as a sister.

Anita: Okay, hook a neighbour's hookup up.

Me: (Pointing way to bathroom) You know what's funny? This is one of those typical Kampala flats where neighbours don't socialize. I don't know them, they don't know me. In fact the only person I know is Big Ssu, when he brings his bustrays to number 4.

Anita: Yeah. Dat's da one. I knocked him out. My hips don't rie. It's the truth da whole truth and what daf frying ff... what is this?

For at this point, Anita has entered the bathroom, and, in looking for the toothpaste, has opened my bathroom drawer and is going through my stuff.

Me: I swear I can explain.

Anita: A whole man, a highly respected pillar of society like you? How can you? You are an embarrassment to yourself and to the entire community!

Me: It's not what it looks like.

Anita: How can you? Me I can't. I just can't. How can you?

Me: I woke up one day and was out of decent rollon. The nearest shop didn't have any other kind, so what could I do? I had to buy that cheap oily crap rollon. Did you want me to move around smelling?

Anita: I would rather smell of kavubuka than smell of lousy deodorant. And orso you wouldn't even have that problem.

Me: Are you saying I naturally smell nice?

Anita: I am saying, Anko, you are old. You can't smell of kavubuka. You will have kazeeyi.

Now, at this point you have me standing there. I'm in my boxers. Because it's my home and I wear what I want and all I ever really want to wear is my boxers. Kiliza oba gaana, hate or relate.

Then you have Anita, wrapped in just a towel, brushing her teeth in my bathroom. What do you expect happens next?

Let me give you a few seconds to expect the wrong thing.

No, what happens is the girlfriend shows up.

From the door: Heloooooooo!

Let us call that a cliffhanger and change chapters

Chapter After Previous One:

Violence is the answer

Previously on Anita Everything: Anita decided to hook up with Big Ssu from flat number four on my block. Because Big Ssu doesn't care about dental health he bought condoms but not toothpaste, which lead to Anita knocking on my door in the morning looking for colgate.

Problem is that she was not just in the morning, she was also in just a towel. And now she is also in my bathroom brushing in my sink.

And that is when my special lady friend shows up. Let me introduce Nakiwanuka who passed through Compton once while she was studying in California and is now known as Naquanusha.

Naquanusha: (To the betowelled woman she can see in my bathroom) : Aaaan who the helleryou?

Anita: Mwashmushusmanta (Which is the best she can say with her mouth full of toothpaste foam).

Naqua: Whatttt, are you doon here in mah man's house?

Anita (gets some water, rinses spits, and then answers): Well, I was blushing my teeth at first, but that was then. Now I'm just terring people what I am doing. Any more questions, or can I finish cleaning my mouth? The left premolar still hasn't been blushed.

Naqua: You are naat gon be up in mah man's house, all up hurr witcho lil towel and stuff talmbout you blushing wharrever like you don't thank I'ma do somemn! Heiffer You besta clean them teeth reeal quick before I knock em right outcho mouth!

Me: Wait. Naki, wait. It's not what it looks like.

Naqua: Shush you mouth Baz. After this, the next asswhuppin is yours.

Me: That would be domestic violence. It's against the law.

Naqua: The only law I know is when I SAID SHUSH!

Anita: Mwaushsusushhusuh. (I think she is trying to explain that she just came to brush her teeth but, like the FDC and other opposition figureheads, there are strategic and operational obstacles to getting the message through to the people effectively.)

Naqua: Hol my hanbag and my earrings, Baz.

Me (I am not going to hold her earrings or her bag. Because I know what happens once they have been transferred. I have seen four bar fights involving this woman and I know what damage happens. Her hands are like Besigye. As in it doesn't matter who is right and who is wrong, when they are free, bodily harm and property damage are ensured.)

Naqua: Bway, I said hol. Ma. Earrings! You def?

Me: Naki, you are getting the wrong idea.

Naqua: You wanna hold this bag or you wanna swallow it?

Me: It's not what it looks like. Anita is the airtime chick.

Naqua: Look like y'all been havin some kind of time up in air with this ratty ass rural underdeveloped hair weave lookin' like endagala and bad breaif like you been eatin' mayuni n'ebijanjaalo nga mulimu weevils all your life, and that donkey ridin' ass and stankin' headlice and bedbugs in your underarms no good man-stealing fishmouth havin' hoe...

Anita: Musushsusuus?

Oh oh. I am used to taking extra effort to interpret what Anita says at any given time so I could guess what she had just said amounted to something like, "Oh no. You did not just call me any of those things."

Usually there is a weigh in, and the ref rings a bell but this time Naquanusha just swung. I was under the sofa faster than a cockroach. And all I could hear was biff baff pow. A trap beat made out of kicks and punches. That is how I was able to capture Anita's lightning martial arts Bruce Lee flying dragon kick.

Another Chapter: The Aftermath

Previously on Anita Everything:

Anita kicked my ex out in my house. Well she wasn't my ex until after the kicks but there was leg violence instigated by Anita and the outcome was, naturally, a dumping, which was to be mine.

So I was not too happy to see Anita this morning. The problem is that she has taken monopoly over the airtime sales in the hood so there was no where else to go to load up.

Me: Anita give me one K airtime.

Her: Anko nawe, are you annoyed at me? Is dat why you are buying half da usual amount? Are you being passive agglressive with me?

Me: Maybe it's because now that I am single, thanks to you, I only need half as much airtime.

Her: I already aporogised and aporogised to you. I exprained, she started it. And us from my virrage of Ggwa we are just too gangsta by instinct. Even rucky I didn't have my gun.

Me: I asked for One k airtime please. Not the sociopolitical makeup of Ggwa. We are no longer friends. Don't even make conversation with me. I am even going to end this chapter here and go back home to weep into my pillow while blasting Adele 25. But the dancehall remixes because otherwise I can't stand that whiny shit. Might as well have given the Grammy to a cat recorded mid-slaughter.

Her: But you are observant, Anko. Aderr sounds just rike the suspicious sounds you hear coming from that alley when the muchomo guy, Chomo Kiynatta, has failed to raise money to buy goat meat but he needs to be on jobbo.

Me: One K airtime. Less blah blah.

Her: Don't srow me out Anko Baz. Okay to make amends, I will give you bonus airtime and you can download tinder.

Me: Tinder? How is tinder going to help me? Tinder is an app for people who are already in relationships but are looking to find ways of cheating-- sneaking

around and getting doggy in the alleys behind bars on Acacia Avenue. It's not for single people.

Her: Okay. Why don't you make a whatsapp video and send to Abanoonya?

Me, Bazanye formerly of Sunday Vision Fame: Anita, I used to work at Vision Group. If I want Abanoonya, I just go to the Bukedde TV studio in person and login to a computer.

Her: Is dat where you found dat ratchet cow whose ass I whapped? She seemed as if as if one of the Abanoonya video appricants who was deemed unfit for broadcast. Anko, were you dating an Abanoonya reject?

Me, sighing: To be honest, I don't know how we got together. One minute I'm taking a shot of Konyagi mixed with tequila and four things in four different sachets and next thing I know I wake up in a bed I don't understand.

Her: Dilink lesponsibry, man.

Me: To be honest you did me a favour. That woman used to force me to watch Real Housewives of Atlanta. A whole me? A sophisticated and distinguished intellectual like me? I'm supposed to be watching Rick and Morty!

Her: Speaking of which, Anko, you seriously need to consider settring down. You are too old to be dating. I am sure your cran members have told you dis.

Me: Yes. They have. Fortunately, I'm too old to have to sit back and take it so I tell them to shove that shit back up the bull they got it from and I go suck up more malwa. Mbu asking me why I am not married. If they are elders, why are they asking childish questions? If you see a single 40-year-old-man in Kampala the reason is one. Baggage.

Her: You get me long. That's not what I was suggesting. What I meant was, Anko, at your age, alen't you ready to be a bresser?

