

## Book 2-The Movie – Dirty Millions the Clean Way

(By Kirk Tillery)

Les Brown once said, “Say yes to your life, by saying yes to the dreams that excites you the most. Make it a living reality as you release bits of greatness from within each day. This fuel keeps your excitement for life, burning.”

“Be careful who you share your dreams and weaknesses with. Some people can’t wait for the opportunity to take your dreams, and use your weakness against you.”



The stories in my first non-fiction how to business book, **Make Dirty Millions the Clean Way** has changed many lives forever. This my second book/the movie, is very different and controversial as it will change millions of lives as well. One of my life’s goals is to stop world hunger and poverty. As we discussed one of the most devastating disease known to

mankind, I hope to change the mindset of most individuals. This fully curable emotional disease that we all suffer from at times, is called prejudice. This disease has created more chaos and poverty than any other disease known to mankind. If not for prejudice mankind would be an advanced intelligent species, instead of this selfish primitive joke assuming we are a technically superior creature. If not for prejudice there would be no more illnesses, as we would have found a cure for all medical disease. Our political leaders would assure the even distribution of all the earth's resources. Sciences would have come up with the mathematical equations to travel the universe, finding untold wealth and new discoveries to benefit all of mankind. How can anyone still be prejudice as God has provided everything needed for His wonderful creations, who dwell and survive together on this spaceship, we call earth? As this "spaceship" evolve around the sun each day, it provides an abundance of warmth, food, air and water, for all of mankind survival. With that being said, how can the human race allow, 30 to 40,000 babies around the world, starve and die each day from something as simple as, a lack of food. This books is designed to open our minds as it blows the dust off our untapped brain power. At the same time it will set a fire under each of us, that will inspire us to get busy

enough to make a small change, or major difference. As you read some of my unorthodox statements with your head held high. You will become full of pride in your thoughts, with positive hopes for the future, as we at times will visit a past that should never be talked about again after this book. This same race of people that seems to be stuck, will be nudged just enough to wake up. They will remember they once built the wonders of the pyramids, rich diamond and gold mines, as well as a new country named America. They have done all of this work over the centuries, for kings, queens, and presidents, without ever receiving full compensation for their labors. This has made this particular race of people the poorest, most disrespected, trashed, used up, groups of people on the planet today. The above wonders of the world build many centuries ago are still standing today, showing submission, service, and sacrifice of oneself. The stories in this book are meant to open all nationalities blocked minds, when it comes to finding individual change or personal growth. As we have learned all types of things during our life time from, teachers, schools, religion, parents, televisions, and a host of others learning institutions, who taught us how to think without regards to your listening to our true feelings. So if you will please temporally lend me your mind, as I attempt

to adjust your past, present, and future life learned restrictions. These restrictions has kept this particular race of people poor in mind, bodies and sprite for centuries. This book will give you the needed hope you have longed for, without changing your core individual values. This book will also remove the invisible self-made shackles that has kept their minds from being free to think for self, in order to see a purposeful future as self-planned from feeling and knowing the truth from within. If you start to read this book and you can't finish it due to the strong contents. Be thankful to have learned you still have some growing to do for now, as you will finish reading it later. But if you live thru the full readings of this book and live to talk about it, your life will be changed forever. This information will enhance the readers of all race, background, and creeds, to understand future possibilities of being unlimited human beings, working as one human race to make all things better for all people. This book was also self-inspired by listening to my favorite music, as I wrote each page moved by feelings and emotions. I like to suggest if I may, that you listen to your favorite music as you read each page bring my vibes as an author thru. As you continue to read, you will also find inspirational quotes, and pictures in no particular order, which also inspired me to continue write.

At times some written words may clash or have no immediate interest to you. Please keep reading, for clarity is in future chapters for your understanding. Now, as you put on your seat belt, turn on your favorite music, and adjust your body in your lazy boy chair. I hope you will enjoy this emotional, mind opening, life changing ride! I know this book will touch you in some of the ways I have been touched by the divine spirit. As mentioned in my first book, my SAT scores after graduating from a poor high school were on a third grade level, when it came to reading, spelling and basic math. I ask if you would please allow my creative freedom to shine thru, overlooking any minor spoken word mistakes. Again, I will repeat a few necessary **strong** statements, as my past teachers should have done, when I were in school. I feel this helps us to remember what's important!

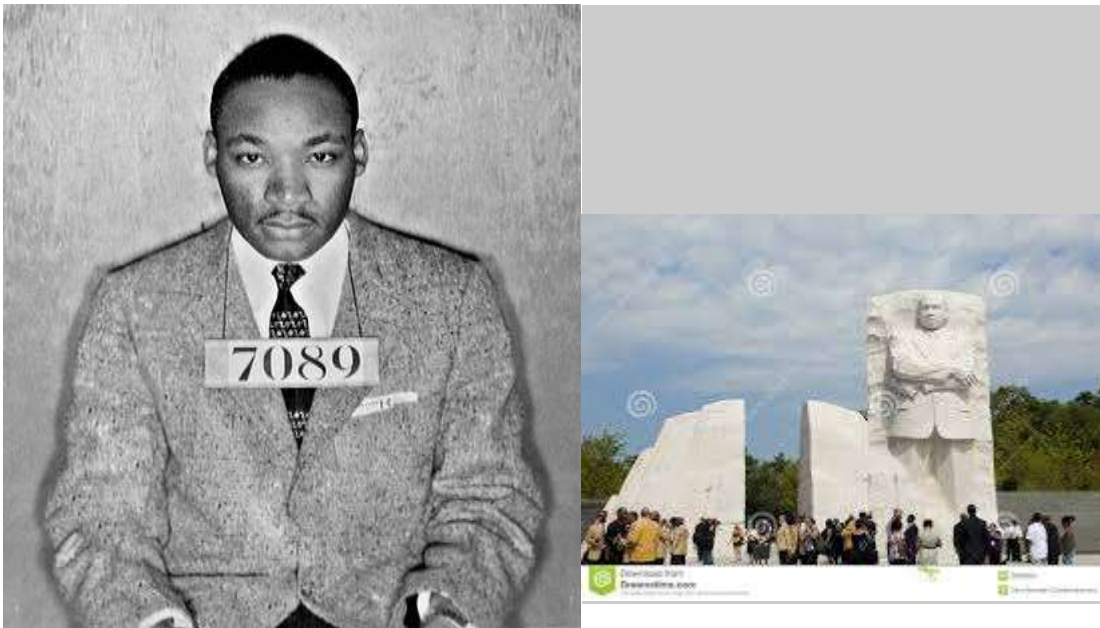
**“Love is the key that opens all hearts. The more people or living creators you love, will bring God closer to you. The more people that loves you in return, will bring you closer to God.**

**Please note or keep in mind as this book is written for all to study, grow, and change, as you will see life from a different**

point of view in time. You may find some comments of this books nature to be a little sensitive or maybe even offensive when it comes to your feelings. These somewhat offensive comments are written words which are somewhat necessary to make the strong points effective, as they are overdue comments needed to be said if things are going to change for the better. As I attempt to bend the rules that will affect these overdue needed changes in our present day society, stemming from an unrectified past. I will be respectful to the point of getting my written thoughts across. Being labeled over the centuries by society as another anger person, I strongly ask for your forgiveness if I offend anyone in advance if I am misunderstood. If you are offended in anyway by my good intentions, please forgive me now or as you continue to read. I sincerely mean no harm, hate, discrimination, disrespect, threats, revenge, or ill will, on the behalf of anyone. As you continue to read, I hope the message in these words becomes clear to your understanding, showing you different ways of adjusting your old ways of thinking, when it comes to your fellow man. To see life through another's eyes, or to walk in another man's work boots, is a journey that I hope everyone will experience, as they read this book. Now, let's get to

**work, as we make the world a much better place from its humble beginnings to this present day, as we prosper and grow as one big human being of a family, being human. Let's also enjoy life, the way it was meant to be enjoyed in God's original plan. All the richness and gifts of God's physical wealth cannot make you happy unless you share it with others. This wealth has been placed here on earth for all to enjoy through equality, or given equal portions for all. God did not place this wealth on earth for just the so-called privilege to enjoy or guarantee their wealthy survival. Forty thousand babies around the world, starve each day due to the greed of others. It only takes three things to survive, as God has guaranteed providing these three things as they are free. Food, air, and clean water is a given, as God lets the sun, rain, and air blow, on the rich as well as the poor each day, as He asks for no payments in return! Will someone please explain the reasons for so much greed, and selfishness around the world today? Especially when it comes to feeding God's helpless little babies! The question is, what's wrong with the human race?**

**Martin Luther King once said, “If a man haven’t found a true cause that’s worth dying for, he isn’t fit to live.”**



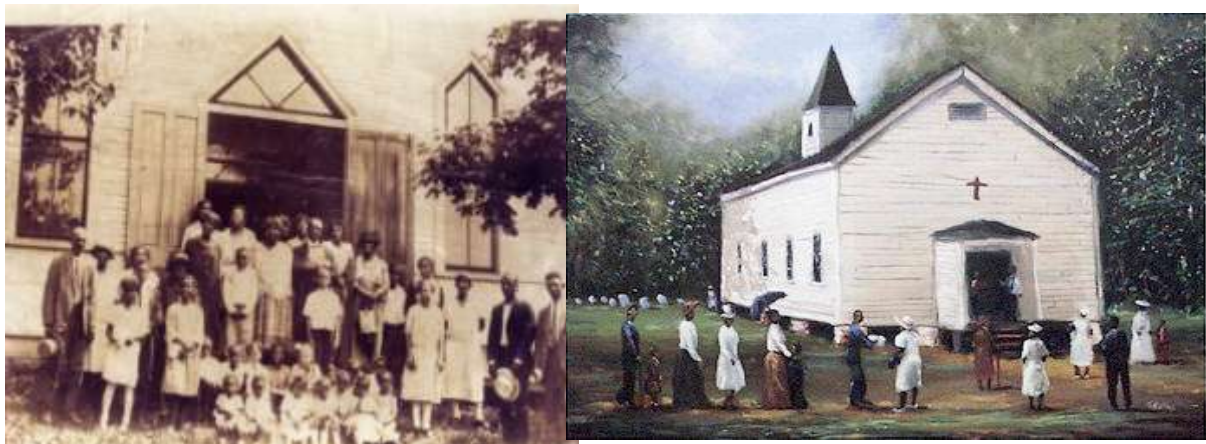
Over the years, the questions have been asked a many times, thru different studies or by many other race of people, here in America and abroad. “Why are black people, men and women so emotional? How can a group of people start shouting, screaming, and crying at any given time, during any given church service?” The short and simple answer is, we have served this country as no other servants will ever serve. Military personal, presidents, congressmen, politicians and senators, have never served this country, lying down life and limb the way we have since the beginning of the country. With only the benefits of welfare for our service, is an absolute disgrace when our service is compared to others,



who served this country under the American flag. Our emotions comes from the truth learned over the years about our troubled past, that has never been fully put to rest. We somehow live to feel, the connections of happy/painful moments from the stories told about our past. Which are still being lived thru us some generations later. O' yes, it is still bitter with just a touch of sweetness at times, as we express our emotions thru song and worship, which may seem like emotional recklessness to most other people. That small piece of true that is part of our history, has been so unbelievable to hear live, and die for, has causes us to be a little emotional at times. Yes, these historic stories may causes us to lose control of our civilized emotions, as we resort to a so-called temporary primitive state of freedom. At one time it was the only part of us black folk that was truly free. As these emotions came from within keeping us, as we lived without. With the understanding from each other that it's ok during worship, as you are among family and friends who understand. Without saying, its ok, we got you, we understand your emotional pains of joy, as we can cry, shout, and scream without regrets. Yes, we black folks have learned to get our cry on, and let go for the moment, without judgment or feeling embarrassed during confessions, or the

need to visit mental doctor. We will regroup and contain our emotions later during the service, but for now we are going to let the wonders of the Holy Spirit have its way with us, until it turns us loose! Some folks are serious when they say, "You just had an emotional laxative"! This always makes you feel much better about our past history, and helps us get thru the new work week, then and now. This bittersweet pill that we swallow each day for the cured of the wrongs done to us, is O' so bitter. So we will continue to cry, shout, and scream, during worship and other gatherings, trying to remove some of the bitterness of our unjust history, which has been forced down our throats, over and over again throughout the centuries. As we try to move forward spitting this bitterness from our past that's was placed on us from our grandparents whipped, beaten, scared, backs, with no-one seem to be concerned. As a whole race of people still today, of which seventy five percent are in poverty or living below the middle class dream. They have been trying to bury this thing called black history, every time they put one of us in the grave, but it just won't die. What they don't understand is, our grandmothers will always tell the stories that will never let our history die. Facing racism even today, without any real reason or recognition of our culture or blackness, has made

us adapt in some ways and incorporate ourselves slowly into other cultures to fit in. As America is trying to white wash our race of its identity and history as planned, we continue to feel the pain even more as we remember our ancestors stories, who lived our history so we could have a better life someday, never being satisfied until we reach their ultimate gold's. So again, we cry, shout, scream until this terrible injustice or wrong has been made, a right! We ask or challenge any race of people to visit a black church. Listen/hear some old fashion gospel, jazz, blues, R&B, music as you study and read this book. See if it move you! You may be touch by the holy spirit as you read, listen, and learn, to understand some of our



historic ways of perseverance. We are not asking for any sympathy. We are asking for some understanding of our past and present journey of being black, as an individual or a race of misunderstood, mistreated, misplaced, people! America,

from sea to shining sea, God has shined his grace on thy.  
Share His blessings!

**Maria Robison once said, “Nobody can go back in time to start a new beginning. But anyone can take these precious moments of today, to change what’s already been started to a new ending”.**

I don't understand why some words of wisdom are written or placed into our holy books, such as the Bible, Quran, and or the Torah to name a few. One thing that history has showed is that controlling poor people has always had its perks, for the rich and powerful, as past and modern low wage slaves continue to serve them. The modern-day politicians, Wall Street Wealthy, and the Elites, has learned from early history as they continue to do the same types of harm to low income people in the inner cities, and small towns across America, even as we speak today. Could it be that some words were added or inserted into the most holy books (For example: See Bible quotes below) to get the masses of poor people to believe in and submit to the rich? If placing words about how to be a good servant, in our holy books only benefit the rich and powerful, then what other truths has been deceiving? I remember a statement from a holy book or two, from when I

was a small child, as it read. “The Jews are God’s chosen people!” I ask myself-why? What’s the real purpose for saying something like this, as we look into a few more misunderstood statements!

**Russell Simmons once said, “While happiness is the birthright of every human being, too many people move through life with a poverty mindset, or the belief that happiness is always just outside their reach.”**

**Bible:** Ephesians Chapter 6 - Verse 5



**Amplified Bible:** “Servants (slaves) be obedient to those who are your physical masters, having respect for them and eager concern to please them, in singleness of motive and with all your heart, as (service) to Christ Himself”.

**King James Bible:** “Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with “fear” and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ”.

Please do not take my word for this, check it out for yourself.  
Hopefully, I miss understood this passages!

**Thomas Jefferson once said, “Our greatest happiness does not depend on the condition of life in which chance has placed us, but is always the result of a good conscience, health, choice occupation, and freedom to pursuit equal opportunities to change.”**

This book is being authored by a so-called angry black man, which may or may not be true, since I was born and partly raised in the inter city projects! Before going any farther, and to be on the safe side and for the record. I like to do something a little different. I like to start off with a short joke.



Joke: **Madea once said**, “Jesus is a black man!” Then she said, I want yawl to be patient with me for just a few seconds while I explain, scriptures to support and suggest that, Jesus was a black man! First of all it is said, he may not come when you want him too, but he’s always right on black folk time. Jesus was on black time. Jesus was a black man! Jesus got to Lazareth’s sickbed four days too late. Mary and Martha said, “Surely Jesus if you had of been here, my brother wouldn’t have died”. He wasn’t an hour late, he was four days late.

Jesus was a black man!



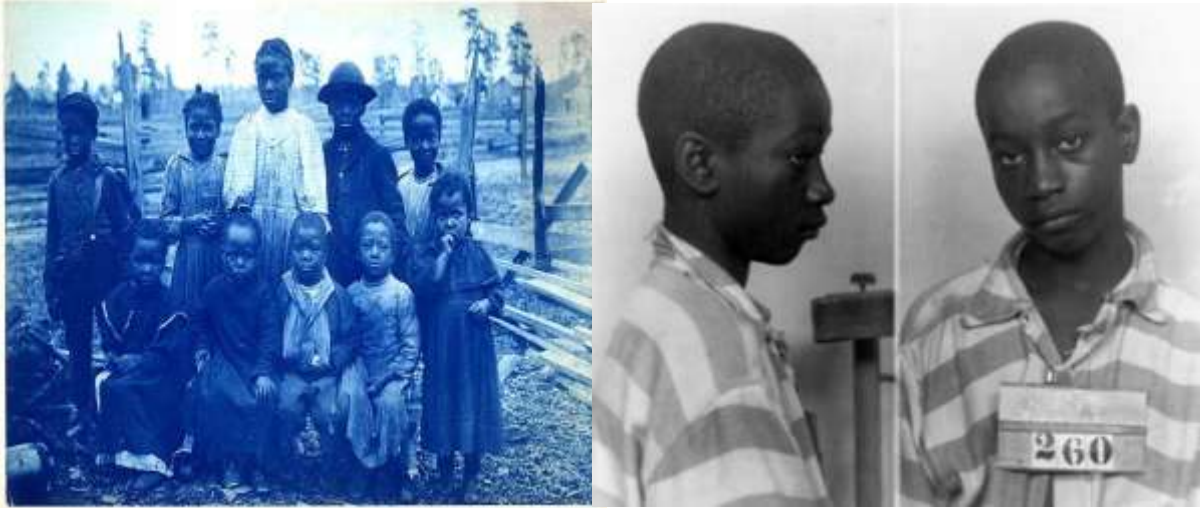


When Jesus left his momma's house from time to time, he was very vague when giving her answers." Where are you going Jesus?", "I'm going away"! "I'm go to a place!". "When will you come back Jesus"? "Soon!" "How soon Jesus?" "Very soon!" "How would I know when you are going to return?" Be ye also ready! Nobody knows the day or the hour! Jesus was a black man! He went to jail for something he didn't do. Jesus was a black man! "What are you in jail for Jesus?" "I don't know, I did nothing wrong. They just want to kill me for no good reason." Jesus was a black man! Then Madea said, "Another reason Jesus was a black man is, he lived in his momma's house until he was 33 years old." Jesus was a black man! People would ask him, "Where you live Jesus?" "With my mama and them". Jesus was a black man! Madea said, "This is in the scriptures, I can back this up." Another reason Jesus had to a black man was that, Joseph was not Jesus real daddy, No kidding Madea said, "He was



not his real daddy.” Jesus was a black man! That’s true she said, because after Jesus was born they had to go to that there, Maury Povich show for a DNA test. Like most black men on the show Joseph fail that test when he heard Maury say, “Joseph, in the case of baby Jesus, YOU ARE NOT THE FATHER!” Jesus was a black man!

**Theodore Roosevelt once said, “The boy who is going to make a great man must not make up his mind not merely to overcome a thousand obstacles, but to win in spite of a thousand fights that will eventually concord his past defeats.”**



As you continue to read this book, try to feel or pay attention to your emotions and true feelings. Your good feelings will give you some of your desires overnight, as well as change your life for the good. We have these good feelings feelings that we need to sometimes pay more attention to, in order to weed out the bad and replace with more of the good feelings. Feelings regulate throughout our bodies, helping us to take pacific actions based on what we feel before, during and after we create a particular result. During any given moment to receive a good a result we must first feel good, for the opposite of good is ---! These good emotions or feelings come from the soul, as they fulfill what we are experiencing, based on the soul's agenda to accomplished our desires. The soul's emotions or feelings help us see or look at life from the inside out. The soul can only reveal your truth feelings, as it is our

true connection or inner eye to God. As we are made in His likeness, we co-create through our feelings. When Jesus performed miracles He said, these things and more you can do, as you are created in my own image. For example, a group of people were in a room with all bad feelings one day. Before the clown comedian walked in the room feeling good and happy, these same people were on a self-destruct course. Within five minutes the clown, although the situations as it was his job to do so. He made everyone in the room feel good, so the meeting could move forward. The clown had self-created new feelings for this group of people, just by bringing his good feeling into the room. The feeling, (good emotion), is a strong giver of what we are or will receive in life. The feelings of bad emotions will also be experience, but keep this feeling limited for just a short period of time as you are in control of your emotions. To experience bad feelings from time to time is ok as well. This will help keep us in balanced, as we learn to appreciate our own good feelings, even more. How would you know what hot feels like, if you never experience cold? It's the same with bad and good? It's all up to you to make a choice to experience which feeling you desire at any given moment, as you move thru your day. When you are feeling bad, your soul

is telling you, something is not true, wrong, sick, and your way of thinking needs to be adjusted. Check out or feel these bad emotion for a moment or two, and let them go as you go about finding the solution to this emotion. Return to feelings good as soon as you start to fix the problem, as you let yourself feel good once again. The bad feelings will dissipate its presence from the body as good emotions have to return. Master your good feelings by simply feeling good most of the time, if possible. As good things return into your life in more ways than one, you will start to automatically feel good more and more each day. This will bring you a better, stronger, easier way of feeling good, as you continue to reach higher and becoming closer to Gods pure love, which is the ultimate reason for feeling good! Your desires will come true more often when feeling good. Good bigots more good! Without judgment always remember, things like hate, anger, lies, greed, jealousy, and deceit to name a few, are the same as bad emotions. These things blocks or dams' good feeling, keeping them from returning to the soul, which is our connection to God.

**Mary Anne Radmacher once said, "Courage doesn't always roar like a lion. Sometime courage is a quiet voice at the end**

**of the day whispering. Today I made some tough decisions and failed. I will try again tomorrow”.**



Please bear with me for a few more minutes on the above subject, as we discuss one of the blockers (lies) to the soul's good feelings or good emotions. The average man tells about six lies a day. The average woman tells three or more lies a day. For men this is about 2,190 untruths or lies each year. Scientists and religionists has asked the old age questions for centuries, "Why do we lie?" Most lies are told to avoid human conflicts, tension, mistrust, to get what we desire, or to avoid punishment at any cost for what we have already done. Most adult lies are based around selfishness when it comes to hate, anger, and jealousy, sex, and money greed, just to name a few. "How do we stop lying?" That's very easy to do! Just stop lying! Make up in your mind starting today to

never tell another lie! Speak slower, think about what you're going to say next before you say anything. The consequences of what happens to yourself and others, when you tell a lie or the truth can be life changing. What most people do not realize is, telling the truth will bring you closer to God, as this will enlighten you and your soul, which will direct or open your inner eye to see your spiritual and natural wealth, here on earth as well as in heaven. When you lie it takes you from your desired path and gives your wealth to someone who is in poverty already, due to their past lies told themselves or indirectly by another. So tell the truth about everything all the time! Try this for a few weeks. Write down your new lies on a small pocket calendar within a few hours of telling them to someone. This will help you keep count and reduce your daily, yearly lies. "Why should we stop lying?" Telling the truth and telling lies both have permit serious consequences, which will affect millions of innocent people around the world for many years to come. A lie can go around the world and effect people that you will never meet. Because of your truths someone may be pushed into a situation of cashing their first million dollar check, all because you told the truth. Telling the truth will help all of Gods people in ways that are positive to mankind. Telling the truth will stop most of the

unfair wars, sufferings, sickness, and hunger around the world. Especially for those who are in third world countries where people are mistreated due to others lies. They are hoping we start telling the truth about everything, as this will stop their pain and daily suffering. Words are one of Gods and man's most powerful creations. We are made in God's image! God spoke the word with pure truth, and it was done! A good professional speaker full of bad lies like Hitler, can use his powerful words or lies to negatively motivate the German people to kill millions of innocent Jews. Hitler spoke and it was done! Can you imagine your words starting a world war, such as Hitler did? If God could tell a lie, as we know he can't, what kind of nightmare world would we be living in today? God used his truths to create the spoken word. As he spoke and it was done, as His words became alive and lived, to obeyed his every command of creation. His living obedient words created man and all there is. Based on His true imagine, how much damage would we do each if we had that kind of power in our spoken words. Due to the fact that God have given us his unconditional love and choice with free of will. I am glad we have less power than, God's spoken words. Can you imagine, if our spoken lies would become active actions, causing all types of chaos, havoc, and bad

consequences to happen around the world. Where and what would happen to mankind? Long term research has shown as we lie each day, people around the world will continue to deal with bad consequences as seen on the nightly news. If each of us learn to tell the truth, we would change the world overnight to its original greatness that was once in Gods master plan, when he spoke and created the Garden of Eden. God had given us a touch of heaven, while we were to be here on earth. In this beautiful garden called Eden we could remember a small piece of heaven. Telling the truth is essential, if you and I want to change the world or have your desires manifest into reality. “Just tell the TRUTH, it’s not hard”!

**Winston Churchill once said, “Criticism may not be agreeable but it is necessary. It agitates the same functions of pain to the body, only its pain is in the mind. It brings attention to unhealthy states of selfishness”.**





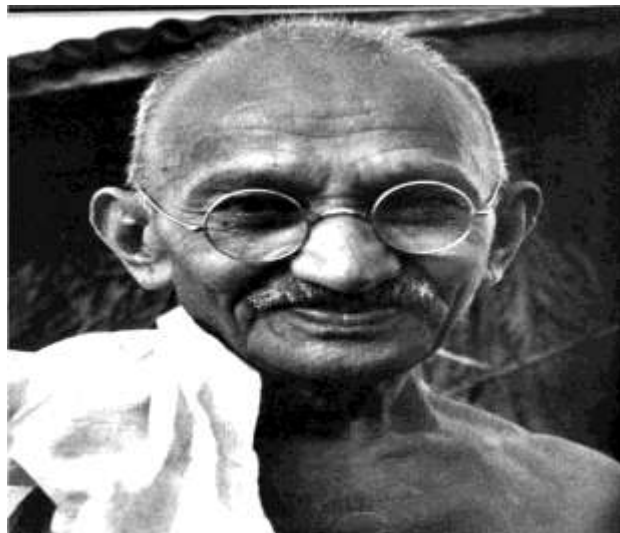
Throughout recent history in America, most Caucasians or white people have shown or proven that they are very intelligent, as well as a smart race of people who seems to always be on top of their material gains, over the past few centuries. History has also showed at times, some of these same people are some of the biggest crocks that the world has ever seen. Some have shown to be lazy, ruthless, conniving, crooked, selfish, foolish, greedy, mean, jealous and hateful, with no compassion for any other race, but their own. The time has come and the change is here, with karma working its mojo or magic on them! Now, I know most people within their belief system do not believe in this but, if you will please indulge in me for a few minutes, I will try to explain. We have all heard the old saying, “What goes around comes

around". The Buddhist priests and their Hindu religious followers strongly believe in, "What goes around comes around". They also believe until you get it right (life) and accept Gods unconditional love, mercy and goodness, you will not move forward, only to return. Until you find it in your heart to become pure love, as God is pure love, you will return to this earth again and again." This is something that the Buddhists calls reincarnation, which according to them, is a good thing and a good place to be until you get it right. As it is not a punishment because God cannot and will not, ever punish his earthly children, it is another way of growth. They believe you will re-visit heaven briefly or until you are ready or have chosen to return and live another life on earth after your last passing. These things that we call life are God's way of strengthening the soul, and his way of helping us to reach his pure levels of love, and unconditional goodness. As he is nothing but, pure love and unconditional goodness. Again this is a good thing. The Buddhist Priest also believes we may return as our own grandson or granddaughter from the previous life lived. Once you grow to reach adulthood, you will start over from where you left off as an adult from your past life. So get it right this time if you don't won't to return, as most Buddhist priest would say! "What goes around do

come around". This reincarnation process according to the Buddhists Priest and Monks, will continue until you choose to become closer to God as you become a pure enlightened beam of love, within yourself. Again, this is not a bad thing or place to be, according to the Buddhist Priests. It is all good, it's what we have chosen to do in order to reach our highest levels of love that reaches and touch God, who is on high! God will not force his will with fears or bad emotions, upon us to do his will, or anything we so desire not to do. We will someday self-accept this and become pure love, as one in connection with God's love. The Buddhists say some of us have lived many lives here on earth before. Due to fear, selfishness, and self-attachments to earthly things that gets in our way, is the reason most of us have only gotten this far, after many lives lived. Again according to the priest, this is still a good thing and a good place to be in our lives. We are allowed to take our time, as there is no time in Gods heaven. When it comes to reaching full enlightenment, God is eager to give all of his wonderful children this gift. Life is eternal, as we will never die, we just change out of our sick, old, tired physical bodies for new ones. As we change to whatsoever we desire, man, women, or just stay in heaven for as long as we like, basting in Gods perfect goodness and love until we

are ready to return, if necessary. We can take our precious time to move forward, whenever, however we so desire to do so. Some of us are on our last and final few trips to this old earth, due to the fact that we have almost finished and are too close to God's pure love to return. Other than to return sometimes to help others live their lives, in the ways to get closer to God's pure love, they are forever done with this process, according to the Buddhist priest!

**Gondi a Buddhist Priest once said, "This is my final visit to this earth, which has nothing more to offer me. I have been enlightened by Gods wisdom. I have become forever close to God's unconditional love and goodness. I need or desire nothing else."**



When Gondi passed away, (Martin L. King studied Gondi) he owned one plate, one spoon, one cup, four dress cloths, a pair of sandals, a toothbrush, and a rolled up prayer bed. His total net worth was, \$197. His intellect and wisdom, worth billions! The late great Tina Marie, singer and artist, once recorded a beautiful song back in the early 80s. One of the lines or lyrics in this song was, "I feel like I've been here before, I don't want to come back here anymore, I've seen rainbow colored people" loving and living as one, I don't want to come back here anymore..... Have you ever felt you've, been here, done that, before? We are responsible for each other's lives, as we reach for the highest ways to love. The injustice that is done to any one human effects or stalls all humans from reaching Gods unconditional, clean, purest of pure touch of love of his love. Buda said, "Listen to your heart from time to time, not just what your teachers and preachers have taught you. You must understand or feel what's is truly, the truth! Believe in God's goodness, as His goodness has always will believed in you". Trust it to be truth, as it is real!



**Aristotle once said, “Choice followed by some type of action, not chance, determines your destiny.”**

Today’s historians, teacher, and some religious preachers are telling black America, to forget about a certain part of the American history and move on. They say it was not our generation who did those terrible things of racism and wrongdoings to you and your ancestors. It was our parents and grandparents who benefited from your grandparent’s misfortunes, **not us!** So, why don’t you just move on and forget it? **We have forgotten already!** When we asked these highly paid historian after historian, to give up their

comfortable homes and life styles, to live in the intercity poorest, gun violent, cold ghettos, for one year, the answer was always the same. **I'm so sorry but, I just can't do that to myself or my family!**

Attempting to tell a very small part of an ongoing historic story that continues to unfold and change even as I speak in this moment and time is a challenge. This story about a hold race of trashed, throw away people, is almost too unbearable or impossible to finish in my life time. This one race of people had never done anything "wrong" to anyone on God's green earth. Before, this unforgivable events took place, because a race of people had become too lazy to do their own labor. To work and clear the land that's been stolen from the Indian race of people, spilling hundreds of gallons of Indian blood, was the lease these Caucasian thieves could have done. This strong misused black race of people have never been publicly or formally called to Washington D.C., to be apologized too by its wrongdoers living ancestors. They have never been apologized too in written form, by a history symbolic hand shack, or an amendments to the constitution, or thru a bill of rights, admitting fault or guilt of America's horrible actions as a whole. America has never given any type of monetary

restitution for all of the free labors place upon this race of people, as they did with Germany, Japan, and even some Indians. Full compensation for what was forced upon. Things like misery, pain, suffering, destruction, rape, hate, disappointment, wrongful imprisonment, missed opportunities, lost history, and the misplacement of our families and babies, being sold off and split up like farm cattle. We were removed from our home land never again knowing the families left behind, as most immigrants do.

Throughout the history of America, this particular race of people has suffered and continues to suffer, when compared to all other American races advancing. We have never had full equality, equal shares, and a workable racial advancement system put in place for real lasting opportunities. We wear this permanent black skin outfit with pride. We can never change our skin color due to mistreat of others, while living in this unjust system. By design from the powers that be, over the years has purposefully set up this system of destruction.

They have destroyed our true history as well as the black man's economy as a whole, to succeed. Now that this race of people has prevailed from the dens of human hell. Although this is one of the most unpopular things to say in these days and time. I must say it anyway, as a poor black man with a



poor history. No matter what anyone says? The Caucasian **male** race is the primary reason for all misfortunes, placed on the showers of poor black men. This misfortune is still effecting us in ways that has continued to be showed on the nightly news, daily. The “changes” are in full effect, as we act on untold sources.



**Bryant H. McGill once said, “There is no love without forgiveness, and there is no forgiveness without love. One of the hardest task for a man who has been wronged, is to pray for blessing, love, and wellbeing for his unjust enemy. In the same way he prays for blessings, love, and wellbeing for himself.”**

Now, you are going to encounter a few labor instanced words that are somewhat offensive, raw, and unspoken by some in today's highly educated vocabulary gatherings. These words are, slavery, janitor and nigger! Sorry but I had to re-dig these three words up once again. Due to the same old poorness and poverty that still exist in over ninety percent of all black communities, these words can you rest, as of yet. I had to breathe new life into these words, because they cannot/will not, ever rest in peace until they are truthfully, dead and properly laid to rest for good! Now, you may put this book down without reading it in its entirety, because of these words. Please don't do it! Please don't be ashamed of any of our past, present, and future truths, if you are to grow. Do not be temporary confused when it comes to your emotions, when hearing these and other harsh words, that somewhat represent black folk, even still today. Remember thru these three words, we have given a lot to humanity. We have given mathematics, science, medicine, and all types of life changing inventions. We were once kings and queens of greatness, which has never been repeated, until now. The list of black heroes throughout history, can never be fully documented as the truth was buried with them. So, when these three words are spoken, do not cringe, accept them as part of our history.

As we embrace and empower them, using them to our advantage, as you will soon learn how.

**“If there holding on to their pride, excuses, and ego instead your friendship, it’s time to let them go.”**



Even if it affects you, your kids or future grandkids still to come, we are going to tune these words around. They are opposite words on the vocabulary spectrum that represent a past that supposed to be, that was then, this is now. The present day ignorance’s or lack of education about these words is ironic within itself. Almost 100% of our history has been a big part of these few words. These few words have

helped bring us to some of the advancements that we are benefiting from today. Through affirmative action and hard labor work, we sometimes forget that our grandparents, had to suffer or indoor through the true meanings of these words every day of their lives, in order to get us to this point.

Through our history, living a life hearing and being called these three words daily, has been a hard thing to swallow in the past. I hope to soften the blow of these three words and maybe even show you how these words can help you make lots of money, maybe even millions. After reading both of my books, I hope you will become a change person as well as a wealthy person. For Example: The hip hop (rap) music community, who needs to give more to the black communities instead of flashing their wealth at the poor.

They have turn the word “nigger” into a billion dollar industry. At the same time, they dare anyone outside our race to use this word. My job is to show you how to tune these and other such words into wealth, as well.

**Maya Angelou once said, “A Destructive history despite its wrenching pain cannot be un-lived, but if faced with carriage, need not be live again. Learn from it, taking steps so it don’t repeat itself in anyway.”**



Facing these words face to face as a must do, will help change your life. You will soon find, that these simple conflicting words if studied correctly are beneficial. You will soon start to change the damage that have been passed down from generation to generation, when it comes to the slave mentality, ways of thinking. I also hope to show you how everyone in America has benefited from these same three harsh hateful words. These words are still being spoken throughout our society thru personal codes, or at times even straight forward, even today of the year. I hope you will see

these words differently after reading my books which I hope will change your way of thinking. These harsh words I speak of are no longer supposed to be spoken of. But, in today's upper cursed power society circles, these words continue to be on everyone's mind and angry tongues. According to the frequency of them popping up each week on the nightly news, there is a lot of profit to be made. The words slavery, janitor, and nigger are still some of confusing, powerful words. Words that have traveled around the world many times over without diluting its harshness. No one has ever said, I want to grow up and be a janitor, nigger or slave. Nor do they want their kids to grow up to be janitors, niggers or slaves. The people who have been labeled these words in the past have always profited the least, until recently! Let's take the word **janitor (maid/butler)** and break it down for a minute or two. This word has been part of most black success stories today and in the past. Because of its long term history and somewhat limited results we have prevailed. At one time, being a janitor was one of the only ways out of a desperate situation, for our black grandparent's. Even today, some poorly educated parents and grandparents show their love as they make shameless sacrifice for their families, to become janitors. In order for their kids and grandkids to someday

have a better life than themselves, they have no choice but to become highly qualified professional janitors. To be able to send or have your first or second kid, grandson or daughter, go off to a well know

College just because you were a janitor, has made many of our black fathers and grandmothers proud, as this keep the next generation remembering from once they have come. This task was done each day with no hesitation, as it made being a janitor worth getting up early each morning. Making this sacrifice to clean other people toilets, floors, and walls, was done with pride and dignity. To be janitors after President Lincoln freed the slaves, was at one time a privileged job to have, low wages and all. I say this because, we must remember and teach our great grandparents history, to our kids of today. I remember a short story of a young lady crying on my shoulder, as she had just quit her job as a janitor. I asked her to calm down and tell me what happened. She said, "Mr. Franklin just call me a stupid janitor, because I forgot to empty his trash cans during my rounds last night". "I am not a stupid janitor, I am a custodian", she said. Then she said, "He might as well have called me a stupid nigger, it means the same thing." I took a step back for a

second and paused wordless. All I could say to her was "WOW! I'll have a word with Mr. Franklin on your behalf as soon as I get the chance!" Now, if you interview any University on race research studies, The Tea Party or any similar group, you will find the above statements to be true. Almost seventy five percent of non-black people will tell you off the record, that black people are still the most hated race of people on earth. Why, only God knows? These three words are being used every day behind closed doors with angry passion behind them. Sorry, but we cannot ever own this type of hate for having done not wrong as one race to another. To be penalized for being strong willed, having black skin, and determination, is no longer our concerns. Ready or not, here we come from the rear to the front, once again! We have endured, survived, and adapted for centuries, to every wrong condition, perverted mental illness, and mistreatments, ever placed on a race of people, and yet we continue to rise. To find ourselves still unloved or hated by so many others, is not our problem anymore! We will not beg, ask, or cry for your acceptance, as we have seen the promise land from within.



**Harriet Tubman once said, “If you hear the dogs barking, keep going. If you see the torches in the woods behind you, keep going. If they are shooting at you, keep going. Don’t ever stop, you must keep going. If you want to taste freedom, keep going!”**



Based on history, it was around December 1860 in the small town of Lynchburg, Virginia during the civil war of which over six hundred thousand men died, trying to free the slaves among other things. This is when my great granddaddy “Earl” (Gibson) was ordered to drown his first newborn twin sons, by his slave owner and master of the Josephs Angelo Gibson plantation. Master Joe was under a lot of stress due to the war and the harsh cold winter, that froze and killed off most

of his food crops and farm animals. During the early months of this particular cold winter, master Joe had given the order to the male slave hands. He said, kill all non-essential newborn animals such as dogs, cats, black babies born into slavery, pets, etc. Due to low farm or field rations for these type of new animals. Master Joe knew he could hardly feed any extra sloop to the living slave animals or take care of them, until next season. Due to the fact that his plantation had fallen on hard times, with exceptions to the big house, he couldn't risk feeding slaves his non-sloop, over stocked food that's kept in the big house. Now, I don't know everything about old master Joe, great grandpa Earl whispered to another slave hand using broken English. These here are the coldest words I had ever heard, he told me to kill my twin babies. How can anyone demand a new father to drown his only offspring's, no matter what the circumstances are at the time? After Master Joe heard that my great grandmother Lucy/May had just given birth to the boys, he came to the shack, took one look at the babies and said with an angry bitter voice, "Kill those black bastards and bury them out back near the others, now Earl"! Black babies were called bastards back then because the white religious slave owners believed black people had no souls. The jumping the broom

ceremonies as a way of a black couple uniting as one in marriage, didn't count for nothing in the eyes of all southern slave owners. It had no legal tender whatsoever, as the women last name never changed, it continued to be, the plantation owners name, such as Gibson. That was all that mattered in the eyes of the slave owners. As great granddaddy begged "Master Joe" to let his little new born baby's live, master turn his back to all the black folk who had just witnessed this miracle of twins and walked away. As he walked away he yelled, "You heard me nigger Earl, I said kill those little black bastards now!" Earl being a little distort disobeyed Master and hide his sons for a few days in the woods. He drowned two puppies that were a few weeks old that the plantation kids played with and kept hidden from old Master. Earl, dipped them in lime and lye and buried them out back near the fence. After rumors spread from uppity house nigger to uppity house Niger, who worked in and around the big house, that the babies were still alive. Soon, Master Joe got wind of this news! Early the next day, Master Joe asked Earl to see the grave sites of the newborns. As Earl walked with Master to the sites, about half way there Master grabbed a large shovel from the toolshed and gave it to Earl. As he took the shovel from Master's hand, he knows this may

be his last day on earth. As they approach the grave site Master told Earl to point to the babies resting place, then told him in a deep angry voice, “dig” Nigger. As Earl uncovered the puppies in the shallow grave, Master turned red as a half rotten apple that sat in the sun all day. He gave Earl a look of, you black uneducated piece dog bowl. Then Master yelled, “You tried to fool old Master, do you know what this means, where are those nigger babies, do you know what this means?” Earl got on his hands and knees and cried out, “Yes Saa Massa, please have mercy on me, please have mercy on me”, Earl repeated over and over as many times as he could in just a few seconds. “My love for my babies got the better of me saa, I’m sorry”. Then Master Joe kicked Earl in the mouth with all his might. He said, “You love those little black bastard babies more than you love me, your Master?” Earl said wiping blood from his mouth, “No saa Massa, I love you more. Ya see Massa, I aint never had no baby boys of my own before, and after cracking that there ice, in that there water barrel of cold water I just couldn’t drown them babies. I tried to put them two babies in that there cold water the same time to drown them like you said. (Earl crying) Those their babies started to scream like I never heard babies scream before so I just couldn’t do it. I just, I couldn’t control

myself Massa, and I couldn't do it. I'm sorry Massa! So, I ran deep into the woods as I dried them their babies off, I made a small fire, and I just had to hide them after holding, caring, and crying for them all night. I'm sorry Massa, I'm sorry!"

