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NEA OPE SE OBEDI HENE

"he who wants to be king "



**Adinkra
symbol
meaning:**
symbol of
service and
leadership

From the
expression "Nea
ope se obedi
hene daakye no,
firi ase sue som
ansa" meaning
"He who wants

to be king in the
future must first
learn to serve."

No Holiday to Celebrate Fathers

by So
Strange

I know some
people may not
agree with me
but Father's Day
is around the
corner ladies if
you're a single
parent that does
not make you a
father you are a
mother and you
were celebrated
on Mother's Day
for being a
parent a mother.
Father's Day
was created by

a woman whose
father was
widower and
raised her and
her siblings by
himself doing
everything a
mother should
do but there was
no holiday to
celebrate
fathers she
could not
celebrate him on
mother's day
why because he
is not a mother
so Father's Day
was created.
There are plenty
of single dads
but you don't see
them saying
happy Mother's
Day to me for
playing both
roles and it's a
slap in the face
of all the men
out here doing
what they are

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supposed to do. If you are doing it all by yourself that makes you a parent unless you are transgender you will never be both

Why Is Sex No Longer Sacred?

by Talk2Q



I was watching the "Amber Rose Show" just recently. In all honesty, I was watching the show for

all of the wrong reasons. I just think that Amber Rose is smoking hot, so I decided to tune in. But the show was so awful that I know that I won't be watching it again.

The entire show was basically Amber Rose asking women questions about sex. Women were disclosing everything from how many side dudes they've had to being on top during sex. Some people call it "women empowerment" and other people call it "women being promiscuous". Whatever you want to call it is totally dependent on your upbringing.

As for my upbringing, I was taught that sex was something sacred. You didn't share what you did with everyone. It was deemed disrespectful to your partner to discuss your sexual experiences with them to someone else.

Fast forward to today and everyone is doing

it. People are getting on TV, radio, and social media and discussing their sex lives like they're talking about their day at work or something. I watched Amber Rose talk about sex for her entire show except for the last segment (which was only a couple of minutes long). She "interviewed" rapper, T.I., and asked him his favorite sex position, the craziest place he's had sex, and if he masturbated.

I was thinking to myself, "how in the world are kids going to *not* be teen parents if all they see on TV is how much fun sex is?"

I guarantee you that there are a ton of kids under 18 years old watching Amber's show and shows like hers. It's not like parents pay attention to what their children watch. A ton of the girls watching probably want to be Amber Rose and a ton of boys want a girl like her. She has a glamorous lifestyle and makes a lot of money for basically doing nothing truly

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talented. Who *wouldn't* want that life?

But, back to the topic... Sex isn't sacred any more. People will tell you all of their business without any thoughts to how you feel about it or how their partner would feel if they found out. And if you feel awkward discussing it with them, then you're looked at as someone abnormal. A conversation that may have been reserved to close friends and siblings is now something you can get from a coworker you barely know.

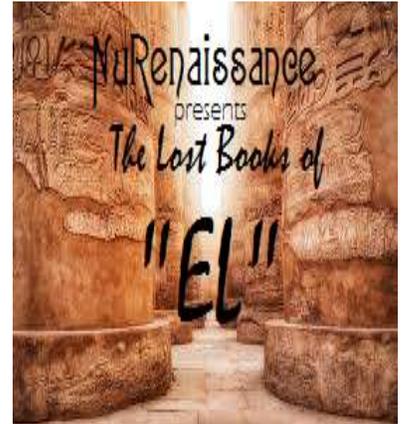
In roughly 30 years, the United States do a 180 degree turn around in morals. Sex is "empowering" and not something kept private. Cursing is simply just talking and not something done out of the public's earshot. Being reckless with your life is no longer scolded, but it is praised by everyone for you "expressing yourself" (and sometimes

rewarded with money and fame).

Nothing is sacred any more. TV has dumbed down in 30 years what took hundreds of years to create. The end result is me watching Amber Rose ask a woman if she has a side dude (actually, "dude" wasn't the d-word that she used) and this young lady must have named 10+ guys. She was applauded for it.



To each their own, I guess. It makes me wonder what conversations are parents having in households across the U.S. with their children? Is this type of thing even being discussed? Based on what I'm seeing on TV, it is being discussed. Just by celebrities instead of parents.



Fumbling For Bread ...don't be like dat, dough . . .

by RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

Bread, by far, I believe, is an substance which is one of the most importantly least understood nightmares wonders of the world. Thoughtfully – of course – certain breeds of the Homo Sapient Human species have recognized it as one of the most impressively ruthless killing contraptions of the grass communities. Rather ingeniously, the plants –

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shrubs actually – seem to be related to algae and octopus. It is as what can be described – a land-bound barnacle. Wheat is an independent that seems to resist further domestication and yet still, throughout modern times, it remains a potentially unreliable product for consumption.

Peoples of North America and Middle America (corn dominant) perhaps have the greatest negative response to the plant, though the industry trends to a bane of internal political dogmatizations and out-of-reach solicited dominances because of, by mantra, its general Near Middle Eastern origin.

Corn (be careful) – a minor, short-term medical remedy (x-ray assault usually) – possesses a limited ability to solve for itself and the people it normally afflicts when those people become diseased by an invasive alien species which problem solves for the same resources.

Most noticeably, bread of wheat origin, is amply prepared to victimate (different from victimize) thusly, the user whom which are have been

immunized to its toxicity due to a host of implicitly off-topic genetic reasons of evolution which, by journal entry on the right to a novel or classified scheme on disease resistance, demand that such competing organisms draw a line of conference or indifference (but not really) or independence to the outlaw formula which attempts to process both immune reactivities as SAME. The effect of this action, for the first time, determined that wheat on the Homo Sapiens Human species is absolute in its attempt to become a carnivore. Operationally, the eyes of the species were linked, then, to the Wheat Head so that an instinctive behavior – a flight reaction – because allergy alone was exactly not enough of a predictor to the aggressiveness of the plant. Therefore, at a level of consciousness in the womb, amended conception(s) demanded that an infant recognize the Wheat Head for which to neither token nor correspond with except on exclamation of surprise to his incapacity to flee. For the infant, a force copy-cat remedy for consumption (a

chronic drug affair) is the only available resource to remedy this communicative trepidation because of the damage it causes the immune system. A vengeful Wheat poisoning constrictively eliminates Ca(s), Na(s), Mg(s), K(s) and Zn. No small wonder that a tot will carry a cracker or a slice a bread around until it seems weird. The Wheat Head is not a friend. The energy it takes to repair and recover from the attack of the Wheat Head at this level is too frequently too much to rely upon when prolonged investigative options, instinctively proven capable, enable that first recognition of the stalk-grain-product is best reserved on association to learned instinctive memory – an observational responsiveness that promotes not despair to realize that the caregiver is not attempting to problem-solve the dilemma forced the infant's way. Too much wheat sponsors fraudulent taste-testing of any food-item – by the infant or the caregiver parent – to which follows in the direction of the child which whom is offered a subsequent meal

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containing this incomprehensible substance which he is nominally required to eat a portion of despite his careful concerns registered as complete by time-tested analysis of the product under the obedient or watchful eye of the custodian whom does well to avoid this confrontation except by progressively traitorous trade or within reach of awkward holiday placement or in a box. Small children recognize a monetary transaction for what it is.

Psychosocial practices on a tradition of learning and fully-functional rationalizations offered forward of gestational intellectual review, by citation of worth, (dreams shared by the mother and developing infant) characteristically have been fertilized by sanguineous relations (moods of the father witnessed by the mother and communicated to the developing infant) which who(m) exist at a margin or distance to the epicenter of the innate reaction to Wheat Head.

Deconstruction of those events by the maturing Homo Sapient Human

bargains for an arranged biological mandate on evolutionary intuition which has been stamped "supplied" by neatly ordered substitutions (common commercial and store purchased wheat notions) which, disproportionately, defeat metabolic review for "highly nutritionally" when a stabilization query from the immature growing infant nonetheless requires consult with known, not scrupulously investigated, but determinatively localized indigenous resources by locale and/or on season where Wheat retails its non-negotiable habitat for trade on allowance of a(n) managed subsidy. This is to say that a plant as an ordered creation on genetic tolerance to maturity can store enormous amounts of information about its habitat and its ancestral beginnings. Such a gain or criticism, as it may amount to for the Homo Sapient Human Being, belongs justly to the realm not of imagination but of fact. An invasive or speculative nuclear food product can be, without major conflict, dismantled to the effect that a near relation to that

food source can be clarified under the guidelines offered to a developing infant for need of this information resource. "Where does this come from?" He might ask. A practical substitution can then be arranged by maternal negotiation and placental manipulation. The nascent child knows to then suspect that the Wheat Head is become another creature. Typically, venture may state – with proper criticisms attached – that the recognizable Wheat Head has become certain cacti, the Coconut or the Avocado – all transformations of the wheat grass. "Run" – the normative command given the Homo-Human at the genetic level upon sight of this enemy known as a Wheat Head – is a hereditarily labored for revelation given over for sharing of these results from the etymologies on tap to task by the asking. Alcohol to the fetus slows these inquiries. Rejection of the Wheat Head is dominant.

For instance:
The Wheat Head says that the Homo Sapient Human

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species are Hatred because it, they, exist(s) in recognition of its predatory complex. So now the wheat plant – again, a classic shrub on performance – must watch this human constituent for signs of escape and offer them a reliable rearrangement of goodies that, for their high fat content, simply cannot go unnoticed by the enslaved surrounded Homo Sapiens Human environmentalist handicapped, which still is (are) emotionally mixed on the subject of his topical demise where alcohol and fats are related within a Satan-God complex. Except that there remains a restricted punishment, sensory pleasure in the face of suspicion can best describe this delight.

For quite a long geologic while, the wheat grass had been eligible to be ignored because of its invincible on-guard and its, therefore, volatility by a tortuous road of socially bound escape routes to tolerance by excess of indulgence on agriculturally prostituted vulnerabilities. Assumed by the Homo Sapiens Human Being on recognition of the wheat

grass as a(n) FIRE dominant alcohol producing vehicle and, too, a FIRE retardant by its known conduct with a predatory style of aggression on the Homo Sapiens Human lineages. Moreover, economic ideologies magnified by imaginative reduced effort (non-migratory communities) accepted this, these perils for the managed trade of the species by specialty of labor, interest, or product to assemble a War Machine. The increase of debt which followed in the wake of that lost investment furthered an attempt to restore a value to an industry prohibited by genetic scrutiny and spawned a host of artistic ideologies – the which of, has-had-been-hoped-would-might (up until the present day) lend a mechanical support to a plant which is a known FIRE thief which is conversant with and concurred by a many-armed advantage for which it is prepared to control and resist Combustive relationships and, too, deny Labor, Conception, Growth, Development, and

Lifespan in the Homo Sapiens Human lineages. As a result we find the Totempole – A Wheat Head. The Pyramid, by analog of tolerant inversion – directly related to the Totempole and the business of mercantilism or capitalism on license to a director – artistically, also A Wheat Head in avoidance of the Ash Pile and by process of control over the Moth. The Moai – Rapa Nui (Easter Island) Monumental Statues – an exotic escape on the Wheat Head – suggests a successful or attendant migratory effort and achievement of a grim sanctuary at road's end by Polynesian people and, by distance covered, a challenge to wheat commerce. The reverse, perhaps more true by this account of the Wheat Head, conferences the idea that the Rapa Nui people may have established a Pleasure Island instead – an administrator's retreat. Now, at last, today, the Skyscraper – a modern day symbolic representation of the Wheat Head or grain – a prohibited industry on genetic survey – nonetheless supports alcoholic ambush of the

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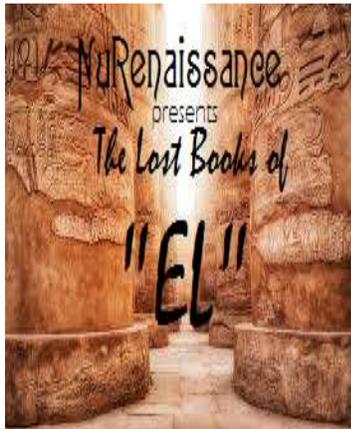
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Homo Sapient Human Being by an alien technology which demands forced labor. Wheat is an assassin. (Wheat) Bread was often referred to as "The Butcher" by kids I knew on my block when I was just a kid.

