

## NOSTALGIA FROM BAKER ST.

Written By

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"But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well."

-Matthew 6:33

### WORK EXPERIENCE

Hey y'all how's it going, I'm going into my senior year of college. The other day, I told my mom that when I graduate, I don't want no boring ass 9 to 5 office job. I told her I want to pursue something in the entertainment industry in some form or fashion. Professionally. And you know what she did..

She looked into the windows of my soul and laughed right in my fucking face. Alrighty then off to a good start, I guess. I'm a glass half full type guy. She said David, you need a plan B something to fall back on. Build up some work experience while you're in school, you know. To translation she's basically saying nigga you need to start thinking about finding a real job and stop bullshitting around so you can get the fuck up out my house.

She doesn't see me as her sweet baby boy no mo'. Yea it's getting to that point where I'm just that lazy nigga lounging around her house watching YouTube all day. Oh, I love YouTube! One night I was in one of those YouTube loops and I came across this video about the job of a night auditor. Turns out it's the easiest job ever. It's almost as easy as being an *OnlyFans* model.

So, all a night auditor does is sit at a desk, monitor cameras, check-in the guests, and collect a paycheck. The lady in the video spent most of the time talking about what she was gonna watch on Netflix during her shift, than explain the actual description of the job.

I'm like oh yea this job is too easy. You basically got your dick in one hand and a paycheck in the other. On second thought maybe that video wasn't on YouTube. I'm probably getting my video streaming sites mixed up again. They all blending in together nowadays, one minute you're watching tik toks, next minute you're stroking your cock. Same difference. To be honest, tik tok might run pornhub out of business because the tits on there are just as beautiful if not better. They know what they're doing, I'm not the only one looking!

So, I applied for one of those receptionist jobs. But like with every job, they require you to have actual experience of said job. And I hate when companies do that, like how am I supposed to have experience if you won't hire me. People just don't come out the womb with 2 years of front desk experience and a friendly customer service attitude.

That's why they shouldn't mind if you lie on your resume, because I feel like all companies lie on their job postings. Saying that they offer a safe and enjoyable work environment. Like one time I remember I had this job where in the two weeks all my co-workers hate me, and the manager was on his 3<sup>rd</sup> sexual assault complaint. Uhhh Rob I'm tryna eat my lunch, put your goddamn cock away. I don't know which smells worse, your balls or my tuna fish.

I don't know, that's how I imagine sexual harassment go down in the workplace. I wouldn't know, I didn't think I'm cute enough or have the proper work experience to get sexually harassed. Indeed Job Finder suggests that I should master my computer skills before I plan on getting inappropriately fondling at the workplace.

But, it would be nice to win a million-dollar settlement case, so I would never have to work on my resume ever again. *But nobody wants to fuck little davy.* But lying on your resume sucks because you gotta hope you don't forget the lie you told when it's time for the interview. Then again, it's disappointing when your desperate for work and you did all that lying just to get rejected by fucking Arby's.

Yea, it's a real depressing moment when you can't even get a job with a company where their slogan is "We Have The Meats." Like

who even came up with that, that shit sounds nasty as hell. That slogan's more fitting for a sex offender hotline, instead of a fast-food chain.

*(Telephone Operator Voice) Hello, this is the Washington Area Sex Offender Hotline. Where we have the meats, to make sure they stay away from your cheeks.*

It's perfect because they can use that same voice actor with the deep voice to scare off the predators. *(Deep voice) WE HAVE THE MEATS, SO DON'T YOU BE FUCKING WITH OUR CHEEKS. Bum, bum, bum.*

But anyways forget Arby's, I didn't want your meat anyway. I'm vegan now. Fuck roast beef, I'm only eating chicken.

### **THE INTERVIEW**

So, I finally just got an interview for a front desk job and it's been a while since I've done a formal interview, so I was kinda nervous. And when that happens it normally doesn't go well. But somehow during the interview, comedy was brought up and when you tell people that you're into comedy. They always expect you to tell them jokes on command. Like I'm not your little joke bitch. I can't just pull a joke out of my ass, just because you can't handle our depression.

But luckily, I remember a yo momma joke from middle school that was memorable. I'm thinking yeah, she's gonna love this one; everybody likes yo momma jokes. Now I was so confident, I was gonna get this job. Like ain't nobody telling jokes at an interview.

