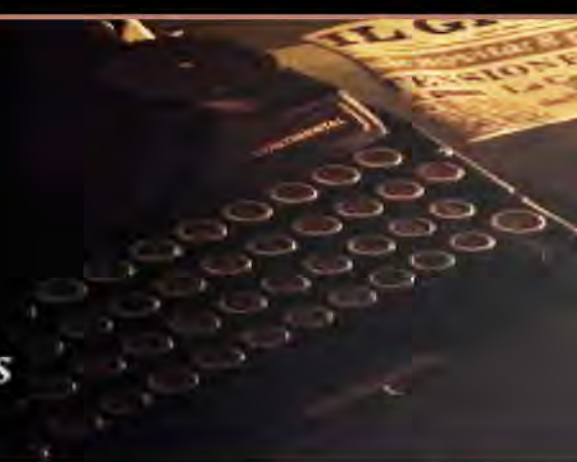


READING and WRITING in the

DARIK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors



THIS MONTH:

MAGAZINE

We enter the world of
URBAN FANTASY with R.J. Blakman's

THE

DRAGONS

OF

HADULEM

The Complete Third Chapter

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and Upcoming Projects and MORE!**



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MAGAZINE

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WELCOME BACK!

Hello and WELCOME! EVERYONE!

Thank you for being a subscriber! Enjoy this month's magazine!

Iyapo Yapa

READING and WRITING in the DARK Magazine
Vol. 1 No. 6
DECEMBER 2024

Iyapo Yapa
Writer/Layout/Editor-In-Chief

Angela Riley
Copy Editor

Iyapo Yapa
Layout/Design

Iyapo using Leonardo AI
Graphics for Articles on Pages:
3/8/34/41 and Cover



A Look Back and to the Future!

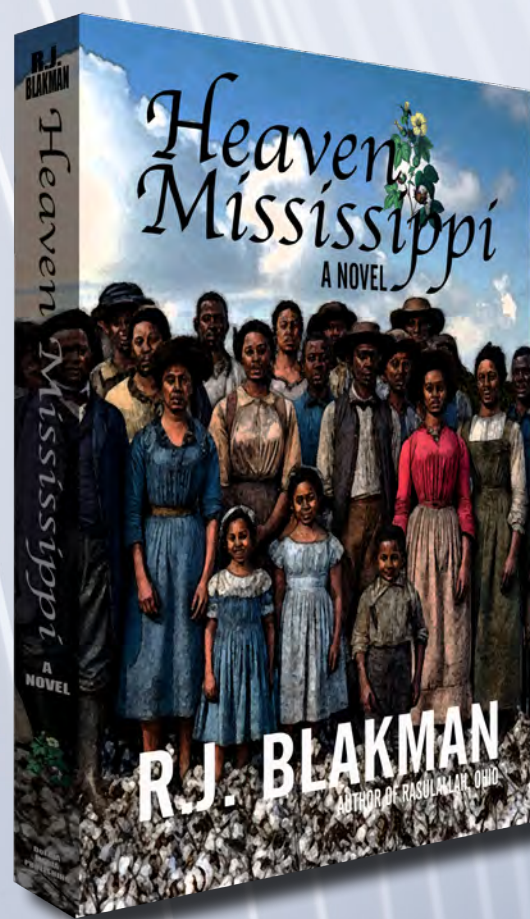
Ok, ok! Black people are sick and tired of reading and talking about our enslavement.

I get it!

So does R.J. Blakman.

There is no shortage of books and movies about the enslavement of Afrikans in America. The question becomes however, how quick should we be to dismiss a book because the main subject matter is chattel slavery as practiced in the United States? It is a tough subject that many of our people would like to just move on from and understandably so, but it is a fact of the history of our people in America. That said, Heaven Mississippi may not be what is considered a "traditional" book that takes place during enslavement. There are components of it that are unavoidable to highlight, else it could be argued that it would be a disservice to our ancestors who suffered, bled and died under that barbaric system.

That said, Heaven Mississippi is, as the reader will discover, a different kind of book. Blakman has nearly completed the novel and can't wait to get it into the hands of readers. He is promising something different with Heaven Mississippi, and from the way it looks thus far, R.J. Blakman is delivering! You can read a complete chapter from Heaven Mississippi in the July 2024 issue of the *Reading and Writing in the DARK Magazine*! So, check back here each month for regular Heaven Mississippi updates. To the right is the cover reveal! (A *RaWitDM* sneak peek.)





Why it's IMPOSSIBLE to “beat” a video game!

(From Iyapo's Substak and Medium Black Political Atheism series)

Political atheism aside, the election on the 5th of this month (as of this writing, today is November 11, 2024), was historic as Donald John Trump secured the presidency to become the 47th president (at this point president elect), of the United States. I won't go into the mountain of lawfare that was set in place against him as well as numerous obstacles and a couple assassination attempts, including one that drew blood (which in my opinion were what solidified his win).



His opponent was an incompetent buffoonish, cartoon of a woman of color who couldn't put a coherent sentence together to save her life, and who is so risk averse that if you asked her name, it would take her several minutes to answer as she attempted to remember what focus groups said about it, so as to give an answer that they'd want to hear.

So—if you've read this far, it's likely because either you're pro-Trump, or anti-Harris and it sounds like this is going to be some kind of pro-Trump or anti-Harris or pro conservative/republican or anti democrat/liberal manifesto.

Wrong, wrong, wrong and, wrong!

Trump, the republicans and conservatives

(which aren't all necessarily the same thing) didn't win because he's so great. He won because his opposition, Harris, the democrats and liberals (which aren't all necessarily the same thing), were, as Nick Fury put it in The First Avengers movie (back when Marvel movies were actually good), "... hopelessly, hilariously outgunned." The matchup wasn't fair in the first place. It isn't that Trump is Mike Tyson in his prime and is unbeatable because he's so powerful and unstoppable.

Nope.

It would be more accurate to use the analogy of Trump as a washed-up fighter who hasn't trained in years, is overweight and has a pot belly, but he still has some muscle, muscle memory and a few moves—and was even able to train a to drop a few pounds and get some of his stamina back. Then he's put in the ring with a female gamer who played boxing games in her mother's basement all her life and always won them because the programmers rigged the games in her favor. However, in the REAL world, she knows absolutely nothing about actual boxing. She has never had to participate in a real physical match and has been shielded from ever having to do it.

Despite all that, since the gaming industry and the boxing industry somehow managed to end up in bed together, they



Why it's IMPOSSIBLE to "beat" a video game! (Continued) (From Iyapo's Substak and Medium Black Political Atheism series)

desire to see the first woman championship boxer in all categories (including male heavyweight class) regardless of her weight class, physical abilities. And they picked our gamer!

She was allowed to move up the ranks and be considered **the great female hope**, even though she's in a wheelchair and on oxygen, but is touted by the media and all pundits from the gaming community as a once in a lifetime, unstoppable force of nature! (That would be Harris, by the way).



So, in the months leading up to the fight, Trump is seen training. Every now and then the media manages to catch him as he's leaning over sweating and trying to catch his breath, obviously past his prime. While Harris' training sessions are closed to the public, and the only photos, video and news about her are staged action shots (some of which are photoshopped), that make it appear she could knock a hole into a TANK! This goes on for months and part of the world is worked into a frenzy and the anticipation that the first woman will be the world boxing champion in ALL classes, ranks and genders!

Finally, it's fight night, and as soon as they enter the ring, and at the sound of the bell, the entire gaming community

which has been propagandized to place all their hopes and dreams in this gamer, looks on in abject HORROR as Trump knocks this dweeb the "f" out with a single punch in the first thirty seconds of the first round. The gamer (Harris) is defeated so badly that she must be rushed to the hospital and spend months recuperating.

What happens to Trump? He is hailed as one of the greatest fighters of all time because of his "historic" decisive victory! (Against an opponent any competent, moderately healthy teenager could have easily put away).

And what of our gaming hero in the hospital? Well... the gaming leaning left media and the likes of the women of *The View*, blame it on the fact that the gamer was **a woman**.

FULL STOP!

NOT that she was in no way a boxer.

NOT that she never had an actual physical fight.

NOT that she was propped up when she was **OBVIOUSLY** outclassed.

NOT that she was out of shape.

Why it's IMPOSSIBLE to "beat" a video game! (Continued) (From Iyapo's Substak and Medium Black Political Atheism series)

NOT that she was on oxygen.

NOT that she had absolutely

NO BUSINESS in the ring with ANYONE, let alone someone with boxing experience.

NOT that if they wanted to put a woman against him, they should have chosen a woman in PEAK condition, who has been proven in the ring by a record of wins in physical contests, and who had actually beaten several MEN (of relative equal stature and skill sets).

The entire situation is a false, delusional narrative. TDR (Trump Derangement Syndrome) is a very real thing, and it works both ways.

The TDR that says Trump is a unique devil who can do no right.

And

The TDR that says Trump is a unique angel who can do no wrong.

Both are delusions!

ALL of it is a delusion!

I made references to gaming.

There are gamers all over the world who congratulate themselves for *beating* this game or that game. I can only shake my head as these individuals pat themselves on the back and declare themselves the "greatest gamer of all time". The problem is this: It is LITERALLY¹ IMPOSSIBLE to "beat" a video game! (And the same is true when it comes to politics, elections and nearly everything having to deal with government - especially at the highest levels).



Why is it literally impossible to beat a video game?

Because in order for a video game to be beaten, one would have to win outside the parameters set within the game itself. Let's take a game like chess for instance, or football. One must play within the confines of the rules of the given game. If two opponents are playing, they can beat each other, but they can never beat the game itself - because they

¹ / l i t r li/ The adverb literally means "actually," and we use it when we want others to know we're serious, not exaggerating or being metaphorical. With exact equivalence : with the meaning of each individual word given exactly.



Why it's IMPOSSIBLE to “beat” a video game! (Continued) (From Iyapo's Substak and Medium Black Political Atheism series)

can never go beyond the boundaries set by the game. If they do move beyond those boundaries, they are no longer playing the game.

Many video games are like stories that give the reader (or watcher), the interactive option to choose what a character does within the framework of the story (or movie), examples of this would be the video game *Dragon's Lair* (an oldie but goldie), or more recently the DC animated feature *Batman: A Death in the Family*, or the *Black Mirror* episode, *Bandersnatch*.

These vehicles provide hours of enjoyment for the participants but depending on how long one interacts with the media, they will eventually hit the inevitable wall—or more accurately “loop”. Because there are only so many choices one is allowed, and they are all determined by the programmer of the media.

You can play and play, you can watch and watch, but at the end of the day, anything you do within the construct of that media has been pre-determined and there is absolutely nothing you can do beyond the confines of it. Even if you “beat” the game—the concept, parameter, and definition for what it means to have

won against it are set within the game itself. In other words, when you “win” it is because the game itself tells you, you have won, and therefore you still haven't beaten it because the game itself had defined your victory for you—not you.



As we trot merrily along thinking that somehow, we can win within a system in which all the decisions are made for us, all the parameters are set for us, all the rules have been set by the creators of the game, we are living under a delusion.

One of the biggest delusions is a presidential election. Question: How do you wind up having to vote for two people who are wildly unpopular with one side or the other, and in general, over all?

Perhaps it isn't as important to ask **how** we got there as much as it is understanding that you are not making a pure choice. A pure choice would be someone you want and have voted for—what you were given with the last election are people who were forced upon you and then the system says, “Here—now you can choose one of them.” The example of this that is right in front of us is the fact that the globalists want war in the Middle East. They want war like I wanted Felicia Lipson when I was in Jr. High School! (I know you have no point

Why it's IMPOSSIBLE to “beat” a video game! (Continued) (From Iyapo's Substak and Medium Black Political Atheism series)

of reference for that—I'm just trying to say they want it, sickeningly, overwhelmingly, irrationally, can't sleep at night, bad, bad BAAAAAAD!),

Plus, I just wanted to mention Felicia.

So, what do they pick for you? Two candidates who may differ slightly on social issues or what have you, but when it comes to a fate of the world determining war that the United States has ABSOLUTELY NO business participating in (let alone FUNDING), BOTH candidates are full throated, ten toes down RADICALLY for it even though the general population is overwhelmingly against it!

But within the parameters of this particular video game—there is no other option. So, you get to choose between the lesser of two evils which leaves you with evil. This gives you the illusion of choice when you actually have no choice at all—in the purest sense of the term.

However, either way, the handful of people (if that's what they are), in control get the evil **they** want.

Why do they (the powers that be, the globalists, the industrialists, the super

wealthy), do this? Because they are well known for playing both sides of everything, so that no matter who loses, your side or the other side, THEY WIN! They have no loyalty to any nation state,

nor the people of same—I would go as far as to say, they especially have no loyalty to the people.

To borrow a cliché' they truly see poor people, and people at the bottom due to their interference, as the unwashed masses! They think they're smarter, better and more deserving of enjoying life than the rest of us, and the way they move in the

world bears that out, along with an overt disdain for the average, regular person.

Ultimately, what is the point of this article?

I wrote it in hopes it might wake someone up. I understand how deep the programming is, and I have no illusion that my little articles will somehow change the world, but as the saying goes, “Each one, reach one, teach one”. Sometimes we must be satisfied with just helping one person if we can, to possibly if not agree with us, then just to at least begin to question some things. Many times this is enough.

I don't claim to know everything or have





Why it's IMPOSSIBLE to "beat" a video game! (Continued) (From Iyapo's Substak and Medium Black Political Atheism series)

a monopoly on knowledge, I'm just giving my opinion of the world as I see it. Whether you agree, or disagree, I hope that I have at least given you some food for thought.

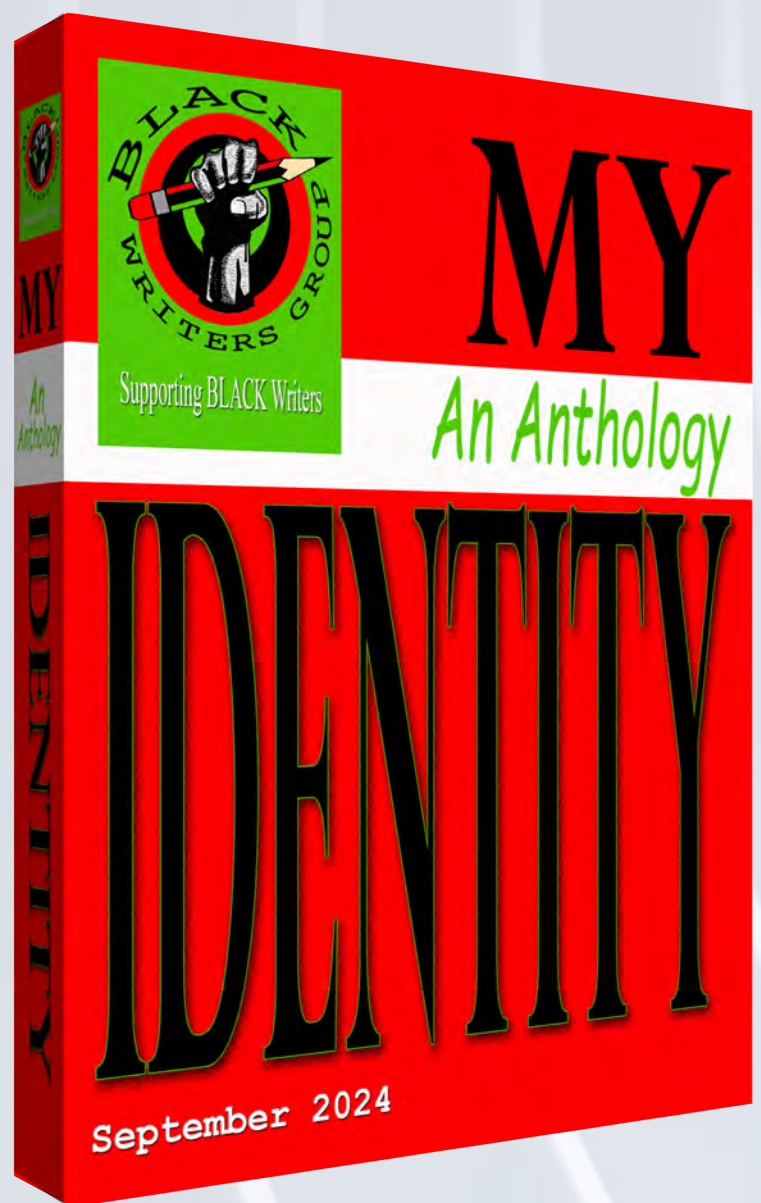


MY IDENTITY ANTHOLOGY

Nine talented Black writers give you their insights in the this Black Writers Group debut publication, *My Identity: An Anthology*. The subjects, writing style and personal observations are as varied as the writers themselves. From essays to poems to affirmations they are surprising, inspirational, & even possibly unsettling. One thing is certain: after reading this forty-eight-page volume, you will come away with food for thought as it pertains to Black identity, what it is, and what it means.



