



IN THE

OF

CUSH

Dr. Q. A. Bush

Dr. Q. A. Bush '07

Title Page

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In The Eyes Cush

A Book of Poetry and Short Stories

Dr. Qahhar Ali Cush

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These two books are works of fictional short stories and poetry. Combined into one book "IN THE EYES OF CUSH" books #1 & #2 create a unique and surreal peep into the mind of CUSH.

The short stories and poetry are presented to you the reader for enlightenment and direction, instead of entertainment and diversion. It is hoped that this experience will be a very positive one and something you will gladly share with others.

Read and enjoy!

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IN THE EYES OF CUSH

Book 1

PROLOGUE

The short stories and poems that follow were written with one purpose intended: you're encouraged to open your mind's eye, and if yours is already open then exercise it, while reading this book.

In this literary work you'll find that the stories seem to begin in the middle of events and some are ending before you feel that the story has come to its completion. Make no mistake about questioning your perceptiveness, this realization is intentional. Your own mind's eye is being coaxed to begin / continue / end the story.

If you're still seeking fulfillment after reading my words and using your mind's eye, then for you I've gone one extra step beyond my obligation as the author: At the end of every story is a Holy Bible reference to another story / history that mirrors my own story. I recommend that you keep a Holy Bible within easy reach.

You're about to see your world and history in a whole new way - IN THE EYES OF CUSH.

Dr. Q. A. Cush

Jury Of One

I am prepared to do what no other has dared,
Sitting as a juror so a life can be spared;

I say yes and no in all the right places,
It's the only way to hear capital cases;

I believe in the death penalty and your law,
Because to say different my plans would fall;

I close my ears and put shades over my eyes,
There is no place in my world for the lies;

I sit through the drama till the jury goes out,
Eleven say he's guilty beyond a reasonable doubt;

I am determined it's time to set a new precedent,
Save a life for the many dead who were innocent;

I am threatened and coerced by judge and jury,
Resist I must and not yield to the white fury;

I hear the judge say the jury is hopelessly done,
A Blackman's life is liberated by a Jury Of One.

THE DEATH SENTENCE

Jethro: With a well practiced gesture adjusts the fez on his head of woolly hair white as snow. Leaning closer to his son-in-law he says "I'm very proud of you, son. You've been a Godsend to me, my family, and this country."

Musa: Sitting there massive and powerful with his ebony skin glistening in the afternoon sun shrugs his shoulders and responds "You're too kind, father. I've done what any other God-fearing person would do in my situation."

Jethro: Spreads his mouth into one of his I've got you now smiles that reaches his sparkling black eyes. He reaches over and grabs Musa's forearm and says "There you go again, humble as ever. You've got to be the most humble man on earth. You came here to Ethiopia as a fugitive from your own kith and kin; and now you're one of our most upright and outstanding citizens."

Musa: Stroking his coarse bears he smiles thinking of his happy assimilation into this community. Looking at the expanse of land before him he says "Well, this country's people are righteous and God-fearing, so how could I not fit into such an ideal place. Your laws are in accord with nature the way God meant it to be and it is one law for all the people with no distinction because of color, material wealth, and social position. Everyone treats me wonderfully and I'm rewarded for the work I do. You've taught me all I need to know to lead a community in peace, security, and the basic needs of food, shelter, and clothing."

Jethro: Leans back into his lounge chair and pillows getting comfortable. Gesturing with his right hand he indicates for Musa to do the same. Then he says "It's been 40 years since you told me that fantastic story about how you became a fugitive. I'm in the mood for a good narrative, so share it with me again." He closes his eyes and his face takes the solid look of well aged and carved mahogany.

Musa: Sees that his father-in-law has set him as the story teller for this noon break he accepts the privilege and says "Okay, I'll tell it but only briefly because I've got a few more duties to attend to before the day ends, plus I must have told this story a hundred times."

Jethro: Opening one eye halfway, looks at Musa and says "Will you stop stalling and tell your story." Then he closes the eye again and breathes the warm air rhythmically.

Musa: Looking at an acacia tree standing about ten yards away he concentrates on not stuttering which is an impediment that has plagued him all his life. He begins his narrative in a rich bass voice intoning "In the land of my birth, prejudice was rampant, senseless, and spurred by false and biased propoganda against my people. The oppressive ruling class controlled the media and the courts. These positions gave them every opportunity to spread lies and hatred against my people, and enabled them to write unfair laws to fit whatever scourge or punishment they wished to heap upon us to keep us down and destitute. The Big House issued laws aimed at killing the males, born and unborn, of my race. There were over fifty different infractions to give a person the Death Sentence.

My mother broke the law when she first refused to report her pregnancy to the Family Un-planning Center so they could institute abortion planning (Death Sentence) arrangements. This was done to reduce the population of my race. For the ruling class they had Family Planning Centers where they not only encouraged births but they did artificial fertilizations where their women had multiple births at one time. It was an ingenious plan to commit genocide of my people while at the same time increasing their numbers in the overall population. My mother's next violation was not reporting when she gave birth to me, a Black Male child. Government scientists had convinced the populous that Black Males had a DNA trait that could not be corrected and all the Black Male babies should be killed (murdered). Any woman who did not turn her own child in to the government agents was punished. My mother later told me that she knew I was special and I was born with a God-given aura. She formulated a plan where I was adopted by the daughter of the President of the land, and she could be my nurse-maid and nanny.

I was trained in the ruling class' best schools where I learned their ways well and excelled beyond the others in school. Occasionally, I'd go down to the ghettos, where my people were forced to live, and visit with my family. The elders there would tell me of our history and the land where our ancestors came from. It was on one of these visits that I came upon a policeman brutally beating a Black Man darn near to death. A feeling of righteous indignation seized me, I looked around and didn't see anyone else around so using my training, I killed the policeman. I got rid of the body and went home. The next day I went back to visit my family and I came across two men of my race fighting each other. When the fight was broke up, one of the men said to me 'Who do you think you are getting in our business? You're no different from us because you went to the Ruling Class' schools. What are you going to do, kill us like you did the policeman?' When I heard this I knew that it was in the wind what I had done and I went underground. The snitches eventually got word to the President and a Death Sentence was issued for me.

That's when I decided it was time to return to the land of my ancient ancestors and I came here to Ethiopia. Even once here, I hadn't been so discouraged by my past experiences of helping others and receiving ingratitude in return that it would prevent me from coming to the aid of your daughters when I saw them being hassled by those bullies. Thanks to God this time I was in a country where you're rewarded for being a man who doesn't sit by and watch injustices go unchecked or unpunished. Nothing short of a miracle could make me go back to that God-forsaken country where I had a Death Sentence before I was born and given another Death Sentence once I was man enough to defend myself and my people. Thus I chose to defy them and live. Even if it meant becoming a fugitive." He exhales a long and slow breath and sinks his head deeper into the cushions of his lounge chair.

Jethro: Trembling ever so slightly, charged by the adrenalin coursing through his body. He always responds this way to hearing of the suffering of Black People that he knows is being carried out even to this day. Clearing his throat to break the tense silence he says "Thank you Musa for sharing your story once again with me. Each time I hear it I get the incentive and strength to hold onto our home land and help all who make the journey back here where God created the first man and woman to live in accord with nature and love life. Maybe God will send that miracle which will move you to go to your people with a resurrecting message that will change their hearts from subservience to righteous indignation with powers to battle their enemy and liberate them from their Death Sentence as a people. I'm glad to have you here as long as you desire to stay and I can speak for my country in saying that you are on our Most Wanted and Loved List."

