

READING and WRITING in the

DARK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

THIS MONTH:

An exclusive excerpt from a short story that is one of Iyapo's personal favorites:

This issue we invite you to step into the:

SHADOWHOUSE

Reading and Writing in the DARK Newsletter subscriber exclusive! Substantial excerpts and FULL chapters of upcoming works! It's GOOD to be a subscriber!

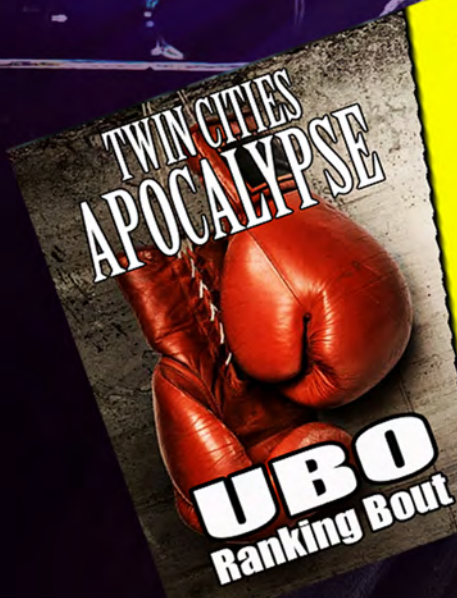
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Ok. It's settled. Black Americans

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NEWSLETTER

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READING and WRITING in the DARK Newsletter
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Iyapo Yapa
Writer/Layout/Editor-In-Chief

Angela Riley
Copy Editor

Iyapo Yapa
Layout/Design

WELCOME BACK!

Hello everyone and welcome back! And to those who have just subscribed WELCOME and THANK YOU for subscribing!

Well, I'm still here, having the time of my life, writing, writing, writing! I even enjoy watching my wife getting in on the act and turning into quite the writer (and designer), herself! I'm still working on the LONG AWAITED first installment of *Tales of the Monkey's Paw* as well as the second Paradigm Void book, *Further Journeys into the PARADIGM Void*. Volume I is available right now on Amazon and Barnes & Noble. *Rasulallah, Ohio* is presently being edited, and I can't WAIT to put it out into the world (being that it is my first attempt at writing a mystery. It has no science, no monsters, no weirdness—just folks.) I am also providing a link to where you can pre-order *Rasulallah Ohio* at a deep discount. As always, if you want to contact me, just drop an email to: Feedback@iyapoyapa.com it's ALWAYS open! SEE YOU NEXT MONTH and THANK YOU FOR SUBSCRIBING TO MY NEWSLETTER!

Iyapo Yapa



This month's sneak peek is: SHADOW HOUSE A short Story From The Paradigm VOID

This month we get a peek at another excerpt from a short story from the book *Paradigm VOID: Volume I*.

Paradigm VOID is a collection of short stories that explores genres and subjects like science fiction, time travel, horror, monsters and things that go bump in the night. There's even a love story (of a sort) titled "A Knot in the Rope of Time." All the stories that make up the complete collection can also be purchased individually for a dollar as the Keepin' it a BUCK Series. "The Monsters in the Woods" is a part of the collection, but it is not available as one of the Keepin' it a BUCK stand-alone stories.

This issue doesn't have the complete story, but it does have enough to get you intrigued! For June I proudly present an excerpt from a story that is a personal favorite of mine, SHADOW HOUSE.

"Shadow House" is a time travel story, a boxing story and a story about hope and change—real change that makes an actual difference for our people. Those who have read it find it quite entertaining, and "Shadow House" is about as unpredictable a story as a person may ever read. After reading the excerpt, perhaps you'd like to purchase the stand-alone short story, or the full *Paradigm VOID* book so that you can see how it ends. After that, you can start going through the other offerings in this collection of Theoretical Ebon Fiction that takes you places in time, space and beyond imagination!

If you do decide to get a copy or gift a copy or two of *Paradigm VOID*, just click on the image for SHADOW HOUSE to take you to the purchase page. All reviews and ratings are much appreciated!



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Feature: Charlatans, Frauds, Grifters and the Black community

In the world of social media, I often hear commentators defend dubious characters by saying, “They have a huge following.” Or at best, using it as a criterion to give them a degree of credibility.

Every time I hear someone say that about some popular figure I wince. They boldly proclaim a person’s (insert name of the popular charlatan here) popularity as if it actually means something. That has to be one of the most surface level arguments for the viability of a person that I can think of. I’ve always found it curious when people simply use the popularity of a thing or people as a benchmark for saying it or they are somehow credible, (or at best, more credible than a person with lower numbers).

Since the figure is popular does that somehow make them right?! I can hear the pushback already. Someone who is reading this is saying, “If the people I (cultishly) follow weren’t making any sense, or were saying something wrong, they wouldn’t have such huge followings!” Maybe. But who else had and have, huge followings? Donald Trump. Leopold II, Joe Biden, Diddy, Hitler and a host of others of dubious character. Does (or did), their popularity somehow make them right or credible?

That is one of the many traps set against our people.

Ironically, it is those among us who are genuinely seeking to do something positive and substantial for our community out of a profound love, honor and respect for our people, who are

shadow banned, suppressed, and in some cases taken out (you know what I mean) in order to reduce our profile, while at the same time, giving those who are accomplishing little or nothing to move our people forward, (or doing outright damage), a blowhorn. Human nature

being what it is, it is being used against us to continue keeping us enslaved using whatever form of enslavement necessary—they know the mechanics of why we think, act and react as we do.

It is well established that our people have been closely and exhaustively studied by those who enslaved us and want to perpetuate that enslavement.

The SoWS uses the halo effect according to Psychology Today, in reference to the halo effect,

This effect distorts the way you may see a person or a product, thinking that the person or item is better and more amazing than reality dictates. We are more inclined to gloss over an attractive person’s negative attributes, such as selfishness, and judge them more positively than merited (n.d.) Halo Effect.

That attractiveness isn’t necessarily limited to the way a person looks physically. It could also pertain to attraction to a particular message that appeals to the masses—or a person’s charisma, sense of humor or some other personal trait that can cause one to become captivated. However, at the end of the day, the goal is to bamboozle our people into listening to and/or supporting “leaders” whose motives are self-serving at best, and outright malicious at worst.



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Feature: Charlatans, Frauds, Grifters and the Black community (Continued)

We have been conditioned to look at the numbers and never take into consideration what those numbers mean. (ie. Since this one's numbers are so high, they must be intellectual giants, and since these people's numbers are so low, they must not be saying anything worth listening to). Those who are doing damage are not only allowed to run rampant but given a blow horn and promoted.

Our people are easily drawn, it seems, to those who look materially and/or financially successful. The irony is that when it comes to charlatans and grifters, their seeming success is built upon duping the very people who have elevated them.

Although sad, tragic, immoral, deceitful and unethical, the actions of these snakes that slither throughout our community wouldn't be of such concern where they causing a minimal amount of harm within a vacuum. If that were the case this fleecing and exploitation of our people wouldn't necessarily be a horrible thing on its own although inarguably contemptible.

However, the fact is that many of these frauds have been allowed massive platforms by those who seek to keep our people in a perpetual state of disarray. The end result being that there is widescale division among the diaspora, and within segments of the Black American community. These problems have taken the form of the so called gender war which pits Black men who are trapped within the belly of the slave ship against Black women who are likewise trapped—while simultaneously minimizing and/or outright absolving the Caucasian population of any responsibility

for our condition. Because of it there is the “divestor movement”, “passport bros”, Black Man Save Yourselves (BMSY) (Of course, meaning save yourselves from Black Women), “Leaving Blackastan” and so on. There is also the perpetuation of colorism and featurism and arguments over the one drop rule (something to which I do not ascribe), that is used by these mouthpieces to keep derision ongoing.



One of the most important things our people must learn if we are to ever get out of this sad situation, we're in is to understand controlled opposition - What it is, and how it works. We must stop looking at the surface of things and do some critical thinking. We know who owns and controls these platforms. Does any Black person believe for a second that those who

control these media are going to let legitimate revolutionary voices gain massive followings and spread a word that is truly helpful to our people?! really?!

Side note: A bit of cursory research into the legal records, or, it doesn't even have to go that far—just research a history of their videos and works from their own mouths, and it will reveal that something is off (even for a Candace Owens, who spouts that the U.S. isn't a racist country, even though in her past, she pressed and won a discrimination suit and got paid).

For those who say, “That was in his/her past, and he is conscious now, blah, blah, blah.”

Let's use this scenario: Say, a person was a satanist in their early life, wrote several books on satanism and had them out for sale, also

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Feature: Charlatans, Frauds, Grifters and the Black community (Continued)

producing consistently viral content about the subject, and making some money off them. Then decades later, when the satanism train starts slowing down, they had a “Come to Jesus” moment (when satanism is no longer in vogue and everyone is turning to Christianity), and they present to the world that they’re now saved and serve the Lord!” They gained so much popularity that their “conversion” gets them even more followers, because by that time the focus has moved from the message, to the man or woman (a cult of personality, as it were).. The newly enlightened person begins preaching, because they care so much about your soul, and what they have learned is so very important that you MUST have this information! But only if you are willing to pay for it. If you can’t buy this invaluable information, well... it sucks to be you, and you can kick rocks.

They insist they are not a “leader”. Though they use leader tactics, leader language, leader actions and leader platforms of constant promotion. Is it possible then, that they want all the perks, power and, accolades of being a leader, while distancing themselves from any of the responsibility and accountability of being a leader? Because they know their personal life and dealings in no way reflect their rhetoric and do not want to be questioned or scrutinized.

(If you take nothing else from this rant... remember this; truth never minds being questioned or scrutinized... ever! Only lies seek to discredit or silence any form of descent or questions to its narrative or authority rather

than addressing legitimate concerns.)

I digress.

What should one think—going back to my hypothetical—about this great spokesperson for God - this “popular” disciple with the huge following, who has converted and is all about the Gospel now? After poking around, we find that their books on satanism are still proudly up for sale and any associated media are still up, while it is fully within their power to take them down. The fact is they won’t because they can still turn a buck from them. In addition to any media that they can still profit from although now it is in direct contradiction to what they now profess and teach. (I understand that the internet is forever, I’m referring to things that are within their power to remove, but they don’t, so they can possibly squeeze just a few more bucks out to them).

I don’t know about anyone else, but if I discovered that the former satanist, turned man or woman of God, was still unrelentingly selling their satanism books and media, I’d consider their “conversion” suspect at best, as well as any of their other ventures attached to that new conversion. (By the way, this essay isn’t about whether anyone someone is a devotee of a satanist, I’m just using that scenario as an example of the duplicity of the frauds.)

Again, our mighty people. Sit down and study-controlled opposition. What it is, and how it works.



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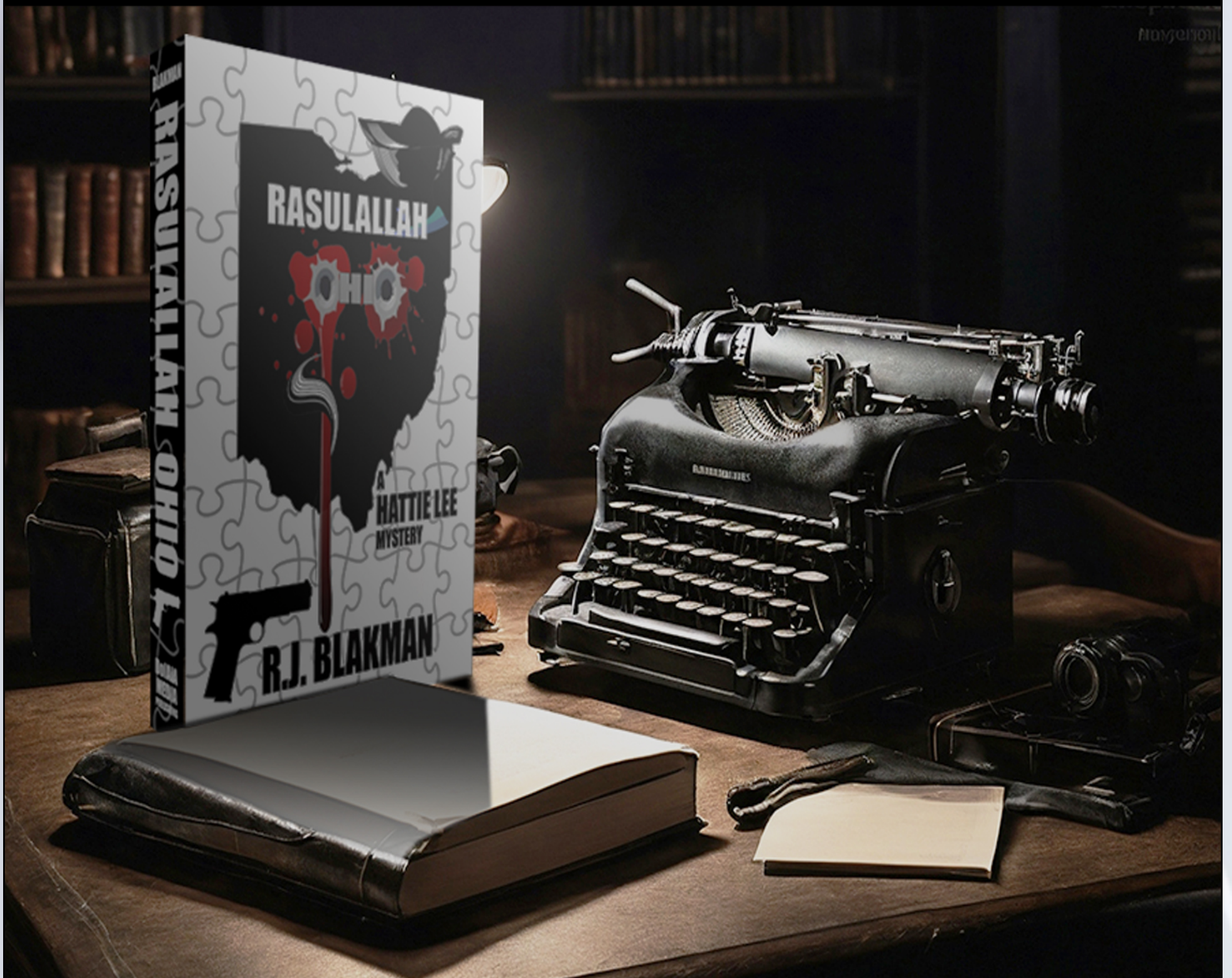
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1960s Ohio

Hattie Lee and her husband Benjamin were building a good life and preparing to start a family in a town that seemed like a dream come true. In a country unsafe for Black people sat Rasulallah, an oasis hidden in plain sight.

But one night.. within less than an hour... their dream became a nightmare!
And Hattie was determined to find out why!



From R.J. BLAKMAN, author of the highly anticipated urban fantasy *The Dragons of Harlem*, comes a mystery that will make you laugh, cry, get angry and keep you guessing until the very end!

RASULALLAH OHIO: A HATTIE LEE MYSTERY

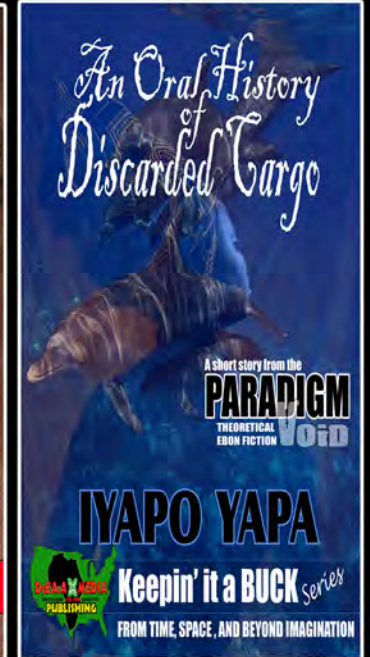
Available for pre-order for \$3.99 at: <https://iyapoyapa.com/rusulallah-ohio.html>
or click the image above for the direct link.

