

Hmm... There's Only One Halle

A couple of months ago, I gave a friend of mine, a girl, a ride to McDonald's. Now, we didn't go together or nothin', but I went in with her to make sure them roughnecks from Carrboro didn't mess with her.

So we get in, and she places a small order. But this was one of them Mickey-Ds run by a bunch of brothas and sistas... so I knew it would be a while before she got her food... C.P.-time, ya' know.

After a long wait, dinner was served. But by this point I was furious! Here I am wastin' my time, and gas, and I wasn't even gettin' nothin' to eat.

"Bump that! I got 'sta' get mine," I thought.

So I put my mack on and kicked it to the cashier. "Yo' girl... how 'bout a complimentary drink, since I had to wait so long?"

She looked at me and started to cop an attitude... until she saw I was with a young lady. That's when that female mentality took over. I could read her mind. "I'm gon' take yo' man," she thought.

So she hooked me up with a soda.

But what's wack is that homegirl with me was not my girlfriend. I understood the girl though and realized it was not totally her fault... it's a hormone thing.

But fellas don't be doin' no mess like this.

At least a brotha is considerate enough to kick it to your girl when you're not around.

I wonder why every time I walk into a store I hear that hourly announcement, "DEPARTMENT HEADS, PLEASE CONDUCT YOUR SAFETY AND SECURITY CHECKS AT THIS TIME!"

Is it just bad timing, or are they really watching ME?

I think the latter... especially in lieu of last semester's Rite Aid situation.

A brotha who works at a local bar said he went into the Rite Aid on Franklin Street to buy cigarettes for himself and his co-workers. He sought to use a company check, as was common practice for fellow workers who made the tobacco run.

But bro'man's boss must'a

not've had his glasses on that morning, because he made a gross oversight.

He obviously didn't realize that he was sending a black man out with the check. A white worker always made the purchases before. According to the brotha, the white employees never had problems cashing third-party checks. But it seems that, according to the brotha, Rite Aid merchants had a problem with him cashing the check.

Sniff. Sniff. Do y'all smell that?

Smells like a trout...or maybe it's a bass. Whatever it is...somethin's fishy!

Two years ago, Rite Aid was accused of discriminating against blacks. Black community leaders said black hair care products were placed near the front of the store...and they weren't on sale, either! At the same time, white products were shelved near the rear.

This seems to be a popular trend among drugstores nationwide. Not long ago, I was watching the news and saw a report of a store that had placed those puffy, white security tags on black toiletries. The white products didn't have them.

Hmmmm???? Now the fish starts to fry.

Mr. Charlie is accusin' us black folks of stealin'!

Well, he might have a case for some of y'all. You know who you are.

Let me ask you this: If I go to the cafeteria, get a glass of ice, and then go back for tea...is that stealin'?

Hmmmm????

But why I got 'sta be a thief? I can't help the way I was raised.

When I was a little boy, I used to go to the grocery store with my moms. We'd head for the produce section, and she'd get me a bag full of grapes to nibble on so I'd keep my mouth shut.

Think we paid for them grapes...? Think again!

My momma would say, "Ain't nothin' wrong with samplin', boy. You got to make sure you know what'cha gettin' fo ya' buy it."

Ya' know, we never did find a bunch of grapes good enough to

buy.

This philosophy stayed with me as I got older.

Buyin' lotion...who, me?

Not when they got a whole shelf full at the store!

I remember I had a date with this girl one night. I put on my fresh gear and whatnot before catchin' the bus to the mall.

No, no, no...my date wasn't at the mall...but somethin' more important was.

Upon arrival, I ran to the drug store and headed for the smell-good section. I rubbed on some of that Tussy deodorant...ya' know the kind that you apply with your fingers. I found some ol' talc and put that on to absorb some of the sweat...it was hot as Lucifer's crib on that bus. And last but not least... I splashed on some of that potent Brut 33....



In the early years...

Ya' know, I'm glad my girl didn't smoke, or I would've been one black brotha...now don't go there!

Nonetheless, I won't stealin'...only samplin'.

Now, many might see this as stealin', especially Mr. Charlie. But in this Rite Aid situation, he has no case.

It's obvious. Check it out:

The next time you're on the yard, look on the ground by the Wall, in front of the Undergrad. You'll see these little, black, berry-like things on the ground...only they're not berries...they're buckshots from

your nappy-headed classmates.

I know, I know...the nappy, peasy-head look is in. But wasn't it much better back in the day when a little jerry-juice kept ya' head looking good all day. (Now, I ain't talkin' about that long, wet curl. That's wack! Like that kid on Urkel's show, *FamilyMatters*. It's just a mockery for that little boy to have a "Ready for the World" curl in the 90s! Just a mockery!)

But black people...we got to

There's nothing I hate more than a base-face! A little bit of cocoa butter will work just fine.

I wrote a song about it...wanna hear it, hear it go:

ICAN'T STAND TO BE ASHY/
SO I GRAB MY BOTTLE OF
LOTION/ ON MY LEGS,
ARMS, AND ELBOWS/ IT'S
MY MAGIC POTION.

Haaaa! Ha! Haaaa!
Thank'ya'ver'much!

While we're on the subject of hygiene...make sure you wash

Wonderboy

do better. Especially y'all females. I see a lot of y'all girls tryin' to sport that short cut.

NEWS FLASH: THERE IS BUT ONE HALLE BERRY!!!

But hey...if you like that style, by all means, sport it. But please take care of it! Sure, it looks good when you first get it cut... and the fellas know when y'all get them fresh cuts, 'cause that's when ya' want to go here and there and be seen.

There was this girl who *only* came to class when she got her hair done. It was so obvious because she'd roll up in English I at eight-in-the-morning smelling like Isoplus. I'd see her for a few days...but by the end of the week, my girl would get lazy. She'd come in wearing all kinds of hats and whatnot. Then I wouldn't see her for another week or so 'till her financial aid came where she could go get her wig wrapped again.

But she's no different from most of y'all young girls.

People, we got to get back to basics. And girls, that means greasin' ya' hair to the scalp every night and rollin' it up before you go to bed. You'll be surprised at the wonders it'll do.

My mom does this, and I ain't never seen her go to the beauty parlor. Yet, her hair looks good all the time. I've seen my mom go out in thunderstorms and blizzards. Her clothes might get wrecked, but her hair comes back unscathed.

And another thing girls...stop wearing so much makeup!

under ya' arms real good. I know it's the winter...but funk changes with the seasons...it's just worse in the summer!

But don't be deceived...winter funk ain't no joke either.

In fact, if you roll up on a brotha or sista who smells like last year, tell 'em!

And for those who ask you for a piece of gum or candy...tell them NO! Make them go back to the crib and brush their teeth. That's what's wrong with us...we're always lookin' for shortcuts.

(NOTE: Mouthwash doesn't work by itself...especially considering what some of y'all are eatin'... but we won't go there!)

Now, concerning the Rite Aid situation...based on what I've seen on this campus, if black students are stealin' anything...it's certainly not toiletries. Too much halitosis and nappy-heads for that.

So Mr. Charlie can't say anything in that regard.

But Mr. Charlie...when's the last time you checked the malt liquor section in your grocery store. Every time I walk past, it's practically empty.

Perhaps brothas are stealin' all the forties?

But if they are, do you care?

Speaking of forty-drinkers, don't white people dri...well...never mind. That's a whole 'nother column.

Peace y'all