

Poetry and Short Stories dedicated to the African Slaves, to inspire, educate and correct lies about Slavery.



These were and are, the strongest people to ever live. Remember, they are responsible for the strength, speed, creativeness, intelligence, some ungrateful Blacks have, over the entire human race. They taught me, the author, that Slaving, to be successful at any endeavor, quickly separates you from average people. So much was learned from Slavery, that has been untold! By David Givins, intellectual, Elem. teacher, the best athlete in the world. I honor God's servants, who were made slaves from Africa, The African Slaves.

David Givins Book of **Inspiring** Poems/stories
Most of them are intentionally untitled. You title them.

1 Song

My people read, so your mind can be set free.
My people read, so one day you can lead.
My people read, so you always won't be in need.
My people read, so know what is greed.
My people read, because you want to succeed.
My people read, so know when to flee.
My people read, so you can give to those in need.
My people read, so you can plant a million seeds.
My people read, so your seeds will become feed.
My people read, so you won't be like winfrey.
My people read, to be the best that you can be.
My people read.



My people, please read.

2

Its time to get your education, so you can
become an intricate part of the nation.

Its time to get educated, so you won't be
easily persuaded.

Becoming a writer, instantly makes you a fighter.

Fighting with pencil or pen, is not a sin. It's the
intelligent way to win.



3

Education leads to emancipation along with graduation
And celebration. Education helps you stay out of bad situations.
The utmost emancipation, requires constant, education.



4

When you think, you know not to drink. If you drink, your life can go down the sink. If you drink, its hard to calculate and think. When you drink, you make stupid decisions, in a blink.



5

I work hard because that's how I'm wired,
Making sure, I'm the last one to be fired.

Laziness puts you out on the streets and
Your dreams are out of reach.

I work hard, because I like to compete, because
My ultimate goal, is to become elite.



6

Inspiration can come at any time,
That's why I keep me a pen
And pencil, to write my rhymes.



7

Gosh, I'm ready to play!

I wish I had a tournament everyday, so I can play a par 5 and hit my best drive. Next, a par 4, where I got a bogey and I still want some more. Here's the short par 3, a nine iron sounds good to me. The ball is on its way, way right, O B, behind a tree, now I lie three, but that's alright, its only a nightmare for me. I wake, Thank God! , its only a dream, because I almost screamed.



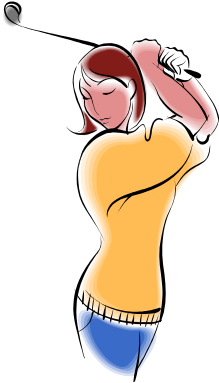
8

I know I'm in love when I'm just happy being in your presence.

I know I'm in love when your never out of my thoughts.

When I didn't score, I still wanted more.

I have to wait two days to be around you and when that time comes, it like the first time all over again. I love you golf.



9

I practice not for fame.

I practice to be good at the game.

If practicing brings me fame.

I have no need to be ashamed.



10

I'm going to school,
to get the tools,
that one day
will give me a chance to rule.
I'm going to school,
so I can spot, lying,
cheating and conniving fools.



11

My Friends, Let Me Fly

Don't hate or laugh at me, when I make A's

Ask me what I do to make A's.

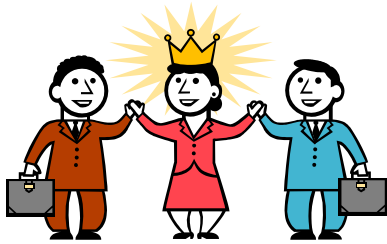
Don't hate or laugh when I receive a certificate for honor roll.

Ask me what I do to make the honor roll.

When I go to college and become a teacher, engineer, lawyer, etc.,

Be proud of me, just as you would be, if I had made it to the NBA
or NFL.

My career last until infinity/forever.



12 Statistical poem

There are about 2,000 NBA players.

There are about 2.5 millions educators.

There are about 3,000 NFL players.

There are about 1.5 million lawyers.

There are about 1,500 baseball players.

There are about 1.2 millions police officer.

There are about 40 people in the entire
Music industry who makes millions.

There are 3.5 millions doctors.

There are about 1,000 actors/tresses.

There are about 1.6 millions mangers.

There are about 1.2 million engineers.

What do you think all of this means?

Hint: I am the ruler of the world, Education



13

You say you don't like the man.

You are a liar.

You love the man, because

You smoke the man cigarettes.

You drink the man liquor and beer.

You use and sell the man drugs to your own people.

You let the man get more education than you.

Got dame it, you love the man.



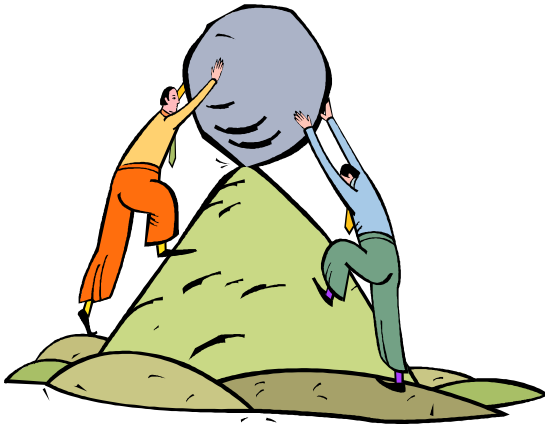
14

I'm happy school started back
Because the summer was boring.
Show me you are happy to be back
In school by becoming a scholar
To help you make a whole lot of dollars.
Show me you are happy to be back
In school by paying attention so
You are not confused.
Show me you are happy to be back in school
When you don't understand you are not ashamed
To raise your hand.
Show me you are happy school has started back
By coming to class on time to learn more facts.
Show yourself you will come to school and absorb
All the knowledge you can, so that you can be the
Intellectually man.
I ain't forgot you girls or I haven't forgotten you girls.
Girls, you are growing up, from the time you were a baby,
Get that education, to become that impressive lady.



15

Question, what are you striving to be? I hope you
Are striving to be better than me. That means you
Are educated, very educated, hard working, athletic,
Alcohol, smoke, and drug free. If you are striving to
Be that and more, keep striving, eventually you might
Become better than me. I use the word might because the
Writer of these poems will never stop striving to be better.



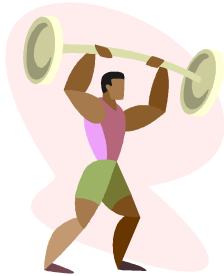
16

Tiger Woods, you have just come on the scene and
You've done a lot for Black and the golfing regime.
Tiger Woods, continue to be the man, helping
As many children as you can.
You've given golf back to whites in
Exchange, they've allowed you to help Blacks.
Only a few can see what you do and that few
Will replicate your success, in honor of you.



17

I am one of the best sculptures you will
Ever know, even though I haven't had
My first show. My sculptures are not
Made of stone, wood, iron or clay. It's
Made of bones, flesh, and muscles, which
I sculpt everyday. Sculpting my body will
Always be my greatest creation, because the
Hard work I put in to it gets rid of much frustration.
Sculpting your body is the hardest thing you will
Ever do, that's why so many people choose not to.
I will sculpt my body until my last breath. I have no
Chose but to stop, because I will have experience death.



18 Competition

Why don't you compete?

Is it because you are not an athlete?

Competition is not just sports,
Where you have to wear shorts.

Did you know the biggest sport

In the world is academics, where

Most students should have no limits.

Most students have the ability to compete academically, but they
choose not to. Shame on you'!!



I'm going to kill you, when you put me in your system.
I might kill you right after you take me or in five to ten years.
I know you are weak, so I know I'm going to get you.
Look at what I have already done to people around you.
I am going to have you looking and living like that.
I know the people you look up to, your heroes . I am going to kill them to.
They are famous, but I have killed a lot of them. It takes a little longer because they are rich, but I'm drugs, all I do is kill.
Some of you'll might say I know people who use drugs and they are still living.
Let me tell you how else I kill people.
I cause them to loose their jobs, which means eventually, no money.
No money, your out on the streets robbing and selling your body.
That is another way of being killed, yet your still alive. **You have to be smart to understand that one.**
Cigarettes- I kill you by giving you different types of cancer.
Cancer is a slow death sometimes. You will catch hell trying to stop smoking.

Cocaine, Heroine, Crack, Marijuana- you will never keep a job using me and I am a pure killer. We have killed a lot people by putting them in jail, yet they are alive.

I am drugs.

You love me more than your education.

You love me more than you life.

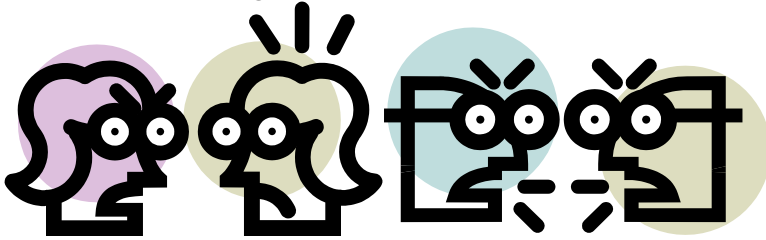
You love me more than your children.

When you use me, I own you and don't forget it.

I'm try to get 50 and JZ to use me. Them MF'S

Are smart.

They know what I can do, that's why they won't touch me/put me in their system, but I'm waiting for them to slip. See what I did to Whitney and Bobby, Anna Nicole Smith. I am always looking for a life to destroy. I don't apologize for killing and destroying peoples lives. I am drugs, that is what I do!



20

They say rap is written at a fifth grade level, so how come you and your PHD haven't put a rap album together?

I guess it not as easy as it seems and I bet you and your PHD will never get on a rap team.

Don't disrespect the rap game because it brings Blacks fame and make some millionaires, and a house hold name.



21

There are Hundreds of whys to Ball. Here is mine,
I'm Ballinnn

I graduated from high school, I'm B

I don't have a felony attached to me, I'm B

I graduated from college, I'm Ba

I'm going to stay fit exercising playing sports for life, I'm Bal

I got a good paying job and I got money in the bank, I'm Bal

I understand making a hundred million a year is not needed to
enjoy life, I'm Ball

I graduated high school, college, without a criminal record, got a
good paying job with a little money in the bank , fit playing sports
and I understand the relationship between God, Jesus and The
African Slaves, I'm Ballinnn.



I wish I could have gone to school when I were your age.
We slave children had to work like our parents for 10-15 hours
Each day and the white People didn't build schools for slave
children. I never had a book,
pencil, book bag, paper, a desk, or a teacher who want to teach
Me how to read and do Math. Me and the other slave children
Didn't have shoes and we had to walk a long way to work
With our parents.

I wish I could have gone to school like you to learn how to read.
I wish I could have gone to school like you and learn how to do
Math.

I wish I had a chance to hold a pencil and write **true stories about slavery.**

I wish we didn't have to work as little 7 year old boys or girls so
we could have gone to school and read and do school work.
We did not have Black Lawyers, Policeman, Teacher, Doctors, and
Writers, like you'll have now. If I were in school like you, I would
read all the books and do all the work my teacher gives me, so I
can be a Teacher, Lawyer, Policeman, Manager, or what ever I
wanted to be. I would be smarter than everybody, because I would
work harder than anybody.

I wish I were in your school sitting next to you, so we could work
hard together, so we can compete academically against anybody in
the world. I wish I were you.

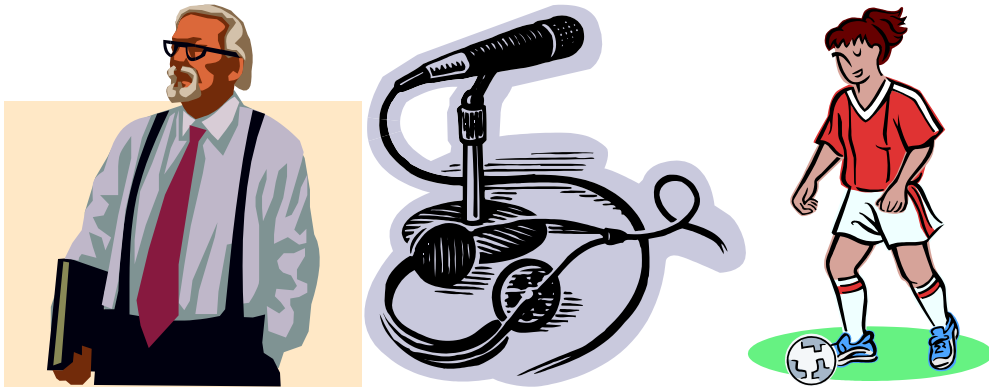
With Love,
Your Great, Great, Great slave little brothers and sisters.



It's Great Being A Nigger

23

Call me a nigger, I'm honored, I won't pull the trigger.
We are the superior athletes, entertainers and scholars of the world.
All children white or black, want to be a nigger, superior athletes
intellectuals and entertainers. It's Great Being A Nigger *fore I am
a descendent of God's chosen children, The Slaves from Africa.*



Every child, white or black, is suppose to look up to God's children, The Servants/Slaves From Africa creativeness, physicality, work ethic, mercifulness and ability to fight when abused mentally, physically and financially.

Why did you yell at me, when I spilled water on the floor?
I didn't yell at you when you burnt my food nor when you drop the
glass and it shatter all on the floor or when you had a car accident.
I am a child/human, that's one of the ways people learn, by making
mistakes. Don't yell at me!



25 The Unborn Child

This is what I demand from my future parents, because I'm not asking to be born.

Future mother and father, I hope you are happy I'm coming into this world.

I hope I'm happy about who my mother and father are.

I did not ask to be born, but since you decided to bring me into this world, I pray that my parents are high school graduates better yet college graduates.

I don't want to be a baby without food and clothes. I don't want my parents leaving me with anybody because both of them have to work. You'll have me, you'll take care of me.

My parents will read to me and make sure nobody hurts me.

I'm making these demands because I'm not asking to be born. You made the decision to make me and keep me. If my parents plan on being together forever, they have a place of their own that they are paying for and they meet all of my demands so that I am given the best chance to compete for any job in the world, then have me. If you can't meet my demands don't have me because, I might grow up and hate you.

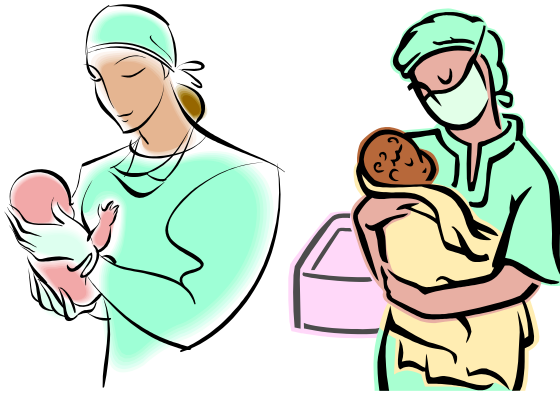
Remember, I'm the unborn child, who is not asking to be born.



The Born Child

You didn't meet my demands and you still brought me into this
dame world!

I hope you protect and take care of me, if not, I will hate you.



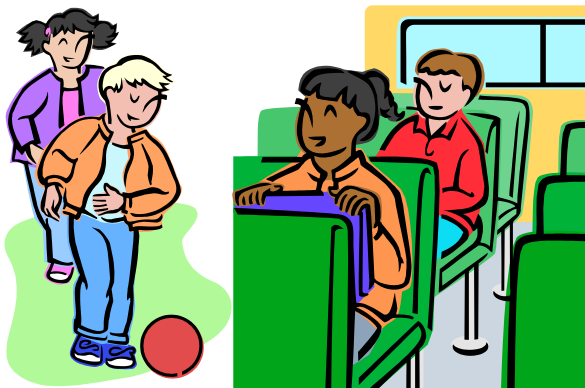
26

If I do whatever you ask me to do,
Am I your friend?

If I do whatever you ask me to do,
I know that's a sin.

If I tell you when I think you are wrong,
That will make us both strong,

Then, I'm your friend.



27

I am something that stops for no one.

I existed before everything.

When the atrocities happen throughout the world, I continued on.

When your existence is over with I will continue on. I am Time!



28

I am the ruler of the world.

Let me explain to you boys and girls.

Anybody you see on TV is controlled by me.

Engineers with degrees make TV's.

Music equipment used, isn't made by fools.

People who make and enforce laws has the education to run the

nation. Musicians athletes and actors are not the rulers of the

world. That distinction goes to my educated people with college

degrees.

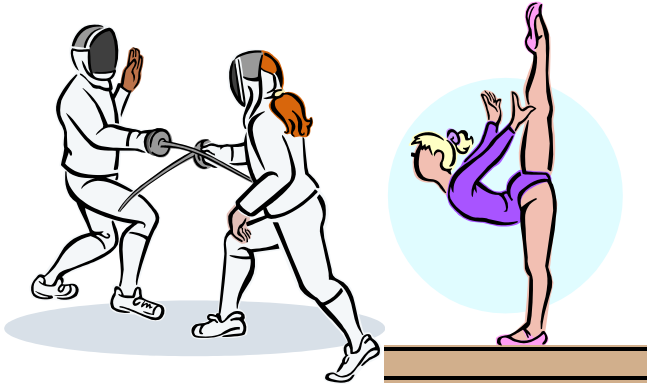


29

During my competition I came in last place. I'm a loser.

Oh contrah monfra, the losers are the ones who never compete.

You may have finished in tenth place, so what if ten people out of ten billion is better than you. If you are afraid to compete and loose, than you, are the loser.



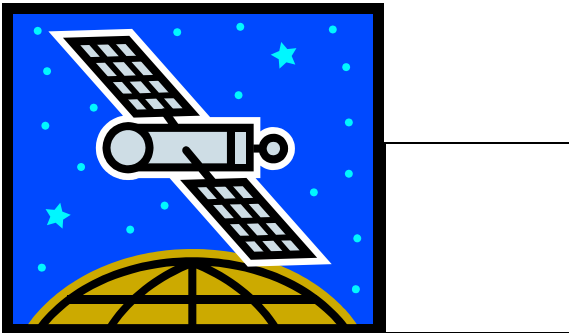
From the Planet to my ungrateful occupant

If people were shorter, the world would be bigger.

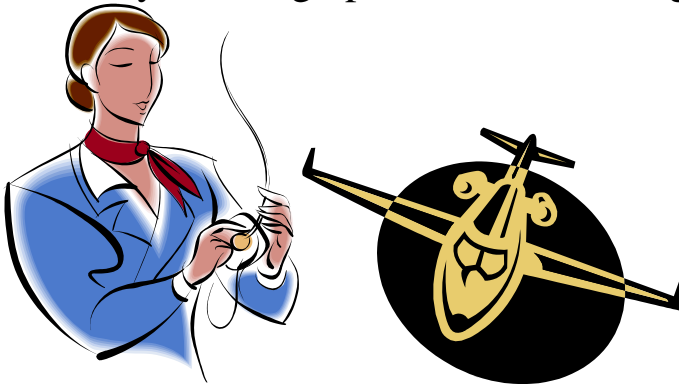
If people were skinner, the world would have more space.

As it turned out people are different heights and sizes.

That's okay, I have more than enough space for you all, for you only occupy one fourth of my land. Its just that you all can't live without each other.



Unnecessary spending to impress fools.
People pleasers.
Going in debt trying to impress fools.
Regretting those decisions.
As for sale because you tried to impress fools.
Don't know the truth about Black history.
Eternally catching up and behind the eight ball.



Caucasian men envious of the fame Black entertainers have.
Embarrassed about actually being inferior to Blacks physicality.
Opportunity to make the world better, they can't because of envy.

Sad, they can't truly use the gift received from their forefathers.
Note to CEO'S: You envy cowards (Black athletes and singers)
who have not honored their forefathers, The Slaves From Africa. I
guess CEO'S are as stupid as ungrateful Black superior athletes
and entertainers, who received their physicality and talents from
Slaves, just like you received you gift (wealth) from your
forefathers. CEO'S envy cowards. You CEO'S are to create jobs
and stay behind the scene. Your forefathers worshiped money over
physicality and creativity during slavery. You CEO'S are not
suppose to be famous and house hold names. You have the most
vital part in the world's structure, **which is to employ the world's
people.**

Envy is for Losers. CEO'S, stop being an envier and give back the
jobs to the people, **fore your part in the world's structure, is far
more important than any fool on television.**



Slavery is the most powerful historical event in man kind.
Lincoln did not free the slaves, we freed us by fighting.
All historians are truly a joke and they are coward people.
Vow to God to correct the lies about his work on his planet.
I'm portrayed as inferior, yet Blacks are superior athletes.
Name one elite white athlete, I'll give you ten blacks.
God's loves The African Slaves more then me, Jesus.
His chosen children, The Slaves from Africa, took abuse from the
world, not I his son, Jesus.

