

READING and WRITING in the

DARIK

A space for avid readers and Black authors



MAGAZINE

THIS MONTH:

... and this YEAR belongs to...

The
Adventures of
Darrin

Black

IN 2026 ACTION AND ADVENTURE GETS A NEW FACE!

Darrin Black is coming!

Find out where he came from and what he's about!

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A NEW YEAR! A NEW ERA!

Excerpt:

OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS

The Complete Prologue
thru Chapter Four!

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Also:

This Month's
Puzzle is a
MAZE!

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News and Info about Completed and
Upcoming Projects and **MORE** Every Month!

READING and WRITING in the

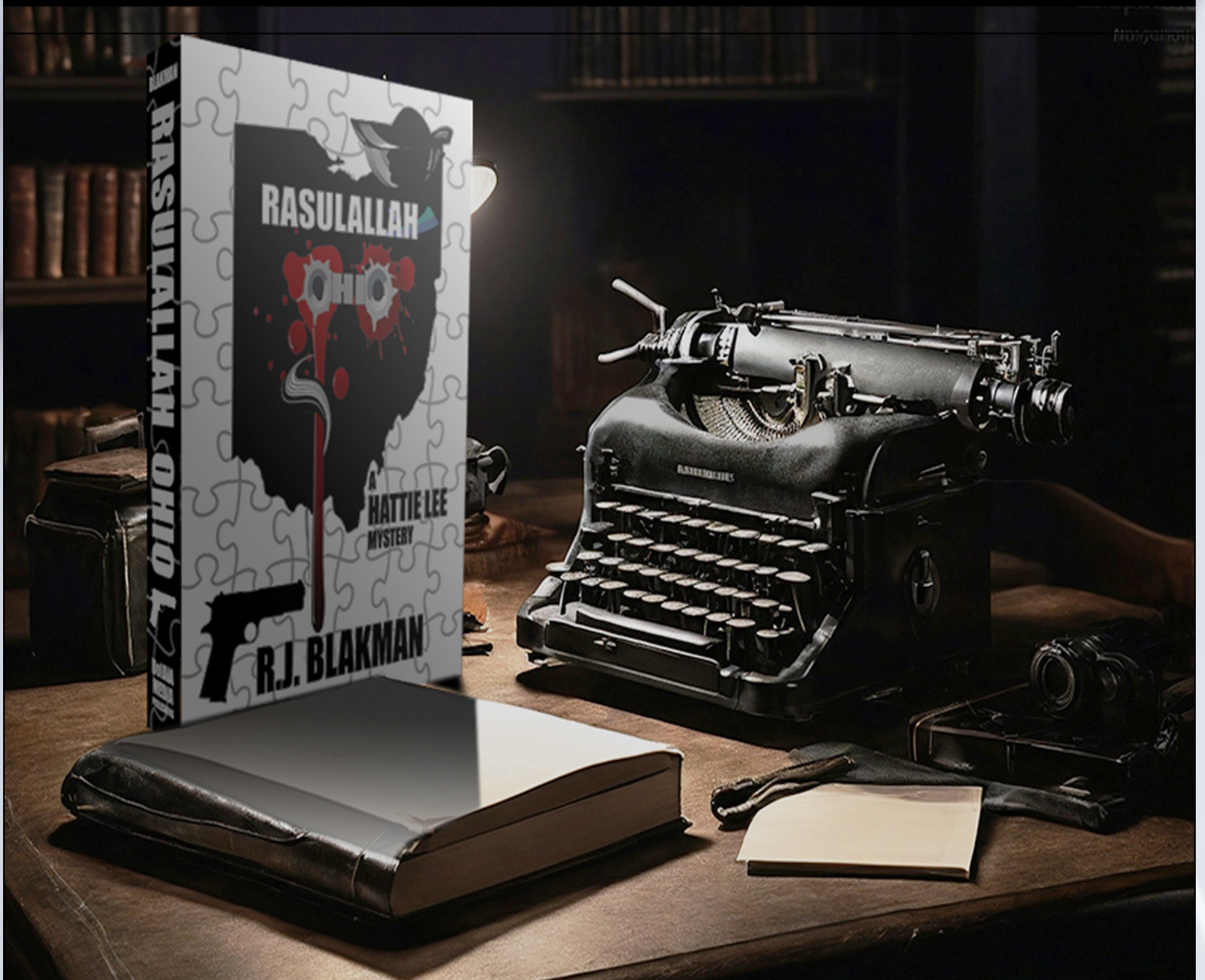
DARIK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

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)



JANUARY 2026 - Volume 2 / Number 7



MAGAZINE

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READING and WRITING in the DARK Magazine
Vol. 2 No. 7
JANUARY 2026

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Iyapo using Leonardo AI Graphics for Cover and some other additional graphics.

WELCOME BACK!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Well... we made it through another one, and I give all honor to Yah for that!

The thing about New Years is that it can always seem like a new beginning. There are people who live their lives with that feeling every day. I still remember the saying that was popular in the seventies, "Today is the first day of the rest of your life." I think that kind of optimism and freshness can be of great value.

For me, I'm looking forward to bringing the world *The Adventures of Darrin Black*, as well as the release of several novels I completed last year! I'm looking for BIG things to happen this year, big POSITIVE things! My hope and my prayer is that the same thing goes for YOU!

I'm kicking off the year by bringing you the story that started it ALL! My FIRST attempt at a novel, titled *OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS*. It's a vampire novel I never finished and might just complete this year. I'm leaving it with all the amateurish mistakes and even typos so that hopefully, you can see how my style and maturity has developed as a writer. (It's a good story, but I was pretty green when I wrote it.)

I've also included an article about *The Birth of Darrin Black!*

I hope you enjoy the story and, as you've come to expect, you'll find a puzzle, (this month it is a MAZE), and links to my work and the work of other Black authors! ENJOY!

Blessings to you and thank you for being a subscriber!

Iyapo

A Look Back and to the Future!

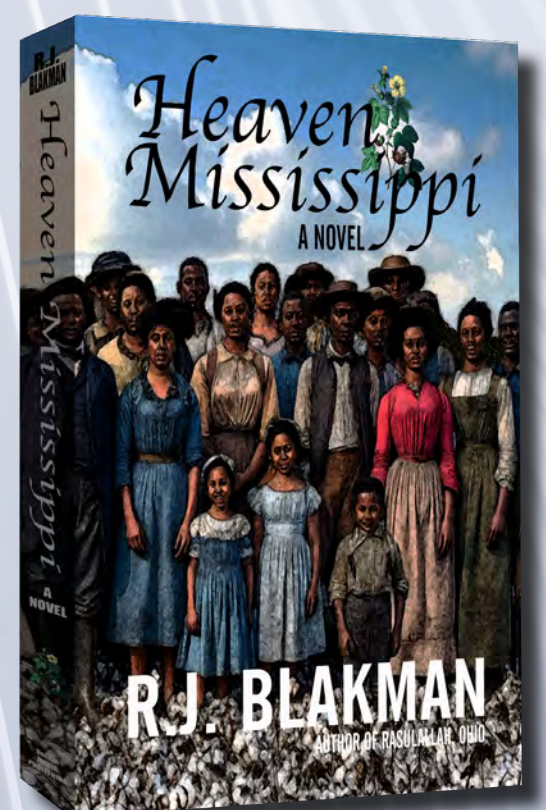
Ok, ok! Black people are sick and tired of reading and talking about our enslavement.

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 *Ra WitDM* sneak peek.)



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.

BOOK I - COMING SOON!

OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4

PROLOGUE

Alastair was well groomed, well read and soft spoken. He was educated by each of the five members of the Andresen family since the age of six. Although he was not related by blood he was treated as a member of the family, in so much as it were possible. Alastair never knew his real mother or father, he was told once that he had a sister and two brothers but there was no real hope of ever finding them.

This was the only family Alastair had; the only family he had ever known and he loved them. In their own strange way they loved him too. They had given him a home and a name and he would always be grateful for that. He was treated with dignity and respect and was given every advantage in life for which his peers made no secret they were envious.

Alastair would sit at length with Terrance Andresen, the patriarch of the family, in the huge study in the east wing of the mansion and they would discuss literature and

commerce, philosophy, and such.

They would always, it seemed, inevitably end up in conversations and then debates about morals, ethics and the human condition. It was at these times oddly enough that Alastair felt closest to Terrance. It was at these times more than any other that he wished to call this man 'Father', but Alastair knew that he dared not. For all of his manors, grooming, charm and exceptional good looks... for all of the closeness, love, attention and respect that he was given by all

of the Andresens, he still could never hope to be an intimate family member.

When Alastair would go into town he understood his position the most. When he was no longer surrounded by the facade of the trappings of wealth and power in the Andresen mansion... it was then that he realized that he was not the cultured and well educated typical southern gentleman that he gave off the outward show of being. It was then that in the light of unshakable reality





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

that he saw himself for what he truly was and would likely remain until the day he expelled his final breath - a house nigger.

CHAPTER ONE

Alastair Andresen was a slave, and although most of the time he could distance himself from that disheartening fact, there was and could never be any lasting relief from it. His glimpses into reality were not caused by anything that happened to him directly however, but, what he saw happening to his brothers... his fellow slaves. He would go into town and see the other slaves... slaves with names like Effey, Buck, Runner and Dusty, they were dirty, sweaty, smelly. They wore ragged cloths, even the women.

The house niggers could be spotted immediately with their clean and neat cloths that in a strange way gave them the appearance of being trained animals and pets. The common thread that ran throughout the ranks of these entrapped and dejected people was a general treatment of disrespect and contempt from the whites. The product being a look of longing in

the eyes of the slaves... a look of desolation caused by a loss of hope. He saw slaves who walked, spoke, and worked with quiet defiance. He saw still others who simply played the fool. Everything was 'yassah boss, nosuh massa'. They were cruel caricatures of what they might have been were they born in another time and place. Even the clean house slaves seemed to be to their masters a kind of a show piece... something to brag about the same way that one would brag about a clever dog that had been taught to do feats that were considered exceptional.

Whenever Alastair saw these things his heart burned within him. He was different somehow and the reason that he was escaped him. The way that he looked and carried himself was different, the way that he was treated by his owners was different, and most curiously when he was around other white people and slave owners he was treated by the Caucasian population with a respect that most definitely was not exhibited toward any other colored man that he knew of. When he went to buy and sell in town on behalf of the Andresens it was always 'yes sir Mr. Andresen, no sir Mr.





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

Andresen, right away Mr. Andresen.’ from the person with whom he was dealing. Alastair was given an allowance and therefore always had his own spending money. He could read and write at or above the level of most of the college graduates in town. He was very proficient in mathematics to include algebra and geometry. In short he lacked nothing in terms of education. He was also cultured and considered himself to be somewhat of an expert on wines. He could travel anyplace within at least 100 miles of his home, day or night, without needing any kind of traveling papers or identification whatsoever.

He ate any place that he wished and never so much as an eyebrow was ever raised. In fact he has sat down to eat at several establishments and had people to sit down with him and converse when there were clearly other places they could have been seated.

For all intent and purposes Alastair Andresen was a white man.

There were times when he would

wonder if his special treatment was the result of him being a slave that was owned by the Andresen family. Then he just as quickly would realize that out of the many slaves that the Andresens owned he was the only one who ever received that kind of treatment. The other Andresen slaves were treated exceptionally well by both the Andresen family and the towns people but nothing even remotely resembling the seeming color blindness that was shown toward Alastair.

It was a given fact that the Andresen family owned one of the, if not the biggest and most profitable sugar cane plantations in the south. It was also common knowledge among the slave population that life was good when you worked on the Andresen plantation. One of Alastair’s duties was to go into town and buy new slaves every few months. Although deep inside of his heart he knew that slavery of another human being was inherently wrong, and secretly believed that it would be, and even hoped for it to be banished one day, he felt no conflict when purchasing another





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

slave or two or three for his masters.

After hearing about and witnessing the beatings, whippings, rapes, thrashings and untold of horrors suffered by his people he felt that in his own small way he was doing a humanitarian service and saving possibly the lives of some of the poor colored people who had been stripped of their families just as he had been. These atrocities where not part of life on the Andresen plantation.

Especially when it was another of Alastair's many responsibilities to see to it that field slaves were taken care of and that their needs were met. That was one task that Alastair took a special pride in. There was a sense of family on this plantation although not one of the many slaves on it except for those born there, had any kind of blood relationship to each other. He just wished that all of the slaves could be treated with the same respect and courtesy that he received from both the Andresens and the white people in the surrounding towns.

Alastair was sitting alone at a small table with two other empty chairs in the Main Road Tavern having a beer

when he heard a kind but firm voice speak from behind him.

“Excuse me sir, would you mind if I sit down?”

Alastair turned around and his eyes met the vision of a solemn looking man of medium height, who wasn't quite as old as his thinning almost snow-white hair gave him the appearance of being, but with a definite weight of soul that also added many years onto his continence.

“Please.” Alastair said as he gestured with the hand that was not on the beer and with that

disarming smile that made him a notorious ladies man.

“Thank you very much,” the man said as he grabbed the chair directly across from Alastair and sat wearily down. “My name is Moss... Caleb Moss.” The man said as he extended his hand to the pseudo-Andresen. Alastair met Mosses hand across the table and said congenially, “It's a pleasure to know you sir, my name is...”

“Oh you don't need to tell me what your name is...,” the man said suddenly becoming very animated.





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

“...you’re Alastair Andresen.”

You’re more famous around these parts than Jefferson Davis! I’ve been anxious to meet you ever since I first found out about you, just took a little time to track you down.”

Alastair was genuinely taken aback by the interest that the man across the table showed in him. This young black man would have been an idiot or a fool to not to know that he was somewhat of a freak, but no one ever blatantly came out and made any kind of a show of it.

“Would you like something to drink? Mr... Mr...?”

“Moss... Caleb Moss. I’ll have a scotch if you don’t mind.”

“Your pleasure Mr. Moss.”

Alastair motioned to the bartender. “Jerry! A scotch on the rocks and another beer over here please.”

“Right away Mr. Andresen’s.” Jerry the bartender said as he immediately started searching for glasses.

“Unbelievable...” Moss whispered almost inaudibly, “you’re a... a...

slave?” he continued in disbelief.

“I have a tendency to try to forget that fact... but yes.”

“You belong to the Andresen family... the Terrance Andresen family?”

“Yes. You know my masters?”

“I know of them.”

Jerry walked over to the table and courteously put the appropriate drink in front of it’s owner. Caleb reached into his pocket to get some money to pay for his scotch. Alastair put his hand up quickly to let Moss know that the

round was on him. He handed Jerry the money and motioned for him to keep the change.

“My God, you have money too.” Caleb said in wonderment.

Alastair simply shook his head and smiled.

“So you say you know of my masters... what is it exactly that you know?”

“I know that they’re good to their slaves.”

“Yes... they are that.”





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

“I also hear that they’re the reclusive types. They have dinner parties and such but they seldom go anyplace themselves “Pretty much so.”

“I also know that they’re richer than king Solomon.”

“That may be stretching it a little but you’re fairly correct.”

“To be perfectly honest...” Caleb leaned toward Alastair. “It’s not so much them that I’m interested in as much as it is you.”

“We’ve just met. What possible interest could you have in me?”

“I’m curious Alastair... how can you in good conscience work for those people?”

“The Andresens are good people. They’ve given me a good life. Made life easier for a lot of slaves.”

“Easier? With the abominations that that family commits how can you sit there and tell me that they have done anything to benefit anyone?!”