So, the joke I told the interview lady was:

What's the difference between your momma and hockey player... I said, A hockey player takes a shower after 3 periods. BOOM.

Yea the interview lady wasn't too happy about that one. The joke went right over her head. She said oh honey, my mother's dead. She died 6 months ago to breast cancer. I was like oh shit I done fuck it now. I'm like I'm so sorry to hear that, but what

does that have to do with your mother's smelling unkept pussy. BOOM.

So do I have the job or not lady? It seems like she took care of her breasts the same way she took care of her pussy. I don't think I wanna work in an environment where the management comes from a bloodline of careless unhygienic individuals. Oh, and if you couldn't tell by now, I didn't get the job. I think me showing up 15 minutes late and talking about the manager's deceased mother was probably the deal breaker for them.

### **WHY ARE YOU THE WAY THAT YOU ARE**

Yea, growing up I never had a filter, and I've always paid the price for it. I was raised in the times where parents could whoop their kids and get away with that shit. I know some people call it "spankings" but that seems a little light compared to what my father did.

My father whooped my ass on the daily. Spanking sounds like desserts compared to full course meals of ass whoopings I received. You know how they say an apple a day keeps the doctor away. My father philosophy was an ass whooping every night gonna make this little nigga act right.

And half the time I wasn't even doing nothing crazy. I was a good kid growing up... kinda.

He would be like son, it's that time again... you know what I gotta do. Like dad stop, you know no one's making you do this right. I think my cheeks need a mental health day man. We can bond through a more enjoyable way. How about you teach me how to throw a spiral instead of how to tolerate abusive relationships.

Whooping my ass was like exercise for him. His doctor told him that he needed to incorporate 60 minutes of exercise a day. He interrupted those doctor's orders as 20 minutes of strength and conditioning on my ass cheeks. He saw that as an opportunity for premium father son bonding.

Yea my father didn't give a shit, this was a time before we thought little nigga lives matter. But my parents grew up in a different time period. Where all that abusive shit represented

love. Then all that love turned into fear, so your kids wouldn't grow up to become school shooters.

Because if you got abused at home, getting bullied or a girl not liking you at school seemed so insignificant. And plus, I never wanted to give my parents a reason to come up to my school in the first place. So, the last thing on my mind was to shoot it up.

Getting my ass whooped at home was one thing, but giving my mom a national televised audience to my beat, ahh hell nah.

MOM: You got me taking off work for some bullshit. \*Belt slap\*

MOM (CONT'D): Having these people thinking I'm raising mentally unstable chil-ren \*Belt slap\*

ME: momma no \*crying\*

MOM: Embarrassing me on TV, got me looking like a hot mess. Got my wig falling off too, stay still boy \*belt slap\*

Yea, I didn't need that extra attention on me. My dad nipped that shit in the bud at a very young age. Growing up my dad was so fucking cheap he would cut my hair instead of sending me to the barber. Like actually tried to line me up with the same razor he shaves his nutsack with!

He used to give me them weak ass skin tight fades and shit. One time I remember I asked for a line in my eyebrow so I can look cool and shit. This nigga shaved off my whole fucking eyebrow!

He was like, Ah shit my b... you want me to cut the other one off so it can even out.

*Nah I'm good man you've done enough (crying)... I'll just rock my AND1 headband for 2 weeks and hope nobody will notice. He didn't give a fuck, he had me going to school looking like a little foster care baby. Not poor enough to where I looked homeless and the teachers had to call CPS. But poor enough to where my classmates made fun of me so I can learn at a young age that people ain't shit! I had to be like these scars on my shape up aren't infected, their building character damn it!*

It's crazy how I remember those childhood memories... Like how I used to be terrified when teachers would call my parents. That was the scary thing a teacher could do to me as a kid. Shit molest me, anything but call my parents!

But you ever had those teachers who would give you the phone to make you call your parents yourself and you would have to tell them what you did.

\*Phone rings\* \*Me talking in kid voice\*

MOM: Hello

ME \*crying\*: Momma

MOM: Yea baby am at work

ME: You in a good mood, you having a good day at work?

MOM: What you want boy I'm in a meeting.

ME: Just calling to check up on ya and I tell you I love you

MOM: Hmmm uh, On Ms. Green phone?

ME: Yea, she just wanted me to tell you that BD, Lanron, and dem were talking to me, but I was doing my work and they kept tryna talk to me. But I was just listening though. So, Ms. Green thought I was talking too but I was really doing my work.