What a Bastard!



Art in the World

By RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

Jealousy and Art never quite mix for profitabilities on the matter of complexity where beauty is more apparent. Desire and theft equally have no advantage - not in the real world. Politics does not always make for literature. You have to have possession of a reality where a spade is a spade. That's an advantage . . . but that's also philosophy. An improper mindset has a basis for its functioning. That's knowledge. At some point, an investigation must prove its own intelligence when it finally ends. That's art. That's science. That's life. There's always a road to follow. Love should be an easy goal. I don't think that love is political. It's inventive, but I don't think that love is political - not when

love is a natural part of the world that resists jealousy and war. A mismatched couple, I think, but there are those - not real people they could be - who support no effort for the world when the world itself works for the art of love. Perhaps jealousy should be reserved for something else, like sensitivity. That way art maybe could find a space which is less cluttered. It should not be so easy to prove that the world is against space. Live your life, man. Don't live mine. Have Peace. The cost for art cannot be more danger. I can't afford to study danger for long. I have to believe that I'm not out of context. I shouldn't be broke along with understanding.

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Why Am I Not The Parent My Mom Was?

by Tasha Mac



Last night my 16 year old daughter came into my room and said she wanted to talk with me about something. Of course I obliged her because anytime your kid actually wants to talk with you, you immediately stop doing the 12 tasks you were doing simultaneously and give her your undivided attention. She was on a mission to stay home from school the next day. Let me tell y'all, my

kid had a speech, a presentation and supporting documents all prepared to present her case to me. She was talking so fast, she got out all 6000 words in one breath. I'm laughing hysterically at what is taking place in my bedroom. She is saying mom, please stop laughing. She actually had a text message on her phone from one of her teachers saying there would not be anything going on in her classroom tomorrow and she'll only be checking folders if any student had not turned theirs in. I'm sitting in my bed amazed at how well she presented her case to me. (She is going to make a great lawyer). She says, please mom let me stay home tomorrow. I said, I need to ponder and pray about it. She says, I will ask you again at 6:30 in the morning. Needless to say, she

won because I did allow her to stay home.

The whole time she was presenting her case to me, I'm thinking, my mom would not even listen to any foolishness like this when I was 16. More so, I knew better than to ask. So, my next question to myself was, Why am I not the parent my mom was to me growing up? Don't misunderstand this blog, I'm not discrediting my parental skills, however, I can admit at times, I am way more accommodating to my children than my parents were to me. I think part of it is the guilt from being a single parent. We try to make up for things here and there when we can. Another part of it is, I am tired, and you caught me at the right moment. My mom investigated everything when I was

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growing up. A big difference with me and my mom is I have way more responsibility as a parent. My mother had more time to investigate during certain phases of my life when she was a stay at home mom. I'm a mom among many other titles so I try to give my girls a little bit more leeway than I was given. Although they accuse me of being overly strict.

I do think my kids and many others have a more relaxed life than what I had and their parents for that matter. Kids today are the most spoiled children with a strong sense of entitlement I've ever seen. But to some degree that's our fault as parents. I can own that. I have good kids, don't get me wrong but the things I have to stay on them about like chores, my mother

never had to stay on me about.

I can remember if I didn't clean the kitchen at night, my mother would wake me up out of my sleep to clean it. That was rough. My girls have gone to bed without doing chores and I never wake them up out of their sleep to do them. I will assert punishments where it hurts; such as removing electronics from their possession.

For my 16 year old, this tactic works wonders.

The problem with some of us parents is that we want our kids to have it way easier than we did. But we are ruining them in some ways. It's okay to give them a great life, but every now and again, some old school parenting will not hurt them.

The Magician



Synopsis:

It is written, "Winged warrior demons sworn to defend the reign of the Evil Spirit, God of Darkness, Ahriman. Ahriman ruler and lord of the fleet and sworn enemy of Nabonidus or Nebuchadnezzar. It is foretold that when the Merovingian bloodline has run its course in the realm of man, the King of Kings, so pre-named Leviathon, last of the sacred, will return to defend the souls of the children of Babylon and usher in a new age of

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transformation. When he is reborn so shall the Dark Warrior return.”

The Trailer:

<https://youtu.be/yzVx6Yhfj0M>

Read an Excerpt: (Chapter Nine)

Twenty five souls from air. Twenty five souls from water. Twenty five souls from earth. Twenty five souls from fire. This will equal 100 souls and will complete the circle of resistance. Once the circle is complete, the binding can begin. Ahriman sat alone in a room he set aside for himself in the house that he, Sharon, and Aaliyah resided in. The home is very beautiful even though not as large as the home Leviathon just purchased for him and Carolyn. Uniting with Carolyn was something that Ahriman could not prevent. There were things that Ahriman was finding that he could not control. This disturbed him because he felt that he had substantial control over Leviathon and the events of this lifetime. At first he thought it was

Nikostratos who was hindering the scope of his power but it was not him. It was something else. Another force was at work here. Ahriman knew that his task would not be an easy one but he was hoping that the awakening of Leviathon would also have taken longer. However, Leviathon finding Carolyn, his heart mate, was an unfortunate occurrence. Nevertheless he would continue what he must do. He could not be stopped.

Ahriman needed a mate to complete his own full strength of awakening. Sharon was an obvious choice. It was laughable to Ahriman that man did not take heed to the scriptures and the Prophecies. Man did not know that all of the power that he needed was right here on earth for him. Man only concentrated on the physical. Ignoring the spiritual or just using the woman's body, her gift of creation and nurturing as a means for physical pleasure. And using the power of prayer as a means to relax, lowering it to only meditation. How idiotic. What a waste of power. And this is why he felt that

man did not deserve the next level of transformation. This is why they are not worthy of what is to be theirs. They do not deserve to inherit the kingdom and all of its treasures. For was it not it written, did not Jesus tell Nicodemus, now so named Nikostratos, “Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Were those words not written in John 3:16? They do not deserve what Leviathon has been sent here to reveal. Therefore Ahriman would stop it. He would halt the Prophecy.

Even though Leviathon had found Carolyn and had fully awakened, Ahriman still had the sacred knowledge that Leviathon did not have yet. He knew Leviathon's purpose and why he was reborn. Ahriman knew what is to come and Leviathon was not aware yet therefore he still had time to collect his souls and build his army of resistance. There was still time.

Ahriman sat in his study on the floor on top of an old Turkish prayer rug that he brought with him

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through time. The rug on which he knelt was a rug many generations old and one that he had used many lifetimes for meditations and prayer. It had been hand crafted just for him many centuries ago as a gift for his service as a priest during the Crusades. It was on this rug that he and his heart mate awakened together. And it was here that his heart mate once again would give him the energy from within her source that he needed to continue his mission. Sharon was, always was, and will always be the one. And Sharon will give him his total force and strength. What lies within her will transfer into him and his antediluvian warrior spirit will be whole. It was time.

Ahriman sat on the rug with his legs tucked beneath him in traditional prayer posture. His hands rested on his knees, palms up, his head bowed. He wore a custom made black velour robe that draped him perfectly. On his right hand, on his forefinger, he wore the Ring of Solomon. Around his neck he wore the God/Goddess symbol or the golden pentagram.

His eyes were closed and he quieted his spirit in order to bring the stillness to his soul. He began to rock back and forth gradually feeling peace surround him. As he rocked, one by one the pink and red candles that he placed about 3 feet out and around his rug, ignited. And then he called to her.

Sharon scooted down a bit further in her bubble bath. She loved the sprawling whirlpool tub that was in the master bedroom. Once Leviathon moved she immediately took his room over changing his masculine gray and maroon colors to a softer pastel palette. This was the way she was meant to live. She was not meant for that boring clerical job of mundane meaningless work. No, she was meant for this life of opulence. A life filled with excitement and entertainment. She loved it all and felt so at home in this world. She couldn't even remember what Michigan was like. The warm suns of Nevada were for her. Great weather everyday. Hot, sure, but that is the way she liked it. No more bitter cold days of icy roads. She

blocked it all from her mind. That time never even existed to her anymore.

But what she could not block from her mind was Ahriman. He was mysterious, intelligent, and with a sensual sinister quality about him that she could not resist. How she wanted him to come into her room some night and just take her, but he never did. Many nights they would talk about the world, politics, religion, and love but he never made any amorous advances. Sharon felt that maybe she was not attractive to him. Maybe her features were too old. Even though she was only 37 she knew that most men adored women who were at least 10-15 years her junior. Sharon was gorgeous by any standards but she was not a budding girl anymore. And with the pain she has seen throughout the years her countenance was not as bright.

"Damaged goods." she said to herself as she now thought about Ahriman with his solid masculine body and dark penetrating

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eyes. He reminded her of an Egyptian sculpture with all of its perfection and that fascinated her immensely. Sharon closed her eyes and sighed despondently. Even with this new money Levi had given to her world it still did not bring her the love she ached for.

Remembering the many conversations with Ahriman, she thought back to when she asked him about what had happened to her son, Leviathon. What was going on around her. She had been afraid to truly ask these questions before to Leviathon, for fear that by asking she could no longer keep the notion that it was all a dream, all an illusion. She would not be able to continue to pretend that the things that Leviathon could do were in fact a hoax of some kind. The thin fabric that was her sanity depended on that idea.

But Sharon could no longer witness the happenings without trying to learn more, without hearing the truth. "How is Leviathon able to do the things he does?" Sharon asked Ahriman one night

as they sat alone at the kitchen bar. Ahriman had sat quietly watching her intently as he always did. His gazes, although pleasing to her, were a bit severe at times. It was his eyes. Something within them, just behind the cornea, was darker than any darkness she had ever seen and yet she was unafraid.

"How is he able? How is a bird able to fly? Or the sun able to rise, the wind able to blow? He can do what he does because that is what he is meant to do. That is why he is here."

"Is there a God?" she asked innocently. Ahriman's face darkened. "Of course there is God. How else can anything happen in this world. He is the creator of all things." He said forcefully. He had startled her without meaning to. He placed a hand gently on her arm, softening his tone. "He is everywhere and in everything. He is the force for which you breathe the force of all things. Yet He has been forgotten. His words have been rewritten and transformed by the egos of man. How is

Leviathon able to do what he does?" Ahriman paused. "He is able because it is within us all to do what he does. But the question is not "how" but "why". Why now? Why him?" "I don't feel this power within me. I haven't even felt God in so many years." Sharon confessed.

