

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

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**MMERE
DANE**

**"Time
changes"**



**Adinkra
symbol
meaning:
symbol of
change,
life's
dynamics**

**The Response
to the Music
Awards
Michael
Jackson
concert:** by Buck



REMEMBER THE TIME when we fell in love with Michael Jackson? It started with I WILL BE THERE and the JACKSON 5...Then he STARTED WORKING - WORKING DAY AND NIGHT on a solo career that

made him the KING OF POP!!!

He made us SCREAM, he was BAD, DANGEROUS, a THRILLER and you couldn't BEAT IT!!! The WAY HE MADE YOU FEEL good when you heard his music you COULDN'T STOP TIL YOU GOT ENOUGH!!!

Then YA WANNA BE STARTIN SOMETHING he became a TABLOID JUNKIE with his HISTORY hanging in the balance. He said JUST LEAVE ME ALONE but no matter how he tried to make us COME TOGETHER, it didn't matter if you

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were BLACK OR WHITE!!

He tried to HEAL THE WORLD but THEY DON'T REALLY CARE ABOUT US he said. HE JUST COULDN'T STOP loving his fans...

Then he was planning a comeback and he died suddenly... The music world was lost without the King of Pop. Now the Billboard Music Awards brings The King of Pop back with a new album he's back and we can't XSCAPE!!!

Frankly
My Dear

*I don't
give a
heck!*

By the Elderly

Lady with glasses

*PEOPLE__PE
OPLE_PEOP
E SHUT UP! I
am sick and
tired of people
coming out. I
say go back in.
I am tired of
hearing about
who is zooming
whom- Your
sexual
preference is just
that YOURS. I
do not care*

*anything about
it.*

*I get tire of
athletes,
Hollywood and
so called fake
famous actors
saying, "I am
gay!" GOOD
for you! But
keep it to
yourself.
Everybody's
business is
nobody's
business.*

*Michael Sam
recently came
out as the first
gay athlete. -
REALLY? He*

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is not, there are many the only difference they have enough respect for themselves and the rest of us to keep me out of it. I don't care who you kiss as long as it is not me.

Privacy is one of the things that are governed by many laws. People want to be glorified. Michael Sam and his man kissed on TV

and I want to know why? You can love who you like but keep that information personal and keep it to yourself. Some of my best friends are gay so I have no malice towards anyone just keep yourself respectful. Mike claims they are not looking for fame and glory, - then I say why do it?

*To all celebrities who come out I say who gives a heck, go back in. Have respect for yourselves and others. Love yourself. Sincerely,
The Elderly lady with glasses*

**Nothing
is
Sacred.
Not**

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Even Death

by
Talk2Q

Remember when there were certain things you didn't do simply because you were taught to respect it? Yeah, some of you probably don't. My generation is the blame for that. My generation is the one that decided to let kids raise themselves. We are the generation that decided that schools should be solely responsible for teaching our kids because we're too tired. We give them smartphones/tablets to allow kids to be in their own world because we don't want them disrupting ours.

Because of that, nothing is sacred.

To let you get an idea of how far our level of respect for almost anything has declined, I'll use the following example that most kids born 1975 and earlier

(especially minorities) may be familiar with: in my house when I was a child we had furniture in a certain room that we were not allowed to use. There was a couch in the living room that my parents said was for "company only." I wasn't even allowed *in* the room without a good reason. That couch was deemed sacred and I don't recall ever setting my butt on it before it got older and was given away to a needy family. I respected it because my parents *taught* me to respect it. Regardless of how silly it may have been it taught me something. It taught me restraint. It taught me to respect something that was not necessarily important to my life simply because someone else had an appreciation for it.

Over time and due to the lack of actual parenting, more things have lost its sacredness. Elders are no longer respected. Presidents are no longer respected. Religions are no longer

respected. But, the one thing that I always thought would remain sacred can be added to that list: speaking ill or making fun of the dead.

At one time people only felt comfortable with criticizing or insulting the dead based on either how long ago the person died (hence the phrase "too soon?") or if the person died doing something illegal or stupid (Darwin Awards). Now there are no moral restrictions on insulting or criticizing any one regardless of when they died, cause of death, or even the stature of the person who died.

Today I read quite a few disrespectful memes and jokes on the death of author / motivational speaker, Maya Angelou. I even came across a columnist who trashed Maya Angelou as a person on a blog site.

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Maya Angelou, 1928
- 2014

As a blogger, I can't tell people not to have an opinion simply because it differs from mine. I *want* people to speak their minds because *some things just need to be said* -But, why just hours after her death? Why post jokes almost immediately? Why demonize her (or anyone else for that matter) when the grieving has just started?

I'll tell you why: because it's more satisfying (to some) to be funny and/or popular than it is respectful.

Social media entices people to do things that will make other people

take notice. All of us with strong opinions push the envelope or cross the line at some point. I've crossed the line myself on many topics, I'm sure. Maybe not maliciously, but it's still crossing the line to get a reader's attention.

But I never posted a meme or a blog post insulting or criticizing someone who died. Because to me that would be the equivalent of putting muddy shoes on my mom's couch in that living room I mentioned earlier. There are still some things in this world that I will deem as "sacred" even if no one else will. And a person's death is one of them.



The Crystal Show

Host: Crystal Hickerson

Co-Host: Dre

| Call into the Show **(657) 383-0554**

Aftermath: *Chronicles of the Other Women (5)*

by Pretty Political

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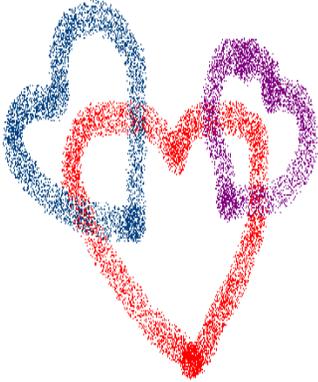
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Battling
between the
conscience of
such a
forbidden
reality

The intense
emotions are
colliding in a
ball of mental
confusion.

Secretly, on
hopes that
things will end
without much
thought;

Yet, my heart
finds incredible
fulfillment in
this illicit affair.

The emptiness
surfaces
sporadically
because of my
guilty pleasure.

Giving up is
always the
hardest thing to
do.



The Staff of Indomitability

by My Mind



I determine every
move you make, I
determine a
major percentage
of your wishes be
it real or
imaginary, I
determine how
you spend your
money, I

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determine how much money you spend and where you spend your money, I am a measuring stick of your mental and physical health, I can give you extended longevity or I can end the quality of life as you know it, I can open doors of opportunity if I'm use properly or I can ruin every opportunity you have if I am used improperly, I can convince and persuade the

willing, I can strongly detour the unwillingly, I can give life or I can take life at slightness of impulse....keep me pointed in the right direction, for your own protection, sincerely your needed connection for I am the almighty – muthafuckin' erection

"I'm Sorry"

Is as Important As "I Love You"

by Talk2Q



"Come at me, bro."

The title says it all, but most people overlook the true value of an apology. There are times when we overstep boundaries or are just plain insensitive in relationships. We're human. We make mistakes. However, the mistake is not always as important as the reaction to it. A lot of people can't seem to grasp that.

If someone tells you that

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you hurt their feelings, the first and *only* thing you should do at that time is -listen. Pay attention to them as they explain what it is that hurt them. If what they say has merit then own up to it. Too often we do like a crawfish (or lobster if you're not from the South) and we back up with our defenses up. We do this because we want to justify our actions with excuses.