Me: I can't be a blesser. As a feminist I am opposed to the commodification of women, which is what a blesser situation is... It's exploitation of girls!

Her: Hah! Me and Big Ssu who is exproiting who? He even had to go to work by Pioneer Bus today because I was using his Plado to drive here. It was hot and I didn't have my sungrasses.

I don't have a cliffhanger this time. I did not drink enough coffee before I began writing.

Chapter IVX:

Anita Everything Presents the Papalatte

Since the last time we saw Anita Everything, the local airtime vendor, a few things have changed. You know when they tell you to empower and educate the girl child, you make the fatal mistake of assuming that this is done so she can be a more efficient secretary.

Well, the joke's on you, backward societal values entrenching oppression, because when Anita got empowered with the tool of basic literacy she went to the internet, read Art Of War, and came back with so much ruthless business kung fu that by the time she was done, all the other airtime stalls were out of business. It was only her. She was The One. Like Jet Li, if you are old enough to remember good movies.

Now, among the things Anita has been doing to increase her power is Value Addition. Many airtime sellers attempt this, but to them value addition means scratching it for you. First of all, Anita doesn't know how to say "scratch". She is from Ggwa village which English didn't fully colonise, so she says "Squanch it".

She has this other type of manicure called French Tips, however, and it is too fly to be ruined. She will tell you to squanch your own cards and stop being a baby.

Her: "Hello, Anko. I hope you are having a nice day. What can I do for you?"

(Value addition: courtesy)

Customer: "Hello Anita. I would like two k airtime for the day, because when you use safeboda you have to call call them to repeat what you just told them in the app. Two k please."

Her: "Let me get that for you. By the way, may I say you are rooking exceptionarry handsome today. You keep it up and I will have to leport you to Annet Kezaabu."

(Value addition: flirtation which makes you get a small frisson of dopamine. I know the moment I leave there and pass our boda stage I will be brought crashing down to earth. Our boda stage, by the way, is just like yours, in that the staff there are vulgar, crass and disgusting. They catcall members of the opposite sex as they walk by. But unlike yours, our boda stage is manned by Boda Belinda, Boda Bridget, Rhoda Boda, Bajaj Minaj and Siraj. Siraj is the one who transports charcoal and bunches of matooke. He is not allowed to speak.)

Three people walked by them today before me.

One was Marcus, my light skinned neighbour.

Bodas: "Size yange, bulown, jangu, nkutekemu kas."

No, they don't mean cash, they mean kasese. That's what they use to fuel their bikes and they have plenty.

Then Big Ssu, my landlord walked by:

Bodas: "Size yange, slay king! Jangu tukube selfie."

Then I walked by:

Bodas: Eladde nyo, Mwami Bazanye. Wasuze otya nno, ssebo?

Me: Why is it that when it comes to me you suddenly remember your manners and stop catcalling, eh?

Boda Bridget: Cos you're old, Baz. Ain't nobody tryna smash that.

Boda Belinda: Baz, you're so old, I bet you were not even born. You just evolved from zinj anthropus.

Rhoda Boda: You also walk weird. As if semi-sideways. I wouldn't trust a bed with you in it.

Bajaj Minaj: You want a ride? On the bike, I mean. Don't get any ideas.

So guys, don't think you can understand what street harassment is like for women.

There is no equivalency. Don't do that "if it was me I would be flattered" shit. Of course you would, trash.

Anyway.

Me: "Anita, I need two k airtime."

Anita: "Here you go. As you can see from my gorgeous hands, they are gorgeous, so I will not be squanching your card for you. However, as you squanch and road for yourself rike a grown up, could I interest you in a beverage? We have introduced an extensive new menu."

And that is how I ended up like this, strung out junkie, a helpless fiend. An addict. Caffeine is already addictive but delicious caffeine is something else.

You know how around October, Americans in their Starbucks begin drinking something called pumpkin spiced latte? I am sure you have heard it mentioned in the series you watch on your Netflix at night.

Well, Anita did and she decided to try it here. Only she could not find pumpkins in Bulabira. There were some pawpaws left unattended to in the local churchyard and we all know that you can eat from any tree except the tree of knowledge, which is not a pawpaw tree, so she climbed up, helped herself and created the papali latte.

Also called the Papalatte.

Baz: "Anita, my mouth feels so good. I bet this is what The Weeknd feels like when he is singing! Except for the direction of goodness being opposite."

Anita: "Would you rike another?"

Ask a dumb question.

Baz: "Anita, the second one has mated with the one I had earlier and they have reproduced, bringing forth twins, one being joy and the other, bliss."

Anita: "Would you rike another one?"

Would Museveni like another term?

Baz: "Anita, what have you done to me? I am now a slave."

Anita: "Muahahahah!"

And that is how Anita Airtime Cafe began to grow. Because customers go to buy two k airtime and leave like fifty-seven thousand shillings behind.



This Chapter: Blame It On The Intern

There was a new face at Anita's Airtime Emporium. I didn't know what an emporium was, but I had long gotten used to the fact that Anita, even though she can't pronounce them all, had more words than I did. My main concern was the new girl, who she was, why, and what. Secondary concerns included why her weave looked like a dried out maize plantation, why her lipstick had been applied with a thumb and why her eyebrows were upside down and in two pairs. I immediately asked the first question. I am a well trained journalist. We ask questions. Here is how the interview went.

Q. Who is that?

A (For answer, but if you like, can also stand for Anita): That's Proscorivia my intern.

Q: Proscorivia? Really?

A: Some people, when they come from the village, feel they need to have English names now that they are in Kampala. But they don't really know how to do it so they end up with gibberish like Proscorivia. Just ret it go.

Q: So you got an intern? Eh. Business is growing.

A: Yeah. Appalently people suddenly have a great need for more data. Demand is skyrocketing. I can't handle it arone.

Q: There is this new app people in the hood began downloading that is chewing up their data.

A: Proscorivia, come here. This is Anko Bazanye. Treat him very well. He is my most important customer.

P: (For whatshername with the makeup that looks like it was done by that guy who paints nursery school walls) But madam, that's what you said about the last customer.

A: (With eye roll). Rack of understanding the dericate nature of letail business is why you are an unpaid intern, Proscorivia. Now go to the toilet and revise. So Anko, have you got my new app?

Q: It's you who made the app?

A: Dude, I didn't go to Makerere so dat means I am able to self-equip with skills that are marketable in the new economy instead of waiting for someone to employ me. Rike most interrigent dropouts, I know how to code.

Q: Are you pulling a Kanye West?

A: I don't know who Kanye West is. If you are asking whezer I am downpraying the value of formal education, I am not. Proscolivia can't even count or read. We have to mark the airtime cards by colour code.

Q: What is the app about? I haven't downloaded it because since I got dumped last week I spend all my airtime listening to poems on YouTube about loneliness and heartbreak and also googling ways to numb the pain in my heart. Apparently heroin is highly recommended but I don't think it is allowed in Uganda and I don't want to be arrested by Affande Mande. He is the only cop I know who administers mob justice. By himself moreover.

A: Well, it's called BlessR. What I did is I drew up an arogolizimi...

Q: Algora...Algro... Sikunyega. I can't say that word either.

A: Anyway a system that takes into consideration your strengths and weaknesses and pairs you with the most appropriate blessee for your level.

Q: People like you are bad for this country.

A: You say dat, but you want to try the app now, don't you? Don't you? It's da temptation of da chance to have sex without the bother of emotional commitment or any of the nasty mess associated with rove. As a bresser you don't even need to cut your toenails.

Q: I don't enjoy cutting my claws so let's see.

A: (opening the app on her S8 edge and tapping it) Now, at your income, which I can carchurate from your car, phone and residence...hmm... you yourself live the rife of a well-bressed chick. You need to increase your income by forty five percent to afford to bress a house girl.