(Also enjoy a sneak peek at the full second chapter exclusively on the website)

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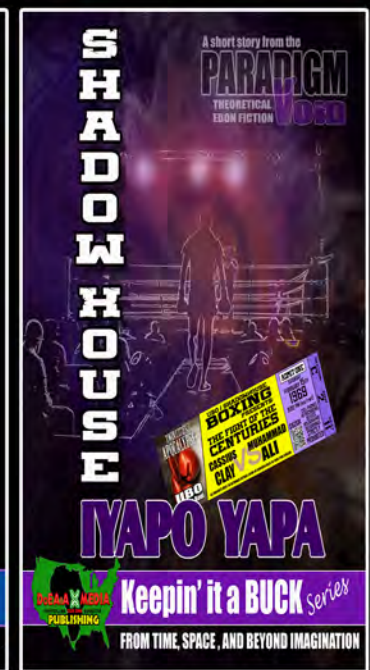
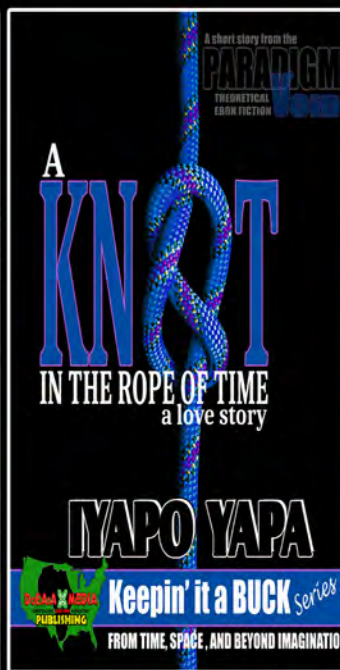


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EACH SHORT STORY IS DIFFERENT. EACH ONE THOUGHT PROVOKING & MIND BENDING.
EACH ONE ONLY **A DOLLAR!** AVAILABLE RIGHT NOW ON: **amazon**



Keepin' it a BUCK series



Also, Keepin' it a BUCK series TWO: Stories from Further Journeys into the Paradigm Void COMING SOON!



Also remember:

ORAL TRADITION talking books are also coming soon! Click the image to the right to hear a sample, of one of our talking books. Yes, it's still in its VERY rough form as we experiment with getting it right, but the story is still fun as all get out! So give it a listen and let us know what you think!

You can send your thoughts to: comments@iyapoyapa.com

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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE

In the year 2025, Aaron Preston, a lone scientist obsessed with the idea of time travel, broke through and achieved the long-sought-after dream of science fiction writers and practical real world scientists. He presented his discovery to the government, which promptly took his invention and sought to find military applications for it. Once the government had their hands on the technology it wasn't long before private corporate interests—through their marriage to government and the military industrial complex—learned about the breakthrough and of course (without the slightest thought of or care about any far-reaching negative consequences of their actions) devised ways to use the technology for making money.

At first the corporate heads used the technology to manipulate markets and change the course of their own businesses, creating massive conglomerates and monopolies. Eventually the unbridled greed brought the world financial systems to a state of total collapse and the global ecosystem to the brink of destruction. Even in the midst of the chaos, those who were profiting from the technology not only refused to recognize the irreversible damage they were causing but kept

seeking ways to squeeze one penny more from what was leading to the extinction of all life on the planet. Those running corporations had become a non-elected de facto government and were completely out of control and operating without restraint—or the wisdom that is a consequence of restraint. Corporate heads had become so power drunk and so consumed by rapacious greed that there was literally no difference between them, and any other addict caught within the grip of an out-of-control addiction. They lacked the will, the wherewithal, &/or the desire to stop.

As Preston watched the world burning and realized what he—through his discovery which had been commandeered by the devil—had unleashed upon the Earth, he experienced his “Oppenheimer moment”. Now understanding the Pandora's box, he had opened, Preston, together with like-minded scientists along with a highly trained and specialized guerrilla army, set out to put things right. The army was put together by top military freedom fighters from around the world who pledged no allegiances to any single nation state, but who



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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

wanted to bring the world back from the edge of catastrophe and restore the original time stream. They named their project: TimeScan.

The members of TimeScan were given time travel technology that was far more advanced than anything the corporations, government and military possessed. The technology Preston, the creator of the tech, understood the underlying principles of time travel, time streams, temporal paradoxes, the creation of alternate timelines better than anyone. Consequently, he could grasp the parallel universes and the effects of time travel upon the present physical universe and timeline. TimeScan even considered the psychological, spiritual, and metaphysical discontinuities that could have possibly resulted from all of the time jumping being done by a greedy few with reckless abandon, who had turned the planet into a literal hellscape.

Preston was uniquely equipped to tackle the problems presented by those who destructively used his discoveries. Corporations, governments, and the military are unimaginative and mediocre by nature. Those at the top of those institutions create and produce NOTHING. They only take; and seek to capitalize upon the creations of those who do create.

Therefore, Preston's newer technologies were more advanced than those of the user class by several orders of magnitude.

The aims and goals of TimeScan were simple and clear.

Return the time stream to its original state – a state before the government got access to the time travel technology;

Eliminate those who refuse to relinquish the technology; &

Destroy that technology outside of TimeScan

controls.

TimeScan became a unified force of many varied factions with a single-minded push toward their goals. The association adopted what some would consider a merciless zero tolerance policy when it came to individuals who were altering or wrecking timelines. Savage though their tactics may have been, in amazingly short order, the timeline had been for the most part restored because of their efforts. Life on Earth no longer faced extinction, and no one remembered it having been any other way.

But as with any genie that has been released from its bottle, there is never a way to completely bring that power under control - no matter what anyone does. So TimeScan



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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

remained in place albeit with a greatly reduced size as massive intervention was no longer needed. Order had been achieved, now it needed only be monitored and maintained.

A few tacticians were able to find holes in the technology, as well as a few small chinks in the TimeScan armor. Having found and exploited these weaknesses for a few “smash and grab” type time travel profits eventually, after seeing a few of their fellow “clever” exploiters found out by TimeScan and unceremoniously publicly executed, most of these small bands of rebels determined that the chances of being caught by TimeScan and suffering punishment by their hand, was not worth the risk in the balance.

Many people felt that way.

Not all.

As with anything, even the thought of eminent death cannot dissuade some people when their mind is made up, and they want to do something. Enter, wide eyed, brilliant, multitalented, high achieving Kyle Kanter.

Kanter was an interesting bird. He was a one-time member of TimeScan and spent

years studying the time travel technologies created by Aaron Preston. He was familiar with every known exploit to the system. He was also familiar with several system exploits he kept to himself. Kanter was well versed on the short comings of TimeScan and their abilities to effectively “police” time travel. From the time Kanter was a child he was considered a three dimensional thinker, and he loved technology.

He loved challenges.

He loved strategies.

And he loved ...boxing.

Even when he became part of TimeScan in the early days of the association, Kanter—unlike his fellow scientists and inventors—didn’t perceive repairing the timeline as an almost insurmountable challenge. To him it was extremely simple. Everyone else in TimeScan seemed to think bringing the world back from the brink of destruction to be a matter of putting out all the thousands of fires set by the greedy short sighted elites. The approach Kanter proposed was based upon a simpler premise.

If one needs to accomplish a goal, one need not deal with hundreds (or thousands) of people who may or may not be able to help move one forward to that goal. One only need



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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

to take the time to pinpoint the handful of individuals—and in some cases that ONE individual—who can actually assist with the goal.

There was no need to put out thousands of fires. Just pinpoint the places along the timeline that were the impetus for the massive changes, set those right and consequently everything after levels out. TimeScan followed Kanter's prescription, and it worked spectacularly.

After things had been set right and TimeScan reduced their footprint, Kanter left to pursue his own vision.

He well understood the technology he had been working with and was acutely aware of what would happen if he ever got caught using time travel technologies. However, Kanter was convinced he had developed a parallel technology that, within certain parameters, would be undetectable to that of TimeScan as well as causing no perceptible alteration to the present time stream. The creation of the technology, which was a marvel of engineering in itself, was not Kanter's goal, but only a means to realize his ultimate goal.

Now that he had developed his own time travel technologies, Kanter was ready to set out to answer a question that he had wondered about since he was young and became a rabid fan of the sport of boxing:

Who were really the greatest fighters of all time?!

Kanter put together a federation called the U.B.O. (the Underground Boxing Organization). UBO's sole purpose was to pit boxers in their prime, from various points in time, against each other with the goal of determining those who were truly the "greatest of all time".

To some this would seem a trivial waste of such a sophisticated, complex technology. But it was no more trivial, than when—

in the early days of the internet—up to that point the world wide web was one of the pinnacles of man's technology—that tech's widest use was watching and distributing cat videos.

And so, the fights began.

There were very few boxers who, when approached by the UBO, chose not to participate. Some of the fighters—like James L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Johnson and, Jack Dempsey—never knew that some of the fighters against whom they were matched had come to challenge them from several centuries in the future. The majority of fighters, however, were fully aware their opponents were from various places in time and shared the same curiosity as Kanter in terms of who was the best.



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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

It was just something that was never spoken about—as it could result in a hasty, untimely demise.

All bouts were conducted at a location called “ShadowHouse”. This ShadowHouse was a marvel of quantum engineering. The full size of a boxing venue, the ShadowHouse was constructed in present space, then moved to a location, “outside the time stream” and frozen there, in stasis, making it undetectable by TimeScan because its existence did not register as any kind of time rift.



All fighters and attendees had to be transported to the location using devices that were specifically calibrated to transport them to the ShadowHouse. Kyle used an exploit he discovered in the TimeScan system (and never reported) enabling people to be transported to and from the ShadowHouse without detection. As long as the fighters, their managers and corner men, facilitators and spectators were back in their own time streams within 23 hours of their departure, anything they did was invisible to TimeScan. Also, the rest of the actual time stream would go unaffected. The movements to and from the ShadowHouse was accomplished through the use of what Kanter called “magnets”. Magnets were devices that the individuals would carry to pull them to the ShadowHouse, then from the ShadowHouse back to their own time streams. The technology within the magnets was some of the most sophisticated

created by man; outwardly—with only two or three buttons—it looked similar to a very simple television remote.

Most magnets had a green button to pull the holder into the ShadowHouse and a red button to send them back to their original stream.

Kanter himself and a hand full of trusted associates were the only ones with access to three button remotes. These rare and heavily guarded magnets had a yellow button beneath the red and green buttons. The yellow button allowed the holder to leave the ShadowHouse and exit into

any time stream they wanted. These special remotes were typically used for approaching a new fighter and their manager, setting up venues and underground promotions and so on. All business, outside of one’s own timestream, had to be handled quickly. If anyone stayed beyond the 23-hour threshold—which was seldom but had happened on a few occasions—their presence would immediately alert TimeScan, who would instantly show up at that location, take the time traveler into custody, return them to their own time stream and execute them.

Kanter and the UBO closely monitored the magnets. The same kind of stringent rules were in place with fighters, managers, recruiters, and attendees. All magnets were due to be returned promptly at the end of the matches after coming back from the ShadowHouse.

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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

Neglecting to give back magnets within one hour of the holder's return would result in the holder's immediate execution.

NEARLY all fighters – and definitely, ALL managers, promoters and attendees of the fights understood and accepted this extreme stipulation.

It would be ludicrous for anyone to assume that TimeScan was not aware of the UBO or the ShadowHouse and what was going on there. However, for as rigorous as their guidelines pertaining to time travel were, TimeScan was not an association of assassins, nor did they want to be. Their goal was specifically to keep the timeline intact, and they would look the other way as long as nothing affected that. Also, they treated the placement of the ShadowHouse as a kind of 'loophole', since the structure itself existed outside the timeline, the goings on in the ShadowHouse were overlooked. As long as everyone went back to their own time stream after the fights, this skirting of the rules would be ignored.

At least for now.

It is rumored that some associates of TimeScan actually attended some of the

ShadowHouse bouts from time to time.

And so, as underground enterprises went, this one ran exceptionally smoothly.

* * *

YEAR 2037:

Damian Harrison was one of the youngest men to ever hold three world heavy weight titles at once. Having just turned 18 a few months prior, in his own time stream, Damian joined that elite group of boxers

who were title contenders and winners at a very early age, enjoying a meteoric rise up the ranks.

By the time Damian was 18 and allowed to fight in the real world—HIS real world, his timestream—he had already won several significant bouts and racked up a couple titles in the ShadowHouse where he started fighting at just 16. Since the ShadowHouse operated outside standard boxing rules, this boxing phenom was allowed to enter and move up the ranks as he faced some men many years his senior.

He had been studying Max Schmeling's moves for several weeks and felt assured as he stepped in the ring with him.



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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

Approaching Schmeling, Damian was confident about the strategy to win against his opponent, having watched footage in 8K HD of the German in his first fight against Joe Louis. Damian knew he was going to have to watch out for Schmeling's stiff left arm and the right jabs connected to it. Those were the jabs that gave Louis so much misery all the way through to the twelfth-round knockout in that first match up between him and Schmeling.

Damian knew there was much more to it than that, however.

The strategy of the left jabs and right hooks were tailor made for Louis. Damian knew Schmeling had plenty of footage of him to study (albeit not in the 8K HD that Damian had access to) to assess the best plan of attack against this young up and comer.

For this reason, Damian's trainer, Brian "The Dragon" Dickerson had taken the opportunity to teach his fighter a very important principle: "Don't just watch your opponent's fights. Watch more of your own and learn to see your fighting style as your opponents' see it. Then use that to understand how they are likely to attempt defeating you."

Brian Dickerson had been Damian's trainer for close to five years.

Within the same five consecutive years that Brian Dickerson held the distinction of repeatedly winning the World Martial Arts Cup, there was a three-year period where he had also concurrently been the lightweight boxing champion of the world. (Thus, earning Dickerson the boxing nickname "The Dragon").

Damian and Schmeling cautiously circled each other in the ring. "All I need to do is get through this fight, then I go through Robinson and get to Louis." Damian thought as he approached Schmeling, who was also determined to end up ranked at the top of the UBO. As

Damian dodged a left jab from Schmeling and then connected to Schmeling with a right to the body, Damian's mind was someplace else. He wasn't so certain he wanted to get in the ring with Joe Louis just yet.

Damian remembered how eager he was to fight Foreman and how he had found himself on his back, looking up at the ref giving him a ten count. The man's fists were like freakin' sledgehammers. There are a lot of things that watching original archives and new HD footage can help with, but there is no way... absolutely no way to determine, just by looking at them on the screen. And there is little to prepare you for it. Same thing goes for speed. When Damian fought Cassius Clay, he distinctly remembered seeing Clay's gloved



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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

fist once, but feeling three separate jabs. Damian managed to beat Clay, but just barely. Damn he was fast! And that was before the re-calibration changed Clay's ranking.

Damian looked up and refocused on the ref standing over him. The count was up to four. He turned his head to the side and could see a horizontal Schmeling bouncing around the ring, holding his hands up to the roaring crowd as if he'd already won. Still slightly dazed, Damian, pissed off that he was on the canvas, quickly got to his feet. The ref held both Damian's gloves, and looked into his eyes, asking him if he was alright to continue.

Oh, HELL yeah!

Damian once again faced his opponent, realizing Schmeling had almost knocked him out because he was basically 'calling in' his fight and daydreaming as he thought about opponents he would be facing, two and three deep after finishing this fight. Opponents who, a loss tonight would put Damian so far down in the ranking that it would take a couple years and several, what Damian would consider unnecessary, fights, just to get back to this level; and there was one particularly embarrassing loss that Damian reminded himself of to stay acutely aware of that fact so he wouldn't have to work his way up through the ranks again.