Master yelled again, "Look at me "boy" you know what this mean don't you? Earl looking at Massa and the ground at the same time, because it was to unbearable by law and the lack of self-confidence for any black man to look a white man in the eye longer then a split second. Earl said, "Yes saa Massa, yes saa, I know what this means". As Earl and Master walked back to the big house, Earl still had the big shovel in his hand. He know when he arrived that Master was going to have him whipped un-mercifully until he dies or live the rest of his beaten life, wishing he would of died at the hands of the white field boss. Dyeing while still being stripped to the wiping pole had been seen by grandpa Earl a many times over the years. Earl was in a dilemma, he said to himself, if I hit master hard and fast with this here shovel, maybe I'll kill him and run off with my wife and two newborn sons. Earl gripped the large shovel with all his might as he walked behind old master. As he started to swing it at Master's head, he looked up and notice that he was already standing near the big house gate. I have seen what a whipping by the hands of a

nigger as well, can do to a good healthy black man, once the whipping is done. The one's who lived after the whipping, always wished they had died every day after for years, or the rest of their lives! I have also seen what a whipping in the hands of a house nigger, done to one of the field niggers, as he truly loves Massa more than he loves himself, with some degree respects the field nigger. You see when the white boss man whips you, Master would order him to only give you twenty or so lashes, because he knows it come from the soul of a hateful white man that hates all niggers, and it is twice as bad as the house nigger, who gives you forty lashes. Don't get it wrong, the house nigger hates the field niggers to a point as well. The house nigger, is a very jealous angry black man, who always has to stay on top of his game, exhausted and nervous, and never well rested, because he thinks the field niggers are always trying to get his job and the extra slop that comes from the big house table or trash after each meal. He has to work twice as hard for Master with a smile knowing Master and the field niggers both hate him and are watching him, with hope's that he slips up. This makes the house nigger forever angry, tired and full of worries as he tries to keep up with the Gibson's or as they say today, The Jones. Now, this particular cold winter day, Earl was somewhat lucky so he

though when he heard, the head plantation field boss had fallen off a bucked horse two days earlier and was still recovering from his injuries. So that's when Master Joe called on his dependable house nigger Tyrone, "Gibson" to do the whipping to Earl. As Tyrone ran across the front yard of the big house to meet Master Joe, he would yell over and over again, "Yes saa, Massa, Yes saa Massa, I'm a coming. I's a hear you SA, I's a coming! What can old Tyrone do for you saa?" Master said to Tyrone, "Get the cutting whip out of the shed and give Earl forty plus hard lashes". Tyrone and Earl weren't close friends or nothing, but they had an understanding for each other as black men. Every now and then they would do something to make each other slave life just a little less painful, or hopeful as they helped one another on many occasions over the years. As a house nigger that worked sometimes in the kitchen and a field nigger, over the years they had to do for each other to balance things out. After Master Joe, his wife, and five children were finished eating when times were still good, there was a lot of food leftover from Master's table from the five kids that left it on their plates. One of Tyrone's jobs as a house nigger was to take the leftover food after each meal like lunch, and dinner and scrape it into the dog's food bowl. By the end of the day the

dog's bowls would be running over with leftovers, which sometimes fell on the floor beside the bowl after the dogs had their fill for the day. A few times each month after Master and his family had retired or went to bed for the night, old Tyrone would scope the dog's leftover food off the floor and scrape the dogs bowl clean. He would wrap it up in some old paper and put it near the gate for Earl to take home late nights, to his hungry wife and extended family members whom were all field niggers. In return these particular field niggers would tell the other groups of field niggers not to be so hard on old Tyrone; he feed us once again from the big house table. They would tell the other field niggers all day over and over again how good the food was last night, coming from the big house. Now, Master for a long time knew that there was some type of connection with Earl and Tyrone, but he just let it be. So Master when looked Tyrone straight in his wondering eyes and told him. If you don't whip Earl to my satisfaction, or if you hold back your strength, when "Boss" or Billy, the plantation field boss returns from his injuries in a few days, I will have him to give you a fresh forty lashes, and you know he will be well rested and ready to do so. Old Tyrone said, "Yes Saa Massa, Yes Saa", as he walked over to the whipping pole to strap or tie Earl to it,



Tyrone's heart was a little broken. With forty self-due fresh lashes from the cutting whip given by field boss Billy, in the back of old Tyrone's mind, he was terrified. He swung the cutting whip like no other black man or as Master would say nigger, had ever swung a whip on that plantation before. After about thirty lashes from that cutting wibe laced with glass, Earl's body and mind just couldn't take it anymore. He stopped yelling and passed out into a deep coma as his body was held on the whipping pole, by the straps that old Tyrone had tied to him. Old Tyrone stopped whipping Earl for a few seconds and said to Master Joe," Massa please Saa, if I continue to whip Earl he's gonna die."



Master dropped his jar of lemonade, jumped up out of his porch chair, and looked at old Tyrone as if to say, I find two of you niggers disobeying me on the same day, I'll kill the both of you myself. As he walked over to Tyrone, pulled his dagger or pistol from his belt and shot at old Tyrone's head grazing him, breaking Tyrone's skin as he started to bleed. Then Master said, to Tyrone, "Nigger if you disobey me one more time or stop whipping Earl again, both you and that worthless piece of nigger, will die today. You understand me boy!?" Earl died that day before the whipping stopped. He had left his twin boys in the woods hidden, with nothing but a prayer to take care of them. My grandmother cried a sickening, ill cry that day and for many months after grate grandpa's death, people though she would lose her right mind set. She had not only lost her husband Earl, but she had lost her twin boys that she had only held and seen the one time, the day they were born. She also know that she would someday see her babies again, in heaven or earth. My great grandfather Earl, kept my grandmother from being too involved those first few days of caring for the boys in the woods. Knowing full details of the boy's location in case they were found out, could get her into some serious trouble, such as a whipping or hanging. By only telling the truth and what little she knew,

Earl knew she would be safe. For years Lucy May my great grandmother, would walk to the edge of the back part of the plantation, where the farm ends, and the woods began, visualizing grandpa Earl and the twins. People spoke of her doing this, early in the morning and sometimes even late into the night. Hoping through some miracle the boys would one day crawl out of those woods to hug her with a hug, which only babies can give to their mother, after a long absences of their mothers love. Grandmother named the boys Mark and Slim. She would talk about them to other slaves, as if she knew them well. She said she remember seeing a birthmark under the navel of her first born twin son, so she gave him the name Mark. Slim was her second born son by just a few minutes, as he seem long and thin in stature like his daddy Earl. Whose nickname was slim also! After the war was over and many years had past Master Joe was bitten by one of his dogs who was sick from mad dog rabies disease. At that time with no cure or penicillin for this disease, Master Joe became sick or touched as people would say (crazy) with some of this same dog illness that eventually took his life. After a long angry, cursing, screaming, painful, fight and talking out of his head, using words like nigger this and nigger that, he finally past on. With full anger and hate still in his heart and soul, till

the day he died he was very angry at everything black. He was like that sick bull dog barking and growling at a litter box of kittens for no reason. Because of the bull dog or Masters Joes sick ways and nature he would kill and destroy the kittens or the niggers in Master Joes case, in a heartbeat if not for the changes around his and the bull dogs necks, which kept both of them steadfast to that big tree trunk.

**Rosa Parks once said, "I've learned over the years that when one's mind is made up this diminish fear. Doing what must be done anyway, does away with injustice."**



I remember hearing the stories of how my strong great grandmother had learned and taught her kids and grandkids, how to deal with life, fear, and other emotions that comes

from injustice. She would say all types of eloquent things as she talked to her granddaughters mostly, when it came to dealing with men, life and relationships. She would say “Gal, you better learn how to deal with them their fears, life, and that their man you’ll seeing, along with your failures, and out of control emotions. Stop all that their crying and stressing about a man before you get sick. Face your fears head on it is only an emotion the can be flipped. Emotions are Gods way of telling you to get out of his way, and let him do his job by helping you through this. Fear and love are the strongest two emotions that we have, so embrace them or let go. Love and fear yaw see, them their two emotions work as one when it comes to strength, they can work for you or against you.”

They can feel so good at times, and will give you the motivation you need or they can paralyze you in your tracks, if you don’t get control of them, by not having out of controlled troughs. I said, stop all that there crying, gal. I know that their man hurt you, but you got to feel the fear for a moment as it will burn itself out, as you will love again.

Then do what you have to do to make things right. Grandmamma said, I remember when I was a little gal, I was so afraid of heights it was unbelievable. If I had to pick fruit from a tree and my feet left a few inches off the ground, I

would get dizzy and pass out. One day Massa field boss saw this. He grabbed me by the arm and dragged me up the bark of a tall tree. He tied both of my hands to a branch and told me I was the stay there until I got over my fears. I passed out over and over again, as I started to notice that each time I woke up, I was becoming less afraid and would stay awake much longer after the third episode. Then finally, I just sat there looking around wondering what I was so afraid of. After about two or so hours had passed, I was cured of my fear of heights. The fear had completely burned itself out, as I was never afraid of heights again. I learned that day I love myself more then I loved some stupid fear that was trying to stop me from living my life to its fullest. Fear can never win over love, as you learn to control your out of controlled fearful thoughts. Face them, face to face for however long it takes, even if you have to lose you self-control for an hour or two. Yes Grandma said, I know it's not comfortable to face those fears, but if you love yourself as I know you do, you will do what it takes to become stronger. Grandma said, you must always make your life work first for you and them children. Your kids are depending on you to be strong, so forget about that man for now, and move on. You will not die from fear or a bad love relationship, you will just become stronger each

time you face this kind of hurt and fear in life, believe me gal, I know. Don't mentally beat up on yourself gal, when you fail at a task of love, learn as much as you can from the experience and move on. Do you hear me gal? When you fail or become afraid, pick yourself up and reach deep down inside yourself, pass this emotion, and start a new challenge in this here life right away. You hear me gal? Look at me gal, I'm talking to you, hold your head up and listen, you young and still got a lots to learn. I want you to start early tomorrow morning by moving faster and faster in everything you do all day long tomorrow. Move fast over the next few days, and you will get over that man, that you think you love. When you walk, pick cotton, get dressed, cook for Massa, pull yourself up and get back on track, now stop all that crying and listen to old grandma, I knows what I am talking about. Remember this, you are a strong women, who comes from a long line of strong black women, and don't you ever forget that baby girl, don't you ever forget that. As grandma wiped the tears from her own face and her granddaughters face with that old cleaning rag that had seen more tear in its day then water. As grandma starts to get a little emotional herself. You see, we have to teach our young daughters to believe and feel Gods built in inner strengths when you do fail at love or are afraid.

We have nothing else to hold on too as black strong women, in times like these. Even when you see that old angry Massa walking in your direction remember, those emotion that you are feeling are Gods way of saying move gal, get out of my way, I am going to deal with old Massa for you soon, how soon grandma, very soon as they somehow smiled! If you do what I tell you gal, you will notice in a few days that your task that used to take you a week to do since your heavy heart break, are done in two or three days, as you will forget him and the fears, because you are too busy to think about it anymore. Then she said, now you listen up hear child you stop all that there worrying before it turns your good heart into hate and your black hair gray. I've seen so many black women become hateful when it comes to black men, who are confused about their manhood after being beat down for so long by the white man, in ways most black women just could never understand what they go thru as well. You see, 90% of your life is going to be beautiful and sweet, when it comes to your needs for survival as you receive the necessities of life from God each day that which is food, air, and water. It's that their 10% that's the hardest part of life that you will need to work on from time to time, that will shake you to your core. If you let things like want, greed, and I have to have it now



get to you, this controls your life, it will kick you in the pants over and over again, if you don't let go. You see, God will bless you every day with food to eat, (that's 30%) although it may not come from Massa big table or the big house, it will come every day if its Gods will. God gives you cool water to drink every day. (That's another 30%) and then he gives you lots of cool breezes of fresh air to breathe (The final 30%). So you see gal, that there is 90% of your worries that you need not ever worry about to survive each day, as life's several gold's are already taken care of. God almighty has already taken care of this for us. Now, when it comes to that bear of a 10%, you may have to be a little concerned from time to time and work in advance to avoid its wrath. Even then, if you work a little harder, smarter, faster, with love in your heart the blow may be softened a bit. God will bless you if you work hard, to have the strength when that 10% shows it ugly head of destructions and knock you down, as he strengthens you to get back up on your feet. Though your past hard work comes strength for now and the future, it will pay off making things just a little easier to deal with when the pains and setbacks, come in and out of that hard 10% of life. If you have to worry, never worry about the things you need to survive, take one day at time! Then great grand mom broke out into

another one of those old fashion gospel songs, as she started to sing the song. “One day at a time King Jesus, that’s all I’m asking of you. Give me the strength, to do all the things you have me to do, One day at a time!” In time, when you reach my ripe old age child, you will have learned to “love” the fears, and all of your emotions, for they make you feel alive. They give old folks like me a reason to keep right on living. You have to learn to turn yourself into what Massa calls a winner, no matter what happens, baby girl. I’ve been told, in those days the old great grand moms, had no psychiatrist to send their grandkids too. They were the psychiatrist, with no PHD’s under their belts, only lives lived lessons were reused for fixing any confusing mental issues. She and all of those old black folks live amongst the young, teaching them old knowledge and wisdom. Telling passed down stories, and teaching old crafts and trades, of past generations, until the day they died.

**Abraham Lincoln once said, “Always bear in mind that your own resolution to succeed is more important than any other. You cannot truly help another succeed unless you are successful yourself.”**

It was around 1910 and a lot had changed. Some years before this President Lincoln had paid the ultimate price for freeing the slaves. Over the years, my great grandmother would tell the story to my grandmother and others over and over again, of how much this president murder had affected black folks.

She said, I remember it like it was yesterday. Many black women and men became sick to their stomachs as if it was a plague. When we heard the news that Lincoln had been killed, thousands of us drop to our knees as if it was a close friend or relative who had been murdered. Then great grand mom said, this ugly hate for black people had come full circle this time. A white man had killed another white man. I reckon, he tapped into that deep uncontrollable hate they have stored up for black folks. Without seeing Lincolns color, he killed one of his own. One of Americas greatest



Presidents!



Great grand mom had seen her better days as she was now approaching her ninety eighth birthday. My great grandmother was considered a beautiful women in her younger days, when it came to the white man's views, and standards, of the descriptions or comparison of what a white women should look like, as she was born with a few of those white women features. You see, her mother was born of part

Indian decent; with my great grandfather as her white rapist, who fathered my grandmother, of who I know little about.

Some Indian women were kidnapped from their Indian reservations and forced to travel as they service the sexual needs of the southern military men, brigades of men or used as negations chips, until they were about seven or eight month pregnant. At this stage, she would be given to any southern plantation owner to do chores or whatever, some hundreds of miles from her original reservation home. Just like so many other Indian women who were relocated all over the southern plains of America for this and other reasons, during this time she gave birth to thousands of mixed race babies. My grandmother had daughter and lots of self-adopted kids and grandkids that she spent part of her life's work, telling them this and other black history stories of how we came to be where we were then, and where we are in the future. My great grandmother helped raise these kids, after so many black fathers walked off leaving wife and kids to fend for themselves. As they looked for work up north and never returned, so many black men left because they were so heartbroken from the harsh treatments by the white man in the south and other parts of the country. You see, during the slave era and for many years to come, it was common place

for a white man to have his way sexually with any colored women, whatever he wanted. Any black or mixed race woman he so desired on any particular day or night, was his by law to do as he will. The white man would rape our women in the cotton field or in his home, whenever he had an erg to do so. There was basally nothing a black man or the woman could do about it. These same perverted actions were approved by the red neck lawmakers, who were rapist of our young black daughters, wives, and other dark race women. Let's think or elaborate on this for a moment. If Master or any white man desired your wife or any black man's young teenage daughter sexually, it was his "God" given right to have her anytime or place, if he so desires. If you were in bed sleeping with you wife and Master, with a few of his drunken buddies from the surrounding plantations came to your shack door and said Lucy May, (my great grandmothers name) come with me right now nigger gal we are having a party over yonder and you are invited. Again as a black man, there's absolutely nothing you could say or do as your wife got up, and got dressed for the short cold walk to the big plantation house party. You as a man slave would open the shack door as fast as you could to keep Massa from getting angry as you answer him back by saying. Yes Saa Massa, yes saa, she'll be

right there, she's a coming for you, saa. Knowing farewell what was about to happen to your wife. It's Saturday night and Massa has a few of his buddies over from some of the local connecting plantations getting drunk. You try hard not to listen after he takes your beautiful wife from your arms but can't help yourself. As you hear late into the night, this rapist and his plantation owning buddies, gang raping your wife over and over again. As you can't help but imagine, these rapist having all type of oral, vaginal, and forced animalistic anal sex with her. As this is the women you love, the mother of your children, you can't help but want to kill every one of those sick sons of a bitches. When your wife returns, sometimes she had been beaten and visibly bruised. No, matter what had happens, the next day your strong wife would get up on Sunday morning, fix briefest for everyone, get dressed and go off to the plantation shack of a church to give God his due praise, with a forced smile on her face. For years, with all your heart and soul you try to deal with this craziness weekend after weekend. As it keeps getting worst as time passed starting with your oldest daughters, this would eat you alive. As a proud black man with pride that soon turns to a sickening uncontrollable anger that's filled with hate, which will last for generations to come. This type

of sickening actions repeated done over and over again to our women and young kids, has created the so-called angry black man, that still exist today. Not only from this one injustice, but for all the other injustice forced upon us as well. Like a cancer that smells of dead flesh, as it has mercy on you for years so it could eat you alive, before it finally kills you dead. This anger still lives deeply within the poor black man some generations later, because of the uneven justice system, and a need for a leveled playing field of opportunities for the poor black man, wanting to take care of their wife's and families. As a black man our history have been demoralized, as we live a life of less than a man in and out of the system trying to find our way. With egg on our face for generations. Do our black women still look at us as poor black men, who are a bunch of failures? When compared to all other race of men, the answer is yes! The terms angry black males/men comes from this and a lot of other harsh experiences or treatments that these the same men of other race, have placed upon us on purpose. As we still consider ourselves somewhat strong black "men" who will prevail one day soon, to up wright all of these easy, should have been fixed a long time ago, wrongs! Generation after generation we have looked at light/skinned, mixed race of children (his-kids not ours) that we knew were



not truly ours, and have made the best of it. They even tried to convince us that light was right and dark was wrong, as they impregnated our women for us. Massa, would never admitted to his blood line in nigger kids, due to the legal rape systems that never condoned them, as shown by the lack of actions taken by those who supposed to uphold the laws of God and man.

Yes, we already know the answer to, the question that has been asked again and again, by other races. "Why do so many black men leave their families to fend for themselves?" Once again, that's easy to explain! Today, the strongest reasons most black men walk away are because of, lack of education, economics, or the lack of a good steady job with and a decent salary to raise or take care of a family. Even still today, our past history and race plays a major part in these poor black men departures for the family unit. As a man who is powerless combined with pride who lives in the poor slums and ghettos with a family to support, it's just too much to handle at times. These are a few of the many reasons why so many black men in our past and present time has walked away from the black family of which they love with all their heart and God given soul! Some of these same rapist off

springers who are in power today, have taken pride and power from the poor black man, by their continued to set back programs as they take unfair actions to affect generations to still come. Some young black men still think, it was ok for my father, grandfather, uncle, brother, and so forth, to leave the black family unit, as they are supposed to be my youthful role models. Then it's ok for me, the next generation to do the same, as we continue to repeat this runaway cycle. We have always loved our wife's and kids, as it is in our nature to do so. These unreal circumstances made us hate our self-poorness and the circumstances that come with them. Not being able to do anything about the injustice that was bestowed upon himself, his wife, daughters, mother, aunts, and black women in general has been a huge set back. This among other things, has seriously help destroyed the black family unit. As a man looking at the black family from the eyes of a poor lesser man, it's hard to stomach this. Seeing every other race of men taking care of their families with ease, is a strong overwhelming blow to the black physique!

As of today the only thing most black men know about their, "great" "great "granddaddy's is that they were a bunch of

rapist, who dumped and left black offspring all across America. When the black man do the same thing, it becomes a crime worthy of going to go to jail for in most states if child support payment are not made on time. Massa, the rapist never paid a dime for legal child support, that's well over due or needed to bring poor people out of poverty. Most of us are here due to this violent, hateful, and angry act, which took place without consenting adult permission. Thinking about this alone, gives us the right to be a bunch of angry black men, as we are so offended called.

Yes, without any shame, my great grandmother was raped by this rapist in the fields of Virginia, starting at the age of fourteen. From this rape my half white grandmother was born. To keep from being mistreated, hated, or even killed, my great grand mom with persist moves, would always hide my young light skinned grandmother every day of her young life in her beginning years. She kept her out of the eyes of most white men for most of her young childhood. One day as great grand mom was sitting on the porch telling these powerful stories to the kids on the farm that she was born and lived on all her life; she saw a dark man and a tall thin

light skinned man approaching her. Before these two strong, well groomed, black men in their mid-fifties reached her or could say a word, great grand mom Lucy May said, in a soft calm voice Mark, Slim there goes my baby boys. Then she screamed as she said it again, there goes my baby boys. The older kids, which was sitting on her porch knew of the stories of Mark and Slim, being hidden in the woods by my great granddad Earl so many years ago! But what they didn't know was, how great grand mom knew this was them. Did she finally lose you sharp mind? As she stood to her feet, tears flowed down her face like two rivers over running their banks. Praise God there's my babies, she said again, my babies, she just kept saying praise God, my babies. The older kids that were on the porch saw how emotional great grand mom was getting as they tried to make her sit back down, but she just wasn't having no such thing. As the boys stepped in the yard and walked up on the porch, she opened her arms and gave them a tender hug that only a mothers old loving set of arms can give. Without another word, great grand mom hugs each of them for about two minutes each. Finally as she released Slim, with tears of joy still flowing down her face she said shacking, what, how, where, when, who? The kids on the porch ran to find their older aunts, uncles,

brother, and sister as great grand mom became too weak to stand, as the word spread throughout the plantation of what had just happened. When Aunt Sondra Fay, who is a large dark middle age, gray haired lady arrived first as she saw how emotional great grand mom was, and forced her to sit down. That's when great grand mom told Aunt Sondra Fay, "You see, I told you my boys weren't dead there they go right there". I knew it all the time she kept saying. After about thirty minutes or so, Aunt Sondra Fay finally calmed great grand mom down and slowly sat her back down in her favorite chair on the porch for the umpteenth time. As people gathered around the porch to see what all the fuss was about, great grand mom reach out for the boy's hands and started praying like no one had ever heard her pray before. You see, what most young folks didn't know was that all black grand moms, and great grand moms had a lots of practice throughout their long life's, when it came to praying for their family members, to be safe, healthy and stay alive. At



times great grandmamma, would also pray asking God to rest great granddaddy Earl soul with peace, knowing he and his soul had, had a very hard life as a slave and had done the best that he could, as a strong man. Dear God as she prayed once again, ruler of all men, king of all kings, lord of lords, she said. I thank you, as you thank my boy's guardian angles for me, O' God of mercy. You had them put their protective arms and

wings around my boys for all these years. They were just little babies when they were taken from their earthly mother and father arms and placed in your care. For you to protect them from harm, danger, and the seen and unseen hate, that's always in the white man's hearts. I Thank You O' Lord! O' Lord she continued to pray, I have been ask a many times by the privilege white women of this here farm plantation, the question of why? Why old nigger gal, why do you continue to live in this here harsh life of hate that's bestowed upon you by our men, even still at your ripe old age. Why you don't just lie down and die, nigger gal, what are you holding on for? O' God she prayed, I would sometimes respond and say, one day I'm going to see my twin boys again, until then I am gone live on, knowing God answers prayers. Then she busted out and said, He may not come when we want him, but today He's always right on time. O' God, she cried out as she continued to pray. I know it won't be long now, I'm coming on home now, she said. I is coming to be with you soon, O' Lord have Mercy, I'm coming home! As she continued to pray she said, O' Lord my God! I remember my mother, her mother, and before her, who would tell us the wonderful stories of your glorious heavens, of which we slaves call our home, Amen! And then out of the blue, great grand mom

just started singing one of those old gospel songs, which has been passed down throughout our black history. As it went something like this! O' they tell me of a home, and a city, made of gold, and they tell me when I arrive, I'll be home, I'll be home. O' they tell me of far-away home and a city made of gold! O' they tell me of a home. Then great grand mom said, today I feel like I'm in heaven although my feet are still planted here on this earthly plantation soil, I feel as though I am in heaven. Then great grand momma said everyone, please sing along with me as you imagine these wonderful words in your heart and mind, of the beautiful homes that awakes us, in heaven! In this old black spiritual that my mother taught me. She start to sing/talk, these words as she talked through them with the song being sung simultaneously, in such a sweet voice you would of thought she was an angel of God during those rear happy moments. She was having such a good time looking at her son's and singing, that we wouldn't dare stop her, even if she wanted to sing this song all night long, we would of sung it right along with her till day break. She would say over and over again, come on y'all, and imagine these lovely, wonderful worlds with me! I'm old now, it won't be long, as she went back and forth at the end of the song, to the first verse again and



again. O' they tell me of a home and a city made of gold and they tell me when I arrive I'll be home, I'll be home. Then she said as she started to cry once again, imagine with me the many waterfalls of heaven that looks like millions of clear cut blue diamond's, as they are falling over the fall. The streets are paved with gold as it is, soft and warm to the touch of your bear feet. As you take a walk from your heavenly mansion to your neighbor's heavenly home filling this soft warmth on your feet. Then you open your neighbors Pearly Gate, as you hear off in a distance, some of heavens angels and the rainbow colored people, having all types of fun at the homecoming parties all over heaven, for the newly returned souls just returning home. O' they tell me of a home and a city made of gold and they tell me when I arrive I'll be home, I'll be home! She finally stopped singing, she opened her tear filled eyes and looked at her boys once again and said, talk to me now son, now I am ready to listen, I can hear you clearly, and I am ready to listen now. That's when Slim said in his naturally deep southern accent of a voice. My dearest birth Momma, we just didn't know, we never knew until just recently, right before our mother, that is our adopted mother was deathly ill. She calls us to her sick bed as she tried to explain to us what had happen some fifty plus years ago. She

said my precious son's, it's time I tell you a story of importance, which was told to me by a young military private black military boy, who was in a northern style up north uniform. I think his name was Private Charles, something. Our adopted mother said, shortly after you boys were born a group of northern war solders found you in the woods of Lynchburg Virginia, as they were marching through the south on a cold night in December. They found you boys she said, about some fifty miles from the plantation where I was living at the time as a young slave women. Then she said, I was told by these brave solders, if they were not twins as they cried together, we may not have heard just one baby crying in those woods. The sounds were so weak the solder that found you boys almost missed you both, our adopted mother said. A few brave solder scouts followed the weak cries and found you both wrapped in a few old potato sack bags with the name Gibson stamped on them, lying on some brown damp paper, shacking and discolored from the cold. These solders were young as some of them had a wife and a few babies of their own back home before the war. They ran back to the white platoon leader who was also a family man himself. He was a hard core military man, who would never deviate from the rules of leadership duties and military discipline. As the

finding solders she said, stood in formation at attention with you two babies in hand, they were trying to control their smiles. I was told that, old hard ass Major Wilson took one look at you boys and said, they almost sound like my grand babies back home. Now I'm not saying that's the Major's name, as she smiled. I think the private's just nick named the Major that. They told me that the Major choked up for the first time since the war began, as he turned and walks away to his tent. For months these same soldiers took you boys from battle field to battle field traveling many miles across the southern from where they found you. She said, I was told that the solders would protect you as each of them took turns taking care of you, as if they were your birth fathers themselves. During the war there were several letters and telegrams sent by President Lincoln, to this particular platoon congratulating theses young soldiers of a job well done. When I would hear of this, I would often wonder if President Lincoln knew the full story, and if he knew anything about the solders that saved you boy's lives. Our adopted mother continue to say, I was told after a few weeks and spending lots of time with you boys, these same hard core soldiers decided that these babies were worth dying for, and they were going to do everything in their powers to find you boys

a good home. I was told she said, how they would dig a deep hole in the ground and cover you up with extra uniforms and a thin layer of thin dirt to help keep you warm, about a half mile from each battle field line. Before each battle they would say over and over again, “kill or be killed, these two babies and our babies back home, will be free even if we have to die. You see, you boys were heroes she said, before you could walk, as you gave motivation strength, and a reason for these solders to live, fight, and return safely, to recover you boys from the holes dug in the ground. They knew if they didn’t return you boys would have surely died. After a few months these soldiers finally reach the Davis plantation when late into the night private Charles, tired and looking much older than his last birthdate, knocked on my shack door very early one morning before the sun came up. I opened the door as he stood there with a strong, tired, stressed out look on his face. As he began to speak with that New York northern accent of the likes of which I had never heard, I felt somewhat sorry for him. Mam he said, these two babies have no home or family, they were found in the woods some far away distance from here in a small town named Lynchburg Virginia. My military buddies and I have taken care of these babies all this way for months, and now that we are going

into heavy battle in the Deep South in a few days, we can no longer take care of them, you understand? Then our adopted mother said, she asked him if he would bring the boys in as he continues to tell her the stories of how you boys came to be with me that night and forever more. Then he said, with no emotion in his face. You see mam; you have no choice we have to move on and leave these babies here today, or let them die with some of us solders. At the time during a long hard cold winter there were so many new born babies and toddlers on this particular plantation I knew Master would not notice or even care about two more black babies, running around this big plantation farm. Then Mark spoke to his birth mother and said, our adopted mother raised us with love and to respect everyone, she meant no harm, and she had nothing but pure love for us and you. You see, she was also an uneducated lady with lots of wisdom when it came to doing the right thing day in and day out. She told us on her sick bed that there were two things that put fear in her heart, for all those years. She said she never wanted to see no parts of Lynchburg, Virginia as number one. Then she said, I never wanted Master Davis to find out about us boys not being part of his original owned Davis property. With no deeds or records to prove we were his property, and we had not been

stolen from the plantation of which we come, all of us could be in trouble. This could bring lots of trouble for me and old Master Davis, as he would be branded as a horse thief, not a nigger thief of which is a lesser crime. Our adopted mother said, she had heard stories of some lazy thieves of white men, who were punished for stealing black slaves from one plantation to another. Soon branding letters on slaves like a horse, became a practice that soon caught on, helping the masters keep their slaves the same as his other property. Our adopted mother knew, if she would ever be found out of where her two boys came from. She with her two boys, would be sent to Lynchburg Virginia, to be lynched. She believed this with all her heart and feared this, more than anything or anybody on or off the plantation. One day she overheard her Master talking to the black boy who would from time to time, deliver supplies to her Masters plantation. He said Master Davis, these here young sheep come from the north of here, I hear they come from a town up north called, Lynchburg, Virginia the delivery boy said. Mark said, when our adopted mother heard these two words, she wet herself as she passed out into a deep coma for a few minutes lying there in animal don. You see, birth mother Mark said, us boys lived a life full of her motherly love, which she gave freely to

me and Slim. We hope to start a new life of loving you and our extended family, if you've have us too, Mark said with tears in his eyes. You are our birth mother, and we are going to love you as much as we loved our late adopted mother, if not more. For the remaining years of my great grandmother's life, she was showered with Mark and Slims unconditional love, as they took care of her the way sons who cherish and love their mothers do. Great grand mom lived a few years more and when she finally passed people came from miles around to pay their last respects, and to see the lady who told those wonderful stories of black folks, that went from plantation to plantation all across the south. Her going home celebration service was a one of a kind celebration. As the church clerk read the different notes, homemade sympathy cards, and salutations, there was one that stood out from among the others. And it read something like this! You've picked a many bales of cotton, and outlived all the cows you've ever milked. You've scrub Massa's dirty floor on hand and knee, you've been whipped a many of times, just because. You've done untold things for Massa and your family that only you're grave, can free you from. You've helped nurse and raise a many of chill-INS, (babies) black and white without anger, knowing you may never see your first

two babies, ever again. The questions is how many days did it take for you to change this old world and fill it with your love. You've made a difference! Then the church clerk read, Dear Momma, as she continued to read. You've lived your long hard life as a slaved black women, to the ripe old age of 98 years, 1,176 months, 5,096 weeks, 35,770 days, 858,480 hours, 51,508,801 minutes. Your work is done now, as you have worked your strong fingers to the bone. So rest in peace now, Yes, you're goanna be missed, for a job well done. So rest in peace.

We love you momma, your twin sons, Mark and Slim. After hearing these words for the first time, there



wasn't a dry eye in the church? That's when that old church pianist that knew how to take advantage of a spiritual



moment, as she also knew great grandmother all of her life, as they attended the same church together whenever the Masters, allowed it. As she sat down on that piano bench once again, she had no mercy on those people who were broken hearted, crying and still in mourning, for great grandmamma. Sitting on those pews from the front to back was like sitting on hot coals, when hearing the first few notes of great grand mom's favorite old song being played again. When that old fashion worn out piano sounding music came from that anent, once throne in the trash piano, as that church piano playing sister started to play those keys up and down that key board from one end to the other. She played, like none other this day for her friend, my great grand mom's favorite song. As they had CHURCH up in there! That full, over packed church of black folk, started to take the walls down and the roof off the place, shouting, screaming, and out of control holy dancing, that could be here from some miles away! Her favorite song was sung and played, over and over again, by the church congregation of mourners, as they wept and snag, in tears of sorrow for what seemed like hours!

Song: "O' they tell me of a home and a city made of gold, and they tell me when I arrive, I'll be home, I'll be home. There's no more crying there! I'll be home"!

A few weeks later great grand mom's favorite story telling porch chairs were reinforced, cleaned and painted by Uncle Clarence. He gave one of the chairs that heard so many of great grand moms stories to her one only daughter, hoping that she would pick up where great grand mom left off, as the other chair went to Aunt Soda Fay. Uncle Clarence was known for his special carpentry skills that everyone would admire. When Uncle Clarence was a small boy he would fix things for everyone on the plantation, most of the folks on the plantation would call him, "Jesus little carpenter helper". Not long after great grandma had passed, Uncle Clarence took a piece of strong wood and craftily engraved some of great grandma's words or favorite sayings on to it. When he finish he hung it on the back gate. Some of her favorite sayings was, "One day things, it will change for the better, it alright now, you are stronger than that, O' they tell me of a home". At the bottom of these favorite sayings Uncle Clarence wrote. Who knows, maybe one day, instead of having a white president like President Lincoln she would

sometime say, we will have a black president. After grate grandma would say this, that’s when all of the other field slaves would have a good laugh with grandma, saying you must be crazy, that will never happen, never! What they didn’t know or realize was, at the time great grandmother was indeed very serious, as she made those statements. As if she had a clue or insights into the future, of what unthinkable dangerous steps and actions, her strong great, grate, grandsons would take, some many years later, to make this a real possibility.

**Frederick Douglass once said, “The soul within me no man can destroy or degrade, I will never give up or quite. Even after I’m gone I will live on thru others.”**



Before most of our past black leaders and representatives were killed, became economically comfortable as they gave up on the true cause, or just got old and semiretired the subject of racism and unfairness to poor black people. It needs to still a daily topic that is discussed in its entirety and broken down detail by detail until we get some real results. Today racism is still alive and well, when it comes to dealing with poor black folks. Most people today wouldn't deal or dear discuss it, they just sweep it under a rug and hopes everyone else continue to do the same thing. Racism has been defined in many ways over the years, by scholars, professors, dictionaries, dictators, and encyclopedias and more. Other races who have defined racism to the poor black race, don't have a clue of what the hell racism really is or what poor black folks are going thru. They have written all of these so-called non-fiction books and definitions on a subject that they have never lived through or experienced, a day of in their lives. Most black men will not admit it today when they say that racism doesn't bother them anymore because it is the popular thing to do or say. Also it supposed to make us look weak to use this as an excuse in today's world. Still blaming the white man because you as a black man cannot feed you family legally, is just not popular any more anymore,

even if it true. No matter how uneven the current high unemployment rates are for poor black men. You are suppose to suck it up and do whatever it takes, as you are told each day without bitching. As a poor black man you hear things like do something, legal or illegal, it's a doggy dog world, or the ones that hurts the most is, kill or be killed and get out there and do whatever you have to do. Even if you have to spend a little jail time away from you family they will respect you for trying. I know this sound crazy, but it's a realty in the poor black community. It's a cover up, it's a big to conspiracy to truly help poor black men deal. Facing this mess face to face is confusing for uneducated poor black men. The hurt, disappoints, struggles, pain, emotional damage, setbacks, missed opportunities never truly given in the first place is just too much. Starting as a poor kid, with poor housing and school systems and so-on, are devastating things to have to deal with all of your life. To have the same ability to be free and functional as all other race of men in America is, impossible to do if you are starting off poor and to far behind the game to ever catch up as a full race of men. Unless somehow you were born and already connected to affluence or millions of dollars like the 10% of our rich black brothers of today who have somehow earned the rights to flash their

wealth at us and then turn their backs on the same decedents, of once slaved black brothers. You don't have a real chance to succeed. I don't care what anybody say even today, many centuries later after Lincoln freed the slaves, racism is strongly alive and well all across America, especially when it comes to jail time, money, and better education for poor black men. So what do racism really feel like? I cannot describe it because I was born with this label slapped on my back when the doctor slapped my ass, as a baby. It's something that you live with every day of your life, until you just become numb to the fact that it is still happening to you. You soon just learn go along to get along, to a point. Maybe racism is a little like that old gold fish that was born in a fish bowl of water, who wanted to be free to swim in the lake. It occur to his fish master that he was already swimming in life providing waters as it was natural and the way things had always been, when it came to gold fish, and he didn't deserved anything more than that. Then one day that little old gold fish decides to leaped out of the fish bowl. As he lands on the carpet, he quickly realized that he was going to pay the ultimate price for his freedom, if he stop flapping his tail on that carpet, which leads to the lake. Martin Luther King and others have already leaped that ultimate leap for this

cause to continue until we have reached the overrun lake of equality for all poor black men. Most of the time when black men take that leap to freedom, they end up on the carpets of racism. You see, today's racism is somewhat hidden and made to look eased over to other people, but it's always there when it comes to poor black men. Every black man knows the unwritten law of, if two or three drunk/sober white women say, that you said some choice words to offend them or did something to offend them when visiting their community, its jail time for you. Your word verse theirs, is pointless. No matter what you say to the cops, you are going to jail that night for sure. Now, let's reverse that same scenario, of three black poor women saying, this well-dressed expensive car driving white man, said/did something to offend them. Nine out of ten times, this white man, would go home that night. Even in today's world, he will be questioned for just a few minutes, and let to go about his marry way. How can you ever have any peace of mind, knowing the race cards are always stacked against you when it comes to the legal system, jobs, and equal opportunities? Every day you walk out of the doors to your house, especially if you are poor you are presumed guilty because of your poorness' and dark skin. No matter what you do or say as a poor black man your

words means nothing, when it comes to balancing the laws of racism in this, the real world. For example the American jails today, although we are only 35% of the American population, we are over 50% when it comes to filling jail cells.

**Emma Goldman once said, “If love does not know how to give and take without conditions, it is not true love. It’s a daily transaction that’s costing the one who’s is truly in love”**



Racism can cut like a sharp knife at times. Late one Saturday night, I stumbled into a room of a grand opening party goes of a new office building to be open soon. I stopped by those fifty million dollar construction job site thinking no one would be there with key in hand, I opened the side doors to review the work situation of the newly just finished, office building.



The general contractor and owner had hired our cleaning company to do the, post construction cleaning work starting early next Monday morning. As I went upstairs, I walked into a large conference room by mistake where the party was taking place. I was somewhat shocked to see all of these well-dressed people on a construction site on the weekend. Every person in the room slowed their party fun down almost to a stop, as they looked at me, standing there in my dark blue work uniform, with a hand full of keys, a clip board, and an ink pen in my hands. The party function almost came to a complete standstill for a few minutes when I walk into that room filled with rich millionaires, their wives, and friends. The thing that got to me the most was, rich wife, after rich wife, ask their husbands, to go over and ask me that same old question when white folks don't want us in there mist. **Can I help you?** This made me fill like acting like a fool, up in there as I keep my cool for business sake. I haven't begun to scratch the surface when I tell you. I could have chocked the racial hell, out of each and every one of those old rich white men. Jumped out of the third floor window of that building, got up and waked away without a scratch. I was just that mad. There is such an uneven balanced or decisiveness to this out of site out of mind situation when it comes to wealth. To compare

the white men vs., poor black men, is still an embarrassing shame, in this day in time. Today they put these 10% token black rich man and women up for show constantly on a revaluing Pedit stool day in and day out. These rich black folk that refuse to visit the poor hood, is being used on T.V., as to say. Look world, all black folk have made it and are rich, they are paid in full. They make me poor folk sick, as we look at very little T.V. anymore! These attention distraction from the real poor black folk, are fake as a wooden nickel. They have taken the true attention away from today's racism and the black struggle that is still alive, with suffering for many. Then as the white man's always say over and over again. You see, look what we did for all you people, thru these few rich black folk. We have helped all of you using these 10% black folk, who we know are to selfish to do the right thing for the whole black race. Now, Mr. Poor black man, we have and American image to keep up and this is working so far. You understand!

In most cases these same black folk, move as soon as they can, and never look back, at the same poor ghettos that they once came from, or any other ghetto if they can avoid them. You later see, these same rich "few" black folks on TV, acting like, and saying, they still represent the hood/ghetto poorest of poor people, as they are driving from the TV studios, with

well dress black drivers, riding in limousines, back to their million dollar mansion and homes. We as poor black people are sick and tired of seeing our rich black folk, refusing to help poor black folk, as one race of people should. We hope to take positive actions against this soon. And that's just part of the hard truth of the racist, coming from both side of the haves and the have not's. Until we get our youth to stop being afraid of picking up a college application, and become afraid of picking up a gun. We the poor will continue to have a big problem with the rich ignoring the poor.