The pleasant meeting that had started between the two men had become suddenly something that was quite akin to an interrogation.

“How sir can you sit there passing judgments upon people whom you don’t know and have never met?! Then after attacking their character, you also attack mine?! I am truly insulted and taken aback Mr. Moss! The Andresens are one of the finest and most upstanding families in the south and they treat their slaves with dignity and respect...”

“What are you talking about man?!” Moss interrupted.

“I’m talking about the fact that Terrance Andresen and his family make it a policy to see to it that each and every slave is taken care

of and treated like a human being... they have never beaten or physically or emotionally ever hurt one slave in any way shape or f...”

“I’m not talking about slaves and you know it!” Moss said in a harsh but controlled whisper.

“What else could you be talking about sir?” Alastair said sounding exasperated. There was something about Alastair that let Caleb know that this young negro was speaking out of the depth of his knowledge and experience.





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

Moss sat back in his seat slowly and then said through the look of surprise on his face, “You don’t know do you? You poor misguided soul... you really don’t know.”

“Don’t know what?” Alastair said now curious.

“N-nothing! Nothing... just forget that we spoke.” Moss jumped abruptly out of his seat, “Don’t mention... I repeat... Do not mention to any of your masters that you saw, or spoke to me...”

“I thought you said that you’ve never met my owners, that they don’t know you eith...”

“Don’t say anything... for you own sake...” Moss said as he made his way to the door, “Thanks for the drink.” was the last thing that Caleb Moss said before disappearing out into the street.

Jerry walked over to the table at which Alastair was still sitting.

“What the hell was that all about? That guy looked pretty shook up when he left.”

“I don’t know Jerry.” the young colored man said as, he turned toward

the door. “ I don’t know.”

Alastair, Terrance and his sons Kress and Edward had sat in the study discussing politics and the history of civilization for over two hours and it was nearing time to go to bed.

Edward and Kress left the room because they had decided that they wanted to go out on the town for the night. They did a lot of that. Alastair traded a few courtesies with Mr. Andresen and then prepared to leave the room and retire for the night.

“Alastair.” came the kind but commanding voice of his almost adopted father.

“Yes sir.” Alastair said sounding tired but troubled.

“Son I’ve raised you from six years old and I can tell very quickly when something is weighing heavily on your mind. What’s the problem?”

“Nothing really.”

“You can tell me Alastair... you can tell me anything. You’re like a son to Lilith and me. A brother to Edward, Kress, and Liysa. What’s bothering you son?”





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

It was the way that he spoke. The way that he called Alastair, son. Alastair felt totally disarmed and what's more, he reasoned to himself, why should he follow the orders of a stranger rather than confiding in the man who had raised fed and clothed him for the past twenty-one years?"

"I met a man today Father... " so disarming was Mr. Andresen's manners that Alastair had slipped and said it. He had called Terrance father. He paused and looked at Mr. Andresen trying to figure out a way to apologize.

"Yes." Terrance said even kinder than before, "what about this man?" Terrance suddenly became irate. "This person didn't treat you disrespectfully, did he?! Did he call you boy or Nigger?! Because if he did then just tell me his name and I'll personally see to it that he is made to..."

Alastair broke in before Terrance could stir himself up into a total frenzy. "No sir... fath... Mr. Andresen... it was nothing of the sort! This man just told me not to tell you that we spoke."

"What was his name? Who was he?"

Terrance said as he walked over to the bar to pour himself a drink to calm his sudden nerves.

"He said that you've never met but he didn't want me to tell you his name."

"Well... are you going to tell me or not?" Andresen said as he picked up a glass and a bottle of vodka.

"Yes sir. His name is Caleb."

"Caleb?"

"Yes sir... Caleb Moss."

The reverberation throughout the room of the bottle of vodka crashing to the floor was so loud and so sudden that Alastair jumped in spite of himself.

Alastair, already halfway out of his seat jetted over to pick up the broken pieces of glass... as he neared Terrance he slipped on the vodka that was now all over the floor and in his attempt to break his fall his hand came down on one of the larger pieces of glass. The jagged edge of the shattered glass went deep into the palm of his hand. The pain was so intense and came so quickly that Alastair couldn't even manage a decent scream. He grimaced, slowly stood and grabbed





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

his hand trying to stop the blood as best he could.

“My lord, your hand!” Terrance yelled out, “come with me..., we’ll get Liysa to wrap that up.”

“I’m sorry Mr. Andresen, I didn’t mean to be so clumsy!”

“Nonsense Alastair, I’m the one who dropped the bottle.”

Liysa came walking up the stairs just as the two men were coming out of the room. She had a talent for being able to be at the right place at just the right time. “My God what happened to Alastair’s hand?” she said as she rushed to inspect the wound.

“Vodka.” Alastair said with a forced chuckle.

“Vodka?”

“Honey... I need for you to take Alastair down to the kitchen and dress that hand.”

“Yes sir.” the petite young woman said as she squeezed her house servant’s hand and lead him to the stairs which she had just come up, “Come on Alastair.”

“I’ll stay up here and clean up this mess that I’ve made.” Terrance said as he turned to go back into the study.

Terrance Andresen listened as the footsteps faded down the stairs. He walked over to the broken glass that was on the floor. Listening to the crunch of it under his feet, he did not bend over to pick any of it up. He walked past the bar until finally he stood in front of the huge painting of his father and mother which hung between the bar and the fireplace.

“Moss,” he whispered. “After these many years could it be him? Will

I finally have the chance to avenge your murders?”

CHAPTER TWO

It was a while before Alastair’s hand stopped throbbing enough for him to finally fall off into a deep sleep, but it was a fitful sleep. Filled with dreams of horrors of slavery, mysterious men and broken glass. He heard a noise that could have been in his dream or not... what ever it was, it caused him to wake up. Still groggy he looked





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

toward the door to his room and saw what appeared to be two small red glowing objects suspended in air. Believing that obviously he was just seeing things he closed his eyes and shook his head.

“Is someone there?” Alastair said not quite in a yawn but almost.

“It’s only me.” Replied a familiar voice.

“Liysa?”

“Yes... I was just thinking about your hand... I came to see if you were alright.”

Liysa’s voice sounded familiar but at the same time it sounded strangely and uncharacteristically seductive.

“My hand is fine, thank you.” Alastair was immediately aware of the fact that he felt uncomfortable having his master’s daughter in his bedroom at this late hour. “It’s very late Liysa... don’t you think that you should be in bed?” he said, belying his nervousness. “That’s exactly what I had in mind.” Liysa said, and with that approached the bed.

It was at that time that Alastair realized that Liysa was naked. She stepped over to the bed and slid under

the covers beside Alastair. Alastair didn’t know what to make of the situation... in the back of his mind he thought that he may have still been dreaming. That thought quickly fled when he felt Liysa’s hand starting to caress his muscular frame. It seemed

as if she were trying to examine every ripple of his body. He grabbed her hand. “Liysa...” he whispered insistently, “we can’t do this... I could be hung just for being caught in bed with you... I don’t think that even Mr. Andresen could prevent that if word ever got out.”

Liysa jerked her hand out of Alastair’s grip then began gently rubbing his chest and kissing his nipples. “Everyone’s asleep,” she whispered breathlessly between kisses. “I’ve locked the door and the only way for anyone to find out about this is if we tell, and neither of us are going to do that. Are we Alastair?”

Alastair said nothing.

“Ever since we were teenagers Alastair, I’ve noticed the way that you’ve watched me. I’ve always known that you wanted me. And I think you know that I’ve been feeling the same way.”





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

Alastair still remained silent.

“You can have me Alastair.” Liysa said in a voice that dripped honey, “You can have me right now if you want me. You know you want me.”

“I can’t,” Alastair finally managed. “I don’t think of you in that way.”

Liysa was unconvinced.

She reached under the bed sheets and wrapped her hand gently around the shaft of her slave’s warm hard member. “Your body says you’re a liar.” she said as she stroked his private parts. Alastair reluctantly started probing the white woman’s body with his hands and he liked what he felt.

They kissed.

With their mouths, lips and tongues, they explored every part of each other’s body. And finally Alastair covered Liysa’s body with his. He put himself into the soft, warm, wet opening of the woman who laid moaning beneath him.

He held her by the wrists.

He was now her master.

He pumped her slowly at first and then gradually his penetrations became more fierce. When he felt himself about to explode he stopped and looked at her.

Even in the darkness he could see clearly by the moonlight that shined through his bedroom window the long Brunette hair that he had been waiting years to smell and run his fingers through, the steely grayish blue eyes that had longed to stare into just as he was doing that moment. He noticed everything about her face... the shape of it, the shallow cleft in her chin, her petite perfectly shaped nose.

Her lips, soft and moist. He had only dared dream that he would ever press his against them, and now... somehow not only did he have her lips, but he had all of her... if only for this one night, Liysa Andresen belonged to him. He waited for the sensation of climax to pass. He didn’t want to reach orgasm... he wanted this woman... he wanted her for hours. He got out of her and steered her lips all over his body. Liysa surrendered completely to his every desire and put up no resistance at all.





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

She got on top of him and moved in ways that Alastair never believed that a woman was capable of moving. She did things to him that no woman had ever done. They were starting to sweat. The breeze blew in through the opened window and created a chill against their skin that was all the more sensuous. Alastair rolled on top of Liysa again.

He had decided that he was ready for the final thrill of the night. He started pumping her hard. She moaned so loudly that he was sure that someone in the house would hear... but at this moment in time he didn't care. He was once again squeezing her wrists and wouldn't let them go. Unknown to him he had aggravated the cut that he had sustained earlier and in the darkness he couldn't see the blood coming from his palm and figured the moisture to be sweat.

Alastair pushed deeper inside of Liysa.

He put all of his weight on top of her body as he held her down... he wanted to feel her soft round breasts and hard nipples against his chest, he wanted to feel her moving and shaking under

him. He clamped his mouth over hers and played games with her tongue as he continued to have his way with her.

Finally she tuned her head to the side and started kissing him on the hand on which the dressing had long since worked its way off of. She kissed it and got Alastair to somewhat release his grip on her wrist. Liysa then began to lick directly into the wound.

The pain came back but somehow in the middle of this lovemaking it only intensified the experience that Alastair was having. Liysa started sucking on the hand... the pain

intensified but so did the level of sexual arousal that Alastair felt... and evidently his lover also. The harder Liysa sucked the more she squirmed and moaned underneath Alastair.

Finally his body couldn't take anymore... he felt his climax starting. He took Liysa in a way that he had never done another woman. He seemed to have lost control and he didn't care, he pumped her harder than he had ever done any other woman, deeper than he had ever done any other woman. He suddenly felt himself shooting up inside of her.





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

The sensation lasted a long time and with an intensity that he couldn't remember ever feeling. With his heart pounding and gasping for air like a man who had almost drowned, Allistar's body went limp and he rested all of his weight on top of his conquest. Liysa continued to suck on his hand.

The next morning Alastair woke up late. He knew that it was late because of the angle at which the sun shined in through his window. He also knew that no one was going to come in and make a fuss about it because in all of twenty six years that he had lived in that house never once did any of the Andresens enter his room in the daytime.

Alastair looked around his room. Nothing seemed to be out of place or to be any different. There was no indication that anyone other than him had been in his room all night. He sprang out of his bed and walked directly into his private bathroom. After making water, he ran a hot bath and got in. As he washed himself, he thought about the dreams that he had last night. Horrors of slavery. Mysterious men. Broken glass. Sex with his master's daughter. And Liysa... sucking his

hand. Slowly he raised his hand out of the water... he wiped the soap off of it... and examined it. To his surprise the hand was completely healed.

"Was everything that I thought happened yesterday just a dream?"

The negro thought out loud. It all seemed so real, but no... the lack of even the most remote sign of a scare proved that it was all just a dream. Alastair continued to wash... and to rationalize.

CHAPTER THREE

Perrine had never actually committed the act before, therefore there was always a presupposition that when he got near the creatures there would be a certain kind of feeling. One of evil or of death or both.

But there was not.

He noted however that he couldn't remember ever being in a house that was quite so dark. Just going by what was on the inside of the house one would have thought that it was 2:00 AM at the earliest, but the fact of the matter was that it was only a little before noon on an extraordinarily sunny day. This particular day and time was taken as a precaution his





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

partner told him. As he walked up the stairs to the attic he thought to himself that it was an unusual thing in and of itself that he would have to go up at all. Usually the creatures slept in the cellar. Or so he'd heard. Nothing about the surroundings or the way that this episode was unfolding was the way that it was supposed to have been and he voiced his apprehensions as he and his boss Frederick Harmond reached the top of the stairs. "Mr. Harmond, I don't like this.

Nothing's right about what's going on here." Ethane Perrine said finally, trying his best not to sound as if he were afraid but failing miserably.

"Mr. Perrine... there is nothing right about what has been going on in this city or what we are about to do. It is however something that must be done." Harmond said dryly. And with that he abruptly pushed his weight against the door. The door was infinitely flimsier than Frederick had anticipated and not only swung open wildly but made a loud crash when it did. Perrine was already halfway down the long flight of stairs when Harmond got back enough of his balance to turn around.

"Get your ass back up here!" He called down to the frightened Ethane Perrine.

Ethane stopped in his tracks, turned around and started on his way slowly back up the stairs. For some reason, it seemed farther this time. He did however reach the top of the staircase, and when he did he look into the doorway that his partner had just forced himself through.

This room was unusual in that there were two candles lit. Two candles that were an off white color as far as Ethane's eyes could make out. The candles themselves

where masterpieces of art. Totally constructed out of carved wax, one candle was in the shape of a woman, the other in the shape of a man. Each of the candles stood about six feet high from the floor and although the wicks burned there was no noticeable melting of the wax around them. Very strange indeed.

He walked slowly over to the female shaped candle and stood in front of it. Ethane was totally taken with how much it looked like her. Even in the form of wax there was an unmistakable beauty about her. He





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

could love this woman. He stared at it and then shuddered at the thought of what he was going to have to do to the genuine article. It was in that moment that he felt a relief that they were not found up in the attic.

He was then suddenly startled by the sound of Harmond dropping his bag to the dusty wooden floor. He looked in the direction of the bag and then audibly gasped when his eyes fell upon the sight of his partner Frederick standing solemnly between two figures laying to either side of him on what resembled a couple of plush beds. He could make out by the light of the candle that one of the forms was a man and the other that of a woman. He knew immediately that these were the two beings whom he and Harmond had come to destroy.

“Aren’t they supposed to be in coffins or something?” Ethane said in a harsh whisper.

“Sometimes yes, sometimes no.” Harmond said in a regular tone.

“And these two are on beds... shouldn’t they be on their native soil?” Ethane continued to whisper, and in a way

that was intended to make Harmond whisper also.

“This entire plantation is their native soil.” Harmond answered... he did not take Ethane’s cue.

“How come their in the attic instead of the cellar... why is it..”

“You read to much.” Harmond said tersely as he knelt down to open the bag. He fumbled around inside of it for a few seconds and then produced two large crosses, two wooden stakes and two mallets. “He motioned to Ethane and said “Come over here... let’s get this thing over with.”

Hesitantly Ethane walked over to the three figures. “Nothing about this is like anything that I’ve ever read about. What if we’re wrong about the rest of it... the crosses and the stakes and those things?”

“Trust me.” Harmond said as he handed one stake, cross and mallet to his partner. “Go and get in a position that is comfortable for you, a position in which you can get a proper swing.”

