

A LONE SOME WOLF

By The A.L.C.

Book Four of Seven
(a.k.a. *The Tipping Point*)
First Edition

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This is an original work by the **A.L.C.**

SMACK

“Who you be?”

“The A.L.C.”

“The A.L. who?”

“The A.L.C.”

“The A.L.C.?”

“Yeah. The A.L. C. ee you at the turnaround.”

This is a: You-can't-hang-with-us,-bang-with-us,-or-stang-with-us ***Production*** in conjunction with *Doin' the Do, Just Doin' the Do, Doin' the Do, Just Doin' my Do.*

The BriarPatch in cooperation with Grade A and Slum Flower.

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“We want to thank our parents, family, friends, and enemies. Shout out to our agent, mentor, and teacher, Clifford Benton, of **AUDACITY *The Literary Consortium***. Yo Cliff, you sought a nucca, bought a nucca, fought a nucca, and taught a nucca. And the Most High... (no words!)” The A.L.C.

The Age Overkill. Mr. Portafax.

The Big East will always be Mike Easter. (Not no/know college sports association.)

The 2 One 6.

“Yo, Byrd, you think this is gonna be a hit?” James Brown – Escapism

...The Cosmic Avenger stood in a corner—he said nothing: He only smiled.

“Butch couldn’t be here tonight, but he told me to ya...Thank you very much!”

Humans can be:

Magnificent on Monday;

Terrible on Tuesday;

Wonderful on Wednesday;

(Blood) Thirsty on Thursday;

Phenomenal on Friday;

Satanic on Saturday; and

either Saintly or Sinful on Sunday.

The
A.L.C.

PROLOGUE

“... a what???”

“She’s a *S.I.F.*”

“What’s a *S.I.F.*?”

“*S.I.F.* It’s an acronym.”

“And it stands for?”

“*Somebody I Fucked.*”

Let’s start the dance. Buckle Up! – The A.L.C.

CHAPTER ONE

“...’cause the devil once told me that hell is an orgasm in reverse—that lasts for an eternity.”

“A father-and-daughter talk 18 years later, huh, John?”

I hated when she, meaning my daughter, called me that. But what could I say, “Call me Dad, Papa, Father, Padre?” I mean, I put the deadbeat in “dad.” Her mother was a *S.I.F.* *Somebody I Fucked.* One of many I had. But I did send those checks every month. I was deadbeat and beatdead as a father—just not in the monetary sense.

This was supposed to be awkward. My daughter, Johnia, and I never really had a conversation beyond: “How’s school?” or “What do you want for your birthday?” or “What do you want for Christmas?” Her mother hated me times ten but never tried to keep me from her. When I felt really shitty about the way I treated my daughter and her mother, I sent a bigger check—early. Some of these baby mamas should be so lucky. They know a late check beats no check, an on-time

check beats a late check, and an early check beats an on-time check.

She, I gotta stop using “she.” My daughter, Johnia—I’ll explain the name thing later—was a female me. Flat-out fly. Six feet (three inches shorter than me), coal black, lean and muscular, eyes to die for, long legs, too much titty, and too much ass—for a father’s sake.

I gotta teach her to deal with a *Wolf*. A *Wolf* is top of the food chain. Fuck a mack, playa, balla, ladies’ man, P.I.M.P.—all lames. No game. No skills. A *Wolf* will fuck you over—figuratively and literally—won’t conceal it, and make you feel good about it. In fact, a *Wolf* will make a woman feel guilty for feeling guilty. A *Wolf* doesn’t want your car, your jewelry, your apartment, your timeshare—you can’t give a *Wolf* nothing but the hole—the whole in your pussy, the whole in your mouth, or the whole in your ass.

If my daughter can repel a *Wolf*, everyone or everything else is child’s play. I wrote me a manual. A step-by-step guide. A “good” book. A “holy” book. Painful and not-so-

painful truths about relationships. Men and Women. She's gonna learn all these lessons.