Exodus 1:8-2:22



DOV'INE DELIVERANCE

I sit here in this cell
Waiting on a message divine;

I'm held here in this hell
Awaiting a deliverance sublime;

Flying high comes a bird
It is a Turtle Dove;

Flying fast comes a word
It is of True Love;

Can deliverance be near
Breaking these chains;

Can devotion be clear
Erasing this pain;

Will you be on my side
Whether I'm inside or out;

Will you breach the tide
When others begin to doubt;

Dorothy my Love
Come show me the Freedom Way;

Apollo's one Dove
Come show me a Brighter Day.

By 
APOLLO CUSH

THE REVOLUTIONARY

Judge: Sitting behind his thick oaken desk on its elevated dais, looks down at the black man surrounded by the numerous guards who are bristling with weapons, and asks "Is this the man that has the whole city in an uproar?"

Prosecutor: With a sneer points at the accused and growls, "Yes, your Honor. This is the man that has been preaching 'revolution' for the past 3 ½ years."

Judge: Adjusting his gown in agitation and taking a sip of water to give himself a reason to look away from the piercing eyes of the prisoner. Looking to the prosecutor he asks, "What type of revolution? Surely he isn't talking about changing our nation, the greatest and most powerful the world has ever seen?"

Prosecutor: Smacking the wooden bar that separated him and the others from the judge and his personnel, for emphasis he rants "exactly your honor, our nation. He was so bold as to say that he could bring it down in a single day." Turning around and pointing to a nervous looking man he continues. "Our informant who was within his organization tells us that the people believe this 'revolutionary' to be a prophet." Using a hand gesture he signals the snitch to come forward. "Isn't that so?" He asks the informant.

Snitch: Stumbling forward and wiping his sweaty hands on his clothes, he mumbles "Yes, that's what the people believe."

Prosecutor: Patting the informant on the shoulder he says "This man tells us that before the accused started his revolutionary organization, some man thought to be the 'Promised One', the Honorable Elijah, came to clear the way for the revolution to begin. You can question the informant right here, your honor. He has all kinds of information about the accused. We've paid him thirty grand to tell us all he knows."

Judge: Sighing dramatically and slapping both palms on his desk, says "Okay, I'll hear him just briefly." Then pointing to the snitch he says, "I don't usually put much credence in the testimony of paid informants unless I've arranged the whole thing."

Prosecutor: Shrugging his shoulders, admits "You know we have to deal with some worms to catch the fish we want." He pushes the snitch forward a bit and says, "Keep your voice up and tell the judge exactly what you told us."

Snitch: Catching the prosecutor's inflection on the word exactly, he clears his throat and begins to speak in a monotone as if reciting a memorized speech. "I've been with the minister here", pointing at the revolutionary but not daring to look at him. "Ever since the beginning of his plot to destroy this great nation. I was his trusted book-keeper and treasurer. He trained us to lead people away from the fine patriotic teachings of this nation and teach them to prepare for a government set up by his father and ruled by him and a select number of elite in the organization. He taught us that our present ruling government is corrupt, blood thirsty, contrary to nature, and condemned by god." He stops his recital because of the reaction his last statement caused. Several of the guards around the prisoner begin to club and spit on the prisoner.

Judge: After waiting a while he stops the beating by shouting, "Order in the court! This is a courtroom not a slaughter house. Save that rough stuff till you get back to the prison." Waving to the snitch he says, "Please excuse the interruption sir, continue."

Snitch: Seeing that his testifying as to the revolutionary’s vilification of the government has given him some sort of credence in this audience he continues in the same vein intoning “He taught that the government leaders and senators are murderers, thieves, rapists, and perverts. Many of the popular religious leaders he publicly criticized and embarrassed, especially the Jews. Calling them vipers, hypocrites, and political puppets. He promised that those who followed him would live in peace under a new government with divine laws that would do away with the laws and powers of this nation and . . .” He was drowned out by the deafening ruckus that had ensued upon his last sentence.

Judge: Pounding his gavel on his desk and screaming uncontrollably “I’ve heard enough! I’ve heard enough! Enough!” He throws his gavel at the prisoner and, missing him, hits a guard in the mouth drawing blood. “You terrorist! So you plan to do away with our laws and powers, do you?”

Prisoner: Standing firm with all about him glaring at him with murder in their eyes. He is chained and shackled hands and feet. His black face and eyes glisten in the bright lights of the courtroom. There is a peace and calm that exudes from him and brings the room to an unearthly silence. He continues to penetrate the judge with his eyes and maintains his silence.

Judge: Feeling as if he is drowning in that black face and being carefully dissected by those black eyes, he breaks the unnerving silence and says, “Your silence is proof of your guilt.” The guard with the bloody mouth hands him his gavel back and he says, “Thank you.”

Prosecutor: Resenting the fact that the revolutionary has somehow dazzled even this cutthroat crowd without opening his mouth. He goes into his courtroom theatrics that always gets his momentum back and request, “Your Honor, I ask that a sentence of death be imposed to set an example and deter any attempt at sedition by the revolutionaries who are followers of this man.” There is some nervous shuffling in the courtroom but no one else speaks but him. “Last night when we arrested this vicious criminal in the central park I overheard him tell one of his body guards ‘Don’t worry about this arrest, I can give the word and have a thousand of my father’s top fighters here to liberate me at any time.’ He was evidently still feeling cocky from the wine they all were drinking at a ballroom in the city before going to the park.” He puts his arm on the shoulder of the informant and continues in a job well done fashion “Our valuable friend here left the wine and pizza party that this terrorist was having right when they were ordered to get their weapons and meet at the park. He got to us in time for us to get an arrest warrant and catch him at the park. One of my officers was wounded during the arrest of this cowardly black beast. So I encourage the court to be swift in eliminating this menace to society. We don’t want to risk losing one of our valuable police officers to these revolutionaries and their rabble rousing about the destruction of our great nation.” He crossed his arms and concluded, “It’s in your hands Your Honor.”

Judge: Picks up his water glass and looks down at the prisoner. He makes a show of drinking all the water in his glass and wipes his mouth with the sleeve of his gown. Picking up his gavel and pointing at the revolutionary with it he says “The charges are worthy of death and the evidence against you is overwhelming. You have not been able to offer even one word in your own defense.” He hammers once with his gavel upon the wooden block on his desk. “I find you, Jesus of Nazareth, guilty of treason and a national threat and sentence you to death.” The gavel strikes the wooden block a second time. “You are to be impaled today for all to see what becomes of the revolutionary!” He says as he hammers the gavel a third and final time.

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EYE FOR AN EYE

IT'S ALL A BIG LIE,
WHEN THEY SAY 'EYE FOR AN EYE'

WHEN IT'S THEIR EYE,
WE HAVE TO FRY.
WHEN IT'S OUR EYE,
HE GETS TO FLY.

WHEN IS A PIG TO DIE,
IF IT'S ALL 'EYE FOR AN EYE'?

WHEN IT'S ONE OF OURS,
THERE'S ALWAYS A TRIAL,
WHEN IT'S ONE OF THEIRS,
YOU'LL ONLY GET DENIALS.

ALWAYS THE OTHER GUY,
IF IT'S A PIGS 'EYE FOR AN EYE'.

SAID THEY KNEW HE HAD A GUN;
SO THEY KILLED HER ONLY SON.
AFTER THEY EXAMINED THE SCENE,
ALL HE HAD WAS MELTED ICE-CREAM

GIVE THE PEOPLE A TRY,
YOUR PAID ASSASSINS 'EYE FOR AN EYE'

THE REPORT WAS A BURGLAR ON THE RUN;
THEY KILLED HIS HEIR AND SON.
THE BYSTANDARS CRIED AND TOLD IT ALL;
THE BOY'S HANDS WERE ON THE WALL.

IF IT'S BLUE AS THE SKY,
YOU'LL PAY DOUBLE 'EYE FOR AN EYE'.