Q: Anita, has this app actually connected anyone to a blessing?

A: No. Evelyone gets the same lesult. It tells dem to get 45% higher income.

Q: So why did you make it?

A: It chews moooooob data! My sales of airtime are up 200%! I am going to end up licher than my own bresser!

Chapter Like 18 or something: Levels

But you people, let me bring for you lugambo. Gossip. Is anyone in Kenya reading this yet? If so, hi. Hujambo. Come and sit down and don't interrupt a Ugandan when he is gossiping.

So, you know Anita Everything, the upcoming hood tycoon, right? Did you know that she is having an affair with my landlord, Big Ssu? Oh yes, she is. They have intercourse in flat number 4 every weekend. When you hear Beiber singing "Sorry" at full blast in the night you know. I don't get it but that's Big Ssu's thing. He likes to do it to Beiber music. I'm not exactly NOT judging, but I am.

Anyway, Big Ssu has been looking a bit frazzled lately.

Big Ssu: Baz, where is Marcus?

Me: Doesn't he owe you two months' rent?

Big Ssu: Yes, he does.

Me: Then don't ask dumb questions. He is where people hide from you starting on 20th.

Big Ssu: But why did I ever rent to that guy. Just because he is light skinned like Terrance Howard I treated him like a muzungu. I didn't even check his credit.

Me: You're a lousy landlord. I am probably the only tenant who pays you on time and that is only because I am way too arrogant to be a rent defaulter. I pay the rent to live here, and I pay on time to have the right to abuse people like Marcus. Last time I saw him I told him he was so broke that his roaches are seeking refugee status in my house. I lollod hard while tears of shame streamed down his face. Then I told him the roaches died because I can afford to fumigate and he had a nervous breakdown. That was a fun weekend.

Big Ssu: I cannot argue with the crux of that statement. Everyone owes me rent and they are all hiding from me. I'm broke. I need money so badly.

Me: You want a loan?

Big Ssu: Baz, what can you loan me? Fifty K? Do I look like I need to wipe my ass? You can't afford the kind of money I need. There's levels to this shit. I still have more money than you even as I sit here moaning about poverty.

Me: What do you need it for anyway?

Big Ssu: Well, as you know I have been blessing Anita. Now I hear that there is Mr Eazy, Mr Tekno and Mr Wizkid all coming to perform expensively in Kampala. She wants to go for all of them. I think I may need to break up with her.

And now fast forward to a bit later in the day when I was luxuriating at Anita Airtime Cafe Lounge which is what the business is called now that she put the world's comfiest sofa in the corner. You may have read this simile from me before and if so, forgive me for repeating myself, but this sofa is so comfortable, it is like your fat bum is sitting on another fat bum.

Me: Anita, meanwhile, why are you stressing Big Ssu? I hear you want to go for all the concerts but the man has no money. It's almost end of October and his tenants are hoarding money for Christmas. Which they call Xmas. That pisses me off. Who died for their sins? Charlie XCS?

Anita: Oh, I am going for those concerts. I have plenty of money for my own tickets. It's his tickets that he can't afford.

Me: What did you do to that man! You vampire! What the hell is he even doing going to a concert for kids?

Anita: Please save the dulama queen loutine, Herren Millen. It's his fault. I told him Sports Betting was a scam.

Me: Oh dear... don't tell me.

Anita: Too late. So he was the first crient of Anita SpotBet and the house always wins. He put all his money on Basezi United, not knowing that their striker Turahika was benched due to jiggers. Now the jiggers had splead and contaminated the hands of the keeper. So when SC Miyaayu won by 7:0 I had to clear his bank account.

This Chapter

Introducing Raggy Shanks



You can tell from the way a man walks that he is listening to Tekashi on earphones. There is something unbalanced in his gait. As if one testicle is in retreat. "Get me out of here!" it screams, in a testicle manner. But no one will help. Not the other testicle, certainly, because the other testicle is both wiser and weaker. Like me in Twitter debates.

The other testicle has given up and just succumbed, limp and lifeless, to take its beating because there is no point in fighting.

Like me in Twitter debates.

This is what I surmised was the case with the youth who joined us that morning at Anita Airtime Lounge. Anita Airtime Lounge is where local business mogul Anita served her various wares.

But this walk is really distracting. It is too off-kilter to simply be Migos. I would guess Lil Ooze Verticle or Young Burp, who is the latest of "them" but that seems unlikely. It has a tangy, acrid sense to it. Something more caribbean. Something more weedy.

Said Youth: Ol tight, Uncle Baz.

Me: English or Luganda please.

Said Youth: Ami Raggy Shanks di dancehall Prince. Wikkid and wil inna raggamuffin style an fashan. Blo blo brrrr Bulabira.

Me: Anita what is this disastrous event here? What is this situation, this source of bewilderment before me?

Anita: Its Titus, Anko Baz. You don't lecognize him because of da hairstyle and da hat and da sudden onset of adoresense.

Me: Isn't Titus supposed to be short, suffering from constantly running nose and in school uniform?

Anita: He was, rast month, but puberty didn't just visit him. It barged in and trashed the prace. Rook at da face. Even his acne has acne.

Me: Hello Titus. You grew too tall for your body. You are like a weird snake creature now.

The Youth: Uncle Baz. Me no call Titus. Me call Raggy Shanks. Mes a dancehall banton. You know me seh?

Me: Anita, what does puberty do to the part of the brain that processes speech and language? I don't remember because mine was a long time ago. Yours was more recent. Tell me. Do adolescents forget how to talk to their elders?

Anita: He thinks he is destined to be a star, and that if he berieves in himself his dreams will manifest. He is going through hormonal trauma. It happens to some of them.

Me: We must urge government to do something. Poor kid.

Anita: Raggy shanks dem. Wayaseh? Big up all massive inna di bashment. Ya wan buy some airtime?

Raggy Shanks (Formerly Titus): Anita gyal ya lookin fit inna di bamside! Eh. Di boom boom itta boom boom!

Me: I don't know patois, but even I can understand what he just said. Anita, are you going to let this small boy talk to you like that? Are you going to let this little patriarchy oppress you as if you have no rights?

Anita: Quit manspraining my lights, Anko, Sit down and put your knees together. Besides, he is offending, not oppressing me. Titus, you talk about my bum again your next statement will be "ouch". Now say solly Anita.

Titus: Sorry, Anita.

Anita: Rouder. And wiz feering.

Titus (No longer Raggy Shanks): Sorry Anita.

Anita: For what?

Titus: Sorry, Anita for being rude and vulgar and disrespectful. Your bum is none of my business and I will learn to behave more decently when in the company of ladies.

Anita: So, you are a dancehall artist, eh?

Titus (Still no patois): Yes madam.

Anita: What is your next song going to be about?

Titus: Respect for women.

Anita: Greet Anko Baz properly also..

And this guy who a few minutes ago was swaggering all over the road like a spiderlizard drunk on octopus wine suddenly, as if he had been struck by the powers of Shaolin, perfectly co-ordinated movement, with a grace that would make Simone Biles jealous, he knelt down and clasped his fingers together and in the most melodious luganda, said, "Eladde nnyo Ssebo."

Chapter 345

On the way home Friday night, I stopped by Anita Airtime Cafe And General Merchandise (which is what it is being called this week. Whoever makes her signs is not in danger of lacking school fees for his or her kids) on our way home. I parked the car by the road and dashed in to get some supplies and refreshments for the evening.

Dialogue proceeded as reported below.

Anita: Who is the Kardashian in da whip?

Me: Oh, you mean the hot chick leaning back in the passenger seat of my car? That, Anita, is a woman who is coming home with me for the weekend.

Anita: Gal is fit, I must say. And it takes one to know one. Us hot birds can read each other so I can tell you you have your work cut out for you. She's a slow burner. But once she catches fire it will braze like a volcano. Don't rush. Find her spot and give it enough attention. Den go malathon. Trust me.

