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A Galtney Global Book

Published by Tyrone Galtney

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Going through  
*The Changes*  
in  
The Age  
of Obama

By: Tyrone Galtney

“A Fiction you wouldn’t want to miss!”

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## CHAPTER ONE

When Dre first discovered the possibility that it could ever be a chance that we would have a Black president in our time. It happened right after his first child was born by Ashley. She a black Mexican looked just like Lena Horne. Even though she looked like the great Lena Horne, her Mexicana grandparent's felt like her true identity had been stolen by her father, a black pro basketball player that married her mother. [A full blooded Mexicana.] Ashley always had a problem with her identity since her grandparents found it hard to accept her. They had an identity crisis in the family with a half-breed black grandchild being born.

Dre' had just finished college when he entered into a whole new world of global competition. Her grandparents begin to distant themselves from her, because Dre' was Black. When Ashley had a baby by Dre' a black guy it made things wade harder. His parents were separated. His mother raised him in a single family unit in *Robert Taylor Homes* public housing.

When Mayor Daley...a racist against black people...decided to tear down public housing, Dre's family caught hell. His mom and neighbors were put in hotels being accommodated by people who did not want them there. As for Dre', he narrowly escaped the wrath of Chicago politics. Just as they started targeting his building for demolition. He took room and board at Morehouse College...the historical black college Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. is an alumni.

It was rumored that his Mayor, Mayor Daley wanted the buildings torn down because; he lost twice to the first black mayor of the City of Chicago the honorable Mayor Harold Washington—do to the public housing residents' voting power. As for his mom, she would be alright. She was bright. The head registered nurse of Mt. Sinai hospitals 2nd floor unit. She had enough finances to leave public housing at any given moment. She refused to leave. It was home to her.

She stayed until she received her Section 8's 'Housing Choice Voucher.' Dre' still remember to this day, that cold winter day, when his mom returned home from the hotel. Her apartment door in 4331 South Federal was bolted closed, and her windows had security bars on them. She could not enter to gather a change of clothes to wear due to such a change.

She raised more hell than Satan himself. If it were left up to her, she would go down to hell and put Satan flames out and evict him out of his own pit. She burnt Dre' cell phone battery out. She was cussing, fussing and taking it out on him as his fault. He took it off of her. She knew she could talk to him about anything. He was her ear. She was his feet, the one to help lead him to his destiny.

He went with her, to blast out the new Chicago Housing Authority's Board of Commissioners members. That board gangster his mother out of her apartment. He remembers calling one of the male board members a 'ballerina boy' that day. After making those kinds of remarks, he followed him to the men's room to see if he would challenge him to a fight. Those people had it all wrong.

They were trying to treat his people like refugees in their own Country. He recalled Barbara Moore saying at the meeting that day:

"We have Kosovo on State Street. You all don't give a damn about the people. You throw us in hotels like we are dogs and not humans."

She went back to her old building. It was the last one standing. She put up a large banner which took up half of the gallery porch. It advertised, 'KOSOVO ON STATE STREET.'

He was glad he had already left off for college before the *so-called* Chicago's public housing *winter freeze*. They violated all of the housing residents' human rights. He never knew that, that would be the last time. He would ever see his mom alive. After his mom's death, He went through all kinds of changes with Chicago Housing Authority's Section 8 Program.

A couple of weeks after his mom's funeral, he tried to become the leaseholder over her Section 8 voucher; but, was turned down because he was in college. [Out of town] They never took into consideration that he was still on her lease and came home for vacations and summer breaks. He struggled hard to get through college. Had not it been for some of his friends back in Chicago during that time? He would've never made it through college. Ashley his girlfriend had her share of drama.

Helping her to get through her identity crisis and go through a pregnancy trimester at the same time caused him many sleepless nights during testing times in college. It had begin to, wear and tear on him, around school finals time in college. After delivery of their first child, neither her parents nor her grandparents were willing to babysit for them. Not one day under any condition.

He had been raised with a strong afro-centric heritage and had battles with his family behind closed doors

most of the time, for falling in love with what his other family members considered a half-breed. It was hypocritical to him. His mother's father was a half-breed himself. The bastard son of a Whiteman from out in the cotton fields down in the South. He never got it. Some of the most hypocritical people in the world were those who were not comfortable with their own identity. Like Adolf Hitler, whose mother was partial Jewish and Black. Identity crisis was never an issue with him. Dre' knew who he was. A proud American born Citizen in the United States of America; but, soon that was all about to change.

He is about to go through a change that his mother did not live to see and never believed would be seen in his own time. America was about to elect its first president, which having to be Black. College could not have prepared him for what he was about to experience in his new life and work world. Reading all of the historical black documents could not have given him a sense of what it would be like to live in the time of a black president.

A Black President who is well educated a people's person. [As we would say back home] One prepared by the ages of time from hitting the street with those who had no voice in the poor communities on the Southside of Chicago. Brian was his roommate in college, real outspoken about whatever he had issues with. Brian came to him one day and told him about how he had

just left a marijuana convention with some Marijuana Activist. They were protesting the Congress opposition to Marijuana being made legal for medicine.

