

Stages: a handbook on men and relationship

Introduction

A handbook is an informative collection of thoughts on a certain subject, right? But why is it the one handbook you're looking for never seems to exist? That one book that will explain the only thing that seems to be important to women most of the time: How and why do men do the things that they do?

A couple of years ago I had the bright idea to write down this philosophy that I came up with. It wasn't until recently that I decided that I should enlighten others with this theory of mine. This super informative handbook was put together to benefit both men and women. Now I'm not saying what you'll find between these pages will repair or prevent certain things from happening, but it will place a new perspective on how a male develops in response to relationships. I think what is written will clarify what a man might be going through at a certain time. Sounds interesting huh?

The easiest way to give you my philosophy on the phases that a man goes through before he decides to call it quits, is to give you my story. If you get to parts of the

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book you find familiar, bookmark that section and speak to someone about it. Who knows, you might find that this book can help with certain issues. Remember this book was written over a course of time and then pieced together to ensure that this tour of understanding remains clear. What I'm saying is follow close and highlight sections, so when the time comes to have some sort of discourse with a friend or a loved one, you'll have something to use as a foundation for a pretty good argument, or a pretty good discussion.

Sometimes the easiest thing to do is tell the truth. Beyond taxes, death and trouble, the truth is the one thing that will, for certain, come about. Now it could be said that there is a time and a place for truth, but I'll be damned if I *don't* know *when* the right or wrong time is to tell it like it is. I assume a stutter gives the brain time to pull away from a situation and find the right words to say. But how in the hell long does it take to stop stuttering?

I mean, I've been stuttering for most of my twenties.

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Up until a year and a half ago, I didn't want to pay attention to how bad the stutter was.

It wasn't a verbal stutter, don't get me wrong, I'm a smooth brother, too smooth for my own damn good. Let me see, how should I put it? I'm as smooth as a silk shirt sliding on satin sheets at midnight after a glass of wine that turns me into the coolest linguist since Goldie. How is that? Was that smooth or not? Tell the truth, from those few words you can see that I got game like Tim Duncan, silent but effective.

Stuttering, as I define it, is the inability to accept a change for the better. My stuttering has been my inability to move up to Stage Three and maintain that level. This isn't really a knock against me, it's more or less a reality check that all men do at some point or another. It's a very necessary check considering that the duration it takes a man to move from Stage One to Stage Four, varies. For some brothers it's fast, but I tend to think that those brothers are lying to themselves and they don't have the benefit of knowing how to keep their goals in a clear path of sight, so they accept the first woman that comes along and they

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settle. I know where I'm headed, I'm just taking my time to get there.

I see and will continue to see relationships in a simple manner. First, if a brother decides that he wants it to work, then it will. If he doesn't and he has any doubts at all about the woman he's with, he will cheat, unless he has taken his time in getting to Stage Three or Four. I'm getting ahead of myself.

I know the path to true salvation. A system which, by the time I finish giving you the details, will assist you in knowing where your man stands. There are revelations to prophets of every generation. I have chosen to be one of those prophets and tell it like it is. Whether this reforms me, I don't know. In all likelihood, it won't, but I find it to be extremely relevant at this time to allow this prophecy to be placed in a new bible. Tee's Bible of Unsolved Mysteries. The unsolved mystery being the way men work. I considered creating a *how to book* and giving a step by step method so brothers can recognize where they are in their personal development, and for sisters to understand

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what a man goes through. But that would be too easy and nothing worth having is ever easy.

During this guided tour there are several instances in which I will refer to general situations to explain certain things, bear with me and pay attention to the details. Remember this is a work in progress. Things may change and will change by the end of this book, but look at it like this, progress can only be made by changing, even if that change is slight.

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Part 1

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Chapter 1

Smooth, smoothness, smoothnicity, which is the act and philosophy of being cool, is all in the mind. Check this out, last week I was sitting at the barber shop having my fade tightened up so my waves would be on point for the weekend. I'm sitting in the chair rapping with my man Clyde as he carefully slides the clippers around the sides of my head. The chair is lifted up just enough for me to see the opposite side of the shop. The beauty side. I'd noticed earlier this nice looking sister had come in with this thick brother. She was about my color, Hershey brown, her long legs were wrapped up in a pair of khaki capri pants, with a tight white t-shirt on, that fit perfectly around a handful of breasts, just what I like. Her big ass boyfriend was sitting in front of me, reading a magazine and checking out the beauty of the week, like any brother would. And just like most brothers he wasn't paying any attention to his lady.

