

## Gold for Every Ugandan

My Dearest Gold!  
Your Discovery Leads to  
New Possibilities and New Friendships,  
New Life, New Marriages and New Businesses.  
Your discovery makes every human being so crazy.  
At your presence, we sing, dance, smile, sweat and tick.  
Why do you raise our People's anxiety? Why? Why ----?  
Why do you raise our people's blood pressure? Why -----?  
Why do you make us very angry, Viciously hate, Manipulate  
Exploit, Cheat, Rob, Fight, Punch, kill fellow Human Beings?  
Why do you make us do these obnoxious things, dearest Gold?  
You are very irresistible! Your fever too, is very indomitable!  
On the other hand, my dearest Gold, you are very precious.  
You are capable of breaking Tribal and National Cocoons.  
Africa, America, Asia, Australia, Europe, New Zealand,  
All tick – tick, tick – tick, and tick --- because of you.  
You Seem to Have the Power, my Dearest Gold  
To Make Everything Look Very Golden: -  
Very Golden Possibilities, Businesses!  
Golden Marriages and Children!  
Golden She/He -- Identities!  
Golden Watches -- Rings!  
Golden Normal Teeth!  
Golden Normal lives!  
**Golden Normal Everything?**

By

**O'dama Kayi Oye D. Modest**

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## INTRODUCTION

Many of my friends always tell me, “Birds of the same feather flock together.” Yes! However, sometimes birds of the same feather fly in different directions because they want to avoid their enemies: birds of prey, such as hawks, eagles or falcons, and sometimes too, human beings that kill them for various reasons. I am really intrigued by the practicality of the statement, “Birds of the same feather flock together.” How about tweaking and fine-tuning it a little differently! I have often seen people with the same or similar understanding, abilities, talents, interests, goals and issues flock to think and work constructively together. Sometimes, they too, are scattered by their enemies! Aren’t they like birds of the same feather flocking together? Aren’t they like birds of the same feather scattered in different directions by their enemies who hate their ideas, issues, interests and goals? Sure, they are! Nevertheless, when the “minority people” who have the same or similar national visions, interests and goals flock to constructively think and work together, they can produce excellent results in life. Musisi, Akibwa, Mugisha and Ejidra just did that, nothing less nor more.

Musisi, Akibwa, Mugisha and Ejidra spent most of their June – September 1998 - 2002 vacation doing research in Kampala City, Makerere University, Jinja, Arua, Kabale, Mbarara, Hoima, Gulu, Lira, Mbale, Soroti, Tororo and Masaka. They wanted to discover GOLD FOR EVERY UGANDAN. In doing so, they met and conversed with diverse groups of fellow Ugandans. Before their research, each of them expressed views about his identity.

## DIALOGUE KICK OFF

**JUNE 1998**

**Musisi:** I am an original Muganda! My blood and breath are pure Ganda stuff.

**Ejidra:** I am an original Lugbara. I call a spade, a spade, nothing else. I don't like being swept by the wind nor living like a chameleon.

**Mugisha:** It seems that this is the right thing we must do prior to touring our Uganda!

**Akibwa:** (*Turned North*) I am an original Langi. Never mess with my tribe! We are faster than cheetahs. (*He briefly demonstrated his agility before his embarrassed colleagues*) We will pounce you and wring your neck before you vanish.

**Mugisha:** (*Turned South West*) You all think that I am nobody! I am a very, original, proud, intelligent and courageous Mukiga – Mutabani womusheija. (*He punctuated it by a brief, but entertaining Kiga dance to prove his Kiganess*).

*Mugisha's sincerity provoked his colleagues and made them terribly furious. However, Ejidra, the peacemaker, reconsidered his disposition and he calmed down. He asked Musisi and Akibwa to understand and reconcile with Mugisha because "we are all human beings and fellow Ugandans." He concluded his remarks by using his angelic voice to sing, "Oh Uganda, may God uphold you. We lay our future in thy hands. United free for liberty together - - -." Musisi, Akibwa, Mugisha and Ejidra hugged and embraced one another: a gesture of reconciliation and commitment to work together.*

**Ejidra:** "You see! Our tribal cocoons really dominate our entire psyche and behavior."

**Akibwa:** "We must investigate the effects of tribalism on our sisters and brothers. May be, their psyche and behavior are also messed up like ours!"

*Wow! "What a psychic and behavioral change for the quadruple brothers!"*

*As their research kicked off, the quadruple brothers found out that the most outstanding issue was "breaking the tribal cocoon" in order to create a new rainbow Uganda. The dialogue between Musisi, Akibwa, Mugisha and Ejidra as well as fellow Ugandans they met during the research gravitated around the meaning of "UGANDA/UGANDAN." It was very devastating for the quadruple brothers to hear Primary School, Secondary School and some University students as well as highly respected Ugandan professionals say, "Uganda is Alur, Uganda is Baganda, Uganda is Lugbara, Uganda is Acholi, Uganda is Basoga, Uganda is Karimojongs, Uganda is Langi, Uganda is Banyoro, Uganda is Banyakole or Uganda is Bakiga, + + + + + + + + + + +."*

**Musisi:** What a disappointing discovery in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century Uganda! "What is informal and formal education offering our people?"

**Mugisha:** “What are we teaching our children about Uganda?”

**Ejidra:** Remember! What we know, can greatly affect our daily choices in life. It can also affect what we think and do. Therefore, it is likely that what Uganda means to each individual Ugandan can affect his or her choices and love for Uganda. Dear fellow citizens! Uganda is much more and richer than what we have heard from our ancestors or what we have known through our perverted tribalistic relatives, politicians, teachers and friends. Uganda is a rainbow nation: one gigantic home for all Ugandans.

**Musisi:** Ejidra, these are brilliant assertions! Are they coming from Adro, Mungu, gods or what?

**Ejidra:** *(For a while, he swept his wisdom crown with his fingers in search for answers)*

“From personal experiences and conviction. I guess too, this is the result of personal maturity and development!”



## OUR COCOONS

JULY 1998

“**What is home or family?**” Musisi, Akibwa, Mugisha and Ejidra directed their first question to Patrick, a brilliant third year philosophy student at Makerere University.

**Patrick:** “Home is home because it is my root.” “What goes around, comes around and remains around.”

**Mugisha:** He must be right because most normal children born in normal homes of caring and loving parents love their homes. The home and family become their comfort zones. These children feel secure and well protected here. For many children in Uganda, these homes and families are excellent cocoons for life because they feel secure and loved herein. For other Ugandan children, home and family are only transitional cocoons because eventually, the clan or tribe becomes their real cocoons. Some Ugandans are permanently trapped into their familiar cocoons. At least, according to their cocoon standards, moving on to the next level, is very scary and unnatural.

**Ejidra:** However, there are some few dedicated Ugandans who move on to the next level. These are the very Ugandans who have emerged from their rigid, but comfortable cocoons to form a new rainbow Uganda. Suppose we had twelve million dedicated and loving Ugandans today, what would happen to our economy? Wouldn't it grow by leaps-and-bounds? What would Uganda's formal education and the entire education system be like? What would our UNEB and University Examinations look like? Would that change the current constitution of our national football team: The Uganda Cranes? What would our government look like? What would it do to our paradigms? What would Uganda really look like? May be, a RAINBOW like creature: “Rainbow Citizens of Uganda, Africa and the rest of the World” or *World Citizens!*<sup>1</sup>

**Musisi:** The transition from our cozy cocoons into a deeper and positive national consciousness is a process of human development. As a process, it is not often sweet for most people. It is realized through twists and turns, long-winding course, as of *River Nile* flowing from Lake Victoria into the Mediterranean Sea. When this process of growth unfolds, you can easily run into dead ends, devastating potholes, perforating nails and people who hate patriotic ideas. Here, it does not matter whether you are a spiritual giant or not, politician or not, president, bishop, minister, lawyer, permanent or ordinary secretary, priest, business person, nun, teacher, medical doctor, contractor, nurse, cook, scientist, pilot, scholar, writer, driver, student, village or urban resident, tailor, cobbler,

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<sup>1</sup> - Nussbaum, C. Martha. (2000). *Cultivating Humanity: A Classical defense of reform in liberal education.* Cambridge: Massachusetts, Harvard University Press, pp. 50-84

kabaka, mukama, opi, ekapolon, elder, chief, girl or boy, woman or man, leaner or heavy-set person, boxer, footballer, - - - and guest.

