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THE LOCAL PICTURE

Jinja residents welcoming
the new year during the
Mayor's ball at Jinja Town
Hall on December 31, 2015



It takes a genius to act like a Christmas bore

The minister in our neighbourhood now lives permanently in his constituency, so there is hardly any work for his maid, who remained in Kampala. Most of the Christmas she was in our house. On Monday, she came in and as she sunk into the seat declared, "Banange, I now respect Mugi!"

"Ate, what has he given you?" blurted my maid.

"What can Mugi give me?" said the minister's maid. Mugi's real name is Mugisa and he runs a small barber shop in our trading centre. He originates from Hoima and was tired of people calling him Mugisha with an 'h' so he shortened his name Mugi rather than have people mispronounce it every day.

"Okay, what has Mugi done to earn your respect?" my maid tried again.

"He has worked throughout the Christmas holiday," reported the minister's maid.

"What a bore!" my maid exclaimed in disappointment.

"A smart bore," said the minister's maid. "I went to their salon to get my hair fixed and all the girls have not yet come back from Christmas. Mugi was there alone because his colleague, Tony also went to the village for Christmas. So Mugi is the only person cutting hair in the whole trading centre."

"You mean he does not have a home?" asked my maid.



Joachim Buwembo

"That is what I asked him and he said he is in the process of making a better home that is why he worked this Christmas," the minister's maid explained. "He said he had begged his friend Tony to stay so they work on all the men who want to trim their hair and beards in this season, but Tony refused. So Mugi has been working alone from early morning to late night. He told me that since the twenty third, he has been cutting at least 30 heads per day."

"Ha ha ha!" laughed my silly maid. "The Police should arrest him for cutting people's heads. I did not know our Mugi is a terrorist."

"You laugh, but next year, you might be begging him to marry you," teased her friend. "Me!" sneered my maid. "To ask Mugi to marry me!"

"Do you know how much money he is making every day?" asked her friend. "He says since twenty third, he has been taking home not less

than sh150,000 daily."

"Are you sure?" gasped my maid.

"You said you cannot marry him so do not show too much interest in his earning," retorted the minister's maid. "He told me when Tony comes back on the third he hopes to have made sh2m and will take a break."

"Then Tony will also start making 150k per day?" half asked my maid.

"There won't be that many customers anymore," reported the minister's maid with a grin. "I know you think Tony is cool, but by then people will be broke and he will only be making about 20k per day. Mugi will have made off with the cash and he tells me he will use it to fix a proper sewerage drainage system at his *bu* units in Namugongo."

"Hmmm..." was all my maid could say.

"Anti, he has been slowly building them on the *ka* plot ever since he bought it last

“Since twenty third Mugi has been taking home not less than a hundred and fifty thousand daily

Christmas when again he worked like crazy. A week he can buy three bags of cement and one *ka* small trip of sand, another week he brings bricks then another his *fundi* comes and build, like that small — small the shell is now complete. And he is going to do the drainage for proper toilets next week."

"So when will he enjoy himself if all the time he is either cutting heads like a terrorist or buying sand and bricks?" sulked my maid.

"I do not know, but his future wife will certainly enjoy," the minister's maid teased. "What I know is that Tony's future wife will not be as lucky. Mugi might be a bore, but I think he is certainly smarter than your Tony."

"He is not my Tony!" protested my maid.

"Hey people, I need some coffee here!" I said, interrupting their conversation.