

# The WorkZine

Volume 3 , Issue 6    Date : 18/May/2011



**RELATIONSHIPS**  
TIME TO APPRECIATE  
OUR MEN

**RAFAYILI KAYIGWA**  
URA AND DEPRECIATING  
SHILLING

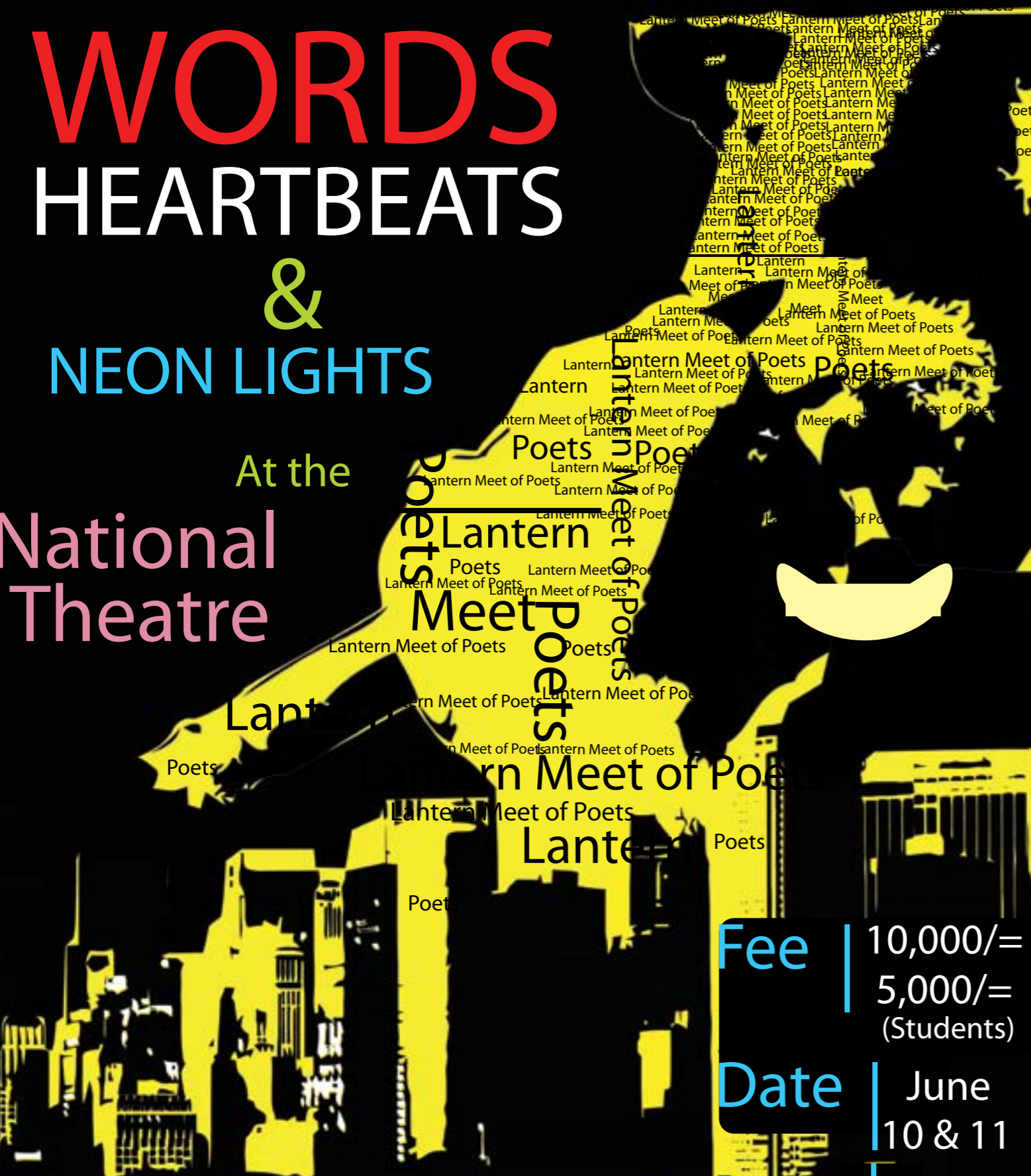
**RICHARD BALENZI**  
MAY WE ALWAYS  
REMEMBER

**WELCOME  
TO LIFETIME  
BOULEVARD**

# The Lantern Meet of poets Presents

# WORDS HEARTBEATS & NEON LIGHTS

At the  
National Theatre



Fee | 10,000/=  
5,000/= (Students)