**“Acceptance is not submission, it is acknowledgment of the facts of a situation. Then deciding what you going to do about it.”**



It was around 1940, big momma was great grand mommas only daughter, who had meet and married a handsome man, by the name of Perry. He was a hardworking stocky built man who believed in sticking by his family and taking care of business. You see, his father walk off like so many other black men during those times, and Perry just wasn't having that, for his family. Beside he felt like he had won the lottery when he married big momma, who was a slim built pretty women. You see, all of the signal white and black young men were trying to wow or date big momma in her younger days. Big momma was one of those fine black women who was highly light skinned, and could pass for a white women, when she wanted to. Her birth daddy was just another white man who never intended to marry my great grandmother, after he finished rapping her. By any means, did this ever cross his sick

mind, or the consequents to come some years later, for his unlawful actions, in the eyes of God's almighty! I'm sure big momma wondered a many of times, if she had any other half white brothers and sisters on her rapist father side. As she would see these types of mixed kids all of her young life almost every day during her child hood. As I know she wondered with a broken heart, if they were related. Perry was a woman's man in his younger days before getting married to big momma. He would work all day and at times, go out some nights if there was nothing needed to be done around the house for a few drinks. He would also party with his new wife, and sometimes just hung out with the boys, when the wife was too busy with the local church and other actives. Late one Friday night, as Perry and big momma drove home from a holiday party in his new slightly used Ford, he was pulled over by the Virginia County Police department, around 2 A.M. Perry, a very stocky strong brown skinned, clean cut man who knew the drill when it came to dealing with southern cops. Put both of his hands on the steering wheel as the cops, one on the right, and the other on the left, of the well-kept Ford, walked up to him slowly from the rear. The cop on the left in his own mind, saw a nigger in a stolen new car. The cop on the right saw a nigger, with what he

thought was a white woman, in a stolen new car. The cop on the left knocked on the window, with his hand on his grip of the gun, and gave Perry the roll down your window motions sign. Perry knew his situation was very sensitive. He also knew the ease of getting his head shot completely off, just by making the wrong move or saying the wrong thing. Perry knew that anything could trigger these southern cops off to pulling, the tickers of their guns and blowing him away, that night. When dealing with a nigger, as the referred word was used when talking to Perry, over and over again that night, it could go bad fast. With both hands still on the steering wheel, Perry gestured with his head to the officer that he was going to take one hand off the wheel, and slowly roll the window down. The officer gave a quick ok head nod back as to say, that's right you nigger, you know the drill. I am in charge and you better act like you know it with ever move you make. Perry whispered to big mom as he rolled down the window, please keep quiet, I hate this kind of crap but, for now we got to deal with it. As he acted like a stupid, blue collar working nigger, grinning, smiling showing all fifty two teeth, with no class or education showing thru, the way a nigger suppose too act in this situation. To get out of this bull crap, he had to do, what a black man had to do. After having such a good

time that night, at the black masons holiday party, now this. Before the window was half way down the red neck cop on the right yelled, boy put your hand back on that wheel. "Yes Sea" Perry yelled back to the officer. Now nigger boy, I'm going to ask you this one time, and you better be answer me straight. "Yes sir boss", Perry said. Did you steal this car from this pretty white gal? Perry said "No Sea; officer sir. This here is my car boss!" Your car the cop yelled back. Now how a nigger like you gets a car like this? Perry knew if he said too much it could set the officers off, so he delayed his answer for a few seconds. The officer shined his flash light on Perry and big mom and said, you hear me talking to you boy. As other officer looked in and around the car, and at the tags on the car. Let me see your ID's and registration boy. Perry said, saa my papers are in the glove box, can I get them out. The cop said, I said let me see you ID didn't I, you stupid nigger. He snatched the paper work from Perry's hand and look to see if the name on the car registration matched the driver's license. He also checked the matching serial numbers on the owner's card that Perry given him for any little imperfection. When the cop saw that everything match, and the dispatched call came back clean on Perry's, he was even more irritated. He said to the cop on the right, "How can a nigger boy like

this, buy such a car like this". Then both of the cops started to harass Perry about big mamma for not good reason. "Hay nigger boy, what's your relationship with this here white women, in ya car". Perry said with a soft deep voice, "This here is no white women Saa; this here is my wife, a black woman who sometimes, is mistaken as white. This here is my wife." Perry said again slowly to the cops, so there would be no understanding, if one of them touched her. Big Perry would have done anything, to defend big mammas honor that night, even if he had to die. He would have in a matter of seconds pulled his crow bar and registered, Master of Arms, black mason pistol, from under the seat, and went to work on those cops if they touch her in anyway. He made sure, the cop on the right who had opened big mamma's door heard him again, as he said. This here is my wife saa. He, looked big mom up and down, looked big Perry in the eye as he must have seen his own death, he closed her door. When the cop heard this a second time felt something cold, he said to the cop on the left with anger and fear in his voice. "I think, what we have here Officer Jake, is a half white, black nigger bastard women, who don't know who her real daddy is, trying to act like a upstanding white women, with a nigger for a husband". They laughed for a few seconds, gave Perry his



papers and told Perry with a warning, "Now you be careful nigger boy, you stay out of trouble round these here parts, you understand boy!" Perry said, with a half grin on his face this time, with all his mental strength to keep his cool, "Yes saa boss, and yes saa. Perry rolled up the window, started the Ford and drove off, feeling like he had survived another racial encounter with the law. He was glad he learned how to deal with all types of white trashy cops, by watching his uncles, older brothers, friends and even the church pastor, go through this when he went from place to place with them as a young teenage kid. Big Momma however who had gotten less racial encounters force on her due to her light skin tone felt bad. She said to Perry, if fills like those to cops just took a dump on me, and my new white party dress, as they wipe themselves after the dump. From the time Perry drove off, she started to cry like a two or three year baby that was pulled from mother's arms, and sold off as a slave. Before big momma could say another word, Perry grab her by the hand and said," I love you, I know you know what just happen was wrong as I also know, what you are thinking. I know how you feel as a black women, my mother was a black women". Then Perry took a deep breath and said, I know things are going to change for our kids and grand kid one day soon, I

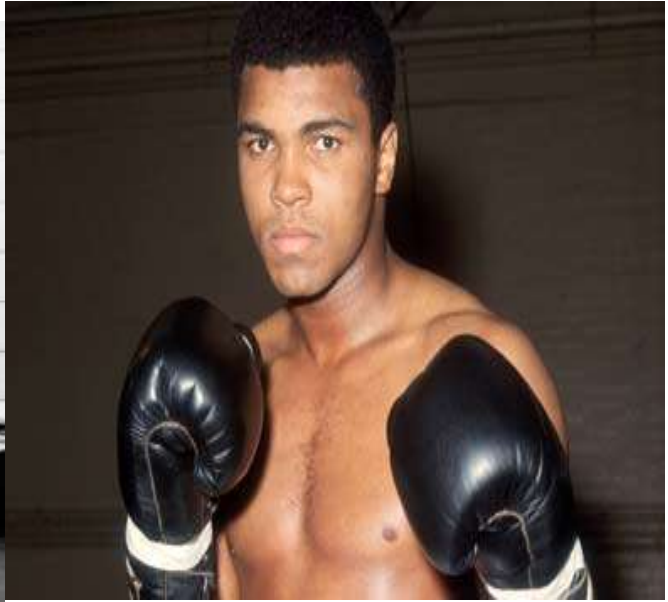
guarantee you this with the last drop of my sweat and blood. As hard as Perry tried to be the strong one and comfort big momma, who is always strong mentally. He kind of lost it himself for the first time as he choked a little, seeing his beautiful wife, in so much pain. Big momma kept saying, I am not a half white bastard women, and I know of my black daddy in spirit thru the stories told to me as a kid. His name was Earl! He was a strong man who would have done anything for me and my half-brothers. The only daddy I've ever know through the stories my mother and others, told me of him, is all the daddy I ever want to know of, which give me the strength to live each day. He died for me and my twin half-brothers as a hero, I was told many time over. I am not a half white bastard women she cried, I'm not, as she cried and cried the rest of the ride home, and off and on the next day.

Perry said he kept hearing her say, I am not a half white bastard, I'm a strong black women. A few months later after a visit to the doctor's big momma learned she was pregnant with her first child. She and Perry were so happy they would throw Friday and Saturday night fish fries or parties almost every weekend until the baby was born. In September of the next year a baby girl was born and they named here after Perry's grandmother Marline. When baby Marline was born

the first thing big momma did was to look at baby Marline's skin tone some times for hours on. Marline's was a light skinned baby, but she could not pass for a white baby, and this made big momma very happy. A few years later, big mommas had another baby girl, she named her Andrei. Altogether big momma had three kids; two girls and a son named, Sammy! Year's later big mom's three kids grew up and had families of their own. Uncle Sammy joined the Army and became a lifer. Aunt Andrei got married and had two kids, when back to school and became a legal sectary. Perry passed away in his late fifties, from uncontrolled high blood pressure disorders. Big mom passed away in her early sixties from cancer. I can still see her face today, she had such a presence about her that, I will always remember!

**Mohammed Ali once said, "I am an American, I am the part of you that you don't want to recognize. I'm black, I'm confident, I am cocky. This name I've chosen is my name not**

**yours, my religion, my goals, my life belongs to me. Get use  
to me I am black America”**



My mother Marline the oldest of big momma’s three kids got married at an early age of eighteen. She married a dark skinned black man by the name of Eugene, my father who was nineteen years old at the time. Shortly after they were married they moved from Virginia to up North near the big city, where most black folks move in those days to find a job or to be near their families who had already moved. You see, another reason they moved was because my granddad on my daddy’s side, was told by the local county sheriff in North Carolina to leave the State and never return, or else. The sheriff said to my granddaddy that he would regret the day if he ever saw him again. Now, back then when a sheriff told

you something like that you listened, knowing what had happened to the many black men who didn't listen. Please understand, my granddaddy on my dad's side was not a bad man by heart or nature, nor was he afraid of this sheriff, man to man. My granddad was a good man who had done a few bad things, trying to keep food on the table for his family. To make extra money, during those times he would run an illegal bootleggers whiskey and gin from one state to the other, until he got caught doing so, for the third time. In those days you didn't get a third chance, the first time you went to jail for a few months. The second time they found you some week's later with blood hound dogs, sniffing the scent of your stinking rotting body way back up in the woods hanging from a tree. I was told that my grand dad did not leave for a few days after the sheriff had told him to, he went into hiding buying time. He had to raise the money to pack his family up and arranged a way to travel up North as time slipped him by. My granddad knowing he was in serious trouble, sat on the back floor of the old Chevy to be safe when riding across the state of North Carolina. My uncle and my dad drove him hard and fast for about twelve hours, until they reached the big city where he knew he was safe around his other brothers who had move up north some years before for similar

reasons. So Eugene and Marline eventually ended up in the big city where they raised a family of eight kids, three girls and five boys. They tried to teach their kids respect for others, the fear of God, and to have honest hard working work ethics. Marline worked each day doing cleaning work, at a local college campus and a department store. Eugene worked for years at the local ship building yard, cleaning ships behind all of the other workers, who had been to school and learned a shipbuilding trade. Making a little more than the standard minimum wage for that time, they kept a roof over our heads in the projects and food on the table. Around 1965 Eugene started going to night school to learn the trade of welding ships, due to his growing family he had to start making more money. After he finished welding school he got a job that increased his pay more than the salary of cleaning those ships. I was about twelve years old when Marline said she, they had to do something to move the family out of the ghetto and away from the projects soon, not later. Marline would always say she have to get her kids out of this place before something bad happens to one of her babies. I remember one Saturday night as we were always allowed to sit up and look at the television much later then a school night. For some reason this particular Saturday night Marline

felt nervous for no reason. Most of the time we called her by her first. She told everyone to go to bed early on this one particular Saturday night. As the kids protest with all due respect they said, "Marline why, what's wrong, what did we do, it's Saturday night, we always look at TV late on Saturday nights". We protest under our breath as my youngest brother started to cry a little, as we all went to bed early that night. You see, this may sound a little strange but Marline, sometimes knew some things in advance, before they happened. Some grownups said, she had a very strong women's intuition, which became normal to us, because she always had this gift as it would come and go. She had a strong sense of what we would tease her or make fun of, having this spooky sense of knowing when something good or bad was about to happen. For some reason this thing was working on Marline this night to the point she was not going to take no for an answer, as she sent us off to bed early. A few minutes or less than a half hour after we went to bed as the project apartment became somewhat quiet. A stray bullet came through our front living room window where the TV was at the time, with full speed and force. I remember how it shattered a picture in a glass frame of my oldest brother that sat on that television for years, as part of the living room

decorations. As the bullet continued to travel it put a deep chip impression in the projects cement center block wall, of the living room where we were just sitting a few minutes earlier. You see, Marline had several heavenly gifts' such as playing the church piano without ever taking one piano lesson in her life, starting at the age of four years old. All of her talents were used for the good of mankind helping who ever she could, when she could. At the early age of thirteen, she was considered one of the best church piano playing kids in the black communities of Virginia. Although she still had never taken one piano lesson in her early childhood days.

She could out play the average pianist her age that had studied accomplishments of music for year at the best of schools in the black community. She could hear a song for a few minutes or listen to it one time and could play it in a southern gospel way, like no other piano player could. We would often try to get her (Marline) to take her music talents on the road, but she was old fashion and refused to do so, as she was a little shy when it came to her old fashion ways of playing music. She would say to me at times when I pushed her hard to go on the road and play. Kirby, (as an excuses) I can't play up against those educated musical folks out there. No one would pay to hear me play once they find out I didn't



graduate from high school until I was in my fifties with just a GED. You see Marline had dropped out of school in the twelfth grade when she got married and started having babies, one after the other. My dad had to drop out of school in eighth grade to work and help take care of his mother, sisters, and brothers being the oldest, until he got married with a family of his own. We lived in this same project unit until I was in the six grade. Way before this, my mother was determined to move us out of these projects as she saved every penny that she could save. A few years before we moved my dad took on an extra part time job cleaning office buildings at night and on the weekends. He cleaned four buildings during the weeknights with me and my brothers and another four buildings added to the workload on the weekends. It seemed as if we were cleaning a building for each kid. At times my brothers and I hated cleaning these buildings with a passion, because it took us away from sports, homework, and other activities that normal boys like to do. We would complain to each other, but never to my dad because they knew he wasn't having that kind of weak attitude within the family when it came to hard work ethics. When Pop told you to do something it was law unless school, church, or Marline said, it was to be different. Being the

middle boy, two brothers older than me and two brothers younger than me, was a difficult challenge or situation to be in. At times it seemed just a little unfair for nature to play this curl trick on me. But today as a man, I know I am stronger for it as this prepared me to do the unthinkable job of changing America politics and so much more. One day around seventh grade, I remembered saying to myself like it was yesterday.

I'm going to try to do everything I could to help make it a little

easier on mom and dad, as well as most black folk, every chance I get. Yes, as a young boy and the son in the middle, I got into my shear of trouble. Like the time I gave my younger

brother the hot end of a fork that I had just took off the stove. Dad whipped my but off and on for about a week so it seemed. He was so mad, not knowing the things my brothers would do to me being in the middle. You see, when you are a middle child you are fair game. Your older brothers couldn't let you show them up because they were older. Worst then that, your younger brothers had something to prove always trying to show you up, because you are older them. Thru it all, I wouldn't change a thing, as this made me a strong man.

It was hell at times as they say, if it doesn't kill you, it makes you stronger. Which I am a true believer of this inspiration.

With this new found determination to help mom, dad, and

the black community even at this young age, I learned a lot about life as well as myself. After I discovered a new source of information, I started going with dad every chance I got to clean those dirty nasty buildings. At times I would get yelled at for taking so long to clean a few offices on the second floor, as I was up there reading all types of business trash. What my dad nor anyone knew was that, I was up stairs teaching myself how to read better as I tried to read everything on the in the trash, on desk of every lawyer, doctor, or businessman who had gone home for the night as we cleaned. There were mountains of information that I could have never learned in a ghetto school, like the one I attend most of my childhood. My dad would always tell people and my mother. That my son Kirby sticks by me and he don't try to get out of going to work each night when it comes to cleaning these office buildings. I appreciate him for doing so very much. What my dad didn't know or understand about me was, I was hungry, fascinated, and impressed when it came to reading and studying all types of business trash, in these successful business men and women trash can. They were making millions of dollars, sitting on their butts. There, were times when I was told by my dad to take the large trash bags to the dumpster, as I would reach inside of each bag and

take a little trash or business papers out and stash them in the back of our family car until we got home that night. When everyone went to sleep, I would get the keys off the table late night, and bring these business papers in to read, with the little reading skills that I had. By the time I reach the eleventh grade, my school guidance counselor wanted to put me into a domestic trade class like auto repairs, welding, painting, carpentry, or plumbing due to my low school grade scores. I was not having it, my eyes were wide the hell open, I had seen the light from years of digging in trash cans and reading everything I could in these office buildings, as we cleaned them. I was also addicted and amazed of the money that these fat cats were making, sitting on their lazy butts, all day in a warm clean office, of which we had cleaned the night before. I would see my dad after a full day's work, take about twenty minutes to pull off layers after layers of clothes he had to wear, just to keep warm. Working outside all day on those ships at the shipyard, in that cold nasty weather up north was a bare, and I wanted not parts of that cold trade work when I grow up. I made up my mind once again one day, as I cleaned a very plush office of a lawyer by the name of Attorney MacAfee, that someday I was going to own my own business. Knowing that I couldn't read, right, spell, or do

basic math much better than a third or fourth grader. I wanted to prove, that you could still make it big, even after spending twelve years in a poorly educated school system. In one of the poorest ghetto city's in America!

**Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. once said, "If you can't fly then run, if you can't run then walk, if you can't walk then crawl, whatever you do you have to keep moving forward."**



After graduating from high school a year late due to the fact, I was kept back in the seventh grade. I started tinkering around with starting my own business. That's when I realize that time is one of the most precious resources that God has given, to each and every one of us. As we only get about 35,770 days to reach the ripe old age of 98 years old, as my great grand

mother lived to see. It seems to me that we have no time to waste, if we are going to change the world or leave our mark on it. I starting reaching deep down inside to find ways to use my time each day wisely. One of the first things I did was to limit myself from wasting self-changing hours, on TV watching, knowing everyone (black & white) on the TV screen is already a millionaire. Living their dreams as poor people entertainers, who just don't care or know what to do with their time or lives. To understand time and the urgency that's related to earthly values, is like having infinity times infinity in micro split seconds at your disposable, which if used wisely can seem like an eternity. Instead of trying to find more time, we have chosen to waste the time we have trying to find a leper cons pot of gold, as we live our pipe dreams instead of living the reality, of each moment. There is nothing wrong with this, either way you look at it. It is our God given freedom of choice to choose our desires at any given time. You can work, play, learn, love, write, have fun, invent new inventions, create new ideas, or do absolutely nothing for now, with your time. Someone once said as I quote once again! "God's gift to man is the present. (This time-now) Your gift back to God is what you do, with that present". So I said to myself, it's time to change the world, if not the world, I'll

change my own little world, at this point in time. A few years later, my mother started working part time at a large department store as a uniformed cleaning lady/maid. She later got me a job in the warehouse as a stock boy/janitor. One night I was scheduled to work late at this particular department store after a big all day super sale. As I was stocking shelves helping to get the store ready for the next day's early opening. I saw the night cleaning crew arrive in uniforms with all types of cleaning equipment that sparked my interest. What took me back a little after asking the right questions, to my co-workers and others? I found out that the cleaning crew was being supervised by a young to middle age black gentlemen, who actually owned this cleaning service. This black owned business, went by the professional name of "Jones & Jones Building Cleaning Service Inc." WOW, I said to myself! Right then and there I was hooked! I realized, why I had been cleaning all those buildings with Pops all those years as a kid. Now, I finally knew how my time allowed by God, was going to be spent on this earth. I knew right then what I was going to do with most of my life from this point forward. Now, I understood without a doubt why I have to keep getting up each day, from this day forward. You see, I had never seen a black owned successful business of any kind

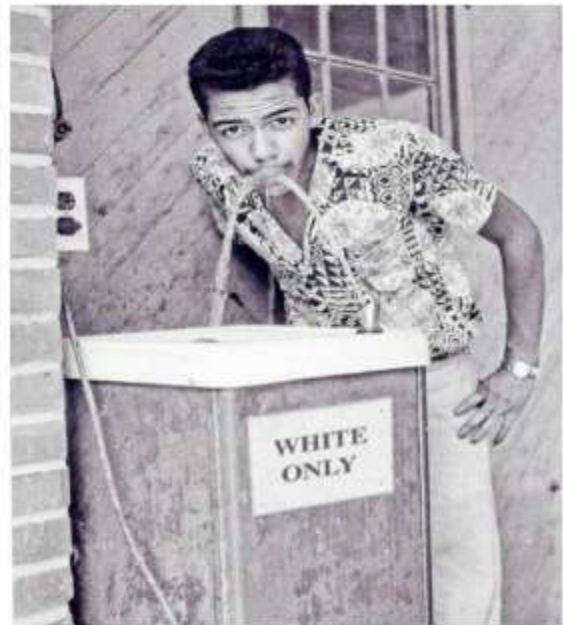
up close and in person before this. Not only was it a black owned business, it was a business that I knew a little something about, who was doing cleaning contract work for one of the biggest department store changes in the area. The first night I watch these guys in their “Jones & Jones” cleaning service uniforms, work together with precision like a well-oiled machine, I was very impressed. Not knowing at the time that this particular cleaning service was making a long drive of about one hour and a half each night to service this new account in the beginning stage of their signed contract.

Roomers at the time was that, Mr. Jones was looking for a local cleaning supervisor to run this and a few other accounts in my tri-state area. Before my shift was over at the end of the work week, I got to know Mr. Jones and a few of his cleaning crew members. I told Mr. Jones a few things about myself and my knowledge of the cleaning business. Needless to say, about a month later I got a call from Mr. Jones letting me know that I had got the job as head supervisor. I would be starting the following week as the third and at time first shift cleaning supervision. As this large department store was open long hours, seven days a week. After a few days of training with Mr. Jones, I got the keys and alarm codes to the private offices upstairs, as I had complete control of the building.



Now all cleaning duties each night thereafter were all my responsibility to complete each night. Within a few weeks I started hiring my own local cleaning crew, guys that I knew from the old street gang that had a little knowledge about the cleaning business. They also knew from experience, how to clean a commercial building. Most of them were like me at the time. Young black men, with little to no education or having a challenging opportunities to awaiting the giant that was already within them. My cleaning crew exists of, Zeek, Larry-fat cat, Anton, Erock, Abnormal, Tyrant, Gee, Jerry-retall, Perm, Hart, Banker, and myself Kirby-knees. As you can imagine, growing up in the hood if you wanted it or not, you got stuck with a nickname that stuck, as each and every one of us did as kids. If I knew what I know today I would have never put this particular cleaning crew together or somehow kept them together for so many years to come, for as you will soon see how we became exhausted. This group of young black men, as I learned some years later, was hungry and full of life, ready to do anything to succeed! They were willing to do almost anything, to change their lives for the better as well as to make a mark for themselves. At times this was powerful, dangerous, and sometimes hard to control.

**John Wayne the late actor once said, “Sometimes in life, a man has to do, what a man have to do.”**



In just a few months, I had learned almost everything about how this store and “Jones & Jones Cleaning Service” operated. How much money they were taking in each quarter. How often store bills and payrolls were met or paid out each month. How often they ordered supplies, stock, and equipment to run these businesses. How many banks they use to make regular or large deposits, and so on. I learned of the salary amounts of all the employees, management and staff. Personal habits, like who was having an affair on the job, and schedules of each and every employee on file before

they knew anything about them. I even knew my own mothers profile, who still worked for the department store on first the shift. At the time I still did not know why I was so interested in this department store day to day business and operations. I had this same interest in the businesses of those office buildings I cleaned as a kid with my dad. I was feeling powerful, I had the keys to everything including the big wheels offices upstairs. This was different and not like it was when I was working as a kid when my dad kept his eye on me and my brothers. One night I said to myself, I have eight hours per night, forty plus hours per week to read and study everything about this business. To learn all points of this billion dollar corporation, right down to the most personal of detail, had become my mission for the year. I was hunger, with full excess key power in my control. I knew when the shipping department would expect new deliveries coming to the warehouse that I still worked sometimes part time on the weekends. I remember seeing the details of a sting operation by detectives investigating two of the stores top executives making money on the side. These two guys, had set up a few store tractor trailer high jacking's re-routes that went somewhat wrong on paper. As they tried to crunch the numbers over and over again, they could not get them to

match up with the store accounting department and the warehouse receivables yearend to end totals. I would see these same two executives from time to time on the weekends during a big sale minding the store. For about six or seven weeks, whenever I saw these guys I would say to myself, it's just a matter of time, these two crooks are going to jail. I wasn't there the day the police raided the store office area with two arrest warrants in hand, but I heard it was not pretty. Seeing these two over six foot tall men, looking linebackers crying, with wheezing baby noises coming from them as they were hauled off to jail, had to be a sad disappointing site to see. I knew when the store would send excess merchandise to other local department stores downtown or to the malls hundreds of miles away. I know the dates, time, and routes of all tractor trailer deliveries, and the cost value in the millions on each truck load. During this time computers and filing systems did not have as much security as they do today, when it came to keeping the lid on money and its records. Around eleven P.M., each night we were locked in the store by a security guard. The exit doors to the street or rear parking lot where we parked our cars each night were locked, as we spent the night in the store. We were not to open any outer doors for any reason unless it

was a life and death emergency. Like clockwork, around seven A.M. every morning a fresh well rested guard would open the rear door, un-lock it behind him as he turned off the outer door alarms. He would look us up and down for stolen store items, as we stood in the back hallway near the back door exit waiting to be released like a bunch of night prisoners. Now, I'm not saying the guys stole from the store or not. Think about this for moment. If the big executives making six figures couldn't resist temptation. What the hell do you think these low wage, uneducated, poverty written for life janitors were thinking about being around all of those expensive goods? If the opportunity presents itself, will they, who knows? Sometimes during the ride home in the early morning's hours, I would hear the guys say to each other, how they disliked the first shift door opening guards. They would say things like, if I wanted to steal anything from the store with my hood skills it would be easy. I know we could run circles/game around those fat slow guards. Then everyone would start laughing, as they started talking about a game plan just for the fun of it, on how to get stolen goods out of the store. It's easy one of the guys said, all you have to do is stash some items all over the store, and go back later to retrieve them. For instance, before the shift ends some

nights, all you have to do is to get a new store shopping bag from under any register counter. Get an old store receipt from any of the registers trash cans. Put you stolen items in the bag, staple it closed with the receipt showing on the outside of the bag. Take the bag and hide it up in the drop ceiling tiles over the last stall in the men's room until the store re-opens and is full say around 10:00am. Park your car around the front of the store, walk in the front doors like you own the place. Do a little light shopping for a legal receipt and a bag of paid for goods. Step into the men's room last stall with bag in hand, sit there until the men's room is empty. Remove tile reach quickly into the dropped ceiling, grab your stolen bag of goods and walk out a different front door exit to your car. Then the guys would start laughing once again. After a few seconds, one of the guy said, but check this out! You know that one inch gap at the bottom of the small entrance door on the receiving loading docks, next to the big roll down gate? All we have to do is call one of our homeboys around 2:00/3:00 am. Tell him to meet us at the locked small dock back door. Then he said, do you know what kinds of items we could slide under the door to home boy, through that one inch gap. He said, don't give a poor brother an inch, because he damn sure will take a mile, and run with

it all the way to the bank. As we all started laughing again! This is when one of the guys that was sitting behind me said, I got an easy one for you guys if someone decided to go crooked. At the bottom of the escalator on the lower level parking lot are two trash cans and a set of exit doors. Put your stolen stash in some new trash can liners of both cans. Put a new trash can liner on top of your stash, for security and to replace the remove bags that have your stolen goods. Later when the store opens, walk into the lower escalator door still wearing your work uniform. Take the old liners out of the cans as if you forgot to empty these cans the night before that are full of your stash. Replace the liners with the new empty ones, as it will look like you are just doing your job as a janitor. Put the two bags behind the trash dumpsters if the cost is not clear, (if the cost is clear walk to your car with the bags) where no one would see them all day. The next night, show up for work five minutes early after all of the day employees has gone home for the night. That's brilliant, one of the guys said, as we all started laughing at each other's funny ways of getting over on the rich mans, so called full proof security systems. Most rich people and their rich friends, abuse this systems that only works for them not the poor all the time. Most of the times, these rich fat cats bend

and re-adjust the rule in the middle of the game, to only work for themselves and their buddies. Every now and then, that thing called natural justice or karma steps in their path, and takes over the situation. When this happens, the rich and greedy get caught, by the same rules and regulations, which seems to be in place only for the middle class and poor. Too much is given, much is required. This is something most rich people just don't seem to understand until God takes it away from them! If God almighty blessed you with hundreds of thousands of dollars, millions, or even billions of dollars. You must bless others in return, who are in need. Karma will not hesitate to interrupt your blessings or happiness if you are greedy and selfish, when it comes to the poor. As long as there are poor people, curable diseases, and people in need out there, for God's sake Mr. Rich man do something to help cure the little sick babies, feed the hungry, and help the poor or homeless. Cloth the naked during the winter months. You have been blessed, to do so. If not, your God sent blessings "will" continue to be interrupted, removed, as your happiness when it comes to money, will turn to sadness. Understand this if you will! It's no way you or any one man could have made all of those millions in just one life time, without being touch by the blessed hand of God. You have been purposely



chosen and blessed to be in control of this wealth blessing, thru God's mercy, as he desires you to be merciful to others in return. To do the right thing for others is part of your destiny, as you are a rich man in Gods good grace. Don't pat yourself on the back of self-righteousness or self-gratitude, as you lie to yourself and others saying, look at me world, I did this all by myself!

**Walt Disney once said, "We keep moving forward opening new doors and doing new things because we're curious, as curiosity keeps leading us down wonderful, new paths to conquer."**



I went home each morning after a full night of hard work and studying the stores business information, as well as “Jones & Jones Cleaning Service” cleaning contract, that were on file in the main office in all its details. After a few more months had passed of cleaning and studying, I had both business systems down to a science. I knew all the procedures and store policies for each of the department stores in our areas. I understood but kept to myself, little things like why the guards had to check our empty lunch boxes as they looked us down each morning, as we left the store to go home. This made the guys angry and somewhat humiliated that this type of practice was still going on in today’s world. Knowing what I knew about the store and its operating systems, I wrote a strong letter to the President of the company, protesting these actions still in the late 70’s. After re-sending this same letter over and over again for about three months. I finally got a response from the company’s Vice President. I was as proud of myself as this gave me a stronger business boost, to push my person business forward. I felt just a little more in control of my destiny, when the Vice President said in his

letter, he would personally look into the matter when he return from his overseas business trip. One Friday a few weeks later, we were all scheduled to be off on Saturday and Sunday for a weekend break, when Mr. Jones of Jones Cleaning service gave me a call before our shift ended. He said, Kirby I need a serious favor from you and some of the guys. I am having a few problems with the cleaning crew at the department store, in Atlantic City New Jersey. I need you to take your cleaning crew and go fix the problems this weekend, for me please. Then he said, I will pay you and the guys extra overtime and a weekend bonus pay, if you do this favor and fix the problems at this store. I told Mr. Jones, to give me a few minutes to talk to my cleaning crew, and I will call him back. Before I could hang up the phone, a few of the guys standing near me over heard my conversation with Mr. Jones. They instantly volunteered to work for the extra overtime pay/bonus, even before I ask them to. At the time, most of these guys had new young families and the money we were making during this time in our lives, was downright sickening for a family man, to say the worst. If these guys were not family men, who knows what they would be doing, during these hard times to make a buck. Late Saturday night around nine P.M., we were in the work van making the long

drive, to Atlantic City. We arrived on time to find that they had almost the same systems in place used by the guards at our store, as they locked us in the store around eleven pm until early the next morning. That night we worked harder than I had ever worked since being employed with Jones Cleaning Service. The store and the main public used areas needed lots of hard fast work. The restrooms, stairways, escalators, center aisles, were very dirty. That night I keep saying to myself, why or how, did this store get so dam dirty, with a daily cleaning crew cleaning it every night. They have the same size store and number of crew members that we have, as well as the same type of cleaning equipment and supplies. When we finally took a short lunch break, as the crew I sat down to eat our lunch on one side of the store, as the original white cleaning crew that works there each night, ate upfront near the in-store restaurant. Before we started work that night I had pared one of my experienced guys with one of the stores cleaning crew members. I sent them to different areas of the store to get the job done, as I ask my guys to work and teach these guys how to do the job right. Before I could take a second bite out of my sandwich, Zeek said, Kirby this damn store is very dirty, if I knew this I would have kept my black butt home. How are they getting away

with this week in and week out? He said, these white boys don't know crap about commercial cleaning, and on top of that they get paid two dollars more per hour than we get, because as they say they lived in Atlantic City area. Zeek said, could it be the obvious reason that we all know about, I wonder. As Zeek told me and the guys this to their face, they got angry. As the crew stopped eating, almost in harmony all together they said, what the hell did you say Zeek? Zeek a six-foot two three hundred plus pound young man said, you heard what the hell I said Nigga. They make two dollars an hour more than we do. Now, I am glad we took a late lunch, because most of the hard work was already done, as it was a little difficult trying to talk these guys to work hard and fast like they were working before lunch. You see, Mr. Jones had sold us out, his weekend extra pay that he had promise us, would only match their everyday pay, as we knew we had been played for fools, once again. Needless to say, the guys were mad, cussing, and fussing up a storm about what they had just heard and learned about Mr. Jones, the so called black businessman who we kind of made our businessman hero, who is kissing the white man's butt thru his check book. Not only was our store cleaned to perfection each night, we were doing it for less money and rarely ever getting a request

or complaint from the store manager or Mr. Jones himself, week in and week out. I was just as mad as the next guy, but I had to keep my head on straight to finish the job at hand, or until I had time to think things through. After about a half hour, I finally got the guys to cool off a little and go back to work. Needless to say, we successfully pull off the job as we fixed all of the major cleaning problems of that particular department store, in Atlantic City. A few hours later it was time for us to go home, as we stood at the back door and following the white boys lead when it came to checking out at the end of the shift. We watched their routine, and to say the least we were a little confused to see three security guards show up to let us out of the back door. One on the front left, right, and the rear of the line. As the guards came in they turned off the alarm but they did not lock the doors behind themselves right away, as they always do at our department store. We figured they just did things a little different here. So as we started walking up with our lunch boxes opened, the white boys and the guards, looked at us like we were crazy. He asked my brother Erock, as the white crew in front of us just walked out the rear doors in front of us with closed lunch boxes, do you have any store items in your lunch box, as we looked at him to say what the hell. That's when the guard on

the right said, O' we have a note and orders to check the cleaning crew today, like they do in the mornings, at the store in you guys work for. What the hell did he say that for, Erock about five eight, two hundred pounds and most of the time is an easy going guy said, as he snapped! What the hell did you just say, he repeated? Erock, Zeek yelled, cool out man, cool it. I looked at Erock's hand and I saw how he had a tight grip on his lunch box, with his left hand and his right hand balled into a fist. I stepped in front of him and between the security guards with ease, as I told Erock again to calm down. I said to the guard, do yourself a favor buddy and step back into that guard booth, and keep quiet about that so called order of yours, until we leave. Before he could take that step backward Tyrant started yelling from the back of the line, you know this is some bull Kirby. You know this is bull! Tyrant a short dark skinned body builder around five foot six, had a blue belt at the time, and a karate kick that was quick and powerful the few times I seen him use it to defend himself. As he started to walk toward the two guards, Abnormal grab him by the arm, and in a calm brotherly voice, chill out man, chill, Kirby got this. Adnominal is a full three hundred pound man dry mind you, about six feet even, young man who's always had a problems with eating too much and keeping his weight

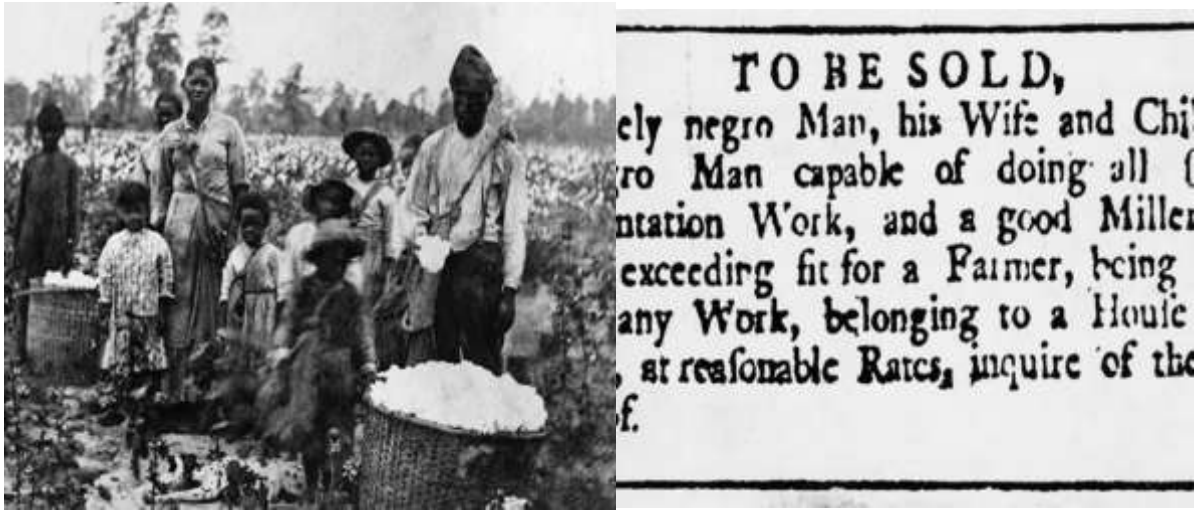
down to a normal size for his height. He also suffered from a very bad temper at times, as his doctor had to put him on high blood pressure med's, until he learned to control himself. Finally after the guards seen that these guys were not kidding around and were real to the point of going to jail if need be. They said you guys have a nice day, everything checks out you can leave, as them made notes on their clip boards. They unlocked the doors once again to the rear back doors fast, and gladly let us walk to the van across the parking lot unsearched. You see what most people don't realize is that, there is a lot of spiteful actions taken against janitors and poor black folk just for the hell of it. These janitors are doing one of the dirtiest, nastiest, smelliest jobs anyone can do with no realist pay each week to show for it. Another reason these and other janitors are so hardcore, is because they are tired of being blamed for everything that is stolen, misplaced, trashed by mistake, lost, or stolen by others, by building managers and staff, no matter what. I've seen items found or returned to its proper owners, with no one ever apologizing for blaming the janitors in the first place. These things among others, always are blamed on the janitors, with no regards of being seen as an equal employee or co-worker.

When it comes to working in the same building all year



round. Now, on the long ride home, I don't think we spoke fifty words among us. As I turned the key and started the van, I repeated myself once again. I have a plan my brothers, I have a plan to change this crap! Not only did we find out that our boss Mr. Jones had sold us out for less money per hour, but he was and modern day house nigger who would lie for his own sack, and was many times worst then that old Tyron, house nigger that whipped my great granddad to death. You see every one of the guys, all of their lives, had heard a bitter slave story or two from grand mom, that was told or passed down to them whether they wanted to hear it or not. When we finally got home as I dropped the guys off to their house door steps, Antione a single six foot one light skinned young man whose grandfather is still living today and just happens to be a white man, said to me. Hey Kirby, I will not be coming back to work on Monday, I quit. As Antione stood there with the van door open talking back and forth with me, I tried to talk him as I asked him reconsider. He closed the door and said, I'm sorry my brother, I just can't do this crap anymore.

**The Dalai Lama once said, "If you want others to be happy, practice compassion. If you want to be truly happy, be compassionate."**



It was around late 1977 and during this time most black folks, were doing bad when it came to supporting a black family with comfort. My situation went from bad to worse as I continue to work for Jones cleaning service at night and the department store warehouse on the weekends. I could barely make ends meet from month to month, as I became one of the working poor. I was making too much money just a little above minimum wage, to get any government support, and too little money to support myself. I had to do something to turn my life and things around soon. One night about six months after the Atlantic City job episode, as I was upstairs in the executive office areas doing my cleaning routine. I glance over to see some papers on a desk that said, Bids Due:

Cleaning service renewal contracts for the Tri-state department stores. Bids due January 1978. I took another quick look at the date on the upper right hand corner of these papers and said Wow, this is it. Then I looked over at the meeting room calendar on the wall, and I said to myself again, this is it, this is the break I've been looking for. This is what I have to do, and do it now or else! I got to get one if not all three of these cleaning contracts for myself and the guys. I had never bid on a large cleaning contract before in my life. I knew I could do it; I had to do it, if I wanted my life, my family lives, and the guy's lives to change. At that moment in time I had more hope than ever that our lives would change for the best if I pull this off. I knew my life would change some way, and this is it. I felt all of my emotions kick in at once as I felt more alive than any other moment in my life. I remember jumping up and down whispering to myself. This is it, this is it! I took those papers to the copy machine in the meeting room and ran off a copy to read later. I was carious to put them back, exactly where I found them, as I learned to do as a kid. For days, I looked high and low for the new bid price to come in from Jones Cleaning, and the other vendors trying to win the jobs away from Mr. Jones, whom still had the current active cleaning contracts. I

needed to know what his competition was bidding as well as, what would be his new bid price. At the same time I was learning more and more about how to place a bids for a big contracts. I went to the library, all of the local office supply stores, learning everything I could about bid forms and the rules of bidding. More time had gone by and I still hadn't seen or heard anything about the new cleaning bids, or who had bid on these department stores. I was getting a little nervous looking high and low with all of my extra free cleaning time, searching every executive's desk, files, draw and office fax in trays looking for these new bids. I even search in the dirty trash cans that sometimes office workers would toast half unfinished cups of coffee in, or even spit in, when they were too lazy to get up and go to the rest room. These where before mandatory trash can liners and the use of disposable rubber gloves were the norm. Some time when you were in a rush to clean a room or office, you would just stick your hands in the can, pull out a wet and dry piece of paper that was soaked in some type of wetness, and wash your hand at the end of the shift with not concerns about your health. I was desperate and just didn't care anymore, I saw my dad and other janitors do this for years, and I never had a second thought until years later when the laws

changed. Time was running out and I had searched the building high and low with no luck, with only about ten business days to go. You see, this is a crazy world we live in. They give the keys and alarm codes to a bunch of uneducated poor janitors who they think are too stupid to read or have any billion dollar ideas or potential of their own. Then they tell us janitors to clean these building, not ever considering the compiled information that's at our disposal every night.

This information is already designed, organized and user friendly, that been set up by their PHD's, or business degree personnel. Most janitor and slaves have learn how to play the white man's game by listening and learning when they wasn't looking or think we heard them talking. You see, we janitors get paid to get this non-formal education for free, in return for use of our professional clearing skills at low wages.

The education that most janitors receives from, The Night School of Janitorial University, is as real as it can be. As we like to joke, and say this is priceless, and one of the well-kept secrets of most poor janitors, if they slow down during their cleaning shift and study. As we get educated for free each night, some rich saps are spending thousands each year for a formal education at some high class private, Prestigious College. We see how you rich fat cats are living every day of

your rich lives. On Television's, Wall Street, luxury corporate business board rooms, the wealth channels, and so on, you show off, and now we want a piece of the action as we have studied you and learned well. You see, one day some descendants of slaves are going to reach out and touch you, sooner than you think. Starting with these hidden codes, for taking charge of the White House that slaves once built. This touch will be done in settle ways that will make you think about your past, the wrongs and continued ills that you keep us in fending for ourselves, as a broken race, which has never been lifted or removed from our tired shoulders. As you still refuse to engage real actions, accept faces, repair or fully discuss the reversal terms of these damages, that's being done to a whole race of people then, and still today.

Finally I seen a note from one of the big wheels placed on one of the receptionist ladies desk. "Roberta it said, please call all of the cleaning services that we sent an invitations to bid too, before the day is out. Call just the ones that are on our cleaning service bidders list for an updated. The bids are due next Tuesday, or about a week from now and I have not seen any of the new bids yet. Now, I know these cleaning service owners get a little busy at times working nights, but what I

don't understand is why they are not as excited as I am, when it comes to placing the new bids in early or on time". The words invitation to bid made me just a little nervous once again. I knew I was not on the department store bidders list and I didn't know how to get on it, or for that matter, what the hell a bidders list was. Three days before the bids were due, I saw the first bid on Roberta's desk, and it just happens to be from my boss, Mr. Jones. When I saw his bid and the numbers I became more determined than ever, seeing how much he was getting paid each month versus our pay checks.

This house nigger, had pissed me off again! Who does he think he is sending his bid in late like this, as if he doesn't give a crap about me and the cleaning crew getting rehired by his company, if the bid was dropped or lost? Then I started to have a few strange crazy thoughts, saying to myself, he did this crap on purpose. He knew I needed this information to place my bid, as I laugh at myself for thinking this way. Based on Jones building cleaning service, I finally sent in a bid that was a few hundred dollars per month lower than Jones. I had a friend who worked at the local print shop to make me a few letter heads, got a bid form from the office supply store, and used my old P.O. Box number from the post office. None of this business information of mind was on file at the

department store or Mr. Jones office, as I sent my first big contract bid in. As I didn't use my real name and phone number on the bid or letter head, just in case I was found out before I knew if I had the cleaning contract or not. About a week later the bids were opened and I got a letter in my P.O. Box saying, that the new cleaning contractor had been award to another cleaning service that was preapproved and qualified to fulfill their cleaning needs. As I continued to read it list, Jones & Jones Cleaning at the end of the page as, the successful bidder, once again. Boy did this give me a wakeup call. I told myself all types of self-pity bull like, what a frailer I am. I knew I shouldn't have used the P.O. Box in one of the poorest cities in America, they must have checked it out. I should have bided lower. That's when it hit me I did bid lower than Jones and the others, and I still didn't get the contracts. I finally said to myself, Hey you tried!

**Bob Marley once said, "Emancipate and free yourself from mental slavery. No one but yourself can free your mind from judging the skin tone from which you live."**





Many years had passed as it was about the year 2001, and we were still working going from cleaning contractor to cleaning contractor, as supervisor once a contract came to an end. We

were being passed around and used up like a well-trained group of pimped out cleaning hookers. We only knew how to clean buildings for a living, at low wages. One day I looked at myself good in a mirror that I was cleaning. Standing there in my blue cleaning uniform doing the same thing over and over again, since high school, is when I had enough! I decided to have a meeting with the crew one Friday night, after we had planned to go out for a few drinks at our favorite local bar.