“Man, I just left a park where they had all of these white people smoking marijuana in the park. They were smoking out of all kinds of pipes, and one pipe had eight connections for an ogdoad of people to smoke from simultaneously,” Brian his friend said.

“You think you seen something...Hell...you ought to been in Millennial Park two nights ago. When President Barack Obama gave his victory speech, there was this strange feeling that came over me like a trance. Everyone around me appeared to be experiencing the same feeling simultaneously.” Dre’ said to him.

“That’s crazy famo!” Brian uttered.

“Hell yes man, he had all of us in a spirit just like in church on a Sunday afternoon,” Dre’ giggled.

“Aw naw, man!” his friend replied laughing.

“Yeah! Everyone was either clapping their hands, crying wiping their tears, or either smiling because of all of the excitement that was built up too when he graced the stage. You would’ve thought he was Jesus Christ of Nazareth, coming back to earth to redeem his people and the earth.” He reported.

“Hecky naw...he had all y’all gone like that?” His friend Brian responded.

“I know that’s not natural!” He told him.

“No! No! We must stop him!” Brian voiced being facetious.

“Tehee,” quod he.

When he said that, in front of the outside crowd, [in the Thompson Center’s downtown lower-level cafeteria] many people showed expressions of hate upon their faces for him.

It made Dre’ visualize back to when he was in Millennium Park for that event. In the streets, people walked listlessly, perspired, mopped themselves, and abused their much-vaunted climate. Everyone who could manage it was out there waiting to get a glimpse of the future president.

As for Brian, he had never felt more hated for being honest than at that moment. When he articulated what he felt to be the truth. To Dre’, no one was ever satisfied-not even he. One policeman that was near wanted to lock him up for speaking such a view. He regarded him with mixed emotions.

“Do you know him?” Dre’ inquired.

“Should I?” He said uptight. “You see him?” Dre’ meagerly spoke glancing at him intensely.

He replied, “Why, of course-son, do you or he known’s the president personally?”

“No,” Dre nicked.

“Ashamed? ASHAMED,” the officer answered indignant.

Dre’ put him on blast real quick saying “How are you going to arrest him for speaking what he feels?”

“Young man,” the officer relays, “I’ve lived too long in this world and prayed a many days to see a time like this come.”

“Is this the day, for your political messiah to come?” Dre’ mumbled.

“No, the day for your destiny to come and set you free from the entire world’s color anxieties!” the officer bensch.

“You mean to tell me, that one man, will relieve the world of all of its difference in skin color anxiety?” He petitioned out of sarcasm.

“Yes, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. saw the day when all men of color would sit at the table created equal savored from that ‘heart of darkness’ across racial lines,” the officer availed.

“Isn’t it true, that true darkness lies within each individual’s own mind, and the idea only loses itself in gloom,” Dre’ stated.

“We all denounce, defend, hate and love at one point or another during our lives,” he said becoming defensive. While the officer, mutter that, he continued to contemplate rather or not, if he should arrest Brian for uttering his true opinion.

Dre' thought back to an old slave phrase he had learned from *Ralph Allison's* book back in college *Invisible Man*. It read, "*This and this or this has made me more human.*" This slave never doubted that he was human. He accepted his humanity just as he accepted its principle. Ralph continued on, "*it was his, and the principle lives on in all its human and absurd diversity.*" Then Dre' snapped back to reality, and said "Please don't take him to jail for uttering his true feelings, he can't get close to the president."

The Officer replied, "I guess you are right, young man. Now, y'all go on by y'all business and tell him to keep his mouth off the president." As Dre' walked away he begin to think within myself, "*what did I go to school for? What did I get a degree for?*"

Now, had his friend Brian been white, would people have judged him just the same; or, would they have wanted to lock him up because he was not Black? From that point on, he begins to search within himself on why the first black president had to be *Light, Bright* and damn nearly *White*." Why his nose had to be *protruding* and not *broad*, His body *slender* and not *muscular*? Why his position had to be more *conservative* than *democratic*? Why his views had to be more *Bilderberg* than *Woodson*?"

In the lower frequencies of his cyborg mind, Dre' ran to the computer to satisfy his transhuman mind, kindling the inquisitive fire of intellect about these

questions, time after time. He felt like *Boy George* a singer of the 1980s in his song “*Time want give me time.*”

He remembers in college sessions, how they would always have heated debates about ‘perception’...for it intertwined beliefs with values from individualism. He felt proud that he was a part of a wonderful institution that allowed him to experience such diverse views; but, it was not his worldview. He was as a fish lying on a barren ground dying for water from his feeling of true view.

You can easily become real or unreal through other people views, philosophy, rhetoric or ideas. However, after spending his first few months after graduating out of college, texting, blogging, tagging resume’s and begging people for a job over the internet, it came to his mind what he had heard from a sister with a Latina sounding last name back in College saying:

“I was hired only because I had a Latina sounding last name. The moment they discovered that I was not Latina they fired me.”

