

READING and WRITING in the

DARK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

NEWSLETTER

THIS MONTH:

R.J. Blakman is back, and this time he ponders the extinction of humankind by our own hand with:

— — — — —

THE EULOGY OF MAN

THE COMPLETE PROLOGUE R.J. BLAKMAN

Page 6

Reading and Writing in the DARK Newsletter subscriber exclusive, a FULL prologue of the upcoming novel! It's GOOD to be a subscriber!

New Feature:

Author Spotlight:

Angela Rasulallah Riley

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Also:

From Iyapo's Blog:

All Pimp Preachers
Aren't In The Pulpit

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Book Review:
Brandon Massey
presents a twisted
tale of mother,
daughter love gone
horribly wrong in

NANA

Page 26

This month's
Crossword Puzzle
focuses on

**Author
Spotlight**

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**News and Information about Completed
and Upcoming Projects and MORE!**



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NEWSLETTER

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WELCOME BACK!

Happy **NOVEMBER!**

ONE month away from the end of the year and I’m still at it! I’m working on several projects at once (as I tend to do), and each project is more exciting than the next. I have short stories that are about to come out, not the least of which is the LONG AWAITED first installment of *Tales of the Monkey’s Paw!* I’m also hard at work on the second Paradigm Void book, *Further Journeys into the Paradigm Void*. The first book is available to the public and I’m very proud to have published my third book! I will be following that up with—on its first round of editing—*The Redemption of Maxine Allison: A Novella*. Also this month is a sneak peek at the prologue of *The Eulogy of Man* by R.J. Blakman. (Yet another perk of being a subscriber to the newsletter). So, as I said at the beginning, there are big things coming up and I’m extremely excited to be bringing them to you and to get your feedback! Feedback@iyapoyapa.com is ALWAYS open...

Iyapo Yapa



EVEN MORE R.J. BLAKMAN!

Alright! Last month the cover of this upcoming novel is plastered all over the Reading and Writing in the DARK newsletter, hailing the coming of R.J. Blakman with the prologue to *RASULALLAH, OHIO!*

This month we get ANOTHER prologue from Mr. Blakman! This time it’s a cautionary Scifi short story collection called: *The Eulogy of Man!*

Well... who IS R.J. Blakman?!

R.J. Blackman 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. Most of all, R.J. Blackman just happens to be... ME!

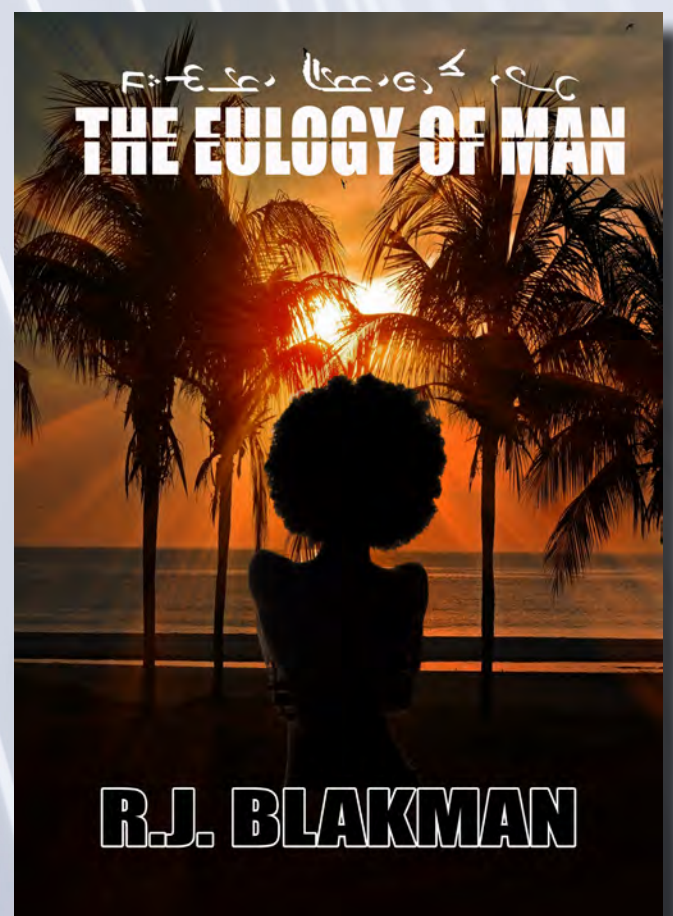
R.J. Blakman is one of the two pseudonyms I use when I want to write things that I think may not necessary line up with standard Iyapo Yapa fare. The views are pretty much the same, but R.J. may not be as heavy handed as I am. Then again, sometimes he might.

This issue gives you a glimpse into the world of R.J. Blakman and the way he writes and thinks. Sure, it will likely sound a lot like yours truly, but as you get into his work you are likely to start noticing some subtle differences in not only the writing style, but the world view - or more accurately, how Blakman approaches his world view.

Either way, I’m sure you will find his work entertaining and thought provoking and whenever you finish an R.J. Blakman work, I’m fairly sure you’ll be glad you read it!

ONLY newsletter subscribers get to see these sneak peaks, so good for you! And THANK YOU!

What’s that? I said I wrote under TWO pen names? Yes. Well, if you want to know what the other one is, you’ll just have to poke around on my website: <http://www.iyapoyapa.com>. It’s tucked hidden away in there as an Easter egg, and you ‘ll have to poke around to find it. There’s a LOT going on my website, so you will be thoroughly entertained while you’re looking around!



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Op-Ed: Do You STILL Believe?

(Originally printed in UP Magazine FALL 2019)

I call them True Believers, Black people who continue to march, protest, vote and “fight the power”. People of our community who still believe there can be social and political change in the United States which would lead to true equality and a genuine kumbaya in America.

I was once a true believer.

I no longer believe.

What is it that I no longer believe?

I no longer believe it is possible for Black people to achieve any modicum of fairness, justice, equality or true integration into this system. The global system generally and the United States’s system particularly. We are taught to pursue (or more accurately... are CONNED into) a belief that we can reach the “American Dream.” Does anyone explain that this so-called dream is built on the literal living bodies, corpses, and terrorizing of people of color, especially Black people? Even if I could accomplish this feat of achieving the American Dream... would I truly want too... knowing the cost to me, my siblings, my grandparents and ancestors, and the global history behind it?

There is no shortage of “successful” Black people who have no problem condescendingly telling the rest of us that “If I can do it, so can you.” And then proceeding to list all the reasons they were able to ascend to their positions while the rest of us still flounder at the lower rungs of the ladder. (That is if we even make it TO the ladder). We are collectively told (by members of our own people who have entered the ranks of the Boule’), that we are at fault for “not pulling our pants up”, “spending our money on Jordans”, “listening to rap music and not reading books”, “not finishing school”, and any other blame-the-victim reason they can muster, while simultaneously all but ignoring a system which was put in place, entrenched, and constantly evolving for the express purpose of locking our people out of it. The only time it is mentioned by them is to reinforce their own self-congratulatory narrative of how, in the face of racism and a system of white supremacy THEY were able to make it out. Therefore, our problem/s & our lack of success obviously lies with US as a people.

If told that the reason they were able to reach various levels of “success” is in actuality only because they were permitted by white people to reach those pinnacles, their hostility and denial would be intense. All the while ringing their own bell and at every juncture letting white people off the hook for the position in which they have placed our people.

This willingness to denigrate our people and in essence give the system of white supremacy, and by extension white people as individuals and a collective, a pass is problematic on several levels. It assumes that an entire collective of people remain at the bottom of a caste system due to the inherent inability of that group (in this case Black people), to “pull ourselves up by our own bootstraps.” It pushed the idea that the reasons white people occupy the highest levels within their system is because they work longer and harder, they read more and spend their money wisely. We are told that we remain at the bottom of the food chain is because we do not go out to vote and are not politically active.

Black people have always worked hard in the United States, beginning with forced unpaid labor through enslavement, and the exhausting, strenuous, rain-or-shine, sunup to sundown work in cotton fields and elsewhere. Then after “emancipation” we created and expanded our own farms and businesses – only to have them hijacked through the trick bag of sharecropping and other forms of violence and theft. Ultimately, once again, we were working—when work could be had—for long hard hours and little or no pay (sometimes only earning “debt.”), due to the discrepancy in pay between white and Black people.

Black people were sold the “American Dream,” but we were forced metaphorically to run shoeless to chase it, while our white counterparts were given vehicles to drive to that destination – via wide disparities in pay, connections, social capital and collective wealth. Black people have ALWAYS worked hard, (two to three jobs at once in some cases), just to tread water – many times without success, and even when “success” was achieved and we attained degrees of self-sufficiency, our towns and business would be stolen, burned down, and/or blown up by jealous white people. (As in the cases of Rosewood and Black Wall Street – just to mention two of the better known.)

We have been politically active and still are. We have marched and still do. We have picketed, and still do. We boycott. We speak out, and yell out, (often through blow horns) spouting slogans like “No Justice, No Peace!” “What do we want? (fill in the blank), When do we want it?! Now!”, or “Black Lives Matter!” We get ourselves and other souls to the polls to vote. (When we can pull the lever. If we are not working split shifts, double shifts or second or third jobs. Or running out of time after waiting hours in line to vote or running here and there when our voting location has been moved.)

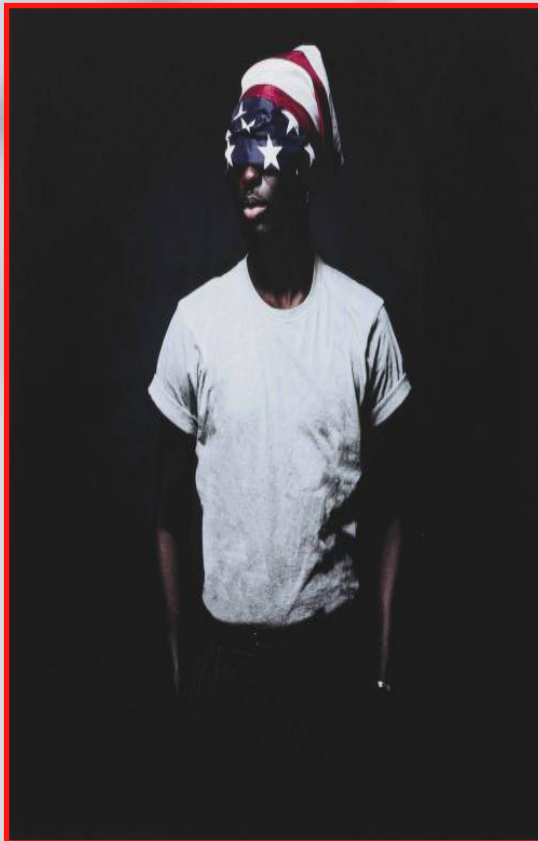
Yet for all of our activism and pushback against the system that oppresses and kills us, and turning out to vote, little if anything changes for our people. And that is somehow construed as OUR fault.

Oh, if we were to just stop wasting our money on designer shoes and clothes and pull our pants up, THEN we would be accepted and move upward and out of the the position at the bottom which we have occupied since the day we were kidnapped into this nightmare.

South Carolina senator Tim Scott has, by his own admission, been pulled over by the police seven times in one year due to being a Black man. No sagging pants.

Professor Henry Louis Gates was arrested while trying to enter his own home. No sagging going on with him either. And he obviously finished school and got a “good” job and bought a house.

Former police officer Milton Green of the St. Louis police department—no sagging pants—had his career ended by being shot in the arm by a fellow cop. Green is now struggling financially. The white cop who shot him has not been charged with any wrongdoing and is receiving large sums of money through crowd funding.



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These stories can be relayed ad nauseam, for there is truly no end to the relentless day-to-day, moment-to-moment oppression, harassment and attacks on our people.

The truth is, our people do play by the rules. We are hardworking, well educated (whether by the formal education system or by self-learning), thick skinned, tenacious, determined and creative people. Even if these qualities were not innate, we had to foster them to exist within a system which has bent on our subjugation and ultimate extermination. We do what we can, and we do what we must to survive.

Many of us hold out hope and believe that the system can be “fixed”. Way too many!

But let me pose a question: If centuries in the United States, and thousands of years of history globally that shows a pattern of brutality, dishonesty, bloodlust, and need for control on the part of white people, what exactly will it take for Black people to see there is absolutely no profit in or way for us to successfully integrate into their system that does not ultimately end in our own destruction?

Since the antebellum period, our people have struggled for freedom and the ability to simply exist in peace; however, historically we have

been denied any substantial remedy for the problems that plague us due to a system designed against us, most prominent, oppression within a system of white supremacy from which everything else flows. It is time we address the elephant in the room and ask, at long last, if white people TRULY wanted Black people to have an equal footing with them, and if they as a majority within their collective GENUINELY desired to see that day and push for it, why would it take over four CENTURIES to do it? Watch any news reel from the 30’s through to today... read any newspaper as far back as the early 1800’s and one thing will be apparent in terms of Black people. ANY conversation about our freedom or equality, anti-hate or violence against our people and so on, could just as easily be found on a social media platform or on television today.

In other words, little or nothing has changed for our people. I personally cannot think of anything in America (from suffrage to immigration) that has taken CENTURIES to get positive, decisive action and a conclusion that happened in a reasonable amount of time. Everything this country genuinely wants to happen happens without taking hundreds of years. The fact that we are still having the same conversations now that we have been having for the past four centuries is telling.

AVAILABLE NOW!

CLICK THE LOGO TO GO
TO THE RETAILER



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!

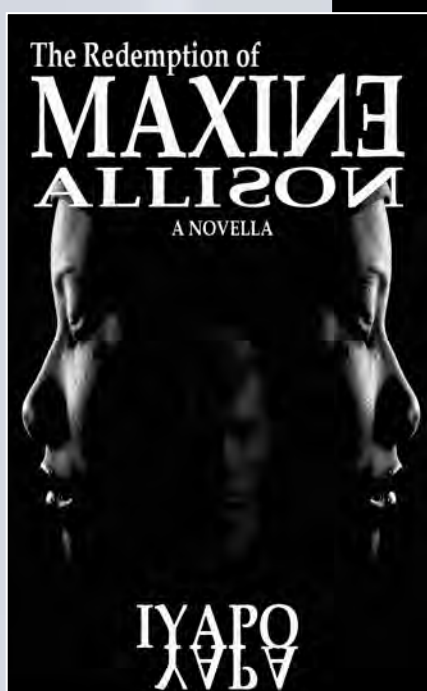
In *PARADIGM VOID*, Iyapo explores things like:

- 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.

COMING SOON!

PRESENTLY IN THE EDITOR’S HANDS! (So don’t look a ME!)



Is it BEST to DIVEST?

Maxine Allison thought so.

She'd had enough of dealing with Black men who were abusive, lackadaisical when it came to work, and just overall “losers” in her opinion. So she determined she would find herself a “white prince”.

Did she find her **PRINCE** and lose her mind? Is he **PRINCE CHARMING** or is he the **Prince of PERSIA**?!

Has she made a monumental mistake or is a trauma she sustained from a car wreck causing her mind to play tricks on her? If she has made a mistake can Maxine ever undo her disastrous decision ... right or wrong, it seems there is no way for her to find redemption...