Not knowing this first meeting would change our lives permanently as well as change America forever. I asked the guys one by one to follow me home, as they were getting into their trucks to go their separate ways. When they arrived, I

grabbed a six pack of beer from the refrigerator, sat it on the table, and I started talking. I said, I have something very important to tell you guys, as they looked at my face and knew I was serious. I told the guys that I was sick and tired of working day in and day out for these low wages making others rich, in a business that no one respects, or give a crap about our honest family valued and hard work ethics. People look at us as though we were dirty old rags, or trash on the side of the road. They have looked at our mothers, fathers, grandparents, and everyone that we know that are still janitors, the same way. We are considered as a bunch of worthless losers, as I was feeling a little self-pity. It's time gentlemen I said, it's time to take control of our lives as we take control of others' who refuse to help us. We can change this, I know we can change this, I know how to change this, I said. We can make lots of money and earn our self-respect as janitors at the same time. I have an idea or two of how we can do this and change the world at the same time. You know how we always joke about our dreams once we get a few to many beers in us. Then I said, I talk to Banker last week and I told him what I am about to tell you, as they sat up straight ready to listen. Most of the guys had meet and knew Banker from back in the day, when he was a young black millionaire,

some years after we had worked for Mr. Jones. He said, he will come on board to help us with whatever we need, to move things forward hard and fast. Banker is a little older and wiser than most of the guys. You see back in the early to mid-90s he was a cool low key black millionaire, that we all knew who happen to own a cleaning business at the time, and had hired some of us guys to work for him starting out as temporally workers. He also had a beautiful wife who just happened to be white, who seemed to love Banker very much, even after he lost everything some years later. As of today I still don't know what happened to Banker or his million dollar corporations. When I saw him a few years later after all of the guys were laid off from his firm without warning, he didn't say anything about business. He was completely broke, working at the same college campus my mother use to work for. He was on third shift, as a janitor's supervisor, making few dollars more than minimum wage. I was totally shocked! I hinted around to Banker, to try to find out what happened to his business and his life. Every time I asked or dropped a hint to him, he would give me a story without any of the details making scene. After a few try's I finally just stop hinting around, as I got his hint that he didn't wish to talk about it at this time. Banker had all types of large

government contracts that he and his dad acquired over the years. You see, his dad retired from the military after thirty years of service. Banker was in the Air Force for about four years of his life, so they knew a little about the government and how it functioned, as him and his dad made a killing, in the government cleaning service contracting business. Back in the early 80's, him and his dad had a few complete full Army base cleaning contracts. Air Force bases contracts, and Navy bases contracts, as well as lots of government office buildings to clean each month all over the country. At one time I heard the rumors that he had a top-secret clearance, to clean high classified areas of the Pentagon and other top secret buildings. At one time these guys were rolled in the doe making millions each month, driving the best of cars, living in the best of homes as they owned boat/yachts with helicopter landing pads. I told the guys, I explained to Banker a little about what we are about to do, as far as taking over the cleaning business and changing the world as we know it. When it comes to black men having dignity, and the type of power to do some good, Banker and these guys were the best, only they didn't know it yet. I told them that when I finished talking, Banker looked at me with a glare in his eye that and a look on his face that I hadn't seen in years or since

he closed down one of the biggest black government cleaning businesses, on the coast. He said, Kirby please count me in, you know I'm on-board 100%, as I am at your disposal with all my knowledge, and what I have been through over the years, I have basally nothing else to lose, at my age. When Banker told me this, I knew we had a chance, this guy was smart, he had been there, and done that. I told the guys you know we have tried our hands and minds at a lot of different pipe dream businesses, inventions and other crazy ideas, trying to make life just a little better for our families and friends. I would always hear Perm say, "Kirby stick with what you know and you will go far, you are what you already know". So from now on, I am going to take Perms advice, and do just that, as we make the moves to sink or swim! Then I told them what I had been doing year in and year out, whenever I had the opportunity or access to an office or building that needed to be cleaned. I told them I had seen things that were very unreal, but at the same time educational that I have kept to myself. To the average man out there on the same job year in and year out making a living, what we do is different. The average man does not have the same opportunities or job freedom that we have had, going from job to job, all over America cleaning buildings during their careers. Most people

are assigned to one area of a building or department and stay there for years. The first week on the job, most janitors see more of this and other buildings on the property, then the average man see after ten or more years on the same job. I

told them that we are in a unique position as building cleaners, and we are going to start take advantage of this, now! I said listen up fellows! After watching an old movie (Distinguished Gentlemen) a must see movie that was supposed to be a comedy, got me thinking. This movie inspired me among other things in my life, to bring all of us together to force a change in the American system and make it work to our advantage. You see, Hollywood and the powers to be has always worked together, letting us know what's going on without admitting if it is true or not. As they always say, the best way to hide something is to put it right out there in the open. Later, when something go's wrong in the political or business world, these types of movies keeps us from being shocked, as they continue to slip things by us. These types of movies also keep us numb from taking action, as they help to keep us from protesting these wrongs which are right up in our face, and out in the open all the time. Later the powers to be will say, we told you this was happening

years ago, you didn't listen again. Didn't you see the movie or hear it on the news.

Then I just came out and said, I know how we can, **Make Dirty Millions the Clean Way!** What Gee said? Gee is a quiet man, but when he do talk, it's like listing to a modern day MLK Jr., and Malcolm X combined. I said, you heard me right Gee. I know how we can make Dirty Millions the Clean Way, for us and every black men across America, if we play our cards weights.

**Henry Ford once said, "When everything seems to be going against you, remember that an air plane takes off against the wind, not with it. Once up, flying with the wind is almost effortless, as it is a joy that keeps giving."**



The room got quiet, and I had everyone's full attention. Then I said, I have a serious question or two to ask. "When you're

cleaning an office or building, have you ever paused for a moment or two, to read the papers on top of an executive desk? Glance at a computer monitor that's been left on? Is it just me doing this or not?" They all started laughing saying,

"O' hell yes we do it all the time. I thought it was just me being nosey is said". Zeek said, "No man it's not just you".

It's all of us, we look at these fat cats information with curiosity, as we wonder why me Lord, why am I a janitor?

Why can't I give my family a small piece of the American dream? Why do they have so much as a working man, as me and my family have so little? Perm said, they look and talk around us janitors as if we don't exist, or are invisible, so we get to know them thru their paper work. We've heard them talking about us many times as we cleaned there stinky toilets

and offices. Than Larry & Hart both said at about the same time, "you're right" my man. These two very smart brothers who went to the same poor public schools as we all did, somehow always had good grades and a higher (S.A.T) test score for ghetto kids. Then they said, again at the same time,

"I know exactly what you mean. This happened to me on the job again, just the other day, as a few people were working late before the weekend." Larry said, I looked over at Hart

and he looked at me with that look, don't they see us.

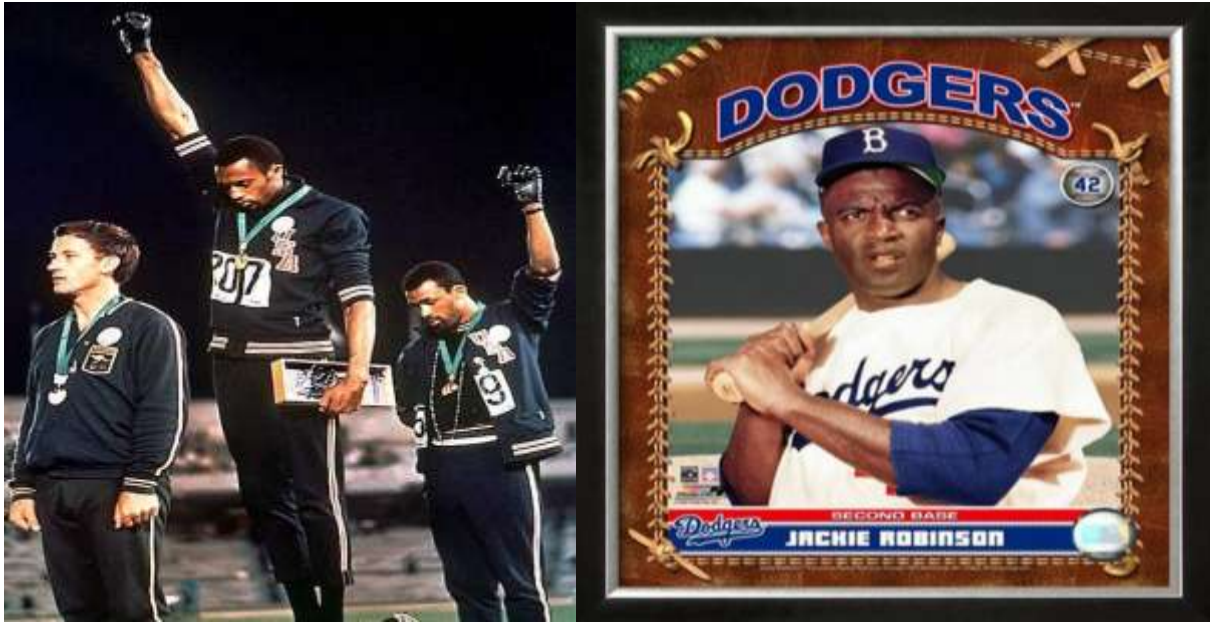


Sometimes I could choke all of these uppity people for being so inconsiderate. After what they have done to us throughout our history, making us a bunch of second class citizens out of us, as if it is natural to do so. After a few minutes I told them in the near future, I wanted them in a planned, almost invisible, strategized way, to start getting as much information as they could from every business that we have keys/alarms to as they clean each night. Make copies, downloads, and search trash cans for all types of business information that we are going to learn from and talk about in more detail, soon. We are going to read and study this information, file the important stuff in our computer systems, and destroy the rest. I told them the game plan without too many details, will happen and come together sooner than later. This is not a game and it is not going to be easy I told them. Everything will not happen or come together overnight, as it may take a few years before we make our first big moves on the business world, and the systems that has healed us back for centuries, purposely with no merits for doing so what so ever. I said, I can guarantee you this, if you stick it out, it will be o' so sweet in the end. Every week after the first meeting we would have two or three meetings for the first few years. We knew we were on to something, as I

gave the crew more details of our master plan during each meeting. This made this thing, bigger and more powerful, than all of us put together. It gave most of us a sense of spiritual strength that only real men experience, as they feel deep down inside. I will die for this cause, if need be. Now we knew, there was no room for that thing call fear, mistakes, or selfishness what so ever. We understood these terms well as Gee would repeat this during prayer asking for guidance, at the end of each meeting. When it came to this new cause that we were committed to it was, “to do what have to be done, kill or be killed, eat or be eaten, was well understood with no deviations to be horned!”

**Mohammad Ali once said, “I am black America. I am the part you won’t fully recognize. Get use to me and my blackness, confident, cockiness, with my own name not yours, my own religion, not yours, my own goals not yours. Get use to me America, I am not afraid!”**

One night about a year ago I asked brother Gee to speak during the next few weeks meetings to remind the



brothers of their strong history. You see, when I told the guys at our first meeting I knew how we and all black men in America could get paid, I had been studying our black history by myself and listening to brother Gee, who is a fully committed Muslim, who knows the Bible and the Quran (Muslim Bible) inside and out, who was always ready to teach black men of their history and more. Although most of the crew were raised as Christians, under one denomination or the other. They had an open mind when it came to our black history of which they always herd stories from older folks as a kid. Gee would drop jewels or the same thing as using strong words, as he could speak better than any ghetto minister we knew. We kind of understood that we were in for a good lesson once Gee got up and started to talk. I had never seen

Gee like this before tonight, as he was much focused and quiet as usual. He also had a mysterious gangster thug-like presents, and a sound to his voice that was a mesmerizing form from his past younger street days, when he was in out of prison life. What we didn't know was that Gee had done his homework over the past few years and this time he was prepared to bring it, like none other. He blew us completely away from his first few words to his last words. Using one or two large words and terms, then flipping them in ways that only an old

**Buddha once said, “no one can saves us but ourselves. No one can and no one may. We ourselves must walk the path with or without fear alone.**



fashion devoted Muslim brother could do. He just stood up and started talking, moving his Quran/Bible and a few blank forms, from one hand to the other as he continued to speak.

Like most black men who could speak well when they finally started talking, they talked with a lot of good scene. They did not talk to show off, or because they liked to hear themselves talk, so they could seem smarter than other black men. They talked a lot because they had a message to bring, as they were trying to reach so many hopeless poor brothers and sisters. Trying to give them hope in a hopeless situation. They also talked because they were trying to open closed minds, to the possibilities of new ideas. They talked because they knew true knowledge would always replace paralyzing fears. No matter how scary the new message sounded to a fearful mind the first time, it would eventually be free of fear, once the message sinks in through the truth of the sub-conscious way of thinking. As Gee continued to talk he said, as of today we are no longer seekers of fun and pleasure, due to the cause at hand. From now on we will leave the fun to the women and kids, as we are full grown men, with a mission like none before.

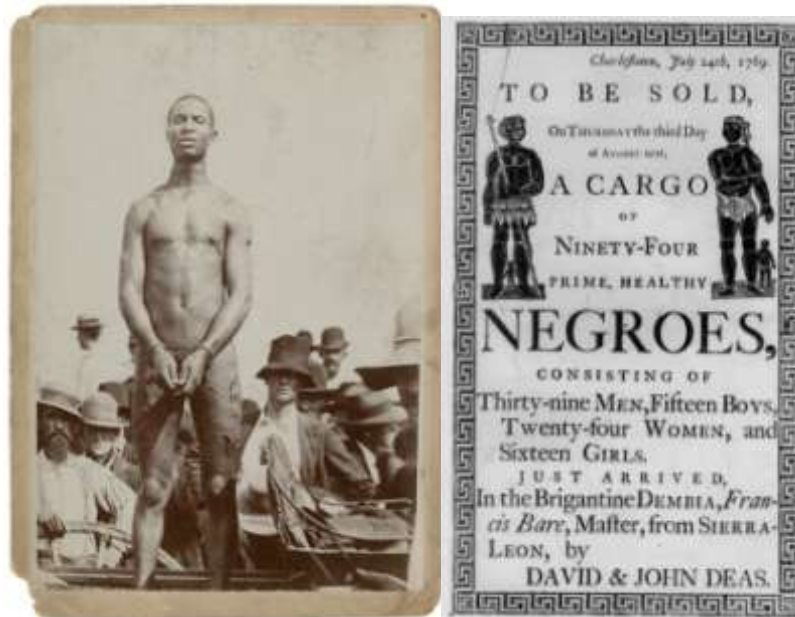
**Epictetus once said, if thy brother wrongs thee, remember not so much his wrong-doings but more than ever that he is thy brother.**



With a much serious job ahead of us, to be done by us, there is not time for fun and games. We will be focused and succeed as black men who have changed the world forever, as we implement Kirby's plans down to the letter. Although we are not asking for this, historians will write and study our creative successful actions, for centuries to come. As they have also studied our once captive slave masters dominating actions for centuries in the past. Gee said our leaders, Martin



Luther, Malcolm X, Jessie Jackson, Al Sharpton, Louis Farrakhan, and so many others are getting tired, old, dead, or sick. It is up to us to carry the torch and risk life and limb as they have done many times for us. It's up to us now as we are mentally stronger as well as fearless to move the case forward. They've brought us this far by faith and we can't turn around.



We must be ready to die if need be as we make them and God almighty proud! These great leaders of our past and present history are in need of help to preserve and carry on their great legacies, to change the black man's poor predicaments here in America. Gee said, "Did you know not so long ago, we were auctioned off as slaves in chains, necked, dirty, wet, cold and hungry, as if we were the lowest

of all the animals on God green earth? Did you also know, there is still many types of modern day slave trafficking happening around the world, even still today. Young people are being kidnapped and beaten to the point of doing all types of ill crap. When I hear that the powers to be are looking the other way this makes me sick to my stomach, knowing a little about our history and what we have been thru, seem to be unreal. As the hip hop artist Flavor Flav would sing! "You've got to fight the powers, fight the powers that be!" Then Gee said you know, we earn over eight hundred billion dollars a year as one black race. We only keep about three percent of this money to change our poor situations thru-out the course of this same year. Yes, we are being robbed over and over again by not owning our own, so we can re-spend this money with our own black producers, over and over again. We have a master plan to change this and so much more soon, Gee said. For years we have been like a ship without a steering ore, drifting from port to port with no real destination. That's when Gee took a deep breathe, paused for a few seconds, as he said these next words in ways that could only come from an inner-city Muslim brother, as it seemed like he just kept talking from here without taking another breath! Again, I say to you my brothers! This systems has implemented through



high their IQ think tank studies, done by design, with meticulous actions, has placed all types of black ill racisms as a concept of social control and domination, as they have hateful destroyed us as a race. Included in our history of poverty and the gathering of social welfare programs implemented by each state for social control to protect America against black revolutions in trade for food stamps, small amounts of monthly cash, and low wages. Also to maintain a living



standard of those in poverty, in order to make a permanent dependent low wage labor forces out of us. Leaving little to no opportunities for us to choose from in return, has been devastating on our race of people. Subsequently the north-south conflict that followed which implemented a new form of slavery which used us for profit criminalization for the prison system, the use of labor in relationship between

poverty, labor for corporations, large foundations that's managing and controlling the black population of the United States, establishing low budget poor educational system, weak social welfare provisions, for federal poverty use or abuse of the black population. Then Gee said, they have used different subsequent social welfare programs only implemented for the purpose of our social and physical control, as well as the implications for poor and separate race relations which at the same time this help the controlled development of poor ghettos in the United States. These were ordered into process to stop the progress of the black communities who were recently set free to endure other types of suppression. This was done in order to manage the migration and movement of all black Americans, for low paying labor industries to set up shop near these black communities, whether living in these ghettos or not, we are continuously monitored by big brother and the boys in blue. Urban areas are used for general development through the organized civil rights movement, in excess of democracy and the innovative methods of managing the expansion of private and non-prison systems. The small amounts of black crimes are used through the legal discrimination criminal systems, which are used by the courts to move more and more blacks

through the jail system in heavy herd like populations each year. At one time this was designed for all intended purposes to have all type of free labor completed by black men, that no white man or women would ever degrade themselves to doing before high paying union jobs were organized. As they privatize the jail systems today for all intended purposes are still to make a profit off of each black man that's locked up. Gee said, please try to understand my brothers, there are a large uneven number of black people in jail today as we are only a third of the American full population. "Do you know how much contract profit that is to the prison owners of each state?" Gee said, if you are not living large and, are not connected to white America, you can go to jail for any trumped up charge and there is nothing we as black men can do to help you get out! On the other hand, there are millions of white people in college doing another type of time, as fee people preparing for a piece of the American pie. Then Tyrant interrupted and said, "Hey Gee, we are trying to understand you my brother, but you have to break this down a little for us and speak the ghetto king's Ebonics language. We all started laughing for a few seconds. Then Gee said, Seriously my brothers, our grandmothers told us story after story over many generations as they, believed and somehow knew that

we, us as a black men or people would someday prevail and overtake our oppressors, not to do them harm, some many centuries later. They knew hundreds of years ago somehow we would be having this and other meetings like this one, to change the future for our grand kids. Having this inner insight gave them the strength that held them together, as it kept them standing upright to raise the men that we are today. We are ready and able to change America forever, using her systems and abiding by her laws to win as we fix the ills of our present and past. Then he said, my humble black brothers, this is it, the time has come to change the wrongs that has been done to us, and the black man throughout the history of this country. As he started passed out the standard reparations petition form that has been circulating in our communities for years. He said, I am going to take a few minutes more to ramble on about how the white man has kept us down with his foot on our necks throughout history. Yes, I know you have heard these hard luck stories over and over again all of your lives. If you would just indulge or listen to me for a few minutes during the next few meetings I hope to clear a few things up. First, I would like to re-read the reparations partition that I just passed out once again for you to re-sign and re-send to the NAACP and all other black

organization that represent us. Now, I'm going to also remind you of a few of the items just to refresh your mind, to make my point stick by the end of this week's meetings. You know our black history and how we got here to this nightmare of which we hope to wake up from soon. Gee said, before I refresh your memory and read this bill that we have tried to get past the Senate and Congress over and over again, I ask that you listen up. I just want you to know where we stand economically here in the richest country in the world. We've done our part when it comes to labor work among other things. We have done more than any other race, far as physically building this country to where or what it is today. According to CNN sources or other organizations that supposed to represent us like the NAACP. We are still getting paid less than any other race, as a group percentage wise thou out America. The average man in America makes three times more than the average poor black man in America. The average poor black man working 40 hour work weeks is paid around \$12,000 a year, compared to the average man grossing around 36,000 plus per year. Gee said, I don't quite understand what have been done over the past forty plus years when it comes to the NAACP advancing the lives of our so-called colored black folks pay and living class. I think the

NAACP, needs to be overhauled and held accountable when it comes to black folks still making less money than every other race in America. We have been here longer than most newly arrived immigrants and we make less than them as well. Why

are we advancing at such a slow almost standstill pace, instead of moving forward? I do wonder at times, what the top salaries are of those who are supposed to be helping us.

Gee paused, and then he started to re-read that same old standard partition of reparations for black men, as follows. This petition represents poor black people, having never had access to resources to succeed in America, due to no faults of their own. Registered Monetary Reparation/Bill #727A453-2.

**This** bill is consistent or is the same contents of previous inquires for monetary reparations, for America's wrongs committed upon all African Americans in the past and present. We are still your legally adopted slave family by registered ownership said you, and the laws of each state recordings of these adoption records.

**Tony Robbins once said, "Using the power of decision gives you capacity to get past any self-excuse to change any and every part of your life in an instant".**



Your late great grandfathers, our slave masters certified this legal family bond to be undone with his last name as ours. According to last name deeds, and our inheritance that is said due within our legal rights for legal monies, properties or full reparations in current tender amounts, plus interest. In the amounts of five hundred thousand dollars, per black man/male over the age of twenty five, to be reinforced or adjusted when due. This one time allotment is to be paid to one present generation based on original birth certificates being stamped and paid according to date, time, and all certificates fully executed as paid in full. We the unpaid black men, are once again requesting full payment for our fair

monetary amounts that are seriously, past due. As partners and adopted great grandsons with due rights to all legal tender of our adoptive grandfathers, we are demanding what is rightfully ours by law. We are also requesting payment for all free labors completed by our black great granddads and the non-payment for joint ventures such as building plantations, property due, and interest acquired, amount other projects jointly developed. All over America our inherited rights have been written in stone. For we are the surviving arise of these signee's, of owner's whose signatures represent these conformation legally. According to the freedom of information act we own these documents, titles, government archives, historic records, non-reversible adoption laws, last names, courthouse records, and so forth. We own a substantial amount of America, stocks, wealth, properties, oil, land, buildings, homes, corporations, bank accounts, as well as some established companies that once owned slaves. Then Gee read, according to old bank accounts that still have our black grandfather's mark or signature, as he was un-aware of his self-value. As our slave owners used black families as bank and other types of collateral, with no interest in return paid to slaves. As he continued Gee said, once again my brothers we are still paying for being slaves. As



they earn and use our reparations monies by filling jails for corporate profits, we are being disrespected once again. Digging ditches, and cleaning dirty buildings for low wages based on the percentage of past free labor is worthless money spent to fix this poor situation. No matter how much you pay a token black man in today's wages or salary, it will never pay the full reparation bill, until you right this divesting wrong the correct and only way as mentioned above. Yes, we the black man knows we own millions in wealth all across America and in some investments made around the world.

Gee said, ok my brothers that's it when it comes to this reparations partition. Make sure you give me your completed signed copy of this petition once again, before you go home tonight. If not please fill it out at home and re-mail it to the address below. As Gee finished his comments, Perm a hard core thuggish ex-gangster type said, "You know I have been given this form by a many Muslim brothers, many times over the years, but I never took the time to read it in full or fill it out". Hey Gee this petition is deep, as he cleared his throat; Perm seemed for the first time ever just a little emotional and visibly shaken up by what he had just seen and heard. Gee waited a few seconds, walked over to Perm and shook his hand saying, it's better late than never my brother, as he

stood there a few extra seconds until Perm got himself together. Gee asked the crew, "Are there any questions?" that's when Antione stood up and yes. Gee, you used a lot of big words in such elegant way once again, that we poor uneducated folk understand the cause a lot better. You see Gee, Antione continued to speak, it's like Tyrant said earlier you broke it down for us. Antione said believe me when I say, all of us have learned over the years how to speak and listen to Ebonics/slang and the proper Kings language as one if needed, to make a point of whatever level anyone is on at the time. Now, if you want to get paid, or move forward in this life, your uneducated brain will filter out the non-scene so you can hear the realty to get to get what you want. Antione said, O' we do know how to mix it up, as everyone in the room knew exactly what Antione was saying! So then Antione said, it's my turn to use a big word, as everybody in the room laughs. Gee can you please "and my big word for the day is elaborate" on some of the earlier subjects as well as some of the things that you just read in the petition, as it seems we are still being ignored by our government and the powers to be as serious poor black men. I just don't quite understand how this could be true after a partitions like this. Gee said again it's up to us my brothers, because it's all true

as we are millionaires and maybe even billionaires once removed from this wealth, that's rightfully ours. Due to the tremendous, overwhelming illegal positions that we find ourselves in today, there is no legal by law, opposing contest to what is rightfully ours. Listen up my brothers at one time we were used like animals, to make million-dollar deals back in the 1700/1800s, to buy land, equipment, horse's, plantations, and so forth. If Massa fell behind for any reason on his monthly payments to the big banks of those days. He would sale a few of us black folk off (babies) for a profit to make his monthly payments. If not the bank would foreclose on the plantation, selling us and other collateral at auction, for a profit. Now, Massa has use us to make million deals back then. I wonder what we are truly worth now as collateral with interest today. We are off the charts and are worth trillions in today's market, if we were still sold as slaves on the Wall Streets of today. As a stock option like pork bellies, we would be priceless commodes showing up all over the ticker tapes. If we were never freed as slaves, you could bet your last dollar that the words "stock and slaves world be up almost all the time. It would be running across the Wall Street ticker tapes not five days a week, but 24/7. We would be worth more than gold or any other precious commodity

on the market. Can you see white folks chasing us around in their BMW's like crazy, every time their bills or quarterly bonuses were due? When old Massa gave us his slave plantation names, he gave us the rights to everything he owned past, present, and future in accordance to certain laws and the Constitution of the United States, stating that all men shall be free. For example, if you were married to your lovely wife who had a few kids or babies when you met her, and you decided to adopt those kids, these kids would become your heirs as well as your responsibilities throughout the remaining days of your life. Although there is no bloodline connected to you and these adopted kids, they are a part of your family by law. They have more rights to your inheritance than the rights of the dependents of slave owners. This is based on accordance to past actions taken thus far, when it comes to our reparations and inheritance. These slaver owners are your late relatives, grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, and so on by law. Gee continued by saying, let's go back a little once again, because I think this is important enough to repeat! If for some reason you and this wife/woman got a divorce, for any reason as long as you are on American soil, you are still responsible for these kids legally with not exception. You would have to continue to pay for your

responsibilities in full legally terms. No matter what you and your ex-wife may or may not do within your personal lives, you are legally bound to these kids. Now that the togetherness is no longer as husband and wife or a part of your joint venture, you are still bound by every adoption law there is, when it comes to all legal adoption responsibilities. Now, on a very somewhat serious note. If you got sick and the doctors needed someone related to you to sign forms before they could operate or do a procedure to make you well. Your adopted kid would become legal or can become temporally power attorneys of all such owned, by signing for your health and wellbeing. Your ex-wife is powerless in this situation, but your adopted kids could sign the health forms and save your life, legally. It's the same thing when Massa adopted us as his legal slaves, servants or live property. He could not UN-adopt us, as he gave us his last name as a legal commitment as his family member as we are controllers of his family future. Even more so if we were sold to more than one slave master during black grate granddaddy's life time. If owned by multiple slave owners, this will increase your wealth or net worth today. With the legal powers of today and then some, our rights to millions of dollars, deed, property, plantation, oil, corporations, promise notes for free

labor, and share cropping, to say the least, makes us rich black men. There's no such thing as a Davis, Johnson, Jones, Miller, Wilson, Carter, Smith and so forth, types of name in the African language, or vocabulary. So my brothers, because of its importance I repeat myself once again. Throughout history as family members of those old slave masters, we are the legal owners of all they once processed, that's been handed down to Caucasian offspring's who has never worked for free or minimum wages, a day in their lives. Plantations, land, old bank accounts, stocks in large corporations, and so forth as mentioned in the petition and previous statements are there for the legal takings. The records and deeds are still in the active archive signed and sealed, stating that the facts are true waiting for us to use our God-given rights to the government's freedom of information act, to open study and take action upon these riches. As I've said this again and again, we are millionaires and even billionaires living like poor paupers, the sons of African and American once kings. No matter how you look at this was wasn't meant to be this way. Yes, we were robbed a many times over. Just because we are sleeping on the above facts, our lives have not changed because we have not took our rightful place as born again kings and queens. Gee said yes my brothers it gets deep, I

have not begun to scratch the service yet. I can go on for hours explaining, how we as a people have been physically, mentally, fearfully raped and robbed, in more ways than one. God bless our great grandmothers and fathers, as Gee choked up for a split second.

**Dr. Cornell West once said, “There is often only a small amount of difference in time worked between the top wealthiest, and those who are merely getting by”.**



Can we talk just a little more on the petition, Tyrant said? You say some things in the petition that most of us have heard before, but what we don't quite understand is, what the hell does this mean in today's reality when it comes to helping our poor black brothers in the here and now? Then

Gee said to the crew, what I am about to say and do next, will separate the men from the boys. I have to ask a very serious question before we move forward, Gee said. Raise your hands if you are ready to die or go to jail if need be, for the cause that we are about to undertake to the next phase? The petition and the NAACP, has been around for almost a half century with little to no real results for the poor black family man. Before we could get our hands up, Gee pulled his big loud short noise (357) magnum gun from his back holster and while aiming high shot it into the thick covered up foam bullet stopper, which he had set up in the room before the meeting started. Now this wasn't the first time any of us had ever heard a gunshot, but it pissed a few of the fellas off for a few seconds, with total shock and anger. Before I knew it everyone stood to their feet ready to do what we always have done when a gun is fired. We were ready to take some serious action as we always make the situation good or bad, go away quick. No one ran or act like a little wimp, as this was the reaction Gee was looking for from a bunch of ghetto raised solders, ready for battle 24/7. I stood up and said, Gee what the hell man! Gee said, Kirby you know me, and now you and I know everyone in this room knows, they can trust me with their lives, and I hope vice versa, because of the



seriousness of the cause. After everyone calmed down, Gee said, what I came here to say tonight is as real as me shooting my gun a few seconds ago. Now you are ready to listen, and take more action than ever. By whatever means necessary, to get the job done! My un-real desire is a wishful hope, that this gunshot could be our first and only gun shot, for what we are about to do, or must do, starting now brothers! Gee said, with absolutely no expression on his face or in the sound of his voice, I only wish this could somehow be true. As we will soon live by the sword once again, as some of us may die by the sword, for us to succeed. By any means necessary, he whispered. For what we are about to do, and once we get started we go all the way for the future of our kids, grand kids, and every black man whose ever lived. Its swim or sink time, as we may die in mid-stream changing this horrible condition, we just happen to find ourselves in at this point and time. The systems that we have in place, and the actions that we are taking, will last forever more. Once we jump into the waters of removing wealth and power from the greedy, lazy, decedents of our slave masters grandsons, it's all in. We must swim to the other side or drown in mid-stream for the cause to succeed. We can never go back home again, if we fail. So failure is not an option, but self-sacrifice for the bigger

cause is. Gee repeated, we will never be able to return to the shores of which we've come, if we don't succeed. Are you with me my brothers, he said? Everyone paused for a split second, then Jerry-tall one of the oldest of the crew in the room said, I think I can speak for all of us. Yes, we're in with you and Kirby, all the way. We have worked too hard to turn back now and we are in too deep to walk out, as we are not afraid to move forward, from this day on. Gee said, for the next few meetings, Kirby asked me to continue to make short speeches to the crew and keep everyone up to speed on the situation and our American black history pertaining to the cause, of which most of you are very familiar with all its past and present pains. We have done a lot of research over the recent years that just may be legal or illegal, studying information from buildings that we can clean each night has change our future. That's why Kirby has written a book that compiles some of it to show us the way to take over the cleaning business and make billions of dollars, of which everyone will receive copies to study soon. That's when Hart said, I am here to help you understand that it's ok for us to get rich and make millions or billions of dollars. Then he said, but that's not good enough, when it comes to changing our future from slave ship to white house and beyond as one race

of people. Erock still mad about the gun shot said angrily! “What the hell you mean making billions is not good enough, what more could we ask for financially as well as helping others?” Gee said, please be patient my brother, as I try to explain in detail our dilemma. You see, this is not just about the money, it’s even things out for the poor man time.

Before or around 2008 America, if God almighty the magnificent permits he stated. America will start to slowly give forced respect, for all that it has done to poor black men. Throughout its greedy, short, pathetic, occupied history, and his existence on this land called America, no suffering or atrocities have ever been place on one poor race of people for such a great length of time. Most historians have known in advance of America’s temporary future and self-destruction, just by studying past failed empires such as Egypt. In the near future around 2008 to around 2016 we will have a black president somehow and we are going to bring America to its selfish knees. Zeek said, “What did you say we are going to do?” Gee just look at us and smiled a fearless smile. Then he said you see my brothers, in an eloquent voice of confidents. We are going to hit these lazy people who need slaves to do their hard labor, exactly where it hurts. Everyone race of color has always done their hard labor and

heavy lifting, and they have become soft, due to this know truth. They tried to make the Indian men slaves; the Chinese men slaves, and the black men labor slaves. They are working on our poor Hispanic brothers, trying to make them low wage labor slaves as we speak. When old master tried to keep black men from learning to read, he knew what he was doing, as kept ignorant poor people in high demand, for labor. He knew this day would come according to great grandma's stories. As the old slave masters died off and President Lincoln freed the black slaves, we the poor learned to read and write on a low scale, hoping to celebrate our own independence day, one day in the nearby future. My brothers Gee said, understand this if you will, every animal knows not to take a bowl crap where he eats or sleeps. If he do crap where he eat, he know he has to labor, to clean or remove that craps before he eats or sleep again, or pay a big price for his health for doing so. But not that lazy slave master has refuse to wipe his own babies' ass, as he made our black women do this task for him. He has not only hired us to clean behind his lazy ass one too many times over the years, but now we got him by the balls and, he won't know it until we yank the hell out of its shack, politically. Yes, over the years we have cleaned, took, and removed his crap, but it

was all worth it, as this is over. Studying his hateful nasty ass all these years, has made us smarter than ever. As of now we have complete control over the systems for generations to come, and they don't know anything about it, as of yet. As we move in slow for the permeate changes being made. Once they find out what we are doing, it will be much too late to stop us. By studying his trash among other things, and his every move as we clean his nasty billion dollar corporate buildings each night, we know how he thinks, and his next moves even before he makes them. Now Gee said, over the next year we are going to be studying Kirby's first book together, as we give copies to the poor black community, after we perfect the knowledge within it ourselves first. His book will not give up any of our secrets, or what we have done and are about to do. It will also shows anyone how to turn any idea into a profitable business, even more so if you work around any type of building each day. So others do not have to work for companies like that house nigger Jones Building cleaning service ever again. As we learn and move forward, we will put a black man in the white house by the end of the next election. This will help us to have much more access to all types of political businesses as we gain a valuable in sites, to finish the job that we have already successfully

started. We as poor black people have to get more of these contracts in large billion dollar amounts from corporations, government agencies, Wall Street, Pentagon, military bases, high rise office buildings and so on. Kirby had picked up a few hundred copies for now, of his book from his publishers office and we started studying it urgently, day in and day out as we increased our weekly meetings from one or two meetings, to four and five meetings per week. We learned things like how to bid on cleaning bid proposals sent to us, as we were formally pre-qualified and placed on most bidders list automatically, around the country. Without ever seeing these buildings or projects, one hundred miles or more away.

We were successfully completing bid proposal after bid proposal, and mailing them in with a turnaround for winning new contracts. We learned from Kirby's book, how to take the total square footage of a building and place an accepted bid package. This was saving us traveling time and money, bidding from our local home office that we developed. For Example: If a building total square footage was 400,000 sq. ft. We learned how to take that number and multiply it by .98 cents. This would give us a total bid price for the whole year, in the amounts of \$392,000. Now, in order for us to turn in a formal bid, we had to break this amount down to what our

cost would be for each month. After coming up with the yearly cost, we would simply divide that yearly number by twelve months. The number that we would place on your cleaning bid proposal would be, \$33,665 per month. This price is for cleaning the above size building five days a week after hours, from 5:30pm to 9:30pm, Monday thru Friday. Most of these contracts would be signed for a five to ten year contract, or until the re-bids came due. This cleaning project is small compared to most full cleaning contract dollar amount. At the time we knew of the cause that we were working on as one group, so we took these small contracts to help raise capital, so we could succeed with our future mission. We were hungry and excited to learn this new information that Kirby had constructed in this book. Soon we started bidding everything with all caution to the wind. We went for contract after contract that were worth millions each month, as the checks came in the mail started piling on deposit week. We even started bidding on new construction cleaning for the new buildings being built all across the America. As we finish these projects we hoped to later get the yearly cleaning contracts added to our list. In most cases once the owner had seen the quality of cleaning that was put into the final construction cleaning before him and his staff

moved in, he would give us the year-round cleaning contract as well. An example bid for new construction cleaning was done for a one-time cleaning of this project. This cleaning was completed as we were hired by the General Building Contractor who had just finished building this new building for the owner. The construction cleaning bid when something like this. Say if the total building size was the same as the above sample building which is 400,000 sq. ft. We could clean about 10,000 sq. ft. of per 8 hour day, for about 35 to -days or when all cleaning is completed. For this one time construction cleaning we would charge about .15 cents per sq. ft. Which gave us a total bid price of \$60,000 for this one time cleaning service, taking about forty days to complete. This gave us about \$41,000 in profits. Again, this was a small job, but every dollar was directed toward our new cause. Any dollar amount that we could reinvest into the cause to make our dreams come true, was worth pursuing.

We knew that Kirby's first book about today's business world, was on point. It was the real deal that changed all of our lives forever in ways that we could have never imagine. His nonfictional book of which we desperately needed to read, study, and learn from came through for us, in ways we could



have never imagined. As we tried to find words to express our thanks to Kirby, it was a waste of time, as he wasn't have that. His straight forward ways and modesty, would not let us thank him even if we tried. He would just say, "It's all good my brothers, it's all good, it just part of the cause!" It was as if this book gave us a sense of having a Doctoral Degree in the business world, as we started making lots of money for the cause at hand, and for our future.

**Michael Eric Dyson once said, "Every single man woman and child on the face of the earth were born with the same unalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. If world leaders can't respect this then a change is necessary".**



Now, it's around 2007 and we knew we were getting close to the D' day of 2008. We were winning even more building cleaning contracts, just the way we had planned. This made it hard for some of the guys because we were still living on a somewhat low to middle class wage incomes trying to stay low keyed. The rules were, show no outrageous material richness, or drastically change any of our life styles until after the 2016 election. We made it clear over and over again, that we were not going to spend a dime that was not necessary, and the money was all to be reinvested back into our master plan. We got contracts in all of the right buildings as planned to abstract information, as needed. Government contracts, Wall Street, large corporations, military and more. With access to all these type of buildings and the freedom to

mover around at will. Sometimes we would study, e-mailing information back and forth, all night long, night after night which was a blessing for the future of the cause. You see, by having building cleaning contracts, alarm codes, keys, and freedom to go and come as we pleased. We had access to areas and sections of which employed professionals with doctorate degrees could not access, when it came to some of our cleaning contracts. In the meantime they would give us janitors full authority to clean these same off limit secured areas, each night. How ironic is that? As we took complete advantage of the situation, and ran with the new knowledge learned. From New York to Hollywood California and then some. We had complete access to more information than we could ever use, and this made us feel invincible. The anger and confusion that was still in us at the time, based on our black history and the stories told by great grand mom, was making us creative, as we constantly came up with new political ideas for the cause. We didn't care anymore about who we had to hurt in the business world, as long as it wasn't one of our poor black brothers, or if could interrupt the cause moving forward. Again, it had become our intense reality to mentally kill or be killed, as we were going to get ours or die trying. We started using copy machines, printers, e-mails,

flash drives, fax machines, and cell phones like there was no tomorrow, We also started downloading all types of illegal, secret scandalous crazy stuff, which was being done behind closed doors all over America, by the rich and powerful. They were doing all types of things to the middle class and the poor, as if it were just the natural way for the rich and powerful to do business. By keeping the rest of us poor folk fighting little race wars among each other, has always been a part of their business plan. According to most rich folk ways of thinking, they just cannot stay successfully rich and powerful unless, the middle class and poor pay the ultimate cost, of never becoming rich and powerful.

**Walter Elliott once said, “Perseverance is not a long race, it is many short races one after the other, that we run one day at a time”.**



Remembering once when Erock worked overnight in an office building in Washington D.C. He had to catch a late night red eye flight from Washington to New York City, for a get ready for an 11:00 A.M meeting. He arrived in New York around 6:00am when he got a call from Larry and Hart who had been up working all night, as most of us have always done out of habit due schedules. These two smart master minds of the crew, seems to never sleep. Taking a nap at the office or when traveling from place to place, seem to be the norm for both of these guys. They asked Erock for his flash drives with the information they needed him to get for one of the takeover projects they were working on over the past few weeks. Erock hit the ceiling, when he realized he had only one of the flash drives they needed in his brief case, but he

forgot the one that was still downloading from the main computer, when he signed out for the night. Now, one of our number one rules to keep any of us from getting caught was to always check and double check three times, everything that was duplicated each night, as we were removing sensitive confidential information. We must always undo, replace, and re-organize everything the way it was, before walking out of any building. Now, Erock was in a dilemma, he grabbed his brief case and the keys to the office building that we clean in Washington, dropped his overnight bags in his hotel room in New York, took the elevator back down to the lobby, yelling and screaming at the hotel door man with large tip in hand, get him a cab to the airport right away. While riding in the cab, back to the airport Hart called Erock back again on his cell phone. Hart is a type of smart guy who hates being wrong when he knows he is in the right when it came to business dealings. He gave Erock one of his ex-marine type drillings, about the code and steps that all of us must take before walking out of any building each night. He said I know your assistant supervisor locked the building down, but that has nothing to do with the abstraction of information you left behind. You are putting the cause and everyone in involved in japery, at this stage of the game. Leaving that building

without the flash drive he said, you know better Erock! What were you thinking? All Erock could say is, I know my brother I am sorry, I am on my way back to the airport now. I am going to catch an early flight back to Washington, I will fix this.

