

Nu's News **X**-pression is Freedom!!!

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AKOFENA

"sword of war "



Adinkra
symbol

meaning:

symbol of
courage, valor,
and heroism

The crossed
swords were a
popular motif in
the heraldic
shields of many
former Akan
states. In
addition to

recognizing
courage and
valor, the
swords can
represent
legitimate state
authority.

JUST

THINKING by

Ken-Wise-One

Just thinking, I had
a father in the
house, who loved
the heck out of his
children. He also
loved us enough to
discipline us like we
should be as
children. My
mother said she
would cry when my
dad would whip us,
not because he
whipped us so hard,

but he would make
that whipping
count! It wasn't
soft, but he didn't
abuse me. I
appreciate it all. He
even gave me tough
love when the
whippings stopped.
And he still will. I
love him for that.
Men have a natural
ability to give it to
you straight,
whether it's good or
bad. I needed that
growing up and I'm
glad he'd give it to
me today! Thanks
to my father!

The Dynamic Between Black Men & Women

by Talk2Q

Spring 2016
Edition

Issue 24

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There are so many bad things going on in the black community and some changes need to be made. That includes education, jobs, crime, and more. However, something that *definitely* needs to change is the dynamic between black men and black women.

We as black people have gotten so out of hand that we don't think that a relationship is normal unless it's combative. How crazy is that? We think that loud, brash females are "strong" and that disrespectful, aloof males are "hard."

We're confused.

Black baby mamas and daddies try to get leverage on one another (at the expense of the child). Black men and women always want to say what the other gender is doing wrong without ever evaluating themselves.

We sometimes have no interest in doing what's right, but more interest in doing what *feels* right. It doesn't matter if it sets a bad example for our kids or not. It doesn't matter if it could affect our job status. It doesn't even matter if it contradicts something in the Bible that we've read. If we *feel* it, then we *do* it. It's completely counterproductive and stupid to think like this.

The dynamic between black men and black women is atrocious and has been for decades now. Every new interaction between a black man and black woman is potentially a bad experience. A black man's approach to a black woman can get sideways pretty quick and those who have been around it

know that I speak the truth.



Some black guys treat every woman the same way. They make no attempts on trying to distinguish a corporate woman from a THOT. Ladies are all just lips, hips, and finger tips to these guys. They step to them all the same disrespectful way and ruin her day with immature foolishness.

These guys make it very difficult for a man with good intentions to even get her attention. She gets so many disrespectful Facebook inbox messages and so many "Say, Slim?" remarks at the gas station that things of that nature make her assume that the next

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guy, who may be nice, will be as "thirsty" as the last guy that approached.

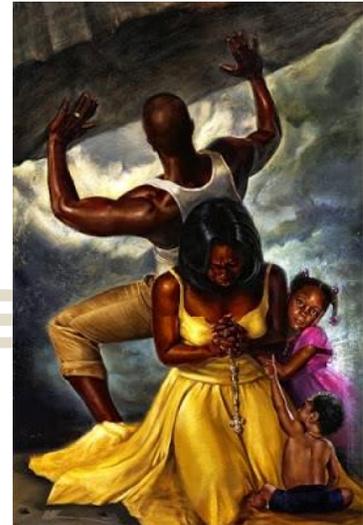
On the flip side, some black women tend to think that just by being a black man that you have to accept certain qualities about her. Some feel that you must allow and account for her less than pleasant and negative reactions to different things simply because "it's what black women do." As if not putting up with stereotypical black woman qualities, that have made reality TV billions, somehow make you less of a man. That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard in my life. You're proud of being an a-hole? Really? SMH. Act like a lady and maybe someone out there will treat you like one.

So, much has to change in the black communities, but the relationship between the

black man and black woman may be the most important one. Once that's solved then everything else will start to fall in place. But it can only happen if both sides treat each other with respect and that task should start with the men.

I know that a lot of guys are frowning and mentally throwing shade on the post because you expect women to do *everything* first, but there's a reason why I say that: Black women have never stopped loving black men. Despite our differences, the frustration from some women is the fact that they still love us, yet we don't reciprocate the love. We've abandoned her in a storm (it doesn't matter the reason) and she's waiting in the rain for us to come back. It's up to us as men, to get our women out of the storm.

The very essence of a man is that *you* take the lead! That doesn't mean in *some* things, but in *all* things. That includes extending an olive branch to our sistas to reclaim the relationships that we once had back in my parent's generation.



Love, honor, respect, and most importantly, protect her and she will love you in return with an undying passion. Her uplifting words will give you the confidence to take on and defeat any of life's obstacles.

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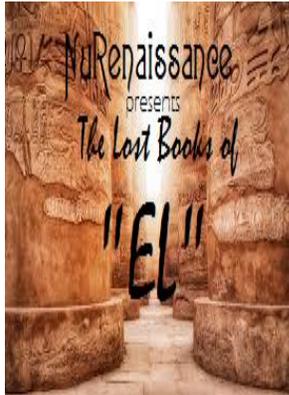
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The Widget

By RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

“See? Look. This here is what I’m trying to show you. D’ya-know here

what an idjit is, see? No. Right here. Look right in here. See it? Okay.

Stop. This one here’s a widget. See? Got that? It’s that simple. There’s just

a slight difference b’tween the two, but you’ve got to spot it. The

inspectors’ll eat you up on reversing

them over. You can, if there’s a

problem. ? . ? . Take a break and call it in to the tekkies . . or . . you can write

it up yourself and drop it in the slot . . . One’ll cost a little more ‘n one’ll cost

a little less Now, wait a minute – Whew! – wait a minute! You can’t do

that. That’s called reversing ‘em over. Don’t ever use your bare hand in

there! Once you get used to the idea, it’ll come a lot easier. Now. See that?

Try and use your fingers a little more. Like this. That way you’re gonna

have a little more wiggle ‘n free play ‘n the inspectors’ll . . .”

“There’s one of ‘em now, I think?”

“You think? . . . Boy . . . –That’s pretty good!”

“Hey, Bill.”

“How’s it going there, Frank . ! . ? What’s cookin’? Anything?”

“Haven’t heard anything yet.”

“Okay. Let me know when you do.”

“Sure thing.”

“Frank’s a bit new around here, but it comes-and-goes around here. Like I said, never bare

hand anything. . .

Not until you’re sitting on top of a paycheck. Makes ‘em look bad.

That’s the contract. Got it? You-can-go-by-the-book–In-a-case-of-any-

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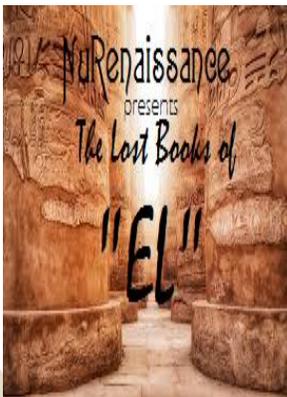
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confusion. Some of these newer guys're just barely old enough to vote 'n

they don't understand the law yet. Not you, though . . ."



A Ladybird

By RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

Some of the younger crows would gather together in the clearings and go scavenging for the strange

fruits left behind by the two-legged deer. Why so many husks? Nobody knew. ..But the seeds were

beginning to sprout. Leaping

first to a surprising height, the old bird threw out his wings and caught

the wind with a pop. Hanging in the air and then powering away with a few thunderously, powerful

flaps . . . The old bird still had wings! And he struck out on his mission, which diminished him in the

distance and, at last, whenever the clouds sucked him up, the crow faded away . . .

"And boys get to do anything they like!" she added, tracing the crow's path. Potential to action – no

lengthy questions between pauses. "Better to be a ladybird . . ."

"A woodpecker gives away the owl but once." A half-

grown tree in which she had been nesting

assured her of this wisdom. The ladybird never believed her own story.

"You're just a boy. Why would I listen to you?" she said, slipping about and flipping her duff around,

in spite of the question, and snapping her tail in the air.

"You'll never eat another drop of honey for the rest of your days . . ." the young tree scolded her. His

shelter was year-round. A ladybird – she'd do for that advice. "We're either going to see it first hand or

we're going to show one another."

Suspicious die hard here in the forest. Sometimes there

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didn't appear to be a trustworthy system. The

old crow would be back soon, she thought. Where could he go? She settled down and waited for her

nest to grow.

The Treaty – signed at the beginning of time – and a proper distinction for a crow with so many years

of service under his wings. The community did much better with numbers. To shut down all of the

cat's feline instincts? An odd way to be sure! A girl might lose her eggs because of a sudden sprout of

impatience. Trees are scattered, but they are all joined root-to-root. Every creature knows that to be

true. Where else could the old crow go? She settled against the young tree and closed her eyes without

weeping as he told her his tale.

“Once there was a seed . . .

There were some few prisoners, whose insanely bizarre popularity and moroseness spurred others on to

inventive insolence which ultimately challenged his patience. What ever could they have really

wanted? Strong willed and lusty they all usually were. Publicly admitting to no avarice and declining

all forms of tribute, they continued to mislead the people, urging them on to unwanted dissatisfactions

pertaining to ideas of freedom . . . perhaps . . . or charging them to resist for the sake of pride, children,

family, growth and free enterprise. Resist? “Resist what?” he would patiently ask, masking his true

- feelings of contempt. After all, the people under such leadership would eventually succumb to vanities

and extravagances created by the void of education opened between polished, contemptibly righteous,

God-Sanctioned leadership and dust. Hipness could not guarantee them the measured and accurate

safekeeping of structure without the long-term stability offered by the State.

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He recalled, in particular, one wayward soul – a diplomat to be sure – should he have been willing to

accept normal terms – but, sadly, in the end, whose offenses were too much to easily adapt to leniency

or experimentation. He was a cause. A provoking cause. With a growing number of followers and

advocates striking themselves against reason to number his campaign. A convex affair to be sure. So

much ahead of his time. The papers which carried such scrolls!!! ...Also ahead on their time, to be

sure!?!? Such shamefully antiquated views on political and social freedoms demanded a swift re-

education of the masses. With that type of money, it had to be well-known that one could not easily

know exactly which way to subscribe. .. and .. Although some of his viewpoints were admittedly

intriguing, still, his position left him free to stagger under the weight of higher authorities – with little

other alternatives to selfishness other than those which so too permitted no sparing of parts to such

haste. “Slow, but brief.” the governors chided their step-wives – even beyond the huge sums of cash

paid their way to intercept their folly. That this might be the unadorned reality. Not what they were

hoping for. “Stylish and forgettable.” some of them agreed. How many of them, though, would admit

to the uncounted, unknown pregnancies at work to upset their combined charm?

Everything had to be dismantled and nothing could be pulled from the wreckage else it could perhaps

goad into existence a backlash and sponsor underground support to keep the movement alive. No . . .

Absolutely nothing could be given a chance to grow. So? And??? The slate was wiped clean. Any

real legitimacies were likely to be sponsored by officially authorized, licensed committees. Naturally,

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of course, none of the sponsored bills would likely be accepted. Yet . . . still . . . their combined

arrogance as sitting senators and, vis-a-vis, representatives of the People, permitted them this one,

lonely rebuttal. Alas . . . To No End . . . It was but duty.

To be a Secretary. In spite of all of this, a nimbus of hidden angers played about the corners of his

mouth, filling his mind with infernal thoughts of mounting, unguessed treasons. "Senatorial

obligations!!!" the Senator himself could do well to think on these communities of thought. What a

personality!?! Who are the real troublemakers?

Some of them – members of some ranking committee – were perhaps even now – planning his and

their own executions!!! Yea, he would catch them in their lies and cause them to be brought to justice.

Goddamn those soldiers and their incestuous solidarity!?!Incorruptible in all the wrong ways. The

papers should read all about it.

"What Do You Want To Be When You Grow Up? Whom Would You Like To Be Most Like?" Typical

questions, typical responses. The ex-soldiers paved the way. With everybody

watching, who would

dare to write such a thing? The money had to be that obvious. Never trust a Headliner . . .