WE'LL NEVER SEE AN END TO CRIMES LIKE THIS;
WHILE BELIEVING IN THEIR SYSTEM OF JUSTICE.
IT'S ALL PART OF THEIR PLAN OF GENOCIDE;
THIS SO-CALLED 'DEATH SENTENCE' OR 'EYE FOR AN EYE'

SELF – H.E.L.P. IS THE DREADED ENCOUNTER

Dee: “Please leave Sammy. I don’t want you to stay here tonight or any other night from now on.” She was watching him through the broken mirror on the bureau to gauge his reaction to her words.

Sammy: “What are you talking about Dee?” springing from the bed, like a panther. “I’ve been hiding here ever since the police and government agents burned down my fiancée’s home, killing her and her parents.” He shifted from her and began walking toward the door. “Maybe I should leave here. This spot isn’t secure anyway. The police have busted in here twice already, trying to kill me.” He reached to grab the door knob.

Dee: “No Sammy, don’t leave!” She ran to him and threw her arms around him. Pressing as much of her body to his as she could. “You can stay as long as you want, but you must stop lying to me. How can I continue to let you make a fool of me because I don’t know a lot about you and your people?” She felt his body relax and she loosened her hold.

Sammy: Turned away from the door and laid back on the bed. A big smile was on his face. “How was I to know that you were going to take me seriously when I told you,” putting on a stern face for effect, “My black skin makes me invulnerable, but if I were dressed in some brand new all white threads I’d be a helpless weakling.” He burst into laughter.

Dee: “Well it was my money that bought these fine clothes.” She pointed to a pile of silk material that lay crimsoned and shredded in a corner. “And look what you’ve done to them!” Indignation in her posture and voice.

Sammy: Eyes widening to exaggerated proportion and putting up his arms in mock fear. “Not me! It was the police who came busting in here, to arrest or kill me, who got their blood and guts all over the place.” He saw her shiver and held his arms out for her to come to him.

Dee: Running her hands over his arms and shoulders “Yeah, and you didn’t get one scratch on your smooth ebony body through the whole fight.” A second surge of emotion coursed through her and she shivered within his arms. “When you finished with them the first time they broke in here to get you, I was glad you destroyed them because they messed up my project to straighten out your hair.” Tugging one of his long dreadlocks for emphasis.

Sammy: Carefully but firmly he removed her hand from his hair. “My hair doesn’t need straightening! I’ve been wearing dreadlocks since I was a baby.” Stretching out to his full length on the bed he put his arms behind his head and studied the ceiling.

Dee: Not wanting to lose his attention, she climbed on top of him and thrust her fingers into his tightly curled hair. “You told me that because you didn’t pack your hair with grease or use chemicals to straighten it, that your **Black Power** was as firm and locked as your hair. So I got that Lustrous and Silky Hair kit to straighten your hair.” Sliding her fingers from his hair she cupped his face in her hands. “Then I would have had both you and your hair soft and supple in my hands. I couldn’t find any curling rods large enough, so I weaved your hair into my antique weaving loom. And you broke that up too.” She pinched his face. “You can’t love the way you treat me!” A pout on her face.



Sammy: Lifting her off of him and positioning her beside him, and looking into her eyes. "All right Dee, I'll tell you about my **Black Power.**" He took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. "For many thousands of years my ancestors in Africa would set aside special children to dedicate their life to serve the **Almighty Creator.** Prior to the child's birth, the parents would make an oath to give the child to the **Almighty Creator** for whatever purpose the **Creator** chose. These Elite were identified by their long dreadlocks, they abstained from intoxicants, and never a comb or razor to touch their head." He shows her a black sash with red lettering, that read 'SELF – H.E.L.P.' "My divine commission is to lead by example and train my people in SELF – H.E.L.P."

Dee: Passing the sash over her palm examining its fine design. "What does it mean to have the four letters in H.E.L.P. separated like this?"

Sammy: He smirked. "Each letter in that word represents a word of its own. It stands for H. – Help, E. – Eliminate, L. – Lawless, P. – Police. My most noted strike was when I let some of my people lead me to turn myself in at the 'Chunk' of 'Stone' where the Broad Street crosses the Spring Gardens. I rid the world of a thousand lawless and murdering police on that day. Just thinking of that day tires me out." He yawns.

Dee: "Go to sleep Sammy. Here, lay your head in my lap. I'll massage your temples."

(3 hours pass)

Police Captain: "Get him men! That's it, crush him, but take him alive." He shouts over the raucous of ten of his fifty men taking turns to beat Sammy with batons and other police torturing paraphernalia.

Government Agent: Gesturing to some winded officers who already got their blows in. "Bring me some fire. I'm going to burn his eyes and face. We'll say that he tried to kill himself by torching himself and we came in the nick of time to stop him." They burn Sammy's eyes out. "Now we will watch the Great Samson rot in jail. Fine job Special Agent Delilah! The director of COINTELPRO will be glad to know that your cutting of his dreadlocks took away his **Black Power!!!**"

(Judges 16:6-21 Holy Bible)



WHERE ARE YOUR TEARS ?

Can you tell me why there are no tears.

For the dynasties destroyed within six-thousand years;

Please tell me why you shed joyful tears,

When you desecrated tombs sealed for thousands of years;

Give me a moment to catch my breath,

A breath for the one hundred million innocent deaths;

This terror where barely half where left,

To an existence where all Godly life was bereft;

You came out of your-rope and deep caves,

To annihilate a people and make others your slaves;

Tormented to death in these strange lands,

They suffered every torment formed by your devilish hands;

They survived to raise sons and daughters,

And it is we who will wipe you from these lands and waters;

Your descendants now have many fears,

I look into their eyes, and I know where to find your tears.



THE DREADED ENCOUNTER

(Part 2)

Little Kariem: "As Salaamu Alaikum Iman Ali." Shouts the youth from his cell. "Can I talk to you in the exercise cage today?"

Iman Ali: "Walaikum as Salaam Wabarakatu Kariem." Came back the guttural voice of the wizened Iman. With evident distaste in his voice he says, "You know that I don't like going from this dungeon out into an animal cage." A little calmer he continues, "But if it's important young man, I'll go out and talk to you."

Little Kariem: "Yes, it's important," responds the youth in a whisper. Talking more to himself than to Ali. Realizing that he has dropped his voice, he shouts "Thank you, I'll hold you a spot."

(Later, out in the exercise cage)

Little Kariem: After embracing Iman Ali and giving him the greeting he rushes into his query. "I was out here talking to 'Blind Sam' yesterday and he was telling me a lot about self-esteem and self-help. He really knew a lot pertaining to the history of our people too. But I was wondering why he doesn't get himself a haircut if he's so concerned about self-esteem? His dreadlocks aren't in style."

Ali: Eyes widening, exclaims "What! I hope you didn't say something ignorant like that to Sammy about his long dreadlocks." By this time he has seized Kariem by the shoulders and is staring intently into Kariem's eyes.

Little Kariem: "No way!" He pipes up from his adolescent throat. Evidently taken aback by the intensity of the Iman's reaction to his words. "I figured that since he was blind, he couldn't see what his appearance was," he says with sincere concern in his voice.

Ali: "You don't know that Sammy is famous throughout the land?" Releasing Kariem he gestured expansively. "He's a living legend! And those dreadlocks, that you obviously don't care for, are his Crown of Glory just as they were to many Holy Men of the past." There is the distinct note of reverence in his voice as he says this.

Little Kariem: "If he is so famous, how do they dare to put him here on Death Row?" He asks, wide eyed and earnestly seeking enlightenment.

Ali: Taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly he began to speak in a mild and captivating way. "Let me tell you some modern history that began its fulfillment about twenty years ago. Your parents were probably just meeting each other then. Sammy was a young man back then preaching SELF – H.E.L.P. . . ."