Me: I'm up to the task. I have not been to the gym in weeks so I have plenty of energy.

Anita: I should mind my own business but then again, you are my customer and therefore my business... Anko. Don't make breakfast for her.

Me: Why would you say that, how would you know whether I should or not, what indications make you suspicious of breakfast and wagwan in general?

Anita: Anko, I know your rove rife in detail. You come here on a Friday evening when you have picked up someone in a baala and buy condoms. Then Saturday morning you are here buying eggs. Then Saturday evening you are here buying way too much alcohol not to mention handkerchiefs and muttering to yourself about how you thought she was the one and asking me, my glasses of lira lira and all the mosquitoes, "Why?". Anko Baz, how many times can one heart break?

Me: Anita, I know I have kissed a few frogchicks in the past, but I have a good feeling about this one. I felt something special connecting us. She is the one.

Anita: You picked her up in a bar. She's not the one. She is one of them.

Me: What makes you think I cannot start a meaningful relationship in a bar?

Anita: No offense but, dumbass. First of all, you can't find rove in a bar, because rove is not riquid. Two, your cooking isn't that great. It's actually really bad. And it may be one of the things that makes all those strays be rike, "Ooh rook at the time. I need to be going. Don't carr me. I'll carr you."

Me: Woman, how do you know about the quality of my cooking? When I asked you to come over for Funz Video and Chill you swerved me nti you have to paint the walls of the LC's office for mothers union or some bullshit like that.

Anita: Yes and that paint job is not finished in case you ever ask me again. But your one night stands often stop here on their way as they free your house. Dey usually stop to ask for magnesium tablets.

And let's just agree that I have stopped doing the cliffhangers and move on.

A Chapter:
Read it below

The economy is going all sorts of places in all manner of directions. Now I hear doctors want to be paid. Now I hear socialites are wiping their shoes with dinars. Now I see airtime price has gone up to such an extent that people in Land Cruisers can't afford hands free sets. What is the end going to be like and won't we find out soon?

Cue dialogue.

Me: Anita I want airtime of two k. And don't you dare sell it to me for three k. I have heard what you and your unscrupulous and usurious airtime dealers have been up to lately.

Anita: Anko please. Don't start with me. Not today. My weave is too fresh for this stress. My holoscope told me to avoid negativity.

Me: Then don't start nothin, won't be nothin. Sell me airtime of two k for two k and we will call it a day.

Anita: Rmao. Don't even try to act macho and tough on me, Anko. We both know you have a clush on my hips and that if I just swing the left one like dis you will even pay twellov sousand for just 50MB. But be sankful.

Me: I am thankful for the hips. I would be more thankful if you stopped uncle-zoning me, but that has nothing to do with it. Business is business. There. Two ragged, filthy, cheap blue thousand shillings. Do the right thing.

Anita: Prease lemome your diptheria-infested lower-caste cash from my counter, fam. I have been leading motivational books about success and they say that if you allow small notes in your business they attlact their small friends.

Anko: I like the right hip also. In fact I think it is my favourite of the pair. And then the jean also makes it shapely.

Her: Men! Focus.

Me: Wait a minute. Let it first finish curving.

Anita: I don't serr airtime any more. I am out of da game, yo! Anita has scrrrrd up.

Bewildered: Scccr? What is scrrrr? The only scrrrr I know is when da ting go like that before it go brabrabra!

Anita: Scaring up is when a smarro business expands its opelations.

Me: Scaling up. Okay. Now I get you. But now if you don't sell airtime what are we going to do? You came on the scene and swiftly took over all the airtime vendorships, establishing a monopoly with your cunning and ruthless business strategies. Now if you are not selling airtime what are we the people of Bulabira meant to do?

Anita: Werokam to Anita Internet Cafe, Lounge and Genelo Makyandayise. Have a seat on da bum couch. Da one you told evelyone on da internet feels like your bum is sitting...

Me: On another bum. Yes. I know. It's my favourite joke and I repeat it often...

Anita: And let me serve you a papalatte or while you surf da internet using one of my velly affordable wifi packages.

Me: Can I get for two K?

Anita: I tord you I don't want smarro notes in my shop. Take dem and burn dem outside with fire! Management leserve light of admission!

It's not really a chapter if it's this short, is it?

When you hear people talking about economic growth in Uganda, you sneer and complain and go to Twitter. You don't understand that it's your economy that is in deflation. Other people, in their shops, are well on the way to middle income status. Like Anita, the airtime vendor turned local business mogul. Let me show you our conversation

Me: Anita, your business is expanding by the day and you regularly take on new enterprises. I want you to start dealing second hand clothes.

Her: I tried that Anko, but people don't buy second hand clothes from chicks as fly as myself. They see me here so sexy, styryish, and seductive rike a Muganda Khareesi with a dozen dlagosns and dey feel emballassed to buy second hand clothes. I am outchea looking like Lupita been stalking my Instagram, rooking rike I had to mute Vela Wang on WhatsApp cos of texts at night nti, "u p?? Wht u wearing?" I am outchea looking like my whole life is filtered and photoshopped. Nobody srays after me cos I reave no survivor. After seeing all dis people get too shy to admit they want second hand. I didn't sell even a sock.

Me: That is a true bummer on my part. No offense to you. I know how you feel about comments on your backside.

Her: Yes. Only people aroud to talk about my ass are men who are at least 63% as sexy as me. Go to the gym and earn the right.

Me: Well I am not going to gyms because I have earned the right to be chubby. So you take a seat. Sir your ass down.

Her: Watch it.

Me: Relax. Don't get your panties in a bunch. Don't *assume*... I mean, I need you to *assist* me ... okay, I don't want you to be the *butt* of the joke, I mean the *bottom* line is...

Her: I give up.

Me: I swear I am not doing it intentionally. The butt puns just keep popping up.

Her: Why do you want to buy second hand, fat man?

Me: I don't want to buy anything second hand. I want to sell something.

Her: And what do you want to sell, standing dere rooking rike a Black African Baymax lobot.

Me: See I got a new jacket. Very nice. Well cut. Problem is...

Her: Remmy guess. It doesn't fit your belly which keeps expanding exponentially in spite of your best efforts, like a trap music's fan base?

Me: I scorn your insults. I light a torch in your shade. Because it fits. The problem is how. They brought me a young jacket. It is skinny and short and young. It is eighteen years old. Harry Styles. Fuck Harry Styles. I wanted a jacket to give me class and dignity, so people see me and think I should be called "owek", I wanted a jacket to inspire respect. Not Harry Styles. Fuck Harry Styles.

Her: Who is Hally Styles?

Me: I don't know. I googled "silly new millennial jacket fashion" and his name came up. This jacket even has swag on it. Have you ever seen a person respecting swag?

Her: But Anko Baz, why don't you grow up?

Me: That is the whole point. I want a jacket to distinguish me from the juvenile styles of this Harry chick. I want to look older.



Her: Older people don't care about fashion. That is how they get to look older. By being thoroughly careless about what they have on.

Me: Like Crocs?

Her: No. We have to draw the line somewhere. Not clocks, but I can sell you a kanzu and a walking stick.

Me: Give me a box of matches as well.

Her: What are the matches for?

Me: To burn Harry Styles. That stupid jacket even made my left nut try to go back in because it thought we were Benjamin button.

No More Anita Airtime

Anita stopped selling airtime . She said, and I quote, "Laising plices, customers compraining... Just miss me wiz dat boorushii. My game too sweet for dat. Peace."
Now she is Anita Bar/Cafe/boutique/sports betting /lounge emporium.
Cue dialogue.

Anita: My rove rife is a shambles, Anko. Sometimes I wish I was rike you; old and fat. People like you don't have to struggle as much; you just be grateful for whatever stray mangada falls off da truck. But us the beautifroo ones...

