

Maid wants to be MP

Mzee I have made my decision and nobody is going to stop me," my maid declared as soon as she sat down.

She had asked to talk to me which I found odd because of this homestead we are quite informal and she usually just shoots off her mouth.

"You have left before and come back," I said in reference to her miserable adventure in Juba and her failed attempt and councillorship last year.

"I am not leaving for the next four years," she said firmly and added, "until I join Parliament."

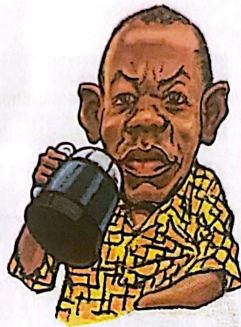
"I know what has inspired this," I said without hesitation. "But that guy you think has won easily has been working very hard in the community and in the nation at large for a long time. Besides, he is a genius and you are not."

"But look Mzee," she said without denying that Bobi Wine was her inspiration. "He came from down in the ghetto and where they were living tough and sleeping in drains. But me I am in a house full of books with Internet..."

"Like a million other young Ugandans," I interrupted. "For Bobi he was at the bottom and the only place he could go was up. For you are somewhere in the middle being balanced by the forces below and up so you will stay where you are."

"Thanks for the encouragement," she said sarcastically. "So you are the first obstacle I have to overcome."

"No no no," I protested. "I also want to be queen-maker or whatever. But you must know the hurdles ahead of you. That guy you want to follow was highly talented, and you aren't. He went to the university and studied music which he has applied



Joachim Buwembo

and become the best in the country.

"Most people go there and study things they don't intend to use, someone studies agriculture and sells airtime, another studies biology to become a guard in Iraq, the one who studies business administration seeks to become a second wife. So Bobi was more focused than most people."

"And who says I am not focused?" she asked furiously. "Do you know how much

money we had made with my sister in the kiosks? If it hadn't been for the misfortune in Juba..."

"You lost most of it trying to become councillor," I interrupted.

"Whatever, but this time I am going for the real thing—Parliament!"

"No problem," I said, wanting to go ahead with the new ambition. "After all, we know prominent pastors who were maids in pastors' houses, so maybe you should aspire to become a journalist..."

"Why be a journalist to report about MPs when I can be an MP for journalists to report about me?" she shot back.

"Whether journalist or MP you need some basic academic requirements," I decided to sober her up. "You don't have A'level..."

"And how long does it take to get that certificate?" she quipped. "If I can't get it in the coming four years then I admit I am not fit to be MP."

"A million other Ugandans have A'level..."

"I am not a million other Ugandans," she hit back. "I am me and if they want, let them also stand and compete. I didn't say I was going to be the only MP in 2021. There will be over 450 of us, some appointed, but most elected."

The damn girl seemed to be serious and has been doing her homework. Next she might be telling me which sectoral committee she wants to serve on. So I decided to bring her back to earth.

"What subjects are you going to offer at A'level and where are you going to register from?" I asked.

"That is up to you to sort out, Mzee," she said quietly.

"But I am not the one trying to become MP," I protested.

"But you have already appointed yourself the queen-maker which I have accepted," she corrected me. "So your first job is to sort out this A'level nuisance for me. Select for me the subjects, get for me the UNEB centre where I will sit and coach me or get me the coaches not just to pass, but pass very highly and start getting noticed."

I moaned, groaned and cursed, but could not see how to extricate myself from this business. Having spent the past few years lecturing to her about girls child and exploiting her potential to full, there is no way I could now start discouraging her from her new ambition. Besides, I did not want her to go ask for help elsewhere, saying I had refused to support her.

Right now if I meet Bobi Wine, I just want to box him for showing lowly people that they can also rise and excel. Damn Wine! He is now making me return to A'level syllabii which I last cared about a zillion years ago!

“I am not leaving for the next four years,” she said firmly and added, “until I join Parliament.”