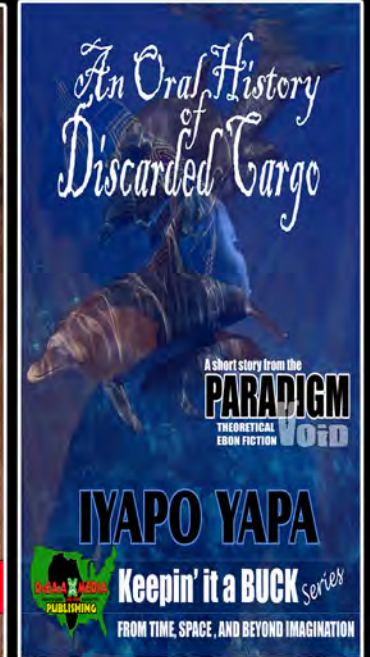
or is there?

Love, hate, secrets and deception abound in what is sure to be one of Iyapo Yapa's most mind bending and controversial books to date. Read *The Redemption of Maxine Allison* and find out why!

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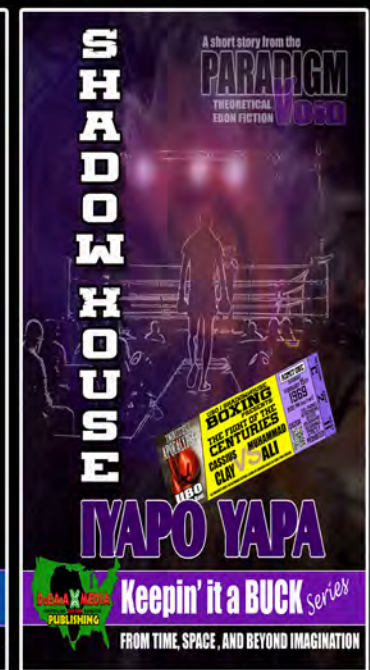
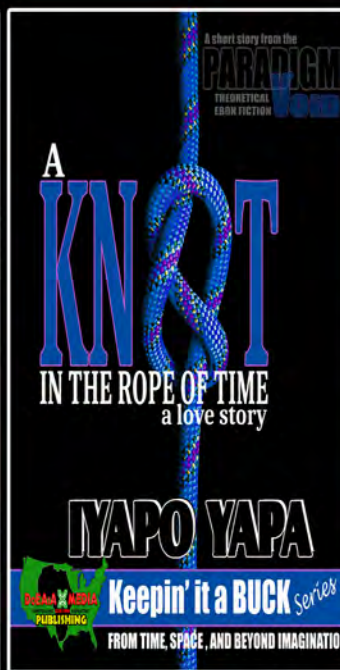


IT IS TIME TO JOURNEY INTO THE **PARADIGM VOID** ONE STEP AT A TIME.

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 is out NOW!



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 rough form, but the story is still fun as all get out! So give it a listen!

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Complete Prologue - The Eulogy of Man

PROLOGUE

At the Beginning ...

After cooling down and no longer presenting itself as an orangish yellow, glowing molten ball that once resembled its mother—a relatively new star that would one day be called the sun among other names—the earth floated in the void, not alone, but lonely all the same.

Earth was unrivaled by any planet in the solar system. She was glorious and unspoiled. She stood out among her galactic brothers and sisters with her striking array of colors. Only Mars could come close to her superb beauty, but the effects of climate change and global warming would eventually strip it of that beauty, changing it into a sand and dust prone, stony mountainous, forlorn red planet.

As for Earth, it became blue, green, white and exquisite among its neighboring worlds. Even Saturn, on the outskirts of the solar system, with its imposing stature and unique rings envied the uncompromised exquisiteness of this planetary younger sister.

She hung in endless space, spinning carefree among her siblings, the hotter and cooler of the group. Some of whom once, long ago in forgotten times, boasted the same breathtaking beauty of this new baby among their ranks, the Creator of All Things, with great wisdom, having put her not too near, nor distant the warmth of its doting mother as to support life upon her face.

There were few insects on the second supercontinent, Pangaea, and animals were even more scarce. The earth spent her time observing her sister and brother planets, and tending to her own business, as she basked not to near or distant their mother at the center, giving warmth and light to all who desired closeness and allowing for cold and darkness to her less needy children.

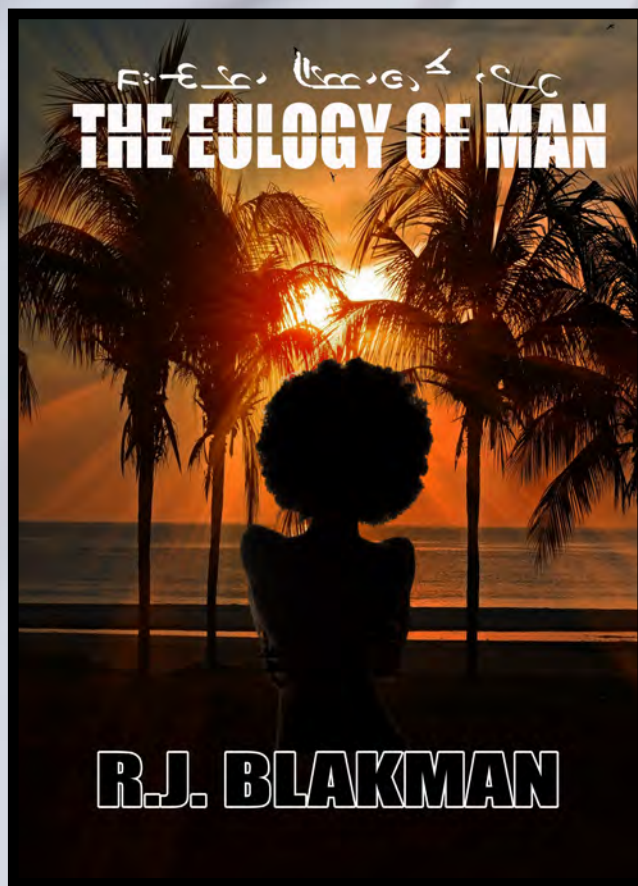
Pangaea, the single land mass upon this new planet was fertile and generous. It nurtured a vast array of lifeforms upon it, competing, it seemed, with the equal fertility of the prolific waters surrounding it. In time, the competition ended, and the

land and seas agreed to work in cooperation to develop new and exciting life forms. With the appearance of every creature that swam, crawled, slithered, or flew, the earth became less lonely and prouder of what it was becoming. Even within the context of the trials and errors of some species, everything was still considered perfect.

She spent eons supporting, defining and, redefining lifeform after lifeform. Plant, animal, insect, everything that lived and had consciousness. She was oh so proud to show them off to her other siblings who spun with her but were only able to produce at best, microbes, or water droplets, and in many cases no life at all, and oh how they envied her fertility and creativity.

At least, for a time.

Eventually Earth produced what she felt was her crowning achievement. The pinnacle of her time, patience, and creativity. Humankind.



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Complete Prologue - **The Eulogy of Man** (Continued)

Humans now walked upon the earth, and in the moment of their creation, unbeknownst to their mother earth—she had signed what could have been her own death warrant, or theirs.

* * *

It had been less than a week ago – as man once reckoned time – that JoHanna and Desday walked along the beach listening to the sound of the waves. The water rose and fell, rolling in and out, soaking the beach and then receding, leaving the sand seemingly as dry as before it had been caressed. The couple held hands and strolled along, not speaking, not having a care in the world, and rightly so, for there were no longer any cares in the world.

It was as though the entire landscape, everything about it and every circumstance within and around it was for their benefit and theirs only.

And in its way—it was.

For they were the last human beings.

Not just on earth, but in all the universe; for mankind had never colonized the stars as had always seemed to be their destiny.

Instead, at some point all of humankind's focus turned to pure survival when it came to grips with the fact that something had gone slowly... almost imperceptibly wrong.

* * *

Centuries prior, the birth rates among human beings started to drop until ultimately, men and women who were capable of siring children became as rare as solar eclipses. There

had been a worldwide search over the course of decades when man realized his number was dwindling for men who were potent and women who were fertile. Every man and woman who had the ability to procreate was to be gathered in one place on the globe and that would be their purpose for the rest of their lives. They were pampered, cared for and their every need and many of their wants met. Their only concern was to make babies.

But a curious thing happened.

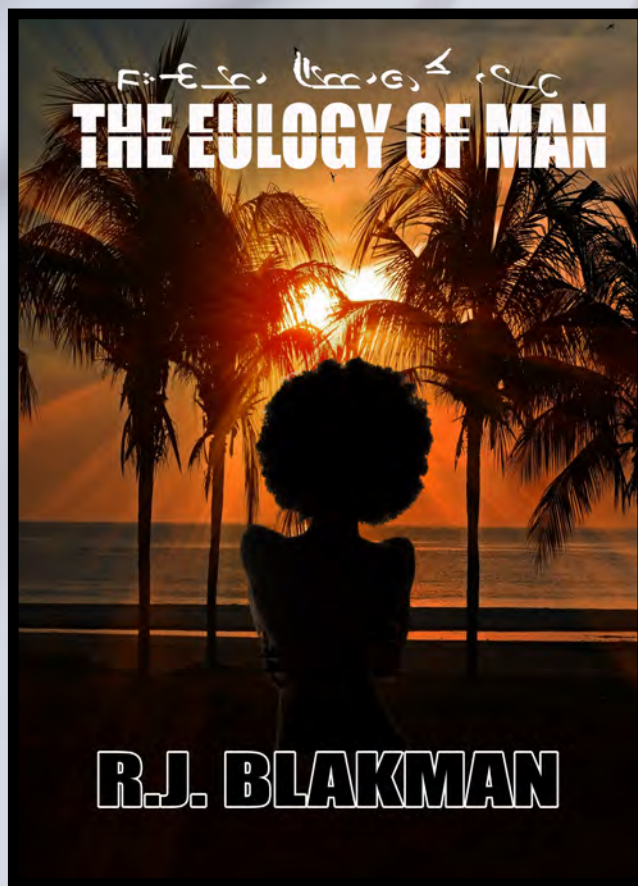
To the surprise of the scientific and medical communities. The baby factories would not work. It appeared the years of abusing the planet and filling it with toxins, contaminating the air,

food and water supply had taken its toll. There was also a consensus among the religious and metaphysical communities that the harm done by man to his fellow man had an undeniable karmic component. Humankind increasingly ignored and disregarded the welfare of its most vulnerable members and had grown progressively selfish and self-serving to the exclusion of all else. All these things the people of earth slowly psychotically, meticulously and haphazardly charged to its ledger, flippantly passing them to the coming generations. But eventually the charges became insurmountable, and the bill had come due.

It has always been the height of irony that those who hold the least value on the lives of others, treating it with an obscene cheapness, are willing to spare no expense to preserve their own.

Even at the cost of the lives of others.

Especially at the cost of the lives of others.



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Complete Prologue - The Eulogy of Man (Continued)

In the latter part of the twenty first century

science had discovered an enzyme, a secret of aging, that could add literally centuries to the life span of the average human being. This same technology altered the DNA within women and would cause them to become sterile after conceiving and giving birth to one child. In those days the world had become a much smaller place, news cycles were measured in seconds and the emergence of a society centered upon the self that made the “me generation”¹ of the 1970s look like an era of super-human altruism by comparison.

Researchers found that an airborne pathogen created by this enzyme could be released globally at specific coordinates using “bombs” of sorts, that would be carried via various wind patterns to all corners of the globe. Anyone inhaling the DNA altering enzyme would undergo mutations within their genetic structures and be blessed with centuries of life and good health. Most people on the planet welcomed this new development, but as with all things, there were those who were a bit more cautious. For close to three-decade scientists, statesmen, clergy, and laymen argued the virtues and drawbacks of the new technology.

As the debates raged on, the general public began taking notice of billionaires, high level politicians, and celebrities from sports, media and modeling as they continued operating at high levels of competence, not seeming to age at all after several decades, as “regular people” became older.

More tired.

Weaker.

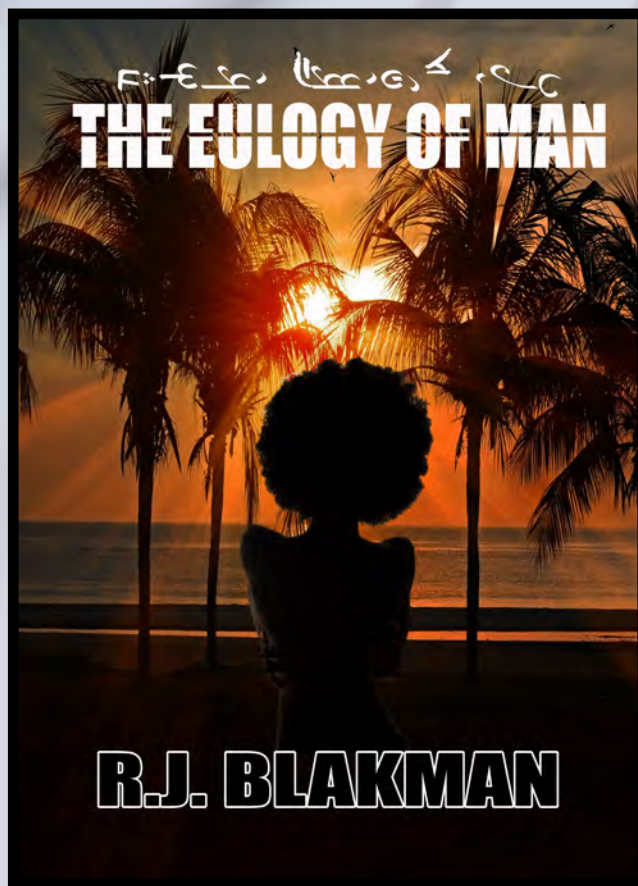
Sicklier in some cases.

And less attractive (depending upon where one’s value system rested).

Soon many without the ‘means to receive the pathogen began to save their money, some selling all they owned for their chance at near immortality. Eventually there was worldwide outcry for the pathogen to be made available to every human being on the planet. The subject of the “bombs” was once again brought up for debate as the means to accomplish the feat.

There was a global vote, the only one of its kind in history, cast among the adult peoples of every inhabited part of the world as to whether this enzyme would be released into the atmosphere. Before hand, it was made absolutely clear that were this pathogen released, there would be none who would not be affected by it. It didn’t matter whether their vote was yay or nay, the consequences would be the same for all.

It was also emphasized that upon the release and worldwide spread of the pathogen, birthrates would drop sharply, but this would be balanced out by the fact human beings would now have incredibly long-life spans, complete with optimal health. Though almost a solid third of the world’s population voted against the release, the other two thirds voted with a resounding yes. And so, with overwhelming support of the peoples of the world mankind was given the gift of immortality (or what



¹ As named by writer Tom Wolf

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Complete Prologue - The Eulogy of Man (Continued)

could be considered as close as it was able to come), to those who wanted it, as well as those who fought against it.

For the next few decades, bombs of the pathogen would be re-released periodically as a kind of “booster”, that would fortify the efficacy of the original pathogen.