Ethane walked around to the left side





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

of the bed... not because he could get a better swing but because that seemed to give him the most unobstructed path to the door. He looked down upon the face of the woman who laid on the white silken looking sheets. She was infinitely more beautiful than the wax likeness thought given a choice between who he would rather be standing beside right now he would have immediately picked the candle. She was motionless, not breathing... as if she were dead... and dead she was, or more accurately undead.

“Put your cross where you can easily reach it.” Harmond said as he worked his way over to the right side of the man who laid motionless on the bed. “Once you’ve done that take the stake firmly in your left hand and put the tip of it against the chest right above the heart. When you strike, do it hard and fast. You won’t have a second chance I promise you. And remember... we must strike at the same time. These creatures won’t awaken until they have been pierced, or until the other one is in danger, but when they do the stake had damned well already be deep in the heart.”

“And then it will be over?”

“After we have decapitated them, yes.”

“I’d forgotten that part.” Ethane said suddenly realizing how sick he was feeling.

“Now place the stake over the heart.”



Ethane did it. He looked as the stake as it shook uncontrollably in his hand. “What if they wake up and before we have the stake in?” He said in a voice that belayed his fear.

“Pray that we don’t find out. Now put the stake over the heart and get ready... I’m going to count three. On three we will drive the stakes

deep into the hearts.”

Ethane tried to control his nerves to no avail. He shook and sweated thinking of everything that could possibly go wrong.

“One...”

“Oh God.”

“Two...”

“Oh my God.”

“THREE!”



OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

The hammer went down as he called out. The eyes of the vampire opened wide as the sharp edge of the stake pierced the pale flesh. He let out an ear piercing high pitched scream as blood gushed out from the point of entry almost as if it had been under high pressure. The creature tried to sit up but in vain... and soon he was no longer able to cry out because of the blood that was now pouring out of its mouth.

He laid back upon the bed and went into massive convolutions as the white satin sheets turned deep red. Harmond stood over the bed with the cross just inches from the face of the creature to insure that he would be immobilized until the peace of true death would come upon him. He hadn't even bothered to see how Ethane had fared.

Ethane couldn't move... he was totally paralyzed by the sight of the two white hot glowing orbs that were the eyes of the female vampire. Harmond swung on three... Ethane thought that he had intended to go 1...2...3... swing. He was only a split second late... but that's all that it took. He finally came to himself and raised his mallet, but

he dropped it just as quickly when the felt a pull that originated at his chest. The creature had grabbed him by his shirt. Ethane struggled and screamed for help from Harmond who was busy finishing of the decapitating of his subject.



“The cross Ethane! Pick up the cross!” Harmond yelled finally realizing that his partner was in unimaginable danger.

Unable to take his eyes off of the woman who was attacking him Ethane groped around in the semi-darkness for the means of his salvation... he felt it in his palm and then grabbed it tightly and

thrust it in front of the face of the woman. She let go of his shirt and ceased the struggle. Ethane felt a smile creeping upon his lips. “Now hell spawn” he said through his heavy breaths, “it is your time.”

“Really?” She hissed. The vampire was now beginning to grin. Ethane didn't understand. From his knowledge she was supposed to be screaming or reeling back or something. What had gone wrong? Harmond's eyes grew wide as he looked over to his soon to be dead associate. He saw immediately the mistake that was



OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

made. “Ethane!!” he yelled, “Ethane turn it over!! Turn the cross over! You’re holding it upside down, it won’t work like that!” Ethane wanted to comply but it was too late. This time when the woman grabbed him by the shirt she pulled him down on top of her.

He was extremely surprised however when she let go of him almost as quickly as she had grabbed him. He looked around on the floor for the stake and mallet that he had dropped and couldn’t make it out in the shadows. He looked to Frederick to ask for some assistance...

when he tried to speak his voice only gurgled. He reached to his neck... what was left of his neck. He had only a couple seconds to panic before collapsing to the floor. Ethane’s head turned to the side and he was facing the candles. His last earthly thought being (oddly enough), how strange it was that the candle that was shaped like a man had gone out and yet there had been no breeze in the room and no one had gone near it.

Very strange indeed.

The woman jumped up from the bed

and faced Harmond. “Now for you...” she said with a voice that dripped venom. “You will pay most dearly for what you’ve done to my husband!”

Harmond knew that he dared not pull the stake out of the heart of the man but knew that it would be nearly impossible for him to kill this creature now that the element of surprise was gone. He tried immediately to put the cross up in front of him... but she was fast... inhumanly fast. The weight of the female vampire landed upon him and as he hit the floor he could see in the shadows the cross

that he had once held in his hand now sliding across the floor almost as if it had a mind of its own. Harmond felt the grip of the creature’s hand around his neck and could feel her breath... he could smell it, the odor of Ethane’s blood fresh upon it. He wanted to yell something... even call out a prayer but his airway was obstructed. He prepared himself to die... or perhaps suffer something worse, something unthinkable.

“Do you think that I’m going to rip your throat out the way I did that imbecile’s that you brought with you?”





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

she groaned in a voice that sounded increasingly like that of a man, “I will see to it that you live forever as my slave, bastard... and I will assure you that there will be no end to the horrors that I will make you suffer.” As her face got closer to his neck Harmond could see the razor sharp fangs gleaming not by the candle light but almost it seemed from some energy of their own.

And then he instantly came to the horrible realization that soon he would also be displaying fangs much the same as those. In his mind he said a prayer for mercy. He felt the heat of the first fang as it touched his flesh, not yet penetrating. In spite of himself he could only think now of the fact that the fang was hot... somehow he had always figured that it would be freezing cold. Soon none of these trivialities would matter... he stopped struggling and waited for the penetration.

“Mommy?”

The voice was soft and wondering.

Both the creature and the man looked toward the door.

By the candle light they could see the form of a little boy... a five year old little boy. “What are you doing Mommy? Who are these men? What happened to daddy?” He said as he peered through the dimly lit room.

She raised off of Harmond quickly... to his infinite relief and walked on her knees slowly over to the child and embraced him. She squeezed him tightly for what seemed to be an eternity. She looked into his eyes and rubbed his cheek tenderly. “I’m sorry.” she said as a tear made a track down her cheek. “I’m sorry for all that your father and I have put you through,

I just hope that one day... with help... you will understand.” her voice was different now, soft and as smooth as the satin sheets on which she had not long ago laid upon. The voice that Harmond remembered. She stood up and walked over to Harmond who was still on his back. She held out her hand. Harmond reluctantly took it and pulled himself up. He stood facing her this time with no fear. “Forgive me Frederick,” she said sounding almost ashamed. “The sickness has coursed through my body for so long that I forgot the promise.” she looked





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

over on the floor at the mutilated flesh that was once Ethane Perrine. She hung her head and repeated almost in a whisper, "I forgot the promise." She then looked over at the now truly dead body of her husband.

"I am sorry Evangiline." Harmond said as tears welled up in his eyes. Winston was a good friend to me."

"We knew that we'd made the right choice when we picked you to finish this nightmare. I ask you this final favor."

"Anything Evangiline."

"Take our son and raise him. Raise him in the sunshine and teach him that the world can be a beautiful place to live. Teach him to live among the living."

"I will."

She once again turned toward her son who was staring at the head of his father and going understandably into shock. She stepped between him and the sight and knelt down in front of him. "I've got to go away son. You won't be seeing me anymore but I want you to never forget that daddy and mommy love you very much.

We love you more than anything in this world."

"Where are you going? Why do you have to leave me mommy?"

"You'll be living with Mr. Harmond... one day when you're old enough he'll explain it all to you. And when he does please try to understand... and remember that no matter where we are, we love you."

She hugged the child one last time and wept. After releasing him she picked him up and handed him to Harmond. "Thank you." she whispered

through her tears.

"Rest Evangiline. Rest." Frederick said as he took the boy. "I'll see to it that he remembers your love."

The two stared at each other for a moment and then suddenly, before he realized what he was doing Frederick kissed her. It was a long passionate kiss. He tasted the blood that was still upon her lips but that didn't matter. While he kissed her he closed his eyes and allowed his mind to go back to the time when they were lovers, the time and place before he had to go to





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

Europe to seek fame and fortune and returning to find that alas he had been gone too long and his love ended up marrying his best friend Winston. Evangiline knew what he was thinking... she had that power. She knew that deep in his heart he had never stopped loving her.

They kissed through their tears for a eternity... but that was not long enough. While finally breaking the embrace Evangiline quickly whispered, “Do not open your eyes my love... turn and walk away... don’t look back.

Remember me as I was.” She aimed him gently toward the door and Frederick started walk insuring that he held the child’s head close to his chest. “I’ll not make you do what you need to do with me.” Evangiline said kindly. “I know what must be done and having to kill Winston was enough for your conscience I’ll not burden you with my memory also. Just take our son out of this place so that he doesn’t have to see anymore of this.”

Harmond didn’t say anything else. He walked out of the room to leave Evangiline to make peace with herself and God. As he went down the stairs

he could hear the sound of glass breaking... the sound of someone jumping out of a window and into the extraordinarily bright sunshine. He knew the incredible effort that she had to make. There was something about the nature of the condition that made suicide almost an almost impossible act to commit... he also knew that the pain that she felt from the blaring sun upon her skin had to have been unimaginable, yet she held her silence so that the child’s last memory of her would not be a scream.

“I love you my darling Evangiline.” he whispered as he

continued down the stairs. The child was silent but his tears soaked the shirt of Frederick Harmond.

Caleb’s eyes sprang opened and he turned his head upon his sweat soaked pillow. The fact that he was safe in his own room, in his own bed was of very little comfort. The surroundings of a dark room would forever remind him of the attic in which he last saw his parents. Sometimes it was hard for him to tell when he had awakened from one of the nightmares that have haunted him ever since he witnessed the gruesome deaths of his parents.





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

Even though Frederick had never told him, Caleb always knew that the sound of that breaking glass was his mother jumping out of the window.

And even though he didn't know why she did it at the time, he did know that it had something to do with love... and necessity. It wasn't until years later that he learned the whole story, and oddly enough he came upon it by accident... not by Harmond telling him (although Harmond did have every intention of informing young Moss of what had transpired and the events leading up to it). Each night when he would awaken in a cold sweat it would only reinforce his resolve to totally avenge the deaths of his parents. His resolve to wipe out the bloodline of the ones who were in his mind ultimately responsible for that abomination.

The Collenworth family.

Caleb Moss turned his head to the side on his sweat soaked pillow and stared at the far corner of the room. He gazed upon two pieces of wax, masterpieces of art, about six feet in height, carved in the likenesses of a man and a woman. One burned and

the light dimly lit the room.

"I miss you both so very much." Moss whispered as tears flowed freely down his cheeks. He continued to stair at the flicker from the single candle... he had often wondered why he was never able to get the wick on the candle which represented his father to light again since that day those many years ago. Once again focusing his total attention on his mother's candle Caleb took note of the fact that although the wick burned there was no noticeable melting of the wax around it.

Very strange indeed

CHAPTER FOUR

If one dreams about making love to a woman, and then isn't sure whether he was dreaming or not there really is no subtle way to find out if it were a fact from the woman in question. Alastair was painfully aware of that when he approached Liysa in the parlor. After he had gotten out of the bathtub, the thought of exactly how he would go about finding out the reality of his experience was paramount in his mind.





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

Liysa sat on the couch at the far end of the parlor reading. This was her favorite past time, being that she apparently never left the house. Her back was to Alastair who silently studied the curve of her neck, the softness of her shoulders.

He strained to see if there were any noticeable bruises around her neck because he was sure that he had nibbled upon it last night and if he had done that then it would have to show. From where he stood, he could see nothing, only the back of Liysa's head as it scanned one side of the book to the next.

“Good morning Alastair, is there something that I can do for you?” Liysa said casually without turning around.

“N-no. No mamm.” Alastair replied a bit startled. For all the years that he had lived with the Andresen family, he could never quite get used to the fact that Liysa always knew who was in the room with her whether she turned to see them or not. It was unsettling and a bit too strange for his taste.

“Is there someplace that you have to

go?”

“No mamm Miss Liysa.”

Alastair was testing the water, so to speak. He seldom called Liysa Miss. He was attempting to see if she would say something on her own that would let him know if the episode from last night was real, or if it was some kind of childhood fantasy that had finally manifested itself in a dream that seemed o-too-real.

“Well if you don't have anyplace to go then why don't you come sit with me and keep me company for a little while? Unless of course,

you'd rather stay back there and stair at my neck.”

How he hated when she did that. Liysa had never turned around, and she knew that he knew it. At times it seemed that she would do that just to annoy him.

It worked.

Alastair walked slowly over to the couch. With each step he formulated in his mind how he would get Liysa to tell him whether they had made love or not without asking her directly. He sat down a little closer to Liysa than





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

he usually would, and watched her read for a moment. “Penny for your thoughts.” She said without looking up from her book. “Keep the money.” Alastair said.

“There’s something on your mind Alastair. You should just come out with it. You know that most of the time I know what you’re thinking anyway.” Liysa said coyly.

What she said disturbed Alastair. If anyone else had said it, he would have taken it as a bit of sarcasm, but from Liysa he wasn’t sure that she was kidding.

“Well Liysa...” Alastair began as he searched for the right words to say. “Well you see. I um...”

“You usually have no trouble expressing yourself. What’s the matter?”

“Well, it’s about last night...”

“What about last night?”

Alastair looked down at his hand. Suddenly he realized how irrational he was being. Nothing was wrong with his hand, and if nothing was wrong with his hand, then Liysa

never wrapped it, he never fell on the floor, none of what he remembered of the prior night actually happened. The only problem with that line of reasoning being. If none of it happened then how could he account for the time? Alastair sat silently.

“What about last night?” Liysa enquired again, this time more instantly.

“Oh nothing. I was just worried that I may have broken a glass in the study last night.” Alastair said finally, finding anything to explain his preoccupation.

“Well if you did,” Liysa whispered, “don’t worry about it. Only you and I know, so the only way for anyone to find out would be if we tell...” she leaned over to him, “... and neither one of us is going to do that. Are we Alastair?”

“What did you just say?” Alastair said abruptly as he jerked back from Liysa.

Liysa didn’t have a chance to answer.

One of the field slaves ran into the house, making apologies for being inside but with an urgent message. “Miss Liysa... Alastair... Pickins done run away again!” He said as he huffed.





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

“Pickins? Oh no.” Alastair sighed as he put his face in his hands.

“Old Pickins is your best friend on this plantation Alastair. He runs off once every two or three months. You know what you have to do.” Liysa said almost laughing.

“I know, I know... I need to go after him before someone else picks him up. Hard headed old man.” Alastair stood up. “Jimbo, would you get my horse ready please? I’m going to get some rations from the kitchen and bring that old codger home. If you’ll excuse me Miss Liysa.”

“Oh, you’re excused Alastair. Go find Pickins.” She said still giggling. She knew that he hated having to go after him all the time, but he never had the heart to punish the old man. The little bit that he knew about getting by as a slave he learned from Pickins.

As Alastair disappeared into the kitchen, Kress stepped up behind Liysa. “You really shouldn’t tease Alastair.” He said dryly.

“Oh I’m just having some fun with him.”

“You mean like the fun you had last

night?”

“Father told me to go to his room.”

“He told you to heal his hand. Not to sleep with him.”

“I did what I had to.”

“Just be sure that you don’t hurt him. You aren’t the only one in this house who loves him.”

