



DIARY OF A BADDIE

with
Angela Kateemu

Where is the Patron Saint of the Nyash-less?

Dear Diary,

I need someone to explain to me, with the power of 40 PowerPoint slides and a flow chart, why a 52-year-old woman is getting a BBL. No, wait. I need someone to explain to me why I am being held responsible for not having an endowed behind.

Because that is what is happening out here. We, the flat-bottomed, the modestly endowed, the women whom God blessed with a personality instead, are being made to feel like we showed up to life missing a critical attachment.

Like we forgot to collect something at the gate. A whole body part. Just left it there. Careless of us, really.

I have been told, with a straight face, to do glute exercises. Glute exercises. As if the issue is laziness. As if somewhere between the squats and the lunges, a nyash will simply manifest, summoned by discipline and a resistance band. I want to be clear: I have never once woken up and thought,

today is the day I engineer my own behind. I have things to do. I have a life. I have bills that are also very flat and very present.

But let us talk about the real violence. Because the BBL women and the glute evangelists I can manage.

What I cannot manage; what has sent me to this page today without so much as an apology is what happened on a rainy Tuesday morning.

It is raining. Heavily. The kind of Kampala morning rain that wakes up with drama. And there is a woman on the roadside, helmet on, jacket zipped to the chin, absolutely soaked, clearly in distress.

My male companions in the car... good men, I am told, upstanding members of society... spot her.

"We should stop and help that beautiful woman."

I look. I see a helmet. A jacket. Two legs. Rain. "How do you know she is beautiful?" I ask, genuinely curious.

"She has a helmet on."



And here is where it gets biblical.

"With that nyash," one of them says, with the confidence of a man who has never once questioned himself, "she is beautiful."

So there it is. Delivered fresh, in the rain, without irony. Beauty, the kind that earns you a rescue from a flooding roadside, is distributed by ass-ets.

If you have the well moulded sitting apparatus, you get the umbrella, the warm car, the chivalry. If you are flatter than the Hisense 75-inch TV? You are welcome to catch pneumonia in peace. Nobody is stopping you.

I sat with that for a moment. I really did. I gave it the silence it deserved. And then I thought: Where... where in the name of everything holy is the Patron Saint of Nyash-less Women? Who is our intercessor? Who is petitioning on our behalf? Because we are out here unprotected.

Unrescued. Standing in the

rain with excellent posture and no one is pulling over.

The 52-year-old getting the BBL is not the villain of this story, by the way. She is a woman who did the math and decided that the world responds differently to certain geometries. And she is not wrong. She saw the data. She acted accordingly. I respect the pragmatism even as I mourn the necessity.

The villain is the system that made her do that math at 52. The same system that looked at a woman, anonymous, helmeted, a whole mystery; and calculated her rescue eligibility based on one data point.

Not her distress. Not the rain. Not basic human decency but the nyash!

I did not come here today to make peace with this. I came here in full violence, and I intend to leave the same way. The glute exercises can wait.

No XoXo, I am Livid!

TheKat