

Do they really need all that pocket money?

I would also buy myself a hungry politician who can represent my views in Parliament. Just mine. I would monitor him closely to make sure he is an active member of the House.



**Just
Saying
with
Janet
Napio**

Dear rich person, there are some things that the rest of us mere mortals do not quite understand. So allow me a blonde moment to ask something.

Why, pray tell, would a 13-year-old student studying in Uganda be given Shs1m for pocket money? Yes, I am guilty as charged when you say my questions are just a projection of my poor people talk, but still, why?

The school provides meals from breakfast, break tea, lunch, evening tea or snack, and dinner. The food is very well cooked, much better than what is served at certain corporate organisations in the capital city of Uganda. So, it cannot be that they need the money because they are skipping poorly cooked meals at school.

They have uniforms for daily wear, their suitcase is a mini-mart with all manner of necessities, toiletries, and stationery, and edible goods. Enough to start a business in a shop downtown. They would not even have to be sent away with the rest of the vendors.

They have enough to take them for five years. They would only need to restock in time for the next general elections in 2031. The contents in their suitcases can feed a whole small village in a remote place somewhere. In fact, if there was a kidnapping, that suitcase could be used to pay the ransom. If they were a student in Iran trapped by the bombing, the contents in their suitcase would be adequate to last them until a rescue team found them. So again, why do they need all that money? These, obviously, are questions only a currently non-money-rich person would ask.

I was thinking to myself, if I was a 14-year-old student with Shs1m pocket money at the start of the term and then, of course, every time my parents visit they added me another *ka* loose Shs800,000, what would I do with the money?

With nowhere to spend it, no need to buy food, accommodation is sorted, clothing, personal effects, all my material needs are already sorted.

I would maybe give some money to the less fortunate. The problem is that usually these schools, where that amount of pocket mon-

ey is given, everyone is fortunate. So I would have to identify a student in another not so fancy school and perhaps pay part of their school fees.

I would anonymously give some money to my favourite Arts teacher. Or maybe open up a savings account. But then again, my very rich parent would probably have already opened up a number of accounts for me with billions of taxpayers' money already stashed away for my bright future.

I would use that money to buy some of our leaders some class and manners and as a cherry on top, pay for lessons in integrity and prudence. I would also buy myself a needy politician who can represent my views in parliament. Just mine. I would monitor him closely to make sure that he is an active member of the House.

There is also the option of buying some illicit drugs from my classmate, whose backpack has an assortment of enhancers, including mental performance enhancers. Maybe I could fund his little business. Give him money to get more product, and then get my schoolmates addicted so we can make more money. El Mencho needs an able replacement.

Maybe gamble some of it away, and boost my forex trading business.

While at it, I would buy some friends to do my bidding as and when I need to be pleased and attended to.

Oh, and I would also buy a present parent who would see me and not just my financial needs.

I would pay all my mobile phone loans so that I do not have to regulate which number people send mobile money payments to. Heck, I would not have those loans because I would not need them.

Speaking of loans, I would find that dear lady in Gulu, northern Uganda, who hang herself last week over unpaid loans and clear her burden and then set her up with some real nice back up capital.

Again, poor people talk. Do not mind me.

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