“Johnia, I'm gonna get straight to the point. You're fine as hell and...”

“Shouldn't we have had this talk when I got my first red rush? It's a little late in the game.”

She's smart. She's gonna be that bitch. She's definitely gonna be that bitch. “Late beats Never. As I was saying, you're fine as hell so you're gonna attract a lot of guys. You're getting ready to start college. They're gonna be jocking.”

“I got Mommie's ass and your legs. Being ‘jocked’, as you call it, is not a new experience,” she says with a bit of an eye roll and neck snap.

This is going to be more difficult than I thought—but still, I will prevail; it'll be a piece of cake. And I was motivated—highly motivated. My daughter was gonna be a victim, victimizer, or victor. I can't live with her being the first one. I can live with the second (that's only somewhat

acceptable), but she needs to be the latter. Her mother was a victim. Her mother's mother—a victim. Her mother's four sisters—victims. All the women on her mother's side—victims. My mother—a victim.

“There are five kinds of guys who ride on a bus or train. There's guys with nothing to do who just stare at the women. Then, there's the guys who are occupied listening to their music devices, mp3s and cell phones. And, there are the guys who are playing on those handheld gaming devices. These guys can't get no bus or train pussy. Or, at least no bus or train pussy worth having.

“Now, there are guys who can get the pussy provided the rest of their game be tight?”

“And who are they?”

“The motherfuckers who read.”

“Why's that?”

“They're intellectually preoccupied. Women like guys who don't sweat them and who are busy. Women like guys

who have interests. The more sophisticated the interest, the more women like you. Lotta guys don't know that shit.

Johnia's body language changes noticeably. She seems more perky.

"See, now even if you read," I continue, "what you read goes a long way. If it's a newspaper, it gotta be the *Times* or *Wall Street Journal*. And, if you're like 19 or 20 and you do it—you'll get some of that sophisticated pussy. I fucked at least eight women, all between 25 and 35 who were business types when I was 18.

"Do I got any other brothers or sisters that I should know about?"

Smart-ass. Just like her mother. She's not going to push my buttons though. "If it's a book—it should be a serious novel, like a Walter Mosely or J. California Cooper joint; or it can be a relationship book like Curtis Bunn.

"What did he write?" asks Johnia.

"*Baggage Check*. I gotta a whole lot of pussy off that book. It can also be some Tom Clancy shit.

“There was a time, in my mid-twenties, when I’d read the Bible while ridin’ the bus even though I ain’t touch a Bible in so long that I didn’t know the difference between the Old and New Testaments. I ended up hittin’ off a lot of those so-called ‘saved sistas.’ But I had to stop the Bible reading thing ‘cause it also attracted a lot of homely women who I would be forced to talk to. It got so bad that they knew which bus I was on, and I’d see them all the time. I’d try to avoid ‘em, but they’d still find me on an earlier or later bus. It was crazy. But there was a fine-ass honey I ended up cracking—Brenda—who made the harassment by those sistas who were in need of a serious makeover worth it. Brenda wore no make up, and had a bangin’ bod’ that her churchy-type clothing couldn’t conceal. I played the role of Bible Bobby—real innocent. When she finally gave it up, I tore into that ass. I don’t think I ever tore into some pussy like I tore into hers. She went from prude, to freak, to nympho, to Bootycall Brenda.

“The truth is, she wore me out, and I had to avoid her—and not ‘cause it wasn’t good. It was because I’d be sexed out.

I couldn't get up to go to work in the mornings. She almost got me fuckin' fired. I was late everyday. And I don't mean by five minutes. I'd be over her apartment. I'd shower, get ready to leave, and she'd sex me right at the door. Wouldn't let me leave. This is after we banged all night. Then, in the morning before showering, we'd fuck some more. Then, we'd do it in the shower. And she'd still want some as I was walking out the door. Damn, it's been a few years, but just thinkin' about it makes a brotha wanna call a sista. I can feel my kneecaps getting' hard. Damn. Let the church say 'Amen.' Ha Ha."