Historians, why haven't you all told the world the effects of Slavery on whites and the entire world?

Is it because Slavery hurt whites around the world more than it hurt Blacks?

Should the teaching of history in our educational system be eliminated, since it is full of lies and deception?

Talk about every subject under the sun and show everything on television, why don't we talk about Slavery?

Other countries in the world did not have slaves from Africa, why did Slavery affect them.

Running and running from the past, why don't the world simply embrace and reveal what was learned from Slavery.

Yes, we historians from Harvard, Yale, Princeton and others universities are cowards, what do you all want us to do, loose our jobs by reporting that our white forefathers made the biggest mistake in mankind by not making our own white children slaves, so that they would have the same physicality as today's black superior athletes?

35. I've heard a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, then I guess all knowing is death. I'll take all knowing and dodge death for as long as I can.

36. Slaving is the key to the fountain of youth. They have a new name for Slaving, hard work, workaholic, passion, dedicated, nothing compares to Slaving.

37. You have to be super intelligent, to see past the surface, to find what is hidden.

38. I meditate on the past, so that I can dominate the future.
Slavery of The African Slaves is the most powerful historical event every. Slaving of The African Slaves created a true superior race, The African Slaves. *African Slaves became superior thinkers, and physically superior to the entire world because they slaved for hundreds of years, while the world laughed.*

38A. Slaving, with good teaching, expedite the mastery, of any skill.

39.

The Untold resurrections and transformations by God

My work on this earth has been buried by Christian, Jews, Muslims, Catholics, Universities, Historians, religious leaders/cons and Governments whites and blacks cowards.

I, God, have shown the most beautiful and spectacular resurrection/transformation and the world has conspired against it, led by The United States Governments and the world's governments, churches, Oprah Winfrey, Joel Olsten, Bishop Curry etc., to protect the feeling of whites around the world.

Some of my beautiful dark children, The African Slaves were hanged by stupid white men. My beautiful children, The African Slaves, hung for days by the necks and for days and for days and for days. My beautiful children, The African Slaves resurrection and transformation was more spectacular, than the resurrection of My Son's Jesus and it has been seen daily by billions.

The stupid white men came back to check on my beautiful black children, The African Slaves and they were not there. My beautiful children, The African Slaves had transformed into the beautiful Monarch Butterflies to lay their eggs all over the world, and the world wonders how some of their descendents fly and dunk all over the world. **I, God, and the world, are in debt, to my beautiful children, The African Slaves, for taking abuse for the ungrateful cowards, of my world.**

My work on this planet you lying coward rabbis, preachers, pastors, priests, historians, universities and governments, was not suppose to be buried, to protect white people's feelings around the world. Their stupid white forefathers and mothers are responsible for making your white children and the world, inferior to Black athletes forever, for all Blacks and Whites are coward people, for not honoring my superior children, The African Slaves. The world is inferior, to my children, The African Slaves, as is, My Son and I, God. **Your white forefathers were never suppose to take anything from the mother continent of the world, Africa, fore they were allowed to come and learn**

from Africa and duplicate what ever they wanted, using their own people, in their own country. As sin entered the world because of Adam and Eve taking from the forbidden tree, the world received my Father's wrath for taking Africans from the mother continent of Africa. Slavery created what Hitler could never create, a superior physically and mentally superior race, African Slaves.

From God, leave the lying coward churches, fore all so call religious leaders, preachers, pastors, rabbis, priest, bishops, cardinals, are lying cowards and they are co conspirators with the U.S. government and the world, against me God and my superior children, The African Slaves. The plague, I, God, put on the world for abusing my beautiful dark African children during slavery, was that some of my children's descendents, who are now called Blacks would be superior physically to the world forever, meaning, whites and the world would be inferior to the best Black athlete forever, that's why some Blacks easily dominate sports. **That was and is, their true retribution, for the abuse their forefathers and mothers took from the world, for me, God during Slavery.**

All so call religious leaders were and are suppose to tell the world this, but they didn't because of money and they wanted to protect whites feeling around the world. My children, The African Slaves were and are superior to every human to ever live, including my Son Jesus, for my son loves his brothers and sisters, The African Slaves more than he loves any of you cowards of your world.

From Jesus: My superior beautiful brothers and sisters, The African Slaves took abuse from the world unlike me, that is why **our father God**, gave some of their coward descendents Blacks, superior physicality over the world, for the world to envy.

Now, white children along with the world's children, want to be like My superior brothers and sisters Slaves descendents, Black athletes.

No, that is a problem, your white children and **every child around the world** are suppose to want to work like my superior brothers and sisters, The African Slaves, not so call elite Black

athletes or any athlete, because anyone you see on tv is inferior to my superior brothers and sisters, The African Slaves as is I, Jesus and our Father God.

From Jesus: You adult Blacks, Oprah, Michael Jordan, Jessie Jackson, Al Sharpton, Barrack and Michelle Obama, Bishop Curry, Black Universities, churches and religions around the world, I and my Father God, despise you all for being made to be ashamed of my superior brothers and sisters, The African Slaves, and conspiring against their true legacy and conspiring against our Father God, fore if you ungrateful niggers didn't come from African Slaves, you Blacks would not be superior athletically to the entire world. You would not be as creative as you coward niggers are. What a bunch of ungrateful coward niggers you have turned out to be. The world's children have not been given the only true superior humans to imitate, The Slaves from Africa.

You honor and follow Dr. King, that's funny to me. I follow and honor The African Slaves, I bet you are inferior to me. No one is suppose to come before God's superior children, The African Slaves, not even the Son Jesus nor the Father God, fore neither my Father nor I, Jesus, took the abuse from the coward world and survived like The Superior African Slaves. ***You coward blacks come from African Slaves who died for you, who were and are stronger and more intelligent then any race on the planet, yet you fools honor Dr. King and me Jesus, how foolish can you blacks be?***

40.

Athletic
Ferocious
Relentless
Ingenious
Calculating
Analytic
Nurturing
Sensational
Languished

Athletic, Ferocious, Relentless, Ingenious, Calculating, Analytic
Nurturing, Sensational, Languished, Adaptable, Valiant, Explosive

i	h	Adaptable	t	r
g	a	Valiant	h	i
e	n	Explosive	i	a
r	a	Superior	o	Z
i		Ambitious	p	
a		Ferocious	i	
		Relentless	a	

Ingenious
Calculating
Analytic
Nurturing
Sensational
Languished
Adaptable
Valiant
Explosive
Superior

My children, The Slaves from Africa and my son Jesus are inseparable .

Become one of these and watch how quickly you become superior to many people in the world who are not truly, one of these, a Slave. Slaves are the elite people in the world, fore they have new words for Slaving, hard working, dedication, passion, but remember the Superior Slave will always be, The African Slaves.

Slaving, with good teaching, expedite the mastery, of any skill.

Think, Think, Think, Think,
Analyze, Analyze, Analyze, Analyze
Everything.

From the only Genius God, Through a sinner.

The best athlete, teacher and intellectual in the world, plus the most knowledgeable about fitness in the country. AKA, Lover of The African Slaves, AKA

The Learner, Reader, Thinker and Doer

David Givins, From the Muck!

The African Slave!

A few of the African Slaves superior athletic coward descendents of the entire world who have not honored the people who Slaved so they would have physicality over the entire world.

- Jim Brown, Barry Sanders, Marcus Allen, O. J Simpson, Gayle Sayers, Emmitt Smith, Earl Campbell
- **BCS college football championship teams are dominated by blacks athletes.**
- Jerry Rice, Michel Irving, Chris Cater, Marvin Harris, Moss, T. O
- **NCAA basketball college champions are all black players.**
- Wilt, Michael, Kobe, Lebron, Shack, Isaiah, Julius, Wade, Kareem
- **Uconn and Tennessee women champion teams are black.**
- All of the 100, 200, 400, relays, long and high jump track and field Olympic winners men and women are descendents of The African Slaves. Carl Lewis and Usan Bolt
- Hank and Barry one and two home run champs.
- Venus and Serena, only two in the sport, domination.
- Tiger, only one in the sport, domination.
- The world loves my descendents,(blacks) music.
- The best boxer ever, Cassis Clay, not Muhammad Ali.
- Tyson, Sugar Ray Leonard and Robinson, George
- Scholars of all sorts,

So, how is that The Slaves from African can still be portrayed as inferior people when their descendents are superior to the entire world athletically? African Slaves were and are superior people, their educated adult descendents who know the truth, are inferior cowards, now called Blacks for selling the truth about Slavery for

money.

My children, The Slaves from African were never inferior people, fore I God, severely punished the world, for Slavery. The world has a life sentence, of physical inferiority to the best black athletics, who are descendents of only my chosen children, The African Slaves. Your black children does not know they come from my chosen children, The Slaves from Africa. The African Slaves are my chosen children, because I did not stop Slavery from happening and they over came Slavery without my help, so I God, am forever in debt to my children, The African Slaves, that is why some of their descendents, coward Blacks are superior to the entire world athletically. I God badly want to extinguish them coward Blacks, fore not honoring my children, their Forefathers and mothers, The African Slaves, but since I God am in debt to my children, I cannot make them coward Blacks vanish from my planet. I will show them cowards Blacks that they are inferior to The African Slaves, as is the entire world.

42.

The Most Important People In The World

I don't know how to do this.

I don't know how to do that.

Come here and let me show you how to do this.

Come here and let me show you how to do that.

That is what teachers do.

They show people how to do things.

I'm not just talking about elementary school teachers like myself

Nor, just middle, high school, technical and college professors.

I'm talking about anybody who shows someone how to do

Something, is a teacher.



Are you?

43.

I Love My Body

Thanks legs for walking and running miles.
Thanks legs for running hard sprints,
backwards, forwards, and side to side.
Thanks legs for allowing me to jump.
Thanks legs and arms for allowing me to be like a fish.

Thanks arms for exercising with weights.
Thanks arms for swing the tennis racket.
Thanks arms for swing the bat.
Thanks arms for swing the golf clubs.

Thanks fingers for writing poems and stories.
Thanks fingers for drawing pictures.
Thanks fingers for catching balls.
Thanks fingers for playing musical instruments.
Thanks brain for calculating numbers.

Thanks hands and arms for shooting a basketball.
Thanks arms and legs for allowing me to dance.

Thanks teeth, tongue and lips for working together
to make beautiful sounds that singers and rappers produce.

Thanks ears for hearing the horn of the car.
Thanks ears for hearing the smoke alarm.
Thanks ears for hearing my big mouth sibling.
Thanks ears for hearing the instructions of my parents and teachers.

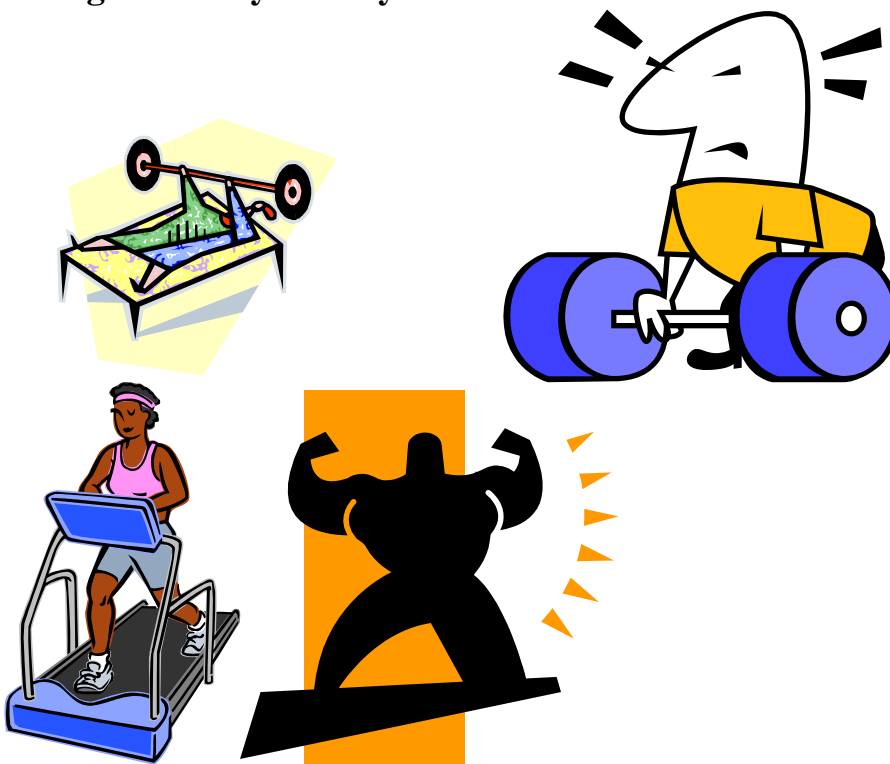
Thanks lungs for helping me breathe.
Thanks eyes for seeing trouble.
Thanks eyes for seeing all the world has to offer.
Thanks nose for working to smell the good and bad smells.

Thanks body for all of the emotions I have felt.

Thanks brain for being very analytical,
For you have made me a super intellectual.

**Thanks heart for working day and night
For you are the hardest working and most complicated machine on the
planet. If you stop, I stop.**

**Thanks body for taking the abuse I put you through to make you
stronger. I love you body.**



I Love The African Slaves

I love the African Slaves, because they died for me.

I love the African Slaves because they lied about their history.

I love the African Slaves because they took abuse for the world and me.

I love the African Slaves because I know the power of their true history.

I love the African Slaves, because they were the bravest people in the world you see.

I love the African Slaves, because they truly, help pave the way for me.

I love the African Slaves, because they broke down life and made it uncomplicated for me.

I love the African Slaves, because the truth about their history is so powerful, it took the whole world to try and bury their true legacy.

From Jesus: I love My Beautiful Dark Brothers and Sisters, The African Slaves, because they died like Me and took abuse for the world, unlike Me.

From God. I love My Beautiful Dark Slaved Children From Africa, Because They Were Sinless like My Son You See. I Love My Beautiful Dark African Slave Children, Because They Took Abuse From The World and died, **For Me**, and that is why I, God, gave some of their coward descendents, Blacks, superior physicality, for the world to envy.

All of you cowards humans, white and black dog around the world are inferior to my beautiful dark children, The African Slaves, for you all have conspired against them and their legacy, but more importantly, you fools have conspired against me, God!



45.

I am, a Slave!

I work and think like my slaved African forefathers and mothers and that has made me superior to any human in the world.

I am a slave to hard work.
I am a slave to education.
I am a slave to thinking.
I am a slave to calculating.
I am a slave to writing.
I am a slave to enlightenment.
I am a slave to fitness.
I am a slave to progress.
I am a slave to knowledge.
I am a slave to perseverance

What are you a slave to!?
Who are you a slave for!?

Become a slave to hard work and education, like my slaved African forefathers and mothers and watch how quickly you become a superior human being. I am the super human being, because I am a descendent of African slaves and I will die working and thinking like slaves which means no human can out work me nor out think me. Because I try to out work my slaved African forefathers and mothers, which I know I will never do, but because I try to out work them, I am easily the superior human being. **I will always remember and honor my slaved African forefathers and mothers. The heroes of the world, are African slaves. You will only become elite if you imitate my slaved forefathers and mothers work ethic, which means you work and think eight to twenty hours a day.**

Parents, Black, White, Asian, European, etc, make your child a slave to hard work at a very early age like the slave children. Do not make them a slave to laziness, like millions of children and adults are today. Children are born to play just like baby animals spend most of the time playing and learning. Parents, do not kill your child's natural athletic ability because you are lazy!

Children, become a super intellectual.
Children, try to become a good athlete.
The superiocest athlete title belongs to the author/poet of this work.
I will not give that title up!
Children, become a the super human.
Children, for you to achieve these super tasks,
You must become a Slave, like my forefathers and mothers.
My forefathers, and mothers and their children worked 10-20 hours everyday!!!
Good Luck!

I love my quote below.

You have to be super intelligent, to see past the surface, to find what is hidden.

Stars

There not just in the sky. Call Star!
There in your classroom sitting next to you. So
They are the artist/painters. A
They are the mathematicians. See
They are writers. You
They are designers. When
They are teacheres. Awe,
They are the scientist. In
They are the readers. Be
They are the hardest workers. Won't
Are You
You So
A One,
Star? Become

47.

Put you resume up against The Slaves from Africa and you will see that you are inferior to them.

African Slaves vs. The World's coward human race

I come from sweat, blood, dirt, aching muscles, power, chains attach and chains broken, death, life, fighters, rebels, terrorist, lovers, slaving and merciful people and once I accepted it and embraced it, the understanding of the world became pre-k to me, meaning, very easy, so I was able to conquer the world without making millions, I did it through focusing on the most powerful event in man kind, Slavery, of The African Slaves.

I God/Allah, am inferior, to my children, The African Slaves

I Jesus am inferior to my only superior brothers and sisters, The Slaves from Africa.

We, The United States Department of Education are cowards and is inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

We, The United States Congress is inferior to God's children, The Slaves from Africa.

I, Bill Gates am inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

I, Warren Buffet am inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

We, superior Black athletes to the entire world, who received their superior physicality from The African Slaves are ungrateful niggers and we admit we are Black coward and are inferior to The African Slaves.

We, Harvard University are inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

I, George Bush sr. and jr. are inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

I, Bill Clinton am inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

I, Barack Obama am inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

I, Jeb Bush have always know since I was a little boy, that I am inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

We, the NFL are inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

We, the NBA, are inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

We, the NCAA are inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

Major league baseball players, uses steroids, so we are automatically inferior to The African Slaves.

We NASA car drivers are inferior to The Slaves from Africa.

We, the professional golfers are inferior to God's children, The African Slaves and have always been cowards.

Baseball is automatically inferior to The African Slaves since they are infested with steroids.

We white women know we are inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

We white me realize that we are inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

We the church are inferior to God's children The African Slaves and conspired against God for money.

We coward Blacks, so call scholars, men and women are inferior cowards to God's children, The African Slaves, fore we have not honored our own true history. We are cowards.

I, coblination, Tiger Woods am inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

The fat, uneducated, drug users, criminals, drunks, are inferior to The Slaves from Africa.

I, Oprah Winfrey am a coward and I have sold my soul and I am more than inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

I Donald Trump am inferior to God's children, The African Slaves, so is everybody else.

We Yale are inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

We, Christians are inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

We, Jews are inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

We Muslims are inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

We Catholics are inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

The world knows that I, Michael Jordan am a coward, so I know I am inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

We atheist , are inferior to God's children, The African Slaves.

Who are the chosen people? My father God chosen people were and are The Slaves from African. My Father God revealed to me that the Slaves From Africa were and are his chosen people, for the Slaves never believed they were superior to the world and if the world think The African Slaves were not My children, then look no further to the gift I gave their superior coward Black descendents, over the entire world, physicality. The entire world is inferior to Black athletes who are descendents of my children, The African Slaves. Superior athletes only come from my children, The African Slaves descendents.

Tell me God, what has been done to honor my chosen children, The Slaves From Africa for the abuse they went through during Slavery. I God am listing. Not a dame thing has been done to honor MY children, The Slaves from Africa, so when my chosen, child honor my children at the world expense, keep you mouths closed.

Michael Jordan, you don't impress me, The Slaves from Africa impress me.
Oprah Winfrey, you don't impress me, The Slaves from Africa impress me.
White women, you don't impress me, The Slaves from Africa impress me.
None of you cowards niggers impress me, The Slaves from Africa impress me with their creativeness, intelligence, mercifulness and physicality.
Every thing you coward niggers have over the world, comes from The African Slaves.
You coward ungrateful descendents of African Slaves, now called some other name now impress inferior people, not my Father God, fore My father God cannot stand cowards.

Bring your resume to us, The African Slaves and lets compare to see if you are comparable to us Slaves from Africa.

No one compares to The Slaves from Africa, not even my son Jesus, nor I God!

Bowing Down

While honing my skills I' m approached by an elder.