What Erock didn't know was, the first flight back to Washington wasn't until 9:15am and the morning office staff would be in around 9:00 am. After Erock got the flight schedule from the ticket counter at the airport he told us later that week, he ran like he was O.J., when O.J. was much younger some years ago running through the airport in those old TV car rental commercials. He ran across four lanes of traffic to the parking lot car rental agencies, and rented a powerful V-8 sports car. He said then he, drove to the local 24 hour Wal-Mart and purchased a high quality radar detector. Knowing he had to drive like a bat out of hell to beat the clock to Washington, he couldn't waste any time dealing with police or state troopers pulling him over for speeding. Erock jumped back into the sports car, and drove that car hard and fast down the New Jersey Turn Pike, until he reached I-95 south corridor to Washington, still having about forty five minutes of fast driving to go. At times Erock said he was driving 95mph plus, on route 95 south to Washington, adjusting the radio every now and then, trying to find some

good traveling music. Erock arrived in the lobby around 8:40am as he felt some hope and just a little better about making this huge mistake. He said to himself! Now, I have about 20 minutes before everyone shows up. On his way to the elevator he glance over to the front desk and saw that the black night watchman that is always there overnight had changed shifts or had gone home. Erock had heard about the head of the building security manager but he had never met him. As Erock pushed the elevator button, the head security guard, a tall want to be a cop type yelled, “Hey you, what you think you are doing. Where the hell are you going without signing in or stopping by the front desk first?” Erock told him his full name and said he is the district manager for the night building cleaning service and he was going to do a quick check on the cleaning performed last night in a few key areas. Mr. Head of security wasn’t hearing it. He got on the phone and called the building manager, who had just arrived to start her day shift. He asked the building manager if she knew Erock and is it ok to let him in the building. The building manager said “Yes it’s ok”, but by this time it was after 9:00am and the office staff was coming and going at a full pace all over the lobby as they got on and off the elevators. Erock was doing everything he could to keep his cool. Even



after Erock was approved by the black building manager, this red neck guard still would not let Erock on the elevator. So finally E-rock said to himself I've had enough, I'm not going to take this crap from this minimum wage want to be a cop anymore. He thought to himself I understand and I fill his pain, but I can't let him take it out on me for another second. This is too important, we are almost running a billion dollar business and a cause that will soon change the world. I don't have the time for this bull anymore. Just then the wannabe cop said to Erock, as he opened the file drawers behind the front desk, I need to see you're ID. Erock took one look at him with blood in his eyes and said, I have dealt with your kind before in my old thug life days, you piece of red neck trash, who hates his life, and since became a tea party member. I know you hate black people, because the world is out on how you treat them on day shift. You can't stop us anymore as you will find out later. You are treating me like this is the 1920's, those days are over, you sick racist. As Erock walked away! He yelled, "We don't have time for your racial crap anymore" and walked out the front door. He pulled his cell phone out, called Larry asking him for the alarm system codes to one of the side door fire exit of the building. You see, some of the top executives from time to time would use the side

doors as well to keep from having to speak to the everyday common folks in the lobby, each and every morning to save time. Now, when these doors open from time to time in the mornings most security guards pays the door is open beep, at the front desk panel noise no attention. Erock knew this from years of experience of working around building after building over the years. He got the alarm codes to the side doors from Larry and instead of taking a chance of running up just one flight of the fire exit stairs, open the inside hall door on the next floor and get on the elevator. He ran up all five flights of steps to the office where the flash drive was without missing a beat. When Erock walked to the computer the flash drive was not there. He look to his right then his left and there it was on top of the copy machine next to the paper shredder with a note attached saying. "Donna, please find out whose flash drive this is and send them to my office A.S.A.P". Today of all days Donna was running a little late. There was an understanding with her and the boss, when she came to work late, she always stayed and worked until her days work was done. After Erock read this note he put the note and the flash drive in his pocket and took off running down the back stairs, out the side door to the sidewalk, jumped in his rental car and drove again, fast and hard to the Washington

International Airport, for a return flight to New York. He returned the rental car with the franchise car rental agency in Washington. Caught the next plane back to New York, and still had time to eat a late breakfast before his 11:00am business meeting. When Erock returned to New York, he called Larry and Hart to let them know that everything was just fine. He had retrieved the flash drive as well as kept his eleven o'clock meeting appointment. You see, this flash drive was a very important part of the tasks at hand that had to be completed in order to pull off some of the main events of the cause. By now we had gathered enough information plus overkill from all 50 states on people who controlled, the political and business dollars around the world, when it came to the dirty money deals that happens every day. Part of the problem when it comes to equality and backdoor deals done by the rich, they are costing us millions and even billions of corrupt dollars to be spent each year, leaving the poor and middle class to strain and fix their recklessness, over and over again. We are constantly told that they are out of money when it comes to government programs or big business charities. To always say they are out of money has become a way of practice and well learned by the rich and powerful, as just part of their job. They are on top of their game taking

more and more in cash money away from the poor and middle class, each and every year. So we decided we had enough, as we had to do something big to stop this mess that is being dumped on us every time we try to get paid, they change the money game and laws to fit themselves ever few years or so. Now, If we could remove cash and set up a system to where everyone have to use credits and only credits, we could change the world once again. We do not want to know what your net worth in credits are or your person or business details are. We just need to know what each individual or company spends on a daily basis to stop the corruption, which comes from using daily untraceable cash money. On our flash drives and other types of technology representing each state, we have compiled data with people's names, phone records, secret meetings, emails, fax's, personal digressions and so forth, as they were doing all types of deals with cash on a regular basis. We will expose them if they do not cooperate with our plans and goals to remove all cash transactions in the near future, and help us put this black man in the White House until 2016. Once we force our honest credit system on everyone in America and around the world. The back door money or cash corruption deals would stop, one hundred percent in less than a year.

When everyone from the richest to the poorest start using this credit system that we designed instead of the old dirty cash money system, everything will be out in open each day, as this would level the playing field for the middle class and poor. Understand the poor and middle class people have nothing to hide, so most of them will not resist against this new credit system. On the other hand, the rich are going to fight us with tooth and nails, to keep us from developing this credit system so they can continue to do dirty business deals, as usual. Hart and Larry were developing this credit and other systems that needs all types of information that Erock and the crew has retrieved from some of the top computer systems around the country. This new knowledge will not be used to hurt anyone, not even the rich fat cats. If needed it will be used to slightly persuade them to see things our way come hell or high water. We will succeed as we bring these rich folk to their selfish greedy, knees. Slightly pushing them to shear the world's wealth. For example of the credit systems being developed. If you remove all cash money and everyone shows what they use or spent at the end of each day week, everyone would start to become somewhat wealthy over a short period of time. To make more money/credits would become a happy thing to do, as people

start living a happier life. No more doing the work you hate to do to make a living, but what you love to do. Just like the rich folk of today are doing. This within itself would stop the money corruption that is in our present systems today. With no cash in the system or anyone's pockets, credit spending and our new systems will add or subtract your credits at the end of each week. This information will be made public for 24 hours at the beginning of the next business week on the internet, for everyone to see as an honest jester. This would stop corrupt people all around the world in their tracks overnight, since the inventions of cash money was put into use. In just a short time the constipation of the world's wealth, would start to flow evenly for everyone's fair uses, in a matter of weeks.

**“Success begets more success, remembering successful moments of your past, will bring new success within the presents”.**



At Erock's 11:00 am meeting which had to place sooner than later, after many phone calls and letters trying to discuss this credit and other issues with the "Bankers Of The America Association Group", who is headquartered in New York City. Erock tried to explain to the executive bankers that, if you gentlemen don't change your foolish selfish ways soon and start helping the poor and middle class the bottom is going to fall out. The poor and middle class whose money is supporting these big banks, will force a change to take place over and over again between now and 2016, slowing cash flow down to a crawl. Erock said, your big banks will soon start to fail one by one based on my inside connections and updated knowledge. Please note, you and I both know as well as understand that your banks are too big for Joe average

America to bail you out if and when you financially fail. A few of these rich fat cats looked at Erock as to say, this guy is a little crazy, he don't know what the hell he is talking about. Don't he know we are in control of all the worlds' wealth? What they didn't understand was that, when Hart & Larry set this the first of two meetings up with the big bankers for Erock to try and advise them about their future. Hart & Larry had explained a few details to Erock, of how and when we were going to set the big bankers up with our own system in place, fully suggesting or making it look like the housing bank loan market among other things, were the blame for bank corruption as they begin to fail overnight. Larry said, as we slowly pull the plug on them one by one as part of our plan for black poor male reparations and representation, which will force a change on the whole financial system, over time. We are going to make it look like it was there fault, around early 2008, as we will continue make a few other devastating adjustments before 2016. They will never know what hit them until it's too late, if don't heed Erock's warnings. To keep the spot light off of us, we have to pull back from the big banks for a few years, until after the second election of our black president for a second term has started. This is when we will put our full plan into action once we meet for a vote



on a new date to cripple these big banks once again. If they don't adjust their greedy selfish ways after the first warnings implemented on their banking system, or listen to Erock, we will shut them down. We will make a permanent move on the financial system that will be somewhat controlled by us, "The Black (Janitors) Of America Bankers Association Group".

If we so desire to do so, we may bail out some of the small American banks for a second time with a black president still in a leadership role with our agenda and staff, fully in place as solid gold. Larry said, we have asked for our reparation on hands and knee for too dam long now. We are in a position to take it all for our grand kids, as they will uplift and live thru great grand mom's dreams. Thru education and wealth they will take this thing over, providing for the poor and middle class of all God's children, that are behind them. Larry said, I have no problem with my own early death if need be, as long as I know my grand and grate grand's will live to justify life for all. The next day after Erock's first meeting with the bankers in New York, he called the office and said just a few words to Larry. "Forget those selfish greedy bastards! Pull the damn plug on all of these bankers, they don't give a crap about nothing, but themselves, what's theirs, and more money". Larry said, hay Erock cool out, this was just the first meeting,

to which Erock said and my last meeting. Larry replied, remember the cause my brother and your commitment to it. You have to go to the second meeting as well, this time with a small different group of banker's associates, who I'm sure have heard by now about your first meeting with the bank big dogs. A few weeks had passed and after the second meeting, Erock called Larry and Hart and told them all of the details that transpired. He said, I talked to them again bringing it hard and clear, about the haves and have-nots, the class warfare that they have created to divide and conquer us the little poor man. I explained to them that we know, how Wall Street executives received millions in bonuses each year, as they cut American jobs and send them overseas to pay workers almost slave wages @ 90 cents or less per man hour.

Erock said, I tried to explain in detail without pulling any punches that they were a bunch of greedy men, and they must share God's wealth if they don't want to feel His wrath. I asked them to do a few small things when it comes to large amounts of waste. I asked them to have their buddies cut military cost, cut out of control spending, stop all world starvation and hunger, and most of all to shear the wealth, as they continued to chuckle at me, with that stupid don't you know I'm invincible, grin on their faces. I asked them, to take

a good slow look in the mirror and then take walk down Main Street. Then Erock said I told them to, take a good look at the homeless men, women, and babies eye to eye, as you forget your executive shirt and tie. I told them how the system works and protect them, the rich and powerful. I asked them, would this same system work for you, once you became poor or middle class? I said, maybe sometime in the future, as I grinned this time, with the same stupid invincible smile, knowing what I knew. I said, you just may become poor one day sooner, then you think. I told them you and I both know that this earth and God's wealth is here for all to share and enjoy. It's not just for the 1% errs who are millionaires and billionaires, to enjoy every single day of their livers, off the hard working backs of the poor and middle class. Erock said, I explained to them how the average American has become sick and tired of all of them. Starting with the special interest groups, millionaire politicians, Wall Street executives, bankers like yourselves, who are living too large as the rest of us barely make ends meet, from paycheck to paycheck. We are tired of laboring for the rich and powerful as some of you and your staff members start off making as much as \$932 plus per hour. At the same time, you stop any minimum wage raise hikes, at any cost. I told them how they get on TV angry at us,

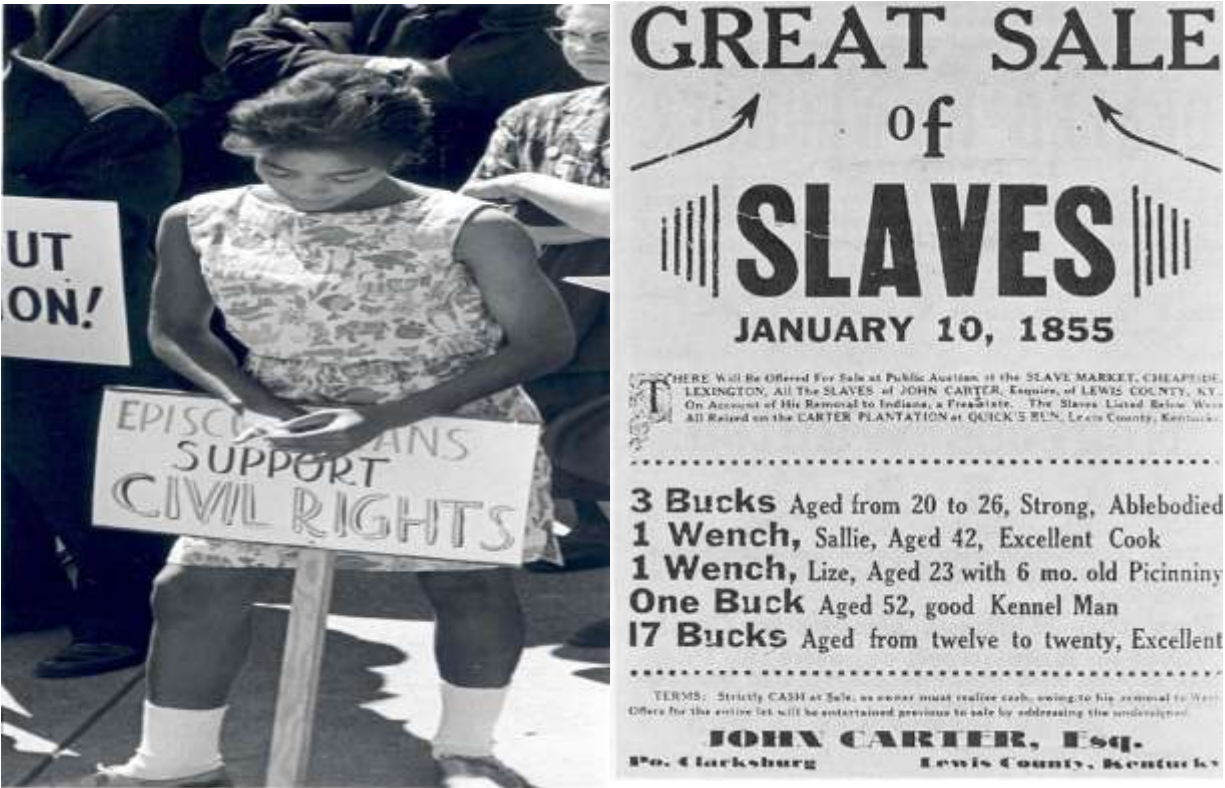
if we ask for this minimum wage rate increase every few years, saying with a fear in their voice. This will create layoffs as small businesses will have to close their doors. To go from seven to nine dollars per hour, you claim will put a lot of businessmen out of business. Erock said, I told them the story of how we are paying more for everything and getting less. I said, I remember when I was a kid, we would go to the gas station to fill the family car with my dad. He paid, .25 cents per gallon of gas, as five or six attendants would come to the car to do a quick service check for free. They would full the tank, check the air in all four tires, check the engine oil, check the Trans fluid wash the windshield, and more all for this same, .25 cents per gallon of gas. Now we have to pump our own gas, paying as much as \$.4.00 per gallon of gas. It's not just this one example, as the politicians and Wall Street boarded members are coming up with new ways to cut back and hurt the poor and middle class without any concern, that these are people too. He told them, every day you feed your sick selfish habits of wanting more, without ever seeking any kind help, for your greedy additions. Wall Street and Washington has failed the American people and how natural repercussions, consequences, and karma, of what goes around, will soon come around, to them and theirs, very

soon, if they don't change their selfish greedy ways. Erock told the bankers, at times we the poor look at the American financial system with tears in our eyes. It seems we are always at war within an American system that pride itself, by keeping poor Americans poor. Some poor people think's it's Democrats against the Republicans, rich against the middle class and poor, as we the poor are used as pawns, for entertaining the rich and powerful, who gets boarded with having little to nothing to do. I told them Erock said, as I started banging on the polished conference table that was cleaned by some janitor the night before. Mr. & Miss Banker, you have brilliant minds based on where your position in life is today. You need to use your brilliance for the good of all mankind. You have done this crazy stuff to the poor throughout history, on purpose and by creative design. Now Erock pushed back in his chair and said with confidence, we are asking you to fix this crooked system and share the wealth now, or else! One of the lady bankers stood up and looked Erock in the eye and said. "You just sound like you made a serious threat to the banking industry, sir". Erock stood up and said, "Ladies and gentlemen you dam right. I did! You have no idea of what we are capable of as we are trying to ask you before taking action. You see, what you

don't understand is, we are not afraid of you anymore, which makes us politically dangerous. What's about to come your way by nature and manmade, will soon bring you to your knees, if you don't heed our warnings. With an angry serious look on his face he said. Now yawl have a nice day, and walked out of the conference room without looking back. When Erock returned to his car one of the first things he did was get his cell phone out of the center counsel, to call Larry and Hart with the end results of this the final meeting with the bankers. He was still steaming again, when Hart said calm down my brother, no doubt I understand, but you have to calm down a little and check your emotions, this thing is bigger than all of us now. Not to cut you off my brother Hart said, you know we all understand this racist system and how it works. Don't worry, we got this! Then Larry said, are you ok, don't get your blood pressure up again, chill! Erock yelled, I'm cool!

“When nervousness or fearful of life’s turmoil’s become busy. Do something that has purpose or positive end results.

Fear cannot live within a busy mind & body.”



Larry said guess what Erock, believe it or not you have another meeting, this time in Washington D.C., at the end of the week around lunchtime Friday. The word is out already even though those greedy bankers didn't say anything about it publicly. The effects of our carefully placed systems are beginning to take effect and showing panic and drastic movements, all over Wall Street behind closed doors. According to our brothers cleaning buildings in New York and

their research. Larry said Erock, to keep our poker face strong, you have to meet with the head of the, Small Business Administration. We are going to keep these bank financial hard heads, from sticking their hands in the pockets of the little guy once again. During our financial interruptions of the big banks that's already in place. The bankers are going to try and find ways to recover billions of their corrupted lost dollars, off the backs of the small businessman first. As we temporally bring down the big banks, they are going to become desperate if the American government don't bail them out fast. Erock, we've already pulled that old letter that was sent many times, over the years explaining and asking for small business help ourselves. Although we never got any help from the SBA, our letter was used by them as their sample letter of a hard working group of people. They might have helped us one day, if we were not a bunch poor black men, knocking on their doors over the years. The letter is now incorporated with an up-to-date letter to our current President and the head of the Small Business Administration explaining our past dilemmas, as well as asking them **not** to bail out the big banks if and when they fail. We also explained that we have heard some of the rumors floating around the business community that the big banks are in some kind of



trouble. We asked them to please live up to their name as the Small Business Administration and help small businesses, not these big banker billionaires. Overnight we learned, through our inside sources and connections, with other calculated information, that the U.S. Government and our current president has leaked their intentions to bail out the big bankers, even before they go completely under or take votes from the American people. They have already started the procedure of undercover back door dealings to bail out of these, millionaire buddies of theirs. As they once again kick the little guy who pays his monthly bills and small salaries, to the financial curb once again. Hart said to Erock, please study this letter also that we just faxed over to your hotel room, so you will be sharp and know what you are talking about at Friday's meeting. When Erock returned to his hotel room after eating dinner in the lobby restaurant, he started reading, memorizing, and keeping key points of the letter that Hart had faxed to his room. As we continued taking action just like the rest of us, to put all of our kings on the playing board of life, in play. He knew this letter was somewhat worthless now, but you never know what may pop up in a meeting conversation such as this. When it came to helping the small black businessman only about 10% of us

ever get SBA financial help. Still we had to take this action just like we did with the rich bankers, who did not heed our warnings. We sent the SBA another one of our pathetic letters, begging and pleading for their help just for the record, for something that should have already been ours years ago.

This final letter to the SBA, went something like this!



Dear Mr. Sonny Bartram, Executive Director and Administrator, Small Business Administration, 409 3<sup>rd</sup> St. Southwest Washington, DC 20416 – 0005

Over the past 20 years plus, we have tried like so many other small businessmen and women in America to start, operate, and own a small successful businesses. We have applied for certification into the S.B.A., 8a program as well as the many other programs offered by your organization. We have applied a many times and has made efforts to get SBA business loans, and or grants. We have worked with SCORE

members and many other various government and private organizations of which was recommended to us in our efforts to grow our small business. We have participated in a variety of SBA workshops, seminars, classes and so forth, trying to get just a small break through the Small Business Administration and related programs set up to help small businesses. With no success, and no positive actions from the SBA, or a good track record to report to other small businesses on your behalf. We continue to try with little hope of ever getting government help. To this date, we have absolutely no good SBA success stories to tell our upcoming young black businessmen and women. It's kind of sad that we have no strong stories to tell our black youth, about the SBA helping us on a large scale. When it comes to telling the truth active stories about the S.B.A., and black businesses, there is nothing to say based on our past experience? Sonny, some of us saw you on television a few days ago talking to the small business owners of America, informing us not to give up on our business dreams. You said you and your staff can still help us in these hardest of times for small businesses. Even with this being one of the toughest economies in the past eight years, for families, and the head of most households, you said you can and will help us to stay afloat. Mr. Bartram, over the

years most of us had completely given up on the Small Business Administration, after so many years of trying to get help until last week, when we saw you appealing to the American small business owner, telling us to hang in there, help is on the way. Mr. Bartram, what a lot of people still don't understand about the black businessman is that we refuse to quit, with or without SBA help. At the same time we like to thank you for your support, efforts, and kind encouraging words as you spoke with educated business experience and class. Now Mr. Bartram, you need to deal with, a to the point realistic reality. So far most of us have received, absolutely no serious or major help from the Small Business Administration or any of its related government appointed agencies. Are these agencies put in place to help small businesses succeed, or are they there for red tape traps. Now some weeks later, more and more details becomes clear about how the government and the small business administration are in the process of bailing out the big bankers and big corporations. Almost 75% of all black Americans became as some are still, angry to see our government hand over \$700 billion plus dollars to the big Wall Street bankers, their friends and other big selfish businessmen. We The People have spent our monies carefully

as we saved our hard earned dollars in these hard times trying to survive. As these same big businesses over the years, have wasted their money, our money, and borrowed money. Spending at low interest rates, and charging us high interest rates on home, car, and other loans. For example, as they lend us our monies back and forth from the banks which we deposit, we reinvest and bail ourselves out if needed. We re-use our same monies back over and over again until it grows, as we have learned to stay out of financial trouble as small businessmen. These same big bankers' and banks each month, waste millions of dollars giving each other so called, justified big bonuses over and over again throughout the years, for not working as they meet and sit on boring boards a few times each year. Now here it is late 2007 and they need us to bail them out once again, for being foolish. We know that things will return to business as usual, once these poor bankers get their greedy hands on, we the people-700 billion dollars. I can guarantee we will be ignored once again as they laugh all the way back to the bank. As we the small business person, keep our money and personal affairs in order with no bailouts ever in our lifetimes, it's a shame to see America bailing out millionaires. We the people, also are tired of being used each month by the big businessmen, in every

which way. Knowing that these big businessmen will never do the right thing, or what it takes to help the small businessmen and Joe Main Street American. We like to know why you are still bailing them out. They will never turn this economy around due to their past and present history of greedy mistakes, selfishness, and argents. Some small businesses have temporally closed their doors one or two times over the years, too somehow work things out, and return with a full business that making a profit. We have always had the abilities to re-start our small business on our own without any types of bailouts, or government help. No one will ever lend us the small black businessman, billions of dollars to start over, due to our own growing pains and honest business mistakes that are made along the way. The fact that we have this black skin, never will any American lending institution ever lend us \$700 plus billion dollars as a hold race to fix anything, not alone a small business with problems! Why can't people in these powerful positions help us or see what can happen in the near future, if they would just financially jumpstart the small businessmen and women across America. At least for this one time during this high unemployment crisis, experiment or take a chance by investing in black America's businesses. We will change America for the better

overnight. We do know that it's time that the small business owner that makes less than \$100,000, and not more than \$1 million per year needs a realistic bailout to stay afloat in this economy. As most rules and laws continue to change each year, and become better suited for big business, their banker friends and other well to do's. We are asking for the same type of opportunities that they get, when it comes to the small businessmen and women. Sonny, we have in our database over 10,000 rejection letters saying, no help, no loan, no lending, no grants, no future, and so on. These letters are from years of trying to get just a little help from our fellow Americans such as large businessmen, executives, government agencies, corporations, private sector business, SBA programs that are supposed to help us. Also in our files are letters from endowments, nonprofits, minority grant programs, as the list goes on and on, that have turned our small black business away again and again. With all types of returned big worded letters with different ways of saying NO! As well as hard core ways of saying, I got mind, the hell with you, no returned letters! Some letters have used all types of fancy lawyer type words that makes no, real since. Most successful people can't see past their own success or the color of other skin tones. Our families that we are supporting

do not want us to fail. Whether you help us or not we will find ways to feed them, to the best of our abilities. If you will temporally change or revise the rules and laws to help the small business owner it would be a big help. Especially for those with business track records, who have tried to do well throughout their lives and their communities? Most of us are still trying the best way we can, to stay in business, using a few un-orthodox ways of doing whatever it takes to keep our business doors open. Please understand to make payroll, pay business bills, deal with staff, and live a clean life is a daily challenge to pull off at the end of each month. There have been so many good small black business owners over the years that have passed on, with nothing to show but a broken heart. This system would not help them succeed as they looked at other races continue to move forward. No one in power could ever see them as a small successful, upcoming business person. This same SBA system did not see their long work weeks or hours of devotion. The over the top sleepless nights and efforts of trying to stay in business year in and year out. For no reason other than pre-judgments they just did not fit in with the future businessman mole or models of America. Sonny, I hope I am wrong but, it always seems that you and your staff always help the same old types of big



businessmen, just like you are doing now. Within a flash of big business so-called distress calls to the Department of Treasure. You open the government vaults to them with no red tape forms to fill out, or detailed questions asked. We notice on the news the other night, three large corporate jets filled with CEO owners landing in Washington DC. These same CEO's are asking our government for big corporate bailout money. Boy is this the joke of the century. You bail them out according to the big business laws, ("pass go membership cards") and the corrupt ways of doing business handbooks, as these guys continue to do it to the poor, and middle class.

What ever happened to the S.B.A., of the 1950s/1970s assistance programs for the real small businessman? During these times, the SBA helped Americans start businesses and work with other Americans, creating all types of jobs doing war and peace times, not sending our jobs overseas. Again, why can't anyone hear the cries of the small business owner, asking for the same types of help, day in and day out? Please note that the small businessmen and women can and will fix this economy within five years or less.

We will fix the economy, here in the United States and help shape the economy around the world, if given a chance. We can and will make the economic repairs for the small family

guy, as we create new jobs much faster than any, big  
businessman ever will.

Mr. Bartram, please contact us ASAP. We request once again that you and your staff, do the things that the Small Business Administration was designed and originally set up to do. Please help the small business men and women around the country, to grow their businesses and the country, once again. Like most small businesses in these difficult times we just need a little cash flow expand. Any help from the SBA using the government programs that are already in place to assist small businesses, would go a long ways to recovery. We can and will guarantee our own success. If you believe and co-sign for us the small businessmen, giving a realistic opportunity, we will succeed. You will soon see we have what it takes to make it big, as America once again become proud of herself. Sonny, if you would approve a few hundred thousand low interest business loans and some profitable government contracts, things would turn around fast. A lot of our small businesses will become, big million dollar corporations, within five years or less, only if you reach out and help us.

You will soon begin to see what we, the small business community is made of when it comes to each individual business becoming successful in its entity. With just a little help from you and the Small Business Administration, we will prevail.

Mr. Bartram, we can and will make you, your staff, the country, and the president, the envy of the world when it comes to successful small businesses. Thank you for taking the time to review this letter, as you considers our agenda, meaningful thoughts and serious concerns for success.

We look forward to hearing from you and your staff soon.

Please feel free to contact me at any time, at the above address and or phone numbers. We are trying to make a big difference!

Sincerely, the Small Black Businessmen and Women of America!

As of today's date, there are still no significant percentage of help directed to small black owned businessman. We are still searching for full positive results, when compared to all other race of people, who owns small businesses across America.



of thinking and not knowing, he couldn't see the big picture, as he tried to take us down with him and his own out of control selfishness jealousy. He looked down at us as, a bunch of uneducated janitors, who were pulling in millions of dollars each month. He began to get very jealous, hateful and downright devious in ways we just couldn't understand until it was almost too late. At the time we thought he was our friend, and a well-connected black brother who had our backs, knowing a little about the cause. Soon after his first year with us, he let his hate and jealousy get the best of him, as he created all kinds of problems with the United States Internal Revenue Service. You see, our new Accountant Casey was a dirty ignorant black man, who went to a local all black college, which had a low rating in the real business world. After graduating from the same ghetto high school that all of us attended as kids, he went off to this collage. Like I said before, myself and most of the kids that graduated with us had very low SAT scores, after 12 years of school and a state approved, diploma in hand. So, college was out of the question or you had to find an all-black collage that would accept you and your low SAT scores. These low state rated black collages, gave blacks the same types of college diplomas, to return to the same ghetto schools as future

failed businessmen and ghetto teachers. As they teach the next generation of black kids, this broken cycle repeats itself over and over again. These local black colleges, some with good intentions in the beginning, were set up many years ago for students like us, by people like us. It wasn't that Casey was any smarter than the rest of us, it was that he had gotten a collage diploma, as this somehow impressed me and the guys. As he received low income government and private money, it helped him graduate from this particular college, and made us admire his ambition. Again, my SAT scores showed that I was around the third grade levels in reading, spelling, and math, after 12 long years of school. What a waste! What the hell was I to do, but work hard? I did not know I was stupid until I graduated from high school, as my teachers gave me average grades. Be a janitor or a different type of blue culler worker was the direction that our school districts purposely or indirectly trained us to go in. All over the country, back in the forties', fifties, sixties, and seventies, most black folk were undereducated. So when we started making serious amounts of money, we wanted a head accountant that understood, and one that we could trust. Someone that we knew would always have our backs. The only one that fit this description at the time, was Casey. He

had all the right credentials to represent us that we thought were professional. He had finished college and this made him appeared to be a lot

**Gary Ryan Blair once said, “Always do more than is required. The distance between someone who achieves their goals consistently and those who don’t, has already went the extra mile.**



Smarter than he was in high school. You see, most of us poor black folk back then were easily impressed by one of our own, who had graduated from any college. Do to this rarity of this situation it made us proud to know them. Casey was older, he had lived a little and the years had gone by that matured all of us to strong black manhood. We discussed at a

late meeting one night that, he would be our new head account to handle all of our financial business affairs. We could not have been more wrong than two left shoes, pointing to the right. The destructive things that Casey tried to do to us was just pure, house nigger hate. This kind of hate that only comes from a place so deep down inside that no mentally healthy black person, could ever allow it to come forth. Yes, it took some time, money, and an uphill effort, to get the United States government off our backs but we did it, without giving up the cause. Hell man, we were just janitors, we didn't know all the rules and regulations of accounting, bookkeeping, and investing, on such a large scaled, when it came to a big business. With good intentions for the future, we set Casey up in a plush window corner office, and gave him whatever he needed for mistake free accounting work, we were never concerned of his abilities to make things work, and run smoothly each quarter. Not knowing we had other big plans and resources in place, as he tried to shut us down forever. You see, we had contacts, updated technology and information that he never knew about, that we just happened to nudged enough to acknowledge our hand was strong, in the game of politics. As this helped make our IRS problems go away. O' how sweet it is, to use a little power every now and



then, when needed to change a situation that could have been a lot worst. Until today he knows he have done some hard core black men wrong. He also knows a few of the guys who were straight up O-g', gangsters at one time. These guys may or may not handle this situation with Casey, at a later date and time, when almost everyone else has forgotten about it. Yes, we could have put his jealous black butt in a vice, and flip the scrip. Knowing there are too many black men in jail as it is, innocent and guilty due to these and other types' hateful jealousies. We decided not to put him down like the hateful dog he is, one night during a meeting. Needless to say, Hart and Larry did a number or two on Casey's personal and business credit among other things, for now.

Now that we had correct this small problem or inconvenience, we had to get totally focused once again on the job or main goals at hand. Like I said earlier it was 2008 and we were getting closer to a Presidential election. We had everything in place, but this small setback kept us from implementing a few actions to move things forward, in a timely planned manner. We chase down this lost time, spending money and resource as we soon caught up.

Now, I remember some historic stories about the early 1600's when our founding fathers ordered slaves to be brought to America by the thousands. These slaves were to do the hard labor and be used the same as animals. As it is written, these black slaves have no souls. After robbing and mentally rapping the shores of Africa and the family left behind. Africa's most precious resources nicknamed black gold, has slowly become strong once again, as predicted. You see, our founding fathers could have never foreseen America having a black man or what they called a "nigger" back then. Run for the highest seat in the "White House" or run for the highest office in the land. Now, some four hundred plus years later, there is a black candidate running for president. We the janitors, the lowest of all occupations, are the ones who put him in this positive position to run as part of our plan for fairness, reparations, and justice, for a wrong that has never been recognized, by political America. Yes, we know he is smarter than most of the men running for president. Without a single vote casted, we have already put him in a position to win two terms, starting with the 2008 election right up to the 2016 finish line. Based on our compiled no-non scene persuasive and sometimes arm twisting information of these documentations that will always be in our control, things are

going well. We had focus our attention on this particular black man for years. As we ask him to run, flexing the successful position we were already in as winners, he said yes he can! This black man had to become our next president, as we knew it was our destiny to make it happen. So one night, after a closed-door meeting, we decided to open our black Pandora's Box. We knew once we opened it our lives and many others, would change forever. We could not turn back, as I mentioned before, this time it was kill or be killed. Our compile information systems were so strong, it was like we had our fingers on the key to all weapon systems used to win an election and more. When I think back, maybe we did in more ways than one. Feeling this controlled power, I checked back with Larry and Hart to see if we had any real weapons under our control, from past information retrieved. Did we somehow get codes by mistake I wondered, as I smiled at my own cockiness? You know even still today's, Hart and Larry have never gotten back to me with a yes or no. Hum! Now our candidate is a Democrat senator, who really knows his political stuff. He is up against the number one Republican candidate who thinks he has a change of winning this election. He has a Muslim sounding name that his father gave to him at birth. This Republican governor last name Kane, is

running against our candidate, and is a very wealthy man with very wealthy friends. Not only did we have to make a contact slow down with Governor Kane in mid-stream, but we had to outspend him, and tell him to run a pretend campaign, as he gets control of 70% of the Republican Party, using some of our tactic and gained resources over the years. Again, as I said before our most crucial enemy was time, and time was running out. So we had every top level janitor on the payroll to keep their ears and eyes open and listen for any small detail as they cleaned their buildings each night. Years ago, we offered incentives for good strong sensitive information that could assures our candidate of becoming the next president, and it worked like clockwork. You see, in most buildings or public places a janitor could be standing 5 feet away, and you would never notice he was in the room due to the, “we don’t exist factor that plays a big part in every janitors daily life”. We are always invisible when it comes to most powerful, rich, uppity people. This gives us the advantage to be un-seen and not heard or notice as we absorb everything we see and hear. We have collected over the years all types of recordings, emails messages, trashed paper documents, trashed CD’s, and anything else that we could use against anyone powerful, running for office as a

Republican candidate, or anyone who could block the path to success. Recently, Hart and Larry asked our sound man Abnormal who loved to D.J., part time just for the fun of it on weekends, at the local night clubs and bars. They asked him to do a special job and pull together some new information for them. Abnormal had an ear for good music, and all types of sound equipment with high tech, state of the art quality.

We gave him a small sound proof room, for him and whomever he chose from the crew, to listen to the tapes and recorded videos in our storage, that were marked republicans. We wanted him to find dirt on any republican from this old stuff we had recorded some years ago during different functions. During this time, we had cleaned after and during these big republican fund raisers and functions all up and down the east coast, as they would have these big functions in building we were already contracted to clean.

**E. Steven Collins once said, "to get what you are not getting you must do what you are not doing. Think what you are not thinking, and be what you are not being. Health, wealth, and wisdom is your birth right.**



Sometimes I ask myself why, then I think back to other stories that were told to me as a young child. This always instantly reminds me of our true planned goals and put things back into perspective quick. A story that comes to mind is when I was around 9/10 years old, my mother Marlene came home upset with tears in her eyes one cold winter morning. She kept saying to herself over and over again, I will never do that again, as long as I live. So as a child seeing mother with tears in her eyes, I asked her what's wrong. She sat me down at the table and told me the reason she was so upset. With a soft weakened tone, "I've been beat down too many times" sound in her voice, she said! Today your Grandma Bea, Aunt Clair, and I, were out junking/digging in rich folks trash cans up on Main Line Avenue. We went to one of our usual spots where most of the rich white folk live, who always throw

away some good worthy stuff, that's worth digging in trash cans for. We were junking or digging through these rich white folk's trash cans early this morning before the trash collector arrived, like always. As we were looking for items to use or sale, to help make ends meet, I turned around as a few rich white ladies walked slowly passed us and said. "Would you please look at them?" Just then as I looked up for a second time to see who they were talking about, they were pointing and staring at us. Then one lady that stood out with the most prettiest shoes I've ever seen on her feet, diamonds rings, and furs, draped all over her body said, just as our domestic black co-working women were getting off the bus's to clean homes and take care of their little rich kids for the day.

Suddenly, this lady screamed with loss of dignity not to be expected, from someone of her caliber. She said pointing to mother, look at that one, would you please take a good look at her, she's pregnant, can you believe this, she's out here digging in our trash and she's pregnant. O' my I feel so sorry for that one. That poor little thing! Then she said, who knows where the baby's daddy is. Shame on him, got her out here like that. My mother Marlene said, she gave that lady a look of, if you say one more word about me, you will be wearing this trash can for a hat. With her head held low she told my

grandmother and my aunt to come now, get in the car, I'm going home. My mother said she didn't have anything much to say to aunt and grand mom, as she drove the twenty five minutes home to the ghetto with tears in her eyes, wiping them with her dirty coat sleeves from digging in trash cans all morning. Finally she told my grandmother and Aunt that she would never do this again, no matter what her future circumstances were to be. We grew up somewhat poor always looking from the outside in, at rich white folks whom never notice us, unless we did something wrong to offend them. Just like us janitors we are never seen until we just happen to do poor work one day because of sickness. If we forget to fill the toilet paper dispenser (on-purpose from time to time) in the head executive/CEO private restroom, they notice us. When that ass get stuck on the toilet a few times each year with nothing but his finger to wipe himself, boy do we get noticed then, for about a week of bogus complaints. We made up a somewhat funny military song that we would sing when we pull this prank on a CEO, and it went something like this. Stranded, "stranded" on the toilet bowl, what do you do when you're stranded, and you "don't" have a roll? Whatever you do you must prove you're a man, and wipe with your hand! We would see the so called stranded CEO



shake hands with other executives, and laugh all week, making up stupid jokes about the song and something that never really happened. They were just some fun inside jokes among us janitors.

**Stephen Covey once said, the foundation of a civilization and human relationships, starts with the family. Love individually or the one until you become a family.**



Talking to Abnormal the other day, he mentioned a time when his sister Ellen was sick from breast cancer. Before she passed away he said, I wonder why we as black folk being less than 30% of the American population has twice as many

killing disease, and sickness in our communities then all other races combined. He said, I just can't understand this for the life of me. When I hear something as simple as a radio, TV commercial, news, or internet ad about any particular disease, they always mention at the end, that the mortality statistic are always higher for blacks more so than any other race in America. Is it me, or do the system seem to help others stay healthy among other things, much more than the black poor? Even right down to police protecting them better than us, seems a little unfair. Abnormal said, do doctors, and medical researchers come up with more cures for them than they do for poor blacks, with the known black only sickle cell disease, that's been around for centuries? There were held back tears in his eyes as he said why man? What the hell did we do but serve them well since we've been here. He said, what did a whole race of people do to deserve such a second-class life, here in this the richest advanced country in the world? We built this country, with our own sweat and tears some four hundred plus years ago, with basally no medical treatment, amount other things. He said, the least they can do today is help keep us healthy and strong, like a veteran coming home from war. I looked at Abnormal knowing he was getting a little more emotional, and all I could say was

you know and I know that, "It's all being done to us by design my brother, it's all being done by design. According to our information and data on file, we will soon expose these crooked cold hearted liars, for what they have done to us. "Then I told Abnormal, I was talking to Gee awhile back on this same subject that contently haunts and hurt the black community, as he tried to explain a little more of our medical history, to me in his own way. Gee told me that black people of the bible, Abraham, Job', Isaac, Adam, David, Jacob, Mathura, and so many others lived without any sickness for hundreds of years. He said, Mother Nature cannot, will not ever disobey Gods command, and create any type of sickness or disease, such as Aids and caner, from which you loving sister passed away, with dignity. It's just not in mother natures, nature to do so! So Abnormal said, who is creating all of these new diseases like diabetes, heart attracts, mad cow, powerful strains of various, mental valiance, Aids, cancer, and etc. This has seriously destroyed the black community with such a horrific rate with fatalities, to the point of making millionaires out of black undertakers. These high rates of deaths has become mind boggling to all black folk. He said, it seems that every other race of people, honestly believes that this is to be lived with, as part of the

norm. As we suppose to accept this as just another part of being black, and the way it's all ways been. No matter how much it hurts year in and year out, they think we eventually become numb or get use to these high rates of death, sickness, and valance. Some think we are actually ok with this, in black community. Abnormal said, I consider myself to be a strong fearless, fair thinking black male. For other races to think like this, is outrageously and unfair. When the loss of a love one happens it's very painful, as no one outside our community seems to understand or care. As the news report repeats all of these disease that are killing our people every week, they just look at it as being a normal thing. To hear this type of news day in and day out is ridiculous. As Gee said the other day, Mother Nature cannot create any type of disease what so ever! So why do we blame ourselves when so many of our adults, teens, and even little infant babies, gets sick and die from fully preventable diseases, that's created by big business and large profit margins. By design from our research showing slow genocide, through secret studies done over the years in labs and think tanks. I said to Abnormal poisons are everywhere, it's just a lot more of it, in our communities. Things like environmental toxins, pollution, food additives, pesticides, tasteless-smell less poisons,

medications, and so forth, are being profit controlled and created for human consuming, through greed and hate that comes down on the poor and disconnected the hardest. The FDA has relaxed laws over recent years and cut spending, so lobbyist could control what's acceptable when it comes to the poisons we are legally allowed to consume. These laws were once in place for our protection against the disease mentioned earlier. Again, why do we accept this as being normal? I said to Abnormal, these rich fools who are in control are the cause of all these terrible disease, as they have no respect for us, mother nature, or the precious little babies that are dying from cancer. Not to undermine your sister's death! Then Abnormal said, "How does a brand new infant baby get cancer, go through harsh medications and radiation therapy at such a young age if, they survive?" What kind of sick rich human monster, would do this to a baby, after seeing what my loving sister went through as an adult? Then I said to Abnormal, everyone always ask the same question. What can I do to change things? I'm only one person! After I told abnormal these little story, he seemed to be getting his emotions together as we talked a little more on these subjects. So that's when I had to hit him once again with the reality of the job at hand, and what we were about

to do and how we must stay focus for future generations still to come. Then I said just for the fun of it, remember the Buddhist stories, as we both laughed for a few seconds. I had to remind Abnormal that we are bringing the big corporations, lobbies, politicians, boardrooms Wall Street bankers, and secret disease making labs, to their knees as we speak. These same heartless rich selfish hard head money lovers, are getting richer every day even from something like sickness and disease using it as a business for more profit. What has happened to the ways of thinking when it comes to the human race, having no empathy or compassion, for human babies? Why do we pay billions of dollars each year to the same old Corporation that's part of making us sick in the first place? In this case I'm talking about the hospitals, I said. Big business is making us sicker, as there self-appointed stock owned hospitals, tries to make us well again. These hospital stock owned executives, are the reasons we are sick, based on the way they run these large conglomerates for profit only. As we revisit these hospitals over and over again, until death or there is no more profit to be made from our sick bodies, they will continue to use us like Ginny pigs. The fact of the matter is that most billion dollar corporations, no matter what they say they are doing, are making people sick

for profit directly or indirectly. Thru the connecting process and way big business to business go back and forth. They depend on one another's products, services, and the use of the same bar coded connecting systems, to stay on top of their game. For a split second Abnormal emotions got the better of him once again, when he heard these truths. He said, these rich fools killed my sister straight up, and I am going to do something about it this time. I said to him, we will prevail this time my brother. Hang in there, we will prevail as we finally overcome our oppressors and their no good reasons for racism, sickness, and so many preventable deaths. We have a flawless master plan in play, which is way overdue as we continue to take action to bring about a permanent change for black folk. The blueprint stories that were handed down from our great grandmothers for generations, have been instilled in us as no medical surgeon could ever remove them, as we move forward. Then Abnormal said with some anger and sadness in his voice, No doubt my brother, no doubt, we're going to take this thing and run with it, all the way to the bank and then some. We will change everything soon, not just for ourselves, but for our mistreated brothers and sisters, in ever state across this country. I said to Abnormal, we all know deep down inside

that God did not create this world for just a few to reach their full potentials. As only their life dreams supposed to come true, while the rest of us struggle and fall by the waste side of hurt, seemly with no self-desires to fulfill, as we continue to serve the rich. As the rest of us continues to suffer in the shame of disarray through circumstances that was once out of our control. We are waking up to the reality of how we have been ducked by the rich and powerful. Abnormal said, with our backup plans and the original plan in place, we've already won this round, as I hope to see the grand finally come 2016. Like you said earlier Kirby, it's just a matter of time and taking action, to see things all the way through. Then he smiled a little and said once again. We know that old somewhat funny story of the Buddhists Monks who believes, when you die you will be reincarnated. They believe you will return to this earth if you so desire, as you're self or oneself grandson or daughter. Now, I know this is something neither of us believes, he said. But if I could think like a monk for a few more seconds, it's going to be a hell of a good life for our grandkids that are following in our footsteps, after we finish implementing the plan for the cause. Then we started laughing and saying things like, "Wow that's deep my man" slapping each other high five's, as if we were somehow



talking about ourselves, returning to earth sometime in the future as a grandson. That's when these comments became even funnier. I said I better get my act together, I don't want to do what we just did, again in the next life. We laughed! Then Abnormal said, "Yo Kirby you remember that old list of black folk cures and all remedies that's been passed down from great grand mom to grand mom and from generation to generation. You know that list your aunt from down south sent to me a few days before my sister Ellen, passed away".

