

READING and WRITING in the

DARK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

YEAR THREE!
THIS MONTH:

MAGAZINE

July - *ADRIEN M. LANE* once again takes over *Reading and Writing in the DARK Magazine* as she presents the first part of

Chand Hill's **ALL NIGHT DINER**

&

*The Emancipation of
Teotta T. Adams!*

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Article:
WAKANDA
FOREVER?!

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This Month's
Puzzle will leave
you aMAZEd!!

Page 38

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

READING and WRITING in the

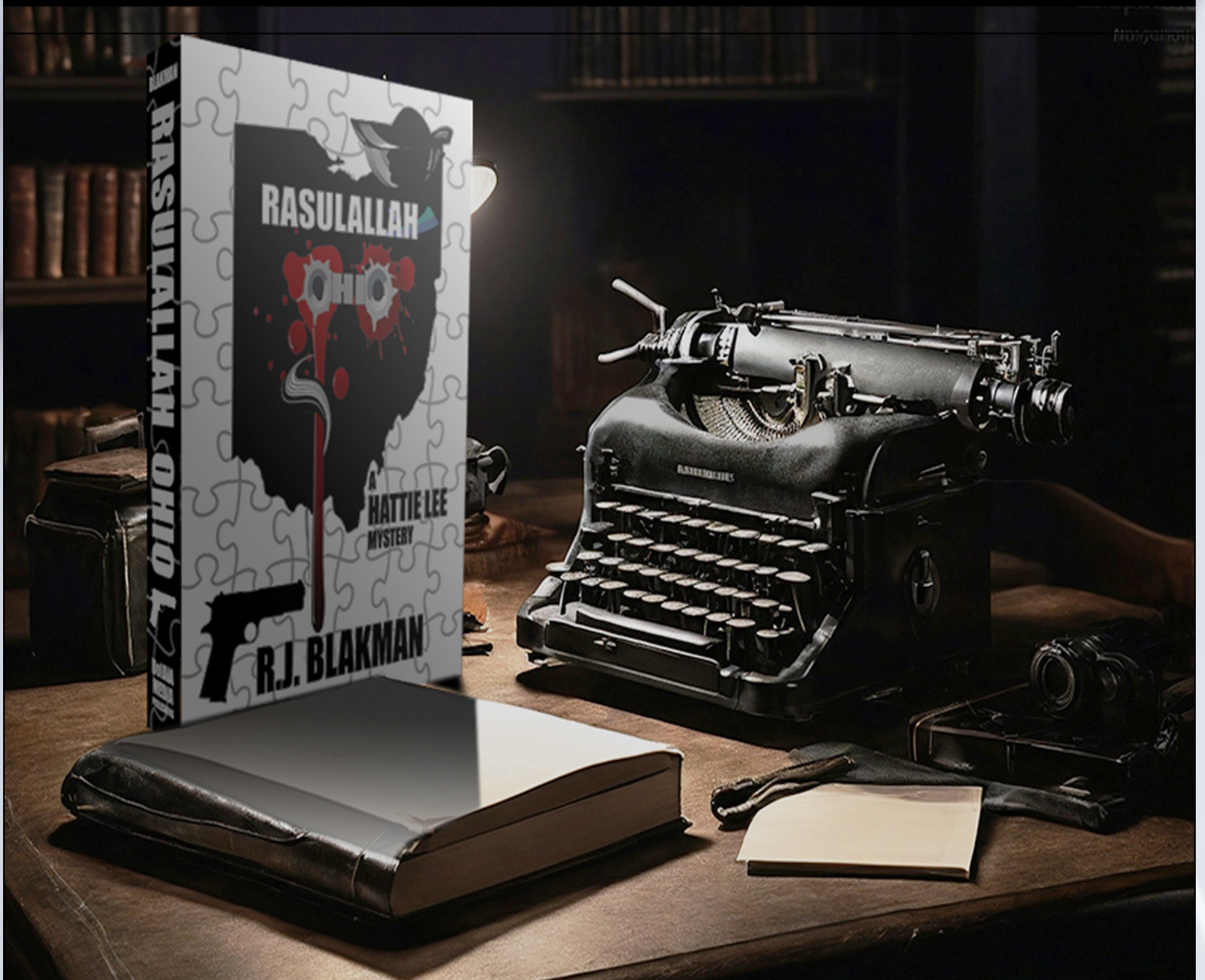
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1960s Ohio

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

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



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

RASULALLAH OHIO: A HATTIE LEE MYSTERY

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

or click the image above for the direct link.

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



JULY 2025 - Volume 2 / Number 1



MAGAZINE

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WELCOME BACK!

WELCOME to the JULY 2025 edition of the *Reading and Writing in the DARK Magazine*! I'm proud of this edition because it marks year THREE of my newsletter-now magazine! It's very exciting for me because as I look back at all the past covers, I can see not only development, but the fact that I've been sticking with it. (And you've been sticking with ME, which means a LOT!) This month I'm featuring my dear friend ADRIEN M. LANE as she presents the prologue and first two chapters of her book *Chand Hill's All Night Diner*, as well as the first three chapters of her thriller *The Emancipation of Teotta T. Adams*! So sit back and enjoy, and most of all THANK YOU for being a *Reading and Writing in the DARK* subscriber!

See you next month!

Iyapo



A Look Back and to the Future!

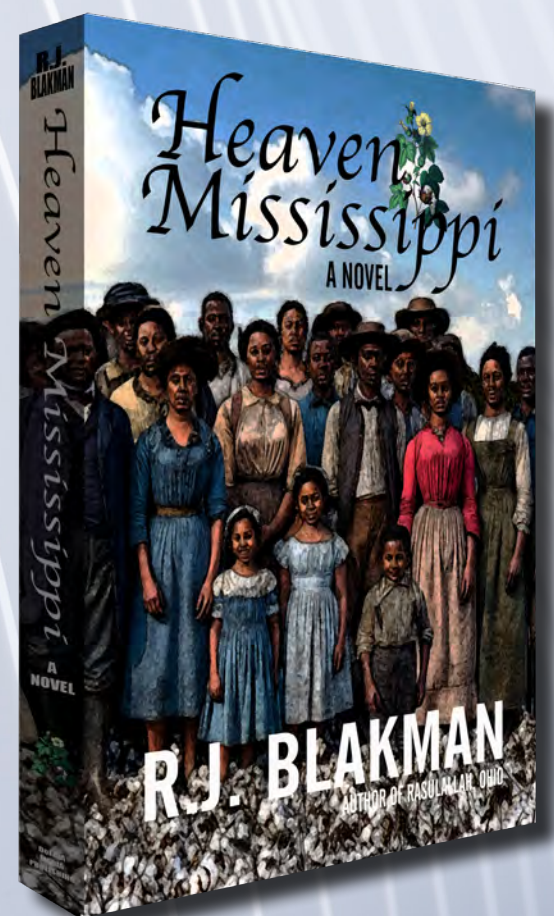
Ok, ok! Black people are sick and tired of reading and talking about our enslavement.

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 *RaWitDM* sneak peek.)



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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!



CHAND HILL'S ALL NIGHT DINER (Prologue & Chapters I and II)

PROLOGUE

Every body dreams at night. Some say they don't... but they do. They ain't no such thing as a dreamless sleep. Oh, we might not all the time remember the dreams. That's kinda normal. But not rememberin' don't mean not havin'.

Thing is—I've heard people say, what good is havin' a dream if ya can't remember it? I mean... what good does it do ya?

Maybe a lot, maybe a little. Way I see it, dreamin' is sorta like doin' a kindness for someone, but never tellin' 'em about it. They ain't aware of it. Might never be aware of it. But dependin' on what that kindness—that kind thing you did, was. It could make all the difference in their life.

Know what I mean?

I remember the dream I was havin'. It was soooooo beautiful and sooooo peaceful. I dreamed I was in this field of lilies. The sun was shine'in, the birds was singin' and the sky was blue as a brand new goin' ta church on Easter dress. It was the kind o' sky a body could get lost in if they wanted to. The kind o' sky that you stare at, with it's clouds floatin' along an' passin' you by—not payin' you

no mind but ta maybe say they's glad you're there.

I kin look at a sky like that, stare at it for hours and ask the Almighty anything about anything—and get an answer.

Yes siree—the good lord talks ta me plenty while 'em dreamin'. An' quiet as it's kept, the Lord talks ta me when I'm wide awake sometimes too.

Tells me everything I need ta know. Yes sir. Everything I need ta know.

Now, I had a couple questions that I got answers too just before

I woke up, and 'em sure you'd like ta know what was said, but I'm also guessin' you know I can't tell ya. That kind of thing's what they call... confidential. Just between me an the Lord.

I'm grateful.

Know what I mean?

I'm grateful that I have a good husband name o' Winston Earl Hill, a good home and a good life. Naw... it ain't nuthin' fancy-schmancy, but I like it. No... no... I take that back.





CHAND HILL'S ALL NIGHT DINER (Prologue & Chapters I and II) Continued

I LOVE it! I couldn't have asked for anything more in this world than what I have right now. It ain't all about money. Truth ta tell, I feel sorry for people who chase after money, as if that's somethin' that'll cure all their woes.

It don't.

Umm hmmm. How can I say that when me an' my man ain't got no whole lotta money? How would I know?! All I kin say ta that Sweetie is, don't judge no book by its cover. Everything ain't always what it look like. We had a lot o' money once. A WHOLE lot o' money.



But we decided to give most of it away to people who needed it, an found the life we really wanted. Now we just have this here diner with our little home attached to the back, an' upstairs. An' we work it every day o' the week. Three hundred an' sixty-five days, a year. Three hundred an' sixty-six in leap years, n' open all day an' all night. Just me, my man, friend of ours, calls his self 'Rigger', a different cook for each shift of the four shifts, and Bonnie Lucas.

Bonnie Lucas stays here with us. Everybody started callin' her Bonnie

Luke when they got ta know her. I mostly just calls her Bonnie. My husband is one o' the only people knows her real good an' still calls her Bonnie Lucas. Po' baby never knew when she was in trouble cause, I'd only call her Bonnie Lucas when I

was 'bout ta give her a woopin' when she was a young'un. Now that she's older I still call her Bonnie Lucas right before I give her a good talkin' to. Since Winston Earl called her that all the time, she ain't have no way ta' know one way or the other if she managed to rile 'em up—not even by the tone o' his voice since my Winston Earl mostly had a calm way

about 'em.

'Sides...fromthementmyWinston Earl laid eyes on that chile' he was in love. That was his baby girl an' there won't no more discussion about it. So, whatever trouble that little dark brown gal got herself into, all she had ta do was flash them big brown eyes at her daddy an' he might shake his finger at her, but she ain't normally had ta worry 'bout no switches—least way not from him. Yep, came ta' my husband, I don't know if I ever seen a man what loved his family more than Winston Earl Hill. Sometimes I feel like he wouldn't even git a dog so's



CHAND HILL'S ALL NIGHT DINER (Prologue & Chapters I and II) Continued

he wouldn't have ta split any of his love between his wife and daughter. For him, everythin' was God, then me an' Bonnie Lucas.

Now ain't it funny how peoples folks go through all the trouble o' name'in' 'em, then most people spend they whole life callin' 'em somthin' else? Even me... my Christian name's Chandler. My mama said she named me after a colored lady name o' Sadie Chandler.

Said her an' her parents helped out in th' Underground Railroad gettin' slaves up nof ta' Canada. Sadie Chandler was in the NAACP an' a singer an' everythin', so I say that's a pretty good name ta go by. Way my mama tells it, my daddy wanted ta' name me Sadie, but mama said, last thing that town needed was another woman named Sadie. So... Chandler it was.

Anyways... don't nobody call me Chandler. Everybody jus' calls me "Chand" includin' my Winston Earl. Guess it sound's more homey to folks. Like I'm not puttin' on airs.

Now, when it comes ta' Bonnie, everybody think's that gal's our natural daughter even though they

ain't a drop o' blood between us that we know of. But I've heard people tell her, "Bonnie Luke... you look just like your daddy! Or, Bonnie Luke, you look just like your mamma!" Funny thing is, Bonnie does look like both o' us—maybe septin for her being 'bout an inch or so taller than my husband, which makes her way taller than me.