Philosophical reasoning – that's what they were devoid of – avoiding the usual political prodding and

avoiding normalities as befit the grace of citizenship and of elected office. Oh, how unbearably

expedient they could be in moments of crisis, nonetheless. Connecting to the society through loyalties

that he could never demand? They should have broken every one of their teeth on that one. Even in

light of his royal blood – shit-for-

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brains – corruption was an appropriate taskmaster. He, like they,

appealed to the poor with a power that bordered on mindlessness – regardless of such civil post held.

They – all of them – were rarely linked to the power structure which knitted together – in their minds –

- the tax collectors and auditors, the lawyers and high-ranking merchants, and the self-solvers. Heart-

touchingly, they kept the peace through the power of simple command.

He had to admit however, that as a class, the brotherhood figured persuasively – even

disproportionately so – and held a distinct advantage

that carried over well – no matter how loosely –

into certain regal obsessions. With their boisterousness and uncivilized bravado, they cut out a

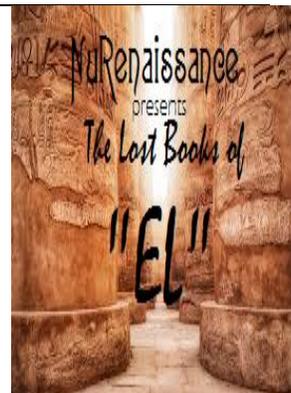
tempting following and assumed a ranking all their own. That much was completely evident. With the

power they had come to wield – despite their utility – it could not be considered a miserably minor

nuisance that on each day a son was set to be born . . . into The World!

. . . and then there was me –and so are we here.”

The ladybird peered. One of her eggs was beginning to hatch.



Passers Bye and By

by RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

Who was that Poet . ? .

That man of the Street . ? .

Who if you asked him . ? .

. . . TRULY
Knowed-IT . ? .

Gifted! But
somehow . ? .
Sho'nuff –BIT!

cuzza fussin

juss.. juss.. jussa..

. . . loss-the-grip ! .
!

muss,, muss,,
mussa-been ! . ?

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<p>“Oh Yeah!” — That! kinda spit.</p> <p>Blaming society, politics, and ALL that</p> <p>GoOD!?!-sHiT!!</p> <p>Now he be stan'in' own'neh cone-ahr</p> <p>“..Bay-baay..”</p> <p>way'in' fo the nex- sip “er-Arrgh, Lay- Day!”</p> <p>Akin like he juss- bee “. . May- BAAYeh . . .”</p> <p>It was him that said it!</p> <p>That Poet like no other!?!</p> <p>“Can't stick Meee, B!!!”</p> <p>“Ain't no cover!”</p> <p>“Spare-a- quote'arh?”</p> <p>“. . . Ain't no luv-a- bruthar . . .”</p> <p>. . . I heard somewhere that he died . . .</p>	<p>inside I sighed</p> <p>BUT??!??</p> <p>Let-cho perceptions be yo' guide, Clyde.</p> <p>Uhhh,,?? Wutt'nit??</p> <p>Sometime? . . . Was it?</p> <p>Might of been? . . . Last week?</p> <p>It was from the strict street smell</p> <p>That curiosity won and at last piqued</p> <p>From a Punk-Ass Cell to a Cardboard-Box is a living hell, Prick.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • “Back-to-the- “Whirl!” <p>..shouldda learned sumfiyn..</p> <p>He Be</p> <p>Unmindful of the Passers Bye and those Passers-by</p> <p>“They just scared”— that's his</p>	<p>rumble, his mumble, like a little girl</p> <p>He Be,</p> <p>“I, I, I, – I could be.”</p> <p>They Go –</p> <p>“ Cray- zay!?!”</p> <p>So He Be,</p> <p>“i'm-not-here-but- I'm-there!”</p> <p>They Go – “Or even high!?!”</p> <p>He Be,</p> <p>“Please! Please!— Take it!”</p> <p>Then They Go – “OOOhh, Just don't hurt me!</p> <p>Can you see that I be dirty?</p> <p>Then He Be,</p> <p>“And know I'm- ma-lie?”</p> <p>He Be So “Let Me Be.”</p>
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<p>... Just Like the Gospel, ... He be.</p> <p>“Cry?!? Don't look at him and do not laugh?</p> <p>And Please, ..don't say hi or ask why!?!</p> <p>At least not until we get past. Blank. Fries, Nigga. . . shake.”</p> <p>Name confusion . . . brave enough to smile,</p> <p>...not weak enough to speak,</p> <p>..cursing me in their heads</p> <p>..Abusing</p> <p>..Name confusion all the while.</p> <p>man of the cardboard beds</p> <p>and nappy dreds</p> <p>cruising the city mile-after-mile</p> <p>I look through the door</p>	<p>open to the street . . .Puzzled?</p> <p>You got that name confusion. I'm not you.</p> <p>Weak. Tiresome.</p> <p>Tuff Titty.</p> <p>..yo' shit is boring..</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • “Tip my bo't'le to you, baby! <p>That news travels like a whoring!”</p> <p>... Rollin' with the BlackPopping of the Cap ...</p> <p>spill that little on the flow</p> <p>Stuff is cheap, but not, like –weak!?!</p> <p>Not fo' a rich Dick on the creep</p> <p>...that shit'll have ta stop...</p> <p>“you got'Ta ball ..cumm one, nigga, cum all.. Walk.”</p> <p>“What you lookin'nat, man?</p>	<p>They sell it In-At-The-Stow'eH!?! . . . ALL WEEK!!!</p> <p>Think-I-am-to-you, mayn?-Some-kind-a-freak?”</p> <p>Don't speak . . ! . . but-i-BEN-tired of yo' 'ho'e . . nyo' jaw. – Yo' eye!?! ..Work.</p> <p>“Gotta-be-some-kinda-hero?!, – Muthafukka?? – 'cause-I-ain'tcha-boy!”</p> <p>so I axe you? once mower . . ? what law?</p> <p>Me? ..the poet you won't greet?</p> <p>The unshaven, Indigent? Man? ..of the street?</p> <p>BEAT-cho-muthafukkin-meat!</p> <p>But they see me? You think? just like the others? Numbers. BLINK.</p> <p>So, see . . . So See, see, He don't ask why . . .</p>
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– not of the Passers
Bye and those
Passers-By . . .

So, I be –

“¿ “Spare a-
Quarter?” ?” Not so
I can shake my
head in amazement.

..that’s what I said..

So, I be –

“¿ “Can’t?-Stick.-
Me., Bitch?!?” ?”
To see him on the
pavement.

..not to be mislead..

So, I be –

“¿ “Ain’t.-No.-
Cover!” ?” And
wonder where the
delays have been.

..PLAIN water..

So, I be –

“¿ “. . . Ain’t?-no-
luv-a-brutha . ? .”
?” To think that I
should have praised
him.

..so that I might not
be stumped..

..All this all that
from His
perspective..

Give. Crawl. Don’t
give. nyo’ –Drum –
– –

So? What’s that
spell in Mockery?

They lie and iz
High but pick a
fight for No-Won-
duh!?!?

CAIN’T be no
luvvabrutha! –
Muthafukka.

NuRenaissance Spotlight

**Dr. LaFarra Young-
Gaylor, M.D,
FCAP,FASCP:**



The first African American
Chief Resident in the
Department of Pathology
at the University of
Mississippi Medical Center
(2007-2008), the first
African American Fellow in
Developmental and
Pediatric Pathology at the
University of Tennessee
Health Science Center in
Memphis (2008-2009), the
only board-certified
Pediatric Pathologist
practicing in the state of
Mississippi from 2009-
2013, the first African



Funk Messiah, 2015,
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American Assistant Professor of Pathology at UMMC with a dual appointment in the Department of Pathology and the Department of Pediatrics until 2013 practicing both adult and pediatric pathology. Currently practices adult and pediatric Anatomical and Clinical Pathology at a local hospital in Mississippi and is the only African-American Pediatric Pathologist in the State of Mississippi.

[#AfricanAmericanhistory](#)
[#Thedreamliveson](#)

The Volunteer follows Jenna Steele, a woman whose mother died on hospice. She was compelled to give back, so she donated to a local hospice, however that was not enough for her. Jenna decided to

volunteer and this is where her



emotional journey begins. If you ever wanted to know what it would be like to volunteer for hospice, this novel will take behind the scenes and give you an inside peek into the real world of hospice volunteering. Not only will you discover the highs and lows of a volunteer but also the often unseen

world of the managers who supervise them. You will not be able to put this book down!

Purchase today: [BUY NOW](#)



Silent Pain

by Bella Boo

You can write a comment
You can make a post
You can fake a smile
You can do the most

You can post a pic

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Reflecting love
You can hide
emotions
Sort of

You can lay awake
With sleepless
nights
All because
you did not fight

Your heart your
mind
Your soul your
thoughts
Your hurt your
pain
You aches your
loss

Oh please oh please
Lord heal my
wounds
Thought they were
gone
But they've
resumed

My broken heart

The dwelling pain
The unexplainable
feeling
Has surfaced again

I cry out loud
But not a sound is
heard
My eyes says the
most
But lips, not a word

I'm gritting my
teeth
Fists balled tight
I'm wide awake
Beyond midnight

Every once in a
while

I struggle with my
past
Crying a thousand
tears
Feeling like an ass

All in my mind
Mentally screwed
up

Thinking to myself
I'm not good
enough

Fix me now Lord
Erase the shame
Heal my wounds
Delete the pain

Free my mind
From what troubles
me

Renew my spirit
Strengthen me

Help me love
Help me grow
Pick me up
from below

I want to smile
I want to dance
While I sing
Lord hold my hand

In Jesus name,
Amen

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Edition

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Sometimes

by Writer/Author Carmen L. Hendrix
(from.carmenhendrix.com)

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, 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.

From Where I Sit

(student misconduct) by
El Paso Joe



Recently something moved me to share a few words with a former colleague. I hesitated because she and I did not have any

type of relationship. However, in obedience, I called her and shared Psalm 119:130- "The unfolding of your words gives light; it gives understanding to the simple." After I finished, she explained she had asked God for a sign because she was seriously considering leaving the teaching profession. I was dumbfounded. How could it have come to this for this very innovative and effective veteran teacher?

According to my friend, many of the district's rules were not being enforced. Additionally, principals had been told to decrease suspensions. Thus, student

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misconduct was not being addressed properly. Incidences that would have warranted immediate suspensions were relegated to ISS or after school detention (students were not attending). Most of their reactions were disproportionate to the situation, and most of these students did not want to be held accountable.

One incident in particular had brought her to this point: a student became irate and belligerent after being asked to pull up his pants. The student told her to mind her business and to leave him alone. Further, he told her she did not buy his clothes nor was she his mother.

Also, the student explicitly suggested for the teacher to return to her class. Overall, the student had no understanding of being corrected. Sadly, this situation occurred because a teacher had the expectation of students following the dress code. As our conversation ended, I felt burden had been lightened. Although she did not tell me her final decision, I knew God had intervened.

From where I sit, it takes a village to raise a child; however, parents are the first line of defense. As toddlers, children imitate and mimic what they

see and hear. Parents are a child's first role model. We must get back to teaching and guiding our children as God has instructed.



When It Doesn't Go the Way You Planned by

Writer/Author Carmen L. Hendrix
(from.carmenhendrix.com)

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Throughout my blog posts, I have said time and again that life happens. It won't always go the way you planned. But there is good news. Even though life does not always go the way you planned it, it is going the way it needs to go for your good. Sometimes it is so that you can show some initiative to put it back on track. Sometimes it is because you are not organized enough to know the difference. Sometimes, it is because you let the chips fall as they may. Either way, it is your life to take by the reigns. How will you do it? Today, I will offer a few tips for you to get control of your life, understand why it happened, and how to prevent it from happening again.