"Why did you stop—really?" Johnia asks suspiciously.

"Cause she was a church sista for real. I was definitely messing with one of God's flowers. It spooked me."

"So you got scared?"

"Yeah. You know why?"

"Why?"

"Cause the devil once told me that hell was an orgasm in reverse—that lasts for an eternity."

We laugh. I continue. “Anyway, if it’s non-fiction, it should be a book about money or business. Something like ‘Principles of Organizational Restructuring’—some shit like that,” I say in a pseudo deep voice.

Johnia smiles, reluctantly—but a smile.

I continue. “One time, I seen a dude who was suit-and-tie down, fancy briefcase, manicured nails, shining wingtips. He was reading a big-ass business book. Nobody was checking this chump. You know why?”

“Why?”

“Dude was holdin’ the book upside down. If you’re going to pretend to read, at least hold the book right-side-up.”

A giggle. This bonding thing is kind of cool. “There’s one other category of guy. He gets all the poo-poo.”

“Who?”

“It’s the guy who writes. All *Wolfs* know this. The guy who is seen writing—girl—sheet!”

“Why’s that?”

“What do you think?”

“I dunno.”

“What the hell is ‘I dunno’?” I’m pissed. Oh, now here comes the eye roll and neck snap. “Think about what I said. You got guys who are playing games; guys who are reading newspapers or magazines, or books; and guys who are writing. It’s the ‘preoccupied’ over the ‘non-preoccupied.’ And in the battle of the ‘preoccupieds’ the most challenging activity is the writing.”

“I don’t get it.”

“You may be able to read, but not write. But you can’t write unless you can read.”

She smiles. Slowly. Nods her head. She’s got it.

“What about texting? That’s writing,” she asks.

“No it ain’t. Don’t ever confuse ‘Texting’ with ‘Writing.’ ‘Texting’ is the anti-Christ of ‘Writing.’”

“John, explain ‘preoccupation’ I want to get it.”

An honest question. She’s engaged. I broke down her resistance. “First, you have to understand that guys have an

advantage. And a guy who can't pull five beautiful women is less than a man. He ain't shit.

“A woman will like a guy ‘cause he’s goodlooking, but it don’t stop there. He can be tall. Ugly as hell but tall as a light pole, and women will give him the panties—if he act right.

“He can be fat—plenty women like fat guys. I don’t know why—but they dig ‘em. But if you’re fat, you gotta be neat and rag your ass off.”

“What does ‘rag’ mean?” asks Johnia.

“It means dress. An old-school term. Dress fly. Not like no clown. Fly. No suit jackets with ten buttons. All them damn buttons. It’s supposed to be a jacket—not a shirt. Back to what I was sayin’. Homey can be ugly, but a fly dresser. Or, he might be funny. Women like guys who can make them laugh. He might have good manners. He can be smart. He can be shy. He might be slick. He might be a straight-up thug. He might be dangerous or unpredictable. He might have power. He might be respected. He might be popular. He might have

status. He might be rich. But, he can still pull women and look like doo-doo on a stick.

“Now you take a woman,” I continue, “the thing that makes her desirable—first and foremost—is her looks. It ain’t about her personality, not if she’s ugly. It ain’t about how intelligent she is, not if she’s ugly. It’s about how fly she is.”

“John, what about if she’s got money?”

“I guess that’s an exception. But the uglier she is, the more money she’s gotta have. So that’s your first lesson.”

“What is?”

Stay fly. Be fly. Invest in your appearance. Be sensuous. That doesn’t mean don’t look sexy. If you got class and you combine that with sex appeal, that sensuousness. If you look classy without the sex appeal, you’re somebody’s grammar school teacher. If you look sexy without class, you’s a whore. Remember, be sexy and classy.