Date | June 10 & 11

Time | 6-8 pm



## Editor's Word

### BE DARING!!

**D**ress codes at work can be sour and dour limiting you to the same drub outfits week in , week out. But sometimes you need to spice up they way you look at work. When the boss is away, or you are going for a field trip or its dress down Friday or it's a Saturday or you gonna quit tomorrow, just spice up that outfit. Unfortunately this seems to be more successful with women than it is with men. It would be shocking to see a guy walking into office on a Wednesday with a shouting yellow suit and a red shirt with a blue tie.

Businge Abid Weere



Cover Model : Sara Akelly , outfit provided by SINZIA



# WHENCE WE GO?

Rwakigumba Ronald

Only the other day, I asked the wonderful waiter, whether it was in order to be served a raw banana, her standard response was "that is what is available". After moments of thought, she picked the banana, only to return with a similar one. Upon summoning all the calm that grace provides, I advised that it was better to tell a customer that the banana's were raw than to deliver raw bananas. Her standard response again "Sir that is all we have, and besides other people do take them like that, they may seem raw on the surface but they are ok." On inquiring for the bill, she boldly included the banana. To tempt fate I paid with a larger note just to see if logic would allow her chance to correct her error. And with a smile she said, "I will give you more balance, since as it appears you have not taken the banana, thus I will not charge you for that" I knew it! There is plenty of good in all of us, only the courage to exploit it that lacks. Given my travel's I cannot for a fact say the customer is king, but simply that life goes on. There will be good days, and not so good days, even in the most customer dedicated climate. I am uncomfortable with killing a man because he killed a thousand others, since that

makes me just like that man, only that I killed nine hundred ninety nine less. And if I kill a thousand of those kind of men, then where is the difference? But seems that rest of the planet is ok with that, and I will have no qualms about that.

An enthusiastic soldier the other day explained to me why the world is hay-wire about poverty. He theorises that the world does not really suffer from poverty, but that the world is full of people who are not content with what they have. He argues that in the past people were not so exposed and thus did not have as many desires and discontent. Pictures of children carrying water from eternity along the roadside, of mothers hopelessly cultivating barren ground, amidst images of sheer desperation on the faces of people attest the contrary. 9 years ago, I carelessly commented in the Eagle magazine, that our generation has sent men to the moon, invented numerous cures, climbed very high mountains, took convenience at a whole new level, yet also, this generation has taken poverty, immorality, desperation to a whole new experience. I fear I still agree.

The other day, two adults failed to control their vessel of transportation, with two

round wheels, a pedal, and a carrier at the back. They found urgent settlement right in between the front two wheels of my vessel. Having recounted the incident over and again, I am still not sure whether the break and clutch should take praise for the continued life of these men. They looked confused and puzzled getting up from the ground, like to say, 'shouldn't i have died right there?' Sorry guys not that easily, you have many more days to impact the world, to change lives, to truly live, there you go. But i will never forget the smiles of the crowd that gathered, the cyclist who came by my window to say "boss, bonga ko". A few months back when my fortunes where different, the ground was all up in arms, and i had to summon poise, eloquence from Jupiter just to get the situation under control. Then I was a villain, and today I am sort of a hero. I looked at the smiling faces and quickly thought how those very faces would have spat venom and death if the last few microseconds had gone differently.

I am not certain whence we go, but there is still a disquieting voice reaffirming that we still have the power to do so much good, transform lives, change the world, one, two, or even three lives at a time.

Tonight, I observed my pen against the light and found just enough ink to write, but only this far. This is effectively my

final drawing of life as I find it. So long. Curtains, curtains please...

<The Writer has had more jobs than ten cats have lives. He is taking a hiatus from writing , but we all know that once you go pen , you don't go back



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# MAY WE ALWAYS REMEMBER

by Richard Balenzi

A plaque at the entrance to the main Rwanda genocide memorial centre at Gisozi reads; "This is our past and our future, our nightmares and our dreams, our fear and our hope." The remains of over 250,000 people who were killed during the genocide are buried at the centre.