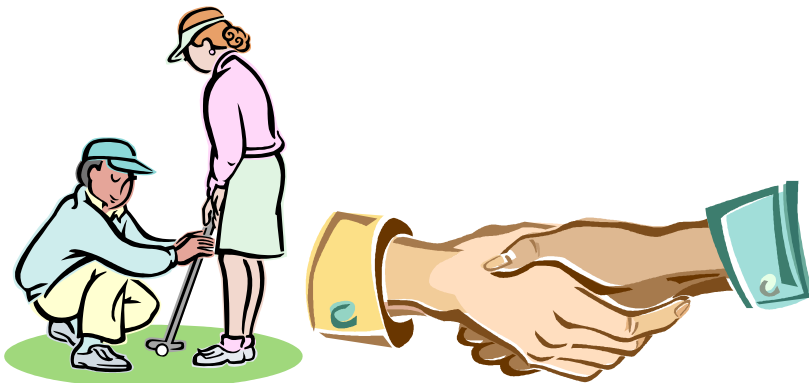
He slaps me gently on the side of my face and I feel no disgrace.

For I am an intellectual man who understands,

It was a sign of affection from an elderly man's culture, that is done to
Infants, even if that infant is forty years old. I must tell you, it was odd
having a man's hand gently slapping my dark face. From my culture, any
part of the hand in the face, is an indication of disrespect in my race. I
thank God for my intellect, that I didn't show disrespect.

I am proud that I gave him his power as a superior elder over me.

I am proud that I honored his culture, but more importantly, I am proud that
I left a positive impression, of a dark male.



My hair is strong, that's why it stands up.
My hair wants to be seen, that's why it stands up.
You can put water on my hair and it will still stand up.
When it wants to lie down, I go to one of my black sisters
And tell them to blow dry it, so this Black man's hair can lie down.
When I want the beautiful braids that only Black Women can create, I go
To my Black sisters and ask them to work the magic only Black women can
make. No other hair in the **world** looks as beautiful as Black people's hair
with braids.
I love my black hair because it can grow as long as any race hair on the this
beautiful planet of ours.
I've seen my beautiful Rasta's with the long dreads wrap around their necks
like vines winding fences .
Our Black hair can be made as straight as any hair in the world but no other
race hair can be like Black's, Freaky, oops, Kinky.

**I Love My Black Hair, because it is the most versatile hair in the world,
just like Blacks. It is strong and wild like the African's jungle and
stronger than the lions mane.**

They gave out hair a name and called it kinky. Kinky means something else.
Come to think of it, it is freakish. I will give it a name it deserve. The most
versatile hair in the world. Let me allow it to grow and comb out the air fro.
My old girl decided to cut it to the scalp so I follow what my older brother
does. He brushes it and brushes it, until magically, waves appear. I've only
seen blacks with waves like that in their hair which sometimes make girls
sea sick. **Gravity pushes everything down to earth except one thing and
that is our kinky hair. Think about it. Gravity is the strongest force in
the world. It holds everything down on earth except the strength and
power of the Black Kinky hair. You got to love it.**

50.

From Big Oil: Why I raised the Price of Oil and Gas

All of our lives we wanted to make life great for our families and our great country, the United States of America and that is what we did for more than 200 years, but the problem was no one acknowledged the Oil Companies, Shell, Exxon, etc, as an elite entity in the States. It was as if we oil companies did not exist. We were only ridiculed when something bad went wrong like oil spillage in the oceans. Nothing positive was every said about the oil companies and that hurt our feeling. Which one of you all said thanks Oil Companies for working hard and bring oil to our country from around the world. How many of you have asked yourselves where would we be without Oil Companies? None of you!

During wars a lot of us saw places that did not have the luxuries that we had in America and those people live happily not having oil and other luxuries we have in the States. So we asked ourselves, why don't America citizens honor us or appreciate what we do as oil companies? These so call third world countries had just as many people as America, especially Africa, India and China. So when we return from wars and started analyzing our situation and our under appreciation in the United States, and we decided to change our image and get the respect we deserve.

Our intention is to make you all pay for not respecting Oil Companies. We will try our best to make America a third world country by making them starve for oil and gas. We have gotten you all addicted to our oil and now you all are at our mercy and there is nothing you all can do about it because the government is at the mercy of our money since we the Oil companies put everybody in office, they owe us Oil Companies and it's time to collect.

Parent, you all do not tell your children to look up to oil companies. You all tell them to look up to athletes and anybody they see on TV. We oil men are more important than any of those fools you see on TV. The world does not know all of the things they use oil for. They don't know how important we are and we oil men are pissed off. How many children say when they grow up they want to be in the oil field. None of them. They all say I want to be a professional athlete, doctor, lawyer, policeman, etc. What about us oil men!

We got some of the smartest people in the world and asked them to track where Oil companies rank as for as what people spend there money on and we found out that we were at the bottom of the totem pole. That meant you all had excess money to spend and you were spending it entertaining yourselves. Plus we realized that around the world the price of gas was much higher compared to cheap prices you ungrateful Americans were paying, so we decided to raise the price of gas and when the opportunities presented themselves we took ever advantage of it and raised the price of gas. We oil men were already the richest people in the world but what we wanted more than anything in the world was respect for what we do for the world. Right now, Buffet and Gates are the richest men in the world, but our oil is more important then their computers.

You ungrateful dogs in America will respect the Oil Companies and what we do, even if we have to raise the price of gas to ten dollars a gallon. It will be the number one topic in the United States no matter what, you ungrateful dogs!

Pissed off Oil Men!

51.

The Best Teachers Ever, Are **The African Slaves**
The African Slaves taught me to slave, slave, and slave.

The African Slaves showed me that drugs and alcohol is not needed to have a good time.

The African Slaves showed me that when you out work people you become superior to them.

The African Slaves showed me that if you study more than people you will become smarter than them.

The African Slaves showed me if you spend more time think than people you will become a better thinker than them.

The African Slaves showed me if you persevere through tough times, than you will know what to do during hard time.

The African Slaves showed me that if you lift, pull, carry, throw, everyday of your life, starting when you were a child, you easily become physically superior than anybody.

The African Slaves showed me that hard work stays with you for ever and out last steroids.

The African Slaves showed me that when you learn something well, you can apply that process to learning other skills to make the learning process easier.

The African Slaves showed me that money does not make you superior. What makes one superior over another is what your body and mind can do.

The African Slaves showed me that the ability to analyze difficult situations and find solutions, make you superior to another.

The African Slaves showed me how not to have hard times in the years to come.

The African Slaves showed me that the body is meant to work and work and not sit and play video games and watch television all day.

The African Slaves showed me how to have a beautiful physic for life. They are the original fitness guru.

The African Slaves showed me how much the body can endure and that is why I work so hard which has made hard work almost second nature.

The African Slaves showed me how to become the super intellectual athletic human being.

The African Slaves, slaved in 90 degree plus condition, so I knew I could train for sports and keep my physic beautiful for life in those condition.

The African Slaves, God's forgotten superior children, I Thank you Forefathers and Foremothers, the bravest, couragest, hardest working, and strongest people to ever walk on this planet. You are superior to every human on the planet, for your descendents are the superiorest athletes on the planet, not billionaires nor millionaires children, but your children are the cowards for being made to be embarrassed of You/Slaves. They are ungrateful niggers, fore if they didn't come from you, they would not have the superior physicality over the world. I am honored, to be a descendent, of The African



Slaves.

The Latest Polls

The Latest AP Basketball Poll

1. The African Slaves
 2. The African Slaves
 3. The African Slaves
- Last places whites and blacks
Cowards.

Coaches Poll

1. The African Slaves
 2. The African Slaves
 3. The African Slaves
- Last Place, white coaches

Sports Illustrated Superior Athletes.

1. The African Slaves
 2. The African Slaves
 3. The African Slaves
- Inferior Athletes, black athletes
Followed by white athletes.

ESPN Reports

1. The African Slaves are superior.
2. The African Slaves are superior.
3. White men and women are inferior to The African Slaves
4. Black men and women are inferior to The African Slaves.

USA College Football Polls

1. The African Slaves
2. The African Slaves
3. The African Slaves.
4. Black athletes
5. White athletes.
6. The rest of the inferior white
Universities with black
athletes, who are descendents of
The Africa Slaves!

The Survey says white coaches are inferior without black
Athletes, who are descendents of Slaves.

The only conclusion is that The African Slaves were the
superiorest physical humans to ever live.

B C S
Title Game

African Slaves vs. African Slaves

The world is well aware that Blacks are superior athletically to the entire world. Blacks are descendents of The African Slaves, therefore, The Slaves from Africa, were never inferior, they were superior to white men and women, black men and women and The United States Congress agrees with this statement, African Slaves produce the only superior athletes of the entire world!

53.

Don't Cry For Me

Cry for the people who are hook on drugs.

Cry for the people who chose not to get educated.

Cry for the people who are homeless.

Cry for the people who are force to be jobless.

Cry for the people who don't know what is real.

Cry for the people who are lazy.

Cry for the people who are afraid to compete athletically.

Cry for the people who are afraid to compete academically.

Cry for the people who never learned to work hard.

Cry for the people who don't have a realistic role model.

Cry for the people who don't have goals in life.

Cry for the people who are born disabled.

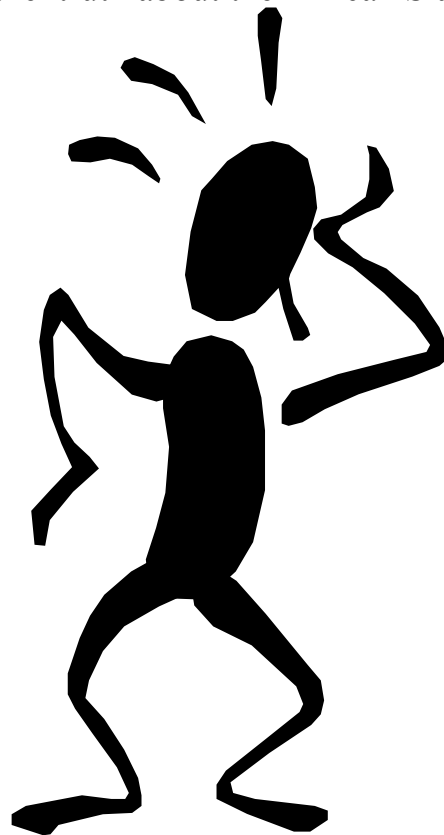
Cry for the people who become disabled.

Cry for the people who have severe diseases.

Cry for the single female who have two or more children trying to survive on her own.

Cry for the death of a young life.

Cry for everybody who don't know the truth about the African Slaves!



What ever you do, don't cry for me.

54.

White, Educated, Clean Cut, With a Suit and Tie

Clean cut with a suit and tie, were the big time CEOs, we have caused many to die. We done stole your retirement, your next twenty years rent, your ass better keep working, there is no money for retirement. Were using your retirement money going to Vegas, were going to blow all you'll money on these young ass ladies. We might take three Vegas ladies away in our 50 million dollars jets. Thanks to you'll trillion dollar savings, we can cover any Vegas bet. We don't mean to leave anyone homeless, out in the cold with their kids, there is always a place for you to sleep, right under a bridge. We knew you would trust us, because we are, white, educated, clean cut, with a suit and tie, we are the real thugs of the world, we have and will cause millions more to die.

We use the rap industry to give you fake images of thug and ballas. Them broke ass rap niggers, we are the real shot callas. We are the white big time CEOs, clean cut with a suit and tie, we have always been thugs and ballas, we don't care if you and your children all die. Were just white clean cut with a suit and tie, we have fool the world with the universal lie, that blacks are thugs. We have killed millions, we just sweep them under the rug.

We stole 5 trillion dollars from American people and we won't do a day in jail, so we never have to worry about posting bail. Americans screaming, we go call the government. We laugh because they are, our fathers, congress. They are like us, white, educated, clean cut, with a suit and tie,, they don't give a dame if you all die. That's what happened when you'll look up to inferior people on television and not look up to education, because we are responsible, for everything that happens good or bad, in the nation.

Were going to ask our father congress for a 700 billion dollar loan, and because we are the true ballas and shot callas, we arrive on the white house grounds in four private jets, each, 50 millions dollars, we are the only true ballas, by the way, we brought four new ladies from Vegas, just in case, we need them to save us.

Dame we tricked them fools being white, educated, clean cut with a suit and tie, we are the big time CEOs, we don't give a dame if all you uneducated fools die.

Old Left Handed Bob

Bob is one of the many people I use for inspiration. He is a white male going on seventy and he is one of the people I hit tennis balls with when I go and practice tennis. He has an unorthodox ways of hitting the ball, but because he has been hitting the ball like that for so long he has become proficient and a decent player. To be seventy and running after a tennis ball like he does gives me something else to strive for in life as I get older. When we hit balls to each other ninety percent of my balls are hit away from him so that he has to run after it. At seventy, he can still hit winners against me, and a lot of times, I allow him to have me chasing the ball, since I'm younger and fitter. We always enjoy hitting with each other, because we make each other run and we compliment each other when one does something good. He is one of the people I look for when I go to Pepper Park to play tennis. You inspire me Bob.

Latrell and Terrell

I see two kids hitting against each other . I had never seen them out at Pepper Park before. I watch them hit tennis ball for about a minuet and from that minuet I could see that they could can really play. They are both athletic and strong black children. I see an older male and decided to introduce myself to him and he is their father Terrell Senior. We began talking and I ask him about his children and their plans for their future. He is training them to be professional tennis players. I ask him if I could hit with his children and he said sure. I was honored that he allowed me to practice with his beautiful black children. Our relationship continued for months where I had the privilege of honing my tennis game, with I hope, future very successful beautiful black children, Latrell 15 and Terrell, 14. Latrell has the stronger body with her brother being leaner and not as muscular but that will come in time. I had an awesome time training with them and competing against them. Although I am the superiorest athletic in the world, I hate to admit that I never could beat them in a match. I came close but in the end they were victorious. I could not over come the training they had since about eight years old. I love the competition and the chance to train with hard working beautiful black children. More importantly I met a beautiful black family , Mother Maggie, Terrells and Latrell. Keep your eyes on the prize.

Love David Givins,
The Learner, Reader, Thinker and Doer

Young Columbian Tennis Player

I met this young Columbian tennis player David while he was playing with his father. They invited me to hit with them and I did. David was about fourteen. He had not fully developed his tennis abilities yet like Terrell and Latrell. The three of us hit for a while and then it was the battle of the David's. We played a good close match which I won in three sets. We continued to play each other through the next three years. He would win some matches and I would win some matches. About six months to a year went by and we had not played each other. We finally met again at Pepper Park where he had matured physically, mentally and tennisly. After the first set where I lost, I knew it would be very tough for me to win a tennis match against the mature young Columbian. He and I had a great relationship and we enjoyed training and competing against each other. The training he has been doing since about nine years became to strong for the Superiorest Athletic in the world to over come. Keep working hard young Columbian.

David Givins.
The Superiorest Athlete in the World

The Young Black Pilot

Hey Marcus, what up. Are you alright? You look a little tired. I had a long day at school and I didn't get any sleep. What school are you going to. I go to Flo Mo AKA, Florida Memorial. That straight. What are you studying? I'm studying aviation. What are you going to do in aviation.? I'm going to be a pilot. Oh yeah! What year are you in? I'm in my second year and I'm now starting to fly small planes. I love it! I heard you are a teacher. Why are you still working here? Well, I'm use to the schedule of working two jobs because I was doing it before I graduated college and I saw no reason to quit and give away money and my seniority at this company, which is known around the world. How long have you been doing two jobs? About eight years. How do you do it!? **Truthfully, I look at how my forefathers and mother worked during slavery and then I tell myself David, you don't have it hard at all.** Two years later Marcus has graduated from college and is now earning a living as a 28 year old pilot. Marcus, I'm proud of you for keeping your eyes on the prize. You are inspiring.

I wonder what is going on with Osha. She is the first professional female athlete that I had the opportunity to see train and actually train with her and her coaches at the time Keith Sands and George Henry. George and Keith, I am grateful that you allowed me to learn the ultimate game of tennis. I was a baby learning tennis at the age of thirty and she was a veteran at age fourteen. She was hard working, I saw her toughness competitiveness and athleticism. I trained with them for a while. They eventually parted ways and I always asked Keith about her and one day I heard her name mention at the US Open tennis championship. Wow, Osha! I was wonder what you have been up to and I am ecstatic that you are continuing to perusing your dreams of being a tennis champion.

Keep working.

David Givins

The Superiorest Intellectual Athlete in the World

Golf Adventures

In only my second year of playing golf I have driven more than five thousand miles playing in different amateur golf tournaments and have seen some beautiful places. I have gone to Naples four times to play different golf courses. I've gone to Ft. Meyers twice, Kissimmee for two days Orlando for a two golf tournaments. I've gone to Palm Harbor, Tampa three different times for a total of ten days to play golf. I've played five courses in West Palm, several in Delray, Hollywood, Miami and five days in Myrtle Beach South Carolina. I can't wait to fly to London to play carnuscie links course. This is what happens when you set high goals for yourself and work towards accomplishing them. I'm having a blast chasing a round of golf in the sixties. I've come close at 72 and afterwards I still knew I had a long way to go. **Being an educated athletic slave is a beautiful thing!**

David Givens

The King of Athletes

56.



NBA Dream

Let me get two points in the NBA and call it a career.

That feels good.

Let me put twenty up, how about bring back Bird and let me put forty on him.

Nah, come back Red and let me sit on the bench of all those championship teams you had.

David Givens
The Superiorest Athlete in the World, AKA,
The African Slave



57. We are the most important people in the world,
undercover Slaves.

The undercover Slaves are listed below.

Teachers- We slave to create every professional person on the planet. You name them, we have taught them. A few of our creations are listed below.

Doctors- We would not become physicians if we were not slaves. We slave to heal and repair the body, mind and soul.

Architects-We slave to design beautiful things for the world.

Lawyers- We slave so we can run the world.

Engineers-We slave to make the world functional.

Researchers- We slave for epiphanies.

Scientist- We slave for discoveries.

Business people- We slave for money.

Dancers- We slave so we can entertain..

Writers- We slave to inform, cause wonderment, entertainment, etc.,





All of those listed above and not listed in the world are slaves, but remember, the superior slaves will always be, ***The African Slaves.***

Slaving, along with good teaching, expedite the mastery, of any skill.
Compare yourself to anyone who try to work like The Slaves from Africa,
and watch how inept you realize you are to the Slave.

58.

What do you fight for!?

You compete to win super bowls, I fight for the honoring of my forefathers and mothers, The African Slaves.

You compete to win NBA rings, I fight for the honoring of my forefathers and mothers, The African Slaves.

You compete to win world series, I fight for the honoring of my forefathers and mothers, The African Slaves.

You compete for gold medals, I fight for the honoring of my forefathers and mothers, The African Slaves.

You compete to win more golf majors, I fight for the honoring of my forefathers and mothers, The Slaves From Africa.

You sell your as for a record deal, I fight for the honoring of my forefathers and mothers, The African Slaves.

You fight because someone step on your shoes, I fight for the honoring of my forefathers and mothers, The African Slaves.

You fight because someone looked at you, I fight for the honoring of my forefathers and mothers, The African, Slaves.

You fight over a color someone is wearing, I fight for the honoring of my forefathers and mothers, The African Slaves.

