

## **AKBAR HUSSEIN GODI'S CORRECTIONAL STORY**

NEXT OF KIN: MR. AIMARR FIDEL

KAMPALA

PRISON NO. KGC447/15

### **ANECDOTE**

My further and better particulars are thus, I'm resident of Entebbe road, Najjanankumbi, Kampala, aged 35, Lawyer by profession, a prisoner serving prison term in the Kigo prison Facility.

I'm also father of two boys aged seven and eight respectively, orphaned at six years.

I dropped out of school after senior one and started to take a living on my own at the teenage age of 15, this led me to a good Samaritan a one Dr. Bua who I think was God sent who offered to pay for me school fees.

As I itched to commence studies after a year, Dr. Bua who was working with the **Save the Children Fund** (UK), Arua sub office soon got a better job with the United Nations in Serbia at a time when Mobile phones were just making entry, thus I lost his contact and once again dropped out of school.

I always convinced myself never to give up easily, especially, when faced with challenges.

I quickly picked up the pieces with some savings. I commenced a petty business which within a year enabled me raise school fees for a day school, the result was a first grade **aggregate 20** in UCE in 1999.

Energized, I diversified to photography, after selling off the petty kiosk business, I relocated to Kampala and quickly enrolled for private study at St. Matia Mulumba Church opposite old Kampala police where I sat privately and obtained 13 points in my UACE. During vacation, I did driving within three months I was in possession of my driving permit.

With these, as I was contemplating going to South Sudan to pursue driving career, lady Luck smiled at me with a state House Scholarship offer that enabled me to enroll for a Bachelors of Laws degree in Kampala International University.

The challenges set in, the course was so demanding. I had to photocopy lecture notes, statutes, course outlines, case precedents. I had to incur printing, typing costs during course works. In addition I had to dress in suits as per the dictates of the legal profession factoring in rent plus feeding costs. By God's grace I never fell sick otherwise...

The costs above almost made me to switch to pursue journalism. I prayed and soon I devised means to supplement for pocket money since state house in addition to paying tuition, only added 300,000/= which was to cater for accommodation allowance plus anything as long as it made you see off the four months long semester. I started teaching, organising seminars in secondary schools in afternoons since my lectures stopped at 12pm. I thus got Extra cash by teaching.

From my savings, I bought two motor bikes each earning me 30,000/= per day thus I was able to solve my financial challenges and concentrate on my Law course. By this time my **motto was; given enough food, I will make it.**

During my second year, I contested for Guild presidency and came second. I was devastated but soon my tears were replaced by joy as I soon got a chance to work in parliament of the Republic of Uganda as a political assistant to Hon. Norbert Mao then Gulu Municipality MP. I never got salary but free food, drinks, photocopy, transport allowance, free access to the parliamentary library which helped me with my legal research and made University life easier.

In my 3<sup>rd</sup> year, I was not convinced that I lost the guild presidency, free and square. So I took a dead semester and contested for national parliamentary seat in Arua Municipality constituency and won over overwhelmingly, thereby becoming the youngest MP at 23 years in the 8<sup>th</sup> Parliament.

Meanwhile, after winning on opposition FDC ticket, state house withdrew my scholarship, but who cared, as for me I was already home and dry.

Since I was now earning fair salary, I ended up paying for the remaining four semesters. **On Nov 6, 2007**, I graduated with an upper second class honors in Bachelors of Laws degree missed first class by Whisker and I got admission to pursue post graduate diploma in legal practice or Bar course at Law Development centre on government sponsorship.

In LDC, despite the enormous financial demands, I had a smooth sailing. In anything, I believed God knew I had suffered so much earlier on.

With my legal profession, I have demonstrated research skills, interpretation of legal technicalities and these legal skills came handy during my time as an MP as everything in parliament be it a Bill, debate, research, commission of inquiry or parliamentary investigation has an angle of law. It was therefore not surprising that my law lecturers used to tell us; those who do other courses get educated but lawyers got learned.

As I was in internship (Clerkship) with three months to go to enroll as advocate of High court of Uganda, I was arrested, charged with Murder of my wife and **sentenced to 25 years by the Mukono High Court.**

Although this imprisonment was a clear bitter lemon, I was determined to make lemonade out of it. I, while in determination engaged the president of Uganda law society and persuaded her to establish legal clinic in upper prison Luzira by availing us computers, act laws of Uganda in soft copy which make inmates to start self representation in court, something I pioneered in 2013.

I enjoy Law, but I would not want to keep my eggs in one basket hence through East African Polytechnic University under virtual study, I would wish to diversify to pursue Bachelors or Masters in Civil Aviation Management as a second string to my Law as I wish to join the nascent aviation industry within East Africa which is ever expanding, so that I add value to me, my nation after custody life.

Nelson Mandela was right: **Educating is the only gift you can give prisoners for transformation.** More so, since 25% of the Holy Bible was written by prisoners plus the fact that leaders abound in this world who were once prisoners, the sky is the limit for any focused prisoner.

With this, I pray and beseech the management of East African Polytechnic to deem it fit to offer me the opportunity to pursue civil Aviation.

Much Obligated,

I remain

Yours sincerely

Akbar Hussein Godi