Steely eyed and a little disgusted he had allowed this man to knock him down, Damian approached Schmeling. Schmeling wore a faint smirk on his face, having just knocked his opponent down making him have to submit to the embarrassment of a standing eight count.

Within three minutes, the smirk on Schmeling's face was a distant memory. The fight was over, and Max Schmeling had returned to his own timeline, as had Damian Harrison. Harrison two places higher in the brackets.

* * *

In preparation for fighting Ali sometime in the future, Damian sat on his home theater recliner watching HD footage of the Clay/Ali fight. The "Twin Cities Apocalypse" they called it.

Damian had defeated Cassius Clay several months earlier but fighting Muhammad Ali was another matter.

The Clay/Ali bout was the single biggest event in the history of the UBO to date. Outperforming the Mike Tyson/Rocky Marciano match up by some three times. (Tyson KO'd Marciano twelve seconds into the third round.) Even those billionaires who didn't



READING and WRITING in the

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A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

care for the UBO and/or where reluctant to go to ShadowHouse (due to the risks and fears associated with attending the bouts of either being caught by “TimeScan” or a failure to return their magnets in time), found the courage to attend that fight.

To this day it is considered one of the greatest matches in UBO history.

The bout wasn't without controversy, however.

The fight uniquely garnered an audience that was some several times larger than an average UBO bout. When the statistics were calculated, as far as the ‘punch counts’ and where the punches landed, the fight showed an unusually high amount of body blows, especially in relationship to their statistics when fighting other opponents.

It was concluded by insiders and fans alike, that though both Clay and Ali did fight a clean, “straight” hard fought battle, they were each reluctant to deliver devastating blows, and possibly even pulled many of their punches to each other's faces. Resulting in little chance anyone would see a knockout punch delivered by either man. Ali, in particular delivering far less to his younger self, not wanting to, in the opinions of some, possibly mar his much vaunted, “pretty” future face.

The vanity of the fighters notwithstanding, the attendees got their money's worth, and the fight went the entire twelve rounds, with Ali defeating Clay on points and being moved up in the ranking. Both men took home substantial purses, the amount of which was based on the spending power of the dollar in their era.

* * *

The volume of the sound system in Damian's home theater lowered as a ringing noise came through. An image appeared full screen, and then slowly shrank as it slid up to a place in the upper

right hand corner of the screen. The video feed was from Damian's front door. His childhood best friend Luke Stewart stood looking up at the camera. Luke bounced around a little as he said into the camera. “Come on Day! You gonna let me in or what?!”

Damian buzzed Luke in without bothering to tell him where to go.

Luke knew.

He had no problem navigating his way through the mansion to the theater which was typically where he would find his friend Damian. Based on distance, this trip from the front



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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

door to the huge back room took several minutes longer than it should have. Damian could pretty much guess what was taking his friend so long.

Eventually Luke appeared having obviously made a pit stop in Damian's kitchen. He stepped unashamedly through the doorway carrying a plate with a ham and cheese sandwich with lettuce and tomato on it. The sandwich had a pickle and some chips on the side, and Luke had an open bottle of red soda. Luke stepped into the darkened room that was lit only by some accent lighting, the bright light of the projector itself, and the image on the 200-inch screen.

"Man don't spill none a' that red shit on my carpet." Damian said as his friend clumsily walked around.

"Dude, screw you." Luke said. "If I get a few drops on your floor you'll probably just go out an' get a new house!"

Damian snickered and kept watching the images moving before him.

As he got his eyes adjusted, Luke confidently moved through the space. He

looked briefly at the fight on the screen while finding his way over to a home theater armchair that was to the right of Damian. He plopped down and looked over to Damian who was still studying the two men on the screen.

"Do you ever do anything but sit back here in the dark watching these old ass fights?" Luke said, looking over at Damian and shoving a couple chips in his mouth, crunching on them.

"Nope."

"Damn man. You watch hour after hour a' this shit, and you remember all these fights, all these moves. You was the same when we was kids. You don't forget shit. Names... dates, people places... nothin'. How do you do that again? What's it called? Endemic memory, right?"

"EIDETIC memory. Most people call it a 'photographic memory'. And yeah. The shit comes in real handy."

Luke turned his head and leaned forward to look more closely at the bout playing out on the screen.

"Hey man, that looks like Ali up there."



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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

“It is.”

Somebody went back and filmed that fight in 8K for you. Guess you’re not gonna tell me who.”

“Whoa! Wait a minute, who’s that he’s fightin’?”

“Cassius Clay.”

“Wait. What?! You tellin’ me Muhammad Ali’s up there fightin’ his self?!”

“Kind of.”

“What year is this?”

“I dunno... time don’t really exist like that inside the ShadowHouse. I told you that.”

“Yeah, I know... but, Did Ali go back, or did Clay come forward, in... what do ya’ll call it?”

“RWT. Real World Time. I’m not sure how they set up the venue for this one. You know they don’t let us in on this kind of stuff at my level. That’s what all the high rollers, mucky mucks and money guys work out. Guys like me just do the fights and collect the purses.”

“Uh-huh. Well, I’m pretty sure you didn’t grab this footage yourself. Only time you fighters are able to jump to the ShadowHouse is when you have a fight scheduled.

“Nope. Luke, dude... you’re throwin’ me off. I need to study this fight.”

“How come you watchin’ an Ali fight anyway? I thought you have another fight comin’ up.”

“Yep. A title bout.”

“Right. I can’t remember fightin’ who though.”

“Rocky Graziano... which I’m pretty sure I can beat ‘em, no problem. I studied him some. I think I’ve got ‘em down. Take him, then I get to go after the real title I want”

“Yeah?”

“When I get past Graziano, then that puts me in the bracket for Ali. I’ll finally fight Muhammad Ali!”

“You already fought him remember? You beat him in the eighth round.”

“Nah... I fought Cassius Clay.”

“Same guy.”



READING and WRITING in the

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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

“Come on man. Look up at the screen. He’s not the same guy. The UBO recalculated everybody almost a year back. But they were havin’ problems recalculating when it got to Clay and Ali. So, for the only time in UBO history, they had a fighter go in the ring against himself so that they could determine when he was in his prime. Based on the outcome of this fight they said the calibration showed that Ali wasn’t in his prime until ‘79.”

“Around the time he fought Frazier the second time.”

“Right. So, I get to fight Ali in that timeframe for the title.”

“Hey wait a minute! Graziono’s a middle weight – that will only get you the middle weight title. You gonna try to get past him and then build up and pack on the weight for Ali for the heavy weight title? You think it’s healthy for you to keep jumpin’ between classes like this?”

“There aren’t any rules against it.”

“That ain’t what I asked. I don’t think all this putting on weight and dropping shit just to move up the ladder is healthy. And you’re still holding belts in this time stream you need to defend. You’re supposed to be fighting, there’s no tellin’ what kind of damage this is doin’ ta your body.”

“I’m good. I have some of the top nutritionists and trainers in the world on my team.”

“I don’t see why you don’t stay in one class and be satisfied with the title there.”

“You know that the UBO has this whole thing structured wonky as hell. I’ve watched freakin’ feather weights come up through the ranks in their structure.”

“Yeah, maybe reachin’ middle weight status... but never makin’ it as heavy weight contenders according to you.”

“True enough... but I’m not even in that boat anyway.”

“So, you’re sure about this?”

“Yep... they did some recalculations on Tyson too... so guess what?”

“What?”

“If I can beat Ali, then Tyson will be next in line. Only problem is, it will be for the title, and I’m a little leery of it.”

“Whoa, slow down... I thought you had ta take on Dempsey before Tyson.”



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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

“I was... but if I can beat Ali under the new calibrations, then that leapfrogs me past Dempsey.”

“Ah, you just don’t wanna fight Dempsey.”

“Man, you shittin’ me?! Dempsey’s just a slugger. He let all that ‘Manassa Mauler’ bullshit go to his head. If I got in the ring with him, he’d realize pretty damn quick that he ain’t fightin’ Jess Willard again.”

“I suppose. So, you think you can take him?”

“Who, Ali?”

“Nah... Tyson.”

“If I can beat Ali, I’m pretty sure I can beat Tyson. Damn, you remember what I told you I did to LaMotta when I was a middleweight.”

“Yeah, I remember... too bad no one but the people in a small circle will ever know that you were the only fighter to ever knock ‘em on his ass.”

“Yeah... well, I know... he knows, and the UBO knows... and that’s good enough for me.”

“So obviously you ain’t worried about nobody but Ali. Ok... fair. But I see you lookin’ at 8K

footage of ‘em. Dude, you cheatin’”.

“It’s only cheatin’ if you get caught.”

“You told me yourself that the organization’s own rules say that opponents are only allowed to view fights in footage formats that matches the state of the art of the era of the earliest opponent, and during that fight they sure as hell didn’t have no 8K cameras!”

“Aw man, Luke, don’t gimme any shit. Everybody’s doin’ it.”

“How kin you know that?!”

“I don’t, but I assume since I’m doin’ it, anyone else who can, is doin’ it too!”

“My ass. Even if Ali was able ta get his hands on some 8K footage of you, what the fuck would he watch it on?!”

“Man, leave me alone.”

“Uh, uh, uh... cheatin’ ass. My best friend’s a cheatin’ ass.”

“Luke is there some particular reason you came here, or are you just tryin’ ta bother me long enough that I don’t get to study any of these moves so I step inta that ring and get my ass kicked?”



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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

“Dude, I’m tryin’ ta do you a favor! You spend too much time studyin’ fights. You need to get outta here sometime Damian. What good’s all this money when you stay cooped up in this room all the time? I know boxin’ is a big deal for you right now. Makin’ you a lot a’ money n’ shit. But Damian. There’s a whole big ass world out there. When was the last time you talked to Jasmine?”

“It’s been a minute. What? You my mother now?”

“She still doesn’t know what you do, does she?”

“Nope. Dude, you know I can’t tell her about the ShadowHouse. Shit man, you ain’t even supposed to know about it. I have my titles in this time. But I’m really wanting to get to the point where I’m considered the greatest of all time... of ALL time.”

“An’ what after that?”

“Whaddyah mean, ‘What after that?’”

“What after that Damian?” Luke put his half eaten lunch on the left side of his seat, then leaned over to Damian, picked up the remote from the arm of his chair and paused the image on the screen. “Look Day. I’m proud as fuck a’ you n’ shit. You know I am. You came up and did somethin’ a lot o’ us from the neighborhood only dream about. Yeah. A lot of us in our group are on our way to makin’ good lives for ourselves. But you’re already here... far as money goes.”

“Far as money goes. What else is there?”

“Dude. Haven’t you ever thought about what you’re gonna do when this is all over? Say you do get to be the greatest of all time. An’ you probably will. What then? Do you ever dream bigger than that? ‘Bout stuff like... I dunno... makin’ a real difference?”

“I feel like I am makin’ a difference. I go to hospitals an’ visit sick kids. I make motivational speeches. I donate a shit load o’ money to schools and other charities. So, yeah. I feel like I’m already

makin’ a difference.”

“Yeah. Maybe so.” Luke said, as he pressed the button on the remote and resumed the match, then turned and picked up his plate to finish his lunch. Luke took another bite of his sandwich and said—mouth full— “I don’t even know how you do it. Holding the belt in this timeline, plus goin’ after other belts fightin’ opponents from other times. That shit still blows my mind. How many times you been to the ShadowHouse anyway?”

“Twenty three.”

“Damn!” Luke casually put the last few chips in his mouth, then looked slyly at Damian from the corner of his eye as if he were up to something. “Uh... how many times you been knocked out? Besides George Foreman that is. Foreman laid your Black ass out dude.”



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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

“Don’t remind me. Yeah, there was him, he was the third to knock me out. There was Jack Johnson. He was the second fighter ta KO me. I wasn’t expectin’ that at all. That brotha had that old timey fightin’ style, and I was expecting him to be real slow n’ shit, and not be able ta hit that hard. But he had somethin’ waitin’ for my ass! I learned a lot that day! I definitely respect his fighting skills. So, there were those two, and the only other fighter to knock me out was the first one... you know.”

“Go on and say it man! Spit it out.” Luke said, trying to hold back a laugh.

“Man, fuck you.”

“You know, I know! You may as well say it! I just wanna hear you say it agin’!”

Damian huffed and rolled his eyes and whispered under his breath. “Michael Spinks.”

Luke leaned over a little and put a hand to his ear. “I’m sorry Damian. I couldn’t quite make out what you said?”

“Damn... Michael Spinks, ok?! MICHAEL FUCKIN’ SPINKS ALRIGHT?! Damn man!”

Luke laughed loud enough that it nearly drowned out the sound of the match Damian had playing through his 12.2 earthsurround home theater speakers.

“Man forget you!” Damian said, “I was just 16 when I faced Spinks the first time! I wasn’t even supposed to have been allowed in the ring back then, but they said I was a phenom! So, I begged Brian to let me have a chance. He didn’t think I was ready, but I did. I guess Brian was tryin’ ta’ teach me somethin’. But you’ll remember, I knocked Spinks ass out in the rematch!”

“Yeah, after you spent a year climbing back up in the brackets. But you still DID get knocked out by Michael Spinks! Michael Spinks!”

Luke had always been and would always be Damian’s best friend, and there was

nothing the two would not do for each other... but this incessant laughing about what Damian considered one of the most embarrassing defeats in his professional career was getting to be a little much.

“Yeah?!” Damian said harshly, “I guess I may just take you on one of my little trips and introduce you to Mike Tyson. Then I’ll let you stand in front of him and keep throwing Buster Douglas in his face and see how long you’ll keep those pearly whites of yours.”

“Alright, alright, calm down man! I’m just fuckin’ with you!”

“Yeah, I know... that was just a...”

Ring! Ring! Ring!



READING and WRITING in the

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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

The screen once again signaled the presence of someone standing at Damian's front door. This time Brian Dickerson, Damian's trainer, stood waiting to be granted entry. Damian buzzed Brian in, once again knowing that his trainer and mentor would know exactly where to find him in his mansion.

Shortly Brian was standing inside and his eyes adjusting to the low light. "Damian, I don't know why you have all this mansion and land surrounding you. You should have just had 'em build the theater and had them put a toilet and refrigerator in it."

"That's what I been tryin' ta tell em!" Luke jumped in after drinking the last gulp of his soda.

Brian looked at the screen. "Clay/Ali I see." He said. "Damian... one fight at a time, Son. One fight at a time."

"How you doin' Mr. Dickerson?" Luke said finishing off the last of his food.

"I'm real good Luke. How are you?"

"Oh, I'm doin' real fine sir."

"Good, good. Hey, Luke, do you mind if I talk to Damian for a little bit in private? It's very important."

"Oh no. I was just leavin'. I got what I came here for." Luke said as he held up the now cleaned plate and started laughing.

"Man, get the hell outta here!" Damian laughed.

Luke took his now empty plate and bottle to the kitchen and then showed himself to the front door, letting himself out.

Brian who had sat down in the seat Luke left vacant looked over to Damian, "Damian, can you turn that

off for a minute?"

"Sure thing." Damian said as he clicked pause on the remote and brought up the room lights. "What's up?"

Brian looked wearily at Damian and said, "Son, you know I been going back every now and then and getting 8K footage for you."

"Of course."

"It used to be exciting for me to go back and film those bouts, but now I'm getting old and tired. I'm not as excited as I used to be about filming. And for as amazing as it is to travel and see all those fighters, I'm actually tired of that too."



READING and WRITING in the

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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

“So, you came to let me know you aren’t going to be going back to get any more footage? Man, that’s cool. I get it. I see where you wouldn’t want to keep doing it. I can just use regular archive footage from now on.”

