

Hard patriotism call

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Amidst all of last week's fear and insecurity, tear gas, the gun shots going off and side routes into social media to get our social media fixes (because we are addicts) only one thing has really been going through my mind. And don't judge me for not being a more patriotic citizen, but to be honest, the current situation in Uganda makes it really hard to be patriotic.

So forgive me for paying more attention to more "worthwhile" things. I need to go back to school. Right now this instant, I need to be at school. And it doesn't even matter that school means being in the library 24/7, being in class from 8am to 4pm, and getting less than six hours of sleep. I need to be at school. The only reason I have really been praying war doesn't break out is so I can go back on to school and put the embarrassment of voting for someone that had a constant one percent in the polls behind me.

I mean, home is really cool and stuff, I like being home all day and doing nothing with my life, which is exactly what I do at school too, but you know, there is a difference between being a nothing doer at school, and being a nothing doer at home.

At home you have zero prospects, once you are stuck home, you are stuck at home. At school, it's a whole other story, it could be 11.30 pm and you would still have a chance of your day being made by some random occurrence. At uni, there's always hope. Your day could have been a major bore, you could have spent it all in bed, and just before you actually give up, a plan could present itself (my plans involve eating and that's it). Which is why I'm so ready for this break to be over.

My mom keeps insisting I have to stay home, because "we don't know what could happen," and I want to sit her down and tell her "mommy, listen, these are the best years of my life, don't let me stay here and waste them!"

But then I look at her, at the worry etched all over her face, (I don't know if she's doing it on purpose because she actually knows there are too many chances of me becoming a wild child at uni) but she wears this really sad look on her face, she frowns a little bit, and I end up staying home one more day, and to be honest it's killing me. My spirit is broken and I need a saviour!