Fact is Bonnie was left with us on our doorstep, if you can believe that. I know—I know. When I was a young'un I used ta hear tell o' that type o' thing happinin'. I heard stories about it all the time, but I never believed they was true.

Shoot! My mama an' daddy used ta' tell me that if I didn't stop actin' up, they was goan' up an' leave me on some stranger's steps. I always knew they didn't mean it. I figured it was all just stories. But one night—I'll never forget it. I was layin' in bed, havin' another dream, when this time I was in the family way!

Now, me an' Winston Earl was tryin' our dangdest ta have a baby, but it just won't happen for whatever reason. We went to Tom Jenkins—he was the negro doctor



CHAND HILL'S ALL NIGHT DINER (Prologue & Chapters I and II) Continued

what took care of the colored folk this side o' the valley. He checked be and Winston Earl out, did all kinds o' tests I didn't understand. A couple of 'em was pretty uncomfortable. After all was said an' done he said there wasn't not a single thing wrong.

Not with either of us.

He told us not to worry. It happens. Some couples jus' have a hard time conceivin', he told us. He told us ta go on back home an' ta keep on tryin'. I remember him smilin' at us and sayin' that as long as we was puttin' in so much effort, we best be havin' fun. I don't know how I felt about that. Not bein' able to have a baby—at least at that time was a very emotional thing for me. You know? But Winston Earl—that man of mine, laughed an honest laugh and winked at Doc Jenkins.

I guess men will be men.

Hmmm. That crack in the cellin's gonna need some plaster. 'Em gonna have ta remember ta tell Winston Earl about it some time today so he can tend to it.

Anyway. I had just dreamed I was in

REAL in the family way.

An' that I was tellin' my Winston Earl that he needed ta go an' get the midwife cause it was time. But in the dream he say he couldn't get the midwife—he was gonna have ta load me up in the

Studebaker an take me ta Doc Jenkins. I told him I wanted to stay home an' have the baby, but he jus' said, "Naw! We got ta get downstairs an ta the front door!" In the dream I remember thinkin' that was a curious thing for him ta say, why would we need ta' stop at the front door instead o' goin' all the way out to the car like he said at first? But he sounded so sure, that

I gave in and said I'd go downstairs.

That was when I woke up.

I woke up 'cause someone had knocked on our door real hard. Winston Earl most o' woke up for I did, 'cause he was already out the bed and grabbin' his shotgun.

Now, Winston Earl kept a loaded shotgun beside the bedroom door at night. We felt pretty safe in our house, but times were hard for a lot o' people an' we had enough money ta have a really nice place.





CHAND HILL'S ALL NIGHT DINER (Prologue & Chapters I and II) Continued

So there was always the chance somebody might try ta break in and see if they could take some o' what we worked for. We didn't concern ourselves too much with that though, 'cause we lived in a close community o' colored folk an' most knew that if they really had a need they could come to us and if we had the means ta' help 'em, we'd help.

Sometimes, even if we didn't have it, we'd help. Matter o' fact, all our neighbors was prone ta share what we had with one another. No matter how little, or much that might be. So... no, we woant real concerned about our neighbors.

What we did worry about was the fear that jealous white folks. You know, the ones that think ain't no nigger 'sposed ta have more than they have, or somethin' better'n what they did have. We worried about if'n they was gonna bust through our door or window in the middle of the night and do things to us that I don't even want to think about.

If such a thing was ta happen, we wouldn't be the first and definitely not the last. That was really the thing me and my Winston Earl was most bothered by. All we could do was pray

every night before we went to bed and ask for the Almighty's protection—and that Winston Earl would shoot straight if someone did break in.

Winston Earl had told me to wait upstairs, like I knew he would. I didn't hide in the bedroom though. I looked around and found a broom. (I was prone ta keepin' a broom for the upstairs an' one for the downstairs so's I could just leave one sittin' an not have ta travel up or down a whole staircase if I'd forgotten it.) I picked that up and then went and waited at the top of the stairs.

I could hear Winston Earl say somethin' that sounded like, "Well I'll be damned." Then he opened the door wider, turned around and looked up the staircase to me. Or what he could see of me in the dark. "Chand. Chand Honey, come down here. Lookah here what's at the door." I remember him sayin'.

Whatever was in his voice didn't sound like fear, or anger. He sounded kinda amused and befuddled at the same time. I could make out in the dark that he backed into the door a little bit and sat his shotgun to the side on the wall in a corner by the door.



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CHAND HILL'S ALL NIGHT DINER (Prologue & Chapters I and II) Continued

While I was comin' down the stairs, Winston Earl stepped back out the door and bent down. I could only see him from the back, and it was dark, so I could only make out that he was liftin' somethin'. After he did that, he held it—whatever it was and then started lookin' this way and that as if he were tryin' ta see somethin' or someone in the dark.

By the time I got to the bottom of the stairs he was comin' back inside and kicked the front door with his foot real slow. He turned around, an' all I could see was the white of his eyes and his teeth through a big smile.

“Will ya look-ah-here.” He said in a voice I didn't often hear him use. Kinda soft and gentle, and excited at the same time.

He turned around and then it was his turn to see nothin' but eyes an' teeth as I looked at the basket he was holdin' and the beautiful Black baby that was in it!

For as dark as it was, the moon hit the chile through the window enough that I could tell her face was clean. So was her blanket and wrappin's. They even smelled right sweet—you know—the way babies smell.

Whoever this precious little thing was, she was took care of the best way the mama—or daddy—knew how.

Now most people in them parts at the time know'd we had money. We won't rich—but we was doin' alright. Better'n most. That was mostly 'cause o' my pie and fried chicken business and Winston Earl's handyman work. As he was growin' up, his pappy taught him how ta fix things—a lot o' things—'cause for Black folk, what ever we have we got ta make it last—an' when it breaks—patch it up an' make it last some mo'. We, an'

people like us couldn't afford ta go out an' buy new. We needed things fixed, and fixed right so's we could squeeze jus' a little bit more use outta 'em.

That's what made what Winston Earl did so valuable. He could fix anythin'. And when he fixed somethin'—Honey—it stayed fixed! So we made a lot o' money compared to the folks around us I suppose. I think that's why that pretty baby was left on our porch. I figure whoever left her there probably believed they had ta do it so's the child would have a better chance in life.





CHAND HILL'S ALL NIGHT DINER (Prologue & Chapters I and II) Continued

Least way, that's my guess.

We never took her ta none o' what you might call, authorities. We talked about it for a minute, but decided that if we took that pretty baby to the county, we, and her would have ta start dealin' with a lot o' white folks.

If it's one thing me an' my Winston Earl tried to avoid much as we could—it was dealin' wit white folks. Over the years we net one or two of 'em that seemed like they might have been alright. But truth ta tell... neither of us trusted 'em.

Not one bit.

I've had my run in's with 'em—an' ohhh some o' the stories I could tell. But none was worse than what happened to by man. My Winston Earl's brother Lucas died right in front o' him. White farmer shot 'em. He was jealous o' what Winston Earl's family had. Lucas was 'bout six, seven years older than Winston Earl.

They was out in the field one day an, long story short—this white man name o' Mr. Ben accused 'em o' stealin' apples and plumbs. They didn't steal nothin' of course, but one

thing led to another and while Lucas was standin' there, holdin' his little brother's hand... Mr. Ben... that devil... shot 'em square in the chest with a shotgun. Winston Earl say, he thinks Lucas what dead fo' he hit the ground.



That jealous crackah' murdered my man's brother while he was holdin' his hand, and Lucas won't much mo' than a boy himself.

That ol' devil Mr. Ben had a little court trial an' the all white jury found 'em not guilty after 'bout 15 minutes back in that there jury room. All the colored folk in those parts was mad an'

disappointed—but not surprised.

'Bout a year later Mr. Bob an' his wife, an' his two sons burnt up in a house fire. Turns out, ol' Ben had a still in his basement an' was makin' shine. Somehow it musta' caught fire an' burned down the house with Ben an' his wife an' young'uns in it.

Now, here's the thing. Winston Earl's daddy had a few o' his friends would come over ta play piddy pat on Saturday nights. They sit at the table, cuss, make jokes they laughed too loud at, smoke and drink a little white lightnin'. His daddy was a teetotaler,



CHAND HILL'S ALL NIGHT DINER (Prologue & Chapters I and II) Continued

but when him and his friends got together he didn't mind them havin' a little bit o' Rukus juice—even though his mama didn't approve o' it, but she'd let 'em do it long as they kept it outside in the back porch room Winston Earl's father had built onto the house. Next mornin' the porch room would be smellin' like cigarettes an' hootch. That's how Winston Earl knew the smell o' the smell o' the liquor. Other than that room, nuthin' else ever smelled like that.

Least way, that's how Winston Earl tells it.

My husband told me it wasn't long after that, that he was playin' in the attic oh his house, when he found a pair o' his daddy's overalls. Said they smelled like corn liquor an' smoke—but it won't no cigarette smoke. The next day the overalls was gone an' Winston Earl didn't never see 'em again.

He never talked about it to his daddy or his mama when he was growin' up, but he did say that when he got older, his daddy had already gone on ta glory, and a few years later, his mama passed on. He say when his mama was on her death bed, he asked her if his daddy burned down Mr. Ben's house with him an them

other folk in it. She ain't say nothin', she just put her hand on his cheek an' smiled a faint little smile.

That was it. Winston Earl only told me about it one time in all the years I've known 'em.



He don't talk about it, an' I don't ask 'em ta talk about it.

Anyways... Bonnie. Bonnie Lucas. We didn't take that baby ta no body. Whoever left her, left her with no note or nuthin'. So we decided to keep her an' jus' tell everybody she was ours. Back in them days they was lots o' chilrun born usin' midwives.

Sometimes they was papers... sometimes they woant. We jus' say I had the baby an' didn't make no big fuss out o' it. Now, I always been what folk would call a "healthy" woman. I won't lie an' say sometimes I wished I had one o' them hour glass figures like some of the women what hangs out at Joe Belly's Juke Joint, but whenever I'd mention somethin' 'bout it and say I was thinkin' 'bout cuttin' back on what I ate, my Winston Earl would always say he loved me however I looked, an' he liked my figure cause there was jus' more o'



CHAND HILL'S ALL NIGHT DINER (Prologue & Chapters I and II) Continued

me ta love—specially the way I was stacked in the front an' the back.

That man o' mine..

Anyway, I always wear my dresses real loose cause that was the most comfortable for me, and it also helped me stay cool on hot summer days, and I was even more rapped up in the winter. So nobody could really tell anything when I was out visitin' or droppin' off mah chicken an' pie orders.

All my clothes were loose fittin' like that, even my Sunday, goin' ta meetin' clothes. So, when the Lord gave us our daughter, I jus' told everyone who asked that we jus' won't sayin' nuthin' while our baby was on her way (which won't exactly a lie)—an no one could tell any difference by the way my body was put together.

You already know we named her Bonnie Lucas. Bonnie after my mama, an' Lucas after Winston Earl's brother.

My man bought me this here diner causin' he know'd I liked to cook, and I liked talking wit folks. I remember makin' him dinner one time—my famous fried chicken, greens, 'taytah

salad, cornbread an' an apple pie for dessert! I don't know what was different 'bout that meal, but he looked at me an' said, "Lawd ham erssy woman, you sho' as hell kin cook! You ever thought about doin' it fo' your own business?"



I told him I already had my fried chicken and pie business I was doin' on the side. He said he didn't mean that. He meant me openin' up a little eatin' place—a restaurant. At first I thought he was jokin', but 'bout three months later he drove me down a long dirt road blindfolded. Before he even helped me out the car, I could smell we was

in the woods. I liked that smell. He took the blindfold off and that was the first time I laid eyes on Chand Hill's Diner!

Even though he asked me, he always know'd that havin' a little diner was always a dream o' mine.