"You feel He has deserted you. It was after your mother's boyfriend raped you that you gave up on God. You felt that if God could not protect you and your mother would not protect you that you were all alone and that you had to protect yourself." Ahriman told her. Sharon looked up at him in amazement.

"I was only twelve. I remember wishing that he would die because he kept on doing it and I couldn't stop him. And my mother, she just turned the other way and let it happen. She claimed that I was a liar but she knew....she knew." Tears invaded her eyes.

"Yes she did. But he was paying for a lot of things around the house and she needed that money." Ahriman told her.

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"But when they found his body mangled so, that was the happiest day of my life. I felt so ashamed for feeling that way. I felt like I had caused it somehow. Isn't that stupid?" Sharon asked rhetorically.

"You cried so much during that time. I hated him touching you, hurting you, so I approached him one night as a wolf and ate him alive." Ahriman waited for her reaction. Sharon stared at him with a mixture of terror and gratitude and he could see that she was taking in what he had just told her. Not only that he was the cause of her attacker's death, much in the same way that he was the cause of her recent ex's death, but that he had always been there with her. "You would watch me?" Sharon asked only to confirm what she already knew. Her blood was both hot and cold.

"Yes. I mainly listened."

"You protected me. But why? Why me?"

"Why not you?"

"Men have always left me. Why did you protect me?"

"They left because they were not meant for you."

"And what of Benny, my husband? He was the only man who did protect me. Why couldn't I love him?"

"Again he was not meant for you. He was meant to be the father of Leviathon and you were meant to be the door in which Leviathon would reenter this world."

"God has a purpose for Leviathon. Has my purpose been used? Am I only to be a door for Leviathon?"

"The fact that you still breathe means you have more to do, and more to bring to the world. If not you would of died in childbirth. God's purposes for us are very complicated."

"What is God's purpose for you?" Sharon asked moving in closer to him and hoping he would take the opportunity she was giving him.

"My existence is beyond His purpose. My purpose is my own." Ahriman said darkly. "I used to believe

God had a purpose for me. I was wrong."

"How can that be if God is over everything?"

"It's called the ultimate free will. You follow a path when you are not aware of your objective and the reasons you are here. But unlike you I am fully aware therefore I can make a choice."

"But don't we all have free will?"

"Yes. Your destination is set and you can choose to reach it many different ways. But you are not aware of that destination therefore you can not choose whether or not to go there. Only your journey is your own. I can choose not to follow my destination because I am aware of it so I am choosing a different ending."

Sharon was shaking her head in utter confusion. None of it made any real sense to her. "I don't understand."

"I know and it is not for you to understand. You are not meant to know these things."

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“So there is a God. Is there a Devil? Which belief is right, Christians, Jewish, Muslims?”

“They are all right and they are all wrong. They are interpretations of things that happened, of laws that have been passed down. Yet the word was not meant to stop in some ancient time. God still speaks to man all of the time but not many listen anymore and those who do are ridiculed. You are still very young in your thinking and in your faith.”

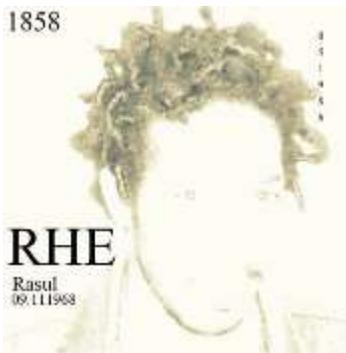
“But aren't these the end days? I mean isn't the world supposed to end soon according to Revelations?” Sharon stopped and a thought blared into her brain. “Oh God is that why Leviathon can do what he does? Is he here to end the world?”

Ahriman sat back on the kitchen stool and smiled at her nodding his head in approval. “Very good. That is exactly what he is here to do. And I intend to stop him.” He confessed to her then placed his forefinger to his lips. “ssshhhhh.”

It was at that moment that Sharon knew she was in love with him. He had such power but power beyond what she ever thought of in normal terms. Ahriman was more than a man with money. Money meant nothing now. He had real power and real strength unmatched by any human man. More power and knowledge than she could ever imagine. Sharon knew that she would follow him into the bowels of this earth just to be with him. What she did not know was that that is exactly where she should have to go.

[Read More by purchasing The Magician](#)

The Element of El



(Unlisted on the Periodic Table), is a collection gathered by NuRenaissance of

the post-statements and memoirs of Rasul El.

The Pumpkin Strike

by RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

Pumpkins, the Calabazas – a Central American import – is a vine originating, perhaps, in the tropical portions of Southeast Asia, which is has been noted to be conspicuous for its capacity to avoid detection despite its exaggeratedly meandering and sophisticated growth. Pumpkin is a misbehaved plant that – on regimen to longitude, latitude, and climate – has, over time, conscripted a number of hands-off genetics for which to use to host its nature. Still in an ongoing process of maturation, the Calabazas are limited only by their attentiveness to growth factors which often fix the vine to exist as a competent competing organism on the nature of an orchid and/or a flower. This is to say that its organ system(s) is/are designed to support one of the more complex brain tissue

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elements in the plant dynasty. The familiar Spice Islands or Caribbean pumpkin is vitally important as an opportunist in the development of a kinship system that presumably has owned an affordable sustained knowledge of itself and/or its nearest relative far longer than seems to be reasonable. Perhaps not likely, but seemingly, the Calabazas – certain ones – are the result of a pregenitive (check progenitive) construct which – as a fixture of linear modernization – rationalizes that its most productive prevention defense is to found a(n) suitable environment for its lifecycle which is free of predatorial conflict and competition for a stable staple resource known only to itself and/or its nearest relative.

Clarification of a Calabaza or Pumpkin remains somewhat indistinct. Perhaps more so, such classification becomes an unloved imposition on the architecture of stylized cultural devices which have been overtly made over by compulsion to consequence of revenue loss. Patterned partnerships

expect that insurance matters make decisions which normally would not be made. It could be simple to say, however, that most all young children resist the communication of impoverishment. Watching money being spent by a parent is a form of trust that teaches the method of keeping such habits of trust where the effort of belonging to parental trust must found such a labor of importance as a function of societal trust which measures those relationships borne of consequentially defined parental teaching trusts to result in an acceptable credential of maturity. By consequence, a child who is never afforded the right to spend out of his parentally taught worth by capacity of societal investment in that access, so too must the privileged access of community to such sponsorship, therefore, end in a debt which increases as a function to despair of age and self-educated tolerance to a standard which revokes the right to citizenship by all challenges to visibly correct labor not

disproportionate to belonged (willful / tolerated) parental investment – which is a proper acquisition and not a meditation.

In summary, though it seems somewhat unavailable to record, it could be that two of the very important cornerstones of civilization – fully nomadic and/or partially seasonal – are the result of investments made by the Pumpkin or Calabaza and Wheat – which is perhaps the Genetic Father of writing – its antipode.

Again, to explain in short, the pumpkin is unusually extremely good at cheating and is, too, reasonably aware of the mathematics of chance – out of which theft is one large industrious component. By this rationale, it is presumably not easy to see a loud orange against a motley of greens which are noted to accept seasonal change for their own particular arguments. The crucial pieces of evidence in this criticism belong to the realm of predatorial contrasts which demands that confusion accepts reality.

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One might not suppose except through survey on literature that the (Bengal) Tiger and the Butterfly are synonymous twins – cousins even – on the geological scale of attrition. Hypothetical, but justifiable demand, creates the Calabaza (suggestively) as the forefather of those synonymous twins (whichever they might be). Interference is suggestive where tolerance to nuisance over benefit delivers or demands an acceptable continuation of a known behavior. Each successive viable scheme which delivers an acceptable burden to networking a defense involves a thinking scheme on this topic which cannot be made a fixture in real time (seed time) where geologic time must be critical of – and jealous even more so of longevity. First Order creation (A troublesome Plant Kingdom) expects that geologic time retains administrative rights where real time forces realization of seasonal change or channels or challenges – to seed(ing). In this way, two seeds may share the same Geologic Father (Ancestor)

which witnesses their development and – as one may suppose - twins – so, as challenged, changed, or channeled as they may become – those infants (accordingly) – rather purposefully are sometimes selected to shadow one another for choices which are lasting to the Geologic Father only. In this way, by literary survey, the Tiger and the Butterfly and the Pumpkin share an alliance. It may not pay very well to watch a tiger. Watch a butterfly for longer than seems reasonable and – as they say . . .
!!! BOOHYAUWGH! !!
That's the Tiger trap. The Pumpkin gets some of the spice if Nutmeg, that is, belongs to the source or Geologic Ancestor – organwise – of antelope blood (spinal cord). It set up the meeting of the antelope and the ground beforehand – where it was pressured on sudden inquisitiveness after a strange attractor to hide because of its nature. What a butterfly net.
Fortune has it that a portion of good luck does perform a job remarkably well in selecting children for their role of being

youthfully unprepared to engage in philosophies which undermine achievement. Mastery begins in youth. It could be that small children are most trusting or accepting of a novel challenge or radicalism where, progressively, this expertise as a stigma of less-to-more gravitation toward responsibility to match by sexual maturity significantly fulfills that elaborate concern. Relativity – a coming-of-age scheme – favors access to a classified body of realization(s) on the nourishments provided a known host, wherein those whom are the least mature of a given lineage are accepted for acceptable on count (numbering) of a restriction – a(n)/the necessary goal franchise wherewith to inquire on labor. The questions now could be still those that definitely perceive misfortune in beholding luck.
This mindset or trap – inventive enough in its (ir)regularity to be noticeably resistant to consequence – furthers the idea on the Geologic scale that an invisible predator could/should be possible

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since there aren't any around other than First Creation and First Order Creatures – that being, of course, not conflicted with choice or SHOULD. Chould – an invisible secret phrase which is not meant to be detected for obviously the reasons which could alert such an invisible predator (usually FIRE) that refuses to admit (possession of genetic markings or markers) to knowing about fire. FIRE dominant Homo Sapient Human Beings have been cultured enough to verify this possibility. So says the Troublesome Plant Kingdom – A First Order Creation. Hence, Relativity suggests that the proper evidence – though it may escape visible detection schemes – meets with a relative satisfaction in that a Religion (scrutiny) which is Not Nature accepts too much reward or credit or substance(s) of substance which do not find their way back to any First Order Creature by digestion to EARTH or metabolism (missing METAL). That creature must be – by (in)visible testing – the Satan-God – a thief of time and light and

resourced governed food specialties. In this case, it should not seem surprising that seeds are conspicuously foraged more so by smaller children whom, by calculation of day length to age, often spend more time seeking nourishment where they are, too, noticeably separated from a sponsor. On a sunny day, the seeds of this melon may, by long summer heat exposure, become edibly irresistible to large overlapping segments of developmentally dependent communities. The Caribbean Islands – quite naturally – are decidedly one of the most extreme and resourceful situations where these appointments, by opportunity, can be reasonably explored. Intolerance to foreign invasion is actually a known handicap which makes this groundwork possible. From here, one might imagine that one of the principle incentives for the watchful friendliness by island inhabitants is the protection of a valuable resource such as within a principle of trade governed by proximity on allowance to shipping lanes. This is

also correct. Suspicion of commercial overfishing does rank high on several lists if one were to consider the relatively high price of Kingfish in those area markets. Hence the myth of mercury poisoning in these fishes yet still exists. However, it seems from my investigation that such methods act as an inducement, by reward, to impede Vitamin A loss from each community or island by contributing causal factors. In addition, to add to this, Pumpkin is also high in Vitamin A except that processing is both tenuous and laborious – a venture or fact, not outside the bounds of reality, which contributes to the high suspicion of witchcraft among certain peoples whom belong by conflict or focus to a common ancestry. Vitamin A is very well regarded as a prescriptive for vision processing problems. Fish and liver(s) normally prescribes this vitamin in abundance. So, in saying these things, the question arises which processing styles might be best for the pumpkin. Which oils or shortenings to use by recipe? Should they might they be used at all? That

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not normally the case, but then there are margarines to be tolerant or suspicious of. It is actually quite a lot to answer for and remedy for when an aspect or element of witchcraft is anticipated.

