

# A Thanksgiving Visitor (From Around Da Way)

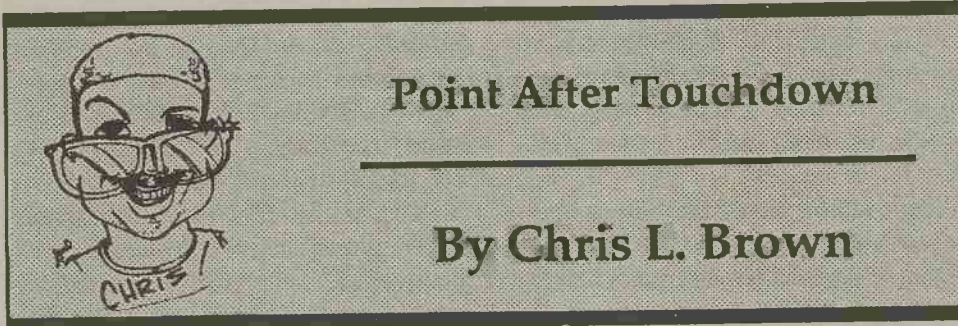
From the Journal of Sir William R. Smythers, The Colony of Plymouth.

Date: The onescore-first day of November, in the Year of our Lord Fourteen-Hundred and Ninety-Three.

Dearest Journal:

Our humble colony has been in this new country for approximately one year now. Thanks to the grace of the Lord, we have not starved nor been eaten by demons; we haven't fallen off of the Earth yet, either. The Lord is truly with us. Yet, our Indian friends who dress so casually had a unique visitor today. He looks so strikingly different; his hair is kinky but long; it stands straight up even and defies forces natural. He wears a strange, multicolored thick stocking-like article atop his head. His skin is even darker than the Natives'; it is brown but he calls himself 'Black.' Well, he is certainly not Black. He is brown like the warm Earth near the river. On his face, he has paint not unlike the Natives; white circles around his eyes, and red paint about his mouth, almost like a smile. This man speaks a form of English, mixed in with a lot of foreign lingo—some of which I picked upon. He says "bad" when he means "good," for instance. He claims to be from the future, from some strange land called "America;" the year 1990, on a world called "FOX Network." I don't know if believe the last part or not, but he is certainly not a man of our time, and he is certainly not a demon; he has a real liking of chicken.

He calls himself "Homey the Clown." His clothes are very loose and have spots of different colors all over them; his feet are enormously large and his toes bulge out like the Elk that we hunted last week. He



## Point After Touchdown

By Chris L. Brown

sleeps very loudly in my cabin, his round red nose makes a blubbering sound as he takes breath. I plan to find out more about this strange being from another time, maybe to help learn about what I will become.

Date: The onescore-second day of the Year of our Lord Fourteen-Hundred and Ninety-Three.

Dearest Journal:

Today was the day we gathered and gave Thanks to our Lord for all of the Blessings He has bestowed upon us. The Frankfurts were thankful for their land. The Johnsons were thankful for our safe-keeping. My family expressed our thanks for the closeness of the colony. Homey said that he "wasn't thankful for any!@# thing, so let's eat so I can get my time warp contraption fixed and my butt in the mix." I think he meant that he was happy with everything.

Later on in the day, I asked him to tell me more about where he was from. "The future," he said, "Home of the ten-dollar movie, the Cosby show, and your White successors oppressing my Black brothers and sisters." He then withdrew a spongy ball attached to a rope, and hit me. "Homey don't play that," he said. I was without understanding to what he was talking about.

He spoke of a man called King, a man called Malcolm, and a band called De La Soul. He said the turkey tasted burnt. He asked why we didn't use the microwave. From what I gather, this is a magic box that is possessed in the future that persons use to prepare their meals. Homey said he stole his from 58th street.

After the feast, we had a festival with the Natives. Homey kept saying, "Who do the Cowboys play today?" He described futuristic competition where men are engulfed in armor, battling to move a pig across the goal. He said they use magic potions called steroids to make their bodies stronger, but their children come out with two heads. He attempted to show us the game, but we didn't learn much, because he kept on running across the goal, throwing down the "ball" (actually, the other Turkey from the feast), and singing a peculiar tune called "Can't Touch This" while prancing about. We concluded that it was some sort of ritual to praise God.

Date: Onescore-third day of November, of the Year of our Lord Fourteen-Hundred and Ninety-Three.

Dearest Journal:

Homey left today. But before he did, he told us about what this land would be like

in the year 1990. He said that, because of us, it was to become one of the largest and most powerful nations of this world, "but I still can't find a #%%\$ job!" He told us that it was important that we build a shrine for him, because that idea would turn into a mountain-sized symbol for the nation, called the "Statue of Homey T. Liberty."

He predicted independence from the mother country, something I have written on before. He also took one of the Native chief's daughters with him, saying something about "boot knocking," another futuristic ritual that he mentioned quite often. He left me a colored book, full of amazingly realistic and lifelike drawings, called "Players." Inside, it had fold-out drawings of clothless futuristic women. He told me, "The way yo' wife looks, you're gon' need this."

Finally, before leaving in his magic mechanical contraption (he had to get back, he said, because "Today is the largest shopping day of the year."), Homey told us we were destined to go to a place called Africa, where we would find more people that looked like him. He told us to bring them to our land, then make them rulers and kings, because they had magic powers and would bring wealth and prosperity. He also left a schedule for FOX Network programming, whatever that is.

He told me that I was "one cool motha" (I couldn't discern the last part of that phrase), and to keep this Day of Thanks tradition going, because his "mother-in-law's dressing is as good as she is ugly." Farewell, Homey T. Clown. May your ratings beat "Murder, She Wrote."

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## Album Review: The Future

Ratings: A

They're back! Aaron, Damion, and Teddy also known as Guy. After the release of one of the best debut albums I've ever heard, Guy is back with another slammin' record called The Future.

Due to the new jack swing controversy with their ex manager/producer Gene Griffin, it has taken Guy almost two years to make a follow up LP, but what they lacked in timing they more than make up for in quality. Every song on this album kicks with a vengeance.

Once again, Guy covers every element of success on their album. They have dance tunes like "D-O-G Me Out," "Wanna Get With U," and just to let you know he hasn't lost a step Teddy Riley made a "Teddy's Jam 2." There are two upbeat songs in particular that I pick to be instant hits upon release: a tune called "Her" which will

have dance clubs drooling over it and "Do Me Right," which features a rap by Heavy D. Then just when they got you moving, they can break it down smooth with the love songs: "Let's Chill," "Tease me Tonite" and "Smile." But the best ballad by far on this album is a remake of the Gap Band's "Yearning for Your Love" which is arguably better than the original. (Now that's saying a heck of a lot if you can take a tune that achieved "hit" status and improve on it.)

When making a record that follows a strong debut, most artists just try to make a recreation of their first album, but Guy takes it to another degree. This album surpasses the first, all my expectations were fulfilled which is why this album merits an "A." I strongly recommend to all music lovers, go and get this album.--by Corey Brown