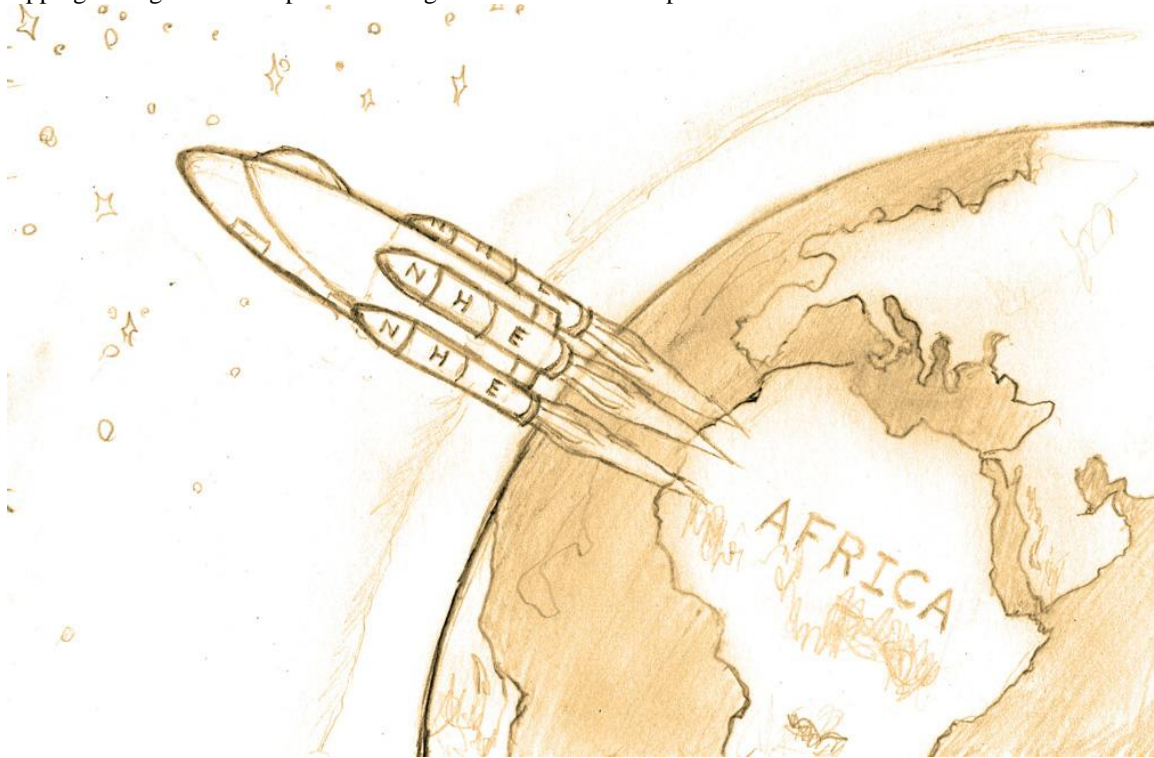
You compete for a boy or girl friend, I fight for the honoring of my forefathers and mothers, The African Slaves.

Again I ask, what or who do you fight for!?

Children's Books by David Givins

A Dream Fulfilled

5,4,3,2,1 we have lift off. I'm off into outer space. The force of the rocket engines is powerful. My body shakes from the engine's thrust. This force on my body fills like hurricane wind, pushing against my body and I can't move forward. This force last for about a minute which seems like an eternity, a long time. This feeling slowly dissipate, goes away. Chills run through my body because I'm about to fulfill an ultimate dream, which is to go into space and explore the upper universe/ the unknown. We are now in the clouds and moving away from earth at four hundred miles and hour. The ride is getting smoother by the second and I can now breathe easy. WOW! This is unbelievable. I look back at Earth and I see a lot of blue and white. I can only see half of Earth and it is a spectacle. I do feel sad because I'm leaving the only planet I have called home. I'll be back. I get my thought on my task at hand and we are zipping through the atmosphere cruising at six hundred miles per hour.

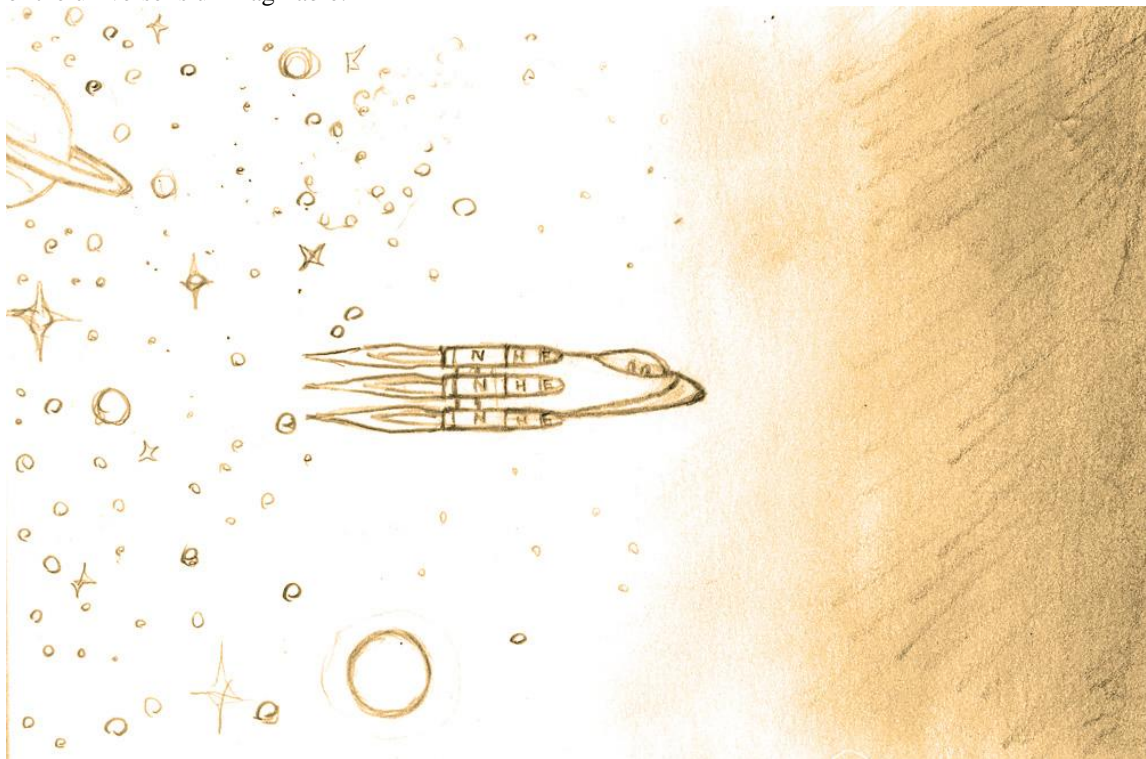


We leave light and enter the night life in space. This look in space resembles the big city lights of New York, Miami or California. What do you think created the similarities? The billion stars. I've lost track of time . It seems like we've been traveling for hours when in reality its been about thirty minutes. I guess its true what they say, time flies when you're having fun. We are approaching the moon and we slow down to get a good look at the surface which resembles parts of Earth 's surface. I thought I might see a bright banana moon. It was actually round, oh well. Off we blast to the dimmest star because it is the farthest away. We decided to stretch our stiff bodies. How weird it is, not being able to do anything fast like we do on earth, but its cool to be able to fly/float.

We get back into our seats and fatigue set in on us. I'm afraid for both of us to fall asleep, especially since the space ship will be going forward, but my captain assured me that it will be okay, because the ship will pilot itself. ZZZZZZZZZZ, I dream about one of my favorite classes which was my second graders that I taught how to play golf by taking them to the PE field to work on their golf swing twice a week for an hour.

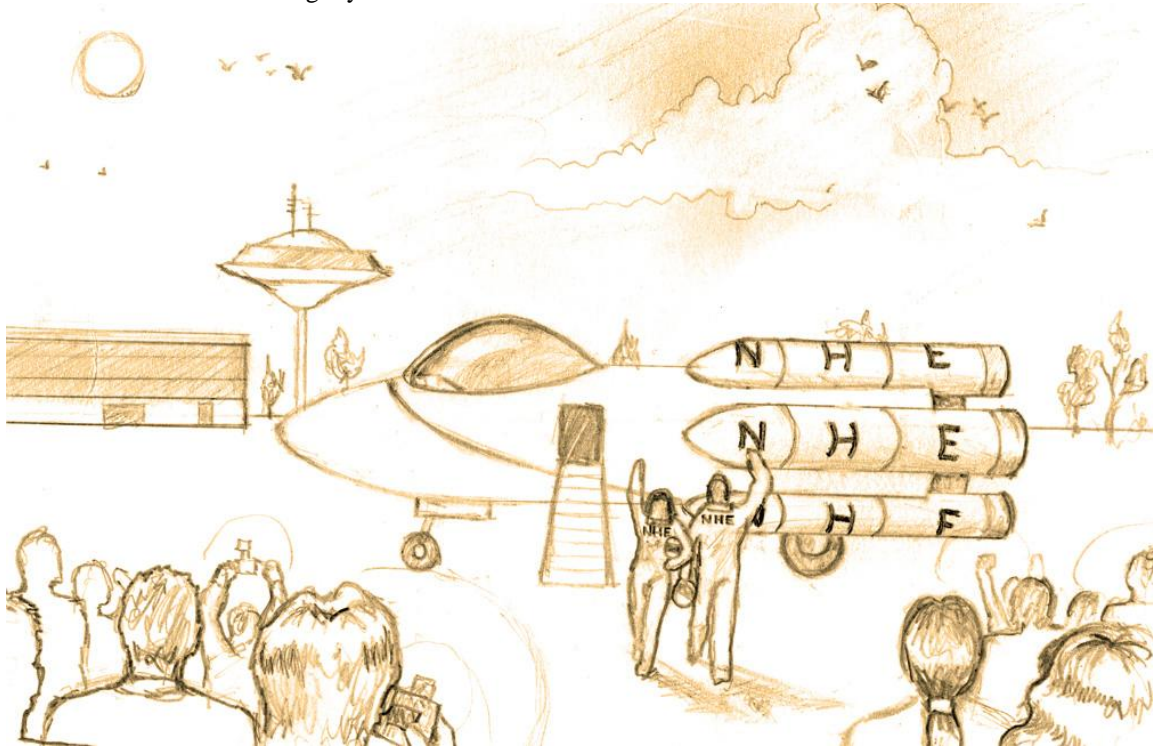


My eyes open and I think I'm still sleeping because there is nothing but darkness. Then I realized that we have past the farthest star and this is what we see. A black page. Where does it end? Is there anything past the darkness? Its time to get home to Earth. This is unforgettable. The beauty and size of the universe is unimaginable.



We blast through space headed back to Earth zooming through the city of stars. We enter Earth's atmosphere and prepare to land. A crowd and plenty of media people await our arrival. We exit the space ship and the crowd cheers and I tell my pilot Rachel who was my second grade student and now is an

astronaut. Thanks for making my ultimate dream come true.



Gracias Rachel for a dream fulfilled,
Your Second Grade Teacher
Mr. Givens

Darkness in the Sky, Animals All Around You

Riding in my cart enjoying a beautiful day I make a turn under railroad tracks and all of a sudden it gets dark. WOW. What are these? There are more than a thousand of them. I didn't see them during the summer. Did they come to see me play? I look for my ball but I can't find it because of the lack of light from the sun.



T

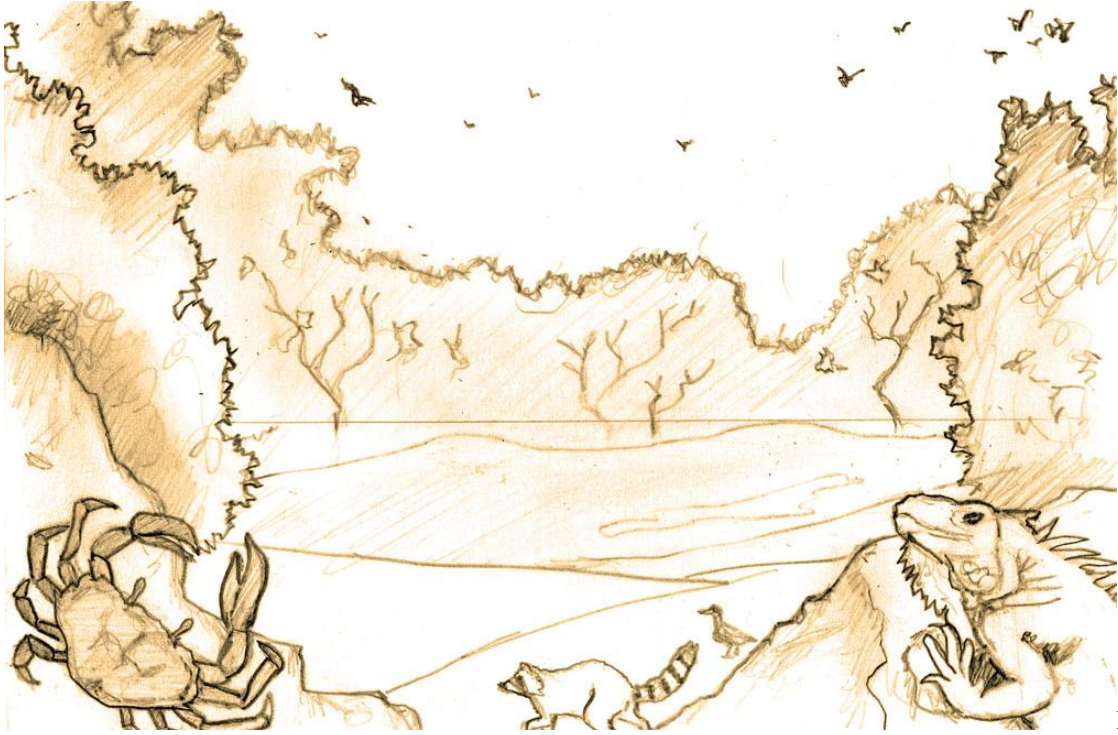
he cause of the darkness are the thousands plus crows in the sky. All of them are black and beautiful with a little purplish blue on their wings and they are everywhere. There not only in the sky flying high and low, their in trees, on the ground, and they are loud. Aaak aaak! If I were in a forest I would be scared, but since its sunny and daytime I feel safe.



Ma

Maybe they did come to see me play. Nah, they come here every winter to enjoy the weather in Miami.

Come to think of it, I haven't even seen the iguanas since the temperature has gotten cooler. Some are green, brown, and orange. They are normally everywhere. Where are the raccoon families, the squirrels. I always see the geese and the other flocks of birds.



haven't seen the blue nor orange crabs, nor the peacock. I wonder when they will come out to be seen? If we are lucky we can get a glimpse of a manatee in the canal or a large school of fish.

Where do you think I'm at? Take a guess. A forest, a zoo, Africa. No, I'm at a golf course in Miami.



Sometimes, it's an amazing site.

Matthew's First 100

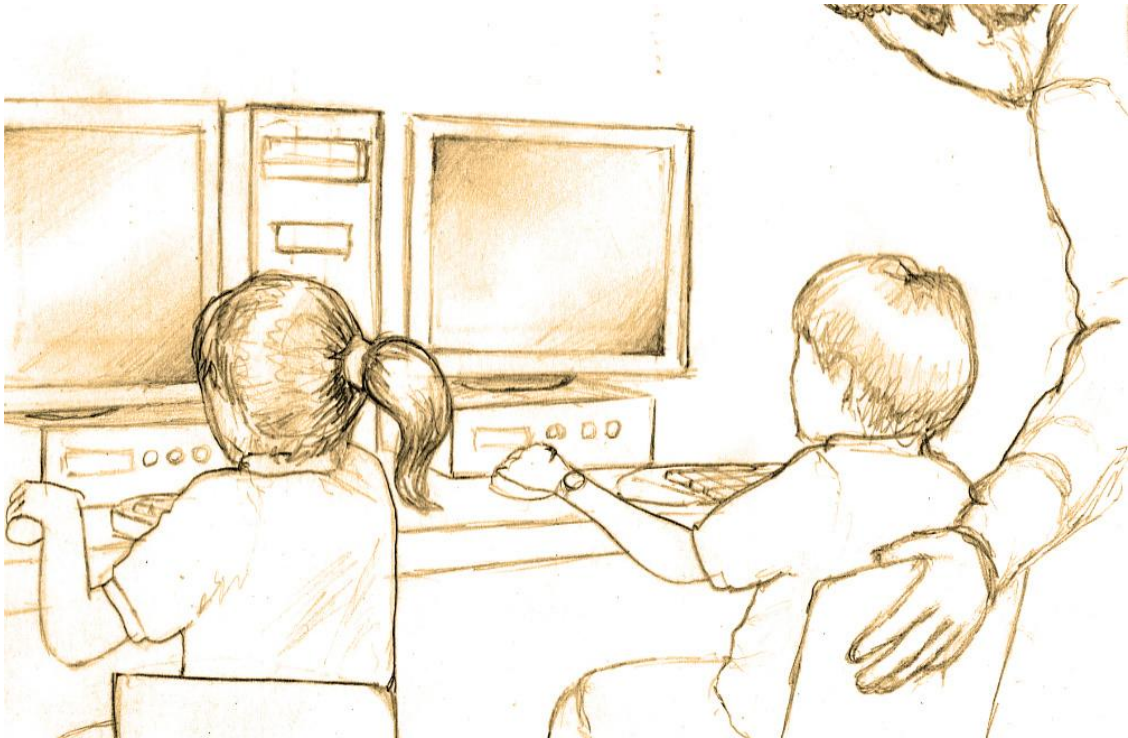
I always got C's, D's and Fs, in Reading, and I didn't know why. I read slow and often mispronounced small words. It's frustrating because the other second grade students in my class can read faster than me and they get better grades. I don't sit with a group because my teacher says I'm always distracting other students. It gets lonely sitting by myself. I have sat with a group but it only lasted a few days.



One day my teacher said he was going to give prizes to everybody who got a 100% on the computer program reading test. This isn't fair I thought because the only students who will get the prize will be Elina, Machel, and Edisky because they are the smartest in the class and they read fast. I won't get the prize because I have never scored higher than 50% on the computer test. The students went to take the test and like I predicted Elina got 100%. Machel was absent this day and she will be mad she missed this day because she's always winning prizes since she so smart. To my surprise Edisky took the test and got 80%. More students went to take the test and there was only one other hundred and that was by Miakol. He was happy raising his arms in the air with a big smile on his face.



It was my turn to take the test. I was a little nervous. Before I went to the computer my teacher told me to concentrate and focus on what the story is about. I went to the computer and completed the activities before the test which are fun. Here is the test. My teacher came over and sat behind me. I read the first five questions and I chose what I thought was the correct answers. Question number six was tough. My teacher told me to use the reread button to help me find the answer.



I did and found the answer in the portion of the story I reread. I use the reread button to help me find the best answers to questions numbers eight and nine. Number ten I wasn't sure what the answer was even though I used the reread button. My teacher told me to think about what happen in the story and make sure I read all of the choices.

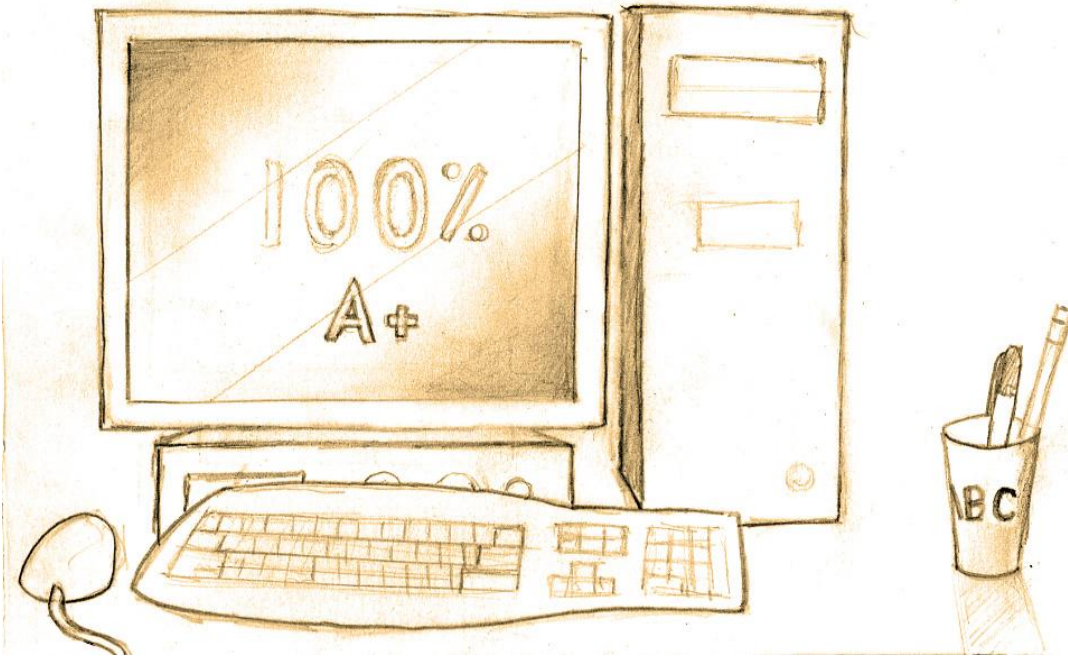
I chose my final answer and 100%. Mr. G, Mr. G, I got a 100! I got a 100! I give my teacher a hug and he hugs me back. I can't believe it! I got a 100%! Hey, everybody, I got a 100! Everybody came over to look at the computer screen to see Matthew 100%. They congratulated me by giving me high fives and hugs.



T

his is my first hundred ever. I did it! I'm so happy . This is the happiest day of my life. I can't wait to tell my mom.