MY IDENTITY QR CODE



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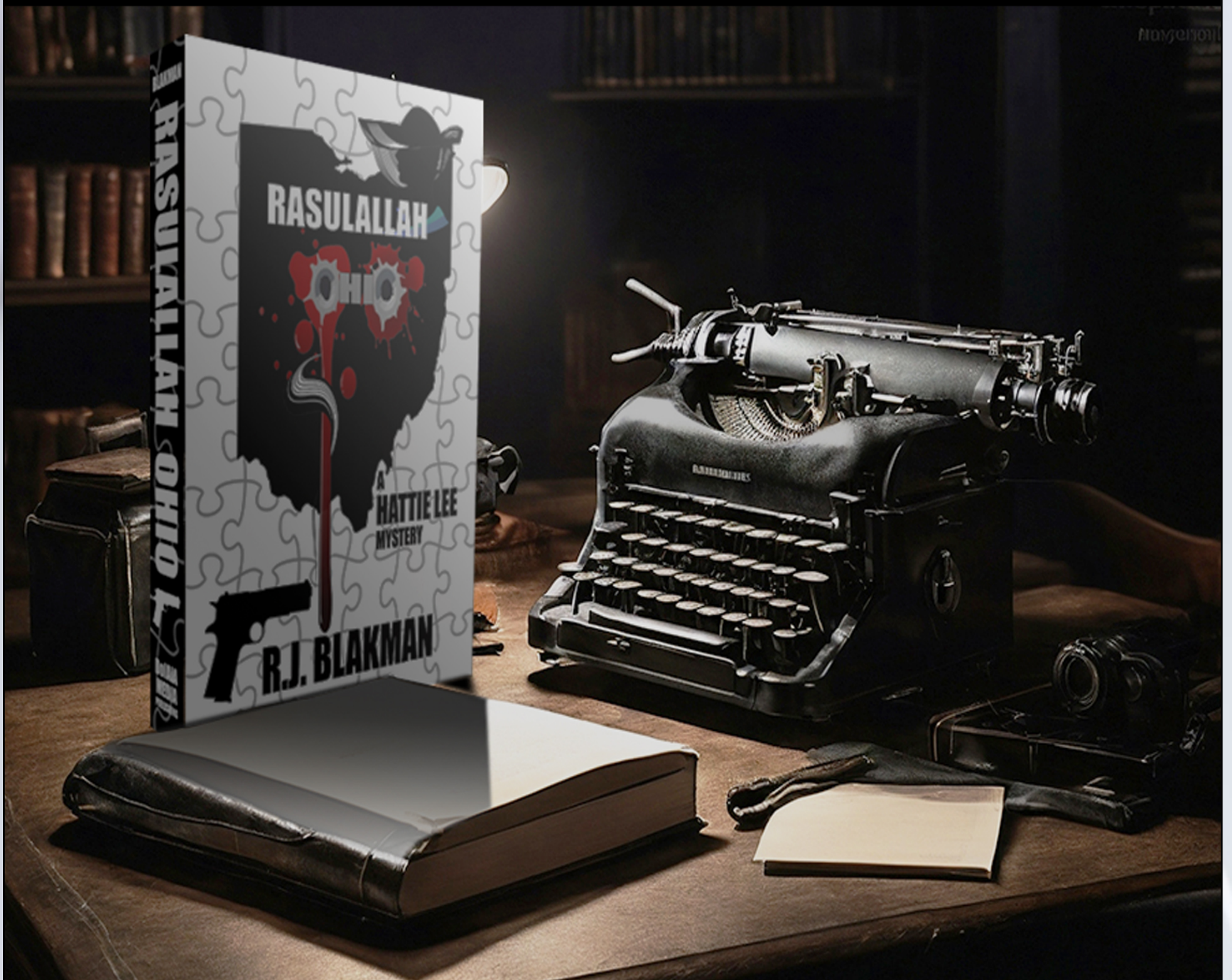
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1960s Ohio

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

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



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

RASULALLAH OHIO: A HATTIE LEE MYSTERY

Available at: <https://iyapoyapa.com/rusulallah-ohio.html>

or click the image above for the direct link.

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



The DRAGONS of HARLEM - The Complete 3rd Chapter

Dixon wasn't a big fan of accompanying Jaster when he would go out to someone's house, or some dive to gamble. Dixon didn't approve of gambling and cared even less for the game of poker—especially the potential of losing money playing it.

He most especially had no great love of playing cards with strangers.

Particularly when money was involved.

Jaster had no such compunctions. It may have been because he almost never lost. It seemed as if it were nigh impossible for him

to lose. There were times Dixon suspected that just to keep games interesting Jaster would throw a hand every now and then, even when his hand may have been pat, and there were substantial stakes on the table.

His guess was that Jaster Caine loved playing and the winning was just a happy consequence. That said, Jaster definitely liked the money, of which the men of the Dragons of Harlem always had more than enough to do whatever it was they wanted to do.

Jaster's streaks could not just be

attributed to skill, or even to luck for that matter. There was something else going on—something that no one—even Dixon or Jaster himself—could quite put their finger on. It can almost go without saying that young Jaster Caine had been accused of cheating

on several occasions, two of which involved a loaded revolver pointed at his forehead.

On the two occasions that happened the person pulling the weapon, whether they had meant to pull the trigger, or was just trying to scare Jaster, found out the hard way that of all the things one

can choose to do in the world, the one big no no was to threaten by word or deed, Jaster Caine. The fact they both lived to tell the tale had more to do with Jaster's restraint and a little bit of luck on their parts than anything else.

Jaster and Dixon stood in the hallway of the newly built but low rent apartment building hallway. Muffled sounds of arguments, laughter, music and babies crying were coming from the various rooms and giving the corridor a kind of character of its own.





The DRAGONS of HARLEM - The Complete 3rd Chapter (Continued)

“Here we are... B-12.” Jaster said looking at the number on the door and preparing to knock.

“Caine, why do you insist on dragging me along with you to these seedy card games? I never participate and ultimately just end up sitting in a corner reading a book or writing down ideas for inventions.”

Jaster grinned widely, turned a little toward Dixon and patted him firmly on the shoulder. “I bring you cuz you mah’ good luck charm man!”

“Try again Boy.” Dixon said with a half-smile, “I’ve been watching you play poker for a couple years now, and I’ve come to the conclusion that when it comes to winning, the last thing you need is luck.”

Jaster snickered and raised his hands in an ‘ok, I give up’ position. “Alright, alright, you got me! I brings you along so’s I kin have some backup if thangs start goin’ south. You know. Shit kin go bad real quick sometimes when you playin’ cards wit da wrong folk.”



“True enough, but you can more than handle yourself just fine from what I’ve observed. So, it isn’t likely you brought me here for any kind of protection. Besides, if you really wanted a bodyguard, or some backup, you’d have asked Xander to come rather than dragging me to these little gatherings.”

“Who says I didn’t?” Jaster said as he gave Dixon a smile and a wink, then turned his attention back to the door and knocked. The knock wasn’t a natural one, it was two slow taps, then three in quick succession, followed by one more knock, a pause

and then two quick ones after that. A code—a secret knock.

“Oh, brother.” Dixon whispered as he looked first to his right, then to his left down the hallway. He then hung his head, looking at the floor, “I know you don’t need me here to fight. None of us really needs help in that department. I just don’t know why you insist on dragging me out here. One of these nights I’m going to get caught in a police raid fucking around with you out here. I just know it.”



The DRAGONS of HARLEM - The Complete 3rd Chapter (Continued)

Jaster let out a chuckle that sounded closer to a cough as he turned his head quickly to the man who was with him. “Why Dixon Daltree.” He said grinning from ear to ear and speaking with mock concern, “Do you kiss yo mama wit dat mouth?” He turned again to face the door as both men could hear someone approaching from the other side. Jaster stood up a little straighter, tugged at his coat and the hem of his suit jacket to straight them out a bit, and then made certain his hat was positioned properly, (an odd thing to do given that he would be removing it upon stepping into the apartment).

Come on Jaster. Why am I really here?” Dixon said, more insistently.

Jaster gave a protracted sigh as if somehow defeated. “We still have those missin’ people ta track down.” He said in a harsh whisper. “Nuthin’ got a groupa grown men talkin’ like a good game o’ poker. Better’n’a old ladies sewin’ circle. If anybody at those games knows anything about what happened to Ominiki or any of the other people who disappeared, we might find it out. So’s, I still git

ta play mah cards, and might catch some scuttlebutt at the same time. Kill two birds wit one stone. Now shut yer yap!”

“Man, why didn’t you just say that in the first place?!” Dixon whispered back. “It sounds like a descent plan. I can sit and read while you play and we both can keep our ears opened.”

Both men kept an eye on the peep hole in the door, and presently saw a dim light emerge from it, followed by as shadow—the light again, and the shadow. They then heard

what sounded like a couple locks, including a chain lock being opened from the other side. The doorknob turned slowly, and the door opened.

When the door opened, the men were greeted by a pudgy Black man with short hair that had not yet been taken over by his male pattern baldness. He wore baggy gray trousers and a striped, blue shirt that—though clean—looked as if it had seen better days. The shirt was untucked and unbuttoned, revealing beneath it a white t shirt that looked as if it were new. In his mouth he held a cigar





The DRAGONS of HARLEM - The Complete 3rd Chapter (Continued)

that smelled every bit as cheap as it looked.

Neither man waiting in the hallway had a chance to say anything before the man inside stuck his head out in order to scan the hall. Quickly, he looked to the right, then left and to the right again. Pulling himself back inside, he held the door a little wider. “Jaster Caine.” He said, looking the man in front of him up and down as if it were his first time seeing him. “You didn’t tell me you was bringin’ somebody with ya.” He said finally as he turned his attention to Dixon and gave him the once over.

“It’s alright Josie.” Jaster assured the man. “I kin vouch fo’ ‘em.”

“Shit man.” The man in the door said, still looking Dixon up and down, now a little more slowly. He removed the cigar from his mouth—something it seemed didn’t happen very often—and used it to point at Jaster. “Who’s supposed ta vouch for YOU?” he joked (having had Jaster participate by playing in many of his illegal gambling ventures).

“Hell Josie, come on man, you know my rep’ roun’ Harlem. You know ‘em alright. Look, I jus’ came ta’ play some cards an’ try ta win me some money.”



“Yeah. And your friend?”

“I’m his good luck charm.” Dixon said in a mocking voice.

“Come on man.” Jaster said, pulling a huge wad of bills from his pocket. “I’m just here ta’ play some poker. So, you gonna let us in or not?”

Josie stared at the money for a moment. Jaster Caine typically brought more money with him than would be the complete pot of a high stakes game at any given time. He leaned out the door one more time and checked, making sure the coast was clear, then ducked back inside, opened the door wider and stood to the side. “Come on, come on. Get your asses in here.” He said finally.

The two men stepped inside, both removing their fedoras as they did and looked around. The man who



The DRAGONS of HARLEM - The Complete 3rd Chapter (Continued)

had just let them in closed the door, turned the lock on it, put the chain back in place and slid closed the deadbolt lock that was over it. He then turned around.

“Josie, this here’s ma’ friend Dixon Daltree.” Jaster said. “Dixon, this is Mr. Josiah H. Maccabee, we calls ‘em Josie. He runs some ‘o da best poker games in Harlem. He also runs numbers, takes bets on the races an’ puts together a mean crap game. Josie... Dixon.”

“Quite the mogul.” Dixon said as he reached out and shook Josie’s hand. “Good to know you.”

“Same.” Josie said. “Ok. Well, as you can see, we already got a game goin’ over there in the first room. There’s another room beside it, got a second game goin’ on, and one more in mah spare room. You know which one Jaster. You boys can pick one and get in on the next hand.”

“Thank you, no,” Dixon said. “I didn’t come to play. I’m just hanging out with my friend.”

Josie immediately became suspicious. “Wait a minute now.” He said, “I ain’t never heard o’ nobody comin’ to a poker game just to be with their friend and not play thierself, unless there was ‘bout ta be some cheatin’ goin’ on.”



“Damn Josie.” Jaster said, “Niggah, you no better’n that. You know me, an’ you knows Jaster Caine don’t cheat. Shit... I don’t NEED to, the way most folks play poker.”

“I know that. An’ you know I run clean games Caine. But you know as well as I do that players

who come in with folk what ain’t playin’ look suspicious as hell.”

“I know.” Jaster conceded.

“I just planned on sitting in a corner reading this book.” Dixon interjected as he held up a copy of *Quantum Theory Proposed*.

“Hell is that?” Josie said, again using his cheap cigar as a pointer. He was able to read the cover, but was at a loss to understand what it meant.



The DRAGONS of HARLEM - The Complete 3rd Chapter (Continued)

“It’s called Quantum Theory Proposed.” Dixon said, now becoming a bit animated, “It is a book about an emerging field of science called quantum mechanics and—”

“Well, that sounds ‘bout as fancy as it can sound.” Josie interrupted. “But I ain’t runnin’ no Christian Science Reading Room here. If you wanna be in this apartment, you need ta be playin’ poker, elseways, you need ta go on back where you came from.”

Jaster looked at Dixon. “Man, we came all dis way, an’ you know I jus’ wanna play tonight. So, look.” Jaster pulled the wad out his pocket, let it unfurl and peeled off a good third of it, handing it to his friend. “Here... I’ll stake ya. You can play wit my money. Josie here has three games goin’ on. I’ll play at one table, you can play at another un. Whadday say?”

Reluctantly Dixon dropped the book down to his side and took the money.

“Well all REET!” Dixon said and grinned widely. He then turned his

head to look at Josie and said, “We ok now?”

“Yeah, we’re good.”

All three men left the entryway and walked into the room where the action was.

* * *

A few hours later, Jaster’s pockets were so full of money they were bulging, and Dixon’s didn’t look much different. Jaster had used his ability to have an idea of what people were thinking, or just his unique brand of strange luck, every step of the way. But even he was curious as to how Jaster managed to win so much money.

“I know what I do.” Jaster said as they walked the nearly deserted early morning street. But how did you manage to win all that damn money? You got a system or sumptin’?”

“No system, but frankly, a little bit of a cheat if you want to call it that.”

“What? Wuz you cheatin’ in there?! You know how I feel ‘bout that!”





The DRAGONS of HARLEM - The Complete 3rd Chapter (Continued)

“Some people might call it cheating, but really, I just base it on probability. I just keep the probabilities in my head as cards are drawn and revealed. After all, cards at its most basic is just a mathematical equation, and you know how I am with math.”

“Yeah, we ALL know how you are with math.”

“So, there it is.”

“Ok... well, I don't count that as cheatin'. I puts that under a skill, like I have. So, I guess that's alright.”

Dixon reached into his coat pocket and pulled out one of the huge rolls of cash. “By the way, let me give you back the money you staked me.”

Jaster held up a hand. “Ah, we kin do that shit when we git home. I'm ready ta git inside, I'm freezin' my ass off out here.”

Unexpectedly, in front of them, a dark figure emerged from the shadows. It looked like that of a mortal man, but it still took on a look that was ominous and foreboding. As the figure stepped

into the dim light of the alley Dixon and Jaster in front of him could tell he was holding a gun of some kind—most likely a revolver.

“No need to give that to your friend. I'll be happy ta' take that off your

hands fer'ya. And the rest o' what you boys got.” The dark figure said.

Jaster and Dixon looked at the gun, and it was all they could do to keep from laughing. They shook their heads and Dixon said. “Sir, look. We don't want any trouble, and I'm pretty sure you probably don't either.

I've got an idea. I'm going to hand my friend his money and he's going to put it in his pocket. I'm going to put the rest of my money back in my pocket. And you can put your gun in your own pocket. Then we'll go our way, and you, sir, will live to go yours.”

“You hearin' this nigga?” the man said over his shoulder and into the darkness behind him.

“Yep.” Came a voice floating out from the visible man's left, slightly





The DRAGONS of HARLEM - The Complete 3rd Chapter (Continued)

echoing in the alley. “They really thought they wuz gone jus’ take all our money ‘n walk on home.”

