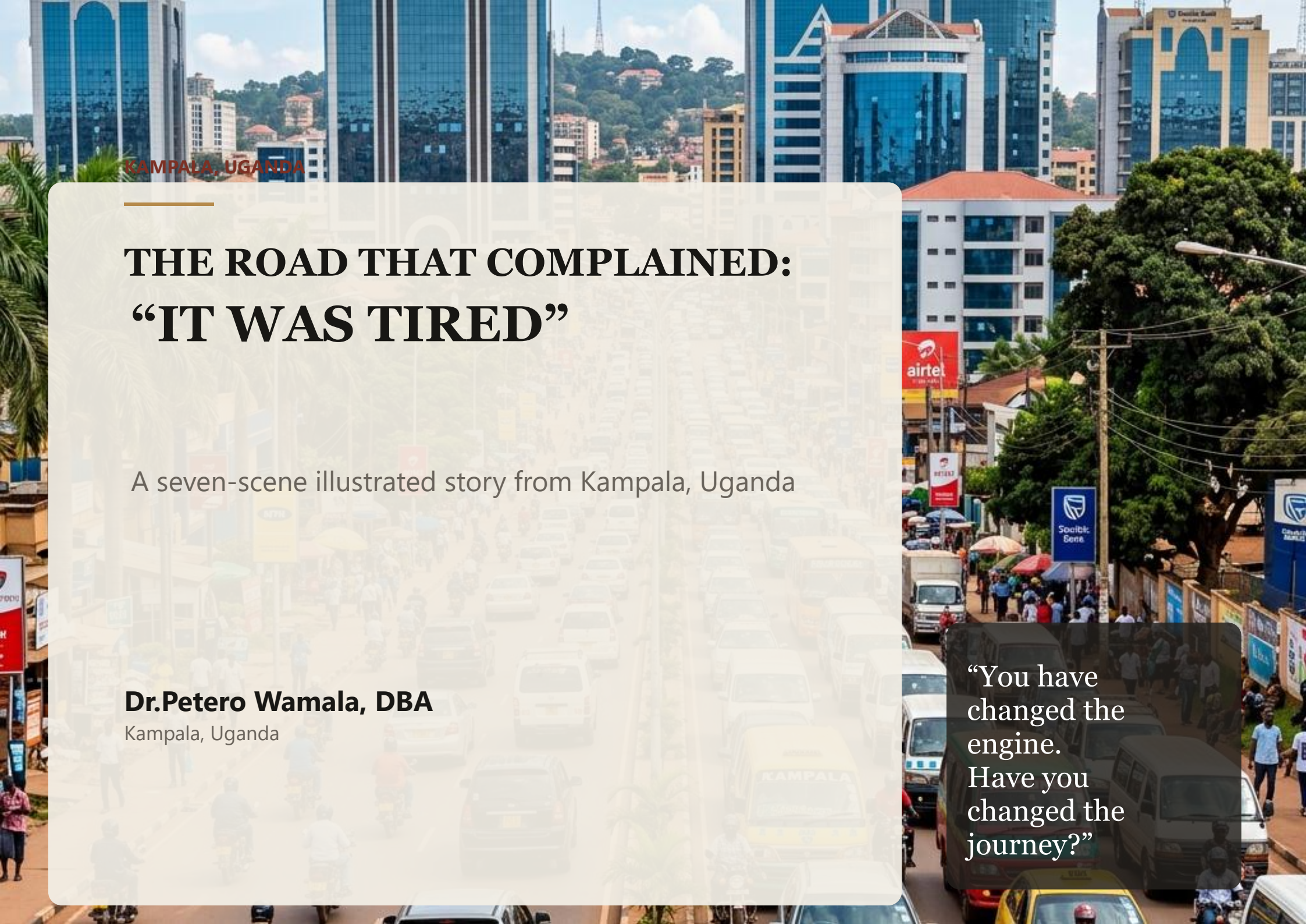




KAMPALA, UGANDA

THE ROAD THAT COMPLAINED: “IT WAS TIRED”

A seven-scene illustrated story from Kampala, Uganda

Dr. Petero Wamala, DBA

Kampala, Uganda

“You have
changed the
engine.
Have you
changed the
journey?”

“Old Man.”

At 7:30 one morning,
Uncle Rwamiti was walking
along a busy road in Kampala
when he heard a voice.

“Old man.”
He stopped.
“Old man!”
He looked behind him.
Nobody.

“Down here.”
Uncle Rwamiti looked at the
tarmac beneath his shoes.
“You?”
“Yes, me,” said the road.
“And I am tired.”