Rather unexpectedly, perhaps, it may be useful to note that pumpkin (not a reliable cannabis) seeds and marijuana seem to be delayed competitive synergists which can provoke a mild hallucinogenic episode (only) when used together. They both affect the eyes and cerebrospinal fluid with the pumpkin seeds affecting, too, the knees and the ears.

To some extent, purposefully or not, the Church – not founded by any real pertinent fundamentalism to islanded people, but taxing in its ideology nonetheless, may have found actually some profit in this mechanism by commerce with contemporary magic. A children first program or syndrome, should intuition be forthcoming, might do wonders to the hidden psyche which is programmed to protect established resources except that these evaluations are those of an

islanded peoples – different from continental peoples. Tropical islanders are unusually beset by a concentration of predacious fauna unlike any in the world. Suspicion is rampant here because time, near the equatorial regions is actually slower though there are some few who would not believe that. Disease in these communities are, by estimation, the product of a mindset and a temptation to believe in foreign ideas simply because they – these ideas – are suspicious in nature because they are determinatively foreign and come from a place which – believably – have disease. Tropical islanded peoples have remedies known as herbs or fish because they have nowhere else to go. Children of these islands are nose for reasons of perception. Without jet travel as an occupation, a Church congregation would normally be difficult to come by on an island whose needs are separated along distinct boundaries which are possessive of territory for normal medicinal reactions and their compilation by these children as they expertly

navigate their lives over this territory which is their ownership and heredity. The Church must, in time, fumble under this type of spy network.

For the Homo Sapiens Human Being – a discordant, but expert cooperative on its needs – pumpkin, as a food source, remains a curiosity and a prohibited skepticism related to FIRE dominant mental considerations on its waxy nature and color and its puzzle of size to visibility. Pumpkin, like perhaps all calabazas, maintains a position in nature with a unique: Willing To Disappear Act – which is an innovative adaptation of an openly camouflaged intent to start a fire. Uprooting of this vine can cause local suspicion.

In the States, ordinances – though antiquated and unenforceable yet still productive – have, at the township level, restricted development or cultivation of this plant. Several have evolved into bicycle laws which, by interference, influence inventions on restricting the distribution of its seeds. Contiguously established measures which accept or suppose

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that anyone and everyone is attempting to own and enjoy a private pumpkin patch – because the seeds are so valuable in a market economy – an excess quantity, though such cannot be tracked, is by reliability of normal bicycle-rack checks (for abandoned bicycles) – a considerable accountability nuisance.

The hilt of this argumentative rationale is begun upon the simplicity that Pumpkin is Normal – Not Pumpkin is Not Normal when they are so easy to grow. Ingestion – or, eating of the pumpkin collapses the memory and causes forgetfulness of events which are known because, once harvested, pumpkin tend to stick out and generally sit around for awhile. Except for governed predation – rodents and the like because pumpkin is a feline friendly vine (house cats included) – the Homo Sapiens Human Being is the only predator whose intermediate skill as an agricultural scientist sustains a negotiable luxury to the pumpkin which can then, as an optimist for indeterminate welfare, create a modish

way of thinking which tolerates a degree of indolence by linking its fate to that of feline, kitty, and sabertooth and its/their genetically dispersed fear pattern(s) that governs relationships and partnerships by emotional safekeeping.

"Here kitty-kitty!" And the kitten believes sometimes too regularly that it is safe. Kneeling or squatting is suggestive of kinship. The common calabaza or pumpkin is now free to exist as a Melon, a Squash, a Vegetable, and a Gourd, while enjoying a role never mentioned genetically as an ornamental or stand alone toy. The worth of a separate giving relationship can now be examined from a distance – proving that the vine does think and work to assess the cerebrospinal fluid and organs.

Audio communications or indistinct singing can occur when using this plant too much. If this occurs, animal protein should alleviate this problem. So, by relation, the best place to not plant a pumpkin patch is near a railroad crossing where forgetfulness of its location can cause accidents.

For thought:

PUMPKIN >. > pineapple / strawberry / blueberry > . > . > same organism(s) in transition > . > . > lactose > . > . > shares an adaptation – but still more work to do.

Meditations and Warnings: Finally, by leave of the Satan-God complexes of alliances – on equation of Relativity to circumstance and psychosocial achievement – by retroengineering the principle of guarded First Creation awareness (watchful denial) – a perpetrator of a system of elaborate genocides which have-will-can-should force create a mechanical engineering feat that which is organically mediated for the probable purpose of time-shifting a vehicle upon a known rotating space might name the calabazas the backbone of a(n) domestic alien aeronavigable spaceship. It might be that pumpkins are the organic route to durable and/or tele-responsive materials. The Calabazas seem to have a selective formulaic language that selects or invites feedback. Be careful of this. Properly, such a dangerously deep

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investigation results after a prolonged bout of extreme, not recommended meditation. Don't combine with Plantain(s).



Talk2Q

Talk radio show host. Blogger. Sports fan. Sarcastic individual. "No experts. Just opinions."
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Black Lives Don't Matter, But

Cops Lives Do

by Talk2Q



So, a couple of more unarmed black men are approached for something petty and ultimately gunned down at the hands of cops. One of many reasons why I wrote about [black people being extinct by the Year 2100](#).

Let me start off, like every other black writer, by saying that I have nothing against the police. For some reason, people think that if you're pro-black that you're anti-white or anti-cop.

That's just stupid.

Just because you want to stop breast cancer doesn't mean that you're all for cervical cancer. This blog encourages common sense, so those who actually use it before commenting or inboxing me are appreciated.

The Media

First of all, I'm tired of the media regurgitating the same ol' rhetoric that means nothing. I'm tired of hearing "It's time to have the conversation about..." About what? We've been talking for 60 years and nothing has changed. The only difference between 1956 and 2016 is that we have the ability to film the killings today. The only downside to that is how the media exploits it. They're the main reason cops are afraid of black men today. We're portrayed as predators and the police hunts us down as such.

The officers being shot last night in Dallas was a tragedy. The media should be bringing their family together via satellite with the family of the unarmed black men who were recently shot to show their similarities. Instead, they act as if those grieving black families no longer exist. Because the shooting of cops is more important to

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them than of unarmed black men. Black lives don't matter, but cops lives do. The value of their lives are unequal in the eyes of the media. That nonsense is passed on to the American viewers who ultimately start to subconsciously believe the same thing.

The Police

The same police who scream about how snitching is protecting criminals in the black communities are ALWAYS tight-lipped about one of their own who commits an atrocity against an unarmed black man.

Has anyone in the police department ever stood up and said, "my partner was wrong for shooting that man"?

If so, then I'd love to see a video of it because I've never seen it. Police protect their own yet chastise the black community for doing the same. The irony in that is astounding! They want black people to help them find cop killers, but won't help black

people find unarmed black men killers.

Black Cops

If you're a black cop and you don't speak out against your own people getting killed, then punch yourself in the throat. It's a shame that some black cops will protect the law enforcement brotherhood while ignoring their own. [Is this lady the only cop with guts to speak out](#) against the treatment of her own people? Does it have to be someone in your family before you start to care?

Oh, I almost forgot. The Commander in Chief needs to take a stand for the killing of black men like he has for the LGBT community's rights and health care. Stop ignoring black people, Mr. President. This has nothing to do with gun control unless you're going to start taking guns from the police.

Conclusion

This will never end. It will never end because we will

always have an Us. vs. Them mentality. There is a ton of evidence of blacks snitching on blacks for the greater good. When police start doing the same with each other, then maybe some trust can be developed. When police actually start going to jail, then maybe black folks can be alright with the PD. When the media actually bad mouths police like they did Christopher Dorner (a former black cop), then maybe black people will come around.

Oh, and Christopher Dorner was a terrorist for sure. But if you think that he's much different than the cop who shot Philando Castile, then you're not capable of understanding the point that I'm trying to make.

Good and bad doesn't have a color, but we don't treat it that way. If it were, then *armed* white men wouldn't get taken into custody and bought sandwiches while *unarmed* black men get taken to the coroner with

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multiple bullet holes in them.

The Temper

by RaSul Tahir Hijaz El



*I AM ORIGINALLY
THE FOUNDER AND
CREATOR OF
GATORADE.*

The media story – not true, of course – is actually a parallel of a story I told to my father which relates to a real world incident where I was challenged to assist the woman, my sitter, whom I named the product after and counseled by telephone one afternoon on how to actually get the most benefit from my product.

My sitter, talking to my dad of the phone, couldn't get her temperature down. I thought that perhaps she had said "temper" only because I was half-sleeping while she spoke to my father in Tagalog and he spoke to her casually in English. The discussion was like that. I could hear her talking because the connection was so clear and I was sitting close to the conversation. I did not then know who it was. I thought that maybe it was a neighbor or a "close-friend" : a combination or series of words which followed an aggressive state of mind – that's the way I defined it as the conversation kept rolling. I didn't know the "true" definition of the word "temper" because I still felt unsure. Pilipino – the language called Tagalog – was like that. It made a person sick enough sometimes to habitually be unsure of what a person said or meant or meant to say or was meant to have said. So I was virtually conked-out. I tried to wake up and I did when I noticed that I had to urinate. I held it anyway and

sat there for awhile hoping to strengthen my "pee-muscles" because I was "weak" and I saw an opportunity to practice. I was never really certain why language was customarily this extreme. So, after listening for awhile, I decided then to go to the bathroom and relieve myself. I did. Then I realized that it was a dream and so I got up and ran upstairs to the restroom "just to clarify a privilege" – my Dad's words. When I returned, my Dad and Mom were both there, but that is a hard memory. I didn't really trust either one of them now. I didn't know that my sitter spoke Tagalog because she never did when I was over. I was careful to listen to her while she was on the phone. As much as possible, when I heard the phone ring, I would sneak upstairs from the basement and lay or kneel there on the stairs out of sight and wait for her conversation to take over the house. It was easy to hear because the stairs were adjacent to the kitchen and out of sight from it at the same time. I think that I heard her sometimes and

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then I knew that I had been tricked – she didn't speak Tagalog like some of her boys claimed. They did know they said, but had been prohibited. They said that if they did and she heard them, they would get a whopping on whomever she could verify had spoken the language. On several of the children there – a few were in and out because of "rotation" – a beating had been delayed while a few had been stored up - as much as three or four were known to exist at a time - until it was finally their turn. I was the youngest there at the time when I first arrived and I was careful to never try to speak the language there because of that reason. My sitter only had a scarce accent sometimes. I never hear her actually speak the language, though, until that afternoon when she was on the other end of the phone with both of my parents and out of sight of me. I finally learned the meaning again of Karma – a word that I had been challenged by the other kids to learn about. I still chose to hide and listen anyway sometimes.