Me: Talk that talk, Anita, but my love life is going excellently. I have actually been having sex with the same person for three weeks. It's almost as if I don't mind, much less am mortified to the marrow of my soul by the idea of, commitment.

Anita: Who? Da one with da bronde blaid? I know dat chick. She comes to your flat because at theirs da gas cyrinda is empty.

Nze: What are you insinuating?

Anita: When she comes over, doesn't she orayes cook?

Admitting: Yes. She kind of...

Anita: And doesn't she oreys pack extra to take back?

Admitting further: Okay. I get you. Eh. I thought this was real. Kumbe Lashandra only wanted me for my Shell Gas?

Anita: Enough about you. Anko, ret's talk about me. After all, I am more intelesting.

Despair: My heart is a hollow emptiness, an echoing abyss of loneliness.

Anita: As I was saying, ME! So as you know I am cullently single.

Me, Waiting up: I thought you were dating my landlord, Big Ssu.

Anita: I wasn't dating Ssuuna. He was blessing me. But my business talents are too good and his are too poor, so we had to break up. How does the bresser make more money than the bresser? How does that relationship work? He asked me for a soft loan. I told him to act as if there was a big Tofuka Wano sign all over this part of the world and piss off. Now I am a single independent woman. I thought it would be easy.

Relapsing to despair: I really thought we had a connection, Lashandra! If that's your real name. You liar! You liar! When I told you I love you and you said "thanks" were you lying then? Were you really thankful?

Anita: It is my first time to date as an independent woman. As you know I was de impoverished gaw chaid from da rural aleas when I was still in Ggwa. I escaped before dey could force me to marry. I came here and got a bresser. Now I am independent, I am wondering, why is it dat mo money mo poblems? Da men are tulash!

Deespairsito: And she even used to pack my sugar and my coffee. I think even some of my forks and spoons are missing from my house.

Anita: Now dis chap comes trying to terro me he is a muchotala flom outside countries. As if Amelika. But I told him his accent is compretery clooked. He rooked at me. I said, "Fam, risten to me speak. You rearry sink I don't know accents?" Den instead of admitting, he starts terring me mbu he is from Croatia. Ningnapreeez! What is Croatia? Do they even have network in Croatia? What's the capital city of Croatia? I bet they don't even have one. They have district headquarters. Dere is no half Croatian muchotala because no brack person has ever wasted time going to Croatia. Which kyeyo are you going to do in Croatia where the Croatia Sheraton itself has pit lartine?

Me: Anita, give me some airtime and I call this Lashandra. I have to talk to that woman. I can't take this.

Anita: Have you even been risten to me? I stopped serring airtime two weeks ago.

The Next Bit:

Cuss-To-Mer service

Customer service isn't just about being kind and nice and polite to customers. It also involves knowing when to be rude, harsh and dismissive towards the sonsobikibikis. The problem with us Ugandans is we lack perspective. We don't realise that some people just need to shut up and go away. Let me illustrate with this transcript of my recent visit to Anita Everything, the local shop.

Anita: Welcome to Anita Boutique, Bar and Supermarket. Please make yourself at home. You may take off your shoes and put your feet up in our VIP lounge area. Smoking is prohibited, so that is where we take all the unpleasant smells. Please feel free to take advantage of our low-cost wifi services. The cost will low-key be added to your bill. Would you like to peruse our cocktail menu?

Me: Anita, you make me feel so comfortable with your hospitality and your charm.

Anita: Not to mention my sofa, which you like very much because...

Me: Because it feels like my bum is sitting on another bum! That's right. Get me a cocktail, Anita. Which do you recommend?

Anita: Our miximaster here, Mukasa Master, has concocted an exclusive Anita version of Sex on Da Beach. We use Lira Lira as the alcoholic base and, so if you take it, no matter how hooonie you get, you won't function. We call it Abstinence Only.

Me: Why on earth would I want to drink something like that?

Anita: Well, as you can see from the poster, "The Heights are for World."



Anita
Everything

ABSTINENCE ONLY

Anita Everything Bar Lounge and Boutique presents:
Cocktail Happy Hour

Featuring: Abstinence Only

Like Sex On The Beach but with so much Lira Lira that no matter
how horny you get you still won't function.

Why would anyone want to drink that?
Because The heights are for world.

THE HEIGHTS ARE FOR WORLD

Me: Well, since Lashandra broke up with me it isn't as if I have any use for my virility.
Bring it on.

And that is when the other dude walks in. You may have heard of Raggy Shanks MC, aka
Titus, a local teenager.

Raggy: Brrrrraah! Ya don kno! Boom.

Me: Hi Titus. Question. How does the thing go?

Raggy Shanks: Skrrrrrrra, pap, pa, prrrr and pa.

Me: Too bad that wasn't on the curriculum of exams. You wouldn't have had to drop
out.

Raggy Shanks: Anko Baz, me affi respect me elders so me say with all due respect, no
offense, respectfully, I would appreciate if you keep your hate locked in the gate cos
that would be great. Now, Anittaaa!

Anita: Titus?

Raggy Shanks: Mi name Raggy Shanks, Anita, mi na Titus. Me upcoming locall ardis gwan put Bulabira on di worl' map like P-Diddy. Navio dem gon' call me for collabo and me gwan say, "Me don' have time!"

Anita: Titus, normarry we would expect the business owner to say, "How can I help you?" but I am better than that. I don't have an MBA -- Yet, but I know that I can't help you until I open a therapy wing. Titus, you juvenile derinquent, you unfortunate result, you defective specimen, you lost loser, you incorrigibly rumpen wannabe nevergonnabe fake-dread-having, eye-pencil mustache drawing nobody-fooling tadpole, I don't want to help you. I don't want you in my shop. I want you to go and continue on your path to sellef destuluction those ends in da gutter with the mad dogs and da mice dey eat. Don't come to my shop, you give it a bad image.

Titus: (Because Raggy Shanks did not survive that.) Anita, please. I just want to buy some airtime so I can surf po... poverty alleviation strategies dot com.

Anita: How many times do I have to terrro you people I DON'T SELL AIRTIME ANYMOWA!

Me: Really? You don't?

Anita: Rook at the size of this prace, Anita Everything Lounge, Bar, Boutique. Rook at how eregant and well designed it is. Rook at how posh. I have a chanderia in da loof, Baz. A chanderia. Do you know anyone who sells and squashes stlips of 2 k airtime under a chanderia?

Titus: So if you don't sell airtime, and you put all the other airtime vendors out of business, and I am a school dropout in need of money because Mummy says she is not my enabler...

Coming Soon: Raggy Shanks Airtime and Dancehall stall vs Anita Everything, I suppose. Me I am here sipping my Abstinence Only.

Another One:

No DJ Khaled. Just Raggy Shanks MC

People of Uganda, why don't you understand development? People move on, people grow. Anita is tired of people coming to her asking for airtime. She stopped selling airtime and moved on to things that cost more than 1000 shillings.

So, as from last week, the airtime market has been taken up by one Raggy Shanks, a local teenager and upcoming local artist who is now a local vendor of scratch cards.

I stumbled early into Anita Everything. We gave up trying to remember the name of the business when it just kept on changing. Last week it was oba Anita Bar Lounge Boutique Salon and Hardware store. Now I see construction in the back as if they are digging those holes which mechanics be in when they want to go under your car and fix its intestines. I can't. Not this early. I need caffeine first.

Nze: Anita, I need a double espresso mint-spiced mubisiccino stat. My blood is empty without caffeine. Don't wait for me to smile and greet you; my soul does not smile pre-coffee.

Anita: Don't smire prease. You are so caffeine-deplived that you forgot to blush your teeth. Keep mouse crosed, Anko.

(She cranes her neck to call her waiter.)

Anita: Proscolivia. A double number 3 for Bazanye. And make it vely vely vely heavy on da mint part. Da man didn't brush teeth and the mouse smells like the opposite side of the alimentary canal.