The second thing that we should do if we realize that what the person has said has merit is to apologize. Not some weak celebrity apology like, "I'm sorry that you feel that way" or "I'm sorry that you're offended by what I said." That just insults the person even further by insinuating something is wrong with them. I mean a legitimate and sincere "I'm sorry" or "I apologize." Those words can carry just as much weight as an "I love you." In some cases, it's even a shorter way of expressing that you love

someone. There should be no such thing as having leverage in a relationship. If you feel as if you come off as "weak" for admitting fault in yourself then you're not worthy of a significant other anyway.

Who wants someone who would rather be wrong and proud than accountable and in love?

They may blame it on previous relationships by saying previous dates have done them wrong. Maybe that did happen. However, if you've been hurt so many times in your life that you keep your defense up, then you're going to be just like that crawfish. You're going to back up with your guards up into your little, dark hole all by your lonesome self. You're not ready to be in a relationship if you harshly treat the future based on a bad past. Relationships are about trust and if you don't trust someone enough to show a vulnerable side of yourself then why are

you with them?

We buy into this man vs. woman hype so much that we feel as if we have to one-up our significant other? What do you gain from that? Is changing your Facebook status back to "Single" or "Divorced" worth not admitting you screwed up? Unfortunately, for some it is. So many people want to win the battle even if it costs them the war. Those people are chronically-single and should be avoided at all times if you recognize that trait in the first few dates.

The bottom line is this: you can't love someone if you're not willing to expose a vulnerable side of yourself. The reason that it's called "falling in love" is because falling is a vulnerable state. You have a right to disagree with me on all of this, but I have a right to question if you even know what love is if you do.

Love is defined as "a profoundly tender,

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passionate affection for another person."

Nowhere in there does it say "on whom you must maintain leverage at all times." Because a lack of the ability to apologize after wronging someone is a shameful attempt to maintain leverage. It's a meager attempt to not show weakness despite the fact that it's the epitome of a weak person to not show remorse.

I'm not saying that you can't ever defend yourself. There are times we are accused of something wrong that we simply didn't do. There are also times that you may think that what you did wasn't all that bad. Those are the tough ones, but if it's a problem for your mate then your only two options are to accommodate them and change or go your separate ways. Staying in the relationship without changing and later repeating the incident is a waste of each other's time.

If you're too big to

admit when you're wrong and sincerely say "I'm sorry" then you deserve to be alone. After all, you never have to worry about saying something offensive to yourself and having to apologize in a mirror.

"Close pork will curdle milk, boy. That's plain common."

-Robert Newton Peck - A Day No Pigs Would Die (1972)

There has always been a rock-and-roll generation - The populations of adults who, as children, relied on their remarkable youth for its strength of inventiveness against the weight of time that someday, all too soon, might, all too easily, become theirs to remake - ahead of and behind the next, which would before long, soon appear.

My father told me once, about a guy he was sent to arrest - presumably for reasons pertaining to child support - and how it became not his interest to do so. The guy was so big - a giant of a man, he said - and so intelligent, he was, it seemed to him, almost ridiculous to want to do such a thing. In more ways than one, physically and intellectually, the 'cuffs did not fit.

My dad and his partner knew that they had to

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.

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come up with some plan to get this guy to come along with them because each agreed that his industry was somebody's business, dirty or not, but it wasn't theirs to say. So, my father explained to me, shrewd in knowing that in the fullness of his knowledge, that I had already clarified the situation, that the best thing that he could have done was to get this oversized gent to cooperate because, "... Just think about it . . . We all could have made the papers . . . and that might not have been the best news of the day." He was sure that he was done teaching me how to stay out of fistfights.

So what they came up with was to just tell the guy the truth. He said that he told the man, "There was no way that either one of them could wrestle with him, even if they were so inclined." The best thing this guy could do would be to, "try and work it out with his woman if he could."

"There wasn't any use in

shooting a guy down who was going down anyway," my dad explained to me. Besides, he said how he told the guy, "If you don't come along with us and somebody else has to come back out here (He was never afraid of the bluff) those guys might not be so ready to be," . . . so honest, so impressed, so happy . . . "so thrilled to be back here just for you. No. Some of those guys are not-that-polite."

As a result, after his return from "downtown" the guy spent a few days on "policed house arrest" and it stayed that way until he showed promise in settling his debt.

So when this high school "kid" asked me, in dramatic fashion . . . What I thought about him having thoughts that he had gotten a girl pregnant and not really knowing what to do because he was sure that it was so, but he yet still he had complicated doubts that he might actually be the father . . . but he was sure, nonetheless, that his work ethic outside of school

made him capable of accepting a responsibility that he knew had to be theirs if it proved to be true, "So what about the army?"

I told him to go for it because I thought that he had the right attitude. I don't usually say these things to "children" for lack of a better word, but it was his overall demeanor beforehand and afterwards that made me happy to have been of service to this young gentleman who valued my opinion. The kids, they all knew me at the schools because of my niece and my mother, of course, but it was, in my mind, anyway, my longtime association with permanently smooth educators, who realized that my background had decided for me that I couldn't give the kids anything but a straight answer. I had a strange way, I am sure; but I never delivered a garbled result.

Popular or not, it was with just a bit of reluctance that I ever addressed the issues concerning drugs and

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alcohol in the school, but I knew it was part of life and I COULD NOT pretend that it did not exist, otherwise, I knew that, by and by, I would not be taken seriously about anything at all. So this kid went on to ask me about drinking, not, "drankin' " as in, "dhat's what I be doawin' " (because that's how they said it D.O.A. Win) so to get the class in an uproar when they were tired of being worked for no apparent reason. He was serious and I had to meet him there because I saw that he still had some time.

Anyone who offers to buy you a drink, like "just a beer" for example, don't mention it except to say thanks, maybe we could do this again someday. You see, what you gave me was a story and I'm just giving one back to you. Do them one better and get loose, I mean, really open up like you are doing them a favor because you are. Tell them exactly who you say you are and show them with examples that favor "the moral of the story is . . ."

but don't tell them that. Let them fill in that blank because you don't know the opinion they have arrived at for the sake of their conclusion inside their personal zone of reality. That takes them to the planning stage. Let them overstand that you are their friend. Their real friend. Never interrupt their response, if you can help it. So, by the time you get all of their asked and unasked questions answered you'll be in the clear, with your beer (their beer) all warmed. That way, you can leave it, in your time, without any questions. Nobody in their right mind is going to debate about you not drinking a warm beer. You can pour the whole thing out and they will always honorably remember your name because you took the time to take them seriously when they had doubts about life and you would not have wasted their time nor their money.

The big man that my father was "deathly" alarmed he would have-to-have escorted

downtown in unannounced or defeated ways became a man who always found time to catch-him-up-on-things or give him tips about things he didn't know. In another life they could have been friends, if things had been different.

A pig is a wild thing, Robert Newton Peck says. From my perspective, comprehensively, that means that the "I" is as natural for him as it is for us, to need to eat meat and be free of wanting until there comes a time to be the "real me." A sow, if she is not fed right, will eat her own litter (offspring) because she is both clean (free) and dirty (you - "Man" - let him be the best judge). The pig knows what it is, in your (our combined inheritance) heart to favor. Don't create a job of somethingness (something-from-nothing) and expect favors.