(1 year later on Death Row block)

Prison Warden: "I have a letter here from the Governor requesting that you be immediately taken down to the new Convention Center in the city." He says this quickly while putting the letter into the bars of the cell Sammy is in. Then he turned his back to Sammy so that he would not have to look into the burned out eye sockets.

Sammy: Passing the letter to the cell next door he says, "Kariem, my aspiring scholar, would you read this all-important document for a blind and beaten warrior?" There is a smirk on his face, feeling the unease emitting from the warden and enjoying it.

Little Kariem: "This is crazy!" He yells. His immature voice cracking.

Sammy: "Calm down, my friend. Don't read it to me word for word, just give me an idea of why they want to cart me all the way to their new Convention Center." His voice was steady and carried a sense of finality, as if he already knew their intentions.

Little Kariem: "They're having some sort of Thrill Show for all the high government and court officials and their families. It says that you are to be one of the exhibits." There is a heart-wrenching hurt in his voice as he says this.

Sammy: Sighing as if overwhelmed with grief, "Well, isn't that nice of the Governor and his cohorts." Clearing his throat and purporting to have gained his composure, he continued. "I'll go without a fuss on one condition."

Prison Warden: "I don't see where you're in a position to make any demands." He says as he turned around slowly with a widening smile on his face. "But since this is a special occasion I'll see what I can do as long as your request is within reason."

Sammy: "All I ask is that you grant this poor blind man a guide of his choice. Surely you know that your guards will be playing their silly little games of putting obstacles in my way to see me trip, just as they do daily. Little Kariem is harmless enough and he definitely poses no threat to security with a stadium full of guards and police." His voice is trembling like a man who is fearful of an innumerable amount of horrors.

Prison Warden: "All right, let's get going." This is said with a hint of uncertainty because he feels the bogus fear that Sammy is demonstrating.

(Later that evening at the Convention Center)

Sammy: As Kariem leads him through the passage ways in the bottom of the Convention Center he whispers into his ear, "All right, this is it Kariem. Our comrades took great risk in putting my name on the exhibition list and getting the blueprints of this place to me. You have to make sure that you position me at the foundation pillars that were marked on the blueprint." He could hear the noise of the crowd and knew that he was close to the arena opening.

Little Kariem: "We're almost there, just a few more steps." He explains as he tugs on Sammy's sleeve, signaling that it is time for Sammy to go into his act.

Sammy: "Oh my, am I tired. Kariem, you're leading me too fast. I need my walking stick." He leans as if exhausted against the pillar Kariem has lead him to.

Little Kariem: "It's back at the entrance where they took everything that resembled a weapon. Will they give it to me if I go back for it?" He looked to the warden for an answer although he was responding to Sammy.

Prison Warden: "I'll have a guard take you back Kariem." He gave a hand gesture and a guard seized Kariem's arm and began to hustle him away. To their receding backs the warden added, "No need to bring his stick because I will personally guide him through the arena for all to see." He pats Sammy on the shoulder as if he's a prize horse about to be walked on a parade ground.

Sammy: "YAH ALLALUIA, please give me the power to avenge myself and my people for just a fraction of the evil committed against us by these 'Devils'." He shouted this and seized both of the central pillars and pushed with all his being.

Master of Ceremonies: Gesturing toward the opening in the arena where all eyes had turned he shouts in a booming voice, "And now I present to you a man whom our God has delivered into our Justice System. The **DREADED SAMSON !**" He smiles at hearing the crowd roar as one at what he believes to be his best pronouncement of the evening. But his smile turns to a frown when he recognizes that the cries are not of exaltation but of fear and pain. That was his last thought as the last exhibit literally brought the house down.

RE: (Judges 16: 22-30)

██████████

PIONEER QUEEN

Have you seen her,
 Working the field when it is hot and sticky,
 Have you seen her,
 Laboring to harvest when the load is heavy,
 Have you seen her,
 Breaking the ground when winters grip is still icy;
 Have you seen her,
 Spreading comfort when rain leaves things dreary;
 Have you seen her,
 Gathering fruits into paradise happily;

Have you seen her?

The Pioneer Queen!

PIONEER LADY

She serves him all the morning, noon, and night.
 She lives his laws even when he's out of sight.
 She walks his path not turning left nor right.

He protects her through morning, noon, and night.
 He instructs her through morning, noon, and night.
 He supports her totally, without slight.

She is his Lady,

He is her Lord.

RUTH ANN

Oprah: Standing with her hands akimbo on her ample hips and tapping her foot she says "I'm enjoying this 'South of the Border' rest stop as much as you two, but shouldn't we be getting back to the train and on our way?"

RuthAnn: Standing next to Oprah looking like her twin sister, looks around the train station and says "You're right Oprah. I'll check on the suitcases and get Momma one of those cute pillows with 'Welcome to the Bible Belt' in pretty colors written on it."

Momma: Reaches out and takes RuthAnn by the hand to stop her from going off and says "Don't go spending your money on such nonsense, I've got enough cushioning for the three of us. And those suitcases can wait because I have something important to tell you two." She pats the two empty seats, one on each side of herself.

Oprah: Throwing her hands into the air in exasperation and then bringing them together in front of herself palm to palm in a supplicating fashion she says "But Momma the train leaves in about an hour and I don't want to be rushing around the station at the last minute."

Momma: Patting the two seats beside herself, one on each side she says "Come on over here and sit down. What I have to explain to you will leave enough time for us to take our trains."

RuthAnn: Taking the seat at Momma's left side while Oprah sits in the other she corrects Momma saying "You mean train Momma. There is only one more train to take to get us back to your home town."

Momma: Putting her arms around both her daughters-in-law she lowers her tone and insists "I said what I meant. Now listen carefully. Here is a little something that I set aside for each of you after settling all our debts and selling the house. And I want each of you to return to your families." She kisses them and hands them each an envelope with money in it.

Oprah: Crying and saying between sobs, "No Momma, I'm going with you back to your home town. When I married Malcom and came to your house you took me to your heart and treated me like your own flesh and blood. For ten wonderful years we shared a home together, and then we helped each other through the tragedies of losing Malcom to an unjust execution and Kile to those cops."

RuthAnn: Crying loudly takes Momma into an enveloping hug and says, "You can't do this to me. We've been together these last ten years as a family. I'm not going to leave you now that Kile has been murdered by those blood thirsty police, and you can't ask me to go back to that city and live with the people who let them get away with it."

Momma: Speaking in a monotone trying to keep her emotions in check. "It is as hard for me to say good-bye to you just as it is for you to say it to me. Maybe a little harder for me because you came into my life right after my dear husband Eli died and helped me to overcome my pain. You two were my only friends because I had not been up North long enough to make any friends. And coming from the South where things are a lot different made the adjustment difficult. I left the South with a hard working husband and two fine sons and now I return empty handed. The Lord's hand has moved against me since I left the South and I'm going back home to be with my people and perhaps the Lord will make my future days more peaceful. That is all I can say and I wish you two the best and may the Lord bless you to get married and raise a family."

Oprah: "You're right Momma," she says and gives her a hug. "I'm going to go on with my life and may God bless you." She embraces RuthAnn and they cling to each other for a while not saying anything. Then she abruptly turns and runs to get her suitcase and leaves.

Momma: Takes some tissues from her purse and wipes the tears from RuthAnn's face. Then in admonishment she scolds "Why are you still sitting here RuthAnn? Look at your sister-in-law, she's going back to her family and the big city where there is everything to make a happy life for two young and beautiful ladies."

RuthAnn: In a voice of one who has been hurt to the heart not chastened at all says "Please Momma don't try to discourage me from staying at your side. Oprah is doing what will make her happy and I will be happy living with you. May the Lord take me away from here if I should ever abandon you. You've told me so much about the South and the hard working and spiritual people down there that I must see and hear it for myself. Your family and Lord will be mine too."