“Well... that isn’t exactly why I’m here. Damian. You’re young, and I really do believe you have what it takes to get to the very top and be declared the greatest fighter of all times. I think you could still use the high definition footage. With today’s tech I don’t need to take any bulky camera equipment with me... all I need is these.”

Dickerson held out a pair of what looked like standard glasses. “These glasses shoot several hours of 8K video. I’m giving them to you.” Brian handed Damian the glasses and then reached into the breast pocket of his jacket. He produced a wooden box that looked like it could have been the case for the glasses but wasn’t. “I’m also giving you this.” Brian said.

Damian took the box and opened it.

Wide eyed, he stared at the item inside of the box. “Brian, is this what it looks like?!”

“Yes. It’s a magnet. A jail broken magnet. The magnet I have been using for about a year to film those fights for you.”

“Where the hell did you get this?! We can

both be killed just for havin’ this, Brian!”

“No. Not this one. It isn’t one of theirs.”

“Huh? What?”

“I had an engineer friend of mine create it. I can’t tell you about him for obvious reasons. But back in the day I used to call him Dr. Jekyll. Then I started calling him Heckle n’ Jeckle – after the old cartoon. And finally, I just started calling him “Heck”.

“So, your friend Heck made a magnet?”

“Yeah. He made one for me so that I could go to bouts undetected by TimeScan or Kanter. As you know, after coming back to this time, the magnets have to be returned within an hour or else...” Brian made a gesture of an index finger across his neck.

“Yeah, yeah! I know! That’s why I’m wonderin’ how you have one of ‘em.”

“Like I said. I had Heck make this for me. We worked out a plan where he would stand by everytime, I came back from the ShadowHouse and he would use his x-ray, scanning and ‘data lifting tech to pull information about the magnets in half hour intervals. It took a little more’n a year for him to finally get all the info he needed so he could build one for me, and another year to actually build it.”



READING and WRITING in the

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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

“And that’s how you’ve been getting the footage all this time?”

“Come on Damian. You know Kanter wasn’t just letting me, or any trainer or manager, run around at will, jumping around time like that.”

“But the magnets we get have two buttons. This here one has three.”

“Right. See, whenever I went to the ShadowHouse I always wondered about all the fighters and where they came from. I knew that Kanter and people in his circle were able to go to the ShadowHouse and then not necessarily return back to their own time stream—not immediately. I wanted to know how they were able to do it. So, I got real curious about these magnets and how they worked. I told Heck about the three buttoned magnets Kanter and the promoters had that allowed them to leave the ShadowHouse, so Heck not only figured out the technology, but he went a step further with it.”

“Right, right. How does it work?”

“I don’t know how to explain it Damian because I don’t even know. Heck talked a bunch of quantum mumbo jumbo about how he had altered the wave forms and patterns so the magnets operated on a physical level as well as metaphysical. Heck

called it Empathic Electro Magnetic Spirit Harmonics or some such shit. The man is out there, but he’s a genius! That brother’s so far ahead of his self, ain’t nobody at where he’s goin’! I can tell you that much. All his explanations to me of how the thing worked sounded like straight Swahili. None of it made any sense to me whatsoever! He kept trying to explain it to me, but I couldn’t understand if I tried. All I wanted to know was if the thing would work in a way that I could go back and forth without TimeScan or Kanter being able to track me and kill me for it. And yes. That was exactly how it worked. Heck told me that the jail broken magnet

worked on basically the same principle as the others. It pulls you to the ShadowHouse. Once in the ShadowHouse I click the yellow button to go where I want outside the ShadowHouse to any time I wanted. One of the differences between this magnet and the Kanter magnets is that Kanter’s worked by preset parameters. But on mine, once in the ShadowHouse, I can go to where I want by thinking... or WILLING it. I just concentrate on where I want to be, click the yellow button, and the magnet takes me there. Then of course, I have to transport back to the ShadowHouse before coming back to my own time stream—this one.”

“That sounds crazy. Does it work?! Well, I guess it does! You were always getting me that footage.”



READING and WRITING in the

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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

“That’s the funny thing. It didn’t always work like that. One time—and this was pretty scary—I was trying to film a fight and ended up in the middle of a late 60’s freedom rally. I had no idea how I got there, and I was stuck for several hours. I saw television crews and newspaper and magazine people taking pictures. I had to make damn sure I hid my face, because you know the deal. If TimeScan or Kanter saw me in any of them, I’d have been dead meat. I never figured out why that happened. But it did happen a couple more times. I ended up in some really strange places. Heck told me that I needed to be really careful in the past time stream because the way he redesigned the magnet, basically puts a field around me that makes me invisible to TimeScan, Kanter and within the time flow itself. Kind of like the ShadowHouse is invisible in that way. But there are consequences to that. Let’s say, I went back and changed something, then came back to my regular time. Heck adjusted the waveforms in a way that anything I did in the past, upon my return to this time stream, would read to everyone—including TimeScan and Kanter—as if things had always been that way in the time stream. I would be the only one to know anything had changed. That made me super careful.”



“Wow. That sounds freaky.”

“It gets freakier. Heck said that not only would I still remember the old time stream, but I would have full memories of coming up through the new one from the time I was little to the present point. It is absolutely crazy! So, like I said, I got real careful with it.”

“But why are you giving this stuff to me?”

“Isn’t it obvious? So you can go film your own damn fights.” Dickerson said smiling.

“A-Are you sure this is legit? I mean... are you sure TimeScan and Kanter can’t trace this? Didn’t you ever worry you would run into a legit three button magnet holder in the ShadowHouse?”

“Damian, I’ve been using that magnet constantly for over a year, Heck figured out a way around that. The jailbroken magnet sends out a signal that detects if there is another magnet anywhere in or near the ShadowHouse, or if there is one use in the time and place I’m trying to go. There is a shutdown mechanism if another magnet is detected this one won’t work. He did build in a way for me to override it by three quick taps of the yellow button.

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Excerpt - SHADOW HOUSE (Continued)

That was so that if I was close to the 23 hour threshold outside my own time, I could at least make it back to the ShadowHouse and take my chances. But even with that, I never once ran into any trouble. The three button magnets are issued sparingly and has basically the same rules of return, according to Heck. So, during active venues.... 99% of the time everyone there, including insiders, will only have the two button magnets.

All that being said, the thing is 100% undetectable. IF you use it within the

parameters Heck said. It's up to you Damian. If you think you're up to it, you can start filming for yourself to research your opponents. If not, I understand that too. I'm still gonna coach and train you and we can just use whatever available archival footage exists."

"Nah, nah!" Damian said after thinking about it for a moment. "Em game! Just tell me how to work this thing and what to do. An'

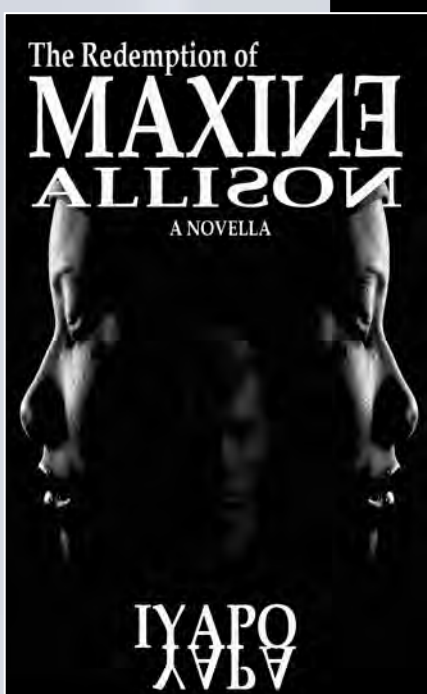
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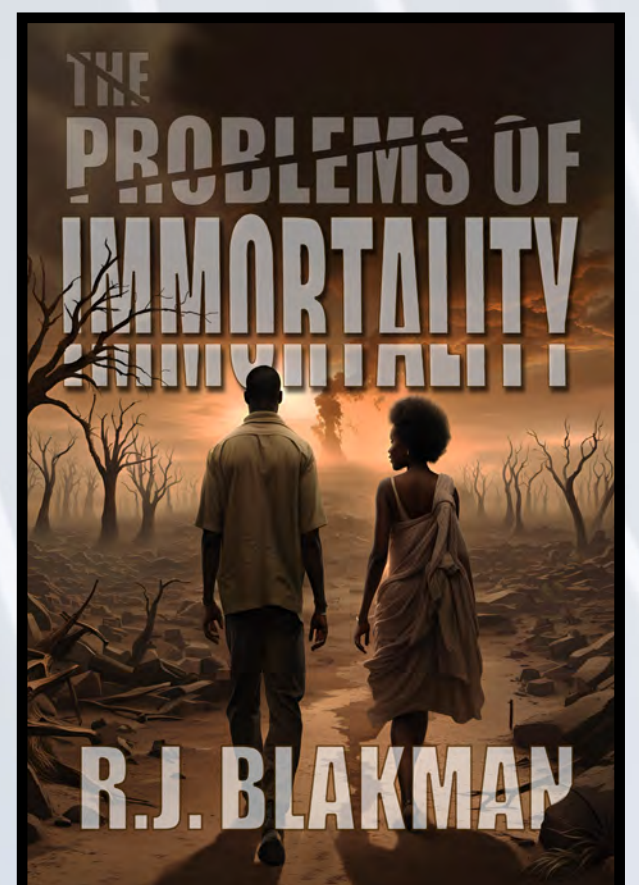
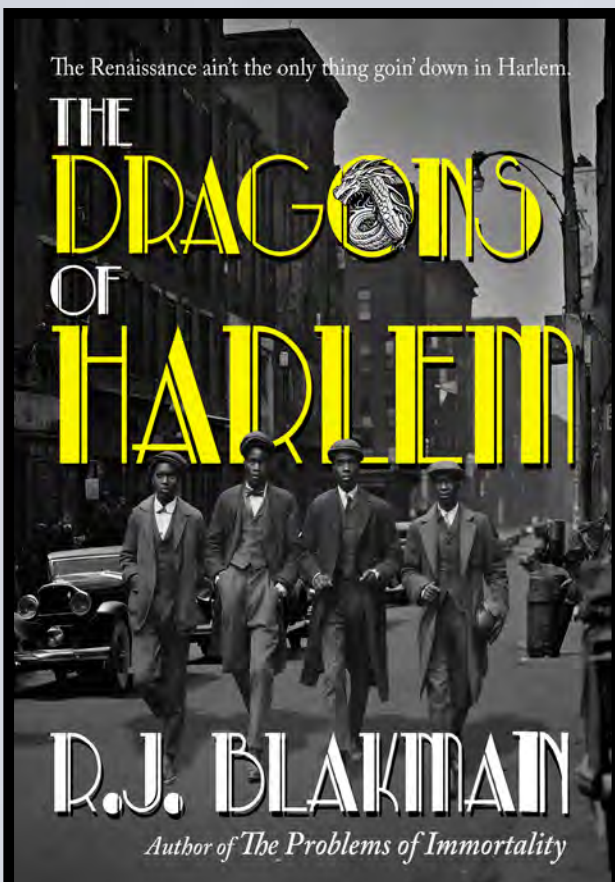
R. J. Blakman is a mystery writer, a writer of non-fiction and an all-around truth seeker. Blackman tries to look at things on a deeper level and whatever he finds, he tends to write about it with no sugar coating.

As a practice, Blakman seeks out truth and goes wherever that truth leads him, even if uncomfortable.

He tends to like working on more than one project at a time, so while he's hard at work on *RASULALLAH, OHIO* he is also working feverishly on his unique take on eternal life: *The Problems of Immortality*.

R.J. Blakman was born in Central America and had one sister. He currently lives in the place of his birth with his beautiful wife Maria. R.J. Blakman can be reached by email at: rjb@iyapoyapa.com

UPCOMING BOOKS BY R.J. BLAKMAN



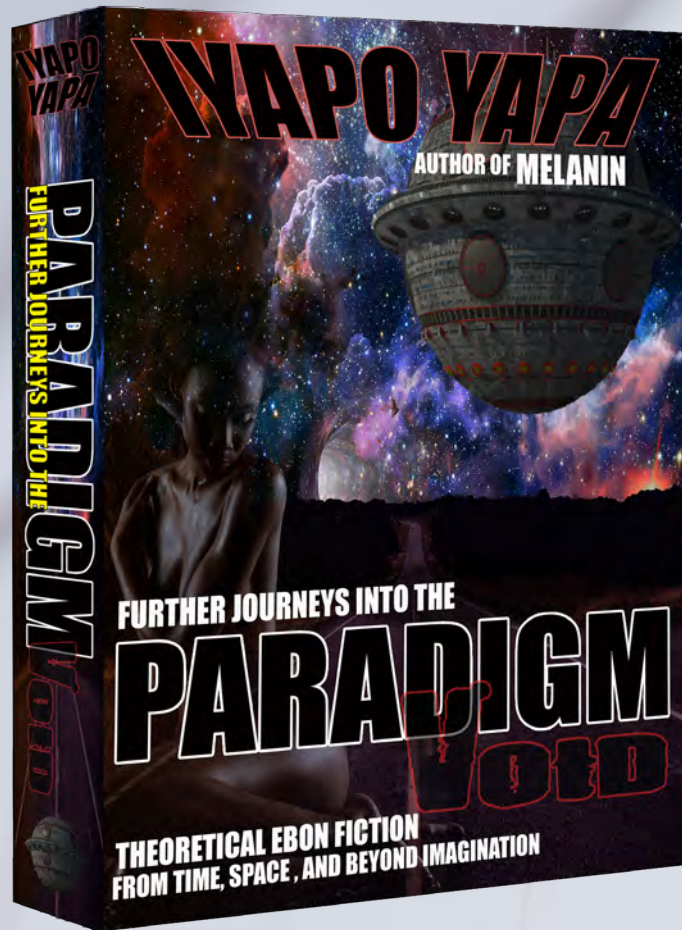
ENTERTAINING,
ENGROSSING,
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ARE YOU PREPARED TO JOURNEY BACK INTO THE VOID?!

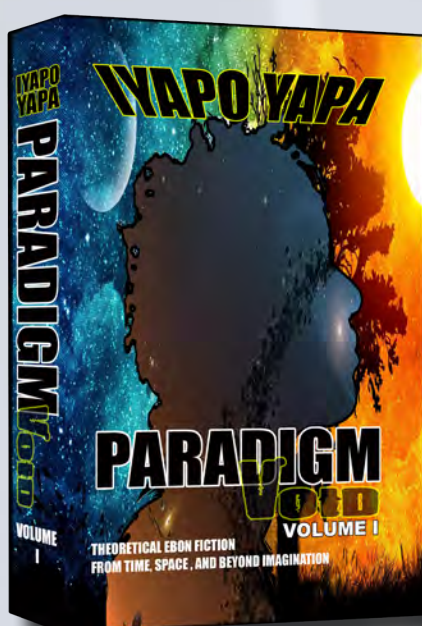


COMING SOON

The *Keepin' it a BUCK* series introduced readers to the *PARADIGM VOID*, a series of short stories in the genre of TEF: Theoretical Ebon Fiction, when everything is possible and anything can and does happen! Now it's time to journey back, and go even farther into the realm of the amazing, the unbelievable and the fantastic!

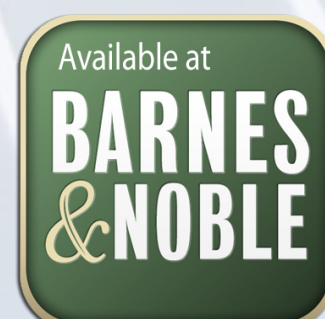
- What is life like for a person who is “unstuck” in time? One man gives his confessions.
- What if the universe, in an effort to balance itself started removing EVERYTHING that was of no use or value - to include some PEOPLE?!
- Luxury isn't always what it seems, or is cracked up to be, as one newlywed couple learns first hand.
- A comet is on a collision course with earth and there is no stopping it. One family decides to have one final family dinner together. And that's when the family secrets start coming out!