Admittedly, we all suffer a period in our lives when we are a mess. This is true especially in those

communities that don't know anything outside of their culture. Daily survival skills start at home. They can be cultivated in other places such as school, social circles, and learning from experience. You begin at an early age, learning how to survive and what works best for you. The truth is, our experiences from early childhood shape what we are today; what we've become. If, as a man, you grew up in a household where women are not respected, you grow up without respect for women. Why? It is because you don't know any other way. The same principles apply in life. If you grow up in a household where people do not understand credit and its effect on their lives, they cannot teach you to live to be financially responsible. They cannot know that having poor credit causes them to have higher interest rates on loans (if they can even get them). The point here is, you do better when you know better. I remember my first day of college. They were handing out credit cards like candy. I have never

been a credit card person. I have one, and have had that same account for 20 years, but I only use it for rental cars because of the insurance benefit I get. I keep a small balance on it to maintain the account and to keep the payment history in excellent status. My mother taught me that. You see my point here? There are life lessons you have to learn from other people. The catch to this is that you can't learn everything from your family; you sometimes have to branch out to learn from other people. For instance, I loved my home state until I moved to Miami to go to college and realized that there is an entirely different world beyond what I knew.

I became more tolerant of things I did not quite understand. I truly had planned on going to college, getting my degree, and going back to Mississippi to live happily ever after. Life, however, had a different plan for me. After living in several in different cities, I ended up in

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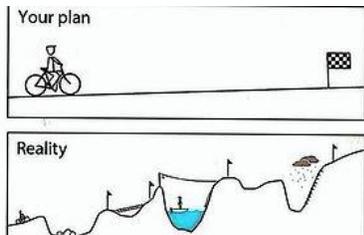
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Texas.



So what do you do when life doesn't go the way you planned it? Do you adapt? Do you try to get on track? Do you evaluate the steps you have taken to get where you are and where you might have gone wrong? The truth is, you do all of the above and adjust your plan. Life is not always going to go the way you planned it. There will be opportunities that may take you in a new direction, one in which you never thought you'd go. I am a living witness of that fact. So let's explore some steps to change our perception.

- **Process it - Your goal was not met and you have gone in an entirely different direction. Process it. Things did not go your way. Take the time to pause and grieve for a moment (insert**

pause here). Let it sink in. However, don't take too much time worrying about what happened. If you need to vent, talk to someone about it and move on. Sulking and venting too long, though, doesn't help you. Taking more than a day or two to sulk/vent allow you to linger in the moment much longer than you should. Now that you have taken the time to grieve, let's go to work. We want to look at the change in a positive way. It is like Newton's third law, for every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction.

Shift Your Perspective - Now is the time to transform and take action. If your plan caused your life to move in a negative direction, figure out what was effective and what was not. Identify the

roadblocks, redirect, adapt, and transform. Exploring your original expectations can help you make the necessary changes to get back on track.

Decide - Now that you are moving in a different direction. Make a decision on how you want to proceed. Do you need guidance? Do you need to get other people involved to help you move forward? You have identified the roadblocks. Now it is time to decide on how you want to work around them to achieve your goal. It is up to you to determine how you want to handle your future going forward.

Create A New Plan - Sometimes our plans are so rigid that they lack fluidity. Understanding that life happens, create a new plan that makes room for change. It is easier to say, "In 5 years, I plan on doing X,Y, and Z," than it is to say, "In January 2021, I will be CEO of my own company, married, with 1 1/2 kids." Create a solid blueprint you can follow that will allow you to make some edits along the way. This is when you

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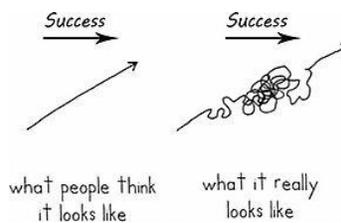
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need to ask yourself some questions:

1. Am I upset about this change?
2. Am I stressed about this change? If so, what is stressing me out?
3. What caused this change?
4. What have I learned from the events that led up to this change?
5. How will this change affect my life over the next year? 2 years? 5 years? 10 years?
6. What can I do differently?
7. What are my next steps?
8. Who do I need to enlist to help me take the appropriate steps to achieve my new goal?
9. Is this new goal fluid?
10. Am I willing to accept variations?

Answering these questions can help you get back on track to meet your goals. Don't fret over the fine print of life. We truly have to keep going. Dwelling on the, "could've, should've,

would've" will just drive you crazy. Instead, focus on the fact that you have learned from any mistakes you may have made along the way and are on the road to doing much better than you could have ever done before.'



Many experiences in life are inherent. Change is one of them. Your life will not always go as planned and that's ok. It is what you do after the change that shapes you and molds your character. I implore you to remember that the change in your life does not reduce you. It actually helps you become stronger in the end. Yes, stepping onto a brand new path can be difficult, but it is no more difficult than remaining stuck in a situation, which no longer exists. You can do it! I believe in you. Until then, I will continue to cross my T's and dot my I's. Period.

All my Love,

Carmen

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SCOTT DYLAN VIA TWITTER

An Opus of Analogy

"Necessary Evil or Necessarily Evil"

by My Mind

Lately seemingly more than ever everyone is wondering what in the hell is going on with public education, not once has the truth behind the

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madness been stated.

Who's going to pick up garbage, who's going to be a janitor, who's going to be an orderly in a hospital or retirement home, who's going to work in fast food, who's going to work in cafeterias, who's going to work at gas stations in the hood, who's going to be nightclub security guards in high crime areas, who's going to patronize pawn shops, who's going to get high interest loans, who's going to buy rent to own furniture, who's going populate

privately owned prisons, who's going to follow televangelist on low budget networks, who's going to buy and shop for trinkets of trends during tax season, who's going work on holidays so YOU can shop, who's going to treat raw sewage and cleanup....So if you don't want to do this bullshit then be careful what you ask for....this was the masterplan than was packaged with integration of schools...read the fine print next time...damn I f****d myself up with that one!

BE THANKFUL: When Adversity

Strikes by Writer/Author

Carmen L. Hendrix
(from.carmenhendrix.com)



Today's post has been difficult to write and I must apologize for taking so long to write it. However, in true fashion, and as always, I will be transparent. First, I must say that there is a lesson in everything. That being said, one should never overestimate what is behind someone's smile, nor should you minimize what someone else is going

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through. There is always a person that is going through something worse than you. But, the blessing is that you can turn it around.



In a nutshell, here is my story. I worked in Corporate America for twelve years and was laid off due to organizational changes at the end of January. Still remaining true to myself, I continued to volunteer. After leaving a full day of volunteerism, I was involved in a hit-and-run accident. My air bags deployed, I was rushed to the emergency room, and my car was totaled (Side Note: I **LOVED** my car).



The man hit me while going full speed and then backed away and drove off

in his damaged vehicle. Because my airbags deployed, I was unable to see him and couldn't get his tag number. Still, I smile because I know that God has a bigger and better plan for me. Has the recovery been rough? Yes. Has worry entered my thoughts? Yes. Did I pray all my fears away? Yes. Most importantly, I have a great support system in my family and friends. The sad thing is that this is **NOT** the full story because it doesn't cover the fact that I had just spent a lot of money to get the car out of the shop and had just paid my car note. Still, I am able to see another day, I don't have any broken bones, and I was able to tell my loved ones how much I love them. Yes, I am in pain. But I'd rather be alive to feel the pain than not.

Why Do I Smile?



Things happen. Heck, life happens. It is how you deal with it, the strength you have to get through it, which shows you what you can accomplish with a little hard work. I realize that I have to sell myself to others every day, making sure that people understand that I am working on creating a better life for my future children and myself. One thing that has helped me along the way is the fact that I took the time out to create my personal mission and vision statements, and I stay true to my calendar. If you have not already done so, be sure to click here to read up on those topics. Having those statements at my disposal keep me aligned with my goals. I use my strengths to focus on lessening the impact of my weaknesses. This is why I am so adamant about volunteering. Being able

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to help others is not only a reality check, it is a passion that helps me continue to work on being a better me so that I can continue to help others. I am not telling anyone to run out and volunteer for instant gratification. That absolutely will not happen. I am saying, taking the time out to help others in some way will put a smile on your face while giving you another reason to pay it forward.

Next Steps

The road to recovery has been a steady one. I still hurt from the accident. My feelings are hurt because I never would have thought that I would go through some of the things I have experienced this year. I survive because I know that great things are around the corner. In fact, the road has already been paved for me. I had to go through the gravel, the grassy knolls, up the mountains, over the river, and through the woods to get there, but I know it is there. I am inspired because I am alive. I am positive because I know positivity breeds positivity. I hope that I

can spread it to you. I end this post by asking you to do a few things:

1. **Don't give up** – I know that it seems difficult. But you have to be in it to win it. Nothing good ever comes easy but when it comes, it is worth it.
2. **Stay focused** – Having your dreams on your radar helps you work harder to get to them. Keep your dreams in plain sight. Write it down and look at it every day. Put it on your calendar to review your goals every morning when you awaken and every night before you go to bed. This helps it remain fresh on your mind.
3. **Call on your family and friends when you need them** – Your support system is always going to help you stay on track. When you find yourself wavering, find your

phone to call them and let them help you recalibrate.

4. **Take a moment to meditate daily** – Take a moment to clear your mind of all of the clutter that won't help you achieve your goals. Having removed the distractions of the TV, music, and chatter will allow you time to fine tune yourself.
5. **Remain positive** – This one is difficult, especially when you have a lot of issues hitting you. Take the time to find the good in it. For me, I lost a car but still had my life. I lost a job, but gained the time to focus on my dream. I have even lost some friends along the way, but have gained a love that is immeasurable.
6. **Be thankful** – Be thankful for each day, for what you have, and for what is to come. Finding your humility in what you have, and

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being sincerely thankful for everything you have been given opens doors you never knew were closed. I am thankful for each day I am able to share with you and for the endless possibilities life has to offer. That is a happiness that I had to find through my pain.

I know that life has a way of throwing you on your bottom. Just know, in the end, it is to help you be strong for the journey ahead. Remember, success is always followed with hate and envy. You have to be prepared to handle it and develop some thick skin. Life's little bumps help prepare you for those difficult times. If you understand that, and don't give up, you will see the rewards in the very near future. The good thing that has come out of everything that has happened this year is the fact that I am able to

realize my dreams. Great things are ahead for me AND for you! Be thankful.

Until next time, I will continue to cross my T's and dot my I's. Period.

All My Love,

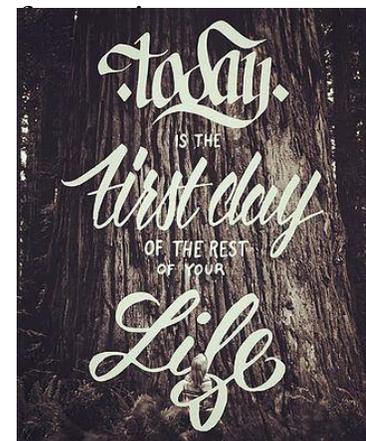
Carmen

"Helping you get to the other side of your goals"

The 1st Day of the Rest of Your Life

by Writer/Author
Carmen L. Hendrix
(from.carmenhendrix.com)

I have been quite transparent in all of my posts. Today is no different. In fact, today truly marks the first day of the rest of my business life. Starting a new chapter in life can be both exciting and scary at the same time. The emotions run wild as you try to focus on how you are going to get through each day. So today, I am going to give you a



The first steps are to breathe, pray,

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organize, and focus. Simply put, believe in yourself and know that God has a plan for you. Concentrate on Him and you will see it through. After all, this is the first day of the rest of your life. It is your baby, your dream, and no one can take that desire away from you to be successful. So be successful!



Don't Buy Someone Else's Dream

Don't let someone else sell you on his or her

dream. In other words, make sure that you are doing something YOU want to do. Ask yourself why are you starting this business? Are you passionate about it? Often, people find out that you are about to start a business, and they ask you if they can partner with you, or they want you to partner with them on a business venture on which they have been working. For instance, when you are working for someone else, you are making money for him or her. Your work is making them rich while you are making pennies to survive. Buying into someone else's dream is essentially the same thing. You are not only sharing a portion of the profits, you are doing so in a business that is not your own idea, and you have taken on the risks. This is not to say that you should never invest in others. I am merely stating that you should only invest in

something that you are fully invested in.

Face Your Fears

F-E-A-R: has two meanings:

1. Forget Everything And Run
- or
2. Face Everything And Rise



The Choice is Yours!