Baz: Speaking of smells, why the stench of burnt lemon grass and doodo that is emanating from that particular corner of your store?

Anita: Dat one? Titus.

Nze Baz: You say that as if it explains everything but in actuality it makes the question worse. Why does Titus smell of burnt doodo? And is that paspalum also? I detect a hit of paspalum on fire.

Anita: You know da youth of today. Dey all have big dreams but some don't have big brains. Titus wants to be a dancehall star and he heard you have to smoke weeds to do it.

Me, In a State of Can't: Please don't tell me.

Anita, not even trying to: Any other questions?

Here comes Titus, aka Raggy Shanks, entering the scene: Anko Baz dem. Me now sell airtime inna dancehall fashan.

Nze Silina Budde, I don't have boods: Titus I haven't had my coffee yet.

Raggy Shanks, shouting in to the kitchen area: Proscolumbia! Why ya tek so lang? Ya milking di cow? Ya still slaaterin di chicken? Ya still plantin di coffee bean? Customer dem waitin!

Titus has finally found a place in his life where he gets to be the one shouting at other people. This Proscolumbia is Anita's intern.

Proscolumbia's voice emerges from the kitchen: Titus, take your face and shut it up voluntarily or the customer will never get his mubisichino due to the circumstance of the intern barista being involved in lengthy court proceedings stemming from the gruesome murder of a little airtime vendor who was kicked to death by crocs. I can kill a man with crocs, Titus. Death and murder, Titus. I am not the one to mess with Titus.

Okay. Amend that to Titus thought he had found a place where he gets to shout at other people. He was wrong.

Raggy Shanks: Well Uncle Baz, nuff respect fi de elders, but screw you, I have another customer. Hello sir. Welcome to Raggy Shanks MC airtime dancehall. How much ya wan me squi-squi-squi scratch it me likililikiload it. All di data, all di bundal. Blowh! Laaaaadamercy! Yaffi communicate fi all di massive an all di crew.

Customer: Yeah I need fifty thousand shillings airtime...

Titus (Because there is a way Raggy Shanks vanishes when things get hectic. All the swagger drains out and the voice loses its base and even unbreaks and he squeaks):

Umm... I only...I only have... let me count... one, three... two... two... I have seven thousand. Man, I am just starting out. Help me. But eh. Employment is not simple.

I wanted to close with something punchy but, really, I was not kidding. I am writing this but my coffee has still not arrived. So that's it.

What You Are Going To Read Now:

Here It Goes

As usually happens at this point of the year (This bit was written in January 2017), you find your friends and then, when sure they are within the distance from where your strike will be accurate and impactful, you inhale, coil up your esophagus and unleash the worst and most annoying question of the ages.

Mbu, "How is the new year."

So there was Anita, scattering herself busily around her shop when I hit her with that query.

Anita, in a tone so withering it would melt wood: Anko Baz, you ate so much that your trousers can no longer fit you decently. You look like a fat man in skinny jeans yet before I left for the village, those pants looked like skirts.

As one does around New Years week, and we all know this from painful experience, I ignored the tone and proceeded with the annoying question: How was Christmas and New Years in the village?

Anita rolled her eyes for a while. Now as you can see from the illustrations, Anita has big eyes. Even if each eye does one rotation, they are so big it will still take at least four minutes.

Anita: I was in the village, as you know. Ggwa is where I'm from. So how can you ask such a question?

I responded: Ggwa, isn't that the most remote Ugandan village known to man?

She corrected: No. Ggwa is so remote it is the most remote village suspected of to man. Most people who hear about it think it is a figment of drunk imagination or a cover story supplied by the CIA who want to embed me in Bulabira to gather intel as a sleeper agent. Affande Mande is determined to expose me as a Trump informant but well, as you can see from his starting point, he's an idiot. Idiot starts with idiocy, they don't end up with intergence. They end up further below.

Affande Mande was notorious as the only resident member of the local police force. When there was no crime to shoot, he could be heard letting off rounds of ammo at toads and bush rats in the swamp. They were making noise and they had the right to remain silent so he would kill them.

Me to Anita: So how was Christmas in Ggwa?

Anita, giving up on trying to deflect the questioning: Oh, there is no Christmas in Ggwa. The place is so remote that missionaries never even reached so they don't know the Gospel of the Lord. They only know these pagan, heathen, hypercommercialised, debauched and decadent activities you Kampalans call "Xmas".

I decided it was time to insert some gossip: Speaking of Affande Mande. Did I tell you about the time he tried to set up a breathalyzer spot, aka kawunyemu, on Christmas Eve, but the roads were empty because you know, in Bulabira we don't drink and drive; drunkos would rather spend that extra money on more alcohol than on fuel #quickmaths.

Anita: So what did Mande do?

Myself, narrating: He got bored and tried to test the breathalyzer on himself. He blew into it, first. Then unfortunately inhaled. His breath was so heavily laden with Liralira that he passed out.

Anita was appalled: I hope you did what any responsible citizen should do when you find a known-to-be-corrupt police officer drunk and passed out by the roadside.

Me, offended that she would even ask: Of course we did. We stripped him of his trousers, emptied the pockets of every cent, which we used to buy sweets, soda and cake for the local kids, then tied the pants on the top of a prominent tree.

Anita was relieved: Good to see the spirit of giving to the less fortunate is not lonely, as it is accompanied by the spirit undressing and humiliation of the other less fortunate.

I returned: What about Ggwa, where all you have is Xmas?

Anita: Well, the usual. A chicken genocide. They slaughter each and every one. In fact that is how we know it is the right week, because we don't have calendars. When instead of the rooster going kokoloko, it says, "Oh no!" and tries to learn how to fly. Rast time the chicken tried to be clever. They realised that we always go after them first, so in November they started plucking off each others feathers and attempting to stick them on the goats.

I asked: Did the trick work?

She said: Of course it did. I told you before, when I left Ggwa the average IQ dropped by like 70 percent. There were only fourteen intelligent people in the whole village.

I calculated: That makes it only slightly cleverer than Kampala, I guess. But what about New Years day?

She rolled again: Aate New Year? Nobody ain't got no time for new years. I told you, there are no calendars. And by then all the chicken are dead so nobody can even be sure whether it is a new day or not. We just wait until the last constipation patient has lecovered enough to go back to the farm and then we call that new years.

We shall now turn the page to the next one.

This Is The One I Referred To:

On the previous page

Here is the story. On the one hand you have Big Ssu. Aka Ssuuna the landlord. He is five foot five but he does everything with too much volume: drives big cars and double parks them, wears big agbadas that don't fit, uses a tablet as a mobile phone and is a big headed, big egoed, big spender who likes girls with big butts. Hence the title.

Then we have Anita. Now Anita has a big butt. I cannot lie or deny. But more to the point Anita has the sharpest sense of financial acumen in the entire life of observed mathematics. It is so sharp I think she is from Marvel Studios and it is CGI financial ability. I bet she can transact mjolnir off the ground and lease Cap's shield in half.

You don't understand. Anita can give you change for a cent. Anita can sell water to a rainbow. Anita can sell Chinese Nkie Air Jodrans to a fish. Anita is so sharp at business guys broke into her shop to rob her and left their wallets behind. I told her not to even try to convince me that it was by mistake and she said, "I wasn't going to."

So Big Ssu and Anita had a brief relationship a few months ago. Big Ssu considers himself a profligate blesser, as they call Sugar Daddies in this side of Najjanankumbi. (The other side I am not sure their slang is up to date. I hear Abaiyita Babiri is so backwards that a sugar daddy, i.e. a man who gets to sleep with a young girl for no other reason than his willingness and ability to provide for her financial needs is called a "husband".)

Usually by now I have gotten to the dialogue portion, right?

Wait. Bear with me.