So he had up and sold everything we had, even the house, and bought this here diner with all the things I would need for cookin'. There was still plenty left over if we would ever have needed it fo' a rainy day. Atirst I was a little upset that he did all those things without talkin' ta me first, but



CHAND HILL'S ALL NIGHT DINER (Prologue & Chapters I and II) Continued

I know'd he jus' did it cause fhe loved me, an' he wonned ta see one o' my dreams come true—even if his didn't.

I don't know what I did to deserve such a good man, but, lawdy, lawdy, LAWDY... it musta' been somethin' real good! We packed up the things we needed and wanted, gave away the rest to neighbors who wanted or needed it—packed up Bonnie an' moved into Chand Hill's!

From the moment we all walked in together we knew there was somethin' different 'bout this place. Somethin' none of us could put our finger on. Somethin', I don't know... magical!

It wasn't til' we got settled in, an' started cookin' an' servin that we found out how right we... OH SHOOT! Look at the time! My shift starts in less than ten minutes an' I ain't even up, cleaned up an dressed yet! I'll have ta' tell ya'll 'bout it later!

CHAPTER ONE

Visitors to Amani, Georgia made it their business to make a stop at Chand Hill's Diner. Most travelers would come during the day. The

humble little diner was one of the most recommended spots in The Negro Motorist Green Book. Black people would come for the assurance that they could eat a meal, minus the spit and scowl that would accompany both the serving of the food and the payment for the meal, if they stopped at white establishments.



According to reviews, travelers and locals alike knew they could have exceptionally delicious food that was prepared with care and love and served with a genuine, unforced smile.

People would show up at Chand Hill's Diner at all times of day, and no matter who walked through the door, ALL were treated with the same warmth and respect, and get good food at a good price.

It wasn't for several months that the Hill family began to notice that after the sun went down, they continued to receive patrons. The customers were not showing up in large numbers, but patrons would always trickle in.

The other thing they realized was that they never got a single white customer, not one—not ever.



CHAND HILL'S ALL NIGHT DINER (Prologue & Chapters I and II) Continued

Not even among the state troopers who liked to frequent other diners in the area regardless of whether they were owned by colored people or not.

Something else became apparent.

The people who showed up after dark—the late-night customers, especially late at night into the early mornin' customers—they were the people who needed to be there. Supposed to be there. Those were the Hill's real customers.

That's when Chand Hill's Diner became Chand Hill's All Night Diner.



CHAPTER TWO

Evening was approaching and it had been a slow day. Bonnie handled her shift and her customers well. There was no way they could tell the young woman was upset or distraught.

The customers couldn't tell, but her mother, Chand, could—just as she always could from the time Bonnie Lucas was a little girl. There was a lull as far as the customers. The last group had finished their meals and no one else was in the diner or pulling up to park.

Bonnie Lucas walked around straightening up things that were already straight, wiping things that needed no wiping and sweeping a floor that she'd just swept five minutes before.

Chand, who had come in earlier to adjust some flower arrangements and to make sure they were still fresh (Chand only believed in using live flowers—never plastic), took notice of her daughter and how she was moping around.

Usually when there were no customers, Bonnie Lucas would talk to Gladys, the woman who served as their afternoon shift cook.

They'd always be laughing and gossiping about something or other, but today, Bonnie Lucas just wandered around the small diner doing mundane tasks, leaving Gladys to use her free time to catch up on some of her reading. The cover of the book she had in hand looked like something by someone named Zora Neale Hurston.

Finally, Chand walked over to her daughter, put an arm around her and said, "Come on gal an' let's sit on the porch... watch the sun go down."



CHAND HILL'S ALL NIGHT DINER (Prologue & Chapters I and II) Continued

Chand and Bonnie Lucas stepped out onto the porch as the rain came down in buckets. "Mama," Bonnie Lucas said, "They ain't no sun out here. It's rainin' cats and dogs. There isn't any way to see the sun go down."

"Oh, but that's where your wrong Baby. The suns out. It's out like it always is... you jus' cain't see it for them clouds. But guess what? It's still there. You watch it go down just from watchin' the sky turn from gray to black."

"Oh." Bonnie, said just before she slumped back on the wooden bench and began to cry.

"Bonnie, what's the matter?" Chand asked. "You in trouble? Gal... you ain't in a family way are ya?" she went on tenderly.

Bonnie Lucas smiled and almost laughed through her tears. "Every time you see me cryin' you ask me that... and I always tell you the same thing... no ma'am."

"But it is 'bout that boy ain't it? Delroy Elrey?"

Bonnie looked at the rain-soaked ground and the puddles that were

forming in the grass. "Yes ma'am." She whispered reluctantly.

"You cryin' cause he done took up wit Ellie Hayford?"

Bonnie snapped to a straightened position as if she'd just been bitten on

her caboose by a fire ant. "Who told you that?!" she said in a half breathless kind of controlled shout.

"Who told me? Shoot baby, ain't nobody need ta' tell me 'bout no Ellie Heyford an' Delroy Elrey. Anybody from up this way been done known what was goin' on tween them two... anybody wit eyes an a lick o' sense."



Bonnie Lucas sat slowly back into her slumped posture and continued to look out at the rain.

"What you sittin' there thinkin' 'bout gal?" Chand asked.

"I been thinkin' bout goin' ta see Mama Ruth." Bonnie Lucas replied without looking back to her mother.

"Mama Ruth?! Now what you gone go bother Mama Ruth about? And it bet not be what I think it's for."



CHAND HILL'S ALL NIGHT DINER (Prologue & Chapters I and II) Continued

“I was gon’ ask her ta do some work for me.”

“Ta put a root on Delroy?! Now girl... you know that ain’t right!”

“No ma’am... ta put one on that Ellie Hayford.”

“What?! That’s even worse! I thought me an yo’ daddy taught you better than that.”

“But mama, I love Delroy! That fast Ellie Hayford think’s she’s the cat’s meow jus’ cause she a yellow bone! She kept goin’ around Delroy, smilin’ and dressin’ half naked in them tight clothes what’s two sizes smaller than she is.

And she’s always swichin’ back and forth. She just does it cause she got that big booty and them big bosoms, while I ain’t got—” Bonnie Lucas’s voice trailed off as she looked down at the two small mounds that were the beginning of her breasts. A feeble, slowly developing beginning.

She sat back and crossed her arms as she took on the demeanor of the seven-year-old she once was, instead of the seventeen-year-old girl she was now.” That loose heifer come and took

Delroy from me an’ I want ‘em back!”

“Bonnie Lucas Hill, em’ma tell you two things right now. First off, you don’t never insult Mama Ruth by goin’ ta her ‘bout nothin’ like that. Mama Ruth’s a healer, no matter what no body say... she don’t do the kind o’ work you thinkin’ bout. Next, don’t you never fool yourself inta believing you can go an’ put a root on somebody, either so’s they love you, or to hurt somebody, and fix yo’ mouf ta say you loves someone at th’ same time. Last thing... it don’t matter that Ellie got that light skin and straight hair... you got dark skin, big brown eyes

an a beautiful head o’ hair. You just as beautiful as any o’ these gals in these parts or anywhere, if not more... hear me?!”

Bonnie Lucas softened, unfolded her arms and looked defeated. “Yes ma’am mama. I know you’re right.”

“Sides that.” Chand said, “Even if you did go to see Mama Ruth, which we already decided you bet not... not for somethin’ like that... just how was you plannin’ ta pay ‘er? Wit your pretty face?”

“No ma’am, with the money I make





CHAND HILL'S ALL NIGHT DINER (Prologue & Chapters I and II) Continued

here at the diner and the tips.”

Chand looked at Bonnie Lucas and shook her head in a way that made Bonnie Lucas feel suddenly bad and embarrassed. “Look Baby... I know you hurt. I had plenty o’ little boys like Delroy have me cryin’ in my pillah at two in the mornin’ when I was your age. But iffin’ a woman... an’ I mean any woman... can take a man away from you, then he won’t never yours in the first place. Both o’ them probably did you a favor. You can fin’ you someone who really cares about you the way you deserves ta be cared about. Look at me now... an’ most of all... look at who I got now. The best man I ever known in this life.”

“Daddy?” Bonnie Lucas said.

“No... the man in the moon... of **course**, your daddy!” Chand said as she gave her daughter a playful slap on the leg. “Who else would I be talkin’ ‘bout?!”

Bonnie Lucas giggled herself when she thought about how dumb what she said must have sounded.

“The good Lord blessed me with a real good, handsome, strong, smart,

loyal man... and if you wait on ‘em... He’ll do the same for you.”

Bonnie Lucas sat up straight and was surprised when she realized that despite the fact that she still felt a degree of sadness, this talk with her mother genuinely made her feel better. “Yes ma’am. She said, sounding sure of herself and less down in the dumps.

“I believe you’re right. God’s gonna give me the man I’m supposed to be with. Let Ellie Hayford have that ol’ Delroy! I’m gonna wait on the one who’s like the one you got mama!”

Chand smiled a big, toothy smile. “And as far as that backside o’ yours,” she said, jutting her eyes quickly to Bonnie Lucas’s hynee, and back to her eyes, “You got plenty enough back there already, even at your age... speaking of which, we needs ta get you some new dresses and skirts. If that tip money burning a whole in yo’ pocket that bad, use it on somethin’ like that. Some that fit loose. You don’t want all these little boys knowin’ what you got and tryin’ ta figure out how ta get it. You don’t want ta be like Miss Ellie Hatford do ya? You save that for your husband.”



READING and WRITING in the

DARIK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

CHAND HILL'S ALL NIGHT DINER (Prologue & Chapters I and II) Continued

"Yes ma'am." Bonnie Lucas said.

"And far as your girls are concerned," Chand said, "Don't you worry your pretty little head over them neither. They gone show up when it's time for 'em ta show up, and they gone be just the right size for you. Hell... look at me! An' I weren't even far along as you now when I was your age."

"For real mama?"

"Yes ma'am." Chand said as she nodded understandingly.

Bonnie Lucas wiped her eyes and

leaned into her mother, who put her arm around the teenager. "Thank you, mama." Bonnie Lucas whispered.

"You welcome, Baby." Chand said.

The sky had darkened nearly to night... and despite the still pouring rain, a faint strip of lighter gray could be seen on the horizon as it slowly disappeared.

"Sun's almost down."

Bonnie Lucas said.

"Yes, it is." Chand said.



ADAREN M. LANE

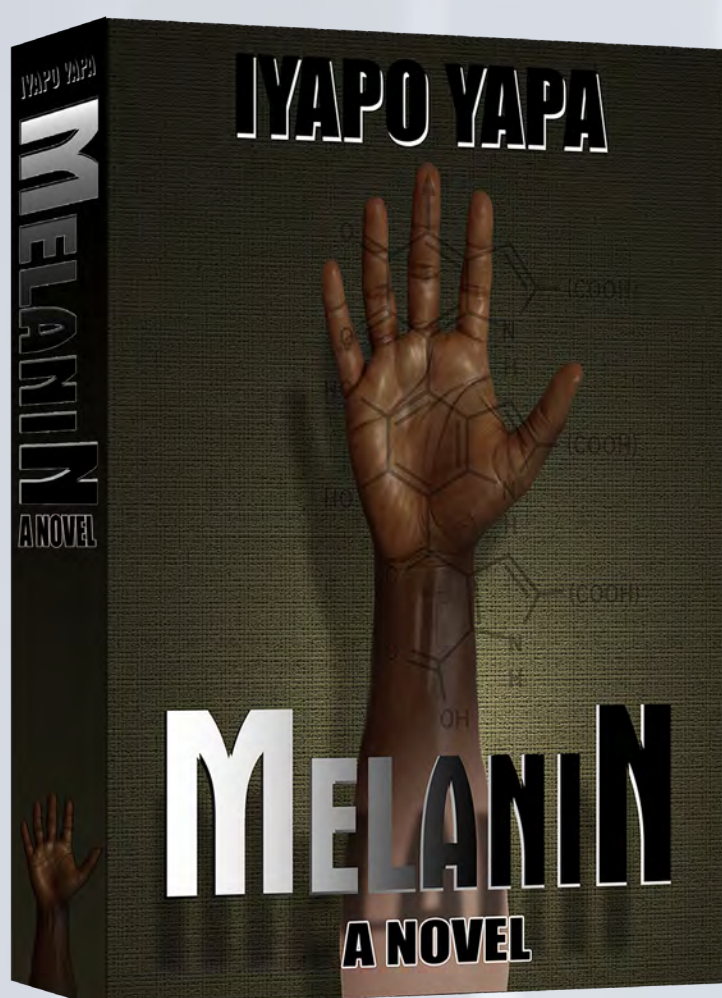
MAJOR MARJ MASON

COMING SOON!