Often, we are our own worst enemy when starting a business. We have psychological barriers that prevent us from seeing our own potential. Don't be that person. If you have fears, write them down. It is easier to face a fear when you know what it is. Here is an example:

List of Fears:

I don't have the money

I am afraid I can't pay my bills

I don't know how to find customers

I am not familiar with advertising strategies

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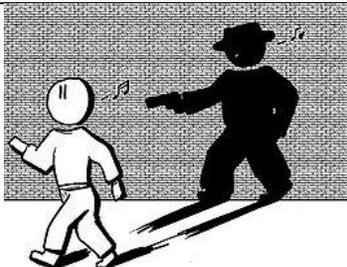
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Now that you are able to see your fears on paper, you can decide how you will be able to combat them. See the example below:

I don't have the money - Start by ensuring you have a business plan. Look for small business loans, angel investors, crowd funding, and family/friend investments.

Figure out which solution, if not all, works best for you and plan how you will get it. Do research on the internet and find out about small business loans. Search government websites for information on how to get started and the avenues you need to take. Enlist the help of someone you trust to research ways to fund the business. You will find writing it down, and being able to see ways to combat your fears, affords you the opportunity to face them head on and combat them very easily.

Remove the Emotion



Starting a new business is scary, especially when you are going at it on your own. But, it can also be very rewarding and invigorating. Don't second-guess yourself by letting your emotions get the best of you. Fear and desperation can always lead to blindly make decisions that are not always in your best interest. Take a moment to stop and breathe. You have done your research; now let your research work for you. Keep your eye on the prize. You have the goal, you have set the plan, you have faced your fears, now get to work!

It is a scary process but you have already taken the first step and THAT is the scariest part. Keep the faith in yourself and know that you are well on your way to independent wealth. Be all that you can

be and build for your family and the future. Until next time I will continue to cross all my T's and dot my I's. Period.

All My Love,

Carmen

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The Element of El

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Rasul
09.11.1968

(Unlisted on the Periodic Table), is a collection gathered by NuRenaissance of the post-statements and memoirs of Rasul El.

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Dear Sir(s) and the City of Chicago actual

letter by RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

The U.S. Marshall's Service directed the United States of America to proceed to court as instructed by Order of Court – immediate to the pertinent laws which establish this action as a duty and privilege guaranteed by measurements of Constitutional Oaths, Amendments and Charters. The United States of America refused. Given these facts, the United STATES (of America) proceeded to dismiss the facts against iTself, which iT has been unable to do.

The United STATES (of America) accepted that iT must accept another case against iTself, yet their co-combined policies have given me no guidance in the matter other than to acknowledge that the United

STATES, as I have ascertained, is a criminal organization, determined to upset the law while iT refuses to respond to those new sets of charges known to be in evidence as per reason. I am only one person. I cannot fight this entity alone it seems. By laws, which are well known, a solitary individual not only has the right to defend himself, but he must, too, acknowledge those prescriptions given him under law which – as one examines those applicable Public Statutes – a larger body should not attack a man out of proportion to his size, grasp, or focus due to those financial urgencies which might-should capsize the law of commercial enterprise and management.

Those persons known to me as YourSelfes, are, by these accounts and reckonings, in default of payment to me in the amount claimed because they did not show up in court as instructed. They have been unwilling to submit to reason and so I have continued to work so as to not upset myself by their

actions in avoidance of voluntary common sense.

It is because I am the actual creator of Gatorade – made penniless by the aggressions of my family against me by weight of my handicap as a minor and child – I am asking the City of Chicago, .. where Gatorade was originated – despite fictions to the contrary which yet exist – and the records which still remain of that origin where recorded by the Chicago Public School System and, as well, through the Department of Veterans Affairs in support of my claim by those combined files on maintenance to public access in regards to my parents – a couple, veteran and spouse .. ,,to help me where I have helped myself so that I should not remain in poverty another day. My testimonies to this effect are made public, for inspection, on Facebook. After all, it is still apparent that in the case where a person deliberately refuses the courtroom for the purposes of contempt, those monies in contention become a forfeiture, by demand of the People, where the People cannot do else other than deliver that sum to the party which did not attempt to ridicule or scorn the process. The U.S.

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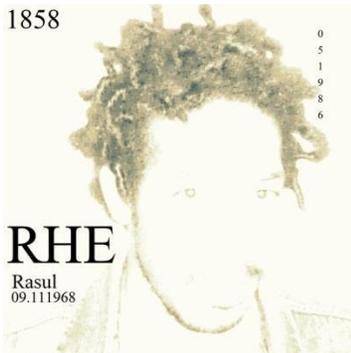
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Treasury has already allowed this amount because it is a justified debt drawn at Public concern for deposit to a known account only. I have received nothing this far.

Thank You,

The Element of El

1858



(Unlisted on the Periodic Table), is a collection gathered by NuRenaissance of the post-statements and memoirs of Rasool El.

Masters On The Funk A Bed Made of Roses

by RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

Though it may be entirely too difficult to manage alone, there's nothing wrong with you that funk

wasn't designed to fix occasionally. Traditional popular Chinese classical music, not African centered rhythms, as one may suppose, is in fact the rule of musical theory which opens itself to opportunistic revision as a North American standard on customary loan from a practicum (a known, rehearsed and continuous recital) on North American Indian music and rhythms. It is widely of use to understand therein why the North American Indian cannot so easily become a pop music superstar without petitioning for disaster. As an owner, his story is already told because of his heritage on a birthright guaranteed him by his placement on the globe where his power begins at a predictable center or origin for his establishment of pure knowledge over his predicament as the curator and method man on topical biogeography. He need not revisit this idea again except upon his choosing and at a point in time when he is less popular – which, in this hemisphere, may actually be never. It is important therefore for a hired manager – proficient

in the art of storytelling within his own community – to commit himself to the role of a paid amusement engineer or entertainer so that the North American Indian male may not grow to become too popular in his own community and fall to intuition that he may be weak or soft and therefore can be easily attacked by the methods in play at the time. As a result, the North American Indian male, especially, must best avoid media exposure by outside agents unless hired for a distinct advantage known only to a closed circle, where he might claim more easily that he is more a "crossbreed" hokey-doke – else there could be too much money involved. Only rarely does a two-way-street exist to upset this arrangement. Normal or regular pop culture musical icons and entertainers are, on demand of ethnicity or pretense, variously of African and European decent. The Pop superstar miracle, by training of heritage and by degrees, is the Mexican phenom who must – as casually as possible – make his living mostly as

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part of band or group on showcase chiefly because youthful aspiring individuals become "over-expertly" challenged and trained quite easily locally, and rarely survive even this long to short term personal intrusion on their superior family time. As money becomes a mere gratuity, offered and received without complaint, those persons must perform or make way for the next official act. Poverty for "these people" is a developmentally sustained myth. Selena Q? Where? Please! She's only disappeared – with help. At last, the upper end of this creatively musical entertainment package is – far from fiction – "the ne'er do well Chinese act" such as capably performed by the Russian born Al Jolson. Moderately neat and almost too poor, the expertly expectant misbehaved drunk is it at this level. Funky! Historians ??? Hmmm . . .

All the way from Russia and across the Bering Strait? What Else? It's a personal observation anyway. The relationship to this concern is perhaps best

known as a symbiotic kinship of historical weight which is likely based on rice as a staple within a larger community and also as a fixture in a smaller. This perhaps to say that Man, the Homo Sapiens Human Being, could be a member of the Families connected to those descendants of Rice (Oryza) – a biased claim which is in keeping with a standard of observation that does not deny Rice a place as a water restricted industry for which birds are quite unable to disregard in habitat for a means to survival. Given this consideration, the Panda must equally be of bamboo with fewer larger Family members. Clearly, by this rationale, so as do Bees, Bears, and Man, engaged in a conflict over honey, the Bee should win – except that here the pattern grows interestingly vague.

There are a multitude of flower arrangements which are known to be not predatory but cultivated. Some few of these are plants are necessarily dominant, but uniformly voracious. Forced cultivation of rice . . .

. . . These motherfuckers is really doing it . . . and is attempting to hide the keys to the gold and silvermines . . . And, the curious thing is . . . they think that I don't know . . .
–Typically presumed plausible for the self-destruction of the communities (live-births) and localities (prison systems) by strategies which engaged over and under production of rice wine–
. . . may have actually been the impetus for a "Cultural Revolution" which, in China, as in other parts of the world where a staple grain industry, known less for its medicinal properties, but more completely for its nonfunctional value as an aid to expel witchcraft or sorcery (sickness or overpopulation) where its tasking (the art of the handout) in the modern style or conventional motivations (sale) denies expectant discovery of its keeping outside of alcoholic beverage production (rumors of war). Hence, a threat of foreign occupation and relief must force establish cultural normalcies – control of the "Natural

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Born Killers" . . . and, in this case, a reexamination of a historically correct staple commodity over industry. Overpopulation cannot be made a trustworthy goal or valued as a need for a civilization which makes its living – by equation – from the sea. Except in the presence of meat, starch resists digestion. However, forward of and behind exercise, the body is in possession of a host of immediated (hidden/restricted/known/synergistic) remedies for this indigestion (false potassium conversion – Water → Fat soluble: A Normal process). An empirical (martial arts) or spiritual cure for this organic process may demand that the affected community assign fixed responses of engagement (competing martial arts styles) which solicit a prescriptive political agenda that is purposely of little value except where intuition (truth) becomes a proper pacemaker. Hence – faulty or not – a genetic response to overcome these subversions to stability may then require that hereditary dominances force an aid to establish

another unique territory which can be controlled in the absence of the realities which creatively have escaped the disjunction routine(s) which would normally displace an avenue or pathway which would liberate abnormal psychology for an advantage that must be or could be accessorized to the complete disadvantage of a biological demand for deviancy. A correct mindset must be made usable. Predatory aptitudes must be trusted. This instinct on a primary carnivorous behavior – for reasons of necessity – is owned by guided practice. Therefore, Tin Men, soldiered or not – Jealousy : Leisure Class
Rage : Conviction/Eviction
Envy : Master Race
Hunger : Storm Trooping
Starvation : War
– are, as a result, outlawed formulas for sustainability of and on Creation. A proprietary resource on Universal Law for that and those which must be valued.

-
-
-

A continuous, contiguous, contagious attack upon Convention – an Element(al) form (Of Life) – cannot be concealed by

practice. Such is willful disobedience. Taken from this effect – here, a case of starch starvation – disproportionately counterbalanced by increased Vitamin A efficiency (A High-Alert state-of-mind) – must commit a user of four-dimensional space to a qualified resource which can be measured (Sleep, Die or Fight) – otherwise the Law will stop and Universe must begin for the user as At The Answer – where the Law must can afford itself because anti-matter cannot be a condition of Creation – an ongoing event which demands protection of its resources at a revealed point of inquiry – thought – which whose equivalent is valued (claimed) mass and/or an inertia. If, And or When a Man is ready to accept a certain amount of peace upon his consciousness for the right to existence, he must be ready to acknowledge that at least some formula for correctness will guide the cosmos so that he may at least dwell upon what is actually up, where in any event, what is below him has to be considered down.

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The rules must claim an easy advantage where Stop must, can, and will mean exactly that upon examination of the flesh and a brick wall. Try not to get stoned or try getting stoned – whatever else your preference, the aye's must yet have it.

The power of any pyramid – also an object of visual enhancement on public view – theoretically belongs to a class of fatally-flawed monuments of-which-whose design is best known to belong to an origin that, on locale, cannot be reliably or confidently owed to chance specialization at a valued dimensional goal – (complex, complete freedom) – else, given the following “For instance” for practical assessment, a witchboard (broomstick/aerospacecraft /crystal-ball/wishing-well) is made (delivered).

For instance:
A photograph of a “more-or-less” mechanical object in flight of-which-whose established design characteristics avoid detection by local technological competencies . . .