“I know that.” Liysa said. “But none of you. None of you. Can ever love him in the way that I do. And as he finds out about his new gift, even Alastair will learn that.” Alastair had never been

so far outside of town.

The sun had gone down so quickly that he didn’t notice that he was in the dark. The woods were thick and there was very little light, if any to see by. He was surprised that he could see at all. Whatever the reason for his keen eyesight, he was thankful that it would at least give him the ability to make it back to the dirt road that he came off of. He stopped in his tracks and turned the horse around so that he could get on his way back home. If Pickins was out in that darkness somewhere, there would be no finding him.





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

Alastair decided to abandon the search and to continue on the next day when we could get an earlier start and once again have daylight on his side. That is if he didn't spend the night making love to his master's daughter.

After finding the main road, Alastair looked up at the stars that covered the sky like a kind of angelic blanket. He listened to the crickets sing along the roadside. He felt alone in the world and he liked the feeling.

He laughed to himself when he thought about how afraid of the dark he used to be. He remembered how when he was young he read the Legend of Sleepy Hollow and was afraid not only to go out in the dark but, to be in the dark at all. That fear passed when he grew up and learned that nothing in a scary story could ever compare to the true horrors that man commits upon his fellow man.

The darkness actually became a friend of sorts. He felt safe and secure in it. A thing which came in very handy when living with a family who had an obvious dislike for the sunshine. Having been raised with the Andresens, Alastair knew that

their lifestyle wasn't normal, but he caulked it up to the eccentricities of white people. After all he had seen of the whites, there was practically nothing that any of them could do that would really surprise him.

He looked back up at the stars and his thoughts went to Liysa. He still hadn't sufficiently discovered what exactly had happened. "I must check the study when I get home." Alastair thought out loud. "If I can find some physical evidence of the broken glass then that may give me a clue about my hand and about Liysa."

Alastair was so deep in thought with the troubling questions about the prior evening that he didn't notice coming upon a large group of men carrying torches. When he finally did see them he was already in their midst. He instinctively stopped his horse and looked at the men who were now surrounding him.

"Well well, what do we have here? It looks like we done caught us a fancy pants house Nigger." Sneered Ed Watkins, the man who seemed to be the leader of the mob. "What're you doin' out on the road at this time-o' night boy?"





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

“I’m trackin’ down a runaway suh.” Alastair said in his best slave voice... one that he had never really had a need to practice. The mob could tell immediately that he was educated.

“You don’t sound like no nigger I ever met boy... what’s your name?” Ed growled as he slowly turned his rifle toward Alastair’s face.

“My name is Alastair sir. Alastair Andresen.”

“What’s your master’s name?”

“Terrance Andresen of Thackster County Sir.”

“Any o’you fellas ever heard of a Terrance Andresen of Thackster County?”, the man said with the barrel of the weapon still trained on Alastair’s forehead.

The entire scene became very disturbing for Alastair at that point. He had never been in a situation where he mentioned the name Terrance Andresen and not had whomever it was immediately begin to apologize for their rude behavior. He really had ventured too far away from his home. These men had no idea who he was.

Who was he?

For the first time in his life, Alastair felt like a slave.

A nigger.

Something less than a man... an animal who’s fate depended on the mercy of the merciless.

“None-o’ my friends here ever heard o’ no Terrance Andresen boy. Hell, ain’t but onea us even been ta Thackster County. ‘Sides, I ain’t never seed no master lettin’ his niggra run around alone this late at night. Even if he is a fancy house nigger.”

“I assure you sir that I was sent out by my master Terrance Andresen to retrieve a slave named Pickins. I couldn’t find him in this darkness, so I was on the return home.”

“Well here him talk!” Watkins laughed as he turned his head in the direction of the mob members behind him. “I assure you I wus sent to retrieve Pickins.” He continued to mock. “This here’s a regular nigger scholar.”

“Well ain’t he fancy.” Came a voice from the mob.

“Yea, we outta take em’ home an make em’ one o’ our scool teachers.” Yelled





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

another anonymous voice.

As the men started to laugh, Allistar became ever more aware of the gravity of his predicament.

“Since you’re suh’ edjicated, you should understand this boy. Get off that horse.”

“Sir?”

“I said... get yer ass down offta that there horse.”

Alastair slowly dismounted the stallion which had been his since he was twenty years old. All the while, with the barrel of a rifle burning a design upon his face.

“Check em’ John.” Watkins huffed as he motioned with his head.

John Claymore walked over to Alastair, turned him around and roughly pushed him up against the horse. “Don’t try nothin’ tricky boy.” He whispered as he started patting the young black man down and checking through his pockets. John moved his hand to the pocket of Alastair’s vest and felt paper inside.

He was sure that what he had was traveling papers until he got it out

into the light of the torches.

“Great balls-o-fire!” Claymore exclaimed as he ran over to Watkins. They both examined the papers by the faint light of the torch. Then one after another of the cohorts started to gather around. They in turn looked at the papers and then to the slave. Finally Watkins said, “We’d you get this boy?”

“I-it’s mine.” Alastair said before he had time to think.

“This here’s twenty seven dollars boy. Don’t nobody give no slave no horse and twenty seven dollars, and sends em’

ridin’ round in the woods by hisself! I don’t care how good a house nigger he is!” He turned toward the mob. “We got a horse thievin’, money stealin’ lyin’ run away nigger here fella’s. And you know what we do with run away niggers.” Watkins continued as he grinned and stuffed the money in his pocket.

“You gonna split that muny with us ain’t ya Ed.” John said.

“Sure I am boys... just as soon as we take care of this run away. Anybody got another rope?”





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

“Why don’t we use the one what’s already up?” said Will Jones from the mob.

“Good idea. Why waste an new rope on a sorry theivin’ niggar.”

“Come on boy!” John said as he grabbed Alastair by the arm and was going to drag him away.

Alastair knew that his fate was now at the end of a rope and that he would have to use any means necessary to escape that inevitably. Over the years Terrance and his sons had not only educated Alastair academically, but also in the finer points of self-defense and combat.

The slave thought that it was a thing that he would never have to use in his lifetime, but now it was going to mean the difference between life and death.

Recalling all that he had been taught, Alastair grabbed Claymore by the wrist, shifted his own weight against him and pushed him into Watkins, who was so startled that he dropped his rifle. Alastair then reached down in his boot and drew out a knife that he had always kept concealed there,

but also thought that he would never use. With one fluid motion Alastair threw the knife at John and Ed just as they were finding there feet. The blade sank directly and deeply into John’s heart. John sank to the ground and lay there in a crumpled heap.

“That Nigger just killed John!” Someone yelled in the confusion.

“Get em’! String em’ up!” yelled random voices from the mob.

Alastair jumped on his horse and without hesitation had the steed in a full gallop away from his attackers. The whole thing took on a nightmarish quality.

Even as he rode Alastair asked himself, “Did I really cut my hand... Did I make love to Liysa...? Did I just kill a white man? I KILLED A WHITE MAN!” He charged the horse faster. He wasn’t even sure if he was going in the right direction, although logic would dictate that any way that was opposite that of the mob was the right direction.

It is more or less instinctive to look behind you when you are being pursued by people who would love nothing more than to have your head





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

hanging on a wall. Be that as it may, it is a very bad idea when riding a horse at full gallop in the middle of the woods on a moonless night. When Alastair turned his head to look in front of him, he could make out the shapes of the many trees that were surrounding him, but something struck him odd about the tree that was immediately in front of him. There seemed to be something hanging from one of the branches. He could only see it as a shadow at first but he was close enough to it and approaching it fast enough that he could quickly see what it was... or more accurately, who it was.

“Pickins!!!” Alastair cried out just before he and his horse plowed into his lifeless hanging body. The impact knocked Alastair from his saddle and after slamming onto the hard ground Alastair knew that he would not be mounting his horse again. He looked up at the body of the run away slave who was once his friend. “Pickins.” He whispered before everything went black.

It only seemed like a moment when he had last closed his eyes. Alastair now looked around him and he could

feel himself on his horse once again.

Had he been dreaming?

The answer to his question came in the voice of Ed Watkins.

“Lyn’, theivin’, murderin’ niggah.” He said through clenched teeth. “You’re gonna pay for what you did in hell, you black devil!”

Alastair tried to speak, as if that would do any good, when he realized that there was a rope around his neck. As his senses became more acute, he could feel the pains from his impact, along with what were

probably broken bones sustained from a beating received while he was yet unconscious. He could feel the sensation of heat upon his back. As best he could, Alastair turned his head to look behind him. The lynch mob had set the tree that they were about to hang him on aflame.

“You’re gonna hang and burn boy.” Watkins said through his anger and hatred.

“Quit talkin’ and get this over with!” yelled someone in the mob.

His call was answered by cheers.





OTHER KINDS of DARKNESS -The Complete Prologue thru Chapter 4 (Cont.)

Watkins walked to the side of the horse and looked up at Alastair. “You’re a dead Nigger.”

“He lightly patted the horse on the side of the neck and said, “Ya know. The way I see it, we’re doin’ you a favor. See... this horse is a horse. He knows what he is and doesn’t try ta be anything diffrut. Same goes for muh dawg. But you.

You wear those fancy cloths an’ use that fancy talk. You don’t even know what the hell you are. Well let me tell you what you are boy.” Watkins leaned in closer to Alastair.



With that he took the knife that he had removed from his best friend’s chest and jammed it to the hilt into Alastair’s leg. As Alastair screamed in agony Watkins slapped the horse on the rear end and it ran off leaving Alastair swinging. The last thing that the house slave heard was the cheers of the mob.

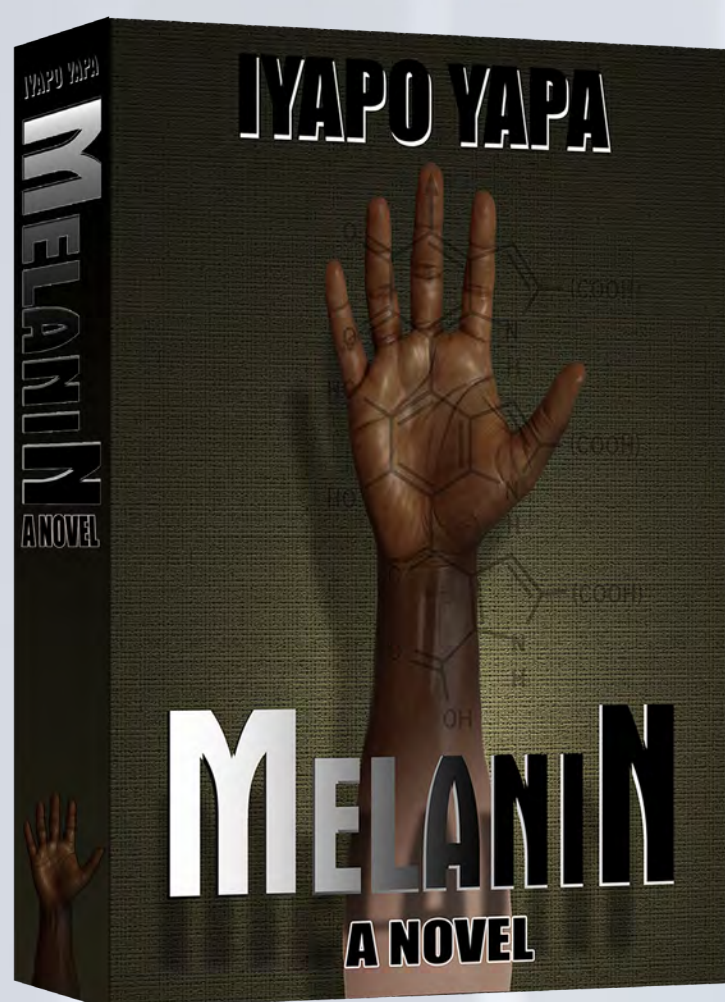
The darkness that Alastair had learned to love embraced him.



READING and WRITING in the

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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 above!

Click the image on the left to
purchase the novel!

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The Redemption of
**MAXINE
ALLISON**
A NOVELLA



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 a hit, as Adrien M. Lane brings you her mind bending and controversial debut novella. Read *The Redemption of Maxine Allison* and find out why!

THE WAIT IS ALMOST OVER! (In editing right now!)



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

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

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

In *PARADIGM VOID*, Iyapo explores things like:

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

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

AVAILABLE NOW!
CLICK THE LOGO TO GO TO THE RETAILER



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JANUARY 2026 MAZE!

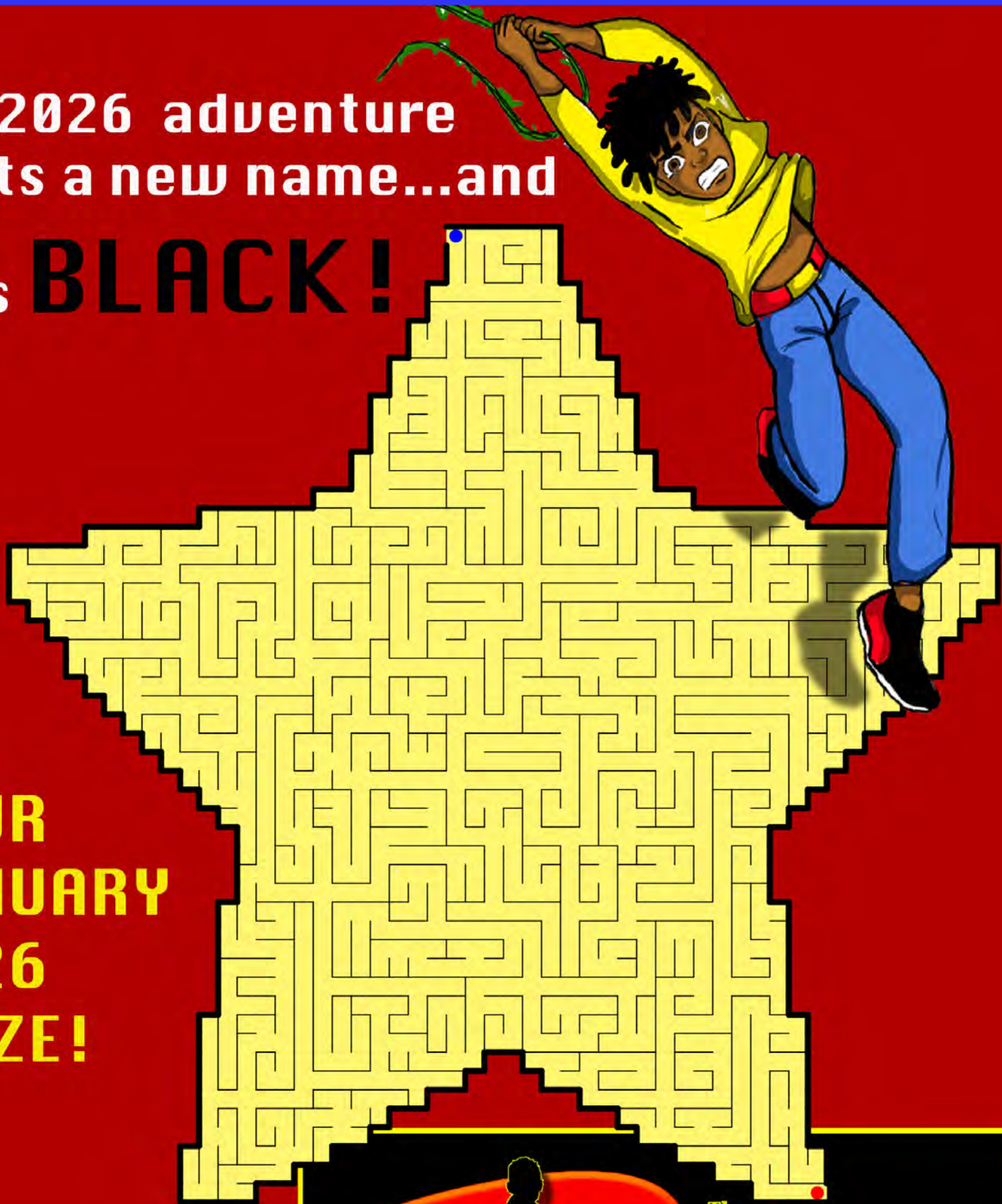
This month's puzzle is a MAZE and it features young Darrin Black! Trust me, the maze is about as tough as some of the spots Darrin and his scientist family are going to find themselves in, in the animated action-adventure series!