So during their fling, Big Ssu ended up owing Betina Sports Betting Services a lot of money (Miyaayu United FC lost four in a row to Sports Club Lugabire) and to make the payments he went to Ronald Roanshark. And then defaulted.

Here's why we are here.

Me: Order in the Conference Room, meaning this, the largest table in Anita's cafe. The case between Big Ssu and Anita Everything is in session. The honorable Judge me presiding.

Big Ssu: What's going on here? I thought you called me here for a guavodka, that special drink made of the ingredients made obvious from the name.

Me: Look around you. We are at Anita Bar and Lounge. Didn't you smell anything suspicious when I invited you to your ex-girlfriends bar?

Big Ssu: I am a grown man who has severely mismanaged my life. I clearly have no sense, let alone the sense to sense a trap.

Me: Anyway I am obliged to inform the parties present that I am not really a lawyer. However, I can quote dialogue from over a dozen episodes of Suits, How To Get Away With Murder and Bugs Bunny. You will be surprised how many Bugs Bunny quotes come in handy when arguing cases. We are here to deliberate on the matter of the flats.

Big Ssu: You mean my flats.

Anita: Hi Ssu. You look so defeated and destroyed by rife, so despelate and in despair that even your agbada today is sagging. Rike baggy t-shirts on Ed, Edd and Eddy.

Big Ssu: Anita, in the spirit of legal adversary I would like to say something negative about your own dressing but unfortunately you always look so good it makes me wish I had compound eyes like a fly so I could see you even more.

Me, The bench. Cos I was literally sitting on a bench, decided it was time to begin the proceedings so there we went: Big Ssu, as you know you put half ownership of this block of flats up as security when you borrowed money from. Lonald loanshark to pay your sports betting debts.

Anita : I can't bereve you bet against SC Lugabire when everyone knew Striker Turahika had gout. Amateurs.

My honour the judge presiding, proceeded with the proceedings: Well, now that Anita Everything holdings owns both Lonald Loans Ltd and Betina Sports Betting...

Anita: Not to mention, that I also just bought Miyaayu United...

My honour: This means Anita also owns half of this block of flats.

Big Ssu, also a big idiot: Oh this is great news! My lover, my baby, my honey. I know it is going to seem as if I am only saying this so that I don't lose half my flats but I love you. I really do. You showed me things no woman has ever showed me before. You made me feel things no one else has ever made me feel!

Anita: You mean adequate? That's because the ssengas in my virrage of Ggwa taught us how to make the most of even the frailest of penises. So really, I can get mines even with a small pin charger like yours.

Big Ssu: I mean emotionally. I felt a connection. Now Baz, what can I do to marry this woman asap?

Me: Begin with a divorce of your other wife. But the main issue question is, do we, the tenants, collect all the rent and split the sum between the two of you or do half the tenants pay to Anita and half to Big Ssu.

Big Ssu: Honey, you know you feel this connection.

Anita: Yes, we have a connection. It's called debt.

Me: Again, let the record show that I am not an actual lawyer and neither am I up to date on Katemba mu kooti, but I would rather continue paying to Big Ssu. No doubt Anita would make a more efficient building owner but she has a way of making me spend all my money.

Anita: Lesistance is futire. You know my half of da frats will soon be the onry ones which are not being roadshed. Dey will be de onre ones with water. De onry ones on Google maps. Don't act rike you don't know.

So now Anita is also my landlord.

In The Next Episode

The following Happens

Previously on Anita Everything: The boda stage in our side of Bulabira has been manned by women (heh) for as long as I have been here. The feminist in me would like to say they are strong independent women, and they are, but the problem is that on top of strength and independence, they also have menace and evil and brutality and hatred and violence and the talent to spit accurately at targets a long distance away. I am scared of them. I wish they would be more subjugated sometimes.

Like when I walk past and they catcall me.

But they are led by a sociopath named Boda Bridget, so that's not likely. Especially since she decided to turn them into a gang. Boda 202020.

I am currently hiding in Anita's shop because I tried to oppress them and now they are after me.

Outside: Sounds of revving motorbike engines, hooting, bad words in various vernaculars... its like Daughters of Anarchy out there.

Bridget can be heard shouting, even though it is muffled by her helmet (safety first, even for a gangsta): 202020 gangsta for life. Ride or die! Blo blo brrrr! Bulabira represent! Gyal's not hot inna boda jacket. Thuuuuug life!

Me, thinking: Look, we all loved Big Shaq. He was a very likable dude and we wish him the best, but Man's Not Hot is so over. Come up with something more current. But I don't say that out loud due to ongoing state of being scared crapless.

Bridget: Come out Baz! We know you're in there.

My survival is in the hands of Anita. I look imploringly at her, eyes dripping, not with tears, (I don't cry due to drinking too much coffee. Coffee is a diuretic. It makes you pee. So if you drink too much, you pee too much, become dehydrated, and cannot form tears. My failure to cry is not a sign of machismo or manliness. Have I mentioned that I am hiding behind a sofa like a rat that was caught in the sugar? There is no macho back here.)

Anita: Hmmm. Ret me weigh my options. On da one hand, it would be entertaining to see Blidget and her hounds tear you apart, and I would then make some money selling panadol and bandages to you. On da other hand, I don't want to have broodstains and bone fragments on my doorstep. Let me go and talk to her and decide from there.

From doorway I can hear the convo:

Bridget et al: Knownsayn keep it real word is bond, knowmsayn, you got that trash hidin up in this byuwding knowmsayn we wanna roll up on that trash word is bond knowmsayn.

Anita: I don't.

Bridget: Don't what?

Anita: Know what you're saying.

Bridget: We want Bazanye. Stop sheltering them. Bring him out.

Rhoda Boda: Yeah! Bring out that trash!

Bajaj Minjaj: Knowmsayn.

Anita: What do you want with him?

Bridget: We want to oppress him the way men have been oppressing us for centuries.

Rhoda: Ima oppress my boot so far up his narrawass his duodenum gon feel my emancipation!

Bajaj Minjaj: Word is born! Ride or die!

What followed was the intonation of the most dangerous words this neighbourhood hears, in the most dangerous of orders, words everyone has learned to fear. Birds in flocks burst out of trees, the sun was instantly blocked by cloud. Roaches turned upside down and died on the spot. And children gulped back tears wherever they were. Anita said: "All of you. In my office. Now."

Every time she has said that someone's soul has been destroyed.

Gwe. Anita did not go to school, so what she knows about business, capitalism, power and money is not just research and information, it is the truth. She knows for example, that gangsterism and business cannot coexist peacefully. There will eventually be extortion. The only question is who strikes first.

That is how I survived Bodaboda 2020. When Anita returned to the lounge to inform me that I can rise from my semi-recumbent posture, which was most indecorous, it was with the news that she now owned a small fleet of bodas and that that Bridget, Rhoda Boda, Bajaj Minaj, were now her staff.

Me: This means that they will no longer catcall me, humiliate and disrespect me as I pass them on the streets?

Anita: Oh, no. They are free to do all that as much as they want. But they have to be polite to customers. So if you are a passenger, they will be respectful and courteous to you. If not, well, thug rife, as Minaj said. Tell all the men in the neighbourhood dat news.

Me: So the only way to be safe from them is to be their passenger?

Anita: So is there anything, else I can help you with? You should try Mixmaster Mukasa's new cocktail. It's called Wrong Island Iced Tea.

The Final One

Unless I Get a Crapload of Downloads Then I'll Have To Write More

I am a raging dynamo of creativity me who you see here. All I ever do is sleep or type or wring myself into sweaty knots of anxiety waiting for the next opportunity to sleep or type. But I am not bragging when I say this; it is not because I am talented, it's because I am a bit mad. I have dark emotional zibs that I need to constantly distract myself from. That means either dreams or fiction.

The problem comes when it rains in the morning. Problem with waking up when it's raining is as follows: the sleep is finished, done and gone, and if one has not charged ones computer, one cannot type due to the immutable Ugandan science laws such as the properties of matter and energy, e.g. that Ugandan electricity is not waterproof.