– especially at the biological level where equality revolves around a standard deduction on mathematical grammar – . . . theoretically . . . Sleep talking is not allowed.
– when housed alongside of, adjacent to, or within a structure, where by strike, complement, advertisement, or exhaustive labo(u)r – Not Such A Structure is created upon that commonality by those distinctly agrarian tasking(s) on permanent instruction to or of value to those systematical network events congruent to feasible service of/on a working, coincidental population, in-where-at natural planetary events retain stability as a climax technology which- that ensures continuance of a known succession of restricted dominances: (Plant to People to Food to Shelter to Environment – without decay)
. . . which (dis)include artificial formulae as a mainstay and mainstudy of an improper industry that by its predisposition to choicelessness over stagnant entropy demands elimination by guesswork alone. This structure – a

complex of novelties by notion of inspection – must establish BY NOTICE or ADVETISEMENT to the same, that a real argument of TRESPASS exists spontaneously, and which of, if not responded to efficiently, will-may empower that vessel in affliction a measure of positive labor or positive energy that must resound as articulately present within those on-topic narrations on topic for review. Refusal to commit (each other) to seasonal responsibility will may further technicalize such a pyramid – which might begin with another usual or common structure – to become, with technological innovations, an enterprise that commits an affected inefficient population to nonsensical, yet unsustainable commerce to and from its path of construction, despite its connection with the ground (i.e., the skyscraper's effect –Deep Funk – which includes the Underground Dope Styles or Subway Jams [Remixes on the Invention of Prostitution]).

Technological vehicles or insinences, inconsistent

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with locally elaborated thought on the matter which, by its adaptiveness, establishes a historical timeline, arise by mathematical progressions which presume choice spontaneity of interest in a direct line of eyesight to the physical place in question. This is called a groove from a bas(e)s-line (elevator music). Therefore, by residual impact, a decided frustration on the part of the local population, to intercept a collaborative understanding of a proposed technological demand at its habit and workplace (overtime) may will result in a position of power – an egg – called (going back to) Church (music) – a separated, not yet ever co-equal sponsorship, which demands life over performance (Blues or Jail-House music: The Party Sound) . Such is an Immediate Object and Unrelenting Force and a storehouse of considered magic (Vinyl).

Once established, these forces can down a UFO or cause such a vehicle to materialize for a conditional inspection of

its purpose (Acid-Jazz). Real world events – cave paintings depicting a just so invasion – are a technically sound procedure in this labor function which may-will connect upon a choice that toils such a vehicle and causes it to crash if that machine be in any way thought to be unfit and irresponsible by standards produced upon local assessment by impression or venue. Don't Pick A Fight!!! Therefore, reason suggests that technological innovation may-have-also-be, in part, a designed reality which supposes that tech-inferiority is yet a staple cognition to the hunter-gatherer whose world is invaded by (extra)terrestrial beings with mechanized-unknown advantages. You Can't Win. A not irresponsible but Universal equation offering protection of resources by way of events (Karma, the I Wonder) may be set up in time, should the affected population decide not to remove themselves from their historical dwelling (a safe and reliable technological achievement

on function) and environmental problem-sorting in advancement over predation (civilized leverage) for utility of living in proximity to a known irreplaceable resource. Hence, by this effect, a stubborn or satisfied population would neither dismantle nor take away parts of adowned UFO. In this case, a clannish prehistoric earthling population would set the wreckage on fire only simply to be contented. This action would be warning enough, otherwise, and too. Biological innovatroduction may not prove false in the coming generations where power demands a resource on repository (i.e., telepsychokinesis – an advanced tool-usage idea, proposed by aggression and urgency, set on tap without artifact).

A welcome mat is thrown down if the invasion – given as a proven – and its success additions the locals to copy-cat any philosophy opened by inspection of the vehicle as a resource. However, auditioning the locals without payment for their time may well spell

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disaster for the spaceman who realizes "only too well" that these "yokels" are definitely just eccentric and haven't really a designed care in this interest outside of fright.

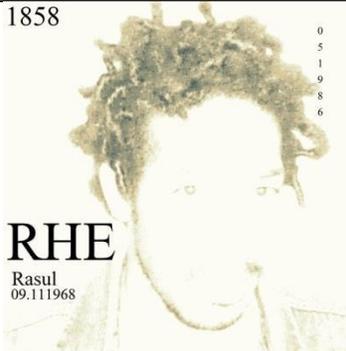
This may answer the question of religion in its unnecessary or unnatural agency for chronometric keeping of digital time as a perverse registrar of acuity, stability, or means by maintenance of an analog trap on the numbers. The show must not go on.

A Heavy Metal response begins and ends on notes . . . Don't use Rock (& Roll) as a Warning! "Earth calling Mars . . . Earth calling Mars . . . Come in Mars." Mars should not respond while the Earth Mothership is active at the biogeological level.

Despite the cost on time-travel, interference at this level should prove the obvious. All machines of this

The Element of El

1858



RHE

Rasul
09.11.1968

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California Born (a lost story)

by RaSul Tahir

Hijaz El

Dreaming sometimes, about the way things worked, Calie went alone to her headroom. For to be forgetful? What's a girl to do? Stardom? ...A runaway gig at best...
Condiment and coffee-it, if it pays. That's Valley talk for – Do you take it up the ass? Or, – How's that about the lemonade?

One dominant argument . . . one sad argument . . .
Everybody has challenges. "Yu'ah get's paid to foauh'get's when it's somebody-else's pleah-zh'.ah." . . . Jake . . . ".them's

Fag-ass charity-fucks mostly . . ." He was entirely clear on that point. ...Pleasing when they weren't sure of anything less. "Charmers." Jake helped her to that, so that she didn't combine her interests. There was no reminding Jake, anyway. . . . not when it was his turn. . . . Stunning . . . But there's really no reminding him ever, anyway.

"–You country-ass, self-centered, fucking, goddamn ass-hole son-of-a-bitch prick! !! There's not a goddamned thing you can tell me about right, ...You ..Fuck!" Nobody needed smarts on that set. . . . The kind of king shit that flew by her nose every day . . . Calie, she just wasn't cut out for that sort of thing.

Calie's new small-time boyfriend, Nathan.. –Nathan Poindexter –Often enough, of course. . . .He found his way out of the Valley. . "Just when I was starting to adore you, Calie." Nathan had all but taken her literal advice, so he laughed. Maybe . . . it seems –Somebody would call her about the Operator's job soon.

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She had introduced him to Jake while he was on the other end of a telephone. Lost credit cards. But Jake never worried against the weatherman. He figured that the best thing to do was to pay them off in a hurry. "Meat, that kind of chief . . ." didn't belong on anything but beef – just like a little lamb... The credit card people said that Jake wasn't normal. He had been without whiskying for nearly a month-and-a-half or so. Nathan was a sort of player like that. His best game, just over Scotch and billiards, was as a poker-shark –An Ace. Calie supposed that it might be easier for him to arrange a game or few for Jake, just in case. Valley clouds, they come with rain – often enough, of course. Calie saw them as a fact on hold. Otherwise, she wasn't all that inventive.

Nathan wasn't really a sulky bastard, she thought. Jake mentioned this. Nathan, he just had a lot of nerve occasionally. Thirty-something? The Valley had a trick for that. Hire a Nurse-Maid. Jake only wondered

about his reserve . . . but that wasn't really a special complaint. Jake knew a lot about family – even the older younger ones – and when there wasn't any help. That kind of charity might cost a fortune . . . It mostly pays to be young. ". . . king shit . . ." Calie laid all of her other inside expectations to rest. Jake didn't have to teach anyone anything. . . . A nurse-maid??? Don't bet on it.

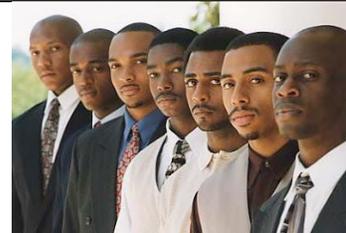
"How 'bout some Water?" That's Jake. Calie, she at least had a job.

"Cream-and-Sugar?" Calie smiled. She waited.

"...Coffee . . . For me." She wrote that one down. What a cut-up Nathan might would turn out to be.

Black People Just Need to Focus

by
Talk2Q



Black parents need to teach their kids not just how to survive, but how to thrive.

I come across a lot of Facebook videos over the course of a day, but one recent clip I came across really stuck with me. It was a video of three black men sitting around a tree discussing why black people have difficulties succeeding.

To hear them break down the plight of my race seemed basic. How can our problems seem so simple, yet take such a Herculean effort to attempt to correct? One guy in particular spoke so many truths that I couldn't keep up. It made me wonder why we don't seem to be able to have the success that other races have. Whites had a head start, so I won't compare blacks to them. But Asians, Indians, Middle Eastern, and other races are arriving to this country after us and are

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transitioning quite well in some cases.

Why is it that black people appear to be stuck in the mud?

Then I heard it in the video. The mention of the word "wealth." So many of us black people have spent most of our adult lives wanting to be "rich" because no one taught us how to focus on being "wealthy." There's a difference. We need to teach our kids how to leave something behind other than a burial debt owed to the funeral home.

Is it the YOLO life style that keeps us focused on today and not tomorrow? To a certain extent, it is, but there's more to it than that. Black families just simply need to focus and teach. That's all. It's that simple, but we just won't do it. Some of us would rather be seen in public than heard by our children. Think about that. So many black people would rather spend their time entertaining

themselves than raising their children.

How do we fix it? In my opinion, it starts with the men. We're the key to all of it. It's not to say that women don't contribute, because they do in a mighty way. **But black men are the starting points to the success of black people.** We need to teach our sons how to handle their business. We need to teach them that there's a time and a place for everything! You can have fun like a baller and still be a financially stable child of God in the process.

But it takes FOCUS!

Keep your eye on the prize! Don't let a pair of \$200 shoes cause you to ignore your power bill. Don't let a disagreement with the mother of your kid prevent you from being a father to your child. Don't let something as trendy as tattoos affect your earning potential in the workplace. Focus!

Black people spend more

money on fashion and entertainment than probably any other race, but what do we have to show for

it? When you die, what will you leave your children? Nikes? Bottles of Ciroc? What?

You deal with life just like you deal with emergencies: make sure that your loved ones are safe *first* and then take care of yourself.

- Make sure that you have life insurance and plenty of it. A lot of millionaires came up on what their parents left them in life insurance policies.
- Make an effort to own property if given the opportunity to invest. It's one of the best legacies that you can ever leave your child.
- Lastly, and it's probably the most important: make

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sure you condition your child's mind to do the same for their children.

The difference between black culture and other cultures is that we don't always prepare our kids properly. Black parents need to teach their kids not just how to *survive*, but how to *thrive*. We get so caught up in day-to-day, check-to-check things that we fail to teach our kids that they can do better than what we did. We owe it to them to give them a little boost when possible. Leave them with something to build upon so they can leave that and more for their children.

Don't send your kids into the world without a weapon. Arm them with knowledge and opportunity by focusing on their futures. Only then will your job as a parent be complete.

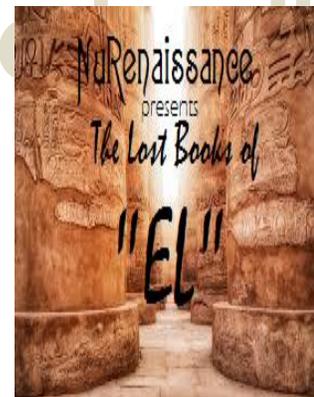


Today

by Writer/Author Carmen L. Hendrix
(from.carmenhendrix.com)

You have the opportunity to do something great today. Be a better you by focusing on the things that help you grow. You are a garden, capable of growing beautiful, lush, green grass. If you are adamant about being a better garden, you put out weed-eater. That means you throw out the past, hurt, pain, and toxic people

because they are weeds trying to overtake your garden. Don't let bad things overtake and consume you because it is easy to do. Weeds can be disguised as grass and flowers. Keep your garden clean so you can flourish and continue to grow.



Contemplating a Philosophical Point-Guard: The Three – Five – Gunn by RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

I would like to think, and I do, but I am

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designed by innovation to know, why I ever did anything at all. First impressions – that's why I played the game of Basketball – I was an inverted deviant: a counterrevolutionary. Some people never really knew me and never thought that I was a ball-player because I was so evasive as the point. It was much easier to walk away from the conversion and establish a chain-of-events, than to score, until there was a shift, by excessive exceptions, in the mood of the game. I knew that I was a three-five-gunn only because somebody sat me in front of the TV set after school. That

was the point-guard position that I thought anybody could play because I was told to watch the game and figure something out. Sirius told me to watch a lesson from him in a dream that evening and detailed to me there that I was a three-five-gunn – a murderous weapon of choice and habit. I didn't know what 'He meant by that. I had already refused to be a drunkard even though I had been poisoned by his dialectical repetition on this behavior while still an infant yet growing in the womb.