“She was sad that such ethnicity had anything to do with her hiring on a job. I once read in a June/July 2009 issue of Latina magazine an article by Suzan Colon “When Is a Latina Not a Latina?” (Page 88). How one employment recruiter “...gave her a patronizing smile? Mistaken her for a Latina” and said. “You forgot to add that you speak Spanish on your resume’,”...”Spanish!” she prompted. “Being bilingual

could really help you get a job.” “But I don’t speak Spanish,” I said. “Of course, you do!” “Silly “Your last name is Colon!” Suzan goes on to say “This wasn’t the first time I’d been cast in someone’s mind as the Spanish Girl. (I’ve also heard it called “racial profiling,” but it sounds harsh) But I wasn’t playing the Latina part aright--a first-generation *mujer* able to speak Spanish, English and even Spanglish at the drop of, well, a *sombrero*.

She was kind of shocked when I told her that I speak high-school French and badly at that. Though I am part Puerto Rican-mixed with some Irish, a dash of Taino Indian and a hint of French-I’ve often found that my name and dark looks tells some people everything they think they need to know.” She wrote.

He thought back, to when *ABC* or *NBC* ran a special on *President Barack Obama’s everyday routine in The Whitehouse*. During that interview, they exposed that his staff, was more Latina and lacked Black representation in his main executive administration.

Dre’ thought about what *Suzan Colon* further disclosed in her article further saying, “The job market gave me messages as mixed as my heritage. There are times when I left the accent off my surname to de-Latinize myself. I felt bad about that; my accent is part of my background. But when companies began to brag about their “diverse” employment policies, being Latina it had its advantages. Why my little accent was

practically a dollar sign! In more than one office, though, I noticed I was the only one whose name had some flavor to it. It was troubling to think ethnicity, had anything to do with being hired. I wanted to succeed for my talents and skills.” Reading this, Dre’ did not want to feel like a Latina-hater: for the Black experience had been somewhat similar since the days of slavery.

He did not want to be categorized with *Mark Krikorian* the executive director of The Center for Immigration Studies who wrote the book in 2008, *The New Case Against Immigration, Both Legal and Illegal, considering immigrants who keep their home countries identity, as a threat to national identity*.

Even though there may be some truth to what the late political scientist *Samuel Huntington* suggested in his book “*Who are We? The Challenges to America’s National Identity*”: “Mexican immigrants are leading the demographic *reconquista* of areas Americans took from Mexico by force in the 1830s and 1840s, mexicanizing them.” Deep down inside, Dre’ felt more in alignment with an immigration and demographics expert named *Gregory Rodriguez*, which authored the book, *Mongrels, Bastards, Orphans, and Vagabonds: Mexican Immigration and the Future of Race in America*.” *Rodriguez* opined, “The Notion that people come from other places and don’t adapt to this country is a fallacy...People adapt in order to better their chances for survival in a new

environment. 'That's always happened.' Dre' had done what his grand-parents from the 1960s civil rights fought hard for. He graduated from college, trying hard as hell to become a productive citizen.

However, Dre' could not ignore the fact that the first black president's chief of staff would not soon considered his employment application. His qualifications listed him as a magna cumlaude graduate. It was inconsiderate after he had worked in making sure such a historical administration would take place. After he had done much volunteer work, sacrificing meeting class assignments deadlines, now this. He was faced with being opposed by a few of his college professors for volunteering on Obama's campaign. "Is this what many great black leaders sacrificed for?" He thought in his soul.

It reminded him, of when he read another article in the "American Legacy" magazine's July issue wrote by Lawrence Otis Graham. It was titled 'The Senator from Mississippi: Elected during the storms of Reconstruction, Blanche Kelso Bruce had to negotiate political and racial rapids.' In that article, Graham says "His term began with an angry debate over whether to seat an African-American who had been elected a senator of Louisiana, Pinckney Benton Stewart Pinchback. Bruce had remained silent throughout, even though Pinchback was a good friend. His reticence on certain racially charged issues would come back to

haunt him in later years.” This article brought Dre’ also back to the true history of the Democratic Party and course...they were no Fannie Lou Hammers’ during those times. Most Black people were republican during reconstruction.

His mind started to working on him. As, he begun to think about the Obama situation taking place with the appointment of a new Junior senator replacing the president back home in the state of Illinois ‘Roland Burris.’ Graham continues on “The Senate finally voted against Pinchback, claiming that he had been elected illegally.”

This appeared to be the same thing happening to Roland Burris. The only difference is that, President Barack Obama was sworn in as the President of the United States of America.

Was the Hispanic overflow of employees on his staff his safest pick for the President’s Executive Administration? Or, was he more in fear of losing the second term due to the power of the Hispanic vote? Could he have been also in fear of the Bilderberg Group that controls the American Empire? Graham reminded Dre’.

“Soon after, Congress recessed. By that time, the Democratic Party, bolstered by the Ku Klux Klan and other white supremacy groups determined to “redeem” the South, had made things bad for African-Americans in much of Mississippi that Bruce rarely ventured out

of his home county of Bolivar, which was relatively free of violence. By the fall of 1875 the Mississippi Democrats had thoroughly terrorized their opponents with beatings, “night raids,” and lynching’s that they had no problem winning elections even in Republican strongholds.”

