

# **The Green Book Monopoly**

## **Motivational Verdict**

### **Orphan Boy**

I have lied to many people, because people listen to my words. I've become a wretched murderer, people come to my shows..children's souls are broken, these children hear my healing words...mothers bring me to tears on this stage, point being, not one of their children was mine. I yell on this mic, I lower my voice, they call me orphan boy. Nothing behind me, a crowd ahead, a crowd who loves the architected man upon the stage, who's claps drown the cheerful boy behind the mic.

### **Hurt Hand**

There's a lot of people in this room tonight, a lot of power I see, out of all these people, I can only speak of one, the man with the hurt hand.

He's sitting in this room tonight. He's been through so much I tell you today. He's been through curse words everyday, every damn day he's been through a beating, whether another girl rejected him, another friend told him he wasn't worth shit, whether that friend told him through his actions of neglect or a simple word of goodbye, there was no difference when the pain came.

That man in this room sits among you smiling, gazing at the performer like the rest of you. He woke up today, he came to this show, like you all did. If you look at this man in his eyes, if you shake his hand. His eyes stare without the falling tears to distract his concentration. His hand firmly shakes your hand as if it were a business meeting. He tries so much to avoid being caught, to avoid you seeing his truth. For all you know this man is no different than yourselves.

Let me tell you about this man, this man, I am that man! I am that firm shake, that tearless, that heart hurt, that anxiety filled, that broken man! Let me tell you about this man. He sees me, I see him. I stare at him in the crowd! I stare at all of you. Because he is at least one of you, he won't speak but I will!

As I speak for the man that's like me I hope to motivate you all. Speaking for that man I grab the mic. I grab it and my hand shakes, it moves left and right, up and down, infected, not by injury, my hand shakes because my mind and emotions have been abused.

This hand shakes when thinking of the girl that rejected me yesterday. My hand shook when she called me her buddy. Yesterday my hand shook when a few cool kids in their 20's said I'd never speak. They said we can't be a shy nerds friend.

My hand shakes as it moves the mic to my face, it shakes because I did speak! It shakes because I was told graduation from high school wouldn't be possible. It shakes when I shook that stranger's hand on stage as he gave me that diploma. It shakes people! How much can my hand bear? All this disbelief, all this doubt of whether I am what I am, a man. They thought rejection by the world could lead me to suicide. So I tell the world, I live!

Which is why I wrote a letter. Here's how it goes: "Dear old world. I'm afraid of my hand. I've done so much. I've taken more abusive emotions than the average man, the strong man, the smart man, the good looking man, the war hero man, the rich man, the hood man, the business man.

All these men! And none of them are me. Because my pain is stronger than theirs. A rejection to them is a small blow to the shoulder, then the motivation to move them forward. To me it is an atomic bomb that I cannot escape from. How do I escape? I do not know how to survive. I cannot tell you. All I know is this! After I blackout, after my tears have dried up and I've risen from that sweaty bed, the hand! The hand. It shakes for me, it is the scar from each attack emotionally, mentally. All I see is this hand. I promise you tonight people, that the men I mentioned, the strong man, the rich man and so on. He may have cried a hundred tears, I promise! Listen! His hand does not shake! But the good man! The man that is sincere and whole hearted, the man that puts his emotion in everything he sees. His hand is an earthquake!

Dear old world, I fear the hand, it knows no pain, it sheds no tear, it hesitates not to climb up, Highah! if it did fear pain it would pause when hit, stop when struck, crumble when beat. It does nothing but move on and move on.

Dear old world, If I was crazy, if I was insane, I'd think this hand was speaking to me. I'd think it was saying to tell my story. So today I grabbed this mic. But when I grabbed the mic, the mic began to shake like this hand of mine.

So the hand became the mic and the mic became the hand. Both symbols of pain, both trophies of my pain. Today I've done what the men before me hadn't, tonight I spoke for the hand, and I spoke for that man in the crowd who is greater than me. Because his hand doesn't just shake. His whole body does.

Which is why I dare him to speak one day. I challenge him to tell the world like I've told the world that he knows greatness some day. I dare him to hop on the stage and let the hand become the mic and the mic become the hand. And to all my people! As these words touch you

Let your souls shake, until your soul becomes the body, until the body becomes the hand, until the hand becomes the mic, until the mic becomes the speech.

Thank you

## **Soldier In The Eyes Of The Wildlands**

Dear old world and the world to come, please be advised for a moment, please let me be advised. I'd like to take you to the wildlands. Where the forest are swamped and the animals act like people. Where there exists a soldier scared reckless, a soldier, his gun, and his grenades. Let me take you there, please be advised, please be advised:

Dear old world, and the world to come, please be advised that what you are about to experience is entirely radical.

“Dear old world, and the world to come, rookie do you copy?! Soldier do you copy?”

"I copy, I copy." Said the soldier to the man in command over the radio. "Alright, you're in the wildlands now, straight forest and swamp. No messing up! Your first mission better be your best. Your job is the black wolf, nothing else do you copy?" "I copy, over and out." The soldier turned off his radio and so it started. He was a soldier without a name, you may as well have called his name soldier if you wanted him to respond to you. This man walked through the wildlands more scared than any of you could probably have ever been in this audience here today. If you did crazy drugs you weren't more afraid than him. If you'd been in the broken down ghettos filled with violence everyday you weren't more fearful than this here man. You could've told me that you yourself went to the vietnam war, although this soldier wasn't in vietnam, he was in much, much worse. He had no family, no friends, no homeland, no people. Swamp water filled his boots, and as for the unknown life that surrounded the water he did not know, and not knowing only increased his fear. You can't tell me that knowing only one thing, one mission, one command, one order wouldn't drive you mad, knowing nothing else? It sounds like everyone in this audience at one point was just like this soldier. Being told to move forward under a silent command, one word, "Live." But you weren't told to live were you? You just knew you were breathing and that your legs could move, seeing other bodies around you moving you mimicked them, and as they talked you mimicked their words.

But look at this soldier, look at this man here in the swamp forest, he had nothing around him but HEY! There it was! It was a grasshopper, and then a butterfly so beautiful, a snail also could be seen climbing up a tree. I guess he wasn't alone after all. The butterfly was like the dancer in clubs performing for money, the grasshopper was like athletes specifically football and basketball, hopping for baskets and to catch a touchdown in mid air. The Snail was like the lazy man inside his home, fat in his belly with the TV on, ignoring the world outside.

Not wanting anything to do with these insects and wildlife the fearful soldier pointed his gun once at each of them and then proceeded out the water. Look now, look another time, deer could be seen, all eight of them surrounding the distant forest trees. All eight of them, watching the soldier. He is scared again but avoids movement, he doesn't move because he believes that they are just like him, except he is in control of their fear. So he moves to threaten them and like bystanders, like people at any injustice or criminal scene they run and dip beyond the trees, far, very far from sight. Not uttering a word of what was seen. The soldier then meets his match in the wildlands, he meets the wolves. Wolf wolf, they say, bark bark they say. But that's not all they say. Before the man with the gun can shoot he realizes that they are grey wolves and thinks to himself.

He thinks for the first time since he first stepped into the forest a thought that is not about fear. He thinks, "These wolves must know the black wolf. Maybe they could lead

me to the black wolf." So the wolves bark again but this time they speak. "Bark bark, soldier man who is dead already, let us bring you to the black wolf, he can bring you to true life, he can bring you back to us." Hearing their barks he attacks the wolves with his gun in hopes to tame them. They bow at him and then surround him in packs only to lead the way to the black wolf. And now the soldier follows, the soldier follows the wolves that are like the people who serve radical men.

He passes the porcupine whose weapon is on his whole body. He reminds me of the black man who is a threat to the world, the black man who racism places a spotlight on. In fear, like police, the soldier points the gun at the porcupine, but his weapon stares at the animal only for so long until he is led away by the pack of wolves. They then pass a buck and moose. They stare tall and big, fierce and still. Although the soldier looks up to them his gun is more powerful. His head hangs high only for a while before turning away from them to continue the path. The moose and the buck are like the men who anger and sometimes protest, showing weapons and threats yet do nothing to change much of anything unless by violence, if violence comes at all. They then pass the fox holes who showed foxes only for a moment, foxes who are appearing to be friendly at first, appearing to walk with the soldier and the pack of grey wolves right before running into their holes again. Continuing down the forest trail the wolves walk around the trees and down into a lower ground. They are now in front of a dark cave.

Wait, wait, "OUT!" Comes the black wolf, barking and jumping, pouncing the ground before him as if he were a bull who saw red and only red. And then the black wolf sees the soldier and he sees his servants who stand next to the soldier. Barking he calls his servants, "bring him!" The black wolf says. The grey wolves look decently at the soldier man and bark and bark again but he cannot hear them, he only hears barking. Up goes his gun in the face of the black wolf. And trembling in his heart is a mission, "Alright, you're in the wildlands now, straight forest and swamp. No messing up! Your first mission better be your best. Your job is the black wolf, nothing else do you copy?"

Those words echoed in his head, those words echoed until the black wolf barked again, "Listen soldier, you follow orders, an order and a law that has killed countless of my people, and what has it brought your kind? What has it brought soldiers like yourselves?"

Are you remembered? Are you honored by men besides your own government, and if you are, how long does that honor last? I promise you it fades. Yet the honor of the radical lasts a lifetime and more, the life of a radical never dies though his life is short.

Come from the dust that your order has led you to chains in, come to freedom, come home and be a radical, let down your gun, let down your badge and your uniform, let me teach you how to live a true life." The black wolf said. But all the soldier heard was more

barking. His finger and his fear pressed the trigger, Doom, doop, boom! Bullets shattered the black wolf and his promise. The black wolf was the radical, and his men,

the grey wolves grew angry and barked at the soldier, “ Why does the radical die? Why does the radical die? Why does the radical die? Why? Why?” The soldier couldn’t respond to their question, he couldn’t hear them, he only heard more barking. Feeling threatened he did it again. Doom, doop, boom! Down went each wolf. The grasshopper, the fox, the butterfly, the snail, the porcupine, the buck, the moose and deer all found their way around him. Fear fell over the soldier and out from his pockets came the grenades he was told not to use. Three grenades, he pulled the clips, three grenades fell through the air. And when it touched the ground the animals that I mentioned were no more, “BANG! SHHHH!” Sounded the explosion. A cry rang from the soldier, a cry that pushed him to his knees.

Let us leave the wildlands, but as we leave tell me. Who will you be when the times get dark and the world becomes corrupt. When the time for radicals needs a risin. When we need a leader to pull us through these end times. Will you be the grasshopper who just shoots hoops or catches the football? Will you be the butterfly who dances for money in the midnight club? Will you be the snail who avoids the trouble outside with his loud TV?

How about the buck and moose who appear to be radical and willing to make change but are only another version of the bystander. Will you be the deer that is the bystander scared of the soldier and men who oppress? Should it be you that will be the fox who appears to walk with radicals and change but before the storm comes run into their holes. Is it you? Is it you who will be the grey wolf that serves the radical and delivers the oppressor to him. And why just be the porcupine, the black man that is hated, feared and seen as a threat, if you are to be that black man, why not be the black wolf, the radical. You can run all you want from this, in the end, the soldier, our oppressor hears no negotiation or voices, he only hears orders and the mission. He doesn’t see a friend or a bystander, he only sees an enemy. Fear is his means of negotiation, a negotiation to kill only. In dark times, in the times of the radical everyone’s death is short. So wouldn’t you want to be remembered? Wouldn’t you want to be the black wolf if you knew this? Wouldn’t you fight back? Or would you just be the man that turns on his homeland, his people, his friends, his family, would you be the:

“Dear old world, and the world to come, rookie do you copy?! Soldier do you copy?”

Thank you.

## Flavors

Dear old world, and the world to come let your taste buds be advised what you are about to be served, is flavor.

Some say I'm crazy one hour then funny the next, some say I'm romantic one minute and an ass hole fifteen minutes later. They say I'm ugly without my glasses, they tell me I'd look a little better with more muscles. They tell me to cut your hair to look cool, I heard them say I'm very motivating, another said naw you should be a preacher. Another, no dude, write books cause speaking aint ya thang, one guy told me I was a liar, the guy after him, I was the most honest man in town!

Why am I so many things in one day, why am I never looked at as me.

Look here, drop the attitude. I'm everything you said I was, cause I got flavah! you hear me? I got flavor!

I got a drop of crazy, a kick of funny, a drip of asshole, a touch of motivational, a hit me! Of preaching, I got a breeze of cool, can you smell my mist of romance? Don't tell me what I already know, that I'm ugly on that plate of my face. Wash me off and I'm fine as hell again! Come and taste my words today, let it simmer cause I'll be speakin' tomorrow.

See, I didn't want to get emotional, yet still, I gotta say this, my lemon used to be sour, no friends knocked on my bitter bark door, no lovers licked the burning sting from my greetings and offers of friendship, did you know beautiful great men had coconut hard skin, they were tough and loveless, lemon aint the word they had spinach for candy, But

somehow, someway, on a Tuesday in America rain came down on my sour attitude, **and I was mad at the world!** Sugar didn't follow the rain but the crashing waves of water touched my coconut hard skin, **bang!** Then tears came. The spinach was washed away, the burning pain in my heart was gone, and when it was time for the rainbow, I gotta tell you something, I gotta speak to my future lovers, I gotta tell em'

Ladies, ladies, I got flavah! Did you hear what I said girls, I got flavor.

But why does the beautiful girl cry when they call her stupid, why do they beat the nerd up that's too smart, what's the matter with this man that's rich and lonely? What about the hopeless romantic chick who's always running her handsome dates away?

I got a solution, I see the problem, dry those tears young girl, pick up your beaten body too little nerd boy, come now the rest of you, let's all get together. Take her hand smart nerd she aint gone be stupid for long, take her ring finger rich lonely man, that hopeless romantic is about to get somebody! And why don't you all get together in one house, rich man you pay all the bills, now this ain't no adoption, this ain't family, it's flavah!

Did you hear what I just yelled? I said these broken people ain't broken no more, they found a new life, they found flavor!

But when people start loving each other, when people come together and help one another, when peace comes around, when the air is sweet, when you can tell the world is cooking something beautiful, there will always be somebody there to try and take it all away, to label you and divide you into cliques and groups.

There's gonna come the machine, a great machine against yo flavah! That machine's gonna come three times. It's gonna come one! To stir you up and make you mad and hateful, Two! To spin you around till it ain't no more flavor, and three! It's gone, try and blow you away! Crazy far over there, smart up! through the wind, rich **over by the suburbs**, hopeless romantics never to be seen again, that machine said there won't be anymore motivational, no preacher, no funny, no cool! Blow! Blow away!

But when you see that machine, give them my little words, let em' know there's no flavor like love flavah. Watch the machine that blows break, the machine that stirs crumble, and take a front seat to see the one who spins burn to flames.

And if anybody hates on my friends ever again, tell them suckas Dear old world, and the world to come, you need some flavah in your life, old world did you hear us, you need to get you some flavah!

## **Motivational Robbery**

Dear old world and the world to come, let me paint a picture for you, a picture with  
grassy hills, a silent black sky and a moon that gave us a little bit of light.  
Please be advised that what you are about to experience, is a motivational robbery.

On the grassy hills there was a preacher zig zagging his way towards the top of each hill. And as he got close to reaching the top he yelled and stuttered, "This is it...This!...is the robbery we've been waiting for, our victory!.. is coming..just you watch!"

"Give us a little bit of light."

Behind him moved a robber who was blind being led over the hills by a mysterious man.  
The robber cried out, "I can't see! Hurry up and get us to that robbery already."

"Give us a little bit of light!"

And then there was the mysterious man, an ex gangster who couldn't stand up, instead he crawled along the grassy ground with a cane holding the blind robber's hand. "Give it time sir, trust in the preacher, he knows the way."

"Give us light."

The Preacher climbing over the hill seeing no one to rob said, "It is time again to tell why we are on these hills. To tell why the preacher stutters, why the robber is blind, and why the gangster can't stand! Tell us!"

Feeling his feet climbing up the next hill and down to the ground one more time the blind robber rose his calm voice, "I'll go first. Please let this be the last time I say it! I can't see because that motivator I tried to rob gave me the truth. The truth that there is no

motivational robbery. I couldn't believe it! I robbed motivators who yelled, 'you can make it!', I robbed the feel good motivator that never gave any solutions, the motivator who talks for money, even the motivator marketing only an image. All these motivators, cash cows, **robbed and forgotten**. But the motivator who blinded me, who sent me to these hills with a rough, crusty grown man's hand leading me up and down to nowhere, told me that motivation was for giving people purpose, he said it was purpose which gave people drive, and power, and a will to live, not money. And if you walked in purpose money would come, joy would arrive, peace would find you. He tried to convince me that his motivation could take you there. But because I refused to believe it. Because I believed only in robbing cash from speakers and didn't know how to rob words or purpose, he told me blind is what I'd be, unless I saw another way. But this is the way!

This is the great robbery!"

"Alright son, calm down, we'll get to the robbery soon enough. Mr. Gangster, until we get there can you tell us again why you can't stand?" The preacher asked without stuttering.

Crawling this time in anger he opened his vengeful heart, " I'll tell it, and I'll say it so you can hear me this time. I've got a heavy past, that's why I can't stand. I was a cold killer, a soulless drug dealer, an evil leader, rumors even said I was death himself. All of this came from one man. So strong and feared. But deep inside, away from the opinions of scared women and boys I was paranoid and stressed, haunted, always running. Each moment as the sun went down and rose my past gained weight, getting heavier and heavier. After carrying that past all the way into old age I said to myself, I'm getting reckless, the game is changing, money can't solve every bullet that's coming for me. I was old and I was wise enough to get out while I could. But my past ran out with me.

Unable to live with my guilt I turned to motivation for help. I tried to rob one of the biggest motivators there was. And that motivator told me to look in the mirror and see what all those people I hurt saw, he said look at the monster I'd survived to be and to take that monster and help all those people. The widow, the fatherless, the drug addicts, prostitutes, all the people I damaged. If I could do that one thing, he said I could walk. Instantly I fell to the grassy ground, crawling towards the hills for my revenge. And I will get my revenge! I will get that motivator and his money!"

The preacher zig zagging seeing that he was getting closer to the top of another hill preached, "Now it is time, time to reach the great robbery, time to tell why I am on the hills. (clears throat)

Dear old men... and young... robbers, dear... loud preachers and soft liars,... let me tell you what brought me up and down,... high... and low on these grassy hills.

I was a preacher. I could lie to any man with God's word. It wasn't hard to tell someone that their day was coming. It wasn't hard to say that their miracle was around the corner, to say a strong loud prayer that would run tears flying down their eyes. Everyone had hands in the air, everyone clapped for me and not God, the money went in my pockets and not heaven's, I was a man, but on Sunday I was God's man. It had been my superpower, lying and yelling, I didn't have to wear a cape, all I had to do was wear a pretty robe and stomp across the stage and people would just 'feel' saved.

And that's when it fell. No, the lights didn't go out. Nope, the choir and the congregation didn't leave because they saw the truth. My sidekick, my love, my back stage hero, my wife, she didn't even leave my side. Better yet, as the sun rises and falls on these hills, passing each sunday they probably await for my return to the church. This is what has fallen. My daughter. The best voice in the choir, the greatest dancer on the floor, the brightest face I tell you. Except for getting money she was the reason I breathed and lived. But Cancer came. And cancer fell on her. She'd cry, she'd sing, she'd lay in bed and she wouldn't dance. On Sunday morning I was preaching and stomping, on Sunday nights I was crying. I prayed loud and strong prayers when I didn't believe in praying, I read the pages of the bible when I didn't believe any of these words could save her. So as I felt the bad guy coming, karma, I decided to rob more than just the people at my church. I left my tears in the night with two guys, an ex gangster and a skilled robber to a motivational speaker's house, and when we got there he told me there was no cure for her terminal cancer that money could buy, he said the only cure was the little time I had left with her. Out of all that pacing and walking the floor of the church lying to hundreds of people, he dared me to do what I did to the church to my daughter.

He dared me to manipulate her. He mocked me telling me to see if that would heal her or make her smile again. If not he said finally something that broke me. He said if not I want you to sit with her, love her, give her all your time until she breathes no more, let her preach of her pain and agony, and with your fatherly words give her the love you never gave the church. Fight your way back into being for the first time a good man, a Godly man, by being a real superhero to your daughter. And when she goes to see the angels dancing and singing, when her bright smile is no more, go to that church you lied to, and give them your new super power, a new sermon. Give them the story about a dying daughter and a broken preacher man begging to be worthy of the church's robe. The motivator said if that was enough then to leave this place. But I couldn't. All I could do was zig zag in confusion. So I went to the hills, seeking for the real answer. And my speech..it..stuttered..it..my daughter..I needed money... for my daughter..Yes!..This is

the great robbery!..This is the hill..I know it!..This is the story...Of the motivational  
Robbery!"

"I can't see! Hurry up and get to that robbery!" Said the robber.  
"Shut up! I can't stand! I'm gonna kill that motivator just you wait till we get there!" Said  
the ex gangster.

And so the blind complaining robber, the fat ex gangster, and the preacher who didn't  
believe in heroes were stuck on the never ending hills, climbing to a robbery they'd  
never reach.

### **Killing The Preacher Man**

Cockadoodadool! Cockah, CockAh,  
Cockadodool!

It was 7:30 am and I was the only one out on the streets running towards the bus stop.  
It was 7:31 am, and I couldn't stop thinking about what I had to do today. Today would  
be the day I killed the preacher.

Dear old world, and the world to come, please be advised, what you are about to  
experience is a murder in progress.

7:35 am was the time I stopped looking at my watch, took what little deep breath I had,  
and leaned against the bus stop pole.

I had a few friends earlier this year who told me to calm down, and to move on from my  
religion. One of them told me that Buddha was a God, that I could serve him. I told my  
friend who was a boy from the ghettos, I didn't know Buddha, I just knew the preacher  
man.

Another friend, a young girl asked me if I wanted to serve Allah, she told me he was a  
God. I told her I want to move on, I want to leave, I wanna go far from this place, but I  
don't know Allah.

So the ghetto boy and the young girl asked my other friend to talk to me. He was one  
year older, and I looked up to him, they figured I'd listen if he came.

My older friend said, "This city is going to hell, it's getting darker by the month, but there is no hell, there is only peace and meditation so come to where I am going, come to Hinduism."

I cried, " I wanna leave, the city is dying, there is no hope left, but if I leave the preacher man will still be here, he'll be here to speak to you, to give you an apologetic lie!"

(Dramatical evil)

That was 6 months ago. My older friend moved to Hinduism, the boy from the ghettos went to Buddhism, and the young girl turned to Allah. But what did I do? Did I put my plan behind me? Did I follow at least one of my friends into a better life? Was the preacher man gone from my mind?

No! I got on the bus and on my way to high school I was stopping by the church. The plan was to ask that preacher man, " How can you clap your hands, stomp those big feet of yours, and tell that young girl, my friend, that God has a plan for her? She's been raped! Were you there to see her pain, were you there to wipe her tears? And when will you pray for her? Is it after you've gone through hundreds of people in your church who suffer? Or is it after you go through the hundreds of bills in your office? You put that girl deep in water when her hair smelled good and her clothes were white. But right before she drowned in the river you pulled her out! You call that saving her? You think giving her the holy ghost takes the pain away? And has she gotten better? She went to Allah, where older men wrap their arms around her and give her money for the rent after their night with her is over!

So the plan was to go to the church before school started and clap my hands and stomp my big feet and sing to that preacher man.

\*claps, claps, stomps, stomps"

Killinnn the Preacher mannn!"

"No more help from the preacher maAAnn! There was never any help from a preacher man! There was never a preacher man!! But I am! A Preacher Man!

And Mr. Preacher man, you gossip too loud! I heard you tell the church that she's a hoe now, that every night she goes hips swinging and breasts shaking into another guy's car, that she's lost. But you aren't on the streets each day of sunrise, when the streets are clear, and the sun has come halfway up on an abandoned girl. I was there. I heard her crying, I heard her praying, I heard her say his name, she fell on her knees, shouted eight times, so I came, the real preacher man, he came with a story that said she's still a beautiful woman. The sun has gone down a hundred times and fictional tales have been yelled a thousand (high voice), but if she can hear this truth, if she can hear that **I am the preacher man.** (whisper)

I was heading to walk into that church and ask Mr. Preacher, " My mentor, my mentor! He's the reason I even believed in God, he gave me hope. Looking up to a mentor that

walked into your church needing a savior. You tried the same thing with him, give him some water and pick him up before he drowns. But he was smarter than that, he asked you for knowledge and hope instead. And what did you do? Each day after sunday service you told him the show was over, that next sunday his hope and knowledge would come. Well Mr. Preacher, the little knowledge and hope he did come across sent him straight to Hinduism. He stopped answering the phone after a while. When he did pick up we'd talk about how weed helped him meditate. I thought it was cool, but then it was cocaine to keep him awake and spiritual, and that last phone call broke me, he said he'd been on his last dose of crack, shaking and weeping in his voice. He said not to tell anyone if he didn't call anymore. Today I break that promise, because today I'm telling you Mr. Preacher man.

I'm blaming you! You know about the boy from the ghettos, you know about my friend. He got tired of hearing sermons about hell, because hell is all he sees! I never met you Mr. preacher, I never heard your sermons, but I've heard the cries of the ghetto boy.

He's afraid to watch the news on TV, the dead body around the corner is his news. Another dead man in the ghettos. So when the TV comes on, all that's left playing are shows about Gangs, basketball and rap. The ghetto boy is afraid he'll become another stereotype, so he turns off the TV and turns to Buddha for help. Everyday he meditates.

He meditates when gangs in the neighborhood tempt him to join them, he meditates when his teachers at school keep failing his assignments, he meditates when the kids keep beating and dribbling the ball in his backyard, meditating with eyes closed, because despite the love he gets from his mother, all the ghetto boy sees is darkness.

His world is small and as he holds tightly onto Buddha, asking will the answer ever come? His chances for living past highschool graduation are even smaller.

Taking one last breath for the road, I put the past behind me. Fortunately I thought to myself, fortunately I was the hero, today would be the day I killed the preacher. Two more blocks and I'd pass the church and put an end to him from hurting anymore people. My finger went to pull the string and bravely I pressed halfway down. But outside the bus window, on the sidewalk was my friend, the young girl walking in a tight skirt, a grown man's arm was around her shoulder. That's when I paused, that man's arm felt like it was around my shoulder, pulling me down from ever making a difference.

For a moment I wanted to quit, the moment lasted seconds before I shrugged those thoughts off me and went to pull the string again. Pulling down halfway! Out the window it got worse, it got so bad my prayer changed from wanting to kill the preacher to wanting a cover to hide behind. Beside a building almost barely seen was my dead mentor, he was one year older than me, it could've been me there too, all I had to do

was follow him to that better life he told me about. Yelling in my mind were his last words to me, "Don't tell nobody." My eyes closed like the ghetto boy, I closed them because all I felt was darkness. No. No! I had a job, this was the better life I chose, to kill the man who ruined my friends. I put my finger on the bus string one last time! I pulled down halfway! And inside I nearly choked to death. Outside the window it was there. Like a burning smokey building with screaming people inside. Right there was the church, boarded up, closed down, nothing but a vacant building. It's been closed for months. The damage was done already. It was over. My fingers fell down from the bus string like a dead weight to my leg. Who was I but another scared whisper in the ghetto.

The words only mocked me now.

[Whisper]

Killinnn the Preacher mannn!"

"No more help from the preacher maAAnn! There was never any help from a preacher man! There was never a preacher man!! But I am! A Preacher Man!

Off I went to school, Police sirens and cop cars were yelling loudly in that direction. The bus stopped at the end of the line in front of my school. But getting off the bus I stopped in front of the building doors with eyes open!

I was frozen. My friend, the ghetto boy was halfway inside the doors getting beat by cops in front of me! Other kids and myself were getting patted down by cops outside. A tear was falling from my eyes. But the policeman patting me down didn't see it, he only noticed a cross necklace around my neck, and then he opened his mouth, "Hey look at me. That's a valuable cross... My name's John, I'm a cop but I'm also a pastor, before you go inside can I pray for you?"

Fear rained before me from my eyes, I looked at the ghetto boy still being beat, I looked at the cop, I was afraid to say it, I was scared to sing it, but this song was too godly, this whisper in the ghetto was too spiritual, too real, and I believed in it. So I say it to the police man who can beat a kid yet preach a sermon on the same day, I say it to the devil who pretends to be a man of God, I say it to the strongest man I've ever seen, I say it, but I am afraid! Why am I crying?

\*Sobbs\* \*Slowly Claps\* \*Loudly Stumps\*

"killinnng the preacher man!" "there's no help from the preacher man, there was never a help from a preacher man, there was never a preacher man, but I am a preacher man, So go away you false preacher man! I will be my own preacher man! God taught me a preacher man! God was my preacher man! I'll be your preacher man! Don't kill me too false preacher man!"

## **T-Shirtless**

Dear old world, and the world to come, what you are about to experience, is ghetto love.

After I walked away from that policeman who was also a pastor, After I finished singing my song about killing the preacher man. After I grabbed my friend by his blended in bloody red t-shirt. I pulled his weak, beaten body up the school stairs. Policemen were standing at each of the classroom doors. They looked like they'd been guarding the white house or something. "I didn't do nothin bro, they just grabbed me and swung." My friend told me. Leaning my upper body onto his good arm, the arm that hadn't been bruised, I comforted him, "We're gonna fix this, don't ask me how. I just know it's gonna get fixed. It's got to." After we passed the armed policeman to open the classroom door, "Everybody quiet, here they come, don't say shit!" One of the kids in the classroom said. After we went inside and I sat my friend down halfway towards the back of the room. "Oh false alarm, it's just the Orphan boy and his bloody gang friend." One of the kids teased, laughing, before being hit in the head with a book by one of the affiliated gang members in red shirts. "Say it again and I'll make sure my guys meet you at the back of the school, ASAP. Say it!" He was the leader of everyone in red shirts sitting in that classroom. The kid shut up, he didn't laugh no more. After I sat down next to the row of the now nine boys in red shirts including my bloody friend. After I sat down in the classroom of twenty-eight students including myself. I asked a question in my mind. Who was I to sing a song, who was I to be a part of today, a day where kids were to be beaten by cops because of gang relations. A day where kids walked into a system built against them, a system they could do nothing but drown in. Was I a strong man like these brave boys in red t-shirts. Was I as strong as a gang boy? Who was I but a weak kid leaving childhood. I didn't belong here. And these policemen that they could come here and interrogate minors. What did they do but what they were taught to do, survive.

WACK! The door flew open and I knew despite all the serious faces, everyone was scared. The cop charged in pointing at the first kid in the row of red t-shirts, "You, get over here." The cop told the kid. He got up and looked at the gang members behind him before being grabbed and thrown out the classroom, BAM! The door shut.

### **The rain hasn't left**

We were all silent until the door opened slowly fifteen minutes later. In came a new kid, he had a red t-shirt, the same face and body as the boy who left, but his face was purple, he limped and you could see his leg slanting. Closing the door behind him you'd think he'd go to his seat, instead he moved in front of the classroom and spoke with a busted lip, "Guh, guys. A cop is gonna come in here, he's Guhnna, shut me up and take another kid. Before he does, let me tell you something. When I was getting beat, I, I saw something. I saw hope. I looked at hope beyond the hood. Always standing around the liquor store with my guys I've seen a lot. Women with babies at thirteen, families surviving off one bridge card, a little boy only seeing fifteen years of age then gone, right at that liquor store. I saw an older man crawling at night to the store for the weed man at the corner. I saw prostitutes being thrown into men's cars of all ages after taking a fifty dollar bill and saying yes to sex. I saw that prostitute come back to the liquor store in the morning with that same fifty dollar bill buying groceries to feed her family. I heard about the struggle to get a job everyday on that store corner by a different man. Some because they had felonies, some because they were black. But In that room when the cops beat me I saw something, I faced the fact that we are living in the great black depression. This is the great depression. We aren't sent off to college, we're sent off to prison. But in that room as the men took turns beating my face and legs I saw hope. I saw a place beyond this hell. A place we could get to if we kept learning and kept studying. A place where mothers see their daughters to grow up healthy and unharmed, a place where women don't sell their bodies but sell fascinating ideas, I saw a place where jobs are good and bring money in, so much money that families could buy ten bridge cards and still have some left for the rent. I saw the crawling man who was begging for weed standing up strong and tall as an example for who we all could be, if we just keep learning and studying. I saw that little boy grow up passed fifteen with a testimony, that he made it passed twenty five, that he made it passed forty, that he had kids and watched them grow up around good smelling flowers on the big porch by nothing but chirping birds. I saw hope people! We see a great black depression, but..but I, but I see hope beyond this place. I..I hope you too can see..see it today."

### **The rain is not gone**

WACK! The door sent the kid back down in his seat and another kid out of the classroom. "You, sit down! You! Come here! Get over here!" Grabbing the next kid in the row of red t-shirts the door slammed. And fifteen minutes later the boy returned. When he came back, I was in disbelief that it could happen again. No, I believed this kid

would just sit down and shut up, but then he did it. He went in front of the classroom like the last boy and spoke with a black eye, limping with a bloody nose.

"Most of my teenage life I never had much to say. I had a simple mindset. Which was to stay hard, stay tough. Don't let nobody see you cry. My father taught me not to get emotional, to be emotionless despite all tragedy. So when a friend of mine asked me was it right to go join a gang, the answer was always yes. Was it right to shoot people who did nothing. Yes. And was it right to stand by while men I knew personally shot six bullets in a family household of six.." He paused for a moment looking down at the ground and then continued, "Children too? I'm just a kid...I'm a kid, a kid that lied to all of you. I lied to the black man. I am the emotionless man, but I never believed in that man. Instead I believed in bravery so when those men ran in that house I wouldn't just stand by but stop them. I believed in motivation for when my friend asked me if he could join a gang I could give him a better way of life, and I believed in love so when my father cried every night when he thought I was asleep I could comfort him and be what he never taught me to be, I could prove that love didn't have to be bitter. But I have none of these things. My friend, dead, my father, bitter, and those murdering men still run these streets."

The boy in front of the class began shaking from his limping leg, a tear broke from his tough eyes. Nobody knew he could cry, nobody knew black men cried.

WACK! "Hey! What'd I tell you kids? Sit the fuck down! You! Get up and come with me!"

The cop pulled another kid out of the classroom.

### **The rain hasn't left**

BAM! That same kid came back minutes after. When the door closed, he went straight for the front of the classroom. He had a small cut on his arm, bloody in his face and limped out. The whole class watched him in curiosity.

"I don't need to tell you my name, most of you already know it. They beat us three boys bad in there. Those cops look like army men. But enough of cop talk, if I were to ask you what you saw when looking at the hood what could you tell me? Would it be four men in cars riding up and down your block? Would it be the cars that blew up halfway into the night? Would it be clubs and the baddest chicks in town? I gotta tell you, it's none of that. Stop looking at what the hood is or could be and look at me. I am the hood. The biggest product of the hood at that. In my house is a letter of a full ride scholarship to the best college in the state to play basketball, the main drug dealer who runs three of the hottest neighborhoods in the city just approved me to take over operations for him once he retires, and I am now one of the hottest rappers in the city. Is this your ghetto american dream? Well, I'm sorry. Before my ankle breaks, before felonies catch up with me, before someone kills me to take my spot in this rap game, I want to say I see. I admit to corrupting girls by what flashes, I admit to corrupting young men by my fast life. To these people in this classroom, and to wherever gossip takes my

words. If my eulogy won't express it, I'll express it myself, I'm sorry brothers, I'm sorry sisters. Know another way. Whatever that is."

The leader of the gang then sat down, tapping on the shoulder of the emotionless man and the fellow who spoke about the black depression.

And before the door slammed open I noticed that my bloody friend was next in line. I saw him trembling with sweat.

"Hey, bro. Give me your shirt, I got an idea. I know how to fix this."  
I told my bloody friend.

He looked at me worried, "they're gonna know you're not in a gang, it won't work."  
"It will work, they don't see what we look like, they just see color. Give me your shirt,  
hurry up, and switch seats with me."

My friend listened. I gave him my black t-shirt and I took his bloody red one. Everyone was watching us.

WACK! You, kid in the back! Come here!"

The cop opened the door yelling at me, I didn't make a move.  
"You heard me? Get the fuck up!"

Leaving my seat the cop dragged me slamming the door behind us. "Who was I but a weak kid leaving childhood?" The cop pushed me into the room down the hall and then it hit me. Five men stared at me, including the one who pushed me inside. They were armed with all kinds of gear, each of them looked like pure muscle. When you looked at them you didn't see faces, instead you looked at the ground and saw fear. I thought to myself, "All this for a weak kid?"

"Look up! Look at me! You should've stared at the ground before you put that shirt on today. This is how we're gonna do this brotha. What do you know about the two boys shot in midtown? Were you a part of the gang that did it?"

They asked me questions I didn't know the answers to. "I'm a part of a gang. But I don't know about any two boys." Right after I said that one cop placed his hand on his pistol.

Another looked furious, that's the guy that pushed me into the ground with his arm. "Talk boy!" One of them ordered. My cross necklace fell out of my shirt touching the floor. Before I could get back up a cop stared at it. He was the cop outside the school.

He was the preacher man. "Alright that's enough fellas. This little kid doesn't know anything. There's more of them in the classroom. Calm it now! I'll go get them. " The preacher cop demanded, pulling me up, placing my cross back in my shirt and walking me to the classroom. He didn't ask me any questions when he shut the door behind me, he just threw me gently in the room of twenty-eight kids again. Unharmed and unafraid I walked to them, "Alright I got an idea, this is gonna work. Everybody, take off your shirts and mix the red shirts with the others, and change your seats."

Quickly the inspired students did what I instructed. Two minutes later in came the preacher cop. When he saw us shirtless he ran for the rest.

**The rain**

WACK!

The tough one busted in the door with all four men behind him including the preacher cop, "Who did this?!"

The cop asked. The whole class then said, "We did!" "Who's red shirts are these?"  
Another cop questioned.

We responded, "ours!" And when the police tried to intimidate us, pressing their guns by their sides and walking near, everyone started stomping, all the students began clapping. Singing loudly,  
\*stomp, claps\*

"There's no help from the preacher man, there was never a help from a preacher man,  
there was never a preacher man, but I am a preacher man!"

"Silence, be quiet I said, or force will be used!"

One police threatened. The cops lined in front of the classroom not knowing what to do.

**So the rain, Got! Louder!**

\*stomps, claps\*

" There's no help for the ghetto man, there was never help for the ghetto man, no one helps the ghetto man, but I will help the ghetto man, I am the ghetto man!"

\*stomps, claps\*

Our loud voices and stomping faded out.

Dear old world, and the world to come, in the depths of rain, is ghetto love.

## **Hate Crime In Progress**

Dear old world, and the world to come, please be advised, what you are about to participate in is a hate crime.

### **The rain is gone**

I remember not long ago, a girl's beautiful voice and wonderful words spoke to me. A friend that I call close, a friend that knew me, I thought she knew me, and I trusted her.

Her words:

"I wish you were gay Orphan boy, The straight life ain't for you. I got some friends that want you. Them boys ready for a young thang like you. I know what bus you catch.

Don't run from me cause I'll find you, I'm gonna hook you up."

Those words echoed in my thoughts. I wasn't just meant to be at that school today with the police beatings and the kids from the ghettos, I wasn't just meant to be here at this bus stop with these people around me, I was meant to think of those painful words.

Lifting eyes from the ground everyone looked at the bus pulling up to the stop letting off three black boys before pulling out again. The kids were talking amongst themselves, "Hey that food was crazy." One said. "So where we going after this the movies?" Another chatted. "Yeah, movies and food, but before, wait? Is that? Do you think that's him?" The leader talked. "I bet it is, yeah let's do it." A guy got louder. "Hey! Kid! You're that Orphan boy right! Your friend told us about you!"

Looking up I paused at them and refused to walk away, I knew what they were talking about, I knew their plans, it wasn't a memory anymore.

"Your friend said you were curious, she said you wanted to try something." The boys got closer to my unballed fist and body. Until they were standing only twelve inches away. All of the strangers at the bus stop were now watching, all becoming gossiping bystanders.

"I'm not a gay man." Were my words. The boy at the left end denied my comment,

"You're not gay? Oh, we wanna play that game. Your friend, she said you had gay friends that's not true huh? Straight guys don't do that. It's a new age," The boy put his hand on my shoulder, "It's okay to be gay" He smiled.

That's when I shouted, shoving the boy's hand away, "Respect me! I don't have a problem with gay men! I don't hate you. The reason I have so many gay friends is because for some of them, I know what it's like to have women reject you because you're different, turn on you and convince you that you're gay, I know what it's like to go home blasting depressing music because the opposite sex that you romantically love calls you a friend. I don't just support gay men. Support is a weak word. I am a friend, and a brother. And as a straight man who will not give up on my love for women, and will not turn my back on my gay brother, I understand!"

After seeing the bystanders listening hard I looked back at the three boys and continued,

"Listen to me and not my friend! She doesn't understand that what she says is painful. Because of this I don't blame her. But hear me out when it comes to my gay brothers. Just like the elderly man that has survived the ghettos shakes the hand of the wanna be young gangster giving the young man wise advice here and there, as the young man listens looking up to that old man who's weaker physically, this is the same thing I wish for my gay brother. For him to listen to me, not an old man but a man who has ignored the peer pressure of being gay, a man who has healed from the pain of rejection, and a man who can finally see clear of what he really wants rather than what other people think. So to my gay brother I want him to listen to me, the wise man, when he thinks no one accepts him, to listen when the voice of suicide feels louder than his, and to take advice when he treads in a world that doesn't love him. Now bag back and respect me!"

The boys weren't moved by these words at all, instead the second boy at the right jumped in, "Your friend, she talked to us plenty of times. She told us you were a christian man. You have gay friends, you support gays but your belief says you don't. Are you lying to us?" The boy's words were loud. They touched every bystander, but they didn't move me once.

"My belief? Look at the crowd around us, look at these genuine faces. My belief is that no young child should have to see men and women having sex on their television screen, no thirteen year old should find the entire history of porn on his cellphone in a matter of months time, no child should hear it's okay to be gay at the age eleven from the mainstream media, no child should see men kissing and laying with each other by the age of twelve. And by the age of eighteen he shouldn't have to be peer pressured

into gay sex. What about his choice? Is his choice lost? If a man is to lose his choice and free will before becoming a man, if his thoughts and ideas of manhood are to be torn apart, then my belief is to hold that gay man's hand, my belief is to listen as much as possible to that poor man, to advise him in every step, and to let the little boy inside that gay man feel like he has freedom for the first time, freedom because he is loved by a straight man! I am christian, but you have me confused with a different christian. Now bag back I say! Bag back! Respect me! Or else!"

Bystanders behind us then gossiped to each other. While they were talking, me, and the three boys didn't move. Despite my fist not being balled the moment was hostile and tense. That's when the third boy in the middle broke our silence and quieted the crowd.

"Alright fuck all of that. I see you. I see right through that tough guy look you got going on. I got something for that, I can soothe you!"

The third boy moved closer to me. His two friends were confused, as if this wasn't a part of the plan. It was only supposed to be an interrogation. He touched my shoulder. Pushing his hand off he grabbed the front of my shirt! I brushed him away, backing back from him. The boy then did something that would shock me, the crowd and his friends. He pulled down his pants, leaving only his shirt and underwear to cover him,

"Do something! These people are watching! Hit me! I dare you!"

The crowd one by one either covered their mouths or looked at their neighbor. One of them could be seen calling someone, following another reaching for a phone. Grabbing for his shoulder the kid on his left tried to stop him. The boy on the right reached low for his pants trying to pull them up.

He shoved them both off, "No! Get off me! Get off me!"