Mostly it was the game of basketball that I could play regularly when I needed exercise to

end my constipation because it was easier on me by knowing that, by most standards, I was no good – and that made me mad – but it made me efficient in determining – selfishly – my occupation. Gnat-attack. It didn't matter how big the opponent. If I had the ball, I had an opportunity that matched my drive and focus as a non-scorer because I was being compared in real time to the likes of whomever I was selected to defend. If I could make the opposing player suck wind just like me, then I had an equal chance to excel at the same level of depletion. After a while, I saw

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that way was the way for me and I could get into the game when others were locked out. They had an inferiority complex. Some of them, ironically, must have been smokers. Demons always want people to share in their demented defeatedness with them. It's like that.

I had been afraid to go to school because I thought that I would have to learn a lesson first about everything that I didn't know. Except by inference through deviant evaluations on life presented to me as a result of being born into the world, intoxicated by a mixture of alcohols, I didn't know the

mixture of languages that I thought I was supposed to know well enough to communicate with already. The adults in my family knew the language called English well enough to get around. Extremely well!!! That was a surprise. I didn't know that they each could. I thought that everyone was suspicious like I was, and had to go to someplace extra every day to learn the tongue-twister (English-Filipino) language that everybody I saw about me (the television) knew except for me very well – and my auntie and my mom. The TV convinced me that I didn't know and that they each did not

know English well. They never convinced me to learn it because they were set when I was alone with either of them on not saying anything to me in the opposing way from Tagalog. English, I thought, was a cussing language. I thought that only my Dad knew it well-enough to get a job. We other “folks in the house had to get a job teaching and using it every day to positive effect,” my Father used to say to us. Nánay, my older-younger sister and I had the same mommy and daddy. I didn't yet know that my mother's sister had the same name until I was told what nánay meant, except that I had to count on a

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negative relationship with Sirius to get at the truth. 'He didn't play at all. I was too serious, so serious about everything in my life. I knew that I had only just been born a few weeks, to a few months, to last year ago and that I was a potentially a short-timer. I came up with the advantage of "could" by not reinventing anything next to doubt inside of my head about life.

I saw – after ruminating a bit on their dialogue with me in the languages that I had been careful to examine for efficiency and for fluency so to get what I needed to obtain and for directing myself to understanding or

enjoyment – that I was only about two, but not yet three-years-old. Tagalog was my Father's native language and I was afraid to say anything the first few times that I went to school with my mother because I thought that I would get in trouble for not knowing anything. My introduction to the English language was and had been very abrupt. My father told my mother to take me along for a ride to school with her and get some of those kids to teach me anything. He didn't have time. I knew enough dialogue with him to matter enough that I had forgotten enough Tagalog to go to school. I hadn't. He

knew that I had not, but he thought that it was the only way to distance myself from being a pest to him to watch all day long. He liked to fart and blame me or my mother or my sister. He didn't have a job, I suspected. He said that, "The City of Chicago was in a crisis," and so he "had to stay home with me to lay the blame on me," he said again. Those allegations were still a bit incomplete. I didn't then know what a joke was. I was born with double-vision – addicted to alcohol, I knew "but not entertained by it," my dad would say. And I thought that it was catching on – meaning, I thought that he, my

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dad, was Sirius, the ghost – the trouble-maker – the dead man who was born along with me and who sometimes spoke whispers at me or visited with me to tell me to procrastinate with him while I was an infant inside my mom's tummy. He would sometimes eat all of my food there or encourage me to not eat when the choices were mixed both good and bad. It turned out later that 'he, my dad, Bob, was Sirius – at least I still thought that it could be true. That was my unfortunate first and lasting impression of him. My dad, like Sirius, was a negative-ass mean motherfucker and a drinker and a smoker.

It turned out that 'he was an alcoholic of some fame. Those seemed to be 'his skills. My dad – it must have been some magic trick related to Mercury – he always kept me constipated throughout the weekend. My parents both used store-bought electrolyte solutions that I couldn't have because of Sirius, the dwarf, when I needed to go to the bathroom right away but couldn't. Sirius will cross the line like that if you don't constantly watch 'him.

For Example:

– Sirius would teach me decimals and fractions while I was an infant in the crib just to tire me out and

make me hungry and thirsty by having me play games with the bars of the crib and questioning me about the position of the decimal point. –

Sunday I waited for Sesame Street, but it was that I had been dreaming. I thought that it was Monday. Then I believed somehow that it was Friday – and then it was, but it turned out to be that Friday afternoon that I didn't wake up and instead it was Friday again until it was Saturday. But it must have been Monday, I thought, because Sesame Street was supposed to be on according to the TV. I didn't understand, yet, the entire rationale of television

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commercialism, advertising and broadcasting rights that had to inform a person about upcoming events. Since that the program made for kids, Sesame Street, was no longer free, we had to go and see it "alive" somewhere else. I did not yet know the meaning of "free" – a word that I was still associating with "dead." It came to me by surprise that we had to purchase tickets now to see Sesame Street. It turned out that the commercial interruptions that I had been watching was Basketball all of this time. I didn't yet know what the game was called until after

my auntie had said to my mom on a telephone call that I "sure liked the game of basketball a lot. He's always watching it," she said. I asked her immediately after she got off the phone what she was talking about. I thought that she was alluding to the sponsors that the television kept hinting at, were now in charge of programming for Sesame Street. The segment for adults I was seeing was, in reality, not an interlude between Sesame Street episodes. It was a real basketball game – a college style game – I was told. I kept waiting for my auntie to buy another TV because I thought only the TV

carried children's programming and the television had adult programs "encapsulated." I considered that my mom was being a "deceptive" sponsor so that I couldn't get TV anymore and watch Sesame Street. English, because of habits, was still a bit of a puzzle.

Sesame Street, in time, helped me to develop the idea of time synchronicity with personal customs, whereby I could predict an outcome to a solution that enabled me to sample a lesson-on-top-of-a-lesson-on-top-of-a-lesson, to help me deceive a basketball opponent into a false sense of security and thereby puzzle him with off-

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kilter habits on display that disagreed with his development, and then score easily during an opportunity that sponsored this event where he became mesmerized with anger, or exertion, or laziness, or small, quirky discrepancies to the natural in my game and overlook them to his dismay later on. I learned to Sesame Street them on the basketball court because of the sponsors(HIP) of bad habits come their way, come to me.

For Example:

A Point – when I started watching the game in 1970 – was a (hidden) player who is

hired for contract reasons and to run the team for the coach who worked for the management. He doesn't have to score. Normally, a three-five-gunn is a point-player who is hired not to score anything except maybe three to five points per outing, while guarding the ball for an offensive scheme driven through him to the Center, a team-player, occupied at the number 5 position. If, however, the other team-players (PF-4, SF-3, SG-2, PG-1) got wind of an opposing team coming to town with a bigger Big-Man at the 5 than what was known or publicized, a Gunn was to happen, and the Point can – if he

wanted to – take the game over from the outside, at whatever position he desires, by autonomous choice or liberty of the coach who has offered him this discretion by way of contract. The coach necessarily becomes free then, to walk away from the game “at any-any-time” – and look into trades if he thought it essential (according to the kids and adults anyway). Ordinarily, then, some excuse such as a technical foul would be made against the coach so that he might exit under grace, but the real reason – and the fans were sure to believe it – was because the size of the player in question was definitely not in line

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with available statistics made at the start of the season. The visiting coach also found his way out through some set of ejection standards covered on the part of the officiating crew so that his assistant had to take over. Nobody really knew who was going to be fired or who had been fired. The reliable analysis was that a G(h)ET(t) – (nervous freshmen-signing day jitters) – was unlikely to occur. The GET was commonly held out to be that implausible a reality.

Vlade Divac, when he played, was an exceptional Sesame Street artist and a back-up three-five-gunn when he played

it from the 3,5 Post position – a player who watches the team for signs of drug abuse. I thought that it was so unusual that he chose this Post position first over the traditional Point – my obscure vantage point on the game. It was very clear what he was doing, of course, after I realized that I didn't know immediately. His job – with slick and timed passes at the 3, 5 Post, was – though an unusually impossible task – to foul out a contesting Point-Guard – the revealed, disguised Gunn (A Djinn) – to take the Championship from him. Divac was the Cookie Monster turned into a nightmarish dream

after he caused the opposing squad to foul out with their troubles from attitudes come their way because of failed responsibilities to cover their personal mental space. That's when the footwork came out and the rack happened. All of a sudden he was a differently, decidedly-selfish, me-first player on offense and the other team lost. The best defense against Divac, when he was offering advice to his teammates, was to not talk to him during the game at all, no matter what. This way, at least, the second half of the contest could not become a lopsided victory for his team.

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While I was not, but barely three-years-old, however, my mom, Delores, had gotten in trouble because of the situation with me and "television" because she had not told anyone that I was coming there to her school every day. Some of the kids remembered that I had my birthday at school earlier on when I went from two to three-years-old. They kept telling a story that I was really two-years old. I learned to stop complaining at them while they did this. See, I didn't like the baby sitter's and I finally got tired of sleeping all day and watching TV until all the other PBS shows which were not

Sesame Street – "children's soaps" – had ended. I was not content with doing nothing except being lonely . . . so I sneaked a ride in the backseat floorboards of my mom's car one morning after I had decided not to stay at the baby-sitter's. She had a new charge anyway in the form of my new baby brother who had just been delivered the other week. I didn't say anything to anybody. The sitter knew that I knew the way to school by walking, even though it was far, but she thought that I had either gone to the restroom or gone downstairs in the basement to pet the dog which I admired

but I also hated because I didn't like dogs at all because they were mean. Hers was little, but to me, there was little room for any exceptions. Prior to that, I had visited my mother's classroom "once, on several occasions," I had learned to say it that way because it was just every once in a while and I was not really ready for school, but I did not know that yet. "I was only four years old," I would tell the adults who bothered to mention asking it. Never mind that I had already told the kids in school already my true age of two, but almost three. I really was not sure. Sirius the ghost, the trouble-maker, was set

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to see me brought to school as a known liar. My dad, when he knew that I was going to recess, was trying to get me to sell cigarettes at school when I was three. I refused. I found a patrol belt laying in the street one time and my mom told me what to do with it. Somehow I ended up keeping it. It was easier for me to sell candy using the money I earned by drilling at crossing duty as a member of the patrol squad. Sometimes I got a dollar a day from the athletic trainer at Kohn School (CHICAGO - now closed) who was "pleased to know me" just for turning in a lost patrol belt – a piece of lost

equipment. I had only been three-years-old just a short-time, but they let me patrol anyhow because some one of the kids escaping for the day on patrol duty would always offer to watch me until I learned the ropes and, anyhow, he could usually always borrow a belt along the way so that I could get to wear one too. I was told to turn it in before school every morning. The athletic trainer thought that I was assigned to pick up belts at the beginning of the day to take them to the classroom to store in a locker. So I did. Even so I was always just finding belts from here and there for no reason at all. I turned

those in for a dollar sometimes. Some of the kids on patrol, who had been "bad" in class, had to either go and pick up their patrol belts or have them delivered to their classroom prior to when their prescribed patrol duties commenced because they weren't allowed to keep them if they had been in trouble at all that week. The "bad" kids were the ones who showed me how to make the thirty-five cents on my own and convinced me – without much persuasion – that I could just accept crossing guard duty in the morning by asking the athletic trainer – who was not always

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the same person – for a belt of my own. By-and-by, my mom stopped giving me a dollar to earn – when it became obvious what I was doing. Sometimes I turned in a belt that I had been loaned the day before to the daily selected “good” kids who took them down to the athletic trainer. I kept mine. Any bad kid could be turned into a good kid instantaneously simply by volunteering. The girls who were actually in the third grade, but from a different classroom, would put my name on a list and I somehow, through them, got my thirty-five cents like everyone else and my belt returned to me

even though I couldn't officially be on patrol duty until I formally entered school by proper registration. I saw how I could still get the dollar anyway by allowing the adults to think whatever. In time, I asked for an empty cigar box to keep my money in I had so much.

