



DIARY OF A BADDIE

with
Angela Kateemu

Dear Diary,

Everyone wants to know what women bring to the table. It is practically a national sport. Do you cook? Can you submit? Are you humble enough? Educated enough? Employed enough, but not too employed? Do you have *nyash*?

This week, Anne Kansime, a Ugandan comedienne casually announced that she paid her own bride price. To her parents. And just like that, the internet did what it does best. It spiralled. Half of you called it misguided feminism. The other half called it comedy. A few of you loudly called it disrespect to culture.

I poured a glass of whiskey, leaned back, and asked a far more dangerous question: What exactly are these men bringing to the altar?

Because Kansime did not wait. She did not sit by the window in a busuuti, dimming her light so some man could feel bright enough to close. She looked at the

altar, found it empty, and filled it herself. With her own money. Her own absolutely unhinged, magnificent energy. She assessed the situation, found it lacking, and said; you know what, I will handle this.

She is not alone. There are women across this country, this continent, who have fronted their own bride price negotiations, bought their own rings, organised their own send-offs because the alternative was waiting for a man who is busy finding himself at thirty-nine.

Suddenly, one woman flips the script and handles her own bride price like a boss clearing an invoice, and everyone is uncomfortable. Not because of what she did. But because of what it reveals. Because if a woman can build her own life, fund her own existence, and apparently pay her own bride price, then what exactly is the man bringing?

I need you to understand the specific texture of this particular audacity.

What are these men bringing to the altar?



These are not men who are struggling. These are men who have decided; consciously, peacefully, with full WiFi access; that the princess treatment is their birthright. They want to be pursued. Shown that you are serious. They want consistency, effort, grand gestures. They want you present and scarce at the same time. They want you to pay your

bills, but will throw a tantrum when you don't beg them for rent. They don't want another man paying their child's school fees, yet cry murder when you ask for 200k for ballet lessons. They want, in short, everything, without the feeling of inadequacy.

You want to lead. Beautiful. We love leadership. We respect it. We submit to it willingly. But leader-

ship is not a wedding gift you unwrap at the altar. It is not something you inherit because your uncles showed up with hats and goats.

Leadership is consistency. Provision, not just financial, but emotional. Presence. Stability. Direction. You cannot be financially assisted, emotionally unavailable, and domestically allergic, and still

expect to be deferred to. That is not head-ship. That is just a title looking for a host.

Maybe the problem is not that she paid her own bride price. Maybe the problem is that the system you thought gave you power is starting to look a little optional. Because when a woman can afford her own life, she is no longer negotiating from need. She is choosing. And choice is a dangerous thing for anyone who has only ever benefited from being needed.

We were told, for generations that we needed to be ready. So we prepared; marinated, seasoned, tenderised. And then, because the world kept moving, we also got the degrees, the businesses, the property, the passport with multiple visas.

We came to the altar fully prepared.

And we found a man who spent the same years deciding whether he was a morning person. He is still deciding and wants you to support him through that process.

You want to know what we bring to the table? Bride price, too, apparently.

Now, what do you bring to the altar?

P.S. This Baddie is not responsible for any discomfort experienced by men who recognise themselves in this column. That discomfort is called growth. You are welcome.

XoXo

—TheKat