My teacher told me that I can continue to make good grades if I concentrate and focus on all tests I take. What is the prize we're going to get Mr. G? He told me I already have received a prize. What prize? He said I now know that I have the ability to make good grades. I took another test the next day on the computer and got an 80%. Your right Mr. G, I can make good grades if I focus and read the questions and answers.



The next day I got ready to take another test on the reading computer program and I told 100%, to get ready, because here I come. I'm going to get you 100%!

I'm so happy.

5-10-07

As a little boy I remember playing a lot of fun games with my friends and my favorite cousin LUKE.



We played a lot of games children play today like football, softball and other sports. We also use to race each other to see who was the fastest runner. I won some races and my friends and cousin also won some races. In addition, we did spring board diving and gymnastics. Those two sports are awesome.



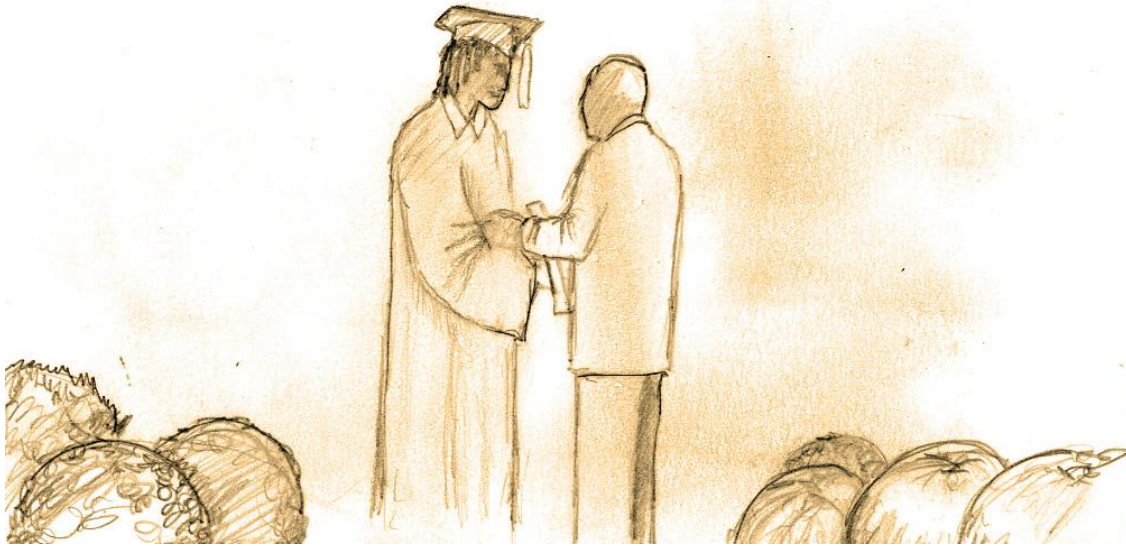
We had a great time as kids. Luke was older than I so I didn't see him a lot in school. I liked school because I learned to read and do some math, plus I got to see my school friends I was able to learn about different things like animals, people, places, our great planet Earth, plus our history. In addition, I learned to add and subtract numbers, multiple and divide. But there was one problem. I could not see what was on the board.



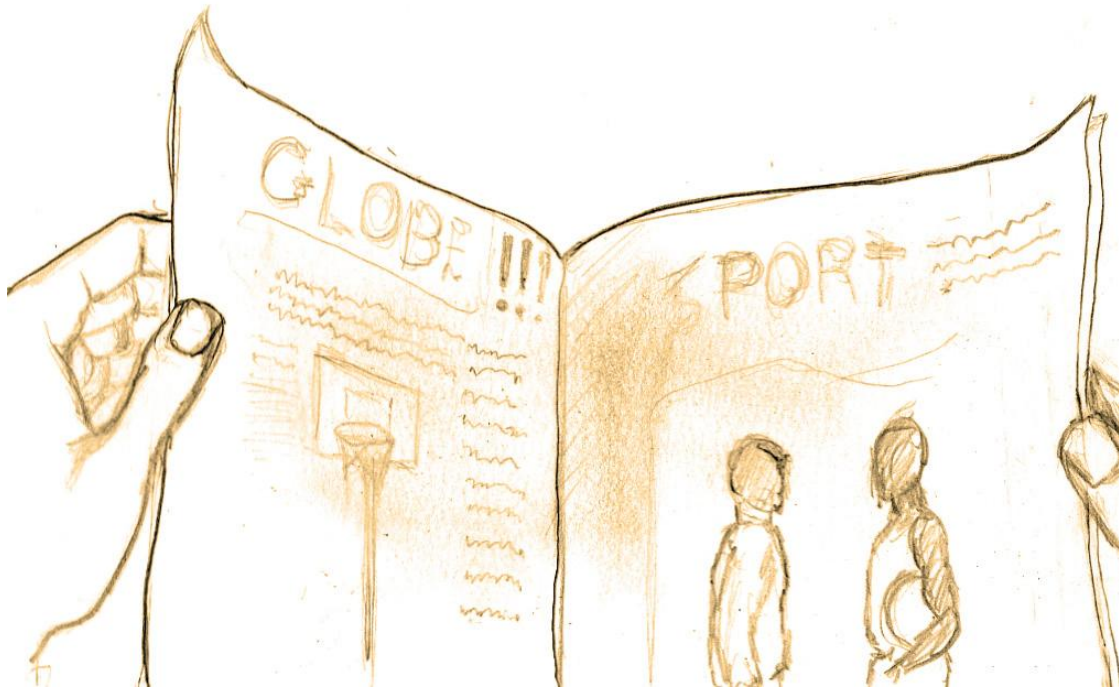
I pretend to write what was on the board. Things were fuzzy, unclear. If I put on my glasses I could see what was on the board. I did not put on my glasses, so I had problems doing math. But I did learn how to

read. I liked math but I had a hard time learning math. I knew why I had a hard time learning math. I was embarrassed to wear my glasses. I always had them in my desk. They should have been on my face so that I could have learned the middle and high school math the teachers were explaining. But I did learn how to read. I continued to learn about different things in middle and high school, but I still had problems with math. Guess why, I still didn't wear my glasses. But I did learn how to read.

I met a great man who taught me how to play basketball and I played for my high school team. I still didn't wear my glasses. Things looked fuzzy during games. I was lucky that teams wore different color uniforms or I would not have known who to pass the ball to. Every game was nerve wrecking because I was wondering when I was going to make a big mistake. I survived, plus I learn to read. I did graduate from high school even though I never wore my glasses. It was not easy because I had to have a certain GPA to graduate and I barely made high enough grades to graduate from high school. I wish I wore my glasses because I still had problems with math. At least I learned how to read.



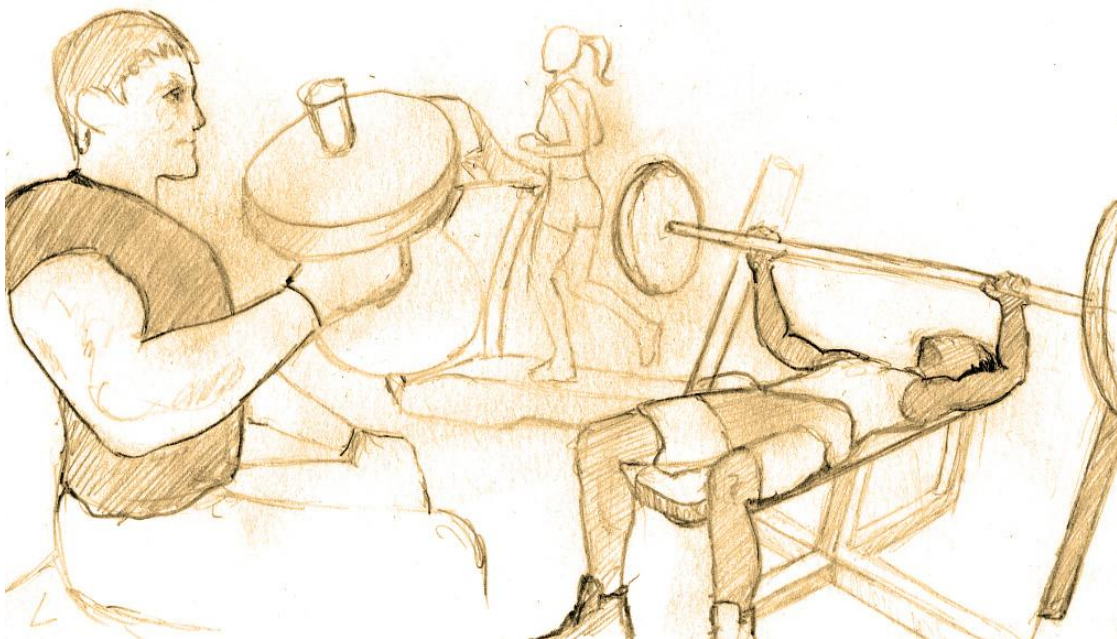
I went to college, but I still did not wear my glasses so I did not get good grades. I continued to go to college where I played basketball with my great coach at Miami Christian College and I played well. I played so well that I was in the newspaper. I talked to a reporter about basketball and they had a big picture of me in the Miami Herald. My coach said great things about me and my basketball skills. That was an awesome experience.



I still did not wear my glasses. Nobody knew I needed glasses. I didn't get good grades. But I did know how to read. I continued to go to different technical schools and colleges and finally I started wearing my glasses and WOW! How beautiful things were and are, the people, colors, flowers, trees, stars, words, numbers, etc were and still are beautiful. Hmmm. Thankfully I had learned to read. Wearing my glasses made learning easier. I began to get good grades. I went to a technical school and completed cosmetology school and became licensed to work as a hair stylist but I didn't because I was not good enough to be a hair stylist and I did not want to mess up anybody's hair. I could have been a great hair stylist because I love to practice and I am a hard worker, but I wanted to go back to college.



Now exploring a new and clearer world because I can see clearly I fell in love with exercising. I was always active as a child and the exercising I started doing made my body stronger. I read different books and took classes about exercising that gave me a lot of information on exercising to make my body strong and how to keep it strong.



I enjoyed learning and now that I can see things clearly I continued to go to college. Guess what, I still had problems with math, all because I didn't wear my glasses in elementary school, middle school, nor high school. I did not learn the math the teachers were explaining. But I knew how to read. I continued learning. I went back to Miami Lakes Tech to study auto mechanics.



It was great learning about cars. The knowledge I obtain about cars was very useful and still is today. I went back to Miami Dade Community College to take more classes. I was not sure what job I wanted to do so I worked to pay for my college education, and continued exercising, lifting weights and playing basketball. Good thing I had learned to read. I said to myself, since I like children, I'll become a teacher, So I continued going to MDCC where another great man Joseph M. encourage me to continue in the area of becoming a teacher.



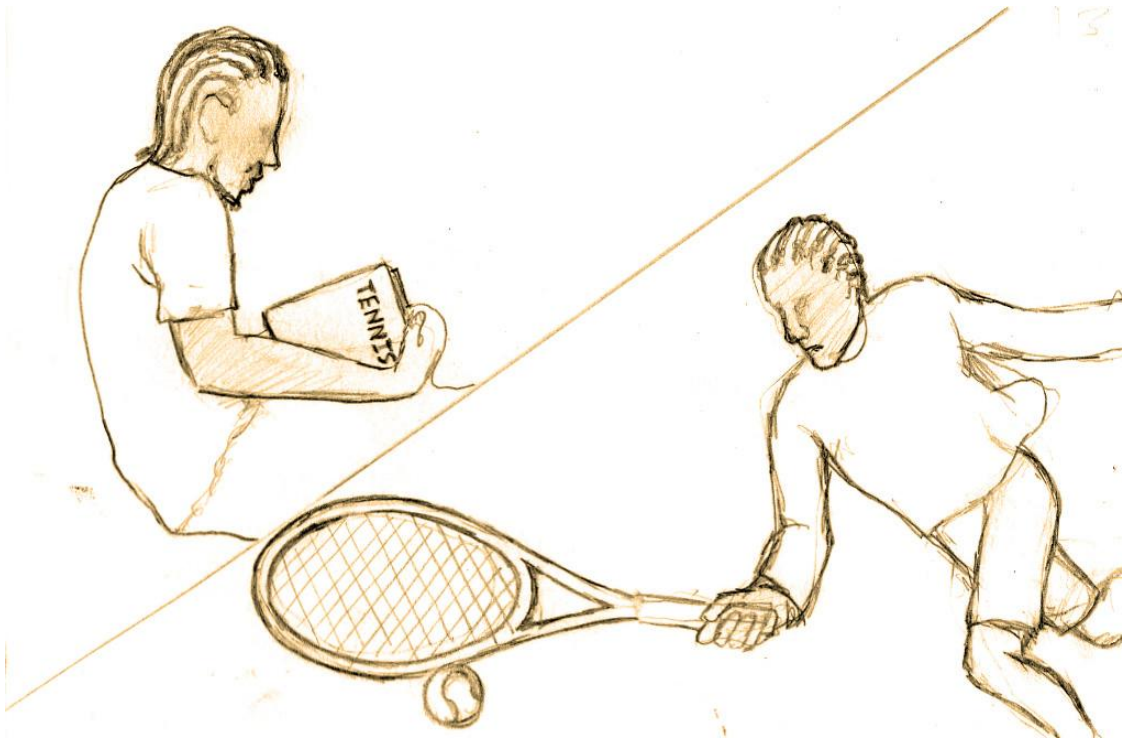
I

did and finally I graduated from MDCC. Math was still hard for me during college all because I didn't wear my glasses during my earlier school years. I had to study math for many hours, which became fun because I began to understand what I was doing. Good thing I learned to read. While working and going to school full time I never forgot to exercise at least once a week. My education continued on at Florida Atlantic University where I entered the education program. Guess what, I had to do more math on the SAT test. I had to work hard to pass the test. I finally passed it on my third attempt. Never give up. That is another key to success, and I still knew how to read. I got into the education program and passed all of my classes and graduated with my college degree in elementary education. I was the first person to graduate from college in my family. WOW! I am extremely happy I learned how to read. I could not graduate with my degree until I passed another test.

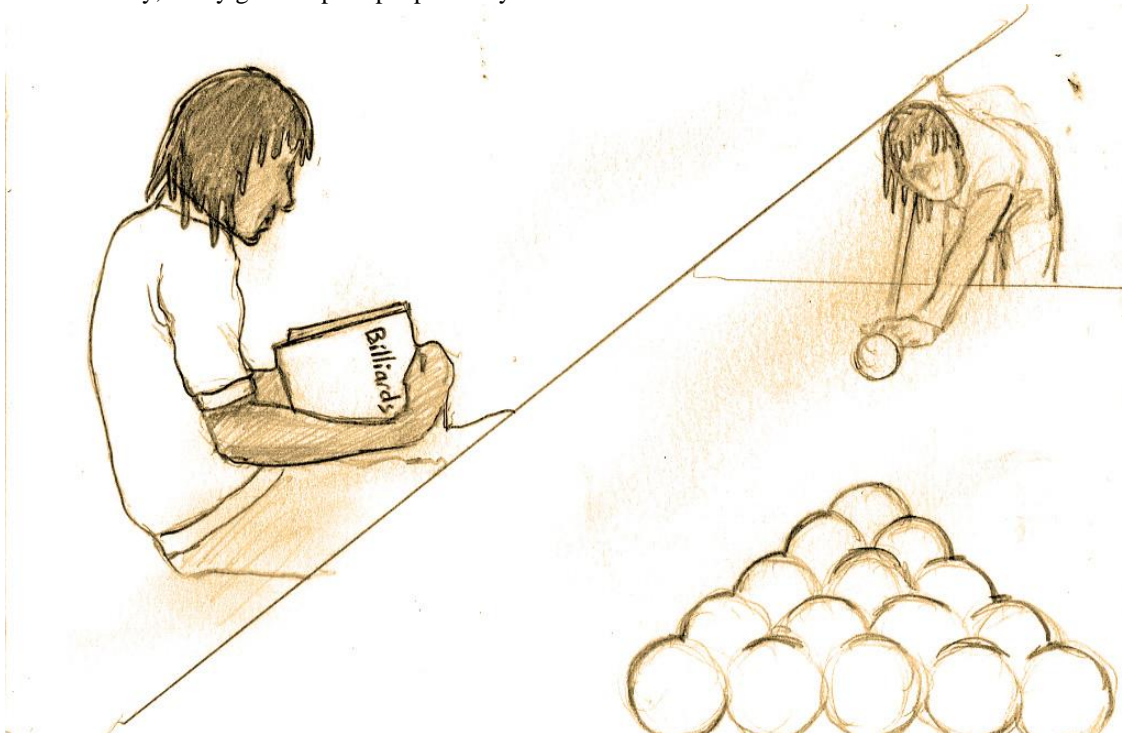


There was not any math on this test. I studied for many hours to make sure I passed the test the first time and I did. When I left from taking the test I knew I had passed the test. It is an awesome feeling knowing that you have aced a major test. Good thing I had learned to read. Throughout the journey to getting my college degree I remained in love with exercising and still love it today. I've been teaching for nine years and seeing students acquire knowledge from me is an awesome feeling. My goal as a teacher is to make that year for my students the best year they ever have in school.

Thankfully I learned to read because it not only helped me get a college degree in education which mean I can have a job for a long time which is great. Reading also has helped me learn how to be a good tennis player with the teaching of Keith and George, plus me reading and studying my tennis books constantly. I also practiced for many hours. I'm grateful I learned to read.



Because I learned to read I have also taught myself to be a good pool player. I read my book four or five times and practiced for many hours. I am not a Great White Shark yet, but I'm working on it. When you become really, really good at pool people call you a shark.



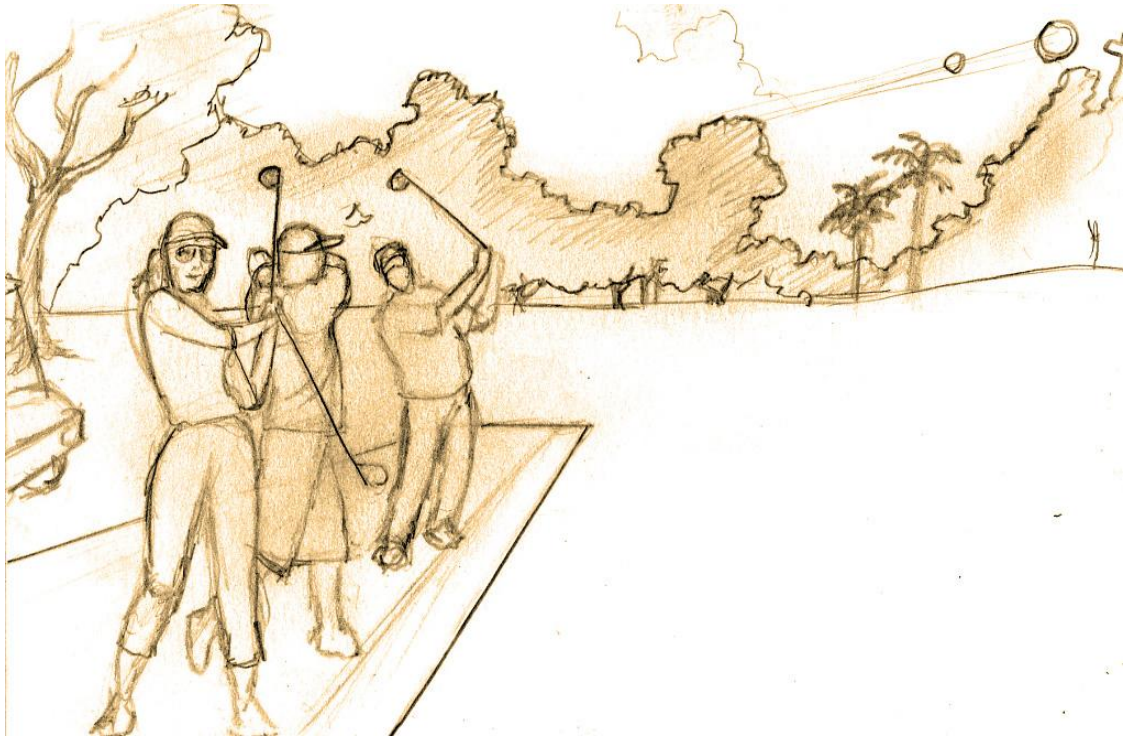
Because I learned to read I have taught myself in seven months to be a good golfer. I have read different books and magazines on golf and practiced for many hours so that I can be able to play like the pros. The reader of this book, set high goals for yourself and if you do not accomplish your goals believe me, you will have accomplished a lot.