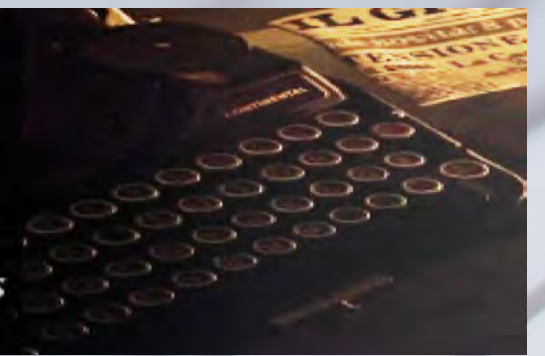
The solution to last month's puzzle, is at the back of the magazine as usual.

HAVE FUN! CLICK ON THE IMAGE BELOW TO DOWNLOAD A PRINTABLE COPY OF THE PUZZLE!

In 2026 adventure
gets a new name...and
it's **BLACK!**

**YOUR
JANUARY
2026
MAZE!**





THE BIRTH OF DARRIN BLACK

I do a lot of writing.

A LOT of writing!

I've always wanted to be a writer, but from the time I had that realization until a few short years ago, I never thought I would fulfill that dream. I spent the majority of my time cartooning. I was blessed to have been able to work in the field, and even in the times when work was slow and I needed to pick up other work (you know, so I could do frivolous things like feeding the family, paying rent and utilities... you know... stuff like that), I was still drawing and cartooning.



Everyone thought it was my dream to do cartooning as my life's work, but no. I wanted to be a writer more than anything else. I love telling stories. I love the idea of creating worlds and people to inhabit those worlds and then seeing where it takes me (and the reader). Finally after decades of wanting to write, and I mean REALLY write, my wife and I moved to Costa Rica. There was no way for me to have known how freeing that move would be for me, and especially my mind

and spirit. Once I got away from the clatter and clutter (still remember that phrasing from the movie *Altered States*), my mind was finally clear enough to write in earnest.

In about five years I have been here I have completed eight novels, an anthology of short stories and have several more books in the works (including *The Dragons of Harlem* and *The Eulogy of Man, The End of All War* and a book about the History of Black People in Cartoons and Animation in America—that I've been working on for over thirty years).

Frankly, after I was able to actualize myself as a writer, I didn't think too deeply about putting pencil to paper anymore. I will always love cartooning and the medium, but I was no longer interested in the labor-intensive art of cartooning in order to create comics, comic strips or comic books (I have been considering creating a graphic novel, but that is waaaaaaaay on the back burner).

So, one day, while I'm minding my own business, as I tend to do, I come

THE BIRTH OF DARRIN BLACK (Continued)

across ai.

Now, you have to understand, I was about as anti-ai as the next person when I first heard about it. I denounced it as “cheating” or the something used only by people who have no talent, but want ai to create something for them, so they can slap their name on it. Then I started wondering if there was ai available that could animate. I’ve been cartooning for decades, and I’d imagined one day seeing my creations animated, but, even for as much as I wanted to, I never

became an animator. Be that as it may, I still checked into it, and lo and behold, I discovered ai that would do exactly what I wanted it to do! It was then that I animated the entire children’s book I illustrated, *The Money Tree* by T.J. Riley. (My wife Angela Riley provided narration.)

After completing that and experimenting with virtually everything I had available to me that I had drawn even as far back as thirty years ago, I realized that YES! I can make an animated cartoon if I do this right!

From the time I was young, and watching the likes of *Jonny Quest*, *Space Ghost*, *The Herculoids* and so on, I knew I wanted to make an action-adventure cartoon that featured action, action, ACTION!

The Adventures of Darrin Black was born.

The Adventures of Darrin Black follows the Black family (who are a Black family), The father, Professor Joseph Black, and mother, Dr. Amanda Black, are scientists and adventurers. Darrin is their son. Mark is their ward

(his back story is truly amazing), and they have a pet named QwiQui that they picked up in another dimension. Each episode will be filled with action and adventure, especially when the family is going against the father’s arch nemesis Dr. Donald Magas.

During each episode of *Darrin Black*, there will be one or two short, animated teaching songs from a new series called *Skoolhouse Soul*. (Incidentally, Angela Riley is writing the lion’s share of the *Skoolhouse Soul* songs.)





THE BIRTH OF DARRIN BLACK (Continued)

If you are from a certain generation, you may remember the excitement of Saturday mornings. My goal is to not only bring back that feeling, but to also continue getting firm control of our own narrative. I want all of my work to be something that we can be proud of, that presents positive images of us that associate our people with our traditions of greatness.

Darrin Black will be the culmination of a lifelong dream, and I can't wait for everyone to see it and enjoy it! If you'd like to see me at my workstation, and explaining a bit what the process is for bringing Darrin Black to you, you can hop over to YouTube and it is right there at this link:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=krC9pdIrx0E&t=14s>

In 2026, everything is going to go BLACK!



ACTION and ADVENTURE has a NEW NAME!



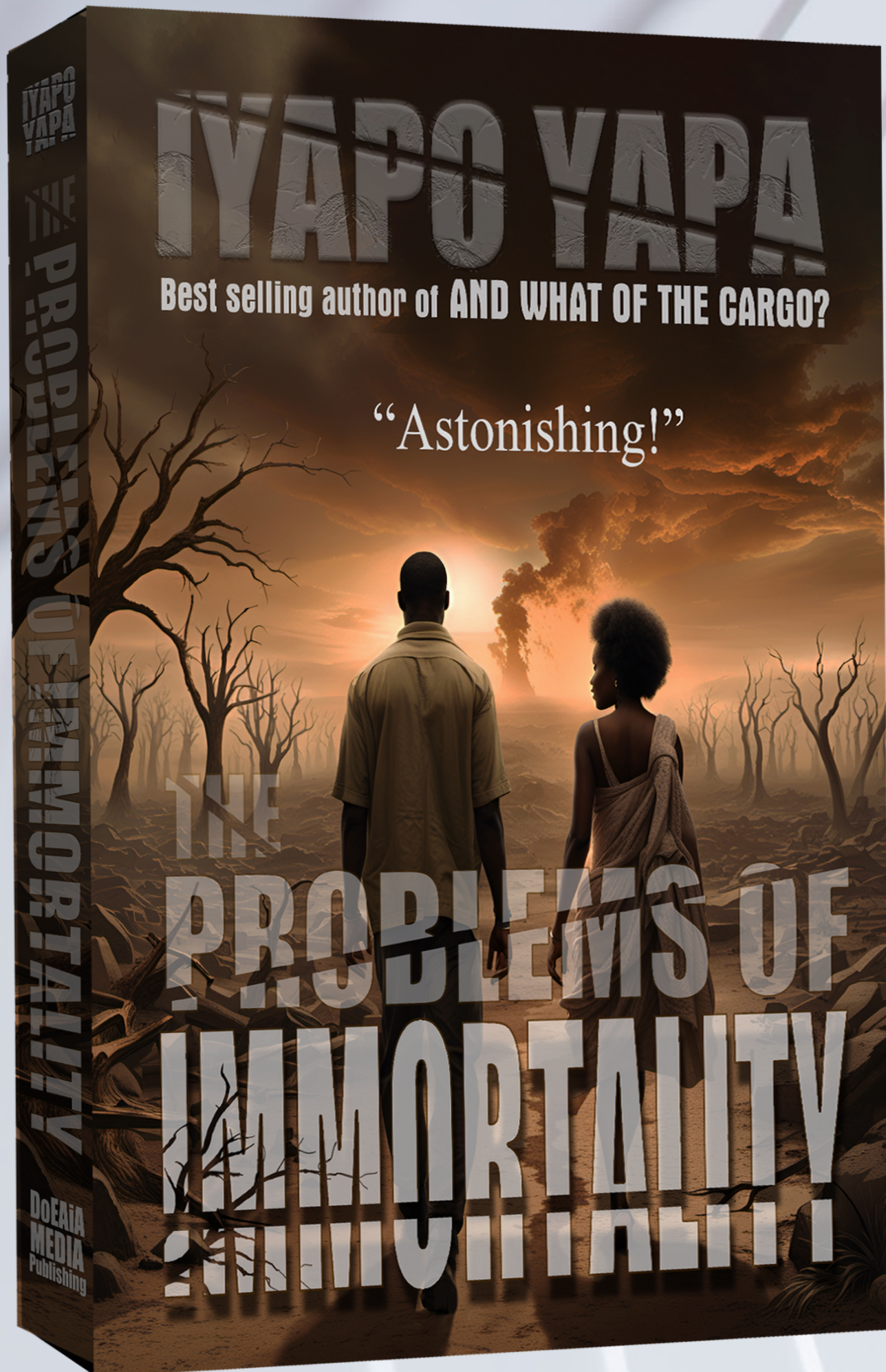
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**IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A BOOK THAT TAKES A BOLD AND UNFLINCHING
LOOK INTO THE EYES OF EXISTENTIAL DREAD... YOU'VE JUST FOUND IT!**



**IYAPO YAPA invites you to a world like nothing you've ever
seen before, in a WAY it has never been told before !**

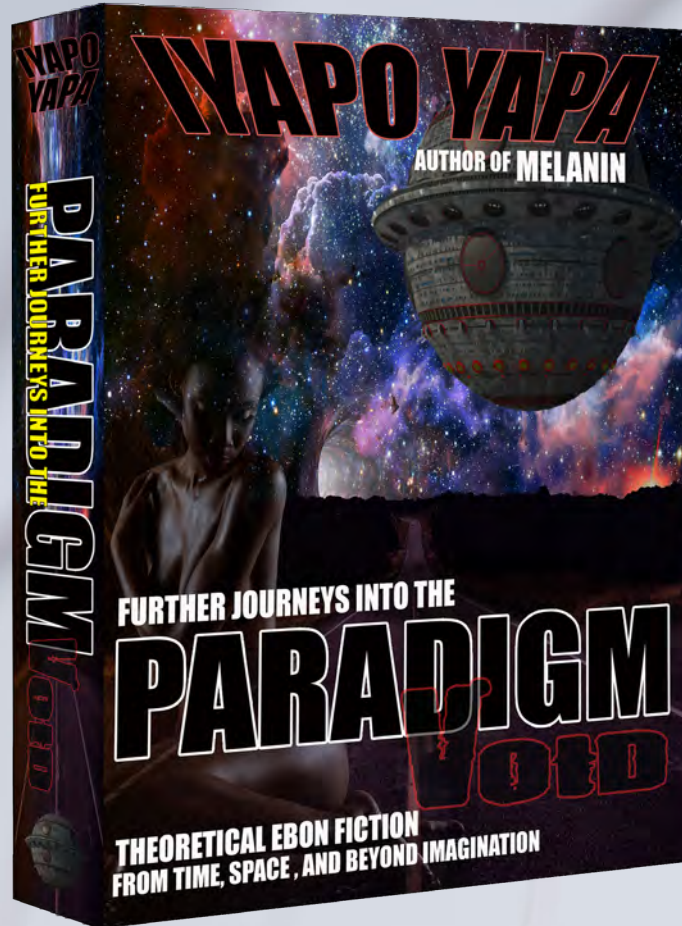
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ARE YOU PREPARED TO JOURNEY BACK INTO THE VOID?!

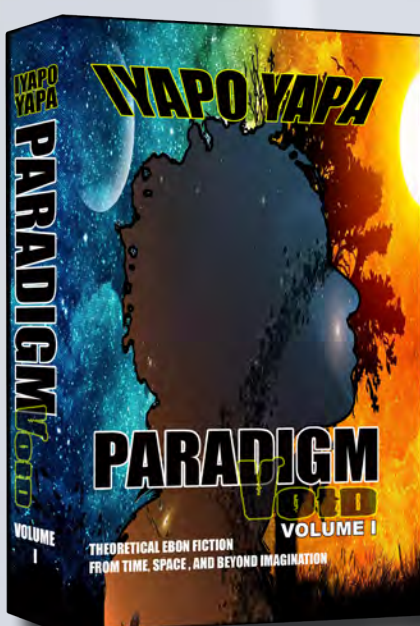


COMING SOON

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!

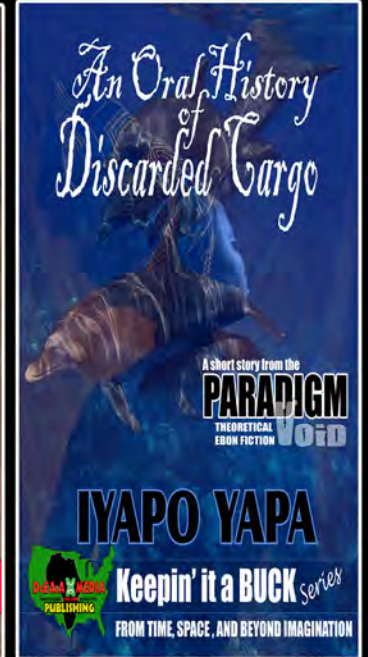
Stories from Time, Space and Beyond Imagination,
Paradigm VOID Volume I is available.



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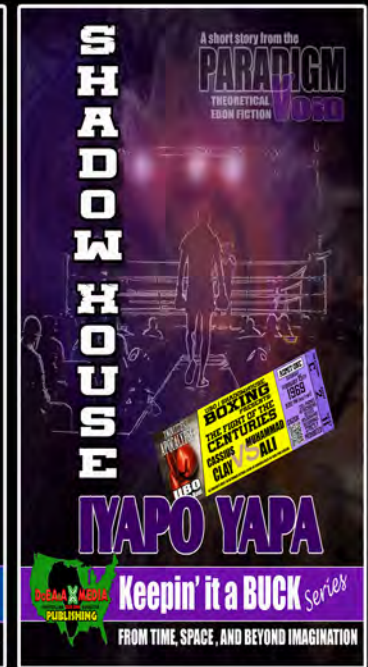
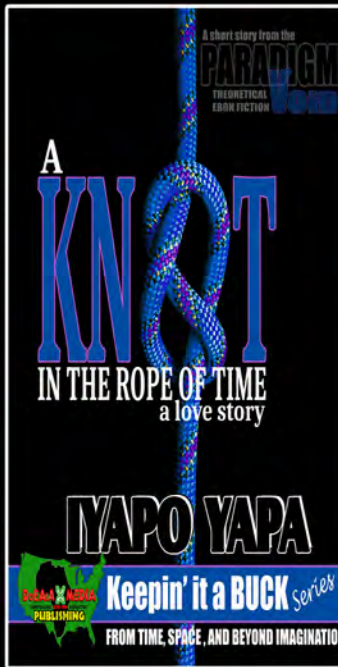


IT IS TIME TO JOURNEY INTO THE **PARADIGM VOID** ONE STEP AT A TIME.