So I had, recently, a few difficult cuts of beef that did not go down well at all. I knew that they should, but would not because I

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knew that I had not come by accident to my academics and, therefore, I should have been freed to accept an intellectual decision from a man in proper awareness of his own unique art. "Gamey" is the word I will want to use here. The question is . . . Why? Sometimes a man can savagely throw a bone to an animal that he considers as a beast and, in his endeavor, cast before him an "unflavorable" reputation for dealing in taint. If I was wont to buy pork, I would and I could. However, don't tell me it's beef, when the taste says that there is something "porky" going on and the packages I labored to bring home say, "Ribeye, T-Bone, Porterhouse or Shank." I'm like to say, "What the fuck?" And I did. 'Cause I can spell.

It is my belief that when I told a certain Em-Effer to go and fuck himself, he laid his additional, spiritual burden on me. I can, like I know, if I only had a mate, do, at long last, only what most individuals can do with two of everything. So,

if You asked me, and You are not, but there is only so much soy that a Man can make . . . We're not that clever.

Do not expect a full-grown man, with one face, to understand how not to take pride in his own ability just because he is created behind fatigue. So I don't eat soy – the worst part of somethingness – because it does not spell home . . . and then you can't have family.

. . . And, I don't "cotton" (verb) – as in, work hard every day – to not have or be confused with Woman - the best other side of my life. That's why I figure that He must be gay.

Free dumb is free. How much of that do we really need? I could use a seventh day.



The



Tasha

Mac

Chronicles

(Reflection and Revelation: My 2013 Year in Review)

by Tasha Mac



(From January 2014)

I know I'm late with this blog post. I've

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been working on it for almost a week now. And while it's seven days into the New Year, I'm still going to publish it. People all over the world couldn't wait for 2014 to make its debut. And I was one of them. Not because 2013 was a horrible year. (That was 2012.) But because a new year for me brings new dreams, new goals and a hope that what didn't happen last year will definitely happen for me this year.

Let me back track and tell you what went on in 2013 and some of what I learned. The year 2013 didn't waste any time bringing about changes in my life. On January 9, 2013 the company I worked for laid off all employees in the Jackson office. Here I was beginning the

New Year unemployed. I have to admit I was pissed off and angry at the company for doing what they had done to us all. However, something else happened that lifted the burden of being unemployed a little. Something totally unexpected yet very welcomed. One of my friends told me how he felt about me and asked to come out of the "friend zone." As soon as he got the words out of his mouth, I felt the chemistry and I told him I would like to see where it goes. This occurred the week after the lay off and I have to say we've been together and happy ever since. I know you're thinking it's wonderful that I'm dating a great guy but what about finding a job? I'm getting to that part.

The company laying me off was probably the best thing that could have happened to me both personally and professionally. Personally because the guy I'm dating was not only a friend, but a former coworker at the same company I was laid off from. And maybe he would have never come out of the friend zone had we still been working together. Professionally, because I am now working for one of the top 50 Accounting and Business Advisory Firms in the country. Sometimes God will close a door and open a few more for you that you would have never thought possible. I am so happy with my new employer in my new position. The company is a great

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place to work and there is plenty of growth potential. And yes, my guy is employed too.

Last year I learned so many things with the changes that took place in my life. For one thing, always have a backup career plan. -Even if it's no more than keeping your resume up to date. Always job search from time to time even if you're not looking- At least you'll know what jobs are in demand the most and what skills you may need to acquire or polish up. I learned how to be loved and how precious it really is. I say this because my guy loves me with such compassion and so genuinely. He is the most thoughtful person I've ever met. And I also say this because last year was a year

of loss for many people. Many of my friends lost their best friends. I thought that was so odd that people were losing their best friends. I saw the pain and anguish they experienced firsthand and it broke my heart. It made me wanna love more, forgive more, and live more. We always say life is too short. And now the kids are wearing out the term "YOLO" (You Only Live Once). And honestly, those are true statements. It's time out for people having a new lease on life in January and by March its back to the same old ways, same old thinking.

This blog post is a little different from what I've written before. I just felt the need to share some of my reflections with my readers. I also want you to know how much I appreciate your visits to my blog. And I do plan on writing more this year because I have so much to share with you all. I want you all to really get to know me this year through my writing. I want you to feel me and understand me. I promise not to keep my distance this year. I hope that you will be along for the ride with the Tasha Mac Chronicles. Talk to you later.

*****Disclaimer*****

This blog is not intended to promote abortion or scare anyone into harming an unborn or living child in ANY WAY , SHAPE, FORM OR FASHION. This blog is only meant to educate and provide information based on my experiences. If you or someone you know is pregnant, please do not resort to heinous, criminal and inhumane acts to undo a pregnancy. There are plenty of organizations that can and will provide guidance and direction if you are in need of help.

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"No experts. Just opinions"

Provocation of Thought: An Opus of Analogy "Environmental Erosion" by My

Mind

Mind of matter, matter of clatter and chatter,

reminiscent over the once was and use to be, unanimously devote to the surrounding and desolate of pollution of destruction and squander, ode to the cohesiveness of progress and pride, grandeur of striving, achieving, and believing in the yet to come if labor long and hard enough

thanks for ending the American dream of the class of the bourgeoisie you have added a life of vain and mental pain, your catalyst of destruction aka your HUD voucher

Welcome Home Bowe Bergdhal! By

the Elderly Lady with glasses

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*Welcome
Home Son We
Love you!*

*The talking
heads in the
GOP Party are
on the prowl
again.*

*President
Obama had to
go around the
political
wrangling to
save this young
man's life. We
are pulling out
of Afghanistan
at years end.
IF we left Bowe*

*he would surely
die. "NO
MAN LEFT
BEHIND!"*

*Our mantra-
The GOP was
all for having
Bowe rescued
until President
Obama did it.
Their petrified
hatred for this
Black President
is
unprecedented.
The Fox news
network has
responded like
a rabid dog.
They lie and*

*berate this poor
young soldier.
Bergdhal is
vilified for no
reason. He is a
better man
than Elderly
because I didn't
go to war and I
am NOT
going! ...I
salute this
larger than life
hero and it is
amazing how
money will buy
any lie. A
person here told
me one day
well I heard it*

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on the news. I said, "Walter Cronkite is gone." New was truth when he was around and is still true on MSNBC when the Democrats tell it. It is amazing how corrupt everything and everyone is becoming. There is so much hatred in the world. We want to usher

our troops off to war and many are destitute and hungry, ill and in need of just a hug. We need a hugging committee at the airport just to welcome our troop's home. Many times in the wee hours of the morning Our President Obama gets up and honors our dead troops by receiving their sacrificed

bodies before the break of dawn.

It makes me cry just thinking they (the soldiers) gave their all and the talking heads at Foxx and CNN just ramble like rabid dogs against this man spewing lies and telling news. They are all going to hell if they don't

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*stay but a
minute!*

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.

**"Iz I Sleep
Owuhh Iz I
Woke? Could
The World Be
Made Up Of A**

Projection Of Thought?

Could The World Be
Made Up Of A Projection
Of Thought?