**Mugisha:** Some of us emerge out of the blue trying to convince us that they are patriotic Ugandans ready to guarantee our safety, economic, health, social, educational and leadership well being, but they end up trashing us into the depth of Lake Victoria or the Atlantic Ocean. How can you claim to be our National Leader par excellence if you are only a leader of your cozy cocoon? You are, but a liar because your entire being (psyche, heart and behavior) is not yet blossoming with national consciousness and love. Since October 9, 1962, we have watched Uganda move into that direction (towards Lake Victoria/Atlantic Ocean). Only time will tell when we might end up into the depth of that Lake or Ocean, drowned – dead meat for water scavengers. That will be terrible!

**Ejidra:** What process can help a person emerge from his or her cocoon to become a dedicated and loving Ugandan? It seems that there is no single magic bullet to this problem. For some of us, the magic bullet is quality education, whether informal or formal. Nevertheless, for many others, the magic bullets are: - formal education, spiritual, human and social values. “A **Nation** without **Formal Education** and **Values** is **DEAD.**”

**Ejidra:** As a little boy growing up between 1970 and 1990 in a village in Arua district, it was extremely hard to see my people and I as Ugandans. The label “UGANDAN” was far-fetched and meaningless. Is Uganda or Ugandan something or some strange person out there, or an unidentified flying object (UFO) in space? What is it? What does it mean? Even my parents do not know what Uganda or Ugandan means! Because they are my parents, their ignorance simply silences me. After all, what my parents and folks know is always true! They always teach me what they know about life. That is what life in the home, family, clan and tribal cocoon is all about, but not about Uganda/Ugandan! I simply trusted the authority of my parents and folks in my cocoon! This same logic made me do weird things I hated later in life. All other people outside my home and family were strangers, therefore, “*those others.*” It was difficult to relate with such people. I even became aggressive to “*those others*” because their ways were different from my ways, their languages were different from my language, their types of food were different from my types of food, what they knew was not what I knew then, therefore, I felt intimidated by “*those others.*” In their presence too, I felt like *a fish out of water.* Uganda and Ugandan did not make any sense to me those years. It is clearer now than before. How did I get here? **God, Quality education, values and the courage to live well with others** were my supersonic concords and spacecrafts. What will yours be?

**Mugisha:** Would you elaborate on what you have just said, Ejidra?

## DECEMBER 1977 NYADRI MARKET EXPERIENCE

### JULY 1998

**Ejidra:** My pleasure, Mugisha! One day, my mother, brother, sister and I went to Nyadri market to purchase salt, fish (angara) and my school uniform. That day was an eye opener for me. The market was full of “*those others*.” Such vendors spoke Kiswahili, Madi, Kakwa, Luo, English, Arabic, Luganda, Lingala, Italian, etc. How could we purchase commodities from “*those others*”? Nonetheless, our immediate needs made us buy what we wanted and we quickly left for home. Personally, all those surprises drove me into deep reflection. From that one shot exposure, I was able to identify some interesting *common bonds* between “*those others*” and myself. The physical borders of my entire tribe were beyond my home, family and clan because the same borders enclosed “*those others*.” My old self and logic were seriously questioned and shattered there and then because I had discovered “*Gold*” at Nyadri market. My mother is an excellent ‘practical professor/teacher!’ I thank her for showing me that part of the world, which eventually made me a true Ugandan, citizen of Africa and of the world. What a great discovery! Gold discovery? I think so!

**Ejidra:** The process of emerging from my cocoon into a dedicated Ugandan is difficult, and sometimes a *bitter herb* to chew. Between 1970 and 1987 we had fewer motor vehicles in our district, therefore, exploring the entire district was a real problem for us. This meant that we were limited in our interaction with people 10 to 100 miles away from our usual cocoons. That time too, we had some pockets of fierce gang stars from other unfamiliar clans (cocoons). They greatly terrorized us because our presence seemed an invasion of their cocoons. Therefore, physically, it was really difficult to broaden my horizon beyond my cocoon. More so, to interact with other tribes like Kakwa, Acholi and Langi was difficult because the political atmosphere was badly poisoned. My people were targeted for revenge for reasons I did not really know as a child. In the midst of these problems, how could I become a Ugandan? Uganda and Ugandans meant nothing since I was also a target of revenge by the so called, “Ugandans!” I was terribly scared and ashamed of my “country.” How could sane people senselessly kill one another, but sing a national anthem, “Oh Uganda, ... may God uphold you. We lay our future in thy hands - - - - -?” This seemed very hypocritical to me that time.



## TABAN'S KOBOKO EXPERIENCES

**JULY 1999**

*Taban, whose nickname is “**KK Boy**” because he was born and raised in Kakwaland and Koboko town in particular, related his experience of Uganda to Ejidra.*

**Taban (KK BOY):** Between 1970 and 1985, I tried to look patriotic by hoisting the Uganda flag in my room and at our huts, but some politicians, police and the army, threatened me. The Flag was too sacred for us to hoist at our village homes to express our patriotism! Why did the schools and government buildings hoist and salute Uganda flags while *my beloved home in Uganda* was denied a Uganda flag? Is it only the schools, Government buildings and politicians that make up Uganda, therefore, being Ugandan means schools, government buildings and politicians? For many years, I have worked tooth and nail, to answer these fundamental questions. If children in all families throughout “Uganda” were denied the act of hoisting a Uganda flag between 1970 and 1985 to express their patriotism, then, it might be right to guess that Uganda has missed a great opportunity for national consciousness and unity. No matter who our elected presidents and leaders are or will be, they may not easily repair this national damage.

**Ejidra:** Thanks for sharing your personal experiences with me. Best wishes, brother!

## RAFIKI'S KARUMA BRIDGE EXPERIENCES OF 1981

**JUNE 2000**

*Those days, mid January was the period when secondary school students returned to school to start the academic year in Uganda. Many students from Arua passed through Pakwach and Karuma Bridges to proceed to Kampala and their respective secondary schools. The quadruple brothers caught up with one of these students whose fictitious name is Rafiki and asked him to relate his experiences at Karuma Bridge in 1981.*

**Rafiki:** I hope this will not happen again to any Ugandan child and student in future! During that period, fellow secondary school students and I traveled from home to school. At the intersection of Karuma road and Gulu road stood an ugly, impenetrable and deadly roadblock manned by “Obote II special forces and army.” This name alone was enough to make me puke in the lorry and piss in my pair of trousers (pants). If they were Ugandan forces, they would not have manhandled the future of Uganda like that! I know where their anger had come from! They were gutted by overpowering and uncontrollable emotions (*whatever that may be*) of senseless revenge. But revenge on who and what? Westnilers? Yes! But Westnilers are also Ugandans! Why must Ugandans revenge on fellow Ugandans? One of my colleague students said, “It is Langi and Acholi revenge on Kakwa, Lugbara and Madi because Idi Amin had systematically slaughtered their people.” I understood that explanation right away. But revenge breeds revenge and violence begets violence! Why must *rational beings* allow themselves to be consumed by vicious cycle of anger, violence and revenge? Why can't we think of a good alternative to these diabolic dispositions?

**Rafiki:** As my friends and I searched for answers, “Obote II special forces” kept poking our buttocks with their knives, slapping and beating some of us, including our lorry driver. We were not Idi Amin's associates or cronies! We were innocent children, thus, not enemies of Acholi and Langi, but the future of Uganda! The Obote II forces missed their real target! Are such people true defenders and protectors of our democracy and country? Nothing at all, but only defenders of their little cocoons and egos! That's all!