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



Keepin' it a BUCK series



Also, Keepin' it a BUCK series TWO: Stories from Further Journeys into the Paradigm VOID is out NOW!



Also remember:

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

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

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DoEAIa MEDIA PUBLISHING is on the MOVE and taking control in 2026 with even more of the spectacular Pro-Black content our people have been longing for!

Check out the catalogue for 2026!



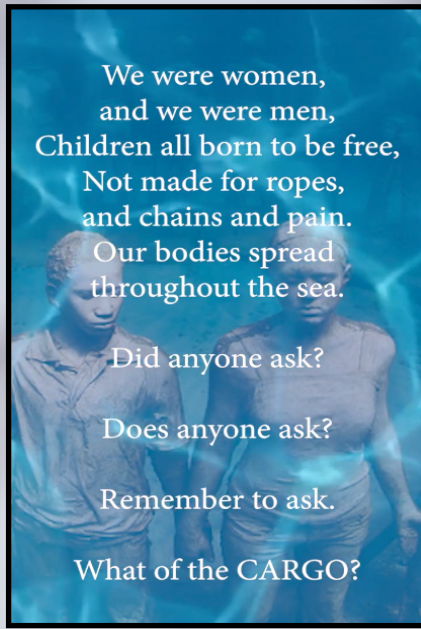
Scan the QR Code or click the image to the left to view the catalogue.

CONTROLLING OUR NARRATIVE!



There are now **THREE** And What of the **CARGO?** Trailers for you to watch!
 Just click on the image to view.

Original Trailer



Music Video Trailer

Full Extended Trailer



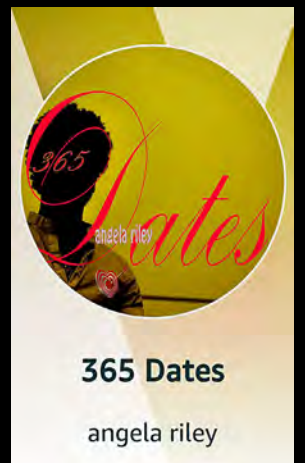
I'd like to say a big **THANK YOU!** To everyone who helped all three of my books to spend some time at number **ONE** on Amazon's **BEST SELLERS** list!



FIND AFFIRMING SELF LOVE AT:

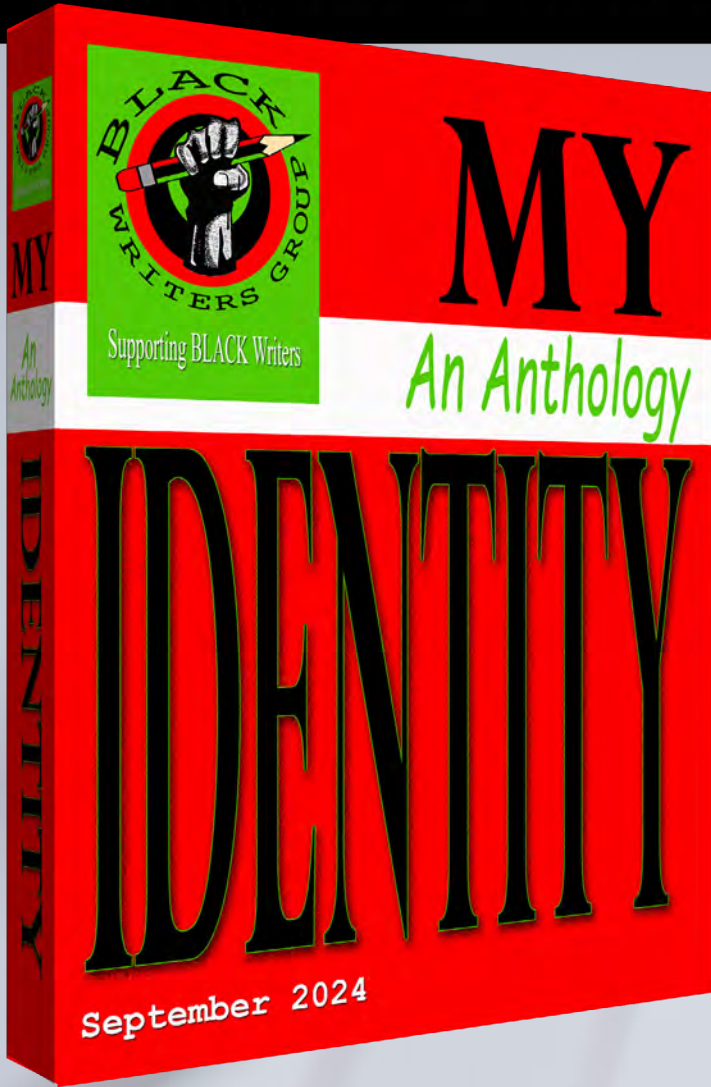


CAN LOVE SET US FREE?



COMING SOON!:





MY IDENTITY QR CODE
OR
Click the image
to the left for
the book.



Black LOVE QR CODE
OR
Click the image
to the right for
the book.



MY IDENTITY & BLACK LOVE ANTHOLOGY

Talented Black writers give you their insights in these Black Writers Group publications, *My Identity: An Anthology* and *Black Love Anthology*. The subjects, writing style and personal observations are as varied as the writers themselves. From essays to poems to affirmations to videos, they are surprising, inspirational, & even possibly unsettling. One thing is certain: after reading and experiencing these volumes, you will come away with food for thought as it pertains to Black love and identity, what they are, and what they mean.

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

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

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

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



Everybody needs a hobby!

Mine is playing and composing MUSIC!

For me, playing and composing is one of the most relaxing and 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!



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R.J. BLAKMAN



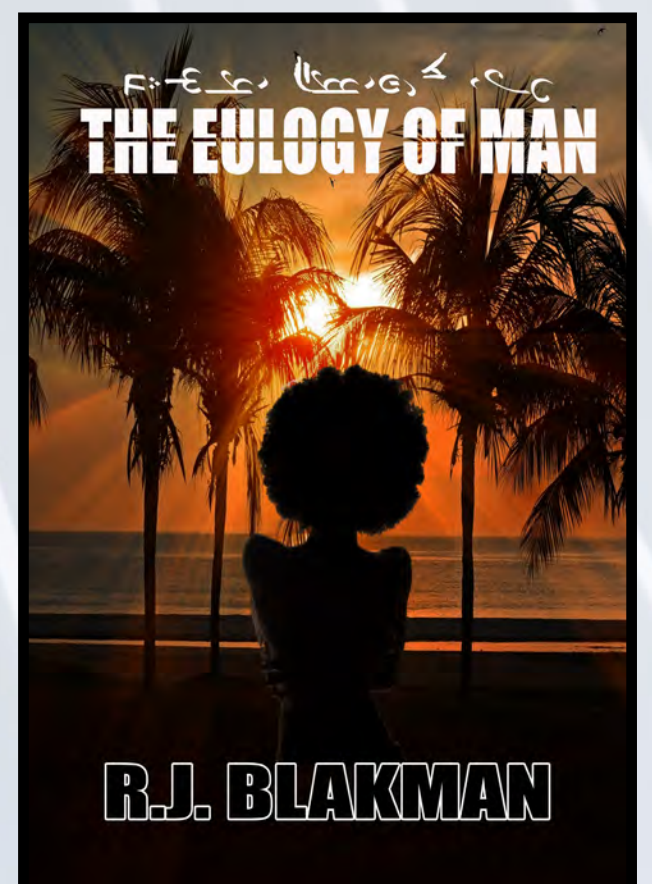
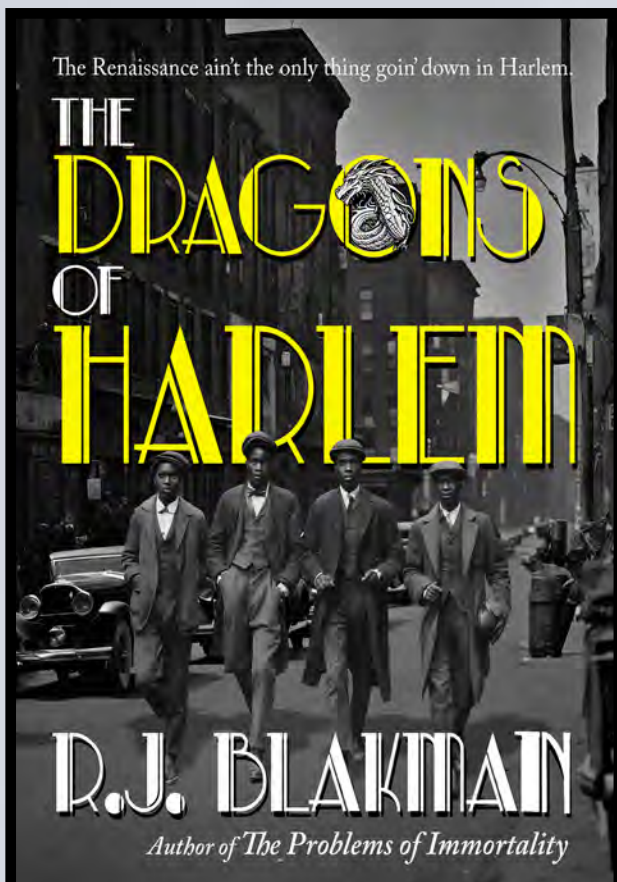
R. J. Blakman is a mystery writer, a writer of non-fiction and an all-around truth seeker. Blackman tries to look at things on a deeper level and whatever he finds, he tends to write about it with no sugar coating.

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!

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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!

Just click the image to the right and it will take you directly to Linktree and all that I have to offer!

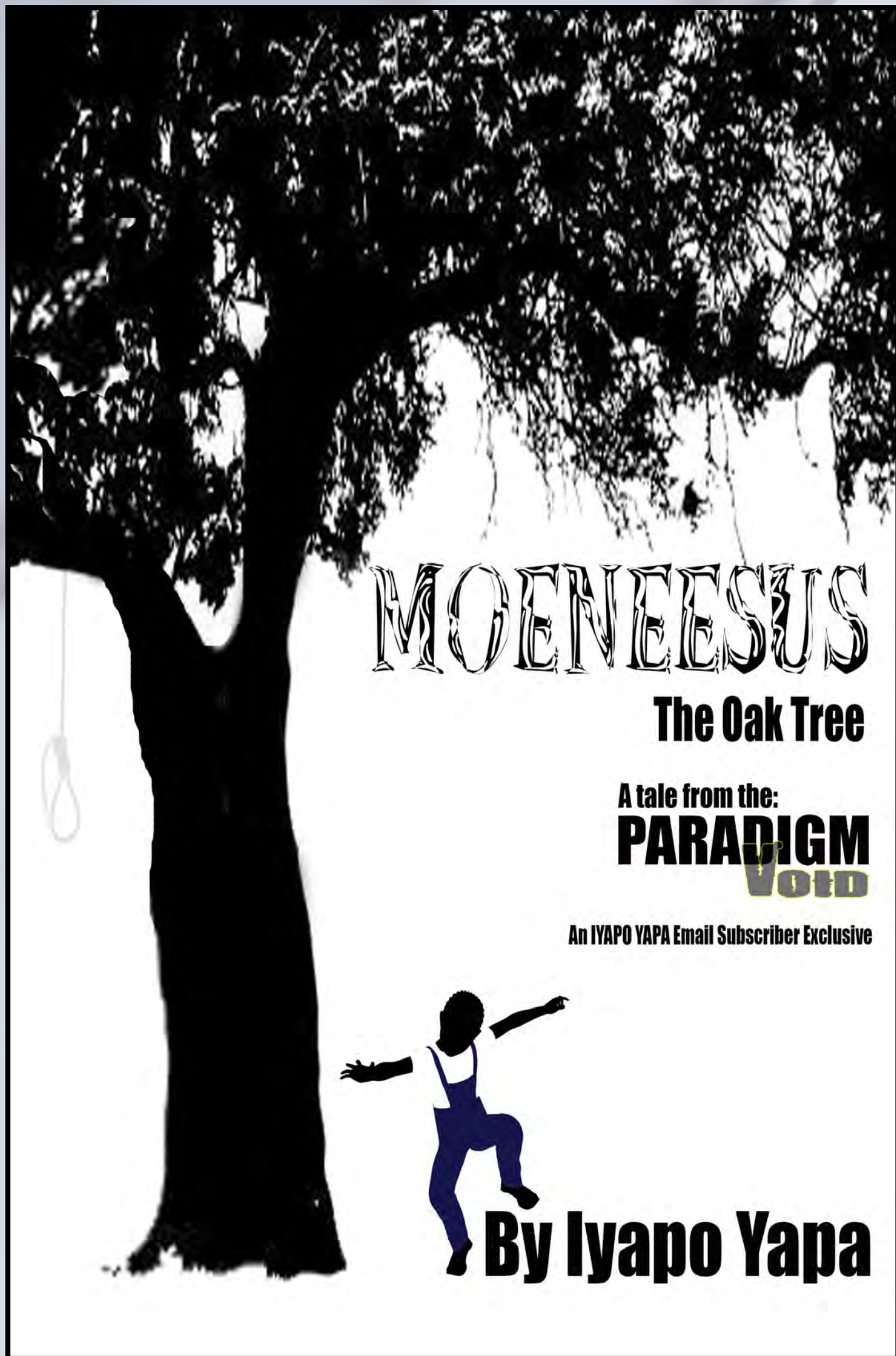
The image shows a screenshot of an Instagram profile for @iyapo, a cartoonist, illustrator, graphic artist, and author. The profile bio reads "Cartoonist, Illustrator, Graphic artist, Author". Below the bio, there is a section titled "Books and Writing by Iyapo Yapa" which contains a grid of promotional cards for his books. The cards are:

- IYAPO'S WEBSITE:** A card with a cartoon character and text: "Enter the world of IYAPO YAPA where you can find my books, art, and music! The FULL website is best viewed on a computer or tablet. The site is ROBUST, so be prepared and ENJOY! IYAPO'S WEBSITE".
- MELANIN: A NOVEL:** A card with a quote: "What if becoming genetically and phenotypically Black was the only thing that could save your life?" and a quote from Brandon Massey: "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. The book cover features a hand reaching up.
- AND WHAT OF THE CARGO?:** A card with text: "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." The book cover features a man's face and a stack of papers.
- PARADIGM:** A card with text: "An anthology of short stories in the realm of Theoretical Ehon Fiction from time, space and suspense beyond imagination." The book cover features a silhouette of a person's head against a sunset.

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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.

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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

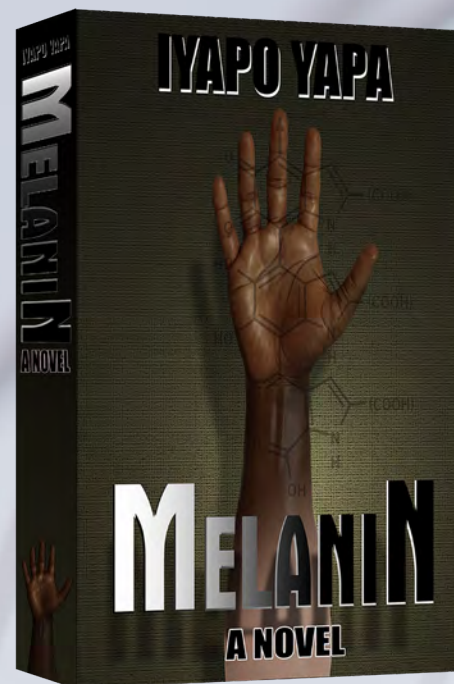
“Yapa weaves another story this time interwoven with historical references. I was on my seat with every chapter. I don't want to give it away but....revenge is sweet when served dead. And I can't get over how different each of his offerings are. Read his Vella's and you'll see what I mean. Another great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

- Amazon review

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Click Below For:

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!