Momma: Hearing the hurt and determined resolve in RuthAnn's voice she concludes with "I see that you've made up your mind and no amount of argument is going to dissuade you. Let us get on our way to our new home."

(Deep in the South)

Momma: Standing in the doorway to the kitchen of their small house watching RuthAnn make coffee. To make her presence known she asks "What are you doing up at five o'clock in the morning?"

RuthAnn: Walking over and giving her Mother-in-law a kiss on the cheek she says "Good morning Momma. I tried to move about quietly so as not to wake you up."

Momma: Straightening the scarf that RuthAnn has covering her head she says "You didn't wake me. I get up with the rooster's crow when I'm down here. Now tell me, why are you up so early?"

RuthAnn: Setting two cups of coffee on the table she answers, "Yesterday I observed how the women went behind the large harvesters and collected the stalks of grain that the harvesters didn't reap. In a day I could collect enough for our needs and some for trade at the market."

Momma: Giving RuthAnn a hug she says "You're too much my dear. Go on and see how it works out."

(Later in the day)

Big Boe: Stepping away from his big ride at the side of one of his many grain fields he waves his foreman over and asks "Who is that beautiful young lady over there working so energetically?"

James: Looking over the field at RuthAnn he answers "Oh, the new Lady. Her name is RuthAnn and she is Naomi's daughter-in-law. They just came into town from up North."

Big Boe: Removing his fez from his head and wiping away the sweat says "Ah yes, my cousin Eli's widowed daughter-in-law. She is truly a Black Queen with unparalleled dedication. Not only has she stuck with her Mother-in-law after her husband has died but she is out here working hard in the fields and trying to make a living in a strange place without asking for handouts."

James: Nodding his head in agreement adds to his boss' observations by saying "She has been working since sunup and she's been keeping up with the seasoned gleaners."

Big Boe: Pointing to the big harvesters and the men loading the wrapped bundles he tells his foreman "Give orders to the men that they are to leave plenty for the women to gather for themselves and don't harass them. And I want them to know that RuthAnn is off limits to them and no one is to bother her. Is that clear?"

James: Knowing how serious Big Boe was about his direct orders he answers quickly "Yes sir Boe I'll make sure the men understand clearly."

Big Boe: Looking up at the sun says "Call the workers out of the fields for a lunch break and inform RuthAnn that I want her to have lunch with me."

James: "Yes sir Boe" he says and moves out to call everyone in from the fields.

(Back at Momma's house)

Momma: Smiles contentedly as she eats some of the barley bread RuthAnn had prepared from the grain she gleaned. After the meal she asks ""Where did you work today that allowed you to gather so much?" Before RuthAnn can answer she adds "Blessed be the person who looked out for you like this."

RuthAnn: Smiling sweetly and busying herself with cleaning as she answers her Mother-in-law "I worked in a barley field not too far from here owned by a very nice man named Big Boe."

Momma: "May the Creator bless him for all time!" Momma shouts. Then seeing RuthAnn's surprised look at her excitement, she explains "Big Boe is Family my dear. And he has always been a kind and caring man. He is now trying to look out for the living and the dead. He's helping you not only for our sake but for the sake of our dead husbands, his cousins."

RuthAnn: With realization dawning on her she softly says "He made sure I promised to work in his fields for the whole harvest season."

Momma: Overjoyed with the blessing bestowed on them says "You be sure to do exactly as he's told you because you could be hurt in some stranger's field. Stay close to the other women and they will teach you a lot."

(A year later)

Momma: While cornrowing RuthAnn's hair she says "Listen carefully and don't interrupt me with your usual set asides of you're still in mourning. It's time for you to establish a solid future for yourself and keep my husband and son's memories alive forever by giving me some grand-babies. Big Boe has been looking out for us without asking for anything in return and he is such a good man that he would continue the same treatment till we passed on. He will not bring up the subject of marrying you because he doesn't want to appear to be taking advantage of a young beautiful woman and he doesn't want tongues to wag. But if you raise the issue of marriage and emphasize that you want to keep the family name going by marrying him. After that I'm sure Big Boe will tell you what to do and arrange things himself."

RuthAnn: Laying her head on Momma's lap she concedes "I will do whatever you think is best."

Momma: Patting the exotic and intricate cornrowed design on RuthAnn's head she instructs her "There is going to be a party down at Big Boe's mill tonight. Put on your best clothes and I have some jasmine perfume for you to wear. And this is how you should approach him ..."

(Conclusion)

Big Boe and RuthAnn got married soon after the night at the mill party. They became parents to a fine baby boy whom they named Obed. Momma was the talk of the town with her new family

Obed was the Father of Black Jessie, the Father of David the famous FREEDOM FIGHTER.

(Ruth Chapters 1-4 Holy Bible)



“F . F . F”

FREEDOM FIGHTERS FIGHT;
FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

FIGHT THROUGHOUT THE LAND;
FIGHT FOR YOUR OWN LAND.

FIGHT FOR THE CHILDREN’S TOMORROW;
FIGHT FOR CENTURIES OF PAIN AND SORROW.

FIGHT AS THE HOLY BOOK DESCRIBES;
FIGHT AS IT WAS FORETOLD AND PRESCRIBED.

FREEDOM IS NOTHING TO BE SPURNED;
FREEDOM IS SOMETHING THAT MUST BE EARNED.

FREEDOM TO THOSE STRUGGLING AND SRIVING;
FREEDOM’S NOT GIVEN BY THE ONE SLAVE DRIVING.

FREEDOM IS A KEY ELEMENT OF LIFE;
FREEDOM MEANS LIBERTY FROM ABUSE AND STRIFE.

FIGHT FOR YOUR FREEDOM;
FREEDOM FOR THE FIGHTER!



SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL FREEDOM FIGHTER

Randy: Trying his best to speak in an apathetic tone says "That fool Tom is not worth our bother."

David: Accurately detecting that Randy must have bad news and was trying to play down the severity of it with his 'It's not important' cure-all, goes along with the flow for now and says "You're right, but what was his response to my asking for a little charity for me and my men who have been keeping the Klan from killing or stealing his herd for the last few months that we've been hold-up in this area?"

Randy: Seeing that he couldn't avoid the inevitable answered "He asked us 'who the devil is David that I should give him and his men food that I've set out for my workers? There have been a lot of escapes lately and you men come from who knows where.' So we left it at that because we didn't want him to even think about informing that there were possible escapees in the area."

David: Seething with anger calls out to his men "Get your weapons! We're going to wipe out every male on that no good Tom's spread. That's exactly what he and every other ungrateful sellout deserves."

Randy: Fastening his shoulder holster on says "It's best to leave about one third of the men here to guard the camp and take the rest with us."

David: Looking at the busy camp readying to move out, fire in his eyes, agrees "Good thinking. Give the order."

(Simultaneously, at Tom's Ranch)

George: Standing ramrod straight in the middle of the dining room of his boss' house and looking distressed, clears his throat to get the attention of the lady of the house. "Mrs. Abby I have some really bad news." He blurts out as soon as she looked his way.

Abby: Smiling brightly displaying an even row of pearl white teeth in her silk smooth ebony face, she asks "Have you all run out of something? I was sure that I had the cooks prepare plenty food to last all you men till at least a few days."

George: Stepping closer to her so that he wouldn't be overheard by other workers in the large house. In a low anxious voice he says "We have plenty of food especially with the meat from the herd that Mr. Tom had slaughtered. The thing is there were some men sent by David the Freedom Fighter to ask Mr. Tom for a little charity for him and his men since we were having the big picnic. David and his men were the ones who helped me and the other men when the Klan were looking to steal some of our herd. Over the months that they've been in the area we haven't lost anything."