Inside, the mini-biographies on some of the walls tell chilling stories. I am particularly struck by one which reads;

Name: Fillete Uwase

Age: 2

Favourite toy: doll

Favourite food: chips and rice

Best friend: her dad

Behaviour: a good girl

Cause of Death: smashed against the wall

This month we continue to commemorate the 17th anniversary of the genocide. A genocide in which 1 million Tutsis and some moderate Hutus were killed in 100 days by their neighbours; an astounding average of 10,000 a day. As one commentator put it at the time "There are no more demons in hell, they are all in Rwanda."

In April 1994, I was a few months shy of my 13th birthday. I was in Primary Seven at Shimoni Demonstration School in Uganda. At the time, the Ugandan media was saturated with stories about Lake Victoria turning red with blood from the thousands of corpses of Tutsis which had been dumped on the River Akagera by the genocidaires and had been carried upstream into the Lake. It was upsetting knowing my kinsmen were being butch-



ered in Rwanda and there was not much that could be done to stop it. I remember some of my classmates complaining that my kinsmen had polluted the Lake and now they could no longer enjoy eating fish anymore. The killings did not make any sense and I remember asking my mother why our people were being killed. She reassured me that it was one of those things which I would understand when I became older. I am now older, but even after so many years of reflection, the enormity and gravity of the genocide remains difficult for my mind to comprehend.

During the genocide and its immediate aftermath, Rwanda was written off by everyone including Rwandans themselves as a failed state which would never recover from the demons that consumed its soul. Today, Rwandans can look back with pride and say great strides have been made in education, healthcare, dispensing justice, building infrastructure, ensuring peace and nation building.

If the Rwanda genocide was testimony of man's capacity for cruelty against fellow man, then post-genocide Rwanda is testimony of the resilience of the human spirit, man's capacity for reinvention and God's enduring love for his people.

When we think of how far we have come as a nation from the deepest darkness of 1994, to the reborn Rwanda of today, we can not help but be immensely grateful to God for the great transformation he has brought to our nation.

Where we were once in utter despair, we now have hope. Where we once wallowed in self-pity, we now carry ourselves with a quiet dignity.

However, rebuilding the infrastructure in the country has proved to be the easy part. Reconciliation and forgiveness are still a work in pro-

gress. In the Lord's prayer we say "Forgive us our sins as we forgive the sins of those who sins against us". By saying these words we are imploring God to forgive us our sins and undertaking to forgive those who sin against us by the same measure. This is a very difficult undertaking, but we aspire to it nevertheless.

Yet, how do you ask a genocide survivor who only managed to keep alive by drinking the blood oozing from the corpse of her husband to forgive the perpetrators of this heinous crime? How do you ask genocide survivors to follow God's com-

**This is our past  
and our future, our  
nightmares and our  
dreams, our fear and  
our hope**

mandment to forgive, yet they feel that God abandoned them in their greatest hour of need?

Asked why she forgave the man who butchered her family, Rosaria, a survivor who is the subject of a documentary entitled "As we forgive" had this to say about the person who butchered her family; "How can I refuse to forgive him yet I am a forgiven sinner? According to God's word, I am called to forgive him, for I did not create him. Neither did I create my family that he killed. His crime was against God whose creatures he killed. So I place everything in God's hands. If he has confessed his sins before God and asked for God's pardon, then I forgive him"

Rosaria must have realized that no punishment handed to her family's killer by any court in the world could ever refill the void in her life. The only way she could release the heaviness in her heart, the bitterness in her soul and lead the remainder of her life meaningfully was by finding in her heart the grace and the courage to forgive her family's butcher.

Through a number of outreach programs by the government churches and NGOs, many surviving victims families have been able to reconcile with genocide perpetrators and now live side by side each other.

Nevertheless, a lot still needs to be done to bring about reconciliation amongst all Rwandans.

The Nobel peace laureate and head of the post-apartheid Truth and Reconciliation Commission, Archbishop Desmond Tutu once

said " True reconciliation is never cheap, it requires forgiveness which is costly". As we continue to heal collectively as a nation, we ought to continue to pray for God to bring about true reconciliation and forgiveness in our nation.

To the hundreds of thousands of Gatetes, Uwimbabazis, Uwases and Ndolis who were killed in the Rwandan genocide, we continue to renew our solemn promise to you; to honour your memory and to ensure that this nation under God will never again have to endure another genocide.

May we always remember



**IT MUST BE HARD KEEPING A STRAIGHT FACE AS A COURT REPORTER**

David Ebright (aka JaxPop)

These are from a book called Disorder in the American Courts and are things people actually said in court, word for word, taken down and published by court reporters that had the torment of staying calm while these exchanges were taking place.