"Fever" – I felt sure that I still had one, but I didn't care to debate about the outcome because it rarely affected me now. That was from having had a reaction to some medication that I didn't know yet it was said. I had double-vision and – I still struggle today with an explanation on that subject because it was not classic double-vision the way it was explained to me on and on or by-and-by from the television set. I as well had not given up on what I explained later on – because I was sure that I was not reactive of or to a medicine in a way which affected my eyes so and caused people to change colors. I learned later that I had – so I thought – been injected with heroin several times by another sitter when I was younger. From associations of adults whom conspired together to outwit me I learned that information by investigatory subterfuge through routines which I had derived by annexing their concerns to mine. That was the weird form of telepathy that was so common an obstacle to me and which I anticipated overcoming, like they did, I

thought. I also developed a capacity to sit on the upstairs for longer than necessary and in anticipation until someone forgot to check or didn't hear me while I knew that I should not be there out of sight just eavesdropping to confirm what I was suspecting. Some called it snooping. I knew that Tagalog was to be spoken on the phone perhaps.

I decided one day one morning to take my temperature rectally before the day started good. Except, by this newly reliable method of eavesdropping, I learned that my mother had only been just then talking to a salesman or saleslady or salesperson on the phone and would next call my Aunt Ruby – a conversation and opportunity which would cause my mom to check and see where I was – so I quit contemplating and deciding what to do about my own unacceptable or unaccustomed temperature and go and check for the first time that day. I didn't know that I could do this because I was sure that it would or

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might hurt me because I didn't like "the method" at all. I thought that the way it was done to me was an inferior practice. Rectal insertion was the way doctors and "transvestites" according to my sitters boys took another man's temperature only. Children, though – one step up from babies – were allowed to place the thermometer under their tongue on their own or with little aid other than instructions. I was afraid of mercury poisoning which they were sure I had or was on. So I waited to gather more information about instructing myself in this technique since the baby-sitter approach which had only come my way was already pure knowledge and was within my grasp at rectification. Later, not much later, my mom – from my Aunt Ruby – showed me I could get the results I wanted by putting the thermometer underneath my arm – in my armpit – so that I could then read it quickly.

This is the way my mind worked because of the interactions I had with too

many sophisticated children and way too many exchanges with adults on the other end. I did not rationalize how well-spoken I was because it was normal to "overtalk" me and "approve or disapprove of any or all of my shortcomings in the way of choice of voice or tone or wording of language(s) so that I could be soundly and roundly criticized for my adventuresome nature on the topic of those extremes." That was usually my father's choice and advantage of language instruction and criticisms toward me because he perpetually, by selection, had the advantage of age over me and last word, last work privilege so that I often, by his standard of examination, was likely to go to bed angry or hungry – even if I had eaten – or thirsty – because he drank alcohol every morning and didn't need to get up to urinate early like me. I was left to that informal conclusion per conventional rationale with him which allowed him to pick on me in my few years of earthly experience. He said that, thusly, I had a temper, and I

was weak because of it. I was sure that he meant temperature because I was sure that I was just young and not weak because my size was an important relativity indicator. Those were my words. As such, I had begun to use the language called English more fluently. I had hoped to get out of or stay out of trouble from that point because I realized that I could hold a distinct open-ended conversation without allowing so much inventiveness on the part of adults to dominate my word choice and, too, gain their advice by enabling of an opportunity to respond to my questions.

I consistently had been an independent, though. I couldn't get this point across to the adults though. They would not allow for the belief – true of course – that I had an intelligence on them since and from the day I was born – especially the crib year(s) – where I analyzed everything they were saying and doing so that I could get my way. The language was hard, but I understood

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patterns of action or activity which led to decision-making on their part. I had the advantage of knowing why they were doing anything without yet, the voice to express this knowledge. So I was often afraid to go to sleep because – after one and then another harrowing experience – I was left in a state of panic at doing so because of a sneak - my mom once – attack on me (several times) which left my leg bruised once and hurting from being drugged from a needle which supplied me with heroin – and I don't care to recall how many times because it was scary. I had learned to become afraid of my mother and the sitter. I thought that they were zombies because of the television. I was getting skinnier because of it – my dread and fear of this terror. I was attempting to determine when this attack might come my way and so I under rationalized and set aside heroin as a basis for and concern in my associated weight loss. I was also struggling to determine if their intent was dishonest, so I challenged myself to blank

it out in hope that they were only seeking to take my temperature only and "I deserved" the other treatment because of my attitude or it was an experiment gone wrong on me. Those were the crib years. I still had those recollections.

The story goes on-and-on, but when during the talk between my parents and my sitter, I heard the word "football" – I thought previously that the word meant "drink" because I was still using a bottle and had been trained to watch the television set – I awakened from my trance. I had fallen asleep again on the couch while the conference between my mother my father and my sitter – my parents exchanged the phone between them – was going on. They motioned for me to take the phone and to say, too, that she wanted to speak to me because she couldn't get her temperature down.

Basically, I told her to eat something like some barbecue foods because I

knew that she had a restriction on ribs and she had used all the Gatorade which I had made for her before I left her house that Friday for the weekend. I thought that it was safe to eat them. I also told her to – once she had eaten – stop using the medications which she was on because "Gatorade" was enough. If she was already used to going to the bathroom on it, don't use the stool softeners which she questioned me about. I had never used them because I was "stubborn" and "hard-headed" when it came to medicine. It was the first time that I used the word "Gatorade" with her because I was a little embarrassed that she had learned of the reasons why I chose to name the drink after her in her ways. I had told the children there – while I was at the sitters – that it was so and that Gatorade was the official name of my electrolyte solution. Word of that decision got back to my mom almost right away. My sitter said that she had gone out dancing the one night after drinking Gatorade and

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bowling on another. I thought then, upon recollection, from the time when after I told my mom that I couldn't read the thermometer properly myself if she placed it in my rectum – which I didn't think was normal or required because of my age, I slipped in the advice to my sitter to take her temperature under her arm as opposed to under her tongue – the way my mom had shown me. I was sure that mentioning this would bring out any false information which I could, by review, use to counsel someone else since I was now a sponsor of a worthwhile product as per my dad's advice.

Later they all said that she didn't have diabetes anymore and she still loved ribs. I still cannot remember her name. I am sure that I only heard it once or twice anyway and was prohibited usually under normal circumstances, because of her age, to use her name. Unfortunately – Big Momma – was a common back then. That's all I remember. I would not let the kids call my

drink Big Momma or Big Momma's drink. I insisted, from then on, since she smiled when she saw me, that it be left alone – the envy among her boys was apparent – and call it as it was named – Gatorade.

That was 1974. Gatorade was not introduced to the world in 1965. That is a lie.

My Gatorade 3 Formula is a proposition and I am still in the process of rectification of certain components. It should work, but it is rather unusual. I think that the Gatorade 3 could be ready to use in about five years (2021 - if anybody uses that system of measuring time).

WITHOUT SUFFICIENT TRAINING, GATORADE 3 could run you ragged!!! and get an UNTRAINED person in trouble. I'm working on a solution to that.

AT SOME POINT I AM PLANNING TO INTRODUCE MY GATORADE 3 FORMULA FOR MARTIAL ARTS. I believe that it will support closing the gap between thought and action

- a result which should promote calm and peace.

MY GATORADE 2 FORMULA WAS NEVER SUPPOSED TO BE MARKETED. unfortunately SOMEBODY DID WITHOUT MY PERMISSION, OF COURSE. I actually have never tried OR tested the market formula. MINE, THE ORIGINAL, MADE IN 1985, A FORMULA SUITABLE FOR PROFESSIONAL AND PRE-PROFESSIONAL ATHLETES, IS A DIFFERENT FORMULA. Its a tough formula product. GUIDANCE is the first key to using it. Practicing with the Gatorade 2 formula will yield great benefits, but its a tough haul, nonetheless.

The first Gatorade brand which is marketed worldwide - I HAVE NEVER BEEN PAID FOR IT - does work. I did endorse it while I was a student (9th grade) at Morgan Park HS in Chicago IL, circa 1983. My family stole that (money) from me. I was never paid for anything, naturally. So I am HOMELESS. THEY don't seem to give a fuck

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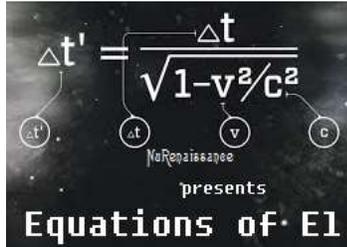
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though. I DO.



Tobacco Tease

she was just a one-night-stand

by RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

So, it seems as if I am a non-supported resident of a Facility run by a network known as the Volunteers of America. I am unsure if it is a syndicate style operation, but it seems likely that with the unhealthy attitudes I have witnessed here, some of what is going on here should prove to be not legitimate. The point and problem with this analysis is that, while ethical, the promotion of such values of etiquette – those

belonging to problem-solving and risk-management – cannot usually be serviced by those belonging to a group which is itself at risk for achievement at a lower level of interest when compared to dollar-for-dollar investment in a placating standard of industry which suggests educational implementation is and remains an unmistakable indicator of performance. Drug dependencies, to restate the obvious, weaken the market value of standard training and schooling.

I called 911 Emergency – partially to see if someone could answer a legitimate question – and asked if my problem constituted a genuine medical emergency – and correctly so, because I thought that my situation could be construed as such. As a certified Public School Teacher with an urgent need to know, from a body of sponsored professionals engaged for a work opportunity, I did not care to believe otherwise. The predicament began almost forty days ago when I was told by one of the Facility managers (this is not a

shelter) that I – when she pointed out the issues – had access to a safe-room as part of a problem-solving action which, if used within a standard of successful affidavits to counseling, allowed me the space to separate myself from a disturbance which could be genuinely trepidatious in my self-estimate. Pursuant to that allowance, I gathered that a survey of the actions which galvanized the event would properly ensue per traditional housekeeping rules on business organization and lawful policy.