Abby: Taking in a deep breath and slowly letting it out to keep her composure. She looks George in the eyes and says "You did the right thing in coming to me. Don't worry about explaining more. I know that David is a very powerful leader of the Freedom Fighters and he will be leader of our nation one day. Go and get some stock from the herd and bring it here for the cooks to prepare and I'll have some other food stuffs prepared. Don't say anything to anyone and I'll take care of my husband."

George: Rushing to the door calls over his shoulder "Bless you Mrs. Abby, you're a life saver."

(Later the same day)

David: Signaling for his men to slow down and coming to a stop. Pointing to a woman and a group blocking the road, he asks Randy "Who is that fine Ebony Queen blocking our way?"

Randy: Thinking that this might be a good distraction that could prevent the coming blood-bath, suggests "Why don't you check her out for yourself and find out who she is?"

David: Truly mesmerized by the beauty of the Lady takes Randy at his word. "I'm going to do that my Brother."

Abby: Seeing David approach her, she drops to her knees and begs him "Please let me speak to you and I ask that you listen carefully. Let me take the blame for everything that has made you so angry. My husband is a Celibate and that makes him a very evil and angry man. He is a foolish Tom as his name usually carries the stigma of a fool. You on the other hand are a great man and worthy of much respect for your fine fight to lift up our people as a Nation. I did not see the men you sent to my Ranch for food and had I seen them you would have gotten then what I happily bring to you now. Please accept this gift for you and your men. May anyone who wrongs you be punished by God and may they go straight to hell. You will be blessed for the forgiveness you display today. There is no doubt you will be our undisputed national leader one day and your family will be in power forever. When you come into power as you surely will, you don't want to have a needless blood-bath on your conscience. So please forgive me and when you are the National leader remember me and this day" Having concluded she touches her head to the ground.

David: Caught in the vertigo of swirling emotions that this Lady has rapped him, first with her stunning beauty then with the depth of her wisdom and humility laid out to him pure and uninhibited, he manages to whisper "Surely you are a blessed Black Angel from God sent to stop me from making a mistake that I would definitely have regretted." Looking about himself he sees his men moving closer to try to hear his decision. Using a commanding voice that denotes firm control of the situation, which takes a lot of doing because he is anything but in control after this Ebony Beauty has knelt before him, he says "You have used good judgment in bringing me and my men this gift. And you've prevented me from committing a blood-bath that would have resulted in the death of every man at your ranch and your death also. You can go back home in peace and you have my word that no harm will come to you or anyone associated with you." He then turns around and walks back to his ride.

(Two weeks later)

Randy: Walking into David's temporary command post says "You had better sit down. I have something important to tell you." He then smiles and points to a place away from the other men standing nearby.

David: Looking overworked and on edge from the last two weeks of overexertion that he willfully put himself through trying to forget about his encounter with Abby. Sitting down he says "All right Randy what news do you have for me? You look like the cat who swallowed the canary and has another one in reach."

Randy: Rubbing his chin and looking like he was giving David's statement serious thought he says "Funny you should word it like that because the news I have puts you in the place of the cat who has eaten one dish and is about to be served another just as easily. Remember Abby that we met two weeks ago?" Seeing the frown that David gives him he continues on quickly, "Well her husband died four days ago from a heart attack and he was buried that same day. Abby is selling the ranch and . . ."

David: Jumping to his feet he grabs Randy in a hug cutting off his report. Releasing Randy he says "This was meant to be and the Creator has wiped out that no good Tom and blessed me with the Black Angel of my heart. I will marry her now that she is free to do as her heart pleases. Take her that message for me Randy. I want her to be my wife."

Randy: Smiling from ear to ear with joy for his friend and leader he responds "That's what I thought you would say so I sent word already. We will be getting her answer before the day is over."

(David and Abigail get married)

(1 Samuel Chapter 25 Holy Bible)

██████████

You B'

You B- trayed me with the others
Taking poison to my Brothers;

You B-came someone to despise
With your wild honey coated lies;

You B-smirched my family name
And things will never be the same;

You B-lieved things were still so fine
Because I was in love so blind;

You B-gone by the time I'm home
Back to the streets you love to roam;

You B-witched a loving and strong man
Your spell is broken, never again to stand.

THE SOLE GENERAL STORY

President: "Who is that down there on the ellipse swimming in the pool?" He asks while leaning over the balcony for a closer look at the woman.

Aide: Moving closer to the railing of the balcony but not showing any indication that he was really interested in the woman that had captured the President's attention, says casually, "That's General Power's wife. She has been staying here at the Whitehouse ever since the General went off on the campaign to annihilate the Middle East governments that oppose the Israeli Nation's complete control of the Middle East."

President: Nodding his head and grinning, "Um-hmm." Then he turns to his aide and says, "Isn't General Power that Black general who is blindly dedicated to the military and national spirit of this good old Nation of ours?"

Aide: "Yes, Mr. President." Sighing as if to hint, he wasn't interested in continuing this conversation. But he continued, "If you don't mind me saying so sir, whenever we, speaking of our Nation, win a war campaign the Black soldiers were the key force behind our winning."

President: Shrugging his shoulders and turning back to the more interesting view at the pool he says, "Of course, I don't mind you saying so, it's the truth." Looking out of the corner of his eye at the aide he admonished, "Just make sure that you don't repeat it again. Someone else might hear that and cause you a lot of grief because the truths about Blacks doing anything positive has been feeding White male anger lately. And I plan to continue using that anger to win elections." He leans on the balcony rail and says, "She's one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen. What do you think?"

Aide: "Who is, sir?" He asks. Feigning ignorance in an attempt to get off the subject.

President: Angered instead of exasperated, hisses, "General Power's wife!" Indicating with his pointed finger the woman in the pool. "What do you think this conversation is about?" He asks in a rhetorical way.

Aide: Seeing that his ploy has backfired tries to ingratiate himself with his boss. "Oh, yes sir. Very fine looking lady but..." his voice trails off because the words just stick in his throat.

President: Recognizing that his aide had returned to the usual role of passivity, began to take his usual place as wise leader and lecture saying, "But, what? Does it bother you that she is a Black Woman?" Smiling broadly he goes on, "Don't be a fool all your life man; the darker the berry the sweeter the juice."

Aide: Nodding his head emphatically, he whispers in conspiratorial fashion, "Yes, yes sweet indeed."

President: Puts his hands in front of him to form a frame in the air around the woman in the pool and adds, "Look at her, she's an Egyptian Queen, Nubian Queen or Queen of Sheba! All of these titles would fit very well with her unblemished beauty." He drops his hands and turns to the aid asking, "Wouldn't you say so?"

Aide: Immediately with emphasis proclaims, "Yes sir, Mr. President!"

President: Looking at the aide with pity says, "You're as bad as General Power, a yes-man." He took the dumbfounded aide by the arm and led the way inside the Whitehouse. Once inside he orders the secretary, "Go let Mrs. Power know that her presence is requested at my dinner table tonight." Patting the aide on the back he says, "I'm sure that the good General will not mind his wife sharing my company. As a matter of fact he'd feel honored." Then he bursts into loud laughter, "Ha, ha, ha, ..."

(3 Months Later)

Advisor: Walking back and forth in the Oval Office talking in a frustrated voice. "You've gone too far this time. What could you've been thinking of?" He stops his pacing and points at the President saying, "Your career will never survive this blunder!"

President: Sitting at his desk with his face in his hands pleading his case. "I couldn't help myself! Once I had her here so close to me, I just lost control!"