**Akibwa/Mugisha:** What a horrific Karuma experience, Rafiki! Sorry to hear this!

## RAFIKI'S MBUYA CHURCH EXPERIENCES IN 1981

**AUGUST 2000**

**Rafiki:** After surviving the horrendous Karuma drama, my colleagues and I arrived at Mbuya Catholic Church. That time, Kampala was turned into a den of armed robbers and murderous adult human beings who looked and acted like wild beasts ready to devour another human being in a click of a second. About twenty of us from Arua were on their way to Moroto where we had our secondary education, but we were stranded at Mbuya Church for two weeks. The two weeks were like our jail time at Luzira maximum prison. The Catholic Church and parish priest of Mbuya treated us well. This priest was a God-sent angel to us because he did all he could to help us go through our ordeal. But he could only do so much for us! During both day and night we could not go beyond Mbuya Church boundaries because Obote II forces, "*The angels of death*," as my colleagues used to label them, were encamped around us. In fact, the entire city of Kampala was infested with such deadly and obnoxious wrong elements.

**Rafiki:** By the end of the first week, our tuition, simsim paste, roast cassava, roast sweet potatoes, roast peanuts and popcorns were already used up. The second week saw the opening of a whole new chapter. My God! We had to feed on dry biscuits! Thank God that clean-drinkable water was available! Of course, water was our soup, milk and life for that last week we were at Mbuya Church. We were even scared stiff because the "angels of death" were watching and hearing us speak. If you looked muscular and tough, you were labeled Idi Amin's soldier. If you spoke English, you were automatically a threat to the angels of death who knew little or no English. If you spoke any other language apart from Luo, you would be an enemy of the ruling angels of death. How could my non-Luo speakers survive in Kampala and Uganda at large? Some of us began learning Luo as a survival tactic, but the time was too short to master it. What were we then? Luzira maximum prison inmates? Yes! We were innocent Luzira maximum prison inmates!

**Rafiki:** Two weeks later, a lorry from Moroto arrived, and we rushed to plead with the owner. He welcomed our plea, but he also told us to wake up early to board the lorry. Who would hide his excitement at this great news? None, but fools! That glorious evening prior to our departure the following morning was our only best time therein. Each of us held firm to our rosaries and other lamentation prayers. We counseled and supported one another throughout the night while we curled and shivered on the bear ice-cold cement floor in the Church hall. Even mosquitoes had no mercy on us whatsoever! Those fat, ugly, stingy, mean and wheezy mosquitoes feasted on us. Imagine! Even mosquitoes threw a huge party in Mbuya at our expense! It seemed that everything had conspired against us. Death was about to strike us! However, our determination to get out of there was also our heavy coat, weapon and nylon net against the brutal cold nights and mosquitoes of Mbuya Parish.

**Rafiki:** The following morning, our lorry pulled out of Mbuya Comboni Missionary's garage. We were invited to embark on it. Though most of us were already weakened by hunger, malaria, diarrhea and common cold, we still had enough energy to board the lorry in less than five minutes. We felt safe between Kampala and Moroto because the lorry driver and his boss were both religious leaders. The boss was a white priest. Along the way, the angels of death feared this white man, thus, we were comfortably shielded from their fury and revenge. 72 hours later, we arrived at school, but we were still haunted by all that transpired at Karuma, Kampala and Mbuya Catholic Church. I was physically in class, but not listening and understanding what my teachers taught me because I was still an emotionally troubled boy. I flunked most of my weekly tests that period. For example, I got 15% in my Mathematics test, a result that sent me weeping and wetting my pillow for weeks. Two months later, I was able to correct this performance anomaly, and all my test scores rebounded. This experience had long academic and emotional effects on many of my colleagues. Some failed so miserably that they had to be dismissed at the end of the school year. It was sad for me to see the future of Uganda waste away like that. Probably, some of my colleagues never recovered from such terrible experiences! Wherever they may be now, may God be with them!

**Akibwa:** Thanks very much, Rafiki! These experiences greatly demonstrate that many of us have not emerged from our cocoons to embrace a new rainbow Uganda. We need to crack open our cocoons now. This requires commitment, excellent leadership, national vision and the courage to persevere. As quadruple brothers, we must do our job now or never at all! Let us do it! Let us do it! Let us go for this noble mission, brothers!



## EXPERIENCE IS AN EXCELLENT TEACHER

### SEPTEMBER 2000: EJIDRA IN ARUA DISTRICT

**Ejidra:** My friends, I am going to Arua to tour the whole district. I want to see, feel, touch, taste and hear from my people. Does “Uganda” really mean anything to them? Are they willing and capable of convincing me that “Uganda” is not Lugbara or Kakwa or Madi or - - -? I shall behave like a neutral critical scientist laboring to discover a cure for Aids and tribalism.

*Few weeks later, Ejidra met Drakuru, who is a renowned medical doctor in his district. He spent five hours discussing with her the meaning of Uganda.*

**Dr. Drakuru:** My dear Ejidra, I appreciate your effort in making a difference in Uganda. I wish all our children would mature like you! I too like your intellectual disposition, curiosity, creativity and determination. Many of us: ‘professionals, students, parents, relatives, friends, and of course, our children’ take Uganda for granted. We think we know about it, but we are as ignorant as a clean sheet of paper. The Uganda I know and grew in is the Uganda each of us concocted to suit our narrow minds and selfish ends – whatever these may be.

**Ejidra:** Dr. Drakuru, what do you mean? What is a concocted Uganda? Is this the Uganda our children learn about in homes and at school? Is this the Uganda I learned about from kindergarten all the way to Makerere Hill Top University? Please, doctor, help me here! I am lost and confused!

**Dr. Drakuru:** “Yes dear! Concocted Uganda to suit our narrow minds, social relationships, economic, religious and political affiliations - egotistic ends! That’s all we know of Uganda. Sad to say, but this is our reality since October 9, 1962. I hope someone down the road will emerge with a clear national vision and leadership to steer the omnibus away from diving into the bottom of Lake Victoria or the Atlantic Ocean.”

**Dr. Drakuru:** “Uganda” is my home/family, clan, TRIBE, UPC, DP, Movement government, business affiliation (Arua Boys or KK Boys). Nothing else! I was born, raised and educated in this woeful and deadly myth or paradigm. Now I am 45 years old, but I still believe and cling to this Nakivubo like garbage paradigm! What a stupid Lady, I am! My “excellent education” from Makerere and Oxford University never helped me out of this mess! (*Tears of anguish oozing from her eyes*)

**Ejidra:** HMMMMMMMM! Experience is really the best Teacher, Doctor!

**Dr. Drakuru:** Something has gone terribly wrong with our psyche. We need a new positive 180° turn of psyche and behavior. Our education, religious beliefs and practices need a serious transformation to help us create a new rainbow Uganda. Nobody can make



that 180° turn for us. The British colonialists failed! Some of our elders and ancestors failed! That is why we are so fractured as a country. We do not know what the real Uganda is! For many of us today, Uganda = Lugbara, Uganda = Baganda, Uganda = Ateso, Uganda = Alur, Uganda = Bagisu, Uganda = Langi, Uganda = Bakiga or Uganda = -----! Sad, Ejidra!

**Ejidra:** (*Lost in thought and overwhelming emotion*) That is what I have been all these years! Learning hard, passing all my tests and UNEB examinations without paying any attention to Uganda! Drakuru has taught me a lot today. What a discovery! What a self-discovery! I have struck GOLD - real GOLD! I will sell all that I have to buy this GOLD. I shall treasure this experience and share it with my brothers and sisters. Ooooooh yeah!

