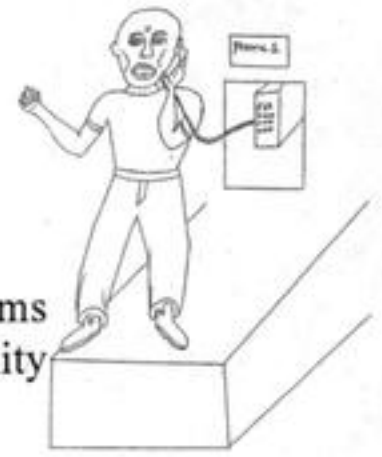


**Tyrone!**  
**Generic Vs Name brand**



Lucky for me, or not, in prison, when inmates make purchases of goods, those items are seldom, if at all, name brand. Had they been so (stronger) there is a strong possibility that I would be blind and not be able to share the preceding story with you without an assistant.

Early this morning, Tuesday December 18, 2012, I had one of those America's Funniest Videos moments, at first glance and is something I have been watching for the better part of three and a half years.

Outside of reckless laughter, I scanned the scenes to attempt to get a better understanding on just how to keep from unwillingly get tangled in one of those moments and land on the show, scenes that are sometimes aptly called stooges.

When I awakened this morning, my troubling back was at its limit of me dealing with its level of fierce pain, so after washing up and preparing for my day, I removed a tube of muscle rub from my locker that I must have had in there well over a years time and never cracked the seal until that moment.

I twisted the cap off the white tube, removed the small circle of foil, replaced the cap to only squeeze out a small amount, flipped open the top, half of the cap, then squeezed.

At first, the cream refused to come out on command, being stubborn as can be and I refused to stop squeezing, being even stubborn. Now, we all have a built in intelligent thought pattern that we occasionally use, some more often than others. I never used mine this morning.

I chose to do just the opposite; not use any intelligence at all. I raised the tube up to my eye; like I could see inside or will it to come out if I stared at it then squeezed harder.

Seconds later, a gusher of white cream rushed up and deservedly exploded right in my face, just splattered all over me and one of the main instructions on the side of the box states, external use only. Avoid contact with eyes, in plain black and white letters.

Well, you might have guessed it by now, the Ben-Gay smelling cream splashed in my nosy eyes and if you don't know how it feels, allow me to tell you...IT BURNS LIKE HELL!!!

That cream stung my eyes, lips, nose and forehead, not to mention splattered all over my clothes and bed to where the whole area smelled like Ben-Gay the entire day. People were walking by calling me old man and all I could do was to accept the ridicule because I smelled like Ben-Gay, not to mention, my back was still sore as hell.

I would have screamed like a grade school choirgirl singing off key but since I believe I am a man and in prison, I did the next best thing. I covered my mouth with both hands and screamed like a grade school choirboy who accidentally struck his own head with his drumsticks, thinking it was his drum.

And just incase you were thinking it but did not laugh at my AFV moment, thank you for your condolences. You are so kind and if you see me on the streets rapidly blinking my eyes, it's not that I'm winking at you; it's just that my damn eyes are still burning.

**Quote:** To go generic is to receive the same stinging result!

####

**Tyrone!**



**Caller:** Tyrone? My girlfriend is trippin'

**Tyrone:** What happened my brotha?

**Caller:** She won't talk 2 me.

**Tyrone:** Why not? What did U do?

**Caller:** I didn't do nothin'. I just told her she need to stop eatin' all them pies.

**Tyrone:** How did she take that?

**Caller:** I don't know. She won't talk to me now.

**Tyrone:** Well, why do U want her to stop eating pies if it makes her happy?

**Caller:** 'Cause she already 358 pounds man and don't need to be doin' what she's doin'.

**Tyrone:** Yo son, hold on. Obviously, her weight wasn't a problem when U met her...

**Caller:** Her weight aint the problem.

**Tyrone:** What's the problem then?

**Caller:** Damn Tyrone. U gonna make me say it over the phone?

**Tyrone:** U'r the one who wanted to talk...

**Caller:** All right man but don't tell nobody Tyrone. The problem is....that girl be eatin' them pies while we havin' sex...

**Tyrone:** What's wrong with that? Put a little spice in u'r sex life, yo.

**Caller:** Tyrone, are U serious man? That girl be trying to put that pie crust up in somewhere and I aint got but one hole and I aint goin' for that!

**Tyrone:** Yo, I would say...stay on the bottom!

**Tyrone!**



**Caller:** This Tyrone?

**Tyrone:** It is. Wuz up?

**Caller:** Yeah. I heard on your radio show about the brotha with the 358 pound pie eaten girl. Man that's some nasty stuff. I aint about to let nobody stuff nothin up my...

**Tyrone:** Slow your roll brotha. Speak on what U callin for not somebody else's business.

**Caller:** U right Tyrone. So, my girl aint talkin to me either, man.

**Tyrone:** Wuz up with U and yo shorty?

**Caller:** Man, just cause I went out wit my homies last night she gonna cop a attitude and not answer me.

**Tyrone:** When was the last time U talked to her? Was she at home when U got in the house last night?

**Caller:** Huh? Nah man, look, I met my girl online. We been kickin it for about six months. I mean, I aint never met her in person but that don't mean I don't luv her. She say she luv's me

**Tyrone:** Yo son, I hate to be the one to break the bad news to U but sounds like to me U got U'rself one of them imaginary girlfriends.

**Question.....Tyrone!**

**Tyrone, I slapped my wife 'cause  
she wouldn't make my dinner after  
I got home from work and she gonna  
call the po' po' on me**

**She should'a called  
u a punk and bussed  
yo' head down to  
the white meat!  
Fool, no super hero  
comes from a man  
who strikes a woman  
Click!**



**Question...Tyrone!**

**What? Nah baby. U got  
Tyrone fu...messed up. I aint gave  
U nothin. How am I gonna give  
U somethin' over the phone  
except some advice?**

**Who told U 2 call me?  
Well, the next time *they* tell U  
2 call Tyrone, don't b callin  
me with no baby mama drama!  
click!**