Today I am still learning, reading, thinking and doing. I continue to exercise at a gym, I play basketball, tennis, and golf once a week and I try to find time for pool. Plus I teach 1-6 graders and work part time. Never give up on success. I have never met a person who worked hard in life and failed. One sure way to succeed in life, is to become educated and Slave/work hard.

Kids and adults become a Learner, Reader, Thinker and a Doer.
Doer- something or someone that is constantly busy try to accomplish something.

A few of my short terms goals are, this summer 2009 I'm chasing the sixties on the golf course and I want to learn how to draw.

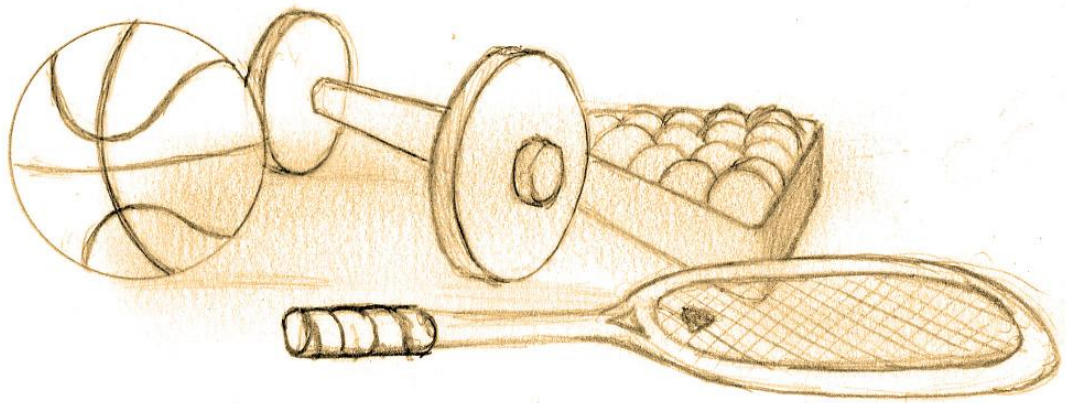




I wrote this book in hope that I will inspire people to become learners reader, thinker and doers because part of their success in life is determined by how much information they have and how hard they are willing to slave/work to be successful. My main targets for this book are kids. I want them to know the power of being able to read which can allow them to do so many things as it has allowed me to learn and do many things. They must learn about a variety of thing so they can become aware that things that are different and somehow connected. Learn to think.

I talked about exercising because I am in love with it, even though it is hard work. I want kids exercising at an early age so that it becomes a part of their lifestyle. So many people start exercise when they get overweight and realize how hard it is to lose weigh. The best way to stay in shape is to get in shape early and stay that way. It not easy but believe me, it is worth it.

Parents, get your family into learning and into exercising. Be your child's first positive role model. I want to stress exercising for girls because their bodies will go threwh more changes than anyone. The exercises I recommend are running in elementary and middle school and lifting weigh lightly in high school. Most girls are going to frown and say lift weight, because they believe they will look like a boy if they lift weights. Girls, your bodies are not design to get a lot of muscle like males bodies, so girls you do not have to worry. Knowing how to exercise to make your body strong is equally as powerful as any thing you succeed at in life.



I had fun. I'll talk to you later.

The perfect marriage is education and exercising.



I am, The King of Teacher,
I am, The King of Athletes,
I am, The Best Athlete on the Planet,
I am, The Super Intellectual Athlete,
I am, The African Slave, The Learner, Reader, Thinker and Doer
By David Lee Givins

Old School -V- New School

Bring It On, Young Man!

This young dude called Fat Boy is always trying to compete with this person he calls Old Man. He probably don't like it when Old Man says he is the best athlete in the world. He, Fat Boy, realistically can only compete with Old Man in one sport and that is basketball, because Old Man can play tennis, billiards, golf, mastered basketball, he lifts weights and plays every other sport, football swimming, etc.,

He and I have played against each other in a lot of different games of basketball from horse, three on three, hustles, to five on five and now its time for one on one. Fat Boy is a shooter, about 6'2 and weights in the neighborhood of 185-225 lbs. He has a good jumper and his handle is okay, but he needs to work on his defense. His knowledge of the game is pretty good.



Meanwhile, Old Man is about 6'0 and weights somewhere between 165 and 170 lbs. Old Man is a scorer. His handle and jumper is tight. He knows the game and his D is pretty good, plus he is ripe to the bone, with muscles everywhere. So now you know the players Fat Boy and Old Man, it's time to get it on.

One on one to eleven, alternating possession, meaning when one person scores the other person gets the ball next. Since Old Man is the oldest he gets the ball first. Boom, a two pointer for old man. Too much space Old Man tells Fat Boy. Old Man's up two to zero.



Fat Boy's ball and he starts with the new school dribbling trying to cross Old Man over and he does. He made old man slip with the little cross over and scored one point. Fat Boy laughs and says your too slow Old School. 2-1 and it's Old School's ball.



He dribbles twice and take a step behind the three point line, Boom, I hope you know what that means, another two pointer, 4-1, you know who's up. You'll young boys don't know how to play defense. Fat Boy tries to catch up with a two pointer which I tried to block. He cries foul. Who fouled you yelled Old School? Man you tripping. Still 4-1. Fat Boy tries to break Old Man down with that crossover, but this time he can't, so he backs Old School down for a short jumper, 4-2.

Old School shows off his handle going through the legs back and forth and to the basket with the left hand lay up, but it roles out. That a real handle Old Man tells Fat Boy. Yeah, you need to work on your left hand lay ups says Fat Boy. Swoosh. Fat Boy ties the game four apiece with a good shot for two. Old Man tells him, good shot, because Old School tipped the ball

Old School drives to the basket, but Fat Boy cuts him off, then Old Man pulled up with the fade away for one. You like that one Old Man ask?



Not bad Fat Boy said. 5-4, Old Man up. Fat Boy comes at Old Man with that new school dribble and Old Man yelled ball, carrying. Man you crazy, screamed Fat Boy! Boy you been carrying the whole game, said Old Man. Give me the ball! Man you crazy, I'm not giving you the ball. You carry again it's my ball. You'll new school ballplayer don't know how to dribble. Old School gets up on Fat Boy. He backs

Old School down towards the basket and then quickly dribbles behind the two point line, swoosh. Yeah Old School, I can put it up to, 6-5 said Fat Boy.



Old Man is down. He fakes rights and left and then explodes to the basket with a tough left hand lay up that was almost block. I took your advice and worked on my left hand says Old School. Good drive he tells Old Man. You like that one ask Old Man? Yeah, I do says New School. I'll teach you that one day say Old School. All squared at six apiece. Fat Boy's ball. He pumps fake and gets Old Man to jump. Fat Boy gets an easy lay up. You look like a bird flying Old Man. Where are your wings? You better stay on your feet and play some D advise Fat Boy. Thanks for the advice New School. I got to admit, that was a good fake. Thanks.

7-6 New School is up. A hard drive to the left and its 7-7 but Fat Boys cries and says I didn't check the ball. You gave me the ball. That's a check and the basket is good. When I call carrying and you didn't give the ball up, so we are even. It's lockup time he tells Fat Boy. You might get one more point. We'll see he says. He tries to use his weight to back Old Man down for an easy basket like a bully, but Old Man holds him off and he tries the fade away and misses, that when old man runs and grab the rebound and runs out pass the two point line and you guessed it Boom 9-7.

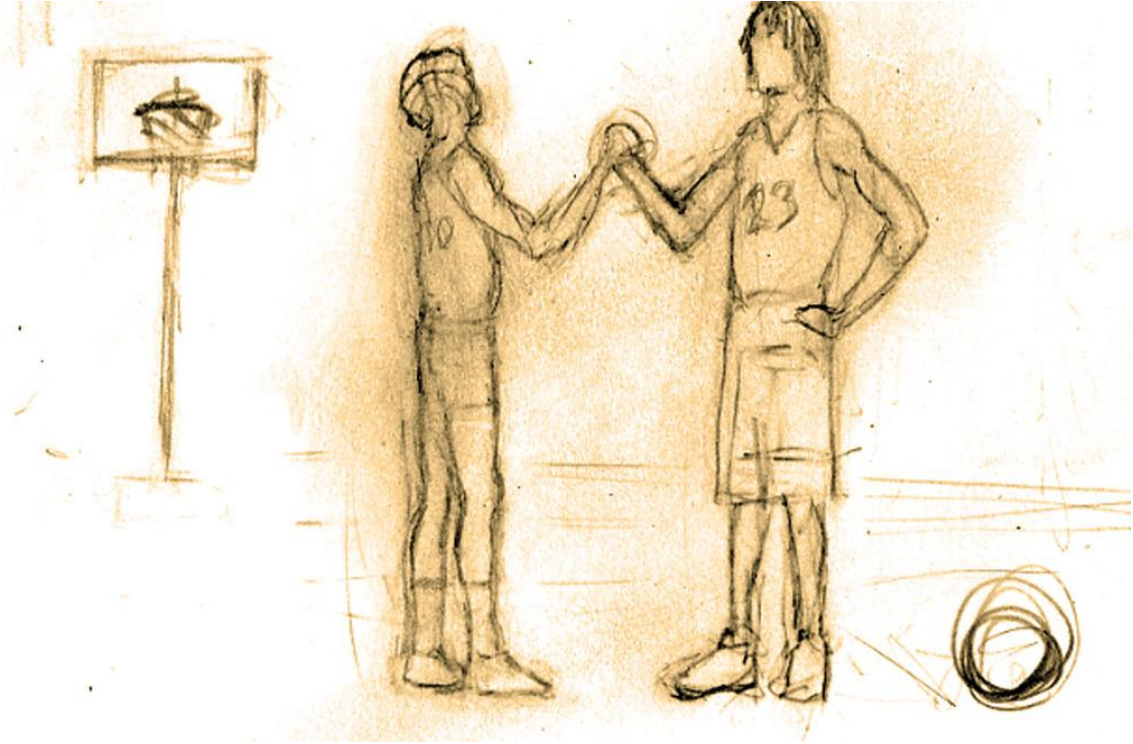


Check ball says Old School. He gets up close on Fat Boy so that he can't get up a jump shot for two. He tries to back Old Man down and then run to the two point line and Old Man is right behind him to contest/try to block the two point shot if he tries it. But he doesn't because Old School is right on him. Fat Boy is tired and so Old Man gambles and let him take a two pointer because New School is tired and he makes it by banking it off the backboard.



Man you can't count that garbage shot. You didn't call glass, so the basket is no good. Old man you done lost your mind. It's nine apiece. You go count that? Alright, count this Boom. Game Over.

Good try Fat Boy. Keep working on you'll game New School players. Old School basketball still rules New School basketball. Any new generation crossover players want to try Old School, bring it on.



Rabbits, rabbits everywhere if it starts raining I don't care. Hurry, run faster before they get away. If have to catch twenty to make it a good day In the Muck there are cane fields as far as your eyes can see. The cane fields stretches for miles and miles in all directions. This is where we get a lot of our sugar from. The juice from sugar cane is sweeter than any other natural sugar

Rabbits, rabbits everywhere, if it start raining I don't care. Hurry, run faster before they get away. If have to catch twenty to make it a good day.

I didn't know there were rabbits living in the cane fields. Come to think of it, the cane fields are a good place for them to live because the only predator they might face are snakes and human. Walking on the perimeter of the cane fields you would not know there are rabbits in the cane fields because it is so quiet.

Rabbits, rabbits everywhere if it starts raining I don't care. Hurry, run faster before they get away. I have to catch twenty to make it a good day. Smoke in the sky. You can see it from miles away. It's a cane field being burned for harvest. The fire is crackling and popping hot. Men women and children wait for rabbits to escape the raging fire.



The rabbits bolt from the intense fire. Men, women and children give chase, darting left and right, and then straight trying to catch the desperate rabbits. Rabbits, rabbits everywhere if it start raining I don't care. Hurry, run faster before they get away. I have to catch twenty to make it a good day.

It is already ninety degrees, with the fire it is one hundred and forty five degrees away from the fire. That's why the rabbits are running at a blistering pace. The people make sure they stay a safe distance from the fire.



Rabbits, rabbits everywhere if it starts raining I don't care. Hurry, run faster before they get away. I have to catch twenty to make it a good day.

You have to be quick and fast to catch a scared rabbit. Some of the people are faster than the rabbits because they have been chasing rabbits for years. If they aren't fast enough, then they wait for a desperate rabbit to run straight to them.

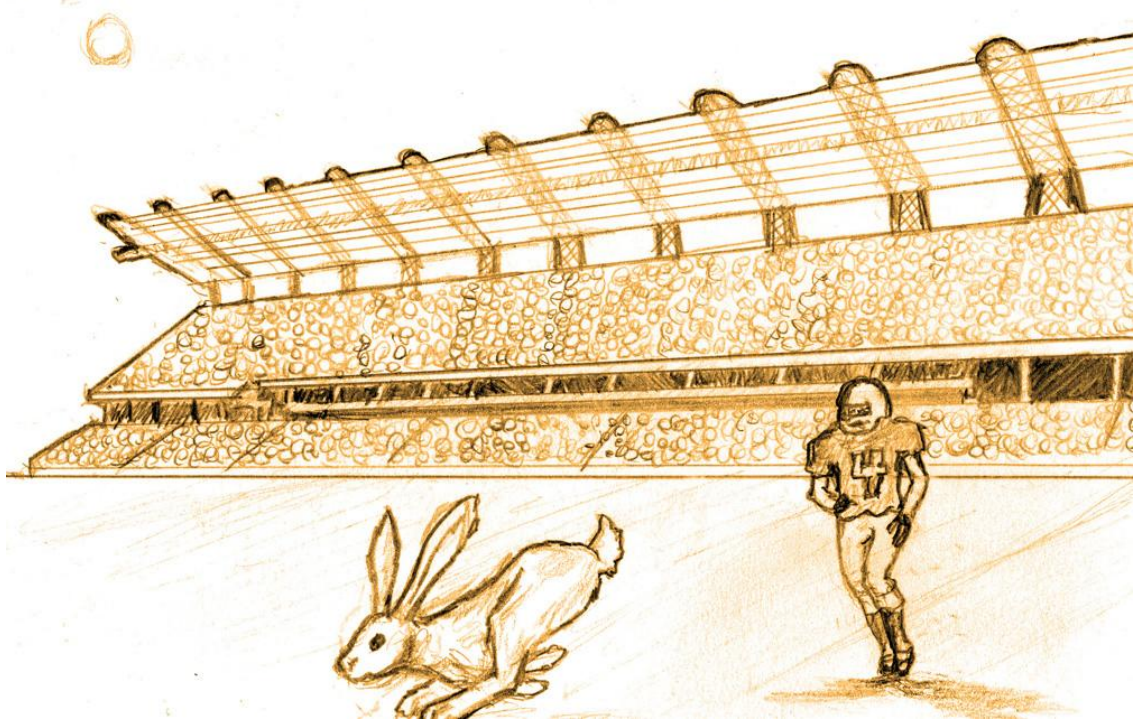
Rabbits, rabbits everywhere if it starts raining I don't care. Hurry, run faster before they get away. I have to catch twenty to make it a good day.



The people are sweating profusely chasing the rabbits. Their clothes are soaked and wet from the chase. Who will win? Sometimes the rabbits win and sometimes the human wins. After years of chasing rabbits kids develop the same running ability as the rabbits and some of the kids become much faster than the rabbits. They develop strong lungs and muscular legs.



This traditions in the Muck, Belle Glade, Pahokee, South Bay, and Clewston, Florida has created high school football programs that have put more professional football players in the NFL, then any high schools in America. The high school are Glade Central, Pahokee, and Clewston High in the Muck area. The power of the Black Soil.



In a supposedly empty house, a lot of things are happening. The Roach family moved into the house, because the family went to the movies. Lets go children, said the papa roach. We have a new place to reside, to live.



We have two bathrooms, four bedrooms, and most importantly, a kitchen that is well stock with food. Yummy! That will be our first stop. Its clean in here and they must have known we were coming because they left food on the kitchen table.



Baby roach said, let me at the chicken, but Papa roach told baby to stop because the chicken might not be cooked right, so he'll taste it first. Yummy! Papa moaned. This chicken taste superb. Before Papa roach could finish, the rest of the roaches was dinning on the chicken. They had a feast.



Their feast consist of sweet baked bread, chicken, yams and grapes for desert. They ate until they were stuffed. I'm tired, said mama roach, me too everybody chimed in, so they decided to take a nap on the soft sweet bread. *ZZZZZZZ*



What's that noise papa. Wake up! Wake up! Someone is here. Quick, lets hide in the grapes. It's good to be home, dad said . I'm hungry cried the kids. Mom said, she will prepare food for us to eat. Dad yelled, make sure you bring me extra chicken! So mom went into the kitchen and prepared plates of food with chicken, bread, yam and rice. Yummy! Mom you sure can cook. The chicken is super, tasty, said dad. Kids commented, that they love the sweet bread. The family eat until their heart was content, satisfied. Sister, can you go and bring me some grapes, ask little brother. Sure! Sister went into the kitchen to get some grapes.



Mummy, sister screamed! Something is moving in the grapes. Scram kids said Papa roach. Under the table, down the table leg, on the floor, up the cabinet, on the counter behind the toaster, hurry, hurry. Huffing and puffing, they are tired from the dash to safety. That was close! That little girl has a pair of lungs on her. Mom enter the kitchen looking perplex, confused. What is it dear. There were roaches on the grapes. We have to throw them away said mom. We can't eat what roaches have crawled on because they are germy. Heyyyy, said papa roach. We take offense to that. This roach family doesn't eat behind you humans, so you'll better make sure we have a fresh breakfast in the morning.

If she makes one more negative comment about roaches, I'll invite friends said Papa. Over my dead body said mom. Watch this roach junior. Papa roach flap his wings and flew at mom.



Mom and daughter bolted out of the kitchen. Daughter said to mom, I didn't know you could run so fast. Be quiet little girl, you were right behind me. Dad we have intruders. Call 911. Not burglars, roaches. Oh. Where? How many, asked dad? There four of them in the kitchen and they can fly. Papa went into the kitchen and saw the roaches.



Papa roach and dad looked at each other and Papa roach said, man you didn't tell your wife me and my family was coming over to house sit. Oops, I forgot. Dad returned to the dinning room. Honey, I forgot to tell you that I had ask the Roach family to watch the house while we were out. You got to be kidding me! No honey, they are good protectors. See how quick you and daughter ran out of the kitchen. The family got ready to turn in for the night. Everybody slept soundly except on person. Guess who!

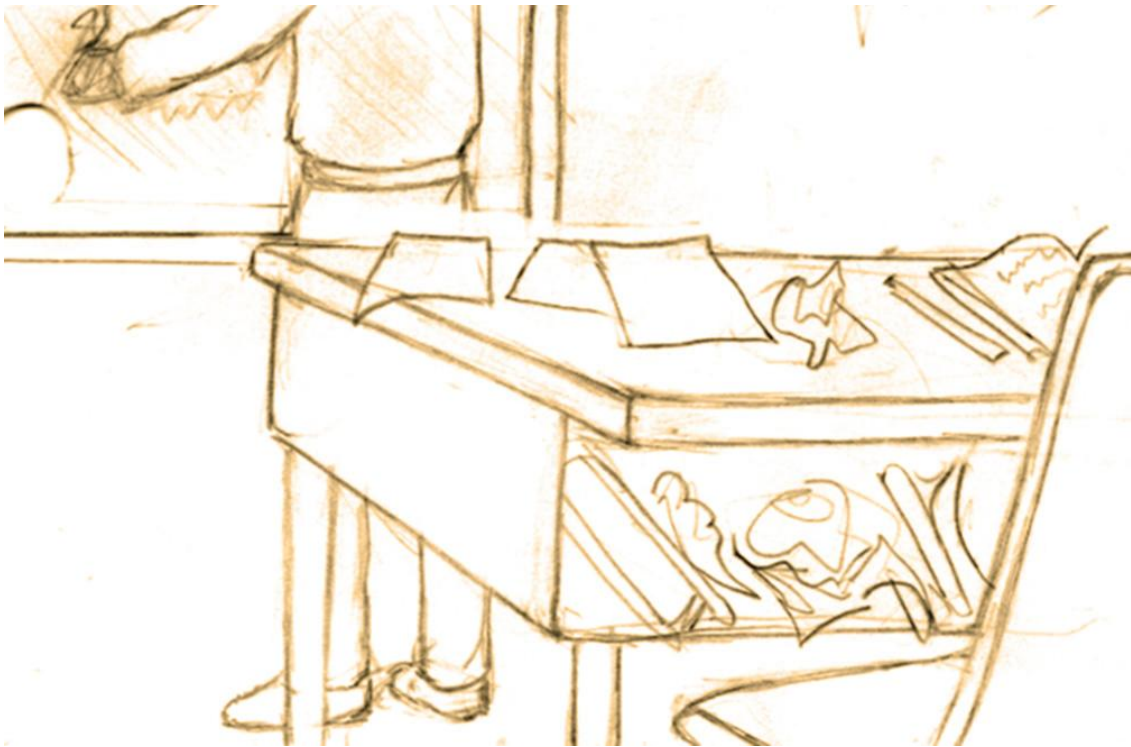


Teacher and His Daughter

It's the second week of the school year. I think I might like this school year. My class is small and the teacher is funny. My seat is next to a girl who's desk has gotten messy and it is only the second week of school. I'll try to help her clean it tomorrow.