In the first seven or so decades after the release and subsequent boosters, the pathogen worked exactly as expected. Aging all but stopped, and even older people whose age of course did not reverse, began enjoying levels of good health they thought they would never experience again. Many of them were now able to get rid of various medications and even some apparatus like canes, walkers, wheelchairs, oxygen tanks and so on.

Eventually... as with all of man’s ventures it seemed... the entire thing went sideways fairly quickly at some point. Yes, life spans were extended, but the resulting sterilization that was supposed to prevent over population worked a little too well, and ultimately prevented humans from being able to conceive at all.

By the time governments decided to take heed to the outcry of the regular citizens and protesters who had stood against the release from the beginning and sought to end the programs and practices, it was already far too late. All bombs that were going to be released, had been released, and what was done could not be undone.

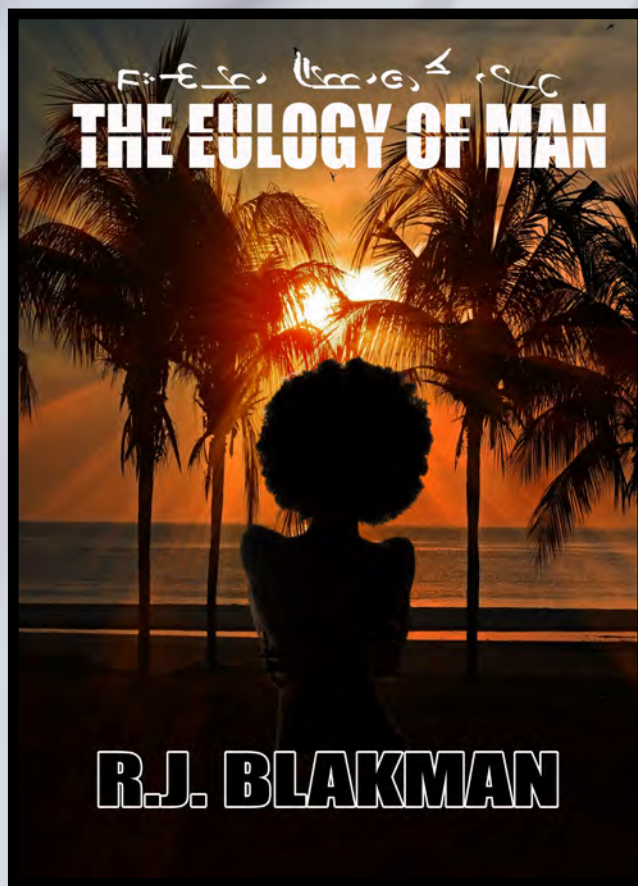
Of course, there were desperate attempts to fix, reverse or even, check the problem, but all to no avail. Finally, as it is in the face of all lost causes—the pattern gave way to the inevitable.

Enter: Kubler-Ross and the “Five Stages of Death”

I. Denial – When there were first indications of a problem with human birth rates there was little if any alarm. A drop in births was not only expected but welcomed. Scientists had already made it clear the rates would drop and that it would alter the biology of both women and men so that they would no longer be able to produce more than one child, and men would become sterile for several decades, after which there would be a short window of potency, followed by permanent sterilization. All these things were known, so when groups of researchers discovered alarming data that did not fit the parameters of what was expected attempted

to warn the world of what they felt was actually happening they were dismissed. The drops in birthrates were considered to be normal and served as a feature of the pathogen to prevent rampant overpopulation.

II. Anger – Eventually the researchers and laypeople who were sounding the clarion call were proven right. Not only were birthrates plummeting, but horrifyingly few women were able to conceive, and of those who could, most of them were unable to carry their babies to term. Most of the world had opted for the release of the pathogen, but it seemed that there was more than enough blame to go around. Ironically, the people who had stood against the entire thing from the beginning were the ones who displayed the least amount of fury. It was the people who voted for it—the people who created it—the people who released it—the people who denied anything about it could go wrong, who were yelling the loudest about the grave error which had been made, and eager to find someone—anyone—on whom to



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Complete Prologue - The Eulogy of Man (Continued)

pin the blame, all of course without any self-reflection whatsoever, or the pointing of the finger to oneself.

III. Bargaining – In time there was an explosion of prayer, piety and an adherence to devout religious doctrine and tenets of faith unlike anything the world had ever known. Everyone it seemed was praying to their god. They were making offerings, sacrifices of their time, begging forgiveness for sins, vowing that if this curse were lifted from mankind, they would be the people The Creator always meant them to be. There would be no more sin, no more abuse and oppression and terrorizing of their fellow man. All of that would change if they would be granted this one final reprieve.

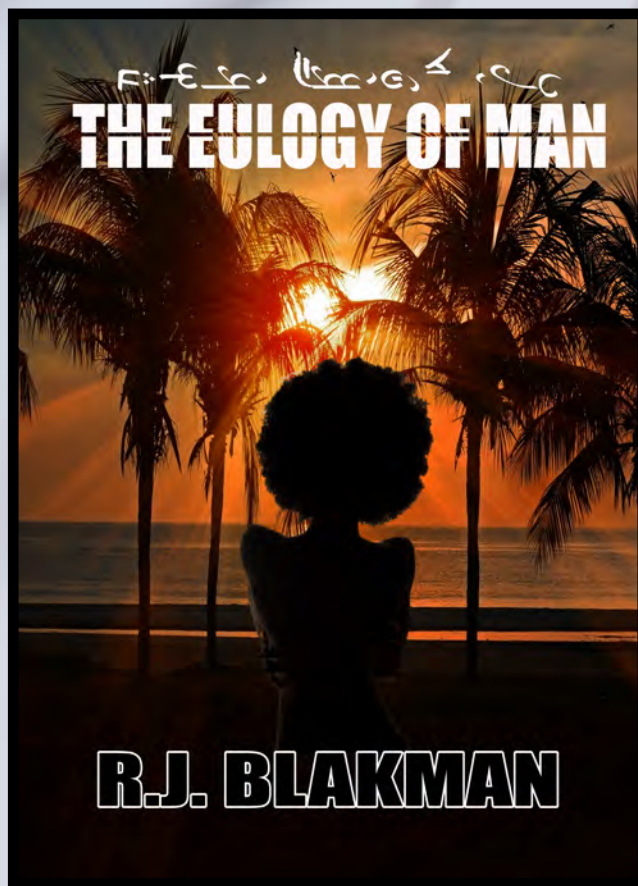
IV. Depression – As had become common in the vernacular of the day century upon century ago. Just because one does not get what they ask of God does not mean God did not hear. Sometimes, the answer is “No.” And so, it was. Churches, mosques and other places of worship slowly emptied to levels even lower than before the resurgence of the foxhole faith that had spread globally. To their credit, Buddhists were one of the only sects who did not waver one way or the other from beginning to end within the chaos. Atheism became the order of the day among some, but mostly only by those who did not have any kind of faith in which they were anchored in the first place. But even among those people who held to their faith – whether with the grip of a vice, or by a strand, they knew there was no help coming... and each day around the world, sadly, adding to the number of births that no longer replenished man’s coffers, suicides started hastening the removal of man from the planet and the universe. The world had slipped into what seemed an eternal night

of the soul.

V. Acceptance – When one has nothing—when one has no future, one has nothing to lose, nor anything to fight or kill or die for. Nor did people any longer find reasons to build monuments to themselves, or horde the goods of all people just so that the few can have them. It was time to make peace with this fate, and as such, just as the rebirth of faith during the bargaining phase, there came an unparalleled time of generosity, giving, compassion and love for one another. In retrospect, all that happened before seemed so petty and foolish, the cult of the self being the most egregious stain of all upon humanity. Murder, rape, thievery, racism and anything on the spectrum that would have

been considered a crime against individuals or humanity faded away as the snow with the onset of spring. Those still living, most of them, at last took full responsibility for having stolen and eradicated the future from any generations which might have followed. In a past that seemed so distant now, there had always been chances to fix it, to stop the destruction, but greed, avarice, hate and self-interest always got in the way. Man was given opportunity after opportunity and each time squandered it with a blind arrogance that was only eclipsed by their hubris.

Whether it was at the lower rungs of people who hated one another because they were somehow ‘different’, or at the highest levels which unchecked rapacious greed caused large-scale, far-reaching devastation to every living thing on the globe, humankind had sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind. If there was any saving grace at all in any of it, humanity finally, at long last accepted that they alone had



READING and WRITING in the

DARK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

Complete Prologue - **The Eulogy of Man** (Continued)

caused this, brought this all upon themselves and were able to reconcile and make peace with it. Ironically, but unsurprisingly, few if any new works of art, music, literature, or any other forms of art, as well as interests in the sciences all but ended. True, there was still beauty in the world—perhaps relatively more than before the calamity, and still opportunities to being even more into it. Yes, there was still much to learn and discover, but upon discovery—upon creation of the art—in future, who would there be to see, admire, or learn from it? The last centuries of their existence would be spent “cleaning up their mess” as best they could, and leaving the earth, if not in better condition than they found it, at least ordered and put right.

Mournfully, mankind was resigned to the fact his condition was now terminal and all they could look forward to was a slow, unceremonious extinction.

* * *

Desday, who had been JoHanna’s only love for close to three centuries, stood on the beach, bathed by the warmth of the sun and stared deeply into his wife’s large brown eyes on countless occasions, his own exceptionally dark Black skin seeming to reflect the sunlight. He would look intensely into her eyes each time he held her close, as if it were the first, as if there was something about those eyes, her face, whose beauty he had never quite gotten used to even after two hundred seventy some odd years. He had been with JoHanna through thick and thin, through the very worst of times, and now finally at the end of time.

In centuries past, when humans were

still mortal and there was still a belief they would go on ad infinitum, Desday was a writer. His greatest joy in life, except for his marriage to JoHanna, was creating written works and knowing that others were enjoying his imaginations and the adventures he would spin. Knowing that very soon his writings would sit untouched, unread and eventually lost to time Desday eventually had to admit to himself—just as many artists had—that even with their love of what they did, that a component, at least for most of them, in the creation of those works was that they would be seen by others and appreciated.

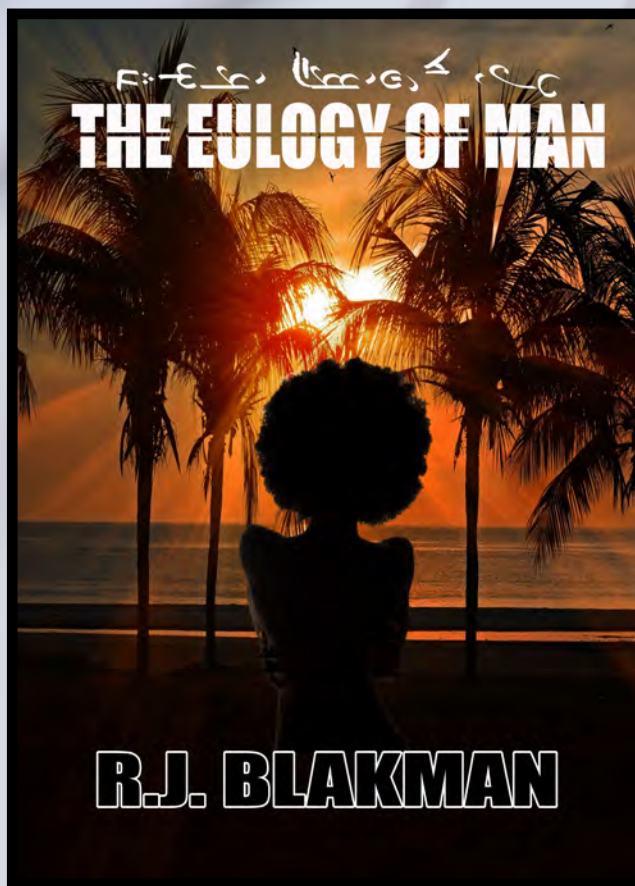
With all the joy JoHanna shared with Desday, she could always sense in him

a sadness—a hopelessness—and emptiness that even her love could not fill or satisfy. In time she could tell her husband was ready to move on into the unknown—into the next great adventure, and possibly another chance. After several long, tear-filled discussions, JoHanna convinced Desday that she could see he desperately wanted to leave and it was time to go for him, and that she would truly be alright. At one point, Desday suggested that they leave together, but JoHanna gently rejected the idea, but did say she would follow him shortly, when she was as ready as he.

They lay naked on the beach, made love one final time and fell asleep in each other’s arms. The next morning, JoHanna’s eyes fluttered open to greet the sun and feel the soft warm morning breeze caress her body.

Desday continued to lay unmoving, and in deep peace.

Now JoHanna walked alone.



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Complete Prologue - **The Eulogy of Man** (Continued)

JoHanna was not afraid of death, she just wasn't ready for it yet. There were thoughts she had that had not quite fleshed out, things she pondered and questions to which she, in the end, realized, to which this last woman—this last human being—might never find adequate or satisfying answers. She sought above all, that thing her husband and their friends had somehow miraculously managed to find that allowed them to transition in peace, feeling there was nothing more they needed to know or learn—nor to be done.

At night JoHanna would lie on her back, studying the stars—feeling at once the smallness, and enormity of her own existence and the answers that evaded her, almost like attempting to capture the wind with a net, and that no one had been able to tell her how to reconcile. The question that, if answered, would make sense of all that had transpired before she was born and would remain after she was long gone. Most of her time was spent thinking on and profoundly turning over and over in her mind the most nagging question of all—perhaps the only question that ever mattered.

Given the fate to which they were relegated, what was the purpose of humans having ever existed at all?

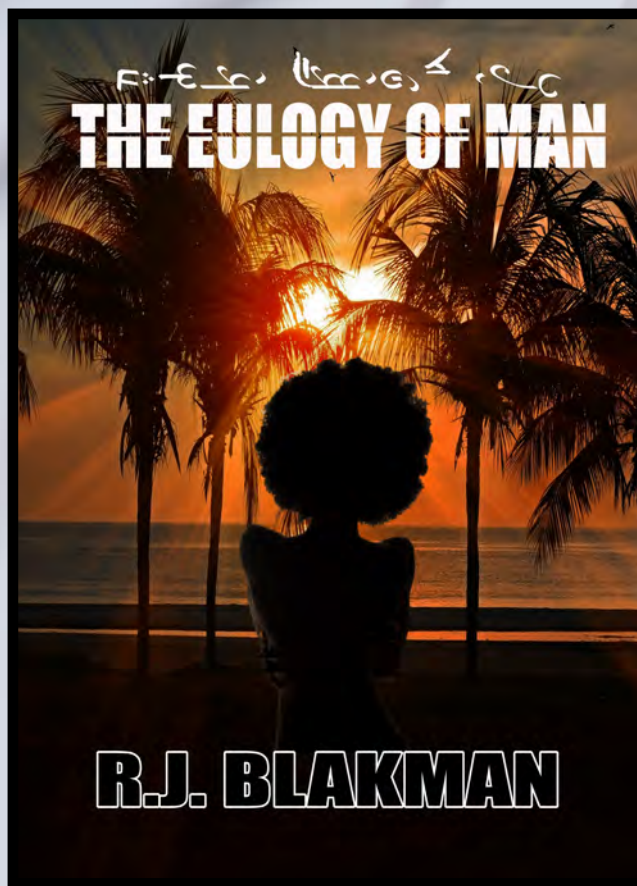
She looked out over the ocean and thought about those who several millennia prior were carried in shackles in the bottom of ships for the purpose of being bought and sold as chattel, many of whom still even after all this time, toss and turn in a fitful sleep—un-avenged and all but forgotten—in the depths of the sea.