All this and MORE is coming to the new addition to the *Keepin' it a BUCK* series with, *Further Journey's into the PARADIGM VOID!*



RIGHT NOW!

Stories from Time, Space and Beyond Imagination,
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NEW! June 2024 Word Search Puzzle!

This month we continue with Black male authors. As always, the solution to last month's puzzle is at the back of the newsletter. But for those who still want to try and solve the crossword puzzle from last month, you can use the words for this month's word search and hints. All the words for the word search are also the answers to last month's crossword puzzle. HAVE FUN!

[CLICK ON THE IMAGE BELOW TO DOWNLOAD A PRINTABLE COPY OF THE PUZZLE!](#)

BLACK MEN WHO WRITE!

H	Q	R	A	Y	D	G	M	M	S	D	G	O	P	N	G	A	R	D	P	S	A	U	N	D	E	R	S	G	I	F	T	E	F	M	U	E	R	V	Q	
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June 2024 Wordsearch

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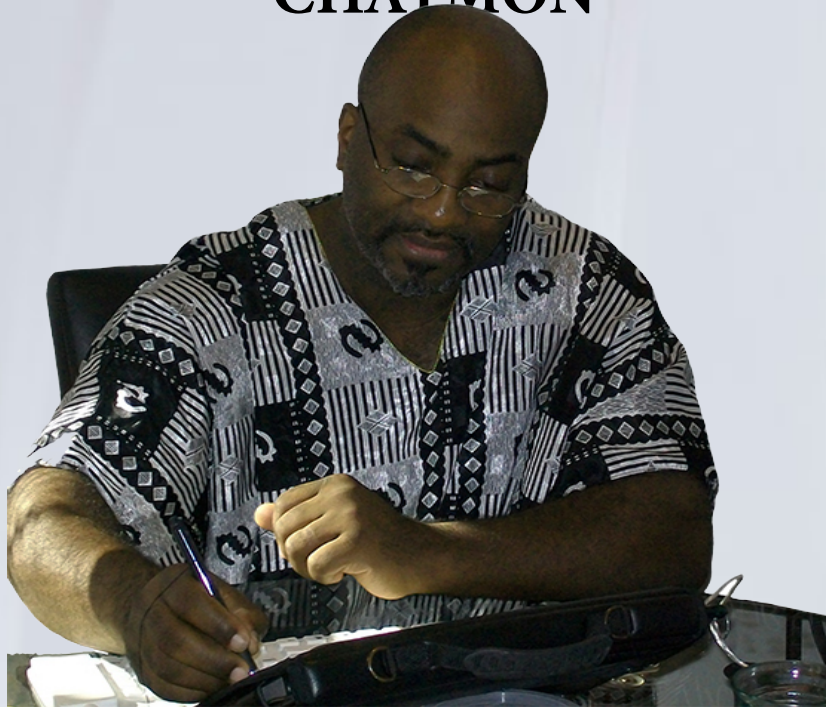
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JUNE WORDSEARCH FEATURING: BLACK MEN WHO WRITE!

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If you're needing to get your **THEORETICAL EBON FICTION (TEF)** fix, **THIS** is the place to go!

PARADIGM VOID is a collection of short stories written by Iyapo Yapa, one of the new leaders in the field of Black Science Fiction and Speculative Fiction. Each story explores possibilities and concepts that were not long ago only within the domain of the standard Sci-Fi reader.

Now, with the insurgence of Black writers of TEF, Iyapo is adding his powerful voice to the chorus, and moving at full speed to work in our people taking control of our narrative!

In *PARADIGM VOID*, Iyapo explores things like:

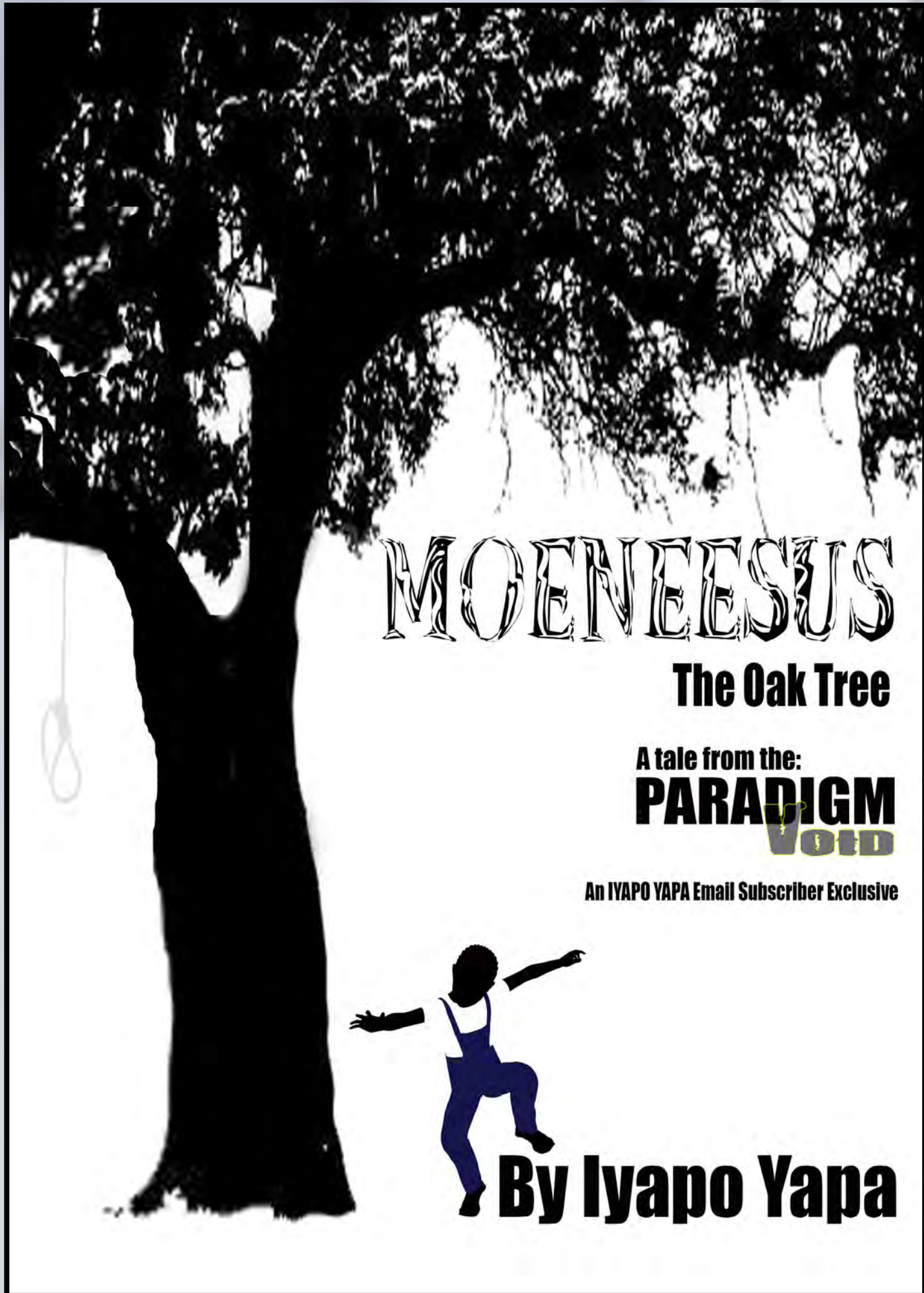
- What if somewhere in the universe numerous alien races observed earth and concluded that there is a faction on the planet that in no way should ever be allowed to reach out beyond the bounds of its own atmosphere?
- What if the universe itself started taking measures to correct and bring balance to itself in terms of justice?
- What if time slowed down nearly to a stop ... but only for YOU?

These possibilities and more are examined in "PARADIGM VOID" a collection of ten short stories in the genre of **THEORETICAL EBON FICTION**.

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If you are a **READING AND WRITING IN THE DARK** subscriber and haven't read your free copy of **MOENEESUS THE OAK TREE**, what are you waiting for?! Relax and take some time to read a great story from the the **Paradigm VOID**! It may make you smile, it may make you cry, but either way, you are going to enjoy it.

READING and WRITING in the

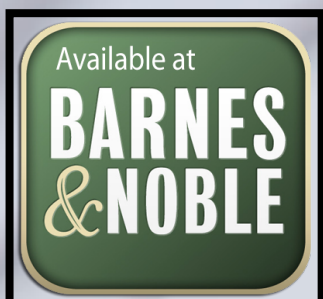
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And What of the CARGO?



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And What of the CARGO?

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“Kylah Mbaye of the Zahnoka people, lay as silently and still as she could, halfheartedly petitioning the ancestors that at least for one night she would not be spirited away and taken above deck to endure yet another in a procession of endless rapes. Another woman would have long ago given in to despair--but Kylah--in the face of such crushing odds against her and her people within the bowels of this floating nightmare, knew that eventually, this voyage would not end well... for her captors.” And so it began. *AND WHAT OF THE CARGO?* is a tale of love and hate, tears and triumph, suspense and horror that leads to an unimaginable conclusion.

“The Atlantic crossing, or “Middle Passage,” as it was called by European slavers, was notorious for the number of deaths incurred, averaging in the vicinity of 15-20%”

— Walter Rodney. *How Europe Underdeveloped Africa*

Much is rightly said and written about the enslavement and fates of Afrikans who were kidnapped from their homeland and transported to the Americas and other lands along the Middle Passage. Absent however is an expanded examination of the fate of those who did not make it through the journey. Whether victims of an inability to survive the unimaginable environment in which they were forced to occupy, or due to murders while attempting to revolt, or by simply jumping overboard, choosing death as a better alternative to chattel enslavement.

What of those ancestors in the depths of the oceans, and what of their souls and spirits. Or to put it bluntly—what of the CARGO?

What are readers saying about And What of the CARGO?

“This story is an exceptional horror tale of what happens when displaced restless souls whose spirits sought to exact restitution from those who prospered from their demise are ignored. The reunion and collaboration between the historical and modern families to bring about justice for their stolen legacy was gripping.”

- Amazon Review

“Mr. Yapa is one of the most imaginative writers out there. He handles controversial subject matter with grace and maturity. He offers powerful insight on one of the most important topics of our era: the Atlantic slave trade and modern-day racism. In this story there is retribution for evils - past and present. There is blood, dismemberment, horror, anger, rage, justice, hate, love, passion, politics, wealth, and finally reconciliation and peace. What a journey. I Loved it. And yes, it did scare me - It scared me a lot!”

- Gwen

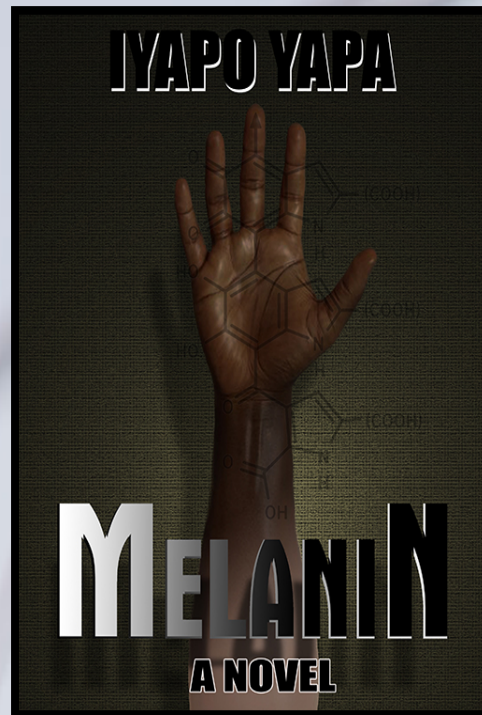
“Yapa weaves another story this time interwoven with historical references. I was on my seat with every chapter. I don't want to give it away but....revenge is sweet when served dead. And I can't get over how different each of his offerings are. Read his Vella's and you'll see what I mean. Another great book by Iyapo Yapa. A must read!”

- Amazon review

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MELANIN: A NOVEL

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Due to a series of man-made radiological catastrophes, the non-Black population of the planet becomes susceptible to a highly virulent form of melanoma and has to choose between becoming Black (phenotypically and genetically), or almost certain death.

MELANIN: A NOVEL examines a world where Black people are realizing they are once again truly free. What does it mean for Black people to be back in their rightful place, after centuries of subjugation, marginalization and terror? What does it mean for Black people to no longer be under the boot of a system put (and kept) in place to use and keep using them?

Conversely, what happens to those who have only known control and dominance for centuries as the tide is turning? How do they react to the knowledge that they are powerless to stop the turning tide as the field becomes genuinely level, and the system of white supremacy utterly collapses around them?

On top of that, is a threat to the world at large that is so horrifying no one could have imagined it!

goodreads

What are readers saying about MELANIN: A NOVEL?

“Melanin is an uncompromising and timely tale of speculative fiction, brimming with thought-provoking ideas and imaginative twists.”

- Brandon Massey, award-winning author of *The Quiet Ones* and *Dark Corner*

“Iyapo Yapa has earned a place among the great science fiction writers with *Melanin*. The plot twists will keep you reading long after midnight. As well the imagery is captivating. Replicating the Black experience, you are drawn into the story as if you are there.”

- T.J. Riley, author of *The Path to Brightness*

“The whole world needs to read this book!”

- M.A.D.M. Precious, author of *Michelle's Story* and *Loving Betrayal*

“Every Black person needs to read this book!”

- Gwen B

“It was exciting! I stayed up a few nights wanting to see what was coming!”

- Ayoka B.

You can also read it for FREE if you have

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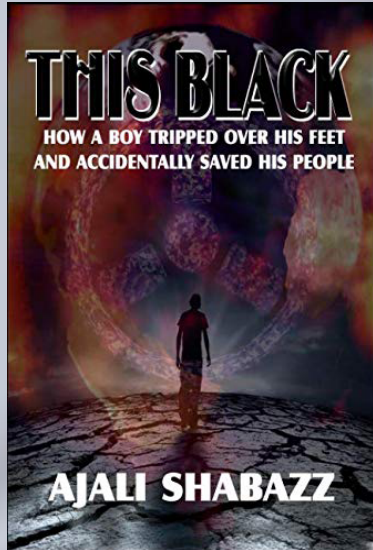
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Books by:

AJALI SHABAZZ



Author of: *This Black - This Black NATION* and *Furnace of Affliction!*
The Reading and Writing in the DARK Podcast Interview!

You don't want to miss this discussion with this new POWERFUL voice in
PRO BLACK FICTION in the genre of Theoretical Ebon Fiction, and Non Fiction!

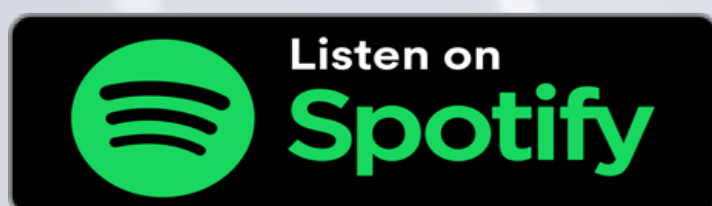
Listen to the interview on  by clicking the link below:

<https://www.spreaker.com/show/a-conversation-with-author-ajali-shabazz>



Did you know there is also a READING and WRITING in the DARK PODCAST?! Well there IS and you can tune in to it and listen just by clicking the block to the right.

You can also hear the READING and WRITING in the DARK podcast on:



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Ok. It's settled. Black Americans created Hip Hop. Now what?