Dre’ thought within his psyche, *“This is exactly what has happened in major inner-cities. At the top of the chart Chicago, with Daley’s Red Squad, ravishing African-American youths into Jon Burge’s gulag on bogus charges all across the board, during election time. Even illegal immigrants get more respect than African-Americans in our Country.”*

He is right, they are given carte blanche to gobble up the American jobs, without having an education. The Dream Act was put in place, to reassure them a right in our Country, while African-Americans’ are given nothing other than a hard time. Yet the president has remained silent. Just like Senator Bruce, concerning such inequalities back in the late 1890s.

As Graham carries on, “If Blacks there couldn’t hold on to what political power they had gained what were the chances of those in the rest of the South? This is what is currently taking place in the North after the dismantling of Chicago Public Housing Buildings. It was time for him to start a new twitter and Facebook page. He started establishing different blogs and created many links to get the information out to as many

people as possible. Dre' had become more than just a normal cyborg.

He became a cyborg with an attitude. Becoming a mousepotatoe, he stayed at the computer night and day for many hours. He became addicted to the ubiquitous data-power 'Google' for answers to this drama that begin to unfold before his very eyes. It was the enormous controllers over the new American cyber culture. He had become overwhelmingly dependent upon it for answers. Not even *Answer.com* solved my curiosity about the plight of The President, in essence of his people.

Taking the risk of losing the black votes could be very detrimental to his second term campaign. Was he really willing to make that sacrifice for the Latina vote? After browsing the internet for the last two years being offended by many cyber-terrorists, who would stop at nothing, will he become one of them? To make sure that President Barack Obama would not be elected president. He wondered would he become one of them now.

This is not what the campus guys back at the university worked hard on his campaign for, to succeed. It was to give Our Country a chance for change; but, a change to what? Back in the hood the President was known as a down-to-earth brother. Could the brothers have been all wrong? Or, was he wrong for feeling the way he feels present. The days of Brian Gumbel are

long gone. Walter Saunders from ‘NBC 5 Chicago’ news station just retired, and Charles Thomas is only doing Chicago local news specials. Dre’ earned his “pass” in American society, a baccalaureates degree from Morehouse College.

Now he can’t get his foot into the door of opportunity. The workforce trend in the country has changed. He was told, in order to get a job in our country, “It’s not what you know, but who you know.” As the country become more and more, coded with phonetic and ethnic clichés’. Dre’ don’t know which way to turn. When *Tupac* made his song “*Me against the World*,” Dre’ thought he was just a thug, crying out for help through marijuana fits. He understands him now.

Having a child, who constantly needs diapers, milk, and attention like an audience with no job, forced him to understand Tupac situation. In his mind, he did not want to return to the old block, where he once use to hang on the street corner, selling cigarettes and marijuana as a teen.

Ooh, I forgot. The hood has changed. Everything changes nothing stays the same. The Block is gone and mixed-income communities flourish throughout the hood now. Water fountains, Parks, Condo’s and exits to the main artery of Lake Shore Drive and the Dan Ryan Expressway only exist. You can’t tell the difference between the low-end or No-End. All of the

tall landscapes that once lined all of the major city highways are gone.

What am I suppose to do? Go work at McDonalds the franchise food empire, or become a stock boy at Wal-Mart? I thought that things were going to get only greater for us after the election. Since the election it appears to me as if tough this is the issuing in of the Mexicana booming service job market reign.

I once heard, back at the college. America was broke and constantly borrowed money from China. If this is the truth then I thought maybe I should go over to China town and see if the Chinese would loan me a job from a Mexicana in the president's executive administration. I have never had to rob anyone to survive or to support my family and I was not about to start either. It had never dawned on me that the most vital connection I had to a job was living in the same house with me.

It never came to my mind before to use my baby-mama as a gateway to employment opportunity. Even though she had no college degree she knew how to speak fluent Spanish, even to the drop of a sombrero. She truly looked the part. She sure could play the part, for she joked and danced around the house at times goofing around.

This took his mind back to the times when his grandmother had all of them to sit down at the dinner table. He couldn't wait to pray and to eat some black eye

peas, corn bread, and rice. She would pray, and then tell them, how in the 1960s after the signing of the ‘Civil Rights Act’. How the government gave all of the assumed single mothers who struggled welfare during that Era, to berate the men who protested.

They received checks, but there was a requirement that no man could live in the house. They had to hide their baby-daddy’s and husbands’ in the closet when the case worker came to visit. Now they are during the same in today’s’ time? They have put a lot of men in a similar situation. He has to depend upon a woman, to take on the leadership role in the Job market due to the bank heist by the elite. Dre’ did not want to face that type of situation with his family. Ashley had only two things going for her in the job market for me: An uncle who works in the Obama Executive Administration and beauty that could out do any Delilah in the Latina Community.

Was this enough to land me my dream job? Would it allow me to support my family and be the “Head” and not the “Tail?” Ashley had never thought of being the savior of the family. After growing up going through an identity crisis and racial abuse with her family, now was her chance to use it to her advantage.

Ashley did almost anything to please him and make him happy; but, this was one time she would have to prove herself to be a true Latina. What will happen if her family finds out that she used the Latina inner-

circle for a job opportunity for him? She didn't give a damn about what they thought. They had mentally abused her for years. All of this was about to change.