She thought about all the fighting that

humans had perpetuated throughout history—some of it noble—all of it unnecessary. Had there been true love one for another on the small blue sphere, there would have been no need for war at all. No suffering, no premature needless, senseless death; only the kinds of illnesses and disorders common to humankind, but at one time, seemingly uncontrollable by same. If only this frail creature, equipped with a reasonable degree of intelligence and ingenuity, had the wherewithal and inclination, even sickness might have been eradicated sooner in the same way as it had been when the secret to longevity was discovered, but without its devastating consequences.

As JoHanna pondered these things, she realized with a clarity she had not had before, that she must do what no one else had done.

There had been many books written about the history of the world—the history of man during various periods—but none it seemed was able to bring it all together in a way that would not be “the tale of the hunt as told by the hunter”. Yes, it was a patchwork quilt, but one that with determination and effort could be unraveled, re-sewn and made seamless. Using books, advanced media, and other archives, JoHanna would take it upon herself to study history from as many points of view as she could find—looking at it from all angles, and consequently, among all the chaos, and sifting through the rubbish, find the truth. Johanna was determined that she would tell the story that others were unable or unwilling to tell, but were limited to, as was alluded to in the ancient fable, only seeing part of the elephant.



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Complete Prologue - The Eulogy of Man (Continued)

JoHanna had no ax to grind. She had no narrative to which she was espoused, nor did she have a need to make herself, her gender—or another, her race—or another, or her species out to be anything other than what it was. As she alone stood upon the precipice of the eternal absence of genus homo-sapiens from all but a distant, fading memory of time, there was no need for such pettiness.

The same pettiness that had made her the last of her kind.

Now, the truth was all that mattered, just as—ironically—it always had been but was not recognized as such.

She would see the entire thing through and commit it to paper and if none ever knew about it but her—the belief held by the majority, including her beloved husband, at the end—she at least would have achieved the catharsis she sought along with the single thing that forced her to live on, though tired and ready to join her husband in whatever afterlife there may be.

* * *

JoHanna Arwin Smith died in peace January 18, 4427 A.D. at 3:02 am as man had once reckoned time.

She lived to be over five hundred years old and had another two hundred or so in front of her, but she chose not to live on. She had done what she felt she was born to do, and at long last had found answers to the questions that haunted her—to include the supreme question.

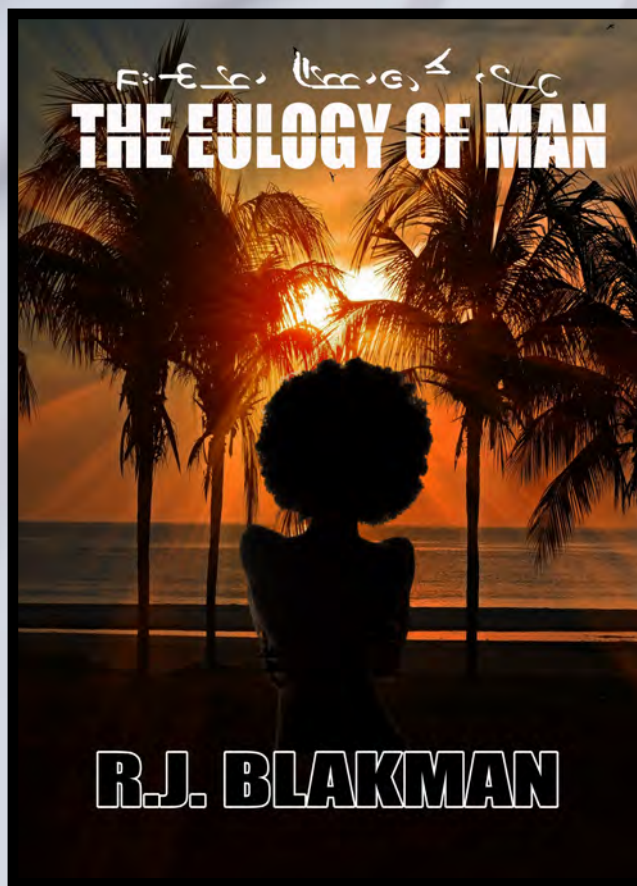
JoHanna had not spoken a single word in close to two centuries, a conscious decision on

her part. Doing so was not quite as difficult a feat as it might have seemed, especially since there was not another human being on the planet with whom to converse. She had made the decision to remain silent until the moment she determined she would allow herself to pass from this realm to the next.

She stood on the beach, noticing the way the setting of the sun created a golden glow upon her ebony skin. Now the sun was sinking in the west just as it did before the time of man and would continue long after the last of the species was gone. In the hundred eighty and some odd years since she silenced herself, JoHannah often thought about what she

would say when the time came. How would she mark the passing of humankind, and the erasure of it from the memory of the universe? Should she say something noble? Comical? Profound? Ironic? Even after all those years and up to that moment she did not know.

She walked the beach and found a comfortable spot underneath a palm tree, one where she had recognized over the course of several centuries the tide never came close to reaching. She sat down, back straight and crossed her legs, her completed book on her lap. She looked far out to sea to the horizon to view the final sunset to be witnessed by homo sapiens. As the sun slowly sank under the horizon and stars and a full moon eagerly made their appearance, she was somehow glad that the final moon witnessed would be a full one. She hadn't planned it that way, but there was something about it that just seemed fitting.



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Complete Prologue - The Eulogy of Man (Continued)

The sun slowly sank, JoHanna mimicking its motion as she stretched her legs out and reclined to a position on her back. She lay listening to the waves, book now held with folded arms, gently across her bosoms, she slowly closed her eyes to the last glint of daylight, the full moon and the stars which danced around it and on which, she imagined her and her kind once could have populated. A single tear rolled down JoHanna's cheek, landing silently on the black sand on which she lay. She slowly shook her head as she whispered simply...

“We could have been something.”

It had been almost several thousand years since interstellar ships touched down on the alien landscape. It was far lushier than the last time those who had had the chance to visit it before had seen. The planet was now teeming with new wildlife. The air was now fresh. What at first seemed to be the chaotic, irreversible progression of a global warming catastrophe had obviously been somehow not only averted but reversed. The advanced scouts, led by a senior overseer named Bistop –was one of the few of the landing party who had ever had actual contact and opportunities to study the planet's inhabitants almost three millennia prior, before the councils decided it was best the inhabitants of the green and blue planet be left alone for a time. Indeed, everyone in the landing party was pleased with what they saw and were determined to find those who their ancestors considered the caretakers of the planet so they could congratulate them on turning around what had been considered among many an untenable situation, on

which the galactic councils always felt would inevitably culminate in the death of the planet.

“I knew they could do it!” Bistop gleefully thought to himself. He, like many of his kind and others in neighboring planets within the galaxy were rooting for the dominant species on this small inlying planet in an outlying solar system.

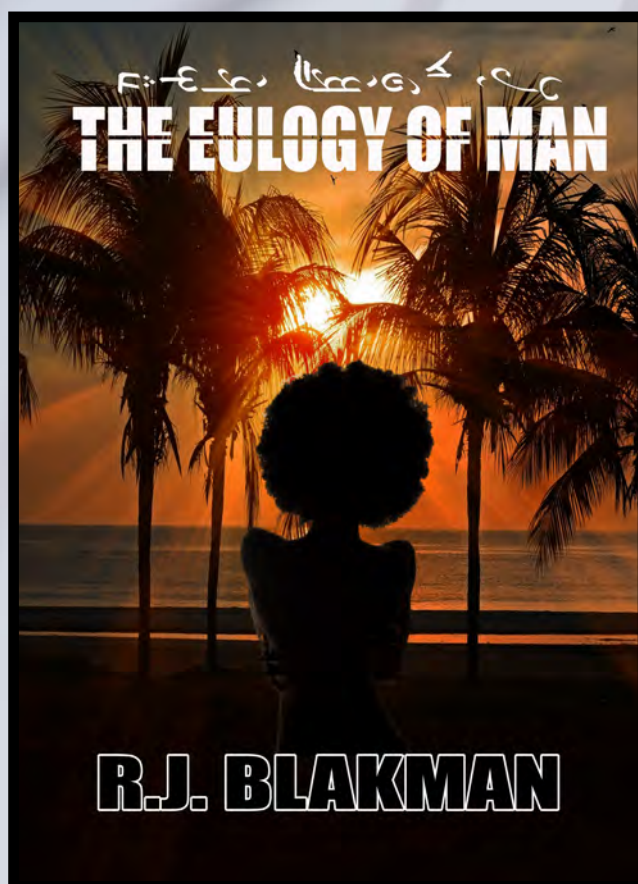
There were always members of the councils who felt intervention was necessary as they saw mankind heading in a decidedly wrong direction that many felt could only lead to a death spiral and ultimate extinction of the dominant lifeforms on the planet. However, it was determined, grudgingly by some, that there should be

no intervention and that mankind should be left to their own devices and fate—hopefully a positive one—but, positive or not, the outcome would be, theirs, by their own hand.

The members of the landing party walked along, looking around, admiring the variety of animal life and the green of the trees and the blue of the skies as a few clouds lazily made their way across. There was something missing, however.

Or more accurately, some ONE.

Bistop looked over to Jacob, his second in command, and pressed the button on his earpiece that would connect them to each other, “Where is everybody?” he said. Jacob, still amid searching, stopped long enough to throw a backward glance at his commander and shrug. Bistop pressed the button on his earpiece in three quick successions to open communication with all his fellow explorers. “Everything seems fine down here, spectacular



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Complete Prologue - The Eulogy of Man (Continued)

as a matter of fact... a sort of paradise... but I'm thinking I must be in some isolated sector. Has anyone made contact with the humans who inhabit this planet?"

The answer came back that no one was able to find any humans, though there were many grave sites and abandon cities that were still in immaculate condition.

The advanced team did manage to contact some of the higher sea life to find out that mankind no longer existed on the planet and had gone extinct some several centuries earlier. Dolphins did however inform them of one lone human—the last one by all accounts, whose body could be found on a beach and under a palm tree, to which the whales and porpoises would be happy to direct them. It took less than an hour for Bistop and his crew, with the help of their friends from the ocean, to find the remains of what looked like, to those familiar with human anatomy, a woman. All the flesh was gone from the body, and the woman was obviously naked when she laid herself to rest under the tree. Her bones were still intact and in perfect condition (a consequence of the longevity enzyme that slowed the decomposition of the skin and bones just as it did when the individual was alive).

So, the story of mankind in the universe according to some, began with a man, and ended with a woman. Against her breast she cradled a large book, made of actual paper, though with special properties that would prevent it from decaying, and was written in longhand in ink with the same anti-decaying properties as the paper. It was the only book

of its kind and written over the course of what was estimated as three centuries, a little more than half the lifespan of the author.

Even with access to the many languages which had developed and come and gone among mankind, it was still with considerable time and effort that the aliens were able to finally decipher the book and its contents.

There was nothing on the cover, but inside, on the weather worn first page was written in a long-forgotten script:

ع-ع-ع، ع-ع-ع، ع-ع-ع

- The Eulogy of Man -

Just the title of the work gave the translators pause. Some of them knew little of the peculiar species that so long ago populated and ran the planet. A few of them knew a lot about man.

Volumes.

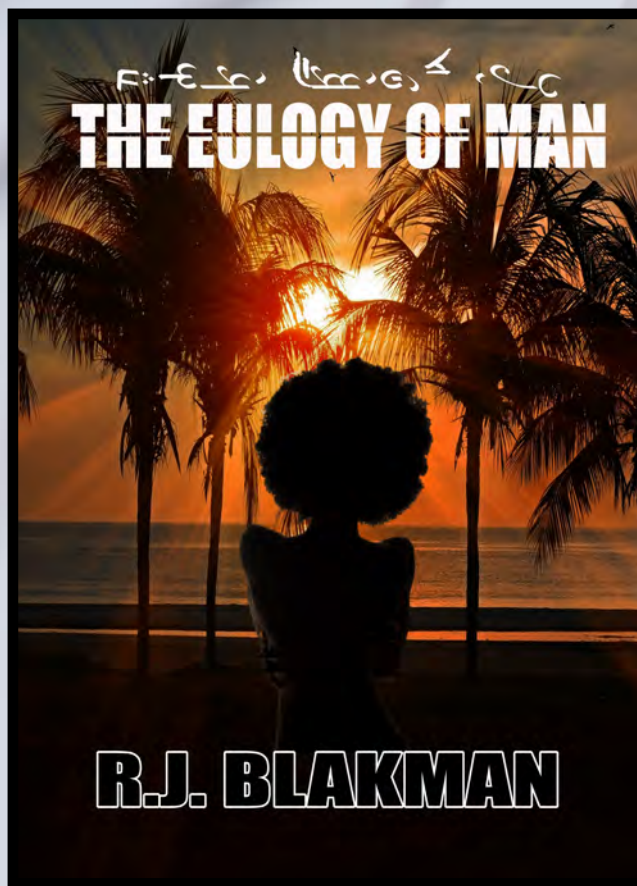
They knew of them and the uniqueness of them, even among literal billions of lifeforms throughout the universe, so all was more the pity they had come to nothing and were utterly gone.

Man.

That creature with seemingly such unlimited potential, even to the point of envy for some around the different galaxies. No, they were not as advanced as some, but they would have been, could have been, and even surpassed many.

But now, in all the universe, in all existence, they were no more.

How painful that for all their trying they



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Complete Prologue - The Eulogy of Man (Continued)

never left the solar system. Never colonized another planet, never expanded as so many other beings throughout the universe had done. They never got past themselves enough to grow.

They could have been many things.

Anything.

Now they were gone as if they had never been.

They never matured.

They had visions of it, but could not get beyond their own childish, petty ways. There were discussions throughout the universe whether to intervene, but the consensus was always the same, “They must first at least learn to, or attempt to help themselves.”

And even after eons... they would not.

Man that marvel. That most noble and majestic product of the Creator of All Things, by man’s own definition—now spoken of with nostalgia by some, but as a cautionary tale by most. The center of all things. The pinnacle of creation had left the universe, no better, no worse than when they entered and occupied space within it, now gone as if they had never been. Barely a footnote in the history of this universe, and after consideration, some would say it was just as well.

Being of the race known as the Aterrit, Bistop’s species had no tear ducts and were thus unable to shed tears the way that other creatures could. His kind could feel the emotions and express them in their own way... but they could not “cry”. If Aterrits had that ability, that is what Bistop would surely have done.

* * *

To whomsoever shall find this book.

To my knowledge, I am the last.