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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!



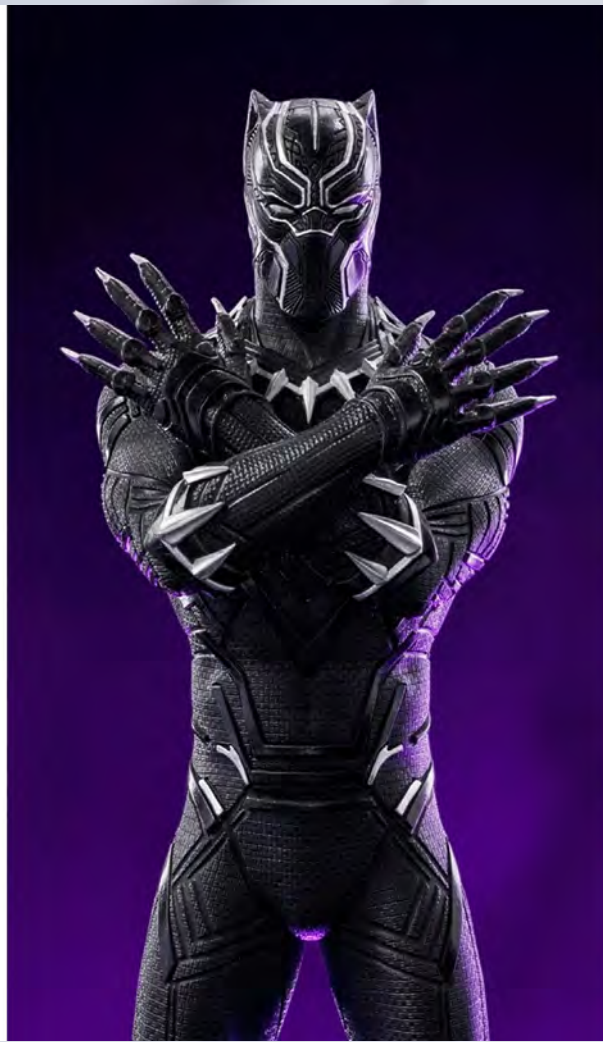
WAKANDA FOREVER?!

I do not use the term “Wakanda Forever”, nor associate anything about being progressively Pan-Afrikan in those terms for the same reason I don’t use the term “Afrofuturism” to speak about Black people and our place in the future in terms of Sci-Fi, Fantasy, Sword and Soul and so on.

The term Afrofuturism was coined by a white man named Mark Dery. I reject anything that is supposed to pertain to our people but is created by white people. For far too long, they have had control of our narrative, molded it and shaped it.

The character of T’Challa aka “Black Panther” was created by a couple white men named Stan Lee and

Jack Kirby for Marvel comics. Likewise, the fictional Wakanda was created by those same two white men. I re-



ject any serious references to the character or surrounding story as it pertains to Black liberation and ascension. When I watch it, it is purely for entertainment purposes although I can see the blatant WS propaganda baked into it. The hero portrayed as the villain and vice versa, along with a white savior and at the very

end, a weak leader who decides to share Wakandan technology with a world that still keeps its secrets from Wakanda. ANY entertainment that is created by white people is to serve one purpose and one purpose ONLY, to help perpetuate our subjugation within their system.

Disney, a company known very well for its racist movies and tropes (Song of the South anyone?), has made well over a billion dollars worldwide on the first Black Panther movie. Our people flocked to the theaters in droves to see at long last, positive portrayals of our people on the big screen. But once again, we... as a demographic... being so emotionally wounded by being born into and raised



WAKANDA FOREVER?! (Continued)

within a system of WS a positive light by our such nonsensical, that we are made easy oppressor), that all a worthless, useless targets for the predatory media company has to symbolic gestures), that system that is perpetually do is tell us we aren't we far too often accept, seeking ways in which garbage, and we'll flock when we should be to exploit us. to support it. rightly offended, then ignoring and walking away from them.

Like the dark teenage There is too much that is Black girl who has been REAL about our people told all her life how ugly to be going around We are creative people and/or worthless and crossing our arms and need absolutely undesirable she is, all before us and yelling a no help from anyone it takes is one smooth slogan that is attached outside of us in order talking man to fill her to something given to us to construct our own head with compliments by white people. narrative and show an and ultimately, she finds It is time to start looking accurate picture of our herself pregnant, having deeper and beyond the people TO our people! her finances destroyed or vail of the superficial That is why there is a harmed in any number of complements and crop of writers and other ways. So are we as Black flattery we have become creatives like myself people, so desperate to so accustomed to who are seeking to take see ourselves positively accepting. (Government control of our narrative, (and if we are being officials kneeling in and it is my hope that our honest, to be seen in kente cloth, and other ranks continue to grow.

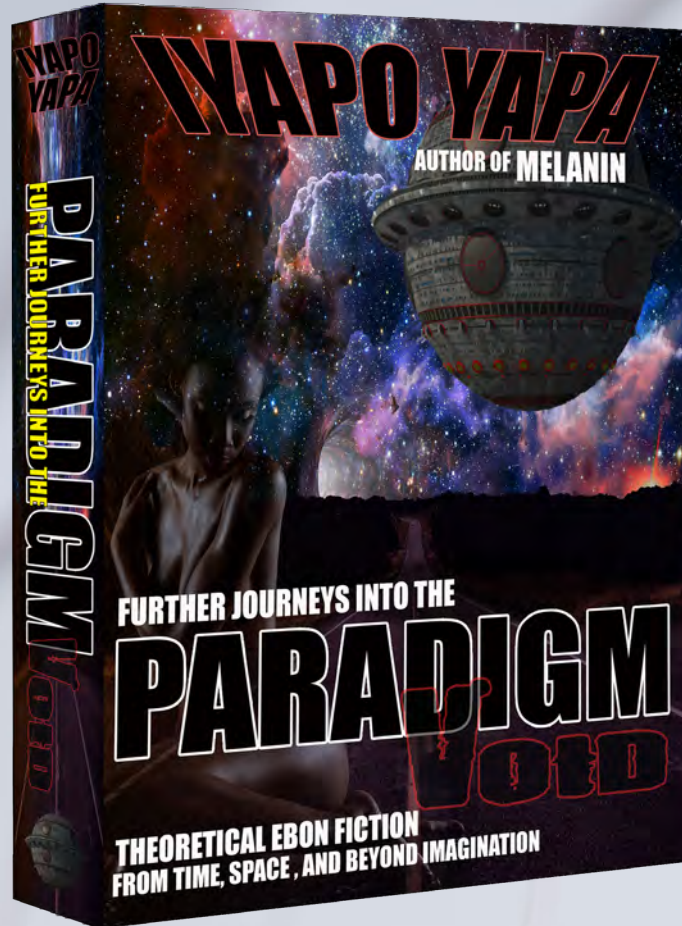


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 - Luxury isn't always what it seems, or is cracked up to be, as one newlywed couple learns first hand.
 - A comet is on a collision course with earth and there is no stopping it. One family decides to have one final family dinner together. And that's when the family secrets start coming out!

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THE EMANCIPATION of TEOTTA T. ADAMS (Chapters 1-3)

CHAPTER 1

Roland K. Spalding II lay writhing between his Egyptian cotton bedsheets as he held his hands tight around his throat, trying in vain to stop the bleeding from his--as of late--wide open carotid artery. He spasmed weakly, and even in the darkened room, Elaine, straight razor still in her latex gloved hand, could see the staining of the sheets and pillowcases as parts turned from white to pink to a deep red.

The room smelled of Epson salt, Bengay and sex. A couple hours prior, the old man had spent close to fifteen minutes bouncing his soft, flabby midsection against Elaine's Olympian grade, feminine six pack of a stomach. He puffed and moaned and gasped and groaned, all the while jamming his, trying to be stiff, but failing miserably, tool into Elaine's womanhood. The man's sloppy kisses were like wine—

MD 20/20. (One of the cheapest wines there was.)

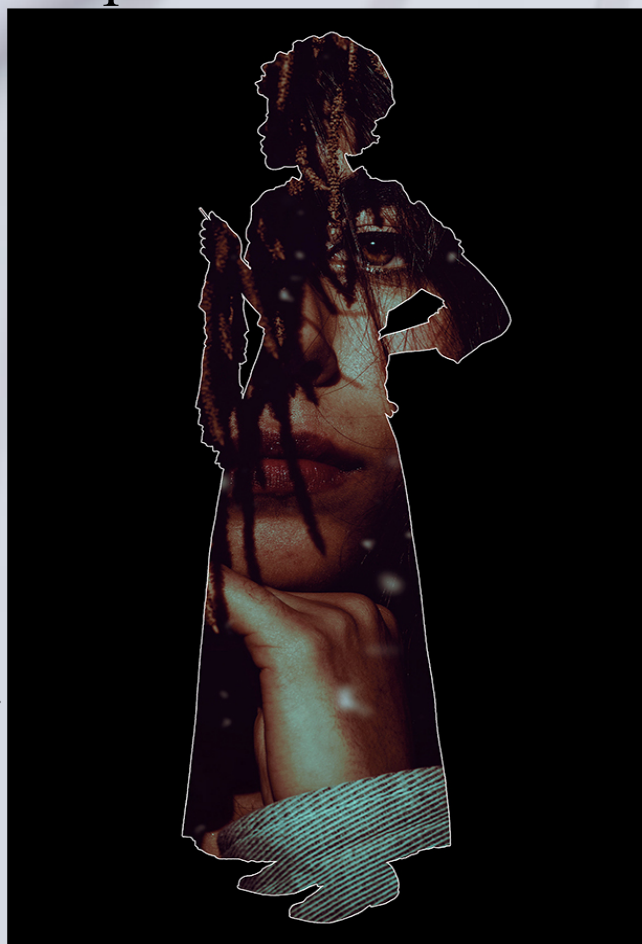
Not lost upon her, was his obvious disregard for the woman beneath him. During their “lovemaking”

someone could have come and yelled out any random letter and she would have been able to, without hesitation, name a place she would rather be that started with that letter. After climaxing inside her (or at least she assumed he had since his body went limp and all his weight rested on her), Elaine lay unmoving, hoping the old man's heart had finally given out and he was gone into the great beyond.

No such luck.

She could feel a heartbeat and immediately became aware that he was breathing heavily.

She looked up at the ceiling and thought, as she did often, on how she had come to such a pass. It was true that she was now living in the lap of luxury and that she actually had servants who waited on her and tended to her every need for the most part. Her only worry was when Spalding got horny (an occurrence that happened far more often than one would think for a man of his advanced age), and she had to lay beneath him being harpooned while she waited for him to satisfy himself.





THE EMANCIPATION of TEOTTA T. ADAMS (Chapters 1-3) Cont.

Along with that, were the rules.

Elaine didn't really mind the rules that much. She was expected to do the obligatory straightening up around the rooms of the mansion (which was nearly no job at all, given that they had a butler and maids to see after such things). She was also in charge of meals, which she would assist the live in chef, Rosetta, in preparing. That was about it.

