

MRS HONOURABLE

Honourable
deflated by Triple
A's misfortune

Honourable is home — deflated, stressed and rattled. I have never seen him so helpless. It is getting all of us worried. On the morning after the swearing-in party, he received a call from a lady claiming to be from the Criminal Investigations Department (CID), who said he was on the list of MPs subject to investigation and should, therefore, not leave Kampala until cleared to do so.

We all know it must be linked to Triple A, because he was one of her most vocal supporters. I was surprised when one of his colleagues described him as her errand boy, delivering money and assignments on her behalf.

For example, he was the one who arranged for MPs to record themselves declaring support for her and posting the videos on social media.

Then, suddenly — boof! The balloon exploded, leaving all of them stranded mid-air. His colleagues are avoiding him, but he believes they are scared of calling because his phone is being tracked. We have agreed that he should not allow himself to be sacrificed in someone else's movie; he will not hide anything from the Police if called.

He says Triple A's patronage network extends from MPs to police, judges, staff at Uganda Revenue Authority, the central bank, the Electoral Commission, the Inspector General of Government, the Federation of Uganda Football Associations, the church, the world of witchcraft, the business community and beyond. If investigators leave no stone unturned, it will be the biggest purge in the history of Uganda.

Like all the other MPs, Honourable has now switched allegiance to Oboth-Oboth but says it is a struggle for frontline spaces. It will take some time for him to penetrate the new man's inner circle.

Already, during the Oboth-Oboth victory party, Honourable faced hostility from people who claim to be part of his inner circle. Honourable said they accused him of eating alone — as if it was his money!

Politics is terrible. From cloud nine, Honourable is now wallowing at sea level. He told me Triple A sponsored the victory party we had on Thursday, and because he was still expecting more cash, he made extravagant plans. Had Honourable foreseen her fall, he would not have thrown a victory party and ferried people from the village. His fellow MPs from the district did not host any party in Kampala. They had in fact tried to discourage him because his party made them look bad before their

electorate. But Honourable ignored them and went ahead. They must be laughing at him now.

Nevertheless, our village visitors truly loved their trip. At Kololo, they were so mesmerised by the parade, the 21-gun salute and the arms displayed that they came away convinced that nobody can overthrow Museveni. Their naivety was most entertaining. And when they went to Namugongo the next day, they started claiming heaven. They prayed for Honourable to thrive.

But I think God has not heard their prayers yet — the man is startled by every phone ring.

Our swearing-in day on Thursday went far better than the previous one five years ago. I was smartly dressed in a classic trouser suit — a timeless, vibrant lemon yellow punctuated by an aristocratic black blazer and a definitive black handbag. Together with my daughter and son, who had come in from China, we escorted Honourable. We had watched the day one legislators at Parliament and learnt a few things.

My only disappointment was that Honourable had more tickets and did not tell me. I would have taken my mother along. Instead of the official three guests, he added five more people, including his campaign manager, our bishop and the bishop's wife. We became a crowd and so my attire did not catch the clear view it deserved. And Honourable did not hold my hand as I saw his colleagues doing. But I will forever be thankful to God that his other woman was not there. The bishop's wife told me it was her husband's insistence that secured my place.

But the other woman came to the evening party, where she remained calm and composed.

She did not try to provoke me. She has a way of wanting to dominate people, criticise arrangements and intervene in preparations. I do not know whether she had been briefed about my threats, because she remained in her seat most of the time. I went around greeting visitors, sashaying in my cocktail dress with large, sophisticated prints.

My high-quality accessories gave me a classic look. My girls said I was the most impressive lady among the guests. When I passed by her table, I saw her scan me from top to bottom with venom, combined with a helpless gesture of surrender. Perhaps that is impossible to see clearly — but I felt it.