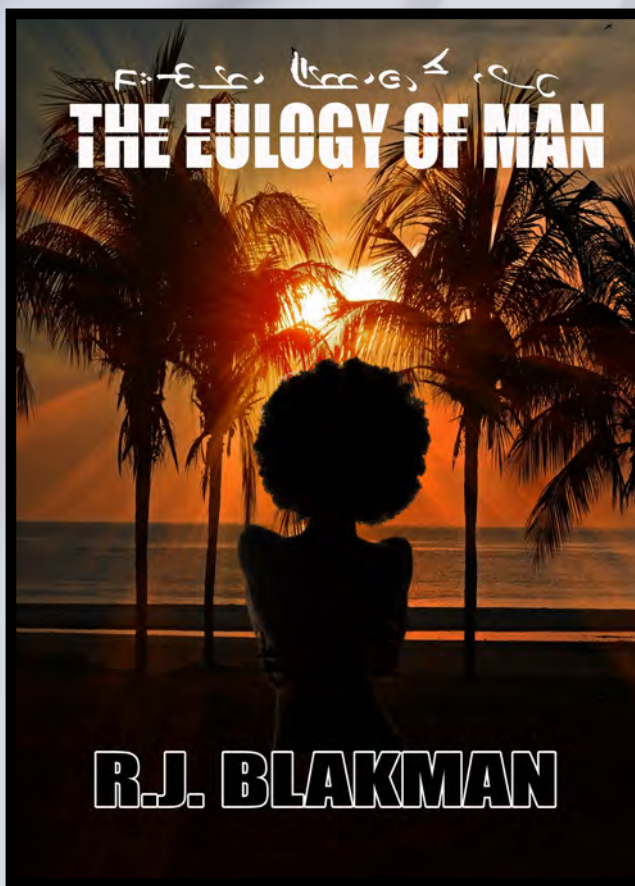
At the time of this writing, it has been a few centuries since I saw another of my kind, human beings—genus “homo-sapiens”—we called ourselves. I have no way of knowing how little or much the finder of this document knows about homo-sapiens—man—so I will write as if you know nothing of us. If you do, perhaps, I pray, you will still find this instructive.

It is my assumption that if you have found this, you are from another world, or another dimension, so at some point in time you obviously have

been able to decipher what is written upon these pages just by virtue of the technological prowess you must possess to have even landed on this sphere.

As I said at the start, to my knowledge, I am the last of my kind, not just upon this planet, but anywhere in the universe. That being the case, I am taking it upon myself to speak for my people, for my species, based upon my own knowledge and understanding of the species that bore me, as well as historical documents and countless conversations I have had with others during the process of our slow, unfortunate, and well deserved (considered by some), extinction.

Because I am taking it upon myself to speak for ALL of my people; from this point forward, I will use the term “WE – US – OUR” and so on, when referencing anything pertaining to we homo-sapiens.



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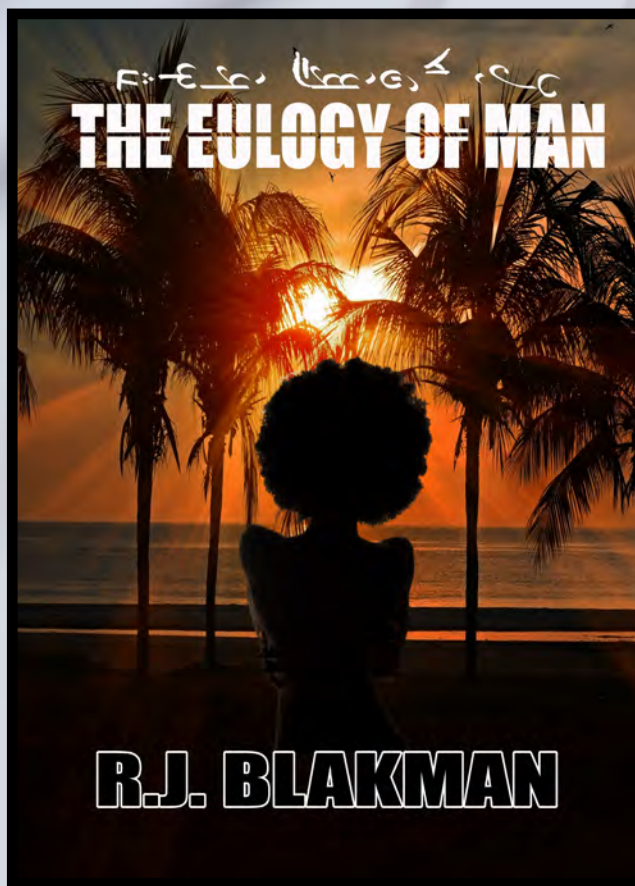
Complete Prologue - The Eulogy of Man (Continued)

To that end, it is our hope that this book will serve as a marker—something to remind the universe that we were indeed here and that for all our flaws, many of us DID try to reach beyond the greed, barbarism, hatred, ignorance and hubris that plagued our kind and led to our ultimate downfall.

We will arrange this book using a series of “Epitaphs” in the form of stories, some of which we used to call, “fables” or “parables”, ALL however directly speaking to the vices and evils with which we struggled, sometimes because of internal battles, but typically due to the boundless fighting against each other that in the end proved to be pure idiocy. We will address the absolute madness of our experiences with consolidated power and how, even when the masses fought against our extinction, a hand full of rapacious entities who held the reins of power worked in concert to, whether intentionally or unintentionally, ultimately cause our annihilation. As a side note, those entities were the focus of many debates as to whether they were actually human (*homo sapiens*) and from this planet. Those arguments raged until there was no longer any point in having the discussion. The battles over land, possessions, status and so on that now, in the face of our extinction, have proved to have been less than nothing.

We hope this book will help others see the story of humankind as a cautionary tale that might aid others in avoiding or repeating our mistakes, for, if only one race of beings is able to avoid disaster because of the tales, experiences and history written here in this

accounting, this, *Eulogy of Man*, then perhaps our existence in this universe was not in vain and we will not be gone and forgotten to the point that it would be as if we had never existed at all.



Many of our kind believed in life after life, some did not. No matter what the particular bent, it is difficult to believe the vastness of the universe and all things came about by some kind of cosmic accident. Perhaps there is a benevolent creator that made us as well as you, and that creator cared more for us than we did for ourselves. And perhaps we will benefit from a quality of mercy we oh so seldom demonstrated toward each other—a quality of mercy that

will be, after tonight, our only hope.

Our task is now complete, and tonight, upon this beach, in the glow of the moonlight that was witnessed by the first of us and each subsequent generation to this day, our heart shall beat its final beat, and upon tomorrow’s breaking day, the sun shall seek our face, but we will be nowhere to be found. It will call out to its sons and daughters even beyond the Kuiper belt and they shall reply:

“You know Mother, that they never escaped the bounds of their home, so they never touched any of our faces. Continue to share your light and love with the creatures who still grace the surface of your little blue daughter, but her most grand experiment, humankind, shall never feel the warmth of your embrace ever again—for they are no more.”

January 18, 4427 A.D. - as man once reckoned time.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

R.J. BLAKMAN



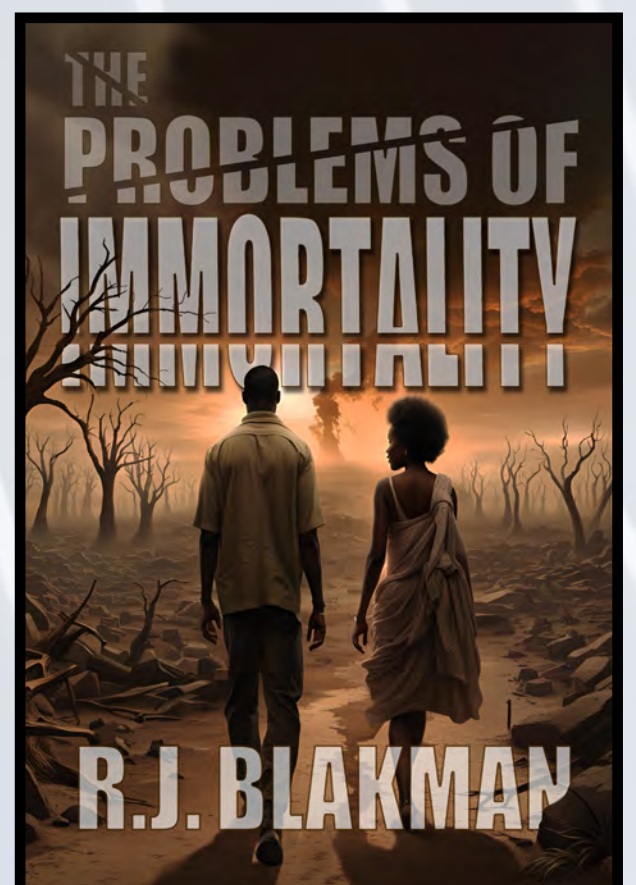
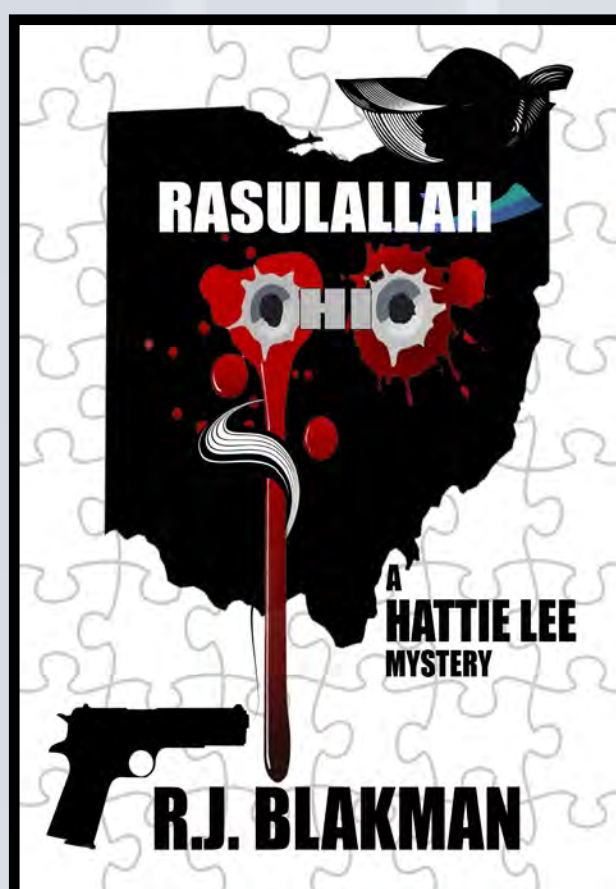
R. J. Blakman is a mystery writer, a writer of non-fiction and an all-around truth seeker. Blackman tries to look at things on a deeper level and whatever he finds, he tends to write about it with no sugar coating.

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
THOUGHT PROVOKING!

READING and WRITING in the

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Author Spotlight: ANGELA RASULALLAH RILEY

This November issue of the Reading and Writing in the DARK newsletter welcomes a new ongoing feature that is sure to please and inform. It is the AUTHOR SPOTLIGHT! The Author Spotlight is and does exactly what the title of it implies, it shines a light on authors who you may or may not have ever heard of, tells you a little about them and highlights their work.

This month, for the debut article I want to focus on probably my FAVORITE author of Black Love and Romance as well as Motivational writing, my brilliant, beautiful, and infinitely talented wife Angela Rasulallah Riley.

Angela hails from what she describes “a magical place called Detroit”, and is a graduate of all woman’s, Barnard College in New York City. Not only is she a student and a practitioner of *WRITING (facilitator & co-founder of The Black Writers Group), but she also studies & practices *MEDITATION/YOGA (Vipassana meditator with two yoga teacher certifications); *METAPHYSICS (reading and teaching tarot & astrology 20+ years); *TRANSFORMATION (serving as a life coach & workshop developer/facilitator focused LOVE—eating elevation, affirming self-love, + dating/relating); & *PERFORMING (founding member of Caribe Ubuntu Dance Troupe + acting for 45+ years).

Angela is all about Black Love and her passion for it is reflected in her written work. One of Angela’s express goals is to write interesting, engaging, and inspiring stories that feature Black Love and BlackUs winning.

Her KindleVella catalog of fictional episodic Black Love stories includes:

I DeClaire Love (complete at 11 episodes)

The Love X Tamu Tamu Agency (ongoing at 26 episodes)

365 Dates (ongoing at 22 episodes)

Fully Black (ongoing at 7 episodes)

Those who read her work love her work. She has a well-structured, yet casual style that might put readers in mind of some of the work of J. California Cooper, with its inviting tone, disarming use of language and familiar relatable characters.



In her personal world, Angela is a student of life and a pursuer of spiritual wholeness, peace, and congruence. She is upbeat and always seeking the very best outcome for everyone involved in situations and when she can’t, it is never for lack of trying. Her desire to help people be the very best versions of themselves they can be, is documented in her ongoing book series: Affirming Self Love. In that series, which she produces every month, she creates easy and quick to read words of encouragement and affirmation. She asks probing questions and challenges the reader to look deep within themselves to answer them. Affirming Self Love is an aesthetically stunning book series that has powerful graphics and to anyone

watching, from the first issue (or episode as she calls them), to the present books, one can see her own personal art style developing.

YES! Angela is also something of a graphic designer!

When it comes to supporting Black authors, Angela Rasulallah Riley is a good bet! Especially if you are into Black Love and/or Motivation! You can find links to Angela’s work in the “Enough About Me” section of this newsletter.

To hear Angela discuss her work in her own words, click the image of her below for her interview on the Reading and Writing in the DARK Podcast from December 2022.

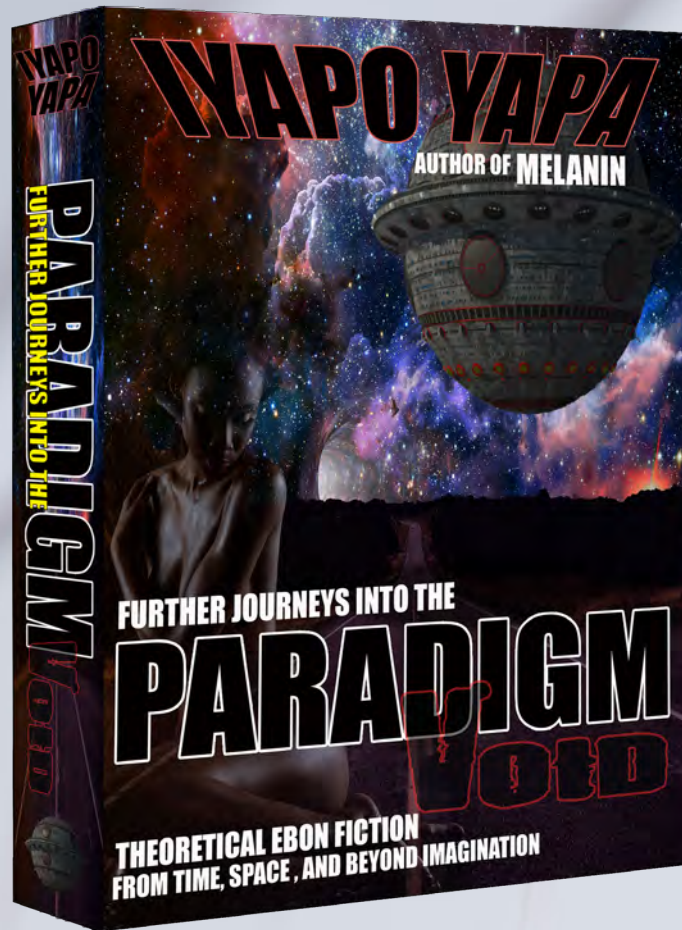
You can find links to Angela’s work in the “Alright, Enough About Me” section of this newsletter.