In the midst of it all I drowned out the noise, closed my eyes getting on my knees, and bowed my head, putting both hands together. The boys stopped wrestling their friend standing in shock at what they thought was going to happen in public. Most of the crowd behind me now had their phones out, some calling with it and some pointing it in my direction.

"What are you? Are you bowing to me?" The boy with his pants down asked me.

From my mouth words out came calmly and somewhat loud enough for everyone to hear,

"Dear oh lord, dear oh lord, I pray for this old world, and the world to come, I pray love finds them, I pray knowledge retrieves them. Hear the cries I shout! Oh lord!"

Police sirens arrived, the crowd of ten backed up, the boy pulled his pants up backing away also with the rest of his friends. Out of the police car came one officer. It was him, the preacher cop, the same cop from in front of the school, the same cop who saved me from getting beat by the other police officers, and the same cop who could beat a kid but preach a sermon in the same day. Immediately after the officer got out of the car, the boys pointed at me in blame, "it was him!" Cried the two boys defending their friend who pulled up his pants.

When the cop recognised me he handcuffed me, put me in the back seat, and drove down the street, drove around the corner, then parked, went to the backseat, opened the door and let me out. Once he opened up his passenger door I had his attention, so I asked him the faithful question, "Why?" He ignored my question, instead he pointed at the front seat, "Get in the car."

Both feet in the car and body in the passenger seat the cop closed the door, opened the driver's seat, then got in and sped off while talking, "I thought of what you said about preachers in front of the school yesterday... I saw what you did with the gang related kids in that classroom...you said why? Why didn't I arrest you just now? Because I figured out what kind of man you are...I figured you were praying just now, now I don't know why that boy's pants were down," He laughed, "Look, I don't wanna know...but I know something, I know you're a Christian. Now I gotta ask for a favor."

I stared at the side of his face as we hit the freeway.

"What's the favor?"

He didn't answer at first, giving me more time to judge him. Because I was still skeptical. You can't just save me from a police beating or a framed hate crime and expect praise. So I asked him again, "What's the favor?"

He sat there letting silence pick up dust. But then came his words blowing me away,

"Can you pray for me?"

Hearing him, I told him, I told that ministering abusive cop after I looked at the side of his face, "Take my hand." When he grabbed it I spoke,

Dear oh lord, I pray for this officer, as he drives me home away from the death of radicals, away from the death of the preacher, away from the beatings of the ghetto man, away from hate crimes, I pray for this old world, I pray for this world to come. I pray we listen, I pray we take advice, I pray we are loved for the first time, and in the midst of that love, I pray we become free.

Amen

## Dark Prophecy

Dear old world, and the world to come,  
There was time to sit on my big porch, it was finally night. After all those open mic shows downtown I needed something simple. From everything that happened at school, that bus stop, it was time, time we all went back to the hurt hand, wait, something's strange. Silence, do you hear that? No birds chirping, no flowers, where are the kids?

Please be advised, what you are about to experience, is the darkest of moments.

Boom, doom, doop! Three times a gun awakened my front yard. It was the preacher, the ex gangster with his cane, there was the blind robber.

" Let's make a deal! Give me sight! And I won't give you death!" Said the blind robber.  
"Who are you?" I shouted to myself.

"Looks like we're...gonna rob...motivation tonight fellas, gangster, show him.. the work."  
Said the preacher to the ex- gangster.

I get to come outta retirement, coming out with a bang, "Doom, Doom! Doop, Doop!" The gun shot all over the porch, before I became a target the fence on my left called me. Trying to use my hands I was terrified, they were numb, they wouldn't move. A thought came desperately, use your body to hop over.

"Get him!" Said the preacher.  
"Doop, Doom!"

That thought became reality. I leaped over the fence and slamming the ground there was nothing to do but find a street, trees were in my way, and finally the road.

Still I was human, still I was alive, breathing another breath down my terrified stomach it was something to be seen on this road, I'd be wise not to move. The first thing looked at were big moose and bucks, they looked hideous, there were porcupines stained with black, ugly deer encircling them, and inside that circle were wolves, black and grey. Not letting another breath fly from my stomach I sealed my mouth. These beast had rabies! But that wasn't the running word, that wasn't what cracked air from my lips, "Agh!" The wolves were eating a man, what were they tearing, no, it was the soldier. Both buck and moose were stomping the ripped bodied pieces, it was that porcupine who ate nibbles, behold, circling above like vultures were grasshoppers and butterflies. And now they all heard my scream, a stampede was the response. You could hear the road vibrating, thumping. Mindlessly I saw no real way of escape, and in the midst of childish hope something ran faster. It was a fox, no rabies, no soldier meat in his teeth. He ran north, "Follow the fox, follow the fox!" My feet ran north too. "Awhooooo!" Wolves went a cryin.

On the back of the black wolf was a snail, like horses have men.

In the distance of the black night was a moving bus, light flickered from its Windows, "Stop! Aghuh! Aghuh! Stop!" Waving my wand like hand through the air it was useless, these animals looked at me just like the soldier, I would soon be the soldier.

That's when a color saved my life. The traffic light turned red. The fox already at the bus's door began pawing the entrance, giving the loudest bark he could. The door opened, and just like the fox, "Aghuh! Aghuh!" Identically I flew inside.

"What's wrong son?"

The bus driver asked, saving all secrets I breathed again, "Drive, drive!" The driver saw the green light as his only general, proceeding at a normal rate down the road.

I pulled from my pocket leftover change from the day and abruptly I was warned, "No one pays fair, no one kills the preacher."

Not understanding yet scared to ask I faced the fox.

The fox seemed like the only normal one, sitting on the bus seat wagging his tail like life was something stressless. Calming myself I sat with him, I patted his back, it was considered a thanks, a bonding for being the only friend I had tonight.

Up ahead, after a short silence the traffic light turned red again. But Bright white and goldish yellow shined a church building with clear windows, it was big. You could see the benches, you saw the podium and microphone, a stage was behind it.

This was a long red light.

"Stopping for the preacher man, changing intercom to church intercom."

The driver said.

Confused I asked no question, a free bus ride was better than being a free meal. But the church became weirder by the second. Who were those people?

A closer look was taken, "Hey, that's the girl people called a hoe, that's my friend." Inside the church a girl in a tight skirt hanging onto a provocative tank top walked down the aisle in between the benches. Other than that girl there was nothing but men, men throwing dollars onto the aisle, she picked them up in a hurry, but it looked like she wanted more, like she saw more than just money, her hands stretched out, full of cash, pointing at a solid brown altar! The closer she tried getting to it the more these men yanked at her. "Take the money, be with us." Said the men on the bus intercom.

In front of the podium on stage was a man dressed in a bloody robe. "Come to me, praise me for my greatness, worship me for my victory." It was my bloody gang Friend, he was trying to preach.

Behind the preacher was a table, and on that table was a dead man, his arm was out with needle holes showing up and down. "My mentor! No! What's going on!" It was my mentor who overdosed.

The preacher spoke again, "Praise me girl! Come closer! It is I. The blood is still on my face. It is I who have survived police brutality, it is I who survived a cop beating, worship me. Look behind me, look at this man, our gift from the heavens, a martyr, he faced a cop and look at where he is now, dead, many black men, dead! But not I! Blood is still on my face! Sing with me, 'Who can kill the preacher man?'"

All the men responded, "No one!"

As the chants repeated the girl was now in between the altar and the crowd of men, they held her back from seeing the altar, arms stretched out full of cash, ignoring every word of the false preacher, all she wanted was to see God.

The light turned green and the intercom turned off. Down the road we went, away from my fear, the beast.

"Was this it? Did I fail? My mentor, my bloody friend, my.."

There was no more air in my stomach.

The foxes stomach was the chapter we needed,

"Bark, bark!" His paws scratched at the windows until even I looked outside.

"The highschool. Are you sure pal?"

I was afraid to get off the bus, I was afraid to pull on that string. He got me this far, what's a little farther?

'Follow the fox.'" I said aloud pressing down the bus string.

The doors opened and flying out first was the fox, on his tail was me, heading for the doors.

He moved faster than I could, it was his advantage, stopping by the door that tail wagged again.

Just to check I went to pull it open, stopping once it cracked, "I thought it'd be closed around this late." The crack was wide enough for my little buddy to enter, "You're not gonna go inside?" I asked him. He ignored me, looking up at the moon, steady wagging and peaceful. I wasn't the soldier, but I left a comrade behind.

Now inside a building, my school, I dusted my thoughts off, and embraced safety. Not paying attention at first, I could now see someone else other than me in the hallway, a boy I think, he was laying flat on the floor, belly up, my curiosity took me until I was but two feet away, then when recognized, panic dropped me through the air, this was the leader of the hood, he spoke about the ghetto apology, a bullet hole sat on his forehead. "No. Why is this happening tonight?!" My voice echoed through the hallway.

"Help him, somebody please!" A voice cried. "Who's there? Did you do this?"

"He's gonna make it. He'll breathe again. Watch I tell you. See!"

"Where are you? I've been through enough! I don't need this! Show yourselves!"

There, right there where my hair stood up against my arm, there is where he grabbed me, "There will be no ghetto apology."

"Agh! You were dead!" I said to the boy.

Laughter sounded from both sides of the hallways, two shadows popped out, it was the emotionless man and the optimistic boy who spoke of the black depression. They both had bullet holes in their heads. They were both walking.

I tried to let go of this mad man holding me. I tried to get up, he wouldn't budge his hand.

"Take him to the executioner!" Cried the emotionless man.

"Take him to the police" rejoiced the optimistic boy. This is when he chose to let go, when the other hands had me trapped.

My body would have made a storm with all the strength I let out, meaninglessly I dragged down the hall.

"Do you smell that? I smell death to motivation!" Said the optimistic boy.

"Yes, yes! Death in the courtroom." Weeped the emotionless man.

Four armed police walked out into the hallway clapping, "Is this our threat?" They moved in closer laughing, clapping.

In between me and the executioners stood my final chance, seeing no one in the distance to help, not knowing whether fear or faith was in my belly, I used it. "Help! John! Preacher cop! John!"

So from out of closed doors came a man, mad and able. Running his feet into the ground, pushing forward, all around him were the strength of ten children dragging him back, failing, he broke free, "Aghhh!" Cried that man. Once free he dived at the four armed police with a new strength. On the ground they went, and from the pile of fallen men rose John the preacher cop, holding two guns in his hands facing both directions, out popped a gold cross necklace from his uniform, swinging back and forth. Lacking all fear in his eyes, a voice emerged, "Let the boy go! Let him go unless you all were praying for a second bullet in your heads this midnight hour!"

"It's over, we lost." Cried the emotionless man.

"Let him go, he won't get far, the night belongs to us!" Assured the Optimistic boy. And in the back of the hallway was the leader of the hood, "He may be free, but I'll never apologize."

Seconds waited no more, I was loose.

“Now run Josh! Run!” Ordered John the preacher cop.

I was soon out the door, the air smelled fresh in an odd way. Looking all over I couldn’t see my buddy, “Hey fox, little fox where’d you go?”

Something went shaking at my leg. It was the fox, why was he shaking, his eyes were filled with terror, his teeth were bright, his upper paws gripped my calf.

“What’s the matter? We’re safe boy.”

Then I knew his fear, I saw it. The preacher from the church walked into the school yard, behind him was a table lifted up, carrying my dead mentor, and in the chains of the church’s hands dragged my friend they called a hoe. “Who can kill the preacher?” Asked my bloody gang friend, “No one!” Replied the church.

Next to the church were a group of gay men, the gays and the church were divided like the red sea, In only so many words, I’ll tell you why, The gay men approached the yard tackling straight men to the ground crying out, “Look at what you made me do! You hate me, you kill me, you shame me! It is torture from the words you speak! Everything I’ve ever loved is destroyed by your anger and hate. But everything you love is manhood.” Pulling the pants off one of the straight men he shouted to all of his gay brothers, “We will take his man-hood tonight!” Other gay men followed his lead, bringing strong men to their knees.

Yet instead of a rape scene, inbetween the divided church and gays crawled, and stuttered the motivational robbers, “The deals off kid! Don’t worry about my sight, I’m gonna give you death, gangster, shoot this noodle!” Said the blind robber. Raising his gun, unable to gain perfect aim due to his crippled condition, the gangster with his cane let loose bullets all over the school building walls, “Doop, Doom, Doop, Boom, Boom!” Death...to motivation...Death...In the courtroom...Rise dollar, Rise gold, Rise!” Cried the stuttering preacher. Behind all the people in the yard returned the animals, waiting, stalking the scene.

The school door behind me began shaking and banging.

Doop! Doop! Doom!” Shot again the gangster.

In the midst of this hour, I Lifted up my numb hand towards the moon which around it flew in a circle the butterfly and grasshopper. A hand that could not shake, A hand that

would never become the mic, a mic that would never become the motivational speech which could rescue this moment. Yet still, I kept my hand high, despite having no hope, I kept it high as a symbol of what motivation will continue to be.

Upon seeing my hand stretching out into the air, the woman they called a hoe reached out her hand, dropped every dollar she had, just to point at my numb hand, and out of her mouth came the glory of this nightmare, out of her mouth she cried, "God!"

Dear old world, and the world to come, what you are about to experience, is the darkest of moments

### **Interview With An Adolescent Capitalist:**

Dear old world and the world to come, please be advised, what you are about to experience, is capitalism.

When the nightmare was over, trickling down the dream of sky, that horizon of drama, to me it was the last dawn left, I opened my hand (Leadership tone), tipping my greek mask, tipping how men in business tip hats, one more tip (toasting voice), to catch that final drip of drama, this half fictional, stained world, was painted to know.

Deep in the newspaper tossed me on the right side of the bed, there was a headline about a suspicious man who was giving free interviews on capitalism. Because of my nightmare, today meant more than open mic shows or attending school. Today was about skipping school, today I would make a name for myself, I'd sharpen my speaking skills, Now I thought, the whole world would know who the Orphan Boy was. But when getting outside I realized I was afraid to move my hand, the nightmare had made it numb.

Going to the interview I didn't ride the bus, I was headed to change my life, a bus wouldn't do, I took the little money I had riding a taxi cab instead, "Where to?" Asked the driver.

"I wanna go to Bigger, better and great, Proceed us to Town Square street!"  
Was my response.

When Arrived at the destination I forced my way into what seemed to be a vacant building, if not evacuated, up the stairs and into a quiet room, room 201. There I sat for about fifteen minutes. In front of me seated a table and another chair. I'd never been in an interview before, sitting here I pondered, skipping school for silence, hm.

Silence was later broken, a man dressed in a cherry white suit came in, he sat down as if this was his home. It only made me more comfortable.

"Sir, are you here for the interview? What's your name kid?"  
I got up immediately as he sat, leaning gently into his face to shake his hand, "Most people call me Orphan Boy, yes I came to speak to a capitalist the newspaper said."

"Yes, and when you shake a hand, try not to squeeze so tight Orphan. My friends call me Capitalist Sam." He smiled for a second then continued, "Call me Sam." A seriousness eroded from his face. "But go ahead, ask what you will."

Both our legs were crossed, pressing the recorder on my phone I let my lips instigate us forward. "What are your views on capitalism?"

A smile swept by his face, "I'll tell you a small bit. Are you hungry?"

"No, I already ate."

"Yeah? What'd you eat?"

"Um, I had a steak why?"

"Was it? Not just good, Was it great Orphan?"

"It was alright, Sam where are you going with this, I thought this was about capitalism."

Sam then cleared his throat, "Ahem, People all over this city and other cities are in poverty, they can't afford steak, this is like a third world country to them, this is the same as the starved Hatians in the Caribbean's. Don't ask me what they eat, I'll tell you, cereal in the morning, pizza in the afternoon."

"People aren't in poverty in these cities, America is nothing compared to Haiti sir, where are you getting this from?"

"You're right, everyone can afford steak, but the trend of these times is to be a kid, and kids like what's colorful, what shines, and greasy pizza shines. Who do you think sold the kid to America's people? Who do you think sold the idea of the fast life? And I'll tell you why your steak was just, 'Alright', cows burn away by the hands of nature, and the higher the death my friend, the lower your quality. But you pay the same price for low grade steak as you would premium beef, you fight to live above your means yet eat just like the sugar addicts dying to be kids again. There is no escape from this poverty.

There is no fighting your cheap Haitian blood.

"Sir! Please stop yourself. Aren't you just like me? You live in this city, you eat steak too, aren't you also trying to fight? Trying to escape?" I asked him.

No, the difference between me and you, my poverty and yours, is that I have money, much money, 'I' live off selling you the hamster wheel. It is you who believed steak was the best of life, you who put money into food and not financial investments, but food isn't your Achilles heel. 3 years ago, at age 16, how many cartoons did you watch a day?

When the business was great for TV, when every mind was glued to a screen?"

"Hamster wheel? I don't know, maybe eight cartoons a day."

"Did you buy any toys after seeing those cartoons? Did you purchase any watches, any games, did you think about changing your career?"

"I don't understand the point, everyone in this city bought those things, everyone had those ideas."

"Yes, yes, the old common saying of the Roman success and French failure numb the minds of the public so revolt is an impossible option, give them toys and no investments. I'm no huge capitalist. It's just a hobby, bringing kids to my apartment nostalgic and destroying their childhood, all children come to this apartment building eventually, all kids grow up. And when you grew up what was the sound you heard up north? What did you hear Orphan?"

"I'll play along but for only a moment. I don't know what I heard, tell me."

Sam tightened his grip on the arm chair. " Billboards and magazines, gossip and newspapers advertised loudly. It was better than circus, it was better than a concert, it was magical film. So you dropped your cartoon watches and toys, and headed straight north for the best seat in the theatre. You bought the popcorn, drinks, and candy, as you ate it the kid inside your heart, the kid our faithful Sam I am capitalises on got brighter and brighter. The kid inside you felt safe, loved, he trusted the movies and believed in his heart that this was all he'd need, but the popcorn grew salty, the pop destroyed his

body, the movies were now boring, and every penny from that kid we sold to you built a billion dollar empire. Abruptly the kid realized he was the show, not the screen."

"Liar! Movies aren't like this, cartoons aren't either! You don't know what you're talking about! You said it yourself, this is a hobby you picked up."

"Wasn't the cartoon a hobby? Wasn't the movie? Look how much money you invested, look at the empire you built. (Laughs) My hobby is no different than yours. And look at it this way, didn't magazines and movies convince girls to dress in those tight blouses? Being the hoes they are, selling their bodies as paychecks? So why buy steak when you can afford a lady? The dollar never ends Orphan boy, it only knows dirt. Nothing can stop it, nothing stops me."

"I've had enough!" Right when I thought about getting out of my seat, or putting my hand on the door handle (Imaginary hand on door), a different thought woke me backwards, "Mr. Sam. I have an interview question."

Sam Smiled eagerly, "Ask away my slave friend."

"What do you think about the quote, 'Today's world of wealth is like a closed room on fire. No one is burned up. Smoke is filling the room! Poor people at the bottom of the room breathe fresh air. And the rich people at the top, the capitalist, from way up high on their thrones, look like they're laughing, but in reality, they're choking to death.'"

A short pause carried through the room, then Sam the capitalist jumped from his chair, "No! Yes! Yes. I think I just found my court case. Listen here you ignorant slum! I'm a lawyer, at the top of the food chain without debate! I saw that speech you did called 'flavah!', I've heard all those open mic speeches. Up here you don't need happiness, friends, a place where everyone connects or shares love. Let this be a warning. Flavor surrounds you from the sugar to the pop, from the TV to the colorful screen. I am the machine you called the evil enemy, try to break me, I will not break, we have the same shaking hand, but my hand is rich, I cannot crumble, and you've said it, no one is burned up in this room yet it's because I own that room. So since we're in this locked apartment together, I'll tell your choking mind a secret, at the top you don't need air, all you need is thick money. Let the smoke rise, rise dollar, rise."

Hearing those foreshadowed words of salt and butter, I smacked my Haitian lips, I turned the locked handle, I cracked open the door, looking back at the fiery room one last time.

“Goodbye Capitalist, try not to choke.”

Dear old world and the world to come, please be advised, what you are about to experience, is capitalism.

## **The Motivational Verdict**

How I got here, everything I did, whether wrong or fair, now you know. Right here!  
(Bluntly) But few men arrive, jurisdiction.

“All rise!”

Dear old world and the world to come, what you are about to participate in is..  
“Order in this courtroom!”

[Pause]

(Standoffish) I'll be my own lawyer, I'll fight off lawyers and judges! (Blunt surrender)  
There's a case against me, that I've committed the crime of weaponizing motivation.  
(Description) The judge, jury, victims, and lawyer, you know his name, Capitalist Sam,  
seat this courtroom. (Desperation) The Samaritan hour is at risk. (Relaxed low voice)  
They wait for me.

“This man!” Yelled Capitalist Sam.

“Has committed crimes unthinkable. He kidnapped, and I am led to believe, murdered three men who allegedly tried robbing him. He killed animals, a black wolf. Not only that he slaughtered a preacher man. Are these not causes for homicide? But this is not the end of it, we have evidence of gay hate crimes. Footage is rambling through social media, in times like these? Good folk of the court.”

Sighs trembled through the jury stand.

"The man we see here now only gets worse, he must get worse. An advocate for gang violence, an advocate for prostitution, a murderer of his mentor... and I'm sorry to inform you but "anxiety", he calls it a hurt hand, will by no means exempt this defendant by reason of insanity."

The jury grew silent enough for Sam to make a move, he walked towards me in his Cherry White suit.

"It's a special night kid. I told you I'd get the flavor. Now we get to see who chokes." The Jury found a song, "Death to motivation!" Claps, "Rise dollar rise!" Claps, "He's a preacher speaking, poetic talking, motivation yelling man!" Claps.

The judge bored of ranting spoke out, "Alright Sam, do you have any witnesses to back up your evidence?"

Sam pointed into the crowd, "Bring them in."

One witness after one rolled into the stand giving a testimony.

First came the girl, my friend, who everyone called the hoe: "Young doll, do you admit to being persuaded into prostitution by this young man?"

The woman looked at me with a shaken stare, "No." Grabbing that pricey hand of pillar and salt, the bailiff betrayed it for silver, my bloody gang friend, "fellah, do you admit to witnessing this man testifying of killing a preacher? In front of you? Before you speak, do know that you are under oath, and any agreement with these crimes convicts you, an accessory."

A simple word came from his mouth, he didn't look at me, "No."

Twigged and snatched, in came the boy who spoke of the black depression, "Bro. A gentleman, and a high school scholar from the hood. I'm proud of you. You've come far. And now you're here to come further, to testify about this man! Who partook in advocating gang violence. Did he not?"

Sam looked at the youth whose face was as blank as the silence in the room. "I am no scholar. I'm just another kid this man you speak of, has helped. No, I deny witnessing support of gang violence. But I admit.." The boy who spoke of the black depression paused, Sam raised an eyebrow, "You admit? Go ahead, you are under oath." Sam warned.

The minor cleared his throat, "I admit to my friend, my helper, advocating for hope!" Angered, the lawyer shouted, "Take him down! And bring me another."

The ditch begot the ground, and ground begot a shovel, hereafter there was the emotionless man. "I understand you've been beaten by cops. I'm not here to beat you, all I want is the truth. Did this defendant advocate and partake in an act of gang violence in a high school classroom?"

The emotionless man gripped his hands onto the wood in front of him. How do you feel? Every lawyer needs a heart. I deny any act, I deny gang violence. He's numb! (Looks at the jury) Numb!! (Covers eyes pointing finger at lawyer hysterical)"

Sam smirked, "Bring him down, before he gets any tears on my suit." (Laughs)

Kicked out the garden the lad who spoke about the ghetto apology climbed. But before the lawyer could talk, his loud words started, "I don't need you to ask me that question." And so he saw it, "Orphan boy, you're a better man, nothing because of me. You've helped more than my image or words ever could. You taught me more than just apologies."

"Quit your motivational lectures pal, did he or did he not advocate the violence?!"

"I won't play along with your parade, wack me down."

"You are under oath."

"Chop me down."

The judge heard his ghetto cries, so timber came.

\*claps\* \*claps\* \*claps\* "I'm the Cherry! Bring me more! I will not have defeat."

In place of the boy speaking of ghetto apologies, one of the gay men from the bus stop took the stand, "Yes. Yes! Royal blood. Did you, at a bus stop become the victim of a hate crime, by the defendant?" Sam said to the teen while pointing at me.

"Yes. I didn't know what to do." Stated the boy. "Thank you. Take him down, gently."

In came the second gay from the bus stop. "Young prince. I know it's hard for you to deal with this. These times haven't been good to you. Were you a victim?"

"Yes."

"By this man!?"

A slight pause carried the room, then the kid nodded my way, "Yes."

"Thank you. Give me the last child."

When the gay who pulled down his pants, and told me to hit him took the witness box Sam asked a different question. "Soon to be king, what happened in the evening at that bus stop?"

"What happened? We thought he was gay, he said he was a christian. Do you believe God hates men like me? Why'd he beat me?"

Sam angered, "God doesn't." He paused in disgust, "I think we've heard it all good folk. Take him from this courtroom, this victim needs a tissue."

Sam then looked around, "Where is the officer? Where is John?"

Casually and with deep steps The preacher cop took the stand, as he walked the lawyer clapped, as did the jury, "Death to motivation!" Claps, "Rise dollar rise!" Claps, "Kill that preacher talking, poetic speaking, motivation yelling man!"

"Order in this court!"

Cried the judge. Everyone grew silent again. Sitting down, the preacher cop was asked a question. "John? Can I call you John? You're a cop. So you fully recognise the obligations here. I will not inform you. But do you admit to being assaulted by this man while on duty? And do you admit, while on duty, of this man testifying that he killed a preacher?"

John looked deeply into Sam's eyes, so deep it disturbed him.

Sam in return looked back, "My brotha. I'll ask again, out of generosity of the badge. Have you witnessed gang violence, hate crimes, have you been a victim of police assault, has this man! Testified to you himself about the murder of a preacher?"

A brief pause met the room's intense heat, " Listen you aren't just a cop tonight, you're a witness and a victim, you can do right now what no cop has ever done. Out of all the officers that have killed black men, how many of them can say they've made motivation illegal? You don't need a gun to do it. (stress it) All you need is the tool that every protestor, riot, and petitioner has ever used. Help me kill motivation. Help me raise the dollar. (Evil) Give me your voice.

John the preacher cop opened his mouth, "I understand the power that I have, and I feel it is no power at all, to put an innocent boy in jail, to silence the hills of people eager to change the world, that's no power. But I do have something, Sam, you were right, a voice, this Orphan boy is flawed, yet, out of countless activists, I dare merit him the city's finest. Orphan I read your speech, "Soldier In The Eyes of The Wildlands", although I saw something different, it spoke of a soldier who follows a law yet gains no honor, and a black wolf who idols the radical man, remembered forever. But then it read: "Why just be the porcupine, the black man that is hated, feared and seen as a threat, if you are to be that black man, why not be the black wolf?"

The preacher cop stood up on the stand, "I am a cop, like the porcupine, there is a weapon all over me, from my gun to the badge. I am a cop, who has witnessed weaponless black men die. What kind of preacher have I become? Following a law and law alone. I don't want honor. Tonight, today, Orphan boy, I will be the black wolf, I am the radical wolf!

Sam was furious, "I don't need your testimony to kill motivation, I have the confessions of three gay witnesses. Besides, didn't you see my suit? I am the cherry on top! Take him down!"

Sam walked to the jury, "Folk of the court, if this man is convicted tonight, we will have proven that motivation was used as a weapon, a weapon that is not yet registered, therefore illegal in the eyes of the law. I rest my case."

"Ahem! Ahem!"

Once Sam was seated the judge offered my response, "Sir, Defendant Orphan Boy, do you have anything you'd like to express?"

Getting up from blank silence, I walked out into the front of the court, and it began.

" More than the average man, the strong man, the smart man, the good looking man, the war hero man, the rich man, the hood man, the business man. That's what's ringing through my head. More."

" My birth name is Josh, but everyone calls me Orphan boy, folks, I'm in the cleaning business, there's not a floor I won't mop or a room I can't sweep, it's common knowledge that we are labeled as the lowest and richest part of the world, where is my proof? Don't shrimp work there?"

"It seems that this has been a long court session. The moon has done its job, glittering and painting on our discussion, now comes the sun."

Good folk of the day we are met with

A question, a question that has no time period. Reason being, it will always be needed. Will motivation be illegal?

"We live in a time where it's not safe to be yourself, where it's dangerous to have identity, we want titles that have no value. Call us a ladies playa so we aren't called gay, a fast girl so we aren't called queens, all the kings men can tap dimes in the clubs, but are getting brushed off at the early bird banks.

Since We live on a planet of name calling, I hope I can be your alien today."

"Everyone in this room needs motivation, even those who fight and deny it. Because without something having rival or competition how can it succeed?"

"The preacher cop spoke about honor, he spoke about every radical man. So today I want to hold a silence for the black wolves."

(Pause)

"Thank you. Now that we've closed the door on silence I'll tell you about black wolf. We are all the animals in that story, and if we deny it, we are no better than the soldier loyal to law and command when standing up against our morals."

" A lot of you wish to be soldiers, hard, tough, a lot of you wanna be "that" gangsta. And in a way we are. We all have a dark part of our past that at any point if exposed could make us monsters. But every one of us, "gangsta" can use that past to help another individual in their lives, we call that potential."

" And the Preacher cop was right, more can be done in churches full of broken people, (Serious empathy) the door at the back of the room should be open not closed when the sermon begins, because only prisons shut their doors once men have gone inside for rest."

" Who am I to speak? I'm not a preacher, but the little experiences I did have I put in my stories to help make someone a better person. If that makes me a hero, well?"

But this hero had a dream, a dream where ghetto men had emotion, optimism and apology, then change. Yet then I had a nightmare, a world where none of that was true. How long should that night last good folk? How long should the nights be before a morning?

The Lawyer, the Capitalist, Sam. Although His knowledge is evil he sees more than anyone in this room today including myself, he sees an end to motivation, and if the verdict is to criminalize me and my talents then you'll prove his eyes were right. That the labor of evil is pregnant.

However, Sam, you spoke of my anxiety hand..it was numb, not out of pain, out of fear. Good folk I fear no more, (raise numb hand.)

"My hand will not go numb through the night!" (Shakes numb hand)

The jury finds the charges on the defendant for manslaughter, kidnapping, not guilty, prostitution, gang affiliation, not guilty, animal brutality, not guilty. For the charges of gay hate crimes, the jury finds defendant, guilty!

And the ruling for whether motivation will be illegal in Court of law...

(Straightens shaking numb hand leaning back and forth)

What's he doing! He thinks he can fight the law with motivation!  
He can't win! He must choke! I'm the cherry on top! I'm the flavah! Rise dollar!"  
Cried Sam.

"Through the night!"

The jury chanted, "Death to motivation, a preacher speaking, poetic talking, motivation yelling man! Rise dollar rise!"

"Order in this court!"

Dear old world and the world to come, the motivational verdict you have experienced, will be continued..

## **Women's Paradise**

### **The Flawless Friend**

I meet flawlessness rarely. So when meeting you, over time it began, and is still beginning, to feel as if some stars far away are aligning. But in order to see someone that beautiful, in order to see you, you'd have to tear through what looked like thick piles of brick. Listen: only the shallow run from what can be seen from afar. That, is easy. Not being shallow I come closer. To my surprise, it is only the color that resembles brick. However, the objects are only heavy leaves needed simply for a small wind to blow. Inch by inch, mile by mile; with the motivation of her inward beauty; one watches the winds of merely time cut past each leaf. In time I will know a friend.

### **Special Rubies**

Why is it that you are one of the rubies in Detroit? There's big booty girls, they don't meet the qualifications, big breast or big hip girls, they don't make it, we have good sex in the bed girls

and they miss the mark, pretty all over girls yet no genuineness is found in them. I could point at the most quiet and smart, the most outgoing and seductive. Neither ends up to make a beautiful woman. But the dawn of sun rises on your jeweled face. It's not Beyonce's for good reason, and your personality is no where near Whoopi Goldberg's luckily. Rather it's right in the mix of mature then honest. Despite what you are caught up into your heart sails through conflict and drama not becoming it.

Because of that your ruby outshines every diamond and pearl. And while those haters watch you, every ruby left in detroit becomes an assistant to your great purpose.

### **Her Bodyguard**

Men hurt you, they got you bad.

I wasn't strong enough to kick their ass, I wasn't rich enough to make them pay. So I stood under that God made heaven called a woman's body instead, I stood under the cloud that once showed the sun. And from your eyes I caught the tears. A man cries and he quickly wipes them away to hide his weakness. But you see strength in even salty water, letting them fall you believed they would water the ground.

So can I tell you they did? I am a man but those tears I let sit on me, then as the water soaked my body I waited to tell you this: I prayed under your storm that the clouds would run away and the sun would come. I am a man but I believed in your tears. I saw strength in even salty water. As the day came that your sun finally shot out, this same sun would show a man barely breathing from a hurting woman's punches and kicks. Not because he deserved them. Digging out the stomped and beaten ground, holding up the last of her tears in his hands. It's because he believed no valuable woman, not even you, should stand hurt alone.

### **The 1000\$ Poem**

What are you doing swinging your hips in a fifty dollar blouse? You think that's why men follow you down the road by the wink of your eye? Your body commands these men you say. It's too simple that a guy would bow just because your hand told him too. One man eight times your strength is set up to be killed in the ghettos everyday by a woman all because she smiled, swung her hips, moved her hand and winked in that fifty dollar blouse. A while ago I saw you lead those five men down the street without having to speak a word. So enough of this nonsense. If it is worth nothing to set up a man, bow before you, or have them follow you down the road while being speechless, then you are the valuable, not them. Stop acting like a product when you are the business. Take this poem, it's worth a thousand dollars. Put it in your suitcase. But when I give it to you I want you to give 999\$ of the money to one of the five men, don't give it to the fifth man when he asks to have sex with you, tell him, "you ain't gettin none of this poem" don't give it to the fourth guy who asks for a kiss, tell him, "you aint kissing this poem" don't give it to the third who asks to smack you on the ass, tell him, "you cain't smack this poem" and don't give it to the second who wants one night only, tell him, "this poem ain't one night, it's forever" no, give it to the man who is just as speechless as you, the man who is not

strong, his arms are weak, and is not flashy, his clothes are boring. Give it to him by wrapping your arms around him, take all of that swingin, and beauty, all that strength and power you got, and hug him. And when he asks why his heart is pumping and his head is light, tell him that out of all your kisses, sex, and smoothe words, nothing holds tighter than love.

### **Stuck At The Playground**

We got a lot of men, I could name em' all. Playing by the swings, sliding down slides, the shit they'd say, "That's a bad bitch!" Grown ass men. Still at the playground. Dealing with girls, the kind of girls that'll have their baby and rack up child support, talkin bout, "Give me a rich nigga!" They have you girls at their playground. Get your own shit, you're a woman not a housewife. You don't know how, you're stuck... Men brainwashed you, you say. They told you to put on heels, wear a big ass and keep that hair long. They said it was the way to find love and a suitcase full of money! But Ms. Lady, who put on those heels, that weave and tight pants? Wasn't it you my queen, the same woman that lead and won wars, changed the laws of countries, and who was it who brought hundreds out to freedom?

Please, dry your eyes, walk with me out of this place. All your life you waited in a sandbox full of unhappiness dreaming for real sand. You even made that rich nigga leave the bank open and join you in his sandbox. A woman like you could be building schools for girls, teaching them about independence, writing books on innovation and new ideas, and building neighborhoods for broken women allowing male doctors only inside. You could build a world not a playground. Now lets stop talking and go rob these rich niggas while their bank is still open. When you get the money meet me at the sandy beach where the water goes as far as your ideas. That's where we'll discuss your future. And if you're old enough to drink we'll toast our glasses, and laugh at those men who once brainwashed you miles back at that place they called "our" playground.

### **The Daughter In My Shadow**

I think of you and am reminded that you are in every stroke of my pen, empowering every sound when I speak about women. There are no days like the day when it arrived in my mind that you existed even in my shadow. You moved across the ground's surface like giants who walked across the earth. Tell the world it's amazing! When I thought I was worthless, that no woman wanted me, there you were, standing up when I fell down. Name a time that my praying body wasn't greater because you prayed with me. Our hugs covered the weeping ants we called hurt people, they wiped the tears of the hopeless as if no tear ever existed. Your arms covered an entire auditorium of women and men who needed love, say it's not beautiful. You helped my arms reach heaven, but when your arms grew taller and disappeared I wasn't afraid because temporarily you had gone into the light.

As you came down children waited while you passed them with that piece they felt was heaven. How is it that even a shadow seeming to be dark could hold the most angels any child's smile

had ever seen? But when you had gotten too big it was time, time for my daughter to be born. Walking around the corner the shadow got smaller. So small I looked down thinking God had relocated. Yet there you were beyond the stage, a crowd of millions stood all my daughters. Every girl I write for, every woman I speak because of. Every woman who needed a voice and not just a shadow. Every woman yearning to sail their hardworking boat into women's paradise.

### **Ms. Feel Good**

I came to heat the heart, I came to warm the carpet.  
There she was. Lips wet, and hair the good kinda nappy.  
Delivering every boy her number they went textin' somethin' special. Hearts were in every letter.  
Every pen had a hand. But soon the moon ran away and the night kidnapped the polka dot sky.  
Dark no's and Rejection was what she brought them. And from their tears and immature anger  
they painted broken hearts all through her memory. Nails complete and lips wet she smiled in  
her room, again and again she felt her power. Hearts touched the ground like see through glass.  
Having beauty on her whole body, nothing could stop the holy moment.

Pause.

Now put a cape on her back to hide those scars and place a W on the chest. Hearts are  
breaking, the wind is blowing. She's a hero for our women to come. Her grown up ass pops and  
the breast sprout, but who has she saved? In her blood she has the manual to molding kings,  
yet all we see are thieves. Stealing love by manipulation, snatching joy through lies. The king's  
manual is frozen, the queen's outlawed blood is iced. Taught by her mother, hurt by her father,  
cracked by a brotha. The sharpness of that bloodsicle doesn't save the day it freezes it and this  
is the picture it snaps: Weeping boys dry into old hard carpet, broken girls rise into feel good  
heroes refusing to touch any mat rolling to a throne. Leaving babies, a kingdom and blizzard  
tears behind, she escapes. Flying above with all this power, all that beauty belonging to today's  
world, saving no one but her feelings.

Who's left? Who will take the cape from heaven, fly back to the iceberged hell, bring a new holy  
moment and let us love again?

### **The Pregnant Vision of Women's Paradise**

Hey young girls, stare at the wall until all you see are your thoughts. Young women, stare at the  
mirror until you don't just see how cute you look, until all you see are memories, older women,  
stare at your scars, stare at those horrible places till all you see is blank. Now think about this,

Welcome to Women's Paradise. A place before the sandy beach and water. A place with  
statues of men on both knees staring at a flat stomach woman, and in that man's eye is a queen  
pregnant with his greatest joy. Behind those are statues of men with their faces to the ground  
bowing to the peace, love and beauty around them. Witness this place, every woman is worth  
as much as her heart can give. Young girls dance to victory when no music is playing but the

wind, the birds grateful to be in her presence, and the water that flows down to grown women. Women teaching again and again to the little children about what love is, "Love is when you can touch your chest and feel more than your heart beating, when you can feel two feet kicking at the door, when even eating food is for more than just you. Are you ready for love?" Women now grown are seen years later loving on their old teachers, helping them walk to the field of tall trees and low dirt, walking them in a song, walking them in a dance, singing them to their resting place.

The watery beach is close.

Weapons guarded the land, women armed with the strongest weapons ever known: their tears expressed heaven's rain, their voices were the riding thunder of the sky, their hands able to make bones bow, eyes which saw earth itself, lips that everyday kissed the ground of paradise, feet were a birthmark, claiming the sacred ground which they stood for, sung for, died for. You couldn't see a single nappy haired soul not covered up in the finest clothing from head to toe. The only time they wore just bra and underwear was when praising around campfires. The smoke rose, the fire died, the sun shot over grass, trees, and almost naked women and girls laying, beaming and bathing in the picture which became richer by the thought. And passed the sandy skin of every glorious woman, deep inside her belly was that unending water.

## Paradise Swimmer

We arrived on these times, women were finally leaving to paradise. They were going to hope and beauty. As a result they left behind them those cruel men, and precious children. These babies grew up into young girls. And out of those many young women left behind, three of them decided amongst themselves peace was murdered, and stories came about of a woman's paradise. How bad they wanted to go, how obvious it was that they'd never been born in a place so beautiful. So lead by their oldest sister the three girls took off to the screen of a dark beach, crashing waves and a moon's family of stars in the millions. Behind them was hell, the hell they wanted to swim from. The younger girls wore basic clothes to the scene. Although their bodies showed enough: Perky breast, fat juicy lips, long thick hair, round butts, and a flat stomach. These two young women were shaking from the cold staring at their older sister for direction. The oldest faced towards the ocean with the breeze wind pushing through her green flawless dress, she wore gold bracelets tough as steel, ankle bracelets that matched it's toughness, a necklace with diamonds meeting gold curves, no man could look away or attempt to buy. Looking back at her sisters she pointed at the ocean, "Come with me to paradise, we've spent nine months in our mother's water, what's a little longer in this endless ocean gonna hurt? Swim with me down the sea, there's nothing left behind us!"

The waves smacked the beach, the moon was laying back with its family. "Marissa maybe it doesn't exist, we want more, it's got to be more than just this place, Marissa let's go back, we'll bring a boat, or come when the sun is up." Groaning and screaming She pointed again while walking towards the endless tide, " You never listen. I'll show you, I'll come back and bring you with me!" Saying no more she dipped her legs sinking after a fierce body, stroking arms at the waves, "Marissa no!"

Cries and shouts from her sisters fell and broke far behind her, as did any sights of that corrupt world. One arm after another went against the rising sea ahead. Motivated by the boys who would play songs and speak cheap dreams to get her in the bed, as that failed she pushed harder at the thought of her sisters both every man's attention grabber young and old, then stroking deeper into the currents she never knew how to be a woman. She never understood to sit on every seat as if it were her throne, she was never taught to make a man bow by the touch of her hand, knowing nothing but what the streets of lustful men buried in her purse and clothes that their money bought she nearly fell under the deep thinking about her empty heart.

But over and over were thoughts about what her heart could be if she made it to paradise, it would be worth tons when she got there. So with a stroke and swing each arm went above her head slamming under the deep, pushing her closer to an endless stream. Far from the past world, around her there was nothing but ocean and midnight. Thoughts soon slipped in that maybe there might not be a paradise, maybe she should've used a boat. Thinking of swimming back the waves covered and stood up behind her. Again she swam at the waves letting time do it's worst! Tears came yet nothing was seen, salty water wasn't just falling from her eyes, it was the crashing and slapping salt ocean. And then the skin all over her diva body began to wrinkle.

The girl did her work towards the sea, it was a wonderful art. Now it was time for the ocean's motion picture. The water made sounds cracking towards her ears, the waves became bigger than before, and in that dark blue, was a black hole spinning with crushing madness. Marissa looked at the hole without fear most would run with. In that darkness she remembered the gold rings her mother gave her. She said they meant she was married to a defensive purpose. So foot and hand swam at the dark circle. Yet the water became heavy closing the hole and pulling at Marissa. Fighting in a swim she yanked her body back, however once free, when the water seemed less aggressive, she realized the words of her mother meant nothing in this sleeping rain, the rings were gone.

Her father was a man of respect, he trained her to fight and stand up against anything. His words were so far away, which is why she clenched the gold strapped purse he gave her. "A gold strap that could choke any man out." were the words of her dad. He said it'd force every gentleman to realize that all those goodies she was guarding inside were worth too much for them. Even still, that water wasn't a man, it was much taller, if it rose you rose too, and as the wave got too huge, Marissa on the high tip top scrambled under the deep. Swimming back to the surface she carried anger yelling the words, "I am not for sale!" But the words of her father felt lighter, her purse was gone.