Advisor: Pacing back and forth and stopping in front of the President's desk briefly, each time he passed it. In front of it now he says, "You could've had so many other women, why take General Power's wife to bed? That's what I want to know!" Then, thinking for a second about the response he had gotten before he put in quickly, "No I don't! I'm tired of hearing you extol the beauty of a Black Woman. What I'm here for is to help you make the right decision in the best interest of the Nation." He walks over to a world globe on a stand and points to a spot on it and says, "We're at war in the Middle East and we need troop morale to stay high in order to win. What will our soldiers, many of whom are Black, do when, or if, this predicament is divulged?"

President: Having gotten up from his desk, was pacing in front of his window looking dazed. He balled his hands into fists and hissed, "When she told me that she was pregnant I sent for General Power right away. When he got here I had to almost order him to go screw his wife and stop following me around like a lap dog. But that Sambo was adamant about not taking pleasures while his troops were out there killing some worthless desert niggers." Turning to the advisor and putting his arms out in a gesture for succor, he concluded, "I had to send him back to the Middle East before he got suspicious."

Advisor: Tired of going in circles he went straight to the point and says, "You must confront this thing and do what is in the best interest of the people. Set aside your self centered thinking!" He goes to the door and looks back at the President and says, "The baby must not be born."

President: Rushing to the other side of his desk and getting nose to nose with his advisor he shouted, "Get out of here!" When the advisor stood his ground before him the President raged on shouting, "I'll have her and my child! To hell with her husband. I'll make sure that he spills his blood on the battle field like the 'wannabe' good-slave-soldier he is!" Taking a few steps backward he puts his arms up in the air and spreads them out while saying, "I'm in power here. Who can deny me what I want in this world?"

Advisor: Looking the President straight in the eyes he says, "David Push, you're certainly living up to your name. This time I believe that you have pushed things so far that only one force can bring you to your knees." Pointing his hand at the President like a prophet about to make a prediction he says, "If General Uriah Power dies by your machinations, you will beg for death!"

Re: (2 Samuel Chapter 11)

████████████████████



DESERT FEVER

Kiesha: "Ut-oooh! Here comes Ziggy."

Carissa: "Yeah, he thinks he's God's gift to this world because his father is 'Hammer'."

Sharde: "Girlfriend, I don't care what you say, he's fine as white wine and whenever he wants some of my time I'm Zig-Zagging with him. Sorry Daina for a minute there I forgot that you two were rapping now."

Daina: "Yeah right! I don't have no papers on him and he just raps to me like he does any other girl. Plus I've got nothing special to offer him to make him commit to me alone. I'm just a scrawny little 'Jew Girl'."

Sharde: "Oh, please girl. Don't hand us that 'poor little suffering Jew' crap! We all know that your father is 'Big Jake' and your family has plenty of money and you're the spoiled only daughter."

Keisha: "You can best believe that Ziggy knows that too."

Carissa: "You're both right. And Ziggy doesn't need your money, but the law of this land is 'money marries money', when you're smart."

Daina: "Okay, I'll admit that I'm doing my best to pull him. But I'm afraid of how my family will deal with me openly dating and possibly marrying a 'Black Man'. They'll be saying that I have 'Desert Fever'."

Keisha: "That's thinking crazy. Your brothers and cousins must have 'Desert Fever' bad, 'cause they aren't exactly strangers when it comes to the 'Black Woman'."

Carissa: "Too true, Sister. And this couldn't be the first generation to have 'Desert Fever' because there are quite a few in your family with evident Cushite features."

Sharde: "I guess you're trying to tell us that the men in your family believe that their only daughter has got something under that skirt that is too precious or so different that it isn't good enough for a 'Black Man'."

Daina: "Just wait a minute now. Don't be coming down all heavy on my case. You've got their prejudice all backwards anyway. It's not so much what I've got under my skirt that concerns the men in my family, but they're all worked up about what's in the Black Man's pants. They got hang-ups about how much meat a 'Black Man' has that they consider excess."
(Laugh)

Sharde: "Do you really think that's the only reason they are against you getting with a 'Black Man'? I think it goes deeper than that. Pun intended." (Laughs)



Daina: "You may be right. But their prejudices and hang-ups aren't mine. Like I said I'm trying to pull him and we're supposed to be getting together today, that's why he's hanging around so close."

Carissa: "Go for it girl and we'll watch your back."

Keisha: "Daina you've been planning this all the time. I'll bet you've already given him something he can feel and that's why he's sticking around."

Daina: "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. I've got to go now. Ziggy just signaled it's time to meet at our usual spot."

(A Year Later)

Daina: "I can't believe it, Ziggy! Here I am in our own home as your wife, and we have both our families' blessings."

Ziggy: "You're shouting with joy while I'm in serious pain on our third honeymoon night. I didn't know that this stupid circumcision would encumber me to the point where I couldn't even walk."

Daina: "Oh stop complaining. After all you have me and I'll take care of your little hurts. (Giggle) And just think of all the people who will benefit from this step we have taken and all the prejudicial barriers we have torn down for each of our people."

Ziggy: "I guess you're right about that. Your father and brothers surprised me at the meeting we had about my marrying you. They didn't utter that 'Desert Fever' cliché once. All they wanted was to see that we honored your tradition and all the men be circumcised. The pain is well worth the gain, and I have you." (Smile)

(Suddenly, a crash, the door is broken down)

Levi: "Get that uppity Black, Simeon. That's right, stab him again for me. This will teach them to mess with us Jews."

Daina: "Help! Help! Oh my God Yahweh please stop them!"

Simeon: "Shut up Dinah! You're sick with 'Desert Fever'. Did you really think we were going to honor an agreement made with Goyems. Even with the circumcision they are still beasts to us, only worthy of working for us and giving us their valuables."

Levi: "Jacob is foolish to fear these people. They don't have enough sense to join forces and fight against us. We've fooled them this time and shall fool them again."

(Genesis, Chapter 34)



TORN INSIDE

I hear your soul cry out for help and sympathy,
Searing my heart because of my talent for empathy.
But how can I help you with words from my mind.
You reject the inner voice, thus your third eye is blind,
If you choose to suffer then do it in silence.
Stop hurting your people with Self-hatred and violence.
Return to the message that will bring peace to your heart.
Fight for lasting liberation in a Nation where you have a part.

THE FUGITIVE DETECTIVE

Bernard: "Listen 'Detective', you've got a lot of nerve coming back to this city where everyone knows who you are. Don't you know that your own Government People are after you?"

Fugitive: "First of all, you've got to get it straight that I'm no longer a detective. I've proved that in D.C. where I took a stand for our people and the 'Messenger'. That's why the Government people are trying to kill me, as you know."

Bernard: "Why should I or any of my Brothers and Sisters believe that what you've done in D.C. wasn't just an act put on to persuade us to drop our guard and let you slip into our organization to do more damage?"

Fugitive: "Check this out Bernard. If I were in your position I would be suspicious of a man like I was in the past. I was a gung-ho detective locking up men and women whether they were young or old, not caring if they had children left behind. The majority were imprisoned just because of their way of life (religion). The Government felt that their way of life and its 'Messenger' (religious leader) were a National (U.S.) threat. I've even participated in having some of the Brothers and Sisters sentenced and put to death. But all that has changed. I was blind and now the scales have been removed from my eyes. When Brother Andy came to me in D.C. he explained certain things to me that opened my mind and heart to the 'Truth'. The arrest warrants that I took to D.C. were never acted upon because I destroyed them. I've been working as hard as I can to make amends for the harm I've caused the Brothers and Sisters and most importantly the 'Messenger'."

Bernard: "I've interviewed many people throughout the years and The Creator has blessed me with the power of discernment, I know that you aren't lying to me. Come on, I'll take you to meet some of the Brothers and Sisters."

(14 Years Later)

Tim: "What's on your mind? You look like you just lost your best friend."