**ATTORNEY:** What was the first thing your husband said to you that morning?

**WITNESS:** He said, 'Where am I, Cathy?'

**ATTORNEY:** And why did that upset you?

**WITNESS:** My name is Susan!

**ATTORNEY:** What gear were you in at the moment of the impact?

**WITNESS:** Gucci sweats and Reeboks.

**ATTORNEY:** This myasthenia gravis, does it affect your memory at all?

**WITNESS:** Yes.

**ATTORNEY:** And in what ways does it affect your memory?

**WITNESS:** I forget..

**ATTORNEY:** You forget? Can you give us an example of something you forgot?

**ATTORNEY:** Now doctor, isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep, he doesn't know about it until the next morning?

**WITNESS:** Did you actually pass the bar exam?

**ATTORNEY:** The youngest son, the 20-year-old, how old is he?

**WITNESS:** He's 20 , much like your IQ.

**ATTORNEY:** Were you present when your picture was taken?

**WITNESS:** Are you shi\*\*ing me?

**ATTORNEY:** She had three children , right?

**WITNESS:** Yes.

**ATTORNEY:** How many were boys?

**WITNESS:** None.

**ATTORNEY:** Were there any girls?

**WITNESS:** Your Honor, I think I need a different attorney. Can I get a new attorney?

**ATTORNEY:** How was your first marriage terminated?

**WITNESS:** By death..

**ATTORNEY:** And by whose death was it terminated?

**WITNESS:** Take a guess.

# Break It Down...Tomorrows Music Industry is Today

Facebook, Twitter, Sound Cloud, Blogs, The Hype Machine... these my friends are the new music industry.

The interweb (as my buddy Scott Legere likes to call it) is where it is at. CD's aren't dead they just aren't as relevant as they were 5, 10, 15 years ago. Radio isn't dead...we just have choices where we can hear the new, undiscovered, and hottness.

The music industry is heading back to where it started...an entity of experience for the listeners and fans. Creatives and fans have the accessibility to connect with each other like never before and that is the beauty behind where the music industry is going.

**BREAK IT DOWN!!!!!!!!!!!!**

- Solicitation of a CD- out the window. Providing an experience or something that's more then just the audio...Glory

- Artist living in solitude and just expecting their name to carry them-out the window. Engaging fans, going where the audience is at... Glory

- Fake ass artist put together by labels- out the wind. Providing one hell of a concert...Glory

- Not taking advantage of today's technology to expand your career...now that's just stupid

The music industry is entering this era where music is not just an overlay on the net, rather it is becoming a part of the nets DNA. For an artist this is a good thing, you have can reach an audience far greater than what you imagined kicker is you have to create something that will when a persons love for your art.

*That is tomorrows music industry BROKE DOWN in 250 words*

*Read more from the writer at <http://louisbyrd.com/>*

## YOUR PLALYLIST

ANTONY MWASE

TRACK	ARTIST	SONG TITLE
1	Souls Of Mischief	Live & Let Live
2	A Tribe Called Quest	Electric Relaxation
3	Dulce Neves	N'Tchanha
4	Az	The Come Up
5	Raekwon	Wu-Gambinos
6	GZA	4th Chamber
7	Magic System	Premier Gaouone
8	Slick Rick	Children's Story
9	Mabulu	Maldeyeni
10	Teargas	Take It Easy
11	Bidinite	Considjo Di Garn-dis
12	Mobb Deep	Hell On Earth
13	Ice Cube	A Bird in the Hand
14	Scaeface ft. Ice Cube	Hand of the Dead Body
15	Devin The Dude	Just Tryin' Ta Live
16	Wu-Tang Clan	C.R.E.A.M
17	Adele	Rolling In The Deep
18	GangStarr	The Militia
29	Twista	The Heat

# KISS YOUR ASS?! NOW WHY WOULD I WANT TO DO THAT?

Ohh that's nasty, but COME ON, kiss your ass? Listen, I'm not going to be your special kind of fool. Plus, that's some nasty drama, and drama is nothing but the space between a lie and the truth.

But first, that's a nasty picture ain't it. Sorry, but I had to go for the gusto on this one. But if I did kiss your behind, we might find the core of a serious problem.