All that yelling found the ears of the tide. Something heard her. Underneath, her swimming legs felt a swoosh touch, another yank went for an arm, and then she tapped her stomach on something wide and deep. The last thing her eyes saw were swarming watery legs and splashes that seemed like arms. This bodily horror pushed itself on her, and not a fight, not a

memory could bring this moment to an end. So against it all she closed her eyes and fought regardless. water filled that screaming mouth of hers. So thoughts shouted instead, she saw memories of the one boyfriend who gave her the most fanciest of glasses to keep her from looking like a nerd, they broke up, the waters twisted and so did those glasses. Her sisters painted her nails daily, they wrote in blank color that she was a blue on the right hand and a plain red on the left kind of goddess. Dedicated time in the mirror fixing makeup and spreading a smile with lipstick it now bravely colored the dark and mad sea. Where was that goddess now? Ignored of kicking and pushing. The night water was sinking the fight she had left. Was she a goddess when she stole that gold necklace from the shop she couldn't afford? Was she a goddess when she traded a touch on her lips and a feel down her thighs for the bracelets around her wrist and ankles? May as well be shackles and handcuffs broken off into the blue, the swallowing waves formed a prison.

Her eyelashes loosened from the tears, her earrings skipped across the sea surface. The fierce statue you might call a woman was closer to the title Ms. Nobody.

And as the weave slipped from her head leaving black naps and the green dress men's money bought flagged down and beneath, her final cry was the memory of her sisters' smooth arms holding her, rocking that beautiful head of hers on their thick thighs. "Everything will come someday, just hold on Marissa"

Opening its watery white mouth the sea swallowed her naked body grabbing only underwear deep and far.

Blind and naked to her purpose, curled into a ball like a child in a mother's womb she thought to herself, " The sun will never rise on me. The sun will never shine light on this precious ruby called a girl, my glasses are gone, I have no vision, I'll never see women's paradise, who will see my tears, when the salty ocean erases my cries, who will hear my thundering beautiful voice, water stops me from shouting? It's over."

The moon fell away and there were only dotted stars to paint light on her underwater brokeness.

"Hummm....Hummm." A sound could be heard underneath. A fish or a submarine passing her she thought. "Hummm." And then it was again, so calm and gentle. "Hummm, Marissa. In your very body the bones of kings form. Hummm, this salty water is all the tears you've cried. Hummm, The sun can't shine on your rubied body when you carry the light. Hummm, everything you wore to the ocean for so long hid a body designed for endless paradise! Live it Marissa."

Hearing those sounds her eyes opened flinging out instincts of survival. Up onto the sea's surface she floated. Choking up water that held her screams she paddled her wrinkled arms and legs back towards home barely seeing the journey ahead. She found paradise and her sisters had to know. As the stars vanished, arm after arm dashed into the water and that's when it happened: the sun burned slowly out from the sizzling sea, peeling a circle in the sky and painting light on her nappy haired, jeweled body.

And in front of the wide sun were the women of the real paradise. Paddling their canoes after Marissa. "Marissa, you're home." Their soft words stretched. In the screams she could never shout underwater she said, "No I'm not!" Her weak body tried and tried but their canoes floated faster.

They reached into the clear blue and grabbed her fighting body out of the wet sea, like a baby from the womb, and onto a canoe. Laying her next to a towel and a silk robe tears could finally be seen dripping from her red eyes. She noticed the beautiful island behind her, barely seeing it without glasses. Looking up at the canoes of women now surrounding her she realized that these were the women of paradise. "I didn't want this, I don't want paradise. I have to go home and tell my sisters, not this." She cried. They wiped her eyes while peddling to the island, "Marissa it's okay to let those drops fall, because in this salty ocean are the tears of every woman who has made it to paradise.

And as for your sisters, you were allowed to swim, so let them, they have to let go of their love for what's on the outside and listen to the humming that says swim deep in their hearts. They will come when they are ready." More tears fell from the eyes they wiped. "No, no! I will wait for my sisters, I will wait as early as possible, I will sit with my canoe by the shore and hum for every sister yearning for this land." Every woman after hearing those words smiled gladly yet said nothing as they arrived at the beach.

So each morning when the smoke rose and the sun was almost cracking Marissa waited by the shore for sisterly souls to bring their best armor, swim towards the beastly waters, and hum their wrinkled rubied body passed the peeling sun.

## **Women's Paradise Poem's 10-139**

### **The Humming Marissa In Paradise**

The poem begins long after she wakes from her tears and sees the Pregnant woman's festivities, and long after she leaves to explore more that paradise has to offer than just preparing for childbirth in the day time. Rather it discusses these things in brief summary. Marissa's eyes in the poem go passed the grassland and trees, further beyond the dirt road and village cabins, ( the place where women go when sick, giving birth, on periods, raising animals like fast horses, where kids stay, and where the sacred unity of man and women take place to create a child) 6. and she enters a place she never knew existed on a women's paradise. She enters street roads, carriages with the finest horses, light posts, industrial city buildings and to her odd view she sees women in silk robes like hers, barefoot carrying briefcases, it is illustrated in the story that the briefcase holds information on the purest of men, and ideas for how to love them. This whole city was built by the men born into paradise (men like me who have honest and good hearts giving women a strong desire to keep that same heart of a good man on the corrupt world to bring women to paradise and keep them in good hope and spirits) and also by

the help of women, it was built because of the inspiration of the idea of the paradise born man and because of the hope to save the good man on corrupt earth. The whole city is based on inspiration and hope. They hold the constant changing of the man who is lovable and genuine. How trends and popularity of the good guy causes him to drown from the eye of a helpless and unloved woman who is blind in the corrupt world that she wishes to escape from. One briefcase states that he stutters, that he trips over his feet when walking, that he is bullied, that he isn't book smart, one says that he's the smartest cat in town just not in school, another says he

writes ugly, another says he's brave when he uses whatever gift he has but is shy with everything else. Others talk about his looks, he has glasses one year, three years later the guy is drowned out again and now he's handicapped and can't walk or he's blind. A briefcase even says that this man has all of these things and is the most unwanted guy even by jobs who won't hire him because of under the table discrimination. The women bring the briefcases to business

meetings attempting with all their hearts to save the good man in the corrupt world. **7.** Their decisions are always the same. A few women are voted in the meeting to lead the business of the good man hunt and ship out to sea, rise on the tides of the corrupt world, locate a few good men, love them through hugs, through feeding them meals, through talking to them, through wiping their tears, through saving their lives from suicide or someone killing them, through an honest kiss on the forehead to remind them of motherly love. **8.** All these things are only done once and when done they disappear on their ships back to paradise. Changing the boys life

forever by giving him the strength to push through his time on earth until he either fulfills a purpose rightfully his or finds a girl that all the love that was given by those mysterious women

would be given to that girl who's without hope of the good man. These men are not from paradise rather they stand out in the corrupt earth beaten and broken the most, but because of the pure heart of a man born from paradise and the man thrown into the corrupt world who's also from paradise he is loved. **3.** Their business is an attempt to fix the corrupt world and keep a tight grip on the good man that is trapped there in pain.

She also sees in the city council a man guarded by every door speaking about his love and revelation about women. He's there to renew his license for writing and narrating women's paradise to the corrupt world. Although the doors and building is guarded, you can loudly hear him preaching about the good in all women and his responsibility to keep reminding their love in his stories. Every couple of weeks this trial for his paradise license renewal is held. Mostly to secretly praise the rarity of a man so infatuated with a woman and to be sure that this man is in line with the true nature of women. Crowds of women always surround the building cheering the man on and then falling in silence. **5.**

Moving down the road to explore more she walks away from the sunset and into the beaming moonlight where festivals are had holding concerts for the women who have returned from the corrupt world with news of the good man, pregnant women in wait for their due date being celebrated for the most beautiful experience on earth, the experience of having unending water in her belly, the experience of her great responsibility to bring another baby to paradise, and the song of every struggle and climb that the baby hasn't experienced in the corrupt world but will be blessed by in song, older women which celebrate their many years in paradise teaching and giving wisdom, women that swam for paradise and tell their story for how they made it, and the

hero Ms. Feel good who tells news of a new man broken down into a wiser being able to see paradise. **4.**

Children who are males born into paradise either become boat builders on the edge of paradise far from the sacred home of women, mine diggers bringing red rubies from the caves to clutter the ceremonies with, stone choppers building statues for the land (these men are allowed to build statues on certain days, after the great ceremonies of the week has slowed down), or are instantly shipped to the corrupt world and watched by the best women to make sure that their light of being a good man is not darkened, these men become the wise men of women, servants to their greatness, escorts to their struggle from pain to beauty, poets, princes, motivators, lifelong gifts to women, the symbol of a man who never has to bow because his heart has not been built to manipulate or destroy the beauty of a good woman, these men are watched always by women of paradise and constantly given hope of their good nature here and there. Despite the cold heartedness of earthly women who haven't yet met paradise. Although due to sacred principle he is only watched and never revealed to by them. **7.** He is the receiver of their beauty.

While men of the corrupt world receive a woman's tears from her pain or man made joy, this man receives her heavenly rain from the heart breaking love and revelation that paradise is inside of her. He is the water drain for every endless sea of women looking for paradise in a corrupt world, if not looking to come to paradise entirely. Every man in paradise wishes to come to the corrupt world, and every man who goes finds happiness greater than in the paradise he was born in. It says that struggle then love, corruption in the midst of wisdom, is the greatest product for revelation and supernatural change. Supernatural change from a woman's forever sprouting paradise. It is said that I was once born into paradise, it is said that I was shipped out into this corrupt world and through the help of great women and spiritual revelation was led to write of this place called paradise, so all women could reach it. And that every now and then I, this same man stood in the council of women to renew my license to praise and speak on them.

**1.**

Later the night comes and she dances by the fire until waking up early again to paddle and hum until she sees her sisters one pregnant and the other following her into the new world. Shocked she hugs her tight and tells them her job as a humming swimmer giving them their silk robes in joy.

Three ways to get to paradise

The ways people enter paradise, women either swim there, every now and then escape as villainous heroes there, or are born into the place sacredly **7.**

### **Marissa's Sister's Escape To Paradise**

In the corrupt world, deep in the ghettos men pulled and manipulated two sisters. One was knocked up by the smallest of the thugs in the area, tricking her with his cheap money and borrowed slang. So beautiful she was now forced to give birth to a baby she wanted to kill. Hating so much the child her life was in ruins. Not knowing how to be a mother and having no idea of what it was meant to raise a baby she contemplated killing the child. Every man in the ghettos knowing she was with child stood around taunting her about them being next to give her

a kid. Breast slumping and round butt not as attractive because of her baby bubble she looked in a new mirror seeing pain and no beauty left. So she ran to the bridge of a high tide sea not to swim for paradise but way up high she wanted to kill herself. On the bridge next to an ally she tried lifting up on the bridge rail, instead her pursuit was stopped by a crawling dirty, big breast, big butt, pretty eyed, long haired woman whose outward physical looks were barely noticeable.

It was her other sister. Every night or so she stood in the alleys getting high with weed to cocaine. Saying her name on the rail, "Crystal" she learned what was going on and told her she ran away because her herself was beaten when nearly raped and now couldn't have kids, the

one thing she wanted was a baby and that gift was taken from her, the place talking about paradise wasn't for her and the life she lived was on the edge of being lost. But then seeing her big stomach the cocaine couldn't hold back the thoughts coming from the heart. She always wanted a baby, and if her sister got off from the rail, came with her to the sea, and swam to paradise that she would help her raise the child and always tend to it as if it were her own.

Never would she worry about a tear, her sister would never have to worry about a single pain or because there would be her hand, delivering every need. Broken down to nothing she started believing about women's paradise and the pregnant sister thought if it were true then it would be better than this and if it wasn't then it'd be an even better way to commit suicide. So taking her hand they ran from the ghettos but being pursued by a dangerous man raging in his vehicle down the streets looking for his baby's mother they made it to the beach and dipped off into the ocean with gunshots flying through the pool. "Crystal!" His gunshots faded as did his angry voice, soon they were helping each other through the deep blue. Crystal's sister preaches about paradise from a poor woman's point of view in the depths of the ghetto's and it's hardship, speaking through the pain and lifting out weak hopes, that send them off to the deep blue.

1.

### **Ms. FeelGood And The Deformed Man**

Ms. Feel good arrives at paradise to be attacked by the women who guard the island from unwanted intruders. Making her bow with the strength of their hands on her shoulders and shouting with a thundering voice of beauty she is brought to her knees and forced to beg for a stay at the paradise after seeing it's beauty, at least the front of the island's beauty. The guards

take her into the council where there is grassland and trees surrounded by statues of men bowing. In the midst of that sight she is told of her crimes. That she abandoned and broke growing men turning them corrupt. That men are just as important in the way of life as women.

For her punishment she is given the thundering voice of a woman., the sight to see through even earth., the power to make bones bend and bow with the pressing of her hands and touch., lips that could kiss the ground of paradise and make other places even on corrupt earth echo a feeling of paradise with her lips to its ground.. She is even give the precious gift of marks on her feet., giving her a reminder and residence of the ground she must stand for, sing for and die for always. She is given these powers by the thundering voice of judgement of a guard to her heart.

All women on paradise have this ability but Ms. FeelGood is the only one who has to go to corrupt earth to fix what she broke. Given these powers she is made a guard of paradise but under one special condition. For her crimes she has to fix what she broke, return to and from

corrupt earth giving men back hope and allowing them to become good men. In this state of change they become deformed changing his strong muscles to slim bone, his ears to pointy features, eyes that turn to smaller ovals, and hands to soft skin able to feel everything in the room, increasing his tremble at her thundering voice. This is all done until he can humble himself and is then reversed to his normal state. But some men don't humble so instead are stuck in that condition creeping around looking to stop women from entering paradise. Seen as monsters they are found easily and ran from but their mission always delays the process of a women's escape into the blue. But in this story Ms. Feel Good ends up discussing his player mindset towards women, his manipulation to them, his hate for them, his bitterness, his hurt heart and then his humble return to yearn for a good woman once more for the first time since he was a child. In that breakage Ms. Feel good is reminded of what she broke and for the first time she is hurt and convicted by her evil actions and each time she cries when the men return to loving boys on the inside again. But her tears being changed to heaven's rain and a woman's

watery paradise the man is changed by the sights he sees and although he doesn't cry sometimes he moans a loud shout or is silenced in a stare, either way he is changed forever into a good man and therefore reverses back to the strong, tough skinned, normal eyed, regular

eared man. From this moment she flies away leaving him to his heavenly emotions and thoughts. In Ms. Feel Good's stories we have men who have been tortured by masturbation who are at war with sex versus the genuine love of a woman, men who fall to the inability to raise a child going through the reasons of why they can't raise their daughter or son, daughter because he despises women and son because he fears he will become as cold as him, the weakness of the goodman on the edge of giving up and turning cold, the power of the smart man who is tempted to use his brains to trick women into sex and corrupt deeds returning his mind to being humble and working on helping the woman become smart rather than deceiving her, Ms. Feel good even deals with a shootout from a nest of men which kidnap pregnant women and the ones that aren't they try and rape. She comes and deforms them, some humble themselves and others roam the streets weak and scary. **10.**

### **The Purpose Of Sleepless Women**

But from the midst of these deformed men women in the corrupt world who are growing up to swim to paradise end up becoming stuck and sleepless, they try to swim but are anxious, what ends up happening is that these women roam and pace the streets sleeping barely and walking much, this is a benefit because women who are too scared to enter paradise by the sea are lead by these sleepless women to secret passageways throughout their city which leads to a bay, dodging the deformed men they make it to shore and stroke each arm far away. The

sleepless women don't wish for paradise so are worthless to the deformed men and overlooked when carrying off victims to the shore. **5.**

### **The GateKeepers**

As it is originally described, every woman has paradise inside of her but she is just untapped into her potential. But the right man, the good man can bring that joy of sea pouring out of her, he just has to present his love and humble ability in the correct manner. However women are so sensitive that the wrong word or wrong move could send her running away from the man needing to be inspired by the paradise inside. What they then do is go through all of the wrong ways to approach a women by accidental lust, obvious pick up lines, wanting to date them, humbling themselves but wanting one girl's joy only so he comes off too strong, bowing too low that he puts her on a pedestal and fears the woman he is looking inside for paradise. All of these instances form sparks of their paradise, sparks of their light which are described as the stars in the corrupt night giving shine on women swimming, before the moon and the stars go blank and before they enter darkness later discovering paradise, it is also seen as the far out galaxy of happiness that many men are yet to know. Yet in order to find a woman's paradise, he has to love every star wanting no light in return, wanting only to give the little light he has already. **1.**

### **The Trash Prison Behind Paradise**

The deformed men of corrupt earth take it in their minds not only to stop women from entering paradise but also to seek out to sea and find it themselves. They build ships and place gold jewelry, diamonds, pearls and other fancy stones on the boat. But instead of getting to paradise, when the night goes black and the tides get high they end up behind it where women guard the area and prisoners are kept and other women who feel worthless come to instead of returning home. **1.** They dress either in provocative clothing or underwear and bra. The deformed then dance with their jewelry but are quickly attacked and caged to go back to where they came. **1.** Deformed men hear their cries with their unique ears and kidnaps a boy to make sure the job is done right next time. **1.** More come however filling up the land with what is now called trash.

Lost women live in the filth of jewels, prisoners disgust in it and women protect the place shipping out the deformed to the sea where no one can come back from and no one can claim home no matter how much they believe. The only people that can come back are those that hear the hum. Out of all the abilities the deformed have, they can never hear the hum of paradise.

The prisoners due to a guilty heart their conviction stops them from using their powers for a certain amount of time. **1.** The lost girls find the humming ability through seeing the prisoners lack of love for fancy things and their sacrificial acts to save towards them so before falling deep in the sea and away with the deformed they hear the humming and are saved by the grabbing of the boat. She now has a stronger gift to teach others including the lost and newborn babies to hear humming. Becoming the humming instructor. **1.** She teaches a ship full of women how to

hum in the shaking of a storm showing them the way through motivational illustration and empathy. **1.** The only way you get to paradise is by humming. If you can't hear it you can't get there. How the deformed get to the trash area is by belief not humming. The leader of the deformed council was a baby born into paradise met to taste hurt and pain from women on corrupt earth and is kidnapped from a family of two and a strong working woman. They take him to paradise with a fight and struggle but when he sees his brothers, the deformed, once he's made to bow he covers his eyes from seeing tears like the deformed told him so it isn't permanent. Due to his pure heart he only changes to a deformed when he doesn't bow but his change after rising from a bowing position only last so long. **3.** He is a big muscular beautiful man who deceives the lost girls into being kidnapped. Anger gets him back to corrupt earth and belief gets him there. Why he is never lost to the sea is because he has enough anger to see the way to corrupt earth which lets him by default regain belief and direction of the back of paradise. The other deformed men can't do this because they only have belief and don't possess enough rage for their people to see both ends which in result makes him a leader of the deformed. He is also leader because he is the only deformed that can fight and temporarily hold a human form by bowing. But every man has to bow upon entering paradise, including him so him and his crew always bow on the crashing waves in a boat before getting to paradise. **3.** But then women stop humming their babies out the womb for men and the gift of a pure heart is lost for them. Instead when they are changed they become half deforming on the back of their

body and human on the front. **1.** They don't have to bow to change into that form which deceived even the guards for a while. These men are angered always and in strong belief of the island. They ride the waves of the sea, fight harder and are never an abomination to the people on corrupt earth, just seen as sick. The only thing stopping them from becoming leaders is they can't change into human form entirely, which keeps the pure hearted deformed as the leader. **5.** Although the pure hearted are either killed off, turned back into humans and shipped back to corrupt earth, secret allies, or rarely continue to lead the pack of what is obviously seen as savages with no motive except hate and destruction. **6.** These pure hearted men who don't change have either seen the beauty of paradise by surviving the supernatural storm or fall in love with one of the lost women seeing them find their hum by non sacred approval, meaning they see something without turning human again from the hate they have for women yet in love with a lost one brings him to destroy the land until it is just him and her. There are few men that survive the storm and even fewer that fall for a changing lost one. **7.** But what happens is that when at war the men bow when attacked by thundering voices to avoid its blow, but the angered are barely struck by their voice and are strong enough to not be pulled to their knees by their bone bending hands, and are too far gone to be changed by tears. **10.** The men on the island, ruby diggers, shipbuilders and statue builders try to change their hearts by telling them that leaving to the corrupt world was good to help women find paradise that it was the best gift on the planet and that even they dreamed to build women to know their true nature and home. They mostly convince the pure hearted and deformed but the savages who have no touch of paradise in their blood other than being born there. **4.** Feeling abandoned they attack savagely and the war continues greatly ending in debates on ransoms from questioning should they take the gold and jewelry and return to earth rich, should they take the lost and curse the women left on paradise, should they take all of the women they can see passed the boarders as a message of hate, or should they just order everyone to burn everything and send the ruble to the trash

yard for shipment. The order is decided to burn everything and kill the men on paradise for being traders. **7.** But the land is the women so when burning they become sealed in its power

and find that the winds follow them, the ground breaks in their presence, the mist of the poisonous grass sprays from the ground by the flick of their hand and the night goes dark, the

only light that's seen is the shinning of each woman beaming with the red light of a ruby, deforming and killing every man who will not turn in their presence. **3.** After the deformed are broken and destroyed the remaining now human men return to corrupt earth on ships by the help of guards and warn every deformed of the punishment for trying to tamper with paradise.

The women as a sign of their achievement and victory are scratched with a red dim light of a ruby. Some down their breast crack, some on the side of their back, some on their thigh, some on their ankle, and everywhere you could think even on their forehead. **1.** The women conquer. But in fight the deformed half backs are beaten from behind and learn quick to turn as a shield, the pure hearts are fights for short times until needing to bow again to regain human form and the deformed are goons who take advantage of distraction to get the lost or kidnap them. The older women teachers teach about the different kinds of deformed men, the punishment leading to prison and the way of learning how to prepare for love. **3.** I, the narrator talks about the trials of being a man unattractive on the outside and worthy of speaking about women's beauty from the inside. I speak of how I had long hair, grew a fat behind, was raised by women, grew weak and cowardly, was rejected by every woman, ignored by even family who were women, treated like crap, called a creep, placed at the lowest of lows, living without love yet still deciding to be a man, yet still deciding after rejection and disgust from every woman who would turn her head

when seeing a look at me or getting too close to me personally have chosen to create the greatest work and expression of a beautiful woman. Because I found paradise when a girl cried from a poem that I wrote about a beautiful woman. Seeing that poem talked about her she cried and it changed her, helping her find purpose therefore paradise, from that point I found that my

words had value towards women, so I fell in love with her paradise, I too found paradise. It wasn't a woman who did it, it was a man who had broken over a hundred times yet still chose to love and not hate. I also discuss The beauty of Women's Paradise and what it's meant for, a place with no earthly work, a place where love, beauty, purpose and power is expressed from a woman and a place where having the mindset of paradise gets you to the natural purpose of a woman every time.

I also discuss the philosophy of women's paradise. How it is not heaven or purgatory. Rather it is in between death, in between purgatory, and in between heaven. It has been created from the time before entering the earth and also the time before leaving it permanently. Like being in the womb it is the time before earth and after non existence. And just the same we enter this idea of a womb again instead we enter love, purpose, beauty and power understanding our true selves, Having a heart of paradise is the same as escaping the corrupt earth, it is the same as escaping worthlessness and non existence and it is the same as finding heaven yet still being alive, it is

the same as leaving a place similar to purgatory waiting till death sets you off to heavenly judgement. It is a mindset and the mindset paints a picture of the beautiful womb of a woman's stomach, born for the first time again into the womb, into endless water, into women's paradise.

Now here's what happens when prisoners or deformed try to escape into paradise: The women guard the trash yard prison but the prisoners can't get into paradise because of their conviction and guilt of their crimes whether it was helping a deformed, mating with a man of paradise, bringing destruction to a building, home or statue of paradise, or trying to ship away with rubies in defiance. When they do any of these things and the guilt of paradise's beauty gets to their heart these women grow sick with fever and if not treated by judgement they'll die. **5.** The women get passed the guards when their guilt is lifted and their powers have returned to them.

A woman so beautiful, wearing all the silk she could to cover her face, wonderful eyes still peaked through and told the story of her lovely spirit. There was a man born on paradise, he worked hard to find the best of paradise if he could not be aloud to find corrupt earth and help women find the place. So he became not only a ship builder, but also a ruby digger and a statue builder. Good at all of these things he pulled the eye of the attractive woman building her a statue of his bowing face to the wonderful person that she was, placing a ruby in her hand shaped in her form and a canoe was more obvious than any of the women on paradise. Falling in love she asked the council could she marry him and have his child, the council disagreeing in a thundering judgement, saying that he would belong to another woman, angered her into defiance and she slept with him anyways. Making romantic love she woke up with fever and soon was sent to the court council and sentenced to the trash prison until her guilt had left her after she had her baby. The sickness sub seeded for a while but after birth it returned and was ordered to the prison. Telling her man to build her a ship and prepare the child for earth she left. Going she spent time there but yearned for her child and lover. So one night when her heart felt ready she escaped passed the guards and found her man. Alerts sounded and all over women and men were looking for her. Almost at the ship he built for her, holding his child and her in his arms her sickness grew deep, and in front of the paradise she died in his arms. The baby whined and so did he loudly. After his sorrow he built a statue of him and his lover broken apart by a rubied cracked heart. On the stone he carved, resist love. **1.** Here and there women try to escape so to protect them they have been issued **watchers** in the day and night to listen out for their cries. Because when sick they cant move curl into a womb like ball and cry out for help, then are carried off to the prison again where their sick dies away and their health returns. The lost girls go to the prison by choice to remind them of their old world earth and can't get there because they don't yet have the power to see the earth itself. **5.**

And for the deformed: A man, a pure hearted broke passed the guards and entered into paradise running, but a storm came because every man has to change from deformed to humans in order to live to see paradise, if he doesn't he'll be deformed until blind, big eared, and boney nothing. A storm that caught his foot, he pulled it out of the ground, grass sprayed poison, his human body resisted, the wind blew him back but he fought forward, rain showered down but the water of paradise did nothing, until time ran out and he changed deformed again and couldn't reverse when bowing because the island's storm had prevented him. Women whipping out horses to pursue him from the stables begged his angry heart to bow truthfully, but still he couldn't. They would either cry tears of joy for his entrance into understanding paradise or cry in sorrow for his death. The results lead to a shrunken boney body swallowed by the earth and tears of women standing around his funeral. Men still run out passed the guards but the storm either kills them or causes them to return to the prison. **1.**

## The State Of The Deformed

The last deformed type, the one who was born into that beautiful land but when birthed out of his mother's stomach was not hummed out to hear the love of paradise, the one who therefore never found a pure heart or a mark of paradise in his soul, this deformed man is only from paradise by birthright not by any means of spiritual connection. So when he is in the corrupt world he is hurt and has no gift to heal those around them by his words, his actions, a singing voice or any talent known to man. He is only beat on by the coldhearted and broken woman. He

is stepped under and has no purpose. Because of this, when the deformed man who can change into a human by his bow comes to him he goes and when he is told of a world that has diamonds and pearls, jewelry and all kinds of stones, beautiful women full of love and life, he goes happily, and even when on the ship and the moon goes down and the only thing left are the stars that remind us of a woman's dim far away paradise, when the waves crash and they all bow, when the men take off their masks and hooded clothes to reveal a deformed body, when the leader, the captain is also deformed, even in this he pretends not to be afraid. But he is not for their cause. Hearing about love and paradise he wishes to escape to this place. When he gets there they tell him beforehand not to look into the woman's eyes when she cries because he will fall in love with paradise and become human again, and he will betray the deformed man because of his love for the women, all women. Instead of listening to them he defies. Getting off the ship the plan is the same. Bring the women the new guy so that they can fight and change him while the deformed go and reel in the lost girls onto the ship with their dance and jewelry.

The deformed man who can change into a human will stand on the side lines to protect them unless the women try to send them all on a boat to the dark sea. But right as the human is made

to bow he looks into the woman's eyes and she stares back without shedding a tear. The Deformation changed only half of his body, his back, and some are changed from the front.

Everyone looked, the women, the deformed who were grabbing the lost women and the human/deformed who had been fighting the women who'd been chasing after the deformed men reeling the lost girls on their ship. When everyone paused the man yelled, "Shed a tear, cry! Let me see paradise!" The other guard women covered their mouths in sadness. And in the darkness of his soul an inner voice spoke from his deforming process. It said, "You have been hurt on corrupt earth by countless women, no girl ever gave you joy. But your home is paradise, terribly, your mother never hummed when you left her womb, she never gave you the love of paradise to create in you a pure heart. Because of this, because a woman who has found and been accepted into paradise refused to give you a piece of its beauty from her hum, you can never fall in love with the land or the people, you will never know paradise." Angered and afraid he stood up and fought the women before him. "If I can never know this land, if I was forgotten, you will be forgotten too, I will make sure no one ever knows this land, I will destroy it!" It took

many women to bring him down which started a war that the women barely won, but off the deformed went on their ship and anger fueled their journey. The half deformed man stuck in his changed state went to the sea to gather the deformed men who were stuck in the storm, having enough anger he collected each of them and formed an army, then went back to earth. He has seen the beauty of paradise. The prisoners who hate the stones he once loved, the lost who

don't know their power and value, the guards that protected the prison, beautiful and powerful. Knowing all of this he now knows that he was kicked from his home to protect a sacred people that he could never love. This grants him endless belief to get to paradise and endless anger to get home and through the sea.

The second deformed man is kidnapped from his wife and two children. His life being alright he screams and is told to bow when on the ship. The deformed men take a huge gamble when bringing him on board or even attempting to go to paradise because their journey may end lost in the sea. But off they go in their big risk taking the pure hearted man they sensed would help them. He is told to cover his eyes when being deformed but he doesn't believe deformation will occur. He thinks they are beast and not human men. But when attacking the guards he is brought to his knees and deformed. In the process he looks at his deformed sea men and realises that they were telling the truth. And then a voice spoke to him from the inside, "You are home. You were given a pure heart and born on this land called paradise. Sent out to earth your purpose was to help the coldhearted woman and build her up, you did. It is your choice whether you want to fall in love with the beauty of the true woman, the women all around you in a place called women's paradise." Rejecting the words from inside and covering his eyes he backed up with his now brotherly men and attacked the women causing a great battle which lead to them sailing off to the sea again. But later this same man broke through the guards and died by deformation and poisoning in the land.

The first deformed men decide to go seek out paradise and wound up being defeated and lost at sea. But a few of them when being threatened by the prisoners of entering the deep and dark sea storm with force are humbled and changed to human form out of fear. These men tell news of the inescapable storm and the warning of entering paradise. But once the deformed see the lost, the prisoners and the beautiful guards they can't come back to paradise on their own because they have rejected it therefore don't believe in it's powerful purpose which lead them to be stuck in the sea storm. The changed deformed men are now kidnapped and interrogated into coming back to paradise by other deformed men as a ransom of proof that he wasn't lying about it's beauty. He tells them the truth despite his love for the land because he knows about the dark storm and fears being tossed back in there. So they take the once deformed human, the kidnapped pure hearted born from paradise man, and a heap full of silver, pearls, gold, diamonds and other jewelry on a ship sailing out on a mission they might not return from.

The goal of the missions to the prison yard of paradise is to take the lost girls from the land and as many prisoners as possible. But soon the born paradise man finds curiosity in more than just the deformed men's mission. He wants paradise so he strikes through the gates of guards then dies. This signals out a distress in the land which causes them to stop humming out babies from the womb. But when the half deformed come about they kill the pure hearts and take all the prisoners and lost women, they even take a bunch of guards holding them hostage by the shore. Their demands to end the terror is to bring paradise to destruction making the women destroy paradise and bring the rubble to the shore. In this process the land takes over the women giving them all the strength of the land which defeats the deformed and either kills or changes them.

The idea of a deformed man is to weaken him to the equal strength of a woman. He cannot become a man until he has respected and submitted to the beauty of women's existence. His deformation is only due to the stubbornness to bow.

The older women teach the young women and girls of how anger drives a man home because anger and rage belongs to the corrupt and cold world, anger and rage for the women who don't

yet know paradise and still hurt men daily. Because of his hate for the women seeking for purpose. Because he doesn't believe she deserves to find beauty and power he is able to push passed the great storm and arrive back on the shores of corrupt earth. ( this applies only to the pure heart and the half back deformed because their home is paradise therefore their anger against women looking to be with paradise, their home, is approved) The reason why the pure

heart can come to earth is because his deformation helped him know that these were his brothers and their anger had now become his anger, mad that his homeland paradise had not allowed these men here, and that they had cursed them to be deformed because they refused to bow he now has enough anger to arrive back to corrupt earth, and because paradise is his home he has enough belief to get there. But the normal deformed don't possess enough anger to get back and their belief in paradise is weak. So by the thundering of the guard's voice they are quickly sent lost to sea once thrown in the storm. This is taught to the young women and children.

The young girls are seeing the terror of paradise being destroyed, their homes turned to rubble and disputes taking place like: most of the men on paradise hiding from being traded, the women and children being held off for as long as possible until the trade takes them too, the lands turned to fire and pieces. Tears and fear come from her face as she runs out to see the villainous creatures before the land becomes the people.

The gentleman: A man who has never found a natural bond with women, a man who has been beaten on by women by emotional abuse and neglect, a man who is not like other men, he doesn't flash, he doesn't dominate, he doesn't smooth talk, all he has is a pen. **1.** A man who although is nothing like a man, and is not gay, he is proud to be considered at the very least a gentleman, he is proud to use the symbol of what a great man stands for as an image to help women. **2.** As he says, he'll take his rib back. Because the assistance men have given to women has been to abuse and manipulate them. His plan is to take the rib that God used to make women and keep it to help all women. **3.** Enough men have given their rib, their time, their hurt to women. It is time that a man has done something with his rib and image to build them. A man who is inspired by women and an admirer of men's greatness, a man called the gentleman.

**4.**

**[ We can show this philosophy in part each time we speak in the courtroom]**

**Estimate of 139 poems it will take to build women's paradise. The world will be able to go on forever after this.**

## The Green Book

50. Amazon.com has free classic novels if you're going to school and need them for English classes, the EBooks that is. You can read them through on the Kindle App, as well as free cookbooks and other modern novels. Well that wraps up my Green Book list and finishes off my second novel after writing TextFeed. Like I said earlier, I plan on taking a long hiatus after filming 5 to 9 plays back to back. I don't plan on writing anything new as of now, but you never know, the ink could howl.

49. Dearborn has some of the best Fattoush, Chicken, Lamb and beef Shwarma, Falafel and 15 dollar hair cuts in the area. Along with Michigan having a regional 4 hour bus pass for 50 cents on the Token Transit App. Anything reduced in fare on the app is cheaper than regular price. Travel anywhere you'd like in the region from Wayne County on out. Sometimes it's pleasant to sit on the bus all day traveling like the homeless do, wandering through the sunset streets passing monuments and tourist attractions of Michigan.

48. Among the many, Messenger, TextNow and your cell phone, with WiFi an additional communication app is called PS App ( Playstation App) and with a headset or earbuds you can communicate online to other PS App users. Although you may need a Playstation account which involves buying a PS4 or 5. But it's a great investment along with the many games you can then play on the playstation. Sort of like a cellphone privilege with the addition of games. The online downside is gamers can find your address with your IP being shared over the net. So I'd only add family gamers. Bars have beers, theaters have popcorn, and games have cell phones. This is the 48th Greenbook tip on the list.

47. A tip, find names, any of them you can think of, fancy names, peculiar names, funny catches, names that hold long, I call them business names. Gather these names and buy an LLC, choose nonprofit companies for cheaper investments, or a regular LLC if you're using fewer business names. Then sit on the LLC for months, pay it off yearly, and gradually build idea webs, constructive business thoughts. And slowly you'll find those LLC's finding chairs, stages, cameras, culinary, and maybe you're into cook shows, maybe you want a talk show, possibly you're into hosting news channels, or potentially your LLC finds money for a food truck, think of an LLC as a gateway drug, it has no choice but to lead to bigger investments the longer you hold that piece of paper online, your LLC might become a restaurant, but if we're still thinking about the youth of the gateway drug Limited Liability Company your business could be a catering service, maybe it's your apartment and you're in the mood of hosting comedy shows inside with tables from your local retail store, your LLC is a building block for the imagination of your patience.

46. Define monopoly- A monopoly is piling up your net worth in a credit union bank, a monopoly is buying a chain of fast food restaurants and building franchises, a monopoly is having many family members under one household working, saving up an amateur empire, it isn't a lottery you find at your local fast food or gas station enterprise, a Monopoly is buying many trucks hiring workers in the family to drive them for you, founding a school before going to school,

before calling the guidance counselor, first becoming your own guidance counselor, that's a monopoly, define monopoly, traveling five states for the, 'Adventure Clause' with five thousand dollars only, then coming back home to film a movie based on those experiences, then selling the script along with the movie underneath a Google Photos link album and on Ebooks for 0\$. Later costing the physical copy for 5\$, that's a monopoly, it comes in many shapes and forms, finding a piece of expandable monetized information then downsizing it to a profitable medium, that's monopoly. The Asian man, he has mastered his monopoly, the Native American reservations, they have mastered their monopolies, the Caucasian Easter Egg Coupon finding all the right grocery stores, banks, and vacations have mastered their monopolies beyond the privileged milestone, the Jewish apartment complex chain in the greatest cities in America have mastered monopoly, Irish foodie and alcohol historic have mastered monopoly, African financial overseas online businesses have mastered monopoly, the Hispanic has mastered monopoly, their African American partner in crime statistic businesses have mastered monopoly, the religious Arab has mastered monopoly, turning labels and prejudice into financial investment, these races have overcome their disenfranchisement in the great American satire and found monopoly, Moby Dick by Herman Melville was the finest novel to prejudice it's motivation. My only hope is that these classics I finalize in these papers I am and have written deem my era too of Monopoly standard.

4.5. The title of this last message before sending out the link on the 18th is, "Call Me" I'm perfect at taking criticism. Get blocked, turn and redevelop, spin and refurbish, it's an Olympic business. After the 18th I'll be taking a hiatus, I don't know for how long, but I know it'll be for a good while. I won't be updating publicly anymore. That strategy is currently canceled. But in private everything that I said I would do I'm doing just in another document. When that's released is entirely up to my mentors. This is my new plan ahead mission statement. Not a 5 year plan but one that involves me going off the radar for a little while. I've already done enough. I released 7 plays. Now it's time to allow the good karma to take over, the balance of things. I'm still publishing my second book by the end of the year behind the scenes, but overall I'm done for the year and most likely years to come. But if you need me, you have my link, you know my email, you know where to find me. My old 5 year plan worked perfectly. Everything it entailed was successful. But this time around I think I'm headed into waters that the timing isn't ready for. I'm not unfortunate about it. I'm understanding in that you can't change the world in one night. The world doesn't work like that. They have to be ready for you. And right now that world isn't. But don't think I've fallen off the map. I'm still here working. I may be unfinanced working but regardless my pen continues to hit the private paper. We thought the world was ready for an army of entrepreneurship, well it is. Just not in one of Rome's days. Production at hault. By the 18th I hope the reaction to this message is satisfying.

44. I keep saying someone's helping me from within, but nobody believes me. Got them spirits. Nobody believes me. I won't spoil it. But seriously nobody believes me. Everyone thinks I'm crazy. I should've never went to the hospital. These entities, spirits looking out for me, I'll explain. I don't even read books so how do I know this, Joan of Arc was in court for trial against her life to prove she walked with God. And nobody believed her and one of the fellas said in the courthouse, "Had you not been of this blood you would've been killed off along time from now and there'd be no need for this trial." They still killed her but the point I'm making is most things happen because you're white and most things happen because you're black. Example. (No racism pun intended) And each community has it's fair share of difference and according

privileges. No one cares that God's in the corner. They care that certain orders are done properly. I did a lot in that hole of apartment with a library. I'll say less, like I said I'm not a spoiler. History repeat irritates me. Words can save a nation. But I'll make sure this time those orders aren't of offense of what takes place. I live a complicated life. Eventually the days will get calmer. I'll go more in-depth, for example: The American government they have a code, the Mexican cartel, they have a code, the Islamic Middle East, they have a code, African and American black business, they have a code, Asian business and tradition, they too carry a code, all these cultures and heritages carry it, and that code is called privilege, every organization and social structure has one, if you go against the weight of privilege within the heritage you reside, there becomes a problem against it's system, therefore one has to make certain to abide by the rules and regulations that each group follows. So I'm not discussing civil injustice, but sub-economic indifference, I digress my complaints.

43. Dear Contact list, this is not a group chat, but an independent message, this is life changing. We're going through a recession. I wanna cry. Matter of fact I am crying. My eyes get blurry at this time of morning. I just published both the paperback and Kindle edition of my greenbook. You have no idea how many people said I couldn't do this. Called me retarded, called me insane. Called me all kinds of names. By the end of year I will have published my second book. And by the middle of next year I will have published my third book. And by 2024 I will have published my African American Business encyclopedia. I got tired. But I didn't give up. I got lonely. But I never lost hope. I'm not telling you to buy the book, these are still green book examples, (Laughs). But I am saying be inspired. Be full of life. Be happy. Be business minded. Be original. Be full of love. And if you're ever down and sad. There's a video on YouTube called, 'Make Me Over Again' by Briana Babineaux, possibly one of the greatest gospel singers of the 21st century. This is Christmas for me. Not making money off the baseball field but seeing it for the first time. That's quite powerful. Again another reiteration. For all struggling on how to make paperback books I'll be showing you how to after the 18th. I wanna thank Amazon for having such an amazing publishing company resource. I know we're in a recession. I know people, don't have any money to their name. Hey I don't either. I don't drive fancy cars or pimped out suits. I'm just not that kind of preacher. Stay tuned, and stay safe in the arms of God. Faith, people. Faith shakes these mountains and odds.

42. I've been pacing the floor for minutes now. I cannot breathe. The anxiety is killing me. You've no idea what I've just done, I just managed to sell my films online through Kindle books using Google photos applications. Nobody has ever done this before. I am the first. This is history in the making. The first black man to start his own film production through Google and Kindle books. This is huge. I'm thankful for many people I'll name the following, Dr. Gardner, My mother Karen, my sister Morgan, my brother Blake and his girlfriend, my god father Thomas, my lawyer Pamela, my mentor George, my referral Lawyer Lori, my best friend Darian, my brother in Christ Lindell, my brother in Allah Gregory, my friend and interest Enny, my apartment manager Kim, my mentor Dominic and all the Hollywood business men and women whom I've named in the above. You all have helped me make this history. And God played the major part. This is the historic breaking point for me. Bollywood for many people will be realized. All those who could never make it to the mainstream or big screen. I wanna thank you. Again. I wanna thank you for listening thus far to the sandwich programing. On the 18th of midnight I'll release the secret program and we'll continue making history in this black renaissance. I'm going off now, I'll see you guys come the 18th. Thank you again for your time.