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ARE YOU PREPARED TO JOURNEY BACK INTO THE VOID?!

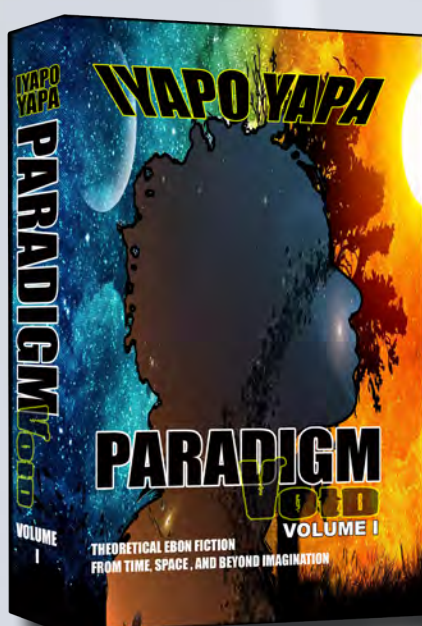


COMING SOON

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!*



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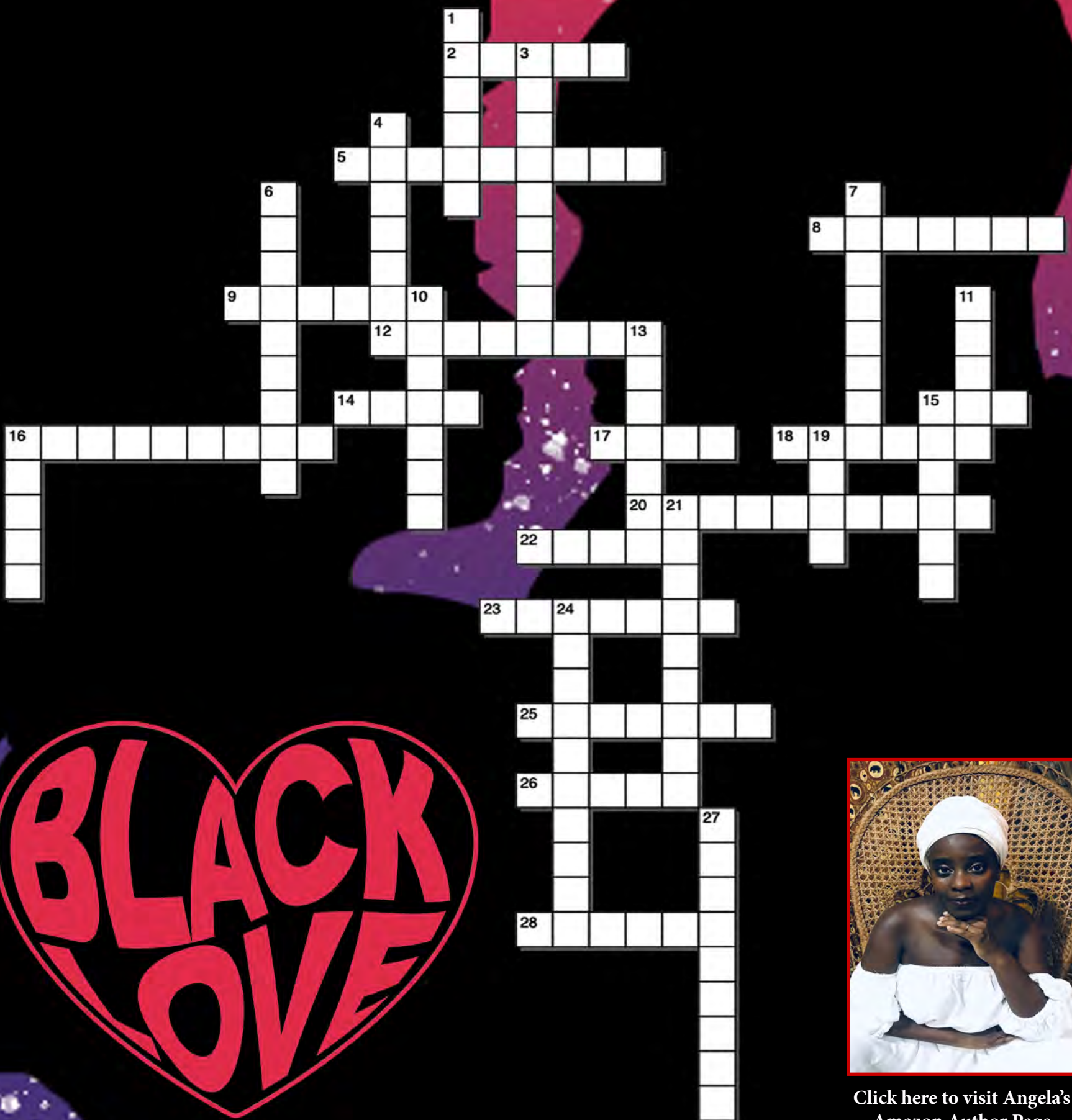
A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

November 2023 Crossword: Angela Rasulallah Riley

November is here! This month we have a CROSSWORD PUZZLE! And this should be an EASY one! Every question pertains to this month's AUTHOR SPOTLIGHT writer. My Beautiful, Brilliant wife ANGELA! You will be able to find most of the answers in the article, and the rest you can find by visiting Angela's author page on Amazon at the link below! As always the answers to last month's Word Search are at the back of this issue and the answers to this month's crossword puzzle will appear next month. HAVE FUN!

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

ANGELA RILEY: BLACK LOVE/ROMANCE WRITER



[Click here to visit Angela's Amazon Author Page](#)

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NOVEMBER CROSSWORD PUZZLE BASED ON:

Author Spotlight: Angela Rasulallah Riley

Across

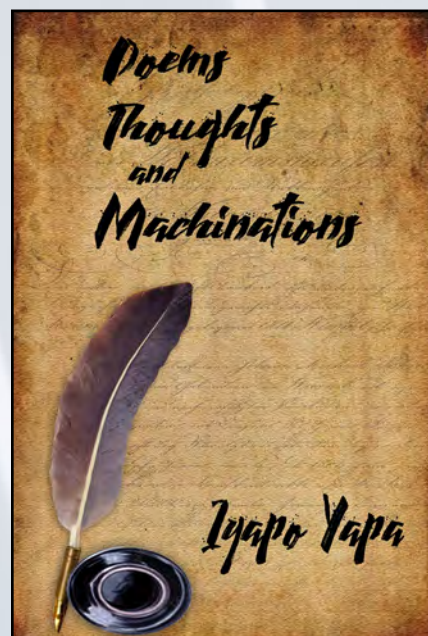
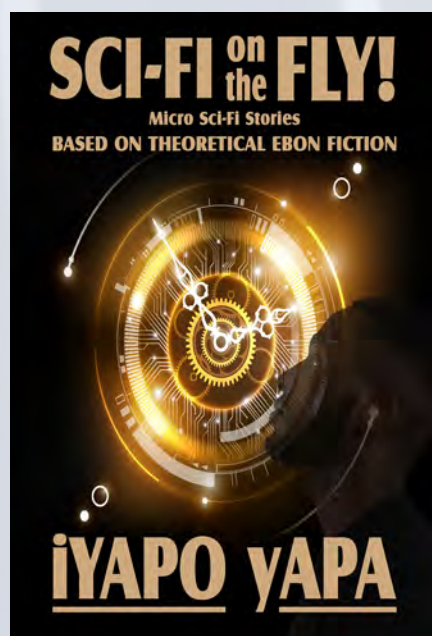
- 2) Group that Angela co-founded and facilitates. _____ Writers Group.
- 5) Reading and Writing in the DARK, new feature in November, Author _____.
- 8) Affirming Self Love Book 7: Plan & _____.
- 9) Affirming Self Love Book 2: Being _____.
- 12) Angela is also something of a graphic _____.
- 14) City in which Angela went to college, New _____ City.
- 15) Affirming Self Love Book 8: It's _____ GOoD.
- 16) Meditation technique Angela practices.
- 17) Affirming Self Love Book 3: GOoD _____.
- 18) The Love X Tamu Tamu _____.
- 20) Well known writer who Angela's work might put you in mind of. J. _____ Cooper.
- 22) 365 _____.
- 23) College from which Angela graduated.
- 25) Affirming Self Love Book 4: On _____.
- 26) Affirming Self Love Book 1: Following the _____.
- 28) Affirming Self Love Book 10: _____.

Down

- 1) Founding member of Caribe _____ Dance Troupe.
- 3) Angela's affirmation (non-fiction Black love) book series. _____ Self Love.
- 4) Affirming Self Love Book 9: _____ Milk.
- 6) A description of Angela's use of language.
- 7) I _____ Love.
- 10) Magical place Angela hails from.
- 11) Angela's fourth KindleVella Series: _____ Black.
- 13) Angela's fiction works consist of (but aren't limited to), Black Love _____.
- 15) Artistic pursuit Angela has been doing for 45 plus years.
- 16) Where Angela's episodic Black love stories can presently be read. Kindle _____.
- 19) Affirming Self Love Book 5: _____ Magic.
- 21) Angela reads and teaches tarot & _____ for 20 plus years.
- 24) Angela _____ Riley
- 27) Affirming Self Love Book 6: Into the GRIT of _____.

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.

READING and WRITING in the

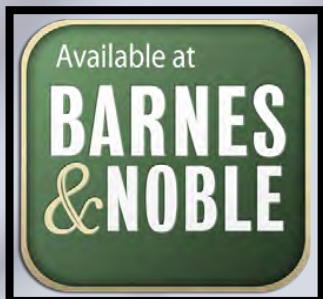
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Click Below For:

And What of the CARGO?



AVAILABLE NOW!

And What of the CARGO?

Buy it now on Amazon

“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

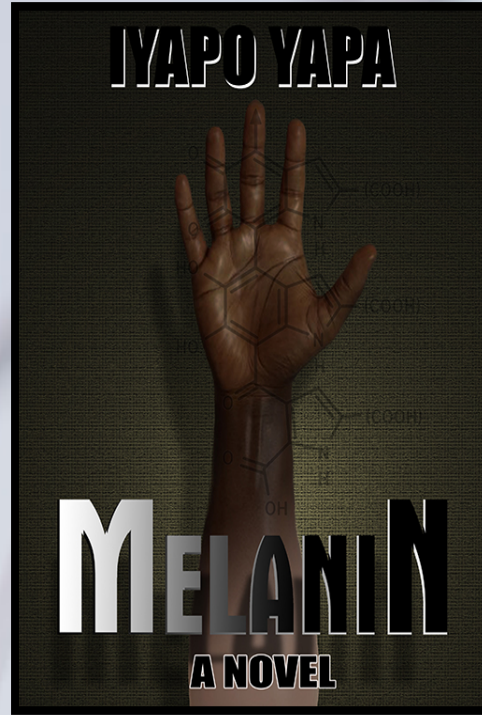
“Yapa weaves another story this time interwoven with historical references. I was on my seat with every chapter. I don't want to give it away but....revenge is sweet when served dead. And I can't get over how different each of his offerings are. Read his Vella's and you'll see what I mean. Another great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

- Amazon review

You can also read it for FREE if you have

Kindle Unlimited!

You don't need a Kindle to read it, you can download the free Kindle app from your Android Store or from the Apple Store and read Kindle content on your favorite devices!



Click Below For:

MELANIN: A Novel



AVAILABLE NOW!

MELANIN: A NOVEL

Buy it now on Amazon

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

Kindle Unlimited!

You don't need a Kindle to read it, you can download the free Kindle app from your Android Store or from the Apple Store and read Kindle content on your favorite devices!

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BOOK REVIEW

NANA By Brandon Massey

So here's what happened.

I had read several short stories by author Brandon Massey and finally decided to take the plunge and read a full-length novel of his. I chose for my first foray into long form Massey, his horror/suspense novel: NANA.

As I said, I had read several of his short stories and thought I knew what to expect, but nothing prepared me for what I was confronted with as I read on, and the tale unfolded. The story centers around a Black suburban couple (I like reading stories that center around Black people), and their daughter. The wife is estranged from her mother and was raised by her grandmother (who we meet at the very beginning of the book, albeit briefly as the next chapter concerns itself with the grandmother's passing).

At her grandmother's funeral the wife meets her estranged mother. Happy to bond with and build a connection they offer to take her in, which the mother is happy to do. Almost immediately chaos starts to ensue.

The minor downside of the book for me was that for much of it I had to severely suspend disbelief—mostly pertaining to the why the husband and wife were acting and reacting to the situation—and ultimately an ending that for me, tied up things a little too neatly for my taste.

But that's just me. Others say they found the ending satisfying.

The upsides definitely outweigh the minor downsides I just mentioned. I watch Marvel movies all the time and have to severely suspend disbelief as I thoroughly enjoy the journey.

Also, as a sidenote, I used to be one of these people who would read something or watch something and rail against what characters do, screaming, "Nobody's THAT dumb or oblivious!" Over the years I have stopped saying that as I have witnessed real life situations and watched news stories.

Now, when I hear people say that, I say, "Have you MET "people"?! They ARE that stupid—and STUPIDER!"

So to that degree, the book loses few if any points from me.

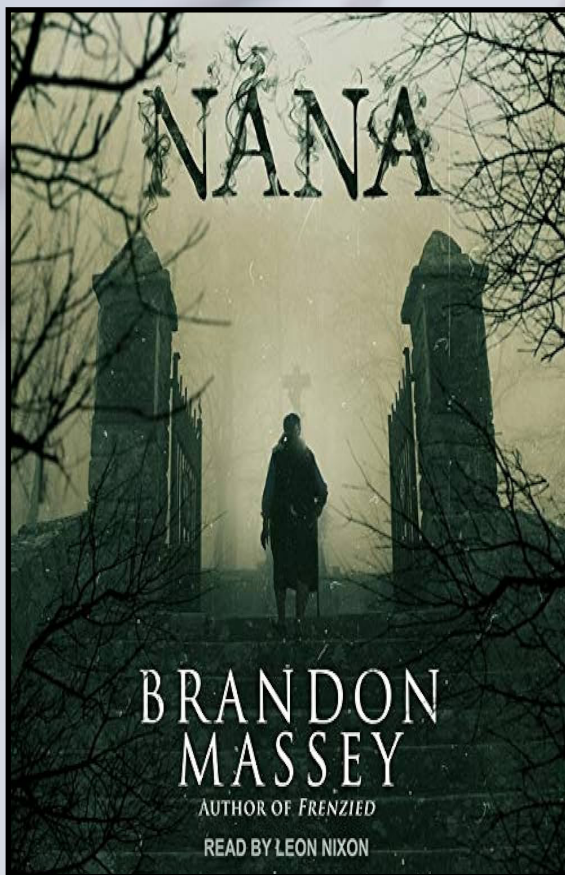
I digress.