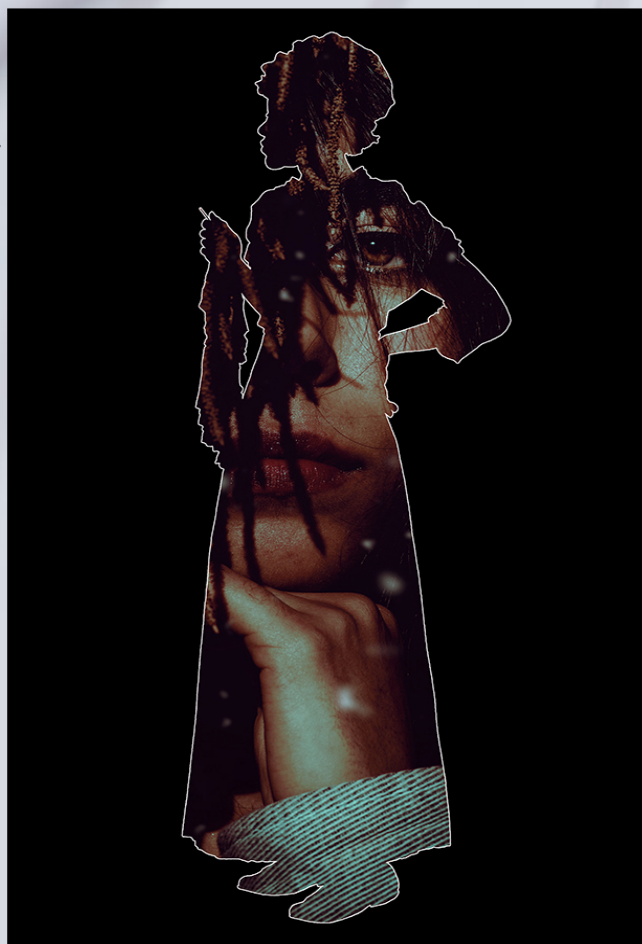
Elaine was allowed to leave the mansion when she wanted to go shopping at some high end clothier, or to an expensive restaurant for lunch or sometimes just a movie.

However, she was never, ever, under any circumstances allowed to leave on her own. One or two of the maids always had to be with her. Typically, it was either Heidi—who didn't like Elaine at all—or, Sophia—who disliked Elaine even more.

Whenever they went on their little outings, the number of words that passed between them could be counted on one hand—if the thumb and index finger were cut off. So,

old Mr. Spalding certainly didn't send his watchdogs out with her to keep her company. They were there specifically to make sure she didn't try to run.

They were there to make sure she didn't try to escape.



The two women at all times brought small leather handbags with them that were stylish enough, but Elaine always suspected they concealed some kind of weapon within. She couldn't prove they carried any kind of gun, or knife or something. She'd never actually seen anything, but she

just had a feeling, and more often than not, Elaine's intuition was right.

Weapons or no, the one thing that was unambiguous to Elaine was that neither woman cared for her—to put it mildly. Elaine didn't know what any of the 'help's' problem was with her.

Sometimes she thought it was that she was much younger than Spalding. Sometimes she thought it was that she was poor. she thought it might be that she was Black, but that may or



THE EMANCIPATION of TEOTTA T. ADAMS (Chapters 1-3) Cont.

may not exclude Sophia, who was nearly a shade darker than Elaine. (In terms of Sophia, Elaine wondered if Sophia's problem was that she considered Elaine to be a 'bed wench'; that she was with the old man, laying down with him and tolerating his repulsive looks and form as she waited patiently for the old dude to finally keel over and leave her with all that beautiful money! If that was what Sophia thought, nothing could have been further from the truth.)

No amount of money or easy living could make Elaine want or want to be with that old pig of a piece of man.

She never wanted to be with him.

There was no part of her situation that was not abusive. She felt abused by her 'husband' and she definitely felt abused by the staff. Elaine was never quite sure if Mr. Spalding knew how the staff treated her. They never left any physical marks on her, but over the course of a few years, they had come up with many ways to torture her psychologically. Actually, Elaine would think sometimes, the levels

of evil, hatred and pettiness they showed, along with their creativity when it came to "getting at her", was kind of impressive in its way. She didn't know if Spalding knew all of what they were doing to her.

Maybe he did.

Maybe he didn't.

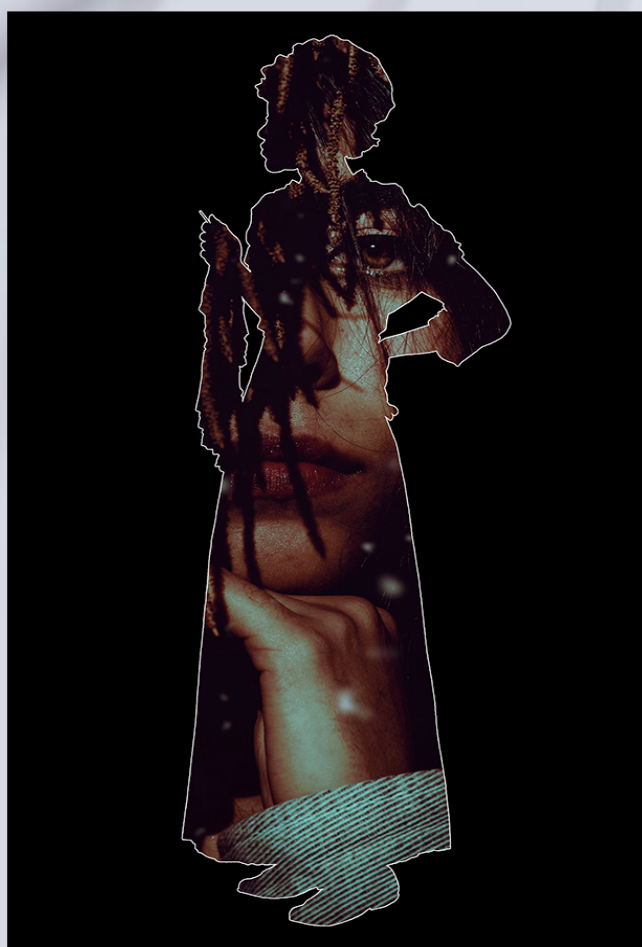
At the end of the day, what did it matter?

All and all, Spalding got laid, she did her chores, and didn't say much if anything.

The perfect wife.

Exactly what Spalding had paid for and worth every cent. and encased within his luxury, and chauffeur driven limos, his private helicopter and plane, he gave all the appearances of a 'high value' man—a man nearly ANY woman would fight to have so they could ultimately live a life of pampered luxury.

The problem with Roland K. Spalding II, however, was that the man was a PIG. His lack of good looks was only surpassed by the complete absence





THE EMANCIPATION of TEOTTA T. ADAMS (Chapters 1-3) Cont.

of a personality—which itself was dwarfed by his arrogance and at times, cruelty.

Spalding was the kind of man who would go out, be fitted for and purchase two and three thousand dollar Brioni suits the way the average man would go to Walmart and grab some gaudy tee shirt off the rack.

The BARGAIN rack.

He had more money than he knew what to do with or could ever hope to spend, and arguably everything materially and monetarily, that a human being, male or female, could ever want or need, but as seems typical with his type, the man could never acquire enough money or things to satisfy him. He would pursue them with a kind of controlled abandon, and with a mindset that anyone or anything that tried to get between him, and his money or things were best off eliminated altogether.

CHAPTER 2

The rest of her days were spent basically lounging, watching television, and spending a couple

hours on social media (the only two hours she was allowed).

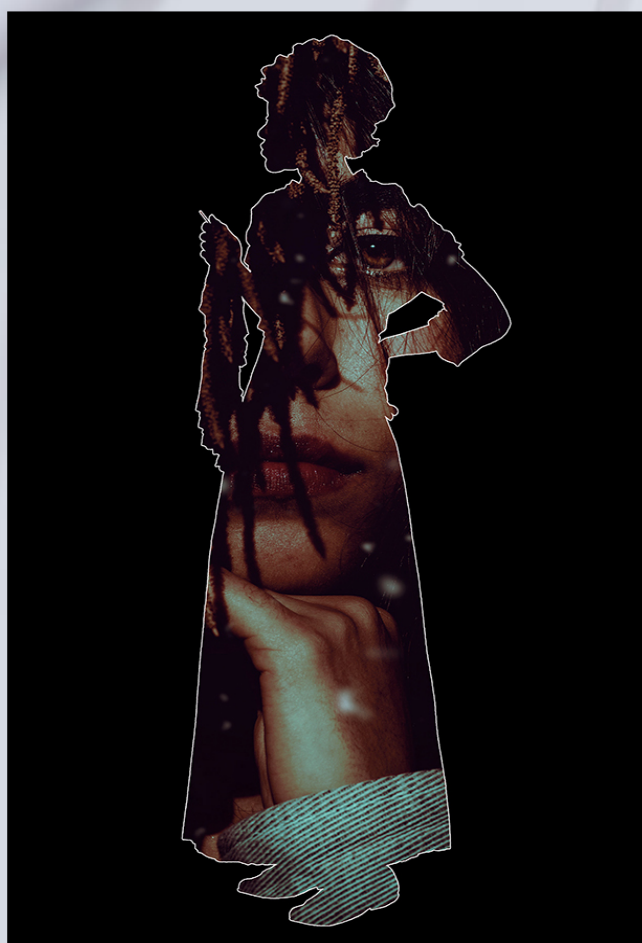
At times, she was more taken aback by her treatment by the staff than even the slob of a man who lay dying before her. For some reason they seemed to resent that she was even in the home, as if she was something so far beneath them that it was an abomination for them to ever take an order or direction from her.

They had no love for Elaine.

The feeling was mutual.

They knew the situation. They knew why she was there and how she had come to be there. They knew that most nights she had to deal with the indignity of being the victim of rape as it were, at the hands of an old man whom she would have never considered giving a second look on her worst day—no matter how much money he had.

The young Black woman had learned much in her five years with the illustrious Mr. Spalding II, aided by an ability to learn quickly through observation and the advantage of a





THE EMANCIPATION of TEOTTA T. ADAMS (Chapters 1-3) Cont.

photographic memory.

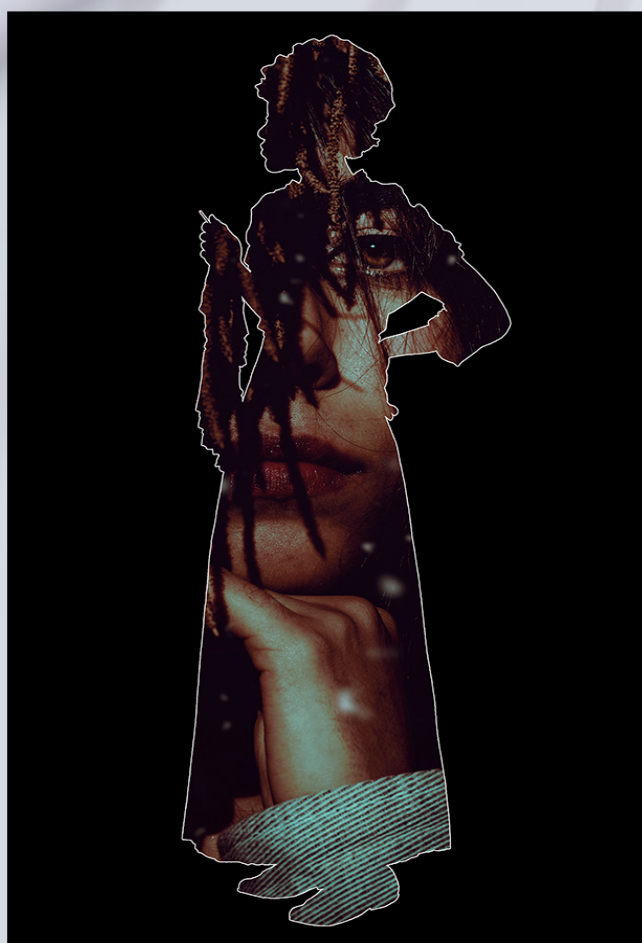
She learned to speak “properly”, how to dress like a “lady”, how to carry herself with an air of dignity and how to use modern technology, something she would never have been able to do in another life, but of which she could now take full advantage, and did.

She also learned what it meant to be trapped and imprisoned in a golden cage. After she got the hang of social media, she would see other Black women, much like herself, living the good life and having it all.