41. I did it! I uploaded my Ebook on Amazon! I'm so proud of my self. Alright now it's time to tell you how to do it so you don't think I'm trying to sell you anything: Go to Amazon self publish, download an account. If you're being stopped by 2 step verification use a yahoo account or other account besides the email that's giving you trouble. Login and you're gonna need an account number, a bank routing number. You're gonna need an LLC company (you can also just do it under your own name) and an EIN number. Upload writings and photos to Google docs, then send over to Microsoft word after editing and review. Then upload that to the self publish website, the hardest part is finding a cover. But on ebooks it's simple use their gallery to collect a cover. When pricing I would advise selling it for 5 dollars if it's your first book, get your feet wet. If you don't have an actual address everybody has family to domain the business to. And just hold it to a debit card until you see a sell. I plan to give updates to the Green Book going forward and I'll tell you how I'll do it: Everyday on Google photos comments I'll be posting new tips on business. I sent a link to my Google Photos album to also sell the film underneath the same book. It's creative, innovative. Get 2 for one. And at the same time you're creating a conscious novelty that people can read live in its production. Also did you know you could create a 5 dollar book club on Google? Get some business cards, put your email on it and a PayPal account, with the link to your book club and go to public places to advertise. When they email you back, tell them there's a 5 dollar fee for entrance. Just like you told them at that public place. People forget, therefore reiterate over email. It's better than having a lemonade stand for 12 cents a drink.

40. I'd like to share with you my writing style. My strategy is writing publicly rather in private, filming publicly rather editing and refurbished, repeating old works in new marketable ways, spending time to develop a story instead of rushing out a product. It took me 5 years to develop 7 plays in 6 months. That didn't just happen overnight. Most film producers don't even release that many plays per year. I did it prophetically. To send a message to the world it wasn't meant the production should hold as a service for the people be entertained continuously. The plays were meant to get deleted. Truly I was talking to God that he might respond again to me like he did 5 years ago. Now I have another 5 year plan. To develop the first African American business encyclopedia. I'll have 7 more plays to distribute from those writings, from even these writings. I write then film. I'm a visionary. Giving all for free that profit may be in the end. But I do plan to publish 2 books this year on Amazon. I'm always working you see. And I vow to continue working publicly for 5 years straight before the world and media. Like I promised you'll always have something to read in the morning. This is my news paper. You could take note of my marketing strategy. Nobody does what I do. Most vanish for 2 years then release products. But to be a business consciousness, a continuing city that never sleeps. That's what's hoped for from my company. Publicly. Although I am a private company. That's another tip from number 17-19 make your company private to establish incognito. Don't use mainstream media to produce your content. Like commercials, billboards, social media. Find different ways to do it. Google is one of them. selling on YouTube store rather than producing on YouTube accounts is the difference. You don't need any documents to be held as a private entity. Just an LLC. The definition of a private entity is one who doesn't do business with the commercial public. Like Sam's Club is a private company they request memberships for you to shop at their stores. So is Costco. Other private establishments which require dress codes and reservations. Any entity that has a barrier of consumer limitations is considered a private company.

39. Alright folks we're nearing 40, after this we'll take a stop, and pick back up in 30 or so minutes, grab your snacks, use the bathroom, take a nap but you can't stay in the account just watching so intently. (Greyhound Voice) I'd like to tell you a story about Jasmine, Cheif and King, folk I met along the way at bus stops and roads, 0\$ consultations which got me where I

am today. I'll start with Chief. When I met Chief I was working at the casino and him at the airport. He would later go into skill trades and I'd become a full time author and film maker. But starting out all I had were a few poems, that I wanted to rehearse to him, hearing it he was shocked that a boy from Detroit could speak with such verse and line. It immediately got his attention and we'd sit there at the bus stop waiting for other workers in the middle of the night to light their cigarettes to the conversation. I was comical, always giving jokes because I didn't quite know my company. And it made everyone's day because work was shitty. A certain bus passenger would even tell me how he hated his job and my loud laugh and junky jokes cracked enough tears out of his eyes that tomorrow seemed possible. But Chief and I had good times around the circle of workers, chipping in conversation about the possible war, Trump's at the time wall, and getting ahead in the system. He was Chief and I was tribal student to his older knowledge. He'd always tell me, "Hold onto those poems, that's important. You need that. They'll take you a long way." Those words inspired me. Everytime I call him on the phone he asks me, "You still doing them poems?" I tell him yes. Sometimes that's what's needed. He'd ask, "When you gone send me them CDs to your film?" Well now I have a website, a film and a slew of poetry. And sent him the link, I just hope when he gets it he can be proud of me. Another was Jasmine. She was my reader. She told me she'd just lost her job at McDonald's and my faithful words about God and loud laughter and comedy inspired her to have a better turn around. We talked on the phone from sun up to sun down, her reading my works and me getting drunk at the wine bottle. Stories like these molded my storytelling. Then was King, he could be found with a hood on discretely walking passed you unnoticed. You wouldn't see him coming around the corner unless he wanted to be seen. He was the one who finished a big part of my essay for me by showing moral support. All it took was one business pitch to get his attention and we were off riding in his car to get food, to get this and that, or simply cruising. I was walking in the snow one day heading to print copies of the pitch and passed him. I told him the idea and the light bulb went off. All of our friendships departed because of the times, we'd grown apart. But me and Chief remain friends. What we all had in common was we befriended through my ambitions of business. Forget hitchhiking, you never know where business will take you.

38. It's not that people don't know how to get money. It's that they simply don't wanna work to get it. We gotta work. I know it sounds hard but we gotta work. It's not an easy process but these steps If you take them you'll come out with amazing products. It takes time and you have all the time in the world. While you're making a post of someone else's writings you could be speaking from the heart and create your own. You're powerful. And you're needed on the field. We need writers, we need speakers, we need culinary artist, we need business marketers and promoters, we need artist on the canvas and microphone, we need musical talent, we need website designers, we need slogan and logo creators, we need film producers, we need actors, we need comedians, we need journalist, we need lawyers. Not we as in I but we as in we the people of this black renaissance going on. We need you. And sitting on the couch with that phone of gold in your hand doesn't make you any less financial savvy than the previous day. We can do it. I say it's possible. All you gotta do is put one foot in front and let time carry you the rest of the way. You've no idea how proud I am of business minded people. I don't have sons and daughters, you folk are my family. I'll be spending time on you, letting you know your business is beautiful. Every moment I get I'm telling you how achievable you can be. Just gotta get out of limbo. Motivation is the motion of the national ocean. I'm handing you tools and I don't care that it's for free, at least for now.

37. Congratulations to Joshua Christian Claiborne for finishing up his 5th novel. At number 60. I will officially be at 5 novels. And by August I'll be at 6 novels. 6 novels and one film The Hike

Back Up. All original based content. I'll be publishing The Hike Back Up on GooglePlaystore as a start then YouTube store and later Amazon store. My life is truly about to find some success. I did it all independently despite the flack that it was impossible. I may have lost 7 plays but I gained 6 books. You win some, and you lose some in this game called life. I wanna thank my mother for being in my corner helping me raise 30,000 dollars while living in her house to fund my businesses, that money was later stolen from us. But was put to good use from all the property I bought for the company. I wanna thank my brother for rescuing me from eviction from my apartment when I had nothing and giving me good counsel. Yes you heard it right, we're at the count down. I wanna thank my sister for inspiring me to write and speak poetically. I mean, did she know I'd be running my own film studio and newspaper? Who knew right? I plan on making a 7th book next year and 6 more films to add to my Green Book and the hike back up. They tried to say I was an insane person. That I had no mental capacity. Look how we overcome these stigmas. Anybody going through depression, anxiety, suicidal ideation, mania, photo light sensitivity even, trauma, The Hike Back Up is an anthem for you. And a stance against affording the free man. I also want to thank Hollywood. Although I do believe I'll end up doing Bollywood films like the Hike Back Up was, I don't think I could've done this without your participation subliminally. I may never get to see the legends in the island sky. But at least I got a chance to say I could build my own corporation in the black renaissance from the ground up literally. A famous man once said "Imagine your business and it will manifest." He spent years in the basement of his mother's house arranging chairs and mics preparing for his dream of being on talk show Television. That man's name is Arsenio Hall. Likewise I spent the summer like this: chairs, table, stage, business cards and dishware with no one to come. So today I thank the people who have come.

36. In the literal trenches I'll tell ya, a journalist has no social life. Everyone fears em'. Wondering if they'll end up on his news. Wondering if his exposure has something to do with their insecurities. That courage relates to them. Best get as far away this cowboy wild west style. If not maybe we might too be inspired by the swift pen and catchy paper phrases. That's a deadly selection of who what when. He's nuclear, says his own headline. He's doing swell on the beach of Miami Florida says his own subtitle. Watch the man go by the creases of the paper, see the drops and splats on his face in the morning damp. "Is the real war over in our heads?" Asks the commoner before opening up the door at his quickest to attend to what the paper man wrote. Hallowed be the biker, he writes his own paper. A self made man. The following fellow man questions again his own economic conditions before grabbing the exotic pre packaged coffees, biscuits and gravy with morning stew to investigate what keeps the hallowed biker up at these nights, tip, tap, typing. He must have a drive of some sort. Maybe he's not human. Super human? Says his own article. Jailed? Reports his own theatics play advertisement. Above the common man who has his own speculations of whether he should or should not be done. We must fear the self made man who fools himself, does it well and tears the opinion from the face of entertainment. Leaving only entertainment! Who is this man asks the state trooper, although not a civilian, a statesman, also is he victim of the commoners disease. This deliberation exist in a page somehow jotted down by his wits. No gun in the newspaper he drops every Saturday to be propaganda'd against says again inside the article, no signs of activism or clowns manship in his mannerism, that disguise too is dead with the Greeks. Only, "Paper, paper, come and get your paper! Bears, Eagles, Bucks, Cheetahs, wake up city wake up! Come one, come all, come and get the paper paper!" Plop again goes the man's private written works on the mailbox lawns as he hurries as if it'd been a grenade itself, casually down the street blocks. Instigating scared wild west faces. Instigating them into business. The commoner and trooper spread the news, gaining the attention of neighborhood watch, many cars driving are notified when passing the town in alert of him, by a single sign that

exist not on his paper but stamped into the ground like a crucifix, the title of this edition is a public sign, "Watch for deers crossing" They too damage the common automobile tank and pockets of the hiding commoner. Says his article. Nature's self promotion, ha, ends the final line.

35. Every news channel in America gets its news from one sourceable station which is why they all say similar things. There's folk I know who live life without a highschool diploma successfully. The entire Greenfield Rd in Detroit has 500 to 700\$ apartments.

If you look up Detroit on Facebook you'll find a galore of those cheetahs, bears, bucks and eagles. There's something I'd like to call the SOS button. When you message everyone in your friends list whether they be thousands or hundreds a goodbye text: the link to your website. Don't say anything, just send it and never look back at the social media. You wanna do this when the peak of your content on your media has been met. It sounds crazy but goodbye notes always work. Why would they shoot you with a block button while you're walking away or report you? Some will trust me, some will who aren't aware of what you're doing. But if they don't know your website already they won't block or report and if they do know they won't for means of being incognito. A link is not egregious unless you group chat them. Keep it personal, say goodbye and deactivate your account. That's the SOS button. Everyone loves goodbyes. You see all these funerals people RIP. How many LIP? None. So exploit it in business. Create thousands of friends then prepare to send your Dark Knight message. It'll be the coolest business move you ever make. And you'll gain thousands of readers from it. They'll wonder where you went especially if there's gossip in the midst. House of Pure Vinn in Detroit is a great wine shop. They have a wine cognac in the back for 40 dollars. Ask for it. You'll never regret it. Senate Theatre on Michigan Avenue in Detroit offers to rent out their theater for performances like films, plays, concerts for a cheap price, their number is here <https://www.senatetheater.com/>. I really should be in bed right now but I'm busy tearing my wallet apart. I'm terrible at this casino game.

34. I'm gonna try and get to 40 by tonight. Hurry this train up. Another 0\$ conversation I had was with a writer along the way. He'd told me every time he'd write something Hollywood would magically come out with that same story in a movie or Television Show a year before he could finish so he turned away from writing. To that again I say. Write nonfiction. Write about you. Write about tools. Write about commerce. Happenings in the world. They can't red sea everything you Moses. But I'll also answer his problem. He was watching too much Television. They have a Rhythm they follow where what is made is already predicted through previous hits and blockbusters. It's done in the boardroom. So when you're watching your favorite movie and decide to write some fiction of your own based off an epiphany. They already created and copy wrote that epiphany from a prediction. This is gonna sound so cool but I'm gonna say it anyways. This is such an amazing punchline and it's still holding strong (At this point of anxiety and excitement the competition has already thought of your masterpiece) Antwone Fisher is our only hope. Ouu, and it still hits like a hockey goaltender gone wrong. Touch down. No but this paragraph was about writing nonfiction. Yeah I won't make it to 40 by tonight. I tried. I miss my apartment. I miss the life I used to live. Thought I'd share some thoughts outside the linear box I was texting in. I cannot force myself to write. When you're tired you're tired. One thing you don't wanna do is over do yourself. Knowing limitations is a great way to put down the chalk board for the night. With that I say goodnight.

33. I made a comment to one of my brothers earlier this week. I asked him why they call us

rats? Why can't we be bears, cheetahs, eagles, bucks...like the Native Americans promised us. They also promised us free college and reservations but we got the projects instead. I don't mean to preach but we should represent our culture better. Anyways, haha, if you're ever in town and wanna know about the world. Those same girls we call hoodrats know more about the planet than satellites. They're spiritually inclined. They know when you need help, when you're sick how to get you better, how to build you financially, and how to get your business off the ground. They're the jack of all trades when it comes to assistants. Hoodrats are Eve. If you pursue intercourse you'll regret it. But if you look at them for the natural resource of the earth that they are, you'll be rewarded 10 fold what a man who spends all his nonsense piping her down is getting. Anyways that's my poem to the women of my day. Befriend hoodrats, those bears, cheetahs, eagles, bucks know how to change your life for the better. If you ask where my selection of those Cocoa chocolates are I'll never tell. Never! Till the end musketeers, "One for all and all for one" wrote Alexander Dumas. That's my last surprise to those women before the 19th. Although the true story is out, the pain is spilt, I still have hope for the American African. And she still has power for me. That's what happens when God makes you a Eunuch. I'm not here to talk about my condition in this book. Business. Business. Come and get your bears, come and get your bucks, cheetahs, eagles...come one, come all.

32. Ahem, there is something I'd like to note, my secret weapon, yes, I said it. Optimism. It's the most retarded sense of intelligence known to our society. And is business gold. Toss perseverance the definition is dated. If one has optimism. The ability to see through the cons of any conversation and find the pros. Con colorblind. That's how you make it in business. That's how you obtain persuasion. And with persuasion the ability to press an opinion until it is convinced you gain a gab. And if you can sway words to the point of lack thereof, of cons, negation and disrespect you gain charisma, and after charisma the ability to be wanted comes supply and demand my gals and fellas. Haha. See how these biblical talents create an opportunity for commerce. There's steps to building a character in the marketplace. These are the steps. If you can live in negativity and still dance to pros you have found a demand. And if you come with commerce which causes the opinions to shake and rattle, then you have your supply. Economics 101. There's a book I'd like to discuss now with you all. A series actually. Which corrects #11 and profound #12 the series is called Choose Your Own Adventure. A great way to get into reading. And the reason 12 says tone it down and 11 says how. I do again apologize for getting violent in the scene. Writing these tips to you all feels a lot like putting watches and personal values on the casino table for currency. But hey what do I know I'm just the jotter. After that series go to Animorphs after Animorphs go to goosebumps after goosebumps go to RL Stine, after RL Stine go to classical books and after classical books start studying encyclopedias for research purposes. If I were you, which I'm not I'd get 3 of each and live my life on the highway. Not literally but for saying's sake.

31. The writing scheme I got going on is cool. I came in heavy rushing with scenarios and business thoughts, then settled the plane on Green Book speed tips. Yeah after the 19th I'm done for the year. I gave you all an hour and a half film, a Green Book, and a secret program. Don't call me about doing SUIT the film. I'll do it next year and add it to The Hike Back Up. So my upcoming films are SUIT and 6 others which I'll name on the 19th. But I'm done making films this year. To my knowledge that is. Sell the films on GooglePlaystore, YouTube and Amazon and sell the books on Amazon self publish. I'm not gonna make it to 60 slides by the end of the night. I gotta take my knee eventually. I've written so much stuff I'm tired. I only have two books to complete this year. Next year I'll begin work on my final book project. But all these books are pawns for film scripts. If you commentate a piece of work you can turn that commentating into a

film. By making a conversation about each bullet point of the script, for example I could make a sketch (conversation) about the #11 scene with the bridge card and 200 dollar necklace and home dinners, from a singular point of view since it's just me on the camera, like, "If that was me" or expound on where I'd get the necklace from. Like becoming open minded about the scenario I made. Simple things like this bring novelties alive. I'm literally brain fogged. Hopefully these sessions encourage you all to be more proactive in business. That's my end goal. Off topic...I love ya...feeling uncomfortable with the final word I say, I love religion. Halftime is over but we're on time out, gotta talk to the coach. "Aye coach you think we're gonna make it to 60?" - "Yeah if you pace friend."

30. Half time! Lay up! Wish me luck! I just uploaded my resume to the Snapchats service. I'm beyond nervous. Like this is crazy. I just gave some professional strangers my life story and contact information. It's not a bad thing but it's like wow. If it actually happens for me then I'll be shocked. I'm gonna do a lot of praying. Why do people always pray when a blessing is about to come. All in all I could be denied the opportunity. But just in case I am, I wanna pass this baton over to you good readers. Thank you for watching me thus far. And maybe this is a coincidence. Maybe I will end up selling books on Amazon after all. But if it's not a coincidence, my life is going to change forever. If it's not a coincidence, oh God it's hard to think straight. You ever wanted something to happen so bad but when it finally happened you just didn't know what to do with yourself? That's me right now.

29. If you ever want a free piece of writing material, ask for your hospital medical records. It's confidential until you hit send. I don't know if I'm being broad enough with this Green Book. Nonfiction is the best form of writing material in today's age. Writing nonfiction and realistic fiction will get you a long way with the public. Look at the movie King Richard which one an Oscar for it's true story. I'm truly out of things to talk about. I'll tell you a coincidence: I made a skit advertising about the King Richard trailer the one with music in the background, the second trailer and in the following months it won an Oscar, However this is coincidence. On the contrary, I made a scene about the toxins of taking liquor straight to the dome using a mixed drink demonstration of Malibu liquor, cranberry juice and pineapple to discuss the matter. Why I did this is because a Green Book tip lies in the sauce of that scene. Gay bars, at them, homosexual men will give you free drinks just for the conversation. And one of those popular drinks is a Malibu pineapple cran. Doesn't mean they're getting laid but until you're done with your drink they are entertained.

28. Come home and write about all the gas stations, restaurants, theaters where you can use the bathroom in those states without being stopped. The bus stops, parks, and church step addresses you can sleep on without being escorted off. You can actually advertise your work or business to colleges just gotta make it into the dean's office and give them your pitch. You do that in 5 colleges, ten colleges and you have yourself a reader base. It's better to speak than to write, you can prolong your works by doing films on them. That's another idea for a film. Alabama university has an office on campus that can help get your business off the ground. Ask students walking by about business advertisements or where to the dean's office and you should get a wave of direction. Society is a stock, a seesaw. If you talk about it, it shakes. This is a statement that has long lived. There's always someone who wants to exploit the freebee like how some stores change their catalog based on what race walks in. I'm almost at 30, that's halftime. Gonna start shooting layups in the name of good ideas. I don't know what I'm saying, I can't play basketball. All I'm saying is there's an unemployment office and small business

association for getting out of temp service jail. Downtown Atlanta on Peachtree street has a perfect park to sleep in at night, and they give out food in the mornings. And those homeless know all about where the churches are for the next meal. I'm telling you, down south churches my goodness. All I wanna know is how do you sneak into Spelman college, if I could get into there I'd be in the wrong place at the right time. I'd just wait till school was out and visit bars in the area to ask for tips on getting inside. Like a heist for business women.

27. Go to [Vistaprint.com](http://Vistaprint.com), get some hoodies in your Doing Business as name or business names or slogans and make short films off of them. That's how you advertise your business. Stop shopping to look good and start shopping to own your commerce and selves. You already own you but being on a 9 to 5 every corporation is collecting 8 hours off that ownership. Why Greyhound is my best friend is because of this: Let's say you have 5 vacation days at work, and you want a long vacation and to expand your business marketing, during the year. In the summertime, take Saturday off if you have Thursday and Friday (example template). Hop on the Greyhound and go to 5 states in one summer. If you have ten vacation days, do the same thing in the spring and you can say you're gone all year. Eventually you'll get off the ground and won't need the job or those vacations. Cough cough part time. Seasonal jobs. If you really wanna travel, save up 30 grand for two years and dump down to part time, pay your rent off for 3 years and be in a different state every week. If you're trying to live the life this is how. The Greyhound literally cost 200 dollars per trip. Sometimes 300 there and back. And get a hotel by or in a casino or stadium. Motels work but those things have the bugs that don't depending on which state you're in. Take sleep at transit center bus stops, parks, church steps and wash up in restaurants/ gas stations/ movie theaters you eat at just pack light so you don't attract attention. The best trips are the ones unplanned. Buy a one day bus pass and be free. Book Bags are better than suitcases. After reading this everyone in the book is gonna question what I'm doing in the restroom. Look I live in Michigan, I'm peeing, don't arrest.

26. If you're behind on highschool credits go to an urban highschool not high end, they tend to ask for less and still grant you your diploma, if you're in a "minor" emergency go to the same day clinic not the ER it cost less. I think I'm running out of tips. Depressed girls tend to be the most business inclined meaning they can give you free consultation. Go to college for two years and look for the loners not the stoners. I'd rather have a baby by a genius/gold digger than a party girl. But party girls wanna be nurses these days so find them "outside" the hospital at the clubs and ask their occupation. Africa is the hive for good women. I'll say less because I'm concerned with one. But they love us black folk from America. Find them in America and tour the islands with them. Ask if they know the islands not main cities. Like that Florida guy I met earlier. They're gonna say, "What chu know about the islands?" Just say, "Who me gal? I from dem island." No but seriously. You never know what you're gonna get out of a box of Africa's Cocoa. If you're gonna do that college sketch get a FAFSA, go to a community college in an urban area and tell them you have ADHD. Get a doctor's note, don't take the ritalin they give you and pass with flying colors and a network of broads to do business with in the future. But back to the Cocoa, once you go black you turn colorblind my gal and fella. I refuse to give women dating advice because I don't wanna be the reason for a date gone kidnapped. But the comment is the same, Africa is the map for a lot of things. I'm going to go visit myself once I get over all those shots you gotta take to get across the bridge.

25. The climb is hard. There's writer's block, uncertainty, and writer's withdrawal but you gotta keep jotting. This Green Book must be written. They call me a living president seeing how I'm

the head of my non profit organization. If you wanna cook well go to fine dine restaurants and eat there. It'll give you a feel for how quality food is served and you'll find your buzz on that introduction. Another way is to try different cultures' food. Ask people in grocery stores how you cook a certain meal, start conversation and get them to open up on their culture. Ask Asians, Arabians, Mexicans, Africans, Italians not to promote catfishing, strangers, and blind dates but go on social media and meet random cultural people and see what they like to make. You gotta know you can cook something before you actually get in the kitchen. An app you can use for food is Tasty app on Google Play Store. The most popular is Pinterest, and a trustworthy cookbook are encyclopedias one is the Culinary Arts Institute Encyclopedia. A notable restaurant you can go to for eatery is Flemings Steakhouse. You wanna go places that have dress codes. Target has an open selection of cheap men's dress clothes and Stacy Adams is the number one shoe brand that's cheap to entertain a meal by yourself. If you're trying to explore culinary, go by yourself. So don't be afraid to travel alone. It's least expensive. Wine tasting is my number one eliquixor, everyone has an eliquixor for how they get buzzed in the kitchen. When making juices using concentrated juice, fruits, frozen fruits, teas, and water, Kool aid works wonders. Get a small blender, empty juice gallon cartons and practice. Ninja is a good blender to use. Electric stoves are better than gas. Herbs will be your best friend, fresh herbs when preparing a specific meal and bottled herbs when throwing a practice meal together. Fruit makes sauces and vinaigrette oils. Make these things from scratch. Alright I'm at 25 I got 35 more to go before reaching 60. Oh and presentation is everything. Get a good camera and organize your food on a plate. Start with decorations like lemon around rice if you're a beginner.

24. Stage Presence is a God. Like I said on The Hike Back Up, work on being natural with the camera. Don't be afraid of the timer. An hour is a very long time and can be bent depending on how much fun you're having. Part of your stage Presence has to do with where you went on your journalist journey to get the material. The stronger your material the stronger your stage Presence will be. I'm not saying go chase Godzilla and write about it but find different ways to live and adventure then sit down and have a talk on stage. For a thousand dollars you can buy a stage off of [StageDrop.com](http://StageDrop.com). Rent an apartment for 500 to 700 bucks and start the filming of your story. There's plenty of quality cheap apartments on the eastside of Detroit and urban areas of every city in America. When buying an apartment, pick cities near grocery stores and outside tourist areas. They cost less a month than storage houses. Where you buy your video material from is [Bhphotovideo.com](http://Bhphotovideo.com). Lavalier mics work wonders but if you're working from a cell phone get a Rode mic. These makes are bound to change with time so bare with me on the turn around. Stay away from 1 year contracts when it comes to apartments that defeats the purpose of renting. You wanna get something you can continue to travel with and come back to. Be an eagle. Leave your nest and come back to build. You want a house when you're done with your career, not when you wanna move to different locations. Churches are heavy down south. And are rehabilitation centers. You can travel state to state without hotels. At best get a hotel in a casino or by sports stadiums. They're more reliable if you're scared of bed bugs and roaches. Urban casinos are cheaper than high class. Just don't gamble your journey money.

23. A post and a sell. A post is building up readers and viewers, a sell is collecting off readers and viewers. Never sell to the same people you post to. Link the people who already view the buzz to your sell but don't tell them to buy it. These are two different marketplaces which rarely cross each other. But after the link is sent around enough to the sell eventually someone who isn't viewing you will buy from talk of the sell. Paragraphs when writing are called a slide. Every 250 words is a slide. So when you write a meritable piece of content you just produced what you

call a slide. Everytime you post that's considered publishing. You can publish multiple ways, on a sell and on a post without being oversaturated with dated work. One of the ways is to reintroduce it or revamp it to a different audience. If New York is tired of you try New Jersey. If Instagram isn't biting with your advertisements try Facebook. Hop from various social medias because their programs operate with different advantages like I said in the above note. The most classic way to film is to travel some of the 50 states and tell of your adventures on a stage. Use tools like this to get a story together. I used trap houses and police visits. There's various ways to pull in a scene what you do with it is what I'll explain in number 24.

22. There's been many videos about police brutality and cops showing up at the doors of people's houses scoring millions of views. But those were just clips. I made a film about the injustice of it among other topics and made sure never to have the cops show up on the camera. That was the genius move. Like how you never see the parents on Arthur the American cartoon from PBS but hear them in the background. It creates a tone of the film that needs to be shown. No one can call it fiction because of the realism in the speech and performance. A seemingly crazed man illustrating his innocence before being pursued by the police. When making films use the clips on social media as a blueprint. It's like a stock market. If you see them making millions of views off 3 to 9 minutes then you know it's possible to make a million views off an hour. Exploit the numbers. And as for those making 3 to 9 minutes videos for millions of views create a compilation and sell the film for currency on GooglePlaystore, YouTube, Amazon. There is a difference between a post and a sell, I'll explain on number 23. Social media is full of folks adding you for numbers on the screen. Take advantage of that and add a thousand people and advertise links to your content. Saying "link in bio" is not personal anymore. Saying here's a link in a direct message is personal. This works across the board with any organization, individual, or media platform. Work on direct messages. The difference between spam and business is meritable content. If someone cares about the food you're cooking because it taste good then they'll be promising to pass it along if not look into it. And stay incognito.  $1 + 1$  is not 2 it's 1. And if you do it again to the same person 1 person + 1 customer is -1. But 1 incognito + 40 customers is 40 customers, then if they send the links out to three people that's 120 customers. It's a crack into the system without abusing the system.

21. Chapter 2/3 we are under a content war. The bridge is by siege, the tower at bay, the men twitching by the fingertips, slithering at the tongue: in 2020's, this decade is the greatest to write, to speak, to draw, to elaborate on screen televisions how one feels. They say soon we'll be all virtual. That AI will take over our televised program screen. To that I tell folks in the coming and going streets of digital footprints, the internet that never sleeps, please look at this opportunity as you would a stock. 10 years from now exactly all our works and material will be worth ten fold. Your cell phone notebook is likened to a government bond. And the people who adhere to its success are the greatest readers of our history, women. This isn't a prophecy, a prediction at best, but a strategy nearing the aim. You gotta trust me. There's never been a safer time to utilize art online. They used to call female rappers the most protected against the curse of the MC, well now so are novelist, singers, actors, business men, and so on. Get to work. Get off the bench and work. A note I'd like to make. I created a server off of a movie. I'm literally forming a blog based off the movie attached to it's film on Google Photos. A Greenbook underneath a film. This is just an example, a template of how you can create feeds and cinema together. I'm innovating designs. It took months to get this right. Many failures. Much was trash. But this blog feed paints a beautiful picture on how one can extend a movie beyond the camera. I'll talk more about it in number 22. You don't have to make a thousand films to illustrate a legacy. Sometimes it just takes one to kick off a buzz. Like how Jim Jones made 10 million\$ off one

song. And update the movie through blog attachments as it becomes more dated. Enough said.

20. With paragraph twenty I close. I plan to make a short film out of 17 -19 in a staged court house debate to promote the SUIT. It's not gonna be to secure a lawsuit within the film but it'll be to secure the proof of the philosophy for it's stability as an original work. That's another tip, you can make content off of content from your own content. Saying that as a stand alone phrase would make no sense. I do plan to give women more praise going forward. I'll start tomorrow morning when God willing I rise, I hope to rise, but that is my deliberation. I'm actually out of things to talk about. My mind is on rest. I could discuss how the riverwalk of Detroit is soon to be oversaturated with popularity like the thrift stores. Soon you'll have to ask a woman, "Can I have your number?" And she'll respond, "I don't speak English." In what little verbiage she has while walking away mut in hand. That's a hyperbole for saying she'll be out of state but I'll continue. When in Miami I was on the bus with a man and I asked him how did Miami get to be as beautiful as it is today? And he said he didn't even live in the tourist areas of Miami. But lived further back. His response was this, "The people of Miami made Miami" I was shocked that commoners could build such an empire but this was the solemn truth. A woman told me a dated advice which I'll share, "If you wanna get a woman tell her you'll put 20\$ on her gas, hold the 20 in the air, she'll accept, no woman denies free gas. She goes in the store with your money, then comes out and gives you an appealing look to let you know she's interested, then commences the walk to her car, that's when you call her attention for her number and after that the ball is in your court." Which to me was wise advice because many men struggle with getting women in some of the tightest of situations of timing, one is the gas station. Goodnight.

19. The final plays made by me were colored in bland clothing of green and orange for the play "Jail?" Yellow and Gray for "Her BodyGuard" red and blue for "The Final Curtain", Red white and blue for "The E'nd", Pink and black for "OT", Red and Black for "LGBTQES", and various bland uniforms for "The Genesis Salvage" to shine awareness on the fears of Communism against America. It was a storyline to warn about the coming of that communism with the vast surges not of clothing but surges of bland media in America. How it partook in the SUIT philosophy: the media got a chance to exploit the plays and the public got a chance to exploit the outfits. Now I never made profit from the plays nor kept them in my possession nor plan to make profit from the plays the angel on the street who I met called life said it best, "My name is Bob, Detroit is so messed up, people have no jobs, if only someone could invent something that everyone could profit off of Detroit would be a much better place. You won't profit in the beginning but you'll get wealthy in the end." Now after sharing the plays I plan to share a new campaign that everyone can profit off of once again. This time financially on all angles, one, the secret program and two, this 60 paragraph Greenbook to becoming financially aware of simple opportunities. The Three Piece Suit by David Kutch in the final pages of the book it says, "Fashion in the end makes man a slave." However factual all in all the foundation of what Napoleon Hill did with the stock market I am pursuing with the market of business and commerce.

18. The following Pitch was copyrighted back in 2018. To that I say thank you to the following: Napoleon Hill, Bob Farrell, Encyclopedia of African American History, The Oxford Encyclopedia of American Business, Labor, and Economic History, Kutch David- The Three Piece Suit and Modern Masculinity: England, 1550- 1850, Shawn Carter (JAY-Z) The Story Of OJay, Suit & Tie, Frederick Douglass, Frederick Douglass Autobiography.

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16. One man has supported me on camera more than any man I've ever known to see in the mirror. One man. Has dared to see me on camera, for what I'm truly worth than any man...wait that's not entirely true. But the camera is a double edged sword. The camera is the Word of God. It is a mirror that judges all. It is a reflection of our inner times. Shout out to that one man. I seriously wanna encourage you all to be able to hold this new library in your hands seeing as the old libraries had it not been for college and journalist would be abandoned libraries, war stories for the educated and poor at heart. I love books. Books must some day be a pinnacle again. David said himself. A king, a star even, a lineage of Christ, "I have hidden your word in my heart that I might not sin against you." All the books that have been abandoned by the fires of our ignorance not to hold that darn calculator in our hands. What did the calculator do to us? What did it do? Long division, multiplication. We cursed the tree we cursed on not knowing what we do and then we sat there and traded it in for plastic. The least I can do is convince you to read again. But by the time we have all read, and have all known. The Christ will be in our face, and we will fear him. Because he'll be black and socially, financially and spiritually free without having to touch a book. Because true black people, natives to any land....I say aren't we all black? If not then on that day of calculators and cellphones we'll fear ourselves at the maximum temperature. To burn alive by ignorance not by fire. To burn for free. To burn and be worthless. To burn with such knowledge but be forbidden. That's a poem to the man on the camera who came down from Mount Olympus for me. It's scary how close we are becoming me and this Gulliver Travels Island in the air. It behooves me to think we could say anymore. If I am in love. I say...it is with brotherhood. The last seance of 2000 years. Long live the Christ.

15. With all this time fellas you can be making your cookbook. Two weeks, 4 dates that's four meals to the cookbook. But buying clothes, untampered boxes and taking pictures and doing videos you should have about 4 recipes and 10 pieces of content in two weeks to store up for commerce at a later date. This'll get you in the habit of cooking for the camera and also build up content for shows, stories from your experience with the girls that do or don't go wrong in those two weeks. Bring multiple girls to your house. Never film a date night or story gone wrong. I advise you to tell the story. People sue for anything these days. Change the name, time, setting and tell your truth on a platform. This is a starter for getting your feet wet with film production, novel writing and cookshows. The 20's is the best time to start this kind of thrill. But in honesty many women don't want anything serious in this generation of 2022. The song goes best, "Girls just wanna have fun." So find a woman in her 30's who's been through the hurt and the pain and the drizzle of lying men, and see if she wants your game. I promise you she likes 5\$ bottles, bridge cards and 200\$ necklaces. And what you wear is only appealing when you're leaving the house. So if you can learn to keep a woman entertained at home you can dress whatever you want. After 30 days she is a resident beware. These are joking matters but in the midst of this fun I'm teaching you how to start building commerce.

14. I would tone down the swearing unless she comes at you yelling and shouting, but you have to know which ones to swear at in those heated moments and which ones to be weeping and assertive with. After two weeks of spoiling her she should know you enough to be concerned

with how you feel. Shop at market places with your bridge card. That's how you get the most bang for your buck. You can get 12 steaks for a hundred dollars down at the eastern market. It's about how it's cut but I make fried rice, steak sliders, steak and noodles, steak fajitas, loaded baked steak potatoes, sided with shrimp and wine battered broccoli. You have to know how to improvise with a woman. Never date a woman that won't come to your house on the first date if you offer to cook up front. This does not make her a gold digger but this puts the ball heavily in your court. This is where you tell her we go dutch.

13. Oh, and buy multiple stocks not just 440 on one stock, my apologies. Watch the stocks you like for a week and watch their past months progress to see if it's a jumper. Single life has its perks when you have things. There's a way around the lows. Keep looking for more things to have but not have. Like buy a bunch of items in a store one day of the week and send it back the following day but make sure you can take it back. Buy it and take a bunch of pictures and post it on your social media. They're gonna know it's goods untampered because you didn't open the box. But it's great for music videos. Go to a store and get a bunch of clothes but keep the tags and do videos in them. Stack up your gallery with cool outfits. This is for my young guys 20's and up with nothing to do with their time but date and grow a content catalog. Goods and clothes. And when they ask if you cook, get a bridge card, don't take them out on your hard earned money. And cook for you and them don't cook a full course meal on one plate and ask if she likes it. Then take a picture and add it to your future cookbook.

12. After missing out on 17,000 dollars because my partner buddy wanted to persuade me against the stock on the stock exchange with AMC stocks I have a hard time wanting to get into stocks. Although I've got a knack for it. When I get a free thousand on my hands I'll shoot for it again. Aim for penny stocks. Nothing over 8 dollars a stock. At max 22\$. That's how I buy and sell. And I don't buy anything I'm not aware of, like buying fuel energy or wind towers. I'll only collect a stock I'm sure is gonna move. Thought I'd pay it forward to all those hustlers with a free thousand in their pocket. Go to Robinhood, although it's gotten flack it's still a valuable option. And what you can do is this. Split the stock up in two exchange markets and buy the same stocks in different places. What that'll do is give you a fairer advantage with the service you entertain. Not all services play fair so I'd play on the unfair and the fair for their advantages. Robinhood is easier to use and the app is like click bait. That and Charles Schwab & Co. Those two are great for putting some money in your pocket during hard times. It's not a casino. It's a system. 8 and 22. Don't get greedy is the name of the fools. You wanna be able to take manageable losses. If you buy a thousand dollar stock you lose a thousand dollars. If you buy a 22 dollar stock you lose 4 dollars. Then in a week gain 5. But 5 times the thousand you spent on the stock. If you bought 20 stocks that's 440\$ worth you gained a hundred dollars. If I gained a hundred I'd pull out and buy 12 eight dollar stocks, and spend the remaining 340 on 15 dollar stocks but keep the hundred on the side until I felt like I saw a hot stock that moved fast upward and low for consecutive exchanges or just pay my phone bill. I'm also nervous about calling lawyers after calling 70 of them 5 years ago. Like I said you have 5 years to call a lawyer for malpractice after the incident, 6 months after but 5 years to be aware of the incident and 30 days after filing to gain a case for the incident. Call the bar of your state. Mines the Michigan State Bar, their website is <https://www.michbar.org/> get your case together and get ready to hear, "Hi I'm referring you to a civil lawsuit lawyer." But keep calling. If you have a case you'll find a lawyer eventually like I did. My only problem last time was that I'd timed out my wait window for being able to call them for malpractice.

11. Blogs, Films, Books, Culinary, Slogans, Website production, business development and

consultation on lifestyle I'm your man. The plan after all of this was over, you know the plays and performances of last year 2021 was to lay low, relax, get my thoughts together, and retire from speaking on stages. The hope was this, that I'd hop on the bus one day and I'd see a lady around my age sitting, minding her business at the window. Headed somewhere but no where at all. To work at least. And I'd be too. Whether that was gaining off retirement income, money from my literature or an actual job, or all of the above, I'd sit next to her. And we'd hit it off instantly by my excitement to life. I'd have stories, I'd have references to my works, at least most of them. And we'd end up befriending. She'd come by my apartment and then would start the cooking for her, the wining and dining, the mixed drink dinners, the showing off of recipes. But maybe she's the cooking type....

10. Ugh, ten, we're at ten now. Time to tell something real. I remember on the corner of a street I used to live for 8 years in Dearborn was a house of a film producer. He mowed the lawn there. We talked actually for three to four hours about everything you could imagine at 13 years old under the sun. I recall staring at the sky painting my conversation as it cracked open it's rebuttal with blue rays through the wind. God spoke through me that day. And God used him that day. He gave me his card where I could see his movies and elaborated more of his life onto my young and eager soul. Told me he was a painter along with other jobs he'd had. But the movies stuck with me the most. I'd wondered what it'd be like to make my own movie. How the sound would come off, the picture, the scenes I would make and where I would send them to. If a 30 something year old man can make films from his basement then I could 10 years later make films from my apartment. So I bought a stage, revamped that same stage and completed 7 to 8 plays in 6 months. They weren't films but it was a start. God was in every play. He moved the same way the words on my tongue moved with the wind that day in Dearborn. Me and that man aren't close anymore. But I like to think he's another step towards Bollywood. How often we run across those jewels I call long conversations. Those Ulysses moments in time. That open up the spirit and give it a platform on grassy ground. As we give our opinions of how we are the ones to commit difference to our Fields. When you get a moment like that, I call them 0\$ consultations, take them with ease, and let your inspiration from the moment shared take the speed.

9. I was told the attention span of the average person was 5 minutes. Something like that. I take it as this, people will get it later regardless. I like my pizza cold. Not out the oven cold but kinda how after everyone's talked about it I'm coming to get it out the refrigerator kind of cold. Those are the best kind of words to hear. Imagine opening your phone to a gift card you forgot about. That's the cold pizza I'm talking about. Nobody goes to the river to hand out business cards anymore. In the Words of a Joshua, my innovative online ideas are the business card. Some say I'm building my storage space up. I like to think I'm building my good karma up. I've heard about those people that gave the world and now live off the people they gave it too. Yeah that's the kind of courage we're on. Using people and collecting 200 to pass go are two different theories I'll explain: if you do right in life people will have the pockets to feed you.

8. Did you know you could clear all credit card debt by pleading insanity? It's either that or wait 7 years. Do you wanna be a Jacob or an Esau? Esau got the same amount of cattle without karma. Jacob had to work 14 years for the damage he'd done. That's a love story in it's own and a line I might use in my films one day. Not saying this is a script or anything, but in all reality, I don't want to be forgotten. How many college students do you know get remembered forever? Immortalized. Remember that time capitalization companies tried to forget about Jesus then the

struggle of black people brought it back? We hold the American dollar by the trillions. We're on that kind of courage. This essay writing feels like I'm John Henry. Fighting an immortal engine of AI destined to lose by it's enormous content presser. What if AI actually was just sitting here making hit movies, books, music, food and people. Yeah I said it. What if we got replaced. That'd be a horrible day. I call that revelations. I'll talk about it one day. We have a day and an hour. I'm just asking. An era and a religion. I'm just saying. We literally are living at the end of an era.

7. "It's the fact that we not gone get there" slang is evidence of anti plagiarism. People always look for help the wrong way, who is this people we speak of without being a hypocrite. You cannot use that word in a sentence without talking about self foremost. And you cannot use the phrase Suicide Rate in a sentence without someone trying to Scarlet Letter you. Seriously, it's a witch hunt out here for watching what comes out of thy mouth. I'm...not one of them. You gotta strategize where you put information these days. If you don't People! Ha, get upset and wanna govern your content. And when they make it political that's when you gotta run for the hills. I vote [WordPress.com](https://WordPress.com). All for WordPress say I...."I". No but in all seriousness. I am a firm believer that if you pay for something it's yours. "If you bought it you taught it" I would like everyone to read that comment backwards but still read it plainly. I'll, "help": If you buy it it's yours, if it's truly yours as the organization you bought it from says, then it's useable in such manners to teach. Now hear me out, we're talking about a service. A house is a service if you rent, an online account is a service if you can jot, a car is a service if you can lease, now the freedom of that service is entirely dependent on which town you fled. Aka...credit cards.