MOM: Boy don't be calling me at work no more with all that foolishness. Stop all that damn talking before I come up there and embarrass you in front of all your lil friends.

ME: Ight momma, Imma be good. But momma, if you do come up here can you bring me some McDonald's... cause I'm hungry and you forgot to put money on my lunch card again.

And I know you got McDonalds money cause that's the money that's supposed to be on my lunch card.

\*Mom hangs up sound\*

ME: Hello... hello... Momma, you still there? Hello... Aye Lanron, my momma bringing me some McDonalds to school.

And no you can't have none, cause she told me not to give you none.

And NO you can't have a waterfall of my Hi-C, but you can have a piece of ice though.

Another time I remember when I got in trouble and had to call my parents at school. But, this time I'm thinking.. Imma outsmart my teacher. Imma call my own phone. Thinking it wasn't gonna ring in my pocket 10 seconds later. I had to play it off though.

\*Phone rings\*

Hold on Ms. Green, I gotta take this call really quick. This could be anybody.

Hello. New number who dis. I'm in school right now, can I call you back.

### **RED FACES TO RED BELTS TO RED CHEEKS**

But overall, I feel like I got my fair share of whoopings just like any other child. To the point where, there were only three memorable times where my parents got mad enough to fully give me an ass beating. There was my daily ass whoopings, my worst ever ass whooping, and my very last ass whooping.

And tonight, you're going to hear about all three. Enjoy!

First the daily ass whoopings... these weren't so much every day but happened often enough to where my cheeks couldn't fully recover from the last one. They had to suit up for game day even though they were still on the injury reserve list.

But I got these whoopings because I had the worst 2<sup>nd</sup> grade teacher ever. Ms. Monroe oh I hated this bitch! So, she did this thing where we had daily behavioral reports. And at the end of the day in our agenda books she would either draw a green smiley face if you were good and a red frowny face if you were bad. And our parents had to check and sign these faces everyday.

And this teacher was so strict to the point where she would give you a red face if you did something she didn't approve of like talk out of turn or have your shirt untucked. Just something as little as that. Basically if you could breathe and had a penis your ass was getting a red face.

She definitely favored the girls more than the boys. To be honest, I think she just wanted to show them what a strong female role model looks like. Hey girls this is what your future's gonna look like if you don't find love. The sky's really the limit for ya! You can be a miserable middle aged cunt of a teacher. I apologize for calling for a cunt, until this day thinking about that she pisses me off.

But one time there was a particular week where she gave me nothing but red faces. And my dad had a rule where if I brought home a red face, I was getting a whooping. Fun fact, the same belt he beat me with was the same belt I got him for Father's Day.

He's like yea son this is really nice, let me just "break it in" on your behind hi-ya \*belt clap\*

I always regretted getting him that belt... to be honest, I don't even think he wore that motherfucka. The only purpose that belt serviced was for beating my ass.

I guess it's safe to say he really didn't like that belt. I said for now on your ass is getting ties and socks for Father's Day. Nevermind, fuck that. Don't expect nothing from me no more. Father's Day is canceled forever!

So that whole week I was getting whoopings because of these red faces. And by Friday, all of the fibers in ass cheeks felt like they had been ruptured, annihilated, obliterated, all of the above. Whatever you wanna call it but they just couldn't take another ass whooping. So, I did what any normal 2<sup>nd</sup> grader would do... I lied.

So, in the agenda book the calendar pages had different colors for each month. And this month's color was purple. So, I got a small piece of purple construction paper and glued it over the red face and got a green marker to draw a smiley face on top of



it.

I was like this is genius, he'll never know the difference. I went to show my friend Eric my idea, he was like you idiot, it's so obvious that you're trying to hide something. The construction paper is three shades darker than the original color.

Imagine a whole calendar month but on one of the dates there's a big ass piece of purple square, yea that was my agenda book. But 2<sup>nd</sup> grade me thought what could go wrong?

Plus, it didn't help that I put way too much glue on the paper so by the time I got home it looked like dried semen all over my book.

So, David, why is your book so sticky today.. oh it's sticky, I didn't notice. I don't know, I think somebody might have spilled milk on my book, who knows... but just to be safe I won't lick or smell your fingers.

Yea there no way I was getting out of this one. But the thing that really made me mad was that my dad said he didn't whoop me that day because I got a red face, he said he did it because I lied... yea right?!