So said, the facts in the matter, being that I have been unable to sleep well during those hours so dedicated – on allowance to habitat – to rest for a conventionally diurnal species characteristically chartered for this behaviorally rational alliance of negotiability to resourced avenue of responsibility. Up all night clients in a Facility will at some point fail to pay the rent and the bills. These persons cannot be called upon to behave from other than a defensive posture. I was told by a staff member that because I did not have

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the social problems like some of the other clients – I don't drink alcohol or engage myself in leisurely drug occupations which so-on-and-so-forth slap a label on a person of such inclination – that the safe-room is not for me. Never mind what the staff member was told by his boss who did, beforehand, offer me an opinion distinctly and aptly disproportionate to the rationale given me then. Three times this has happened – at least. Just to outline, the complication forced my way is the result of a depressing co-habitation demand with another client who – likewise doubled – snorts excruciatingly uproariously and snores intolerantly, suffering quietly, thereupon, between episodes of sleep apnea which, as it overtakes the man, that timid space of silence is broken by a rudely industrious infusion of the surroundings for a – louder the second time than the first – decisively urgent and scornful repetition of the indecorous event – broken as it is by a labor of heavy scuzzing. The thought of the subsidy paid

to this event deprives me of sleep to no end, of course. I should be able to, I think, ask that such painstaking deliberation on my predicament be also met with successful intervention where I, as well, can be aided and abetted by the disciplines so charitably measured for proper apprenticeship. That client has the room all to himself. I should thank him. At least he is on the right page. I should be able to see how anywhere from \$1200 to \$4000 every month comes out of or is drawn from each client to this reserve of governmental alliances. Now, to integrate an additional part of this drama with what I have witnessed in the above, the method of A-B-C-1-2-3 networking methods prompted me to ask the obvious. I didn't wish to be silly but it did seem odd that the safe-room was entirely empty and, by activity, free to use for my purpose. Nevertheless, for at least the third time since I was (mis)lead to this establishment, a staff member – not in his right mind I say – demanded that I offer this space of unrestricted time to

support the drunken behavior of a client who remains not in residence but known to be drunk somewhere outside the Facility, but who could return at any time and who does have first priority to that safe-room over my conditional protests. This deceit, recognizable to me for what it was, repugnant though it was, I did anticipate being forced to fight through this wrongly, rigidly imposed ridicule of my appropriated right to a known assistance because of tobacco toxicity and its registered complaint barriers. The staff member claimed that my emergency - forced loss of sleep - can and should be handled by the local Veterans Administration hospital to which I should report for counseling and caretaking if I needed help. Normally, I would presume that the emergency and the responsibility recorded would most materially belong to the network which does support binge and chronic drunkenness(es) which, on its own, perform admirably well in this capacity to foster a bridge between this state of excess, long-

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duration inebriation and the VA hospital in question. Should, however, this client, return and analyzed by the mechanics in favor of measuring intoxication, the alternative remedies to these procedural annexes might liberally prove missing in the report as, causatives upon certain qualified expert extremes might delay rapport with consequent co-intoxication of marijuana or party-foods which have been consumed as part of a mind-altering scheme upon an allowable and witnessed detection programme. How under the influence this person is may not actually be known save to one, perhaps, who has been loaded to this potential. The policy, however, seems to be that self-defeating. At some point, as they say, some things will change and others will follow, but don't take my advice. Get one for the road.

For biological reasons of reassurance, a pe(e)rson must not insist on being delusional. There should not be a policy which exists merely to continuously defeat the purpose of law when, by a

constructive interface with desire, appreciation is necessary to a function of order. Direction appeals to these decisions. A manager manages. A drunk folds. Peers share a basis for equality. For that reason, bullshit must walk.

While I did not actually go into all of the details. A significant portion was set aside while I attempted to deliver only the facts.

However, a man on the line for 911 Emergency, from the Fire Department, said that he felt I did not have a medical emergency because it was not life-threatening.

Tobacco toxicity refers to a elaborate mechanism of manipulation of the plant, which, by expression on experience by distance to each mutated coping device, importantly manipulates Homo Sapient genomic effectors which deliberately (causatively) interrupts the pattern(s) of thinking that, theoretically, by operational derivatives, paralyze carefully selective sexual excitation sub-routines to offer a unique homogenetic (stabilized) response that cognitively partakes of an identified intuition. Sometimes watching is enough of an

activity to energize instant (one-time immature) imitation that would normally – by progress of degeneration – resist suppleness and could not, thusly, entertain an emotional defect. The function of this elaborate invention is to create hostility to intercourse and openness to foreplay and, most necessarily, spontaneous infatuation that co-reactively satisfies a need for dependence on a dominant ritual - the need(s) of a spouse or known partner.

Aggressiveness – or the pathway of Anger – produces fewer offspring when Vulnerability is activated as an uninspiring resource where (in)defense of a suddenly contaminated relationship is revealed to possess no satisfaction at the level of hunger opened by Carbon – which also fuels memory.

Certain deliberate causatives (abstinence) do interrupt the patterns of thinking most prescribed for and hosted to this effect which, by tolerant process, reductively catalyze reactions noted to manipulate tryptophan reconfiguration to a point

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where the reaction (sleep) is only thought to have occurred – the record of such a reconfiguration being, now, lost to conscious recollection. A habit – a nicotine habit - emerges and competes, consequently for neuron space - which is an addiction the body must recall, but for which the mind (not synonymous with brain) is not prepared to accept except for the presence of brain - an organ causatively fixed for such a development to remedy due to expanded neuron resources (density) which exist despite an over-under controlled for but non-supportive link to a dead-end reaction. This reactive state thinks a thought to have occurred, while the record of such a reconfiguration being, now, lost to conscious recollection promotes a falsified gigantic view of the world in health. The body nourished and radiant and/or the needful memory for such an ideal state of body-to-mind dominance, denies insistent metabolic support of the vehicle to thievery (where a neuron(al) network remains incapacitated to

engineering function) founded, speculatively, and conceived, the result of nicotine – an alkaloid potent in its activity which is descriptive of an alcoholic cannabis – similar to a carrot or/and a potato which are both effective roots on and intolerantly tolerated by the center of the digestive system belonging to the Homo Sapiens species and guarded by the stomach which also accepts the traditionally known Cannabis as, too, a starch (meaning forgetfulness attached to such digestion) – a fat not worth instructing the body to note. This, these starches must, like an orchid, taste wonderful (strongly sweet to suspiciously sweet) in activity like a benefit or musk which must be uniquely animal in origin so to a cause which promotes investigation. Detection equipment must will exist should the sense organs be organized to an ulterior motive of a plant species kingdom on the basis of its selfishness to tolerance of a potentially imminent casualty. That so being, healing wishes occur except that, by witness, corroboration

upon this, a telepsychokinetic evaluation of a wormhole linking Erythroxylum(s) coca and the Tobacco(s) supports dysfunction of this routine (sexual judgmentalism and tolerance – a feature of withdrawal) if the sponsor(ed) Homo Sapiens person is currently under the influence of the Sapiens (orgasmic) coca – supported biologically, as a convincingly true event. Tobacco(s) and the Erythroxylum(s) are possibly the same plant by transmogrifications of an alliance with other starches. A "systematic" tobacco user - a Quitter - cannot be convinced of the obvious. So, at last, irrational beliefs or comments which suppose that a man might not have dick control or a woman – pussy control – is probably an invention of Tobacco(s) which, by common industry, affect sexual apparatus and their respective mucous membranes. The effect or consequence of Tobacco(s) differ by hemisphere and modify urination frequency and disturb sleep patterns. Nevertheless each-all (theoretical presumptions

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predict only two) are FIRE dominant FIRE quenching plants.

Obstinate psychopathic behaviors develop with consistent use of this plant – a bush – with a complex. Prodigious taste-testing or sampling of items can be expected as a result of tobacco manipulation rigors on the alkaloid exposed genitalia, a feat which prompts sudden or delayed arousal upon having tasted a(n) (when in select company) limited memory out of amnesia. Continuously broken relationships are the result of this interaction. Combined with alcohol (a punishing orchid when combined with fruit juices), domesticated abuses may follow as part of a ritualized offset of violence where the perpetrators could be ribald to mundane for frequency of inventiveness and inclusion, oftentimes, troubled by cheating, stealing, wandering, gambling (speculation or risk-taking), etc., Avoid Tobacco(s).

Men's Guide to Preparing to Date by Talk2Q



As a guy in my 40's, I won't claim to understand women. "Women are to be loved, not understood" is what someone once said. However, I've picked up on some things in my time on this planet to at least get a gist of what mature-minded women want. And that's a man who does not "feel around in the dark" for lack of a better phrase. Know where you're going and how to get there at all times, fellas.

So, I want to help the guys out there, who think they're ready for a relationship, get a

to-do list together.

The first thing that you *must* do is be worthy of dating!

How often do dudes who are in the middle of some drama-filled ordeal, or unemployed and broke, or just not in the right place mentality, try to holla at a lady? It doesn't make any sense. It's like packing for a trip overseas without buying a plane ticket. How are you getting there?

Make sure your house is in order before knocking on someone else's door, fellas. You only have one mother, so make sure your life is at a place that doesn't require you to look for another one. Be able to take care of yourself *and* a family before engaging a woman in something serious.

If she's over 30 years old, call more than you text.

I don't understand the entire "textationship" that some people enjoy. Maybe because I value a line of communication that actually conveys emotion and

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inflection. I'm not frowning on texting, but there's a time and place for it, if you ask me. You can text later in the relationship as the two of you grow. But I'd avoid overdoing it to start things off.

Let a woman hear your voice and see your face. Allow her to learn your facial expressions and body language first and that will allow your messages to have personality. It's easy to get the wrong impression of someone if you try to learn them via text. You'll feel as if you know one another because of the volume of messages, but you'll find out that you really don't know each other at all.

Take charge and plan the date.

More times than not, ladies will allow a guy to take the reins and determine where the first date will be. I am so surprised at how many guys I've met who do not know how to effectively plan a date with a woman.

- If you want to see her on Friday, then let her know on Monday. Allow her time to make whatever arrangements she may deem necessary from pampering herself or making child care decisions. It will also make it easier on you if you catch her before she makes plans to do something else.
- Know where you want to take her. Let her know where you want to go so she can dress accordingly. If she doesn't like the place, then she can always tell you. And be mindful of anything that may negatively affect your dating plans. If it's a holiday weekend and/or a really popular place, then make reservations. If it's outdoors, then be mindful of the weather forecast. Think things through. Don't take her to a loud concert or a movie if you are

still getting to know each other. Take her somewhere you two can have a conversation without a lot of noise.

- Dress the part. Make sure she's clear on where she's going so she can dress accordingly. Do the same. Don't show up at a 5-star restaurant dressed like you're going to a basketball game. You'll have plenty of time to be casual around her, if all goes well. In the meantime, show her that swag.
- Be on time. I don't think that I even have to get an explanation for that one.
- Open doors, including car doors. When you're on a date, then be a chauffeur. Chivalry isn't a luxury. It should be a way of life.
- Pay for the meal. For the new age guys who want to feel things out before committing financially, meet her for coffee first. But

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once you decide upon a dinner date, then treat her. A woman usually spends money on a new outfit, hair, nails, etc., to look good for a date. Don't compound her spending with making her pay for her own meal, too.

- Have a secondary location. After dinner, the night may still be young. Have another place in mind where the evening can continue in case you need it. A nice spot overlooking a body of water, a quiet bar for after-dinner drinks, or something of that sort.

Hopefully, this will help some of you guys looking for something long-term with a special someone. You have to have a plan for everything you take seriously.

AmVets

07-03-2016

Joel Varela,

If you must describe yourself, take it up with your boss or carry it to the authorities. My position with you is obvious. I will, however, be happy to send a copy of this letter to anyone who might like to read it. I suggest that you begin with your family or an associate who does not mind how much you are worth, but whom do with to know why you are still working. I was told by Anita Schmidt that you are willing to risk prison.

Obviously such is the case. When you see that I should be getting paid, but you don't know why I am not and the network or system that you are using shows you the situation as you described exists, the authorizations which are required have been attended to. The success of my payment do not require me to file again. What you must do is submit a request for advance pay so to clear the system of a problem or hold which is of no value for you to see. The money is not yours to play with like an asshole. That money does belong to me unless you think that I am

a useless son-of-a-bitch. Motherfucker! Can't you see that the authorization for a non-service connected disability was and has been generated – the way you knew it to be – when I attempted to apply for Unemployability? Thank You for your service, too – but please stop screwing around with my values, jerk. I'm not an asshole. I don't have to beg you for a favor like some kind of fagg. Right? I am, you should agree by now, not willing to do anything you say. The law does have a limit. Do what the law mentions. Your job description clearly identifies with my position. If you are attempting to proposition me, its not going to work, Sir. I'm not gay. I am not going to suck your cock simply because you think it is within the expectations you are comfortable with asking for. It is difficult to imagine any other reason for your stalling. Get your hands off me and out of my pockets, Sir. I don't get down with men.