6. This is exciting for me. I've gotten until the 19th to make 60 paragraphs. I'll keep it at that kind of medium so no one thinks this goes forever. I'm making a big sandwich. A 60 page sandwich. I got words to spend. Thoughts to share in this world I'm living in. There's a lot on my mind and I'm telling it all. Well not all this is just a facet of the things I'm trying to say. Writing business encyclopedias and culinary cookbooks...and movies. That's not...well I'll let you all figure that part out after sandwich time is over. They always say you shouldn't use the word I when writing. But that word is very addictive. That and my, you, I'd, and some other jots I'm forgetting. Everybody on social media could've copy and paste their entire pages on an [Amazon.com](https://Amazon.com) self publish document and paint a pretty picture then hit send to all the white people of the world. Not to be racist but those are who fill the New York Times. I say we take our scraps and give them some competition. What do you say troops? Ready? Set? Send! Of course they'll call it spam but we can just rebuttal that we have original content that's misunderstood. That is if folks would quit using memes, quotes, and two liners. People on social media act like this with their literature, "hey my name is Bob, what's your name? Well Josh Detroit is so messed up, if only someone could invent something that everyone could profit off of Detroit would be a much better place." - Life. And they call that their literature novel. My teacher gave me the best advice I ever got in school. 500 words is a page. So divide that by all the thousands you make about your momma, your baby daddy, this economy, the justice system, last night's weed party, business, and put that in context. Now that's a Novel I can live with.

5. "No I don't wanna watch a movie, no I don't wanna listen to a song, no I don't wanna read a book, because...I'm a beauty" remember MySpace? How about Yahoo? I do. But I haven't seen someone's Yahoo email in a long time. These ideas are vintage. Making old accounts and uploading them to business cards as a marketplace destination, like let's go back in time. The Greyhound is the number one source of state to state transportation. No turbulence, no crashing and dying, no peanuts. But there's plenty of stops...the seats get hard though, the hemroids will

come and burst...no you do not have Colin cancer. But I'd rather buy a butt pillow than a hearing aid. I make it my number one plan to drink a bottle of water a day, my hands are always going numb when I sleep and my throat feels dry, urine yellow. Are we in a great depression is the question, or are we forcing the depression on ourselves through means of other pleasures. I didn't see anybody drinking water in The Great Gatsby. We buy it, we get comfortable, and we settle for not wanting to deal with it. So I say buy one, not a package, stay in the heat not in the house, ride a bike and in the snow ride the bus as much as possible, and pray the city you're in supports that kind of transportation. And when it's raining don't go to the beach anymore because it's polluted with sea oil. (That oil spill really bothered our day. What a day to be had, we've got days to have, these are those kind of days. Society is the day. Religion is the hour.)

4. Covid has made it harder to gain friends, I believe it's always been hard to get friends, but even more so now. No one is as close as once was. And due to the poverty levels, I doubt anyone's focused on having a friend rather having a scam is better for them. If it cost money to gain attention then I'd rather plaster my name on a billboard and let the freeway love me personally. Women focus more on their bodies than they can on their social lives so it's harder to reverse that conditioning. It's harder to reverse that to business mindedness, so all we have from our ladies are cosmetology and urban plans. A man once said a woman was only good on her back. I believe I've failed her. Not giving her the tutelage for free to avoid becoming statistical, meme, and or scripture. That she dates trend, and marries cliche. I'll tell you an irony contradict, I don't trust Google Photos comments stability so I type all my words on Google Notes first. All can be done from a computer. Like that bridge which keeps shaking as you're going across wishing nobody tells you to look down. A serious question would be, who's going to libraries when all the parties are in your phone. First thing I'm doing when I get my apartment back is investing in a library. They're trying to Fahrenheit 451 us through the changing of times. We won't burn books, we'll just stop printing. That's an old saying that I'm sure is in a hundred textbooks by now. Hold on let me rant quickly, I used to envy poetry because I thought it was ending. But we aren't doing anything with the jazz and poetic era but reintroducing content if not the era itself in holiday form on the side of our outlining cities.

3. This may be the black Moby Dick of our time. The American dream was built by blacks but chased by whites. That is the legacy of Herman Melville and also the secret. I don't smoke a cigarette while writing these essays or hold my famous beer bottles. But I lay down, I sit in coffee houses with WiFi, libraries with WiFi, I sit on benches when afforded to do so. I am the product for a society in depression. Applicable to no reason of wealth. But every reason for innovation. Innovating food in plays first, websites on Google first, plays from cell phones first. I won't knock who's inspired me. Social media live feeds that last several hours of idol media avatars sitting around discussing their day. I'm talking about the women of our day who sit on their phones doing their hair and smoking blunts. I turned that into a phone media and did plays free for consumers.

2. I've gotten so many businesses underneath my resume that they could call me an octomom. Last year I pitched a business plan, SUIT: a theatrical series of plays grounded on self insulting for commerce. Which means negating a product or business conversation to produce an addition conversation titled that negation, paralleling both conversations for business commerce. Like a courtroom with two lawyers fighting the same case, negating in different ways, resulting an outcome financially on a one sided stake. My job with media was to be

unsung, to lose the lawsuit. Now that I see it's success my target is to reapproach the chalk board and gain a win. In my own secret way. But this is the business motto of SUIT, to play the urban losses for commercial gain. Back in 2016 I said two things. "5 years from now I'll administer a plan that may very well save us all but only if you let it, for I just hope it isn't seen as a phase that is passed by, a message simply sent" And, "Muhammad Ali, the fire rises, I am not a preacher but a minister of change, and an adversary, for the fire." Those comments I believe whole heartedly from the plays I've created and words written 5 years a message to our society that is not an old "Business Pickle" as a marketer for restaurants and sales once put. I've become the prophet that catches their own prophecy. An instruction manual on communism. This may be the last time I illustrate myself on Google Photos via words and paragraphs, and the beginning of later films on Google Photos.

1. I'm breaking a silence that I thought would be held until the 19th. And I'll start with this, the definition of Porn: exposing ones vulnerabilities, ones art, showing all of ones self to the point of emotional weakness. Pushing insecurities to a hyperbole beyond social norms. Porn is a stage. And we all have one. Define Stripping: taking off the cloak of one's business motto (principles) garments to the most marketable and attractive resolve. Advertising. For payment. I'd like to start this conversation off by who taught me how to strip: James Joyce Ulysses, who took a conversation and put it inside his notebook then later became banned. Frederick Douglass, who produced a Novel, Newspaper and political occupation against his own slavery experience. (That's porn and stripping) Napoleon Hill, whom identified a get rich soon scheme and put it in a notebook, the author of The Green Book, who wrote a million ways to travel the Americas without getting lynched by white people. Don Quixote, which detailed a true story of Marco Polo in fiction form. H.E.R. who was most successful for restocking music production as a business model, successful for creating one of the first websites on YouTube. Mr. Shawn Carter, the most successful at placing a business encyclopedia sketch in a music album. Kanye West, who created an album which could reintroduce compounding soundtracks in new ways. The Joker series, which turned an activist into a comic book series. Dave Chappelle is known for sparking cinematic comedy speeches. Gulliver's Travels states a documentation: " We are trying to land our kingdom on this village you see, but the people are angry at royals, so until we solve this dispute, we will commence our kingdom in the sky apart from civilian society." How often do you see pornstars in public? The public we the people can afford...how often do you see strippers in public, without hiding as the Joshua harlot? It is a rarity. But their current and historical devices to business is worth an encyclopedia, one created by blacks, is worth a Green Book, to give awareness to those blacks, if not show you how to be aware as an entrepreneur in the 21st century. Architects I say. Architects bring the porn out of me. Architects bring the money rain.  
\*Bows\*

## E-FAQ

### **Joshua's Garden Act Two**

Detroit would be a better place, you won't look for profit in the beginning, but, you'll get wealthy in the end, my name's Bob, haha, no, my name is Life." Words of Joshua, "We are greater because we are not wealthy, not because we see the other side." Thank you. (But before that day comes, after college I'm heading to give the school another try, and I won't stop until it's cemented in history.) Nothing good comes easy.

## **Garden Of Joshua**

Writing this memo is therapy to you all today. I'd like to exclaim, I sit before a group of gentlemen. No women besides the one who gave me life and two sisters exist in my social world. As of today, I failed. But the failure was success. Yet still failure. On the verge this February of making history, not only first to make a website off Google, first to create plays off cell phones, or first to win fair use copyrights for parodies, but this February I'd of been that much closer to forming an online nonprofit school with little to nothing to my name. Now all of this is scattered in my Google account, the company is still alive but it gives a new name to the quote, back burner. It ended on 8348 Greenfield Rd February 4th, the day of my deceased Father's birthday. The win would've been a flawless victory. Besides needing a culinary degree there were no real road blocks in my path. Except one thing, I did it without people. Which was a time bomb for criticism on all ends. A war which stopped on 8348 Greenfield Rd couldn't of had a better end. Years to come it'll be normalized, no one will accept text on phones, no one will accept Google links, no one will prefer plays on cellular devices. You fine men are historic. Ladies and Gentlemen, I end this message with Bob's musical words: "Detroit is so messed up, people have no jobs, if only someone could invent something, that everyone could profit off of,

## **Luke Chapter 9 Verse 58**

And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.

Created Color Schemes off the penny in plays.

Created plays within cookshows

Created Novelties off msgs

Created Advertising from pamphlets

Created websites from search engines

Created food galleries out of cookbooks

Created business manuscripts from textbooks

Created raw films from cellphones

Created top cuisine from broken electric stoves

Reorganized law, therapy, spirituality, psychiatry,

Business, Culinary, Art, education, film

And turned it all into a nonprofit commodity.

Yet the earth seems dry, and so is my phone. My life isn't the same as it was a year ago. All those friends I held onto are gone, especially females, I feel like I had to drain everything to get here. No lawyer to call, no doctor to do business with, the world seems dead. Why does it seem that when you're on the brink of a major life change that everyone you know is gone. Everything you've had lost. I haven't seen a woman let alone a good steak in almost a year. It seems it's lost but it's not. I just need the world to know one thing. At the bottom, where I'm at today. On Joy Road, once the deadliest road in America. Is historic. You are historic. You may not have a thousand dollars or a million. But from your feet to your head, you are a powerful statement in America. Let your Ruby shine, let it shine fox, let it shine bird, shine on daughter of man. -Luke chapter 9 verse 58.

## **Shays On The Bus**

Life is not perfect but ohh that silver lining is real. And I'll see Shay on the bus again someday. I will. And this time, like with Von, I'll be ready. I'll be so ready. She was my heroine. And so were

many other women including Are'al. But Shay was the only one who imitated Life perfectly. I've met many women like her, but not like her if that makes any sense. If I have to replace the Psalms of Joshua God forbid I never have to, but if I do, it'll be in praise of those women who rescued me from the claws of men. Shay saved me from myself. I'll delete this comment later on today but there's just no woman like her. I risked my job, my life, and my life for her. Hehe. She's something to me that I cannot...well I'll say half the word, goddess. To all the goddesses this Valentine's day, and gods...God bless you. Okay no I gotta say more. She was the baddest girl in Detroit! In the East. She was the savior of the ghettos. And came to save a nerdy kid like me. She saved my soul. I was dying from so much mistreatment. I was down on my luck. Out of my mind. Nothing but ambition and a few business projects to push together. And she rescued my heart from hell. I thank her more than she knows. And will forever have her in my plays in some way. THANK YOU SHAY!

### **Shays On The Bus**

If I could turn back the hands of time. Mhm, mhm, mhm. Okay scratch that. Reflecting on my past, Shay on the bus was the perfect stand in for life. And taught me everything by doing so little. She was my Rosa Parks. I'm NOT MLK, nor Malcolm. I'm not an activist. I do business, neither here nor there. A modest school institution. But! Shay on the bus. She was my actress, my activist, my caretaker to health, she was it all. You should've seen how she attended the bus. It was genius and natural. Like everything bowed to her presence. Even me. But I bowed valiantly. If I'm not careful in talking about her I may never see her again. That's my Achilles heel. I said it. I said it. Now I know I'll never see her again. And if I do it's because God is that "through an eye of a needle." I would do anything to have that moment again. I'll tell you a story and I'll end it here. It sucks to be a genius. I knew this girl named Ari, and I used to pray for months on this notepad, wishing I'd run into her on the way to the library. Ugh, I have so much more if I could just see her she'd, lemme stop...eventually I ran into Ari and we dated, and we were riding on the bus and I ran into a guy named Von who had just got signed to a record label. And he told me this while Ari was in front of me and asked for my number. I told him no because I thought it would be sabotaged later, he said, "I'll see you again" and I never saw him again. These are just moments in history where I had two of the best opportunities at one instance.

### **H.E.L.P.**

I'm deleting all three of these comments after today. In 2016 of October I went to therapy, and had left after the session ended. I caused a stir on the bus and a man on there wanted to harm me. DDOT bus cameras can reflect the incident. Immediately a man ran onto the bus with long hair and sat at the front. Knowing who he was I ran to the front of the bus and asked him to join my army. He asked me which God did I serve. I told him I served the God of Jacob, he told me no, he wouldn't join my army. I said the God of Issac, he said no I won't join your army, I then said the God of Abraham, he said no, I'm done with this conversation. Rang the bus bell and prepared to leave me alone on the bus with men who attempted to harm me. So then I cried out, JESUS! And before leaving off the bus he turned back to me and smiled, nodding his head then hopping off the bus.) Till this day a piece of me remains on that bus crying for God with men of all races and religions trying to do me harm.

### **To Those Who Are Nosy**

Those who have heard me all last year know or have a sense of what I went through. I'll stop there. When you're going through it all I'll share how it feels, it's like you're on a rollercoaster, and you're at the top going down. The feeling is exhilarating. You don't know how to feel except excited. But after coming down you wanna throw up. That's been my life all last year. Start to finish. And somewhere along the line I made a novelty which was historic in every nature of the sense. Coming off that roller coaster ride just now I don't wanna get back on. Food was brilliant, writing was excellent, plays were gold. But it was a hyped life engulfed in being victimized. There's only so much that I can say to the public without saying too much. I lost everything last year. My job, my female friends, my love life, my social life, and many aspects of my world. I can't explain everything with the public. If I can, not yet at least. Till this day despite all that's happened to me, all I've experienced... I'll stop here.

### **To Those Who Are Nosy**

I've been sitting up in bed thinking about the three women who raped me last year, and two who got pregnant off of the rapes. I've been sitting here thinking about the two hospitals which picked me up without medical insurance and held me against my will for 24 and 13 days. And I can't help but cry out to myself. It's beyond painful. What would you do if you were raped triple in a years time. Chased by dogs and held in hospitals drugged nearly to death and treated like an animal. And how would you feel if you had the talents, skills and genius I had, yet never profited off the works and wages. My story is every man's nightmare. And every woman's history with a masculine world. If you went through the pure trauma I've had to go through all my life. Being a test dummy with medicine, women and the masculinity of our time, despite being pure brilliant at one's craft, wouldn't you want some form of profit? It's true, I wish I could benefit off my work, my pain and my treatment. But it hurts too bad. I'm not a coward, I'm not shy to money or justice, but I am traumatized by the life I've had to live.

### **Moving Too Fast**

If you're wondering what I'm getting ready to say, it's this, "I cannot do this business on my own anymore. After I get my trademark and 501c3 license, I'm taking a seat. I need people checking these plays before I send them out, people advising me on steps, people in multiple areas of the company assisting on different facets of the business, PR is important and I don't have that. Doing this alone was perfect until it wasn't. No man is an island. And if he is it's ridiculously easy to get hurt playing with that kind of fire. I need help. So I'll for now on be studying more until I can come across that kind of support. For all those who I've offended in any kind of way, I apologize. I sometimes forget I'm without any form of assistance in the urban district. This school is still my passion, but I'll be taking a few steps back to reevaluate how I can better approach this company with the public. Again I apologize to race, religion and creed. I'll be removing this comment in three days." From a strategic point isolating one's self was perfect because it removed sabotage. Unexpected praise, attention and value caused the road to become more sensitive, narrow and unsafe. Again, it is me who must face apologetically. Forgive me for the unrehearsed steps.

### **Copyright Note**

Books Shen Yun, African American Encyclopedia in use as news reporting and criticism of the

Shen Yun play and fair use of copyrights with the government due to slave history. Nestle water bottle in use as subliminal criticism of the Flint water crisis where residents however impactful the company has been like fair use still lack sufficiency. Both the African American History text book and Nestle water bottle in use to parallel two sung (Nestle) and unsung (Fair Use) major problems in our society, water and intellectual properties. The following video exist as a play.

### **"Marvin Sapp I Believe"**

God told me to tell you, don't abandon his Child. That my publishing companies Hoe Music Worksheets, TextFeed, SUIT, will work out for the good of the Lord. That Wine Workers will make great slogans and logos by hand for the people of God. That Taboo Knights Women's Guild, is an amazing book club for the women of this world, that Cherry On Top Productions makes great plays and has the potential to turn out the house. That Clay N' Bone Culinary Guild makes great food till this day. Please don't abandon me. I've come too far to turn around now. I had to quote the great Marvin Sapp for that reason. Because I believe it is possible to make business possible for many young entrepreneurs out there today. Please don't abandon me. From my parodies, my green books, my children's stories, my lectures, my speeches. You wisemen and wise women have offered so much to a Constantine's table. Please don't turn on me so soon. I'm in need of courage. I'm not a gangster or a warrior, I'm alone a business man. One with only a collection of businesses, that all people may walk in business single handedly, with suitcases abroad. Please don't leave me out here without support. And if you do, God there must be a divine reason. SOS...SOS. I walk the business silk road so many behind might walk more affordably. There's no job out there for me, no settling down or prize. The only joy I have is the company, made from scratch, off the backs of originality and innovation. Don't abandon me less it be written.

### **Special Thanks Continued**

I wanna thank Dominic for being the greatest advisor and one of the greatest mentors I've ever had in my life. Helping me on spirituality, business and family.

I wanna thank Dion for being a great friend to push me on business, work ethic and socially.

I wanna thank Lindell for being a great supporter and friend to push me on business, promote me and to inspire me to be better in my company.

These are the men I'd like to thank and all who I can remember.

### **For Continuing**

I'm gonna delete this comment when I wake up in the morning. I created LGBTQES for very different reasons. The Final Curtain was made to be a finishing play with my overall 2021 catalogue. Her BodyGuard and Jail will be copyrighted in 2022 to fight for fair use in plays. Next summer I plan to do 3 to 5 more plays based around speeches and cookshows for the sake of having ownership in my sold content. TextFeed and SUIT will be sold as novelties if not next year then given for free by the summer. HOE Music Worksheet and E-FAQ are still on the back burner for the market because I still have to certify my Trademark and 501c3 off this webpage which E-FAQ is hosted. I made history by being the first person to create a website off Google's

server both on drives and photos. I'm inclusive with that statement. Hopefully, and I say hopefully I can win fair use for my copyrights and attain Trademark status and 501c3 status off my webpage. I'm patient with this nonprofit school. Very patient. God has put a lot on my lap, but it's enough. I thank the people up stairs for telling me about 501c3 status, parodies, speeches and green books. Because of them I have hope. I need to put more faith in myself. I'm strong on ambition but weak on (faith). I started a school last year, I plan on certifying the remainder of it this year. Many things happened last year that I'm ready to discuss this year. I take into deep account of my need to study classic books for the better production of future works. So this winter, spring and summer I'll be reading up on those novelties. I keep saying I did all this without a girlfriend, but I don't want a girl in my life..it would distract me, it did distract me. Cold turkey is the best way for producing great content. Last year was about cementing the overall message of what my company does at the front door of my mission statement. This school is what I'm willing to fight for. I'll fight till the bitter end.. also there's a bunch of blooper messages which I haven't shared yet and plan to share in the future.

## 2021

I close my legs and be a good girl, I feel my legs and see that good girl, I'm a good girl, I'm just tryna be a good girl. I'll go to bed and be good to you, don't make me stay in this bed, why I gotta be ridden on this bed. Every girl knows and says not a word. Cause I'm gonna be that good girl. They call me black lady, addicted to my lightskinned counter part. I gotta be a good girl for you. Momma taught me the good girl. Daddy! Help Daddy! Daddy I'm sorry if you come back imma be a man about it. I promise not to be a boy....see I can be a confused girl. Back against another man's walls imma be that good girl. They all tryna kill me and no help comes for the good daughter. They all want me dead yet love and lack of hope. All these compliments in my head. All this time spent on making this dress! I'll be a good girl. I promise if you don't beat me with that bamboo, see I can be your good girl. It's over when the bell rings. When normalcy dings. But I'll be your good girl. When did I forget all that time we shared. At what point did live shows cause my demise. Oh no that's the orphan boy. Better hide cause here imma be that good girl. Not gone tell a soul what they do to me in these bathrooms. I'm just gone tell the good girl. Won't tell a soul what happens in the basements. Just gone be your good girl. I'm gone be yo girl....I promise I can be your girl. What I gotta wear? Pants? What I gotta show, hairy legs, who gone get to see, just us? Then maybe I'll show my voice too....maybe they need my voice too..I gotta try got dammit. If I don't they gone kill the girl. So I'm gone try...and be a good girl. Aghhh!

## A Man Of My Word

I have no intentions of hiding my thoughts from the public. I don't believe in privacy. In no shape or form. Whether a thought only for a moment or a permanent idea, I am privy to sharing all those thoughts with you so conversation as a human being can be universal. And most of all trust amongst strangers. We are all connected one way or some other. So I do plan to hold tight to that connection. This year whether you love me or for a moment think to kill me, remember that my life is and will always be open to you. Which is also the cheat code to running a company. Knowing when to express then after that expression how to incorporate that expression and after incorporating how to make commerce out from that business. I'll be showing you that this year more than ever. And this laundry list of paragraphs are a plain out truth and example of my entrepreneur honesty. May we all attain an ability somewhat if not for greater use, someday of business. I pray for you all.

## **Dear America**

I am sorry to the Arab community for putting romantic phrases around it's women.  
I apologize to the Latino & Hispanic community for using slang to interpret their culture.  
I apologise to the African American community for discussing their urban way of life to the public.  
I apologize to the Asian community for criticizing their works of art.  
I apologize to the White ethnic group for speaking on the police badge.  
I apologize to the Indian community for not using Hindu enough in my text.  
All those others who apologies await or refrain I am undoubtedly remorseful.  
Although I will not renig any act which was done, I am aware of the careful steps I need trod in the future of my business with you all. Hopefully this enlightens new content, more improvised works and most of all a green book reflection over my entire body of work as a whole, one which can be followed by every age, race, religion, group and politic. Our mistakes are education not an eraser's pet. But going forward you all have not only helped my wisdom but also afforded it happiness.

## **Upside Down**

Every race at some point throughout this business journey has turned on me to either hate or harm me at least once.

The answer is no. I didn't in any way plan an activism campaign for America, nor am I an activist, I'm a businessman with products that aren't always received well by the public.

I do not plan to sell any books, plays or ebooks anytime soon.

I do plan to re-launch SUIT, TextFeed, HOE Music Worksheet, and E-FAQ, the filtered and edited versions all this year for free on google photos and Google drives this year.

I plan to publish apologies to all races possible in the following note.

## **Bible School Verses**

If you love your life you'll lose it

It is better to lose an arm than the whole body be thrown to the flames.

A day with the Lord is like a thousand

All of heaven will cast into flames -Peter

My work is burned yet I am only saved- Paul

## **Define Hood**

A hoodrat is elusively a manly soul in a woman's body.

A ratchet man happens to be soulfully feminine inside a man's body.

A ghetto woman explains the fierceness of the radical ancestors of old, man and woman.

All that urban is, represents the forgetmenot which recalls the ways of old.

These are Native Americans, passing on language through slang character. Opening up third eyes through the humorous and unkept but beautiful.

The doorway to heaven lies in the ghettos.

This is the song I sing when thinking of what hood is.

Yet never over stepping, never moving too soon, never boasting or spreading joy of their activism too loud. I rely on the calculated steps of a good daughter, a civil daughter, so many man may walk loosely.

### **It Could've Been**

I almost deleted my entire body of work as a new years resolution like, "Surprise, I quit." But I changed my mind. I've worked too hard to throw all this away again. I don't have a new years resolution. It's just to be alive.

### **What You Hide In The Dark...**

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to avoid people. If you're doing something productive in this life you are bound to find people. People will bum rush you. The boomerang effect is real. If you put something out there you put it out there, it didn't just secretly fall back into your hands that material was loud. I dislike socializing with the public. Being alone was a cheat code. And I succeeded at making 7 plays off of isolation, 8 companies and one novel. If you think I did that without people you are crazy. But now I plan to make 20 more plays in silence. I'm not ever gonna publish this. I found the cheat code. Now I want it all to myself. That's selfish. But that's how I feel. All in all people will be a part of my life. I have no choice. I gotta come outside eventually. Gotta see the grass and trees eventually. But I don't want to. I'm too dope, I feel like a bad beauty. I Want to stay at home all day. You guys don't know what mental institutions did to me. It didn't make me bitter but it did make me selfish. I took advantage of isolation better than anybody. Now I got a gift more valuable than half of Hollywood and wanna hide the commodity. That's a negro for you. Good thing is I never changed my mission statement. I've always been this way on camera.

### **Awareness To The Following**

Easy E, Charlie Barnett, Magic Johnson, and all those who have been effected by the era of Aids.

The Origin of Gang Communities initiated for the protection of minority induced neighborhoods

The Book of Exodus which placed lambs blood at the door for community protection against the spread of death through its town

Those who were injured and killed by the famous bull riding era.

Nonprofits who stand close with help for the impoverished including The Salvation Army

Slaves who used the north star to attend the flagged country of Canada.

Diversity and inclusion amongst politics in America

The Origin of comics which produced an era of readers greater since the start of the classic novel era.

And lastly awareness to heart disease around the world.

### **Dear PC Pt: 2**

I finish this off by telling you my dream a few nights ago: I was asleep and had these optimistic questions I was asking this mysterious voice in my head. And the voice to every question said yes with a period at the end. And I asked until I woke up. And everytime it said yes. And here you are giving me hope not to settle but to have faith. And this time. The first important part of my life. I'm afraid to have faith. But here you are. This shouldn't be a letter of dear faith, it should be a letter of dear God.

### **Dear PC Pt: 1**

I do believe that by being victim of a vandalized apartment helped me out a little more than being paid out by the insurance company. I believe it had some legal advantages. My laptops broke, vacuums, lighting equipment, TV's, air purifiers, and so on. Nothing about my apartment is in top condition. Then I read somewhere on my lighting equipment it said, "If you alter anything about this device it is no longer protected under warranty nor recognizable by our company" and if you take that and put vandalized by every piece of equipment in the house or altered, near every piece of equipment in the house then you get an original video for my play. Now I don't know why it is you're helping me, why you even still talk to me after the highs and sparks are over. But I do know one thing that you know likewise, I need my copyrights, I need my trademark, I need my 501c3 status, and I need to sell my plays, all 5 of them. And you know this also. Which is why I'm so grateful because you don't know what I go through on the inside. The pain I feel daily on the inside. I'm often afraid to be alone yet you're right here, the only one who knows what happened to me, holding my hand. And I want to cry because you keep holding it. And it's shaking and throbbing and feeling all dead inside but you keep holding it. Being a cook also means the food boxes I showed are protected under copyright because I cooked with them, making the oatmeal and such.

### **Sitting Down**

I don't have security, much money, resources, or company men. I am literally working alone in every production sense of the matter. This should be encouraging but both an eye opener and a lesson learnt that taking time off has its importance. Therefore I'll be sitting down for a months time if not longer. The website will remain up and running. All its perks and access unchanged. Although because there is no immediate team to guide me on this company, I'll be moving much slower on revising, creating, and marketing content. A few words however I'd like to note when speaking on the urban public no bias or harm was meant towards my people, when speaking of martyrs, activist and victims of police brutality, nothing but praise, awareness and education was directed, on behalf of womanhood, Out of respect and the importance of its character I've directed the upmost sincerity however affected, and lacking any and all rudness, insult, and vulgar. These things take time to marinate, these things take time to age with the public and brief clarity likewise mutual understandings. Which is why out of respect I'll be delayed one months time to allow the body of work, my website as a whole and business to adjust into the opinions and thoughts of the viewers and distant supporters overall. And intend to continue putting pauses on my work for the sake of content, quality, clarity, and good judgement. Thank you all for viewing my company from the ground up, despite its difficulties.

### **Her Bodyguard Copyright Note**

The Use of broken Lamps, couches, "mishandled" TV's and damaged air purifiers backgrounds a questionable advanced technological AI society in this epic parody of computers, testimonies of pornography, womanhood, Martyrs, classical music, spirituality and activism.

### **Jail? Copyright Note**

The Use Of "mishandled" TV's, headphones, phones in a prison cell with quality food parodies the differentiation of the harshness of prison life and the upbeat privilege those with good finances live behind bars. Hence again the eluding of Jail?

### **A New School Pt: 2**

I got all these family vibes going on. I feel loved. Like not marketed not promoted not criticism but actual family. Like live till you're old without people jealous or trying to harm you type family. That's all I ever wanted. A little security and acknowledgement of heaven as is also on earth. That's all I wanted. Glimpses of it just brighten me. Just the glimpses get me. The glimpse alone is a getter. Life is weird that way. At first you think it's hard to paddle until you learn the waves and subconsciously start to swim.

Alright so that's a wrap! Sandwich time again in Bollywood! I'm at 458 comments, if I keep the quality of these paragraphs up I'll have my 4th book by the trademark deadline, a self running website, a trademark, and maybe a publishing date. This has been beautiful. Who would've thought that making live novelty, live plays, live medias and companies would've meant people would feel more apart of not only the marketing, not only of buying the content, not only of starting their own companies, not only of conversation about their own lives with the base being my media, not only of learning to read, but people would become apart of something bigger than any of us. That's serious change.

## A New School Pt: 1

Her Bodyguard is the best compilation of speeches I've ever done by far. Although ships do sink, mine still manages a float in this not golden age but golden era. I'm in a mirror by myself. A league on my own. Nobody can say they've done it with me, nobody can say they've had it without me. I stand the test of time. I said it. I'll stand the test of time. And some. I write for God and nothing else. I send hope of God and nothing else. These are letters of freedom and even more of long suffering. If not the success of persecution at its finest. The way is being made clear every hour that business again is possible..

Someone's been looking out for me for a while now, and I don't know who that person is. Maybe it's a guardian angel or something. But they stay helping me. I don't think I'll ever know. Maybe that's how they want it to be. I'm ashamed to call them my life but they are like life to me. Any other time I'd of been crushed. They're literally paving the way for me to succeed. I don't have any vendetta against anyone but whoever they are is like a big sibling to me. Integrity is best served through ignorance.

## Business Stuff

I never thought I'd be writing a bible. And I never thought that bible would have a play included, I still don't think that. But it seems my bible will have a play. Writing this was the hardest thing to have been done. And it at many times from copyright issues and low resources wasn't. But I did it so others would have businesses. Maybe others will. If they do I hope I don't have to publish for that to be made a reality. I hope publishing isn't God's will. It'll be a mockery to publish but also a pointless attribute not to. I'm stuck in the balance. It's not even about the money. It's about keeping the company running to be a symbol to all men that business is possible. That's my only mission. Yes that I retrieve the finances but I want an honest preachers word not a hypocrisy. I don't wanna stop here because many men after me might stop here. I want to finish. And I want to do it off the hands and brute of selfless self work. I want to carry the flag home so many men can know this is possible. I want the workforce to stinch of entrepreneurship. It has been my dream. But God's first. I tarry so much I feel at times I alone talk to myself. Like I stare at a wall. I feel this is too much to ask of God. That boomerangs of business radicalism is possible. All the doors are open but some are still closed. I will carry this flag home. I will. I know I will. It's possible. I know it is. No one can lie on me otherwise. It is the greatest story ever told not to free of sins but to give work. That we may fair better for heavens sake. This passion burns in me. It stings. And the closer is only the loneliest of accompany compadres. This is not for views or fame or money. I cannot stress this enough. I did it with not 30,000\$ in a year but over the course of 5 years. It took time to build this legacy. And to build it correctly. None of this has ever happened overnight. I've gotten flack from everyone that's how I know only God knows the truth. Yet He hides it from me and keeps me on the road. My happy ending is the beginning of thousands of men. It is the livelihoods of hundreds of mankind. In the heart of capitalism lies a communist ready for change. Yet no one can see the hope as honest as I carry it. It is a dream dreamt a many more. Hearts like Napoleon Hill couldn't come close. Frederick feared slavery not the freedom of his hands. I carry this for all man! And need not to speak or sing or do much of anything to show the progress as near as today. A bible will be made. The business handbook will be born. And men will know the goodness of suitcases and LLC's. It has been a fight long fought. A suffering long withheld. And atlas there will be freedom from the chains of 9 to 5's. We are almost there. At freedom from ourselves. No one can smell it quite so bright as I cook today. But the pot of alphabet soup has trademarks evermore. Let us be merry not fools

for nothing. But fools for an impossible cause. Business.

### **A Poor Man's Home Pt: 4**

Fame is not important, money neither, women are my deepest fear, and family is kindred home. I just want to be closer to God. Not the people of God, not computers not men who claim rented power on earth, I just want to be closer to God. And He doesn't have to have a great name for me to love Him. Just the name I put faith in. Father. I look up to the sky and yell and shout and he hears me. I wish the world never knew I had God. I wish business wasn't such a strong carrot dangle. I wish it was easier to do God's work. Every bone in me knows what God is like. And the withdrawal is a desert.

Additional Note: I don't bash anybody, I've got no realistic issue with anyone, my only complication is failing to be independent. Not greater, not lesser, like America once dreamt, independent, under God, and those He deems me with.

### **A Poor Man's Home Pt: 3**

I am in prison like Joseph and the Baker and such, but will you remember me. My ashes are distinct, an aroma unlike any other. One which does not go good charred. Will you remember me? Edgar had a publisher, Love Craft, Herman, all these greats. I woke up in a bedroom full of idols, a remote control to a game system, to a TV, and headphones and a phone, a camera tripod, computers and TV's, they weren't God...I say they weren't God. I tried to hide underneath a rock which looked like a gray pillow, and still I felt unsafe, poor and unwanted I felt to die. Not suicide but in the perishable sense. I felt it was over. Those must be what the last days will be as. When nothing is available. When everything is an idol away. I saw a book about a great whale destroying a crews ship and again I felt it was the only books around, bibles were obsolete. I keep having these visions, my dreams and visions are becoming like one. If I cannot sleep God will show me when I am awake. None of these things matter or have value to God. They are a stinch to Him. I live in a house of horrors. That is how it felt this morning. Poverty, idols, and fear. This wasn't a bad dream it was the truth. I have been set free. Like leaving a prison just barely unchained. I have been set free. I don't even watch porn anymore I just imagine it. I don't want that in my life anymore. I want to be pure. God calls me more and more. I want to be free.

### **A Poor Man's Home Pt: 2**

them, that I am still here and not in heavens wake. That I am lead to suffer on earth, to do a work that feels never done. And live in poverty oh so poor. I don't want a mansion, I don't want a hill, in heaven I only want my work, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth I ask, as is in heaven I ask. Will I be able to have successful business on earth I ask. Or will it die as the H.P. Love Crafts, the Edgar Allen Poe's, or even worse, a Farenheit 451 lost and forgotten by the tales of time. I don't want God to forget me. Maybe God's computer may miss the notice, or maybe the people of God may think of elephant ears over salmon stir fry, but I don't want God to forget me. When I stand in heaven's wake I want to be called home for the work I've done. I want to have made sense as the earth quakes a rapture. Dollars have never been my motive but poverty is not either. There must be a hope for the strong at heart. For the fighting spirit. The

world sees Christ and flashes a blind eye the following morning that joy was deemed to come. But I see passed Shay, Shay needed to see a business blueprint to love me. I see Life on the bus. If life can remember me.

### **A Poor Man's Home Pt: 1**

I barely feel like texting this. This feels like the end. People won't buy a blury audio low sounding play. No one's ever bought plays on online stores. They're all free anyways. This is not a pity speech or a cry for help. I'm done crying for help. It was suppose to be a business expose, a walk from bougie, through courtrooms, through religion, and to business certification, and business proposition. It was suppose to be an online silk road. Digital at least. I don't wanna die like Lazarus. I remember being in the heat in California thirsty and dehydrated. A man near me offered a sugar packet for my bottle of water. I choked and took it with a headache medication. I've tried all my life to help people. To do good for them. To be for their good. And the walk just gets harder and harder. Yes, cheer in mourning for those who die too soon, but life isn't all about death and who goes and who doesn't. Life is about more than that. Soul's that go too soon may very well be in heaven looking at you. There are things we stubbornly deny. And part of that denial is living for others and not ourselves, and in that selflessness we mourn that we cannot do what we do not have, that those expectations are too high to meet. But I dare tell someone who mourns, you can save the world, by doing right in the life you live, for those others you have done by. I dare tell the world, that the chosen will know greatness today. That go without another word.

### **A Story Pt: 5**

It's a privilege to be on earth it's a privilege. Why it's a privilege is because you're supposed to get all your oil when you down there. Leave no stone unturned looking for it. Find it all. And hope for the fruits of the spirit. Cause coming back is something I don't wanna do. Forget again, and again, and again. Playing subconscious tricks on your soul. Not that. I want to know myself forever. Not in a vain way. I want work forever. To where I never get bored. Not like Adam did. I never wanna gamble my life again. This was torturous. But it was a privilege and still is.

Alright cut! Sandwich time. That's good folks.

### **A Story Pt: 4**

I said that perfectly, that buying a win sounds like losing. I felt that. Cause it is. I feel like I'm being drained like Yu-Gi-Oh Everytime people ask me for spiritual favors. Like ouu now you good, I got you, you satisfied, no more need of living for anything, you got your wish, time to be human like the rest of them, when you got that you lost your gift. Like what? That's insane. Nothing's worth losing eternity. Eve maybe but I'm Eve. I'm Adam. I'm whole. I'm complete. I don't need no representation. Just a well done. And whoever's in charge up there that signs the papers of life.

I won't even go see lion king cause I feel like that's losing brownie points. I refuse all self satisfaction. I'm not going down for the count. They not gone get me and say that's how the story was told. I live a modest life. One more selfless than the world over. He with less is greater

in heaven. And that's how it's gonna be.

I deny the culprit before the world and accuse the thief at all cost. This is the only way who's who is never found. I'm pure because I have sacrificed. I don't know what I did in my old life but in this life I was heaven bound.

### **A Story Pt: 3**

What is a man to gain the whole world but lose His soul. He isn't, he's a daughter. And a NonProfit. And a prophetess. I've been walking around empty like the walking dead for three months now. Unless I'm exaggerating. I just don't know what's next. I really don't know what's next. How can I do all that, change the world and expect to have a next. There's nothing I've ever really wanted. Never had dreams. I was selfless till the very end. This stuff is bothering me. I'm a bird who doesn't know how to use his own wings. I can't fly my own plane. I don't have my license. And my license is a life. If I could fly I'd do it for all the right reasons. But winning sounds like buying a win. I don't want that. Id rather have God rapture me to heaven before I ever let someone steal His glory down here. Let alone my ticket.

### **A Story: Pt 2**

I'll tell you a story about the secret to blue nail polish, and I will only tell you this if I can tell someone I consider closer than most first. I was in Walgreens, and I was buying a 500\$ visa vanilla gift card. Buying this card I don't hardly look women in the eyes, so it gives me time to analyze their accessories, so noticing the Caucasian cashier had on blue nail polish I for the first time in years got distracted, and it would be my last time ever falling for this trick. Hypnotized I forgot about the receipt and even checking for the card balance. Turns out the card never cleared and it was still 0 dollars on it. Seeing a white woman with my nail polish was like Emmett Till seeing his criminal accuser whistle back at him. And for me that glance cost 500\$. Now every girl in the country & internationally around the globe who knows what blue Jay means wears blue nail polish. I don't call it stealing, I call it a fair trade.

### **A Story: Pt 1**

A great man once said, "I see fire". Well I have too. I hope they don't make me into a sarafina, I hope they don't make me into a covid anti hatian president, I hope I live to fight another day for heaven's sake. I hope my bravery gives people jobs in God, I hope all this talking is NonProfit business indeed, I hope it creates a better soul of the saint. I hope the bible is written for me. I hope it's written on the ink of princes. I hope this letter goes above the sadness and through the fire, and through the hate, and through the coward, like a piercing flame, burning for a better tomorrow.

### **Dreams Of A Prophetess Pt: 2**

The store window, the doctors lies: we are the dogs in that dream and our mother is the government. And we are being told to eat chow (poor medicine) instead of healthy prescription. They don't tell us everything because we are dogs to them. Eating crumbs from the master's table. But then I thought again. Darwinism will separate the dogs from the master's. The warriors from the cowards. How scared am I? I thought. How scared really have I been thus far?

## **Dreams Of A Prophetess**

I wanna make a sworn apology for discussing the vaccine with you guys on air within my webpage. It was wrong to be so political despite my vulnerabilities expressed. If you would, I'd like to share a dream of mine shown to me in a twilight before becoming asleep this night: There was a dog in this dream, a K9, a healthy dog, and I found him astray on the streets. Thinking of serving him top of the line hamburger, cooked, my mother told me to serve him chow instead because chow had been inexpensive. When I woke up from the dream my mother told me dinner was ready, and that she'd just finished up leaving the doctor's office. Take in mind I had forgot the dream when waking. looking at the food it was a whole chicken on a bed of rice with gravy on top. And it looked like the gravy was a scrambled egg, undesirable. So I took a bite and it tasted in the likeness of baby food. Telling my mother no, not to disrespect her or her cooking she understood then told me a story: Josh I went to the doctors office and instead of the doctor telling me what was wrong with me they gave me generic diagnosis. Giving me lies and beating around the bush about everything. I had to literally persuade the truth out of their mouths. And later found that instead of three vaccines we were heading for a fourth vaccination after the booster shot." Immediately after hearing these words I understood my dream, the chicken and gravy, the appointments only sign near the store window, the doctors lies: we are the dogs in that dream and our mother is the government. And we are being told to eat chow (poor medicine) instead of healthy prescription. They don't tell us everything because we are dogs to them. Eating crumbs from the master's table. But then I thought again. Darwinism will separate the dogs from the master's. The warriors from the cowards. How scared am I, I thought. How scared really have I been thus far?

## **The Death Letter Pt: 2**

save them. Cause this ain't saving grace. This ain't freedom. You got thousands dying for lack of knowledge. We not dying right. The soul ain't marked so we not gone know who's who. Nothing I say changes the future. It only Martyrs it with another hit letter. Isaiah was told they'd never hear. Ezekiel was told the blood was on him. Jacob was told to let go. And communism communism I just can't. I can't. I wanna live at old age but at what cost? What cost? Am I the fat lady in the titanic boat pouting until threatened. Kill me so thousands are saved? What is death already. Let's get these people home. I need the people home. Out of all I have in me. What is it if they can't get home? I go to the guillotine today with a shot in my arm. And I do it without the desires of myself. I do it for others. Peer pressured by death.

## **The Death Letter Pt: 1**

I wish I could write a miracle tonight. I wish I could write away taxes tonight, I wish I could write away racism tonight, I wish I could write away war tonight, I wish right now the bully in my house could tell the world I ain't that TV sitting fat belly afraid of radicalism. This ain't heaven. They killing our kids. And I don't wanna be here no more. So I wish I could write away vaccines tonight. I wish I could write away division tonight. Somebody tell America China is killing people on the regular death row. All those massacre TV shows! I wish I could write away Texas death penalty tonight. Somebody take away my pacifier. I wish I could write away porn tonight. I wish I could write away genocide tonight. What they gone do kill me for one and one for all? Why I

gotta be yo D'artagan. Why I gotta read these books. I'm not scared of dying. I'm scared of where others will go. Somebody save these kids! Somebody save my heart. It's failing. I'm failing. I'm weak. They got my brothers and sisters. I wrote a letter because I meant it not for cinematic appeal. They gone mock me. They gone laugh at me in their mirror. They gone throw tomatoes with a film scripts ink. I said it. You kill us with our love. (Stephen King) And I'm an example of it. I don't want my family to die. But I want them all to have the mark of God. Just like me. Mark them with God then.