## SEPTEMBER 2000: MUSISI IN NAGGALAMA TOWN

*As Ejidra met with Dr. Drakuru, Musisi was busy meeting with the Bank of Uganda's Permanent Secretary Waswa at his home in Naggalama town in Mukono. Honorable Waswa is a popular economist and graduate of Oxford University in London (UK) and Harvard University in (USA). Waswa is pregnant with credentials from reputable institutions of higher learning. He is an economic demi-god! He should be working for the World Bank in New York, but he chose to be with "The Bank of Uganda."*

**Musisi:** Honorable Waswa, would you share with me your professional take on the meaning of "Uganda?" What does "Uganda" mean to you as a professional? What is the implication of your view of Uganda?

**Honorable Waswa:** "Muganda wange! Let me think for a second!" (*He silently combed his long elegant black dyed beard with his right hand fingers*). "Uganda, in its abstract sense, means, this octopus encompassing all other people: Banyoro, Bagisu, Karimojongs, Ateso, Acholi, Langi, Bakiga and Banyankole, nothing else." But specifically, "Uganda" means "YOU and ME, YOUR FAMILY and MY FAMILY, YOUR CLAN and MY CLAN and our TRIBE." "That is why I dedicate so much time and talent to working at the Bank of B----uganda because I love my people."

**Musisi:** You mean, Uganda = Buganda? By the way too, in your list of tribes that this octopus Uganda encompasses, you seem to have omitted numerous other tribes, didn't you, Honorable Waswa? Are you teaching this stuff to your sons and daughters? Does your position on Uganda affect the way you carry out financial transactions for your "Ugandans" in the "Bank of Uganda?" Help me here sir!

**Honorable Waswa:** My son Musisi, you are an ignorant little rabbit! You think you know, but you are too unreal. Come to the "real world," the "real Uganda!" You cannot just throw to waste the delicious food of your people to the "outsiders." When you love your own people, you must adhere to their common good: make them wealthy, happy, appoint them to big offices, offer them maximum security and educate them in the best private schools so that our inheritance is all cocooned for us to enjoy. That is the real world, thus, the real Uganda I know!

**Musisi:** Ejidra was right to claim that our tribal cocoons dominate our entire psyche and behavior. No wonder why honorable Waswa thinks and behaves like that! I am glad he is not my president or boss! Not even his academic credentials or the fact of being an Oxford and Harvard graduate have any positive impact on his psyche and behavior! He is a big kid in an adult stature. Will he ever grow and develop into a dedicated economic demi-god of The Bank of Uganda or he will remain a dedicated economic demi-god of the bank of Buganda?

## DECEMBER 2000: AKIBWA IN LIRA TOWN

**Akibwa:** Mary, I have something very important to share with you. Would you give an hour or so, to discuss this with you now?

**Mary:** (*Mary is a very expressive, cute, little, Primary four Langi girl in Lira town*)  
I need my parents' permission to discuss anything serious with you. Or else, if you want, we can go to my parents' house to discuss whatever you want. Are you in or out, Mr. Akibwa?

**Akibwa:** I am in, Mary! Let us go to Mama and Baba. I am glad to visit them as well.

**Mary:** Mama – Baba, I have somebody for you to meet now. His name is Mr. Akibwa. He wants to discuss some important things with me, but I need your permission first. That is why I have brought him into our house. What do you think?

**Baba:** Son, tell us a little more about yourself, please!

**Akibwa:** My pleasure! I was born and raised here in Lira. My parents are John Okello and Ester. Both of them are in Kampala now. I attended primary school here in Lira, but went to Makerere College for my secondary education. I joined Makerere University four years ago, and I graduated last January 2000 with Bachelor of Science degree in forestry. Currently, I am the chief forestry officer – Budongo.

**Mama:** You are a-well-educated young men! I wish our daughter Mary would attain such a degree! By the way, are you related to Uganda's fasted athlete, late Mr. Akibwa?

**Akibwa:** No! I wish I were related to him! He was an elite, highly decorated and respected athlete; the best Uganda has ever raised and known! That's why a street in Kampala is named after him today. I also pray that Mary, your daughter, will become our medical doctor or attorney general. She might also become our future president! Sorry to over-stretch your imagination, especially, Mary's! However, dreams can easily become true if we work on them day-in and day-out!

**Baba:** We have a gift for you Mr. Akibwa! (*Akibwa's face brightened with smile*) "You can discuss whatever you want with our daughter so long as it is appropriately done in this house." "Do you copy, Mr. Akibwa?"

**Akibwa:** Yes, dear! (*Mary set up a table and two chairs for her and Akibwa. She also served some Bell Beer for Akibwa while she took a cup of water*). Mary, I am here to talk with you about "Uganda." I want to know what it really means to you as a child today. I know that at your school, you often sing, "Oh Uganda! May God uphold you. We lay our future in thy hands, - - - ." What does this mean to you?

**Mary:** My grandparents, Mama and Baba told me that my family = Uganda, my clan = Uganda and the Langi = Uganda. When I sing, “Oh Uganda, may God uphold you, we *levi* our future in *dai ands*, - - -,” I feel happy because the music is good, and it praises all the Langi people. I wish it could be *changed into* (*translated*) Langi language! I am sure my people would love singing it and dancing to it.

**Akibwa:** Wow! You know a lot about our Langi folks! Let me ask you another question. Have you ever heard about Acholi, Alur, Baganda, Lugbara, Kakwa, Bagisu, Basoga, Banyankole, Bakiga, Ateso, Karimojongs, Bakonjo, etc? Do they live in Uganda? Do you like them? Would you like to study, play and work with them?

**Mary:** I heard about all the people you are talking about from Grandparents, Mama, Baba, Uncles, Cousins and friends at school. However, they are “other people!” *They live out there*. May be, they have their own “Oh Uganda” like song too! I don’t think they are Ugandans. May be, I will like them! May be, I can study, play and work with them in future if Mama, Baba and my teachers want me to! I am really scared of them.

**Akibwa:** Do not be scared of them, Mary! Uganda is bigger and richer than our Langi tribe. All the people I have already mentioned are Ugandans singing the same national anthem, “Oh Uganda. May God uphold you! We lay our future in thy hands. - - - -.” I enjoyed studying, playing and working with them. Courage, Mary! Be a good Ugandan who loves, studies, plays and works comfortably with fellow Ugandans. Mary, if you learned anything from me today, please, go and share it with your parents, relatives and friends at school. Okay? Bye-bye! (*Mary was excited and happy to know that Uganda is bigger and richer than her tribe*)

**Akibwa:** My dear, Musisi, Ejidra and Mugisha, even children do not know what Uganda really is because some of their parents, relatives, friends, politicians and teachers still teach them that Uganda equals to their family, clan or tribe, nothing less nor greater! This omnibus has lost brakes while nervously accelerating towards, and descending into Lake Victoria or Atlantic Ocean. Who will steer it away? Who will fix its brakes!



## AUGUST 2001: MUGISHA IN KIGEZI

**Mugisha:** Kabunde and Hope, I am glad that both of you are in senior six, and you are ready to help us discuss this sensitive topic: “Uganda.” What is Uganda? What does it mean to you as an educated young person and citizen?