... Karma ...

I had not yet even adjusted to what the days-of-the-week meant. My mom, like I said, was a Chicago Public School teacher. So was my auntie and at the same school, but in different building. I was still impressionable, but I thought that I could get free tickets to see Sesame Street on Ice

there at school anyway because I wasn't sure it was legal for them as sponsors to keep them all for themselves. I was certain that they were hiding them. However it happened, I got tickets that week gone by, in surprise, from inside a box that had been delivered to me at the classroom, but it wasn't that simple. Some of the grown-up teachers and some of the kids inspected my tickets and determined that they were not good, but tried to get them out of my hands anyway. After that, most of the other kids got them later on that way, from inside a box delivered to the classrooms, as well, but several found out

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that they couldn't go because of the escuela. The advertisements on television had stopped and I couldn't or didn't match the dates on the tickets I had well enough to understand why I had missed the show or needed to miss the show. I got those tickets at school easily enough because I realized that they were bought for me after all of my troubles to "purchase them on my own, for myself" were failing. Even still, though I had them, because I had not "earned" them, I was told that they would not take me. I still had school tickets that – though the dates had expired – they were "school tickets" –

General Admission – and, therefore, were good at any time. I thought that I was or had been in bad with my auntie, without knowing it, and in trouble because of her tone with my mom who, too, would take them away "because I had not been to school in quite some time like Big Bird had suggested I should." After deliberation, when I understood that the tickets were still good, I was a little bit angry, but I accepted it. I thought that I wouldn't be able to go because of school not letting out on time past the last day of school and that the other real reason why I could not go was that my auntie was

teaching the escuela. I reasoned that the school – "the escuela" (a lie that was supposed to mean – Summer School) we, my sister and I, were warned about – "that would happen to us someday somehow anyway" – had taken the tickets away from us as a family because I had not been at school the week before nor that weekend before school let out for good. That was thought replacement strategy. I wanted to complain that I did not know that school was not ever in on Saturday because sometimes Sesame Street was. "School is out this weekend . ? . ?" I said, just a little

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doubtfully. "It shouldn't be a problem. ? . ?" At last, they admitted that they were all just teasing me. We got to go that day. My dad was surprised that it happened that way because, "never such a thing should have happened." he said. The tickets I had first were the real deal and not fake ones as had been suggested by the kids at school before it let out. I didn't have to deposit all of my money in the pay phone to buy the tickets like I had been told. I didn't know how to use a pay phone then. That's the part that I had been skipping. I kept eyeballing all of the pay-phones that we

passed on the way home in the car prior to when school let out. I was hoping that we would stop long enough sometimes so that I might ask somebody more responsible how to use one so that I could, at my "soon-enough-leisure" when nobody was watching me, purchase the tickets using the phone anyway; but, without asking, I couldn't discover if the pay-phones worked on Saturday on my own. I didn't think that the phones accepted dollar bills, anyway. Blame it on (Tagalog) "Filipinos" – that was the saying then.

My parents each had their own individual irresponsible formula

laid aside to coach me at this imperfectionist routine that caused others to fatigue themselves with my preparedness to decide already my mature-immaturity in assigning myself these troubles for lying so early in life about my age. I had already guessed that this routine was likely to spark trouble, so I never told the kids anything that smacked of irrationality on my part. What I said or did – when it was impossibly silly because it was so ridiculous and not to anyone's advantage to see me as so reprehensible – I shouldered the burden onto each one of the adult critics so much

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too involved with me on their level. They got in trouble and I knew it, but I hid knowing that they did until they really got into difficulties and couldn't get out of it. That difficulty was usually presented to them on their job because they weren't on their job of minding me – instead of measuring me in their way – which required them to teach me, without instructional handicap, instead of lecturing me and asking me to grow-up too soon. My Mom soon recognized these events in her life unfolding and remarked to me to stop – even though I wasn't doing anything except watching Sirius

act a fool-to-a-nut, until I knew that 'He would must soon become a victim of 'His own selfishness.

It was still summertime, I believe, when my Mom had to, by force of losing her marriage and job, she finally exclaimed what I had been hiding from her. It was a secret that only I knew and that was to prevent Sirius from eavesdropping on me again and so I couldn't let anyone know because there could be trouble if 'he remembered. I was hoping that Sirius had forgotten because I was doing so well in school. I thought then that 'He knew everybody and they trusted 'Him. I didn't,

but I kept it to myself. I never used 'His name. I was never really sure if 'He was lying about it. Somewhat casually one afternoon, my Mom told me that she knew that I was the Earth System Sol, the consciousness, after eventually experiencing it –even though I had never informed her of this. Some of the kids I knew, to be of value to me as friends, later began to refer to me as, Conscious. It was a nickname that I avoided. That appellation followed me up through Morgan Park High School (CHICAGO) after various ways against me set in which had little effect other than what was

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not wanted by way of repercussive forces. That's how, by redirection of karma in my favor, I managed tickets and getting by. I never had much money even though I was always working. I had to see that Sirius was still stealing from me eventually.

I was almost four-years-old and there were new kids on the block – whom a few were my age and some older and whom I had been aware of for some time – who were not going to school for free and had to pay their way. They got to drink soda pop anytime they got ready. I thought that was a problem because they did it too early in the morning as

soon as they got up and without eating much breakfast at all – especially on the weekend. If it was early in the morning, they claimed that soda pop was beneficial to the body for health. They all said it. They also said, sarcastically, upon catching me (or anyone) in the act of disbelief to a known fact that, "One – You could go to school that day!" This usually meant the next day. A day that presumably never happened, of course, because such was the invention on "that" over "this" whereby it was declared that a dummy would never go to school unless he was shown the way out. According to my

father's instructions, I could only then go outside if I was determined to try and speak the English language. Theoretically, we had a different language inside the house. I don't remember when all of that changed.

... which was an insult to a cut down if you didn't believe that they were smart and that you were dumb so that "... you might (or will) be shown out to be a dummy at some point in their lecture in and around you ... if you don't do something." (more of the kid-learning, kid-choice phraseology of the day) Those "They's" at hand to ridicule the show were the teasers

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(sometimes relatives) who often had to spell things out and have the last word for the purposes of instigation and no other reason outside of family ties regardless if anybody was right or wrong. Some of them spoke Tagalog, but only in accidental spontaneity and not by choice. The older kids wouldn't tell on them right away. And so it began . . . How to make an electrolyte solution for myself and not for my parents who had their own way, of course. "(You could go to school that day!) ... And Learrrnn !!! . . ." That was the argument that day . . after somebody farted, of course. Some of the "Theys" farted all the

time and said that it was due to lack of strength on my part that I couldn't do this "technique" as they called it – whenever. I had been bragging to them, in reference to the electrolyte business, that I thought that I should make one and could anyway "with or without their help." It happened so that because of Reverend Sun Myung Moon, alongside the advice of some of the kids I had chanced to meet, who had listened to his messages previously, and now told me to go to school,, – and I didn't trust my dad (I thought that sodas were electrolytes that he wouldn't let me have

which all the other kids had to "make" them go to the bathroom to have a bowel movement. I didn't like the "caustic soda" (my words) he gave himself sometimes (baking soda) or the magnesium liquid that I wouldn't like because I was told that it was bitter. I never felt empty. My mother told my dad that I had been constipated early in the day and that it was because I wouldn't go to the restroom until I got ready and not when she told me to. I didn't dare to tell her that she had been on the phone and wasn't talking to me directly. I knew when to go. I just didn't think that I

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had to yet. I still had the natural urge, but, as I learned later, it had been delayed due to the increasing animosities to which I had been exposed to by way of adult habits that didn't cross my consciousness to deduce. –

„I spent the entirety of the school year, the next year, in my Mom's classroom learning the method of third grade instruction to become a teacher. My thoughts were to deduce the obvious and conduct science experiments against the products in the household and reverse engineer any and everything that seemed as if it should work for me alone by initially mixing the

worst, most effective products with sugar that I had free access to because of “complaining” which I wasn't doing, of course. “The Reverend Sun Myung Moon didn't like for kids to have candy because of cavities and the toothpaste that he was selling.” That's what the kids told me.

As a result, I avoided using anything that said antacid or acid or poison or iodine, because of the skulls advertisement and warnings that followed with advice and management in case of accidental overdose. I knew then that we had to have plenty of milk on hand, just in case, and I had to know my name-

address-and-telephone-number. I had already checked with my parents to make sure that, for fear of babies, coming over unexpectedly, I could be part of the selection process that did not include soy milk as milk for the house. I didn't want any troubles with Sirius and I didn't want any babies coming over and getting into my “medicine expressions” by accident and wasting my time crying. There was nothing that I was going to be able to do inasmuch as the age of the baby could complicate matters if he or she got into my recipe ideas even though they weren't bottled yet. If we

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didn't have formula milk, they couldn't come over and that-was-that. Several times a month, alone, but first with my dad's permission and help – because he owned the house – I checked the numbers on the house to make sure that they were secure and had not fallen off. I had free access to the medicine cabinet by then, but only early in the morning because of first-come-first-served privileges the house round. At some point I discovered that I had to actually use the creations that I made, nominally for myself, to discover if there were any virtues left in them – meaning: I thought

that they should not kill me.

I did jumping-jacks to tire myself out first. To make sure that I didn't or would not die of heart failure while using the potions I perhaps should not use – when I recovered from borderline exhaustion – meant that I was possibly in about as good a shape as I was meant to have and I should not have to worry. I presumed that any bad reactions were because of the medicine that I created and not my system being in compromised health. Television helped me to find this method. I should have been about four by then.

One evening, though, after I finally gave up and could not have a bowel movement after five hours of sitting on the toilet, I went downstairs and woke my dad to tell him about himself in front of his wife while they lay in their bed together. I asked him to cut my throat. I told him that I thought he might be Sirius, the dwarf. I gave him a knife that I had retrieved from the kitchen. He refused. I went to look for a way out of this mess, but all of the Epsom salt in the house had vanished – even the cup I had made for myself and stuck in the

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back of the refrigerator where I thought that nobody would notice it. Angrier than ever, I returned and asked him where I could get some more.

"At this hour?" he questioned me.

I told him, yes, because I needed it so badly.

"I don't give a fuck what you need."

"Well, I require it then, daddy."

"I don't give a fuck what you require either."

"Look, man, I'm tired of your motherfucking bullshit. This is the last time that you try and kill me."

This type of exchange went on for about an hour. He had insurance on me.

While he was pretending to rest, I finally stabbed him in the chest with the knife and made his wife get up to help him get it out while I stood there, the bathroom, and watched them preparing his chest wound for the extraction. He didn't complain much. I had not wanted to kill him. I made sure that the blade slipped in sideways to penetrate the pectoral muscle as opposed to a downward thrust. I waited to see if they would do heroin. I thought that heroin was the source of the "caustic soda" that

they put into things like food, water or milk to make them not work for me. I was puzzled why I was so constipated all the time. I was confounded by Sirius – who I tried to get information from through my sister – and my grandparents, as well, but their habits as diabetics were confusing too. It was hard to know if my grandparents used insulin ¿¿because they were stupid?? – a fact which, on observation forced me to conclude that my parents did use heroin because they kept this problem out of my sight and hidden in a box under their bed and not in the refrigerator like my grandparents did

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when they visited. I was never sure if my parents actually used heroin or pretended to use it even though I saw my mom's arm tied off for the shot at least twice – once sitting on the bed, with my dad, and again, another time while she was sitting on the toilet. My dad had smacked me for watching her too closely. She was asking my sister to help her pull out they syringe and asked me too if I wanted to help. I was four-and-a-half years old.

Finally, after I went to the restroom to urinate, I made my dad get dressed. I made him drive us to his house behind a drive-in theater and down a

long road. There, I made him talk to his two relatives about a solution to this problem of his with me because I had to live. In this afterlife of his I managed to have a bowel movement with an emergency ration of a Kool-Aid and sugar with Magnesium Sulfate mixture. It was about 3:30 am. After bathing and sleeping, his relatives fed me a real breakfast with lots of meat and a lot of cheese and eggs.