She would use her uncle's love for her as a 'get-even' pact against those who had disowned her, and distanced themselves from her out of pure Mexicana pride. Is this what I really want? I was not about to let receiving my degree go in vain. Ashley often teased me in time past, about getting a degree and still having to sit at home because of the recession. Just thinking about this was really beginning to stress me out. African-Americans has never had a beef with Latinos, and I was not about to start one.

For when I was a teen-ager we attended this HRDI camp at Elmhurst College and there is where I met one of my best friends Juan (Lil Johnny) for years after that summer camp. Juan grew up to be a banker in downtown Chicago while I was attending Morehouse College studying business administration.

My College roommate Brian became an independent construction general contractor. I was the only one trying to find my way into the Obama administration. Ashley had to re-culture herself for her assignment up to Washington D.C. She begins learning how to adapt to eating enchiladas' for she was use to eating 'Italian beefs, double dip in juice with jalapeño peppers.'

It was time for her to connect with her mother's heritage and culture. She had a deep connection with

her uncle in The White House. He would often send our child gifts and clothes. He would even money-gram her money here and there. Her asking him to help me land a job in the President Obama administration would be a whole new and different ball game. Politics is not like the local job market.

The Obama administration was setting job qualifications standards much higher than any previous president's administration. Me. I worried about nothing. I had been on the principal scholars list every since elementary school at Albert Einstein. I have been an Honor Roll Student since Wendell Phillip High School in Chi-town (Chicago). I could pass any criminal background check, any security check and had a family background which would even impress the CIA.

The only difference between me and Ashley's uncle was the he was a Harvard graduate like President Obama and I graduated from Morehouse College. I wonder how the executive staff would react to my application being an African-American graduating from a predominantly historical black college--the same one that the late and the great Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. is also an alma mater.

However, Ashley had often visited her uncle up in D.C. on every other week-end. She had become quite familiar with some of her uncle's co-workers. Only, this time, she was going on a mission, a mission to put her family into play with the Obama administration.

The Latina workers of his administration often took time out on the Sabbath Day to meet and greet each other. This was really a time to get together and discuss what job openings were available in the administration and to pass out applications in ethnic loyalty. So as Ashley was preparing to leave for the Airport she prepared meals for me and our child to last until she returns home from her mission.

I told her, “Mommy, now you do your thing up there.”

“I’ll try my best, because we definitely need the money Dre’,” she replied.

Once she arrived, her uncle rushed her straight from the airport to a ‘meet and greet’ session that was taking place in just another hour. For he knew that this was the only time they coded each other with job opportunities. When they arrived there, Ashley got straight into a conversation directly with the head of the human resource department for The White House. The head of the human resource department talked about how she had an opening for an assistant to the president’s ‘senior advisor’.

She thought it would be, of great pride to have hired someone who was of Mexicana descent. Ashley was thrilled about the job position and thought it would be great for Dre’; but, there was two things wrong. The Job was not for her and Dre’ was not a Mexicana.

As Ashley persuaded her to give her an application for the position, she forgot to tell her that I was not Mexicana. My last name “Spenial” only sounded Mexicana. She told Ashley to tell me how to fill out the application with the Mexicana code words inserted to guarantee me an interview.

Mean time she would have the United States ‘Homeland Security Department’ to run procedural check on my name, and that she would get back to her in a few weeks. “In a few weeks,” Ashley said. “Yes, we have a process that secures the president’s best interest in this administration,” she replied. “I am quite sure that, both the benefits and the position are well worth the wait,” Ashley said.

She replied, “I had to volunteer faithfully for two-years before he became president, in order to be appointed to this position.” “I guess patience is a virtue, wouldn’t you say?” Ashley said. “Of course, all of the time,” replied the Director. Ashley and her uncle went back to his room to discuss some family issues in The White House, after socializing with the group. Ashley and her uncle hung out together on the town for Saturday night. One of the new workers had never met Ashley; he was captured by her beauty as she danced across the floor locked in her own world. “Mamacita,” he said standing there stunned. “Ola Bysa,” her uncle spoke to him saying,

He was caught in a trance by her beauty, he failed to reply back.

“Taco de ojo,” her uncle laughing said. (Look but don’t touch)

“Wey, vámonos de reventón!” (“Dude, let’s party!”)He finally snapped out of it, replying back.

As they begin to part from the dance floor Ashley started to feel uncomfortable. She was use to being at home catering to her family that the street life was not made for her—even though she enjoyed making a few moves out on the dance floor.

“My heart just goes boum boum boum each time I see you dancing! .... The way you move your hips ... so fast, so sexy, so exciting...One of these days you're going to kill me of a heart attack,” Josè said trying to come on to her. She knew one phrase very well:

“No Mames,” she uttered. (Get the eff out of my face)

“hi jole ?” He looked at her and said (what the eff?)

From that point on, he backed up off of her. Ashley was pure ghetto. The black side of her had gone nowhere. It was in her twenty-three chromosomes well embedded by her father a basketball star from Chi-town.

The following morning, her uncle helped her packed her clothes for departure. Then, he took her over to The Washington Palace Hotel, across the street from the Department of Treasury building for breakfast.

They immediately left the hotel after breakfast and headed directly to the Reagan Airport to meet her flight. Her uncle had given her a book in a black plastic bag to read on her flight back home.