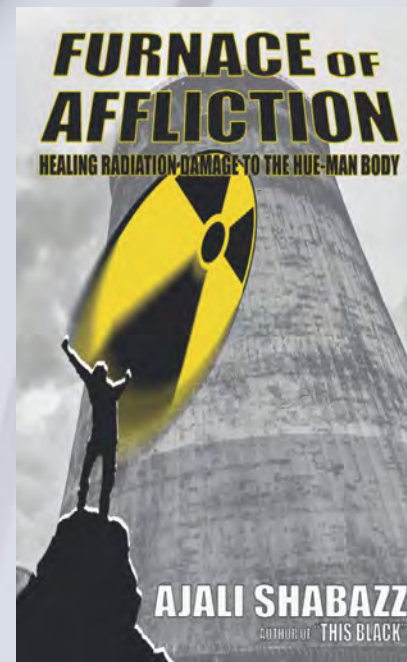
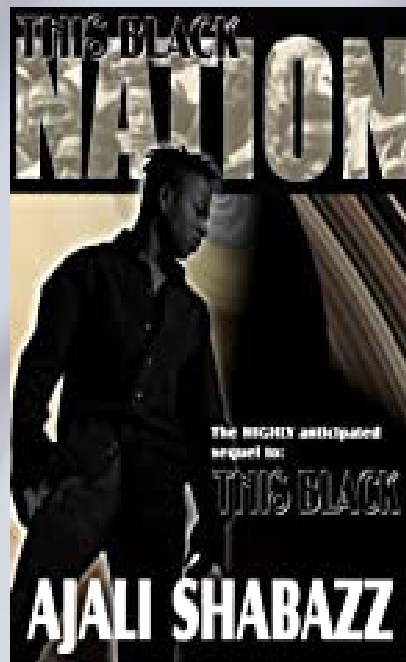
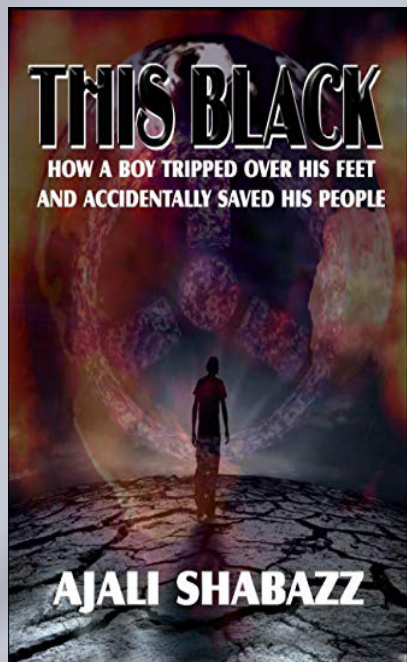
READING and WRITING in the

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!

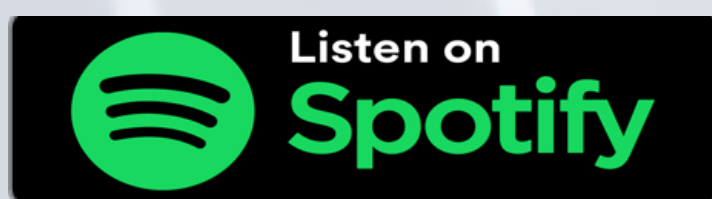
You don't want to miss this discussion with this new POWERFUL voice in PRO BLACK FICTION in the genre of Theoretical Ebon Fiction, and Non Fiction!

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:



CLICK THIS BLOCK TO LISTEN TO THE

READING and WRITING in the

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podcast!







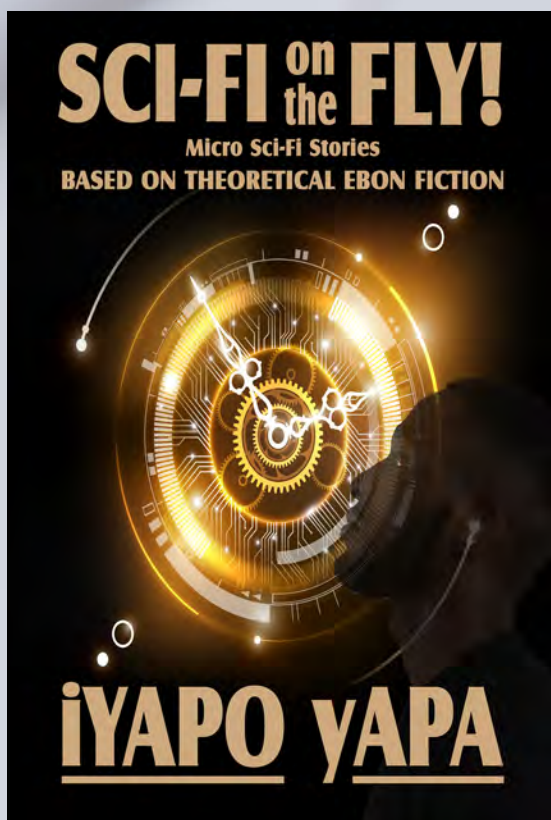
Have You Checked Out My Blog Yet?

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.

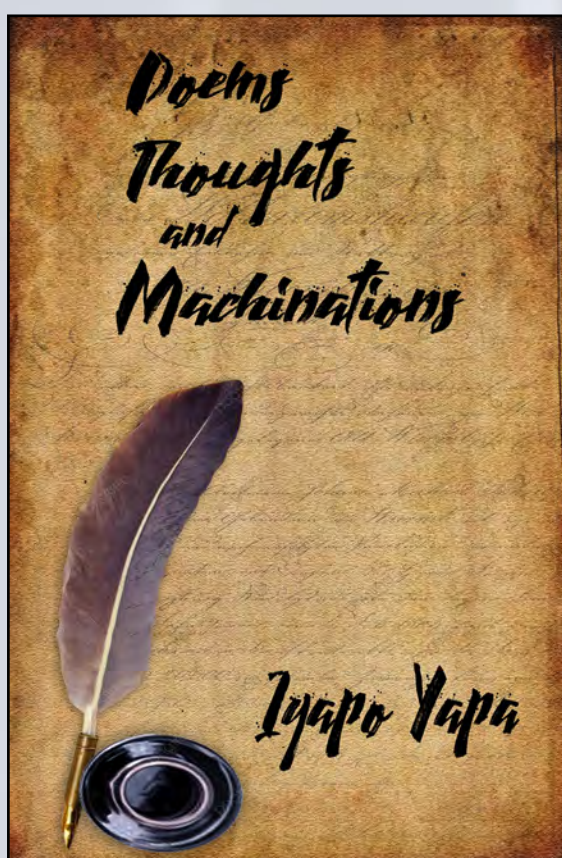


[CLICK THE LOGO ABOVE TO VISIT MY BLOG](#)



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

DARIK

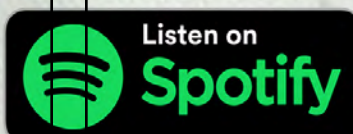
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Two writers
Two Mics
&
Plenty of Banter!



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 **DARIK**

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Alright, enough about ME!

ENJOY READING & SHARING, for the first time or all over again,
THESE OTHER AUTHORS & THEIR WORK.

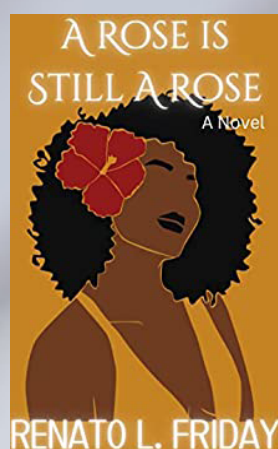


Affirming Self Love (Graphic Non-Fiction SERIES)

angela riley

SelfLOVE Meditation, Reflections, & AFFIRMATIONS Series...

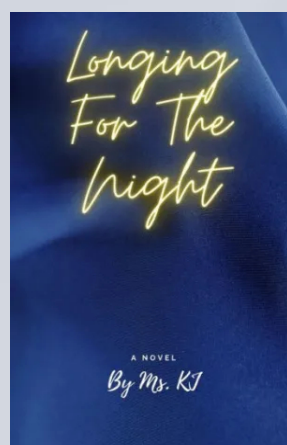
With a new book released each month, this “Graphic Nonfiction” series is filled with love for BlackUs. Each episode opens with a short essay exploring a theme such as “Following the Happy” or “Plan & Reflect” and culminates with a dynamic collection of affirmation. You’ll have a beautiful time meditating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



A Rose is Still a Rose

Renato L. Friday

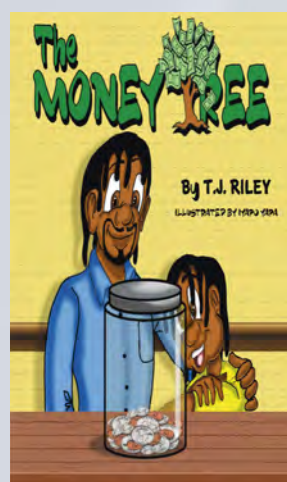
Rose thought life was going great: she was engaged, had a beautiful set of twin girls, a recent trade school graduate, and a new job right around the corner. Unfortunately, her fiancé, David, turned out to not be what she needed, and she chose to break things off. In the midst of her failing relationship, 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

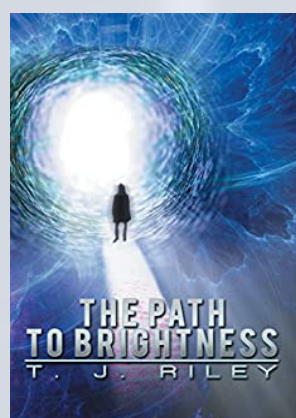
Inspired by the poem Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti, two young sisters face the trials and tribulations of the hood in this coming-of-age story about the harshness of living in South Central Los Angeles.



The Money Tree

T.J. Riley / Illustrated by Iyapo Yapa

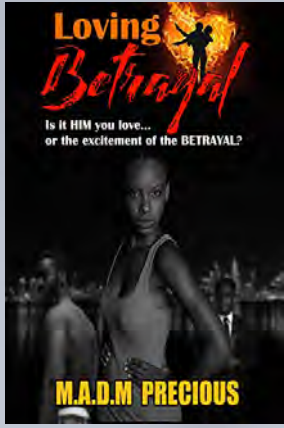
Every child wants money to buy something, right? Our hero does too. But, his father has a surprise, a Money Tree. Join the fun journey to find out how to grow your own money tree.



THE PATH to BRIGHTNESS

T.J. Riley

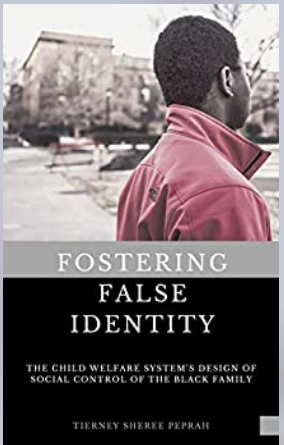
Fatima, a young woman, has a near-death experience. When she awakes from a coma and recovers, she has mystical powers. She begins to see auras and experiences life with her new abilities. For the clever character, Fatima, life is about to dramatically change. Follow Fatima's journey as she tries to convince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

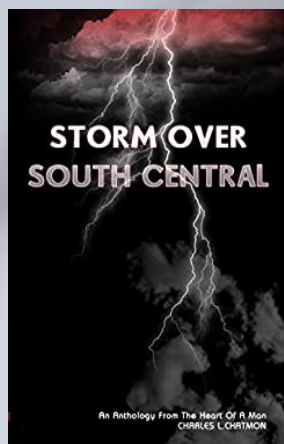
When Michelle met Michael, she thought that she found the love of her life. She was young and coming out of a bad marriage. A single parent of two children, she was scared, broke and had no self esteem. Michael seemed perfect, except for one little problem...



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.



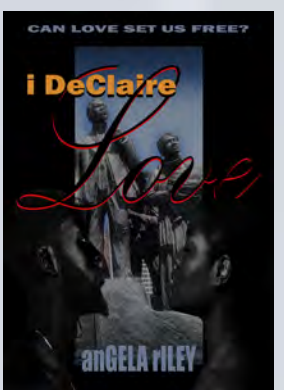
RELAY

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.

ALSO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THESE AUTHORS/STORIES -formally on KindleVella-IN OTHER PLACES!



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 to 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!



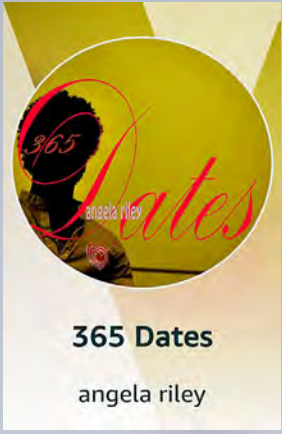
The Love X TamuTamu Agency

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.

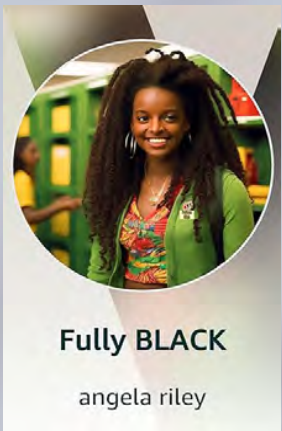
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365 Dates
Angela Riley

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.

[BACK TO CONTENTS](#)



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!

UP
UNAPPROPRIATELY
PROBLACK
CERTIFIED

FURTHER JOURNEYS INTO THE PARADIGM VOID
THEORETICAL EDGEM FICITION
FROM TIME, SPACE, AND BEYOND IMAGINATION

I have always enjoyed SciFi and what is now called "speculative fiction", but missing from the genre was any real representation of our people within those landscapes. Certainly, there are the Octavia Butler, Stephen Barnes and Tananarive Due out there, as well as the Brandon Montoye's lovely horror and suspense, and now, new on the scene is April Shabazz and others. But still, our people have been woefully underrepresented in the genre. When we are present, we are listed in the category of "Minorities"—a category I have rejected. Why? Because just as with the much celebrated, fictional "Mulan" of Black Panther—the hero was coined by a white man (Mark Dery) How, exactly how did THAT happen?! It is odd and disturbing to me that every other race seems to have the ability to control their own narrative and terms pertaining to them, but when BLACK people seek to do so, it's seen as some kind of a problem. That said, part of being Unapropriately Black, or PRO Black means that we seek our own terms and control of our own narrative, future and direction, thus, I use the term "THEORETICAL EDGEM FICITION" to describe much of my work.

Books by IYAPO YAPA

MELANIN
A NOVEL

PARADIGM VOID
SHORT STORY COLLECTION

The Redemption of Maxine Allison
NOVELLA

And What of the CARGO?
NOVEL

INTERCEDERS
NOVEL

FURTHER JOURNEYS INTO THE PARADIGM VOID
THEORETICAL EDGEM FICITION

WE STORY A.R.
IMAGINE A WORLD...
with the "LANIN" UNIVERSE

BOOKS BY & ABOUT BLACK US!

in the works

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Every three years the Hunter's Moon casts its warm mystical glow on one select person bestowing the power of time travel. After suffering a recent loss and living in a make-shift tent, Drew Boyd didn't have much hope for his future until he felt the warm glow of the Hunter's moon. Now he's on a journey, time shifting in and out of new adventures.