From IYAPO'S BLOG Wednesday May 29, 2024

There is an Afrikan proverb that says: "When there is no enemy within, the enemy outside can do you no harm." I have often had the discussion with people who feel "We should not be so deeply scrutinizing our own people and concentrating on the oppressor." However, I submit that in any situation, when you have factions running interference for someone, it becomes a matter of having to deal with the blockers before one is able to address the actual problem. Look at anybodyguard situation, or even a football team. The ideal scenario is to get to the quarterback after the snap. The problem is, you have to get past those blocking for him before you can stop him from throwing the pass, handing off the ball or running his play. Should the coach say, "Don't worry about those blockers, just concentrate on the quarterback."

Well... you can't get to the quarterback until you do something about his protection on the line.

When it comes to political leaders, most top tier "Black" organizations, and Black hustlers within our community, we can see some of the BEST examples of "controlled opposition" in existence (To read about controlled opposition you can check it out on my blog at www.iyapoyapa.com, or read the reprint of the post in the October 2023 edition of the Reading and Writing in the DARK newsletter) The purpose of controlled opposition is to make it APPEAR that the opposition is working against the establishment and that they are being effective. However, nothing is happening, and no ground is being gained. Their goal is to provide Black people with things that make us feel

good or give us the impression that something is happening and moving forward when we aren't gaining any ground at all—and it could be argued that our cause is actually moving backward.



Holidays, accomplishments, verdicts in our favor. What is the problem with our people finding things to celebrate?

Because it calms us down.

As James Baldwin so astutely put it decades ago, and it is still as relevant now, "To be a Negro in this country and to be relatively conscious, is to be in a rage almost all the time." So, that rage must go somewhere.

In the past it took the form of the Watts riots, The Rodney King verdict riots, the BLM riots and so on. That is one of the many things that white people fear about our people—for as baseless as it is. As Martin Luther King rightly observed, "A riot is the voice of the unheard." That is why the white establishment needed pressure release valves for our people, to prevent the inevitable explosions that would come from centuries of oppression, exploitation, terror, and mistreatment without redress or remedy.

There are many ways to calm our people down, so to speak. There are negro whisperers who presume to speak for Black people, but have no right, like Candace Owens and Coleman Hughes—both of whom consistently speak out in denial that America is a racist country, and add insult to injury by insisting that Descendants of Enslaved Africans in America are not entitled to reparations. The mere fact they have been elevated within this construct of a SoWS, should tell even the casual onlooker everything they need to know.

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A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

Ok. It's settled. Black Americans created Hip Hop. Now what? (Continued)

From IYAPO'S BLOG Wednesday May 29, 2024

Equally as pacifying are things like the Hidden Colors series of educational, Black empowerment videos, as well as a museum that bares its moniker. They are the brainchild of businessman Tariq Nasheed, and for many Black people the Hidden Colors series was one of their entry points into Black consciousness. Many of our people see these as good things, and necessary for Black empowerment, education, and pride. And I must confess, in full disclosure, the media served as one of my entry points into Black consciousness. So, I'm not here to say there is something bad about things that uplift, educate, and give consciousness to our people. That said—white people have the same things. They have full on channels and media apparatus (like the history channel), dedicated round the clock to talking about THEIR “glorious past”. They have museums in every state. They have massive structures like Mount Rushmore, Stone Mountain in Georgia (the confederate Mount Rushmore), the Washington Monument and the list goes on. All built as testaments to the SoWS! It could even be argued that Washington, DC is just one HUGE museum. Ok, so what's the difference between them and what our people are doing? And what does it have to do with keeping our people calmed down and docile?

WE ARE STILL HAVING WAR WAGED UPON US—THEY AREN'T!

So, they can afford to “big up” themselves and put their energies into such things. Haiti did not build ONE statue DURING the revolution. Nor, in America, were there streets named after Malcom X or Martin Luthor King Jr while they lived—let alone a federal holiday in his honor—

while they were fighting. There has even long been talk about putting Harriet Tubman on the \$20 bill. No such “honors” were discussed while she was conducting the Underground Railroad.

Something that she would no doubt despise. The point remains that, just as Nancy Pelosi and other white U.S. “leadership” in government, knelt in Kente cloth, the reason they are willing to do these disingenuous, symbolic gestures is to placate and pacify Black people. They are willing to do it, and to allow a degree of opposition in the form of “rallies”, and esteem builders like museums, videos and showing us representation by giving us Black faces in high places (as long as they are acting in service to the SoWS while in

those high places). They know that ultimately it is not ONLY ineffective, but that they actually serve the purpose of acting as a release valve of sorts. I agree with Neely Fuller when he says that our people should be doing a lot less celebrating, if at all, because we are still at war.

Yes, Black Americans created Hip Hop. We also created jazz, the banjo, the rollercoaster, the gas mask, slam dunking and a plethora of other things. The question isn't even, what did we create as much as it is, what didn't we create?! We should already know we are some of the, if not the most creative and inventive people on the planet. When we tout our accomplishments as a people, ultimately all it amounts to is bragging rights. But does it result in our liberation?! The question isn't, who created Hip Hop as much as it is, “Who now controls and profits the most from Hip Hop?” I would submit that, just as with affirmative action and countless inventions of Black people, it is white people and the System of White Supremacy that always benefits the most materially, monetarily, and



READING and WRITING in the

DARIK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

Ok. It's settled. Black Americans created Hip Hop. Now what? (Continued)

From IYAPO'S BLOG Wednesday May 29, 2024

structurally in terms of hierarchy. What good does it do for us to finally be able to stand on the top of the mountain and shout that our people created Hip Hop, while there are still chains on our ankles?! Even things that appear to benefit us, like rallies for reparations, that seem to challenge the establishment, actually work in the favor of the colonizer.

How does a rally for reparations serve the purposes of the System of White Supremacy? (SoWS)

That's simple. Much venom is directed toward those who are considered "tethers" or "coons". Why? Because the end goal of a so-called tether or coon is to help uphold the SoWS and to side with it (and that is a fair assessment). The question becomes, what is the ultimate goal of FBA, (or ADOS for that matter)? The goal is equality and full integration into the American corporation, with all the rights and privileges thereof. But both factions have, as their main focus, reparations. (Which are owed! There is no disputing that. And that reparations should only be paid by the offending country and to the members of the diaspora of the particular country in which their ancestors were enslaved. Therefore, only Descendants of Enslaved Afrikans in America should receive reparations from America. Period. Only Descendants of Enslaved Afrikans in Brazil should receive reparations from Brazil. Same for the U.K. and so on. That is my position at least). My question becomes (and I have followed this discussion very closely for over a decade), what exactly do our people want reparations for?!

Is it so that we can take the money and use it to completely free ourselves from the United States?

Or is it so that our people can at long last, close the gap and have the wealth that it takes to live as Americans? To be able to finally have our part of the American pie—the American Dream? I have been listening for years and based upon the insistence of FBA and ADOS that they are American, to the point of claiming little to no connection to the continent of Afrika pretty much answers that question.

My point?

Black conservatives and republicans, those who we would call "coons" and "bootlicks" have as a goal the exact same thing. The only difference between them and FBA and ADOS are their philosophies about, and methodology for how to get there. But make no mistake—their end goals are exactly the same, and at the end of the day, would result in the same outcome. The perpetuation of the System of White Supremacy through our willing participation with it, just as long as we don't feel we are crushed underneath the boot of it.

So, what's the problem? Is it the system? Or is it our position within it?

What's the problem? Black people who want to be part of a capitalist, imperialist system?

Or is it just the way they have chosen to get there that is the problem?

These are the questions we have to come to grips with and eventually answer, because if we don't





Ok. It's settled. Black Americans created Hip Hop. Now what? (Continued)

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become brutally honest with ourselves, and get to the hard work of true liberation, then things can and will only become profoundly worse for our people. This essay isn't a call to our people to take to the streets and riot. Nor is it to say we should not take pride in what is rightly ours. What I am getting at is that we are a people at war. Not because we have chosen it, but because it is being waged upon us and there is no way for us to avoid it unfortunately. As such, our focus needs to widen so that we can see the bigger picture. As of this writing, European, Western and Middle East nations are three steps from nuclear war, the global



economic system is two steps from collapse, and the United States is one step from becoming a full on tyrannical, authoritarian, fascist country.

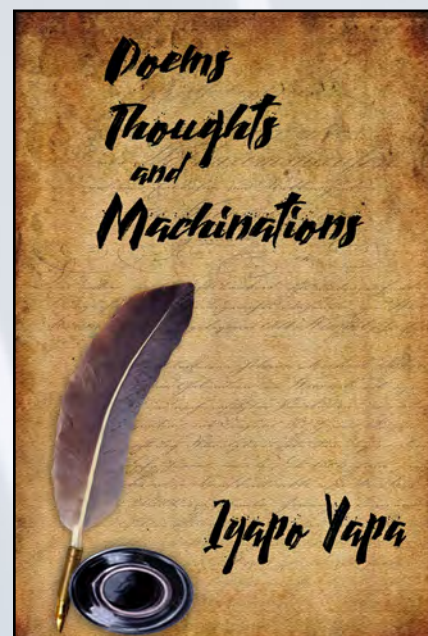
And we're celebrating that we created Hip Hop, as we fight among ourselves.



[CLICK THE LOGO ABOVE TO VISIT MY BLOG](#)

Flash fiction is a genre of fiction, defined as a very short story. While there is no set word count that separates flash fiction from more traditional short stories, flash fiction stories can be as short as a few words (while short stories typically run for several pages). Flash fiction is also known as sudden fiction, short-short stories, micro-fiction, or micro-stories.

Got a few minutes or a good story? That's all you'll need.



The title says it all.

Sometimes I think all people wax poetic whether they write it down or not. For the most part I think everyone has times of reflection and seeking deeper meaning in things.

Here is where I write it down in verse and many times without traditional structure.

Always seeking.

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Could YOU survive?!

Five years ago, a cataclysm now known as THE COLLAPSE occurred. Dimensions merged with horrific results. It is now common to see creatures of myth, legend, and nightmare along with once long extinct animals populating the landscape. Carl, LaTanya and Lester, embark on a quest to find a lost book that can't change the madness of the new normal but may assist them and others in the now nearly impossible task of:
SURVIVING the WORST!

Click the image below to enter a world of action, adventure, science and horror on Kindle



Top reviews from the United States

Amazon Customer

★★★★★ **Cornucopia of Action, Sci-fi, Mystery, Horror and Heart palpatng suspense.**
Reviewed in the United States on November 5, 2022

I love the pace of Iyapo's stories. He is a true master story weaver. This story is a cornucopia full of action, sci-fi, mystery, horror and heart palpatng suspense. The way he transitions between dramatic and comical situations are remarkable. After the daring trio's exhausting battle with vampires, out manoeuvring alans and harpes, they make it home to a well deserved rest within the sanctuary of Hevan only to be disrupted by the the Versquake. How much WORSE can it get living in a unmanageable and unpredictable dimension?

Amazon Customer

★★★★★ **Best Zombies Ever**
Reviewed in the United States on November 1, 2022

Amazon took down my review of Melanin, so I hope this stays. This is not your ordinary Zombie tale. I haven't read such inventive horror in years. Yapa really knows how to weave a story to pull you in. I had to laugh at how much fun I was having while reading it. I would recommend this author in a heart beat because all of his writings are so good.

kindle vella

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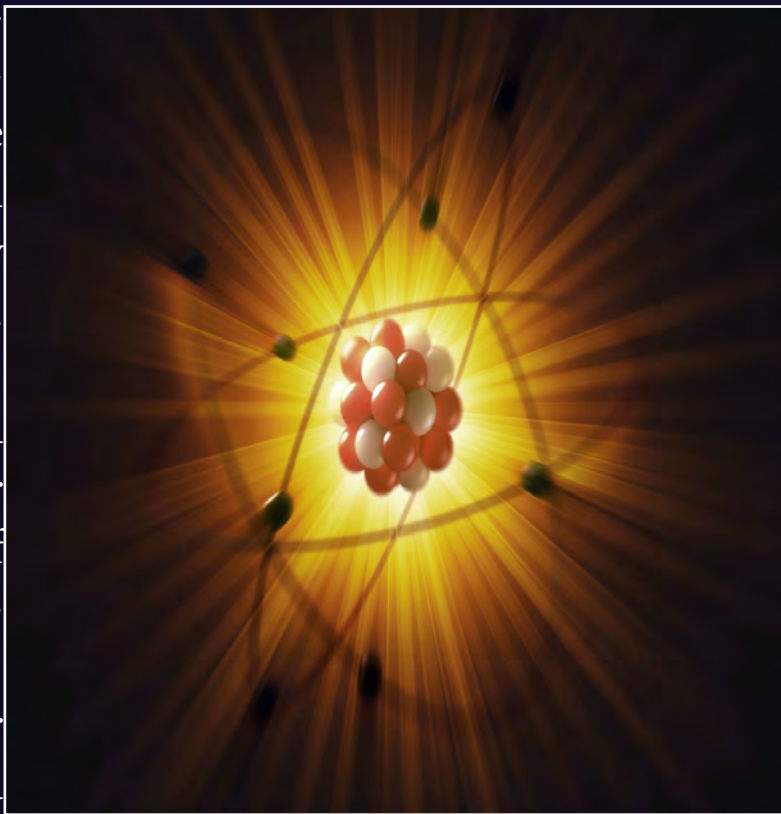
Quantum Mechanics for Beginners

As a man who has always loved the sci-fi and speculative fiction genres, I have also always had a keen interest in science—real science. Knowing the rudiments of various scientific theories has helped me in my own writing. I say this with the understanding that a lot of what we consider to be science fiction is actually science fantasy (like Star Trek and Star Wars).

When it comes to the hard sciences, I have a pretty fair layman's understanding of physics and quantum mechanics, but I want MORE! Unfortunately, I never, for some odd reason, connected mathematics to science when I was young and was neglectful of my math education in school. (As a matter of fact, math was the single credit that prevented me from graduating with my high school class. I ended up going back to adult education to pick up that single

credit and earn my diploma instead of a GED.) Now things have come full circle it seems, and I have a deep hunger to understand quantum mechanics on more than a layman's level. So, I have begun my journey. In order I will be sharpening my basic math skills, then moving to Algebra, then to Algebra II, Geometry, Trigonometry, Calculus (with the advanced disciplines of Differential & Integral plus Ordinary Differential Equations) and finishing with Linear Algebra with Complex Numbers.

At which time, I can gain a full working knowledge of Classical Physics and Quantum Mechanics (something I desire to know, for my own reasons). Are these things I can teach myself? I have every confidence that I can after all... I'm BLACK!



Be sure to take some time to visit my website at:
<https://www.iyapoyapa.com> - or just click the image to the right!

There are a LOT of things to see and interact with! There are also a couple special surprises hidden in the site. They aren't marked, but if you take a little time to search for them, you'll defiantly be pleasantly surprised!