Kirby said, "O' yea I remember!" Abnormal said, I keep a copy of it in my wallet. I just wished I had it a year or so earlier when my sister Ellen first got sick. I will make sure as part of my life's duties, to see that every one of our family members and friends get a copy of these old remedies, before they become sick. Whether these old remedies work or not, I think this is an important part of our ethnic heritage.

Now, every time I hear of someone close to me or in the family getting sick, I make a copy if not done already, of that black folk remedy list and give it to them or their love ones. Then Abnormal said, you know the part that I like to believe the most about these old black remedies is the way your aunt wrote down in details, about these two particular juices.

They were on the list, and stayed on my mind. So, I went to

the local library and I did some of my own research on some of her historic remedies that's on her list. I found to my astonishment that most of these old remedies actually work, according to most health nutritionist. Then Abnormal said, I believe one of the reason that modern science did not acknowledge most of these remedies, is because of its original origin of whence they come. Some of these natural cure all's from the African American community have unbelievable results. Due to the fact that there were no doctors treating slaves, we had to self-heal in order to survive and work each day, no matter how sick we became. He said, I'm sure the political lobbyist are stopping these remedies from reaching the market as a cure. These crooks must continue controlling the pharmaceutical billion dollar industry, which will take a serious financial hit, if black folks would start getting well from self-healing, after using these old black remedies. If somehow we could stop getting sick 75% less in the future, from diabetes and other man made disease like the one that killed my loving sister, this would be a much better place to live. Our communities would change for the better overnight. Abnormal said I think, I remember her and other old black folks when we were kids saying. Nature live foods are medicine, and they are better for you,

than most man made medications. She said, when you are sick its worst then being homeless, because your body is your first home, as it is the house for your soul. Take a look for yourself Kirby, it says right here on the old black remedy list that these two juices are powerful. These two remedies, **wheatgrass** mixed with **carrot** juice are two of the best disease fighting foods we could ever ingest for keeping the body to running healthy and strong. Drinking them mixed together a few times each week, and or by rubbing just the wheatgrass alone all over your body/skin, will help improve or cure the following diseases. Also drink plenty of spring/filtered water, as you take the time to exercise one half hour or more, four or five days a week. Here Kirby, read it for yourself Abnormal said to me. Your aunt's wheatgrass and carrot juice list among other black cures according to her, can help with the following sicknesses that she put on this list. Kirby said the list reads as follows, these two juice can cure acne, skin disorders, premature aging, anemia, arthritis, bladder disorder, regulates high and low blood pressure, bone disorders, bronchitis, disrupts or stops cancer cells, strengthens circulatory weakness, colitis, constipation, diabetes, eye disorder, fatigue, hay fever, hair loss, heart disease, hypoglycemia, impotence, infections, kidney

disorder, nervous disorder, skin disorder, herpes, boost immune system, ulcers, prostate disorders, cataracts, liver disorders, digestive problems, muscle weakness, removes blood cell waste & toxins, repairs teeth and gum disorders, reduce drug & alcohol cravings, and so forth. Then your aunt goes on to say, let your doctor know you are using this and other natural products to be safe. Then she wrote in bold print. Nowadays, you can go to your local grocery or health food store and buy a half gallon of carrot juice and a jar of powdered wheatgrass, without going through all the hard work that great grand mom had to go through, making this stuff from scratch all by herself. Now, I'm researching why she put at the bottom of this list. An aspirin a day, will also help keep the doctors away! She said in closing, we have the power over all disease through prayer and positive thinking.

Some disease come from stress or the body accepting the belief of negative thinking. Thinking about a disease, or being dis-easy day in and day can make you sick also, she said. This disease (dis-easy) way of thinking can manifest itself in time, into a physical disease/sickness, if continued negative thoughts continue. The Bible says, "As a man thinks so he shall be, what he thinks! Sick, healthy, wealthy, or wise, the choice is yours".

Joe Simmons the R & B singer/minister once said, "As long as I am alive, I'll keep my head up high. I am strong in body, and smart within mind."



A few minutes later my cell phone rang, it was Hart and Larry trying to set up another overdue meeting. These two high tech very smart minds of the crew, never spent a day in a college classroom, and are two workaholics of the best kind.

I've seen times when Hart and Larry would in a nonchalant way, joke with me saying Alight Kirby, you better leave the office we're about to have a serious brain storm blast discussion up in here. Then they both would start laughing, as they went back and forth at each other with questions and answers of all types of mind blowing subjects, which would upset the average learned collage graduate. They would do this as if they were in the heavy weight fight, for the largest brain of the year contest. Again like I said about Gee earlier, they did not mind blowing talk to show off their smartness and skills. They did these brain blast to help open black minds, to remove the fear of learning new things, so we would start taking positive risk in our communities, after learning the facts. Every other race of people already knows, whenever you learn something new about the things you fear. The fear dissipates as the truth comes thru, removing the lie of once you feared. Hart and Larry would always study, learning all types of knowledgeable information to pass on, as they come up with new ideas to open the minds of black folk.

They always want to share their knowledge as a way to replace the old slave mentality ways of thinking. As new ideas come thru new knowledge, it leaves us basting in God's wonderful ways of wonder and exciting mysteries. There is

nothing more peacefully than to dream and wonder through our limited thinking capabilities. There is nothing to fear, but fear itself, as President Roosevelt use to say. Knowing all questions will be softly talked about in full detail or answered in full color, taste, and smell to say the lease, once we return home to heaven. To sit on high as we listen to God Himself slowly make clear all of the methods to his so-call madness, will be breath taking and o' so wonderful to hear. It will be as peaceful as a baby hearing his favorite bedtime story, over and over again. Now, a few times over the years I've stayed in the office and listen to these two guys go at it in ways, which made my head spend. They would discuss things like gravity, and how it makes some people who never exercise or move much feel, heavy, weak and tired most of the time. These same over weight do nothing people, actually have the nerve to complain as they say. I feel like the weight of the world is on my shoulders! I also heard Hart and Larry discuss things like the enter earth core and its importance. As they started to break it down to one another, they would say things like, our magnetic field and gravity comes from the center core that is within the earth itself. This core of liquid metal, hard metal and magma temperatures are hotter than the surface of the sun, around four thousand five hundred

degrees. The combination of this heated pressure, and constant rotation, has made an ocean of hot liquid metal inside the earth about the size of a small planet such as Mars. In the center of all this heat and lava, is a large round rotating hot iron sphere about half the size of our moon, they said.

This keeps gravity centered or lined up with the North Pole, according to scientific studies. Larry said to Hart, do you know they work harmoniously or together as one magnetic force field. This shield keeps things like our weather together, within this thing we call our protective atmosphere, as we are being protected once again from above. This force field also keeps us and everything else from falling off the earth, as well as protecting us from all types of space radiation, meteorites, and harmful protons that could harm the body, if exposed. This somewhat of a nuclear reactor is one of God's creations that sciences are still trying to figure its full function, as we must always remember God is, still in control. Instead of accepting this as one of God's wonderful mysteries that will be explained one day in heaven. Scientists have been digging towards this core for years trying to uncover more details.

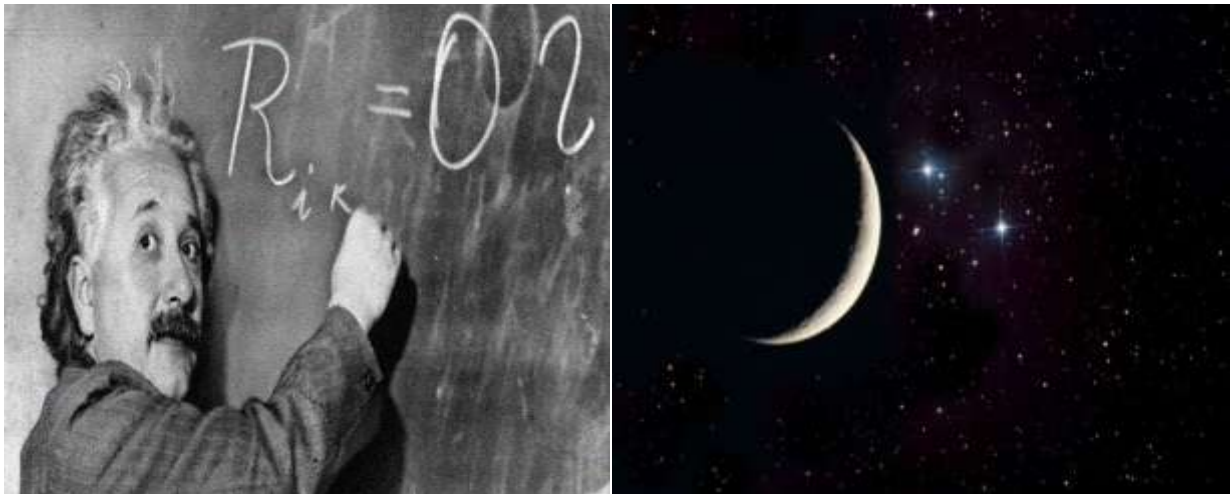
They just keep poking and pondering at God and Mother Nature's wonders, of which has been created through pure love for God's earthly children, without any mistakes. At times



Larry and Hart would also talk about things like, quantum physics, the theory of relativity, technology, life's mysteries and mythologies just like it was their second nature to do so.

I tried to go toe to toe one or two times with these brainy acts, but I soon realized that I was no match for them as they were out of my league, when it came to technology and science. Remember, these poor guys went to one of the poorest underfunded schools, in America, in one of the poorest cities in America. Knowing this, when you sit down and talk or listen to these two guys based on their levels of given education, you would honestly believe they have degrees from more than one Ivy League college, such as Harvard, Princeton, or Yale. I remember one day they were talking about the well-known genius by the name of, Albert Einstein. Einstein, studied time, space/universe and energy, throughout his entire adult life, uncovering all types' mysteries, mythologies, and interplanetary solar systems, that were once unknown to mankind. Hart asked me one day, "Hey Kirby what's the scientist definition of a genius"? I said without thinking. Me! As we all started laughing, out of control for a few minutes. Then I said, I'm sorry man I don't know, I think it is someone who is very smart with an IQ higher than most. Then Hart went on to say, yes you are

somewhat right. A genius is someone who remembers more than most, as he also remembers that all knowledge of the universe is within



us, at our births. Einstein also understood how the gravity energy force makes most of us feel too lazy to remember which actions to take, to remember our own genuineness. This keeps us earth bounded, mentally and physically as we have already surrender to the pullback effects of gravity. When it comes to moving forward and reaching ones full potential, most people will give into gravity/laziness instead of braking free of it set boundaries . We just have to tap into the knowledgeable source of remembrance. This unlimited knowledge that's there within all of us already. Then Hart said

I'll give you an example my brother. Please explain to me how a three year old child can sit down at a piano for the first time in his or her young life, hear and play Beethoven's fifth Symphony, without missing a beat, or ever taking a piano lesson in their short live time. It took Beethoven more than a years each, to compose all of his extraordinary symphonies. The answer my brother is, this little child already remembers to accept God's higher levels of knowledge, as it's already built within each and every one of us. This knowledge is living in dormant waiting for us to remember to use it as we grow, without having to fear any of God's truths. This same knowledge or gifts have been given to all of us, as the "presents" of God. You see, this three year old just happened to open the God given gifts (gifted) early in life, so he could use these gifts to change humanity now. There is no reason for a long awaited formal college education that only help us to remember, what we already know, as we are all gifted with gifts from God. This formal education may or may not help us fully remember these higher knowledgeable self-induced abilities from time to time. For some (music) years after they graduate or receives a degree, saying it's ok to be smart, college may have been a waste of time. With the University (universe) now saying you know a little about music because

they showed you how to slowly remember a particular thing or two. Then out of the blue Hart said, Einstein was asked a question in the beginning of his scientific career, and again some years later when he retired. Is the universe friendly? Later as an old man almost at the end of his long life, he said this time with a smile. I have no doubts that the universe is friendly! Hart went on to say, Einstein had discovered that all of God's creations are designed with purpose that are in the end friendly, no matter how violent the world or the universe may seem at times, as we see it through our eyes or through a long distance telescope. The universe and all of God's beautiful creation are working to give us our, utmost desires that can only come from knowing and understanding Gods pure love. Einstein understood this and he knew that we would always be loved and protected by a source other than ourselves, that most of us call God. This is something that no scientist could ever see, touch, or claim they studied under a microscope as one of science projects. As a scientists, Einstein always knew that there were millions of small and large space objects out there like meteors and asteroids, traveling at high rates of speed as fast as 11,000 mph past the earth, for billions of years. One of these large space objects at Gods will only, hit and rearranged the entire Earth once, according to

modern day scientists. Scientist still today are baffled as they ask the question, what are the odds that this has never happened again? That's when Larry said that's deep Hart, when you think about it. I understand where you are coming from. I looked at Larry and Larry glared back at me as to say, what the hell did I say that for, knowing Hart can be long winded at times? That's all Hart needed to hear to get his creative juices flowing so he could keep us there in the office and reach deep down inside to talk about science in a more detailed way. We knew we would never get out of the office now. That's when Hart pushed back in his high back chair, and asked us a few more scientific questions. What are we? Who are we? Where are we in space and time? Larry put his hands up behind Harts back as to say, here we go again!

That's when Hart started to talk in a detailed scientific format. Remove your name, family, job, physical address, all that you've been taught about religion/school, and what do you have? Before we could answer, he asked another question. Are we on earth the planet, or is it a living spaceship somewhere in the vastness of space and time? A universe that is expanding faster and faster each day according to scientist and scientific equipment like the Hubble telescope, computer technology, to our amazement

as some of the new scientific discoveries, made over the past century. Scientists tells us that we are traveling on this so-called space ship named earth, around the sun with the other planets that are in our solar system, some 18,000 mph.

Through this continuous wide cycle of movements, that somehow is being controlled (God) without ever missing a beat or any kayos whatsoever. Other than our scientist, these and other cosmic events are happening so smoothly without a hitch thru out our lifetimes. Hart said, this is happening every day without the knowledge of the average person ever being concerned about it. Especially those who believe and trust in God's mercy that's full of His loving grace. These wonderful events and the controlled mysteries of God, are at times breath taking to think about, if you don't believe. Then Hart said, when it comes to God's untiring, effortless actions to keep us safe, happy, and most of all well-loved, in his arms of warmth, leaves me emotional and speechless at times. Larry looked at me again with a smirk grin on his face as to say, well stop talking so we can leave, my brother. Then Hart repeated, most people rather fight about race then try and understand or learn about these exciting mysteries and miracles designed by God himself. As part of His plan for us to have these wonderful experiences of knowing, will beings us

closer to God, when fear is removed from learning truth. Hart said you see, you can't get close to God when you are full of fear. It's the same thing as having no faith in God's abilities to be in control of all things or all situations, all at the same time. This knowledge of knowing will help each and every one of us remember that we are geniuses, as we reach our full potential and have new added meaning to our lives. The rich and powerful understand this well, as they continue to fight for a new meaning every day. They also think they must keep the poor folk in their place, in order for them to succeed. What a waste of precious time that's been spent throughout the history of modern day mankind. When it comes to racism versus an unlimited potential amounts of geniuses produced, working together throughout the universe to change all of mankind forever. The rich folk around the entire world has gotten this one, completely wrong. By not sharing the wealth that will free the improvised minds of remembrance which will in turn, produce billions of highly intelligent beings here on earth, is the rich man's misfortune, and curse. It's almost as if God almighty is taking his precious time, breathing in and out as the universe works together as the one body of God, who is patiently waiting for his babies to return home. He hopes his wonderful children will one day understand what

he desires from us, as we grow through his pure unconditional love, and become more like him! Through a relaxed trusting manner of love for one another, we can do God's will. One day soon I hope, we will change the world for the better as originally planned, Hart said. Then Hart said, a many of these types of questions and thoughts have been entertained during our modern day history, with no real answers from mankind. By believing and listening to our hearts, which are filled with nothing but the truth of God. We have for too long, believed in the lies told to us on TV/radio/internet, from people we suppose to trust. As we seem to uplift and get angry at the misleading rich and powerful elites, for telling us exactly what we want to hear. Some people consider these rich folk every words as law, as if they were our saviors slowly reversing the truth. This have somehow become our mind numbing new believe system, as we let them do the thinking for us, as we sit behind the above electronics boxes clutched to their every word. They tell us what to do and how to live thru these mind numbing boxes. They continue to get rich off our stupidity, as we have stopped thinking in creative ways for ourselves. Hoping they will someday shear the wealth with us, which God has allowed the rich to temporally control to bless his poor? Hart



said, the mentality that is the root blocker that stands primitively in our way of human growth, is to think there is not enough to go around,. This is exactly the way we have been trained by the rich to think and believe, as Gods abundance of earthly wealth is being controlled by them, for all the wrong reasons. Believing somewhat in them as our human savers, has brought us to this point of never reaching our full potential of evolving to travel the universes, as if we were traveling on a short vacation, to say the lease. Then Hart said, when it comes to the poor breaking boundaries and reaching new cosmic levels of awareness that's been trying to peacefully awaken us from a deep sleep for generations. We continue to put our futures in the hands of selfish, greedy, leaders who not only keep the poor down, but keep themselves down with us. Hart said, the poor needs to wake up and listen as well. The poor also at times rather sleep walk, letting powerful thinkers take control of them, like zombies. Instead of independently listening to themselves and others like them, who are now thinking for themselves? By using their own God given truths, through self-thinking and long term actions that produce growth poverty will cease. Never quieting before seeing things all the way thru is one of the strengths that separates the rich from the poor.

Somehow we still believe in the powers of the rich who supposed to always have everything under control. When the fact is, it God's mercy that has them under control. Then he said, this sleep has stunt our potential growth as a one race of people working together on all advancement projects. Not only have we missed out on flying through the cosmos, but maybe even missed out on, making all types of new rainbow colored people friends, as Tina Marie sung about in her song, some years ago. He said no matter what, as the human race, racing through time and space to meet up with our purpose and designed by God destiny, is wealth within itself! As we reach the end of this journeys destination, to hear God Himself say, after all that we've experienced. "Well done my son, well done", will make this earthly journey priceless!

These and other wonders has made scientists a little confused over the years. Trying to figure these beautiful mysteries of Gods without any faith in God, as they remove God from the equations, showing up on their technical slide rules and calculators, is foolish. Hart said, there are billions upon billions of stars and planets throughout the universe, more stars and planets than all the grains of sand on every beach, here on earth. If you try to count every grain of sand on this spaceship called Earth, you would not have enough

sand or time to match the countless number of stars and planets within the vastness of our universe. With tears in his eyes Hart said, O' God your magnificence is so wonderful, as we seem to forget at times you are still in control. With your protection arms all around us, filled with unconditional love and grace! Hart said, I was at the beach last week after a business trip to Atlantic City, New Jersey. As I watch the trillions of gallons of seawater rush to the shore surface, then stop, turn around, and return to the deep blue sea. I was amazed at how this large amount of water obeys your every command as law. I said to myself once again, O' God how your wonders, cease to amazes me. You are the almighty, unlimited, powerful God! When Hart said my brothers, we must stay the course and continue to do the job at hand as we fix this mess that mankind has self-created during our infancy stages of primitive, so-called modern day living. As Larry and I started walking towards the office door, we knew Hart was finish talking for the day turned night. No! That's when Hart once again leaned back in his chair and said. Oh no my brothers, it gets deeper than that! This time, my hands went up as to say. Why did Larry get this guy started on this deep science stuff, today of all days? When he asked Hart, that genius type of question, this late on a Friday evening, as

Hart was already taking the weekend off, not me and Larry? That's when Hart said, scientists have tried for many years to understand this and other questions that's related to the methods of God's wonderful madness. Hart said, do you know most scientists doing their careers, become atheists with closed minds when it comes to, God being in the mix with science or elevation theories. Their scientific beliefs somehow makes them non-believers, which should be the opposite according to Einstein. Einstein throughout his entire career understood the powers of God and the science of the universe working together as one creation. Einstein also knew God's utmost purpose during the creativity process that has never end, was to always give His wonderful offspring's their utmost desires. In return God's hopes for us is, we have the same compassion for all others when controlling the earth's wealth. Einstein understood that Gods ultimate love and his protection, needs no help from science or mankind. God's seen and unseen powers by scientist, are always on the job, even when if we are not. As we destroy some parts of Mother Nature thru greed. God will still protect us from her wrath, as she obeys Gods natural laws. On earth as it is in haven, we must believe that God, is in control! Understand that we are plugged into this beautiful loving power called

God, as wireless beings that are made of the good stuff, found throughout the universe. With a sprinkled touch of unconditional love! Hart said, Einstein explained how scientists have discovered that the human body as it functions uses elements from the universe like copper, iron, and zinc. These and other elements have been found in small meteorites that has hits the earth over the years from time to time. He said, that one small thing that is misunderstood and could never be seen under a microscope, is the elements of life and love. Then Hart said you know, when Einstein was a young boy his teachers told his mother that he was somewhat retarded or sick minded, to use the term of those days. They said he may never amount to anything that's normal or worthy to society. Hart said, boy were these teachers wrong. Did they misdiagnose him by a long shot or what! Knowing her son the way Einstein's mother knew him, she was happy to hear this from his teachers. These words made her feel good, knowing that her son was a little different and stood out from the rest of the kids in his class. In her mind and with the time she spent with him during his early years, she knew he would change the world someday. What his teachers didn't realize, was that Einstein at an early age had already tapped into that thing we call being gifted, as

he remembered more than most. He knew that the knowledge of the universe was already within and he could use it as he wished, if he didn't fear it as being the truth. Later in life when Einstein became a professor, he would always tell his students, "I am only here to help you remember the knowledge you already know, and were born with". He would say to his class, I am not a genius. This title was given to me by my co-workers, associates and peers. The only thing that makes me different from you is that, I remembered more universal knowledge during my life time than most. Hart said, he would jokingly say to his students a few times each month, remember that we are a bunch of know-it-all, and I say that with no apology. It's just a matter of remembering! As a kid, Einstein was extremely intelligent as he was smarter than any teacher or professor, when it came to science. He had no way to communicate his scientific abilities to most adults because they had already labeled him as being sick minded and slow.

This made him look stupid during his other classes as a youngster, because he had absolutely no interest in them. At this young age, he knew how to open his mind and accept the flow of the friendly universal knowledge that come through all of us. For example, when your teacher went over a particular lesson plan with you a few times more than your

classmates. For some reason you just couldn't remember the knowledge from within, at that particular moment. You just could not add up the numbers correctly no matter what you and the teacher did. Then one day it hit you, and you got the answers right for the first time. It wasn't that you "learned" anything new. You just remembered the God given knowledge that's already within. As a professor Einstein, would always repeat to his students. I am not here to help you learn anything! I am here to help you remember what you already know.

**Ted Turner once said, "Success comes from early to bed early to rise, work like hell and advertise."**



Now it's early Tuesday morning, Larry is on the office speakerphone. Kirby he said, I have to set up a meeting for you and the guys very soon. Larry and Hart, had some very important detailed information to discuss, which could not be discussed over the phone. It took about three days to get almost everyone back in town and back to the office to have this important meeting that Hart and Larry, had called into play. With the exception of Perm everyone was at the meeting with their game faces on. Before the meeting start Larry asked "Where's Perm?" Looking at a distance, E-rock stood up and said, "Perm got himself into a little trouble the other night. You know Perm, he had one or two to many to



drink and he lost his temper as well as his judgment. He forgot his manners for a few at a fancy bar up state the other night.” Not meaning to disrespect the bar owners daughter who happens to work there. Perm got into a shouting, pushing match with the owner, as the bar assistant manager called the cops. Erock said, when the two bouncers tried to detain Perm until the cops arrived, he got into a scuffle and a short fight as he broke out running. He ran down the street to his rented car, and drove off with both rear tires spinning rubber, is the story I got, Erock said. Don’t sweat it Erock said, our lawyer has already talked to Perm and are doing a damage control meeting with the owner of the bar, as we speak. This one is going to cost us a little I’m sure, but Perm is worth it, he’s a good hard working brother. Then Tyrant said, you’ll right he is a little cocky at times, but he is worth it, although we don’t need this extra attention right now. Just as soon as, Tyrant finished his sentence perm walked into the meeting room just a few minutes late, with his game face on. After everyone shook Perm’s hand, and ask if he was ok, Larry interrupted and said, Okay time is money let’s have a seat and get this meeting started. We have some important business details to discuss. Then Larry said, with our research and development team help, we have developed a new

software that can take any shredded paper and encrypted it back into its original form. This is groundbreaking, we can read everything just the way it was originally typed or printed. As you all know we've been waiting for this and now it's operational. We put it to the test on those republican destroyed top secret election documents, that we were excited about when Zeek found them in the shredders bin. As you can see on the table in front of each of you, it was a total success as the newly developed software works perfect. Then Larry said effective as of today, we will start bringing in all shredded papers that are in top executives offices only. Send or bring them to the lab, only when it's safe or feasible to do so. You know the old out of sight, out of mind janitor routine well enough to use it once again to our advantage on this new mission. Then Hart started talking about the old trashed flash drives, copies of compact disk full of good information, and short video's Abnormal found on some of our old outdated cell phones, that ended up in the corrupted information storage room. This type of stuff will be used, expose, or leaked to the media at the correct time to help us with the cause. Larry said, it's amazing what corruption has been found in the business and political world of trash, in just a few of our key buildings that we service. We have found

details of all types of political crimes, computer passwords, CODs, cash money deals, as well all types other secret information that we have collect, compiled and organized to help move the cause forward. Larry said, we have enough information to put almost everyone who makes over a million dollars a year into a bad, embarrassing, illegal, poor ethics, no way to compromise situation. He said we have the 2008 election in the bag, come hell or high water, we will not lose, there will be a black man in the “white house” in January for the next eight years. That’s when everyone in the meeting started yelling, whistling, shouting, and shaking each other’s hands with a loud, “That’s what’s up”, congratulation, high five and smiles, as this was good news to celebrate after all of our hard work. We had a few drinks after the meeting, talking about the details of all of the information that we had organized and in our control. The very next day is when we all got separate shocking calls from Zeek blackmailing us. He told us he needed more than just a middle class salary allowance in his weekly pay check from now on to survive within his new life style. He said he was going to start talking to the authorities and the news media about last night’s meeting and everything he knows about our organization. Zeek also said, he will discuss the details that could possibly start a

revolution on a massive. He said, I will let them know how this will change things from the way they have all ways been, to forcing the rich to live like the rest of us. Later Kirby said, when he got the response calls from each member of the crew, everyone started there sentence the same way. Kirby, what the hell is wrong with Zeek? We just went through something similar to this with Casey the old accountant. Now what Zeek, is he serious, he knows too much? Although we have our acts together with a few back up plans, this could still be a problem, that may slow things down a bit once again. We were not worried about him going to the authorities, due to fact that they have a predestined self-destruct system that has been in place for some years now. You see we, have most of the crooked law enforcement people in our system ready to do whatever we ask. With resignation forms by the thousands fully executed, needing just todays date and their signatures, we had no concerns or worries when it comes to law enforcement. It was the media that could put a temporally slow down on things. Before the day was out, Perm got on the phone and talked to each of the original crew members to see what he could learn about Zeek, and to come up with a plan to deal with him swiftly. He also put Tyrant, Erock and an expensive private investor on

Zeek's tail 24/7. They followed him everywhere he went over the next few days. It was the end of the week but Perm still sets up a mandatory meeting for all of us attend. This meeting was to be held over the weekend to discuss what he had heard, seen, and found out from Tyrant, Erock, and the private investor. Over the weekend we found out that the real reason Zeek was trying to black/male us was. His new drug using habit had gotten full control of him. He had gotten himself involved in, daily drinking, smoking weed and most of all doing crack cocaine, as he traveled from town to town doing business alone. The sad part is that none of the crew knew or had any idea about this until now. Come to find out our worst nightmare had come true when it came to crack cocaine, reaching out and touching one of our own. One of us was now on that "stuff"! We knew this was one of the worst things that could ever happen to anyone living in or near the hood. When I heard the words during the meeting over the weekend, "crack cocaine" I almost walked out of the conference room. You see dealing with average janitor's day in and day out, we have seen up close and personable, the devastating damage that crack cocaine will do to a poor man. Most janitors are already at the bottom of their game, even when they are sober. We've seen crack cocaine destroy

families, turn housewives into honkers or prostitutes. We've seen good husbands turn into petty criminals who ends up in jail, over and over again, trying to support his family and a relentless drug habit. We've seen these same families, with the kids split up for adoption by the CYS systems. We've also seen, kids being rented out to other junkies or perverts, to do whatever perverted ills, they prefer to do to them, for the night. Until we got involved in our own local community to stop these crazy transactions, it was an everyday occurrence! I can go like this for hours, as most of us have seen and heard it all, when it comes to the horrible nightmares crack cocaine leaves behind. Other than the large amounts of illegal easy to access guns that are placed in our communities, the AID's virus, and the left over residue slavery. Crack cocaine has been **one** of the most deadliest, dirtiest, lowdown, non-considerate, tricks of hateful things, that the rich and powerful has done to poor people, over the past forty years or so. In recent history your continuous racial abuses persist, even thou you continue to say that racism is no more, here in America. Over time drugs, guns, and hate, has affected so many of us with negative outcomes, which has last for many generations and still generations to come. It has reared its ugly head once again for the last time as we move forward

with the cause. Without noticing, this has begun to affected their own young offspring's, who loves dating and hanging out with young black people, as they emulate our black youth of today. Our questions to you Mr. Rich and powerful are! "Why must you continue to dislike or hate this same black group of people as a whole throughout the history of this country?" This group of people has given and served this country more than any other group of people. Other than pain and suffering, we've received less than any other race, as everyone continues to profit, as a race of people, except us! Why? What have we as a, intelligent clear minded thinking race of people, ever done to harm any other race of people? We've only tried to love and service you, to the best of our abilities, until now! What makes people like the tea party get on TV & radio still showing their hate. Wanting to angrily hurt us for no intelligent reason whatsoever, other than to still want to control us. They want to keep us beneath them, like the good old days of their grandparents. This will never happen again, we are being hated for that as well! Your destructive ways and messages this time has been heard a long time ago, loud and clear, giving us time to prepare. This time we have unlimited resources, unannounced to you and your party. Our response to your destructive message is, "No

more, never again, we've had enough. Find some other race to destroy!" The American people know about this destruction in the black communities as we are flooded with all types of guns and drugs, as someone makes billions of dollars in profit, from our pain. What war on drugs? No such thing on the real deal. It's too much money, too much profit! Now, we were at a crossroad and some type of action had to be taken when it came to Zeek. Doing a conference call everything got quiet for a few seconds as we were all still dealing with a little personal or initial shock, when it came to Zeek the friend. Then Gee and Perm broke the silence. They said a few words that overwhelmed me and everyone else listening to the conference call, to the core! Absolutely no one wanted to hear these words, because they were more shocking than the words that Zeek was using crack cocaine. Years ago, these words were mentioned when we had some of our first meetings. We all remembered when Gee fired his gun one night during one of those meetings. We knew then that we had to live or die by the hard, but real codes of the group. Perm said, you live by the sword up die by the sword, "It's kill or be killed!" Then Gee said, sometimes a man has to do what a man has to do! The life of the many, outweighs the life of the few. That's when Tyrant said, NO! What did



you just say Perm? That's when Gee interrupted and said with anger in his voice, you head him my brother. He said kill or be killed. In this situation the lives of the many still outweighs the lives of the few... Tyrant said, "Are you saying what I think you are saying?" Knowing all of the guys were O'G's, from back in the day, and have had some type of contact as black men with the law in their younger days, made this one heavy serious matter to try and deal with rationally. That's when Perm yelled, "You damn right this has to get dealt with and we have to deal with it soon. Make no mistake, this is bigger than Zeek or any one of us." That's when Tyrant said, who, what, where, when, and how? You know he has a family! That's when I interrupted and said gentlemen, this phone conversation is over. We cannot discuss this over a conference call. We will meet to discuss the details about Zeek in the morning. Cancel your plans for the day, and meet me at the office after you see your wife and kids off to Sunday school/church. Larry said, do we have to do this on a Sunday. Yes I said, this is an extremely important matter and we have to do what we have to do, to see our plans through no matter what. Around 11:30am the next day we set down around the conference table at the main office and re-discussed exactly what to do about Zeek,

the friend that turned into our enemy, as well as an enemy to the cause. Zeek has become a major problem that had to be dealt with or eliminated. To use the word eliminate in the same sentence discussing a lifelong friend, is a very difficult choice word to use to make a decision about. Never the less it had to be done. So we took a vote, instead of one or more of us coming right out and eliminating Zeek. We decided to let him destroy or kill himself, by letting him use an unlimited amount of crack cocaine, funded thru one of dummy corporations. This will also keep him quiet, when it comes to our political plans for 2008 and beyond. He would have what he want in the first place, until it kills him dead. Also we know this would keep him too high for anyone to take him serious, if he decided to try and talk. We've seen this type of self-destruction many times in the hood over the years. It has made us a group of hardcore brothers with good hearts, when it comes to the big picture. Stopping the demise and disrespect from around the world, of all black people as a hold, is one of our number one main objective. Now we are going to keep our private detective on Zeek for daily observations and reports back and forth to Tyrant and Erock. Also, contacts has been made with a few large local drug dealers in an indirect way for there assistance. They will

supply Zeek with all the crack cocaine he could smoke each day, as they befriend him as to keep his suppositions at bay and keep him busy, smoking. It a painless death doing what he already enjoys. So why not! No one would be the wiser of what happen to Zeek in the long run. At the same time, no one's hands have to get any dirtier than they already are, at this close stage before the election. What Zeek said on the phone was too strong to ignore, especially after our investigation was confirmed. Who knows what he may have already done, as it is too risky for us to try and find out how much damage he may or may not have caused. As long as he has plenty of dope, and we make sure he never runs out of money, he will stay out of our way. He will stay quiet, thinking he has us under control, until someone finds him dead in the gutter, like so many before him. Larry made the suggestion that if Zeek lives past the first election, after we have put all of our plans into effect. Maybe we could consider sending him out of the country for a year or so, to a celebrity rehab program. Perm, looked at Larry and said, that's just wishful thinking, it's not going to happen. Once we advance the large untraceable cash to the three major drug dealers who deal only in crack cocaine, there was no turning back. We told these dealers, that Zeek was our close friend

and we want them to take care of him, with respect when on the streets. Now we knew, the average drug dealers greedy selfish people, almost as much as ex-slaves masters. They didn't give a crap about anyone or anything but money, until Gee and Perm had words with them directly. They will feed you that crap around the clock as long as money is being spent on their products. The fact is, that real emotional coldness is the nature of the drug game when dealing with the human aspect of the drug business. It would be foolish to get attached to someone you know you are helping to kill, a little each day.

Now we had to rush to move the rest of our activation dates up, as we played catch up for a few weeks. After a few people took Monday off to clear their heads about Zeek, we were fully functional early the next day. We also had to contact all of the key people who had regular contact with Zeek. We made him disappear from our work and the organization forcing a nonexistence entity into exile files. We will make it look like he never worked for us or anyone in his life that's connected to us, when we are finished. We have the connections in the government, private, and open business world. They had contacts with government agencies like the

Social Administration, and rigged birth certificate departments. Things were working perfectly with a few adjustments made, we re-set the programs of one of our new systems. We messed around with Zeeks life and his soon to be non-existence as if it was child's play. Anything he may of said or decide to say now, will just make him look like another crazy crack head junkie. Most of them talk day in and day out, about what they could have been in life, if not for crack cocaine. They talk about what they used to be, when they were on top of things, before starting to smoke crack. A short meeting was called by Perm, as we made it a point to try not to ever talk about Zeek anymore, other than to plan for his going home service when the time comes. We decided we will spare no expense when it came to his family and his final service as we would show up a little late and leave early. It's the least that we can do.

As the short meeting continued, it was time to discuss the balance of today's agenda. Hart was a little overwhelmed about the budget and concerned about the amounts of money being spent for our one candidate for running President. Larry said, Kirby Do you know if we keep spending and donating money like this, we will have almost spent a

billion dollars on the president's Campaign by Election Day. I said no problem, Larry! With the 2008 election only a few weeks away, and our plans in full effect moving forward, continue to spend like there's no tomorrow without wasting any money, of course. Erock said out of the blue, we have been looking at the news off and on today, listening to the word on the street from Republicans all around the country, and it seems they are running scared, not knowing what hit them. They know that someone or something has them by the balls, from our flood of non-traceable contacts and advertising through the social media and internet. Every time one of them get out of line, not doing what they have been told to do by us. We leak a little information about that person to the news Medias. Spilling some of the dirt that we have on most of the republicans and their running candidates little by little or as needed, is making a lot of them nervous, by not knowing who would be exposed next. They are about to lose their minds not sure of what to do. They do know this one thing for sure. Hand our candidate the presidency as they have been instructed to do, or be push out of the long term political game, not just for the next eight years, but for the rest of their careers. It was a sweet moment as we continued to watch the news, knowing we were in control of it, before

the news happened. It was a little bitter sweet, as we could still fill his presence in the room, without saying a word to each other about it. That cloud had still not been fully lifted. Gee just looked at everyone and said for no reason at all. In time my brothers, in time! We all knew exactly what he meant. We are going to set up a few non-profit business training programs after the election. These special programs will be, in Zeeks wife and kid's names.

**Angela Davis once said, "What this country needs is more unemployed lawyers and politicians. By laws they only allow 10% of our black men to become highly successful."**



All of a sudden Erock had another one of his angry flashback moments. Once again he's started blaming most of today's poorness and problems on the rich and famous black folk. He said, leaving us in these ghettos like this, is the same as leaving us on slave ships, (project infested ghettos) docked all across America, not knowing what's going to happen to us next! Then he said, if every black person making over one half (1/2) million dollars a year, would visit one or more low income home or project apartment, many lives would change. This would give the poor encouragement to do better knowing that someone of importance truly cares, as this would give new hope, among other things. This would also change the minds sets of every rich black person, as our



ghettos would start to improve for the better almost overnight. Then Erock said, "Man he said, what the hell keeps us up and running after so much missed-fortune and mistreatment in our past, present, and maybe even in our future. If something go's wrong and we are still not rescued by our own, the rich black folk?" If it wasn't for our long discussions about the rightfully angry black man strengths, I don't know what we would be doing each day, to hold on. From our leader's teachings of non-valance, and grand mom's examples of self-control, which kept us from self-destruction or doing untold damage as victims of uncontrolled circumstances. Somehow we continue to hold on. We would be nothing but trouble to ourselves and others, if not for self-taught self-discipline. It's not just a cliché, it's a reality for most of us, as we try to do our best as black men. Still being scrutinized under the guns of all the other groups of people on this planet, is unjustifiable. Then Erock brought up the situation that most of the guys didn't know about, that happened while back. How he went through something with the morning security guard at one of the Washington D.C., building accounts. After taking a fast and dangerous risk, risking life and limb, driving to get to the building on time to retrieve the flash drive, forgotten in the computer. This

guard's raciest actions were more stressful than the dangerous high speed drive. He went on to say, I know what I know! What we are doing is not 100% of the correct thing to do or to do the right thing at all. It still does not negate the facts that this underpaid, wannabe cop/ security guard, treated me like I was a piece of well-dressed crap, on the bottom of his shoe because of his self-induced racism. Then Erock started talking about that same old subject of anger, that's embedded in most black men, whether he admits it or not. Even after going to church all day on a Saturday/Sunday, a most calmed tempered black man may not admit it to anyone. If he had the chance to kill a group of KKK members for disrespecting, killing, and threatening a whole host of untold numbers of black men, he probably would! This same calm black man after being provoked in front of his wife and kids, would then go home, wash the blood off his hands, eat his dinner, and go to bed sleeping all night like a little baby. Think about this for a second. You have a whole group of people who call themselves the "Klu Klux Klan" or the KKK's. Their one and only purpose for existing, is to hate, disrespect, and kill black men just for the sake of, hate sake itself. This has been going on throughout the history of America right up to the present date, as most of this group's actions has never

been investigated, even with the technical advances of today. Erock said, no matter what we do, how well we dress, or how much money we make, a large number of prejudice, diffusional illiterates, will continue to treat us like we are niggers, or as if we were a group of ignorant uneducated poor black people. Just because our skin is dark, does not give them the right to do so! Don't they know we are just like them, with all kinds of human's feelings and emotion under this dark skin? He said, most black men have to work a dirty blue-collar job all their lives, just to scratch out a poor life style of living, and still we are hated by so many others. Then Erock said, every time that same group of successful 10% black males, our so-called role models, who deserts the ghettos, as well as us poor folk first chance they get, when making lots of money. What they don't understand is that their actions are being put on notice by everyone, everywhere. The news media acts like this is the greatest thing that could ever happen to all poor black folk. As they spread lies to the rest the world, that all black men are rich, just like the ones you see on TV. When this small group of black men/women make a success of themselves. It doesn't benefit us as a whole in the poor black communities, as it would in an Asian or Caucasian community. The word goes

around the world that, there are no more poor black men in America. Everyone these days uses the term “middle class”, as they have forgotten about the poor folk still suffering in America ghettos. Turn on your TV and listen to the news, as you will see I am telling you the truth. Then they say look world, these are our Negro decedents of slaves who now entertain us. We have made them rich in return for doing so! Look at those rich successful black men and women on TV, grinning all the way to the bank, as they instantly forget their brothers and sister still in the hood, as we already knew they would do so, if paid enough. With us giving them just a small portion of our billions, they will always do as they have already done for us. Keeping us entertained and from being board in our fabulous boardrooms, as we count the billions of dollars made for us, by these same black entertainers. This also proves that money talks, as the poor continues to walk. Erock said, these rich black folk are playing sports, acting in movies, singing, dancing, flashing gold, driving Bentleys Rose Royce’s, without a clue of what’s about to happen if the black race as a whole, do not get its act together soon, before 2016 to be exact. You have rich black folk tripping all around the world, living on million dollar Yachts and private jets, which could pay for the college degrees of every young poor black

kid in America, for years to come. Erock said, I'm not impressed anymore, I'm ashamed to the core of my existence, of what they have somehow become, world puppets. Other than a middle class life style, they should be using this God found fortune, to better the whole black race, not just themselves. This the first group of descendants of slave who has touch a little wealth, are acting as if the poor black folk left behind in the hood, have no real connecting past or future destiny with them anymore. What an unbelievable confusing mess this is, when I see most of them grinning and smiling on TV, like they got there without that old black grandmothers help. As I have said before so many times over. How soon we forget from once we've come!