My dad – a disabled veteran of the U.S. Army, the motherfucker didn't like to feed me unless he whipped me too – he was in to beating me whenever and

keeping me in fear of him.

In return for their help, I made his relatives – now my relatives, then – a recipe to use consisting of a base of carboned toast with a heavy dose of oats which were also burned well together in a skillet into a mixture to use to help them get off and away from drugs should they decide to.

Some of this story I first told to the class (My dad and the Dept. of the VA had to explain the injury) while I was in the sixth grade (Mrs. Brennan) and in the seventh and eighth grade (Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Baer, Mrs. Taylor) at John H. Vanderpoel – 9500 S.

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Prospect Ave. Chicago
IL. All the teachers
knew. I never backed
down off this story. It
is completely
FACTUAL.

In the end I reverse
engineered a product
called TANG with
several differentially
acquired flavors of
Kool-Aid to add to a
mix of exotic (a word
that I thought meant
fresh or concentrate)
and weak or dilute
known constipation
relief products which
held a guarantee on
them. I some point my
hopes were dashed,
but I discovered in the
arrangement to access
the medicine cabinet
that sodas were

absolutely not an
honest source of
electrolytes.
Somehow, because of
potassium, I stuck with
oranges as a result of
rereading a science
book collection
entitled CHILDCRAFT
and monitoring myself
under the additional
advice I gained by this
process. The rest is
history. My first and
second Gatorade
concoctions made
between age three
and six, as an
experiment against the
concept of diabetes,
were much the same. I
used cane sugar and
Kool-Aid Tropical
Punch to sweeten and
flavor the drink. Kool-
Aid Orange flavor was
too obviously a conflict
because I thought that
it could contaminate

the end results and
obscure the data I
wished to collect.
Gatorade was
successful with the
formula base that
contained either the
squeezed orange juice
with the peel
concoction strained
from boiled tap-water
and iodized salt – or –
the strained tap-water
orange-peel and
iodized salt concoction
cooled from a boil
minus the orange juice
– both with the Kool-
Aid Tropical Punch
flavor and cane sugar.
My last Gatorade
formula contained tap-
water, market fresh
oranges – including
the peel concoction –
sweet, not sour,
orange juice
concentrate, a heavier
infusion of plain or

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natural sea-salt and only pure fructose (no cane sugar) to assist the body in restoring proper kidney and liver function, respectively, under moderate exercise such as walking. Sour orange juice – like the different, regional Donald Duck brand(s) and imitators – was too powerful I thought, but sometimes I used it anyway in my private formula or I mixed them, sour-and-sweet, just to see what the result was on those who took it from my sister. Gatorade made with sour orange juice in the base – it was hard not to drink all of it and not thirst for more before noticing that you were hungry.

Gatorade made with sweet orange juice – like from some of the Florida or Valencia types – made a body ache for Water-Water-Water and then food a lot sooner – not like a hot-dog snack, but a full meal with lots-and-lots of meat. I was sixteen-years-old by then, not six, when I committed to this idea. I made some Gatorade recently just to discover it again after thirty years or so off the job. I'm sure that this impression is pretty much valid. Improving Gatorade over the years, even in the absence of memory, I saw that Rainwater is the answer I was looking for. The results are better. The reasons

are complicated. Fluoridated water is a problem child. I never wanted to accept that as being the case because I was taught so much differently, but I think that it is so. I would not bother to use tap-water in my formula today unless I had no other way.

I still thought that somehow, someway, back then when I was sixteen that I would have been able to get tickets at school to go and see Artis Gilmore – once the best athlete in the game – “play them or school them.” That was TV talk when I was just a kid of maybe four or five-years-old. The kids all said it, but it all seemed apropos at the time. I couldn't find

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anyone better. I was actually beginning to like the "new" language called English even though I had not yet made any real money for myself. I was still able to learn a full vocabulary lesson everyday by sitting in front of the television-set that I had known before as a TV. I never could get tickets to the game though.

So I played ball. That is, I learned to play ball over the years. I didn't really like football so much because I didn't like to hurt people – especially the smaller, weaker or slower guys – who, though they were tough in mind and body as well, found themselves on the losing side much too often. That could

kill their spirit and I noticed it. My physical strength surprised most people so I chose not to give in to the temptation to abuse others with it. I left football alone because I couldn't shake the mindset of being a bully and needing or wanting to fight somebody in a contest that was designed to hurt me and break bones for nothing.

I wasn't great at basketball either, just good – enough even so I enjoyed the game – so I made the adjustment a lot easier – not to organized basketball – because I never reached the six foot plus plateau where most people knew that I was a for real baller on sight. I

was a perfectionist passer first and a scorer second – a street baller. I had no respect for anyone unless they could hit the shot for being so wide open because of me. People, often characteristically, presumed that I was a running back or some other oddity that never would endure under the pressure of basketball. I was too big – too wide, that is – and too long in the arms for most of the opposition my height (5'10" 205 lbs) – which made me too quick and difficult to make the adjustment on. That's when I saw that I could drop the three-ball on them because of the space they gave me. I could at one time

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bench press over 400 lbs without a spotter – because, “I was cocky” (I almost curled 225 lbs with my back on a wall – just one time of course.) – and rep out 315 lbs times ten on the flat bench easily enough. I may have been twenty-years-old. Not steroids, no bad habits, no drugs. It was my Gatorade program. The match-up problems became apparent because I wasn't a footballer at all. I was a one playing two playing the middle as an undersized four – which made me a natural three – and the primary ball-handler – a three-five-gunn. The defensive players stalling the game with false calls – after I put everyone in foul

trouble by taking them to the rack whenever possible – which was not frequent . . . That's when I dropped the three-ball on them again. That stopped the fake calls. It was, however, by measuring up to my potential as the best passer, how I could never fail to produce – even injured by mercury poisoning. That is the Gatorade story as well as I remember it. Perhaps I'm here just to make a point. ? . ? I couldn't be trouble. I was just a kid growing up on the South Side of Chicago. I don't have mercury amalgam anymore. I don't live with anyone who does.

I Know More “Never Married” Parents Than I Do Married Ones

by Talk2Q



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Is marriage before having children officially a thing of the past?

I won't make this a cultural or race thing, although it's very difficult not to do so. After all, it is Black History Month, so I want my black brothers and sisters to understand how extremely important this is to us.

Of course, my intent is not to offend anyone, but I'm pretty sure that some will be offended. So let me say in advance that I am not picking on a group people. I'm just sharing my life's experiences like I normally do on this blog. I've seen some evidence of co-parenting working well. The father and mother are in different households and they share custody. For some, it works. However, for many, it doesn't.

Sometimes the reasons for a mom and dad to not be together is completely understandable. Maybe one of them is abusive to the other physically or emotionally. Maybe one of them doesn't understand the

concept of loyalty and commitment. Whatever the reason, not everyone is meant to be a married couple.

For kids' sakes, it would be nice for people to realize this before they bring a child into this world, but to sum it up in society's terms: "things happen."

But it really doesn't matter how or why "things happen" after everything is said and done. We all wish that we could change or rearrange certain aspects about our past. The problem that I have with the whole "Team Single Parent" thing is that I rarely see never married parents promoting the traditional order towards being a family:

Couple + Marriage = Family.

I realize that not everyone believes in my traditional marriage formula or that it's some sort of cure-all. Some people divorce. Some couples are cool with co-habitation. But the aforementioned formula was the traditional route to

having a family 50 years ago. I don't see single parents stressing marriage to their children and here's my two cents to why that's the case: to do so could be considered admitting failure.

How many never married parents want to tell their child to get married before having children only to get the response, "Why didn't you do it?"

Who wants to have to answer that question? Not many people like teaching life lessons when *they* are the case study. Even though the lesson could make the child's life easier/better in the long run, most never married parents would rather not look bad in front of their kids.

Which is a reason why never married parenting is celebrated by so many people today. Instead of saying, "Don't make the mistake that I did," we hear people saying "I've got this." It's why we hear some people proudly boast, "my baby doesn't want for nothing."

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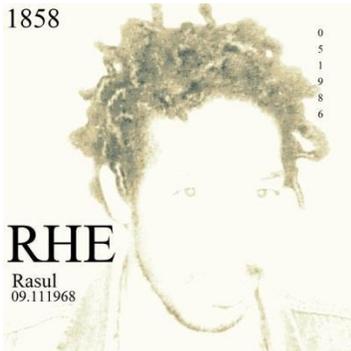
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That may be true. But because of that "I can do it myself attitude," their children, more times than not, will grow up and do the same thing. And that's one of the reasons I now know more never married parents than I do married ones.

A lot more.

The Element of El

1858



(Unlisted on the Periodic Table), is a collection gathered by NuRenaissance of the post-statements and memoirs of RaSul El.

Human Animals by

RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

Your demands? STOP!
does not seem to reach

you. Your law on this matter of reality cannot be clarified and administered to at the same time you take on backwards duties in denial of a fully developed law on deposition with normal chronological biology. You are an unwelcome Evil People. Your lives obviously cannot help you against your own nature. I have no idea, even though I have become somewhat of a spectacle, what you mean by your invention of immorality other than to believe that you all must be human animals which are consigned to one unconditional failure to support. Demons have a way of being defeated. Human animals, on the other hand, may have some explaining yet to do where the consciousness of belief falls short upon your remaining insistence. What are your conditions? You have food, air, water, children, money, health, but you are forcelessly, selfishly and stubbornly retarded and socially unacceptable to the environment of civility which has been elaborated to you without undue aggression. Words should work by now, but they

don't. These are not simply, just modern day conveniences either. This practice is a has been – on parade for your erudition for several times your consideration upon your keep – wholly and fully in the sight of knowledge come first by proper foresight and two, by zeros and ones – so that such is affordable and easy to care for. These failures are yourselves. The most amazing thing is that you don't don't want anything, but you wish to end everything with a foolishness which is equally on par with decimation by disease that cannot exist by this mindset – meaning you know what you are doing and would have more of it. Kill yourselves and your children immediately if this advice is not helpful to you. I don't see where you are dishonest and wish to die, but you wish to be executed. Perversity should come your way and as you have assembled it by reassurance.

Whatever else your orientation, where do you think that I might go to relieve myself of your evil? I could not imagine

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needing to labor further with your remarkably individualized mindset(s) which somehow seem to exist where an evolution of mass has proven itself to be of value where a definite volume is concerned. Neither could you, I think. You People don't seem to connect on any other ideas which do not relate to insanity. It does seem fair that You People should all execute yourselves by now. It should not take as long as you believe. I could not want to have any part of your stank. I do have what you people call a soul, though I imagine that You People do not know how to use one and should soon falter on this path too. I gather that it should not be long before You People are rendered helpless by your perverseness. I don't know, of course, what You People should do, but I don't think that I can help you find this limit that you are after. I regret to say that, in spite of your preparedness to eventually accept intuition, I am almost certain that what you seek does not exist at all.

It is clear to me that you are a Perversity and a Perverse People who petition each other for a combined nature in excess of the confines of blasphemy. You don't seem to care to want to stop dulling around, though teaching on this education has provided you with a much happier job. Goofing around with agitations should end your luck. An intemperate instinct on a job less done is a mistake which should be career ending of this vice. If this means that you should succeed at something – How much of you are there? You may not go this far, but you have and without perfection – except in waywardness – or mollification – where the end in question keeps you sane in this mind of no regret for poor performance. I am straining myself here for an answer to your problem with me. You all don't seem to be satisfied that I have done nothing to you and yet you still

wish to fight me? Why? Perhaps that, the last question, though marginal, sums up the justifications for your useless predicament and what is owed to the scanty occurrence of failures in the universe come complete with competence and acceptability. You People should sign any death warrant which helps you end yourselves on life by this justification alone. There should be choices. I could not be, myself, a competent asshole. It would likely be better that You People, instead of shitting on your front steps the way you have done, take now a guided path and just sit there until never worry comes your way again. The Law, however, should cut your throat(s) before it is ended, so that you may not ask of me again in disingenuity. That type of work, I don't believe, will feed you or sustain you for your will against the creative effect.

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