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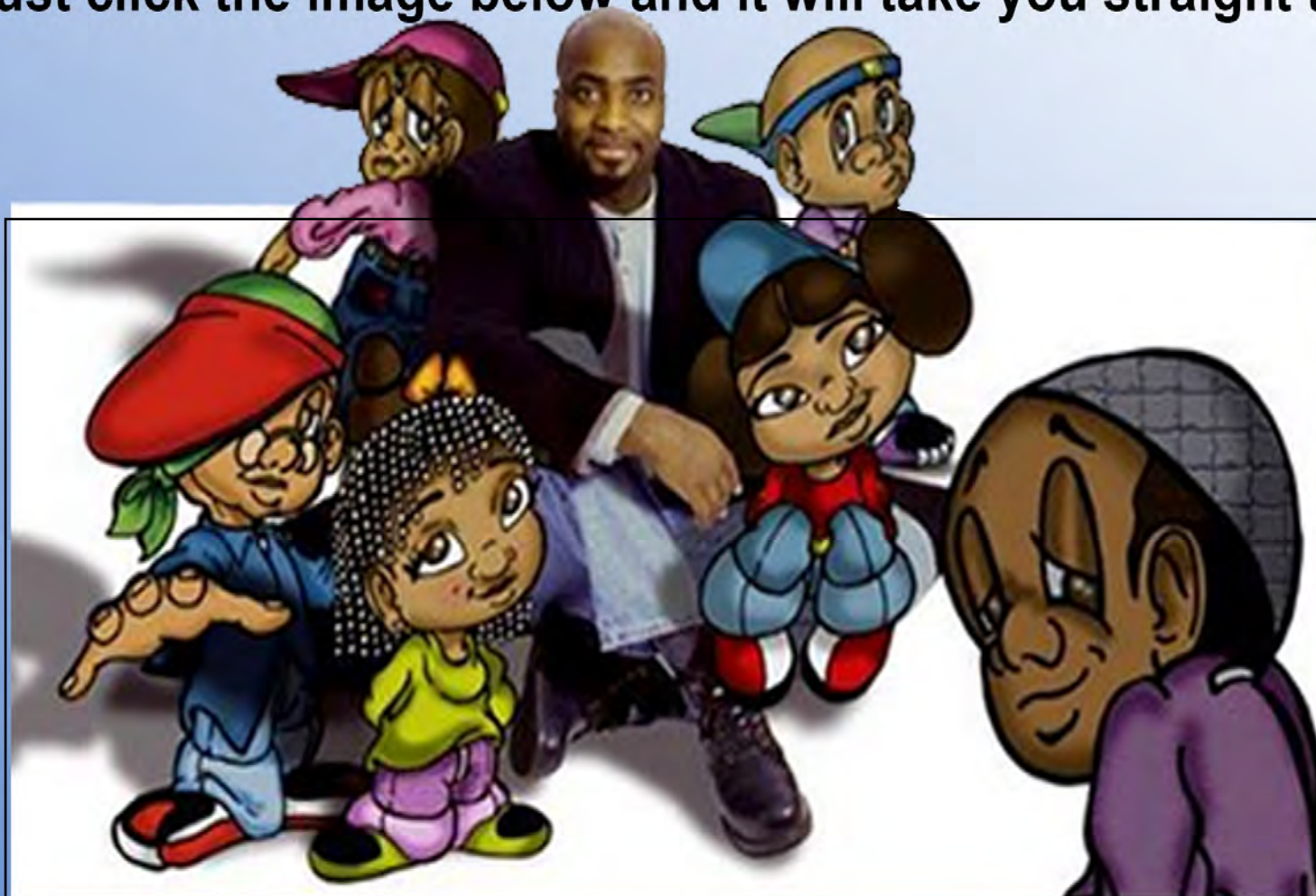
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So, who knew I was a cartoonist before I became a writer?

Take a minute to check out some of my work online at:

<https://iyapoyapa.com/cartoonist-illustrator.html>

or just click the image below and it will take you straight there!



Everybody needs a hobby!

Mine is playing and composing MUSIC!

For me, playing and composing is one of the most relaxing and fulfilling things I do with my spare time (when I HAVE

some spare time). You're welcome to check out some of

my songs at: <https://iyapoyapa.com/music.html> or

you know the deal... just click the link below. ENJOY!



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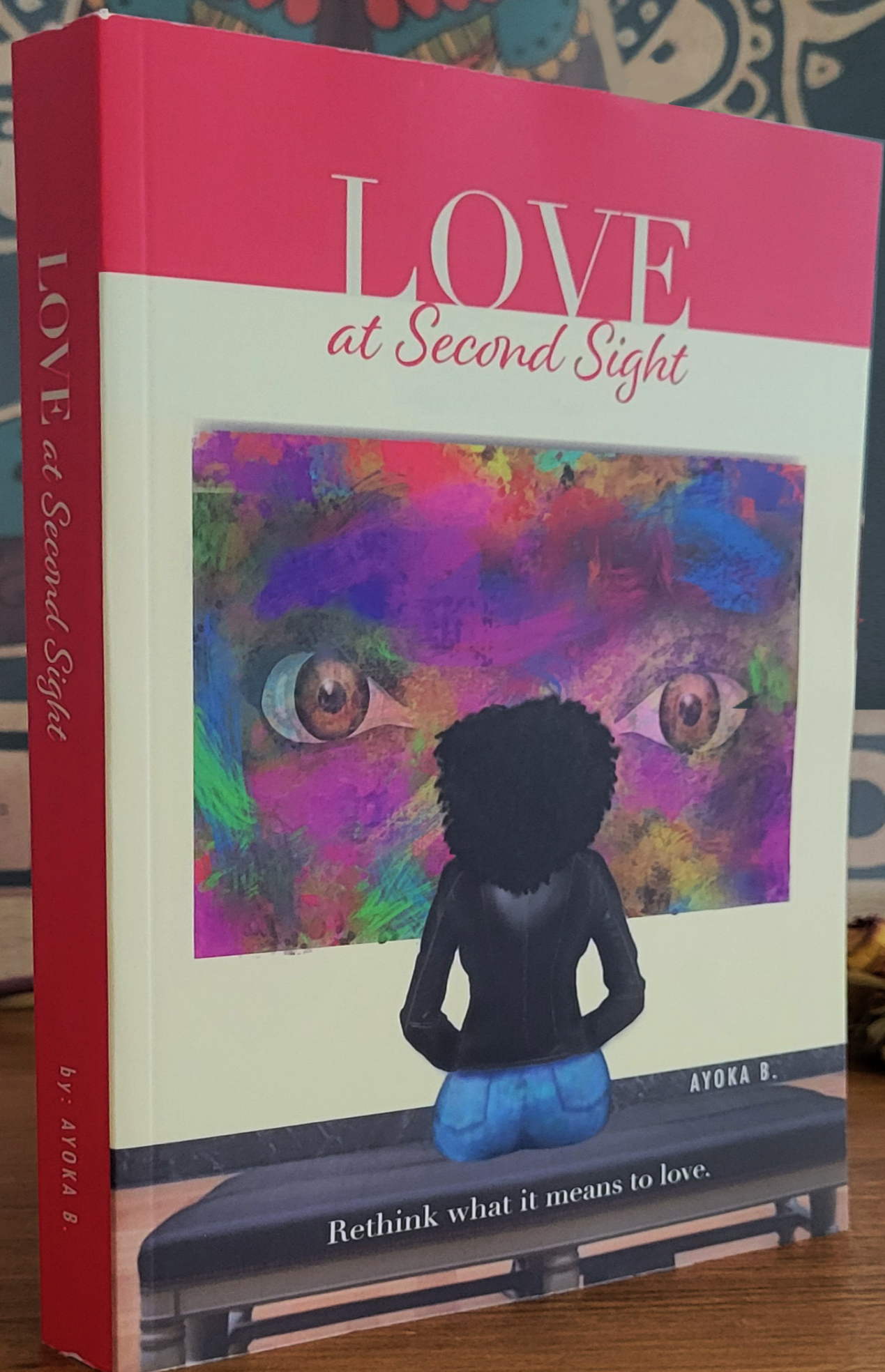
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LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT IS AVAILABLE NOW!

Shane's life is full... of poetry, motherhood, and friends. She is a Single Mom who is pensive, passionate, and generous and loves her family. Ambitious and hard-working, Shane is trying to carve her path. Enter Mike. He is talented, complicated, and guarded. Their undeniable connection changes their hearts and lives. A beautiful and layered story of artistry and love, this novel spans generations. Love At Second Sight will make you laugh, cry, and cheer and inspire you to rethink what it means to love.

This unputdownable book showcases descriptive prose that makes you reflect on your own relationships.



CLICK ON THE BOOK ABOVE TO VISIT AYOKA'S LINKTREE!

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Alright, enough about ME!

Below are AWESOME stories on the KINDLE VELLA platform by some authors I know!

Just click the cover art to be transported to their stories!

And remember, the first THREE episodes are FREE to read!



I DeClaire Love

Angela Riley

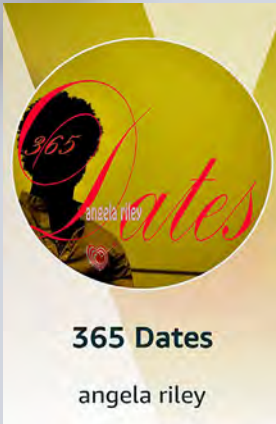
DeClaire and Tyrone meet and sparks fly. They fall in love with each other quick, fast, and in a hurry. It seems too good to be true. But is it? Is it safe to love? Are there any “good” rules when it comes to love? Do we have to fight for love? Are there always games being played when it comes to love? Is simple, sane, “old-fashioned” love out of style? CAN LOVE SET US FREE? *** New Episodes Weekly!



The Love X TamuTamu Agency

Angela Riley

Love is natural but it ain't always easy. And Mama Tamu should know! She is a 91 year old match maker who has run “The Love X TamuTamu Agency” for FIFTY years. She has personally experienced and been a witness to all kinds of love. And, as she says, “Love is more than a notion!” Follow along as she stands up for and works to support and encourage the natural flow of Black Love.



365 Dates

Angela Riley

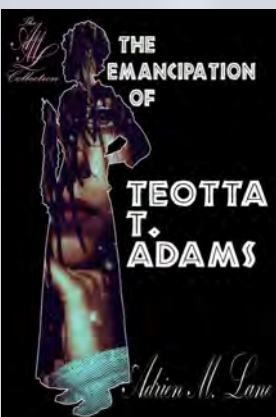
Single again, after my first divorce, one day I had a new thought: I WANT TO DATE. And... NOTHING. No one came knocking on my door to woo me. No one approached me when I was out wanting to court me. Nobody asked friends/family to be set up with me. Just crickets! So, thinking that maybe my goal was to vague--I want to date.--to make anything happen, I decided to pursue a HUGE goal of going on 365 dates. Not 3, 5, or 6 dates but three HUNDRED and SIXTY-FIVE dates. So...LET'S GO!



Fully BLACK

Angela Riley

Because she is IN LOVE, talented dancer and homeschooled student Makena enrolls in the elite Fullson High to be closer to Marshall.



The Emancipation of Teotta T. Adams

Adrien M. Lane

Teotta T. Adams has it all, big house, nice car, fine clothes, and a private chef, one of the best in the world, and a successful husband. Yes, Teotta has everything. Everything except her FREEDOM! She spends her days in the lap of luxury, but inside she knows something's wrong. Her ‘husband’ is just this side of a stranger, and worse, Teotta knows even less about herself. When she finally discovers why, and the incredible truth behind it, she will long for the bliss of her lost ignorance.



Since I Seen't You

Ayoka B.

She and David met when they were 18. After a rough start, they build a friendship that would span decades: marriages, children, love and heartache. When they lose touch, she thought that she would never see him again, but she was wrong. Can men and women truly be just friends? Can their friendship withstand what life has in store?

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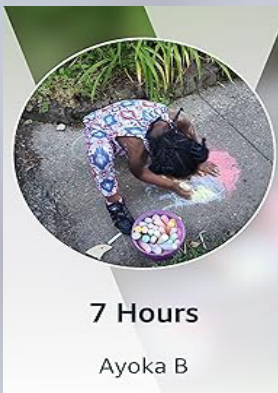
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The Match

Ayoka B.

Have you ever changed someone's life? I mean in a life and death sort of way. I opened a letter that I almost threw out, thinking it was junk mail; it said that I was a possible bone marrow match for someone! I couldn't even remember being tested. The letter asked me to contact them if I was still a willing donor... what would you do?



7 Hours

Ayoka B.

Time is precious so honor it. This is a peek at how our family was indelibly changed in the span of seven hours.



The Skin I'm In

Ayoka B.

As a child, the world outside of my safe life chipped away at my confidence and self-image. I was 18 before I liked what I saw in the mirror. Or at least I could actually look at my reflection and smile. Self-love and identity are frequently intertwined; they definitely were for me.



A'DICK'tion The Back Story

MADM Precious

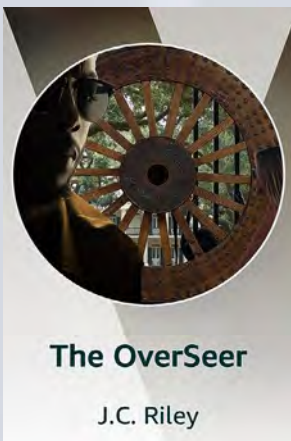
From Book 1: Sex addiction is a real thing; When Quincey finds out his wife is caught up in some things, can they save their marriage.



The Godchild Chronicles

J.C. Riley

War rocks the Planet Raosis! Ptahlon Anuku is drafted onto the Anti-Terror Detail & is under constant attack. With ties to both sides of the conflict, Ptahlon must choose a side in order to get him & his wife (fellow CDO Officer Raseem) safely off of Raosis. What will it take for Ptahlon & Raseem to escape in one piece? Who will they rely on to help bring their ambitions to a reality? And more importantly, what kind of sacrifice are they willing to make to achieve their ultimate goal?



The OverSeer

J.C. Riley

It's nice to be up high and seeing over things, right? Welcome to the world of THE OVERSEER. Strap yourself in because it's one heck of a ride!

ALSO AVAILABLE on AMAZON and OTHER PLATFORMS!

Below are stories and books by some authors I know! Just click the cover art to purchase their book.

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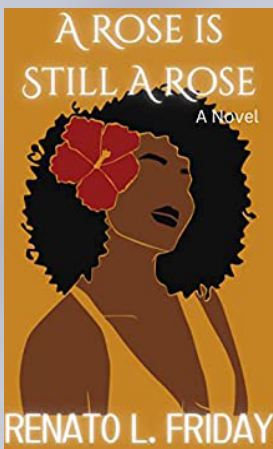


Affirming Self Love (Graphic Non-Fiction SERIES)

angela riley

SelfLOVE Meditation, Reflections, & AFFIRMATIONS Series...

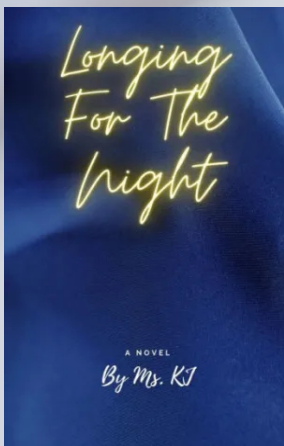
With a new book released each month, this “Graphic Nonfiction” series is filled with love for BlackUs. Each episode opens with a short essay exploring a theme such as “Following the Happy” or “Plan & Reflect” and culminates with a dynamic collection of affirmation. You’ll have a beautiful time meditating and reflecting on the monthly theme as you AFFIRM Self Love.



A Rose is Still a Rose

Renato L. Friday

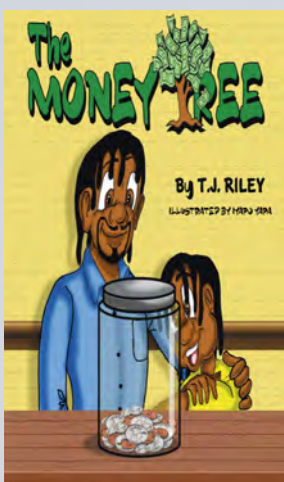
Rose thought life was going great: she was engaged, had a beautiful set of twin girls, a recent trade school graduate, and a new job right around the corner. Unfortunately, her fiancé, David, turned out to not be what she needed, and she chose to break things off. In the midst of her failing relationship, she met a man named Falcon, who ironically turns out to be her new boss. They quickly go from acquaintances to lovers, which opens up a fire pit of drama. Then comes Landon, a self-made millionaire, who is very humble about his accomplishments. He shows her all the things she was lacking while with David, and ultimately proposes. Naturally, Rose is scared to fall for Landon and accept his proposal due to David’s lies and Falcon’s toxic choices, but she takes a chance and allows Landon to love her the way she needs. Will her love for him forsake the feelings she’s still harboring for Falcon, or will she give into temptation?