He told her, “study this book; it will be good for you to learn and know how some of the Mexicanas think up here and why they operate the way they do.”

“Thanks, I will, because I did notice, that there was some difference between the groups during the meeting.”

“Really,” her uncle replied.

“Yes, I can tell that. Other conversations were going on at the same time. Some were serious,” she stammers.

Her uncle just laughed and gave her a warm smile, leaving her puzzled. Ashley boarded her flight, and as she got relaxed in her seat. She opened the black plastic bag and looked at the title of the book.

It read, “*Africa en México: una herencia repudiada.*”

She had never heard about Africans in Mexico. Nor, did her Africa-American family members make mention, that there existed, a class of black Mexicans in México. Ashley begins to read the introduction and discovered that there were a lot of people happy about her heritage here in America back in Mexico.

*Dr. Marco Polo Hernández Cuevas* was the author. He was as proud about his heritage as any other heritage throughout the land. Ashley squirmed in her seat. She

began to become anxious about breaking the mental chains her family had put upon her in times past.

This book was as a black diamond, lost in the roughage. As she read chapter after chapter, she recognized that she was by herself. She thought “*What was the purpose of her uncle giving her this book?*”

Dr. Cuevas detested the Eurocentric values in which her Mexican side of the family yearned for, and felt was superior to all others. His challenge to the “cosmic race theory”, which divided the Mexican’s, was evident. Being anxious, she called her uncle while in the air on her cellular phone.

He answered, “Tbueno!” (Hello!)

She replied, “padre, padre, padre!” (Amazing, amazing, amazing!)

“What are you talking about Ashley?” He asked.

“The book, it is great, it is great,” she replied. He burst out in a loud laugh, “Òrale!” (“Sounds great”) As he continued on jokingly, “tatacha la gabacha ?” (Do you speak English?)

“Of course, I speak English poppy,” she said. “He is no punk. He is no one to play around with!” Her uncle said. Her uncle spoke radical for the first time. Now she begins to understand why the rest of the family did not invite him to family meetings.

“There is a loyalty among our true people that only sell outs hate to acknowledge. They have endophobia’.”

“What is that?” Ashley asked him.

“Self-hatred,” he replied. She laughed loud on the plane. Other travelers on board called for the stewardess to come and to ask her to quiet down. After talking for a half-hour talking she fell asleep and woke back-up in Chicago. Meantime, Dre’ couldn’t wait for her to get home.

Always waking up in the middle of the night, changing diapers, and fixing baby bottles is getting the best of him these days. Broken sleep patterns are taking a toll on him. The baby crying and hollering stressed him out. He could not understand why their child would not stop crying and hollering.

She caught a 47th street Jitney cab home. As Ashley entered the door and at the sound of her voice the crying immediately stopped. The child was just missing its mother.

She would run with an anxious smile, picked up our child off of the couch and started kissing the child saying, “Mommies home, my little tootsie-wootsie. It’s alright. Did you miss your mommy? Yeah, I know you did. I’m back now.” As she rocked it from side to side in her lap. Dre’ turned around and looked and thought within his self, a mother sure does put up with a lot.

By that time, Ashley was screaming “are you going to help me bring in the rest of my things? I got you a job application for you and I also got something real important to show you.”

This had calmed his doubts that she would be successful at meeting someone out of the Human Resource Department. In spite-of-the-fact, that her uncle worked in The White House. This had troubled me more than passing my finals in my finally quarter just before graduation. “Honey there is only one thing wrong.” “What is that?” I replied.

“I didn’t tell her that you were not a Latina!”

He became confused in his mind. What is the whole purpose of her going up to D.C.? Is it to land him a job? What if, she couldn’t land him one, being who he is? He was about to go through a cultural crisis himself trying to land a job in the Obama administration.

Over hebdomad days ago, she had reassured me that she would make sure they knew that I had just as much pride in my heritage as the Mexicans did. Now that had all changed. However, I was happier seeing her return home than, the job opportunity (for I loved her and that meant more to me than anything outside of Our Lord Jesus Christ).

Before they knew it, they had forgotten about everything. They laid back and relaxed (the baby had fallen asleep). He turned on their iPod home speaker system as they listened to some Keisha Cole with 2Pac, Rihanna, Barry White, One-Way featuring Al Hudson, and of course some Isley Brothers.

All of his frustrations were forgotten. His limbs begin to loosen up. Tense nerves disappeared. Reality had set

in, as he began to awake the next morning. He did not discuss the job situation with her. He still was jobless. All of their savings in the bank were about to be exhausted.

He did not know how much longer Ashley's uncle was willing to continue to help them out financially. What was He going to do? He got out of bed, leaving her, and his child lying in the bed together. She lie there limp, satisfied from their lovemaking the night before. It was his worry, his problem and he was responsible for being the provider.

He was still a parent, protector and a provider still caught in between a rock and a hard place to fall. He called Bishop. He called Bishop Mitchell for some spiritual advice on this situation. Bishop had over 60 years experience on coaching families on holiness and having trust and faith in God first.

He answered his cellular phone, "Praise the Lord."

He told Bishop about the whole, entire situation. How Ashley went up to Washington D.C. to land a job for him in the Obama Administration. Bishop replied, "What does 2nd Timothy Chapter 2 and verse 4 say?" Dre' reached for my bible and read it to him reading aloud, "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier."