**Kabunde (*The Seminarian*):** For me, Uganda is a landlocked country stretching from Kigezi (South West) to Fort Portal (West), Kampala (Central) to Tororo and Mbale (East), Arua and Koboko (North West) to Gulu (North), encompassing over forty tribes. All the people inhabiting this pearl of Africa are God’s creatures and children! I learned this from my regional geography, history and religion classes. My parents, relatives and politicians never taught me anything like this. It was a great discovery and rewarding experience for me at school. I wish all Bakiga children could seriously learn this! (*Mugisha was totally dumbfounded by Kabunde’s response*)

**Hope:** Mr. Mugisha, my brother Kabunde has articulated this very well. I give him a lot of credit for his eloquence, intelligence, wisdom, inspiration and patriotism. I grew up thinking that Uganda means my family, clan, Bakiga tribe or UPC. Nobody dared to enlighten us on this issue until our geography, religion and history teachers broke the cocoon open for fresh air and understanding, leading into a new rainbow Uganda. (*Mugisha was very impressed by Kabunde and Hope*)

**Mugisha:** I am so excited to hear wonderful and inspirational things about Uganda from my younger generation: mere secondary school students! These kids are better than some of our top leaders and politicians. Unbelievable! Unbelievable! (*Mugisha fell on his knees and prayed*) God bless these brothers and sisters! May they spread the good news to their peers and the rest of Uganda! (*Later on, Mugisha caught up with his politician Bitakuli and asked him about Uganda*)

**Bitakuli: (*Prominent politician from Kabale*).** “Uganda is my country. I love it.” My tribe, political allies, religious and Church friends, make Uganda the best country I have ever known. I don’t care how “others see it! I want all roads in Kigezi to be pure tarmac. I want all houses to have electricity, clean running water, mosquito nets, food, muramba and Bell beer. I also want all houses made of modern brick, concrete and iron sheets. I want every child in Kigezi to be highly educated so that through education we are capable of controlling everything: education, economy, politics, religious institutions, etc. I am for Bakiga hegemony, nothing else! Uganda = Kigezi/Bakiga. Oh yeah! That is why I am the best politician, best patriot and my people’s choice!

**Mugisha:** (*He looked down and seemed terribly disappointed by Bitakuli’s inflated ego*) Bitakuli is one of the deadly drivers accelerating our omnibus into the bottom of Lake Victoria or the Atlantic Ocean. We need more Kabundes and Hopes to take full charge of our omnibus and steer it to safety. Our future and the future of our omnibus should not



rest in the hands of Bitakulis. My friend Ejidra was right when he said, “You see! Our tribal cocoons dominate our entire psyche and behavior!” That precisely describes my dummy politicians: *The Bitakulis*, who take turns in steering our omnibus towards danger zone, nearer and nearer to the bottom of Lake Victoria or Atlantic Ocean. They are not even ashamed of their deliberate, but deadly human conduct! *Poor Bitakulis! Poor and Dead Ugandans!*

## THE NAKAWA DISCUSSION

**JANUARY 2002**

*The quadruple brothers assembled at Nakawa to discuss their findings. Some of their findings were sickening while others were exciting to know. However, after the Nakawa meeting, they unanimously decided to conduct a-four-months' campaign in which Ugandan primary and secondary school children are to participate under their direction. The children would go from school to school convincing everybody that there will be a national convention of primary and secondary school students, college and University students at Mandela stadium – Namboole. They would remind people that top world and indigenous Ugandan intellectuals would deliver resounding speeches at this convention. By this campaign, the brothers wanted to let all Ugandans know that the Namboole convention would offer them great learning, joy, excitement, music and dance. It would also be a moment of friendship, peace and national unity. This is a moment no patriotic Ugandan or young generation Ugandan should miss! All Ugandan delegates would be bused from all corners of Uganda at low costs.*

*The students from the four corners of Uganda were issued leaflets or flyers about this great national convention. Each student took the responsibility of dishing out as many flyers as possible to peers, friends, relatives and politicians in their regions seriously. Top politicians and leaders of all calibers seemed perturbed by this, but out of pure shame, they accepted the challenge. Even the president and his staff modified their calendars to suit the convention days and drama. This presented a great challenge to the quadruple brothers. They were terribly scared because the huge turn up would overwhelm them. That was not true because each participant had enough money, food, and he/she knew where to sleep. Such facts took away every fear from the quadruple brothers. In the first week of May 2002, delegates arrived from all four corners of Uganda, young and old, short, medium and tall, professionals and non-professionals. The president's convoy was the last to majestically roll in.*

## THE MANDELA STADIUM – NAMBOOLE CONVENTION

MAY 2002

**Ejidra:** (*Master of ceremonies*). My dear Ugandans! You are all welcome to this convention of all conventions. This is a convention that brings Ugandans of all walks of life, stripes, young and old, male and female, students and professionals together to reflect on our respected and valuable patriotism: our GOLD – UGANDA. I beg all of you, from top to bottom, to devoutly rise as we sing our great National Anthem: “*Oh Uganda! May God uphold you. We lay our future in thy hands. - - - - -*.”

*(Primary, secondary, college and university students sang their guts off. There is no moment in the history of Uganda where students – mere children sang the national anthem like this! What an awesome feeling for the quadruple brothers!)*

**Ejidra:** (*Charismatically, firmly, with an infectious smile, grabbed the microphone and in a rumbling voice, introduced his colleagues*) Ladies and Gentlemen! I would like to present to you our great compatriots, devoted Ugandans, excellent leaders of our next generation of new rainbow Uganda and graduates of Makerere University: Musisi from Naggalama, Akibwa from Lira and Mugisha from Kabale! (*Heavy and thunderous applause littered the surrounding environment and atmosphere. Even God and his Angels must have joined the great Ugandan choir that opening day*). Here they are, ready after a-four-year research and work, to present to all of you, their findings of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century Uganda. Listen, listen, listen and ----- listen very carefully to what they have for all of us!

**Musisi:** Our tribal cocoons have colonized our lives. In other words, “Our tribal cocoons heavily dominate our entire psyche and behavior.”

**Akibwa:** It does not matter who you are! However, the fact is that we are too cocooned in our little families, clans, religious affiliations, political affiliations and tribes. This dictates on our decisions, visions and leadership, and it cripples our good intentions for the entire country. Ejidra is right! Musisi and Mugisha are right in contending that our tribal cocoons have colonized us! “Our tribal cocoons dominate our entire psyche and behavior!” For example, Mary, our little, cute, primary four Langi girl from Lira has been taught by many of her relatives: grandparents, sisters and brothers, friends and crooked politicians that UGANDA = LANGI. I too used to believe this junk, garbage and myth. I used to chew and swallow it without carefully sorting it out and understanding it! My goodness!

**Mugisha:** (*Nodded his head in appreciation of what Musisi and Akibwa have said*). In Kigezi, two secondary school students, one of whom is a seminarian, really know what Uganda means. But I was terribly shocked and disappointed by a prominent politician who clearly, and still believes that UGANDA = BAKIGA. Sadly enough, he too defends his position passionately! I am afraid if we have ten politicians like this individual in our

Parliament, President's offices or in any governmental and non-governmental organizations here in Uganda, we are *DOOMED*. I would say, "Uganda has lost all brakes as she descends the steep-winding and twisty road, a dead-end by Atlantic Ocean. (*Mugisha, Musisi, Akibwa and Ejidra broke into tears as students cheered and sang patriotic songs*).

*After the first day, everybody left the convention in a melancholic mood. That day drove many Ugandans: convention participants, TV and radio audiences into deep reflection about Uganda and what it really means to them in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century and centuries to come. The remaining day also saw the return of all participants, including the President, his cabinet ministers and the entire parliament of Uganda. Patriotic music and songs, as well as symbols: the national flag, heroes and heroines, writers, dramatists, athletes, scientists, economists, exemplary religious and political leaders and martyrs were commemorated and praised. People danced and entertained one another while affirming their richness and diversity. To conclude the convention, Ejidra requested the LC5 chairperson to introduce and welcome his excellence, the President of the Republic of Uganda to address his people.*

**LC5 Chairperson:** (*Guilty and ashamed of children's leadership initiative in organizing and conducting this convention of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, the LC5 chairperson reluctantly emerged from hiding and walked to the podium to say a few words*). Thank you, my children! Our government loves you and wants you to be exemplary leaders and thinkers. The President, Ministers, Members of Parliament, LCs and I, greatly appreciate and welcome your initiative to lead us into the next century. I have learned a lot from you, my children! Now I have the honor and pleasure to invite his excellence, the President of the Republic of Uganda to address this convention. Welcome, your excellence! (*He turned to the President and made a gesture of welcome*).