Erock said, for the life of me, once we become highly educated or rich we become un-black, if that's a word. Then he said, what about our recent history, Martin, Malcom, Jessy, Al, and so on. They gave their lives servicing black folk. Helping black folk, no matter how hard the job was, hoping we would someday make the dream come true, for all poor black people. How did they become so selfish and forget us, like the other groups of people have done. In less than one generation, these rich black folk refuse to look over their shoulders and look up poor folk in the eye. Erock said again, I

just don't understand what has happen to them. After centuries of suffering our own Mr. & Mrs. Richie Rich, we made it and we are better then you poor Negros, have totally forgotten where they came from. They somehow get, the hell with my poor black brothers and sisters, who have supported me to get where I am attitude, overnight. For a little entertainment comfort poor black folk, fully supported them only to be left behind once again. The black entertainer's sold products are sold mostly to black people, with the hopes of them returning home someday, with some of our funneled thru them riches and profits, being returned back to the hood to lift us up as one race. Our invested monies from buying their products, are placed in their care temporarily, for a return on our investments spent to make them a black success. Erock said, these same black entertainers on TV or as we hear them on the radio, talking about how they give to black charities. He said in an angry voice! That's a bunch of tax business bull, if you know what I mean. Poor black folk need these same rich uppity black entertainers, to cut these poor black folks a direct individual check. They can have their staff to research addresses and personal low income information, thru the internet and other sources each week, of those poor families not able to get by each month. He said,

checks should also be cut to sober hard working black family men, working as the sole provider of the family. Signal mothers crying late nights in the kitchen, wondering how they are going to feed their babies, should also get checks. With another 40 billion dollars being cut from the food stamp program before 2016 by the republicans, poor black folk need our rich black folk to finally step up. Erock said you see, there is nothing wrong with us poor black folk as we are a race of good people. Other than not having our individual parts of the blessings given to us as of yet, by those who controlled it, as God's hand-picked fully blessed black folk. We are still considered blessed with unbelievable strengths to somehow hold on, until we are blessed by our earthly rich black kings and queens once again. As we thank God, for lifting them up from our enslaved past, we ask that these rich kings and queens, please consider the urgency of the poor black man's situations. Again, these fully blessed blessing, are not yours to keep for yourself, or to do as you will with them. Hoping these straight forward words of wisdom to wake you up are not offences to hear. When it comes to sharing Gods blessing with poor black folk, it is your ultimate duty to do so, as a descendants of many slaves. Erock said, I know this may sound a little crazy to most, but it's the truth, as most rich

folk think they have earned these enormously high incomes, all by themselves, with no help from poor black folk. Just remember you are the one who is in control of this wealth, in this the physical world. You are doing God's business whom is on high, in the spiritual realm controlling all things, including your wealth. As you have received these blessing of wealth from God himself, to share with the poor of your race, please do not harden your hearts with selfishness. Being blessed and anointed as a child of God, you have no choice but to do whatever is in God's will. Without Him forcing his will upon you, please listen to your heart as you take the necessary actions, to do God's will! Erock said, again we are going to ask the blessed descendants of slaves, to help us, their African brothers and sisters, who are stuck in poverty and ghettos all across America. As they are in dire need of wealth to change the poor black conditions in the hood. As we continue suffering year in and year out from this poverty monster, that stops us from progressing or moving forward, because of lack of wealth. We will never be able to move forward with confused minds, and financially stressed nervous systems. Understand this hard part of poverty keeps us from having clear minds, to make good solid life changing decisions. The same way you have been blessed to do with a clean clear



wealthy mind set. The time has come for your help and be notice by all poor black folk, by giving them a serious leg up in life, as you work harder at giving much more money away, and living within the middle class life style. If you don't help the black poor, then who will? Again, stop flashing your extravagant ways and expensive vacations all over the TV. It only makes things worst for poor black folk. Showing bling, expensive cars, dressing in thousand dollar out fits, and millions dollars homes, is an insult to the grand children of slave descendants. If you are not going to help us or turn your backs, that could have been continuously whipped, if not for grandmamma, then keep it moving as we will try to understand. We will consider this as being a very cold slap in the face, as we pray for you and your blessings to someday, come back home. Instead of wasting poor folk money and publicly talking about these ripped off black charities, which you say you contribute our funds to. Deep down inside, you know this is not the right thing to do, if we are going to change a poor group of people lives. Give poor black folks stocks, a lump sum of cash, keys to their own fully stocked businesses, homes, new cars, and so on. Do this on a door to door personal, face to face basis. This is the only way things will work out for the better, when dealing with poor black

folks, who needs your help. Erock said, rich black folk need not to use poor black folk, as some type of corporate tax write-off, as other race of people have done this for years. It's just down right wrong when rich black folks use these tax terms as black charity. It's business as usual, as they are the only ones benefiting and getting richer. He said, I'm telling you the truth when you look at the news or anything on TV with black folks in it. This small 10% of black people as a whole are worth billionaires. We poor folk no longer have a choice as we, have to start holding their feet to the fire.

These same old ghetto streets that they were born and raised, can become their homes once again with a little TLC. He said, their grand dads & moms, walked to their blue-collar jobs on these same streets many years ago. These streets are the reason they have become become what they are today, rich and black folk. These, rich black people are the wealthiest known to man in recent history, or since our existence began here in America. **We've all heard the old parable before, too much is given, much is required!** As we discussed many times before. In most cases none of the rich black folk who made it out, will ever return to the ghetto to live permanently. They will ride through, or pass us in their 750 BMWs, Mercedes unlimited editions, or Phantom Rose

Royce's, looking straight ahead as if we poor folk don't exist anymore. He said, do anyone other than us see what's really happens to all of our successful people, once they have been approved by others? These same rich black folk are getting richer, from hard working poor people in ways of indirect spending. As we foolishly, support them as if whatever they say is right, due to their popularity and influence. Erock said maybe I am wrong but, it seems as if they are not concerned about our poor existence in anyway shape or form. As we have become beneath them a little more each year, they continue to distant themselves from us. Unless you are making a half million dollars or more each year, they will not let you in this high black society club as a member, unless you are there to serve them. Most of the rich black folks, will soon forget the stories of how theirs, being with our great grandfathers were on the same slave ships. Once they are inducted into the money society club, it's good by poor black folk, see ya, don't want to by ya, time! Forced to come to America and work for free for many generations thru slave labor, we owe each other a clean fresh start, with real opportunities to succeed. Again Erock said, I know you and I have talked about these same old subjects many times, over the years. He said, to keep us from breaking the law from

time to time, we have to indulge or listened to each other pains. As we talk about these things over and over again, it keeps us from losing our sanity. Then he said, this race of men that used our grate grandmothers day after day to the point of where we will never know where our real black blood lines starts and where theirs end. This is enough to make you lose your sanity just for a second or two. If you think about not ever being able to know your true great grandfather. It's almost like being lost in space without a campus to help you find your way back home. Most of us have this man's race and blood stream and our sickies, still trying to control the blackness that's within, as the struggle continue from inside/out! Is this enough to make you a little crazy, the not knowing is the million dollar question? We will always be somewhat empty inside when it comes to our full blooded, all black blood lines and roots. Ours have become entangled with white men during those planed and unplanned rapes by white men. As they tried to cleanse our race of dark black skin and born as many lite skinned slaves as possible, during those time. Just for the hate of looking at all dark skinned nigger slaves was unbearable at times to most white slave masters. Erock said with a very angry deep voice tone and eyes full of tears. I can't help myself as I keep repeating to

myself these hard to tell stories, told by grate grand mom to us, again and again. As I think about these strong black men again and again, who had to watch and listen as these unthinkable, sick, unpunished rape crimes took place in these itchy, sticky, dirty, cotton and corn fields? These strong **weaponless** black men stood just a corn row or two away, from where they were working for free witnessing this with hope in their hearts. According to grate grand mom's stories, these strong black men hoped all of their lives that, one day their equally strong, smart, non-animalistic, dignified, grand's sons, would be free someday to do battle for them, as presidents and kings. As their wife's, sisters, and young daughters would be screaming from being forced raped repeatedly, had to be enough to make any man crazy, then and generations later. Erock said, this had to be one of the worst or hardest things a group of strong black men had to ever endure, without breaking down crying, in from of the women folk that they loved so much. These black men had to continue showing the same strength passed down for generations, instead of weakness. As the inner tears choked the hell out of them at times. These temporary signs of weakness could never be showed on the outside, as this would bring weakness not strength, upon an entire black

family as a whole. These black men knew as slave who were worriers, that this could never happen because, an entire race of people could become infected, if any black man cried.

If a black man was to ever cry publicly during and after slavery, everyone in the black family would become sick, as this virus of weakness spread like wild fires. The field slave white bosses or hired hands, whenever they had the desire or erg to do so, did do just that, but this did not weaken the black mans sprite. They would also rape my great aunts also, making them lay down first in the wet soil or mud, as this mud stayed their bodies without washing themselves, until the end of a long hot hard days work was done. Again, there was nothing great granddad and my grate uncles could do, as this happened a few time a week, every week. All granddad could do, was to keep working the fields until these rapes were over, as he would try to clean these women up the best way he could by, using the dirty worn out cloths off his back whipped. As the slave bosses rode off on their horses laughing, with that stupide smirk of a grin, showing cruel self-satisfaction. A revolution killing spree was slowly building, in the minds of all black slave men.

**Ruth E. Raquel once said, “You live longer once you realize that any time spent being unhappy is wasted time. As this time robs you from living a long life.”**



Erock said, to continue to love most black women unconditionally after a few generations of these continued rapes by white men. Our granddad's and most black men tried to stay strong thru anger, as so many black men are considered to be angry even today. Still today we cry with blood in our tears as great grandmas stories continue to effect and touch us in ways that only a black man or women could understand. Then Erock said, I wonder what it would have been like in America, if every young black boy could have known his father as a father. Not only that he said, if he knew his father's real, life stories growing up, as ever boy dose in countries like China and Japan. The bonds of dignity

were destroyed or broken for most young black boys by the slave owning rapist, who we had to call Massa. This piece of crap of a man would actually give extra sloppy food as a form of black women's slave welfare, for his half white kids that he knew deep down inside were his offspring. At times to encourage great grandma and aunt to accept his rapist pervert advancements on them, as part of his twisted way of saying. "It's ok for me to do this to you, whether you like it or not, I am going to continue". Later, she had no choice to perform some of these acts even more so after grate granddad walked off, moving into the all man slave shack, of broken hearted men. From time to time these strong men trying to keep their head together as a man, had to walk away from their families in order to keep their sanity. In later generations, black young son after black young sons saw poor, broke, underemployed black dads, after black dads, walk away, as it became a part of the black man's disappearance act of disappointing black kids, as part of our normal black history. Even still to this day, this has become a rite of passage that hurts so many wives, families and black kids, filling them with anger. Then Erock said, even today we have some of our black entertainers teaching our young daughters to grow up hating poor black men thru songs and



movies. If he don't have what the rich black and white man has on TV, you don't need him. What's love got to do with it?

Telling her she can do bad all by herself as a single mother, raising more and more failing black boys, who almost always turn out to be failing black men, in and out of the jail systems.

When the situation presents itself, the government welfare system reinforces this failure and the hate of black men. By

taking the responsibility of feeding our own, with food stamps and other such programs. By doing this on purpose you have made a once strong man, weak with not respect for

himself. With no good paying jobs for most black men in

America to support a black family fulltime, has created as dependency on the system. When the government feeds the black women and her babies, at the same time lock a young dad or father up, when his under educated, blue-collar job does not pay a salary amount to support him and his kids.

Due to lack of child support payments or selling small amounts of drugs to make up the different, of a low paying job. It makes it almost impossible to stay out of jail or take care of a young family. If this young father miss a few child-support payments on his unreal low salary. He is once again taken away from his black kids, and made to look like a failure

to the point of no return, to his family. Erock said, black

women are angry at us black men as they see every other race of men in America, China, Japan, and so on, supporting their families, as they are expected to do. When young black women see the law enforced courts systems, news media, and societies in general, always angry at most black men, they become angry too. They have no choice but to accept this as being normal, as they become angry at black me as well. After so many years of this we've become angry at each other, as young black men are killing each other at an alarming rate. This is especially true when it comes to the black males, who are killing each other over turf, while renting or living in the projects with their mother, killing over real-estate that they will never own. Are they trying to kill the pain, as they kill each other's pains sub-consciously, just for looking like each other? Is this that painful itself? Being indirect failures just like, their older poor black fathers is at times overwhelming for any young black man to handle. This anger is so powerful and painful as it fills like your truths are all lies, and your lies are full of poverty nightmares, as you know deep down inside the system will never let you succeed as they have already succeeded themselves, no matter how hard you try. Erock said, it's just pure hopelessness that lives inside most young black men, when it comes to having a part

of the real American dream for themselves, and their loving families, who begs for dad's unconditional love and support.

Then Erock said, most people will never experience something as little as standing on a corner for a bus to come early in the morning. This can be very painful at time! Most black men have experience this many times over. A car full of white women stops at the red light at the same corner you and your coworker buddies are standing on. Almost 100% of the time, you would hear the automatic door locks button go click. Then all the windows will go up if they are down. This almost fills like prison doors locking us in from the outside, as once free black men. Why do they continue to do this to us? This same brain washing system spends \$50 plus dollars per day keeping a black man locked up in prison for four years.

Okay, I understand maybe a few small laws were broken.

They lock us black men up for one year or more, costing about \$18,250 per man, is what my calculations are, Erock said. Sending him off to a mandatory junior, or in-house leg monitored college facility, would do wonders for this man and his family. For four years, at a total of \$73,000 is the amount of cost most parents spend sending their kids to a junior or non-Ivy League College, same as it would cost the jail system to keep them locked up. Knowing this, we have to

stay on track with the cause, Kirby said to Erock. Our overdue soon to be paid reparations will change things forever. When it comes to educations, as we will put it an escrow account with a clause for each check written to young black men under thirty. These young men will be getting educated with mandatory degrees required from each of them, in order to excess any of these funds each month. Then Erock said, I'm sorry my man for taking so long but, I'm almost finish my angry venting section, as I just needed to get a few more of these angry thoughts off my mind. Look a hear Kirby, I want to thank you and the guys for listening to me once again, as I repeated things we've all already discussed in the past as I re-spilled my anger cup. He said you know how it is, when it runs over from time to time, thinking about our past as a race of people, that some continue to say we should forget and move.

Every other race will tell stories to their grandkids, as pure and clean as the driven white snow. We as a black race have

to tell these dark nightmare stories to our grand kids, that seems too made for TV horror stories, that just happen to be true. I just can't help from thinking about, the old stories of our great grandparents, grandparents, and parents, whenever I fill racial injustice a few times a week, as they felt this same injustice everyday of their lives. You see, I believe our great grandparents imagined as they worked their fingers to the bones some hundreds years or so ago, that things would be much better for us if we black folk continued, to stick together. They had to somehow know, America would have its first black president based on their hard work that was mixed with sweat and tears, leading up to Gods removal of the white man's powers over us. As the kindness of President Lincoln and some of his staff members showed thru during slavery times. Our great-grandparents, had to say to one and other. **Let's get to work, a better day is a come in!** He said, remembering great-grandfather Earl, who died at the hands of another black man, who whipped him to death, should give all of us daily renewed strengths. I'm sure this same great grandfather would today, take that same whipping once again to save his twin babies who have contributed in some way, somehow, some years later, to what we are doing right now, as we elect or "take "the first

African-American man to the “White” House, as president. If the twin boys did nothing but go to work each day, raise their families so we could do what we have always done, as black men, as we make the impossible possible, once again. As we say to ourselves over again, although some forced improvements have been made over the years, is it ok for now, to forget great Granma’s old slave stories? Or do we still have the rights as black men to have some parts of this anger and hate in my hearts, as we pass these same slave stories on to our grand kids, letting them decide when enough is enough? This hate for our past history, for doing nothing wrong as we have faithfully in the past and as we presently, continue to be underpaid blacks servants of whites. We have been rewarded for these services with poor conditions that we live in still today, that we call ghettos. We still tolerate racism after all we have been through, as a whole, as it sometimes breed uncontrollable hate in us that may be very much justifiable. Erock said, when I look at the hold condition of most underpaid black men even still today, right before this most important election. I’m feeling just a little emotional, as I have seen the inside these poor black men project homes. I’ve witness a many of times, the poor living conditions that they and their families live in. Every time I see

this, I can't help but remember parts of my poor childhood. He said, we can and will do better as we once again do the impossible, during the end of this first black presidents, second term around 2016. We will change or reverse the laws that's been passed by all of the, past white presidents and the republican congress, to work in our favor. To change these and other things for us on a major scale, is going to take some time that will seem like time is being wasted or nothing is being done, during this black presidents first terms. Cutting the governments red tape for things like full healthcare, reparations, and to strengthen the black educational system for all black folk will take time, which in time, will give us a life filled with new dignity and fulfilled dreams. He said, being in the business of cleaning up there nastiness and mess over the years in more ways than one, is the same way we are going to clean up America. Starting with the White House and the republican Congress, whom we have code named them as, the janitors. Our great granddaddy's cleaned up behind white folks for hundreds of year. Now it's their turn to clean up behind us, as we make a mess fixing America to finally work for everyone, as promised by Gods inspiration thru the constitution. Now it's our turn to clean out the fake business as usual mindsets of greedy people, who helps no one move

forward but themselves. Erock said, this same type of political sloop food that's been falling on the floors of old Massa big house for hundreds of years, will soon have to be eaten for a final time, all alone by this strong black man who's running for president, if we are to succeed. The only difference is our grate granddaddies did it for free, as he was given this sloop for his survival, to work another day as a slave for Massa.

Erock said, can you believe the un-clean filth slaves were feed like, the unwashed pig intestines (chitterlings) after the crap of the pig had passed through it for years during the pig's life? Eating hog Maws (pig testacies) pig guts, pigs feet, and even pig ass had to be eaten to survive as a slave. After the pig had walked in his own crap and urine all his life, as this was the seasoning for his hoofs to be eaten by slaves, later, after the pig was killed to be consumed by Massa and his family. As all of the good parts of the pig were served up to Massa, we were given the pig parts that should have been burned or trashed, to stop the spread of human and animal disease. At times our great grandfathers and mothers had to wipe off and eat the rotten foods that the farm animals wouldn't dare eat. After they smelled its stinky odors, the animals would walk away, living this rotten food for the slaves to eat, after Massa forgot to feed them fresh sloop,



sometimes for days. So I asked the question again. Do we discontinue this angry imbedded slave hate? As we deal with their uppity white decedents of whom we have served faithfully, as they truly still believe we owe them something, as poor black men and women? We are also told by the media and other outlets, to just drop this slave history stuff that's filled with all kinds of hate, and just move on. It's over, as they tell us we are outdated with this slave crap. Erock said, we still can't do that, as of yet! You see, we have to visit the hood day in and day out, as most of our janitors still live in the hoods projects. We see different crime scenes of black on black crime, almost on a weekly basics all over the hoods and ghettos. Because of our past slave history and lack of education, this cycle will continue, as it has not been fully broken due to America's refusal to pay for its strong inherited wrongs, through requested reparations. To visit the hood is a very painful thing to do at times. The poorness that I grew up in, is still in the same projects as well as other areas all over the America. It's still existing and mind throbbing ways are the same today, as when I was a kid filling its pain. Welfare, food stamps, section 8 housing, black on black crime, uneducated black men, in and out of the jail system, after using all types of drugs and alcohol, trying to ease the pain of

failure. Sending their hopeless thinking brains on vacation trying, to escape the reality of not being able to truly support a family, or something as little as making your mother proud, is very discouraging to most. Doing any and everything they have to do to survive on a little higher level than their fathers, is risky business and at times deadly. There is no dignity for the poor black males whatsoever, as this problem grows when we hear people say things like, there is no such thing as poor people in America. The way the system is set up, our way of living is pure hell, being one of the have not's. We are still suffering financially and then some, all because of this one word, "slavery"! This part of America's history gave our wealth and inheritance to everyone in America but us. Everyone is still benefiting from slavery every day of their lives, but the poor black man. This is the reason for the poor condition that so many black people as a whole find themselves in, year in and year out. I hate to see so many black mothers, with no black fathers, as these kids do without. He said, we know having so many black kids with no daddy's, is detrimental to all of society. Then Erick said, I have driven to the suburbs to clean these rich folk's houses and offices, that's worth millions. He said, we have seen it all as none of this is a reality for us poor folk. In my life time, we

have sent men to the moon, spent billions on wars, given billions of dollars to millionaires and billionaires to bail out their corrupt banks, billions to rich foreign countries to gain political strengths over them. For only racist reasons, these same so-called political do-rights, have chosen or just downright refuse, to fix the problems of the ghettos all across America by choice. When it comes to us, no one in power seems to have the will, power, or enough compassion, to help poor folk when it comes to real opportunities, to change these ghettos on a massive scale. During our early days, as me and the cleaning crews drove back to the ghetto in the work vans, after working hard all day cleaning rich folk's homes, it was like being slapped with a cold dose of realism.

At times I could barely drive back to the hood as my eyes were filled with tears knowing that the little white kids living in these mansions, would never know or feel that powerful sting of the ghetto. I was not sure what was worse, how we once as kids felt the sting of the hood, or seeing our kids in the hood every day after work once we got home, going through this poorness as well. Most people in America believe that we black folks as a whole, desire to live in ghettos, and we are ok with that, as we call these poor slums "our communities" by choice. We must enjoy it, because that's just the way things

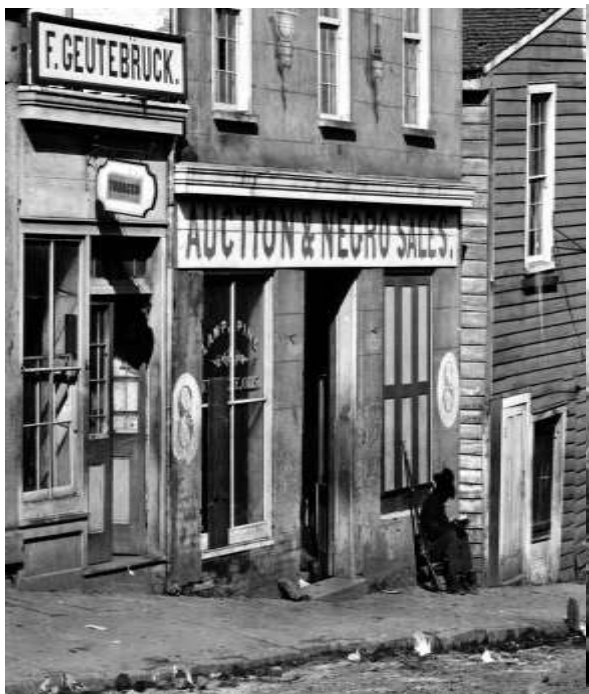
are and have all ways been, as it affects us in no negative way. Thru their eyes it like going to the zoo to look at us from the outside of the cage, as free people. Studies have showed that we had to become stronger, fully adjusted, and accustomed to poverty based on our long background and history of dealing with poorness'. We've supposed to have adjust by now to this poor lifestyle, the same way our grandparents adjusted to slavery, after being kidnapped like the caged animals in the zoo, from their natural African kingdoms. Who the hell are they studying or talking to in the black community? Erock said, what's wrong with these sick SOB's? We deserve a big part of this beautiful American dream more than anyone in America. Homes, cars, good education, money, reparations, surety, college educations for our kids, and more just like any other American who have this already! Just for the record and a big once and for all, we hate these ghettos with a passion as we talk and dream of turning these ghettos into to fabulous upscale communities every day of our poor lives. We also dis-like the people who are assuming we love the ghetto with a passion, just for thinking this way as they continue to keep us in these rat infested homes. As I wrap this up Erock said, they have put us here and have abandon us to be in this situation for many

generations, so we can't move to their suburbs. Local law enforcement in and around the hood with so many other systems in play, has keep us at bay by keeping us surrounded and using racial profiling to keep us in the hood as much as possible. They have use our same tax dollars against us to purposely keep us down, and away from the suburbs.

Tyrant was talking just the other day about what he saw on the news over the weekend. He said he stopped TV surfing on a major cable channel, late Sunday night to watch a talk show. They were discussing this new group called the Tea Party, who wants to take over the republican political system. The Tea Party is supported by most of the Republican Party and vice versa. He said, they went as far as to say, laws must be passed or changed to stop waste and the free money that's, going into the poor black communities. No more, free milk (WICK) for infant babies. No more section 8 housing to subsidize monthly rent payments. No more checks to alcoholics and or drug addicts needing help and more, as they kept talking or referring over and over again to the black communities, as if we were the only ones in America receiving any type of government subsidies. Tyrant told me, that they are still talking about changing voter rights for

districts, which contains large amounts of poor minorities, living in them. “Are they serious?” Erock asked Tyrant. Tyrant said, I’m afraid so my brother!

**George Bernard Shaw once said, “We are made wise men not by the recollection of our past, but by responsibly living for our future dreams and desires, to become realities.”**



As I've mentioned before, Tyrant is another smart man with no formal education. I've known him since the eighth grade and he has always been a level headed devoted person when it comes to family and friends. Also, when it comes to thinking above the statist quoi and outside of the box, he is a one of a kind. A onetime light Alcoholic many years ago when he was a young man trying to deal with ghetto life, he made a few mistakes before going into the Army. Without any professional help he one day just stopped drinking and turned his life around. Years later, he became an admirer of hard work and tried his best to always help others with positive conversations, who were still in the struggle. He would sometimes philosophy in detail about things that the average brother would look at him as to say. What the hell did he just say? Some would just walk away with a confused new enlighten way of positive thinking and free knowledge. I remember one day a few years ago when Tyrant decide to take a ride with me in tow to the hood in his, just newly finished restored old 1976 Lincoln Continental car. It was a dark blue, with all white interior, two inch white wall tires, sitting on 20" corm rims, sunroof open, classic! He just wanted to hang out for a few with some of the old hood gang, which we grew up with. At the time I didn't think it was

a good idea due to the fact that we were making so much money for the cause, even though we were living a low key middle class life style. People still talked about all of us, as they assumed we had more money than we pretended to have with so many people from the hood and surrounding ghettos on our weekly payrolls. Sometimes this could spell trouble when you're dealing within a crime ridden community, like the hood that we grew up in, as people that once were the most honest become the most devious, do to their drug habits, running out of control. Going against my best judgment, Tyrant was determined to get a dose of free down home love from some of the brothers and sister, still in the hood that we've know, all our lives. When we pulled up in the hood, it was about five or six older brothers that went to school with our older uncles and aunts, just sitting in the park, doing what we do, on a late summer Saturday afternoon, after a long week of work. They were drinking, getting high smoking weed, and talking big time crap about things that make you think a little outside of the box, when you are getting high like this. Some folk, call this a temporally smartness high, or I'm beaming up to Scotty to hear what he has to say, high. After about a half hour so of listening to the brother's talk, Tyrant got caught up in the conversation, after



everyone had finished casing and discussing his classic car. They were talking about, desires, consequences, and why we keep making bad choices in life! With no mercy for the weak minded or unprepared, Tyrant took over the conversations and blew us all away. He put on his natural high thinking cap, and went to work on those poor, never will be the same after hearing him speak, brothers and sisters. Whether you were getting high with the fellows or not, he didn't care. He as was going to raise the levels awareness, of all who listened.

When Tyrant first started talking about the subject at hand, he went back and forth with the five or six brothers that were originally sitting there when we pulled up in the Continental.

Until he got his major point across, it was a back and forth conversation, as more and more people started gathering around us to listen to him speak. When I looked up a few minutes later, he was the only one talking and everyone else was just listening with eyes and eyes wide open, sitting at attention. Then I heard him say, I understand my brothers, about everything you just said. But if you would indulge me for a few minutes more, I will try to get you to see how the soul creates, the mind conceives, and how body experience through feelings, as this all works together as one. "What?"

Was written on the faces of most of the people listening. He

said, we are a three-part being co-creating everything with  
Gods mercy at our backs.

**Jesus once said to the multitude of followers as he  
performed miracles each day. These things I do you can do  
also, as you are made in my own image.**



Then Tyrant said, there are no limits to what we can do, have,  
or create for ourselves as co-creators with God, of our own  
life's daily consequences when creating first of all without  
fear and with God almighty beside us. As He helps guide each  
of our creations, as we would help a baby taking his first  
steps. For a few seconds, I looked around at the people  
gathered and smiled as I said to myself, now I think these  
guys are becoming mesmerized by what Tyrant is saying.  
What they didn't know, like I knew, Tyrant was just beginning

to clean his throat. I hoped he just hit all the right bases and bring it home correct. As Tyrant continued to talk he said, we have to undo the chains of limitations that our primitive slave masters learning systems have placed upon us, that are full of fears, untruths, confusion, and some religious doctrinisms have to be removed as if they were chains of mind control, if we are going to move forward as a people. We have to sometimes reach deep inside, not only to feel and know the truth, but to understand this truth that can only come from listening to our true inner self of feelings, not someone else. He said, you've heard this statement many of times before in church. To thin-self be true! Always try to make the highest choice, as you already know God's goodness as the most wonderful thing you can ever experience is always there, as He understands our inner self-plan to change for the better. He's is always working with us as we think each day and self-create our own lives to profess our own individual self-perfection, as we are always perfect beings, in the eyes of Gods. As He ask for nothing in return, He will reward us for our committed efforts to make this world better. It's only when we believe and understand that God's unconditional love for us is the key to unlimited treasures. As His treasures will strengthen us as one race, if we would just only believe.

Then Tyrant went on to say, never doubt or fear God, as this will make you second guess yourself as one of his already blessed offspring, with no limitations. Tyrant said, this same doubt will eventually turn into your fear, which is also easy to remove, just by trusting in Him once again. If not, this same fear will eventually give panic to you and your desired thoughts, which slows your forward movements, as this slows your desires from coming your reality, until later in life, instead of now. This same panic will stop you in your tracks, before reaching your desired potential and having your prosperity now. He said, remember God and ever force, seen and un-seen will protect you, as you cannot lay down your body one second before your time or your heavenly sent work is done. Tyrant said, there are no such things as accidents in God's world. So live your life with confidence, knowing you are in God's loving protected arms of Mercy, as you are doing God's will. Then Tyrant said, in other words get up and do what must be done to succeed with no more excuses. As a kid, you and I believed in God's goodness because we had no fears or doubts about his unconditional love. Your desires as a kid were simple and small, as most of them were easily fulfilled by yourself and co-creating with God and his Mercy to give. You have to start believing in

God and yourself once again as a creating force. Accept God's love and unlimited resources, gifts, and treasures, which he offers to give to us each and every day. We must believe, success begets more success and so forth. No matter how outrageous our desires and choices may seem to others. If we just believe without fears and doubts our desires will manifest or come true. The rich has discovered this little tiny secret some thousands of years ago as they understand, God will always let it rain or feed the just as well as the unjust. His unconditional love for us all, cannot, will not, let him do anything less. Yes, my brothers and sisters he said, they already know He is willing and able to give to the black race, everything we so desire, as well. If we would only remove our doubts, scars, and fears, that were placed on us by the old slave masters, some generations ago. Tyrant said again, we only have to believe and trust in his "goodness" and unconditional love, as the rich and powerful are practicing these truths every day of their lives, as a life time habit. They have learned a long time ago that all success, will breed more success. You've heard this time and time again. We are made in God's image, as he is the ultimate successful being, surrounding Himself with love and success. We have the powers to create good consequences, having our utmost

desires come true. We can conceive, create, an experience everything we desire once we believe, that God will never harm, hurt, punish, destroy, or dis-own us in anyway. Tyrant said, our physical bodies once owned by slave masters, have been harmed like no other race has ever been harmed, as this has disturbed our minds and sickies of the real truths, love, and the honest ways of thinking, that we were once accustomed too. He said, we must self-reverse his cruelty that has blocked our minds, believing in teachings that God will punish us, in the same ways that man has punished us for centuries. Just for living our lives, the same lives God himself has created for them to live as free will beings, to do with these lives, as we so desire. They've taken our original ways of believing in our own self's, as we were once kings and queens who designed and built pyramids, with complex mathematics still unknown to mankind. You see Tyrant said, as this may be a little confusing, bear with me please! God's goodness simply will not let him, not be good to his children, as God is always good to God himself, as we are connected to this goodness as well. When Tyrant said this, I saw a few of the pot heads, scratch their own heads, as to say once again. What? It's us he said, still believing in the slave mentality ways and doubts, as a whole race of people is what's keep us down and doing

without. This way of thinking has kept Gods goodness back from only this one unblessed race of people. Why, he said? Due to the fact that we are still believing in and accepting the slave masters forced ways of not thinking for ourselves. This has slowed our desired blessing from materializing. As we continue to believe as a whole, that we don't deserve good things based on looking at our current condition as a race of people. We somehow still believe in master giving us our jobs, businesses, welfare and so on, instead of believing whole heartily to receive these blessing directly from God, ourselves. We have to stop letting our blessing go thru other hands first, before we get part of them. Our blessings are being divided in smaller and smaller portions, as we are only getting the left overs. We must change our ways of thinking when it comes to receiving direct blessings from God. The results from not believing is, we are still the poorest race of people on the planet. Trying to do the impossible without God's full blessings, gifts, and presents, is an impossible task to do. He said, as you and I both know goodness cannot be harmed by goodness self, because it's too good to do so. God would have never given us all these wonderful talented gifts and more if he didn't want us open, use, play, and work them as we make the world a much better place

continuously, as so much needs to be done. Remember there is nothing you have to do to receive these blessings but believe. This shows Gods goodness for us just for being a child of, the King of Kings. Tyrant said, to receive Gods goodness and mercy, at times just be still and know that he is God. Know that you are never alone as you are blessed doing will, as you fulfill your desires and receive the presents of God, as you do so. Tyrant said, I know I am kind of jumping from subject to subject on these particular topics, but if you hang in there, I'll clarify things and bring it all home soon! You see, I only have this moment to try and reach some of you brothers with as much information as I can, during this short time period. He said, now try to stay with me on this one as well. We have freedom of choice, to do whatever we want to do. You can move forward, backward, sideways, standstill, or basically do nothing at all, if you so desire to do so, without any punishment from God. No matter what you choose, you will still be in God's good grace to receive your particular gifts from God, even based on your decision to do nothing. God will not judge your decisions one way or the other. He knows he has put us in a safe environment like all good father do, and it makes no difference to God what we do. As long as we believe and are happy or content with the gifts that comes



thru the consequences, choices, and decisions that we make, Gods will is being done. Then Tyrant went on to say! You see my brothers, consequences are the results that we create from using or opening our gifts of desired choices, which are chosen by us as we co-create from God's blessings. God is always happy that we are content, once we believe and start to open more and more of our desired gifts and presents, like little children on Christmas morn. Consequences are Gods daily gifts helping us only to keep score or help us make other choices for our current desired gold's. Weather we think we are making good or bad choices, means nothing to Gods. That's why they are all good choices in God's eyes as he alone knows our future, past and presents, as we grow like little children learning and prospering. Look at your life and realize that you got yourself here by making choices that lead to the results of lots of good or so-called bad consequences. From this point in time, you can change everything in your life, except your good deeds, as these are not only your good gifts back to God, they are gifts to be shared by all of mankind based on your choices. So open your heavenly, gifts that are sent down daily, as God will continue to send them to you to use, store away for later, or share them as widely as we desire. Then Tyrant said, these daily opened gifts are also

called the Present or this moment in time. As we slowly unwrap these presents one day at a time with excitement. We now know each day represents one big present, with a lot of gifts inside to open. Now at this point Tyrant said, he was afraid he was stepping on that borderline of overreaching and going a little too far, for some of the guys to continue to follow or understand. After making these points he said to the large semi-quiet crowd that had formed to listen. Maybe, I should stop here and go, before I offend someone! This is when everyone looked at him and laugh, as some of them yelled back saying. If you do stop, we will destroy you and that pretty classic car you drove up in! Laughing again, as they slapping each other high fives! That's when Tyrant smiled, rocked from side to side and said, ok then! Now he said, I'm going to start to break this thing down to the brothers and sisters who are down to earth, as he reach back into his old hood ways of speaking. Once again my brothers and sisters, please listen up! I'm going to try to give you a few short example of consequences, as I bring this thing home to the hood. Let's say, Brother Rasheed robbed a bank and gets away with thousands of dollars. After thinking about his actions he felt a little guilt, as he used some of the money to help poor people in and around the hood, to better

themselves. Now, at the same time Brother Mohammad is across the country, robbing a little old lady in Las Vegas to feed his wife and kids. The lady falls to the ground as he snatched her purse, and becomes very sick from her injuries. Witness gives a description of Brother Muhammad, and later he is caught and goes to jail. Okay, now there's one more! Little Travon, decides to ride his bike with his friends one day, after his father told him not to. I will fix the brakes on your bike when I come home tonight from work, his dad told Travon. Now, all of the above choices have consequences whether we think they are good or bad. Was Rasheed Wright, was Mohammad wrong, and what about little Travon? Did the natural laws of consequences change or make an adjustment due to young Travon's age, keeping him from danger while riding his bike, with no breaks? Was any of the above decisions right or wrong when it comes to the end results? Tyrant said sometimes, we decide to restrict our choices with self-restrictions coming from our past, thinking about our future, as we make a choice about the present all at the same time. As Martin Luther King would preach from time to time. He would say, sometimes we have to become a little civil disobedient to man's laws. To change our consequences even if it means going to jail is a must at times.

By doing wrong in the here and now, we will make things right, for the future. It's a choice we have to make, to change our present conditions. So it's okay to forgive yourself if you think you are not doing the wrong thing, in the eyes of man, as long as you are doing right in your heart. God has already forgiven you, even before you ask him too. He said you see, we have done no wrongs as a black race of people. We are suffering because of the choices made about us by others. Tyrant said, consequences are the results that come at the end of each choice that we make, good or so-called bad, as the present gift from above. God, will not judge us for the choices that we make, as he allows us to make them in the first place, as these consequences help us reach a higher consciences of choices the next time, if we so chose to make a choice. He has given us freedom of choice to do his will, if we so desire. Again, there are no punishments from God either way, only consequences, which may seem bad or hard to deal with at times, because of the lower choices gifts we pick at any particular time. Then Tyrant said, we have the power to change the world today, as we have the free will to choose, to make it better. The world is the way it is today because we refuse as humans to make the choice, to change it on a massive group effort or scale. Together we can make

the choice to stop world hunger, poverty, homelessness tomorrow, as we change the world back into its original, Garden of Eden if we all desire together to do so. We have to get involved and make some serious choices to make a difference. That's when Tyrant was interrupted by an older gentlemen who yelled out from the crowd. What if you are wrong about right and wrong choices, my brothers? You said, there is no such thing as being wrong in God's eyes, just consequences for our choices. What about going to hell if we make the wrong choice. Tyrant said, I don't know about you my brother, but every time I've ever made a so-called bad choice, it felt like I had already been to hell and back, until I got the bad situation under control. As everyone laughed! Consequences are designed to correct our so-called wrongs in the here and now where it counts. Not in the, here after where there are not rights or wrongs. That's when Tyrant said, my brother I will not get into your religious believe and the choice you've already made over the years about going to hell, religion, and your personal life. But, I will tell you a little about my personal believes. When it comes to hell. I do not believe in a hell or the devil, as God's and all of his pure love and goodness could never create such a thing. What? They yelled! That's when this mostly Christen raised by

grandmamma type of crowd, went berserk. A few of them yelled, my man, you done lost your mind talking like that. That's crazy! Some of them walked to the edge of the park to gather themselves, as they slowly walked back to hear more of Tyrant's comments once everyone settled down. Tyrant kept his cool and said, for what purpose would it serve, for God almighty to create such a thing? Then he said, black folk seem to know more about this fear-induced devil story, more than any other race. This story has stopped most poor people in their tracks for generations, when it comes to them reaching their full potential, as others ignore it and moved on. He said, if there was such a thing as this devil, and this thing was all powerful for evil sake. Then let me ask you this! How can it exist in the realm of God's almighty powers of goodness and pure love, without destroying itself, by its own evilness? By the powers of God, it's just impossible for this devil not to do so, he said. Continuous learning or thinking about this will only make you feel helpless, as there is nothing you can do anyway about this devil. If these stories were true other than to continue, to lean on God as we do anyway each day. This story only leaves you feeling more powerless and confused. Staying and getting closer to God, is all the stories we need to learn about, as he is our protector and giver of all good

things. He could never, ever, be a part of such evilness which is a man-made scam, to keep us as a weak minded people full of blocked paternal. This and other stories like it, has kept us too afraid over the centuries, to believe in own inner true feeling that are connected to God. Once we learn to trust our true feelings, this will remove the blockage to receive Gods returned, clearly communicated advice. We send connected messages to God all the time thru prayer. He said, then we block or close our receiving lines down with blocked untrusted feelings, because we just can't believe that God is as good and loving, as He said He is. He said for God to create a hell or a devil to punish his own innocent children, for making innocent choices after God's promise that we will always have freedom of choice, is unthinkable. This is not a possible act of creation for the most loving being in existence to create, as He would have to stop being pure goodness and love for that split second, to do so. For Him to do this impossible task as being connected to this pure love, as we would have to stop existing, for him to do so during this time!