So, when the Colonel
told the Sergeant, "Do
what I say." the
Sergeant replied,

"Sorry ma'am, I can't
and I shouldn't 'cause I
got another way. Don't
say another word,
'cause in the civilian
world . . . yatta, yatta,
yatta . . . therefore, I,
meanin' me, might have
to place you under
arrest fer tryin' ta tell us
wha' t' du! 'N I'll be god-
all-danged if jestis ain't
more 'n a beck an' a
holler away. You know,
Colonel, sugar, I ought
ter have you shot?!?
Nev'r min' you iz a a
woman feller an' all . .
. You ain't never heard a
civil defense b'fore, have
yeh? Best I ken do fer
yeh iz t' have yer kicked

out on yer broad-side if
ye'aim t'wanner chaynce
it, sweetie."

Backwards and
forwards, when
insubordination is
maintained, those
actions spell "Breach Of
Contract." (UCMJ, Article
92)

Military Law, governed
by declarations of rank,
demands positive
identification of those in
charge.

How can a Man, without
questions, without
answers, become a
witness to obligation
and have expectation,
yet still hold out, in
seriousness, for hope?

You see, I never wanted
to cover my tracks. By
the practice and study
of gross intelligence, my
endeavor was always to
be clear enough in my
local presumptions so
that, in tendency, the
"net" Person - The Civil

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Man - could not rearrange his improved methods to follow, next, a trail made toward his former place of error. When a Man knows how, another Man knows why and neither, then, are afraid to try.

So, when the people at The Harold Washington Public Library (Chicago) told me, in official terms, that, regardless of my opinion, ". . . and you can talk to anybody you want to on that . . ." but the (US) Constitution, "doesn't count down here." I knew that the U.S. Government had already been overthrown.

So, because of the sponsors of overreaching authority, I live in fear every day behind the never-ending weight of non-judicial punishment and the standard prescriptions given me by the Doctors of Jive-Time.

. . . Some people . . .

The world cannot be real. Can anyone see the connection?

". . . So whut you ken du, sweetheart, iz to git yo-erself out of here an' into somethin' more com-fer-t'ble and we'll call it a date."

Tougaloo College
1869
Tougaloo Mississippi

Be it known that

RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

having successfully completed the course of study as prescribed by the Faculty and Board of Trustees, and having complied with all other requirements of the College, has been declared a

Bachelor of Science in Biology

and is entitled to all rights and privileges appertaining to that Degree.

In Testimony Whereof, the Board of Trustees, upon recommendation of the Faculty, has granted this Diploma bearing the seal of the College.

Given this ninth day of August two thousand and five.

. . . But some people will say that I'm a Bitch . . . and (yet) is entitled to all rights and privileges appertaining . . .

". . . That's pride fuckin' with you. Fuck pride! Pride only hurts, it never helps."

(Marcellus Wallace)
- Pulp Fiction (1994)"

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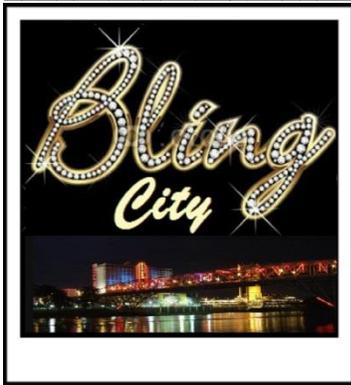
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BLING CITY

"Men Deserve Birth Rights"

by Talk2Q

I'm not a father, but I feel the pain of so many of them who try and do the right thing. Men have very few rights when it comes to a child's birth. Some would go as far as to say that they don't have any rights whatsoever. It's

sad in a few cases and unfair in a lot of them.

Here are the options that a woman has after she finds out that she's pregnant:

1. She can have the baby.
2. She can abort the baby.
3. She can put the baby up for adoption.
4. She can just leave the baby at a fire station or church.
5. She can tell a man the child is his (even if it isn't) and collect support (if not challenged in court by a certain period of time).

Here are the options that a man has when he finds he got someone pregnant:

1. They can attempt to adopt the baby if she puts it up for adoption.

2. They can opt not to pay child support and risk jail time.

Of course, I'm not an expert so I may have missed something, but that's basically it. Everything pretty much depends on what the mother decides. He may want to marry her and be there for the child, but if she wants to abort then he can't stop her. He may not want to have anything to do with the child at all, but if she wants him to pay child support then he will or go to jail.

Men are at the mercy of women in all matters involving a child's birth. Even men who aren't even the fathers #5 on my list for women alluded to that. Case in point: let's say that a man and woman are married and she gets pregnant in an

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affair. DNA proves that he's not the father, but he could still be forced to pay child support because they're married.

If a woman tells a man he's the father of a child and he finds out three years later that he isn't, then he's still on the hook for 15 more years if she chooses to stick it to him. Although he may not have thought he had a reason to petition the courts he still has to "beat the clock" to possibly get out of support. If not, he could wind up paying for another man's child if she refuses to remove him from the birth certificate.

Do you think that it would work if men had the option to waive their rights to a child without the threat of forced child support? Would that

make women think twice about unprotected sex?



It can protect your bank account, too.

I know that it sounds unfair to the women, but we've already gone over what's unfair to the men and the list is lengthy. Besides, women are normally the ones carry the child and who wind up being responsible for the child. So, shouldn't they be the ones who should think twice about birth control since they go through so

much? I know that sounds like the words of a chauvinist, but I think if you looked at that with an unbiased eye that you would at least consider where I'm coming from on it.

-Or what about the default for custody disputes being joint custody? Isn't that what is best for the child anyway? Why does it always seem that it has to be one parent or the other in these cases? Why can't it always default to 50/50 custody?

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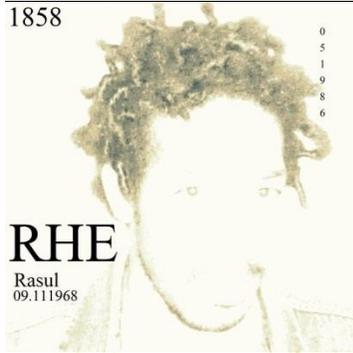
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1858



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"She Will Never Complete The Performance

- Unknown Author (Forest Park IL)

I have seen this posted on the magnetic poetry board at the library for several weeks. The first time I saw it, I laughed out loud. Nobody since has dared to change or remove it.

Here's another:

The Do Good
Digital Hard Tech Geek
Likes His Girl to _____
Online

Nice!?! I thought it was cool anyway, given the scanty words left to justify being an on the spot poet.

When Mr. BOBBY WOMACK sang his famous song:
Fact Of Life-he'll Be There
When The Sun Goes Down

You know, people always ask me say, "Bobby why do you always talk before you sing? .

..
...

But I feel that anytime I got somethin' to say
Imma say it, cause I cause maybe it'll help you on your merry way. . . .

...

You ain't always be sweet sixteen, so while you still caryin little weight, find you somebody that's gon really mean you some good. .

..

I was reminded of the time, maybe five weeks ago, when I spoke to this young gentleman about his own personal struggle with a married woman. I told him, as had not usually been my habit - but I made an exception this time - why I believed what he told me about the nonsensical nature of the relationship, that is, How he wanted to break it off, but didn't know how.

My belief was, and is, that in most circumstances you will note that much of it is your fault. However, as I described to him, I once had a personal run-in with "road-rage" that left me stunned for a number of years behind a relationship with a woman. The woman, believe it or not was my ex-wife who had, then, some appeal to me. The problem was - and I could see how the young man might not see how this was related to his issue - but, like I said; I had behind me a number of years to ponder

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this problem because I was highly embarrassed to slightly skeptical that my behavior could have been sponsored by an inventiveness so sharp that my normal tranquility became so unnaturally upset.