**The President:** (*He looked somehow nervous and without any written speech in his hands. He fumbled and hurried to the podium to say something. The President's condition made Bishop X to whisper, "God! May he be safe!" The kids really caught him off guard!*). My dear "New Rainbow Ugandans" (*his first ever used phrase*) from the four corners of our country, today I am deeply excited and encouraged by your initiative, optimism, courage, creativity and leadership seen right here in the way you brought all of us together to reflect on these important issues of personal and national identity. My children, wife, cabinet ministers, members of parliament and LCs are honored and blessed to have learned a lot from you these two days. I wish we could be here for a whole month! This is like a University of unity in diversity! I urge all of you here present and all Ugandans who watched this on TV, and those who heard this on radio, to spread the good news of our diversity. As for Musisi, Akibwa, Mugisha and Ejidra, I want to officially thank and congratulate you on your grandiose and superb accomplishments at Makerere University and in this convention. If you will, I invite all of you to be my partners in leading and steering this new rainbow Uganda away from its deadly course towards the bottom of Lake Victoria or Atlantic Ocean. "Join me in fixing Uganda's



brakes,” and leading it into the next century. “**Amani na Umoja!**” God bless you, and God bless **Our New Rainbow Uganda!** (*Applause*)

**Ejidra:** Musisi, Akibwa and Mugisha, we forced it into the throats of our people and leaders, didn’t we? We sold our ideas! Let us wait for results now because actions speak louder than words and manipulative propaganda. Let us spread the good news! It is our right and duty to do so. This is the most moral – ethical – spiritual thing to do for our people! If we believe in Uganda, love Uganda and our people, we must build a new rainbow Uganda now and for centuries to come. If our leaders do not support us, we shall organize another “*new rainbow Uganda discotheque*” to inspire and lead our brothers and sisters into the next century of positive interdependence, creativity, quality education and unity in diversity. Let us be dead serious about this! This is a matter of life or death! The sacrifices of today ought to be the valuable building blocks of tomorrow’s successful new rainbow Uganda. My friends, are you in or out of this project?

**Musisi:** Ejidra, you are an excellent Ugandan! I must see to it that our project never fails. It must grow wings to fly faster than a supersonic hawk diving on its prey. I will mobilize my entire tribe to work with your tribe and other tribes to build a new rainbow Uganda.

**Akibwa:** Ejidra has really energized us in this project! His excellent leadership has united us for a common purpose: the good of our new rainbow Uganda, our people – our people! I am going to Lira to mobilize my people to work with Ejidra’s tribe and all other tribes in Uganda to build a new rainbow Uganda.

**Mugisha:** Our new rainbow Uganda needs leaders like my colleagues, especially Ejidra. I am glad that we studied together at Makerere University under great open minded and intelligent professors **X**, **Y** and **Z**. We did not just visit Makerere University as many other students do. We wrestled with serious issues of our time, we set goals and worked academically hard to achieve them despite opposition from many fellow students and mean-wicked professors. Being a good student at any institution of learning, particularly at a university, does not mean that the learner only takes in whatever is taught and she/he regurgitates it to get grade **A** from the teachers/professors. Unfortunately, many of us buy into this myth of pleasing teachers and professors! Hello, big parrots! It is useless graduating with high-class degree (honors and distinction) while in real life you are a total failure – a ***gigantic idiot and bigot!*** Why did you go to school? What purpose does education serve? No Mukiga should be like this! I will go home and mobilize all Bakiga to support Ejidra’s, Musisi’s and Akibwa’s tribes and all other tribes in Uganda to work together to build our new rainbow Uganda for our children and our children’s children.

*(Once again, the quadruple brothers returned to their respective districts to prepare their people for the next phase of the new rainbow Uganda project. They set goals and refined their strategies so as to proceed with ease. They had permission from local political, school and religious authorities to effectively carry out their grandiose mission. They too recruited many capable primary, secondary, college and university students to support the cause).*



**Musisi:** I loved the way many students and open-minded Baganda responded to my call to build a new rainbow Uganda! Most schools in my region had seminars, debates, friendly football match, track and field, prayer services and field excursions promoting diversity and tribal coexistence. However, I hated the rumormonger, Makerere graduate from my tribe. He was nasty and obnoxious – totally colonized by his tribal cocoon. For him, nothing good comes from tribes other than his. As I mobilized my people, he too mobilized his cronies to wipe us off the face of the earth. He staged a huge conspiracy against our project, thus against us. His click ambushed and stoned my colleagues and I several times. For a while, I felt like a caged bird in my own tribe and Uganda. The peddlers of evil and death were determined to derail, frustrate, maim and destroy us. What a shame! “A new rainbow Uganda can only be realized through twists and turns, long winding course as of River Nile flowing from Lake Victoria into the Mediterranean Sea.” What a long and arduous process!

**Akibwa:** The traditional Langi people could not buy into our idea and project because it was a threat to their current comfortable ways. Their women fetch water and grind millet, sorghum or cassava while talking ill of us. Their men hate us! These men also drink marua, liralira or any traditional brew while skinning us alive in their conversations. One of the cranky, back-curved, white-bearded, noisy and winning traditional Langi elders mobilized his cronies to wage an open, but vicious war against us. They were ready to spear us to death, but our new rainbow Uganda police and army saved us. However, a few of my colleagues and I had to aggressively move forward with our plan and project – no turning back, whatsoever! We were like the great River Nile that is determined to reach the Mediterranean Sea despite all sorts of detours – twists and turns and dead-ends, rocks, locks, gorges, mountains, water weeds, dams, rapids, - - -. River Nile is indeed our guiding-morning star! Nothing will deter us from our noble dream and realization of a new rainbow Uganda. Nothing! Nothing, at all!

**Mugisha:** I hate confronting Bitakuli, my weird politician in Kabale. He hates us and hates our project. After our Mandela stadium convention, he has worked tirelessly to uproot us from Kabale: his political arena. We are a threat to his career, tribe, psyche and comfort zone. Kabale is not equal to Uganda nor does the Kiga tribe equal to Uganda! Unfortunately, that is the myth Bitakuli and his cronies subscribe to! They are the wrong drivers of our Uganda now. Sad! Sad! Sad! I am determined to work with Kabundes and Hopes: those who want our project fully realized. About 80 thousand participants attended my Kabale rally last week. They listened with admiration and sympathy. They also emphatically expressed their unyielding support for our project. I have my strong allies! That is all the weapon I need for this magnificent project. Musisi, Akibwa, Ejidra, Dr. Drakuru, Kabunde, Hope and our supporters will prevail while Bitakuli, Waswa and their cronies will perish.

**Ejidra:** So far, the process of building a new rainbow Uganda in Arua district has progressed very well. Students and some good principals (head teachers) have spearheaded it. For example, Ombaci, Mvara and Maracha secondary schools as well as Pokea minor seminary now admit students from many other tribes. Their staff has

become more diverse than ever. Even the religious communities and Churches have leaders and members of diverse backgrounds. However, that has to be strengthened in our struggle to build a new rainbow Uganda. In other places too, our supporters have organized meetings, seminars, sports, music, dance, drama and interfaith prayer services geared towards developing “a new rainbow Uganda consciousness and identity.” The entire idea has captivated the imagination of my people. Some devout supporters give so much of their time and energy to our cause that they sometimes forget to eat and take beer for some days. But some traditional Lugbara strongly oppose the idea of a new rainbow Uganda! Such people are our greatest saboteurs. However hard they may try to stop and frustrate us, we shall gaze at our guiding morning star: River Nile, to rejuvenate our resolve to realize this dream. Our new rainbow Uganda is gold. We have discovered it, therefore, we must put our energy, talents, money and time on mining, controlling and utilizing it.