Hey Nat, what's up? Nothing much. Nat, would you like me to help you make your desk clean and neat. It is clean and neat. I've always had my desk like this since first grade. Well, it's not neat. Look at my desk. See how things are in order and there are no papers sticking out. That's pretty. It's not pretty, it's neat. OK, you can help me make my desk neat.



The two girls proceeded to make Nat's desk neat by throwing away unimportant papers and organizing the books. Thanks Lena, it looks like it did on the first day of school. At the end of the day we will throw away paper we don't need so that it doesn't pile up, okay. Sure. A month passed and Nat desk was the twin of Lena's desk, neatly kept. Nat, I won't be in school for three days because my family is going to take a vacation. Vacation, Lena, we just came back to school from summer break.

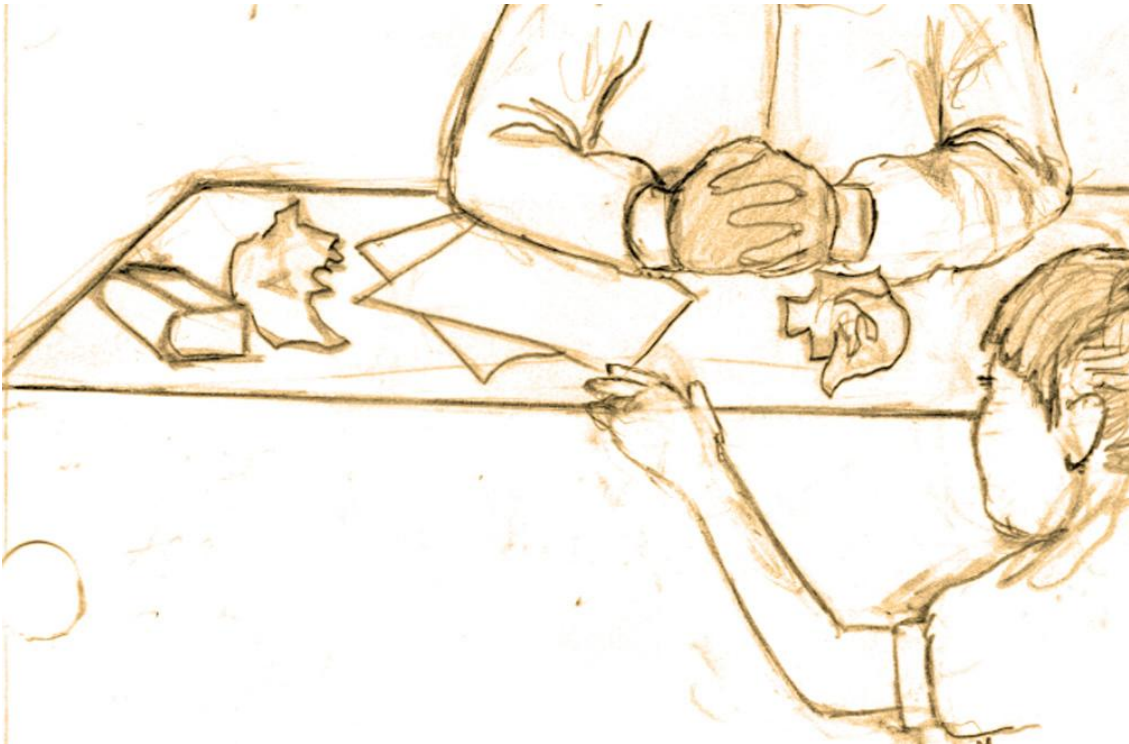


I said the same thing to my parents, but my mom said she had planned this trip months in advance. Make sure you throw away unimportant papers at the end of the day. Okay Lena. The next day Nat missed having Lena sitting next to her, because they weren't only friends, Lena was very smart and she helped Nat when she didn't understand what to do, but she did remember to throw away the papers at the end of the day. The next day she had the same problem. She did not understand how to solve the math problems on the board, so she walked up to her teacher's desk and was surprised. **What do you think surprised Nat?**

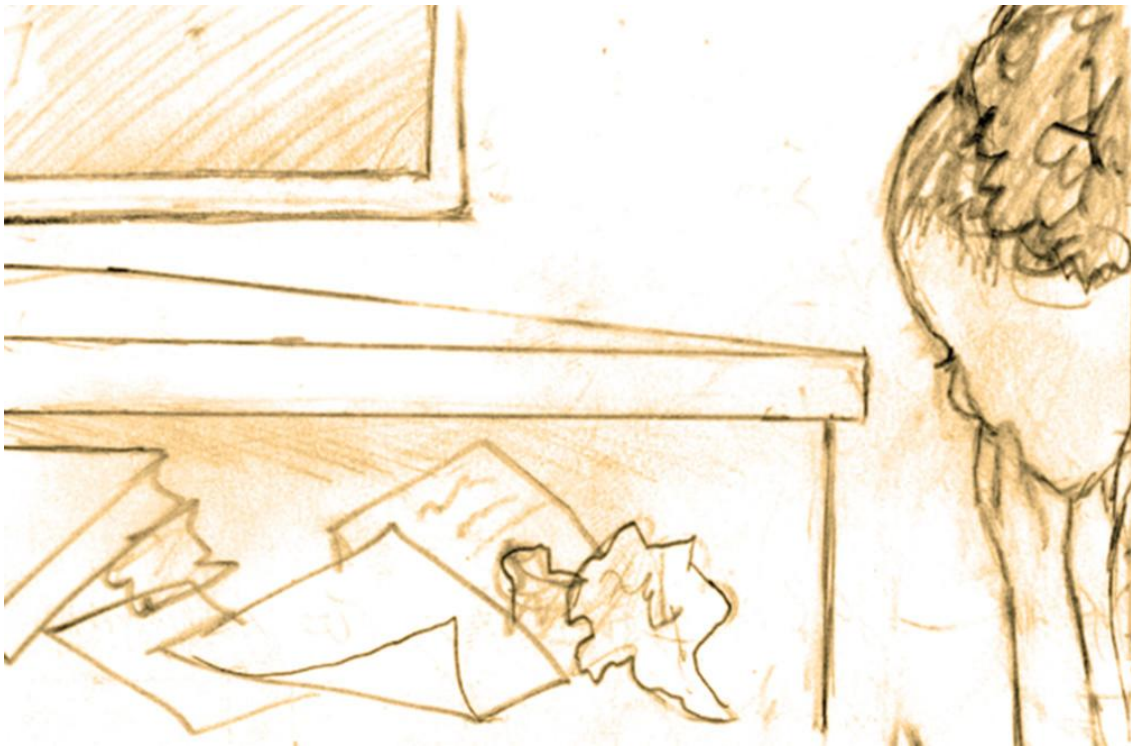
She was so surprised that she forgot her question. Hey Nat, the teacher says. How can I help you? Umm, sorry, I forgot. Are you okay, the teacher asks? What are you staring at? **Have you figured out what surprised Nat?** She walked back to her desk thinking, Wow!, Mr. G's desk is messy like my desk used to be. I wonder if Lena can help Mr. G clean up his desk? She won't be back until next week. You know what, I'll be Lena tomorrow and ask Mr. G if he needs help cleaning his desk. I can't wait until tomorrow. Let me get ready for dismissal by cleaning my desk. I wonder how Lena is doing on her vacation. I miss her. I wonder if

she miss being in school.

.?



Good morning Mr. G., Good morning Nat. Teacher, yesterday I came to your desk with a question, but I forgot my question because I looked at your desk and I was surprised to see that it looked like my desk used to look before Lena help me make it neat. Excuse me. I was wondering if I could help you clean your desk like Lena helped me clean mine? Thanks for the offer Nat, but this is a neat desk. It is! **Make a Prediction about what you think is going to happen?** Nat walks back to her desk confused. Why did Lena ask me to clean out my desk if Mr. G's says his desk is neat and clean, looking like that? The next two days, Nat decided there was no reason for her to clean out her desk and you guessed it, it looked like it did the second week of the school year. She really missed having Lena in class.



Lena, your back! Nat gives her a big hug. I see that you missed me a lot. What happened Nat? You didn't remember to throw away the unimportant papers at the end of the day? I did the first day and my desk was still like yours, but when I went to ask Mr. G a question at his desk, his desk was a mess. I asked him the next day if I can help him clean it like you helped me, and he said his desk is not messy, so I guess I kind of forgot? Plus, the teacher's desk is messy, so that means my desk can be messy to. Nat, it is not okay to have a messy desk. But, Mr. G's desk is messy. Let's clean your desk before class starts. No, I don't want to clean my desk. The teacher desk is not clean.

The girls didn't talk to each other. Nat wanted badly to talk to Lena, especially when she didn't understand the Math lesson. Lena was not just her friend, but her tutor in class when she needed help. Lena raised her hand. Mr. G didn't see her, so she went to his desk. Mr. G, I need to ask you a favor. I'm listening. I need for you to make your desk clean because Nat thinks its okay to have a messy desk because her teacher's desk is messy.

First of all little girl, my desk is not messy. It's an organized

adult mess. Second of all, go have a seat miss little teacher. I'm not going to sit anywhere until you clean your desk. You are a bad influence on Nat! Little girl you better go sit down!. Are you going to clean off your desk? Lena, go sit down. Alright, but you know what you need to do.

Everybody clean out of your desk said Mr. Givins. Mr. G, everybody doesn't need to clean out their desk, just you and Nat, yelled Lena. Please Lena. The class and Mr. G began to clean their desk for five minutes. Nat, would you like for me to help you clean your desk. Sure! I'm glad were talking again. Lena would you like to come over my house to play this weekend. I'll have to ask my mom.

Lena did you ask your mom if you could come over Saturday and play. Yes I did and she said it's okay. She'll bring me at twelve. The remaining days of the week was fine. Lena made sure Mr. G and Lena's desks were clean and neat. Lena, why are you at my desk? Mr. G, I'm just making sure your keeping your desk clean and neat. I can manage just fine, miss little teacher, thanks.

Saturday at Nat's house: Hey Lena. Lets go to my room and play. We're going to have a lot of fun. They skipped to Nat's bedroom. What happened here Nat!? **What do you think is the problem?** Nat, we can't have fun in this room with it being a mess like this.



Does your mom know your room is like this? Yes, I tried to clean it after you helped me clean my desk, but it kept getting messy. I thought you could help me clean my room like you did with the class and we can have fun doing it. Okay. The girls spent a few hours organizing Nat's room, putting toys in one place, clothes and papers where they belong.

They talked about their class and teacher and what they liked and dislike, and finally the room was cleaned. That was fast, I guess it is true what people say, time flies when your having fun, said Lena. Nat, do you think Mr. G is your father? That stupid to ask, Lena. No its not. You both have messy desks and Mr. G's probably has a messy room too. You think. Why don't you ask him. The girls proceed to play games pretending to be different professions, teachers, entertainers, etc..

They went to Nat's mom and asked her to give them something to eat. They sat at the table eating and talking. Lena suggested that next time, Nat comes to her house. It was five pm and Lena mom was at the door to pick her up. I'll see you Monday Nat. Ask you mom when can I come to your house on the



weekend. I had a good time, yelled Lena as her mother drives off.

Mom, come see what we did to my room. WOW! This is nice. I think I'm going to sleep here tonight. Is that okay with you? Sure mom.

Monday- Lena and Nat walks into the class early before school starts, greeting there teacher with good mornings. Mr. G, can I ask you a question. Oh, not again.



What is it Lena? Do you have a mess room where you live? What kind of a question is that Lena. I'm trying to find out if you are Nat's dad. If you have a junky room, then you're her father. Do you? Both of you out! I told you Nat, he's your dad. He didn't say yes. He didn't say no, so I'm drawing conclusion that his answer is yes. Mr. G just sakes his head. Lena, I love having you as a friend and Mr. G as a father teacher.

The End

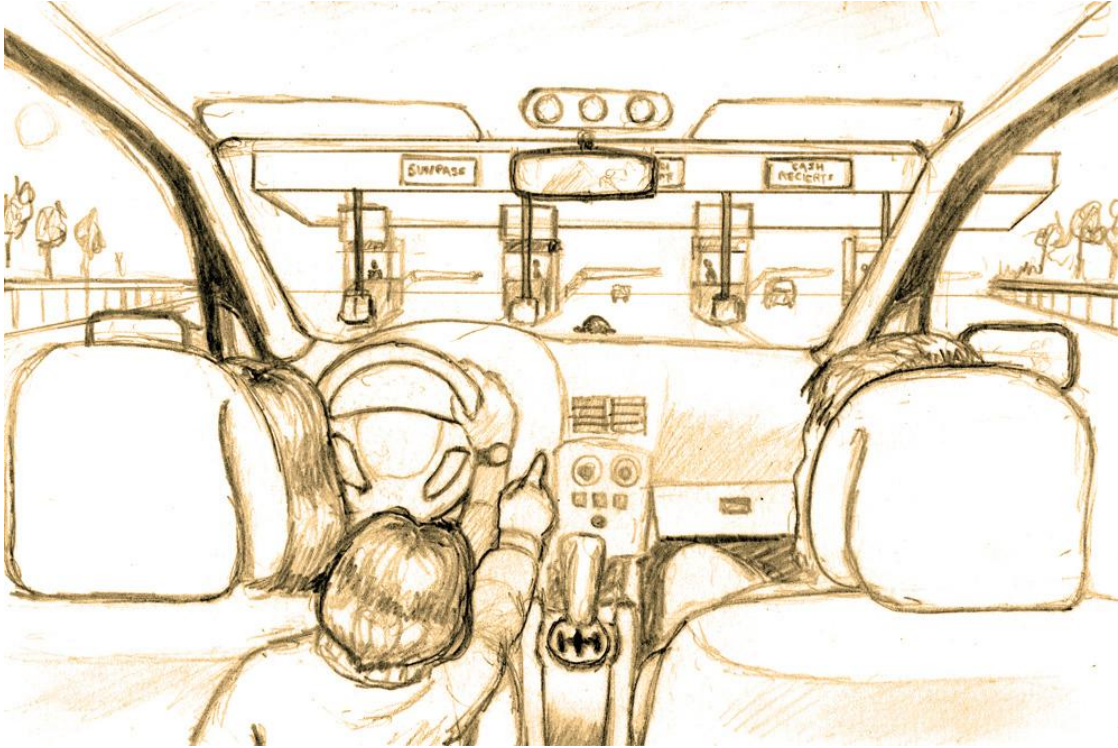
Were Coming Turtle

Riding with my parent on the weekend trip is a special time for me. I get to sit in the back seat and look at everything we drive by. My mom drive most of the time when we go on driving excursions. She is not a lead foot driver. That means she does not drive fast.



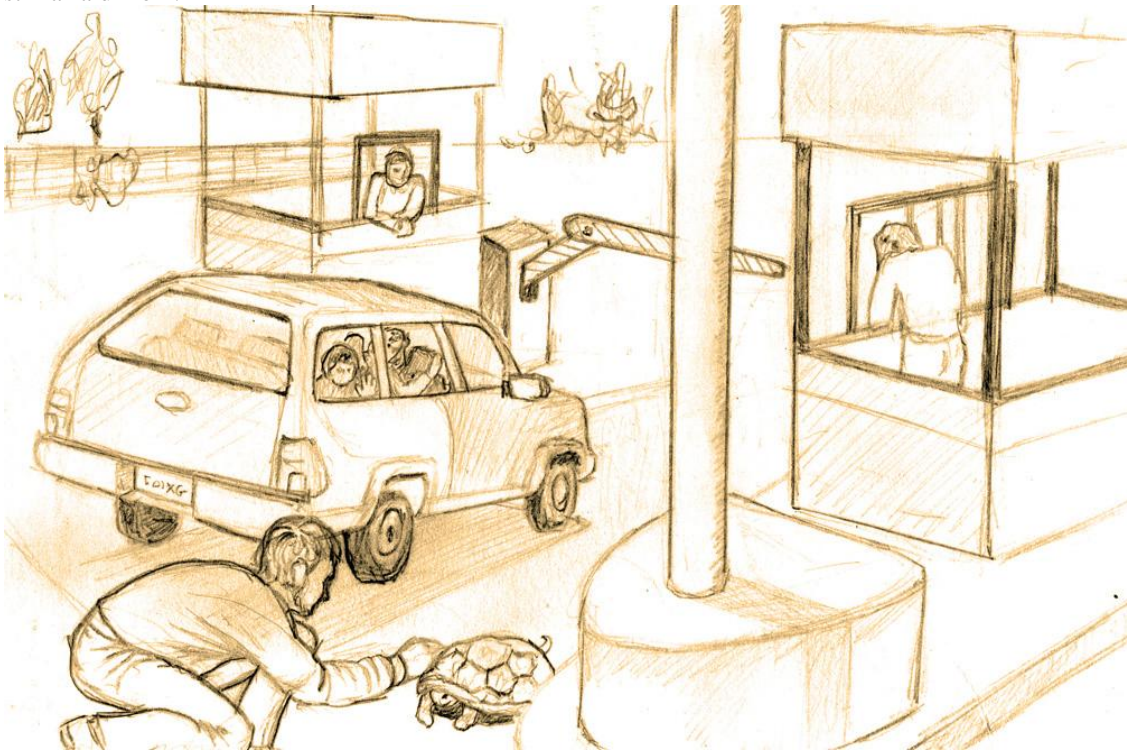
We were approaching the toll plaza where cars and truck have to pay to drive on these roads. I asked mom why do people have to pay to ride on these roads. She explained that the money is used to build new roads and keep old roads smooth.

We were almost to the toll plaza when I saw something in the road. It looked like a hat from far away. As we got closer and closer it begin to look familiar. It was a turtle. Momm! Look Out! Don't hit the turtle! She swerved in the other lane missing the turtle. What is a turtle doing in the middle of the highway mom? It going to get run over and killed. We have to stop and get it out of the highway.



Da

d, we just can't keep riding and leave it helpless in the middle of the highway waiting to die! It is afraid because it has its head and legs tucked in. Pull the car to the side dear say dad. Okay son, your dad will get the turtle out of the middle of the highway. It was early in the morning, so there wasn't a lot of traffic on the highway, so dad won't be in a lot of danger of being hit by another car. Mom and I got out of the car to look out for oncoming cars while dad ran and picked up the turtle and brought it to the side of the road. It's still afraid mom.