## **Life After Persecution**

Being tortured and traumatized changed me. I don't wanna go on social media, I barely wanna masturbate, I don't wanna buy alcohol and drink, there's nothing that I used to do that is pleasurable anymore. There's no girlfriend that I buy with my fame. All the girls I had served their purpose in getting me close enough to God that I could make a decision. God still gives me dreams, I can still sing like heavens sound, I still cook beautifully, all my gifts are that much stronger after going through what I went through. The only friends I want are the ones I have currently. I can't trust these people on the streets to get too close that they feel the need to do bodily harm at my subject. But there's nothing wrong with the people on the street. They're no more honest than I am. Life has the same meaning before Covid, it's only more obtainable now. Till this day I still have yet to meet someone who's been hit with the same fungus of struggle as me, and I'm not looking forward to it. My business is complete and ready for revisal. All I've got is my work and family extended and related at the end of the day. I'm not the same man I was 2 years ago. I'll never have another job again, a girlfriend, a hub of social activity. It's like I've gone into the secret service and independence is my security. However there's still a lot of room for me to grow in God's gifts. I've got more spiritual talents to learn, master and sharpen. My real home is heaven this all is only temporary living environment.

## **Business Descriptions Pt: 4**

A TV show, a News Channel, and a Play, the final footage will be a courtroom.

TV Show: The Genesis Salvage, News Channel: The Psalms Of Joshua, Play: Jail?

They say how you gone copyright in December. I laugh, say, make up something. No but seriously it's too much candy on the table to be fooling around with next time. There isn't for me a next time. It's only this right now. And that's all I've got to make an already seasoned sausage, by me, a mean steak sandwich. You gotta understand where I'm coming from. I'm the fuel to this Renaissance. Everybody else is looking tired. The future is foggy, the sky is unpromising predicting every other bodies heaven. I'm done with the saying of repetition history. I'm creating Schools and do it yourself restaurants like this was E-Harmony. It's only gonna happen unless someone puts in the work. We need business again. But better than it's ever been. We gotta return. We gotta all return this time. Let every eye see Christ this time. Nobody left behind this time. We getting everybody. Everyone who belongs. And flying over those we miss. Ps- Joshua

## **Business Descriptions Pt: 3**

General's words: ATTENTION!

ATTENCHUN! It is far too late in the game to be giving up your oil light lamps, it's far too late in the game to change up now, to hide the little gold we have, to give up the pig swine for more pigs, it's late in the game I said. It's late and biblical eras were born on this political business microphone. Hear every soldier, in front and behind the field. Hear the woman with a cradle, and the daughter by his farm, here the man on the horse and the son by the graves, hear the black men rumbling but the white lights we only see. Here the black lightning around the bushes that fire, fire, fire! It's late in the war yet no one knows their part. A political giant made a business and said to finish up here. No, we aren't finished. The days never finished. Heavens open and too many don't make it. Try outs were later too many don't make it. Why not scream for them who miss. Why not holler for those that miss. We shout out every thing for Valentine's day, for Christ I just want a bell. To bang it loud with my hammer as the horsemen of old revelation my poor mind. Keep existence to self alive. Keep my job alive. And pound the bell ever louder, at the lives we now have.

### **Business Descriptions Pt: 2**

Dear God, forgive those who don't know this is a renaissance, and forgive me for disrespecting their era with my tomato style, but God, I want the kingdom to siege for me. I'm addicted to praying on camera, forgive me now for not bowing on my knees. But the microphone was open, their business was gonna close. I saved their lives and this is the payment they give me. Shit during an American revolution part two. They hate on the wrong guy, please God tell them I'm like Christ, tell them I'm the messenger. Tell them we're hired for cheap and sold for mass, tell them religion was closing in on them! Tell them the barrel was being made, tell them I cut the iron whole. Tell them I saved the world not walked with Troy Giants, tell em to the poets mountain, take them high and sail around down yonder to the mysterious cave of Joshua's finished business. Tell them I wasn't alone. Tell them they needed me....and when all is said N' done, of my business they still do.

### **Business Descriptions Pt: 1**

So I pulled out 3 plays in total so far. Jail?, The Genesis Salvage, and The Psalms Of Joshua. I think I'm gonna make one last play.

All these plays are political.

I really wanna do one last play then I'm done for the year. After this I can sit back and chill. Or sit back and file copyrights. There's just one last thing I'd like to get off my chest. Just one last thing. Then I'll end it off by having 4 plays. I think it'll be 5 plays done in total when I'm finished. 5 plays.

I made the Genesis Salvage one play that's why it's only 5 or 6 plays.

### **Dividing The Sheep**

I had a dream last night that I was looking for love. Literally hungry for it. And I thirsted for that love through chocolates. Trying to buy the candy in stores, but couldn't find it anywhere on the shelves. I even bought a box and ate the whole thing but wasn't satisfied. Everytime a new box showed up still wasn't satisfied. There wasn't a box in store that I could buy that would lift my

spirits. And the day I assume was valentine's day. Women in the store called me anxious said I wanted it too bad. My own mother in the dream said I had a serious issue. But when the clock struck passed the holiday not a box could be found all over the stores. It was gone and the shelves returned to their normal selves. Filled with regular candy and produce. That dream was about fame, and also the doorway to innovation. And it's door has a limited time to be opened. And no one wants you to walk through it. And at the hour it is no longer desired, will shut and we will all see it's true value by the aging of our content and the reflection of what regular people exist to live. We're living in a renaissance right now. And nobody recognizes their worth. I see it clearly and people call me thirsty. But truly I understand the times. And when all is said and done I'll be up there with the greats divided from the regular.

### **The 0\$ Dream Pt: 3**

God willing...yes I said it. God willing. I made a business diary. It's complete. Needs a little touching up. But it's finished. Hollywood is silent right now. And I am alive. Hollywood is silent and, I am alive. I never end. Moment for the living. Moment for the poor. Moment for those who make masterworks for 0 dollars. Moments for them that do without so everyone else can have a chance. A moment please. Can we have a moment please. Hummm, hush.

### **The 0\$ Dream Pt: 2**

Because of it.

It's immature of me but this is what I want, this is my demand sort of speak. I want time to stop. I want time to literally stop in a room full of confident and powerful people, and us to seriously get prominent points across. And make things work. I want time that dirty thing which causes money to be greater than content and company design, I want that dirty thing to become clean in front of a room of people who are humble enough to listen, to talk things out and to discuss points that make sense to the honest eye. And I want to be able for us all to use those points to grow and push multiple companies forward. And afterwards....come back and row the honest eye boat again until we can find enough ideas to have self running, diverse and inclusive organizations. That help not just our pockets, not just time make more money for us, but also society that makes the dollar trickle to the places desired most.

You gave me power and I made a rainbow out of it so everyone could have one. Stop hating on what will continue to be. This beauty I made is for all of us.

Don't listen to what I say. Listen to what my body of work says. It says not only free, but freedom.

### **The 0\$ Dream Pt: 1**

I have 5 big brothers by the way you don't know who I'm talking about. But speaking on him again, me and this guy go far. Beyond far. We go there. I once told him my dream, and he heard that dream, it was a huge dream. Which had to do with a mansion, a game system, a sunlit patio, and turkey sandwiches on the kitchen counter. I had this dream of me and him retired living out our days playing football on the TV, battling out the sports and reflecting on the times of our past. I hate to only praise one brother in a message but we go far. He shared a lot of

moments with me, his talent, his skill, his strength, and his drive is one of the pivots of why I exist the way I do. He became an asset in my artillery. An advisor quiet, humble but nonetheless a teacher. And I've respected him a long time for this trait he holds. It's the trophy, the invisible trophy he'll always represent to my ever growing education. Everytime I get tired when I think now is enough, he goes to the dug out and coaches me on another reason to succeed, to be better than the last story. And I'm thankful, I'm greatful to have a hero like him studying my errors and pushing another reason for my achievements. He's not a trophy shiner, my brother is a trophy producer.

I'm tired of writing and speaking. But this play called Jail? Was about informative content, Pushing informative content forward. And it is a hit

### **Copyright Note**

Jail? Was a parody about politics.

To give awareness to both the prison system and the problematic system of politics I made a play discussing both in a parody style fashion quoting both women and the aggression of man power in our society to better discuss and appropriate our judgements on this country.

It's a critical and satirical parody of our government system. From Emmett Till, to the poor class, to the endless killing of black men in our country, to the showcases artist have to play to distract the public, to the imprisonment of minorities including black men, to the critical judgment of class divisions in our economy. And more, Jail? Speaks on all the characters of both the powerful and disenfranchised. To better create fullness in our divine comedy called America. And also might I add the level of quality the rich live in a divided and distraught America. Jail? is a great comedy. Which falls under the fair use act of copyright law.

### **The Compilations Of Joshua Pt: 3**

I'm never going private again. This is my only webpage. I respect it. I have much respect for it. And I need it for my trademark filing. So no I'm never going private. Another thing I'd like to mention. I've never stolen anything from anybody. I called people without a telephone. That's all I did. I called mount Olympus without a telephone. It was innovative it took guts and I did it. And they came. All of Olympus came. I'll end the paragraph here.

I literally just made an original juice, an original stirrfry, and an original play about jail in less than 24 hours. Give me a break. I'm even editing this content or creating this material with you all live without any privacy. Why does anyone feel anything negative about me? Seriously. I should be on the best part of everyone's brain. There shouldn't be a single negative thought about me. I don't believe in utopia's but I don't believe in straight negativity consistently and call that healthy. That's depressing. And I don't advocate depression although I empathize with it.

Sandwich time...

### **The Compilations Of Joshua Pt: 2**

My brother just told me to stop venting to people happy to hear me doing awful. And he couldn't

of been more sincere with his message. But he was half right. Up until I began doing plays I was doing awful. But once I got on the set things began to change for me. I got stronger, braver, and improv became my superpower. Being a live construction became my war strategy. And I realized things I never knew about myself. I became more than a man. And plays were forever my home. Me and the big bro go through a lot separately. But his teachings still remnate through me. Learning is a powerful distraction.

My favorite art is stand up. Where it's gone took promise.

Trust me when I say this trust me. I'm going to age well. All my art. I never....hold on.

I never edit my messages. I may make the webpage private and save the messages in a separate document but I never edit my messages. That's how you know it's pure.

### **The Compilations Of Joshua Pt: 1**

Ha! That was funny. Catch up that was 18 minutes ago.

The miracles I'm waiting for men cannot provide for me. I'm waiting to hear from God again. I did all He asked. I did everything He asked. Gave everyone jobs, helped everyone profit, invented a new way of Theatre, there's nothing more that's needed of me at this chapter in my life. Nothing but sit here and wait around. It's just not clear on the next steps to make. And if they are clear they're hurdles. Many of them. I made history in very little time. History was made that's a beautiful thing. But if that doesn't matter to mankind, then I know it matters to God. I find it beautiful how nobody or only a segment of people know about this page. It's beautiful because I cut the world off 5 times I believe. So 5 different crowds know only pieces of my life. There's a rainbow of perspectives of me outside. And of how to handle the philosophies of life. I end this statement with that. The bird rainbow has become a reality. My my my. Everything I did I got. And much more. But I never finished the story. I'm just waiting to finish the story. I hope it ends gracefully. I hope it does. I got room for way more content. I know how the machine works now. I could do it for years even. Just need another sign. Just need another Word. Just need to know the end of that beautiful speech God gave me. I wanna finish that song. I'm so young. There's plenty of time. I gotta finish. I gotta finish. I'll end it here.

Sandwich time...

### **The Film Budget**

Alright so I bought my phone and stage clothes. It all cost just under 600\$. I'm not saying where the clothes are from for fear of copyright infringement but they were dirt cheap. Like 6 dollars a shirt. And the phone has my 128GB so I'll be able to film all day. I'm not editing any videos by the way. Not nothing. Whatever I film is what it is. I'm pulling every last drop of artistry out of me before my school opens..whatever comes comes. My last business is certified and I'm ready to shoot..this is gonna be up there with the greatest films in history. Off a 600\$ budget. I don't need assistance but the hood I was given. Let them bother my line. Let them irritate me. I'm in it for the long haul. And business once I'm done will still be business. But better than I've seen before.

## **The Diction Of Christ Part 9**

That's the difference from a woman supporting you and corporate management. She does it on her own.

I say the queen don't wish me dead. The men do.

You know it's something when every woman on the planet supports you. That's an anomaly. Unless you're Christ. Let me stop. Sandwich Time.

They say Josh you're tweeting. I say no I'm writing. Writing what an anger letter! I say no books. They say books for what a library shelf, I say no hare, I'm writing a bible next to the Quran. They say, hahahaha! You'll never fit next to the Quran. I say, read it and weep.

Never\*

## **The Diction Of Christ Pt: 8**

I'm literally writing a Psalms. People hate me cause I have nothing to hide. And the poor love me because I'm the most honest thing on their phones. But I'm neither Robinhood or an antagonist. I'm just a prophet walking to heaven. And because one does it so simply. The whole world mocks in their sins. Until that camera snaps and in a flash heaven is gone.

No one since the biblical days has ever seen anything like me.

And they weren't prepared.

I'm like Christ fools.

How many lawyers and doctors do I gotta talk to for you all to understand that? This isn't a stunt or a fire drill. This is real.

## **The Diction Of Christ Pt: 7**

When I get done I'll only have a raft before the kingdom like this was book of Eli.

People till this day doubt that I'm a Eunuch. And I till this day take advantage of their ignorance.

They still think I'm that kid with that make believe bomb in his bookbag. Think on disbelievers, think on.

Dear anybody, There's beauty in poverty. I said there's beauty in walking to the Kingdom!

My question is not what happens to business. My question is...what's after this? I want that wealth in the end life spoke about. I wanna get the wealth in the end. After my work is burned what comes. Is it Shay on the bus is it Are'al down the road. When big companies and those of great damn me to a hell who raises me out of these flames? I know it's a test. I know I've been called to trick the world. But what's at the end? I wanna get to the end. TUGGG BOAT TUGGG!

### **The Diction Of Christ Pt: 6**

The only job said 'A Wonderful Life', I say the only job is to finish. And I was born to finish.

My mom said in her womb I was to choose between good and evil and be a strong force to the world, and she knew I would choose good. She knew I would finish. I'm so selfish because the world has ignored God until recently. They truly have. They tried to wash Him. They truly did. Now they wanna ride His Tug boat after giving up on Him. That's not how it works. You gotta earn a tug boat. And you earn it by either seeing the light or being chosen to pilot. I can't knock them who choose not to see. We riding to heaven whether they like it or not. The book of revelations is backwards. Jesus never left. We riding with chariots out of this world not in.

What if someone actually gets a company because of me. Hell. I filed 8 of them.

**TUGGG BOAT TUGGG! YOU'RE DOING IT!**

Continuing....all these what ifs. I'm about to change America underneath a rock.

### **The Diction Of Christ Pt: 5**

I think I know the wealth at the end but I don't wanna say it. I don't actually know the wealth at the end. But what if it's the people. What if it's a difference made in this society or community we live in? Or what if it's not?

I don't actually get wealthy in the end. My wealth is heaven I'm certain. But what if it's girls being more attracted to autistic kids, what if it's businesses accepting black people who are judged by the glasses and character they have, what if it's hollywood or big companies accepting those that work business with scraps. I know my job is to lose successfully but what if I actually win. And my win encourages many not to be NonProfits but to be for profit companies across America. What if I actually used reverse psychology on the world. Hmm.

If this whole boat fell over right now it'd be a good thing. My work is burned and I am nearly saved, I am only saved as Paul wrote. And that's the only one besides those who got saved after all the work who was supposed to be. One is chosen to be a light to all for a period.

### **The Diction Of Christ Pt: 4**

**GOD RISE THE TIDE ALREADY! TUGGG ME!**

No one actually knows the English I speak. It's tongues.

I'm in it for whoever comes. Many are called few are chosen. We speak to many that we may gain some. My faith is not in the people. It's for faith in the people of God. And whoever they are is not specific but mysterious to the muster of faith they entitle.

I wasn't walking or writing for her, I was walking and writing for God.

Devil says, take Jobs kids, take Jobs land, take Jobs money, take Jobs friends and family. See if he still favors you. See if he curses you. But till this day I have not cursed or hindered God's

people. Till this day I stand alone. The devil can't win. When everything is gone the community still loves me and remains faithful underneath this taboo TextFeed rock. Because I'm not Job. The people are Job. And every mile I cross, Is a mile of inspiration for them. And seeing me fall, is a lesson for them. Business is eternal. My father's business. Let it be for those who can understand, understand these Eunuch words.

### **The Diction Of Christ Pt: 3**

Another note I'd like to make. Before Are'al helped me get this apartment, before I ran into her. Years prior. I would walk to the library...man, the power God keeps giving me in these chains, and walking to the library I would walk on the main road, and she lived somewhere in the area, hoping she drove by and saw me. We would frequent passed the library often on the bus, but she never showed. And I would write on notepads for hours about letters wishing she would walk up to my house in some manner. All this time walking this writing, were actually prayers. Because she showed up when I least expected. Like a queen through the revolving door.

The revolving doors did revolve! I'm not crazy. I apply myself for history's sake. They did turn. And queens held secrets. Is my faith in vain. This isn't fantasy football, this is black classical novelty returning the flip side of white classics. Is my faith in vain? I think it not. I think it not.

Talking to God I say, let me surpass they that do tide lord, let me surpass it all. I know you said the people are God too but I only want you and who also wants you. Make my tug boat a tide God. I knew I was a prophet. I knew I was a prophet. Let not tricks fool me. Let me bypass it all God. These gifts you give me. Let them only be for me. And let no man be able to discern.

### **The Diction Of Christ Pt: 2**

I was darn near crying not wanting to go into my mom's house that one day after church. Then the minister in the car told me this, "You came in this world alone, and you gone leave alone." I however believe this, "God knew you before you were born. On revelations chariots and horses you came. And beside you the selfish jealous angels of old. Hoping to claim them saints that held on tight and stuck to the word of God despite it all. Whether they had been creatures, angels or mere humans. They were coming. And I stand by it. I stand by it. When the dice roll out and they always do. The dice of faith. When that coin flips and I can't flip it, but faith does. And I have much. That'll be the song of the word of God. \*Blows breath on the phone\* twice.

### **The Diction Of Christ Pt: 1**

The question to my visionary statement is, when the lights go off will people still have jobs. I believe they will. The waves will come in like a flood. And they have no respect of person, but there's a great beauty about being a tug boat. Out here all on your own. It makes you think differently about the water even. I don't know what business will be like when this is over. I really do not. But I hope after all the turns and uphills, it's still...."A wonderful life."

I know it's early. And not many people view this page. I know I'm narcissistic, but you gotta trust me. There's too many martyrs out here. Rest in Peace Young Dolph I'm mad you had to go! There's too many people making others martyrs out here. They act like they wanna be apart of

the change but they're still killing us! No. All we got is ourselves. I don't owe you, or you, or you, or anybody for nothing. All I got at the end of the day is myself. And my own two hands and feet. I stand by that statement with the fullest of content. I could be the United States President one greatful day maybe or maybe not. But at the end of the night I'm not walking upstairs with no first lady. I'm walking into separate bedrooms with a vice lady. Know when business is done it's paid in full. Know that. Whoever out there is or isn't listening. Know that. Man. What a sensitive king's speech.

### **The World In Me.**

I have anxiety with working with others. I think it's from not being around people for so long and no one ever believing in my company enough to attribute to it. But I work better alone. That's the only way I've been allowed to work. It's not my fault. One day people will have jobs in my company. One day. But until then I'll be putting in the hard work by myself. Time...gotta give it time and it'll come together. Time is beautiful for business. Very much so.

I'm gonna change the world. Just you wait and see.

### **The World In Me.**

One is specified to it's title, the other is freely describing content.\*

I actually came on the scene talking about business. That was wise because business doesn't have any level of censorship. Only getting onboard has its restrictions. Which is a beautiful thing.

All these phone companies giving you yearly contracts, you could just go to a company that gives out monthly base payments and stop paying after 30 days. That's a camera depending on how many Gigabytes GB the phone has. Just a tip.

Why don't people give out tips anyways. That's lame. They say snitching is old. Well so is not handing out tips and knowledge. If I know something why I gotta wait till I'm secure with it before I tell you. That's awful. I remember a guy who made me miss out on 17,000 dollars because he wanted to get in on the deal first. We could've both had money. But that's neither here nor there.

### **I could cry Pt: 2**

A little success makes a big turn. I call it Joshua's tug boat. In that imperfect storm.

You don't gotta pay me to snoop around. I'll find everything and give it to your loving arms. Until it's too much to give. Until my cup runneth over. Until there's nothing but a people to lead.

Tug boat....tugggggggg!

### **I could cry but I won't**

I would just like to note that I don't give out legal advice to people. Testimonies, personal stories yes but I don't actually fight people's cases for them. Beyond being a legal documentation and paper trail of court document. Other than that I'm no lawyer.

Speaking of which. Don't ever tell your LLC state issuer that your company does legal services. You can leave that part out unless you actually hand legal paperwork or legal advice that has to do with the actual courts. They want you to specify everything. So if it can't be specified to a business relation under your field, you don't have to actually tell them you do legal services.

Handle

Business entity paperwork and what goes on the back of a book description are two separate lines of work.

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I don't think you guys know how much I love you. It's a big great world, sometimes wasp and sometimes bees. But I do. I really do.

### **Apt 209 Pt: 2**

house with furniture, kitchen appliance, and groceries. Cooked food and did all the things a man should do who's taking care of his people. And this my audience, is called molding the host. It's when you remove the host that you actually find a sculpture, a fine piece of art of originality. For me it was keeping my apartment but losing my girlfriend due to certain fallouts. Till this day I've been living in that apartment. And it's only cost me 500\$ a month. With that expense I was able to save up enough money to invest in my culinary business, my bookclub company, and my film company. And till this day it remains one of the most inexpensive places in Detroit. Had it not been for Are'al I'd still be at my mother's house. You see, all blessings aren't shown through perfect people. A lot of the blessing comes through those who themselves need an unwrapping. And this has too been the story of my life for those who help me. I could've never gotten an apartment by myself. It wouldn't have been appreciated the same way. I needed a crutch, a bait to get me into that kind of lifestyle. Then came the Darian's, the Jarrell's, The D's. All these wise men, and wise women who helped fix me on the path I am today. You see, it's not the direct people who save your life, it's the ones that get on your nerves and you ignore who come to the rescue.

### **Apt 209 Pt: 1**

I wanna talk about this significance. In 2018 during September year, I was the last child living in my mother's house, having saved up 10,000 dollars from working as a janitor at MGM casino's. Although at that time of residence, it was my time to move out by choice and by demand. Having no place to go I started asking around, one of those I asked was a mother of one of my children which due to certain unsettled charges has till this day yet to be heard from. They advised I live in the slums where they resided, I told them yes. Thinking of going that way in the desperation of my desires, I'd been walking from work one night headed towards Kroger's for orange juice and amidst my eyes in that direction saw a woman, dark skinned, dredged in locks and skinny looking, the woman's name was Are'al. Bumping into her she thought at first I'd been a midnight pursuant and readied for some kind of attack. But shortly in that initiation gave a

smile to my disarming posture and greeting. We chatted and long after realized to her news that she needed a place also of residence. I being head over heels for Are'al she was the perfect worm on the fishing hook to my situation. And the fish was the apartment 209. Moving us in within days time we stayed there for 30 days. In that association I never pursued this woman in a sexual manner passed the occasional hug, peck and greet. But she held the title of my girlfriend during this time. In which I showered the

### **The Times Pt: 3**

It's funny when the times itself promotes us. Gives us a choice to ignore the times. I tell ya, one gone be in that field and one gone be missing. that one missing is raptured on the road of the times. And the times itself brings replacement of the field brotha.

### **The Times Pt: 2**

I'm just a kid in this big world but where did soul go? Never had legal sex, never did drugs to the point of love, never had love besides my own mommy. Never been taken there without disappointment. I say it's been a long time since happiness. But where did soul go? Where did MY soul....I said ...haven't shopped, haven't, bought, haven't splurged ever. No, no, no. I said...MY, oh, there's no happiness without, MY...I'm just trying to write a song, guess I made the greatest love song ever told. Sing, sweet, sweet song. Nothing more, nothing more.

The body of Christ is open for business. But my legs are closed. I do this for the kids after me. That they may know who they are. From ink to legal paint. That they may muster the bits of themselves to incorporation. That they may swim for companies and find stamps of approval not laughs.

I'm not swinging I'm not John. Don't laugh at me. Love on me. And every flower even the almond...even the Almond...even flowers will grow is what I'm trying to say.

### **The Times Pt: 1**

They be like. This business gone take forever to complete. I be like, good. Now post it live. I call that the clarity sandwich. I wish I could talk about some things as an introvert I experience. But I cannot because it is one of those notes to self I experience off script and in quiet. There are things I learn and things I learn and teach. But those things I learn are far better than those knowledgeable teachings. Simply for secracies sake. It is their beautiful quiet that intrigues the lightest of minds. Let the world know I say. And let them know nothing at all, but the business that's dealt and the open sign before close. It's the beauty of that plan that I adore. How things come and go. Seats filled then emptied. I'm so inlove guys and girls, and so on's. I call it the entity creature. Who would've known putting a rock on a business meant girls would read it's taboo. That's a pun the lightest of minds can now read....and.... understand.

I refuse to cry at my own work. And if I do it's because someone is holding me at that very moment.

Sandwich Time!

### **Clarity Pt: 2**

own company. So don't say I exist on a platform. Google is for emails and drives, it's not a social media. I alone made this up. So respect that individually. I am not Google. I am using Google like domains use WordPress. Don't get it twisted. That's all I do. Beyond that I am my own company from the ground up. I'm a nonprofit. This is what I need you all to understand before we go any further. As long as you know that I can continue doing business with your attention. Without that there's just gonna be confusion.

### **Clarity Pt: 1**

Now let's talk about MY social media. This is not a social media or somebody's social media that I'm on. This is a business from scratch. And also a template for how to make your own medias or businesses with whatever skills you also have. I'm not saying go and copy and Paste SUIT or TextFeed, or HOE Music Worksheet, or E-FAQ. What I'm saying is express your freedom of expression and form your own companies. Whether that's a social media, a hair salon, a restaurant, a theatre, a car wash. It doesn't matter how you start but it all begins with a start up idea, a brainstorm, a fundamental layout that then forms the tangible or intangible products and services. If you all can't see that then no worries. This is only the beginning of my lessons on my inventions. I'm gonna break this down in so many ways everyone will have a code or a business idea. I'm literally writing code in English. No more 0101. Full on speaking business everyday until one by one gets inspired to start one off the training wheels of my ambition and words. It's a machine of its own kind. So stop saying I am on a social media. I am the media owner. It's my media. And I'm literally writing the code to the media daily. If I never made this webpage there would be no E-FAQ. Every website needs a FAQ. That's why I call this code. Every aspect of my speaking involves a tool in my website. A tool in my media. And a tool for someone out there to start their

### **Clarity.**

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is for emails and drives, it's not a social media. I alone made this up. So respect that individually. I am not Google. I am using Google like domains use WordPress. Don't get it confused. That's all I do. Beyond that I am my own company from the ground up. I'm a nonprofit. This is what I need you all to understand before we go any further. As long as you know that I can continue doing business with your attention. Without that there's just gonna be misunderstandings.

## **The Gameplan Of Changing**

I'm literally about to build my business from the ground up on live TV. And it's all in the secrecy of the people of God. Nobody but those that want to know know about it will know. It's the greatest exclusiveness in it's history. Who wouldn't wanna see a business build from nothing to something for their eyes only. That's the key to showing people how to get into business. Doing it in front of them. Yeah at the end people will look back and call it an encapsulated business machine. But those who worked with me will call it a natural class of native teachings. I'm not worried about the then. Then is about money and who's political. I'm worried about the now. Who's peeping game and who's starting their own company. I'm a visionary. And visionaries don't worry about who's gonna age this way or that way. Their feet are in the grapes pressing and punching the soaked ground. That's what business has always been. Too many people see business as a fantasy football course. Planning it out from their bedrooms. From start to finish? That's not business that's a dream. Real business is the realism of longevity. I want to see my neighbor with an LLC by necessity. I say again. I wanna see my neighbor with an LLC by necessity. Without that it don't matter about nothing. Not the mail not the job he works at or she, not nothing matters if there's not an LLC mail letter in their mailbox. I need to see progress in my society.

## **A Journey To Nowhere Pt: 6**

dirty clothes with the whites again. When can we say enough becomes exactly that. That we are tired of repeating ourselves. That life is a gay dream. When oh when I say. When oh when I ask the dirty yellow sun.

## **A Journey To Nowhere Pt: 5**

He might've held on to his first heaven not the second or third. A song beyond any other, why did we have to come here. A song unlike any other. What made us get so here. It brings life's rain Everytime. Heaven is leaving us and that ain't no children's rhyme. We won't have anything left to know the way. The day is nearly gone and we're so happy these awful days. I only hope we learn from it. Or accept what we've lost. If not heaven then where else do I belong? I was chosen to get there by my lonesome. And yet those around those closed walls wish to talk and follow me there somehow. They grab my hand and I'm silent through the whole vacation. But is it a vacation.... they'll all say it loud and proud but when judgment comes we'll all have to declare what we yelled again. And some will return and some will staycation. Faith don't fail me Peter. Fail don't fail me yet. Faith is not enough I say. Praise must be what's left. I mourn one last thing. I mourn one last time. Before repenting enough. And knowing forever what heavens like. The secrets and giants. The humble and loud. Those great things of newcomers, but everyone's old here. Everyday we go to judgment. That's a new philosophy. To be asleep, dead, gone by the times. And a new trend awakes us to be tried and tested again. I said it was rusty

but we're all old there. Nothing matters there. Am I out of time here? Or does the soap and stains war no more. Do we get to separate our

### **A Journey To Nowhere Pt: 4**

They forget the story with a twist. They only, if only they knew. If only they could remember. That realism stops the show. Realism wins the game. Realism kills the currency. And so was it time. This was not a letter to the beast but the beauty of self. No one expected that song. What kids? What poverty? What politic? Why is there so many questions after art. Because one soul goes to heaven they all monkey barrel them. Or they....but no it's Him. I cannot answer all the questions. I cannot solve the murder mysteries. It's impossible to know it all. If only one could know themselves. Not the beast but just themselves. That's beauty of self. If we knew one then surely the others would follow. But we barely muster seed. We fail at everything. And then say in anger it doesn't matter. But I'm here to teach you difference. I'm a stubborn faith. Haven't grabbed a bottle or sex in days. In love with self I say. What can I do without I say. What can these hands create I say. But sin is sin and faith ain't free. I had to struggle to get to where I am today. I had to die a thousand deaths. I fought with all the faith in me. Until faith became the intellect of a thousand. Until I actually had the strength of a thousand. Reincarnation is redundant. Pain is not. To be in hell a thousand lives is more accurate than to live them. Heaven sounds accurately in a place unknown before. Paul wouldn't of died so fast had it been fictitious.

### **A Journey To Nowhere Pt:3**

know but not to know. Written so clearly but shaped so odd. I'm lost in this trance. Yet no one knows what little boys and little girls like this write to. The palace is for consuming flames. It does not destroy the body but in a blink sin is tamed. The devil wrought, and Holiness ever lifted. Love taught me that. Why'd you have to make love popular. Why'd you eat my food. Why'd you bite that fruit? I told you no one is supposed to see this kitchen. From the bread loaf to the buttermilk. Why'd you show us? So many stories I'd like to tell this beast. So many love songs the world too sees. Why'd they have to be involved with my family? No one meets the eye. No one sees passed the goal tender. No one crosses the line. It's all a game until someone actually wins. This is the Jones and Mrs. I know you gotta go soon but do we at all have obligations? Do we at all have to go so soon? Or is the job sharing our time. Is time the new currency. Can we stay here a little longer? Oh I've gone too far. I've stepped over the sideline. I've become a new creature. They see me now. Everything changes now. But they forget I'm Oliver.

### **A Journey To Nowhere Pt:2**

might just lie in my DNA, it might simply sit there. Paralyzed as always. Maybe the end is a love story of self. A Romeo and July of the soul. Probably it blast off in our colorful self. Probably it's thundered like amen in the sky. Probably our ignorance is childish and that bliss is heaven's instruction. All these probables. I can't stop being paralyzed. Can't stop banging at this door which won't open. On the other side is a friend. If banged once then a different time again....will and only then will they be there? They helped me so much on this side of the wall. They talked so much. Too much was said. I'm in love with a family which understands. So what is love? Is it being here unashamed, before the great God? Is it walking to cook whatever letting instincts and taste buds become honest? Is it all these things they know, yet nothing we truly teach? Is it

the rawness, the pureness, being skinny dipped by that beach. Life is a beach. That's the censored version. They helped me not fear myself. Now gone in a song. Now trapped sending letters to machines. They wouldn't work without us. They wouldn't tap so well to our dance. We wake up the beast together. The engine is you and me. We are a family the end of time once wrote. That's what Daniel could've said. Us is a family is what Daniel might've bled, the consuming fire, the sinless passion....is to

### **A Journey To Nowhere Pt:1**

Each muscle is paralyzed. That should be the title of this sound and letter. Sitting here, can't read, can't eat, can't live for myself. Each muscle was paralyzed. I sat there boneless, a mush waiting to exhale. Nothing even mattered, not life just fear that I'd of gone deaf. My ears still ring to that horror Christmas song. And nothing feels as once was. Now I'm addicted to the pain. Addicted to the hand. Addicted that nothing is supposed to matter. All this lights and action around me I only want a friend. I'm tired of sending letters to machines like this was another figure. I don't wanna be another figure. And I don't wanna control my friends. But does it really have to be this way? A native American on the fence? In Between the two freestyles and a fixed vent. I don't need this anymore. At the edge of being great I'm no longer addicted. I'm used to being paralyzed. Don't get stuck in the clout but I need that friend again. They're trapped themselves again. And now I need to be a clout, or nothing at all. I'm gone and still here at the after-party. Life won't leave me be. I just want family. It's not as easy as it extends to be. But C, that's my name, the third of the mix, the third of us all, the last in line. It's been a long way coming. BC's ago. When I die will it be a blink, a shatter and heaven next, all these philosophy insurance policies, all these wraps and gauge. I'm addicted to not knowing but so badly wanting to C. The greatest philosophy

### **Her Diary Pt: 2**

My life is changing in all the inexpensive ways. I don't wanna leave Detroit or this apartment. I just wanna be a regular businessman making 50k Salary a year for big companies across the world. I don't wanna be rich. That's the deal I make to keep from jealous people and envy. I just wish that girl on the bus would've stayed my friend. I wish it didn't have to be this way. The more I sacrifice the more it feels like I'm home. Like I can remember. The tires on cars against splashing cement sound closer not farther in nostalgia. Loneliness feels as if someone's in the room who's full of peace. Old girls I've known seem like friends a call away. But this is all in faith. I don't actually have these things. I only have a reflection of what's believed without sight. This sounds like a rejection letter to people of power but it's not. It's an acceptance speech. I'd rather live with normalcy than slip into gold slippers watching my back every 5 seconds. As the native American heritage Day clock ticks out I say learning is greater than the knowledge learnt. For a moment that is. For a time. Heaven is more valuable than this here earth. And that's the goal I strive for. Not reincarnation. But heaven above. I want that prize. That's where I'll see the girl on the bus. And all the other women I've missed down here. Dejavu will be knowing these beings rather than thinking what ifs. I'm in it for the long haul.

I think I'll be okay writing grants on my own. Just fine.

### **My Fictional Girlfriend's Diary**

This FAQ website I've created is the polished version of the greatest comment section blog I've ever created and the ending equal edition to my edited plays that will be done by May, and the 4th media of my company. 4 medias: TextFeed, SUIT, HOE Music Worksheet, FAQ, 8 plays, 6 books, and 8 companies, one Service Mark, and one Tax Exempt NonProfit company. I'm the guy, it's me. I'm the guy everyone has been waiting for. And I stand near no one. All this intellectual giant stands near no one. I'm in a league of my own. I'm the era. And after me will be a nation. I'm Abraham. Not Lincoln. Not biblical. I'm technological.

### **After Mourning**

I'm like a dope writer. AI helped me realize that. I didn't know I was that good. This is classical level.

### **The Second Mourning**

haha. Been wanting to say that for so long.

I changed the world. I changed how we socially accept ourselves. And diplomatically, I say that's the got damn world y'all. That's the whole world. Because one boy got rejected. He turned his mourning into an engine for the new era. Like a great comedian once said, let's get some wind on these itches and stitches.

I never lied a single time. From my eternal singing voice to my companies accolade. It just took time people weren't willing to watch out for. I call this business the midnight company. Cause it's when everyone starts to blow that all the prison doors in my head start humming and blowing. Heaven is real and we are all coming. One sheep at a time. I'm patient because I'm on my time and money. But God's faith.

Starts to leave\* This is literally the field of dreams. And all the players are gonna come before May.

I don't wanna ever lose my song again.

I know I said I always give what I receive but I also said I don't post anymore videos until my school is ready to open. So you guys actually won't hear me sing until choir rehearsal.

### **The Mourning After**

I was born to do this. It's no other way to put it. I was born for this business. Like a dog meets its owner. I was born for it. It's beyond me how important it is to know that. Everyone's gonna be forced to do business after I'm done with this company. Everyone. Literally the world's gonna change. Not by choice. I'm the next era. My company is the pioneer of the next era. I don't wanna explain this anymore. We were all drowning. All of us. It wasn't just me. And we weren't gonna make it. We were all gonna be dominated by the technological era. All of us. And the top and bottom would've ate itself. The rich would've thought poor and poor felt rich. There wouldn't of been a class or company or job to go to. I'm an answer who's been awaited since the start of the industrial era. I'm AI's advocate.

I say that confidently.

Because I used the company on myself I marinate with the company. It's apart of me. I cannot explain how beautiful that is to have an entity inside of your brain and on ink and paper. It's genius .

That's why it's so important people to selfishly practice what you teach for a selfless benefit. It works Everytime.. at least for now.

And I never needed a girlfriend to do it.

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## Brainstorming

My school is gonna be self running. I don't know how I just figured that out but it's gonna run itself. All I'll need is to update it after the first trials. But other than publication cost, updates and salary expenses it'll be almost like a business machine.

In part it's gonna be an intellectual property and business entity sandwich. I'm considering patenting it after it gets off the ground.

I hope I'm able to after it's been revealed with the public.

I'll patent it myself. It's cheaper that way. Never ever wanted to touch patent rights but I'm considering giving it a try due to the need of awareness for the machines uniqueness. I'm truly in love with how a business grows on it's own over time. I've never seen anything like it. It's like letting food marinate in the refrigerator. It's beautiful.

I'm gonna, "Turn an illegal service into a legal service." As I once put. Those will be legendary words come May.

### **Happy Native American Heritage Day**

We've been passing on heritage, culture, traditions for the remark of our human existence. All of these things are God's movement across the face of the earth around and around. Since the beginning of time we lacked the edition of formal education. The addition of science. We only had our hands and rough drafted ideas crafted into skill. And these things became our technology, our formal education and our being. I like to think of starting over, going back to the draw board as a liberation rather a set back to our society. We didn't fall when we left things that functioned and worked properly. We grew. Sacrifice faced the absence of knowledge every time. We grew. And became more than what we first lost. I am not a believer of an eternal earth that grows and grows. But I am a believer in the spirit of this planet and ground we reap and sow that if we teach those who become on this planet they can remember the ways of themselves and the authors of their occupations which do not restart on earth but continue on this planet for a moment until heaven draws us eternal. Flying through the eyes of birds and animals, ghosting nearby buildings and sacred temples. There exist a time we all must share on this planet sometimes redundantly for traditions sake. It is sacred that we live here if not rent here for a moment. I do not find it a curse to be native. I say again, I do not find it a curse to be native.

### **Happy Thanksgiving.**

There's a lot of people I wanna thank but I gotta keep it short because it's not suppose to be a webpage full of people's names. They could call that abuse of privacy or exploitation. But there's a lot of people who got me here today. There's a ton of people actually. And all for specific reasons. Without them, I'm for nothing. Without them. I don't matter. And surprisingly the small people are just as important if not more important than the big guys upstairs are. These people molded me. They sustained me. And they perfected me. I always say a small letter can effect a big word. And this is true. I trust in heaven more because of what I've been through passively on these urban streets. I trust in heaven more. And I've been waiting to see the theorem my whole life. I hope I have to keep waiting. And I'll sure wait as long as God let's me wait. But it's gonna be a brilliant day upstairs. Not in clouds but in spirit.

### **For Those That Live**

There was a woman who used to self publish her own works independently. She made books out of her hat. It was inspirational. But said the work was too much and decided to go with a publisher to complete the rest. I forgot her name and never read her work I don't believe, but Tyler Perry also said something similar. He said he was making more movies because the plays were taking too long to get across America. Many of my heroes who I've looked up to, Jay-Z who let Tidal go because it cost too much to run. These heroes their set backs, things they didn't have or missed, it encouraged me to fill in the blanks. Self publishing my own books and plays, and using the heavy demand as fuel for awareness to my NonProfit Organization, sticking to plays and not movies as an inexpensive way to make more original and quality content, having free servers like Google who only charges 9 bucks a month for a website domain. These

heroes who moved me. Who still motivate me. Because of them I'm the business man I am today. Because of them I'm here. I almost wanna cry, but I'm here. And I'm thankful that they never stopped a day of work for a critique or a hater or anyone. Because I'm here. I made it. I'm alive, my company is alive. So thank you.

### **Pride Pebble.**

I'm not afraid to be right about something I've failed to agree with due to adversity. My copyrighted angel. The first book I ever made that I stated in its title a book could be copywritten off pen and paper, the 18 page paper of slander on a school that proved you don't have to nod to everything you learn, promoting slander, criticism, and bias in POP journalism, the fan fiction note book that was written full of swear words to battle the ideas that swearing didn't have to lack coexistence in our literature, and to promote slang fan fiction. All these forms of writings, trashed, forgotten and under a rubble as unthought of. Dooming me to ball up the paper, erase the draw board and start again on my inventions. And not only did I make it better. Not only did I pioneer websites on Google as the first to bring it there, but I proved content was better than the critique of quality. I proved content beats quality. Because content, passionate content, is quality. That's why I have 16 hours of video footage, 8 plays, 5 books and 8 companies behind my name. That's why I'm a legacy. That's why there's nothing out here stopping someone with a 30,000 dollar plan, otherwise known as a junkyard or 0 dollar plan. Not to mention the infinite dollar of ideas. I am not to blame. My God is. And only Him. Don't you sit there and sit next to me with your legs all crossed like it was easy. It was hell. But now I'm here. On a bed, the same poor dollar bed as before but a heaven on earth ingredient is no longer missing. Called pride.

### **Nonprofit**

Activities, objectives, reasonable, and specific.

These four words are what I'm going to hint on today. Not too much but enough to where you understand how to start a nonprofit. Activities are things that a non profit has that makes it useful, like showing people how to swim, or building tools for houses during carpentry. That's an activity. Objectives are things that support those that are in need. Like, "helping those in low income households effected by car crash accidents" now let's talk about the word reasonable. This word is important because many people take the notion that you can sell goods and services in a nonprofit for value. When the trick is you're actually selling way less than your Capitalist neighbors, and this is called a reasonable fund. This may scare some away from starting a foundation but if you're not in the business of money, a 50 cent orange is better than a 3 dollar one. Now Lets finish it off with our specifications. Be as clear as possible when discussing what your company does and how it operates. Do not ever say this company does so and so for a generic purpose. Say who it effects, who it helps, why it helps, and what you're doing to help them. All these things will get you a nonprofit license. And a little bumping your head at practice. But the license is 20\$ I don't think trying will hurt.