The upside is that there were genuine chills throughout the book, and a few I found very unsettling on a personal level. There is also one, now infamous scene in the bedroom, that I won't spoil here, but will definitely leave you asking, "What did I just read?!" (In a good way, if you like shock and strangeness).

NANA kept me turning pages and at no point did I ever feel like disengaging from it. Another very good sign for me.

NANA has suspense, thrills, and very real chills, and is a book I would happily suggest to anyone who is seeking to read a good, fast paced, mind bending horror romp! It is available on Amazon,

Barnes & Noble, as well as through Brandon Massey's website (the link to which can be found by clicking the author image in the About the Author section).



About the AUTHOR



BRANDON MASSEY

Click the image above to visit Brandon Massey's website.

As Technical Director of the Afrikan Martial Arts Institute and Co-Chair of the Urban Survival and Preparedness Institute, Balogun Ojetade is th Brandon Massey sold his first short story in 1996 to a speculative fiction magazine. Three years later, he self-published Thunderland, his first novel. After managing to sell a few thousand copies on his own, Kensington Publishing Corp signed him to a publishing contract and republished the novel in 2002.

Since then, Massey has published up to three books a year, ranging from thriller novels such as The Other Brother and Don't Ever Tell, vampire fiction such as Dark Corner, and short story collections such as Twisted Tales; he's also edited multiple anthologies in his Dark Dreams series, featuring the short works of acclaimed authors from Eric Jerome Dickey to Tananarive Due.

Massey currently lives with his family near Atlanta, GA.

To stay posted on his latest book news, visit his website at www.brandonmassey.com and sign up for his free newsletter.

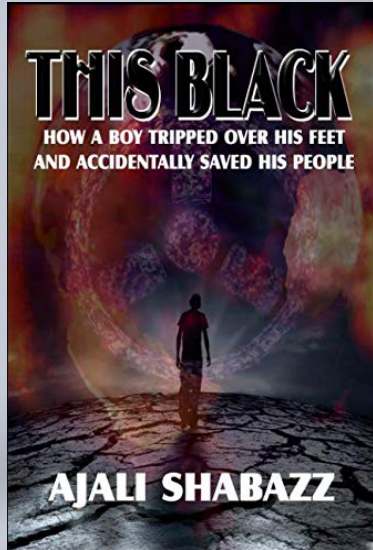
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Books by:

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!

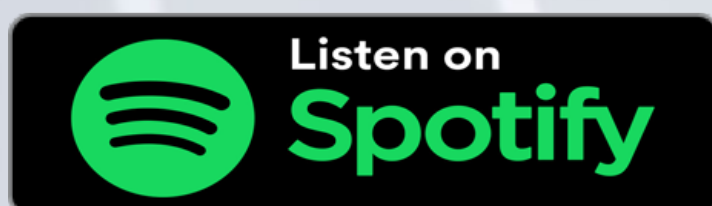
Listen to the interview on  by clicking the link below:

<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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All Pimp Preachers Aren't In The Pulpit

From IYAPO'S BLOG Wednesday, 08 March 2023

All Pimp Preachers aren't in the pulpit of mega churches on Sunday Mornings.

The new Pimp preachers now saturate the airwaves, social media and YouTube.

I have heard many say, "YEAH! TELL IT! They're talkin' 'bout the wyte man and he's mad! He or she is drinking out of cups that say "wyte people tears", and they're cutting them down by calling them out!"

If one does not understand CONTROLLED OPPOSITION then they will forever fall for the trappings of the silver-tongued hucksters who know exactly what to say to their chosen audience.

The entire rationale when it comes to controlled opposition is to give the ILLUSION that one is doing something (making so called funny remarks, or resorting to playground banter and behaving like a juvenile, calling wyte people names, building so called "schools" and "museums", making calls for reparations (WHICH ARE DIFFINITELY, 100% OWED TO OUR PEOPLE – but to what end? So that we can be more a part of this corrupt system? Is that not EXACTLY the end goal of the c@@n?)

So ALL of those actions fall squarely in the realm of SYMBOLIC GESTURES, something the government itself has ZERO issue giving to our people. Why? Because they KNOW it doesn't mean, or do diddly SQUAT to actually ASSIST our people!

How to know if you are dealing with a pimp preacher.

First off, Pimp Preachers know the word INSIDE OUT, BACKWARD, FORWARD and SIDEWAYS and can quote scripture and give a breakdown at ANY MOMENT on demand. We give them credibility because they are able to speak so authoritatively and in depth about their given hustle... uh, I mean SUBJECT. The same is true for so called "problack" hustlers, gender war hustlers, and on down the line. They seem SO "down" as they dazzle their audience with info and stats. They MUST be down for the cause... right?!

BUT...

what is the word? Being able to rattle off the names of ancestors effortlessly, times, dates, background information, and the ability to SAY everything that strikes a cord and makes perfect sense for their audience. (And what they'll be saying is true and right, or with JUST ENOUGH truth to make it sound credible – so what's the problem?) The

problem isn't the information but the SOURCE of said information and the fact they USE it as a HUSTLE and for MANIPULATION that ultimately leads ONLY to THE HUSTLER'S aggrandizement!

So sure... they NEED to have deep knowledge of their subjects... far deeper than that of their audiences. If they didn't have a DEEP knowledge of their subject, there is no way their hustle could be effective!

2. They are living their best lives (usually materially and financially, but also, not always, but probably, in their own personal lives), while the advise (Yeah... I spelled it that way on purpose), they are dispensing is in DIRECT contradiction to the way the hustlers are handling THEIR lives. But they are living differently, while their advise (Yeah, I spelled it that way on purpose AGAIN) is WRECKING the lives of their "disciples". Does ANYONE believe that the CEOs of the companies that make breakfast cereals or other processed garbage actually feed that crap to themselves and their FAMILIES?! No freakin' WAY! They advertise it to YOU. Tell

YOU why YOU should buy it and eat it. Sweeten and process the CRAP out of it so that you get a taste for it and can't stop eating it, though it is actually doing untold harm to you as they tell YOU how good it is for you and on and on... but THEY wouldn't touch that crap with a TEN FOOT POLE because they KNOW what they're saying and doing is B.S.! Same for the pimp preachers and "gurus".

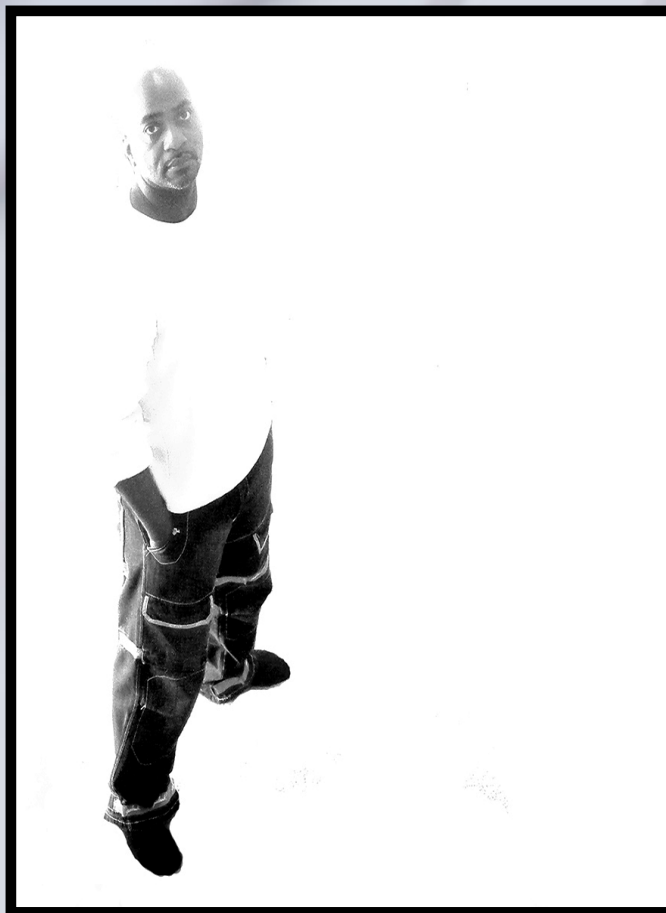
3. They don't BELIEVE in any of what they're saying, and their lives and actions PROVE it.

Does ANY THINKING person believe that CanDance REALLY BELIEVES the B.S. she spews?!?

Of COURSE not!

She found her hustle and she's doin' it to DEATH!

I've said MANY, MANY times that I believe that most of these megachurch preachers and pimp preachers around town are actually ATHIEISTS. There is no way they could actually BELIEVE what they are teaching and live the lives they do and conduct their personal affairs as they do and believe what they're telling YOU every Sunday morning? By that same token... WHY are we so surprised when we have someone giving problack talking point after problack talking point only to find out their husband or wife, mother-in-law or father-in-law are wyte? Or they say STAY AWAY FROM BLACK MEN or BLACK WOMEN only to find out they are in relationships with Black men or Black women?!



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All Pimp Preachers Aren't In The Pulpit (Cont.)

From IYAPO'S BLOG Wednesday 08, March 2023

Just as the pimp preachers bang on the alphabet community, then it turns out they're PART of it. They preach clean living, but die from drug overdoses, give marriage counseling, but go through messy public divorces, Black people who wave the black power fist, but turn out to be in relationships with wyte men/women. And sit on the "Breakfast Club" talking about how Black people aren't ready to receive reparations and need to become financially educated first. This from someone who made over a MILLION dollars in donations disappear with ZERO accounting for it, and IMMEDIATELY after making his statements on the show, went back to begging for "donations".

Our people SEE this nonsense and STILL follow AND DONATE?!

HUH?!

We listen to someone who shares his money with his wyte live in mother in law, while talking BLACK, BLACK, BLACKITY BLACK, and at the same time creating DIVISION within the diaspora based on... on... on... HAIRLINES?!?!

This is like some kind of surreal NIGHTMARE!

MAKE IT ALL MAKE SENSE?!

Back to controlled opposition.

COMMON SENSE:

If ANY of these pimps were actually doing something REVOLUTIONARY, they would have been silenced and/or de-platformed LONG ago!

And to those who want to say... "Nah, they're message is just so powerful the powers that be can't stop them!"

Love or hate Trump... he IS a rich wyte man and was a president of the United Snakes... and HE was silenced!

These people can't silence who they choose? Julian Assange anyone?

Also, a look at the "twitter files" shows that these social media giants can and DO decide who is promoted and who is hidden from sight! That has been PROVEN time and time again, based upon THEIR OWN internal documents!

So, ANYONE who actually CHALLENGES the power structure WILL be shadow banned, silenced, or have their work taken down altogether. If someone, ANYONE Black

is able to achieve a HUGE following, they may SEEM like they're fighting against the power structure, but actually they are allowed to flourish (and in some cases PROMOTED), because they epitomize CONTROLLED OPPOSITION and NO THREAT to the standing structure... and are likely an aid TO it, but giving the masses of followers the ILLUSION they are "fighting the man", when actually they are doing NOTHING and having a ZERO effect as far as tearing it down.

It is people like our beloved Sister Ajali who is out here FIGHTING along with others you may never hear of because they are seeking to bring TRUTH, HEALING, UNIFICATION, SANITY to the conversation! We MUST stop falling for the hustles of these hustlers and charlatans who are only seeking their own fame and enrichment at the cost of the Black community!

I'm going to stop, but before I do, I just want to explain why I have such a PROFOUND disdain for these freakin' phonies... ALL of them... it is because when someone REAL, like myself, or Sister Ajali, or Lashid4u and others come along, all we get is a HARD WAY TO GO, because people look on and look at our work with suspicion because EVERY TIME YOU TURN AROUND... some HUCKSTER is out here, who eventually gets exposed as the phony they ARE! And it makes people think we're ALL out here on some kind of hustle

It is SO "F'ed" up!

Worse... the people who are REALLY ABOUT IT get blocked, locked and silenced, while the charlatans are given a BLOW HORN!

Human nature being what it is, our people look and see big numbers, large views and slick presentations and feel the person MUST know what they're talking about... right? And these TINY channels, with the fewest views, out of our kitchens should just be ignored, I guess.

Back to Trump.

Before they silenced him on social media, he had larger numbers and views and slicker production values than any of our people could ever DREAM of... did that mean he was RIGHT or made any SENSE?!

We are being PLAYED ladies and gentlemen!



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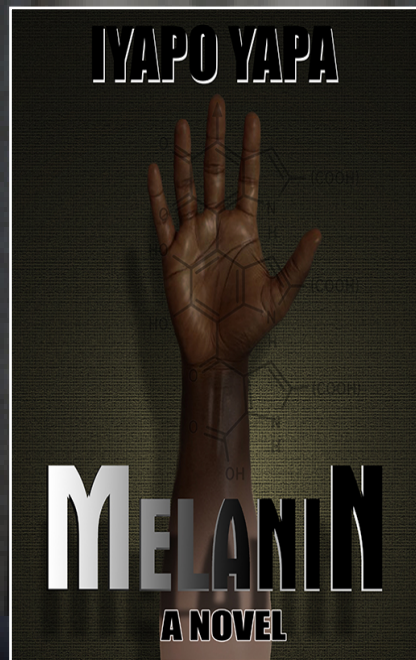
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MELANIN: A Novel NOW ON KINDLE UNLIMITED!

I know that my first novel has brought joy to those who have read it and been kind enough to take time to rate it and write reviews. AND *MELANIN* has been a ceaseless source of pride and joy for me. From the time I released *MELANIN: A Novel* it has only been available as soft cover, hard back and Kindle edition. It is my only work published through Amazon, that is not available on Kindle Unlimited.

UNTIL NOW!

To celebrate the One Year Anniversary of the publication of my debut novel, *MELANIN: A Novel* is now available on Kindle Unlimited! This means that if you have a Kindle (or any tablet or mobile device) you can (download and) open the free Kindle App and read about what hap-



pens in a world were becoming genetically and phenotypically Black is the difference between life and death.

So, tell your family and tell your friends! Tell your neighbors and your colleagues! Tell your book clubs and your reading groups!

And remember you can still also get your copy of *MELANIN: A Novel*

as a soft cover or hard cover edition as well as purchasing it to add to your Kindle digital library!

I want to thank everyone for your support, well wishes and purchases! It means a lot to me to know my work is being read and appreciated! It is my goal to keep

bringing you the very best work I can produce!

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! Enter a world of action, adventure, science and horror on Kindle vella!