“Uh, huh. Big mistake boys.” Said the man with the gun.

“Yeah. Wit all dat money burnin’ a hole in their pockets, you’duh thought they’d a’ got a cab.” Came another voice from the darkness and on the gunman’s right. “Cheap bastards.”

The two men to whom the voices belonged, along with two more who had remained silent, stepped out of the shadows to join their partners in crime. They stood behind and to either side of him, two of the men were of approximately the same build as the man with the gun. One was slightly taller, and definitely more muscular, and another man—the one on his right—was tall and lanky, with a menacing contenance, and holding a baseball bat, as was the man to his left, from what Jaster and Dixon could make out in the near darkness.

They all stood quietly for a moment

staring at each other, when Jaster broke the silence.

“Ya’ll know who I am, right?” Jaster said unemotionally.

“Yeah, said the man who was now in the middle, and still pointing his gun. “You’re Jaster Caine. Supposed to be some kinda big shit, comes ta’ fightin’. An’ maybe you are. I don’t know nuthin’ bout your friend over there. But I’d be willin’ ta bet that the two o’ ya, u can’t win a fight against five men, two baseball bats an’ a bunch o’ bullets.”



“You all lost fair and square.” Dixon said. “You might be feeling the hurt of all that money you lost, but if you back off right now, that will be the only pain you’ll have to deal with tonight.”

“Listen at that one!” The lanky man said, sounding gleeful. “I don’t know if they can fight or not, but they sho’ as hell kin TALK big!”

“Well, they ain’t talkin’ their way outta this. We done wasted enough



The DRAGONS of HARLEM - The Complete 3rd Chapter (Continued)

time out here. We done playin'. You two boys jus' empty out your pockets and give us the money, and you two can go home tonight in one piece. Now... you kin go out on yer feet, or you kin be carried out on yer backs. It don't make a hell o' a lot a' difference ta us."

in the dark, now crowded alley. He immediately got back to back with Dixon, and together they moved back in the direction of the gun that had never stopped being trained on them from the moment the first man appeared from the shadows.

Neither Jaster nor Dixon was afraid of the five men. Least of all the one with the gun, and they had absolutely no intention of giving their hard-won money to a group of thugs. They weren't afraid, but they weren't fools or fool hardy. They knew better than to turn their backs on a man with a gun.



"I heard what you said while you were walkin' down the street boy." One of the new men said, directing his statement to Dixon. "You said you was usin' math and shit to beat us out. Far as I'm concerned you was cheatin'. And I hates a card cheat. So let's see if that math

"Come on Caine." Dixon said to the man with him. "We're leaving." They both began to walk backward slowly and evenly.

is gonna git you outta this here ass whoopin' if the two o' you don't come up off that cash real quick."

"Fuck you!" Jaster growled.

Suddenly Jaster heard a loud noise from behind him. "Shit! What the fuck?!" Jaster yelled as he quickly spun around as Dixon continued to face the five men in front of them who had not, as to this moment, taken a single step toward them.

The nine men stood blocking both ways out of the alley.

"You boys really wanna do this thing?" Jaster said without the least bit of tension in his voice.

Jaster stood facing four more men

"Ohhhhhhh yeah." One of the men said as he slowly pulled a set of



The DRAGONS of HARLEM - The Complete 3rd Chapter (Continued)

brass knuckles out of his inside jacket pocket and slowly slipped them around his fingers.

“Brass knuckles?” Jaster said. “Ta my count, there’s ‘bout nine o’ you, an’ there’s two o’ us. You got knuckles, them guys over there have baseball bats, an’ one ‘o ya’s got a gun. By my reckonin’, one man needs ta leave. You know... ta even things up.”

“What difference does it make?” said the man who had just put on the brass knuckles. “You boys think you can take on eight of us better than nine? Four of us apiece? Is that what you’re thinking?”

“He wasn’t talking about one of you leaving.” Dixon said, “He was talking about me or him leaving.”

“Is that a fact now?” Another man said as he also produced a set of brass knuckles. He was followed by another man, and then another until all of them who weren’t carrying bats, a knife or a gun, were sporting the knuckles that gleamed every now

and then when the light from a single alley streetlamp hit them.

“Yes my friend, that is a fact.” Dixon said calmly.

“Oh... so you think jus’ one o’ you fellas kin take all us down all by your lonesome?! Whattchu gonna do boy? Throw that fuckin’ book at us an’ bore us ta death?”

All the attackers started laughing at once. “I’d like ta see that.” He finished.

Jaster and Dixon looked at each other and smirked.

“You wanna stick around or me?” Jaster asked. “Well, I feel like I’ve just pretty much blown most of my evening with this foolishness... but I would like to get in some more study time.” Dixon replied. “You sure you’re alright with me going home?”

Jaster did a quick look, sizing up the men around him and his friend, then paused for a moment and looked to Dixon. “Sure... no problem. I’ll be fine.” Jaster said as he began loosening up. “Xander taught me a thing or three.”





The DRAGONS of HARLEM - The Complete 3rd Chapter (Continued)

“Alright,” Dixon called out to the men surrounding him and his friend. “Jaster here’s gonna stay and dance with you good gentleman. I’m going to get home and out of this cold.”

“That’s fine.” The man with the gun said. “Long as you leave that fuckin’ roll here.”

Dixon dug in his pockets and pulled the wads and wads of cash out that were stuffed in his pocket. He first held them up high so that the attackers could see it clearly, then and handed it all in a bundle to Jaster, who stuffed it all into the already,

nearly fully pregnant pockets of his own coat. Dixon then turned all his pants pockets inside out, and then did the same with his suit jacket and coat pockets. He raised his hands and turned around. “Good enough?” he said as he slowly turned in a circle.

“Yeah... that’s fine.” The gunman said as he grinned widely in anticipation of coming into the huge and sudden windfall.

With his hands still raised, Dixon walked past the five men in front of

him, and toward the opening of the alley. One of the men made sure they gave Dixon a hard shoulder as he passed. Dixon stopped for a moment and turned back to face Jaster. “Remember this one.” He called. Then turned back around and kept walking.

“I got ‘em.” Jaster said as he slowly nodded.

Dixon made his way to the mouth of the alley that would put him on the more brightly lit sidewalk. He stopped before reaching it and turned around as he saw the gang of men slowly

inching toward his friend. “And for God’s sake try not to kill any of them!” Dixon yelled.

“I’ll try, but that’s up ta them!” Jaster called back.

Dixon turned and continued walking out into the wider city, “And try not to get any blood on my share of the money!” he yelled back without turning around. Dixon then stepped into the full lights of the street and turned left and disappeared behind one of the buildings.





The DRAGONS of HARLEM - The Complete 3rd Chapter (Continued)

“You one dumb son-of-a-bitch.” The slender man with the baseball bat said as the nine men slowly converged on Jaster. “Now that yer friend’s walked outta here, you’re gonna be takin’ twice the ass whoopin’”

the wall and then back to his book.

Dixon did not look up. “Well, that took longer than I expected.” He said loudly enough that the man entering the house could hear him.

As Dixon continued walking, he could hear the distant sound of a gun discharging. He grinned, chuckled a little and shook his head slightly. Then he pulled the collar of his coat more tightly around his neck. He then hunched and put his hands in his pockets and picked up his pace so he could get back to his nice warm home and start reading his book.



“It was cold out and I move a little slower in the cold.” Jaster said as he closed the door behind him and walked into the living room where Dixon was sitting.”

Dixon took a moment to look at Jaster. He had a black eye and a couple visible bruises, (there may have been more).

His coat—one of his favorites was ripped at the right shoulder, and there were definite blood stains on the coat, clothes and hands of Jaster Caine, blood that most likely was not Jaster’s. All in all, it looked to Dixon that although it was undeniable to anyone who saw him, Jaster had been in a fight—the man still wasn’t any worse for wear.

It was already late when Dixon made it home. He sat in the living room, nearly nodding off, but forcing himself to stay awake as he studied a few chapters of Quantum Theory Proposed and sipped hot cocoa. Eventually he heard someone step up and onto the stoop of the apartment, and then heard in the background, a key being slipped into the lock, doorknob turning and door coming open. Dixon looked at the clock on

* . * . *

After giving Jaster a thorough once over, Dixon calmly turned his attention back to his book. “You have a black eye.” Dixon said calmly.

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The DRAGONS of HARLEM - The Complete 3rd Chapter (Continued)

turned his attention back to his book. “You have a black eye.” Dixon said calmly. “You’re slipping. Any of them dead?” he continued nonchalantly.

“Nah. But right about now, with the pain they’re in, more than a couple of ‘em are probably wishin’ they were.”

Jaster dug into his pockets, pulled out a wad of money and counted it, then handed Dixon his share. Dixon took it and looked at it over the top of his glasses to inspect it. “You got blood on it. I asked you not to get blood on my money.” Dixon said, half kidding. Jaster shrugged. “Couldn’t be helped. ‘Sides, you said TRY not ta git blood on your money. I tried.” He said as he looked around the room. “Is Xander here?”

“At this hour? Of course, he is... we’re not talking about Midas here. He’s upstairs in his room, sleeping more than likely. Why?”

“Oh, I figured I’d go up there, wake ‘em up an’ tell ‘em ‘bout tonight’s festivities. Show ‘em my black eye fo’ it fades. You know how fast I heal up.”

“You go up there and tell Xander he missed out on the kind of fight you just had and he’s gonna flip his lid!”

“Yeah... I know! ‘Em’ah show that boy what ya miss out on when ya pass up a night on the town wit Jaster Caine!” Jaster laughed as he bounded up the stairs two at a time, “HEY! XANDER! WAKE YO’ ASS UP!”



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Why Black FIRST Matters!

I'm convinced that the voices like that of Sunny Hostin from *The View*, have been politically corrected literally out of their minds and are given a blow horn. This is done, in my opinion, so that political conservatives or right leaning commentators like Colman Hughe, Candace Owen, Thomas Sowell, Tim Scott and a host of others can be portrayed as the voice of reason within the Black community.

What is the net effect?

Republicanism, conservatism and the Christian right (or more accurately, the Christian WHITE), are linked with common sense, and Black people, our struggles, movements and quest for justice and liberation are relegated to the trash bin along with DEI, Affirmative action (which benefited EVERYONE ELSE more than the Black people it was touted to be for). The subject of something like reparations for the Descendants of Enslaved Afrikans in America or having the playing field be genuinely leveled is pooh poohed because we have allowed ourselves (and in fact, fought to link ourselves) with EVERYONE'S "battle," no matter how far-fetched and/or depraved.

We therefore are identified with Latinos, immigrants, LGBTQIA+, Asians, People of Color in general, and so on when the fact is, our struggle is something that is unique to OUR people and should be

considered separately.

It has gotten to the point where individuals, like Cornell West, LITERALLY will not mention Black people without also mentioning LGBTQ+, and to a degree People Of Color (POC) and conflating their struggle with ours. What he and people like him are not taking into consideration is that no one is treated the way Descendants of Enslaved Afrikans in America (DoEAiA) are. NO ONE!

We hear each group saying that we are ALL mistreated within the Global System of White supremacy (SoWS), however (and this is one of the few points of disagreement I have with

The Great Nealy Fuller, Jr.) just because people are mistreated that doesn't make all of our struggles the same within this global SoWS. It isn't and never was that these people were being treated like they were Black—they just aren't treated like they're white.

There IS a difference.

As we continued hitching our grievances with them and allowing them to hitch theirs with ours, a conservative president is about to take office with a conservative house majority, along with a conservative senate, along with a conservative supreme court.



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Why Black FIRST Matters! (Continued)

They are about to do away with all the madness—a madness that we have either been forced to, allowed to, or actively participated in being absorbed into—which in my opinion, was likely the plan all along. Now we're about to watch all these fringe nutjobs, like men who are saying they are women and, women and men who are saying men can get pregnant and women and men who are saying men who identify as women should be able to participate in women's sports and use women's restroom facilities, are about to be thrown overboard—and we're handcuffed to them.

All the so-called “allies” are being called out for their over-the-top rhetoric and it is difficult for those who have taken the lead (the voices of lunacy I just referred to), to walk it back.

As I watched an episode of *Piers Morgan Uncensored* (and interesting title since he censored the hell out of himself when Jay Z and Beyonce threatened a lawsuit), his panel consisted of two white men, a dark skinned British Black woman and an effeminate Black American man along with Piers himself of course. EVERYONE on the panel was talking sense, common sense and making sense (to greater or lesser degrees) except for ONE person—guess WHO?!

It isn't just on this show, there are a host of others where effeminate Black men

were willing to go to the mat for Kamala Harris. The same woman who, if she had it her way would have eagerly thrown any one of their Black asses in prison (if they were poor and of no means), when she was California's attorney general.

As has been the case for decades and centuries by a SoWS media that's controlling our narrative, Black men continue to be made into an impotent, castrated laughingstock on the world stage! We click to CNN so that we can watch Van Jones who seemingly can't make it through a discussion without the lights in the studio reflecting off of his tear moistened cheeks.



Turn to MSNBC and there you'll find effeminate Black men who are more concerned about making certain that Kamala Harris's name is pronounced correctly than they are the fact that she used Black men in prison under her as slave labor—and then continued to fight to keep them in that position even after their sentences were completed. On the other side of the isle, we have the Black conservatives who the media has pushed to the forefront of corporate and political power structures (all of which fall under the umbrella of the SoWS), among whom the DoEAiA, are woefully underrepresented almost to the point of parody.



Why Black FIRST Matters! (Continued)

There is, (at least for me) no denying that this has been done on purpose! At the beginning of the article, I spoke of who gets to be the voice of reason, but only within the context of the SoWS, further buttressing the narrative that it is the WASPs (White Anglo Saxon Protestants), and other white people in general, who are the voice of reason, and the standard by which normality is to be judged.

All of this confusion is being caused by our people (or more accurately, the people who are putting themselves in the place of spokespeople for us), who are linking arms with groups to the left and right of us who do not have our interests at heart. Their motivations and methods are varied, as are their tactics, but at the end of the day, they always have the same effect—chaos and confusion among our people and the appearance to the world that we are, as Gunnery Sargent Hartman said in *Full Metal Jacket*, “...unorganized grab-assstic pieces of amphibian shit.”

This is a direct result of not putting ourselves first and not even attempting, no matter how tepidly, to gatekeep our people. Anyone who wants to claim Blackness is allowed to do so under the “one drop” rule. What is the result of it?

I dunno... let’s ask Native Americans how that “five dollar Indian” thing worked out for them.

I understand that the situations aren’t exactly the same, and that it was not the Native Americans who were the perpetrators of the five dollar Indian. My point is that there are always going to be factions who are going to move heaven and earth to be within the spaces of people they seek to control and/or exploit. Once inside, the battles become those of controlled opposition—seeming as if the person beside you (your “ally”) is helping you fight the power, when in truth, they are working beside you as they continue to support and reinforce the SoWS.



Vladimir Lenin said it best: “The best way to control the opposition is to lead it ourselves.”

And that is exactly what happens. Because our people absolutely refuse to gatekeep, we keep allowing into our spaces the very people who are working against our liberation, and then—at least for me—the worst part of it is, that every time we look at things and see that NOTHING has changed in any real, or substantial way for decades and centuries, we are dumfounded, unable to figure out *WHY?*!

Every race has their own agenda and puts themselves first. EVERY race group—except one. Black people. We seem determined to incorporate everyone into our group and under our cause.



Why Black FIRST Matters! (Continued)

We seem determined to “invite everyone to the barbecue” as the saying goes. We seem determined to say, “There is only ONE race, the HUMAN race”, while every other race around us shows that they are strictly for the concerns of their own groups.

I see absolutely nothing wrong with each group being occupied with the well-being of their own group. Being part of a global system and citizens of the world are not mutually exclusive!

One can put their family’s health, safety, security, and well-being first and foremost before anything on the mortal plane, and simultaneously have deep concern for their neighbors, their neighborhood, their city, state and country and all the people in it and a willingness to do what one can to be of assistance. The two things aren’t mutually exclusive. We can care for others AFTER we know our own family situation is stable and secure! If we examine it, once a people have become stable, then that stability gives them the luxury of being able to assist and be concerned about others.

I mean, really—let’s look at this thing.

You and your colleague arrive at work one morning. Both of you are pushing your cars because they both broke down at the same time. At the end of the day,

you go to your colleague and help him (or her) get their car running, which takes several hours, and you used your tools resources to help. The engine roars to life and your colleague drives off leaving you standing there looking at him (or her) as they head back home to live a life of peace and religious fulfillment.