Mm... I wonder where I get it from because *it feels like I'm being lied to right now!*

Stop the cap, I don't know why parents act like they only whooped you because you lied. At the end of the day, I was still gonna get a whooping. It's not like if I told the truth about breaking a lamp or something, it's gonna *magically fix itself* and stop me from getting my ass beaten.

You should be happy that your kids try to cover up something with a lie. Not lying at a young age turns little kids into bitch ass snitches.

The world is full of too many bitch ass snitches, and it's because parents keep telling kids lying is bad. You don't need to know the truth all the time. And you don't need to lie all the time but sometimes it's needed.

Lying is important to a child's development. Lying is like masturbating... here and there is good for the body. But too much of it makes you sexually incompetent.

### **CABINET DADDY**

This next one happened in the 4<sup>th</sup> grade, and this was probably the worst ass whooping I ever received. Growing up I hated all of my teachers. Even the decent ones that gave half a shit about their students.

But for the ones I really didn't like I used to fuck them over in their performance review. Yea, when the principal used to come in and observe the classes. My friends and I would act a fool so the teachers could get a bad score on their reviews in hopes they might get fired.

Oh Ms. Green you gonna give me a bad test grade, two can play at that game. Yea I might not pass the 4<sup>th</sup> grade... but you're not gonna be able to pay your rent this month, soon to be homeless ass bitch.

I just couldn't understand why some people became teachers. Dedicating your life, teaching little shits that you can be anything you want but never telling them that there's a fine print.

Yea, that fine print you gotta learn on your own years after school.

Which is you can be anything you want! ... as long as you're:

- A) Very very very good at what you do
- B) You either gotta know the right people or sleep with the right people.

And that's it, *the world is yours!*

After that the options are limited... either the military or trade school you better pick one nigga. Yea people aren't born patriotic. They just didn't read the fine print. They slept with

the wrong person so now they gotta leave town in 9 months before they're mistake gets here. Yea they don't tell you that shit in grade school. I know this has nothing to do with my worst ever whooping but Uncle Davy Dave is here to warn y'all before it's too late.

But back to my worst whooping ever. It was given to me by my dad of course and I say of course because your mother can never really give a whooping like your dad can. Every time my mom would give you a whooping, I had to act like it hurt so she could and leave me the hell alone. Like \*Belt snap\* hahaha mom stop that tickles Imma pee on myself... I mean ouu oww not so rough momma.

Yea I'd always prefer my momma discipline compared to my dad's. Especially after this one because this time my dad was so fed up with me this time, he was like fuck the belt, Imma throw this little nigga into a cabinet!

I guess after a while the belt just got too boring for him and he was just tryna experiment with different ways he can *show me his love*. To be honest, I vaguely remembered the situation. But I believe it had to do with me lying about not doing a science fair project that I had the entire school year to do. But it's not even my fault, if anybody's to be blamed it's DC public schools.

They know black kids don't grow up dreaming about being scientists. I don't know why science fairs are a part of the curriculum for inner city public schools. Like shit know your audience. Just like you don't have a bunch of black kids swimming laps around the pool for PE class. That's just a lawsuit waiting to happen. Know your audience!

At that point they just tryna set little niggas up for failure. Moral of the story is, I didn't remember that science project. But I know I'll never forget that cabinet... shit after that I had PTSD, I couldn't go in the kitchen for weeks. Yea after that I didn't get into any trouble for the next 3 years.

## NAZI CHESS CLUB

My final whooping came in the 7<sup>th</sup> grade. It probably wasn't the funniest but definitely the most memorable. Also, probably the first time I ever said a racist joke. But I'm not a racist as you can tell.

In middle school I was in the chess club and I our chess instructor name was Mr. W. He told us to call him Mr. W because he was German and thought inner city black kids would be too stupid to pronounce his full name. And he was right, He told us that shit one day. Man, his last name alone had 17 letters, 9 syllables, and a level 3 terrorist threat all in one name.

And at that time in middle school, they were teaching us about World War II, so the only thing I knew about Germans was Nazis and the diary of Anne Frank.

I was in middle school, I didn't know any better. So, one day when he told us he was German I just blurted out "Oh NO Nazi". After that he was like David! I'm actually Jewish and what you said was getting disrespectful and hurtful. You need to learn how to control yourself and think before you speak. And as sincerely as I could possibly be I said. I'm sorry Mr. W but how was I supposed to know... you don't do any Jew shit. He said David what the hell do you mean by JEW SHIT!