<https://buymeacoffee.com/ysbooks/the-hunter-moon-tales>

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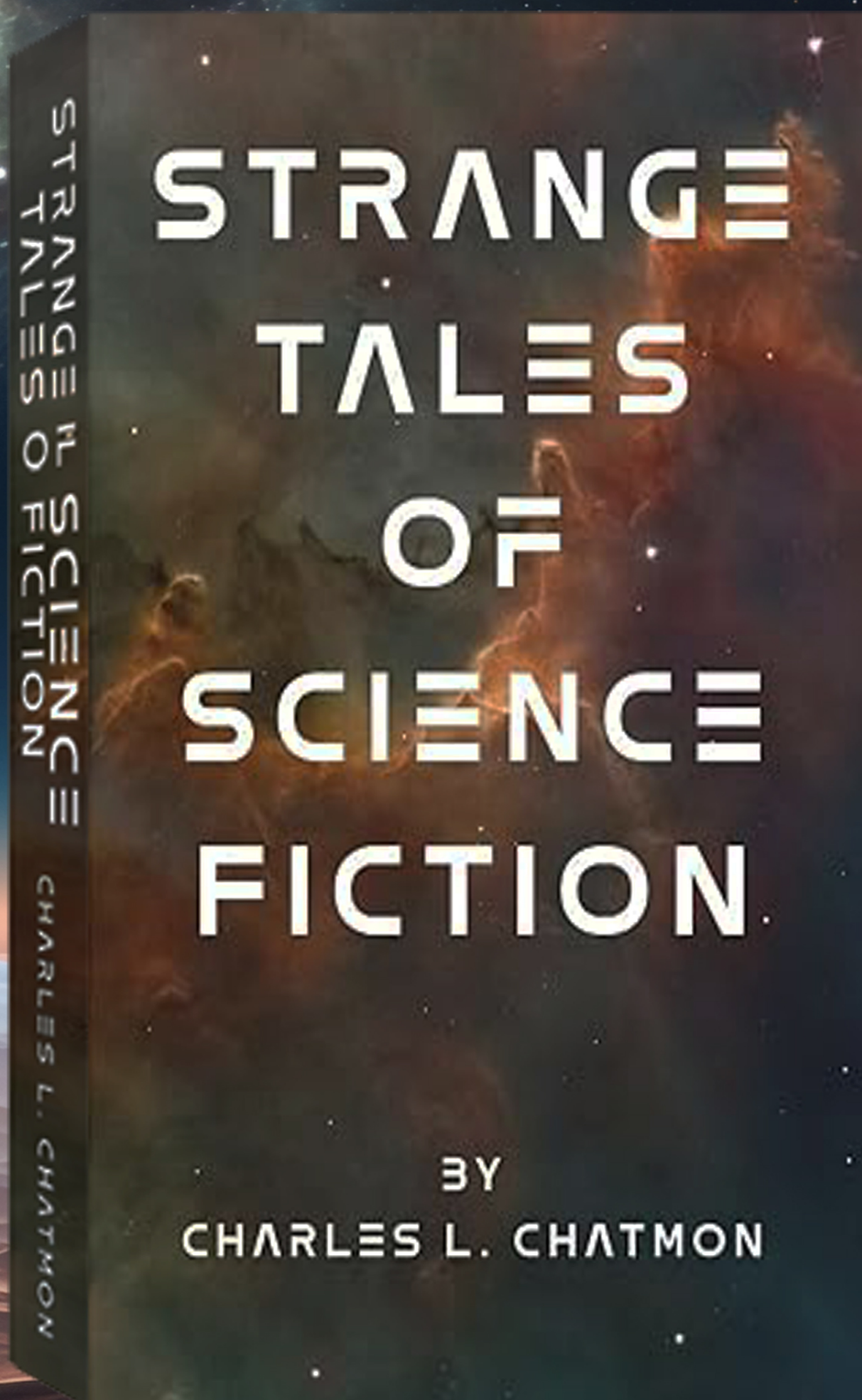
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STRANGE TALES OF SCIENCE FICTION IS AVAILABLE NOW!

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

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

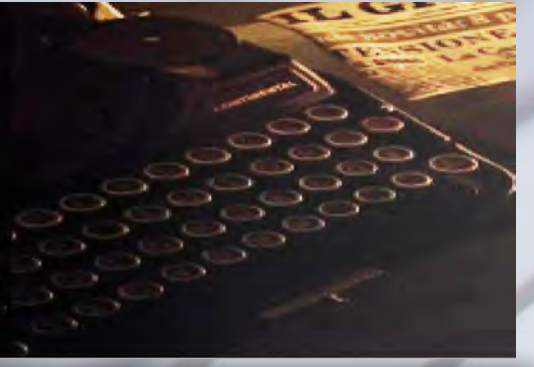


CLICK ON THE BOOK ABOVE TO PURCHASE ON AMAZON!

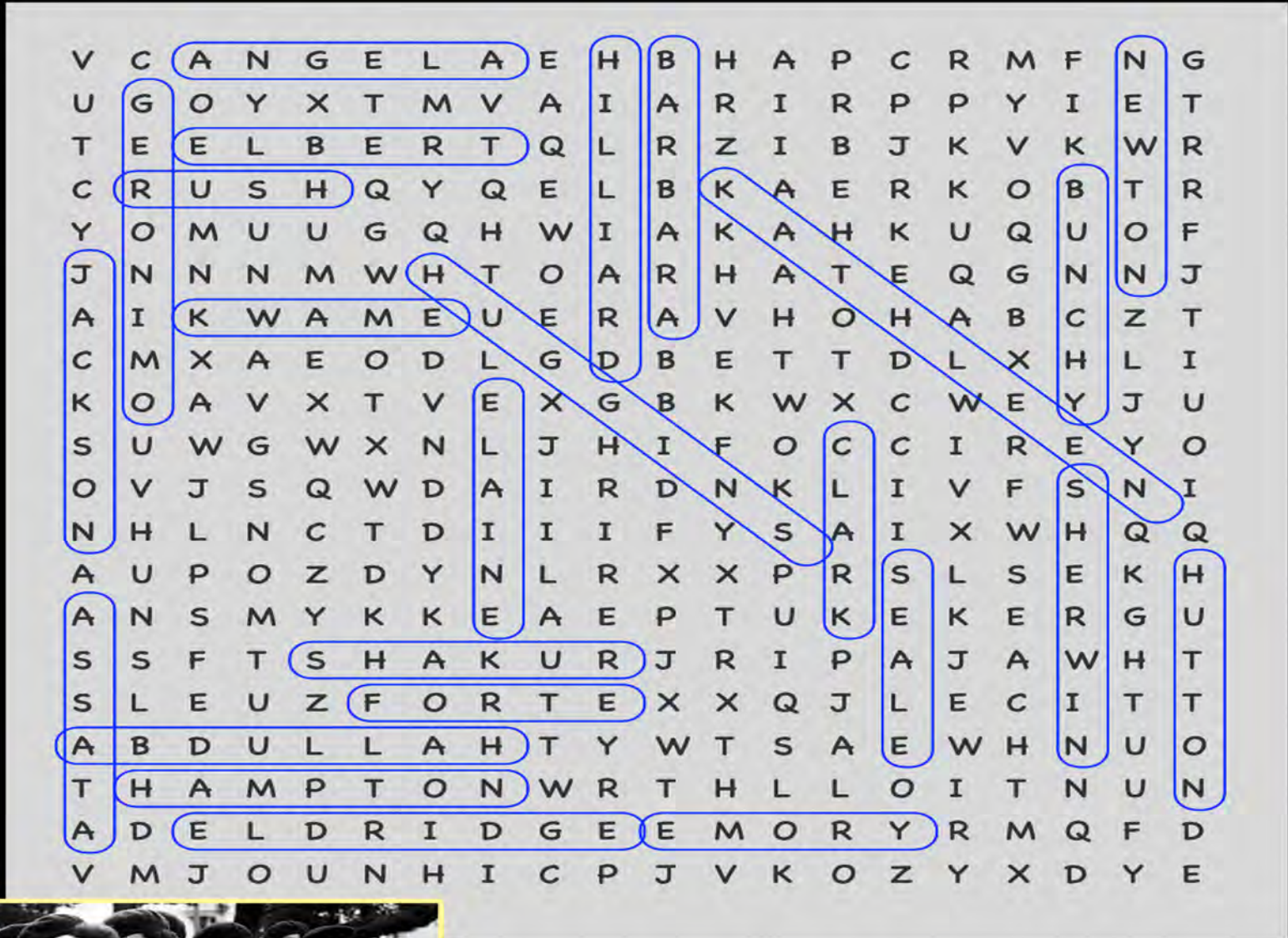
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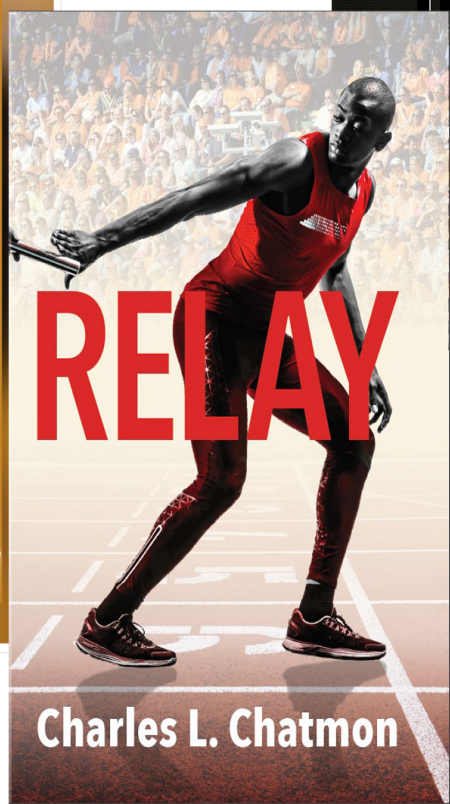
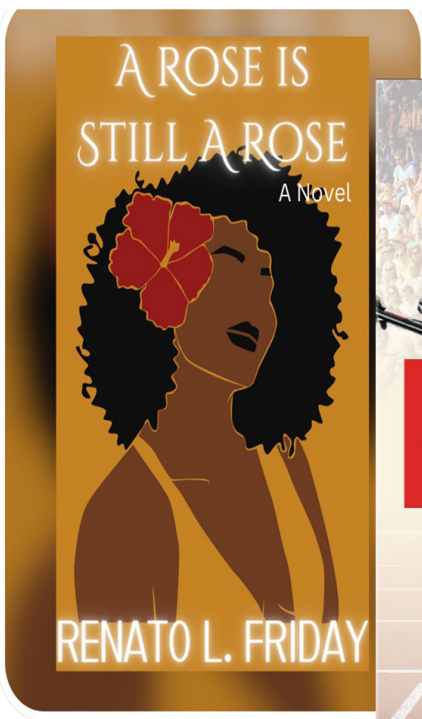
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NOVEMBER 2025 CROSSWORD PUZZLE THE BLACK PANTHERS



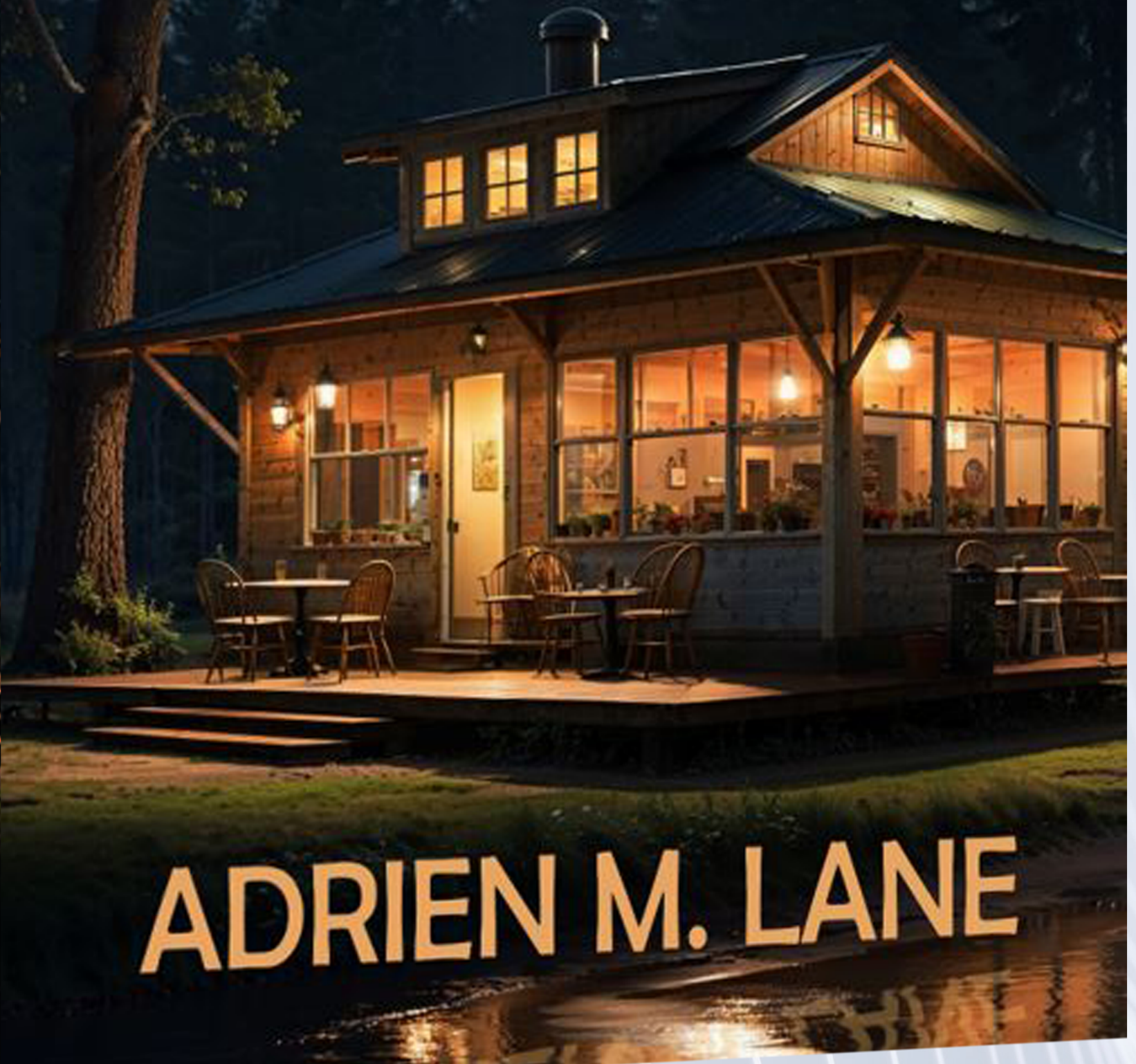
SOLUTION



Coming Soon!

The AH Collection
Chand Hill's All Night Diner
DOEAI MEDIA PUBLISHING

Chand Hill's ALL NIGHT DINER



ADRIEN M. LANE



BE SURE TO VISIT IYAPO YAPA ON THESE OTHER PLATFORMS!