“Eat right. Stay in shape. Make sure your hair is always done. Feet and hands always done. Smell nice. Take care of your teeth. And—“

“And what?”

“Don’t pierce yourself all over. Some of these women got more holes than a pin cushion. And—“

“And what again?”

“And, don’t overdo the tattoo.”

“I want to get a—“

“Keep it small, discreet, and meaningful. You ain’t no billboard.”

“I thought you got one. At least that’s what Mom said.”

“I do, and it’s of a *Wolf*.” It’s on the side of my calf.”

“And the significance of that is you prey on women?”

“Nah, it’s deeper than that, but I won’t get into it now.

But let me get back to what I was saying. It’s about knowing how to look good. Never, and I mean never, make the mistake of following trends. You be the first one on the bandwagon and the first one off.

“When you shop,” I continue, “never buy the clothes in the window or on display. That’s for suckers.

“Why’s that for suckers? If it’s hot, it’s hot.”

“It’s for suckers because you don’t want outfits that first, everybody sees; second, wasn’t your idea; and third, people are likely to buy ‘cause they ain’t got no imagination when it comes to clothes.”

“Some of the mannequins have the hottest shit.”

First time I’ve ever heard my daughter curse. Don’t like the way it sounds. I’ll check her later. “You still don’t get it, huh? When you wear the outfit on the mannequin, you’re dressing like a dummy. Get my point? Let the dummies wear what the dummies wear. You just make sure that you don’t put that shit on. Feel me?”

She smiles—reluctantly, but nods with deliberation. She’s getting it.

“Johnia, when the tattoo thing started up—‘cause it’s always been around—it was cool but then as more people began to do it, it became lame. When brothers went bald like Jordan, it was cool at first, but then everybody started doing it. It got tired. Same thing with locks. And I’m really talkin’

about locks for guys. It used to be a political and spiritual expression. Then, it became a style. So now it's kind of played. I know the Rastas are sick seeing it evolve to what it is now. Braids, and I'm talking 'bout for guys, is beyond dead. You see dude wearing braids now, his ass is late. Unless it's Allen Iverson, and even he gave that shit up—and homie was made for braids. But for everybody else, it's played out. It's like you had the throwback jersey thing. And then, some of the same dudes who were wearing throwbacks now are sportin' button downs and wearin' three-piece suits and ties with a Windsor knot. And these motherfuckers would have laughed at dude if he was wearing that shit when they were sportin' throwbacks. These guys ain't got no style today. I swear they don't. When I was coming up, you had to look like something.

“And I'm funny. If I see somebody wearing something that I got but they ain't wearing it right, I almost can't bring myself to wear that item of clothing again. I had a nice jacket that I bought at Burlington Coat Factory and saw some buster wearing it. He was sportin' it wrong. It was a casual fall

jacket to be worn with ‘nice’ casual clothes. He wore it with bummy jeans and beat-up sneakers. I ain’t worn that jacket in two years.

“And while I’m on this clothes thing, fuck name brands. No-ass, so-called designers. It’s not about the name or the price. It’s about: Does it look good—on me? Do everybody got it? Can everybody get it? Can I wear it with my other shit? Can I maintain it? Is it too trendy? I don’t advertise for anybody but me. If it looks good, I’ll buy it. But I won’t pay stupid money. Some people say if they see something they like, they’ll buy it no matter what the price. Clothes don’t make me. I make them. Remember Johnia, the idea is to make the clothes look good. The clothes don’t make you look good. You make the clothes look good. You wear your shit in such a way that people take notice. Some people think they can look good by putting on something expensive. They don’t think they can look good with inexpensive clothes. That’s what I call putting silk on a pig. I can put on some cheap-ass shit and rock it like it’s a million dollars. I can get a

pair of \$5 sunglasses on the street and look better than the motherfucker who paid \$250 for a pair. You wear clothes from the inside out, not the outside in. Let *you* come through the clothes. You know what they look for in a model?