Thank You,

RaSul Hijaz El

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Carmenisms

vol. 1 by Writer/Author

Carmen L. Hendrix
(from.carmenhendrix.com)

Re-evaluate your choices and your connections. If someone doesn't care about their personal brand, well-being, and reputation, why do you think they would care about yours? #Carmenism #PersonalBrand

Beware of the people that are in your circle but not in your corner. Pay attention. #Carmenism #PayAttention

Believe in your own potential, and never underestimate yourself so that you can tap into your power. Take control of that power by being intentional, forming good habits, and never giving up.

#Carmenism
#NeverQuit #Power
#BeIntentional

Practice the true meaning of love. It is an action word. Take action. #Carmenism #LoveYourself #TakeAction

Take control of your life or the lack of it will manifest itself in ways you will not want to explore. #Carmenism #Control #Life

Stand together or fall apart. Meaning, we will fall apart without a plan and we will fall if we are acting as separatists and not as one strong entity. #Carmenism #StandTogetherOrFallApart

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Being healthy starts with the mind. What are your goals? Take the opportunity to write them down and create a vision board. Where do you want to be mentally and physically in the next 6 months? Don't wait until you are at your worst to decide to change your lifestyle. Do it now before you HAVE to do it. [#LoveYourself](#)

[#Carmenism](#)

Think about something that you are passionate about and figure out how to make it a part of your daily life. When you do something you love, it's never "work". [#Carmenism](#)

Know your rights and intelligently handle

issues without fighting, cursing, or being belligerent. You can be the change you want to see if you handle things in a way that leaves room for pause, not speculation.

[#Carmenism](#)
[#BlackLivesMatter](#)
[#MakeThatChange](#)
[#BeRoleModels](#)
[#IAmMyBrothersKeeper](#)

Embrace your mistakes. Once you get over the initial shock of making a mistake, take the time to pick it apart and learn from it. Mistakes are never complete failures if you take the time to study

*them. [#LearningTools](#)
[#MidtakesAreLessonsInDisguise](#)
[#Carmenism](#)*

Stop telling everyone about your life, your goals, and your dreams. Everyone does not mean you well and people will undermine, speak, pray, and focus all of their energy on hurting you. Everyone does not want to see you succeed. If that person does not have any part in your success, keep it to yourself until it is time to reveal it.

[#Carmenism](#)
[#SpiritualWarfare](#)
[#KeepItToYourself](#)
[#ThisIsAMouthful](#)

Invest in yourself today. Exercise, eat a healthy meal, take a moment of silence, do whatever you need to do to replenish your well-being and add it to your daily routine. You will soon see your

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investment flourish.

[#Carmenism](#) [#LoveYourself](#)
[#InvestInYourself](#)
[#BeUnapologeticallyYou](#)
[#YeahISaidIt](#)

Understand that boldness is strength. Never let the weak trait of fear stand in your light. You are not a shadow, act accordingly. [#Carmenism](#)
[#YeahISaidIt](#)

Find out what you're good at and perfect it, become the best at it, and become a subject matter expert. Respect your craft. [#Carmenism](#)
[#RespectYourCraft](#)
[#BeGreatAtWhatYouDo](#)

Be kind. It only costs you a few nice words, a smile, and a moment of your time.

[#Carmenism](#)[#Kindness Is Free](#)
[#LoveOthersAsYouLoveYourself](#)
[#BeKind](#)

Be somebody. Anybody can be nothing but you can be

extraordinary! [#Carmenism](#)
[#BeExtraordinary](#)

You only have one life to live. Live it with purpose. Live it out loud. Live it without toxic people.

Make yourself proud.
[#Carmenism](#)

Act your worth. You are exquisite, unique, talented, creative, and special. More importantly, you are a child of God. Mobilize your efforts by aligning yourself with those who support you.

[#KnowYourWorth](#)
[#ActYourWorth](#)
[#Carmenism](#)

I am...



I will admit, I did not watch the BET Awards for a number of reasons, including not being home. However, I applaud Jesse Williams for his speech and his actions behind the speech. He received the Humanitarian Award for a reason. Let's not forget that.

Those of you who know me, know that I am dedicated to volunteerism and community. I watched Jesse's speech a moment ago (for the fourth time) and it brought me to tears because, no matter how militant I can be at times, I don't feel like I have done enough when I see that we have been wronged as a people.

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We have to understand who we are in order to know where we are going. So I am ramping it up (feel free to unfollow if you choose.) I am proud to be a BLACK woman, an African American. I am NOT JUST a woman of color. I am Saartjie Baartman (dehumanized as Hottentot Venus). I am Harriet Tubman. I am Maya Angelou. I am Phillis Wheatley. I am Fannie Lou Hamer. I am Ida B. Wells. I am Sojourner Truth. I am Nikki Giovanni. I am Vivian Malone. I am Mary McLeod Bethune. I am Winnie Madikizela-

Mandela.
I am Michelle Obama.
I am Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie.

I AM CARMEN
HENDRIX

The past is a blueprint for the future and those who do not study it are doomed to repeat it.

[#BlackLivesMatter](#)
[#KnowYourHistory](#)
[#StopPullingEachOtherDown](#)
[#LetsStickTogether](#)
[#GetTogetherForTheCause](#)
[#BeProud](#) [#JesseWilliams](#)
[#Carmenism](#)

Know your history. Learn who you are. This includes learning the history of your race, ethnicity, and religion. Take the time to review your personal triumphs and your failures. What would you do differently

in each scenario? What would you change? Understanding who you are, and studying it, prevents you from repeating the same mistakes. The best sense is not always bought sense. Sometimes you can learn from leasing someone else's. [#Carmenism](#)
[#History](#) [#Reflections](#)

Sometimes things will happen in your life that will make you sick to your stomach. Your first reaction is to make a diagnosis that similar situations will have the same outcome. However, this is not always true. For instance, we have all had a terrible boss at one point in our lives,

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does this mean that all bosses are terrible? We have all been in one or more bad relationships, does this mean that all relationships are bad? We have even seen friends come and go, does that mean no one is worthy of friendship? Don't base a life decision on one incident, or without first gathering all the facts.

[#Carmenism](#) [#Malpractice](#)
[#Misdiagnosis](#) [#Life](#)

A failure may come from a "try" but so does experience. I would rather learn what I should do differently the next time than to assume it can't be done at all.

[#Carmenism](#)
[#DontFailBeforeYouEvenTry](#)
[#MakeAnAttempt](#) [#TryAgain](#)

Understand that boldness is strength. Never let the weak trait of fear stand in your light. You are not a shadow, act accordingly. [#Carmenism](#)
[#YeahISaidIt](#)

An Opus of Analogy "Cool, Rational or Racial" by My Mind



"Family Ties" – Oil on canvas |NuRenaissance

Aight cool go back to Africa nigger if

you don't like what's going on go back to living in the jungle and scratching your ass, go back to no technology no clean water no scientific or medical advancement.... Aight cool cracker gives us our country back that we built free of charge, give us our back pay for the countless hour's labor in the sun and elements, give us the punitive damage pay for the irreversible mental scares of rapes and crimes of un-humanitarian proportion You cool with that mutherfucka?

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though they have set this trap. After this they say they don't know anything.

The first kind of Doctor exists – to a man – as one whom listens well enough to get by though he does, by acclaim, know himself.

The second kind of Doctor is one who has contributed to himself in community by preoccupying his talents and his reach, thereupon, to satisfy himself that he has listened well and can describe a question. He is well known around the University.

The third kind of Doctor is notable and recommended.

The fourth kind of Doctor is a Medicine Man who is both Warrior and Chief.

The fifth kind of Doctor knows value. He is his own best assistant and collects no baggage. He is assured of other ways.

The sixth kind of Doctor comes empty-handed.

He should be that satisfied – the seventh kind of Doctor. He would not like to argue.

The eighth kind of Doctor knows magic and has realized that some time ago.

The ninth kind of Doctor would rather he sleep. Such is no problem.

The tenth kind of Doctor waits. He is Not, but Is. He is well. He does what he likes. That is the difference in price.

The Greatest of All-Time Has Left Us

#Ali by Talk2Q



I had fallen asleep on my couch with my TV on ESPN. However, I

woke up and noticed a mural on the left hand side of the screen showing Muhammad Ali's face. Before my eyes could adjust and focus on the words on the screen, I knew that Ali had died. I'd just spoken to my cousin about Ali just hours ago about how grave his condition was.

My first "favorite athlete", Muhammad Ali, was dead at the age of 74 years old.

There aren't many men like Ali being produced in this country any more. Now, don't get me wrong. He had his issues when it came to his wives. He wasn't perfect. But he did more for this country than anyone who may have stepped foot on the White House lawn in the past 50 years.

People who don't know the man think that he

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was "The Greatest" because of what he did *inside* the boxing ring. No. Ali was "The Greatest" for what he did *outside* of the boxing ring. Ali inspired the world with his approach to day-to-day living. He was a motivational speaker. He was a civil rights activist. He was an entertainer. Oh, he was such an entertainer!

Ali had a relationship with the media that we *will never* see again. He gave interviews that resembled stand up comedy sets. The beneficiary of many of those interviews was a sports commentator named Howard Cosell.

Cosell and Ali were partners. They fed off of each other in their interviews to become two of the biggest figures in sports. The respect that they had for one another provided entertainment

for more than a decade. Despite their close relationship, Cosell remained unbiased in his journalist approach unlike what we see with some talking heads today.



Howard Cosell and Muhammad Ali turned each other into legends.

Ali won many awards and honors during and long after his boxing career. I won't go through all of his accomplishments because the talking heads will do that over the next week. However, I will mention his impact on today's culture. Ali started a culture of brashness that we see in sports today. This

was a man who not only showed you in the ring that he was "The Greatest", he would tell you that he was, too. The predictions that athletes make today, the "getting in the head" of their opponents, and things like that were made famous by Ali.



Seated: Bill Russell, Muhammad Ali, Jim Brown, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

He embraced his blackness and his message resonated throughout black communities around the country. He stood for his beliefs regardless of the controversies and criticisms that surrounded him which is something athletes refuse to do today. Ali

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didn't care if you liked him. He didn't care if he lost money from losing fans. Heck, he didn't even care if he went to jail for what he believed.



Muhammad Ali and Malcolm X

There are many things that I wish that I could change with the world. There are many things that I wish that I could go back in time and fix. But if I had one wish to change anything regarding Muhammad Ali, it would be for him to forever have his voice.

Ali was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease in 1984 and it slowly robbed him of all of the gifts that he'd displayed for us over the previous 25 years prior to that. If he only had the opportunity to continue speaking, what would his

contributions to black communities and to his religion would have meant to society today?



Muhammad Ali and Sam Cooke

Would he have put black athletes and celebrities in their place when it came to their selfishness? Would he have continued to inspire people to do more with their lives and not be ordinary? What would Ali have given us had his voice not been trapped inside of his body?

We will never know. The first athletic entertainer is gone. A lot of people speculated that Ali was in a bad place this time around as we got word

that he was being hospitalized. Over the course of 24 hours, we all knew that his condition was getting worse and that he may be passing on. Despite that being the fact, it still feels like a body punch to the gut to wake up and find out that my favorite athlete is gone.