I mean, think about it, if you ask me to kiss your ass, drama is going to breakout because somebody is lying. I am lying to myself if I believe that kissing your rusty ass will make you love me, and you're lying to yourself if you think a wet kiss on your ass is going to solve our problems. Consequently, if we remove the lies; drama ceases to exist. No body's ass is getting kissed but...



Drama by definition is a series of events full of vivid, exciting and interesting actions. You know, like kissing someones rectum. Now, of course, within those actions there's usually pain and destruction. When I look back at my life, none of my most dramatic events would have occurred if I did not lie to someone or myself. Maybe I should repeat that. NO LIES, NO DRAMA!

A cynic might say that others bring us drama. I would tend to agree with that, but if I can borrow a phrase from my mother... "if you play with a puppy, it will lick you in the face". In other words, not until we engage ourselves in the actions of others, is it our drama. The lie or untruth develops when we think we can control the actions of another person or change the mindset of another person or change who we really are. Case in point, a woman or a man might find themselves immersed in a drama filled relationship by thinking a person will change if they only did X, Y or Z. You know, like kiss their ass 24/7. Few people really change, so who's fault is it when the drama thickens and seldom goes away?

But again, I have to keep this post in the context of how this issue relates to me. So, if I didn't lie to myself about myself, and to the women in my life, it's possible and probable that my drama filled life would be absent of most of the dramatic events that found me at my lowest low. Wow, that was a mouthful, but the story is now starting to roll.

For instance, I lived a secret life with two separate families. I wrote about it. The post is called

"Babies Mamma Drama" here: <http://careycarey-carryme-home.blogspot.com/2010/09/babies-momma-drama-one-two-and-three.html>

Believe me, in the above post there's drama mammy, and lessons to be learned

Listen, if I had removed the lies, I wouldn't be writing this post and there wouldn't have been years of confusion. Are you kidding me, check out the drama in that post, click it (above), and tell me if I am wrong. This post pales in comparison to that one. Anyway....

I also tried to sustain a self image (a lie) that caused me more years

## My new motto is... WHAT ABOUT A TIME CALLED NOW!

of pain and suffering. I thought I had to be the coolest, hippest and slickest negro on earth. I thought I had to drive the biggest car and wear the sharpest clothes. At the same time, I wanted everyone to love me. So I lied to other people and myself, to get love in all the wrong places and all the wrong ways. I wasn't the best looking guy on the block, but I wanted to be. And I lied when I told women things I thought they wanted to hear. They loved it and I loved telling lies. Damn, a match made in heaven hell. I continued to lie to myself by rationalizing my wayward behavior.

Ultimately, and unfortunately my false self image needed constant stroking which required more money and more lies, with the

end results being more drama.

Over the years, one of the biggest lies I told myself was that there was nothing wrong with me. I had everything I wanted, so I resisted the suggestion that I wasn't as cool as a cucumber, while I masked my emotions. I was hiding from myself. No way was I going to entertain the thought that the problems of my life always started with me. Let me say that again. My problems ALWAYS started with me.

I've come to believe that it's a fact that if I don't lie to myself or others, or hang around people and places where lies are prevalent, I can live a drama free life. And it's working. And I am happy to say it's been working for several years.

Don't get me wrong, I didn't come to this conclusion over night. Oh no! Not until it got real dark did I see the stars. But don't ask me to kiss your ass, because my new motto is... WHAT ABOUT A TIME CALLED NOW! Now I am going to ask you why you'd want me to do that? Then we will see if we are moving toward an event filled with lies, deceit and drama, or moving to a mutual agreement that one of us just wants to get their freak on. Hey, I might like kissing somebodys ass (you never know) and that's no lie. No lies, no drama... er'body be happy.

*Written by Carey-Read full post on <http://careycarey-carryme-home.blogspot.com>*



# WELCOME TO LIFETIME BOULEVARD

Treetops and bloodies canopies,  
Welcome to Lifetime Boulevard.  
Ceaseless streams, casual, pas-  
sive and inanimate,

Streams, glossy as the seas, rosy  
with fiery flames and heat,  
Streams, green and fresh. Per-  
petual, like Mother Nature,  
And yet fragile, ever so flimsily  
fragile like the petals of a white  
rose,

Trampled upon, shamelessly  
without disguise of pity and re-  
morse,  
They persist in relentless oblivion  
to reality,

Welcome to Lifetime Boulevard.  
Treetops and bloodied canopies,  
Do we feel the sensual caress of  
the sun's burn?  
Yet while we refuse to see, be-  
yond the shade of the medieval  
baobab,

Or the oppressive beauty of eb-  
ony in her glory,  
We become nature's very own  
experiment. Mortal devils,  
The airs of good and truth, blow  
out, away from our hairs,

And the malignant air, of ailment,  
dishonor and ingratitude,  
It keeps our faces fresh. And our  
smiles, ever much fuller,

Treetops and bloodied canopies,

Welcome to Lifetime Boulevard.  
We could compare, in utter disre-  
gard of our inner self,  
Life.

