Does your friend own a private island?

So, if you cannot say it with your chest and in front of your mother with the lights on, do not put it in writing anywhere. Scratch that. Do not even say it.



Just Saying with Janet Napio

Is your name in the Lamb's book of life? It is a question Pentecostal preachers usually ask a congregation to convict them to surrender their lives to Jesus Christ as their personal Lord and Saviour.

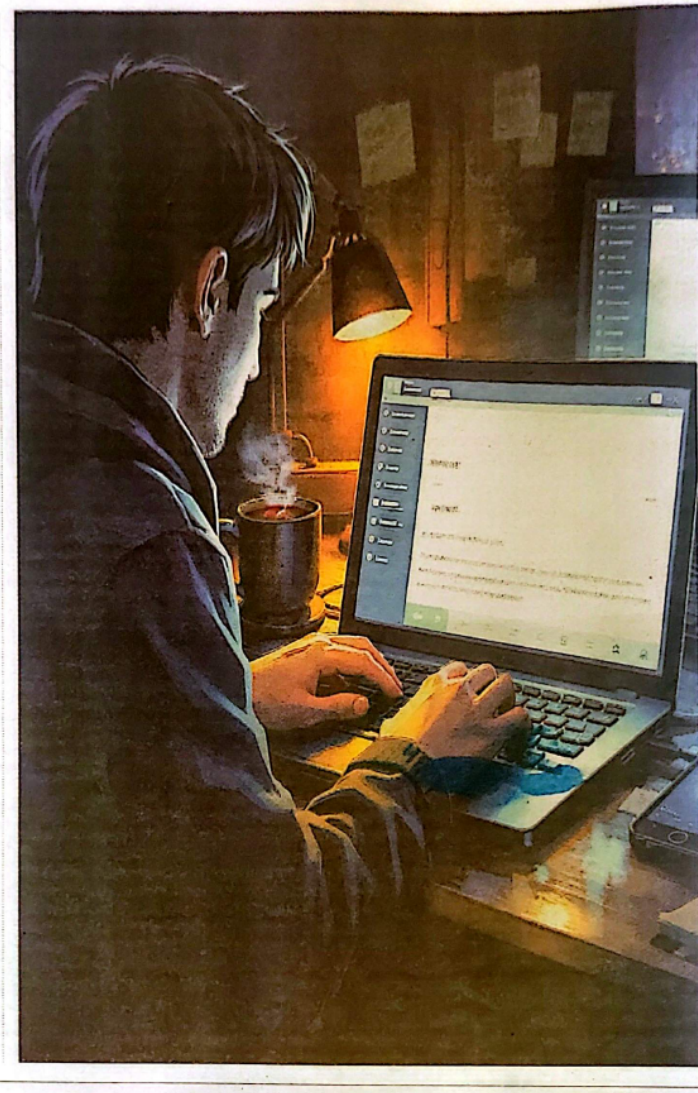
Well, these days, at least for the high and mighty of this world, the question is, is your name in the Epstein Files?

Jeffrey Epstein, a dead sexual predator, caught many rich and powerful people in his web of dark allure and then killed himself in a jail cell. Now, his disciples are falling over each other, denying him more than three times, and the cockerel has not even crowed a single time. Probably because it was barbecued for Christmas lunch.

Before we get to asking which emails or files you might or might not be in, who are you hanging out with? Who are you breaking the law with? Who are you having illicit, shameful fun with? Do they have a private island, or are they offering Long Island iced tea cocktails in Najjera? Are you willing to die in their movie when it eventually ends? Can you afford the cost that will come with associating with them? Are you proudly associated even when it is daytime and are 'in people'? Would you add them to your list of social referees on your resume? Or are you too broke, and no predators are looking to invite you to their trysts?

You see, that saying about skeletons in the closet coming out one day, I am afraid it is true. One day like this, they will walk their wretched bones out of that closet and announce themselves for all to see. So every once in a while, check on your skeletons, especially the quiet ones.

Make sure they are resting in peace. If they threaten to get out, bargain with them and tell them to calm down. If words are not enough, throw in a promise of a Shs315m car for them. And while at it, give them a vasectomy. There should be no more reproduction from that part of your life. A strict no-child policy is key. Life is already hectic as it is. You cannot afford to have pesky baby skeletons keeping you up at night, worrying that they might run out to play on social media. Kill that bloodline!



Denying and disassociating yourself from their existence though, will only make things worse. Take for instance the men who denied having any relationship with Epstein, only for the emails and photos to show that they were in fact super close. That they even ate his money. Hmm! So, do not deny, do not verbally disassociate, just activate zombie mode. Say nothing. It eventually passes. Ask the people who used to party with P. Diddy and Sipapa.

The bad thing with most of these life lessons is that most of them are in hindsight. You cannot quite go back and 'unattend' that party or 'unsmile' at that person who turned out to be the Epstein in your life. So what do you do? I know what a truly Ugandan leader will not do. They would definitely not resign their jobs *mbu* in shame. Those are white people things.

Here in Africa, when our skeletons, however filthy, break out of the locker, we pretend as if nothing is happening. The public throws its tantrums, the morality police hold press conferences on X demanding our sacking, prosecution, etc. But we look at this as the opportunity to perfect the art of "Kwekaza" or shameless firmness if you like. Sooner or later, someone else's skeletons will riot, and all public attention will shift to them.

And finally, on this all too important subject of *'kwekaza'*. Please know that paper trail will trail you. So, if you cannot say it with your chest and in front of your mother with the lights on, do not put it in writing anywhere. Scratch that. Do not even say it. You just never know who is waiting to Epstein you. But also, God is watching.

jnapio@ug.nationmedia.com

CamScanner