You see them extend their arm out the window waving at you, that you can barely see because it’s getting dark. And there you stand, in the middle of an empty parking lot, in the dark, with no resources because you used them helping to repair someone else’s vehicle, who had ZERO intention of ever assisting you.

What was the correct course of action?

Fix your own car first. When your colleague asks for tools to help with his, the answer is “Nope. I need to get my car running first.” Then after your car is running, and you are out of resources, since you wanted to assist, you can now drive someplace to get more resources to help your colleague, or take them with you, or any number of things, because now your car is running, and you have the options and luxury of being able to assist. The problem is, that as Black people, our default seems to be the first scenario, and it may take a long time for us to break out of that self-defeating habit.

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Why Black FIRST Matters! (Continued)

And by the way—in the first scenario, history has borne out that when it comes to others coming to OUR aid, more often than not, it is exactly as described. We help, give our time, effort, energy, resources and then, when we have nothing left, but still require assistance, no one is around, especially those we just assisted in getting on their way.

How many times does this have to happen to us?!

For right now, Black people in the West and Europe seem to be entrenched in that thinking unfortunately (especially Descendants of Enslaved Afrikans in America), because we have had decades and centuries of conditioning that has taught us to put everyone else FIRST.



However, there is a shining light on the horizon.

It is called “The Sahel”. The Sahel consists of the Afrikan countries Burkina Faso, Mali, Niger. These are countries that have all gotten the memo! They are countries of Black people who have seen the results and lessons of the second scenario and have decided to their credit to go with the first!

The Sahel region is led by several Afrikan organizations and groups, including Sahel Alliance, G5 Sahel, Alliance of Sahel States, Office of the Special Coordinator for Development

in the Sahel. The leadership appears to operate in the spirit of the most honorable Thomas Sankara in that they are truly seeking Burkina Faso—a land of Upright People! The Sahel understands that without sovereignty one has zero power and is therefore at the whim of what any and everyone wants to do with them. The

goal of the Sahel is to regain power and be sovereign, not for the purposes of the conquest of others, which is time consuming, energy depleting and ultimately pointless. The goal is to create a situation in which there is a land that is autonomous and with a government led by those who genuinely care about the region and the people and is unincumbered by the hindrance of SoWS puppet leaders who act on western

interests.

They have recognized that there is no logical reason that a continent with the most mineral and resource rich on the planet—should have the poorest people. They recognize that they have an enemy that has as their goal, the raping of their land, and theft of their resources, at the expense of the indigenous peoples who are there since the foundations of their lineage.

Most importantly, they understand something that I believe has been brainwashed out of “U.S.A.! U.S.A.! U.S.A.!” Black people. Without a nation, you have nothing.

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Why Black FIRST Matters! (Continued)

You have no protection, you have no recourse, you have no, “or else what?”. That is where many of us are (at least in the United States). Embracing a country where the founding documents—the Magna Carta, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights and the very philosophy behind the so called “great experiment”, were created while our people were in CHAINS!

Not just were we in chains, but us being in chains was a FEATURE of the foundation and success of the U.S.!

We must be leery of anyone (Black, white, POC) who is trying to sever us from our Afrikan heritage, because truly, whether an American from Afrika, or a Haitian, Jamaican, Brazilian, Brit or what have you, whose lineage is from the continent—THAT is your home base, THAT is the source of your freedom within a system of nation states! THAT is the mother and father you can run home crying to when the bad ol’ western bullies are abusing, murdering, and terrorizing you!

But we MUST have a consciousness of our connection to it, and seek to do what we can to support it, because in doing so, we are buttressing OUR positions globally, so that where ever we go we can’t just be abused with impunity with no recourse, because after they dog us out, the non-Afrikan people will all ask

the same question:

“Qui va me surveiller, chérie ?” or “Wer wird mich kontrollieren, Buh?” or “Ki fog engem ellenörizni, fú?”

That’s “Whose gonna check me boo?!” French, German and Hungarian.



We need to be able to tell them, full throatily, ‘MY PEOPLE! THE MOTHER LAND WILL CHECK YOU!’

But we cannot do that until we come together and determine we will help strengthen our people on the continent! Many of us reading this—even the younger ones, may not live to see it come to pass, even if we live to ripe old ages—but this thing is about legacy, and creating a better situation for our children and our children’s children! We must give our posterity a united and sovereign mother land, for a united and sovereign motherland, will BE their, “or else... what?!”

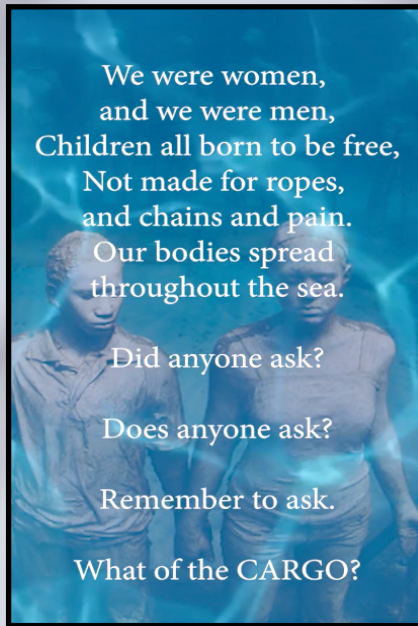
In closing--though true—unlike Westerners, they may not look at our peoples in terms of “Black”, that is the word I use to describe us and for the purposes in which I write.

They understand that it is time to PUT BLACK FIRST!



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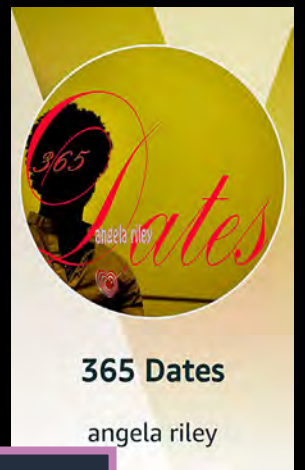
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The REAL cause of TDS and the Danger to Black People

“Privilege is invisible to the people who have it.” *Dr. Michael Scott Kimmel, Sociologist*

The day before yesterday (November 5th, 2024 as of this writing), Donald John Trump was RE-elected as president of the United States in a historic landslide victory, which will make him both the 45th and 47th president.

Everyone who knows me knows I’m a political atheist. I don’t believe in either party, nor do I believe in any independent partis. I have ZERO faith in the U.S. government to do the right thing by the people (or internationally for that matter). The entire system is corrupt from core to crust and anyone who has one iota of trust in it is—well, I’ll leave that for another day.

As I watched the compilations of melt downs of the various democrats, liberals and overall nuts, I heard various pundits on the right and conservatives say (through their laughter), that “Trump broke these people’s brains”. At first, I was inclined to agree with those observations, but now I’ve come to an epiphany. The woman who actually woke me up to this was one of the people having a meltdown, and during her melt down she wept uncontrollably saying, that when she woke up in the morning, she was going to be a slave.

It was in that moment that I understood things in a way I hadn’t before.

I’ve heard time and time again that in

terms of TDS (Trump Derangement Syndrome), which is a VERY real thing—it was Donald Trump who broke these people’s brains. I see clearly now that it was not TRUMP.



It was the mainstream media, democrat and liberal pundits who caused this sickness. As people screamed, cried, yelled, became violent (and I believe for some suicidal—it just isn’t being reported on), it was the MEDIA—particularly the mainstream media—that has caused this irrational panic. Interestingly,

EVERYTHING is called a “phobia” now. What is the

definition of a *phobia*?

A specific phobia is a marked and persistent fear of an object or situation. Specific phobias may also include fear of losing control, panicking, and fainting from an encounter with the phobia. Specific phobias are defined concerning objects or situations, whereas social phobias emphasize social fear and the evaluations that might accompany them.

Islamophobia, transphobia, homophobia, etc but when it comes to the actual earmarks of a “phobia” by definition, and people who are accused of having it, I’m not seeing evidence of a person who, for example, is not down with the trans agenda, sitting on a panel right beside someone who is transgender, and having



The REAL cause of TDS and the Danger to Black People (Continued)

“Privilege is invisible to the people who have it.” *Dr. Michael Scott Kimmel, Sociologist*

that person sweating, hyperventilating, unable to form coherent thoughts due to panic and an impending feeling of doom. I don't see any of that—NONE of these meet that criterion.

However, when it comes to Trump, people, some people without any question display what could be considered as irrational, unhinged phobic behaviors, but there is nothing called “Trumpophobia”, though people seem to display the characteristics and symptoms of actual phobias.

I am not a psychologist or psychiatrist, but I submit, based upon what I've read of psychological disorders that Trump Derangement Syndrome is a very real phenomenon, and that “Trumpophobia” if we can call it that—is an ACTUAL phobia by definition, based on people's reactions to him. That said, I suppose that the term TDS is just as good a description as would be calling the disorder Trumpophobia. I just find that interesting.

Just because someone isn't down with something doesn't make them “phobic”. When it comes to okra, I'm not Okraphobic, I just don't like the slimy stuff because it looks and tastes nasty to me.

I know many people who don't care for

chitterlings. Are they Chitlinsphobic?! Our people have got to get hold of ourselves and stop letting the corporate, propagandistic media tell us what to think!



(Sidenote: Yes, WHAT to think. They will NEVER seek to teach anyone the rudiments of HOW to think, or to do analysis. They just say, “Trust me! I'll tell you what's going on—and whatever you DO, DON'T believe your lyin' eyes!”)

Trump deranged people like Whoopie Goldberg (who once loved Trump by the way), are now vowing

to never speak his name, as if he is some unique evil—as if he is so vile that when the devil goes out trick or treating, he wears a Trump costume.

Then you have the likes of Sunny Hostin (another *The View* alum), who is completely unhinged and irrational when it comes to Trump. I'll add MSNBC's Joy Anne Reid to that group. When I speak to people about why they hate Trump or are so afraid of him, I still have yet to hear a SINGLE original or independent thought pertaining to him (or anything that is fact based). All I hear is talking points that are regurgitated by people who hate him.

For me, the situation becomes one of a perception of Black people.



The REAL cause of TDS and the Danger to Black People (Continued)

“Privilege is invisible to the people who have it.” *Dr. Michael Scott Kimmel, Sociologist*

(I am NOT equating Trump with Blackness or Black people in ANY WAY; I’m equating a situation for the purposes of understanding).

When you ask the average racist, or Black hating person (even if they’re BLACK), why it is they hate Black people or what they have against Black people, you will NEVER hear any original thought.

You will hear the non-stop propaganda that has been given to them from the moment they were born and taught to them via the SoWS. Their views will not be based in any legitimate reality about Black people, it will be absolute lies and fabrications at worst and situations the system have **created** for us and to which our people are reacting at best.

My ultimate point is that corporate media is well entrenched and has an agenda all its own. Just as with the so called “pandemic”, the media has proven that they are, through *mass formation psychosis* able to manipulate the feelings, thought processes and emotions of those who place trust in their massaging.

With this understanding it is important to realize that the problem goes far beyond Donald Trump, but at the heart of it is a media (owned and run by corporations and government entities), whose ultimate goal is to make you think they (the

corporations and/or government entities/ and special interest groups), want to you think and have a world view you believe is your own, but is actually one they installed within you like a computer program.



Like a computer program, after it is installed, your mind will not be able to process outside the perimeters of the programming, and at that point, you become more or less an automaton, moving in the world as they want you to, viewing it as they desire for you to view it (while the creators of the programing may be looking at the world clear

eyed), and rejecting anything that does not fit with the programming you have received.

The cure for this is not necessarily to no longer consume media as much as it is to understand what it is you are consuming. To understand who is giving it to you, and why—and most of all, to know the core motivations for doing so.

As I’m ceaselessly seeking to impart is that EVERYTHING that we perceive is processed based upon a foundational premise, whatever foundational premise that might be!

If one’s foundational premise is erroneous, then everything that comes from that premise will be equally erroneous if not more so!



The REAL cause of TDS and the Danger to Black People (Continued)

“Privilege is invisible to the people who have it.” *Dr. Michael Scott Kimmel, Sociologist*

It is the goal of corporate media to give people (or in some cases force upon them), a foundational premise and 99.99999% of the time, that premise is going to be flawed at best and outright wrong at worst.

However, once that premise has been established—just as with all humans (including myself, I’m human), anything presented will be filtered through the lens of that premise.

So if, for example, my foundational premise is that a biological man in a dress is a woman because she “identifies” as a woman, then anything pertaining to actual women, I will begin to attribute to these “transgender” people, even to the degree that I would start full throatedly accepting something as nonsensical as saying that “men can conceive, carry and bear children” and have absolutely no idea that I’m looking and sounding like a full on, raving lunatic as I’m doing it.

This is the place that the mainstream has taken people to, and I must admit it is disturbing to say the least. My major problem with it is that unfortunately, somehow, Black people have been lumped in with all this idiocy, and as the tide begins to shift back to some semblance of normalcy of thought, when it comes

to these ridiculous, fringe views—OUR people, Black people are being caught up in that net. There is a cartoon I saw yesterday that illustrates this perfectly (The image at center).



It shows the confederate racist, KKK member, cop and red MAGA guy and the liberal feminist, LGBTQIA+ (who for the remainder of this article will be referred to as by me as “alphabet people”) ... and Black person hugging with the capti... WAIT A MINUTE!!!

THIS is the problem!

NO, we (Black people), are not on the side of racists, or cops who are gunning us down, or MAGA who hate us, or obviously not the KKK, but why does that then automatically put us on the side of alphabet people and all this MADNESS?! Their struggle is not OUR struggle! Are there not cops, KKK members and MAGA people who are also alphabet people?!

So, what’s the deal with Caitlyn Jenner (trans), Peter Thiel (gay), Sarah Longwell (lesbian), Ryan Woods (drag queen), Mark Foley (gay), Dave Rubin (gay), Jillian Michaels (lesbian), and I could

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A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

The REAL cause of TDS and the Danger to Black People (Continued)

“Privilege is invisible to the people who have it.” Dr. Michael Scott Kimmel, Sociologist

literally just keep going. What do all of them have in common besides the fact they're part of the alphabet community? They are ALL white, conservatives and/or republicans (which isn't always the same thing). So which side do THEY fall on in that little cartoon?! Do they fall on the side of being our allies because they are all from the alphabet community or do they fall on the other side because they are conservatives or republicans, or full on MAGA? Oh—one more thing they all have in common—they're all freakin' RICH!



For the record, I have ZERO issue with people, no matter WHO they are, or WHAT they are, living their lives in peace and with every single right that ALL human beings are entitled to. FULL STOP!

The problem is, as I see it, and I know I'm repeating myself, is that when I hear them speak on these extremist, liberal fringe issues—THEY ALSO, get to be the voices of reason! Let that sink in! While WE (Black people), have voices who put themselves in the position of trying to claim they speak for us (yes Angela... I KNOW it is the SoWS who has control of who has the mic and puts them in their places—just go with me here), the likes of TDS liberals like Whoopie Goldberg on the view, Joy Reid and effeminate and or emasculated Black men like Van

Jones (when he can stop crying long enough to MAKE a point), and frauds like Michael Eric Dyson, intellectual masturbators like Cornell West, and complete JOKES like Don Lemon, spout absolute, unfounded, absurd, “woke” emotional nonsense, it creates a situation in which even the white people who are aberrations among us get to be the ones who make actual sense! (It is Caitlyn Jenner—formerly Olympic medalist and Wheaties icon—who is one of the most vocal against transgender men participating in women's sports, while the likes of Blackpeoplelikejournalist

Ernest Owens and Neil DeGrasse Tyson, who's supposed to represent intelligent Black men, argues FOR it—and by default, make the transgender white person the voice of reason on a subject that shouldn't even be an argument.)

Not to mention that Black skinned, ANTI-Black people like Jessie Lee Peterson, Candace Owens, Tim Scott, Condoleezza Rice, Larry Elder, Armstrong Williams, and the SoWS's wet dream Thomas Sowell, and others, whose arguments make perfect sense, but are detrimental to Black people within a system of white supremacy, given that they are applying standards of common sense and normalcy to ALL the wack jobs and throwing US in the mix with them. ANY Black person who does not see that this is being done



The REAL cause of TDS and the Danger to Black People (Continued)

“Privilege is invisible to the people who have it.” *Dr. Michael Scott Kimmel, Sociologist*

on purpose, with purpose and by design, to harm, marginalize and make irrelevant, Black voices (especially those of Black MEN, in that there are FAR and AWAY more common sense Black women who are allowed into the spaces when on the panels with Black men), is woefully ignorant about what is being done to their people and what the architects and maintenance engineers of the SoWS are doing to keep our people in perpetual subjugation.