Longing for the Night

Ms. KJ

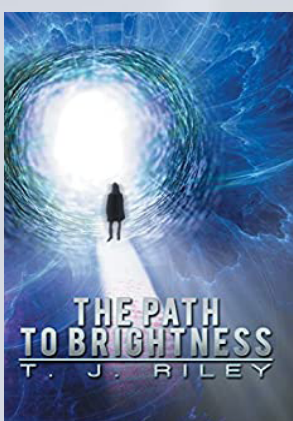
Inspired by the poem Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti, two young sisters face the trials and tribulations of the hood in this coming-of-age story about the harshness of living in South Central Los Angeles.



The Money Tree

T.J. Riley / Illustrated by Iyapo Yapa

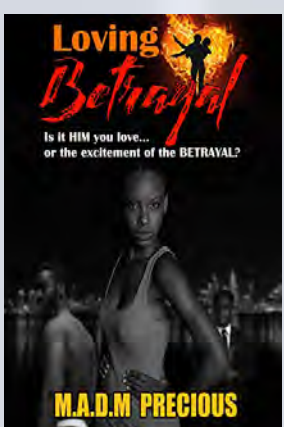
Every child wants money to buy something, right? Our hero does too. But, his father has a surprise, a Money Tree. Join the fun journey to find out how to grow your own money tree.



THE PATH to BRIGHTNESS

T.J. Riley

Fatima, a young woman, has a near-death experience. When she awakes from a coma and recovers, she has mystical powers. She begins to see auras and experiences life with her new abilities. For the clever character, Fatima, life is about to dramatically change. Follow Fatima’s journey as she tries to convince others of the astounding esoteric knowledge she has brought back from beyond the veil. However, there are some that wish to stop her from sharing an ancient secret. A secret that will change life on earth, forever.



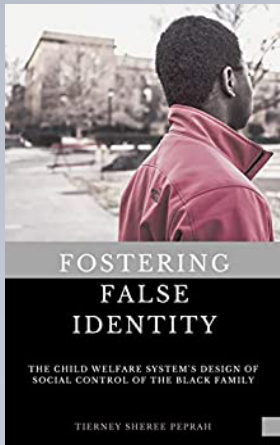
LOVING BETRAYAL

MADM Precious

When Michelle met Michael, she thought that she found the love of her life. She was young and coming out of a bad marriage. A single parent of two children, she was scared, broke and had no self esteem. Michael seemed perfect, except for one little problem...

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Fostering False Identity: The Child Welfare System's Design of Social Control of the Black Family Tierney Peprah

THE ORGANISM OF RACISM IN THE UNITED STATES CRAFTS VARIOUS SYSTEMS MEANT TO ACHIEVE ONE OVERARCHING PURPOSE, that is to ensure that peoples and groups designated for an inferior existence pose little to no threat to the social structure of wealth and privilege that is propped up on their backs. These systems are allowed to exist, oftentimes unchallenged, by propagating dishonest descriptions of why these systems exist. Many people are without the proper means to challenge these systems, camouflaged as being charitable or in the public interest, for their unjust outcomes. In *Fostering False Identity*, the American child welfare system is explored as such a system. While the child welfare system is portrayed as a moral arbitrator in the abuse and neglect of children, in actuality this system was formulated for the specific purpose of regulating disenfranchised populations by removing children from those communities to assimilate them into White society. Thus assimilated, they are believed to pose minimal threat to the social order. *Fostering False Identity* will explore this phenomenon through a lens of Black liberation and self-determination of African families who are consistently victimized by this system.



Storm Over South Central

Charles L. Chatmon

The Storm has been unleashed, which means it's time to share what's inside the much anticipated anthology by author Charles L. Chatmon.

Chatmon, a refreshing voice in the world of modern poetry and author of *The Depths of My Soul* & *The Voices of South Central* returns with engaging short stories and thought provoking poems.

Read *Storm over South Central* and discover the thoughts he writes about in this volume filled with verses and tales of despair, stories of hope. It will also reveal a lot about American society – its strengths, its flaws and its people. This is a literary journey you will enjoy taking.



RELAY

Charles L. Chatmon

A high school track relay team is in the hunt for their ultimate goal. When tragedy strikes, the team bands together to capture a dream they've had since childhood. Totally within their grasp, they must come together as one to achieve the final victory. Along the way, they face personal challenges that threatens to derail their dreams - and their lives.

Explore the saga of the Appleton High School varsity track team as they compete to win a championship they have worked hard for - with difficulties along the way.



The Director

Benita, a desperate and out-of-work actress, had been selling her blood to stay afloat. Times were hard and getting worse until she agreed to star in a film by an unknown director named Danny West. He'd been producing mystery and horror flicks for years. Yet, no one knew it was just a front for his secret agenda.

* * *

For even MORE fantastic FREE Audio Dramas by this author just click the image below!
Buy her a cup of coffee while you're there!

CLICK THE IMAGE ABOVE TO LISTEN TO

THE DIRECTOR

**READ FOR FREE OR
LISTEN TO THE AUDIO DRAMA!**



YSBOOKS

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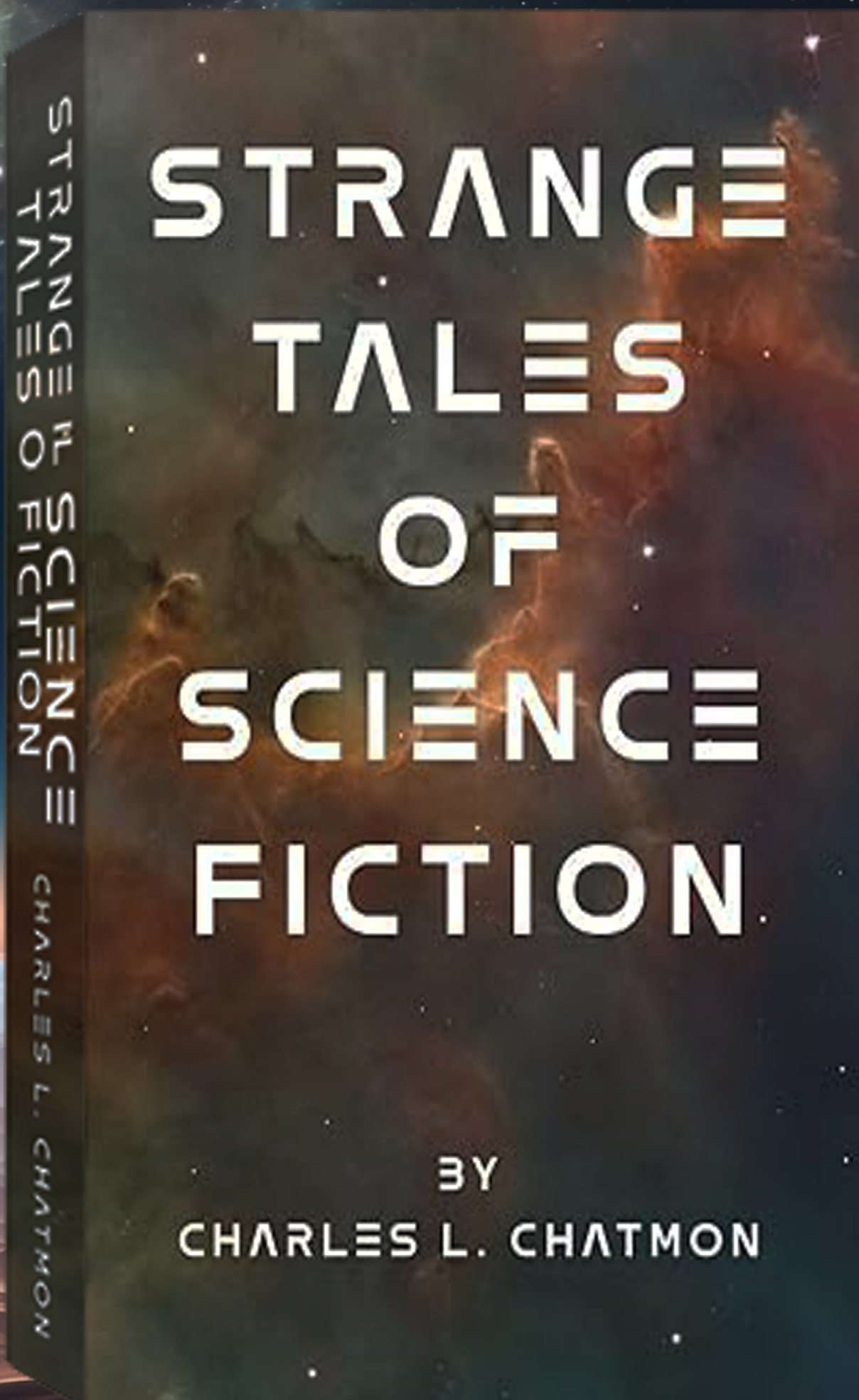
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STRANGE TALES OF SCIENCE FICTION IS AVAILABLE NOW!

In this anthology of weird tales of sci-fi, you will discover:

Who would have thought an alien species of warriors would have the fight of their lives against an army from earth? What's going on behind the walls of a movie studio that looks suspicious? Why are two highway patrol officers chasing after a stranger escorted by a couple up the California coast? What is up with a man who suddenly turns invisible and how it changes his world - plus, who are the men from a corporation chasing after him?



CLICK ON THE BOOK ABOVE TO PURCHASE ON AMAZON!

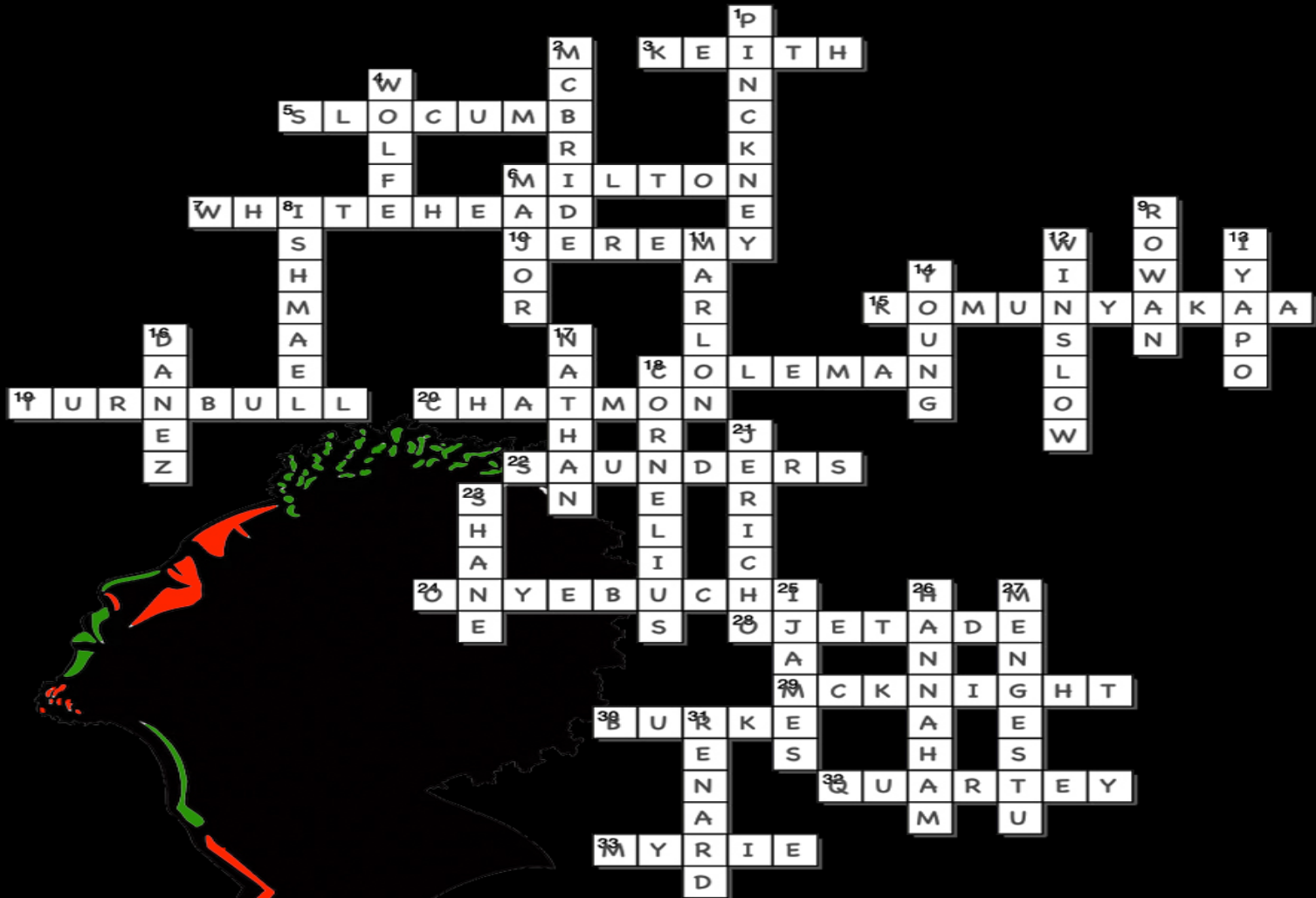
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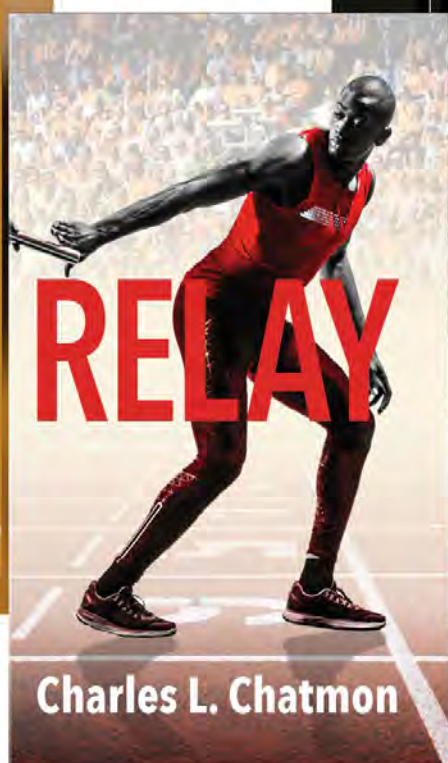
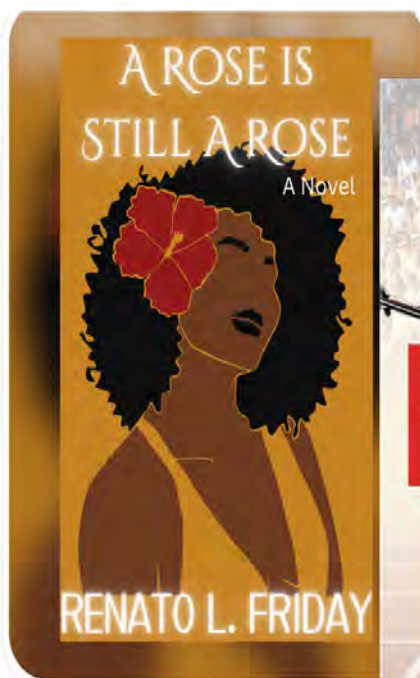
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HERE IS THE SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE!

BLACK MEN WHO WRITE!



May 2024 CROSSWORD SOLUTION



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IYAPO YAPA

Tales of the
MONKEY'S PAW

NOT EVERY WISH GRANTED MAKES DREAMS COME TRUE

BE CAREFUL WHAT
YOU WISH FOR!



Keepin' it a BUCK *series*

SHORT STORIES of HORROR and SUSPENSE



BE SURE TO VISIT IYAPO YAPA ON THESE OTHER PLATFORMS!

MAJAL MAJAL MAJAL



2024