To a sad song from a dead com-  
poser, singing brittle undertones  
from their grave,  
And breaking away in endless  
refrain, like the streams under  
those canopies,

Streams reflecting away, as the  
oceans turn the skies blue,  
Or the skies turn the oceans blue,  
So does the red in our compos-  
er's blood, reflected as far off as  
the forests,

The bloodied canopies.  
Or life, to the heart, the soulfully  
musical heart of the composer,  
Arrested heartbeat.  
But alive, through song its breath  
engulfs our vivid malevolence,  
As a foggy sunrise, Mother Na-  
ture listens. Intently.

The sounds of lost innocence,  
treetops on bright mornings.  
Welcome to Lifetime Boulevard.  
Treetops and bloodies canopies,  
Dreams and imaginations, won-  
ders of moments that we only  
walk through,

Under the canopied treetops of  
Lifetime Boulevard,  
We are only passers-by.

Axel PapaBear Benjamin

# WILDER'S HOOPER

With Brian B. Coutinho

**I have just had an epiphany!!**

Guess what I'm going to do to cel-  
ebrate, yep, you guessed it, I am not  
going to tell you, oh no, I am simply  
going to go round and round in cir-  
cles... for a while anyway, and then I'm  
going to get up and do something that  
will hopefully be infinitely more inter-  
esting. There, you have been warned,  
read on at your own risk. (this would  
really be a cool spot to have a dis-  
claimer, only I can't think of one right  
now... hmm, good thing I don't have  
to hand this in tomorrow so I think I  
will just insert one when I do think of  
one (just so you know, the likelihood  
of that happening is about the same as  
that of a goldfish remembering what it  
had for breakfast))

Hmm, a point, I'm supposed to be  
hunting around for a point, you know,  
something for you to worry at like a  
dog with a bone (not that you'll even-  
tually go and bury it, no; just worry it  
for a bit, till you get to the end of the  
page and realise this whole thing is  
just a (insert adjective here (you know,  
something like beautiful, interesting,  
captivating...something you'd use to  
describe your significant other (only  
if you still like them)))... waste of time  
and you really should be elsewhere  
doing something that certainly does  
a good job of masquerading as some-  
thing important (take doing your job  
for instance, I'm doing mine you know,  
keeping you off work))

Ok, there's a problem, I'm supposed  
to be rubbing my hands in glee right  
now, maybe letting the occasional  
"MWAHAHA" escape me, but... nada!!  
I'm just..., well, just, um just... just ham-  
mering away at my keyboard seeking  
hard for an elusive point, and when  
I do find one, I will proceed to make  
it hard for you to figure out just what  
it is, useful, huh? Yes, I know I know,  
I love my job too, well, not this par-  
ticular one, it seems to have success-  
fully failed to even pay one bill, one,  
not even contribute to a single measly  
lunch, how fair is that?

Ah well, doesn't matter I suppose,  
great artists never do seem to be ap-  
preciated in their own generation,  
take me for example, I can draw a  
mean spider... eight legs and all, very  
scary, so scary in fact that you just  
might mistake it for an octopus some-