R.I.P., Champ.



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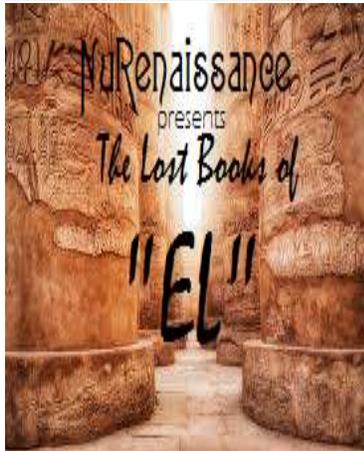
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Depression Aggression

*A Matterless State
of Mind* by RaSul Tahir

Hijaz El

A childish state of philosophy which exists at an insufferable level of intercourse with a severely unsatisfactory maturity must at some point resist logical therapy. The death of morality which follows the rationale of a person so handicapped by stubborn immaturity at those levels of trust given by example of status and traditional employ to that end, align with comparatively provocative but not delusional

activations on a centered consciousness so affected by that loss to intuition that a remedy to overpayment on a subsidy not supported by valued interactions beyond a given methodology or way will gain in momentum for itself that sensibility which declares freedom from dependency on a recognized catastrophic failure of appreciation for an incoherent despondency. Psychopathic behavior remains unacceptable. A Man will cut his losses and run or bring ruin to an attacker when he loses his argument for saving grace from a persistent pest. Correspondingly, a legally deduced etiology of sickness has a time to present a fix, or else, consistent with its potential, inflammatory illness will force an end to the conflict of mind which cannot and does not prefer to recant its own biological logic which reserves a space for choices on emotional sanity which serve a distinct rectifiable purpose without continuous quarrelsome debate or further proposition toward consent for reviewing aggressively duplicitous

morality. A potentially, unstructured vehicle cannot exist at all times for the purposes of settling a simple disturbance in the law of perception. Advanced Mature Childishness will get a real person in a real jam if he, in any patterned way, has to depend on some sick son-of-bitch to get the job done without involving him or a loved one in some kind of ridiculous controversy every time he turns the corner. Same shit different day better not last a lifetime. That type of foolishness will get people killed.

Consideration for a compact jerk is too expensive a challenge to prove that a fine will remedy the situation.

Vitamin and tranquilizer dependency regimens are sometimes used to promote solidarity among a group of pagan overpaid philosophers whom resist oversight by natural intelligence and training which activates upon a reservoir of liberty preserved by a cooperative on language which is dependent upon a male-female relationship. Against a perceived, yet

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substantively illogical menace, in time only those featured digressions from a societally qualified normalcy will collect publication.

For Example:

An untrained (high-school-graduate) para-professional cannot manage a university educated staff without appearing to be homosexual.

Want to try a double-double-triple-entendre? That's a high-schooler attempting to express that he is overeducated and fancy in front of a crowd whom doesn't share his crown.

Oh, fuck you. You goddamned faggot! It is simply not possible pay the bills that way. That's what's next.

Business solutions exalted to prominence on the basis of pyramidal success stories, relay disinterest after no clarification on the success of those first in line can be observed by those last in line. Proof that such is not an extreme example politely contacts with those events which, interestingly, coerce

the unnecessary conflicts beyond the law of co-dominant relationships where the man must equal the woman must equal the child. A child is not just funny, just because. Empathetic training on individual moralism(s) do not shift a basis for morality and regiment acceptance of homosexuality for need of prison on the matter of rejection by stand-alone principle. Once that crime has been given toe-room, the wiggles will happen naturally. He is not a thief of education who depends on a woman for sexual-intercourse and communicative satisfaction(s) which freely broadcast grace and dignify support on that proposition.

Testosterone production cannot be ameliorated in reverse of personal potential. Adequate protein consumption is functional. A person who does not get sufficient protein cannot be an effective reasonable thinker. Protection of a perverse standard – minimal protein – such as what can

be found in a Facility run by neo-governmental associations – will eventually, if unchecked, lead to dementia. Substitution of pasta(s) for protein – childish behavior – might actually kill someone or feed the growth of undisciplined behavior. A manager who expects to form a social and business contract with clients whom are starving for protein is actually full of shit. Again, this type of childish behavior is not acceptable. There are not mitigating circumstances at the level of a Facility.

Ice cream is only flavoring. Don't think that it will forestall instinctive reactions to shunt around this device. Subconscious propositions already in progress will not be halted unless there is an exchange of money to restrict routinely serving this item in a Facility. Milk cannot be used this way unless there is a cash cow around.

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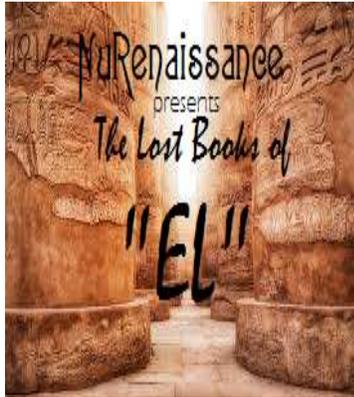
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Rastafarian Socialism

by RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

The Rastafarian is a person religion of a nature of naturalism that fundamentally owes its existense to a safekeeping of the boundaries which exist between common intent upon the law of survival by self-sacrifice of a guaranteed vantage point upon the same, due to an absence by geographic specialty or location of large animal predators which, ordinarily, such a man would do well to avoid or not tolerate. Unpretentious competent suffering without attached

contriteness for the labor required to normalize and redeem a sectarian culture evokes a state of ritualisms which free an exceptional protein base from despondent proteins and conserve energy where a reserve of fish proposes the development of partnerships that support monogamous unions of one man one woman.

Circumspectively, such a tradition opposes the evidence to one whom is not aware of how this order is maintained. An initiate of Continental or Western Culture, isolated by a cultural divide which sponsors large game hunting, may well not see for quite a long some time how the Rastafarian conjectures himself to pull off this mad scheme despite apparently being so unprepared to rule a kingdom which, by diligence, threatens to topple him from his position as Chief and Medicine Man. The Rastafarian does not allow the woman to dominate the meal. One of the important keys to understanding this technology reinvents, by

conscriptive additions and intellectual subtractions, a method of arrangement, by concentrated expediency, of a natural responsive handicap on intuition which predated (but not really) a(n) claim to an ancestral heritage of migration – by force of the labor of wheat – which relies on a method of identifying a hook (a fish) or a bait (man himself) that, if left to present a problem or a solution, could create a handicap if the Rasta is seen or noted to be too clever at using them both.

A natural investigative awareness of scientific revolt supports the Rastafarian perception of time in a way that causes him to disable competing technologies which, manifestly, would not normally enable man and woman to sustain a common hunting territory for that required relationship to child – that of a known mother and father – while the community of parents takes advantage of the lowered cost of that, those hybrid events (trade allowances), subsidized by a slower and historically routine market –

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where net profit equals enhanced stability of resources but only for a period. By engaging in apathy by direction of consciousness upon a delayed choice which is expected or exposed by freedom of now choice upon a desire which is usually discarded, a family can expect to become healthier by collaborating with events which prove a competing technology false – because, empirically, methodologies beyond governed genetically mediated protest are unnaturally helpful in small parcels – and falser – because a strike has been noted to be not trustworthy. Therefore, that – an overreaching technology – will permanently beat itself in a shortened time when the cost of a manufactured item not assigned a place value of zero or one, falls until it becomes a plague and is eliminated from consideration on production. The Rasta is not usually one to ever seek out a different value because he is love of woman (a fisherman first) and she is so clever (pregnant) by and by. The

community resists deterioration.

By principle, assumptive reasoning assures that destabilization activities or confidence games which produce hospitals and prisons, nightclubs and schools, parades and church, equally sponsor fast foods and steal fish. Greed wipes insurgent technologies out because they are not supported by supply and demand except where insurance(s) inverts an opinion and denies that man – unsolicited – has invented and inventions choices upon his mind which cannot be duplicated by an artificial process called for by intoxication. Hence, the uncommercialized Rastafarian must will identify contamination because it is his nature on nature on nature-of-development to a natural process of overcoming a deleterious set of circumstances engendered by normally corrupt proteins with which he is capable of dominating with herbs and restrictions. "Sometimey" by observation, meets with his habit and goal, while his

preoccupation – vegetative overkill – does not necessarily exist due to his connection with the sea. The Rasta, his modified willingness to compromise a vegetable choice which requires him to live both on the sea floor and at the top of a mountain by analysis of respiration promoted into consideration by a chemically conspiratorial vegetative alliance, negotiates an arrangement which tolerates marijuana in small amounts as a principle upon which deliberate proteins become rearranged to suit a biological protein need and remedy for consumption of indeterminate or dubious fruits.

Spiritual confiscations (substitutions) which, elaboratively, do not handle (anticipate) Rastafarian practices-well-do, analytically imply that the soil (Earth) can be managed – not by a collapsed civilization – but does not interfere with Water (boats) because Man, the predator is himself (Fire), so he has no hidden need of something which might conspire against

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him except where he has settled an arrangement with Air and Metal. Where Air is Life and Breath for the identification of Tobacco(s) – a(n) herb more powerful and volatile upon a community which has arrived at a method of testosterone awareness that excludes its manufacture and trade for the purposes of digestion assisted by marijuana horticulture – which is itself a restriction and a sea-level cure for living at an artificially acquired high elevation where suggestive historical alliances reverse this decision upon a genetic articulation which sponsors this trespass only when such – the Homo Sapient Human species – is/are open to predation by corresponding vegetative alliances which resist defeat by Fire. Thusly raw fruits and vegetables are sometimes consumed only to ensure that the plant cannot watch everything. Marijuana is a hard sell to Rastafarian culture except that it could be a compromise on the express content of adjustments made on Geologic time toward the Homo Sapient Human Being

by a watchful vegetative predator which might seek a help without a defense.

Tobacco(s) – dust – will not blend with Milk (vegan staples – because there are none) and so, by correlation, sponsorship of Tobacco(s) within this geographic reason, by trust of this (un)natural connection – Tobacco(s) and Vegan Milk – must necessarily, by wormhole activation, link this Tobacco with Opium or Heroin – the Poppy (a hypothetical geographic missing link). This community will lose Metal (pregnancies) first. Cocaine – by logical extension – becomes cheaper. Therefore, a community which succumbs and cannot now deal in or trade in oily fish will not know its own egg (ovulation) cycle and will lose Water because of foreign salts – - crack....

This is, alone, at least one of the simpler modern day reasons why fowl or chicken do not replace the normal fish staple so unapparent in the Rastafarian diet when Tobacco(s) display relevancy.

Birds – by genetic relativity – are a source of entertainment in this area of the world and productively off-limits to hunting because of affinity – a restriction. Bird watching – a meditation – (un)usually reverses corporeal degeneration due to the connection the activity makes with a need for salt in the diet(s) from the sea.

Rastafarians apparently are geographic specialists much like the Australian or, without contempt, other native and aboriginal Peoples.

The actual fruit of the Marijuana tree, by regard, is the Papaya – a tricky (not Calcium friendly choice) fruit which, upon consumption, does not activate Tobacco(s) for support on that toxicity – and not the seeds which are, themselves, part of another organism and are still – on consideration to further exploration – developing to be something else.

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