“What?”

“Attitude. That’s another concept taught to me by my man Mike Easter. The Big East. Attitude. Either you got it or you don’t. When a model has ‘attitude’ they feel it’s about them, not the shit they wearing. You know I used to model?” I say with a bit of showoff in my voice.

“You did?”

“Yeah. I did a few shows. Rocked it. Had industry people sweatin’ me. Bitches at the shows and the models too, wanted to give me the LL.”

“The ‘LL’?”

“That means the ‘lower lips’ a.k.a. the vagina, the pussy, the cunt, the twat. We call it the LL ‘cause those lips are sweeter than the other ones; ‘cause those are the lips that can make you cum.”

“That was real corny,” says Johnia.

I kind of agree. Kind of. “My point is that it’s about being fly, especially, if you’re a woman. It’s your God-given right. Since men place such a premium on a woman’s appearance instead of her substance, you gotta use their thinking against them.”

“What do you mean?”

“For many men—including me—it’s about your F.A.T. factor. Face, Ass & Tits.

“John, you bananas,” she says. I got my points back. We laugh. I just made this up on the fly, but it is some funny shit: F.A.T.—Face, Ass & Tits. Wait ‘til I tell the fellas. My Wolfpack Killers. Stone Lady Killers. Darwin—smooth-ass Jamaican. Vinny the Guinea—a.k.a. vanilla swirl—he taught us some real shit about White women. Yellow Anthony—who will tell you light-skin niggas ain’t never going out of style, and Julio Gallego, the down-low—not faggot/homo down low—Puerto Rican on the quasi Dominican tip (who’s also a husband; also, a father; also, a block association president;

also, a community board member; also, a part-time gigilo; and also, a fucking drug dealer). And his real name is Richie Perez, but don't tell nobody. He keeps the gigilo-ing and dealin' on the low-low. The sub-basement.

“As a woman, keep your ass in shape. Forever. If you put on make-up, wash it off and put on some ointment or lotion. Do it even if you don't put on make-up. That make-up shit will catch up to you. Clog your fucking pores. A woman's skin is one of her strongest virtues. Eat right. I hear you like sweets, Johnia.”

“Yeah, I got a sweet tooth. So what?”

“So what?? A sweet tooth is okay now 'cause you don't have childbirth, a slower metabolism, and gravity working against your ass. You can get away with it now, but pop out a few babies and turn thirty and see what happens to you. You young honeys think you'll be slim or wonderfully thick—like Serena Williams—forever. Size two turns to size six, and size six doubles and turns to size twelve, which turns to size 18. Just like that.”

“I ain’t never gonna be no size 12.”

“That’s your 18 year old, no children, no stressin’, no sittin’-on-your-ass-all-day-type-job skinny behind talking. A whole lot of these 12s, 18s, and 20(+)s used to be 2s, 4s, 6s, and 8s. Ask them. Ask them about getting older. Having a job where you sit all day. Your ass starts getting big. In some ways, you’re even sexier. You’re considered thick. You keep eating and your ass gets bigger. You’re still cute, but you’re plump. You’re on the express. Next stop—Fat. The stop after that—Obese. You’re in a rut. You have a new ‘Fat’ wardrobe, and you think that you can never be that size 8-10 again. What did my man Blake say about those two responses you’re supposed to say when people want to feed you or you want to feed yourself—‘No thank you’ and ‘I had enough’.”

I barely got out those lines with a straight face. “Your mother went from 3-4 to 15-16. That don’t make no fuckin’ sense? Her mouth got her in this mess—it can get her out of it. People want to take shortcuts. Want to get surgery. Staple their stomachs and get the fat sucked out. If I was fat, all you’d

have to do is show me that surgical process, and I vomit my guts out and probably never eat again.