Because of linking arms with the far-left wacko fringe (by those who the power structure has chosen FOR us as our leaders and spokesmen, as Malcom X pointed out over five decades ago), as if our cause is common, WE are swept away with them as this absurd, devastating “return to normalcy, stifles

them, and serves only to set our people back! Worse, it creates a situation in which the white people who benefit from and intend to continue to benefit from the structure of a system of white supremacy get to be the freaking “voice of reason” in the room!

This is a disaster!

And for me... the saddest part of it all, is that many, if not most of our people, can't even see what a disaster this is.

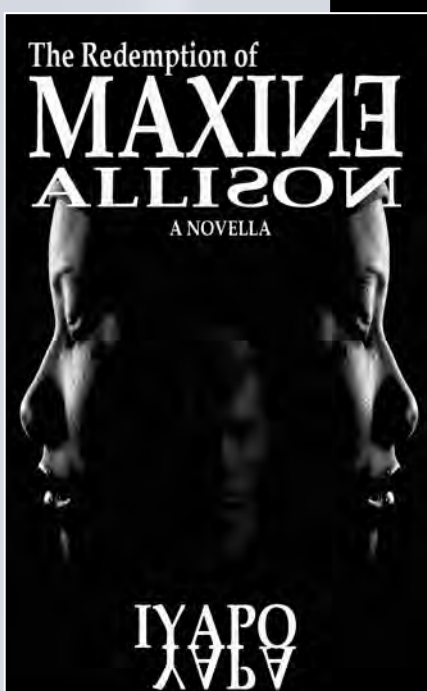
American Psychiatric Association (2013), [*Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders \(5th ed.\)*](#), Arlington: American Psychiatric

Publishing, pp. [190, 197–202](#), ISBN [978 0890425558](#)



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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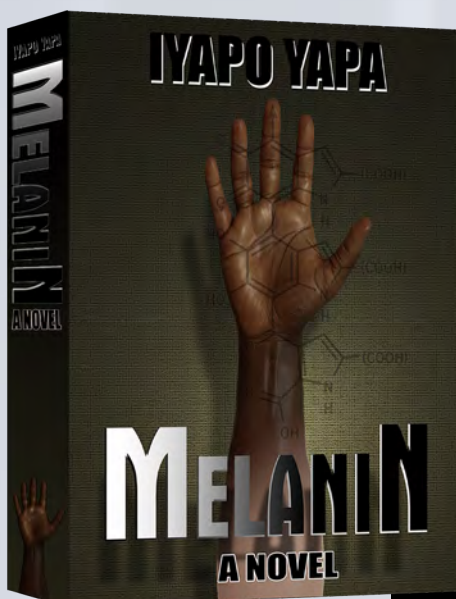
So, who knew I was a cartoonist before I became a writer?
Take a minue to check out some of my work online at:
<https://iyapoyapa.com/cartoonist-illustrator.html>
or just click the image below and it will take you straight there!



Everybody needs a hobby!
Mine is playing and composing MUSIC!
For me, playing and composing is one of the most relaxing
and fullfilling things I do with my spare time (when I HAVE
some spare time). You're welcome to check out some of
my songs at: <https://iyapoyapa.com/music.html> or
you know the deal... just click the link below. ENJOY!



After two years,
MELANIN: A Novel finally has a trailer!
(And it's an exciting one too!)
You can check it out now by clicking
the image below!
Click the image on the left to purchase the novel!



MELANIN



READING and WRITING in the

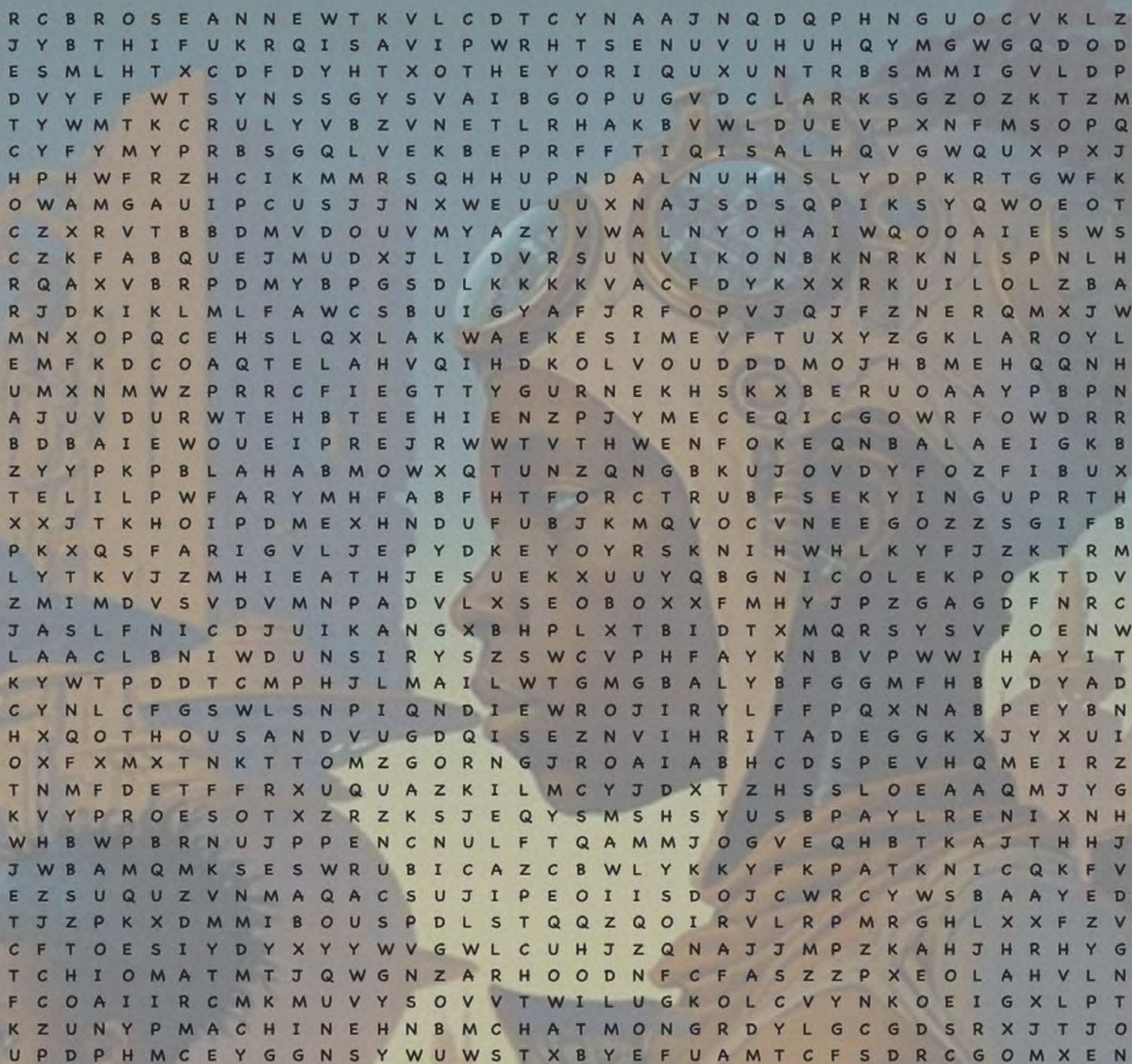
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Here is your December 2024 Word Search!

This month we have a word search puzzle for you, featuring Black Scifi / Fantasy authors and their work, whether in books or adopted for television or movies! This should be a fun one, but aren't they ALL?! Pro Tip: If you haven't done last month's crossword puzzle, the words in the word search are from that puzzle and can serve as clues, but you still have to know the answers or research them. As always, the solution to last month's puzzle is at the back of the magazine. ENJOY!

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



**WE ARE THE PAST
 WE ARE THE PRESENT
 WE ARE THE FUTURE
 THIS MONTH WE CELEBRATE
 BLACK SCIFI / FANTASY AUTHORS**

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December 2024 Word Search Clues!

ADEYEMI	AKWAEKE	ALECHIA
BRITTNEY	BROADDUS	CHATMON
CHIOMA	CLARK	EMUAKPOR
HOPKINSON	MACHINE	MARLON
MELANIN	NICOLE	OKORAFOR
OKUNGBOWA	ONYEBUCHI	PARABLE
PARADIGM	POLK	ROSEANNE
SHAWL	SOLOMON	TADE
TANANARIVE	THOUSAND	TURNBULL
WHITEHEAD		



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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Black Writers & cultural Exploration Retreat



Take a "Kwanzaa Pause" in...

caribbean COSTA RICA !!!

Tuesday, December 26, 2024 ~ Monday, January 1, 2025

REGISTER NOW!
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QUESTIONS?

Contact Retreat Facilitator, angela

email: travel@forblackus.com

or

WhatsApp or Telegram

at:



601.329.9449



CLICK ANYWHERE ON THE IMAGE ABOVE TO GO TO THE WEBSITE FOR MORE INFORMATION.

How did NaNoWriMo go?

Ok, so last month it was my intention to complete, as my NaNoWriMo (50,000 words of a book written in November) project the second edition of my anthology series *Paradigm Void* (specifically *Further Journeys into the Paradigm Void*—which I’ll just call *Further Journeys* for short for the rest of the article.). I also had set as a goal to complete my Kindle Vella series *Surviving the Worst* and put it in novel form, something I’ve already started and am up to 376 pages. That Vella story will be coming down from the platform since, sadly, Kindle Vella is going away—at least for now.

I sincerely believe they’ll keep trying until they get it right, Bezos has more than enough money to keep trying and failing. That would have made two novels I’d have completed. Third up was my passion project *Heaven Mississippi!* In addition, I knew I needed to put out magazine for December—the one you’re reading right now.

If I could complete those three projects, I would have completed three novels within a single month.

Well...

It didn’t quite turn out that way. First, I did complete the December issue of the *Reading and Writing in the DARK Magazine*, and it looks like it will be well on time. I also completed *Heaven Mississippi*. That book came in at almost six hundred pages, so I’m very proud to have written and completed it. It is now in the hands of the Beta Readers even as you read this. (That is of course if you’re reading this in December 2024 and not as a

back issue.) *Surviving the Worst* and *Further Journeys* didn’t fare quite as well. I did write some more onto *Further Journeys*, but not as much as I would have liked. I wound up writing nothing at all onto *Surviving the Worst*. Still, I gave myself NaNoWriMo credit each day, because I did write well over the 50,000 word goal—just not on *Further Journeys*, the book I initially selected as my project.

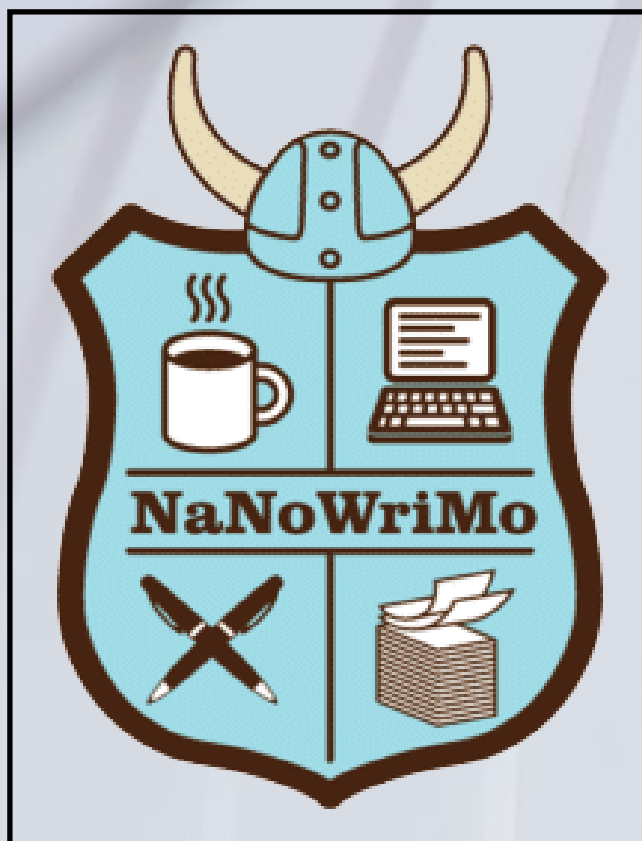
So, did I cheat? Aaagh—a little bit, but the important thing was that I did over the 50,000 word goal and got a completed novel out of it, *Heaven Mississippi*. I also went back to another book of mine to tweak it though its first edit, *The Redemption of Maxine Allison: A Novella*. *Maxine* came in at 170-some-odd pages. One of my

“pamphlets” as I like to call them.

That book is ready to go to the editor again. I also dusted off the book I did for NaNoWriMo last year, *The Dragons of Harlem!* That book tips in at about 470 pages and has a bit of a ways to go. It is definitely a good book with a lot of layers, the complete third chapter is included in this month’s magazine, so check it out and enjoy!

That’s it in a nutshell. I completed one novel, one novella, the magazine and am doing substantial work on another novel. All things considered, I feel I had a very productive November.

What do YOU think? As always my email, iyapo@iyapoyapa.com, is ALWAYS open for responses to that question and/or your feedback on my work.



READING and WRITING in the

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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.

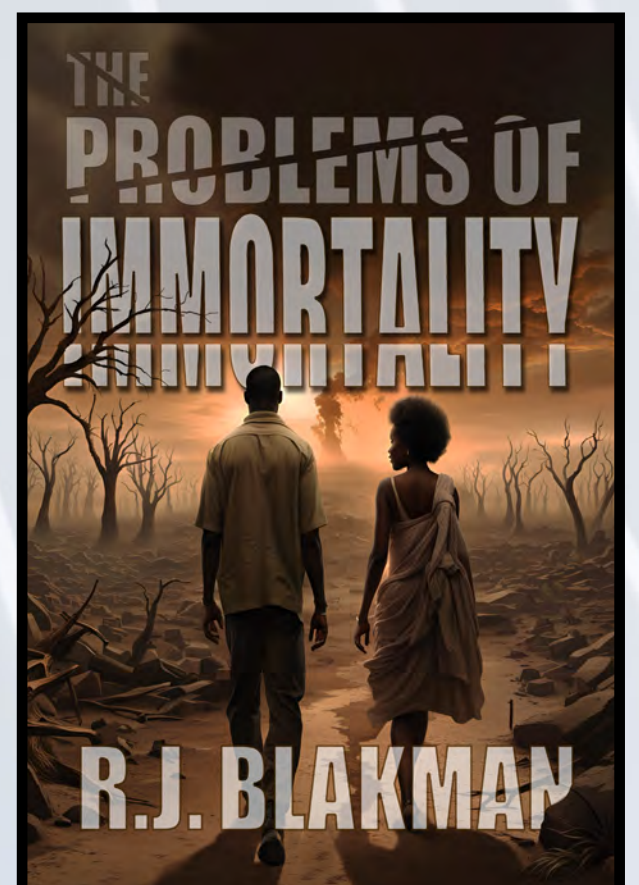
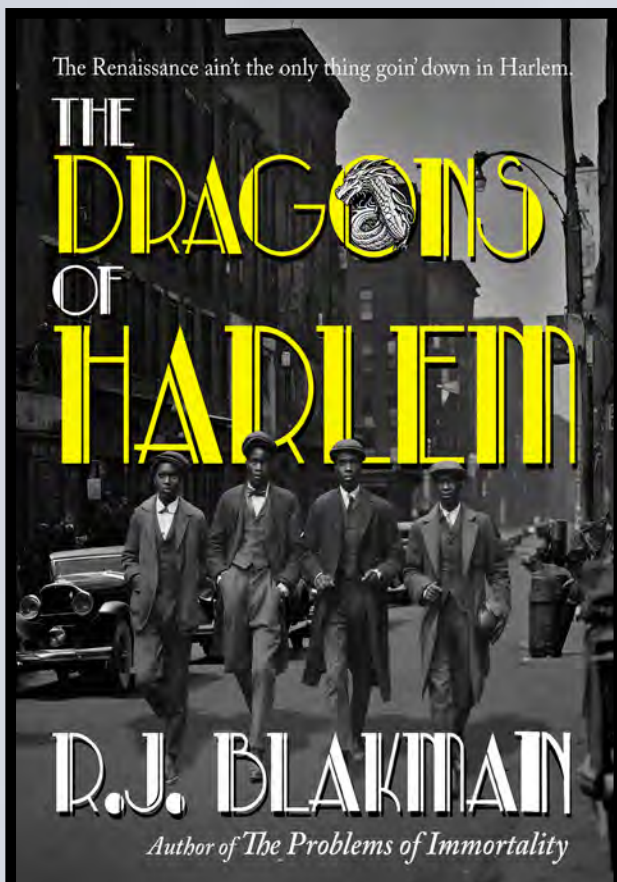
As a practice, Blakman seeks out truth and goes wherever that truth leads him, even if uncomfortable.