Finally I settled upon a conclusion. My "hypnotic" rage at being singled out for a driving "infraction" (an inconsideration –obvious to any trained driver, but not typically dangerous) by another motorist who challenged my behavior with a sudden, couple of inert, choice words. The immediate response from myself and my ex was to conjointly, yell back at the motorist and challenge her with some of our own off brand of cynicism. Hence, as was our nature, we immediately became chagrined when we both realized immediately after the silly exchange that it should have never happened. Neither of us were intoxicated as it was our habit to never offer ourselves up to this hostility.

This was, perhaps, more than seventeen years ago. My conclusion, I told the young man was that my, then, wife had started on Depo Provera and, as I saw it, my reaction was based solely on her reaction to the injection. Now, I could be wrong or right, but I can take being wrong, so it is okay. I am here to learn. In summation, what I learned from that day is what I attempted to encapsulate on the spot to a young guy. In short, the science of perfume technology is based on the idea of pheromone dominance. A woman on Depo – or any such similar biological affecting the female reproductive system – becomes dependent on a form of aggression that could be described or interpreted as rage when her physical or intellectual space is interrupted without warning – much as a female of any species might when actually pregnant. The spaces in her body that she would normally unconsciously develop to secure the

maturation of an embryo or fetus are, in a sense, working, but imbalanced because, for lack of a similar parcel of evidence suggesting the converse, the male with whom she is likely to be close to, may approximate, the actual father of the absent fetus or existing infant for which a logical, "illogical" psychological demand is concurrently made toward and upon the faculties of both "parents" at the same time; the pheromones of which dominate their underlying predilections for exciting the exposed protective demonstrations for the ritualistic promotion, enhancement and preservation of fecundity. The male, because of his proximity, now affected by a "pheromonal" construct linking, now, the presumed father, the potential, but "unpregnant" mother and the his/her, imagined fetus, becomes the stimulating co-factor that conditions each to accept a bond of partnership to protect their

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combined, but abstract, biological interests because of his uniquely artificially acquired "super" maleness. His reaction, like hers, becomes justified at the hormonal level. The effect of these demonstrations can last, perhaps, for a time unknown and are changeable, it seems, dependent upon the strength of the union, the age of the partner, or along those inundations of social privations against which invitation to conflict can arise . . . so on and so forth. Trust me . . . When a guy says, "I don't know what got into me with that woman." . . . Whoa!
The moral of the story . . . ? I don't really know. Be careful who you date and be sure to ask them what they take.

. . . Cause maybe it'll help you on your merry way.
. . . Find you somebody that's gon really mean you some good. . . .

Drinking Tea in Mississippi

by the Elderly Lady with glasses

June 2014 we are drinking tea in Mississippi. Tea Part that is- The Tea Party is an acronym for the KKK or the Klan. Hate-based race baited group that formed when President Obama was elected into office. Chris McDaniel's was recently the man with the Klan. They spent millions and the hook didn't work. They went to the nursing home to snoop and take

photos and advantage of Mrs. Cochran what a shame! Their new motto is by hook or by crook. They had their supporters sneak into the court house only after the vote to maybe tamper with the votes and didn't know they couldn't get out. SOOO they got caught red handed and arrested I believe and then I heard about the untimely demise of one of the attorneys present during this mess. I can't say what happened only pray for his family. What a

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fiasco? The tea party still loss. Sarah Palin had the nerve to come to Mississippi she probably was looking for Russia. The Tea Party threatened my Bishop from our church because he came up with a plan to squash them by getting Democrats to support Thad Cochran because we were not going to be drinking TEA! HEE-HAW!!!

I told you it is the Klan who threatens to attack someone because your mess didn't work. The Bible says, "Follow

peace with all men." I put my pants on one leg at a time, one shoe at a time and comb my curly locks. When I pray, eat and take a bath in any order I am happy. The world owes me nothing but respect. I give it therefore I get it.

WHY can't we all get along?

In November the Democrats Must take back the HOUSE in D.C. When People of the USA drank TEA they saw our nation crushed in disgrace when the idiots TEA PARTY and GOP

closed down the country. WHAT GUMPS!!! We have to do better.

IF ANYONE is so angry and think things can be better elsewhere, heck just get your drawers and go there. MOVE!!

Girls Gone White

by Talk2Q

(From 11/7/2011) I'm up late watching HDNet which is one of my favorite channels. After

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watching a very entertaining episode of "Art Mann Presents," I go to the kitchen to get some water only to return to the start of "Girls Gone Wild: Unrated."



That show is absolutely nuts.

It's amazing how just a production name and a camera can bring out the most unpredictable behavior in a person. I could go into a bar in Jackson with a GGW t-shirt on, a microphone and someone carrying a camera and literally wind up with a group of topless women in a hotel room licking on each other. God

bless America, right?

For those of you who have not seen this phenomenon, let me break down a typical show segment for you:

Guy shows up at beach with a microphone and a camera man. Women immediately start to turn towards the camera, pull up their bikini tops and scream

"whooooooooooooo!!!!!!!"

The guy then selects five girls to go to his limo where he then instructs three of them to do a three-way tongue kiss for the camera. After that, he asks that each of them turn around and show their butt before reminding them that they can no longer wear their tops in the limo. After the ride back to the GGW bus, the ladies get

on board and commence to doing each other on a bed.

This is pretty much the entire show. I know what you're asking yourself, "What do the girls get in return for showing their breasts and butts to the world via HDTV and Web?"

A GGW t-shirt and booty shorts! Well, that's all worth it then, right?



But, after about 15-20 minutes, I started noticing that something was missing while I was composing this blog

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post with this show playing in the background. I started to notice that it was basically a loop of similar-looking girls with pierced nipples in every other shot. - Nothing exotic. Nothing uncommon- Just everyday mall rats, who were looking for their 15 minutes of fame by any means necessary. Then it hit me:

In the words of Bizarro Sheriff Bart from 'Blazing Saddles,' **"Where all the black women at?"** That's right. 30 minutes without a site of one sista. Not even a chica or a pinay. Just Girls Gone *White*.



Then again, I do understand that it's not necessarily a race thing. It's a money thing. That's what sells. Who pays to see naked and white party girls? White guys. Do you know who *else* pays to see naked and white party girls? Every other race of guys. So, you can't lose right? Let's be honest, I would guess (I don't know for sure) that more non-white guys would buy a GGW Blu Ray quicker than white guys would buy a Black GGW Blu Ray.



You have to cater to the market, right? And white women are universal like Type-O blood. I know some sistas may wrinkle their foreheads reading this, but I didn't make the rules or set the standards. Society did long before I walked this earth. White women are the only race of women who can have their sex appeal marketed in any part of the world because they are stereotyped to be more fun than other races.

Is that true? I don't know. I've never dated a white woman before. I've had plenty of friends (no benefits), classmates and co-workers who were white, but their personalities weren't too much different

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than any black women I knew. - Somewhat less guarded and more outgoing than some black women? Maybe- Then again, I didn't hang around too many party types on a regular basis. I have a (black) homie of mine who has dated mostly whites in his life. I've heard him refer to them as "easy-going," "open" and "adventurous." Is he accurate? I haven't a clue, but I do know that none of the women in the show appeared to have any regrets for what they were doing. Half of them didn't even appear to be drunk. They all seemed like a group of girls who just wanted to have a good time and be able to say they were "a Girl Gone Wild."