## SELF-EVALUATION: THE GREATEST DISCOVERY IN UGANDA

AUGUST 2002

*Three months later, the quadruple brothers met in **Lira Town**, Akibwa's hometown to review their progress and do a thorough self-evaluation. Lira was their choice because they wanted to show the rest of Uganda that Kampala was not the center of the new rainbow Uganda. It is people: all tribes in Uganda that make Uganda, therefore, people are the center or fulcrum of the new rainbow Uganda. If you take people out of the new rainbow Uganda equation, then there is no new rainbow Uganda, Kampala city, Arua town, Moyo town, Kabale town, Mbarara town, Masindi town, Jinja industrial complex, Mbale town, Tororo town, Gulu town, etc. It is people who matter the most because mere structures are raised by healthy and alive people. Mugisha presided over the self-evaluation function at Lira because the quadruple brothers wanted to show Ugandans that in the new rainbow Uganda, people are elected to become good and responsible leaders outside their own tribal cocoons. A person's tribal cocoon should not limit his/her good intentions, abilities and talents to lead the new rainbow Ugandans.*

**Mugisha:** *(cracked a joke)* My dear people of Lira, thank you for electing me to become your idiot life president! *(The audience burst into thunderous laughter, whistled, giggled and dried their eyes of tears of excitement).* Sorry to scandalize you! I just wanted to make this meeting cheerful and inspirational for us all. Welcome to this session!

**Mugisha:** Throughout this session, many of our elected officials and speakers will take their seats, and later on, walk onto stage to deliver their presentation. As they do this, I request the rest of us to give maximum respect to the speakers. Listen carefully and respond appropriately. You can ask questions or clarify certain things said during these wonderful sessions. Do not fear because this is our new rainbow Uganda contrary to colonial and Idi Amin regimes. We dearly value and respect your presence, participation and input throughout this self-evaluation period. We urge all the speakers and those of you that respond to the various speeches, to speak clearly and respectfully. Thanks!

**Musisi:** I am greatly honored to open this self-evaluation session here in Lira town, outside my cozy cocoon. *(Once more, the audience rose on their feet, laughed and clapped their hands in appreciation of their leader).* About four years ago, we initiated this idea and dream of a new rainbow Uganda because we have been terribly fractured along tribal lines. We want to stamp out these outdated cocoons in order to build a new rainbow Uganda. We want to show the rest of our people that Uganda cannot be reduced to one tribe (Uganda = Buganda) anymore. *(Cheers and outstanding ovation accorded to Musisi).* As we began implementing this project, some of our people persecuted us. Some of you supported and still support us in this endeavor. Our number has drastically increased. I am so proud of such good people! Our methods and strategies have so far worked well despite some financial difficulties and attacks from our persecutors. I am proud to announce to you that many Baganda as well as people from Lira, Acholiland, Tororo, Hoima, Mbale, Jinja, Paidha, Pakwach, Mbarara, Kabale and Arua support our



effort to build a new rainbow Uganda. We are doing very well on all fronts! Let us not give up! Let us emulate the excellent example of our dear River Nile, our guiding morning star steadily flowing into the Mediterranean Sea in spite of twists, turns, dead ends, rapids and mountains.

**Mugisha:** We have clearly demonstrated that good political leadership and other forms of leadership do not necessarily require nuclear weapons, machine guns, tanks, helicopter gun ships, chemical weapons, mean looking and threatening dictators with a lion's heart or seemingly, super military guys! On the contrary, simple, well-educated, humane, people-sensitive, moral-value-laden, patriotic-civilian rainbow Ugandans with National vision, courage, open minds and creativity, make excellent leaders. Do such leaders exist in Uganda? Definitely, yes! They are all over the country, but most often, under cover. Why? Yeah! God knows best! You need a viable democracy? Let us dig out these excellent, charismatic and wise leaders! Let us give them the opportunities to lead us into the 21<sup>st</sup> century and centuries to come!

**Musisi:** Now I understand what Uganda really means in everyday life! I am proud to be a new rainbow Ugandan. Each day, our national consciousness deepens as we work, live, shop, sing, dance and study together in our new rainbow Uganda. Our national identity is about to be fully written, read, understood, realized and embraced by our people. People have begun thinking and behaving differently because their psyche and behavior are no longer dominated by their family, village, clan and tribal cocoons. Political and religious affiliations do not matter now. *All that matters is Uganda and our future!* Kakwa, Acholi and Langi are now bedfellows. "Those others" does not exist in the vocabulary of our new rainbow Uganda. It is almost an insult as well as a crime in all corners of Uganda. This is a very new chapter in the history of our beloved nation. Let the wheels of positive change roll on! Roll - Roll! Roll - Roll! Roll - Roll! Roll on and stand up!

**Akibwa:** Of all the achievements I have, helping my fellow Ugandans outgrow their infamous and self-destructive cocoons, ranks number one. I used to be a staunch UPC and treated non-UPC members as enemies, but now we are bedfellows and co-workers building a vibrant new rainbow Uganda. It is amazing how a positive transformation of a defective psyche and behavior can positively affect a person and an entire nation! I have seen it with my own eyes. I can feel, taste, hear and touch it now. Positive psychic and behavioral change is real. Our project is progressing very well. My dear people! Let the wheels of positive change roll, roll – roll, roll – roll, roll on and stand up!

**Mugisha:** Lions, zebras, antelopes, bushbucks, goats, sheep and cows are now good bedfellows. Our Crested Cranes and Hawks, Eagles, Chicken and Chicks, Ducks and Ducklings, Falcons and other birds, co-exist amicably. The old relationships of "hunter and prey" have vanished like swallow droppings in the atmosphere. UPC, DP and many other political as well as religious affiliations never threaten our new national consciousness and identity. Bakiga and Bahima, Baganda and Banyoro, Lugbara and Acholi or Langi are once again good bedfellows. What has happened? Yeah! I know the correct answer! Our psyche and behavior have positively been transformed. Our national



consciousness and identity are totally revamped. It is a new paradigm altogether. Let the old paradigms shift! Let the wheels of positive change roll – roll, roll on and stand up!

**Ejidra:** *(He nervously rolled his long sleeves, took off his coat, loosened his necktie, wiped sweat from his face and brightened Lira town vicinity with his infectious smile)*

Our project has been very successful. We are the very evidence our people can see because we – the quadruple brothers, have effectively worked together to realize our dream of a new rainbow Uganda. Mugisha can hug a Muhima, Musisi can hug a Munyoro while Akibwa, Otto and I, can hug, work, study, sing, dance, drink and co-exist without any trouble! What more evidence do we need? What more evidence do our people need? Our old paradigms have shifted because we have struck GOLD. “Oh dear GOLD! Your presence makes us tick 24 hours a day, seven days a week, thirty days a month and 365 days a year! Tick – tick! Tick – tick, tick forever and ever, and -----!” Now, our new paradigms have engendered our new rainbow Uganda! Let the wheels of positive change roll, roll – roll, roll – roll, roll – roll, roll on and stand up!

**Mugisha:** *(Turning to Lira audience) “Any questions or comments?” (The audience cheered and congratulated the quadruple brothers. They also pumped Ejidra to continue speaking).*

**Ejidra:** *(He intently stared at his colleagues and the Lira audience while punctuating his speech with a deliberate left and right movement. He shook his thick, but millet-bread - eroded finger as he passionately talked).*

We have invested so much into this grandiose project (creating a new rainbow Uganda). Our energy, education, talents and time have not been wasted! Psychic, behavioral, and national identity changes are necessary now because our old selves: family, village, clan and tribal cocoons have badly mutilated us for decades since October 9, 1962. I am glad that we rose to these challenges. Now our people know that the sacrifices of the few are worth golden opportunities for Uganda. A new chapter is written - a new era has dawned. We did not use any military power and sophisticated weaponry to accomplish this, but legitimate moral authority, critical thinking, people-sensitivity, national vision, creativity and open minds have done this. If we, mere children can successfully smoke out our people from their comfort zones: family, village, clan and tribal cocoons and curve a new rainbow Uganda out of them, how much more could our powerful elders and adults do for Uganda? We, therefore, challenge every Ugandan, young or senior, to emulate our examples, and let the wheels of positive change roll on! Volunteer and do something for your country instead of winning and asking your country to do things for you. Long live, Musisi, Akibwa, Mugisha, Dr. Drakuru, Taban, Rafiki, Kabunde, Hope and Mary! **Long live, Our New Rainbow Uganda! LONG LIVE, OUR GOLD!** *(Applause)*