They had wonderful husbands who were tall, handsome, attentive, and successful. Elaine’s ‘husband’, if that’s what he could be considered, only filled one of those four criteria. Yes—he was successful enough, actually, exceptionally so if success is to be measured by money and material wealth. But underneath the money, underneath the corporations and encased within his luxury, and chauffeur driven limos, his private helicopter and plane, he gave all the appearances of a ‘high value’ man—a

man nearly ANY woman would fight to have so they could ultimately live a life of pampered luxury.

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THE EMANCIPATION of TEOTTA T. ADAMS (Chapters 1-3) Cont.

and with a mindset that anyone or anything that tried to get between him, and his money or things were best off eliminated altogether.

As he lay, gurgling his last blood and saliva filled pleas (if that's what they were), Elaine stood narrow eyed and stone faced, with only the slightest hint of a smirk upon her sensuous full lips. She wanted with all her soul to spit on the thing before her, who was now twisting in the sheets and blood, but she was concerned with leaving any kind of DNA evidence behind. Just as quickly, she realized that after five years her DNA would be all over the house anyway, so what the hell did a little spit matter more or less; and besides, how would anyone ever track her?

So, YES!

She was going to do it.

But quickly, it must be done quickly, she wanted him to be aware of it before his world became blackness and he made his way to his final reward, whatever that might be—though were it solely up to Elaine, there is little ambiguity as to the fate to which she would have consigned him. Elaine stood over

Spalding and took a moment to hock up the best ball of spit she could—and EPIC ball—a LEGENDARY wad! Now she had it.

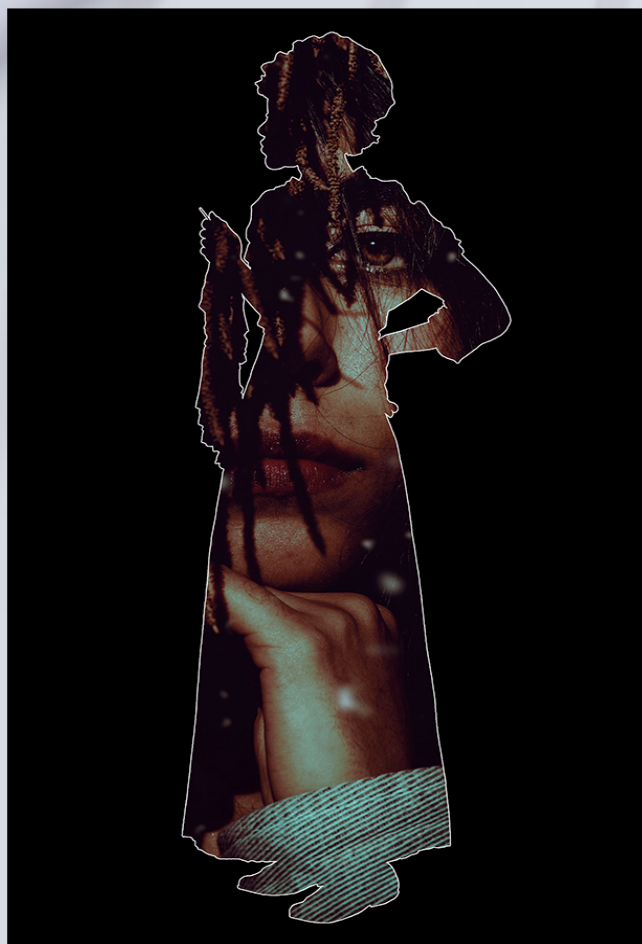
She leaned in toward the man for whom she had just created the masterpiece of saliva, and saw, to her disappointment that he was no longer moving—no longer struggling or gurgling—no longer breathing.

She'd missed her chance.

“DAMN IT!” she thought, then let loose her creation, but a wee bit less enthusiastically and with far less satisfaction than she would have, had the old thing still been conscious.

Most important Elaine learned the many places her ‘husband’ (or more accurately, her hostage taker), kept money in the mansion, in addition to the combination to each safe. She also had full access to one of his cryptocurrency accounts from which he didn't even know he was long locked out of by Elaine who had also taken the liberty of changing the name and credentials on the account to something she'd made up and stored in her photographic mind.

So, to those funds she had full access,





THE EMANCIPATION of TEOTTA T. ADAMS (Chapters 1-3) Cont.

to the tune of several million U.S. dollars.

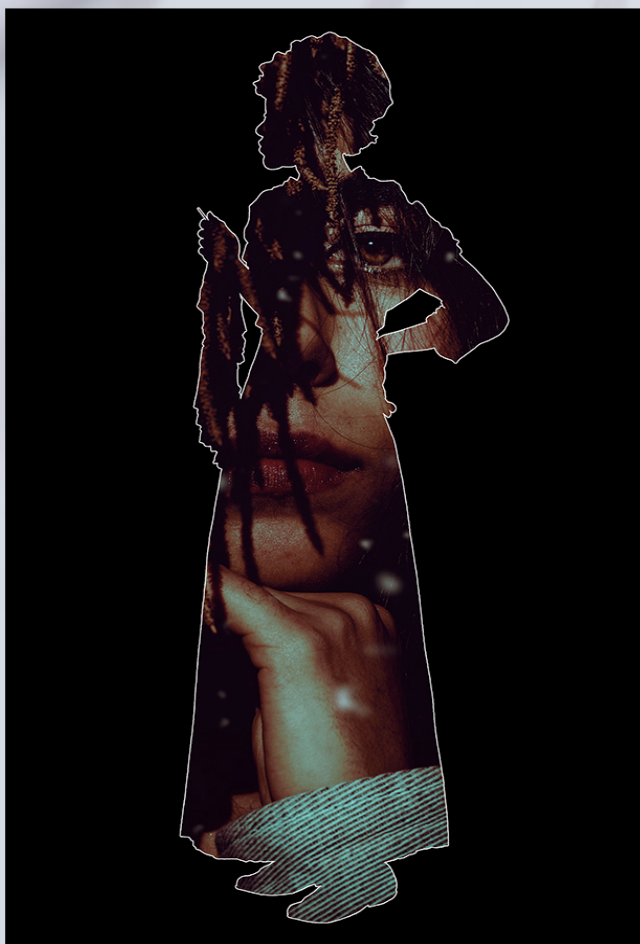
Turning away from the man who was now stone still on blood soaked sheets and with a very respectable sized loogie on his face, Elaine turned in the darkness and made her way to the bedroom door and walked out into the dim light of the hallway.

She slowly closed the door behind her, turned casually to the right and unhurriedly walked down to the end of the hallway to a guest room. In that room there were two medium size suitcases laying on the immaculate bed. One of the suitcases was empty, the other about a quarter full of expensive jewelry. She picked up the cases and made three stops.

One in the library, one in the study and the last in Spalding's home office. At each stop she found the safes (one wall safe in each of the first two rooms and a standard floor safe in the office) and took every dollar available from them totaling some three and a half million dollars.

She then calmly walked down the stairs and strode past Mr. Spalding's

manservant, Miles, as well as their live in maid Katarina. Elaine walked past the help while carrying the suitcases filled with money and jewelry and a single change of clothes (anything else she would just go out and purchase as needed).



She waved to the other three maids down the hallway and finally to Rosetta, who was still in the kitchen. "Goodbye all! It has been wonderful knowing you, and Miles, don't bother to get the door, I'll see my own way out." She said brightly.

Not one member of the staff returned Elaine's jovial farewell.

But then, bloody corpses never do.

CHAPTER 3

Elaine's eyes fluttered open, and she slowly looked around the dark room. She quickly stretched out her left arm beside her, checking the bed to see whether she was alone or if the horny old geezer was next to her and she'd only dreamed she'd sent him and his people to their just reward.

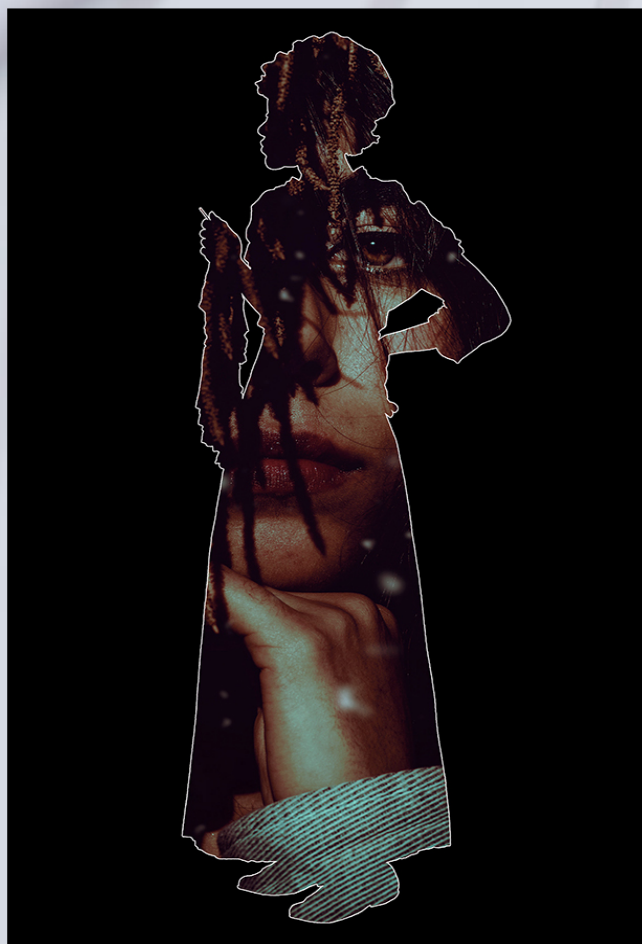
She was alone.



THE EMANCIPATION of TEOTTA T. ADAMS (Chapters 1-3) Cont.

Good.

Slowly her eyes adjusted to the room's darkness. Nothing looked familiar to her, but then why would it? She was no longer in any of the bedrooms she'd fallen asleep and awakened in for the past year. She remembered she was now in the Jefferson Heights Hotel. Elaine checked into the hotel using the name Jia Vanjans and promptly went to her room. She'd had a bubble bath that lasted longer than perhaps it should have and eventually went to bed to enjoy a dry but waterlogged skinned sleep.



The Jefferson Heights was not a fleabag by any stretch, but not a five star either. It was somewhere solidly on the high end of the low end. Even though Elaine could obviously well afford better accommodations, she opted to spend less and minimize the attention she might attract. For any Black woman who was not an actress, entertainer, sports figure, or the spouse of a prominent man—staying at a high end hotel would have attracted undue curiosity.

The bed was harder than she was used to, and the sheets were definitely not

the Egyptian cotton to which she'd become accustomed. The pillows, though comfortable, felt somehow 'cheap' to her. She couldn't really put her finger on why. Even with all of that, her sleep wasn't fitful or restless, nor did she wake up in a cold sweat as she had done more often than usual over the past year.

She'd long since turned off the television, having watched the last to the news stories about the "MANSION MASSACRE", listening to commentators speculate on what could have happened, or who it was who did it—while she knew all along what had happened and that she was the "who" who had done it. Police detectives and investigators still didn't have a clue as to whom had committed this horrible crime—or so they claimed.

Elaine was inclined to believe the pronouncements of the newscasters. She had not only gotten away cleanly, but anyone who could have identified her was dead. Her fingerprints were all over the place, but she had no criminal record, or any past situations where she needed to be fingerprinted, so the authorities could have all the prints they wanted.



THE EMANCIPATION of TEOTTA T. ADAMS (Chapters 1-3) Cont.