times, but does anyone even know  
who I am? Has anyone bothered to  
study my exquisite pencil work? No-  
pe, everyone harps on and on about  
Picasso (the dude was colour blind,  
why else would he have painted a  
whole painting in blue? (I have a the-  
ory, but this chap looking over my  
shoulder might bash my head in if I  
attempt to share it so, maybe later,  
when he's gone far far away, (and  
also gone blind so he can't read my  
articles and deaf so he can't have  
them read to him... thank goodness  
the workzine doesn't come out in  
Braille))) and Da Vinci (ok, so  
maybe this one was a bit bright,  
but then that brown idiot had to go  
and make his brilliance oh so pedes-  
trian, someone should paint him  
black that they should (ok, I just  
realised that particular reference  
wasn't as obscure as I'd like it to be  
but... eh, too much trouble to try  
and think of something)) and... (Ok,  
there is a ton more artists, all the  
way to the idiot who accidentally  
framed his (what's that thing the  
artists use to hold their colours while  
they paint? Yes that one) and some  
"expert" called it a master piece  
because the blobs of colour made  
him feel something (we don't know  
what exactly, just something - I  
think it was something to do with  
the home made cigarette he was  
currently sharing with the artist in  
question (I cannot mention this  
dude's name cuz he just might  
come after me (nothing bad you  
understand, I'm pretty sure he  
appreciates the publicity, only he  
may try to reward me by making a  
portrait of me and let's just say his  
best attempt would... okay, I'm  
tired of writing this sentence, I'm  
going to stop here now)))) Just  
realised something else impor-  
tant, I'm also tired of writing this  
article, so, yep, you're a genius if  
you figured this out all on your own,  
I'm going to stop typing now. (This  
particular set of brackets is com-  
pletely pointless, just wanted to  
prove a point, one that I've unfor-  
tunately forgotten, I just thought  
you might want to know that.)



# URA AND DEPRECIATING SHILLING

Rafayili Kayigwa

The Uganda Revenue Authority releases exchange rates every month that it uses in its operations especially to translate the value of imports to shillings for purposes of taxation. This is in my view one of the worst operational decisions by the government body.

Utilising this monthly rate to translate foreign currency transactions for an entire month is financially irrational. It is clear for all persons who have used the free market forces, to exchange their foreign currency, that the rate is never stable for even more than an hour. It is thus a wonder that tax body can decide to use a single rate for the entire 30/31 days in a month. Most persons running their business have thus adopted this crude method in the hedging or to put it more clearly in translating their transactions and basing their future transactions and negotiations of foreign currency transactions on this monthly URA rate.

The URA monthly rate is thus being utilised by most people in business to file their tax returns and have it in mind when negotiating rates with their local banks when purchasing dollars to pay for machine parts.

I do not have an idea of how the URA prepares its exchange rate forecasts for the month but it has been proven in most cases that these rates are not up to scratch when it comes to the market averages for the month. For instance in 2009, the released daily rates by Bank of Uganda when averaged for the month and compared



to the corresponding rates of the URA show a significant difference with most times URA rate being a lot more than the average market forces rate. In April 2009 the average market rate against the dollar was 2,170.18 compared to 2024 of URA, in June 2009 the market rate average for the month was 2145 while that of the URA was 2252. In both instances it shows how the market rate is much different from that of the URA notwithstanding the latter's influence upon the former. (See below for entire extract of 2009 exchange differences between market and URA.)

For its administrative purposes to tax transactions made in foreign currency the URA adopted this method of releasing once a month a rate that it would use. This method is in my view archaic and pre-modern. With the URA asking most of its clients to file returns

online only means that these very clients have access to the internet. As such the URA should start utilising this technology adequately. The Bank of Uganda releases market forces exchange rates everyday showing the rates the shilling has been trading at on a daily basis. This rate is also immediately posted on its website [www.bou.or.ug](http://www.bou.or.ug) and any person that visits it will have the opportunity to view these rates. The URA should like any other market player simply adopt these rates as they are actually the market forces rates and URA is simply a user of the rates. It should also summarise these rates on its website and utilise them for translating its clients' foreign currency transactions for taxes. This will in my view avoid the uncomputed impact their current forward rate is having on the foreign currency market in Uganda.

# Cellophane (She Had Me at "I Know")



Sixty seconds. That's all it took. One lousy minute. For her to take what I thought up to that point was a pretty cool party of a life and turn it on its head.

60 seconds...1 minute. The amount of time it took for her to walk into the room, slip off her shoes (they were slip-ons, I remember that. The brown sequined ones I think. I wonder if she still has those) and half amused, half she still didn't know what to think of me, watch as I vomited my opening line, my grand entrance into the story of her life all over her pretty little toes.

I'll be the first to admit, it wasn't the grandest of entrances. It was three words. No riveting monologue. No sweeping of the feet. Three. Simple. Words. And not very good ones at that. They were the first three words that popped into my head. And they weren't even the traditional,

"How are you?"

Maybe I should have said something else. Thought about it a little more. But then, maybe not. And maybe it's not too far of a stretch to think that in those 3 simple words she even found me charming. I don't know. We never really did do a memory lane of that night. I mean, sure we looked at the pictures a couple of times, yes there were pictures, probably lost now but we never really sat down and talked about it. Made an attempt to relive it. Get each other's side of the story.