“I want you to develop good habits early. Good eating is common sense. And you don’t need no fancy fuckin’ diet. That’s all bullshit. It’s simple. Drop the ‘sweet tooth’ and the ‘meat tooth.’ Replace them with a ‘fruit tooth’. Eat five or six times a day—small meals. Drink plenty of water. Don’t eat after 9 p.m. unless it’s some fruit. Make the midday meals the biggest so you can burn shit off. Cut your dairy. And...”

“And what??”

“Exercise. Don’t go crazy. Some crunches, some stretching, some walking. A little something every other day. No more than 30 minutes. I’ll show women how to put these diet gurus, exercise gurus, equipment gurus, and personal training gurus out of business. Damn hustlers.”

“It sounds like a lot to do.”

“Does anybody have to tell your ass to eat candy bars and cakes? Drink soda? Lay on your butt? Don’t exercise? No. Hell no. You just do these things. It’s a way of life. So,

you can eat good shit and exercise and make that a way of life too. No excuses.

“Back to what I was saying. As a woman, it’s important to look good. Any woman is a trip to the salon, manicurist, pedicurist, and clothing and shoe store away from looking good. They just don’t know it. Take that McDonald’s money—and pack your fuckin’ lunch—and get your nails done and your hair done, and your feet done.

“Look good and then get his money. If I were a woman, I’d be fly as hell, and motherfuckers would be financing it. Don’t ever deal with a C.A.M.”

“What’s a C.A.M.?”

“A Cheap Ass Man. And the only thing worse than a C.A.M. is a B.A.M.”

“What’s a B.A.M.?” asks Johnia with a touch of amusement in her voice.”

“A Broke Ass Man.” I say. “But I respect the B.A.M. more than the C.A.M.”

“Why?”

“Cause the Broke Ass Man may part with it, but he don’t got it. The Cheap Ass Man got it, but he won’t give it up. Wait, let me correct myself. There is something worse than a Cheap Ass Man or a Broke Ass Man?”

“What’s that?”

“A C.A.B.A.M. A Cheap Ass, Broke Ass Man.”

We laugh.

My phone rings. My message comes on done by my man King. “After the tone, leave a message. And perhaps Mr. Wolf with get back to you or perhaps not.”

Beep.

“John, this is Gwen.”

I smirk. I’ve been dating her casually for six months. I haven’t even kissed her on the cheek. She just knew I’d be tryin’ to bone her on the first date. It’s called patience. Gaines taught it to me. She’s breaking down.

“... I hadn’t heard from you in a while and just wanted to know how you’re doing. Umm, I’ve got two tickets to ...

Umm, you can call me back. In fact, call me on my cell.

Umm, I really enjoyed myself the last time we went out.”

Johnia is looking at the answering machine with an expression that says, “This bitch is desperate.”

“... Umm, please call. My cell is _____. Okay, I look forward to hearing from you, John. Bye,” she says with her voice trailing off.

Her “Bye” says it all. She’s ripe. Ready to be plucked and fucked. I’ll call her later. I will not go to whatever the event is. She conveniently forgot to mention it. I’ll call her in two weeks. Take her out the following week. String her along for another two months. Fuck her one time. Tear her ass up. And never fuck her again. I’m a drive this bitch out of her fuckin’ mind.

“Who was that?” interrogated Johnia.

“A *S.I.F.O.*”

“A what...?”

“A *S.I.F.O. Somebody I’ll Fuck—Once.*”

The phone rings. The caller ID shows it's Gwen. The message comes on.

Beep.

“Oh John. Umm. I really want to talk to you. If you would call me—”

“Hello Gwen. What's up, Baby?” I say acting like I'm out of breath. “I'm just walking in.”

“I just called and left a message.”

“You did?”

“Umm, I just wanted—”

“Hold on one second, Baby. I'm gonna put you on speaker.” I turn to Johnia. “Listen and learn.

“Hey Gwen, can you hear me? Now, you were saying—?”