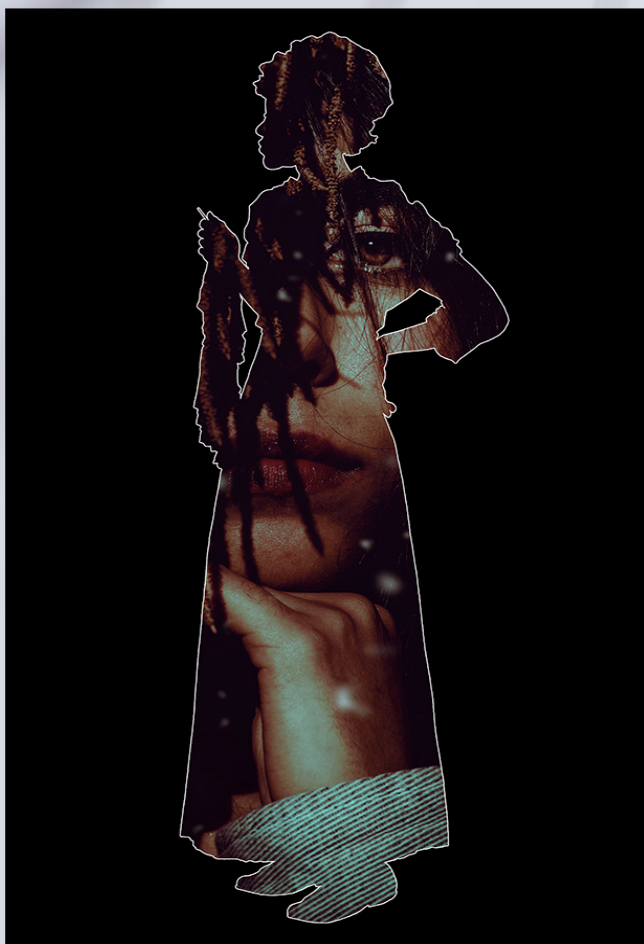
authorities could have all the prints they wanted.

The prints were useless, as was her DNA—specifically that which she left via a wad of spit on the face of her deceased ‘husband’—being there was no one to connect them to.

With the exception of Spalding and his hired help, very few people had ever seen Elaine. For sure she had been allowed out for excursions, flanked by her two guard dogs—an alternating couple of Spalding’s maids—but everything she did was orchestrated so that there was no real connection to Spalding.

Even if Elaine’s likeness was caught on surveillance cameras, there was no real way to recognize her as anyone who would have in any way been associated with the billionaire. No one knew she and Rowland Spalding were a couple, let alone married, and it was obvious that Spalding had taken great care to see to it things stayed that way. He even went as far as putting in place a completely separate bank account for Elaine that was created by a banking insider friend of his, Jeb Ferguson. Out of necessity, Ferguson created a special

kind of account system that was all but hidden within the banking system for wealthy people in the same situation as he and Spalding and needing the same kind of autonomy. This way their ‘wives’ could go out spending money, in set amounts, but none of it would lead back to the millionaire or billionaire from whom the funds originated.



All the cloak and dagger activities ultimately worked in Elaine’s favor. She had the unique ability to move within the system and be inside, while simultaneously remaining invisible to it.

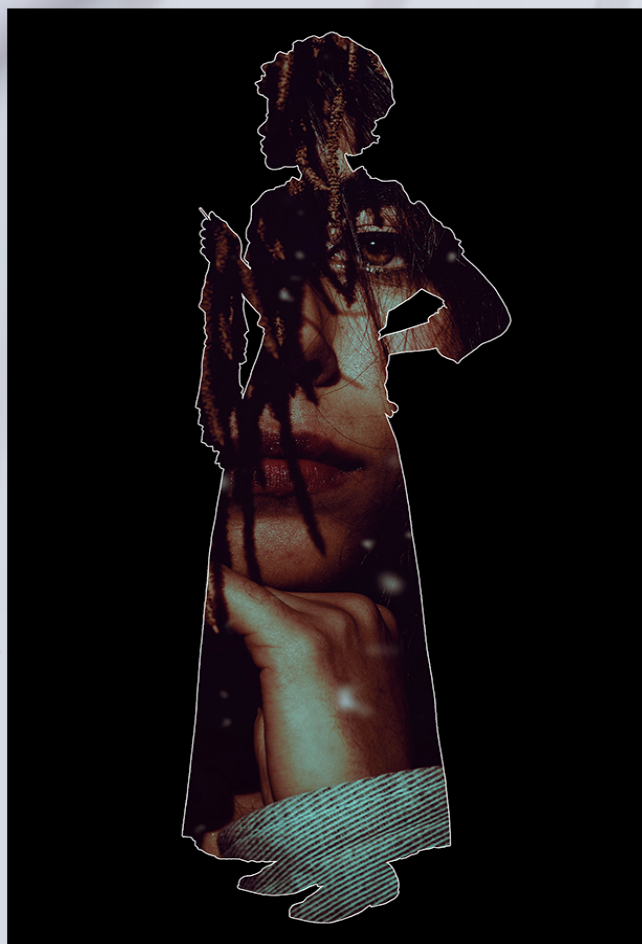
Elaine smiled wryly in the darkness, proud of what she had done thus far, and prouder still that those who were likely considered the best and brightest were fumbling around, tripping over themselves as they worked to solve this crime, and even the fact that among the dead was the illustrious Rowland K. Spalding made no difference. He was just another cold slab of meat in the morgue right about now.

She looked over to her two suitcases and was tempted for a moment to go and open both of them to make sure her money, jewelry and assorted items were still in them, but she didn’t. She



THE EMANCIPATION of TEOTTA T. ADAMS (Chapters 1-3) Cont.

knew it was all there. Over the coming days, she would need to make a few necessary purchases—they would all be in cash—and then continue to put distance between her and her now dearly departed husband and his equally extinct staff. No, as far as Elaine was concerned, there was no way she could have been caught for what she'd done, but that was no reason for her to be overly confident and possibly get sloppy. If she let that happen, she would have just become one in a long, sad line of people who had the game won, but then, through their own arrogance, beat themselves.



There was no way she was going to let that happen.

Elaine worked out in her head, exactly what her next moves would be, and especially, who she would be seeing next. She knew everyone she would need to visit—but as was her way, since she didn't have to worry about forgetting anyone or anything, she did not, would not, make a physical list. Why should she when she could keep everything straight in her head and in so doing, never leave a paper trail? Elaine hoped the list would not grow

before she could get to everyone on it.

Though—she feared—it was almost certain it would.

But even if that were the case, no matter how many there were, she would find their locations also. As far as she was concerned there was no alternative.

Elaine felt slightly drowsy and suddenly wondered what time it was. She reached over to the nightstand and in the darkness looked at the face of the phone that came on automatically with the detected motion, and softly lit a portion of the room.

It was only 9:27 pm.

She'd barely slept at all yet this evening. Elaine knew she would be getting an early start the next morning, and wanted to be well rested, but now that she was up, she felt a twinge of hunger. She didn't feel as if she were starving, but she felt the hunger enough that it could possibly prevent her from easily getting back to the slumber she desired. For a moment she sat trying to figure out what she had a taste for. She didn't want to run down to the hotel restaurant. She was settled and had no

THE EMANCIPATION of TEOTTA T. ADAMS (Chapters 1-3) Cont.

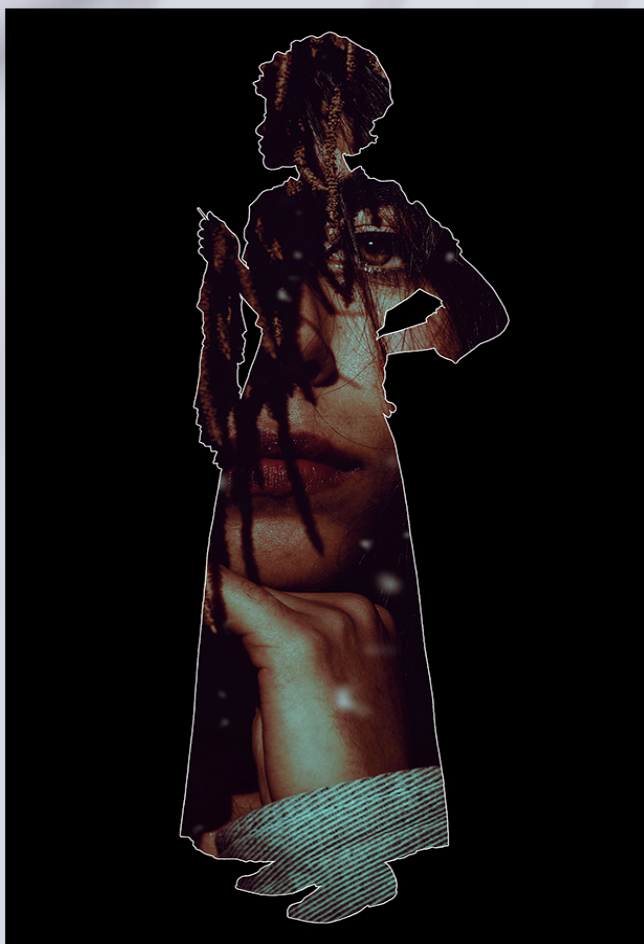
intention of leaving the room, and besides, the restaurant would be closing in less than half an hour and she didn't want to rush to go anyplace even if she did change her mind and decide to go out.

Quickly, her mood brightened. She smiled, snapped her finger, and said, "That's it!"

With a couple taps on the screen of her smartphone, Elaine was in the FAST FOOD FRENZY! app and looking up nearby pizzerias. She found one that was consistently ranked with five stars: Giovanni's Pizza, Pasta and Subs. Her eyes were, as they say, bigger than her stomach. Within a few minutes, she'd ordered a large pepperoni pizza (with extra cheese), a large order of seasoned fries and a two liter Sprite. She knew there was no way she would be eating all of that tonight.

After completing her order and sitting down her cell phone, she realized that her mouth was actually watering. She couldn't remember the last time she'd had a pizza—pepperoni or otherwise. It wasn't until a little less than a year ago she'd ever had one at all, and to say she immediately fell in love with

the delicacy would be to pathetically understate the matter. She could have counted on one hand the number of times she'd had pizza since then. So she was very much looking forward to this delivery!



The app indicated her order would not be delivered to her room, and that it would be left at the front desk of the hotel. She was instructed that she had to make arrangements to get the order from them. So after putting down her cell, she picked up the receiver of the hotel phone so she could call downstairs.

"Good evening. Front desk. This is Holly."

Came a woman's voice that sounded unusually cheerful for that late hour.

"Good evening. This is Jia Vanjans in room 333. I've just ordered a pizza and they said they would be bringing it to the front desk."

"Yes. When it gets here would you like us to have someone take it up to you?" Holly said.

"Yahs'm. I mean... Yes. I would deeply appreciate that if you would be so kind."

THE EMANCIPATION of TEOTTA T. ADAMS (Chapters 1-3) Cont.

“Oh, you’re very welcome. It’s no trouble at all.”

“Thank you so very much... I seem to have woke up with a powerful case of munchies and found myself suddenly craving a late night snack. I’m too hungry to go back to sleep, but too lazy to get my butt up and go get something. Ya’ll know how it is.” Elaine laughed. “I don’t plan on eating the entire thing, you’re more than welcome to a couple slices fo’ you send it up, an’ you can help yourself to some of the French fries if you like.”

Elaine could tell the young lady at the front desk was smiling, “That sounds very tempting Ms. Vanjans.” The perky attendant said. “And I’m kinda hungry myself, but I’m pretty sure there’s probably some kinda rule against it so I’d better not. But thank you very much for the offer. When your order gets here, I’ll get it right upstairs to you.”

“Thank you much Holly. If you change your mind and decide to grab a few slices and some fries, it’ll just be between us. Our little secret.”

Both women laughed, exchanged ‘byes’ and Elaine hung up the phone.