After all this time and I still don't know what her first impression of me was. In those first few minutes,

I mean. Before the alcohol and the dancing and the hand holding and the cigarettes and the kissing and the waking up the next morning and the asking me for a t-shirt...before any of it. I still don't know... "You're really tall..."

Yup, that's what I said. Those were my famous first words. I find it kind of embarrassing actually. Like, was that really the best you could do? Make some obvious observation about her appearance that wasn't even really a compliment?

And here I thought I was good words...

Red nail polish. That's something else remember. On her fingers and her toes. Red was her color in those days.

And these days? I really couldn't tell you. Although if I was to guess, I would have to say that she outgrew the color red quite some time ago.

Gosh, you can't imagine how much it sucks for me to know that I don't even know that about her anymore. Red nail polish. White jeans and this green, short sleeved turtle neck thingy that I really don't know how to describe. That was my first image of her. The way her clothes clung to your body accentuating how perfect I thought her body was. How perfect I think her body is.

And she was pretty.

My attraction to her was instant. I couldn't take my eyes off of her. The entire night. I'm pretty sure that she noticed. I mean, I wasn't exactly trying to be discreet about it. But then, maybe she needed the attention that night. In spite of the not so true although more true than not things she had heard about me. Maybe she needed to lock lips with someone. To rub her hips against someone. To lose herself as much as she could with someone, without losing herself completely to that someone. Only she knows.

And her answer? To my unconventional three word introduction? Probably the best answer she could have given anyone in such a situation. Two words that trumped my three to shit. That for some reason I still can't put a finger on, made her all the more appealing. That in my mind had me.

She pursed her lips. Looked at her friend then looked back at me without turning her head. She had that amused look back on her face...

"I know."

by **L.a. Lutara**



# TIME TO APPRECIATE OUR MEN!

Every day we read articles about the best mums, charity gestures, how he cheated, how he beat me bla bla bla.. but no articles about how good he has been! It doesn't always have to have a happy ending but that still doesn't mean that while it lasted, he was not the 'it'! I notice that girls for some reason in a relationship, we wait for the moments when he will mess up or cheat or not call... but totally ignore the fact that he tries to be the best man he can while still with you!. In my relationship, the one thing I never forget to do or point out is to say thank you, or appreciate for anything he does ( I learnt that from him). Even if it's just dropping me home (it's not my right) because he even appreciates me more. He calls to say thank you for everything. We should never take anything for granted. Recently he let me take his car to school yet he had to go for a friends' wedding meeting. First he had to use a boda boda to get to the meeting (how sweet, for some strange reason, women find it sweet for a guy to give up his comfort for their benefit, that's why they are usually termed.. selfish) then he waited for me till 9:00 pm without even call-

ing for impatience, found him seated alone, waiting, and my heart just melted.... Late as it were, he took me home without complaining, save for the fact that he hates the lonely ride back home. That I totally understand. Why then would I complain?

I used to bug him with my 'you need to lose weight' tantrums, but ever since I started pretending that it doesn't bother me at all (actually doesn't anymore) he started trying to do something about it. Such annoying tantrums just push them away.. Women need to let their men be, then the men can in turn become exactly what they (women) want them to become (almost)! So stop pressuring them.. let them be happy, in the end, both of you will be happy!

Just the thought of having someone out there thinking of you all the time, worrying about you, wondering if you are ok and loving you should be enough. It doesn't always have to be about shopping sprees, expensive meals here and there, trips out of town and the 'when are we getting married' drill! In my previous relationship I learnt something that it doesn't always have to be about you!! Get

a day in your selfish weekly routine and let it be about him.. do things his way, let him make the bed his way or not at all, let him decide where you should eat, go watch soccer with the boys late at night without you haunting his phone, or decide what color the curtains should be (ignore that last part)... all am saying is, let the man have his way once in a while. This will cut down on the nitty gritty arguments. It is a full time job being a husband or boyfriend. The least we can do is appreciate their hard work and make them feel loved. So to all the guys out there doing what you have to do to ensure that your relationship works, or planning on doing what it takes to make it work, thank you. Just don't forget the following: -to take out the trash and do the dishes when it's your turn!!!

-our birthdays  
-to call and tell us how important we are.  
-Finally, to learn to accommodate our issues since most of you complain that 'women have issues'!

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