Click on the Kindle vella link below!



kindle vella



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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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

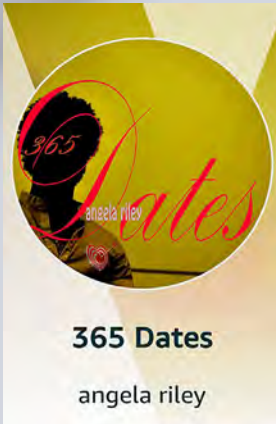
DeClaire and Tyrone meet and sparks fly. They fall in love with each other quick, fast, and in a hurry. It seems too good to be true. But is it? Is it safe to love? Are there any “good” rules when it comes to love? Do we have to fight for love? Are there always games being played when it comes to love? 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

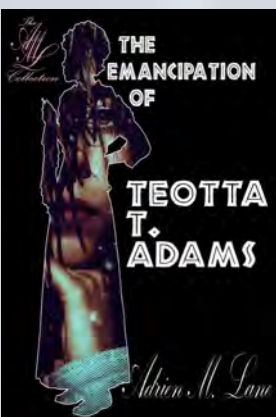
Single again, after my first divorce, one day I had a new thought: I WANT TO DATE. And... NOTHING. No one came knocking on my door to woo me. No one approached me when I was out wanting to court me. Nobody asked friends/family to be set up with me. Just crickets! So, thinking that maybe my goal was to 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

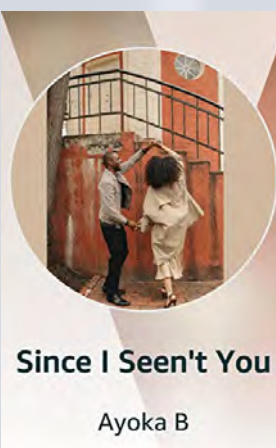
Because she is IN LOVE, talented dancer and homeschooled student Makena enrolls in the elite Fullson High to be closer to Marshall.



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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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?



A'DICK'tion The Back Story

MADM Precious

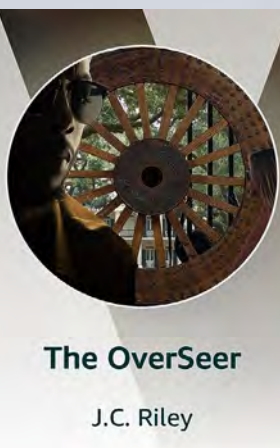
From Book 1: Sex addiction is a real thing; When Quincey finds out his wife is caught up in some things, can they save their marriage.



The Godchild Chronicles

J.C. Riley

War rocks the Planet Raosis! Pthalon Anuku is drafted onto the Anti-Terror Detail & is under constant attack. With ties to both sides of the conflict, Pthalon must choose a side in order to get him & his wife (fellow CDO Officer Raseem) safely off of Raosis. What will it take for Pthalon & 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.

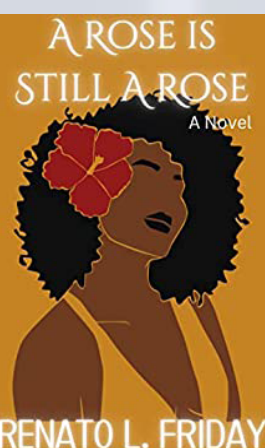


Affirming Self Love (Graphic Non-Fiction SERIES)

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?

READING and WRITING in the

DARK

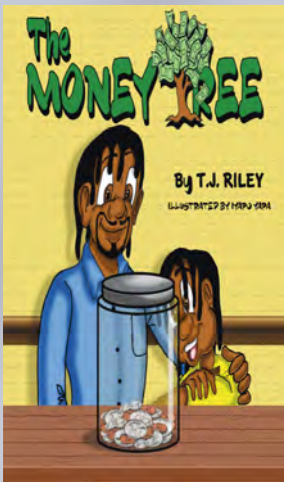
A space for avid Black readers and Black authors



Longing for the Night

Ms. KJ

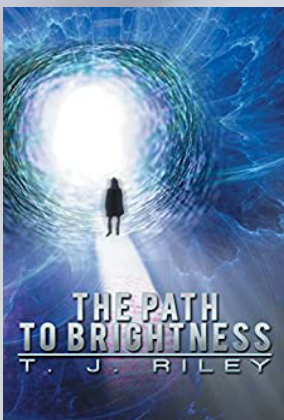
Inspired by the poem Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti, two young sisters face the trials and tribulations of the hood in this coming-of-age story about the harshness of living in South Central Los Angeles.



The Money Tree

T.J. Riley / Illustrated by Iyapo Yapa

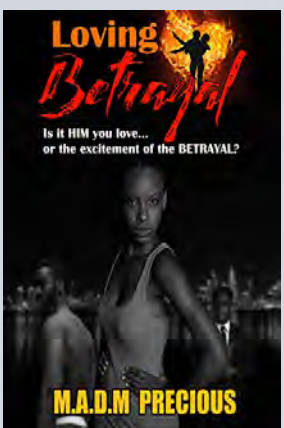
Every child wants money to buy something, right? Our hero does too. But, his father has a surprise, a Money Tree. Join the fun journey to find out how to grow your own money tree.



THE PATH to BRIGHTNESS

T.J. Riley

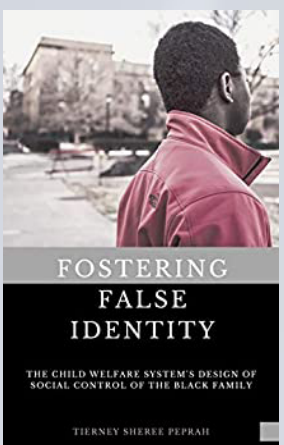
Fatima, a young woman, has a near-death experience. When she awakes from a coma and recovers, she has mystical powers. She begins to see auras and experiences life with her new abilities. For the clever character, Fatima, life is about to dramatically change. Follow Fatima's journey as she tries to convince 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

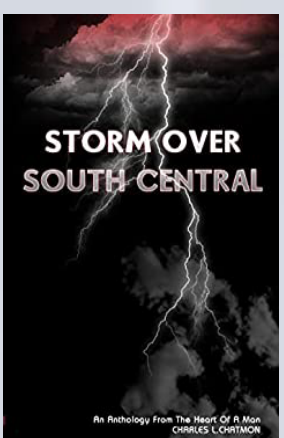
When Michelle met Michael, she thought that she found the love of her life. She was young and coming out of a bad marriage. A single parent of two children, she was scared, broke and had no self esteem. Michael seemed perfect, except for one little problem...



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.

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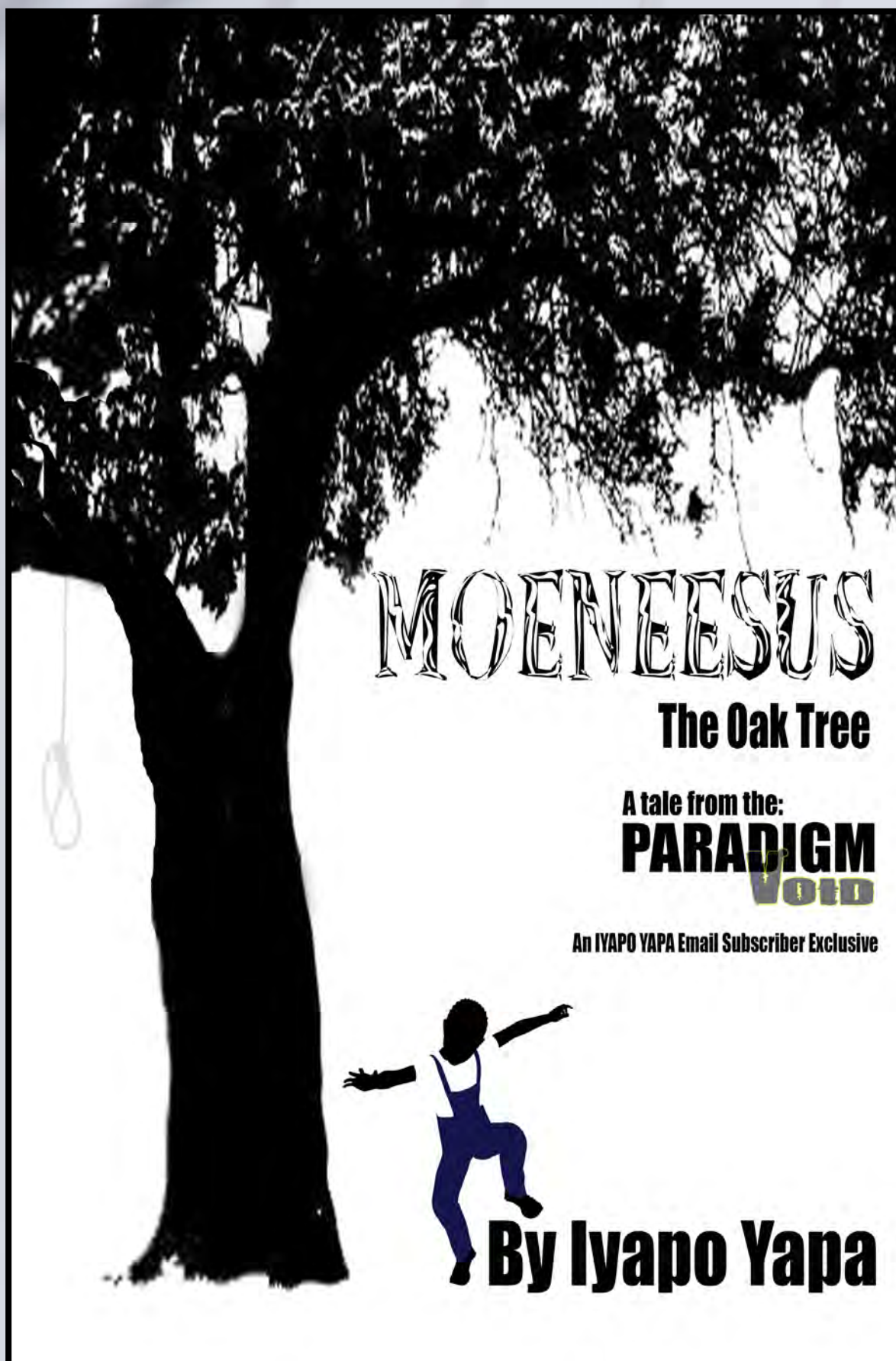


RELAY

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.



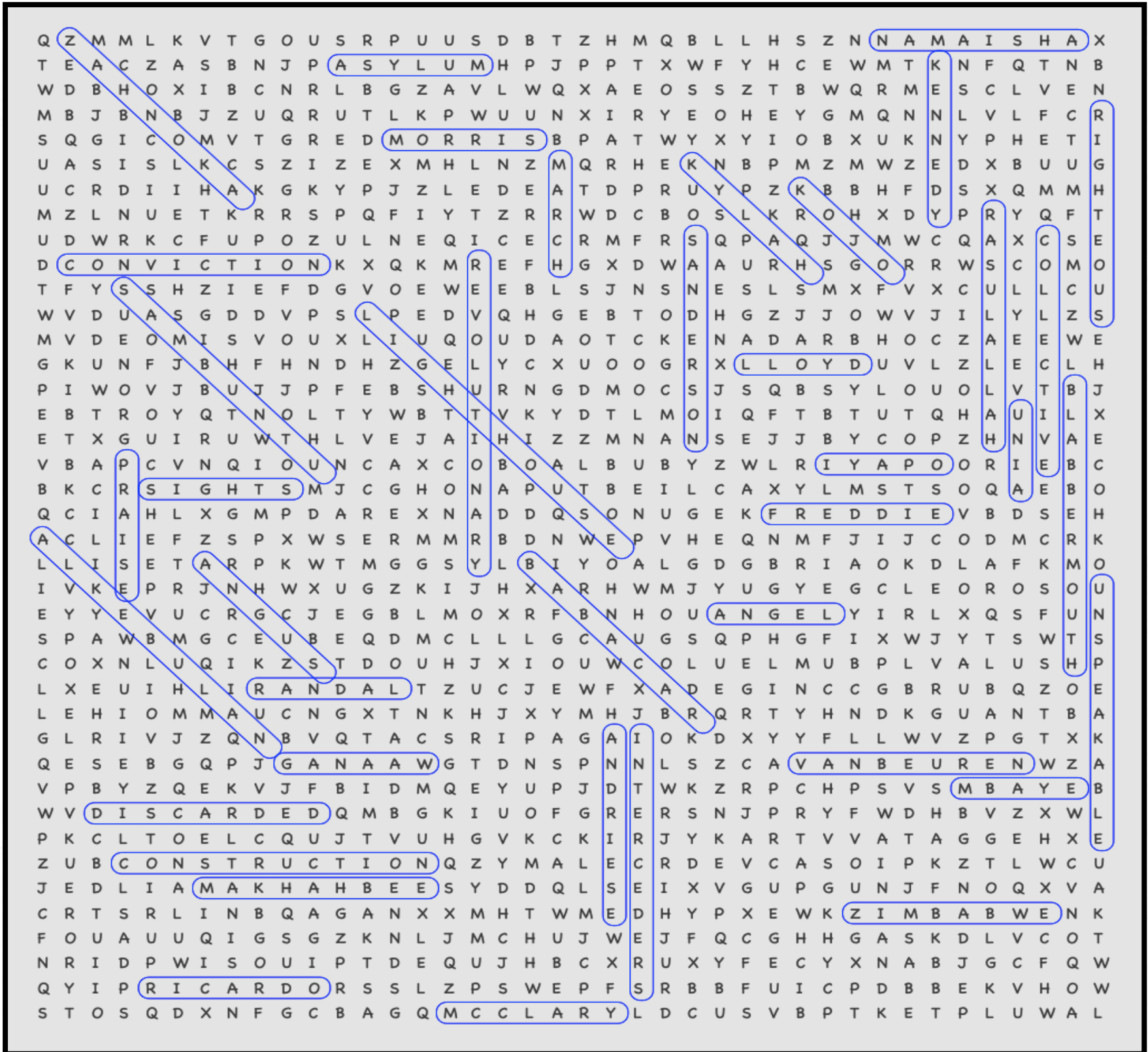
If you are a READING AND WRITING IN THE DARK subscriber and haven't read your free copy of MOENEESUS THE OAK TREE, what are you waiting for?! Relax and take some time to read a great story from the the Paradigm VOID! It may make you smile, it may make you cry, but either way, you are going to enjoy it.

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HERE IS THE SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S WORD SEARCH!



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.

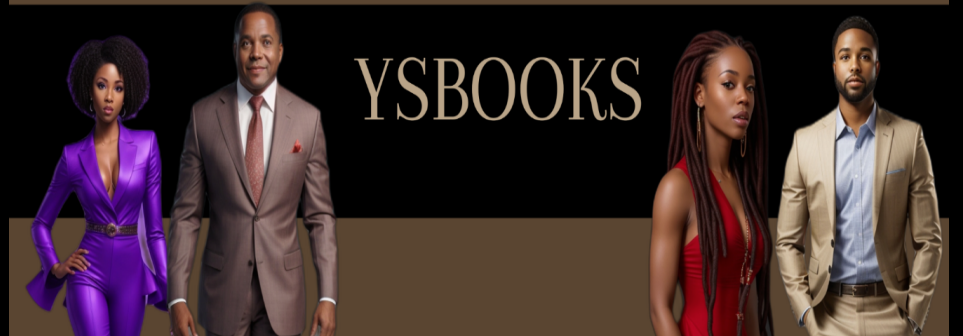
* * *

For even MORE fantastic FREE Audio Dramas by this author just click the image below!

CLICK THE IMAGE ABOVE TO LISTEN TO

THE DIRECTOR

FREE AUDIO DRAMA!



YSBOOKS

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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!

MAJOR MARU MARS



COMING 2024