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!



Music to my ears: Did AI finally win me over?!

I'm not super old, but I'm old enough.

I'm not super old, but I'm old enough.

I'm old enough to remember when

MIDI stood for "Musical Instrument Digital Interface".

My first professional keyboard was a Casio CZ5000 synthesizer. I also had a Casio CZ1, a Suzuki keyboard (I can't remember the model of), a Korg drum computer (something in the TR series, but that's all I can remember), and a Casio SK_01 for sampling. Though the SK_01 was more

of a toy, I was able to do some very interesting things with it.

That said, I watched digital and electronic music develop firsthand. Those were some very exciting times. I wrote my first songs using those keyboards, sampler, drum computer and a professional mixing board. It was a Tascam, but I can't remember the model. I was in Germany in the military during that time and was in a band called Force of Habit. We

made some pretty good music and we each did solo stuff. When it was time to leave, my things were packed away by the military and shipped back to the U.S. Long story short,

ALL my instruments and studio equipment, I painstakingly (monetarily) sacrificed to get, were stolen. Likely none of it even made it out the country.

I kept doing music as a hobby, but at some point, I stopped keeping up with the trends and the tech. So, imagine my surprise when I found out that you could take your

lyrics, put them into an online app, and it would turn your lyrics into a song in the style you wanted, sung by your choice of a woman or man. I was very skeptical when I first tried it, but after I put in that first set of lyrics and heard the results, I was HOOKED! This particular AI platform is something I wasn't expecting at all. I typically push back against too much AI, though I have come around to seeing it as just another tool if used correctly. MIND BLOWING!





Music to my ears: Did AI finally win me over?! (continued)

The knowledge that now I can dig out some of my old lyrics that I struggled with putting to music and having sung (because I can't sing!), is awesome to me.

Again. I'm not a big fan of AI, but I'm definitely a big fan of THIS. I write all the lyrics, NO assistance from AI and the AI sings EXACTLY what I write. A few times I had to go back and correct typos because as I said, the AI sings EXACTLY what I write. To that end, I don't feel like I'm cheating like I would if

I were using it to make art. (I NEVER claim AI art as something I "created", and I never EVER use AI to help me write. I don't know if I ever could. That

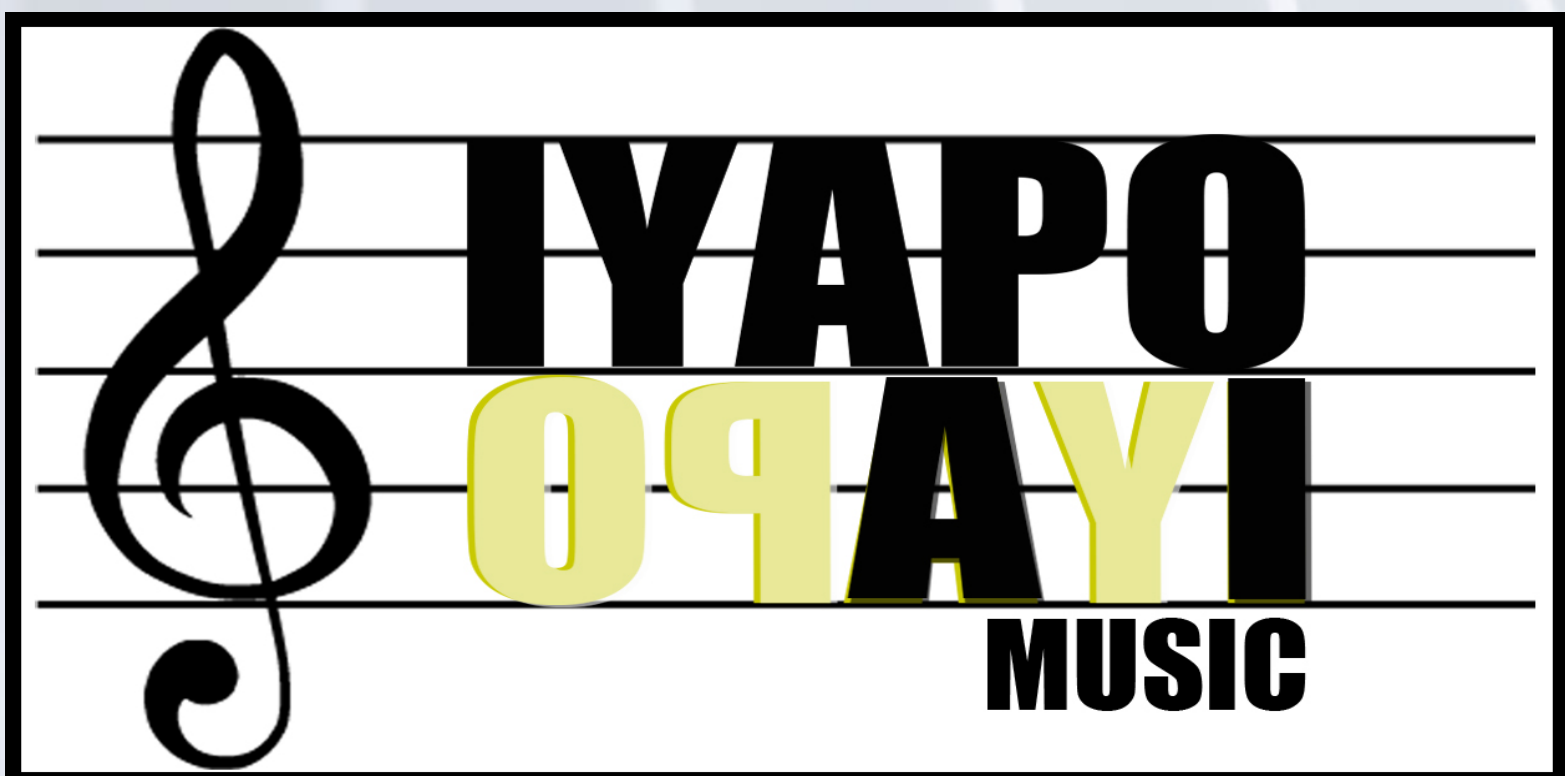
would take all the joy out of it for me.) But this?



To me it is tantamount to handing a composer and singer my lyrics and saying to them, "Can you write some music for this and sing it?" So, I take full credit for the lyrics. The AI gets the rest.

If you would like to hear some of my songs you can find them on TikTok and Instagram. There is, "Force Of Habit" and "No Matter Who I'm

With," also a video for *And What of the CARGO?* that features "Kylah's Theme", with my words and lyrics.



READING and WRITING in the

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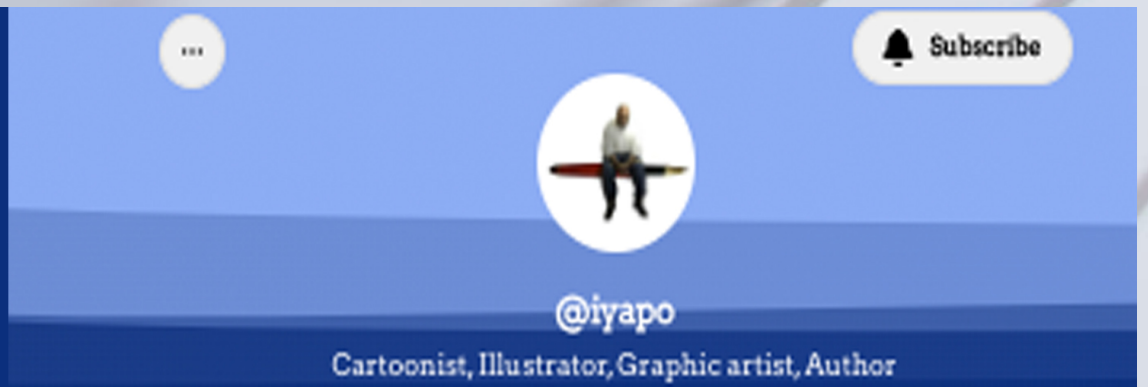
Find Iyapo at:
Linktree*

At any given time I am producing some form of ProBlack centered content.

After releasing my work to the public, sometimes, locating it can be a challenge.

But now with LINKTREE, there are direct links to my books, art and my social media presence. Linktree is your one stop (1 CLICK) shop for all things IYAPO!

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Books and Writing by Iyapo Yapa

Enter the world of
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books, art, and music!

The FULL website is best
viewed on a computer or
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so be prepared and ENJOY!

IYAPO'S WEBSITE



What if becoming genetically and phenotypically Black was the only thing that could save your life?

"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 Coater

MELANIN: A Novel



It began during the transatlantic slave trade... but it ends NOW!

AND WHAT OF THE CARGO?
is a tale of love and hate,
tears and triumph, suspense
and horror that leads to an
unimaginable conclusion.

And What of the CARGO?



An anthology of short stories in the realm of Theoretical Ehon Fiction from time, space and suspense beyond imagination.

STEP INTO THE VOID!

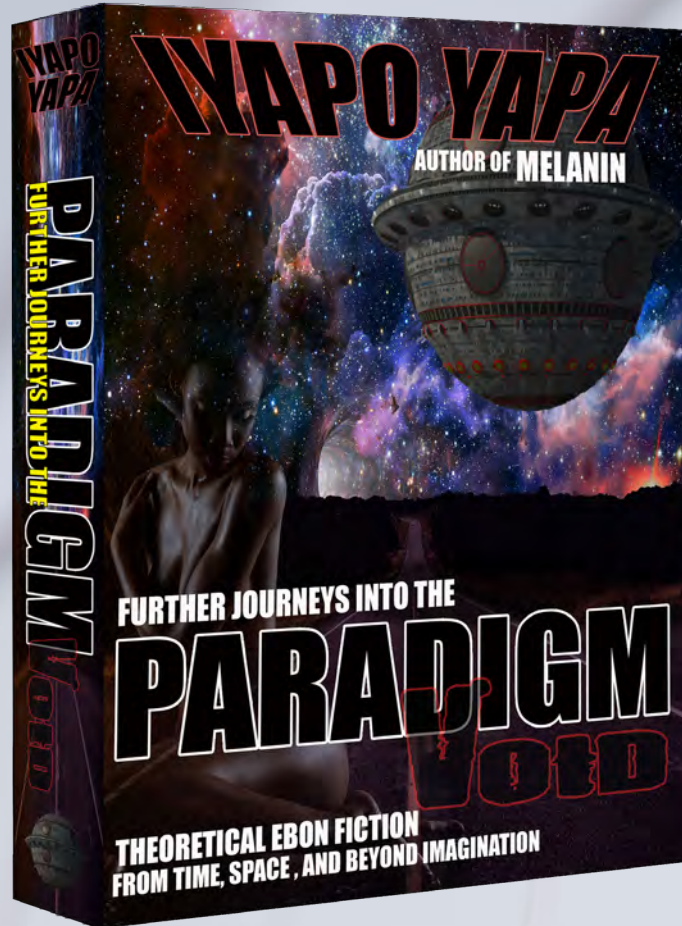


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ARE YOU PREPARED TO JOURNEY BACK INTO THE VOID?!

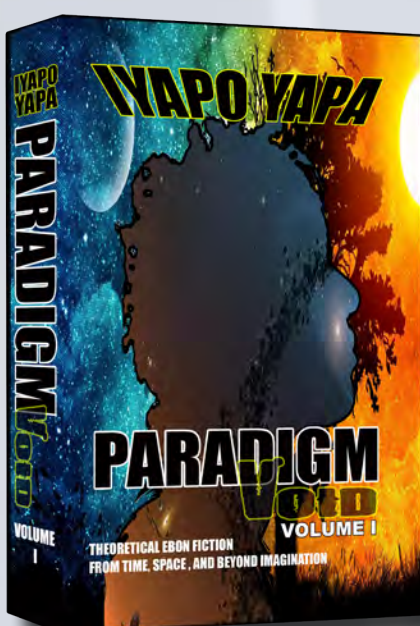


COMING SOON

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

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

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



RIGHT NOW!

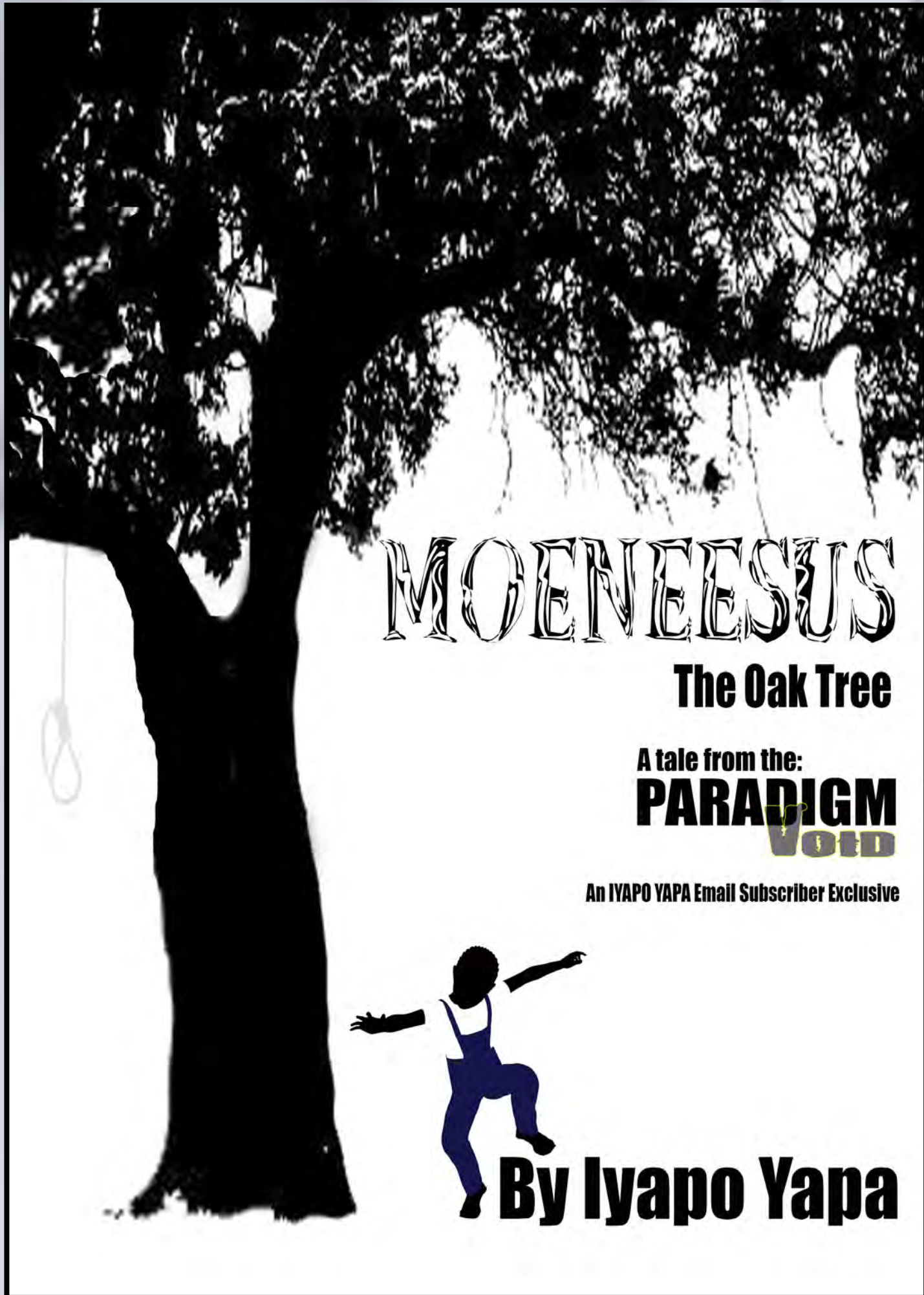
Stories from Time, Space and Beyond Imagination,
Paradigm VOID Volume I is available.