I said *come on now... you know.*

He was like no I don't! And then I waved a dollar in his face and he bit my hand off. \*vicious bite\*

*And I said see, jew shit.*

Please don't cancel me Jewish twitter. If there is such a thing, hopefully your voice is too small that nobody gives a shit about that joke. *These are just jokes*, except for the ass whooping I got from my momma for calling Mr. W a Nazi. Now that shit was real, no more chess club for yo boy after that.

And no, I'm not anti-Semitic if anything I'm pro-Semitic. If you are Jewish hit me up on twitter, I wanna host your bar mitzvah.

I've always wanted to attend a bar-mitzvah. Maybe I can learn what actually jew shit is. I'm joking I know there's no such thing as jew shit. There are no set rules, just consequences.

I wish I had a bar mitzvah growing up. I don't know much about them, but they seem pretty lit. People giving you cash gifts seems better than receiving cheap underwear you can only use once because the stains won't come out.

Shit when I turned 15 my momma gave me 6 condoms and said if she saw a used one around the house, she was gonna beat my ass and kick me out. But I said mom this is a 12 pack there's only 6 in here. Where's the rest of them?

She said boy, don't worry about them.. just be thankful you ain't got no little brothers or sisters running around here. *MAZEL TOV lil nigga!*

#### **HOLA AND GOOD NIGHT**

When I was young my parents used to flex about sending me to private school. They thought I was getting an advanced education by learning music, Spanish, and all that extra shit in the 3<sup>rd</sup> grade. They wanted me to get a head start in life. Like that shit you learn at 8 years old is really gonna make a difference and help you pay your bills at 22.

But my dad didn't like sending me to private school because he thought it was a waste of money. The only positive he saw in it was that he could brag about it to his friends. So, one day we went to go to one of his friend's fish fry parties. And his boss and all of his work buddies were there. They were all sitting at this big table chatting it up, bragging about their kids.

They're all tryna one up each other. One dude is like "my son just got a football scholarship to Maryland." Another dude is like my son is "studying to be a doctor. He's finishing his doctorate next month."

So, at this point my dad feels like he's getting shown up by his friends. So, it's his turn to show off his dog's tricks. Come here davy boy \*dog kisses\* over here lil buddy.

And he goes well, my David is going to an advanced private school where they're teaching him music and Spanish. Go ahead David speak a little Spanish.

And I'm looking around the room and all the eyes are on me... So I froze up for about a good 20 seconds. And the only thing that could come out of my mouth was... ah ah ah HOLA.

All those years of Dora the fucking Explorer for nothing. Like Dora how about you stop wasting time tryna talk to me through a damn TV and frolicking through the damn forest witcha your lil monkey friend. And teach a nigga some real fucking Spanish.

And what made it worst was that one of my dad friends yell out *damn nigga even I know hola*. Yup, that was the nail in the cabinet right there. *Ba doo cha (fake drum sound)*

Mister, I could be your Spanish teacher... shut the fuck up nigga you wouldn't know the difference between a tortilla and tamale if it smacked you in the face. Dora never taught you shit either.

And you wanna judge my Spanish... I could had said anything and them niggas would have eaten that shit up. You know what would've really been funny, if I said something like bonjour or konnichiwa. Nothing remotely close to Spanish, them niggas wouldn't have known the difference.

During that whole situation I kinda just felt like that slave from Django, Broomhilda. A lot of yall are like what the fuck, what kind of slave name is Broomhilda. All the white people are like damn "*even you niggers back than some crazy ass names.*" I guess you're not the only one La-Quinta.

So, for yall that didn't see the movie. Broomhilda was a bilingual slave that could speak French and English. And her master would show her off to his guests whenever he had company. So long story short, that's all I was to my dad... just a mediocre bilingual slave he wanted to use to show off to his friends and boss so he can get a promotion.

Until this day, I still remember that look of depression on my

dad's face. *That disappointed slave master look*, you know the one. That car ride home from the fish fry was quiet. I would try to start a conversation, but he would ignore me or give me one-word replies.

And I was like yep, he's already made up his mind.. I could see it in his eyes. It was something no belt or no cabinet could fix. At that moment I realized, I was that mistake. And it wasn't nobody's fault. No body ever told this nigga to read the fine print! You can't just skip past the Terms & Services people.

Thank you, Good Night!