## CONCLUSION

**Mugisha:** What an exhilarating session! We love living and working in Lira town! However, before we depart for our respective homes, I would like to thank the people of Lira town for welcoming us here. Your hospitality will never be forgotten. Furthermore, let us offer special thanks to Akibwa, Musisi and Ejidra, for mobilizing our people to create a **New Rainbow Uganda! God bless you! God bless Our New Rainbow Uganda! Thanks! Thanks! Thanks! ----- Thank You All!**

*That evening, cheers and the National Anthem rang and rocked the entire country*

## **GLOSSARY**

|                             |  |
|-----------------------------|--|
| <b>Adro</b>                 | Peace and Unity (Kiswahili).   |
| <b>Amani na Umoja</b>       |  |
| <b>Angara</b>               | Salted fish common in Markets in Arua and Nebbi districts.                     |
| <b>Angels of death</b>      | Wrong elements/murderous cliques of soldiers during the early 1980s in Uganda. |
| <b>Arduous</b>              | Demanding great effort/labor: difficult to accomplish.                         |
| <b>Bitter herb to chew</b>  | Very unpleasant.   |
| <b>Blossom with love</b>    | Full of love.  |
| <b>Bus (to)</b>             | Transport in a bus (long motor vehicle)  |
| <b>Buy into</b>             | To believe in or subscribe to an idea or theory.                               |
| <b>Captivate</b>            | To capture or to attract attention.  |
| <b>Clan</b>                 | Traditional social unit/division of a tribe.                                   |
| <b>Clique</b>               | Long-time close friends who function well together.                            |
| <b>Cocoon</b>               | Natural protective covering or structure.                                      |
| <b>Concocted Uganda</b>     | Fabricated Uganda to suit one's needs/interests.                               |
| <b>Concord</b>              | Supersonic Jet.  |
| <b>Consciousness</b>        | In this play, it refers to deep-meditative thought.                            |
| <b>Cranky</b>               | Having a bad disposition or an-ill-tempered person.                            |
| <b>Cronies</b>              | Long-time companions who function well together.                               |
| Lugbara tribe word for God. | <b>Demi-god</b>  |

|                          |  |
|--------------------------|--|
| <b>Discotheque</b>       | Person who is highly revered as a god.                       |
| <b>Ekapolon</b>          | Nightclub featuring music and dance.                         |
| <b>Fish out of water</b> | Clan chief or king in Karimojong Language.                   |
| <b>Ganda-stuff</b>       | Completely unfamiliar with one's surroundings.               |
| <b>Garbage</b>           | Unique to Baganda people or pure/true Muganda.               |
| <b>Gloom.</b>            | Rubbish/refuse or worthless or unwanted.                     |
| <b>Gut (to)</b>          | Melancholic mood.  |
| <b>Indomitable</b>       | To destroy or be consumed by e.g. anger.                     |
| <b>Kabaka</b>            | Resistant or incapable of being subdued.                     |
| <b>Kakwa</b>             | King (Luganda – Buganda tribal Language).                    |
| <b>Kakwaland</b>         | Tribe located in North Western region of Uganda.             |
| <b>Kiswahili</b>         | Land of the Kakwa tribe.                                     |
| <b>K.K. Boy</b>          | One of the major Languages spoken in Africa.                 |
| <b>Lingala</b>           | Kakwa Koboko Boy – identity of a group of people.            |
| <b>Logic</b>             | Bantu Language spoken in Democratic Republic of Congo.       |
| <b>Luganda</b>           | Mode/way of reasoning.                                       |
| <b>Luo</b>               | Language of the Baganda (people) in Uganda.                  |
| <b>Madi</b>              | Language of Luo peoples/tribes in Uganda/Kenya.              |
| <b>Magic bullet</b>      | Group of indigenous people/tribe in North W. Uganda.         |
| <b>Maru(w)a</b>          | Magical solution to a huge problem.                          |
| <b>Mean</b>              | Local and traditional brew common in Uganda.                 |
|                          | <b>Selfish, cruel, malicious and unkind to other people.</b> |



|                                  |   |
|----------------------------------|---|
| <b>Muganda wange</b>             | My brother (Luganda; Tribal Language in Uganda).  |
| <b>Mukama</b>                    | Lord or King (Bantu Language – Luganda, etc.).  |
| <b>Mungu</b>                     | God (in Kiswahili Language).  |
| <b>My old self</b>               | My life before appreciating Uganda’s human diversity.   |
| <b>Nyadri</b>                    | Trading center and market in Maracha County, Uganda.  |
| <b>Obote I and Obote II</b>      | President Obote regimes I and II (1967-9 & 1979-1983).  |
| <b>October 9, 1962</b>           | Uganda’s Independence Day (Anniversary).  |
| <b>Octopus</b>                   | Carnivorous marine invertebrate (In the play, it describes the fact that Uganda is made up of many tribes). |
| <b>Omnibus</b>                   | Long motor vehicle (One Uganda with many tribes).   |
| <b>One shot exposure</b>         | Single moment in which a person is exposed to reality.  |
| <b>Opi</b>                       | Chief/king (Lugbara tribal Language, in Uganda).  |
| <b>Ooze</b>                      | Flow out/pour out steadily.   |
| <b>Outstanding ovation</b>       | Enthusiastic and prolonged applause.  |
| <b>Paradigm (paradigm shift)</b> | Mind-set, paradigm shift (change of previous mind-set).   |
| <b>Psyche</b>                    | Mind functioning as center of thought and emotions.   |
| <b>Pump Ejidra up</b>            | Fill Ejidra with enthusiasm, strength and urge him (in the play) to speak.                                  |
| <b>Pushing hard</b>              | Put pressure on people to act in certain way.   |
| <b>Revamp</b>                    | Renovate, transform positively (positive change).   |
| <b>Saboteur</b>                  | One who deliberately undermines good plans/endeavors.   |
| Seminarians                      | <b>Seminary Students (some become deacons/priests).</b>   |
| Skin us alive                    | <b>Talk ill of us.</b>  |

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| <b>Smoke our people out</b>              | Expose or force our people out of/from their cocoons.  |
| <b>Someone down the road</b>             | Someone out there (one or a few among many people).  |
| <b>Spacecraft</b>                        | Vehicle with wings like airplane to be launched into space.  |
| <b>Swallow droppings</b>                 | Swallow/bird excrement that disappears in air.   |
| <b>Those others</b>                      | Refers to people outside your social nest, e.g. tribe.   |
| <b>Trash</b>                             | Garbage, rubbish (worthless or discarded materials).   |
| <b>Tribalism</b>                         | Sentimental attachment to one's tribe at the exclusion of members of other tribes (" <u>vicious exclusion of others</u> ").                |
| <b>Tribe</b>                             | Social unit of people with common ancestor/culture.  |
| <b>UFO</b>                               | Unidentified Flying Object.  |
| <b>Vibrant</b>                           | Full of or throbbing with energy and activity.   |
| <b>We are so fractured as a nation</b>   | We are too divided along tribal lines/structures.  |
| <b>Weird</b>                             | Odd or strange.  |
| <b>West Nilers</b>                       | People who hail from North Western Uganda region.  |
| <b>Whining</b>                           | Complaining bitterly, but doing/solving nothing.   |
| <b>Work tooth and nail</b>               | Work hard to achieve something you want in life.   |
| <b>World citizen</b>                     | A person for whom the world is a home to live in.  |
| <b>Wow</b>                               | Interjection expressing amazement/wonder.  |
| <b>Your professional take on Uganda.</b> | Your professional view about Uganda (What does Uganda mean to you as a professional?) - Special awareness, e.g. of your national identity. |

***Oh God of Gold! Uganda needs Golden Normal lives Now!***