To have your desires come true and then be eternally punished by this devil after doing so, has no concept or inkling of any kind, which can be connected to, Gods unconditional love for us. He said please try to understand

this if you don't understand nothing else I said today. God's gives his love with no conditions whatsoever attached to it. He will continue to give his love to all of us no matter what we do, he will still love us unconditionally. This hell story is 100% contradictory to God's true self-created loving nature. God is above these petty ways of punishments that are still use by mankind. As His pure love could never exist in such a man-made, diffusional story of lies. Having courage and the deep down will to take action as we choose, is what God's will is for us to grow. As of today I've notice, we are still choosing not to grow as a race of people. As we are still waiting for someone else to make these easy choices for us. Because we are so afraid of consequences, and fearful stories like those of the devil, that are worst then any set of changes placed on our enslaved grate grandparents. Our slave masters children or decedents are prospering nonstop day in and day out, as we have been somewhat paranoid and immobile as a whole, over the past four hundred plus years. Because we are so afraid, we still think someone else supposed to do the job for us, which we must do for ourselves. He said, it's not going to happen my brothers and sisters. Just ask the tea party of republicans of what they think about helping black folk, now and in the future. He



said, again its ok not to do anything about a situation, if you choice not to. As for me personally, I cannot blame these things on my poor condition and circumstances anymore. I've chosen to make a difference, if not for myself, then for my grandkids, as the Buddhist priest have spoken in dramatic ways, which makes me smile. He said we must stop living in fear when it comes to taking care of all black business affairs. Remember, there are no accidents in God's world, only the results of our individual and group connected choices, which brings different individual results, which are all the same when it comes to all of us being connected as one human race, plugged into God's grace. For what effects one, effects all! Not deciding to make an active choice for things to change, is still a choice that will have consequences that will affect others such as, your family, friends, and associates. Maybe even someone on the other side of the world. Tyrant said, without any forcefulness from God. His will for us will be done, on earth as it is done in haven. He said, remember we will always make the correct choices, even if it seems like a bad choice at the time, as this freedom to choose **will** bring us closer to God as we grow. For example: This so-called bad choice helps us to grow, in some of the same ways a farmer a southern today is choosing to dump lots of "bad" smelling

fertilizer all over his farm. Without completely understanding the full process of how it works. He knows this choice will add healthy growth to his soon to be, good tasting fruits and vegetables, to be consumed by people all over the earth. So take action now if you chose to do so, and make as many decisions to choose, as your heart desires. You will be blessed with God's blessings of gifts and goodness, which will bring you even closer to God. Tyrant said, I remember talking to a buddy of mind about success a few weeks ago. My friend mentioning that the sky is the limit, as the universe gives our earthly **universities gradual** bits of knowledge, once we are ready to accept it. In closing my brothers and sisters Tyrant said as he smiled, a great poet once said. "God's gift to man is the present, what we do with this gift, is our present back to God!" We have to believe in God's goodness and unconditional love, more than anything else as our lives will start to change forever. Knowing and believing he loves us unconditionally is more than enough. Knowing He would never hurt His earthly children, in any way, shape, or form, is over the top! Tyrant, was getting a little emotions when he said! Please believe me when I say to you, my brothers and sisters. Without disclosing any details or my sources, or for me to talk about something that not doable at this time. I

just want you to know as a black man as my word is my bond, he paused to clean his throat. The hurt and pain that we as a black race has indoor for so long, throughout the history of this rich country called America. Is coming to an end soon, as we have prevailed, as God's will be done! This un-even distribution of wealth, replace by all types of hurt, striped away dignity and pain that's still being forced on us by every other race of people, will be coming to and soon end. As by design they are taking more actions, to keep us in our place, even as we speak. Without them having a clue, of what's about to happen to their political structure, we are about to bring them, to their political demises once and for all. Do to our backward start here in this country, we should have been given the royal treatment and a tremendous amount of help to get back on our feet, as kings and queens once removed. The moment that President Lincoln acknowledged the white man's very serious mistake of owning slaves, we should have been properly compensated. We must stop blaming their actions on ourselves in a roundabout way, when we say it's the past! This so-called little thing everyone says is our past has, devastated our past, present, and maybe even some parts of our future. What a price to pay for just being born, with black skin. Instead we must lay blame where it lies, that

is on the shoulders of a race of people who were too lazy, to do their own labor of work. Let me tell you a final short story Tyrant said. One day after a church service, I was standing beside one of the old church deacon's new Chevrolet automobile, when he walked up and said. Young man, if you have some time I like to tell you a story that I believed, happened to me one day. As I will be talking in the third person during this story keep an open mind because, I don't want you to be confused as you listen to what I am about to say, as I hope in your life time you never ask God Why, as I did one day full of anger? Then the deacon said, I went to God in prayer one day and said. God please promised me you will not get mad at me during this, my prayer of despair and anger. I like to ask you a few personal questions, as I am very angry at you. God replied my son, my promise to you is, I have and I will never get mad at you or any of my wonderful children. I believe you just miss understand me at times. You see, I am your heavenly father. (Daddy) Then the Deacon said, God why did you make my work week so hard and difficult, as the deacon was praying loud and angrily. God said, my wonderful child your week was not hard. I was with you all week, as I knew you were angry at me all day Monday, when your new car would not start. There was a good solid

reason for this my son. Deacon said, what was the reason God, for making me so late for all of my appointments at work. I could have been on time, as the deacon was still uptight? God said, if you must know my son, a drunk driver had hit and killed a large deer on your route to work, at the same time and place you would have been arriving, if you were on time. Deacon still a little ungrateful angry said, well God on Tuesday I overslept to the point of missing a full day's work, as I very frustrated because my new car payment is due this week and I needed to make the extra money. God said, some years ago your old grandmother and mother prayed over you asking me to keep you each night as you sleep. I'm sure you remember some of those old child hood prayers, such as. "As you lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, if I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. Then God said, my wonderful child. Overnight a rare sickness developed in your body. I had to send my special surgeons healing angels (nurses) to your bedside to do emergency internal surgery on you. You see God said, one of your major organs as you slumbered and knew nothing about this, stopped working during your sleep. This type of rare body illness, no human doctor or surgeon could have ever operated on you and completed it successfully. Then God

said, after your surgery you had to stay in bed to rest and recuperate, as my angel nurses stayed by your bed side keeping you sedated, nursed, and still all night, after my special surgeons had to fly off to another emergency. God said, I knew you needed your body to heal fast and become stronger in just a few hours, instead of a few weeks. The Deacon became a little more humble and said, okay God well what happened Thursday, when I got that important phone **call** I was looking forward to getting all week. I needed to close that big business deal that may have changed my life forever. My phone went click, and I couldn't get it to work again for almost an hour. I tried to leave that boring meeting at work that I was stuck in for the second time this week. Going over the same things that the staff did not understand after the first presentation. I could not find any free time to get out of this meeting to use a different phone and this may have cost me dearly. Why God? God said, O' my beloved preciousness son, this person you has called a friend for years, is not your true friend. This particular person was setting in the office of your ex business partner and his associates, when your phone call went click. They were already in a strong position knowing the details of all your past business dealings. They were ready to destroy your

current career in ways you could have never imagined. They were going to manipulate a new business deal among themselves, in ways you would never have recovered from. You lost that deal on Thursday, because I was watching over you my son. God said, you received a call late Friday getting a much better business deal than you ever could hope for as you gave the glory, shouting in your office for a few seconds! Deacon said, it's Saturday God and I am sorry for ever asking you, **why!** When will I learn to trust in you and have just a little more faith? God said, don't be sorry my son, you will fully trust in me when you do, as my love for you will always be unconditional. God said, sometimes it's just too hard for you and some others to truly believe in all my wonderful goodness. As all things happen for the greater good, which is me. God said, my magnificent child, you may not fully understand my goodness in a relationship you with me yet, as you are still as a child in my eyes trying to grow. God said, as I am your heavenly father doing my job in a fatherly way, as you sleep in peace each night. I am protecting you, until the day you decide to lay down your body to rest in peace, as you come back home to be with me, my children of whom I miss and long for. God said, be not afraid of the day you die, because it will be the best day of your life, as your eternal

being-nest will never die, but return to my beautiful haven, where I have prepared a place for you. As you will live on in my pure love forever more. God said, imagine the best feelings you've ever felt and maximize it. Someone once said, if God made anything better than sex he must of kept it for himself. This is the reason we yell his name during! He said, for I am excited for you and your return home to me to experience all good things. God said to the deacon, my wonderful son, I say to you once again, please believe in me as your heavenly father, doing the good times and what you may think are the bad times. Remember what you see as bad, could have been a lot worse, if not for my love, mercy, and wonders of goodness for all. God said, you should thank me for what you call the bad times, as I have already fixed them, making these bad times better. I will always keep you away from them as they could be a lot worse. I will always protect you, as an earthly father would protect his loving child. God said, remember my son, I am always with you, even when you stumble as a baby stumbles. I will always be there to pick you up, just because you are such a magnificent being of whom I happen to admire, respect and love for doing my will. Have faith in me my son, believe that all that is done, is being done with freedom of choice always within the laws of protecting



your gifts and consequence choices. That's when Tyrant said, the story that the deacon told me is basically saying. God has your back, thru thick and thin in this life and in the, wonderers of life waiting for us, in the hereafter. Sometimes when I hear stories like this, I ask myself jokingly. Why do I stay here on this earth? Then I remember, I must have begged or asked God with pride and confidences to let me come to this earth, to fix things for him as his son. Not as a Jesus Crist type son, but as a human being with self-determination and will to actually do so. That's when he also remembered and said, we have work to do, so let's get to work, my strong brothers and sisters. Tyrant said, God has done and will continue to do everything that can be done to make our lives an experiences of becoming closer to him easier, as we become more enlighten thru the choices that we make, as we change this world to work for all of mankind. God has placed us in a good, safe, self-sufficient environment, with everything we need to survive, since the beginning of time. The same way he did for Adam and Eve. These three survival needs are food, air, and clean water. He said, these things are free and have been provided freely by God at no charge to mankind, given in abundance since the beginning of time. He said, all food and water should be freely given to all

humans, to guarantee the survival of any potential genius's, before these babies die of starvation, and we never learn what their life's work could have been. He said, can you believe that most politicians and a most wealthy business men around the world who controls these three survival comedies, don't seem care. They actually know about this lack of, as they let 40,000 plus babies starve around the world each day. They will not do anything on a massive scale to change this, do to their own selfish greed for more. As God continues to provide thru his unconditional goodness and love, more than enough to go around the earth three times a day. With plenty of left overs, there is no reason for this babies starveling to death. Food, air, and water has been reproducing and purifying itself as it is connected to Gods goodness for all mankind. According to the scriptures, Eden was a naturally manicured, beautiful, self-sufficient garden, of a home for God's first son and daughter, who were name by God, as Adam and Eve. Then Tyrant said you see, we as human beings sometimes still blame God the same way as, Adam and Eve did for their choices and the consequences that followed. We should give thanks to their choice making, as they made the first freedom of choice decision, which let us know that God will, will be done without force. For their

choices has changed the human race forever, as they changed things when they made a choice that affected us all, as the story go's. What most people don't understand is how, we chose to effect each other lives every day as well. There is no such thing as separation of, Countries, States, Cities, Borders, flags, Republicans, Democrats, whites, blacks, rich, poor, powerful, families, and separate communities, as there is only the human race with all of our flaws. Tyrant said, these old human concepts have taken all types of effects that has gone too far in some ways, if we were somehow are different from each other, or we have access or keys to other worlds. If we destroy seventy five percent of this planet as we are doing each day. Then what? All borders would come down and we would learn to live as once race. Instead of making the correct choices, which helps us all reach our full potentials, we play the separation game that keeps us separate from our true selves. He said, we must stop this separation game, as a chosen choice or excuse, not to choices to help each other or do the right thing, for all mankind as a whole. There is only the human race, as God made us without any titles or separations from each other. For what you do to me, will be done to you or your offspring's, in time as we are all a part of what happens each day here on this earth. We are together

in this thing called life, whether you like it or not. We are responsible for each other good, and all the so-called bad decisions. Tyrant said, let me give you brothers and sisters another short example. If a rapist rapes a young child, we are all part responsible for this crime. We are all connected or related to this criminal rapist and the small child, as we are our brother's keepers. Then Tyrant said, once again with emotions. Trust me when I say to you my brothers and sisters. We are going to force a **change** on this and other situations, which has affected us all in the worst way possible, soon! That's when I said to myself Kirby, you better pull the plug on this one now. I yelled thru the crowd hey Tyrant, look at the time we've got to go! You know we got to catch the red eye plain tonight to Virginia, and I still haven't packed yet. Let's roll my brother! Let's roll!

**“Malcolm X once said, if change start with ourselves some people will change the world, as others become permanent part of those changes. We must change the world for the better, by any means necessary”**



A few days had gone by and everything was going a little to smooth, as this gave me some free time to think on my drive to pick up Perm from the Airport. Understanding what we are doing I know for myself, was not 100% correct. This could be reversed upon myself or anyone involved, who has something to lose or has a past of mistakes made. I think most of our air-agents and non-concerns of this ever happening to us was because we had did our homework. We are just the so-called janitors and no one ever notice us unless they become desperate. I know for a fact that almost every one of our cleaning staff members over the years, men and women have been harassed by people we were working for. These same janitors, have been solicited to perform all types of unthinkable acts, during, after, and before normal work hours. When cleaning rich folk homes, office building, hotel

rooms, and so on, these types of offers come on a regular basis. These type of unthinkable offers are just part of the job, as we have learned to live with them. I've heard stories such as three of our cleaning guy's being told to leave the cleaning equipment in the work truck, for the day. Come into the house/hotel room and have a drink or two with me and relax. These particular guys were later, offered a very handsome amount of money as a threesome team, plus her to do the unthinkable. You see, what most people don't realize is, there are so many lonely rich house wife's out there that, it is somewhat sad. To look them in their lonely eyes full with tears and walk away, is part of the job also. There are a many rich husbands who travels keeps them away from home for weeks at a time, making more money for these lonely women who become desperate over time. Sometimes these same decent everyday house wives, at times temporarily lose their good judgment, for a few hours of fun, games and satisfaction, several times a year. These desperate house wives' are starving as they are screaming quietly from the inside for some type of satisfaction, that they no longer get from their husbands. The sad part is that, no one hears them screaming day in and day out, until these unthinkable acts actually takes place. Thru no fault of their own, the flesh

sometimes gets weak to the breaking point of asking janitors to fulfill their needs, for large cash tips. Also we have seen over the years, a number of good, attractive, devoted married women janitors, quit their jobs on the spot due to sexual harassment from men who are just as desperate, as the wives they leave at home to take business trips. Now I'm not saying if these unthinkable acts happened or not. I've seen janitor's flash large amounts of money for about a week at the local bar, dropping hints of how they got paid, when they are drunk or tipsy. I'm just saying no one in the business working world, is perfect.

I picked Perm up from the airport today as he had this slight disturbing look on his face, as his conversation was a little distant. So I didn't say much, I looked at him once or twice as he finally caught my drift. He said, "O' what's up Kirby". That's when I said, I don't know my brother, you tell me what's up. What's on your mind, you seem a little distant! That's when Perm said, you know my brother, I am 100% down for the cause. You also know, I am ready to die for this cause if I have to. I believe wholeheartedly in what we are trying to do at this point in time and history. Knowing it's the right thing to do, although we had to do some wrongs, to do

what we have already done successfully. You know what concerns me the most is these same two or three things. Perm said Zeek is one of them! That's when I told Perm to stop talking, don't say another word about Zeek. I already know, I said! By the law, what I don't need is to know any more details. What else is on your mind Perm, I said? Perm paused for a minute and said. I'm also a little concerned about this next big task at hand after what we've gone through. I said Perm believe it or not, I was just thinking the same thing on the drive to the Airport. I think all of us have this same concern, due to our history and the way we have sometime, treated each other over the years. As one race depending on each other for positive up lifting's, we have sure let each other down in more ways than one. Perm said, "Are our people ready for this big of a change this fast, this soon?" Now that the unstoppable has started, with the big finally of changes around 2016 and forward, makes me think are we ready as a race. Pushing the black race forward forever more, ready or not, is going to be our first black president's legacy just as we planned. I told Perm around the end of his last term, America will have a rood awaking. Then Perm said again, will our people be able to stick together and see the big picture, from start to finish, is a question I can't



help but to ponder, over and over? Will we have the turnout needed to make things look like their votes were actually counted, or needed to pull this staged upset that we have already put in place and won? I understand we have already paid thru the nose and had things finalized, some months ago to make this election look real, as no one knows the real truth but us. That's when I said, woo-hold on a minute Perm. I think

I liked it better when you were distant and quite a little earlier. Back in the day you never worried about a dam thing that had to be done, to move the cause forward. What brought all these serious questions down on you all of a sudden? You are always hard core as a rock and steadfast when it comes to the cause. As I laughed, trying to lighten the mood a little, Perm still had his game face on. When did you grow so concerns about a cause, that's already rapped up and in the bag? Perm said, you know Martin Luther King couldn't pull this off for us. Malcolm X couldn't pull this off for us. Even the honorable Eli Mohammed with all his wisdom, couldn't pull this off for us. The NAACP, (God help them), will never pull this off for us, based on their long past track record of not moving us forward and one race. When it comes to uniting us black folks as a whole, it may be an impossible task to do. Due to our self-eternal hated and

jealousy for each other's little successes, it makes me wonder a little about 2016. It makes this part of the cause a little difficult now that we are this close to succeeding. We've come together in our own little black groups or clicks over the years, but never as one people for any one purpose or cause. Maybe for the first black president sake, we will become as one group, coming together as one people this time. Then Perm said, Kirby lets be real, you and I both know we black folk have never come together to see eye to eye on any major task. We've always had lots of different groups and organizations, but we have never been united before as one. Since we set foot on this foreign soil called America, they have kept us separate, just long enough until we started doing this separating thing to ourselves. Perm said, we have the Black Callous, Black Christens, The Black Muslims, The Black Masons, The Black Women's League, Black Unions, Black Businessmen, and The Black Uppity Separatist Society and so on. Do you know what I'm trying to say Kirby? Before I could answer Perm said, what if Hart and Larry's calculations are off just by a hair when it comes to bring all these black folk together. Then what? That's when I said ok Perm, I know you are a little tired from traveling over the past few weeks. I'm going to give you the benefit of the doubt, when you say

things like that about Hart and Larry's numbers. We both know they always bring it correct and will never make a mistake on such a massive scale like this one. I said to Perm, what's happening to your loyalty and confidence in these guys, who have always crunched the numbers to win with room to spare? Knowing that their numbers and calculations have always been on the money for the businesses as well as the cause, what are you so worried about. How can you start to doubt them now, this late in the game? Look Perm I said, we got a long drive to the next meeting, get some sleep, I got this, got the wheel. As we both became silent for the next few minutes, thinking about this huge task of bringing black folks together as one, it was exciting and challenging for me to think about as I drove. After about an hour into the drive, Perm woke up and said, like we never stopped talking. He said as we discussed before, I'm not worried about the poor folk as much as I am concerned about that highly educated and rich black fork. I said, say what? How the hell do you do that? Perm said do what? One minute you are sound asleep, and the next minute, you are back on point, with the conversation we were having before you fell off to sleep, without missing a beat. Perm said, did I fall off to sleep? Yes I said, look what town we are in, look at the time, I've been

hauling ass my brother. As he stretched Perm said! I'm am still a little worried about the so-called, I am well paid brothers and sisters, no matter what you say Kirby. They think they got their acts together, with no help ever needed from us poor folk, who are connected to each other fighting the struggle without them. At the same **token** there limited business as usual tax wright offs charities to help themselves even more, are worthless to the poor. If you base things on their large salaries making over a half million dollars a year plus, as they use accountants like our old account Casey, to further their greed. This may make it hard to reach them, as there heads are up their own. Perm went on to say in a fired up way, the ones I'm talking about are the ones who give you that look down their nose as to say, I got mind brother, you better get yours or the hell with you. He said, both the rich of today and the poor, black grandmothers scrub floors beside each other on hand and knee, to get us where we are today. As Perm continued to talk just for a few moments more about this, I didn't dare interrupt him. This has been one of the ways we work together throughout our business dealings over the years. We talk things out to the fullest. We weight our options, add or subtract the difference of the original plan, which help keep things in balanced. Then Perm said, in

a harsh tone, hell Kirby every race but ours network back and forth together until it hurts, even if it becomes embarrassing to do so. They've learned to stick together for the larger good of their race, as we have limited our poor folk when it comes to this type of networking with them. The Jews, Koreans, Caucasians etc., all stick together in their own little racial groups, sharing their deepest personal and business information within their own racial circles, in their communities of trust. You know he said, racial trust has never been a part of the black community on a higher level such as this. Inside trading or networking among each other's race, is one of the most powerful tools that any race of people could ever use, to help each other out of a poor situation. Until we learn to work together as one race, we have to work together among ourselves, not as separatist. Most new race of people arriving to America, has started their lives with a leg up based on their backgrounds. Because of their ancestor's togetherness, doors of opportunities were already opened when they got here. Perm said, there are strong government laws in place for the Wall Street executives and their lawyers, who are networking and trading as they use these systems. These powerful smart executives know not to break these serious inside trading laws that are put in place for reasons of

working together as traders. Connecting people together when it comes to that kind of resources called money, is a serious power, and the government knows this well. At the same time, these same executives have been known to bend the hell out of these rules and regulations, to get what they desire, for the entire trading group. Sometimes this results in millions for these powerful executives over night! When it comes to making millions from the stock market, insider trading, backdoor cash deals. You have to be well connected within your group, if you decide to take that risk and later need help. It is understood that networking is a very powerful tool, if you learn to use it within that fines, your community laws. Then Perm said, you know what breaks my heart and piss me off the most. Our highly paid successful African American folk, has chosen not to share their deep down personal or business success stories and information, to bring us up as one rich race. He said how can they not no, millions of black folk are still poor, and feel abandon by them. They refuse to get downright dirty as their grandmothers did her whole life, as she has tried to make a difference for her grandkids. They show off to poor folks, their God given blessing as they move far away from the hood, hoping we would just go away someday. Perm said Kirby, remember I

asked you and the guys a question a few weeks ago. Just what has the top 10% rich black folk, really done to make a hard tangible difference that we and the world could actuarially see? Without making a profit for themselves first, they have not done a dam thing Perm said, for the poorest of the poor black communities. We are still docked in ports living on slave ships called projects, as we still await their rescue. It has to start with our own rich black folk first, which God himself has personally handed picked them, to control his earthly wealth, for the rest of us black folk who are patiently waiting, for that first Rose Roses to stop, park and spend the night in the projects, as this day would be like Christmas to the poor. They have lots of checks to write, cash to give away, and a lots of work to do to make a differences. Before the government or anyone else steps up on a large scale spreading wealth, these rich black folk have to first give, until it hurts. Perm said, you know even in our business situations Kirby, we have always said over and over again, repeating that old bible quote, knowing God is dead serious when it comes to gifts and consequences. **Too much is given, much is required!** You see Perm said, as we have talked about this before, these same black rich folk, talk about how they give millions of dollars to charities or non-profit groups.

These non-black charities, set up temporary shop in the black communities, as they rip off the money and, taking more than what was donated from the hood, leaving it even poorer than they found it. Then Perm said my brother, remember when we first started and we tried to set up a nonprofit organization or two to train some of the poor people, here in the inner city ghettos. We wrote to every black millionaire, all types of businesses and organization, all over America. We never received one penny, just a bunch of no's and responses of why not's. Over the past years, due to some fancy laws set up to keep money in the systems and these wright off games in play, for those who are already rich. We have never received any charity or money. Recently I saw a well know family that was worth over one hundred billion dollars, having a bill passed for them by Congress to cut their estate inheritance taxes, adding new loopholes, just for them and other billionaires. What the hell is this all about, Perm said? Check it out, why we were talking I want on my lap top and pulled one of our first original request for contributions letter, to raise funds for that nonprofit organization we started some years ago. If you want, I'll read it as a reminder of where we come from, and how far we've come. Perm said, I'm not sure but I think this is the letter written when we



were trying to set up that, Boot Camps for young black men. It says, Letter Head: The Black Youth Business and Discipline Training Program, P.O. Box 212, City, State, ZIP Code. Our old phone number, fax number, cell phones, etc. Underneath that it's kind of interesting. We actually put our 501© nonprofit tax ID number on it for everyone to see as we were desperate. Although we never got one positives return letter or results. I can say we gave it our best shot as we sent out over hundred thousand of these letters. I guess we were just really trying hard to see our cause, as being worthy of others generosity. So then Perm said, that old letter went on to say! Dear Sir, Please take a few minutes to read this information, as you become acquainted with one of our non-profit organization programs. To help you get a better understanding of the positive work that's being done in one of the poorest cities in America. Please continue to read this letter with hopes for our strong polite to succeed. Living here in one of the poorest city in America by choice, is a serious challenge which most people will never understand, or feel the pains of its poverty written citizens. We were born and raised here, as life has dealt us a hard unlucky cold hand of reality, to deal with every day of our lives. At the same time this already dealt hand has given us the strength and carriage

to stay on top of things to the best of our abilities, as we do what must be done, for all poor communities. Yes, we are personally in a position to move far away, without ever looking back. Hoping someday that someone else will come in and fix this overwhelming problem, of poorness and poverty that pelages our citizens, on a personal basics. Yes, we could move our families today, like so many other well to do black rich folk, have already done. We could say that's not my problem anymore, someone else have to get this undoable job done. We refused to do this without given it a best effort, as long as we are healthy enough to do so. As we try to change this poor city and the many poor cities like it all across America, at times we will need corporate America's financial help to do so. Other than low paying wage jobs, welfare, SSI, and a few other survival government assistance program. At this time we like to ask you to please find it in your heart to invest or contribute to the above mentioned program, of which will change the lives of many. These training programs can and will create jobs, start small businesses, educating the under educated, and so forth. As we are a small group who are just getting started, of successful African Americans, we are trying to do our part. We are asking if you would consider helping us with this free, nonprofit business training program

which will be available to all. We thank you in advance for your financial support. The Black Youth Business Training Program. Then Perm and I laugh a little, as this brought back mummies. I said, I remember that letter like it was yesterday. We were hungry and more determined than ever to change the world back then, just as much as we are today. O' how so many of us want to forget the poor and suffering. I said Perm, soon we are going to be a proud race of people, once again. Yes you are correct my brother he said. Living and knowing our full roots that were given to us by our grandfathers, is a beautiful thing to bring to reality once again, Perm said. We are finally waking up to realize that no other group of people wants us, used up throw away people. No one else wants us useless we have lots of money or they can benefit in some way from our presents. Perm said, for the life within me, why have we resist this so, for so long, as we could have a long time ago, come as one big black happy family. It seems, we were becoming greedy for all the wrong reasons, as we lose our true blackness and identity, as black folk. He said you know the old story of, you can run but you can't hide. No matter how white washed you think your money or education has made you, or think you can fit within their click of people, it's not true. Take a good look at O.J.,

and so many other well to do uppity black folk who were once removed, again. Then out of the blue, Perm got a little angry. He said, once the first black president is settles in, we are going to buy some media air time on CNN & MSNBC, as well as a few popular talk shows. We are going to speak to all of our rich so-called brothers and sisters, as we bring the truth about them, strong and hard. We are going to hype ourselves up to be as angry as we could be, on these nations TV shows. After visiting and hanging out in one of the poorest of poor projects all day. We will be able to speak on TV from the heart to reach these rich black folk who has abandoned, their poor black families or loving brothers and sister. Perm said, a few of the things that I am going to say on TV is. At one time we recognized each other as, brothers and sisters who were kissed by the same sun a little bit longer them most. At one time we could depend on one another for survival and support in an evenly supportive way. If God's will be done, we the poor will soon have creatively receive our part of this wealth from your selfish hands. You the rich black folk, must start to evenly share this wealth that was given to all of us, thru grandmamma and granddad's free slave labors. God has blessed you over and over again, and you still refuse to help the poor black people in a way that will forever

change things, as you seem to forgotten from whom and where, you've once come. We are not impressed anymore of your offenses showing us poor folk, your high priced items selfishly all over TV. God has given you these untold blessings of wealth to shear, but you act as if it's is all you. You the rich black folk, refuse to shear your black wealth or help poor black people, into your secret rich black societies, as this brakes our hearts. Please understand rich black folk, as we poor folk know we still have some slave dirt as well as some stinky left over slave smells upon us. We know we speak raw and in and loud uneducated way at times. Also we understand that we are at times as poor acting and ignorant as our enslaved grandparents, some centuries ago. At the same time just like you, we your brothers and sister can do the same things you have done, if given realistic chance to do so, as we have come from the same stock of grandparents. This slave mentality that bonds us each day is a very hard thing to brake, without wealth and your help. As we are still stuck in the wilderness with blind folds on, some centuries later waiting for you to come and rescue us. You must stop giving our collectively earned wealth back and forth to the decedents of our slave captives, as if you are still in some type of poor man's wealth blondish, not knowing what to do

next. We have supported you to this point in time, as you continue to ignore us and our passionate cries of pain, poorness, and poverty! Yes, you are in control of God's wealth that's meant for all of us, here in this the physical ram or world. Perm said he also going to say on TV. To actually believe that you made all that money over the past years without help is insane. All by your lonesome self, is selfish, stupid and impossible, for you to think that foolish, being such the smart person, as yourself. To all rich black people, I say! As he paused. Then Perm when on to say, do you truly believe that God has only blessed you and a few other black folk. No he said, He has blessed all of us black folk together thru your wealth, after knowing what we have gone thru for centuries. We have been thru the worst of the worst, together, as God has given mankind free will of choice, to do as he will on this earth. Even if the choice of white folk was to enslave black folk, was a free choice made. Knowing your/our black history, and the poverty of your grandmother's children all across America, and still not do anything on a large scale to change this, is absolutely craziness. Why have you not organized the black rich folk to do some good with God's given wealth, by changing black folk lives? Your young black brothers are hopelessly, killing each other by the thousand

each and every year, as they brake the hearts of so many black mothers. These killings come from the same poor slave mentality young black men, needing your full attention to wash away the smell of slavery, clean with fully paid scholarships, trips around the world starting with Africa. Giving cash money to poor qualified black folk, helping to end all poverty forever, is you duty as a rich black person. As you continue to act like you know nothing of the pain that poor black folk are still going thru. It's a down right shame when you look at the consequences of poor folk never receiving any help from you. Again, we say to you! Too much is given, much is required. If you are not going to do anything to benefit the poor with Gods wealth. Put someone in charge who will do what is required of them, to stop all poverty. He said please note, there are not enough work hours in you physical body to make the millions of dollars you now have control over. This is why we call your type of wealth, **blessing** from God. Even if you tried to work that hard, you would drop dead from exhaustion trying to match each dollar with total hours worked. Spending more of this wealth in the black communities until it hurts, should be one of your top priorities. Believe me when I say you will be re-blessed again and again, as God has already chosen you as His chosen ones.

Perm said I will also tell them, we know you are never going to return to the ghetto physically or will you ever live there among the poor again. Once you've taken a bite out of Adams and Eve's apple of wealth, it almost impossible to retune home. I'm just asking you again, don't forget where you come from as our grandmother's children. What ever happen to us black folk becoming as one people? Malcom, Martin, Thurgood, and so many more who fought and die for us, lived the dream. As Perm was getting a little angry and up tight at the rich, educated black folks, who just don't seem to care. Perm paused for a moment being to choke up to speak. He said, I've seen poor folk in his child hood years do their best with nothing, as they still helped each other out. Finally he said I remember once, I was in a meeting with a group of rich Jewish fat cats, discussing a bid proposal for future building cleaning service. One of the Jewish executives pulled me to the side after the meeting. Although we did not get this particular contract until a few years later. This Jewish executive told me that, your proposal numbers and your company's professionalism, is not the problem when it comes to this particular contract. Then this Jewish man went on to say, without any details of who said what, about you and your business, I like to take a few more minutes to talk to you



privately, off the record. He said, I like to give you a little advice if you allow me to do so. He said Perm, you already know who your stiff competition has been over the years, better than I could ever know. Then he looked Perm straight in the eyes and said. I'm sorry to have to tell you this but, I find that the black race of people in business today, are the most selfish group of people I've ever encountered, or have the displeasure of doing business with, during my career with you and your staff as the acceptance of course. We both smiled! When it comes to cutting each other's necks for a dollar, they don't care who they hurt in your communities.

Instead of working together on the same bid proposals, placing higher and lower bid numbers on the same projects so someone in the group wins the bid. They tend to take contracts with little to no profits, just to keep each other down and out. Then this Jewish executive said. I apologize if I am stepping on your toes, but this is a fact that I think you need to think about for future bids. He said to Perm, you always seem to respect others, with good work ethics, all rapped together in a professional manner, when doing business with me and my staff. I see you as a respectable friend, colleague, and a most of all an honest man. Because of these reasons, I am telling you this face to face. Perm said

after hearing this, I said to myself. Somehow we have to get our acts together and get the word out, making it a cool thing to hang out with successful black folk, who are good at what they are doing, as we try to set up different partnerships. As we work together and learn from each other, things could change overnight in the black business world. We have to tell black business folk that they have to make personal contacts with 10 or more successful black people each week if they want their lives to change and businesses to grow. We have to start using that old approach of, it's not always what you know, sometimes it's who you know. This can take you far if you network with the right people. With all this technology at our finger tips today, we have to start faxing, calling, emailing, visiting, texting, blogging, and just start hanging out door to door with more black executives each week on a business and personal basis. The last few miles before reaching the office on the return drive, Perm and I became silence once again, thinking about the things we had just discuss on the road, before, during and after the business meeting we had just attended, knowing we have to somehow implement all these great ideas into actions over the next few weeks somehow.

Talking to Banker over the weekend he re-emphasized what we were all thinking about, as the final task of work at hand for this the 2008 and preparing for the 2016 elections. As we continue to change, black America, we can't fail now. I've been thinking about how we are getting closer to pulling off the election of the century, he said. Since the American electoral democracy or right to vote for black folk has been in effect, it has never be challenged or manipulated like this. He said, I'm glad we all knew our final task ahead of time, was going to be one of the most difficult, of all the things that we've done so far to date. It been a major plus that we've had the upper hand for a long time, as we have reached out and touched the right republicans the wrong way early. Banker said, you know Kirby by paying off six and seven figure cash amounts to our opponents, dropping names, controlling scandals, political leaks, racy nude photos, reading destroyed documents, reappearing sheared documents, detecting wife and husband affairs, looking at trashed videos, un-scramming codes, reappearing the falsely accused lives as they are ready now for testimony if need, staying close to all news outlets, is just the tip of the iceberg of the actions we have taken. A

bunch of janitors, who supposed to be the dummies of the American work force, have dealt a low blow to our political system giving us complete control of all final outcomes.

Banker said, according to Hart & Larry, these are just some of strategies being taking to assure the election to seat America's first black president in the oval office. After we got the powers to be attention, and letting them know who was really in control, at least for now, things started change and go our way fast, with very little resistance. This has put us in the unique position that we've worked and planned for years, with careful calculations and research. Getting the greedy lawyers, judges, Congressman, Senators, lobbyists, Wall Street Banks, corporations, secret societies, head of tea party members to play ball was not easy at first. Soon they had to re-learn how to become political actors and play the game our way. Removing the old slave chains from the mind set of some black folk is much more challenging then strong arming the powerfully well connected republicans, Banker said.

After studying some of our recent progress reports and research papers, of where we stand with our folk. Banker said this made him feel a little up tight. Banker said, in the hood all of us have seen the jealousy and hate that is done in such a sneaky ways to distorted reputations, of good black folk

overnight. He said, I hate to tell you this Kirby but, as we speak some of our own have already showed there jealousy towards our black candidate, in these same hateful ways. Banker said, you know we've discussed this a many times, growing up in the hood. Some of us still have that dislike for one another, instilled in us by old Massa himself, so many years ago it's not funny. We are too blind to see that we don't really hate each other as we are a loving people. It's just that our self-control factor is still a little out of whack and hopefully will adjust itself soon. We hate the fact, that we are still second class citizens, and can't do a dam thing about it. As I think back to that old house nigga and field nigga story, that is still alive and well today, Banker said. Then I said to Banker, I still see our own dislikes that has somehow stopped us as a race, as each generation refuse to control their hateful jealousy ways. It has stopped us from pulling each other up economically, as our black babies has suffered in return for this, in to many different ways to count. I said to Banker, I've seen times when I have sent a small group of cleaning personnel to the rich sub-birds to clean some million-dollar home. These guys will come back to the ghetto or office happy for the week experience of working in such rich man's homes. They would be happy for this rich person, sharing all

types of stories about the material things this millionaire had in his procession. They would be excited about such things as, the expensive foreign cars in the heated garages, big flat screen TVs in every room-including the bathrooms, yachts, gold, diamonds, private jets, and all types of items that only millionaires can own. The things that they had seen doing the week's work as janitors returning to the hood, with eyes wide open and their minds closed. They never got anger once at this rich man and his family for stealing their poorest of poor dreams, as he lived like a king off their earned inheritance.

**Maya Angelo once said, "A hater is someone who is jealous, hateful, and envious. They waste time trying to make others look bad so they could control, in the mind things someone else already has. When you finally make your mark in life you will attract some mean, angry, spiteful, people. Be careful with whom you share your blessing and dreams. Everyone has gifts and talents inside that needs daily attention. Jealousy sees someone else glory, without knowing the full story!"**



You see Kirby continued, I've also seen and listened to low wage blue-collar stiff, who had saved up their money over the years. Scraping every dollar to make ends meet somehow gets a little break to make a small down payment on a shack of a fixer upper home, for his family costing less than \$50,000. A year or so later, he purchases a used high mileage minivan costing less than \$10,000 for his loving family as well. These same black folk who worked or know him well from around the hood, starts to become angry and jealous of this, poor man's overdue working day and night success. They change overnight as they become hateful to him, their blue-collar co-worker and friend, who is struggling month-to-month to make the high interest payments, charged to low income borrowers. They become instant enemies, when

yesterday they would have died for this true friendship, still coming from this same co-worker friend. What happened? Over a worthless house, car, or a few dollars saved in the bank without telling anyone you were saving, to make a better life for your family. Over something that you can't, eat, drink or survive by. After seeing this type of behavior from our people all my life, it makes the cause worth wiled. I know someday soon, we are going to change the mindset of the black man and women, if it is one of the last things we do. Then I said to Banker as mentioned before, one of the hardest things to do is to change hundreds of years of forced imbedded ways of thinking. I said, these ways of thinking are still in line with the old slave masters planned out separation strategies to keep us apart. You see, old slick master knew this would stop any efforts of us organizing as one strength. He also knew we were many strong black hands that could have easily fit around his skinny lazy neck, tighter than any hanging rope. Unless we become 100% together in our different ways of thinking before 2016, we are going to catch hell by the Republican Party, as we have now given America a black eye when it comes to the rest of the world. I said, when it comes to them paying us back for electing this black man, the cost will be high to all poor black folk. The rich 10% black



folk will continue to flourish, as the rest of us perish. As republicans get back in control around 2016, they are going to hurt us black folks bad, in ways we can't began to imagine politically and physically! Republican are going to make the black folk without the millions of dollars in their banks, pay with up front, in your face racisms and more. It will be like never before. Like it or not! We are going to pay for this in the way they see fit in their twisted little minds, until they feel we are back in our place. Eight years of Republicans being embarrassed by a black president. In their minds or way of thinking, this have been done to them by their well-treated, once owned, and controlled slave dependents. I said to Banker, this is worst then getting a cold slap in the face in the cold month of December, by a black hand with fake diamond rings on each finger. The sham of having a black man run things, and having to indoor this sham from the rest of the organized or industrialized world, will be repaid thru devastating raciest actions and sufferings upon us. For many years to come if we as a whole race don't succeed, we will pay dearly. Banker said, you're right Kirby, it's nowhere near 2016, and I'm hearing Republicans talking racist's trash, on the daily news and talk shows already. According to the Republican congress and some senators we are in big when

they get their hands back on the power switch. They already have put into action some voter ID laws, stopping early voting in some states, and they have cut 400 billion dollars in food stamps, to go into effect sometime around 2014. You see, this is why I say we are on top of things that they don't think we know about. To set us back one hundred plus years again come 2016, is something we just can't let happen to Gods people. I said you know Banker, the only drew back is waiting on time to put certain things in place, timing is everything. Things move just a little slower in the political world, then it dose in our business and person world.

**Elijah Mohammad once said, "How wrong it is for a people to continue to expect its oppressors to build the world they want. Rather than to build it themselves."**



I stopped by the bar Friday night where Abnormal was playing the music as weekend D.J. As people were dancing

and having a good time, Abnormal seemed to be a little uptight for some reason. I notice at the end of the night, for the first time ever Abnormal was a little tipsy, or should I say borderline drunk. I said Abnormal, not to be noisy, but concerned. What's on your mind, my brother? Is everything cool? Abnormal said, "Yahoo my brother, what's? He said, you know how it is, sometimes life just kicks your butt. It gets a little deep at times. I had to send my brain on vacations, as I continued to working, making music for others to dance to and happy. We both started laughing again. I asked Abnormal again. What's the deal man, you don't normally drink like this? He said well Kirby, I wish this election process was done and over with already, this part is stressing all of us a little. Hoping our poor black folk will work together may be a long shot. Then he said, I know this is not my usual norm, but I just needed to relax. Yes, I've been drinking but I still have my full composure about me, and control of my faculties. As he looked at the floor and smiled a somewhat shameful smile, for being a little out of character. He said Kirby, I wish life was as easy as, looking at TV or listen to the radio at something that keeps your attention on a particular frequency, better known to most as a channel, as he laughed again and said, was that deep or am I still drunk. Then Abnormal said, now

I'm talking to you from the DJ artist creative side, if you don't mind my brother. He said, you know when the program stops or cease to interest us, we sometimes change the frequency or maybe even true the TV off. If you think about this, it's almost the same thing when it comes to our lives, as I was thinking about this earlier. When we get irritated by something or maybe even someone that's non-motivating or full of negative ills, we should be able to change the channel or turn them off. I said to Abnormal, if only it was that easy when it came to your love ones and friends, once you turn them off if like the TV, they are gone forever. Abnormal said, we as black folks need to stop turning our mental frequencies to the same old I'm poor channels, sick channel, confused channel, depressed channels, strangers problem channel, lack of money channel, depressed channel, and so on. When we get frustrated from these negativities, I'm hoping we will eventually learn to change our inner channels or frequencies, to the good stuff. Channels like, I love my life, and all the positive black folk within it. Think about it for a second Kirby, it's easy to do, just change your mind and stick to it. There is an unlimited good source of personal frequencies in your good thinking mind to tap into, that will change your person life, if you stay on positive frequencies. You can continue to

tap into the same old negative frequencies or simply change your mind to a permanent, loving, well lived, happy, positive, non-jealous, wellbeing channels. Think well thoughts, love yourself in a non-selfish way, help a total stranger, given to those in need, visit the sick, think good thoughts most of you day, every day. Turn yourself back and forth to channels like, I love feeling good, which was once a big part of our life styles, before we started to think like old folk in their late nighties, Abnormal said. We have the power over negative thoughts by just stopping the negative thinking. Don't think like that anymore, as you bring the negativity fixable thoughts to the front of your daily agenda, and do something drastic to fix whatever's bugging you. This will make most negative thoughts, out of sight, out of mind! Abnormal said, Kirby the next time something is stressing you try this if you will, or something similar that's comforting to you. Say to yourself these positive few positive words a few times each day, when negativity or un-wanted thoughts from being around negative people, tense you. Say, **I am healthy, wealthy, fearless and wise!** Say it slow at times, say it fast, say it quite, and say it loud, as it will help you get a grip on negativity, turning it to positivity. Also find things to do that keeps you laughing, at least sixty in total split up minutes, throughout your day.

We've all hear this as it is a well noted fact, that lather is the best medicine ask any alterative medicine doctor, Abnormal said.

**"Jim Rohan once said," The worst thing one can do is not try. To fully be aware or consciences of what one desire and not move toward it, is like being suffocated slowly. To spend years in silence wondering if something could have materialize from trying, is like never existing to leave your mark when you could have received in all, life's fullest rewards.**



Once again the unaware powers to be, are trying to change the laws and rules in the middle of the game to satisfy their agendas. Knowing that we will soon have a black president,

they're not going down without a fight before Election Day. According to the news, and the rumors that are spreading saying that the, Supreme Court is considering entertaining or reversing affirmative action laws that was passed back in the 1960s. These reverse laws, will help some states make individual decisions or laws when, how, and in some case, who can or cannot vote in future elections. Now to hear this recent news might have made most people sad, but this news made us very happy. We knew by these voter suppression actions, that these were a last ditch efforts by the powers to be trying to save face. Now, more than ever we knew we were on track with these election proceeding. Putting a black man in the White House in 2008/2016, as the first black President Of these United States of America, has been a total success. All black people as well as all good people, must help and support this president in every way possible. Every day he is in office, will be days of new opportunities, for now and the future. Our biggest challenges are still yet to come! When we successes in pulling off the biggest upset of the century, before the end of 2016. This is when things are going to change forever, as all of God's children will be free at last.

The stories in this my second book are, in part (25) fiction and  
(75%) non-fiction stories!

**Notes: Book #3 will be completed soon!**

**By, K.A. Tillery**

You can also read my first non-fiction book.

**How to Make Dirty Millions the Clean Way – Book #1**

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