He said, "Son, God is not pleased with his saints mingling in secular government."

He never told Bishop the truth about him and Ashley. They were not married and had a baby out of wedlock, committing the sinful act of fornication. Bishop was a true holiness leader, a real man of God. Not like many other hook-a-crook preachers around the world. He preached against sin and then he would fight sin. He would whack Dre's flesh and its worldly lust for the ungodly acts in this world.

However, Bishop told him, "Son, now you have to pray to the Lord that he bless you with something better than that and will keep you holy at the same time."

"I will Bishop, thanks," he said.

He respected what Bishop said; but, he would soon disobey his advice for working with the Obama Administration. It was his lifelong dream. He was not about to let it pass him by. He loved Bishop as a spiritual father and advisor, but this was onetime he was about to pass him by. Ashley often teased me about my ties to holiness, her and her brother Japri. She often would call Bishop's organization a cult.

She just didn't understand. Holiness is not a cult, but a spiritually strict standard organization and a way of living. It possessed order, mannerism and etiquette and no lesser than that was acceptable. She was not use to it because she had come from a loose family.

His mother was "Saved, sanctified, repentant, baptized in the mighty name of Jesus Christ of

Nazareth for the remission of sins and received the precious gift of the Holy Ghost” for a majority of her life. She would have her children fasting, praying and reading the King James Version of the Holy Bible for a majority of their childhood.

They even had to anoint and pray over their pencils and ink pens at school before they would write at school. He was raised to respect holiness in contrast to the Obama Administration which is not a holy administration unlike church. His principles include stem cell research, pro-abortion legislation, and research which are done in rejection to God.

He nor his administration were nowhere nearby trying to represent the Christian belief and faith. However, he waited a few hours for Ashley to awake. He fixed several baby bottles while their child lay asleep next to her. He knew once the child awoke. It would be hollering for another bottle. Ashley uncle called to see if she arrived safely.

The telephone woke our child and awoke Ashley, as well. Ashley uncle was never happy with the fact that she had a child by a non-Latina, for he had often hoped that she would allow her seeds to return to her mother’s heritage.

Talking about this subject is not what Ashley ever expected. She was proud of having the ‘Café Au Lait’ skin complexion. She often spoke about people just being people. "After reading about Africans-in-

Mexico,” he wondered where her mind would be heading. Her philosophy had been like Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. in past time.

His philosophy was more after *Father Divine* and *Sweet Daddy Grace* the religious leaders of the rolling 1930s to 1960s. He believed in the economical empowerment of God and not man here on Earth. A few weeks later, the head of the Obama administration contacted Ashley to let her know that he had cleared the Homeland Security background check for the position and they needed for him to fly to Washington D.C. to do a face-to-face interview with the Presidents Chief of Staff.

When she told him, all kind of thoughts started to swirl thru his head. What would he think, once he discovered that he was not a Latina? Often he had heard downtown, in Chicago at City Hall that the chief of staff disliked blacks. Would his personal dislike get in the way of Dre's skills and Dre's status as a ‘magna cum laude’?

Dre’ started to sweat and perspire from all of the excitement and nervousness of one call. Ashley was more excited than he. This would give her a chance to reclaim her worth before her mother’s side of the family. Having a baby-daddy who worked in *The White House* would destroy her families’ stereotypical attitude about her judgment in the selection of a man. Ashley shared the new with her uncle in Washington D.C. later on that day.

He held this information to his chest just like a trunk card. The day Dre' left to go for his interview at The White House; it was a wet and gloomy day in Chicago. When he arrived in Washington D.C., it was bright, sunny, and dry. He became hot and sweaty as his T-Shirt begins to cling to his upper body. Since it was a few hours before check-in at The Washington Palace Hotel, he decided to go and visit a cyborg shop on *F Street,* to do some searching on the information highway with a certain group in the internet café.

He could not discuss what he was there for. Nor, tell anyone who he is visiting. President Obama's staff is serious about details. When it came to the news media getting an early lead on what, their office was about to announce concerning a newly added member to its staff. Ashley never warned him that D.C. was a lot different than Chicago.

It was an 'A-Politically Correct' place. Everything will be done procedural. Back home in Chicago, everything was fast-paced and corrupt in government. Once he got through. He proceeded back down the street, to check into the hotel. He prepared for his job interview. He took a short nap for a half-hour. When he woke back up, he called home and there was no answer. This was unusual, for Ashley knew that he would call once he arrived there in Washington.

He got real nervous and started to panic. She had promised him that she would not leave home until after

she had heard from me at least once. 'Then he thought "*Slow Down, and remember that you left the iPhone with her.*" By him becoming nervous, he forgot her last two-digits to her iPhone. He had the numbers mixed up in his head. He kept trying, until he got the right number. Once the voice mail came on, he knew he got it right.

The second time he called she answered the iPhone. As she answered the phone: in her baby-sounding voice. She answered sobbing saying, "I'm sorry, Bookie. I'm Sorry."

He told her, "It's alright. You just kind of scared me."

"It's not alright. It's not alright," she said.

He said, "What do you mean, it's not alright?"