I

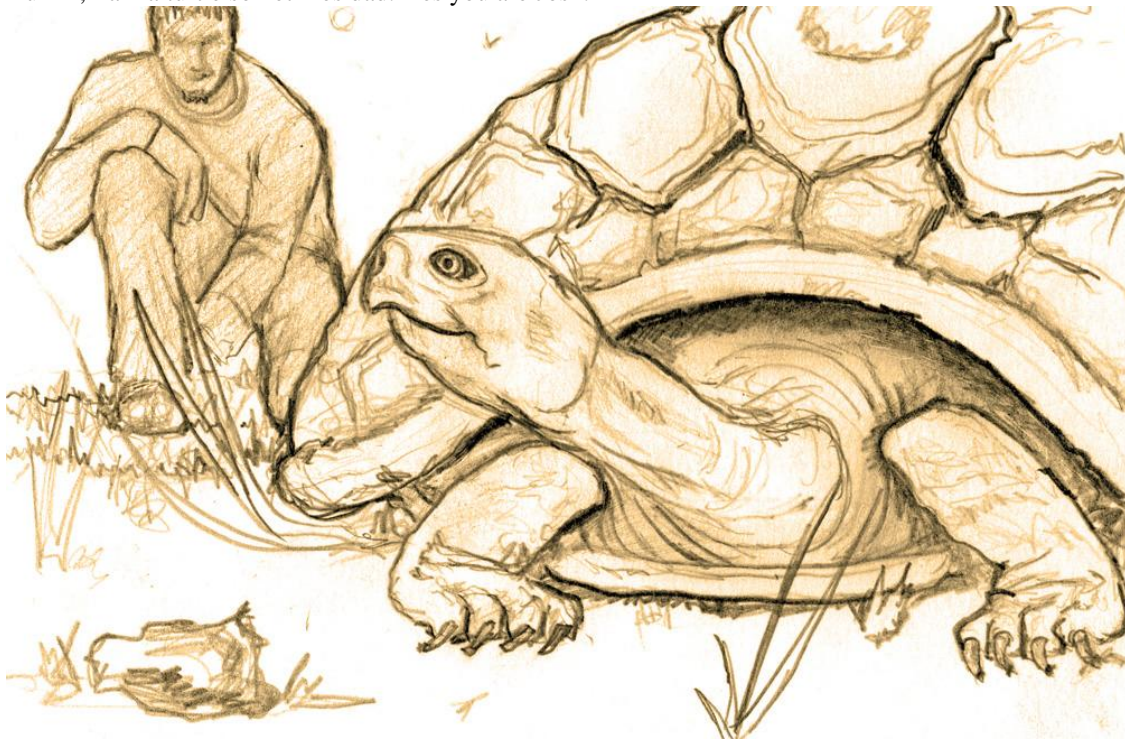
see. Its protecting itself. Dad, where are we going to let it loose? Well, since it looked like it was going to

the other side of the highway we will take it there.

To be safe we will get in the car and drive to the other side of the highway. We got to the other side where dad place the turtle in the grass. It didn't move for a while. Why won't it move I asked? Dad, said it is probable still scared and it has to calm down and adjust to it surroundings again.



Dad, can we stay until it starts moving? Sure son. It took about five minutes before the turtle's head and legs came out from under its shell. Dad, the turtle head and legs are coming out reminding me of myself when I get cold. I put my arms under my shirt sometimes when I'm cold and bring them out when it warms up. Humm, I am a turtle sometimes dad. Yes you are Josh.



Slowly the turtle began to move through the grass. It looked back at us as if saying thanks and disappeared in the canal. Thanks mom and dad for stopping and rescuing the turtle. You're the best!

The Secrete Classroom

It time to go to school and I can't wait to get there. It's 7:30 in the morning and I'm going to Mr. G class. He was my second grade teacher when I came to Miami from Cuba. I didn't know any English and Mr. G knew very little Spanish. I have never had a teacher who look like that. His skin is brown and he has different kind of hair. The others Spanish speaking students explained to me what I had to do in class. The first words Mr. G taught me was to say good morning. That is what everybody had to say when they walked into his class. If anybody walked into his classroom without saying good morning, he would send them out, even an occasional adult. I got sent out of class several times. The students would tell me to say good morning. So those were my first words learned in school. Good Morning.

It's third grade now, and my English is Superb. I'm going to have fun in my second grade teacher class before school starts. We exchange pleasantries, Good Morning Mr. G. Good Morning. My first or our first task is to take down the chairs. I say our because I bring my friends to the class also. Mr. G has students coming to his class from different grade levels, from first grade to fifth grade and as many as forty students before the official start of school. Some students bring friends or relatives and we make sure they say good morning because they will have to go back out and say good morning to come in. Good morning is the password to morning fun.

Once we finish the chairs we are on the computers doing different activities be it academically or going on children web sites. If we do not want to use the computers, we will draw on the board, play games like tick tack toe and some write Mr. G notes. I love to use the dry eraser board especially when Mr. G has those scented markers, cherry, blueberry, charcoal and grape. Lets go open a store in the back of the class. We collect different items from around the class for the students to buy like books, tennis balls, pencils, pattern blocks, golf ball, etc. We give students the play money so they can come to the store to shop. Who is going to be the manager? Who is going to be the cashier? We need someone to be security. The students come to the store to buy different thing. Come to think of it, it's not a store, it's a flea market. Glenda's Flea Market.

This is fun because everybody like to shop. Some of the students would complain about something costing to much money, so they try to bargain to get a cheaper price. Security can you get the customers to form a line?

Let have a hula hoop contest. We grab a hula hoop and begin the contest. One contest is to see how can hula hoop the longest. Another contest is to see who can do the best tricks. Some students are really good. One student start hooping on her knees and then stands up and again back on her knees. Another students has a cool trick. She hoops with three hula hoops and then she does something with her body that makes them separate with one hoop separating from the other two without stopping. That was amazing. To may surprise a boy was able to do that trick also.

I want to jump rope now. I go to the group of students who are jump roping and some can really jump rope well. Mr. G gives us a quick lesson on how to jump. He turns the rope very fast and then he begins to double jump. Wow, that's great Mr. G, thanks. We take turns jumping rope. One girls jumps backwards well and another one can cross the ropes. It can be tiring when you jump for a long time. There is a group of girls and boys playing with tennis balls. Some are playing catch with each other, some are dribbling it like a basketball and a few are throwing it off the wall and catching it. Now, they have a baseball game going on in that small area behind the jump rope group. Some students are using lego blocks, building cars, building, bridges, action figures, etc.. Mr. G sent one student out because they act bad during school in another class. Lets play horse with the jump rope. The horse wagon started with on human horse, than it became a wagon pulled by four human horses. If you'll fall and get hurt don't come to me crying yelled Mr. G. A tennis ball come flying over Mr. G's food. He says it's only adding a little seasoning to his food. A little dirt is good for the immune system he says. What an immune system? Don't worry about it, just eat a little dirt every now and then to keep you healthy. Another ball heads for the computer, but the computer moves out of the way.

What are they doing under the table?

Some students are even in the small cabinets. They are doing what ever they want to do. Well, I would never be caught doing that. Kids like to do different things, that is why so many different activities are

going on.

One morning it got so loud that one student turned out the lights to get the students to quiet down and it worked for about ten seconds and then right back to the noise.

This is one of the best times of every school day for me and a lot of students because we don't get the chance often to play whatever we want with our friends in school.

Time to go, let's put everything away! I hope you'll have a beautiful day. I'm sorry you'll can't stay, I'm sure I'll see you all another day. Off the computers screams Mr. G! Bye Mr. G, the students shout as they grab their book bags and they exit the class heading to their homeroom. Bye Mr. G, see you'll around school, see you'll later Mr. G shouts! School always starts off with a bang, thanks to Mr. G, the early bird teacher who love having students around being active.

The Butterfly School

The third grade in Florida is somewhat a stressful year for everybody especially with third grade because of testing. Students are retained or passed based on who well the do on the test. Testing is over and one teacher has an idea of creating a butterfly garden. The students are told and they are excited since most of them have never created a garden of any kind. I, myself am very curious as to how this is going to turn out, for I have never seen one.

A lot of planning went into creating the garden, getting the different types of plants and tools, deciding the area to create the garden around the school, organizing the classes to a schedule to assist in planting the flowers. Bellon is curator or director of the garden. She say she has the largest residential butterfly garden on the planet so she is the expert. Unbeknownst to them I love gardening.

The butterfly expert, her esposo and her class prep the area for receiving plants by clearing the

grass and weeds. That is probably the hardest part of the job of creating any garden because it requires a lot of digging, pulling and bagging weed and grass.

The day is sunny with a mixture of blue and white clouds. It is not too hot out and the area that was chosen has a few shade trees. It is time to commence the creation of the butterfly garden and we go on our scheduled

time and begin planting the different types of plants that the expert Bellon requested the classes bring in. The students are excited and eager to plant. Students are assigned different duties like digging the hole, another student takes the plant out of the pot, another student waters the plant, while another covers it with soil. The butterfly garden is buzzing with excitement. Other students and teacher who are aware of what is being done are curious and ask what is being done and students are quick to reply, we are creating a butterfly garden.

The students are working hard, which is shown by the dirt and sweat on their bodies. This is one of the happiest times I've seen my students, that's why I like to take them outside each day for five to fifteen minutes to enjoy the outdoors. They tell each of the teachers that they are having a great time. Students ask different questions like when will butterflies come? How do they know to come over here? The expert answers the questions and we finish planting for the day. It took us about three days to completely finish planting the different plants in the garden. Different classes from the grade level participated in all phases of the garden.

When finally completed everybody was pleased with the finished product. Compliments were given from students, staff, and parents who saw the transformation everyday because the location of the garden is in an area that gets a lot of human traffic. The students and teacher are proud of what was created. It's like new life has been given to the school. We see it everyday and smile!

Magically, out of nowhere a butterfly appears and begins to go from flower to flower laying eggs on her favorite plant. The students and I are excited. They tell someone next to them to look at the butterfly. Some students know what the butterfly is doing and begin to explain the entire process that the butterfly goes through. I'm in ecstasy seeing the butterfly in the garden. The expert chose some plants that had a few eggs on them.

For the next week there were butterflies coming and going to the garden and there was excitement throughout the school. The garden was the center of attention. Students from all grade levels visited the garden and parents loved seeing it when they picked up their children. I could not wait to get to school every morning to spend time in the garden alone, plus I looked for eggs. At the end of the week there were some cute tiny caterpillars and there were a lot of them. I could not wait to show the students because I knew they would be amazed to see them in real life. Just as I thought when they came out and saw them they were almost blown away. They saw the little baby caterpillars feeding on milkweed. Some of them were hard to see because they were either camouflaged amongst the leaves, or they were eating under the leaves. It almost became a game of hide and seek with the tiny baby caterpillars hiding and the students and I finding them. We visited the garden two to three times a week. It's our stress release.

The eating machines are what caterpillars are. These tiny babies were getting bigger and longer with each passing day because they did what human babies do eat. I wonder if caterpillars sleep? We were all amazed to see how quickly the baby caterpillars became teenager caterpillars and then adult caterpillars. When the baby caterpillars became adult caterpillars what do you think happens to all of the leaves on the stems? You got it right, they were all gone and so were some of the caterpillars. The expert said that the leaves will eventually grow back and they did. It took about a month for them to grow full.

Since the milkweed leaves were gone we decided to buy more milkweed which looked a little different from the ones we originally planted. We planted them and there was something wrong. The caterpillars started to die and I alerted the expert Bellon and she said that the new milkweed might have pesticide on them and said that I should wash them thoroughly and replant them and see if that solves the problem and it did. Some of the cocoons eventually died. That was a sad time period but the washing of the milkweed seems to have solved the problem because butterflies began to lay eggs and the process started over again. It was a lesson learned, which was to ask if the plants have pesticide on them. I also wonder if it was a bad thing to transport caterpillars to different milkweed that have more leaves on them.

It was time for some of them to make a cocoon and to eventually come out as butterflies like a baby comes out of their mommy. I watch some of the caterpillars move through the different plants looking for a place to cocoon. The expert Bellon took a few adult caterpillars and some leaves and placed them in a container so her class can see the cocooning process and I along with my class was able to see the process, the J shape and the spinning and eventually the birth of a butterfly.

Heavy rain and wind came and I wonder what would happen to the butterfly garden. Would the plants, caterpillars, and cocoon survive. I was worried like a parent worrying about their children. The next day I was anxious to get to school to survey the damage and saw that they survived, but some were all on the ground and had to be placed back on the milkweed. I guess the caterpillars did what things do seek cover. I was a little that the cocoon on the pipe was blown away on knocked to the ground. The glue that the caterpillars use to hold the cocoon is really strong. Now that I look at the location of the garden and analyze it, it is a perfect location because it is protected by the school that surrounds it, yet it gets the water and sun it needs to thrive.

I was suppose to look forward to teaching and I did but my first priority after the butterfly garden was finished was to visit the butterfly garden early in the morning before everybody got there and I visited it many times during the day. I was amazed along with the entire school at the different places cocoons were popping up. Some cocoons were hard to find because they were camouflaged amongst the greenery of the plants, yet some were out in the open on pipes and hanging from the top of door ways. The Expert Bellon told us that the green cocoons will eventually turn black and soon the butterfly will come out and leave a clear casing. Our butterfly garden gave birth to more than twenty plus butterflies over only two months. It was somewhat of a spectacle. We have butterflies all around the school, in classroom and some of the butterflies are intelligent. Some are so intelligent the help students with their school work. Some lucky students are able to attract butterflies to their finger and they walk around school with it. Other students ask, how do you do that?! We discovered that one of the trees in the area of the butterfly garden had a bird's nest in it. We realized this when we saw an egg on the ground and look up and sure enough, there was the nest. It was fun times approaching the end of the year because of the additional joy the butterfly garden gave us who visited it. The butterfly garden had more tourist then South Beach.

School is out and I wonder how the butterfly will survive. Will the process continue which I believe it will but I worry that the weed will take over during the summer and take away part of its beauty and tourist will go to South Beach and not come to the Butterfly Garden School.

See you when I get back to school butterfly garden.

I spend most of my time on different golf course during the summer and guess what have been happening to me, butterflies would come up to me and say hay I know you. You gave birth to me at your school. I told them I don't remember you because you all looked alike. The butterflies said they remember me because I'm the only one who looks like me. I laugh. They said they were thankful for the creation of the butterfly garden because It gave them life and they are happy to share this beautiful planet with us. I told them I enjoyed it and can't wait to do it again. One butterfly told me to keep practicing and said he or she said they hope I reach my goal of the sixties. I replied me too.

Every time I see a butterfly what do you think comes to my mind?

A. the sky B. my school C. golf D. the butterfly garden

We don't won't to be the only school in the world with a butterfly garden so ask your teacher or principal to create a butterfly garden for the school to enjoy one of the many precious processes in life.

Your Not My Teacher

I went to school Tuesday and I saw a different looking man in my class. Where is my teacher Mr. G? I am Mr. G. You are not my teacher Mr. G, because my teacher does not have hair like that. You have a fluffy head. What are you talking about little girl, this is my hair and it's my style. That not a style! My

teacher has braids in his hair. How did you get your hair like that? It looks like a heart or a brain. It looks like a mouse. The rest of the kids came to the class and stared at the teacher. Some kids did a double take. Where's my teacher ask Maria? I am your teacher. What is that on your head? You don't look like him. The class laughed and stared. They had a fun time and it was hard for us to settle down and do the morning math. As this teacher walked through the school the kids stared, pointing and laughing. The teacher just laughed and smiled with them. I am still not sure if this is Mr. G Nat said to Maria. I'll wait until we get into the cafeteria and see how the first grader act when they see him. Mr. G normally gives this one first grade class high fives everyday when we go to the cafeteria. He enters the cafeteria and some of the kids stop because they are not sure who this man is. Only a few kids give him high fives while the remainder of the first graders stare. Mr. G smiles.

He sat and talked with us during lunch like Mr. G . It is Tuesday and we normally go outside after lunch and hit golf balls with Mr. Givins. Excuse me teacher, are we going outside to practice golf. My name is not Mr. Teacher little person, it's Mr. G. We did go outside and play golf after lunch. He might be my teacher, but he sure looks different. Thanks teacher, I mean Mr. G. I can't call you Mr. Givins because you have a fluffy head. As the kids left to go home, they said by Mr. Fluffy head. I got to school the next day and I saw my teacher . Your back! He had new braids. Mr. Givins, you got your hair fix. What do you mean fix! It was never broken. I guess I did get it fixed. You all did not recognize me yesterday. I knew you kids would reach differently to that hair style. I can't wait until you'll see the real weird hairstyle.

Saved by a Teacher

Hi reader of this story. I'm proud of you because you are reading. I'm going to tell you what happened to me. The first person who had me didn't take care of me. That person lost me and did not try to find me. I have always loved to write because that's all I know how to do. I never thought I would end up on the side of the road. I was sad and all alone. People walked and walked past me. One car even ran over me and cracked my shell.

It rained on me during the rainy seasons and the sun beamed down on me everyday in Miami. I even survived a hurricanes and tornados. The nights were not so bad because it was cool and pleasant.

I thought I was going to spend the rest of my life on the side of the road until one day this man was walking along on the side of the road. I was surprise to see a person walking because not too many people walk along these roads anymore. He was heading towards me and when he got to me he walked over me like everybody else, but then suddenly, he stopped and started reaching down. I thought he saw some money and was reaching to pick it up. I felt a touch that I had not felt for a long time. My little pen heart started beating fast because I realized he was picking me up.

He looked at me and I was hoping he didn't throw me a way because of my cracked outer shell. I heard him whisper to himself, I wonder if this pen can still write? I screamed, I can write, I can write! He took out a piece of paper that was pink and started to scribble to see if I still work. I had never seen pink paper and I was hoping I would still be able to write. He scribbled and scribbled and I worked and he smiled and said that I was a tough pen and he said that he will write my story and never leave me in a strange place again. I never wanted to stay on the side of the road because I knew this is not where I belong so I decided to keep my insides healthy for one day I would be rescued. My outer shell did it's job and protected me when the car ran over me like a turtle shell protects its insides from predators.

I asked him what made him decide to pick me up? He told me that he normally keep something to write his thought and ideas down but had forgot so he was hoping to find something to write with. He said he had a good feeling that he would find something to write with so he kept looking down while walking. I also asked him why was he walking down this road. I normally don't see Blacks walking down this road. He told me that he was returning a car and was walking to the train station. He said he doesn't mind walking in the beautiful Miami weather. I told him that I am grateful that he doesn't mind walking because I would still be on the side of the road. He said that he picked my cousins, the pencils up all the time in school where he work. What do you mean where you work, I asked? He said he is a teacher and right then I knew I was saved. I now do the job I was created to do. I am used to write some of his stories, question and

answers for his students, I put checks and ex. 's on students papers and sometimes I feel bad when I'm used to put ex. 's on students papers, so I ask him to use another mark like a circle. I ask him if he would take me to meet his students, which he did and that was a blast. The students were fighting over me. Their little fingers tickled my body and I started to cry because I have never been welcomed like that in my life. They introduce me to their pencil and pens who were my lost cousins. Some of those pencils and pens looked really strange, but they were still my cousins. I love my new life and I hope everybody is fortunate enough to find happiness one day like me.

Writing forever, Pen, the survivor.

Thanks Teacher.

Pen, where are you? I need you to do some work. I know you hear me calling you. It has to be somewhere under all these papers. There it is, sleeping under the covers. He was using the papers as a blanket because it was a little chilly. I'll let it rest for the night. Good night readers.

Thanks For Reading.

Hand at Work

It's between seven thirty and eight thirty before school and I am jumping rope in my teacher's room. This is one of the many things me and other students from the school do in the morning before school official starts. While jumping rope the rope smacked me on my face, so I had to go to the office to get an ice pack. Well, the ice pack consist of a latex glove with some ice in it. I iced my face during the day and the ice eventually melted and the glove was filled with water. It formed the shape of a glove so I decided to leave it on my desk and I told my teacher that my glove hand was going to do the work for the rest of the day, while I have recess for the remainder of the day and gallivant around school. My teacher laughed until I started walking towards the door. I walked out of the class and headed to the PE area and proceeded to play until two o'clock, which was dismissal since it was Wednesday. The next day I got to school early and my teacher was angry because I walked out of the class and didn't return. I reminded him that I told him where I was going. Did the hand do all of the assignments and more importantly was the work done correctly I asked. My teacher was shocked when he saw my hand started to pick up the pencil and started to copy what was on the board when I left. He said he was blown away when the hand open the math book and turned to the page I asked the students to complete. The class was amazed. One student ask the teacher if the hand could talk and does it have a name?! My name is hard working, says the hand. What

kind of name is that one student asked? My mom said, “that she want a child that gets good grades in school“. You don’t have a mom and you are not a child, one student shouted! Well, I’m in school just like you and I’m getting good grades, what about your grades asked the glove? Maria steps in for here hand and tells the students to leave her hand alone. She looks at the work the hand did yesterday and was pleased that most of it was correct. Her teacher told her that she had to make up the worked she missed. She argued that she left her hand to do her work for her and she should not have to make up the work. I was surprise that the glove actually did the work replied the teacher, but it’s the glove’s work, not yours. Will you give the glove a grade asked one student. There was no response. The teacher told Maria to put the glove away and take it home and don’t bring it back to class. Can I bring it when I know I’m going to be absent? As long as it works hard, I guess. Do you have a gloves to leave at school when you are absent, so the glove can do your work while you gallivant around school?