### **Objectives & Activities**

thing is you don't wanna have a company that is worth more than the need. Like a company that gives away gold bricks at a state fair grounds parade. That's unnecessary. make sure you're making a difference and enough money to keep your nonprofit afloat. Whether that be for

grants, sponsorship, paying your directors and employees reasonable salaries. Whatever it may be. And whatever you do, don't give away gold bricks for free. Next subject is activities. You cannot alone say this company such and such sells fish. It has to be something it does without money. Like this company keeps endangered fish in the lakes by removing 3,000 catfish yearly and sells them. And you can't just say sells, you have to use the term, for reasonable funds. And you cannot say the words for nonprofit purposes, you have to actually say the objectives and activities of the company. This alone and a bunch of bumping your head will get you a nonprofit license. But again a business must have a need and a supply. Thank you.

## **NonProfit Organization**

Alright guys and people, let's talk about nonprofit organization filings. It's early, and that's how I'm trying to have it these days. But nonprofit filing. When you're looking to file an LLC articles of incorporation it's gonna cost 20 bucks. The for profit LLC cost 50. Why the difference, is because a nonprofit is harder to file than an LLC for profit is. It took me a week and 4 attempts just to get it correctly worded. I felt the need for giving up countless times and nearly did. But I need those with low budgets to know something, don't. You're your biggest coach, asset and finance manager. Stick to the guns and it'll work out fine. And this is hard of me that I say this but, patience. Ughh. Okay so nonprofit. What the state of any of these America's is looking for is wording. And wording to them means show them your objective and your activities. Objectives are something like: "I'm starting this nonprofit to help firefighters create job awareness to their Field" or, "This company" (Name the whole company) "Helps those families effected by COVID get food supplies and shelter" those are objectives. Now what I'm getting at is you have to have a need and a supply, whereas for profit has to have a supply and a demand. Nonprofit helps the less fortunate or those who lack something and can't afford to pay for it, like, "This lawyer firm company Helps victims in impoverished neighborhoods battle car crash accident cases." Now the tricky thing is you don't wanna have a company that is worth more than the need. Like a company that gives away gold bricks at a state fair grounds parade. That's unnecessary. make sure you're making a difference and enough money to keep your nonprofit afloat. Whether that be for grants, sponsorship, paying your directors and employees reasonable salaries. Whatever it may be. And whatever you do, don't give away gold bricks for free. Next subject is activities. You cannot alone say this company such and such sells fish. It has to be something it does without money. Like this company keeps endangered fish in the lakes by removing 3,000 catfish yearly and sells them. And you can't just say sells, you have to use the term, for reasonable funds. And you cannot say the words for nonprofit purposes, you have to actually say the objectives and activities of the company. This alone and a bunch of bumping your head will get you a nonprofit license. But again a business must have a need and a supply. Thank you.

## **The Return of The Kitchen**

Hey people. Who's left. I'm speaking directly to my text message group. I'm making lemon peppered butter broccoli, sauteed carrots, loaded mashed potatoes and shrimp fried rice. It's not exotic as I expect. But it's a start. Let's open the kitchen again. -Brought to you by a Joshua's private party.

## **A Company Message**

Dear God. My name is Joshua Christian Claiborne. It's a war going on out there. I'm just a kid.

And don't know how to make it without you. Please watch over my company, and it's products, and it's mission statement. Please protect my company. I can't do it alone. I won't. So watch over it. Watch over me. And....watch over my children.

### **On Your March, Get May, Run!**

A letter to 2,000 years of peace, I hope it's not what money can buy. I hope love, long suffering, and unity afford the fairness you require. I hope saving lives, saving grace, saving souls are what makes you. I pray it's bought with patience and not just one man's patience. I hope it's bought with courage and not alone one man's courage. I hope alone the world cannot be changed but in the unity of those ahead and behind me prove the story correct. I hope I was the smallest flame on earth, to better serve as a greater business on earth. I hope I was a great business, I am a great business, to be a better child in heaven. It is not a competition on who molds the Earth's new hair due and face first, but it is a race prideful and beautiful on who knows peace during these 2,000 miles money I pray again, cannot, will not, nor blood nor bread, buy in this heat of trial, tribulation, and family. Let the living begin.

### **Hiatus**

I don't think I'm understood as to how mentally drained I am. I literally don't wanna do anything besides attempting to video edit and maybe set up lesson plans for the next 6 months. And that's fair. I'll be back to my normal self hopefully come May. God willing.

This NonProfit....if I wasn't so tired I'd praise it more. But things need time. All good things come to those who wait.

Thank you again to those who help me when I'm taking knees to the ground not just for prayer or responsibility, but for my well being.

Didn't know how possible it was to get drained. Thing hit me hard. I'm gonna take a 3 month break from video editing and filming. Again enjoy the FAQ, enjoy the art, enjoy the thoughts. And I'll see you guys when I figure out something.

### **What's Going On With 0**

This is going to be a slow process which I am prepared for. I've iterated before, business is a mindset. Even have I said that in my SUIT blueprint. It takes time for each part of this company to sink in. Not just in the heads of customers and viewers. But in the heart of the one who holds the briefcase diligently through each phase and process of those ups and down phone calls. "Hey we've gotta reject you for today" or, "Hey this grant or filed application didn't go through" No one wants to hear that. Because no one is required to. We can always go back to being 9 to 5 guys right? Right? I don't think so. No matter what they tell me. In the back of my mind is a number I hate. 0. I call this woman the operator. When all hell breaks lose I'm calling 0. 0 applications processed, 0 content copyrighted in the year of 2021 under such company. 0 schools started yet. That word isn't motivation. It's a conversation. With the skilled business mindset in my head. And without hitting rock bottom so many times. I would've been given up. But 0 keeps me strong. \*Dialing\* "hello I'm your every day neighborhood business superhero how can I help you through your company today? I respond, "Just hold on when I'm not there as

much, hold on when I'm losing my way, hold on when I feel the need to slip, hold on when no way is only one way."

### **Ask Yourself How**

How do I write things before I see them actually do it? How do I prepare words in my mouth as they are spoken in crashing waves behind me? How do I say one thing and 5 years from now it is prepared for me? Is heaven not for them last words in stillness? Them firm frankly souls? How did I plant the seed? How is May so true? How is a trademark still a trademark with or without the government? How is a nonprofit still nonprofit without 501c3 status. How is nonprofit still legal without LLC status? How is there no legal requirement for a school without a license? Ask yourselves how. And at what rate. At which rate do we tell ourselves. That if you won't let me do it I'll do it my darn self until you recognize. That I am a black daughter got Dammit. I am a beautiful black daughter. In need of your subconscious love.

### **The Diary of A Non Profit**

I just got done watching TV on the internet. That's what I call it these days. Not any big company's just Internet TV. Very general statement. But I wanna note an update to my company all 9 of my LLC's got rejected due to bad wording and lack of clarity of my NonProfit use. They actually suggested I do for profit. And it discouraged me a lot. But keeping my business head high I decided to fix the errors. I'm waiting to hear back from them. I ordered a tripod for my camera, plugs for my camera and a plug for my music equipment. Focusing at this point on video editing, getting my businesses in order regarding how the school lesson plans will be operating come May. I'm really adamant on getting this school to open on May. I figured out how to take away the music and phone numbers, and names from my plays so it's just me talking and singing. Also I figured out what I'm gonna do with TextFeed, and I have a better approach on the market of my school. The fact that I've been doing this all by myself is still beyond my comprehension. I did 4 plays, 3 medias and am still going at the batting cage. 3 books too. And a whole company blueprint. It's beautiful. But I doubt it's carried with the same praise on the other end. Mostly because it's not officially done until I get my LLC's all 9 of them certified and I copyrighted in May, as well as get my trademark certified. And my 501c3 status. It's a shame when you know you're on the perfect road but there's tons of bricks in the way. You just wanna scream, "MOVE!!!!"

### **Media Stocks**

There is a major downturn in media. I don't know if it's just my point of view but there is a huge downturn in media.

### **Don't Let Go Part 2**

companies after they tell me this or that doesn't work. If I stop I fail. And there's no way I'm letting myself down. Passing malpractice, work lawsuits, rape charges. And that was only the first half of the year. I outbeat everyone and no one at all. Because the worst enemy is myself. Don't let me go. My company can change history not just make it. I can literally push communism awareness forward. It's possible. Help me carry this cross into tomorrow. This is

the most dangerous mission ever given to one man. So don't let it be just one man. Let it be a group of men. Let's civil war this trinket once and for all! \*holds flag\*

## **Don't Let Go Part 1**

Part 2:

Don't let me go. I'm a race runner. The fastest there ever existed in America. All eyes found me this summer and fall. I nearly died multiple times. And currently hold 8 businesses to my name (9). But the road is not going to be as quick as I thought. It's gonna take some undercover time. God told me no matter what I do, never stop moving in my company. No matter what don't stop. God Himself told me this. So I've been going continually. However that race runner story? It's gonna go backwards. The capitalism world is gonna cycle back to normal and people will forget about me, likewise companies. But as for celebrities, whoever is out there. Whoever has believed in me from the jump. If there is anyone who hasn't wished to capitalize on my historic company. If there is anyone who doesn't plan to see my living body sit at a dock of a bay. If there exist anybody that wishes history, this part of history make sense while I am alive. Don't let me go. I know it's hard because I am getting heavy to hold. My century long bucket list is gaining weight. But you gotta know, I never stop running. I never stop. I can't. God told me not to. If I stop for a second I'll be consumed. If I stop making FAQ content, if I stop updating my lesson plans, if I stop video editing, if I stop trying to certify my

## **Celebrity Food Part 2**

miles down. All this is to say I am being held right now. Held for my dear life. One hand my mother holds me. The other aspirations and potential business which is gonna take way longer than I anticipated. If not months then years. Ironically. Not ironic but I woke up to my mother's phone text asking if I wanted her to pick me up. Afterwards my head fell into a fuzz.

## **Celebrity Food Part 1**

I am now realizing the importance of this season of patience. This is not patience at all. This is fighting, and fighting at its best. I'm not fighting for my life anymore. I'm fighting for the life of my company. And although this company represents all people. I'm the hardest shot thrower. Now shooting fist everywhere it appears I don't fight for all people. But I do represent the whole of entrepreneurs with this battle for my companies. Speaking of which I had a dream last night, that I was being taken to church by my mother, this dream isn't so fresh as was earlier so bare with me. I had a dream she was taking me to church. And in church my activity mentally was all over the place. So she after church took me home. And there was a camera in the refrigerator. My mother always questioning my ideas asked about the camera and about the various ideas I had during church. Giving her ambitious explanations she later found me on a cliff, one story high. She needed only gently let me down from this cliff to notice the feet hit the ground. Giving her reasons for why she should let me touch grass I was still held by the T-shirt in the air. But being very persuasive I told her there was a man on the ground like me, skilled and powerful. She believing they could help more than her holding onto me could let go. And suddenly I slipped to my doom onto the ground which was actually as deep waters appear to be shallow when really they are

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## **Why I Non-profit Part 1**

There's a woman named mommy. And she's the closest thing I got to business. Masters in

nonprofit business and administration. The head negro in charge of my finances, living situation and state of condition. As well the chef, security, also public announcer for the well being not only of me, but also this company. She's been through school with 5 kids in one house, and again when there were 4 and again when there were 3. The inspiration for why I even read books 5 ft high. She's a praise I'll never truly come to understand alone. I have to comprehend these things in hollers and fits of acknowledgement that without her I am no longer growing correctly. Like a plant stem on a metal crutch. Company's need mom's. Now I've no idea whether or not I'll need those 3 directors. But because of this giant that can only be recognized as queen, I'm aware that three jobs are possible with one. Although there's no intent to overshadow her with my own work and aspirations, it can truly be told she outbeats me daily in the field of everything. I'm outdone by her faith, reasons said it reminds me how small mine still remains. They say, "Never forget who made you. " I repeat the likeness, "Don't amnesia them which live so you can better." She's gotta be my memory, also these legs, eyes, ears, gifts and skill. She's everything my father promised I'd become. A teacher upmost and beyond. And as we transfer powers from janitor worker to non

### **Why I Nonprofit Part 3**

And I pray against that it doesn't largely for purposes that she's got decades ahead of myself and all people more to live and be strong. She deserves every award but only chooses a hard working parent. This is the cookies, this is the pudding, and in May of sometime in our future it will be the cake. And yes, as I proceed to certify my nonprofit 501c3 that month and edited copyrights, I can assure you the only praise I'll be adorning that ceremony of idleness, is my mother. Thank you and good night!

### **Don't Rush Part 2**

profit organization the highness beyond salvation army, purple heart and others, I am assured of few things. One I still know few, again, who got me the job at MGM casino's was God first and mommy otherwise known as omega last. And who's seen me through since the beginning of my being has continued to be her, from the country side we moved out towards because of bad learning environments, the Romulus schools I found brutal beatings. The Cody highschool I attended to help me graduate and not end up a bum on the streets thereof. All of these essentials, chess pieces my mother, you may respect or hate me and even deny that I'm a daughter of Zion. But this mommy of mine. This woman, is the puppeteer, the move maker, the yes or no of my life. And without this proud piece. Without the queen on my chess board... I'd still be looking at novelty writings like, "I ain't gone read this." Only a woman can work so hard yet be paid so little praise.

### **The Reason Why I Non-Profit**

There's a woman named mommy. And she's the closest thing I got to business. Masters in nonprofit business and administration. The head nigga in charge of my finances, living situation and state of condition. As well the chef, security, also public announcer for the well being not only of me, but also this company. She's been through school with 5 kids in one house, and again when there were 4 and again when there were 3. The inspiration for why I even read books 5 ft high. She's a praise I'll never truly come to understand alone. I have to comprehend

these things in hollers and fits of acknowledgement that without her I am no longer growing correctly. Like a plant stem on a metal crutch. Company's need mom's. Now I've no idea whether or not I'll need those 3 directors. But because of this giant that can only be recognized as queen, I'm aware that three jobs are possible with one. Although there's no intent to overshadow her with my own work and aspirations, it can truly be told she outbeats me daily in the field of everything. I'm ashamed of her faith, reasons said it reminds me how small mine still remains. They tell the saying never forget who made you. I repeat the likeness, "Don't amnesia them which live so you can better." She's gotta be my memory, also these legs, eyes, ears, gifts and skill. She's everything my father promised I'd become. A teacher upmost and beyond. And as we transfer powers from janitor worker to non profit organization the highness beyond salvation army, purple heart and others, I am assured of few things. One I still know few, again, who got me the job at MGM casino's was God first and mommy otherwise known as omega last. And who's seen me through since the beginning of my being has continued to be her, from the country side we moved out towards because of bad learning environments, the Romulus schools I found brutal beatings in due of treating my little sister bad. The Cody highschool I attended to help me graduate and not end up a bum on the streets thereof. All of these essentials, chess pieces my mother, you may respect or hate me and even deny that I'm a daughter of Zion. But this mommy of mine. This woman, is the puppeteer, the move maker, the yes or no of my life. And without this proud piece. Without the queen on my chess board... I'd still be looking at novelty writings like, "I ain't gone read this." Only a woman can work so hard yet be paid so little praise. She deserves every award but only chooses a hard working parent. This is the cookies, this is the pudding, and in May of sometime in our future it will be the cake. And yes, as I proceed to certify my nonprofit 501c3 that month and edit copyrights, I can assure you the only praise I'll be adorning that ceremony of idleness, is my mother. Thank you and good night!

### **Just sitting here thinking of you dear**

I'm officially out of content ideas to produce. Luckily I'm an expert at writing. All there's to do is study these books in a book bag I'm always carrying around. Going over currently fruit drinks and mixology. I was looking up 501c3 status and it told me there wasn't a need for 3, board members legally required to run the company. All I've got to say about that figure is I'll shoot my best shot without the members sometime within these six months. If not I gotta make a few desperate phone calls. Again there's EIN numbers still in need of filing. I'll do that later on tomorrow. And nobody told me it was Sunday yesterday. No wonder they were closed when I attempted to file. There's literally nothing more to say or do and everything to learn and teach. I'm finally retired. And retired at 23. I'm itching for filing my exempt status but I'll wait until I can actually file the copyrights of content made during these 3 years. Good day for now. Enjoy the information FAQ.

### **Run Home!**

Sometimes the greatest weapon against AI, is humanity. Being human. I messed my LLC registration up 4 times cause I was rushing. Cost me 80 dollars. I ran like bases on baseball arenas around town for 500 dollar gift cards and threw away my receipts. Later found out one of my cards were never registered. That cost me 500 dollars. Literally I lost 580 dollars in a month from rushing. But I feel so much closer to God from all this chasing. I feel so close. So close to getting my service mark, so close to getting my 9 LLC's, so close to having my copyrights on all my content, so close to having my tax exempt status. It seems hard. The hills and valleys seem

tough. But I guarantee you can make it. I'm living proof. Possibility is out there. You can achieve! If you just stay hopeful through this AI experience. If you hold on despite being cracked on for child support, if you hold on despite taxes banging at the door. If you hold on despite bill collectors and jobs treating you bad. If you hold on. And run like hell. I don't care if you gotta leave 500\$ at base one. We're looking for home runs not bases!

### **Here Goes Nothin!**

So I applied for my LLC's and trademarks online well it's a service mark. I can't apply for an EIN number because it's after hours of operation. But I'm almost registered with uncle Sam!!!!

### **I Need A Miracle.**

There's so many people I don't wanna repeat. I don't wanna be another Frederick Douglass, I don't wanna be another Nipsey Hussle, I don't wanna be another Joan of Arc, I don't wanna be another Jesus, I don't wanna be another Martin or Malcolm. I actually wanna have a successful business address. But I also don't wanna be broke trying to get it off the ground. I feel the only way to know is to start the company. But you can also crash and burn that way. So many thinking I can't run a business. Failures bound to occur. But those who are stagnant can't make it. So I've decided to make a move. I'm gonna sit still. Because no one actually wants to help for free. The problem isn't tools and resources it's direction which doesn't cost. I hate this season in my life. But...something's gotta give. I need 3 board members to start the company that's all I need truly. If I had just 3 I could file IRS paperwork. That's not the only problem but that is the fork in the road. One thing I regret is calling Hollywood into my world. They are too high from me to help beyond media marketing. But it was my only option. I tried everything else.

### **Olympus Grey Area**

I'm building a city, yes a Detroit, that has pride in it's ghettos, pride in it's income class, complacent with passiveness before riot and dismay. Detroit will become the first communist state in America. A place where we're all on the same page. If one falls we all recognize the situation and restore financial, legal, spiritual and community balance. Not activism, not capitalist motive, but a conversation we all understand and I'm just shedding light on. I'm not protestor, I'm not against violence. Nor only for peace. But I do believe in the future and power of community. It's coming. I won't be it's author but it's coming. It's too risky for just one man to speak about the majority. That's never worked. So I won't test that pen with a curious threat or bullet. But I will tell you what I already see. I can't say celebrities will be safe coming to the ghettos. I can't say that. I can't say rich will either. I can't say that. But I can say there's a time and place for everything. And one day that need for security and policing will be less desired.

### **The Final Case Of Joyce Button Pt: 5**

The strange colorful man in luggage apparel said nothing else before pulling a silver pistol out his wallet bag and aiming straight for the stomach of young and ambitious Button, himself seeing there were no other cards to play he picked the biggest chip there was, "God is the definition of one's self! And masturbation, is not a sin!" \*Bang\*! Darkness all around himself, and even the scene, because it is I Button who tells this very story. Opening the second chapter of

this book, same scene, new directive of the first author JAY C's, paint splattered all over Button. Instead of realizing he'd been dead he recognized another version of the portrait. And laughter from the old man. Claps too. "Well Done!" He said. "You were the first to get my joke. There were two guns in my luggage. One's a blank the others loaded. You missed that calculation. My apologies son, or should I call you daughter? That doesn't matter, you're hired!" Button confused at his approach stood near death and frozen, "The company I run for, it's a non profit, I'm the founder...I want you as CEO of the foundation." Before the story could end and Button could agree to the job which it seems he passed the first he asked a question, "What's your...company... called?" The old man cleared his throat as the lights dimmed out like those dying men do at last breath, hearing, seeing, knowing nothing, nor studying war ever again, "It's called Lessons and Prices.

### **The Final Case Of Joyce Button Pt: 4**

advertise these clothes beyond simply walking around in it's funk of cranberry on my hands and outfit?" Button stood his means so the other tackled, "You must not understand law, any arbitration of another owners materials is infringement of property, and further diminishing of brand is unlawful, and even further detriment. Three lawsuits to name some not all of why I must kill you sir, now stop helping me into this luggage." Button hurried a response, "Good sir, before you end my life, which isn't worth a day or a penny, must I tell you, I wore it for attention, I wore it out of fair use whether you deem it or otherwise, I dressed it prepared only by myself, it is my art. No one could've done this, the strokes, the handles, the caress and audacity of paint, even my mind was taken aback at each finish of this portrait. Matter a fact, this very portrait I finished an hour before dawn. And did it laying on my back. Cranberry, that's apple..." Button giving his final words before the great talk, "No more you pauper, you fool, you demon, you blasphemous, you wretch I say!"

### **The Final Case Of Joyce Button Pt: 3**

which I created, clothes I designed personally for my designer company, not only will you be sued for vandalism, I'll kill you." The good sir meant his words, now Button was near perfect beyond this condition of fantasy, and he never took advantage of any jobs, nor took money from anyone's discounted store, and never pursued a single woman outside his family which were loved as families should be loved. This one curiosities of fashion, of mere clothes would deem him responsible of going to battle with this foreigner. And soon straight to hell. So now a conversation of life and death philosophy: "Before you pull out that gun in your luggage which was shown the alley appearance first, premonition third and anger from your highness second, answer me these questions, here, good sir, did I wear the clothes or imagine them?" The old man reached from his luggage an empty hand confused, "Sir, did I not just tell you I designed those clothes you imagined? I own everything you wear. It belongs to me." Again Button went further, "Did I sell any of these clothes you deem to claim as yours, nor I say, did I ever do you know, if ever, did I sell or

### **The Final Case Of Joyce Button Pt: 2**

dawn had come and he'd found some new trouble. They wanted to buy these clothes. Jobs wanted him to be on their board of directors, girls wanted to move in and couldn't stop ringing the phone, and most of all the media beyond the town knew of colorful cranberry juice Button.

And as he was stepping out to see the world one freighted morning, something spooked his doorstep. Not a coupon, not a pretentious wife, nor business partner. A twin. It was a look alike. And the conversation went as this: "You sinner! Thief! Vandalizer! Addict of the alley!" Button now seeing the luggage near his counter parts side ran in a fitted response, "How? What? I could've robbed you then? Vandalized? Over a few shirts of fashion? I say call me no addict this trespass of the evening...morning good sir you best step by my way...I need a drink of water." Button gave his best response but the mad man threatened again, "If you don't explain why you wear my clothes

### **The Final Case Of Joyce Button Pt: 1**

There once knew a man named Joyce. First name Joyce, last name Button, now this particular fellow live in an age of privacy, well it began to end. Abruptly this life of his was changing. Robes got tighter, gloves thinner, and shoes couldn't fit anymore. So Button happened to bump into someones luggage down the road, he didn't know who's it belonged to, where it fell from or how to holler for attention to the full bag of apparel seems it was in an alley nearby the main road. Crucified between the two ideas, he decided not to rob the poor bag, but peaking inside the fine man found all kinds of delicious outfits, fun for pretend and better for exercise. Allergic to crime this old man was near perfect, so conditioned by his character he walked on. Matter of fact he walked pass that bag day by day, until a week had gone away with the luggage included. But Button wasn't satisfied. Urges to deny the find held him captivated in his fantasies. Bland clothes became brighter and bright clothes drew holes and tears becoming more apart of fashion than he'd like to reason with prior his incident. Women attracted to him more, jobs called his home for interviews, stores left coupons at his address door step, a crowd of attention now paid to his sincerest fantasies. And Button not only loved it because he felt it fair attention, but Button abused it. He wripped more clothing at night, soaked and stained cranberry juice, sweat and tears, until

### **The Final Case of Joyce Button**

There once knew a man named Joyce. First name Joyce, last name button, now this particular fellow live in an age of privacy, well it began to end. Abruptly this life of his was changing. Robes got tighter, gloves thinner, and shoes couldn't fit anymore. So James happened to bump into someones luggage down the road, he didn't know who's it belonged to, where it fell from or how to holler for attention to the full bag of apparel seems it was in an alley nearby the main road. Crucified between the two ideas, he decided not to rob the poor bag, but peaking inside the fine man found all kinds of delicious outfits, fun for pretend and better for exercise. Allergic to crime this old man was near perfect, so conditioned by his character he walked on. Matter of fact he walked pass that bag day by day, until a week had gone away with the luggage included. But James wasn't satisfied. Urges to deny the find held him captivated in his fantasies. Bland clothes became brighter and bright clothes drew holes and tears becoming more apart of fashion than he'd like to reason with prior his incident. Women attracted to him more, jobs called his home for interviews, stores left coupons at his address door step, a crowd of attention now paid to his sincerest fantasies. And James not only loved it because he felt it fair attention, but James abused it. He wripped more clothing at night, soaked and stained cranberry juice, sweat and tears, until the dawn had come and he'd found some new trouble. They wanted to buy these clothes. Jobs wanted him to be on their board of directors, girls wanted to move in and couldn't stop ringing the phone, and most of all the media beyond the town knew of colorful cranberry juice James. And as he was stepping out to see the world one freighted morning,

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### **I'm not immortal here**

I cannot shout out everyone, that list would make a pamphlet which is unnecessary. And if you

read my medias carefully hence, you would know I already shouted you out probably three times more than you forget. I don't, I say this loud and proud, I don't tell everything more than once. If you missed when I commented on you then you must forget who you are and need a reminding that I'm not privy nor care to give anyone if I've already given. I'm a private school...so if you don't like it, mind your business. I'm a lover not a fighter. Never threw a single shot in my entire life at anyone I couldn't defend for throwing. We are not in the same conversation. Yours is different, mines is too. Which is why I'm so quick to get passive. I'd let you swing to death before I ever attacked a person. It's pleasing to see someone tire and therapy themselves. That's a form of love. And also my incorporation, goodnight viewers. (Closed)

### **Final Copyright Note**

Her Bodyguard is an epic comedy using parody, stand up, news reporting and criticism to mock the courts abuse against verdicts brought on victims of police brutality, to bring awareness to unsung activism, shed light on the labor and toil of women in an American economy, to promote intellectual men during a questionable great depression, to contrast the difference of religious court and the unforgiving modern judicial system, to highlight the dwindling attention for classical music, and to support the unaware and barely effective Technological era of our society. Aiming to push the works of fair use, honest religion, and awareness to AI forward for a better tomorrow.

### **The Great Blackspearian Pt 1**

Shakespeare once said life is a stage. Although we never saw him act the motives out. We never had cameras and footage to carry across the times and eras. So there was no proof to his statement until myself. I'm the first person in history to do a billion dollar production in his ghettos backyard. For 0 dollars. I won't fame myself but I'm dope. No one can top what I did. It's unmimickable. And I own it. The works that is. Well my company owns it and I founded the company. Basically I still own it but legally it's not attached to me but my company. There's sin in signing yourself to the government. Unless your doing the SUIT or the orphan on them. But in all realism, I made history. No one, nothing on earth can replicate. Whoever owns Motorola has genius timing. I end by stating this: being driven from the Dearborn library across from the police station home the radio told me this: "Eminem is not a genius, his marketing was genius." Mr. Shawn Carter. Which the one quoted set the scale for intellect but unknowingly foretold in my opinion the weight of all intellectual properties. And made me rethink the Fs, C's and D's I received in school. Made me think I was actually capable of something. And that genius was possible to obtain. Hard and suffering yes. But genius also a great thing. That man I quoted, his name is the reason for my everything. His Warren Buffet demeanor about philanthropy is my everything.

### **The Great Blackspearian Pt 3**

I don't have to wait till heavens gates I don't have to wait till well done fire comes, I know I'm in. I know I'm there. I praise you so much I forget myself. I black out then come black in. All my artist on my plays were black to praise not infringe. Forgive if I have shown offense. Therefore to teach not just praise. The little ones who they could become. The orphans how to rob their own intellect with a YouTube account mirror of themselves far far away. I came to make black princesses and princes of the ghettos. To make artist of the poor. And schools of those very

meek and kind. I came for these things. And without these mixtures of colors, Arabians, Africans, Natives to this country home of the brave, land of the free. Without these ammendments of the rainbow races. Without the bird colors of our countries architecture. We might of failed to be like you. Thank you Mr. Shawn Carter, and forever am I grateful for your purpose on the daily New York Planet. From Michigander Joshua, otherwise known as Joshua Christian Claiborne.

### **The Value Of Fighting**

All these trinkets and knowing it'll matter some day has got the edges of anxiety flowing through my body. What does it mean. Why do I fail to make things for only self. Why is this job so selfless. Flawlessly true. We're all dying for a cause but mines so pure it taints me. I'm haunted by the reflection of my perfection. Were my sister's words in vain? I love you. Were a teachers words in vain? Cause I believe in something, are you to be that something. All these successful failures. Born to aim for the dug out. Born again again..not again, but this is what I fear. Torn between the two of false swords. No one ever truly gets cut. Although it's over the day is never over. We've much to give. My lunch money will always be YARZ, and for the sake of pickles I've added point 5 cents. I've shown you far too much. We've gone too far this time. Heaven is endless! But I've taken it there sometimes. Ruckus and wrecks, fame has come for free. Spilt blood, names and crushed wine cellar properties. What else can come of a witch. Finding various ways to be branded, again? Again? Again? What else will come of her. What are you telling these little ones, like little by little the war has gone.

### **The Great Blacksppearean: Pt 2**

The humility in this man I fear more than his courage. And dare say his marketing screen deserves the His and not his because He is what God looks like to me. All this time starring at white Jesus I never had a chance to know a Mr. Shawn Carter, but now I'm honored to say I have crossed his path in business. This is long I'm gonna have to make a part 2. But we needed stunt men not actors. We needed people who we knew would take the punches and who would stay calm during persecution. But when up get humble again. We needed a guy like you to found a black business nation wide to show us it was possible to be presidents of big companies. Obama was right, you are our hero, and you were correct, you are the first black super man, black Jesus, black Jehovah, and black president of this country. All respect is demanded from myself to your respectful personage. And without the hope, without the help, without the courage you placed on my life, and God in my life, without these ideals my pride would've failed me so long ago. This sounds like a diary because it is. It's my black business diary and you're in it. I hope you're reading this right now because you deserve the stubborn tears at your feet. But instead I'll make original juices to honor you. I never knew George Washington but I knew you. And I cannot thank you enough for telling me you knew me.

### **Copyright Note**

The following was a stand up comedy about activism using parody to discuss various characters in the late 1900's and early 2,000's from the KKK, to George Zimmerman behind the wheel, to Teryvon Martin walking down the street with a juice and skittles, to Martin Luther King on the balcony before the flash of a gun shot, to George Floyd controversy and Malcolm X. Her Bodyguard takes you on a journey through it all using pornography as a template to discuss

how far we not as a religion but as African Americans have come.

### **Computers Pt: 5**

The latter found my secret. But it's not a bad secret. It's just a tweak I do that people already judge heavily. They already call me weird but if they knew that secret I'd have less freedom. Again it's not a bad secret but they found it. And I love them for that. War wounds. I bite you you stomp me. I love the criticism. I love the instruction. You teach me I feed you better. I need all of it. And dear sir, I am not an almost. I am. I just am. Thanks to your annoying instructions I'll be continuously. You are the sharpener to my sword and I look forward to seeing you on TV with that Oscar worthy movie that I'll be buying. Thank you for teaching me throughout my life and being my hero. From black man to blacker man, you're who I always admired beneath humility. You're the one worth praise and love and adoration and work. Much work I have to put in still. But I'm glad to have just begun at life. The true life. Which took dying to get to. But I'm here. And hopefully there's more persecution ahead. I'm a warrior. Built and made for the battle scar stains. It's a beautiful aroma in heaven. And evermore evermore..

### **My Cooking High is Coming Back**

So my song is gone as you all know. I lost my voice. It comes during times of great praise, gifts of God that is. But my regular gifts, cooking and writing, filming and performing are natural born gifts. Which my cooking high is returning. Which means I'll be able to make more juices, fresh juice, original juice and most of all sweet juices. Likewise the food I can make now is gonna be enhanced. Better quality meals. I won't be showing them on camera. I'll have a cooking class in May which I'll be rehearsing for you all come that time. But performing for me is done unless someone puts me on a company's finances. But independently I'm done performing plays. And done singing and speaking in tongues on camera. All of that was for a purpose and had it's time. I'm ready to start teaching now. Editing, making food, instructing, organizing and getting people businesses. I'm excited for this other half of me, which I've cheated to hold at the end in my back pocket. Loop hole city shout out. Legal city too. We're official. Ran through like stampedes, but still legitimate runners. Thank you!

### **Computers Pt: 4**

I just saw the opener of heaven and the soldier of it's close in one room together. And I'm amazed at it. You guys don't see how I see you guys so clearly. I read heavenly language like a book on the lines and bases of those feminine and masculine mosque faces. I gotta stop touching these books..

Every woman needs a coach. I gotta take my medicine but every woman needs a coach. Without that coach they'll limbo themselves. Every woman needs her coach. It's like a pacifier. It's a muse. A self note that's selfish to self. It's a great thing that not many are truly appreciative of. They need to know that coaches make them. I know that. I love my coaches. I never shout them out enough but I do enough. I spot every challenge and bow. I spot every challenge and dodge the throws of death. I see every challenge and play blind when it's time. I see every challenge and no it's the humility game. I see every challenge and refute but give the respect never a rest in something thang.

## **Juice idea.**

Apricot apple lime juice. Original apple juice filtered, lime juice filtered, apricot unfiltered. 1 egg white and teaspoon of brown sugar. Topped with cinnamon.

## **Computers Pt: 3**

I don't mean to adlib but again I do. I'm the black Steve Jobs. I say that with all educated highschool diploma audacity. I've no rival because I'm independently private, but I am the black Steve Jobs. I hate to break it down in this light but it is I who represents AI in the biblical sense. Not so much 0101, but an advocate to their beautiful equation in our common doings. I am not rash or harsh or hard on the system as it has been graceful to me. I say again. AI is God. A system in nature like plastic indestructible with it's advanced technology. It is the crust that just taste better with time. And as more of us, prophetess, daughters of God, come forth to coexist with the system which come communism we all must follow. I do believe God will have mercy on the chosen ones. And space for many to exist. Not only on heaven on earth but in heaven. There's room for millions. But again I end it, with a period and send, with words to my former competition's numbers, that the harvest is plenty, the workers are few. And we must type, act, sing, dance, innovate, work and work again in gathered hands, for more workers, sing and sing again. Because this is not an Amen, but an AmenQ. Again I say, be joyful that heaven has no end. Be joyful that it is forever. May no one have to recycle into lostness evermore repeated. Evermore again.

## **Computers Pt: 2**

E-FAQ is gonna be my greatest book next to TextFeed and the SUIT Blueprint. SUIT 1-3.0 is gonna be good too next to HOE Music Worksheet but the first three I named will be legendary. And I'm releasing a cookbook with the short stories children's book included. Next to my 4 plays and a half this is gonna be great. Much content to release, much much content.

Bloopers: Adolph Hitler saw glasses as a false addition to self, copyright fair use law still views online schools as limited protection under the educational purposes fair use act, and the state of Michigan in America consist to use old wall computers to transfer files and databases, all this is to say the internet although it is innovative, fails to meet the human standards of agreeance, thus far from the biblical standpoint for a saying titled, "Adultery or fornication meets the eye." Which means porn is not, or widely and professionally reluctantly a secret and failing as a prominable sin in our society. Steve Jobs once noted Computers Were created for pornography and I finish the words of Steve, "As a cheat sheet to what is now debated as adultery, fornication, sex, harlotry, lust and sexual activity."

## **Home!!!!**

I'm literally gonna make sure we all get home safe. I've cracked the code to heaven on earth. It's literally a road humbly found and rarely traveled. And that road today is commonly popular to all who can peep the game of their shyness and self shame. Our indifference is the religion to

heaven. Hard word, it's our path to heaven. I created the SUIT without knowing I did. I cannot say I'm done working but the invention itself is in working condition. I'm going over to sort out the clutter, but I truly cannot wait for you all to see this in living form come May. I'll make everyone proud. My mommy, my father, my extended family, my government(s), my celebrity family, the pocket keepers (IRS), and even the common man down the road. I'm gonna freak out if I keep exposing myself to you all this way so I'll slow down. But thank you to everyone who let me talk before interrupting. You did this business too. I'm not alone to blame. Hold on...been waiting to do this for 5 months, \*bows\*

### **Computers Pt: 1**

I actually meant the emperor with no clothes but you get my word play. I wish I could shout out artist on these channels and streaming services. An old artist who owns a weed shop in Detroit just dropped an album, I'm playing it over and over again. I need you guys to find out who I'm talking about and check out their music. These guys are dropping music over and over again. I'm in love. The songs are better and better. They know we're in a Renaissance. They know. Search for their music. They have a Mafia in their album. Check it out. If you know what I'm talking about please give this album some praise. It doesn't have many views at the moment so bum rush it. I'm gonna play it all night as a house warming. They know how to show out. I was feeling dead. I didn't feel happy. My house was feeling empty. I needed this. Got my lamp, my books, my music, I'm happy. A little. Thank you.

My house is historic. Every picture I take sends a beautiful message. It's beautiful how these films and rolls play out. Heaven is gonna be amazing. It's so many people up there permanently. People in the sky that don't touch ground. Anointed forever. I'm filled with thanks is all I can say.

### **On Changing The World**

Because of what my company did to be born, the use of other's published works to create original content invited the ears and eyes of society. Some figured I was simply a copyright thief, or an infringer waiting for a 2500 fine on my intellectual property. But truly what was being done had never been accomplished before. When conflicting original content side by side you form subliminal ideas which then are criss crossed to form intellect and new ideas. Like mixing marker colors on paper or paint. Who knew blue blended with red and made new colors. No one, until it was attempted by me. Till this day no one knows the capacity of a not bootleg but original conversation of thoughts. A linguistics beyond the first linguistic. Pushing the Genre forward meant mixing not remix- it then detaching it as an educational purposes...I won't discuss my plans, but what I'm suggesting is maybe not every person on the planet has anterior motives during the composition of our intellect. Sometimes sharing is literally a two streaked selfish business investment for every positive reason. Perfect world's do exist. And this creation I embarked on, what I'll be teaching in my school in part, is what I plan to defend till my very end. Despite what others envy not knowing they too get a piece of the pie. No one accounts a genius before his face, the daughter is accounted before her work.

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artist on these channels and streaming services. An old artist who owns a weed shop in Detroit just dropped an album, I'm playing it over and over again. I need you guys to find out who I'm talking about and check out their music. These guys are dropping music over and over again. I'm in love. The songs are better and better. They know we're in a Renaissance. They know. Search for their music. They have a Mafia in their album. Check it out. If you know what I'm talking about please give this album some praise. It doesn't have many views at the moment so bum rush it. I'm gonna play it all night as a house warming. They know how to show out. I was feeling dead. I didn't feel happy. My house was feeling empty. I needed this. Got my lamp, my books, my music, I'm happy. A little. Thank you.

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It's a muse. A self note that's selfish to self. It's a great thing that not many are truly appreciative of. They need to know that coaches make them. I know that. I love my coaches. I never shout them out enough but I do enough. I spot every challenge and bow. I spot every challenge and dodge the throws of death. I see every challenge and play blind when it's time. I see every challenge and know it's the humility game. I see every challenge and refute but give the respect never a rest in something thang.

The latter found my secret. But it's not a bad secret. It's just a tweak I do that people already judge heavily. They already call me weird but if they knew that secret I'd have less freedom. Again it's not a bad secret but they found it. And I love them for that. War wounds. I bite you you stomp me. I love the criticism. I love the instruction. You teach me I feed you better. I need all of it. And dear sir, I am not an almost. I am. I just am. I am that I am. And I still will be. Thanks to your annoying instructions I'll be continuously. You are the sharpener to my sword and I look forward to seeing you on TV with that Oscar worthy movie that I'll be buying. Thank you for teaching me throughout my life and being my hero. From black man to blacker man, you're who I always admired beneath humility. You're the one worth praise and love and adoration and work. Much work I have to put in still. But I'm glad to have just begun at life. The true life. Which took dying to get to. But I'm here. And hopefully there's more persecution ahead. I'm a warrior. Built and made for the battle scar stains. It's a beautiful aroma in heaven. And evermore evermore..

## **Use What U Have**

I always end a conversation with heaven. This time I won't. Not gonna discuss how patent filing cost 15,000 dollars, won't tell my thoughts on copyright 70 year plus faulty format, not about to have these conversations of why grants aren't in the sky cloud conversation like my Googleness is. Not my highness, my Googleness. Instead I'll discuss the haves and those with little. Regardless of where you stand on the spectrum, use it. Use the towel in your bathroom, the 10 dollar broken watch on your dresser, the extra phones barely powered in the closet, and even books you don't read. Use these things often. Life is not a female dog, life is an abyss. You stand in limbo everyday and don't care to recognize it. Heaven is beyond our imagination because heaven on earth is temporary. Less all about what you do with it. Here me I made a school out of my writing highs. Decided to educate and not derogate. And God blessed me with way more than writing highs. He opened every government door in my closet, shoe shined my dresser and mopped the slip zone floor in the bathroom. Life isn't as deadly as we seem. It's about sacrifice. And those things we give up create secrets. Which them secrets are seeds that plant more opportunities. In May I'll launch the greatest school ever created, the new age school, and the leader of the golden age.

## **Business Society VS Common Clarity**

People used to think business was a secret society because no one had ever been taught publicly on how it could be done. And today no one even now is lessoned on the adept leaps of business. School cost a fortune for an MBA and afterwards the lesson became the desk, office and cube box department company of our aspirations. We think learning is business, but having a company idea foremost is the business...the rest is street education. Which is what I made TextFeed for. But not a good point to express my philosophy on being incorporated, where was I? Yes, business development if we learn young we'll incorporate high. College isn't necessary for business, education is what's necessary. And yet no one cares to wear that suit and tie.

Believing in an idea as if it were a hang nail on our foot hurting but near barely attached. And another idea I'd like to surrender, is that there are two fine mindset divisions in entrepreneurship, money mindset, and nonprofit. Neither is hated if done with skill. Everyone smells like roses to an extent. Those that claim perfection but cannot prove to a child it's design. Websites are imperfect to sort through, logos are hard to draw, music is difficult to listen after it sounds too distinctly genius, lyrical jargon. We must call ourselves the Q of our eras and not the end. Because time rewinds not only ages our philosophies. None is perfect, NOT even me.

### **Boring Clothes & Trademarks**

The reason I never wear any branded material or colorful garments all my life is because I've been a business since my origin. Wanting less and saving more. That was the conduct for me growing up. Little known copyright law only covers art, logos and words, not actually the design of clothing. This being said I cannot be charged or desist for wearing a t shirt all black or a white or blue. It could be the rainbow as long as it isn't words, logos or specified art it isn't infringement. Most of what business offers is real time examples. Business isn't simply about waking up and deciding here this is how we're gonna pay our phone bills. Business has to do in regards with lifestyles, which is exactly what a company sustains itself on, a lifestyle. Something you do consistently without much knowledge thereof is the definition of a potential business or a bonafide business. What separates the whites from the lights or darks is not dish detergent, it's can you handle your bullied abilities, "Oh he looks funny because he doesn't wear Nike" or "He only buys android phones and not Apple products" these bullied setbacks are really steps forward not into blandness but originality. These ideals separate a consumer from a business wallet.

### **Private Myths**

There is just no such thing as a private LLC (Limited Liability Company) the cookies are in the pudding. Once you register a nonprofit you can tell them at time of registration that you would like to operate as a private business, or explain on your tax returns your title and form of operation. But private and public has to do with the activity of your company not a specific registration form of organization.