I would've been over there talking to her making sure every brother in the joint knew she was with me, but he was slipping. He was in his own world, giving every brother in the shop a chance to look at this sister. I was the

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main cat looking, from the time she walked in. I hoped she would catch me sneaking a peak and hear me rapping with Clyde about how beautiful she was. If she could read thoughts or lips that is. So here I am sitting in the chair and her boyfriend sits down about eight feet from me by the window, the sun slapping him on the back of his fat neck making him sweat. His lady comes close to the barber's chairs. I say to Clyde softly as she passes, but just enough for her to hear.

“She is beautiful.”

“That's Big Red's lady, Tee.”

“So, I'm just paying the sister a compliment she deserves,” and like slow motion she turns towards me and smiles as she continues to take one long chocolate stride after another towards the back.

“You a slick brother man,” Clyde said chuckling.

See what I mean, even brothers know I'm smooth. Just like I said, like silk and satin, with a summer breeze floating through an open window, curtains drifting apart as candles flutter to the breeze and flames dance to the distant

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sound of Curtis Mayfield singing, "Give Me Your Love," smoothnicity.

Big Red was sitting in his chair continuing to make love to the pictures in the magazines, while his lady sat to get her nails done.

Now ain't nothing wrong with paying to have your lady's nails done, as long as she is devoted strictly to you. Which means: no looking, smiling, joking or nothing else with any other men, boyfriends included. Personally, I have never had any success with preventing these things, but I made sure I was always the man. You have to put the law down in a relationship, even if the relationship is only a sex thing, there have to be boundaries set.

"I'm going to spin you around and make sure your line is straight," Clyde said swinging the chair.

"That's cool, just make sure you turn me back her way when you finish."

"You talking kinda loud Tee."

"That cat don't hear me, look at him."

"Alright," he said criticizing. The chair spun back around in her direction. Just as I thought, she was still

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looking. I smiled at her and she grinned. There is just something about a dark sister with a beautiful smile. I began thinking of how I could get her one of my cards. I continued talking with Clyde.

Clyde is a stage three brother. I had a lot of difficulty relating to him after he made the jump. It was cool and all, but the therapist / patient relationship I had with him was affected. I couldn't talk to him about a lot of things because he was becoming a *better* person. A brother at stage three, rapping with a brother below him, will always play preacher. Which Clyde didn't do because he knew his place but some of the traits were there.

"Look here man let me put some alcohol around the nape of your neck so you don't get any of those ugly bumps."

"Hook it up. Look Clyde can you-"

"No, I can't."

"You don't even know what I was about to say."

"I don't? This is Clyde man."

"What then? What was I about to say?"

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“*Can you give her my card?* I saw you going into your pocket.”

“And? She keeps looking, just-”

“No Tee. I ain’t getting in the middle of your shit.”

“All I’m saying is just go over there and borrow a razor or something from Leslie and put the card down in front of her.”

“Then what? Tell her that the silly ass brother that saw you come in with your boyfriend wants you to call him?”

“Come on man, just do this one solid for me. Who’s your best customer? Who’s your-”

“Alright man, I’ll do it but don’t make this a habit.”

“I won’t.”

“You need Jesus.”

“And you need to come back from Stage Three.”

“What?”

“Nevermind.”

“I’m gonna keep this whole twenty for my services.”

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“Clyde-” As he walked over and dropped off the card, he pointed towards me. Old girl flashed those pearly whites and my nipples got hard. Damn, I love sisters. I told Clyde he was wrong for keeping my whole twenty. He grinned at me and called his next customer. I nodded at him and walked out of the shop.

Smooth as brand new Lex on a street in a White neighborhood, smoothness. Am I right or wrong? There is a distinct set of rules that have to be adhered to in situations like the one I had climbed into by giving my card to the sister at the shop. I knew she wouldn't call immediately. It would take a little time. Something would have to occur between her and Big Red, then she would call.

It just so happened that the girl never called. But a man in Stage One works hard to lay the groundwork, like in construction. He spends the majority of his time putting on this facade. Stage One brother will spend the majority of his non-working hours in pursuit of as many women as he can get, believe me, I know.

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