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

READING and WRITING in the

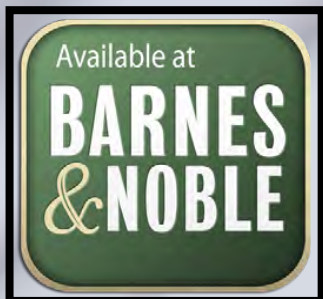
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Click Below For:

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

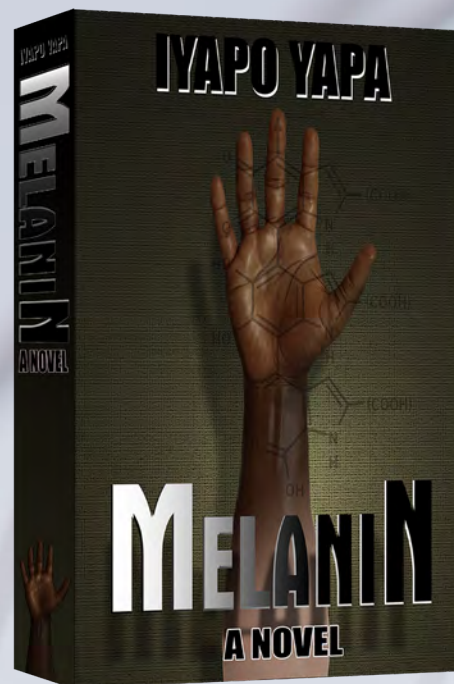
“Yapa weaves another story this time interwoven with historical references. I was on my seat with every chapter. I don't want to give it away but....revenge is sweet when served dead. And I can't get over how different each of his offerings are. Read his Vella's and you'll see what I mean. Another great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

- Amazon review

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MELANIN: A Novel



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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!

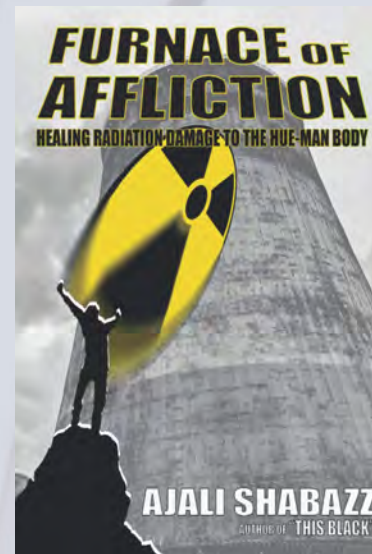
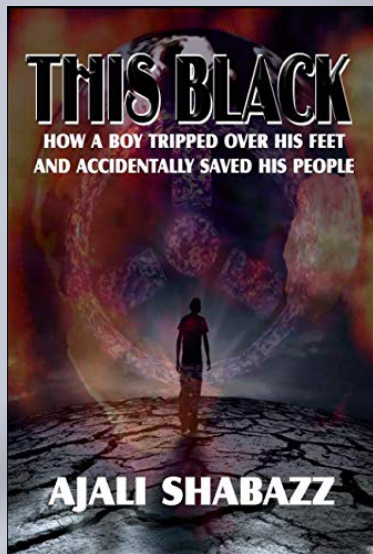
READING and WRITING in the

DARK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

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!

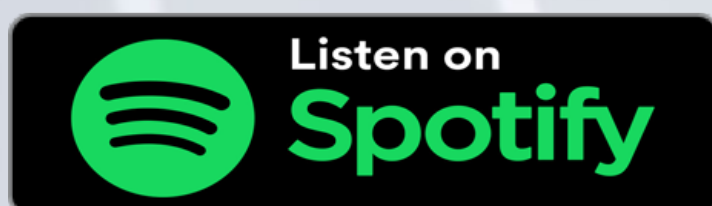
Listen to the interview on  by clicking the link below:

<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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podcast!

listen on  LISTEN ON 

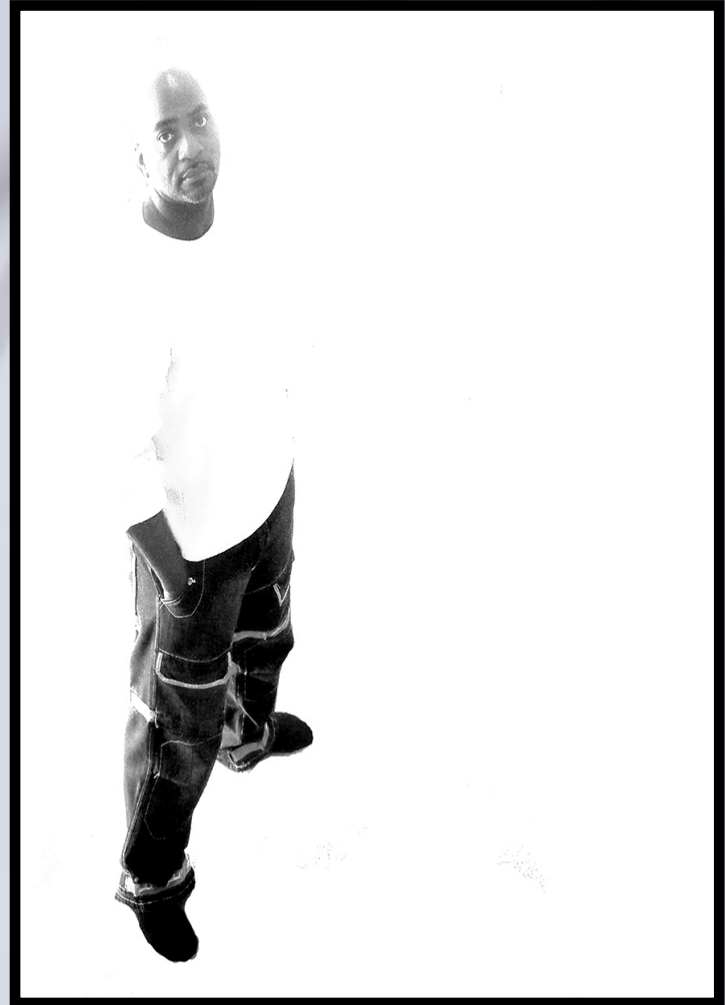
 Listen on Spotify



Have You Checked Out My Blog Yet?

Catch up and keep up with what I'm pondering and seeking to figure out when it comes to this interesting experience we're all having here.

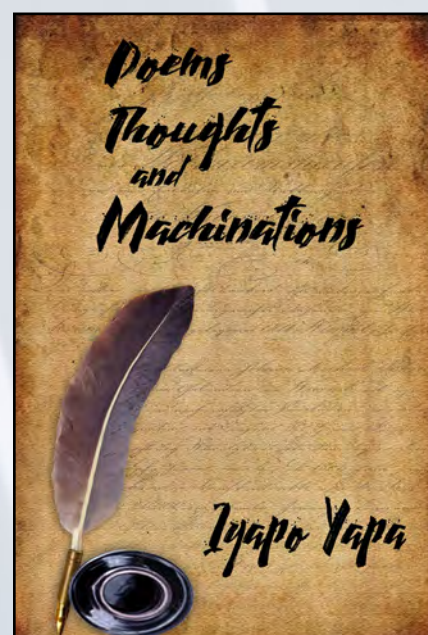
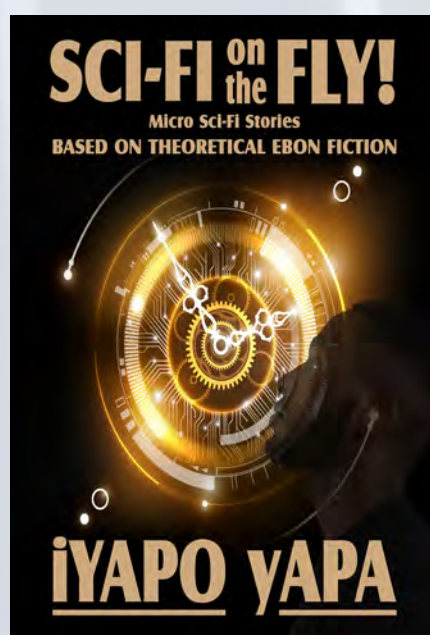
My blog is the place where I talk about what's on my mind and don't worry too much about the formatting or typos - it is, pretty much, my raw perceptions and analysis of what is going on around me.



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

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

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



The title says it all.

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

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

Always seeking.

READING and WRITING in the

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Could YOU survive?!

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

SURVIVING the WORST!

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



Top reviews from the United States

Amazon Customer

★★★★★ **Cornucopia of Action, Sci-fi, Mystery, Horror and Heart palpatng suspense.**

Reviewed in the United States on November 5, 2022

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

Amazon Customer

★★★★★ **Best Zombies Ever**

Reviewed in the United States on November 1, 2022

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

kindle vella

ANIMATION & RELAXATION

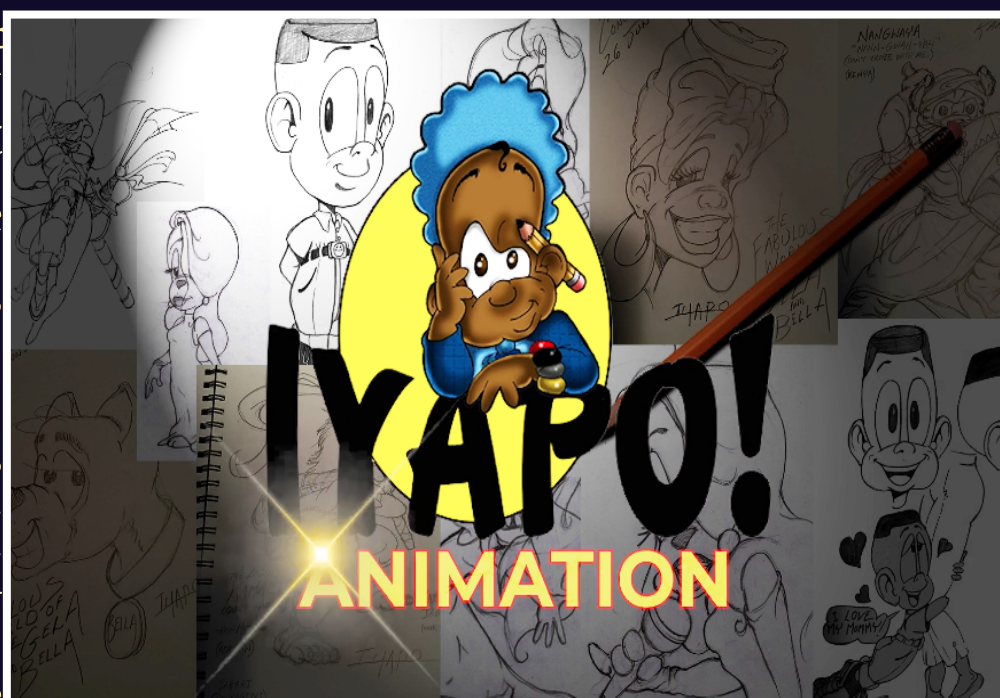
Throughout my life I've learned to do a lot of things. Most of them have to do with something "artsy", like drawing, writing, playing music (including piano, guitar and my favorite, the harmonica). I also taught myself to build computers as well as use

various kinds of software. I taught myself to juggle and to do tricks on a skateboard. (Skateboarding is one of the things I miss being able

to do now that I'm older. My mind is willing, but body has a different plan.) I'm not bragging, personally, I don't feel that I do anything more than ANY other Black person can do, because that's just the way we are. And I mean that with all my heart.

What I AM saying is that I can't stand being bored, and typically all those things kept me from becoming bored. Now, as I do the things I do, I still find them very rewarding, but I don't necessarily find them relaxing. One day I was working on my writing and wanted to take a break. (A "break" meaning,

perhaps a day or two away from it.) I didn't necessarily want to write or play any music, but I realized there was something I hadn't done in decades and would serve as a perfect distraction and means of relaxation.



ANIMATING!

Animating a cartoon (the old-fashioned way, by sitting down and DRAWING the darn thing), is tedious and time consuming—but for someone who likes to draw, it can be very relaxing if it is done just for the love of doing it. Some people knit and end up with a garment, I'm going to draw and end up with a cartoon. I'm very excited by the prospect and am looking forward to working on it little by little until I'm done. I'll keep you posted on the progress. In the meantime, you can click the image to see the opening reel. (Lil' Man is more of a place holder for timing. I'm not sure if the result is going to be a Lil' Man cartoon) but whatever it turns out to be, I anticipate the fun and relaxation of producing it!

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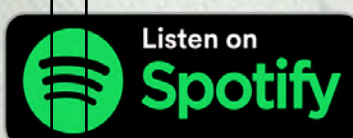
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Two writers
Two Mics
&
Plenty of Banter!



While Black

THE PODCAST



ANGELA R. RILEY

Author of **AFFIRMING SelfLOVE**

AYOKA B.

Author of **LOVE at SECOND SIGHT**

Click ANGELA to Watch or Listen on YouTube
Click AYOKA to Listen on Spotify

READING and WRITING in the

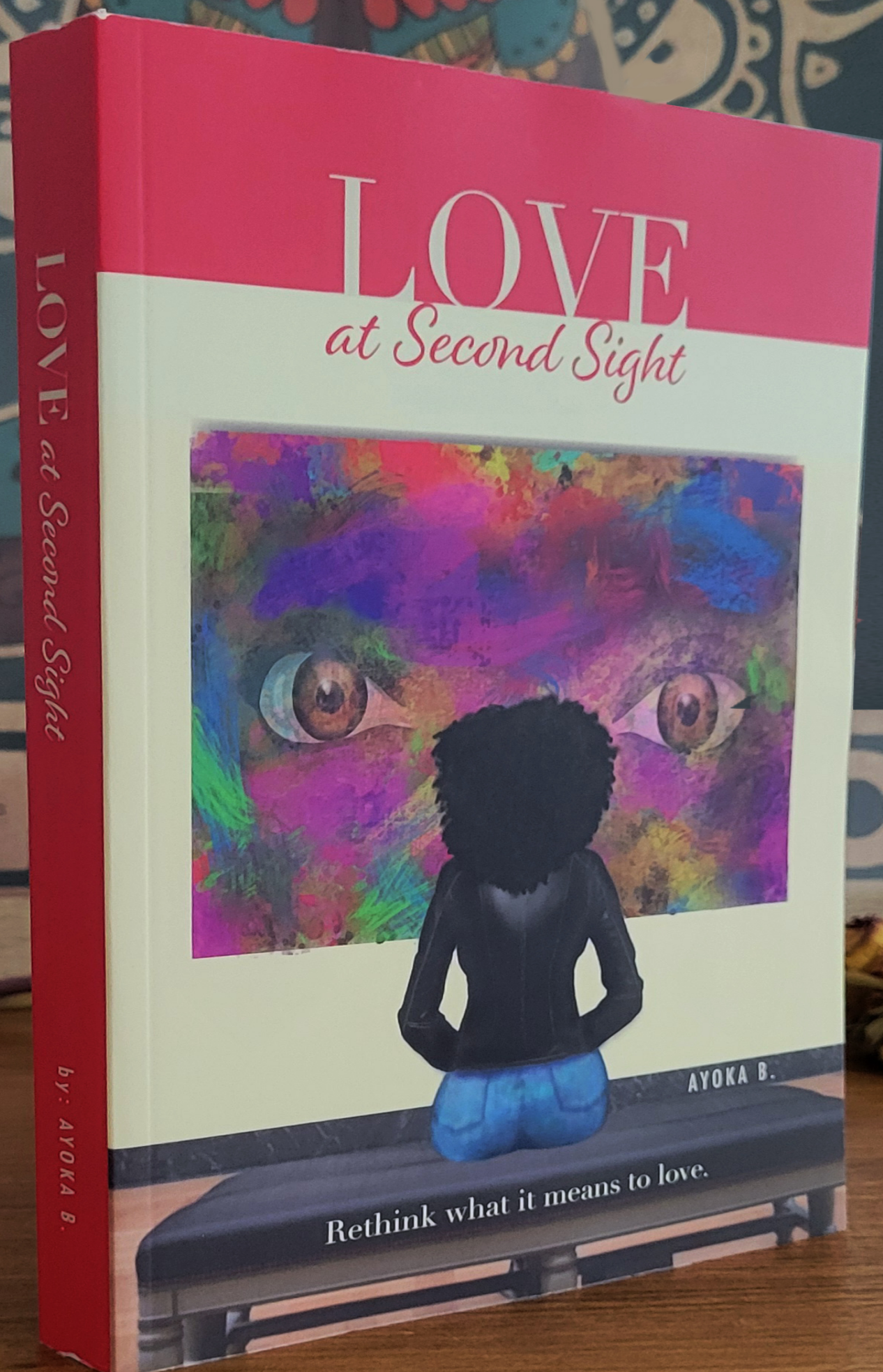
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LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT IS AVAILABLE NOW!