**“I was built to
carry people.
You people decided
I must carry
machines.”**

A boda-boda squeezed between
two cars.
A taxi stopped abruptly to collect a
passenger.
Drivers attacked their horns as
though
enough noise might create another
lane.



**“How big must I
become before you
people ask whether
I am really the problem?”**

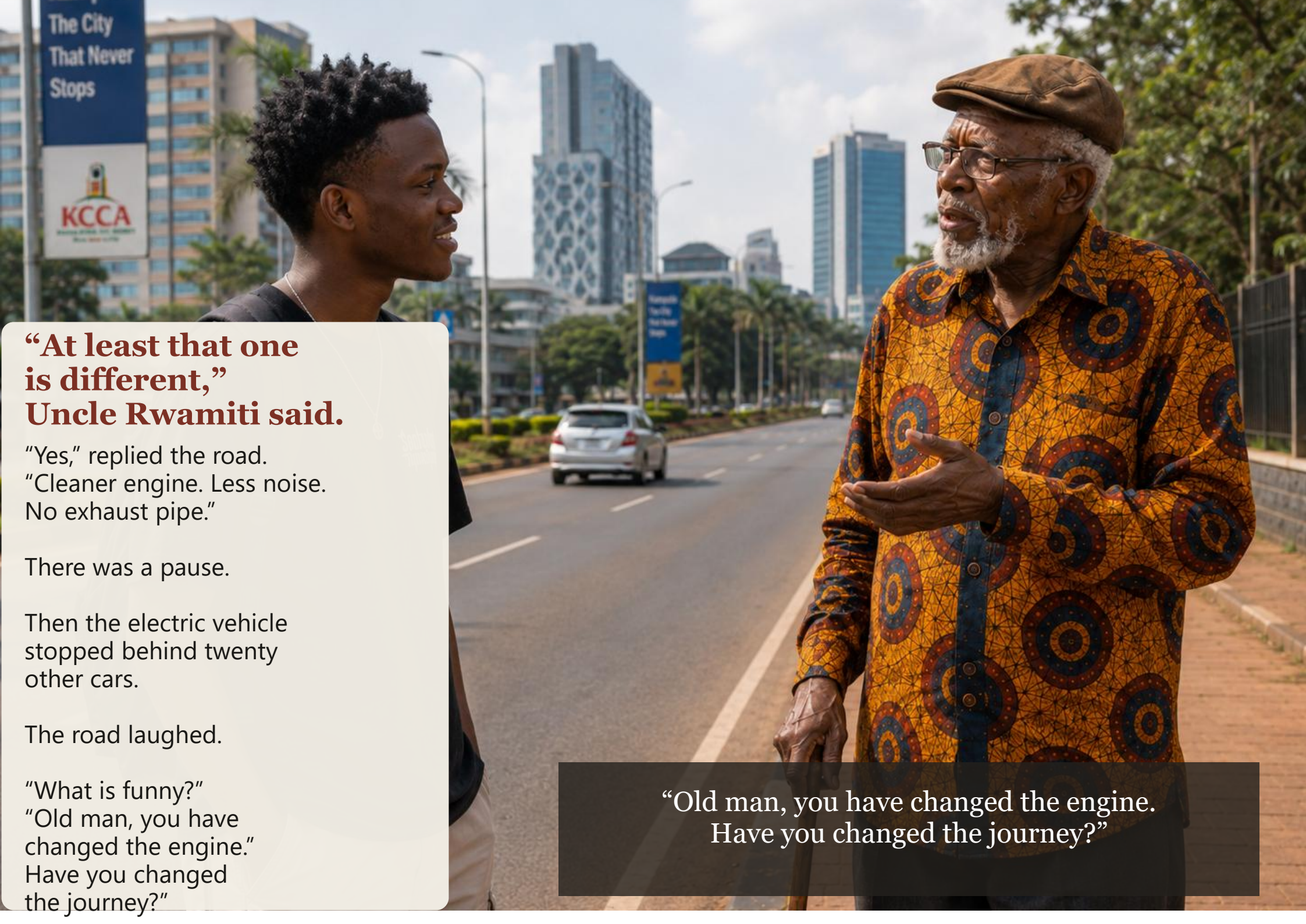
They widened me!
They widened me again!
They built junctions and traffic lights.
They patched my holes.
They dug me up and rebuilt me.



**“They also use me.
But when people
talk about transport,
they count vehicles.”**

A woman walks because the fare
went up.
Two schoolchildren struggle to
cross.
A cyclist hugs the edge.
A taxi carries more than a dozen
lives.
They are all on the same road.
They are all the reason I exist.





**“At least that one
is different,”
Uncle Rwamiti said.**

“Yes,” replied the road.
“Cleaner engine. Less noise.
No exhaust pipe.”