"The baby had a manufacturing defective pacifier. He swallowed some of the particles from it and choked almost to death," she said hysterical.

"I need to come home right now. Hold on, I'll be right there," he said.

She said, "No...No, go on your interview. Everything will be alright. They are working on him in the emergency room as we speak."

At that point, he dropped the telephone, torn apart between emotions and thoughts (almost forgetting about his interview). All kind of thoughts swirled thru his head, "*Should I go to my interview? Would it be worth me not going home to see if my only child were alright?*" To he, no administration was worth that much, for his family meant the world to me.

He called Ashley back frantic, to tell her that he was on his way back home. She told him, "The doctor just came out and gave me an update on his condition. He said that, they checked everything out with our child, and that he was going to be alright."

"What A close call," he said to her.

They hung up from each other. By that time, He had only fifteen-minutes left to prepare for his interview. He didn't get a chance to review the information sent in his e-mail. It was sent by The White House's 'Chief of Staff.'

This was challenging to him. Dre' had been put through many changes in his life. Now is the chance for him to change for the better. He was about to blow it. His lifelong dream, of working in 'The White House,' was now, hanging off the balance scale. So, he got down on his knees, and started to pray to the Lord. If ever he needed the Lord, he sure does need him right now.

His mind momentarily flashed back, to that moment when Bishop told him about entangling his self with the affairs of this life. "*What am I on my knees praying for? God will not bear a prayer from me for a job. Not after, he had acted out in disobedience to his servant?*" he thought, as he got off the floor and put on his neck tie and went over to The White House for his job interview. He had to go through five security checks before he finally arrived in the President's Chief of Staff's office.

When he exited, what appeared to him to be the Oval Office (that he had seen on television many times before) the chief of staff looked at him as if though he was shocked.

He asked him, “Who are you, and how did you get in this office?” Dre' extended his hand forward, for a handshake. He introduced his self, saying, “My name is Dre' Spenial. I am the interviewee which was scheduled to meet with you for the job position of ‘Senior Advisor’ assistant.” He looked at Dre's extended hand like black dirt...appearing wet from the dew of the heavens.

“I thought you were Hispanic?” He said with a smirk on his face.

“No, many people mistake my name for Latina,” Dre' uttered.

“So why I was not notified beforehand that you were an African-American,” he wrangled.

“I don't know. Does it matter?” Dre' asked. He told Dre', “The President takes no interest in hiring anyone Black at this time.”

Just as the chief of staff was completing his last few words of his sentence, President Barack Obama walked in the room swift. First he handed over some documents to his chief of staff. Then he told him that he would go over them and discuss them later with him. Dre' begin to get nervous as sweat and perspiration begin to run down from under the pit of

his arms do to the excitement of just being in his presence.

He looked over at Dre', with a warm smile and said, "Hi, how are you doing?"

Dre' replied back to the president, "Fine, Mr. President. I have dreamed about working on your staff, every since my days at Morehouse College. I have been doing volunteer work for your campaign. In spite of the opposition I faced in class from my professors'. They threatened to give me 'Rs' if I continued. I still continued to work on your campaign against the odds."

"Is that a fact?" the president said.

He answered, "Yes, forgive me. I know it is in appropriate for me to address you Mr. President, without being granted clearance to proceed first." Right at that point, the chief of staff broke in and interrupted Dre' saying, "This is all a mistake. He was not who I initially had on schedule for an interview. Somehow Mr. President the applications got mixed-up."

Dre' frowned at such distaste of prejudice, and the president noticed it. He said, "Why don't I take a look at your application and look into what position you were applying for and have my clerk to take care of it."

Dre' smiled recognizing something totally different from when he made his victory speech the night he won the election. As the president turned to his chief of staff saying, "He got all the way this far. There is no

use of turning him back now without the common courtesy of him at the least getting a legitimate interview.”

His chief of staff wallowed away soaking in his own prejudice, being silenced by his own boss who runs the country: The President of the United States of America. His chief of staff upon exiting the door contemplated in his mind how he could get even with Dre’.

The President shook Dre’s hand as he exited to the sub-Oval office space where the clerk resided. The chief of staff never shook his hand or gave him a warm smile.

Dre’ didn’t care. His mission had been fulfilled. Getting a chance to meet the president face-to-face, was well enough for him in his own eyes.

Dre still remembered that just meeting him was not going to buy diapers, milk or stop the baby from crying back home when he is hungry. One good thing he did get out of the deal was, he got the satisfaction of knowing, that the president was on his side. Maybe his chances of landing a job in ‘The White House’ is greater than before. He returned to The Washington Palace Hotel and proceeded to his room, still concerned about the accident that had happened with their child (it never left my mind I just brought it down to size to get through my interview).

He called Ashley on the cell phone praying and hoping for continual good news about their child. She

answered at the other end, “Dre’ our child is up playing, laughing, and moving its hands around frantically.”

“I met with President Obama,” He told her.

“Stop playing, for real,” she said.

“He even took control of my application.”

“So what’s next,” she anxiously asked.

“I only know that, he will be turning it over to his Clerk for review.”

Then he thought back momentarily when him and the president’s chief of staff was in the office. He wondered, did the president hear their conversation and that was why he came in the room swift.