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

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



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



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

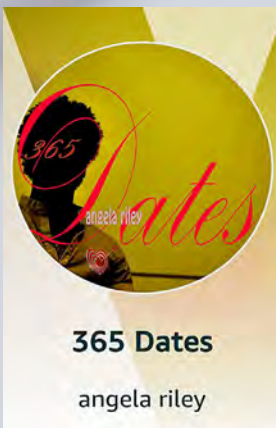
DeClaire and Tyrone meet and sparks fly. They fall in love with each other quick, fast, and in a hurry. It seems too good to be true. But is it? Is it safe to love? Are there any “good” rules when it comes to love? Do we have to fight for love? Are there always games being played when it comes to love?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



The Love X TamuTamu Agency

Angela Riley

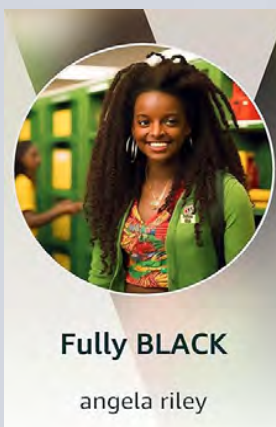
Love is natural but it ain't always easy. And Mama Tamu should know! She is a 91 year old match maker who has run “The Love X TamuTamu Agency” for FIFTY years. She has personally experienced and been a witness to all kinds of love. And, as she says, “Love is more than a notion!” Follow along as she stands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



365 Dates

Angela Riley

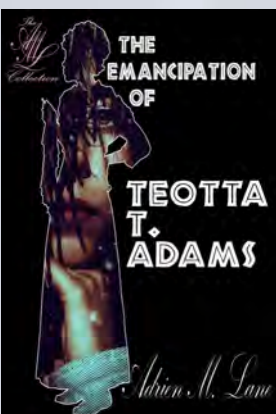
Single again, after my first divorce, one day I had a new thought: I WANT TO DATE. And... NOTHING. No one came knocking on my door to woo me. No one approached me when I was out wanting to court me. Nobody asked friends/family to be set up with me. Just crickets! So, thinking that maybe my goal was to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

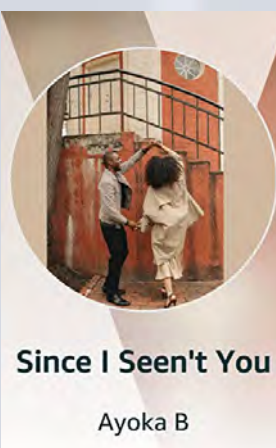
Because she is IN LOVE, talented dancer and homeschooled student Makena enrolls in the elite Fullson High to be closer to Marshall.



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.

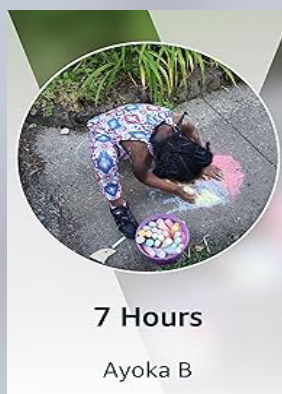
She and David met when they were 18. After a rough start, they build a friendship that would span decades: marriages, children, love and heartache. When they lose touch, she thought that she would never see him again, but she was wrong. Can men and women truly be just friends? Can their friendship withstand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



The Match

Ayoka B.

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



7 Hours

Ayoka B.

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



The Skin I'm In

Ayoka B.

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



A'DICK'tion The Back Story

MADM Precious

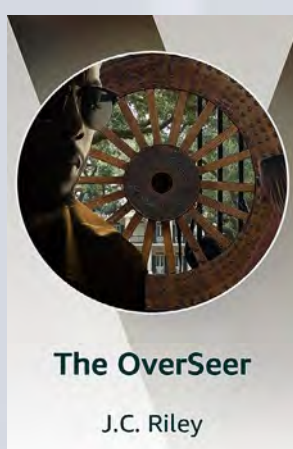
From Book 1: Sex addiction is a real thing; When Quincey finds out his wife is caught up in some things, can they save their marriage.



The Godchild Chronicles

J.C. Riley

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



The OverSeer

J.C. Riley

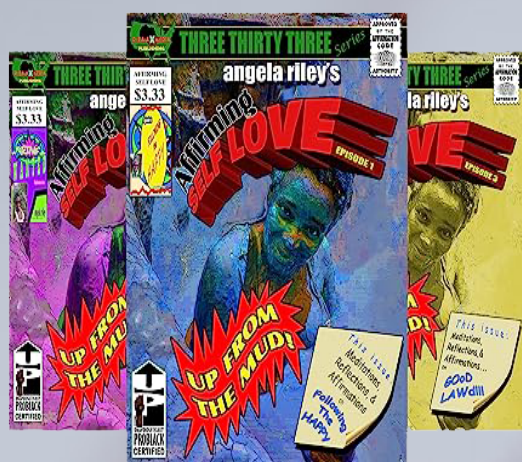
It's nice to be up high and seeing over things, right? Welcome to the world of THE OVERSEER. Strap yourself in because it's one heck of a ride!

ALSO AVAILABLE on AMAZON and OTHER PLATFORMS!

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

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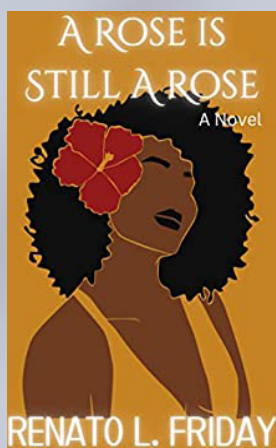


Affirming Self Love (Graphic Non-Fiction SERIES)

angela riley

SelfLOVE Meditation, Reflections, & AFFIRMATIONS Series...

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



A Rose is Still a Rose

Renato L. Friday

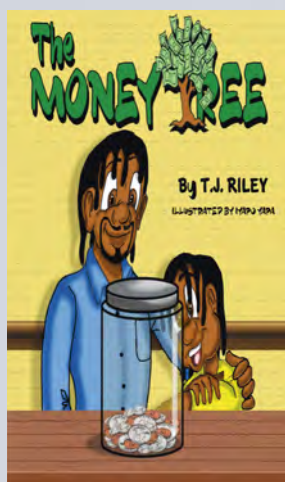
Rose thought life was going great: she was engaged, had a beautiful set of twin girls, a recent trade school graduate, and a new job right around the corner. Unfortunately, her fiancé, David, turned out to not be what she needed, and she chose to break things off. In the midst of her failing relationship,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



Longing for the Night

Ms. KJ

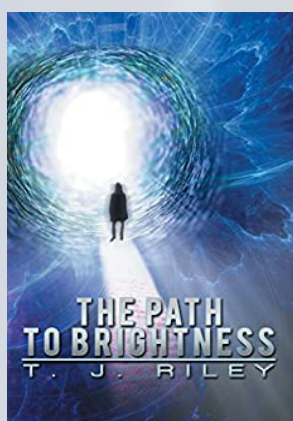
Inspired by the poem Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti, two young sisters face the trials and tribulations of the hood in this coming-of-age story about the harshness of living in South Central Los Angeles.



The Money Tree

T.J. Riley / Illustrated by Iyapo Yapa

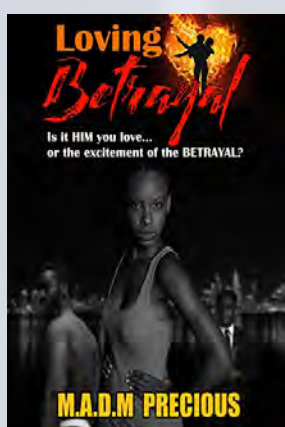
Every child wants money to buy something, right? Our hero does too. But, his father has a surprise, a Money Tree. Join the fun journey to find out how to grow your own money tree.



THE PATH to BRIGHTNESS

T.J. Riley

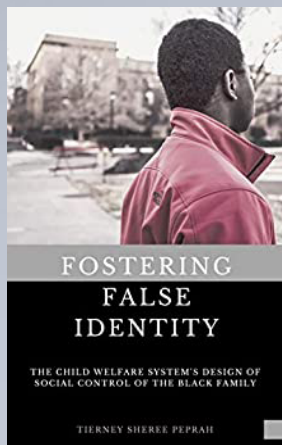
Fatima, a young woman, has a near-death experience. When she awakes from a coma and recovers, she has mystical powers. She begins to see auras and experiences life with her new abilities. For the clever character, Fatima, life is about to dramatically change. Follow Fatima’s journey as she tries to convince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



LOVING BETRAYAL

MADM Precious

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



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

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



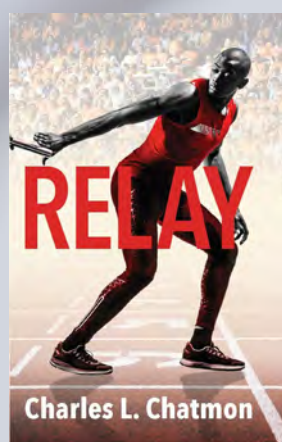
Storm Over South Central

Charles L. Chatmon

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

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

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



RELAY

Charles L. Chatmon

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

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



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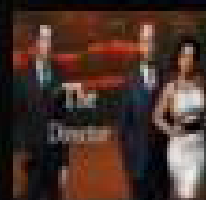
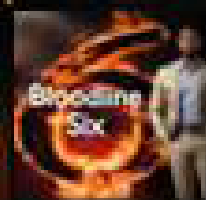
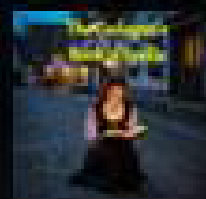
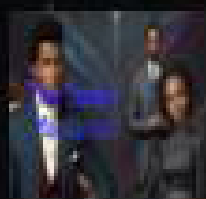
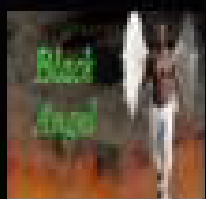
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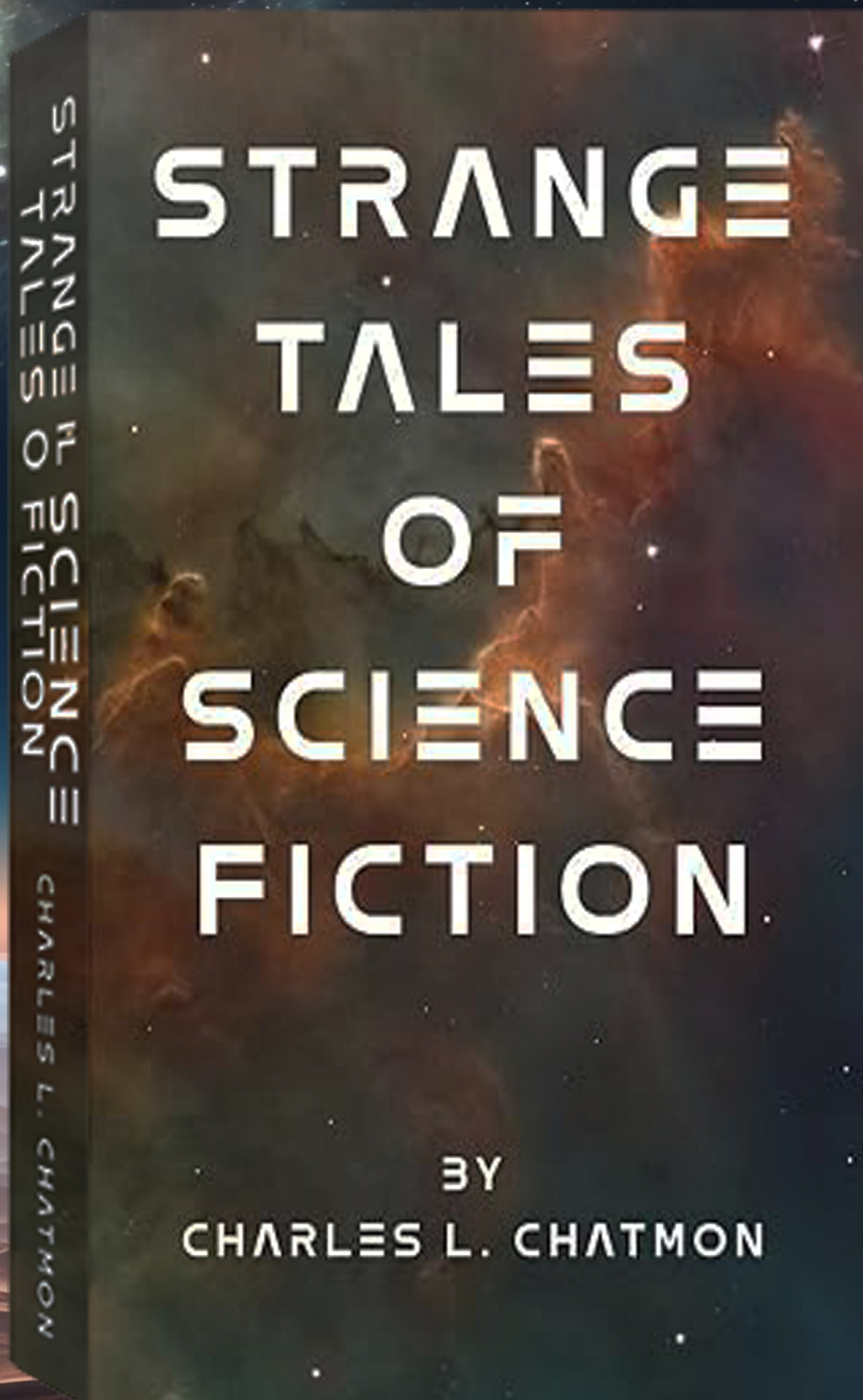
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STRANGE TALES OF SCIENCE FICTION IS AVAILABLE NOW!

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

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



CLICK ON THE BOOK ABOVE TO PURCHASE ON AMAZON!

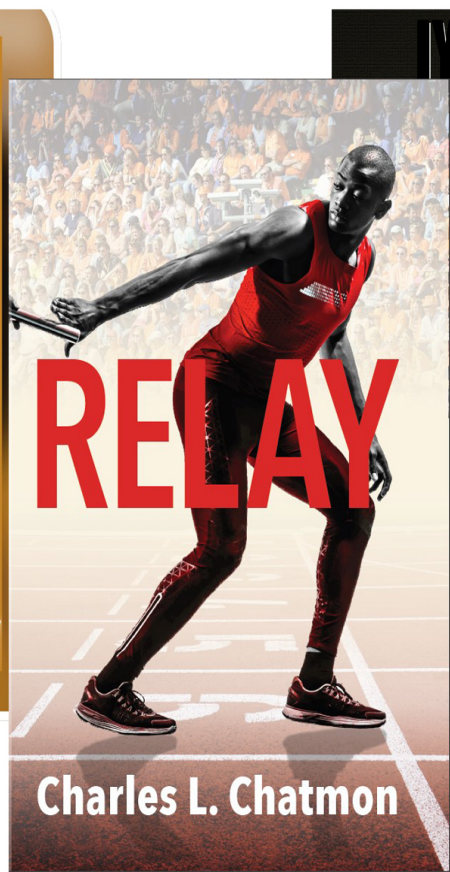
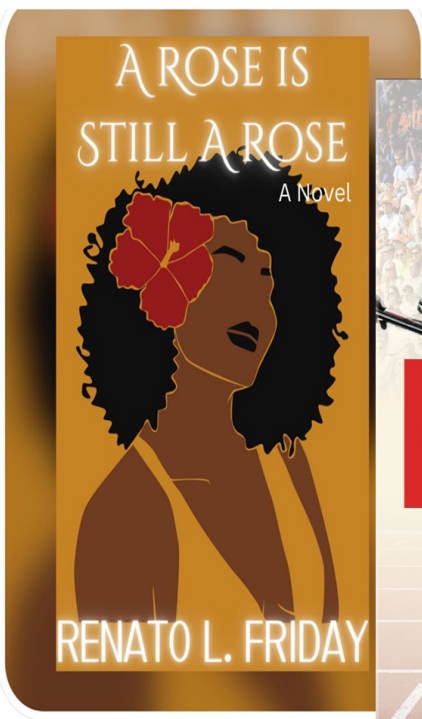
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The question isn't "WHO is Maliah Worthington?"
It is "WHERE IN TIME is Maliah Worthington?!"



In 2025 *Adrien M. Lane* invites you to find out!

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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!

Heaven Mississippi

A NOVEL



Coming Soon!