Well, personally, it's

not a big deal to me. I realize that it's easier to find a water-skiing squirrel on YouTube than it is to find a black woman on an after-hours premium channel. I don't think it means that white women are all "party girls" or sexier any more than black women are.

I just think it means that they sell more Blu Rays/DVD's. Type-O

**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.

"GUESS WHO"

So here I am, the only broke Man in the world again. I don't know much about science books or the French I took, but I do know that I love me. "Gooddamn" I am pleased to know me for not being a Natural Born Idiot and a fool-and-a-half. Since I arrived on the Planet, I have avoided the major pitfalls that could open up, absorb my inventiveness and keep me from earning a real living without needing to resort to begging. However, the best I can manage after all my successes is absolutely that. Generally, I don't feel stupid because the price attached to my character, people tell

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me, is absolutely priceless. It is just my ass that seems to be worthless. Like Company Breeds Like Company. Ask any fox if food and shelter ain't guaranteed.

"Wow, with your background and education, you should have a job."

Well, I do: Watching my only income, \$130 per month, escape me while it, too, escapes the notice of the people stealing the rest of my earnings from me. After all, I did serve in the USAF and was honorably discharged after four years. Did I mention that I was smart enough (not being a wise-ass) to test out of basic training (1992) while almost 200 other airmen had to stay and finish?

"Natural Law" says that I gotta have something for my trouble, not trouble for my something. Keeping my mouth shut for more than forty years was, ironically, almost too damn easy. I learned to mind my business early so I didn't have to stay awake at night.

Sure . . . Again . . . me watching you. . . . Like you're

so special. Thanks a Bunch. Maybe, one fine day, I won't have to stick it up my ass. Now, of course, I couldn't love women more, especially after having merely watched them from a distance for the past seven years. That's a task. Being lonely all the time . . . You ought to try it. Boy, does that suck.

So this social worker person went on to ask me, "Hey, man, how do you make it every day."

Lucky me . . . I thought that it was obvious. I don't. I can't do anything. Right? I have even run out of tears. Fear is the only thing that keeps me going. What is a man worth? I'm still the best artist that I know other than Dalton, a buddy I went to HS with. I still have envy. I must be alive.

Like art, the social worker type person I met, went on to tell me how, "If I were you, I'd do anything. I mean, anything. I would take any job . . . any job at all. I wouldn't care what I had to do."

I'm asking you guys for your professional advantage, your

help . . . What did you thing I was doing all this time?

"I don't know how they do it down there, but over here . . . We're different! Just stop in . . . We'll be glad to help. With your background and education, you're a cinch to place right away."

So I never get an interview, but I love the cross-examination. Excuse the interruption.

I was AFR 35-10 every day for more than four years (1992-1996 Plus 1997), but "they" (the employment specialists) ask, "Do you know how to shine your shoes? What about your clothes? Do you know how to iron and dress the part? Hey, what about your hair? Do you think you could shave?"

Absolutely not. How would I know? That much? It must be impossible. Trust me.

So now I'm a ready to blow this town. I hope and I expect. It is simple to see that after every law school and every attorney within reach readily shared their

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disbelief in the untimely ability of the system to confuse even them.

"Wow! I'm sorry, but this is waaay over our heads. Best of luck to you."

Too Many People and Not Enough Eyes to See. What a great tune. You got a Solid Gold Record.

Times like those . . . Who is bad? Who is good? Can you trust the one you're with? I can't help but think of Roddy Piper and his infamous Piper's Pit from Back-In-The-Day Wrestling. Was it a programmed flip out? Maybe yes, maybe no. But . . . At least you knew he was gonna hafta "do-a-number" from time-to-time. That was his job.

Some people can make the transition from vaudeville, to real life while others are waiting their turn.

You see that mannequin over there?

What about it?

Notice how it's mouth don't

move much? Unlike yours, that is.

So, you're saying that there's something wrong with my mouth?

No. I'm not saying that at all.

Then what is it that you don't like about me?

It's your other mouth. That's the problem. You ask too many damn questions."

Follow up (My Mama)

by The

Messenger JC Hampton

When we last left off, Mama was being released from the hospital and facing chemo therapy. Right before she was discharged, one of

her doctors wrote a prescription of pain, Oxycodone.

He explained she would have aches, pains and flu like symptoms with nausea during the therapy. Mama did not want to take the prescription because she was worried about becoming addicted to the

medicine. Ok, Mama was 82 years young at that time. I looked at her and said "take the prescription. What corner are you going to try and purchase drugs

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on". We were all happy that surgery was over and we could move on to the next steps of treatment and recovery.

Then a surprise! Before Mama's release, the doctor ordered a chest x-ray. X-ray technicians came in to take the x-ray and Mama and I looked at each other because nothing had been said. Mama refused to stop eating for the x-ray and excused the technicians. A few minutes later, one of the doctors came

in and explained to us that in the head to foot x-ray taken before surgery showed a plume on Mama's lung. Talking about putting a damper on the release I attempted to encourage Mama not to worry, but by the look on her face it was too late for that. I just wanted to cry but could not because I had to be strong.

We finally pulled ourselves together so we could go home. But, not before Mama made me promise not to tell anyone else

about the new problem. This was a promise I was not able to keep. We all wanted to know what her health problems were. I spoke with my Pastor about the promise. I wanted her to be able to confide in me, but I also knew if one sibling were in my place, I hoped they would keep me updated. After that conversation, I did a conference call to two sisters and individually called my brother and the last sister to update her. After each doctor's appointment, I send

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text messages to by siblings with an update.

After the first chemo treatment the nurse told Mama by the time she came back for her second treatment, she would have lost all her hair. After about 2 weeks, she called her beautician to make an appointment to have the remaining hair cut off. The beautician was gracious enough to make a house call and shave off the rest of Mama's hair. -Many thanks to her because Mama was

embarrassed to not have hair.

We wig shopped before the cutting of the hair. Mama didn't want a wig with gray hair-are you serious at 82 years young?- Her hair is not all gray, but it's about 65-35%, and she was dead serious. So we looked for wigs that were basic brown with highlights. My sister sent wigs and caps from Washington

State. Mama really loved the caps because they made her look and feel fashionable. Mama's sister from California sent 2 beautiful Motown wigs. So by now we had an assortment of wigs and caps which would see us through the no hair phase.

There are 5 siblings' four girls and 1 boy. Two girls lived out of town and 2 girls lived in town with the one boy. After the 2

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sisters were gone, the remaining girls split the nights and stayed with Mama each night. I spent 4 out of the 7 nights because I lived closer and I could stop at home after work, do a couple of things and then head to Mama's. My sister and her whole family moved in on Friday evening and remained until Monday morning. Four nights a week was not the easiest schedule. -Because I do have a soul mate and must work full time. I was busy making sure

everyone got their time and no chores were left undone. Even on days off, when Mama was up to it, we did doctors' appointments, grocery shopping and any other errands that needed to be completed. When she was not up to it, I did what needed to be done. There were times when I was pushed to do everything but no matter how inconvenient it was, I suited up and got the tasks done. In all, I did my best and GOD did the rest. There were

many prayers to the LORD from me, my family and my friends for which I humbly thank them.

I also want to thank my better half. There were nights he didn't want me to go but never said a word. There were nights I didn't want to go, but I marched like the soldier I was and the soldier I had been taught to be and marched by the example I grew up with, Mama.