I lay under the blankets, weighed down by my loneliness, contemplating the fears and regrets of this wasted life of mine, all the loves I have lost, all the pains I have endured that are my scars to bear forever, and the tweet that insulted me mbu my dp looks like a bespectacled frog moreover one of a deservedly endangered species.

Finally I could take it no more. I needed to hear another human voice, just a connection, just someone to talk to and make me feel again, you know?

So I went to Anita's.

Anita: Anko, the entire hood suspects dat you have mental abnormarities; some of dem suspect dat your medurra obrongatta is back to flont. Dey will not suspect it any more.

Me: Why not?

Anita: Because if dey see you now dey will know for sure. Anko, what are you wealing?

I should explain, dear reader... oh wait. Let me check my privilege and remember that not all people can handle my English, and some of you are having this translated to them. There are those who get Facebook posts enjogerere. Such as that group of kids from St Mary's (Redacted) who spent the entire four years circulating village STDs amongst themselves instead of going to class. They did nothing in school but have underage sexual activities in toilets and bushes, so much so that by the time they dropped out they were actually less educated than when they arrived. Because

underage sexual activity reduces brains, so these little deviants all forgot how to read. Young people, avoid such behaviour.

Where was I?

Yes. I should explain. I should explain that I was wearing a hastily homemade full body kaveera, so to speak. I had stitched together a big fat sack out of the buveera that collect in my house when I have been buying things, then I put it over myself to protect me from the rain.

Me: Anita, this kaveera garment I am wearing may look very stupid but is actually very clever. Be impressed, not scornful. No other Ugandan has thought of a waterproof garment that covers the entire body and offers protection from the rain like this. I must be a genius for being the first to make one.



Anita: It is ugly. In fact this is not even my accent mispracing the retters. It is aggre. As in aggravating.

Me: And I am unfazed. You Ugandans. It rains on you every year but every time you are caught by surprise. Like, "What? The falling skywater is back? I am not prepared! I have not developed means to cope and I cannot trust my umbrella because a) It only protects the top third of my body and leaves my jeans and my knockoff brand sneakers, i.e. Abidas, Pumbas, Mike, Convalescence to get drenched! And b) I cannot use my car because there are no roads any more, just rivers. Jinja River. Queens Clock peninsula. Lake Bwayise."

So what do you do? Watch How To Get Away With Scandal? There's no electricity! You need to go to the local bar lounge cafe and former airtime kiosk to get a cup of warm tea blended with gin.

Anita: The Wrong Island Iced Tea you mean? It's very popura these days.

Me: It's a wonderful beverage. Mixmaster Mukasa outdid himself.

Anita: It is made from Liralira brought direct from Lira itself. Twice.

Me: Is that is why it is so full bodied and flavourful?

Anita: Da flavour comes from the spices. We use a herb that is harvested on Migingo, the island which is mapped wrong on either the maps of Kenya or Uganda.

Me: I was talking about my genius fashion innovation, so first shurrup. So I innovated and came up with the solution to Ugandan's problems of being immobilised by rainfall.

Anita: I hate to break it to you Anko, but you have not invented da raincoat. A plastic bag to cover you when it rains? People all over the world use dem. Uganda is da only country where nobody buys them.

I was crushed.

Anita: Because instead of buying a raincoat and going out to work, when it rains, Ugandans just want to enter even deeper into da mattress and double sleep. Instead of stocking dem, we just stock condoms, blankets, duvets and more booze in March.

Okay. I can't just end there. Let me add one more...

Encore Piece

Then I Leave Office Like Tanzanian Presidents

Ah, the pleasure of leisure, how lovely it is to have a nice place to lounge and luxuriate and intoxicate in peace, knowing that nobody is going to judge you over how your toes look like chicken claws because the last time you called someone to book a pedicure it was on a UTL line. Well, I can't say no one will judge me. Anita both will and does. However, my talons are not within her jurisdiction so her verdict is irrelevant.

Even though my toenails are harder than actual nails.

Suddenly, a sharp, gruff, barking sound snaps through the air. It is loud and nasty. Not like a dog with rabies, more like the rabies themselves have completely taken over the dog and are now in charge so it's like rabies with a dog barking.

Noise: Everybaddy freeze! Police! Don't move!

Anita rolled her eyes and muttered: Oh sit. Clap.

I didn't know why she wanted me to do that but I assumed that the reasons would become apparent after the act. I sat down and issued a small round of applause.

Anita: I meant the dirty ranguange exclamation of annoyance, in lesponse to da noise flom outside. I just said it in my accent.

Myself: Oh. Okay. I will remain seated, though. You know how much I love this sofa.

The noise became more human, like Taylor Lautner in that silly movie, when we saw that it was coming from a person.

Him/It: This is Affande Mande of the Bulabira PD! I have you surrounded!

It was Affande Mande, the local police officer. I don't know the details, ask one of the IGPs, but our neighbourhood has just one cop and he is always stomping around taking advantage of the fact that there are no Black Lives Matter protests in Kampala. He bullies and extorts bribes and brutalises all day.

Anita, whose eyes are still rolling: Mande, you have the right to remain silent. Take it and go away.

Affande Mande barged in like how they do in the series. He thinks he is a SWAT team. Except he is not a team - - he is a single drunk who looks like someone tried to make a werewolf with a jackal. And he does not have a gun so he just aims his baton like a rifle.

Me, curious: Mande, where is your gun?

Anita fielded the question: He tried to allest one of the boda bodas yesterday, and you know how they are.

Me, shocked to hear it: Those women are ruthless gangsters...

Anita: He pointed his gun at Rhoda Boda. Rong stolly short, now she has a gun and Mande doesn't.

Affande Mande: Bazanye, I order you to clear the crime scene. Get out!

Me, cos this guy can't be serious: Mande, this sofa here, as I never tire of repeating, is so comfortable I feel as if my fat bum is sitting on another fat bum. Once I am in it best believe I will not get up for at least three hours and even then I only get up when Anita tells me to because unlike you, she poses an actual threat to me. She has deadly weapons.

Anita: I had Woody Daudi make me two baseball bats. This one is called Great Vengeance, this one is called Flulius anger.

Me: And the metal hammer there?

Anita: Myummy.

Me: So when she tells me to leave I go.

Affande Mande: We have reason...

Anita: No you don't. You're a half wit...

Affande Mande: We have reason to suspect that suspicious suspects may be harbouring activities on this premises so I have come to search and investigate...

Me, sensing a way to get likes: Should I get my phone and record in case there is any brutality? Then we go viral?

Anita: Porice pureese. For there to be brutality there needs to be a victim and you can ask anyone from my village of Ggwa. I have been too badass since I was a kid. I ain't never been no victim. They lefused me to go to school because dey don't want to educate the gaw chawd but still when I left Ggwa da virrage riteracy rate dropped by 70 percent.

Now, Mande, you and I both know what you want. Mbu searching da plemises what. If you want to use the toiret, just go and use da toiret. We don't need all da dulama.

We later discovered that Uganda Police doesn't lift the toilet seat.

Okay, That's It For Now

I really enjoyed writing Anita for the time I did. I wrote her originally as a facebook series, and would post a piece once a week. But I got a job that took up too much time and I wasn't able to dedicate the attention to keeping it up, so, as these things go, we grew apart. But I loved her dearly, and always enjoyed writing her.

And I don't like enjoying things alone. So here, read this and let's love her together.

If you did love the Girl From Ggwa, please let me know.

Let's call it the price of the book. One like.

Just follow @AnitaFromGgwa on twitter and leave a like on the only single tweet you will find there.

If you don't have twitter, ask someone who does to hook it up. Or just go to Bazanye.com and leave a thumbs up there.

Thanks for reading. Now, let me work on the Chandler and Frasier stuff.