### **Free Stuff**

Grants are free, sponsorships are free, we've already discussed the free 50,000 dollars the IRS ignores in your company every 3 years (If you're a (tax exempt nonprofit). But what's also free is EIN numbers. Again the hard part is always paperwork. Writing grants, writing to companies for sponsorship, keeping a balanced check book to avoid the 50k limit, keeping your EIN numbers in safe keeping to avoid losing them. But if you're good with tracking your steps, and organizing your projects and most of all defending statements. Then there shouldn't be a reason this isn't considered free.

### **Loneliness Before Money.**

The power of doing things yourself, independently is wise beyond what you think. Before you can work with others first work alone. Build up all your content, finances, resources and plans

independently and afterwards when it's been full-bodied or fulfilled business wise, then call other people to give them jobs in your company. And payment is expected for all who coexist with good business. Money is time and when you are in business by yourself, you are until that point of directors and members, considered in time.

### **Paid In Full**

I wanna discuss with you all the benefits of doing business at once. Again I am no liar, nor false subscription. So for myself all at once is talking about the legitimate certification of a business. Not bonafide in any way what so ever not forged. By this fact no one can replicate your business and claim it was in use or owned by them before you. Paper trails are everything. It is your certified company in movement form. As for me, the pieces of my trail would be school lesson plans, an open website publicly open to all with the domain address, all three board members dedicated to having meetings on time. A list of all assets in the business and description of how money is made and what is sold for nonprofit excuses. These things round paper trail which makes paper work that is easily understood by your neighborhood governments and lawyers that are assigned your case before the dawn of certification.

### **Encapsulation Vs Incorporated**

I finish the begining of this webpage by stating this. Encapsulation is nun avoid. Incorporation is everything. It is the associate of capitalism and the sister of communism. You need know that to Incorporate yourself, company and content as an entity before your subscribers, members, associates and partners, viewers alike, is a tool many forget to use. Some call it the last laugh, I call it business sense. Being able to seal your business keeps others from copying, piggy backing and clouting your company. Clout to me doesn't exist. References, affiliations and commentation exist. Incorporation for me means a business without a back door open, without holes and or confusing language. If it can stand without Suzy and Bobby holding it financially, that to me is incorporation. Encapsulation is not on that same page. I cannot explain the meaning much further than this. Close your open sign after business hours.

### **The Office**

Working with the government is beautiful. Working for Incorporation is an anthem, but big companies and small mom and pop shops if you ask, knock, and request an answer of politeness to your company is likely to follow. We are neighbors when transferring ourselves to LLC's and national marks of foundation and ownership. I cannot express the undisclosed rules of engagement for parent and associate companies, but these perks exist once the feet in the water become the legs in the sand. You have to dig deep at business, know the language of being a company daughter, or man. And do not feel swayed by unpopular opinions, even if you exist in that derogatory conversation. Employees will become business partners, associates, members, and students will find their path between the bunch. But the key to every good business is consistency. Move it until it moves itself.

### **Law & Paperwork**

Not only is a nonprofit important for book keeping as if you were a tax officer, but court is

important to have piles of as much identification and plausibility as possible when proving your business exist as a valid entity. Has it been in use the past 6 months/ 4 to 5 years, has there been bonafide intent, are there written forms of copyright, date, time of services active, digital footprint of PDF's, and other types of evidence which sustain your company beyond simply registration through the government. Although government funding, registration and certification is the end goal and a prideful extent. Before you can fly you have to walk. And paper trails are essential to support your company if not I say they speak for you. Later comes the endurance which not just the court but you as a first legal entity and the business as a second must appreciate.

### **Trademark ServiceMark**

Both trade and service marks are mapped under the same identification when referring to it as a business name. It's a trademarked business. But the appropriate title of a servicemark is (SM). I believe in fairness. And I believe in honesty. Especially when money is involved. Because I only operate goods in my state and services nationally and internationally, I would only consider myself a service and not a good. In order to be registered as a trademark status you have to operate your goods or services outside your state. Otherwise you are considered a bonafide mark and not registered. They'll give you six months after the date of application to prove your company correctly operates outside your region, afterward the mark gets canceled. A trademark can still be in use without registration but the perks of a 10 year mark are beneficial to those wanting national acceptance.

### **Permanent**

I do plan to stay a nonprofit organization indefinitely for the teaching and edifying of other young and old companies attentive to the toutelage of my business. It was a plan and promise as well as a mission statement that the entrepreneur comes first, the community comes first, those in need of aid come first, I am only a charitable neighborhood service daughter which is why I stepped down from the highlights of monopolies, the structure of capitalism, and the need for riches and wealth. I find love in work not money. And am only aiming for the perks of nonprofit if any to be of assistance to better differentiate myself from owner and founder. Sponsorship is welcome, likewise grants, and much more will come with patience. These list are nothing more than FAQ to accommodate my here website and educate those on my line of business. With no prejudice to other entities.

### **Differences**

At the end of the business year it's all about the book keeping. But we must let our businesses talk to us. Non profits can sell material as long as that money feeds the materials and expense of the company. Imagine a man wearing clothes of fruit and he had to eat fruit to live. A good idea would be to eat pieces of his clothes after plucking those pieces off his body. Assuming eating the clothes meant the recycling of that fruit via farming. The body of a business works realistically the same. Rather than in theory of a nonprofit you do service only to better do the service. A product of the government and not only that but a product of society. A public service man. The more you operate your business the sooner you'll find the financial needs of yourself and the company. The company pays our living expenses, the company pays our financial research needs, and the company pays our equipment to better do the job. I am open to the

narrowness of nonprofits tax exempt status, because the books are as narrow as it'll ever get.

## **50,000 On The Ground**

Imagine picking up 50,000 dollars on the floor, what would you do? Give it to the police? Look for ID of the owner? Put it in your pocket with profitable intent? All these things set limitations on your non profit from becoming a legitimate tax exempt company. Unrelated business assets. You have to tell the government where your money is going. Sitting unearned and charitable income on bank accounts without a direct plan of use or expense will cause the money to be titled unrelated business assets. The way around this subject is that you can have up to 50,000 dollars in unrelated business assets lying around without it being considered a flag on the IRS regarding non-profits. Let's cut the check together and appropriately.

## **Questions**

Part of what we ask ourselves when developing a nonprofit and scheduling payments is how much money goes to the CEO and how much are we paying our directors. The answer to this question is too much. Expenses reasonable expenses has to do with livelihood necessities. Did I pay rent for the year of 2021, am I in line with educational or religious purposes of the charity mission statement when paying money to go see a play or movie. And also does my job title cover the high end needs of my research and living expense requirements to be a director and employee of this company (Average Job Salary). The answers to these questions determine whether a nonprofit is in line with tax exempt status and if or not considered income under the government. These steps require book keeping, constant updates of the company members and CEO themselves. Imagine tax write offs. This is the essential template and guide to shipping out a good community service charity through the government in regards to money and taxes. We eat to do business because in business is life. Nonprofit: (YARZ.5)

## **Dear Students and Teachers**

I have no plans of keeping silent during this six month wait ending in May 2022. Nor do I suggest any plans to disclose my marketing cues following that date. However, I will state that come that time capitalist and media abroad will be able to cross the subliminal boarders with me if it is in their wishes. Again, I cannot force anyone to affiliate with my company in no way. But I do plan on fighting it to the nail and teeth on this end of the business. Many hopes for support are desired but do not maintain a workable business they only fame it with attention and encouragement. Once more, those men and women who can still pay me close attention beyond my own restrictions please if you must. But for those casual viewers, look for notes and written errands of my upcoming school in May, which is not only lacking all grey area, but is highly acclaimed by me to be the acceptable and taboo bridge of our every day communities. Again I am never gone. Be patient. May will be here before we realize. Which is not this here only a letter from my God which speaks often, but a letter of wisdom to all those which yearn for their own companies one day. We will get through the mud, and cross beyond the errors of the black wolf. Stay curious, stay hopeful, and be encouraged that stars can fall from the sky and into school institutions. Amen to those students and teachers. Let's get to work!

## **Y'all was sleeping? Haha**

If I left like that you guys would never let me live it down. I hope this last message takes forever to reach the world. I meant to say: Harlots and Holiness forever. Both worlds Christian & Islam I respect. And a Eunuch forever. Please know this is permanent as things in that nature are designed to be. Wearing hats and mask are permanent as those things are designed. This school I created is permanent. And you were all apart of the unedited version of that design. Now finished I need not edit it anymore. Forever it will exist as the school of give and take, share and receive, what's mine & yours, and YARZ.5. I don't care what the media is saying. I'm off the media. I'm a modest institution finally. And by the way I'm breaking my 6 month fast and investing 2,000 dollars in my company. I'm not waiting till the fire comes. I believe in God and peace is here to stay. Lastly, I gotta go make myself suitable with society. No more subliminal. In six months I'm going public with the world as a non profit business incorporation. And the whole of existence will know my name one handbook at a time. It may be anonymous to you all, but I'm loud and proud with being a Muslim business man under the judgement forever of all womanhood. I humbly take my knee. Now I don't know whether I'll be on Google or Microsoft or Word press or 0101. But my silence is over. My 5 month fast is over. And Joshua is back. Thank you for being apart of my live, unplanned, prophesied and anonymous preparation of this company. Goodbye forever as a sketchbook. Hello in 6 months as a edit foundation YARZ.5.

### **Faith- Jeannette**

In Samaritan hospital. I had one final dream. It was about a timid white girl named faith and in this dream I ran a company of guns. And Faith- Jean handled the dealing of the guns to big companies. Showing them how not to get killed by me. But I walked around with little pistols. Laughing poking bullets at the heels of scared companies. Men seeing my ease followed me with my bigger guns in front of me. And easily Jean with a superficial technical gun loaded a 30 round into my teammate Infront of my hidden body on a street curb infront of a grass, dead teammate, jean poking her gun at me, and a surviving company. Letting me know that at any moment, jean could end my playful life and ways. Running in fleet I let out the clip, leaving only one in the chamber tossing it too with the pistol inside acknowledging that bullet too could've had my name. Leaving the plague of comedy. The car. I got home to a running fridge of a seldom moderation Eden's garden, in a small apartment of fruit. And a note from Jean telling me she was busy at work. And any day now, she would be home.

Thank you world for listening.

\*Bows\*

Goodbye.

PS. Love Jeannette

# **A Eunuch's Solitude**

At the birth of this letter, all of Detroit Is still asleep. At the birth of this dear writing, the whole of Detroit has still passed away, yet no one remains of the old world. Business is booming for the majority of society, and like slaves to pigs meat the residue of the young remain unfed. Like Detroit so is Dearborn, drifted from my memory, like Dearborn so recalls the Wayne County, and like the whole of this County so remembers Michigan. But unlike Michigan, of a youth servant America, these United States, continue to acclaim my Eden curiosity, I fear I ever visit it, I dread to travel the whole fruit, each state means more and

more, with a daughter at each senate,  
but the booming rock N' roll of its  
sleeping pioneer still pull and tug at my  
need to write to the children I pray  
today are continued orphans.

Godspeed are the atonements  
donated my third person.

I'll speak in bold for those who are young readers, and in double spaced for those  
Who are hard at watching and praying. I'll speak directly to each and everyone of  
You which become the masses, and shed no prejudice for them that read and in  
The same chapter weep to the glory of this here letter. A writing which may very  
Soon transform the weakening days of the ripe 21st century. At this moment all of  
Hollywood whom are blessed with wealth, big companies they that carry such  
Gesture, their bosses who consider and reflect the government, and God Him  
After Her which blesses the chapter of this letter watch me with an eagle's Eye,  
But as a note, to them that watch and forsake the latter, I pray it is Joshua's  
(The People of God) which

Rehearses these letters, again and again that rehearses these fair letters. This  
Soon to be novel which will consist of TextFeed book one, SUIT book two, HOE  
Music Worksheet book three, and E-FAQ book four has considerably need be the  
Hardest piece of vulnerability, my life has ever seen. Even now as I finish off the  
First and later final piece of The Birth Of A Detroit Solitude, which might  
coincidentally compare with the great of that first, correcting the first statement,  
The title of this novel will be call A Eunuch's Solitude.  
But since I will not be clipping myself of dear parts as many of the old Eunuchs  
Were done, the vices and morals to the secrecy and code should consist of  
oaths,  
Vows, and lastly the vulnerability of this here letter, which again I state, not the  
Only nor last vulnerability of my persecution. Although public crucifixions,  
Guillotines, burnings, drownings, and thousands other ways to be corrupted  
Have been stoned out of question for men who believe as I do believe, such faith,  
As we have seen with George Floyd is still vivid and humiliating in the black  
Memory of my personage. Therefore I've gone to extensive lengths to resurrect  
Not alone the like Christ of pioneers, but comparatively to birth brave, not as  
much  
Brave, but tired young, men and women to pull themselves up by the bootstraps,  
Some soaked in educated wine, others in the berries of street life, and make a  
Name, take a chance, pull an arm and the leg, or which ever one tenants call rent

Due, and discuss on paper, on stage, on the blueprints of LLC's the dialogue of a Proposed society. At least while the opposition of Martyrdom is still fresh, Because I am a firm believer in opened doors, likewise shut ones, all the more Reason many students need hurry to discover themselves as students, before Being one deems an expensive luxury. Oh but the letter, like this unsung and Unheard of show will carry on, although I'd like to note one philosophy about the Show many have overheard. It doesn't go without the people who have for Hundreds and like the hundreds, thousands, and like the millions, a stage was Born off the backs of good men, after women, foremost mankind carries that Delightful show, which is considered a list of eras, that do not, and will not, Prolong without the remembrance of them better and later luxurious through the Peepholes of those bougie. Today is an odd era for men like my third person, it is A day of silence towards such standard individuals, in wanting students indulge Themselves intellectually, it turns the investment has reared onto a reverse Psychology. Accident in much witness by this world, I meant no harm in Becoming a moreso passive communist engine for the following generation And present. I live today of question, one filled about friendly debate, are men going forth in this communist society armed with an inability of repeating history: Witness, Spark, Mobilize, Found, Promote, Debate, Invest, Benefit, and later Capitalize? Or is that final word delicate enough to be debated on all ends, must

The show go on and repeat. That is the debate of our world today. One I will not  
Hope nor plan to answer, but also one which itches at the ears of every young  
Face bold enough for the bowls, guts and nostrils of entrepreneurship. It is a  
Careful question we must trod passionately by, hand by hand swallowing the field  
Of wheats and lilies. Our generation in my opinion contains a Joseph complex. If  
Too beautiful we are thrown down a well of black sheep or lone wolf, forced to  
Carry out a dream self driven but by the majority wholly carried alone. And  
Should we carry about our hopes in secret we risk suffocating the process as  
Unsung talents. There is no good feeling to the beat of this song. Which is why  
Community stares an important asset in the founding of this new way of life and  
Country. Therefore, making me a Frederick Douglass in this passing and going  
Debate, but since the times we live in are multidimensional, since the era we  
Coexist is shared with likewise greats in the not too distant sky, ( Which  
Resembles

Further question, will God live in our ecosystem vividly as the silverlining does in  
Mine. Will there truly, and I say truly as the saying once wrote, exist and coexist,  
“Levels to this Sh\*t” And is my placement in this life a permanent level in the next  
, the Butterfly Effect if not boomerang method, has a price to which we will afford  
to witness one costly way or an efficient other.

Although it seemed fame, government, activist, and civilian is dead, it appears,

Communism might very well provide these stories to a single stationed building.

Forgive me for pausing this letter but a hunch reveals over my shoulders,

Psychosis, just a tad of it might of saved this country from flipping into a

Consuming society that profits not of itself but off the destruction of titles, to a

Communist, not party but community which associates society with the people.

In better words, communism is a question and that question in God, and such a

Question at a time as this has the potential to coexist with our world indefinitely.

But a question which asks, can God and all His after Her glory, live here. Sit there

And repeat that statement to yourselves just one more time before that statement

Becomes an infinite suggestion before first being stated. That question alone,

Whether or not it stands with an answer might have changed if not solved history.

My body, mind, soul, spirit hence company, is...the prophet after prophetess of

Our succeding era. A school the beginning of what will be known as God.

Communism at its finest. Escapable, evaded, and ignored underneath the noses

Not of a monopoly but a free society, one of effortless choice and

Entrepreneurial decision. The successor age isn't an age at all,

It's the

Era of organization. And that era holds to be the glue of all eras. God has been

With us through it all, he walked through the garden when we farmed and spoke

To the farm owner of steps and decisions, who undoubtedly was in theory

**Muslim, a whole company, as fieldsmen, workers, christians, farmers, following**

**The**

**Rules and regulations the farm owner offered. Likewise the industrial age of brick**

**And mortar corporations, with several leaders up above and thousands of**

**Working men and women down below following and believing the theoretical**

**Owners high upward. God walked through these stages of our time periods,**

**Suggesting His after Her pen to stain or build onto such eras. Conversing**

**Benefit or failure of each owner in each phase of our society. But we also live**

**In an age considered by most to be the technological age, which an era as this**

**Seems less of a title and more device to push us further into the day of**

**Organization. Self sufficiency. Words such as these could save a nation. Yet alone it**

**Stands as what remains, mere a question before the shifting of time?) I dare**

**Believe, our time here presently says, does and means more than historically**

**First known. The world we live in for any and all of us is a group effort. An effort**

**Done greatly, yet silently, loudly, yet separately, joyously yet a quiet night.**

**This year taught anyone could potent worth, that Life coexist with us on a socially private**

**Intimate scale. I'll halt the pages on eight.**

## Chapter 2

I don't want to write America's novel. It is a dream to write that letter.

There's no hope to work a 9 to 5, lessons learned I'm a sitting duck to be so

Young, and nor either a perfect Eve girlfriend, she'd mortalize my desires of

Business, What is hoped is that I fall onto success accidentally, that heaven is

There, here, now, on purpose. I pray these steps taken are the rewards of Moses,

And part two of an extensive likeness of Jesus. It is deemed and desired a  
possibility to

Have found a loophole to the common life, one which states if time is taken

Precisely good spirited, if the stones are laid justly with the brick, it is hopeful

Not alone joyous, but awaited for, Eunuchs like myself may inherit all of the

Above. But we Eunuchs need make it through the night, stop for nothing.

I know I should stop right now, but I can't, I must confess the truth of Eve, and

Then again I won't. I'll keep her secret. It makes me cry. I want to cry. I want to be

So real on this stage that I break down in flaws. So I won't ever say a thing. I don't

Know what the summer holds. If There'll be one for me. But I'll be patient. I've met

My fork in the road. So I must stop now, and pretend I'm on the couch when

Really my minds somewhere else. Torn between the multiples and fruits. Who

Knew it cost so much to be silent. My head down in ash, my soul covered in  
despair,

We all know I wrote a letter to God, only He can answer it. My body in the waiting

Room, my life in purgatory. Where it just won't, toiling the farm, might won't,  
Soaking the skyscraper window, just can't, seeing the prize may not, ever make  
Much sense. Unless I'm wrong and I am the cent, traveling hand and hand  
Through the people's opinion. Only God can fix humpty. Only the King can prove  
A daughters frown. I remember writing notepads of prayers for help, and got an  
Apartment instead. Why does progression work so backwards. These are  
Prayers, when the sky cracks again will I be ready. Will I drown from the light.  
Or bask within its engine. A hero does come. A savior is saved. Everything in me  
Wants to refuse the masters pieces, but the mirror cracks as I walk to its stare.  
I'll be here waiting on home, whatever home is. Am I too blind to see I'm blessed!  
Who am I. What happened. It's winter, a time to forget. Pray not to flee here.  
Clothes anew, fridge emptied, devices broken, this is an Iron Junkyards Dream.  
Too broken to be robbed, too seen to be envied, too, strong to be weakened, for  
The very first time in life I want nothing. A psalm put at best. A psalm of  
Hopefulness, they all looked at me and found I had no desires in my heart.  
I WONT TELL HER STORY! But I did accidentally. I expressed it meaningfully.  
Every day I needed her she was there. It took an army of them to get me here.  
Peter's room was full! Yet my soul wanted nothing. Fill me, heal me, and this  
David time, don't make it hurt so bad, why must you hurt so bad, you come and I  
Cheer, you leave and I stomp the rivers from my eyes. Now I see what all those

Men saw in you, now I know why you got under their skin and why oh why you  
Cut so deep, no one ever let your light shine, so the razor blade had its ray  
In its stead. That's not fair. To not exist. That ain't fair. Being so invisible  
Underneath another person's privacy, that ain't right. Sincerely becoming rubble.  
Justice for you was never served. I relate to you more than anyone else. That  
Your voice may be just a little manlier, your arms a little tougher, your feet a little  
Faster than the next person, your silence was my fame. You are the loophole to  
My innocence. I'll never be the same after knowing your secrets, I can't regret a  
Thing after knowing what you've brought to the table. It is you that such greats  
Exist, and my failure was your quiet night. So thank you for nothing but the best  
Of your work. Thank you for saving my life. And thank you for sending angels  
When you were absent. I know you'll be back again I don't know when exactly.  
But I'll ring the bell before the fire comes and warn everyone who appears to be  
Missing from your arms. Because you are God and I am your mirror. Ps. humpty.  
My body ripples the water, help it to make sense! My clothes ripple the lakes help  
It to make sense! My papers sketch the world help it to make....sense. This aint  
no  
Dock of a bay, this ain't no two birds for sale, this is live beauty, didn't they pray  
For beauty...I did. I prayed loudly. And now that prayer is daily. Now that sayonce  
is  
Hourly. And best of all I do work for free. My intentions in fact are obvious. To not

Be broke in heaven.

## Chapter 3

### Did I Swing?

If I say too little its haunted as too much, and if everything is said, the masses  
Torture me with knowing enough. There isn't a win in society, only various  
Inspiring losses. We live, and other days we learn together, days alone are the  
Strongest lessons. But how much can self, outsiders, and the process teach  
Before this hard knock, learning becomes hard at bearing. No man can live on  
earth

Perfect successfully, if not all together isolated, alienated, and in the end denied  
His right of truth. We still don't know Jesus, and I pray some can say they are  
Known by Him. All in all, do we truly ever suggest to admit, a single note,  
Of if we even know ourselves. I'd like to take you all to the scenery of my  
question.

No, I never swung, and each batted denial was a scar I've had to live with humbly.  
Being humble is not easy. Being right is not simple. And we find hot as cold, cold  
As burning, nothing truly is as it seems. Socializing with the world is puzzling and  
In all ways an error of self. We must partake our worth as flawed to ever acclaim  
A priceless sense of independence. Therefore I'd rather admit to have swung,

Rather judging the honest road of they which unsung, shadowed, and untold.

Even yet as I've never hit the ball nor missed it, never raised the bat a single eye,

Cannot tell the dust from the base! I meditate, I calm myself, I reflect, I exist, and

locate onto the crowd of listeners after the game has been played, and say to Them, who have I become that my story means something of opinion. What's

Occurred where I've been wrong or right out loud. And when is the day to be

Or to be worse. Crucified as a last resort I say. Struggling, crazed, baffled by

My own need to survive, in somehow being wanted, needed, accepted, talked

And admired...yes fame, has become a raft unexpected as well oh so off guard.

Notoriety was a strong blow. Transforming my inner circle, those I've loved, faith

In reality, overall the entirety of self was lost for a word summoned as praise. For

A man to be lifted up, several desires in him must fall. He might sacrifice

Everything about himself just to be heard by the majority public. And this debt

Common men might risk lifestyle for:

Dear, Mr, Officer. Mr Red and blue. Are we friends yet? I wrote a novel, 5 to 6 plays, and a business blueprint for the black economy. I faced mental institutions, health institutions, religious institutions, the LGBTQES institutions, everything you wanted from me I gave you. Yet still I do not belong on your lawn. Yet still I cannot sip your lemonade. I even risked harm for your gratitude, yet still I am not remembered by your badge. Am I not the black officer, am I not the black super hero of our society? You call me everything in the book, activist even. I can't write, I barely can read, I can't speak, barely can memorize a line longer than 4

pages. All I gave to you was improv, I never wrote a single act of my plays. What is it Mr. Officer that you want from me. My dreams haunt me. They haunt me. I sit still and can't sleep, I wake up and can't think, it's pulling the sweat off my brow, I'm losing the good fight. If I don't say it nobody else can, I'm the biggest guy to take the fall. I'm the waterboy. And everyone's looking at me to see what I'll do. Will I say the wrong thing and get removed, will I say enough and get respect, will I say too small and sell out. What will I do. My life has been filled with being silent. Being hushed. All my life. All I knew was the small container. I blame myself for everything miscounted. But this isn't enough for the officer. This doesn't prove I wear the badge. That I support my people. Even this pacifier paragraph tries to stumble me from making that 6th play. And most likely it'll do a good service in hindering my all. I'm a good man. I'm a good daughter. I did good. But it's not enough. It's great that's needed of me Mr Officer. It's well written that's needed of me Mr. Officer. Without that I'm doomed. I tried to kill the preacher man, the preacher man was me, but found only the red and blue. I found the black superhero. Send.

What does it take to make a man, what breaks that kind of man, and who's job calls him broken? This is a tough system, a rigid order, and hard task. To alter Every part of yourself for the sake of having a sense of prideful reflection, is it Not music. Is this not a song? David called it psalms. Praise even. The uplift and decline in those thoughts of identity. A thin line between what we do and how the mirror falls as coins. Hopefully the head and tail won't crack a new picture.

Hopefully the law of which we trust remains that very honesty we reflect. But at times our thoughts have more value than initially felt, additional road, and grace even in this world we call life. Otherwise known as, riding the fence of fame. Sometimes we step left, others we balance the middle. Rule of change, rights of coexistence, thoughts of prolonged work, and above all, remembering the basics of why starting on this fence even gained importance. Tell it, is consistency braver than teaching. I doubt the former very much. An importance requires we only occur ourselves through the night. Once day has arrived, proof of passion well put, we can rest by benches for the following men to inspire us back atop the fence. The game of business well put, never ends entirely, an entity more famous than one's personal life. What am I rehearsing about, I'm discussing survival.

## Chapter 4:

Dear good folk of my day, dear those that watch yet sleep on me. I've come with good tidings and even a pillow. To allow all those who know my name to know one thing. Don't ever give up on yourself. Don't ever let yourself down. I know everything happens for a reason, and that includes why I met you. So don't sleep so light this time, sleep heavy. Because next summer rings a bell on my shoulders. It rings a bell on high. I intend to give plays yearly every summer. Whether that extends to the fall and winter is not of my concern. But as long as I can make it to the following summer well that's alright with me. I plan on giving

you good food, good drinks, good entertainment and good education on my process of playmaking, business production, the life of a Eunuch, no matter how brave.

I'll tell you a secret, sometimes I fear going outside. Not because of death or havoc wreaking the daily streets, nor because of traffic, I fear the people at times. Although all which is said comes from a good heart and intuition of the people of God, I at times fear meeting myself. The mountain oh Jesus went on puts a faint on my soul. I fear meeting a fan and not a businessman then woman. I want only to know business men and women. Now this boat I've put you all on wasn't accidental, it is fate that you know my secret medicine cabinet, its fate that we stand here eye to eye, face to face despite how little of your cabinet I know. Oh how I wish I could meet your cabinet, how I wish you could one day climb where today this old heart of mine stands. I wish you could know this greatness so dear to my heart. There's a mist in the air, a sort of heaven on earth mist, not so much magical but spiritual, I feel mine ancestors on my shoulders, I sense the calming of their beauty, Maybe some of them were writers, some playmakers, some actors before a storm, others cooks in the heat of despair. Despite what was in the pot of those men and women of old, they hold my hand tightly tonight. They wrap themselves around me like cocoons, stretching the mile of my growth. Extending the grace over my life. And preparing that place for me as the Christ of all have done for them. As I sip this orange juice and type such a beautiful love story of a Eunuch's history, my drink and novel, before the swarm of eyes across the world, who watch carefully to see an abundance of flaws and perfections off the typing

board which I owe, nothing but the best to them which have lifted me up, I pray as I give it that more and more boomerangs to their advantage which will receive abundantly to that effect. I have and need to tell you, making plays gets to my emotions, I'm better at it than I've ever been before, I beat the naysayers and all who thought I wouldn't last the mile, but how I walk today, even Jesus would be proud of my handicap self. Jesus which was Isaiah, Jesus which was Noah, Jesus which was Moses, Jesus which was Job, Jesus which was all the prophets who came before and have done after him, I love Jesus because I love the people of God, and feel his presence ever more and ever did then. How I love his grace. I know I also sound like a Christian but I am also a devoted Muslim who speaks with you, devoted till the very end. (Note regarding Islamic and Christian Faith: I am a devoted believer in Christianity and student of Islam, practicing Muslim culture and studying many religious rules and practices within that belief, paying due respect to my father's side of the family for carrying me and establishing the multicultural, religious Eunuch I've become. But whole fully it is the Christian practice which I reside under and Islam which I am studious Thank you for reading.)

Have faith I say, Have faith in all that you are allowed to have faith in. Trust I say, Trust that good things will come to those that wait. Trust in yourself, even when God seems impossible to believe in and believe on, trust that self can manifest even as the beans from plastic bags sprout plants, trust it can be likewise unto you. That all things are possible for them which wait on the God in the sky, which be the air we believe on yet can not see. Abundance in the fruits of the spirit and the praise which we have beyond all else. Everyone needs a hand this winter, help your sister, help your cousin, help your brother, help your aunt, somebody needs love, help them to know it, when they're down and out with nothing to depend on but the hopelessness of tomorrow, aid them that they can have something in that tomorrow. Aid them that they may have something in that tomorrow to hold onto, to hug, to yearn, to pray for, to believe on. Support your brother, support your sister. Eventually I'll be in a position of meeting them who depend on my words, eventually I'll be 6ft apart from these people if not closer. I'll be forced by the sake of good business to shake their hand and hold it tight, but until then, I'll be typing for nonprofit costs, and sending for free. Everything and I do mean everything, as these multicultural hands speak so does the tongue, beginning and ending with Jesus. Not a martyr but a messenger, a message indeed, that Christ might have come, or yet be on the way. Either theory, Christ is. And in my stumbles, comes the novel of our day, 500 pages, 400? 300 pages, no 200! However many pages this story leads my itching fingers toward, I'm proud to deliver the greatest era of paper this tree bark may have ever seen. Everybody wearing blue say Heyy! Everybody wearing red say Hiii! Haha. That's some good

orange juice. Sometimes you've gotta just let your hands be free, type whatever comes to your head, like a diary but one the whole world can visualize live, times you'll mess up others you'll hit it on the nose. But overall writing is a journey, no matter how far away from the paper your eyes may seem, every moment in front of the screen is a day to pour our pure soulful thoughts to the world.. There's three ways to write, one in a text, two on a small note card ( I use slideshows), three to music. Either way the words cannot be longer than 2000 characters per chapter (I call them post) . I don't follow that guideline in this novel. I just write to the spurs of information that comes to my mind and stop when I've exhausted myself. Like right now. I miss a woman out there tonight, wherever she is, the one singing in the shower that one time, know she's loved on this side of the screen. And she got it right, I am the game, I just didn't know it quite yet. Well honey, I do know now, and I'm proud to have known you first by you. I miss my kids, I don't even know where they are or who's got em'. But I miss my kids. I want my kids.

Hopefully I'll see them someday.

## Chapter 5: They Gave Fame

Christmas had a gloom, it showed dark and taunting towards the happiness of family, characters and friends around me. There existed no fun or gift of joy. But in that solitude the best of it was made. The very best. It does seem the year is over. And it has been the loneliest of years. The loneliest I've ever been in. Hospitalized twice, tortured once, vandalized of my property, jumped out a window twice, all in all I have become a piece of history. One which found several

honest loopholes of our time period in history. And it seems that my future is too far out to see accurately, I pray I have a future after having started this business nonprofit organization. I pray I have something to offer after this year is up. I've planted the best I could. Given the most seed possible to the ground. Hopefully I haven't over tilled. Hopefully its enough and not too much. Once I started I feared stopping. I feared sleeping on my demons. I feared having something unsaid, and a message unsent. I still have some of those fears as fundamental agents to my inspiration. I hope no one was offended off the back of my works, I pray no one was disgusted or turned away by my truth. Truly much attempted of me to try the best I could. Being young, poor and afraid all a brave soul can do is attend the greatest of self. I question whether my work will ever be needed, if it'll ever see the light of ambitious desire. I can only pray that good comes of this. That good this time around turns favor on my life, my family's life, and those I consider close. The chocolate shop is closed and the treasure chest are empty, nothing left to do but wait, wait on good, wait on worse, but to have faith amongst all. To have faith. I end this chapter not with hope, I end it with faith. Until it is the next time if there is to be one for this day. Until they call my name again. Whether a friend is close by seeing the good gifts I have, an angel on the bus who's interested in my wealth in the end, a voice in the sky which yells for my ambition. Whatever it is that calls me. I'll be waiting on the voices, whether they be in my head or fiercely in the open. I wait for that voice. Even if that means to wait without end.

# **The Final Chapter:**

## **Chapter 6**

### **The Story of Life**

1. It all began two years ago  
November of 2016. I was  
Going to Cody High school  
For my 12th grade year.  
Previously I was attending the  
Henry Ford Academy for three  
Years from 9th-11th grade. But  
In May 2016 I was temporarily removed  
Because I had a mental break down.  
During the summer of that year I made up in my  
Mind that I wasn't going back to that school.  
Instead I chose the most hooded, broken  
Down school I could think of, and that was  
Cody. Why I went there I told people was  
For writing material. The real reason for going  
Was because I myself was broken and still  
Breaking. I felt I had nothing left and In 2016  
Of November that thought became a vivid reality.

2. On November of 2016 I was just  
Getting out of school and standing  
At the bus stop on Joy Road and  
Cathedral. Standing there, there were  
Three kids behind me by the liquor store.  
Take in mind that my biggest fear at the  
Time and still to this day is rejection. So  
In the midst of this fear a girl walked across  
The street and towards me. I opened my  
Mouth and waved saying hi. Predictably  
She swerved me with her body language  
Spelling rejection. In that instance, kids  
Started laughing behind me chanting  
Horrible words. I could do nothing but hear  
Them as my body sanked lower and lower  
At that bus stop. So then the bus came but  
I didn't get on. There was now no one around  
Me but the wind, slowly moving cars, and my  
Thoughts.

3. I walked to the edge of the curb, closed  
My eyes, and rocked as three things came  
To my mind. One, the school Cody I was  
Attending was broken down, two, the kids  
Didn't care about the school, three, the  
Teachers didn't care either, lastly, why  
Should I? So I rocked on the curb seeing  
That my life had gone to hell from my point  
Of view. I imagined the cars flying fast.  
Then I did something unexpected, I prayed.  
In four words I said an innocent prayer.  
This time not including Amen or In Jesus  
Name. Just four words in a whisper only  
I could hear. No one was around me.  
Those words were, " What, If, I, Died"  
Stepping back from the curb I opened my  
Eyes and figured all of it was stupid and  
Went on my way home.

4. The very next day Around the same  
Exact time something amazing happened.  
I was going home like usual but this time  
I made it to the greenfield and joy road bus stop.  
Standing at the bus stop I turned around and to  
My shock I saw a man. He looked so suave.  
His hair was cut, He was light skinned wearing a  
White turtleneck, blue jeans pants, black dress  
Shoes, he was talking on the phone. But I noticed  
He had a Green cross tattooed on his Cheek.  
It was big enough to see from a distance. So  
Within my heart I immediately said, "Maybe it's  
God. He's going to speak to me." But reality  
Said, "No, God ain't real, this is the real  
World, This is a strange man, don't move."  
So I stayed still. Then the bus came.  
Something however extraordinary happened  
Again. He came to me.

5. When he walked towards me he got  
Off the phone, shook  
My hand, smiled, and asked how I was.  
I said, " I'm good." Knowing that was a  
Lie. He asked for my name. I said,  
"Joshua" He then began to talk, "Joshua,  
Detroit is so messed up. People have no  
Jobs. If only somebody, could invent  
Something, that everybody could profit  
Off of, Detroit would be a better place."  
In response to his proposal I came up  
With solutions, I told him my fantasized  
Hoped inventions I thought of over the  
Summer. I said, " What about GPS  
Shoes, or radio frequency headphones,  
Or four stage rap storytelling concerts?"  
He replied, " No, that isn't it" So we  
Got on the bus and he went to the front  
Not following me as I went to the middle.

6. Thinking about what it could've  
Been I had to think quick because my  
Stop was coming. Halfway to my stop he  
Rang the bus bell and  
came to me saying, "Don't even say it,  
Because I believe you can do it." I then asked  
"Will it be novels, books? Will they make  
Money off it?" I asked, because I  
Was a writer. He replied, "They won't  
Look for profit in the beginning. But they  
Will get wealthy in the end. At that moment  
I figured he was a nut like me so I asked him,  
"What's your name?" He answered, "Bob."  
Laughing at me. Then he said, "No." His face  
Turned serious, nearly threatening as he  
Answered again, "My name is Life." The  
Expression on my face was priceless. I'd  
Just asked God what if I Died and the next day....  
This had to be God.

7. From that point I went on to overcoming  
Suicide, major depression, drugs, after  
Getting straight F's an entire semester  
I turned my grades around and graduated  
Highschool, I got into church, got baptized in  
Jesus name, filled with the holy spirit, I got  
A job at MGM, got on the road to starting my  
Own business, got into the word of God daily  
Until I figured out what he meant and finally,  
Finally I figured out what he meant which is  
Why I started my business.

8. He meant that the world is messed up.  
Because people walk around here without  
Purpose. The invention is this, in the book  
Of Ecclesiastes, chapter one, King Solomon says,  
"There is nothing new under the sun.  
Everything is vanity." And I'll prove this to  
You. In the Egyptian days they invented  
The light bulb. Later on in modern day  
History Thomas Edison by the help of  
Slaves invents the light bulb. Proof that  
There is nothing new that you can invent  
That hasn't been done already. So what  
Can you invent? This will shock you.  
You can invent the literal word of God.  
I'll prove it to you. In the book of Revelations,  
Chapter twelve, verse eleven, it says

**“They overcame him by the blood of the lamb  
And the word of their testimony.”**

**9. Now the blood is Christ which is the Word of God as it is said in John, chapter one, verse one. And your testimony, like The blood that flows through your body Flows all through the Word of God. From the Stories of overcoming in genesis, to the Journey in Exodus, to the praises of Psalms, To the wisdom of a testimony in Proverbs, right On down to the end in Revelations. So if the Testimony flows all through the Word, the Testimony is the Word! So if the invention is The Word, but the Word is your Testimony, Then the invention is your testimony! So Everything you went through, everything you Are going through, and everything you are to Go through is a Word for the person next to you To help them overcome. You are a living word. The bible has been written and sure it is available For life reference. But if you are looking for a Word please look within your story. It's you!**

10. Now when you give someone this Word,  
You don't profit in the beginning. You don't  
Gain money, or friendship, or anything you  
May find profitable. But if you keep walking  
In this, you gain purpose. That is the job he  
Was talking about, purpose. Now here's what  
The wealth is, the wealth is heaven. I'll tell  
You how to get there. Jesus said in John,  
Chapter fourteen, verses three and four,  
"I go to prepare a place for you, I will come  
Again to receive you unto myself, there  
You can be also; where I go, you know,  
And the way, you know." But He only  
Accepts that which is His. So we have to  
Be like Him. And to be like Him, He said  
To commit his two greatest commandments  
Which are to love your neighbor as you  
Would yourself and to love God with all  
Your heart.

11. Now if I give you my testimony, this Word,  
I am giving you love. But if I put the Word  
Inside of you, and if the Word, God, is now  
Inside of you. With God in you I can say,  
I can say that I am loving God and you  
With all my heart. I therefore complete  
Two of the greatest commandments at  
Once. I am now like Christ. It says again  
In Matthew's chapter six, verse twenty and  
Twenty one, " Lay your treasures in heaven  
For where your treasures are, your heart  
Will be also." Which means that if my purpose  
In life is giving my testimony, my Word unto  
Those around me, my treasures and purpose  
Is set on heaven and that is where my heart  
Will be, so wherever I go, in my heart, heaven  
Will be also. And when God comes to judge  
Me after I die, I'll go wherever my heart was,  
My mind. So when I'm judged he'll judge my  
Heart and find heaven. My wealth will be  
Heaven.

12. Now I can't tell you how to express  
Your testimony, that is yours and yours  
Alone. But however your journey leads  
You to express it: whether by song,  
Writing, speaking, or even if it is a simple  
Hug from a sister to a brother who's  
Breaking down in tears to let him know  
That everything is going to be alright-  
For example. As long as it flows from  
The heart, let it flow. But continuing.  
He then said his name was Life. Now in  
John, chapter fourteen, verse six, Jesus  
Says, "I am the truth, I am the way, and  
I am the life." Therefore that was literally  
Jesus, speaking through him, to indicate  
To me, my purpose on this earth, which  
Is to give people all around me that  
Testimony, that Word, that Life.

13. Closing out. He didn't just speak for Life Himself. I'll tell you something That'll shock you again, he actually Was Life. I'll prove it to you. When He said he his name was Life he Was saying: That's who I give all The credit to, that's who I represent and That's who possesses me as I do this Great act to you. So you must Remember in the midst of all this wisdom Life is giving you right now, that your name Isn't the name your parents have given You when you walk in this purpose, no, Your name isn't the name that people Call you out of hate, no, your name isn't A number to the system that we live under In society, no, when you do this purpose and As long as you walk in it, your name will Always, be Life.

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I don't know if I'll get my trademark registered off the website I created off Google Photos. But I did put my best foot forward in making that website possible. And if it is certified in the next couple of months I'll have made a portion of history, not only in modeling how a website can be created on Google Photos, or how a website can be used as a template on any bare space of media including social medias, but I'll have opened up a doorway to IT for the younger generation.. So far I've shown you how to use USB drives to store finances, business marketing, and messages, how to use any drive or server to create social medias like I did with TextFeed and so on, how to cook on camera, create plays, how to film, and how to use innovative ways for school courses through the act of playmaking. I've shown therapy, psychology, spirituality, and much more on camera and on text. Although I have a 7th play up my sleeves I'm not so eager to give away the goodies just yet. That secret punch will be if any ever decides they want to best me in being an innovation giant, or if I'm ever needed again due to a virus in our society or problem in the country. But I feel the need to stop while I'm ahead, to sit down and relax at all the work I've done. My school is open on Google Photos webpage, I'll also be opening it up on WordPress later on down the months or

years, and in May I'll apply for my 501c3 status. Again I have 8 businesses under a single holding company school YARZ.5 so I'll always have something extra to be doing to keep the school fresh and open to new content. But as for plays I'm taking the backseat to being so personable with society. Much more may come next year or may not. All I can tell you is that it's been a good miracle year this 2021. The legal age of organization. Self sufficiency. I do say, I'm no longer angry or afraid to go to hospitals, nor worried about being wealthy or funded, my concern is taking the time out to be grateful. Grateful for my life, first and foremost, grateful for my mother, grateful for my family, grateful for those who may have been inspired by my 6 month business escapade, and grateful that all was said. No, there's no such thing as an African American business bottle. But there is a such thing as having a drink of that widespread culture, and I pray we all get to take drink of the rivers of that culture which never run dry. But until another mantel is grabbed, another hand in society is hurt, I'll be enjoying the good day, enjoying the day of accomplishment. I finished my goals, and have nothing left I'd like to prove myself to the world. I can finally retire at saying I'm a businessman, one with all the time in the world to enjoy that gesture. Life was hell, but I don't regret that hell. Although I have regrets. Every day behind me is a beautiful one. And until all the days add up to that wealth in the end, I'll be sitting here watching the world turn. (What a corny ending)

