

HMMM... Are Greasy Burgers All Part of the Plot?



Wonderboy!

I wonder why I can't get no molasses at this school?

You know what I'm talking about—some of them "Grandma's Molasses" mixed with a little bit of butter to make them extra challenging to sop up.

You know, when I was a little boy, my mamma used to fix molasses 'n' butter for me all the time. One time, instead of using butter, she mixed the molasses with some of that expensive margarine. Now, my mom usually doesn't buy margarine but she had a coupon for a free box so she used it.

Anyway, she put that stuff in my molasses and I swear it turned as hard as a brick. I dabbed in it with my fork, and looked at my mom. She returned my look and said, "Boy, you better not mess over that food! Sop every bit of it up!"

Now, my mom knew she had messed up and I did too. But to keep peace in the house and most importantly, to avoid getting my butt beat, I began to sop. It was tough, though. That stuff got harder and harder but I was determined to sop every drop of them molasses up.

And I did!

By the time I was through, I had worked up a sweat. I sopped so hard that the plate didn't even need washing. In fact, the plate had to be replaced because I had sopped the design off the plate, and had come close to sopping a hole in it!

This taught me a valuable tip that should go in the recipe books of all good cooks. If you want to save your plates when sopping molasses, please use cheap butter instead of expensive margarine!

I guess the dining halls had this problem here before, because I have yet to see the first drop of molasses. I don't know what's up! I go in Lenoir everyday and see them croissants or those banana-nut muffins.

Oh, and let's not forget them damn bagels! Who in their right mind would pay good money for a dried out piece of bread? I admit, I tried a bagel one day and let me tell you—that thing was so dry, it just absorbed all the water out of my mouth. The more water I drank, the more water that bagel absorbed. I thought I would have to go to student health because of dehydration. I believe it is just not in the black man's genes to eat that mess.

On the other hand, I see them white folks go in the cafeteria everyday and get their usual five dollar feast—a bagel, cream cheese, and a Coke. I'm not sure how or why they do it, but as I said earlier, it must be in the genes. I guess it's sort of like why they wear shorts all the time and walk around barefooted in December... but, we'll discuss that later.

What I am really upset about is the fact that why, when I pay so much for my school expenses, I can't get what I want to eat. There is no variety. One day when I was heading for Chase dining hall, a freshman approached me and stated, "I sure am hungry. I wonder what they're serving tonight?"

Without even thinking I replied, "Macaroni, broccoli, and green beans."

The freshman said, "How do you know?"

"Trust me," I said.

The freshman walked in, and on everybody's plate saw what I had spoken of.

Now, I have no problem with macaroni—if I don't eat it every day. Broccoli is good too, if it is not crunchy. I love green beans—if they don't taste like leaves.

There just simply isn't any variety! Even the fountain drink machines let you know that this school caters to white folks. I don't know about you, but all the brothers and sisters I know love the refreshing taste of grape soda. Now, when is the last time you've seen a "Nu Grape" label on the fountain drink machine?

So what was a brother like me to do if he couldn't get a plate of

veggies that were at least seasoned with a little bit of ham-hock?

I did the only thing I could do. I went over to the grill to get a burger. I figured they couldn't mess up a cheeseburger that much.

After a while, I found myself going to the grill everyday—consuming those greasy burgers. It then dawned on me—the white man is trying to kill us!

Listen to my logic.

You see, they target us as soon as we set foot on this campus. They know brothers and sisters love to eat. On top of that, they know what we like to eat.

How can I say this? Picture this. When a black man dies of a heart-attack, who do you think performs the autopsy? A white man!

Who do you think they report this information to? The Surgeon General.

Who was the Surgeon General? A white man!

So you see, they already know what we eat. Now they employ the strategy, "If it ain't seasoned beyond reason, to the black man it ain't pleasin'." That is to say, "If we don't season these healthy vegetables, the blacks won't eat them. Therefore, they will go to the grill and eat them greasy burgers."

Hmmm?

Now, I know some of ya'll are questioning my logic. But, I will present my last bit of evidence to show you that the white man is

indeed trying to kill us.

One morning I went to the all-you-can-eat breakfast at Lenoir. I went in and took my place in line. Now, the kid in front of me was a white fellow. He said, "Give me some bacon, some eggs and French toast with butter and syrup."

The old white lady who was fixing the plates gave him one strip of bacon and carefully scooped him some eggs—making sure she didn't scoop out any grease. She gave him one piece of French toast and even drained the excess grease from it. She added light syrup but purposely didn't add butter. I knew this when she winked her eye at him as to say that he didn't need any butter.

Then came my turn to order. I wasn't too hungry so I said, "I'll have the same as that guy."

Now check this out.

That woman gave me four pieces of French toast and saturated them with tons of syrup and gobs of butter. She poured some eggs on my plate—grease and all. Then she got an extra plate and literally stacked bacon on it. The white lady handed this to me, smiled, and said, "I hope you enjoy it."

Double hmmm??

Now, I am not going to blame her totally because I didn't have to eat it. But people, how could I resist. I admit I was hooked on the black man's drug.

I was... ADDICTED TO THE SWINE!

Currently, I am in this program called "POP" which stands for "People Obsessed with Pork".

It's a constant battle, but I am determined to overcome my habit. I have already decreased my intake of pork products. Before, I had a 25-pound-a-week fatback habit.

I am proud to say that I have now cut that in half, and when I do eat it, I consume only the fat—without the back. (Hey, at least it's a start!)

My black brother's and sisters, remember the old adage: You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink. The same applies with food.

So the next time you go to Lenoir or Chase, and someone tries to give you a "cholesterol biscuit", JUST SAY NO!

Instead, tell that person that you are somebody, and that you would just prefer a salad.

You'll enjoy it, and hey—it's cholesterol free. Peace ya'll,

Wonderboy

Wonderboy's alter-ego is mild-mannered John McCann, a sophomore from Raleigh.