Mom did some alone time during the day. But church members,

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friends, family and the Reverend kept her entertained most days.

One day I stopped by and Mama was on the phone with the city reporting pot holds. I didn't think much about it. But the next day, I found out she had been driving. REALLY!!!

Soon we were at the end of the chemo treatments. Three weeks after the last treatment, we meet with her main doctor, Mildred Ridgeway. This woman was great....smart white

girl , meaning she looked smart but not nerdish, with a pleasant bed side manner that showed she cared. The news was GREAT. We have been blessed by the LORD. Next appointment with Dr. Ridgeway is in 3 months for a follow-up.

One more bar to get pass, the lung issue. We met with the pulmonary doctor who explained that the chemo treatment was the same treatment recommended for the lung

cancer. Currently, the place on the lung showed it had been treated and was dormant. He cautioned that lung cancer does 2 things. It remains dormant or it goes active. At this point, again next checkup is in 3 months, GREAT!! If the cancer does move to active, then radiation or surgery would be the next step.

It's a victory for my 83 year young Mama to have had major surgery and chemo and be alive and well. I thank

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GOD for his grace
and mercury.

I'll take whatever
he gives. Tomorrow
is not

promised. Am I
selfish to want
Mama here
for as long as
possible,
damn
right! All I
know is the
LORD has
blessed my
family and has
been good to
us.

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.

"THE UPSIDE DOWN BIRDS OF PARADISE

Who would build a tower for himself?

I believe that as men, Man himself is, properly or fantastically, one of a remnant of the tribe of Species of ancient birds drawn from mythic reality and inserted into the of legend known to his forbearer, the Mayan god and fable, Quetzalcoatl.

Try harmonizing with a chimp and declare yourselves to be of primate heritage – which is not to say, of course, that the true

primate lineage is, not also a representation, too, of a similar family of flightfully prepared creatures. Has it escaped our attention that Man, in his endeavor to escape his earthly bounds, has all but sprouted wings wherewith to fly? Are these, his everyday language of communication and for song, but a method to stimulate relationships or as a complement to a designed series of melodies? Have you ever noticed that Man, like some birds, tend to hoard and collect shiny things? How, as well, is he a dweller upon the numbers – quite unlike the ape he claims to be – for the benefit of his brood? What about his beasts? Would it not be clever to suppose that both his dog and his cat, if they were wise, would realize what we attempt to hide from ourselves, in that each, surprisingly, "belongs" to a "Bird" alongside what could be an ironic reversal of fortune in a preposterously modified partnership? Furthermore, as we have come to find, the many restrictions offered to thwart the ever so gallant "poacher" who becomes overwhelmingly fatigued at the notion of anything with large teeth in close proximity to his natural place of rest. Still, this "bird-brain" of ours – burdened by an instinctive pattern of responses to animals that resemble the wild dog or cat whether on land or at sea - has a way of validating his abrupt fortune within our natural "inclination" to subdue and/or dominate certain species.

Ask the blue-jay - Do you Prey? - a play upon words in the sense that morality and the genius of success offer the s(l)ick and weak in spirit

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daily opportunities to overcome their mental-physical blockages with deliberate incursions into studied harassment of their similarly opportunistic competitors, whatever the prospects for the night. This, of course, as a studied eradication program, in my estimation, is the factual reason for the extinction of the saber-tooth tiger.

Creatively, what follows, by the result of an assumed reproductive barrier, exists a defensive scheme, constructed by Nature, that presupposes at least one reason why it may be impossible to tolerate the presence of certain eggs or eggs in an uncertain way as food. Cats love birds, but birds do not like eggs. It is the miserable woman who keeps kittens. She will not like to conceive.

My personal suggestion is that stability of a breed is governed by the conceptive readiness of an undefined, but clearly ready, group of successful "genes" that find their origin in being the most stubbornly hardy as the result of many years of practice. If such is so, then characteristically, one might presume that as modern day stresses may continue to have their inept way, those changes that have reluctantly found their way into reproductive consideration may become temporarily replaced, but not eliminated from competition due to those phenomenal stresses reacted upon an organism and realized by older, ascendant genes which can, for causative reasons, cross the line separating one dominance from another. For

example – not to say that such is the case – a bat could, reproductively, if its ancestry were close enough to satisfy the protest of a much needed generative setback – given that any one of its antique ancestors had once acquired such habit – reduce its dependence toward an item once coveted by its known diet. Increased diurnal versus nocturnal activity may follow so as to, conceptually, allow for life-cycle management opportunities to compete with other survival schemes that command a similarly competent organism to abdicate or be rendered entirely useless due to obscure considerations of remote availability versus primary attainability of an unpredicted, non-foraged replacement, now emergent and enhanced in value; the sum of which commits those organisms toward further action upon an activity that had been formerly, uniquely intolerable. Man, as paramecium, sensing the direction of water or the baby Superman who hoists the car in defining his own emergency, might not be considered a feat of magic or witchcraft if his case would be advised in earnest. This is to say, no gene (human or otherwise) once it has been proven useful, is ever lost. The biggest problem in connection with acknowledgement of this perturbation remains overly suggestive in that one might not desire to recognize the symptoms of biological demand overwhelming acculturating conditioning such as the useless expansion of religion. Those speculative cultural traditions required of civilized beings that cause them to inherit special licenses which outline for them the

remote possibility of breed and/or race heritages, petitions us to notice that when the survival of an equally as long exposed taxonomic group has acquired, too – a no intent-no confidence rule – that harshly commands a compartmentalized species to not do well and to not consider continued submissiveness, as an option, so that it may, thusly, invite again, for the selfish realization of its intellectual net worth, the increased longevity and resistances it has usually known by subsequently refusing to tolerate, time-and-again, insertion of outside, artificial enhancements made upon it, which can and have caused it to fall prey to reduced variation targeting its set of reproductive schemes.

Eliminate this puzzle from your legislature or such formula will continue to vexations and troubles.

On the humanistic side, philosophically, a bull might say that it has had the same dynamite herd of cows for a good long time, but still, far too long when (not if) the species recognizes (becomes more cognizant) that its state-of-affairs does not allow it to choose to its own advantage by, once again, denying the varied misaligned knowledges bequeathed unto it, and admitting upon itself instead, circumstances that require each to readopt and re-adapt to activities that enable a non-negotiable circumscription of territory.

Why does a kept dog urinate on hydrants?

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There is only a short time (ex. 2000 years) that one can shepherd a good herd before it must be released into the wild to suffer for its own benefit for a similar period before it, in it's sum total regard for its stock, can be fit to flock again.

Know that kept animals are as aware of our devices as they are of us, though they care more for some than others.

All of these circumstances seem to possess possibilities inside of reality, however, because of the spiritual nature of corporeal existence, the incarnation of the human "animal" still resides outside of rational, scientific reasoning, due to his exceptions of law and monetary wealth, that compel him not toward adornment, but ever more toward non-derelict sophistications of technology which are rightfully his to command and pursue. He has a skillful intent to deflect the types of confusions that might regulate his existence as an animal devoid of exploratory reasoning. The human spirit promotes tolerance because it is well-aware of the pitfalls of ignorance into which have fallen his predecessors. He is inclined to take note of and value his contributions to planning and participation as well as quality and quantity. He is quick to amend his ways for his own safekeeping.

Will you just Under-stand that a tree is not only an organism but, too, a machine?