There was a pause.

Then the electric vehicle
stopped behind twenty
other cars.

The road laughed.

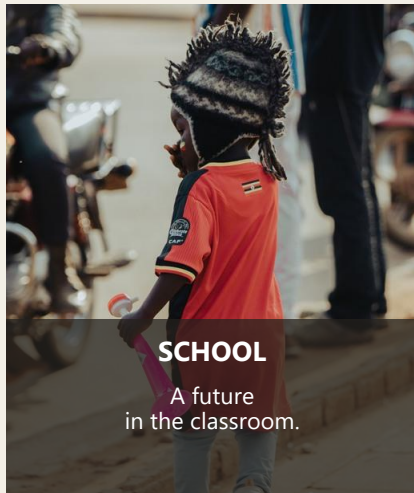
“What is funny?”
“Old man, you have
changed the engine.”
Have you changed
the journey?”

“Old man, you have changed the engine.
Have you changed the journey?”

**“I would begin
with a different
question.”**

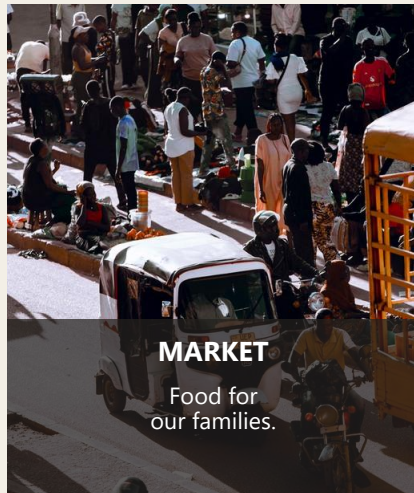
“What question?” I asked.
“Not: ‘How do we move more cars?’
(The traffic roared around us.)
“But: ‘How do we help more people
reach where life is waiting for them?’”
A school. A market. A clinic.
A workplace. A home.
Destinations. That is why they travel.
That is why I exist.”

**“How do we help more people
reach where life is waiting for them?”**



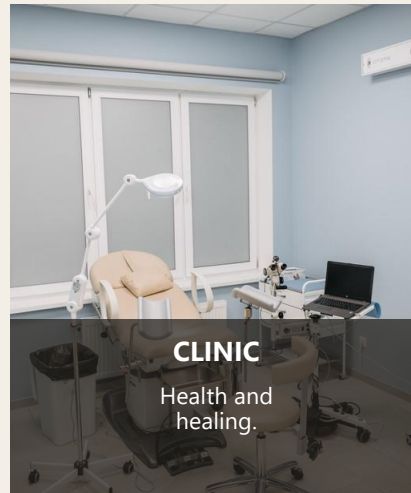
SCHOOL

A future
in the classroom.



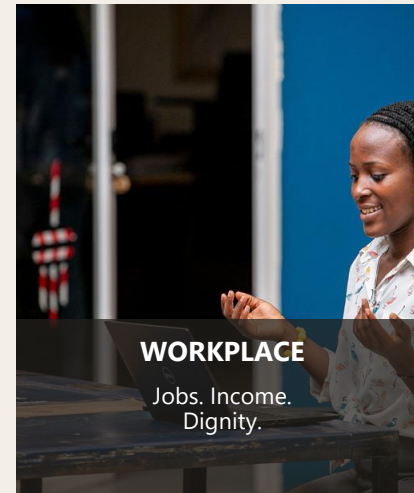
MARKET

Food for
our families.



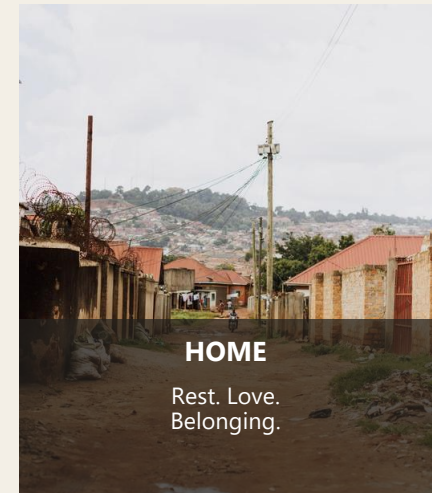
CLINIC

Health and
healing.



WORKPLACE

Jobs. Income.
Dignity.



HOME

Rest. Love.
Belonging.

A city has not solved mobility merely when its vehicles become cleaner.
It has solved mobility when its people can move.

“Please tell them.”

And Uncle Rwamiti did.

Because a city has not solved mobility merely when its vehicles become cleaner.

It has solved mobility when its people can move.

Petero Wamala — Uganda