Fugitive: "I've just received another letter verifying the reports about the Brothers and Sisters treating certain ones in the 'Organization' like privileged characters because of their family roots or because they were close to the 'Messenger' when he was here in the flesh. At the same time they are neglecting other hard working Brothers that come to them in a humble manner."

Tim: "Well I have to admit that I'm enthralled when I hear certain ones rattle off their genealogy that traces back to the Leaders, Prophets, and Messengers of the past. It's particularly exciting to hear them talk about their experiences as helpers and body guards of the contemporary Prophets and Messengers."

"If family heritage and their positions in society were the things to be boasted about I could out-boast many of the so-called elite. My family's standing within the Government is what led to me becoming a part of the Law Enforcement branch of the Government. It is also what helped me to reach the fanatical state of mind I was in to serve the corrupt Government blindly. Those things are nothing to me now and I've been trying to erase the memory of them from people's minds. Now I can boast in the pains I've suffered and the work done for the 'Messenger' and my fellow Brothers and Sisters."



Tim: "When I stop to think about it you really have had it rougher than many of us just because you're an ex-detective who found the 'Truth'. You've been put into prison several times and had to escape. Your life has been in peril; the prison guards beat you within an inch of your life; the Jewish Defense League (JDL) caught you three times and beat you with bats; the B'nai B'rith had those teen-agers stone you with bricks; then there were the fake Brothers who infiltrated the 'Organization' and tried to kill you. I could go on and on about the sacrifices you've made in the last fourteen years."

Fugitive: "All you've said is true but what really hurts are the internal scars I've received. Every time I see a Brother or Sister become weak and give in to the Government's system I'm cut to my heart. Also to see one fall short I become filled with indignation. I'm determined to continue propagating the message of the Prophet and 'Messenger' till there is no more breath left in me. My life belongs to the struggle."

Tim: "Who would have believed anyone fourteen years ago if they were to say that you, Paul of Tarsus, would be one of the finest and faithful propagandists of the teachings of the Prophet and 'Messenger'?"

Fugitive: "Fourteen years ago I would have arrested anyone for even having the thought." (Both give a hearty laugh)

Re: (Acts Chapter 9; and 2 Corinthians Chapter 11)





ESCAPE

Escape you mighty man,
From these genocidal death camps;
Escape is a Devine Command,
Given to those oppressed and abused;
Escape to your own home land,
To build our New Nation and World;
Escape from the Devilmans hand.
Then give our children a future;
Escape so we can make our stand,
Never again to be held down;
Escape and free Women, child and Man,
To liberation eternal.

ACTS AND PRAYRS

Minister Jamal; Looking at the large group gathered in sister Miriam's house, some openly weeping and others frowning with pent up anger, he calls to Captain Osman to get a second opinion of the situation. "Captain Osman can I speak to you a moment privately?" He gestures to an isolated corner of the room.

Captain Osman: Answers "Certainly Minister Jamal." And they both walk over to the corner of the room.

Minister Jamal: In a low voice he consults with the young captain asking, "What is the prevailing feeling among the congregation?"

Captain Osman: Having anticipated the need to gauge the reaction to the recent events he had already circulated amongst the people talking to them about their feelings. So without hesitation he says, "There is a lot of hatred against the Jews for their insistence on our people being killed by the government. Most of the congregation is content with weeping and praying for the murders and arrests of our people but there are some young men and woman who feel it's time to take physical action and stop these arrests and murders carried out by the government at the insistence of the Jewish propagandists."

Minister Jamal: Appreciating the captain's candidness and not wishing to get into a long discussion about the Jews and how to handle them at the moment he summarizes the recent events and what is to be done tonight. "This new racist Governor has made it evident that he intends to oppress and persecute us by every means at his disposal. He had Minister James executed. When he saw that this action pleased the Jews he had more Brothers arrested and placed Brother Peter X at 'Skull rock-view' to await execution.

Brother Peter X is under a four guard per shift watch and he's in a stripped cell. There are two guards right in front of the cell at all times and two at the outer doors. It is impossible to save him. The only thing we can do is pray."

Captain Osman: "There were many times that the Jews thought they had the Messenger hopelessly trapped and about to kill him, but God made a way out. And even when they thought he was dead, it was later revealed that they had not killed him," he muses. Not sharing his innermost thoughts with the Minister he responds to the ministers summation with a firm "God is Great and God is the best of planners."

Minister Jamal: Motioning toward the others in the room he says "Let us all join together in prayer for the deliverance of our people and for the deliverance of brother Peter X from the house of death." They walk over and join the group. Then prostrating himself he leads the congregation in prayer supplicating "Dear LORD please deliver . . ."

ACTS AND PRAYERS

(Simultaneously at View-View)

Minister Mikail: Having had injected Peter X in the side with the fast acting stimulant to counteract the sleeping frog he used to put everyone within a square quarter mile to sleep, he prods Peter X and says "Hurry up we must leave quickly!"

Peter X: Not knowing if he was dreaming or what, moves slowly from the cement slab he is laying on. He expects an arresting jolt from the handcuff that held him to the bed but to his surprise it just falls off his wrist as if it had been unlocked and left just laying on him. In a groggy voice he asks the man before him what 's going on?"

Minister Mikail: Pulling a black jump-suit, gum bottom shoes, and a camouflage poncho from his backpack he hands them to Peter X and says Get dressed and follow me.

Peter X: Looking at the two motionless guards in front of the prison cell he decides that whether this is a dream or reality he isn't going to question it now, he's going to follow orders and get out of the jaws of death. He says, "Yes sir, " and begins to rapidly dress.

Minister Mikail: Sees that Peter X has finished dressing and appears to be completely recovered from the fog. He directs him" Put the poncho on and follow me.

Peter X: Stealthily and carefully he follows Mikail S every move as Mikail retraces the path of his entrance and retrieves the implements used to enter the prison and leaves no trace of how the escape is executed. Once they are outside the prison vicinity the magnitude of what has just happened and that it is totally real causes him to utter "now I know that it is the will of God that we fight back against this corrupt government and the machinations of the Jews who are trying to annihilate us. Escape by any means necessary must be each of our goals if the enemy captures us. You are a blessing from God." Looking to his side to see Mikhail's response, he finds himself alone.

(At Miriam's house 1 hour later)

Rhoda: Goes to answer the knocking at the door with caution. Fearful it might be the police she asks through the locked door "Who is it?"

Peter X: Anxious to get indoors quickly he blurts out "Open the door and let me in quickly!"

ACTS AND PRAYERS

Rhoda: Recognizes Peter X’s voice and in her excitement instead of opening the door she runs to Minister Jamal and says, “Peter X is at the door!”

Minister Jamal: Shakes his hand sadly and says to the group “Sister Rhoda is suffering a mental trauma due to her grief for Peter X. You all must understand that God does not just remove someone from prison because we have prayed together here tonight.”

Rhoda: Grabs the Minister’s hand and leads him toward the door saying “listen. You can still hear the knocking. Open the door if you don’t believe me.”

Peter X: Hearing the door unlock and seeing it being opened slowly he pushes it open quickly and darts into the house. With his hands he waves the crowd to silence as he says, “Please my friends quiet down or we will draw unwanted attention.”

Minister Jamal: Taking Peter X into his arms and giving him a bear hug he says “This is truly a blessing and a sign for us al. How did God effectuate you escape?”

Peter X: After taking several deep breaths he begins his narrative with “God used a man to save me by directing him to . . . “

That night Peter X goes to another city. The next morning when it is discovered that Peter X has escaped there is a massive search. They do not find Peter X.

The unjust Governor orchestrates a plan that has the guards that were on duty killed to protect his political image. This ruthless Governor and his political supporters postulated and carried out death sentences as if they thought the title of Governor set him up as a God.

There was another prayer meeting held and another miracle happened and the killer Governor was found dead within the hour of the prayer meeting.

(Acts Chapter 17)