When a human spirit is born into poverty (wants not dictated by or representative of common

intelligence), such jeopardizes the convent of sanity that procures for him, before time, the right to occupy a seat among those whose liberties enable them to correct potential imbalances that free them from abusive neglect and despotic miseries forged by non-democratic fraternizations. This is to say that genetics plays only a minimally insignificant role in the labor required of a supernatural being to produce his own miracle ahead of that which has sold him out to slavery and the intent to, ostensibly, reduce him to such no matter his convictions to the contrary. Much as a horse that runs on four legs, Man retains protected rights that cannot so easily be dissolved or confiscated by opinion or prejudice else he would be at the mercy of the kingdoms he governs. He "Is" free by demonstration of his right to birth. He cannot run unless everyone else is running.

My reasoning, invalid as it may be described by a lack of training, suggests to me that a volcano, when it flares up is, gravitationally, upside down as it erupts, no matter the reality of the observer in his relationship to gravity. Many obvious influences can account for this "theoretical" impossibility, the least or best of them, the position of heavenly bodies and the inescapable rotation of the earth itself. If I, as a Man, can rationalize these affronts to my sanity, it is easy to see that with some further difficulty, clarity by arranged discourse with others can, in due time, rectify my understanding of common physical law and those inordinate forces occupying nuclear realms for

which we have but faintly understood. As no single, individual can be or become the custodial authority charged to moderate unproductiveness, We then become, perhaps, a highly valued species which could not be so easily dislodged by the pounding of hooves or the blowing of tops. Supernatural super-importance is our Natural dominance within Our unique cycle of living called Peace – the Word of Man – The Individual. The Nation. – not the robot.

I have some trouble redefining my existence and claim to sustenance by redistributing my rights in that vein to the nutrifying factors of only vegetable matter. What is left is to presume, perhaps a bit irrationally, but not without evidence, that many of us have been unnaturally forced to begin life, time and again, at the end of days where the man-god known as the Satan has ensconced himself to revile in an occupation of misery for his crime of self-annihilation. He has become that which he despises – a true animal – a hateful, hurtful creature of no regrets.

We must take care, the things that we keep and the things that we make, but we must also be clear to whom and what we have need.

And so, it is no secret that I have contributed to my education as an artist such creative insurances of predictable lunacy that, nevertheless, are originated from formulaic, conventional forays into science-fantasy and factual-fiction that cannot-should not, be considered a tattooed

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disadvantage. I have reflected upon this crime of deliberate self-annihilation by the Satan-God – enhanced by not enough television as I would like – to trifle to his attentions, in short, because he has attempted to decimate and divide Our co-equal ownership of the Universe at large by attempting to measure my footsteps and place me in a corner where I, could be-should be, watched, i.e., Where I could do Nothing but watch – an event that will not occur because it Did Not occur in concurrence with misappropriated Reality.

Now, I could talk about The So-Called White Man and his "wolf-whistle," Him as an invasive species; why it is okay to be Black and not say anything; melanin and the non-obscure nature of predation threat resistance to population pressures; and so-on-and-so-forth and be proven wrong on just about any unremarkable occasion and still be found innocent if my original intention was to be good. In my legend, White Men do not come from the North Pole, as some might say. That's Santa Claus. White Men "in fact" originate from the South Pole – the far North – because they like to hide. This is perhaps the reason why scarcely one can be found today. From his far North habitat, the Satan-God was able to do this – bore time – by, in isolation and out of fear, construct a device that allowed him an "opportunasty" to realize his dream of impotence. If you would, bear with me just a bit. There exists a moderate bit of science-fantasy in the Universe, but Creativity knows no limits. I am sure that very many of my

reasons for explanation were and are in fact derived from the, still seeking, Gospel of Christ. Such was a man who existed everywhere at the same time, form alpha to omega, and described how his world would have no end. The case being – and it is far from evident – but the Christ figure had a way of charging and condemning himself in such a way as to commit his suicide in a "rational and theoretical" way because he was a construct of Reality.

The greatest "made-up" word, I believe, in the English language, in the past quarter-century is the term, "frienemy." The Satan-God is so abruptly adept at whispering niceties but lacks power in fulfillment because he still exists "theoretically" and is "theorhetorically" non-functional, meaning, he unfaithfully believes fully that he has offered a proper excuse for daring not to breathe until the Universe ran out of tears for his self-imposed crisis and forced him to Be or Real – no Man can become the Satan for always because his challenges exclude him from having a bad day everyday – so, like all run-on Sentences, Period; it must stop because there will be found Corrections. Birth and the birthright – not the exclusion from such – is the Good News. He will be forced to bear fruit or become a beast of burden.

My imagination dooms me to convert my view of the Worlds (no apostrophe) substance into a reality where I purposefully can choose not to ridicule myself or my possessions.

I have not chosen to be a fool.

This is my birthright, should you care to sample it. Others have done so and their claim is as mine. We are alien to but not alienated from the Earth in Our positive attractions.

Let us say that one day I should visit this Antarctic region of the world, this far North, South Pole – the Upside Down Kingdom, frozen over as Hell on Earth – an obviously once Tropical place that yet exists at one end of time. The Satan-God will not be found, there, at the foot of his throne. To know that such a creature exists demands a consciousness that can only be postulated. He is a time-traveler and can be no less. However, the difficulty with such a statement is most obviously its presumed ridiculousness as it socializes most probably with insanity and is naturally prepared, in its creation, to be exposed as an unproductive argument that can quickly be assigned a rapid dismissal. Theoretically – and I have come to the realization that, now, even such news is only a relative advantage – it must be assumed so for lack of a conflicting opinion that leads to other than ghost-busting, which, as I have been taught, is a further, deep-seated irrationality for which exultant agreement is much less forthcoming. My spontaneous belief has decided for me that the search for the Satan-God began – ludicrously? – with the "fictitious" development of the atomic bomb – a weapon that was never intended to be used. People who "knew" me would say to me now, "I think

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you're an arrogant son-of-a-bitch . . . if you expect me to believe . . ."
Of course, I'm only one man. The irritating thing, though, is that I believe in a power far beyond me to grasp and I wonder if my theory on how the trick of time-travel works is somewhere near the reality "life" presumes it should be. My best guess is to leave it alone.

"I felt the need to clarify: Creatively, what follows, by the result of an assumed reproductive barrier, exists a defensive scheme, constructed by Nature that presupposes at least one reason why it may be impossible to tolerate the presence of certain eggs or eggs in an uncertain way as food. Cats love birds, but birds do not like eggs. It is the miserable woman who keeps kittens. She will not like to conceive.

The Woman, in this case is being literally stalked, however, she can neither see nor feel it. A predator-prey relationship based on irrational love sours and contaminates

commitment to truth in the absolute promise of co-habitation - the need for offspring - with a male of her species."

Enjoying Summer

by the Elderly Lady with glasses

Its official summer is in full force. We will soon be celebrating the Birth of this Nations freedom when still so many poor people are not free. They are bound by greed and ignorance emanating from the greed and folly of the elected officials. It is amazing the GOP is still whining

about Obama care or the affordable care act when it saves so many lives. Funny we are still paying for all their pompous butts insurance. HmMMM I don't see them whining about that. HYPOCRITS!

*To every person that this message might reach HAPPY FOURTH OF JULY! I am truly proud to be an AMERICAN!
Love to you all....keeping it real*

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