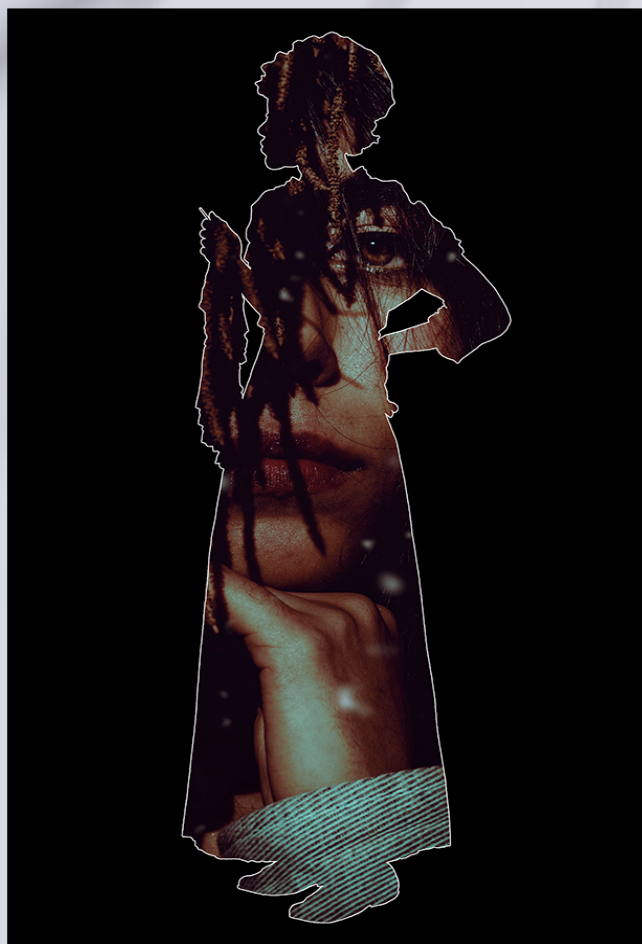
* * *

The following morning, Elaine checked out of the Jefferson and went to the parking lot to her Ford Escape (a perfect name for it). She put her suitcases in the trunk, walked around to the driver’s side, opened the door, tossed her purse onto the passenger seat and then plopped down on the driver’s seat.

After closing the door, she strapped on her seatbelt, adjusted the seat and mirrors (as if she needed to, given she had already done so before she drove to her location). She sat for a moment thinking through her next moves,

then leaning toward the passenger seat on which her purse sat, she opened it and produced her cell phone. She tapped the power button, and the screen quickly came to life.

On the smart phone Elaine brought up MappApp and not yet knowing the exact street number of the location to which she was headed, she only tapped in the city and state. A freeway route lit up before her. If she took 75 South from Detroit, the app was saying the trip to her destination would be 9 hours and 27 minutes, if there weren’t any problems.





THE EMANCIPATION of TEOTTA T. ADAMS (Chapters 1-3) Cont.

“Well, I’d better get going.” She thought as she slid her smartphone in the cradle that would hold it up before her and calmly speak routes and turns to her via Bluetooth and a soft—albeit mechanical—woman’s voice.

She pushed the button to start the engine, shifted into reverse gear, put an arm over the seat and looked behind her as she slowly backed out of the parking spot. Once clear of the space, she put the car in drive and pulled off.

She chuckled, knowing that today was only her second time ever driving a car, the day before yesterday being her first. She’d never been taught to drive, nor did she have a license (at least not one that was issued to her officially).

Once she decided to learn to drive, she’d observe what her driver was doing, storing every move in her photographic memory. There were practical things she would have to pick up on while she was driving. And she would need to develop muscle memory, something no degree of photographic memory could compensate for.

All of that being the case, she was doing fine, her second time behind the wheel and now she was on her way to the first person who was on her mental list.

Another soon to be corpse who was presently living in—

Jackson, North Carolina.



READING and WRITING in the

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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**.

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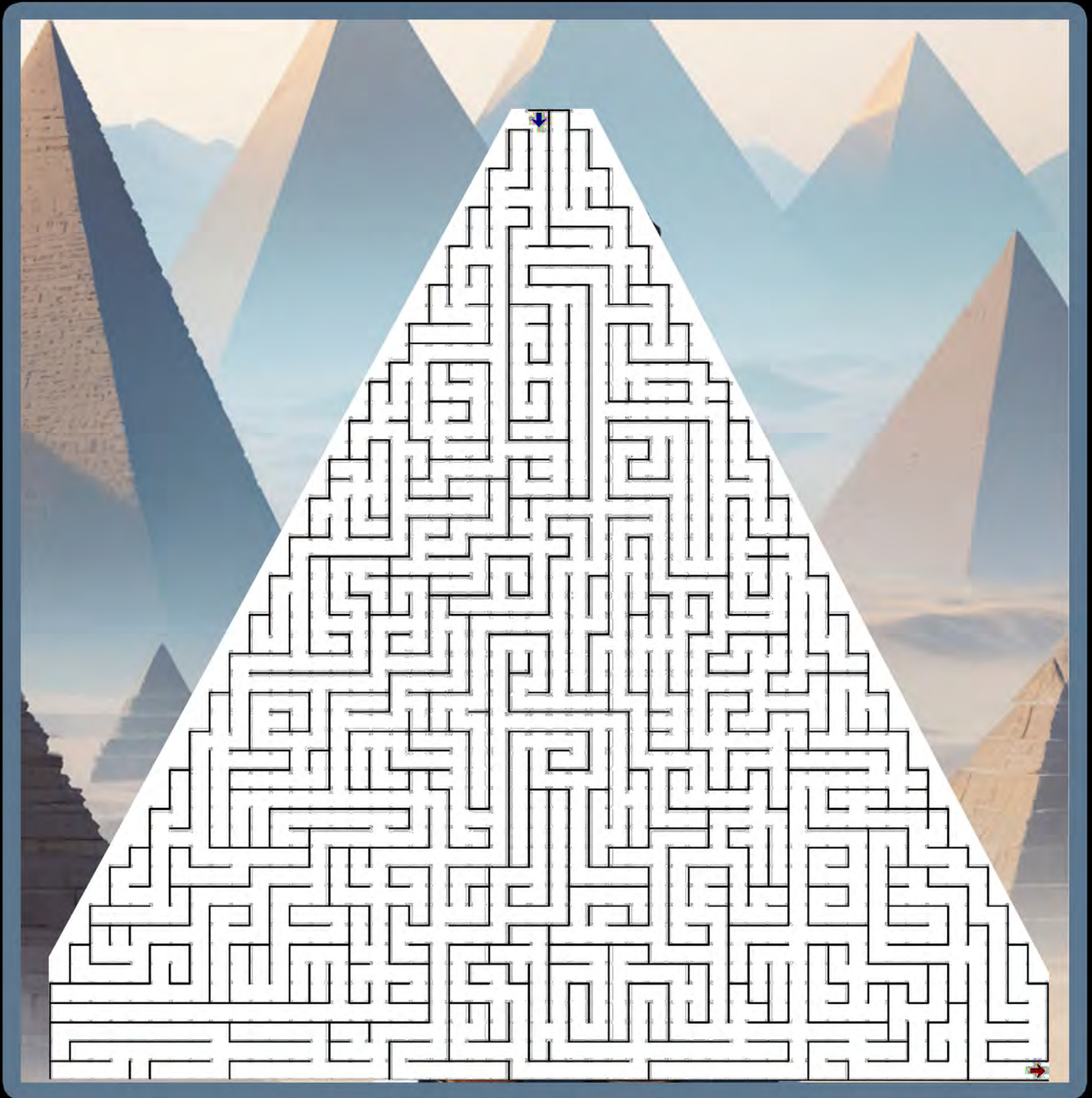
A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

Here is your JULY 2025 MAZE Puzzle!

This month, we take you through the sands of time to ancient Egypt, where you are trapped in a pyramid and must find your way out! Get ready to concentrate; this is a difficult one! As always, the solution to last month's puzzle is at the back of the magazine. ENJOY!

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

JULY 2025 MAZE!

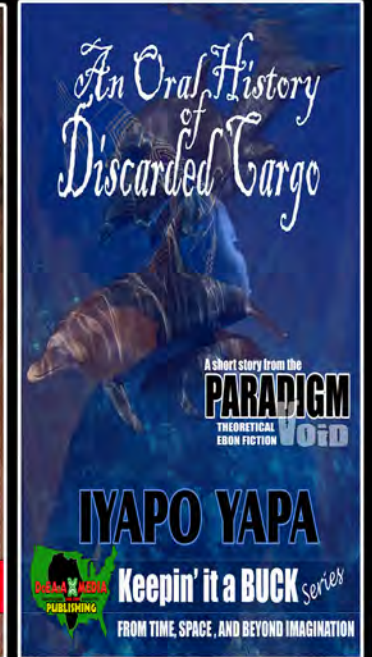


The Sands of Time

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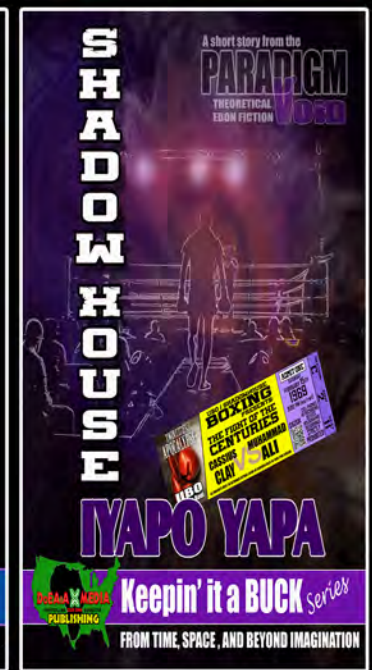
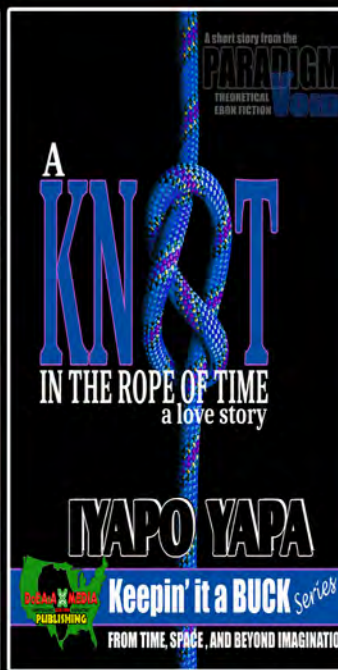


IT IS TIME TO JOURNEY INTO THE **PARADIGM VOID** ONE STEP AT A TIME.

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:

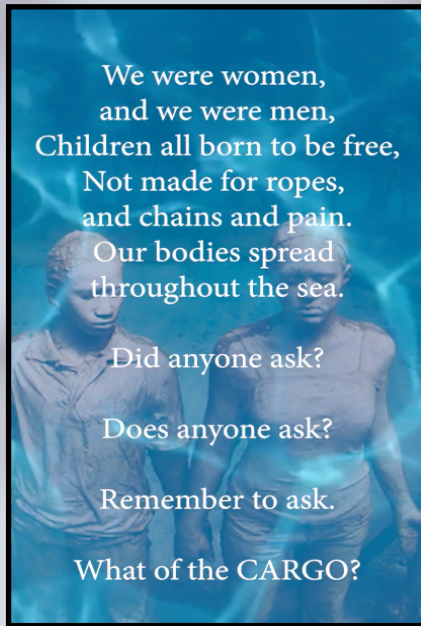
ORAL TRADITION talking books are also coming soon! Click the image to the right to hear a sample, of one of our talking books. Yes, it's still in its VERY rough form as we experiment with getting it right, but the story is still fun as all get out! So give it a listen and let us know what you think!

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



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



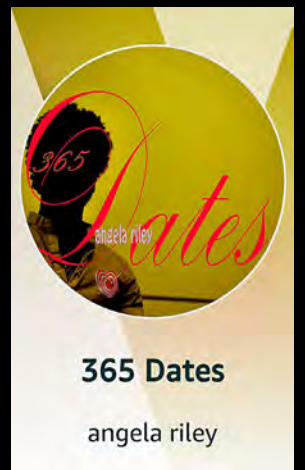
I'd like to say a big **THANK YOU!** To everyone who helped all three of my books to spend some time at number **ONE** on Amazon's **BEST SELLERS** list!



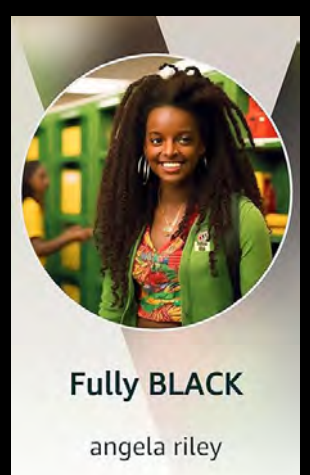
FIND AFFIRMING SELF LOVE AT:

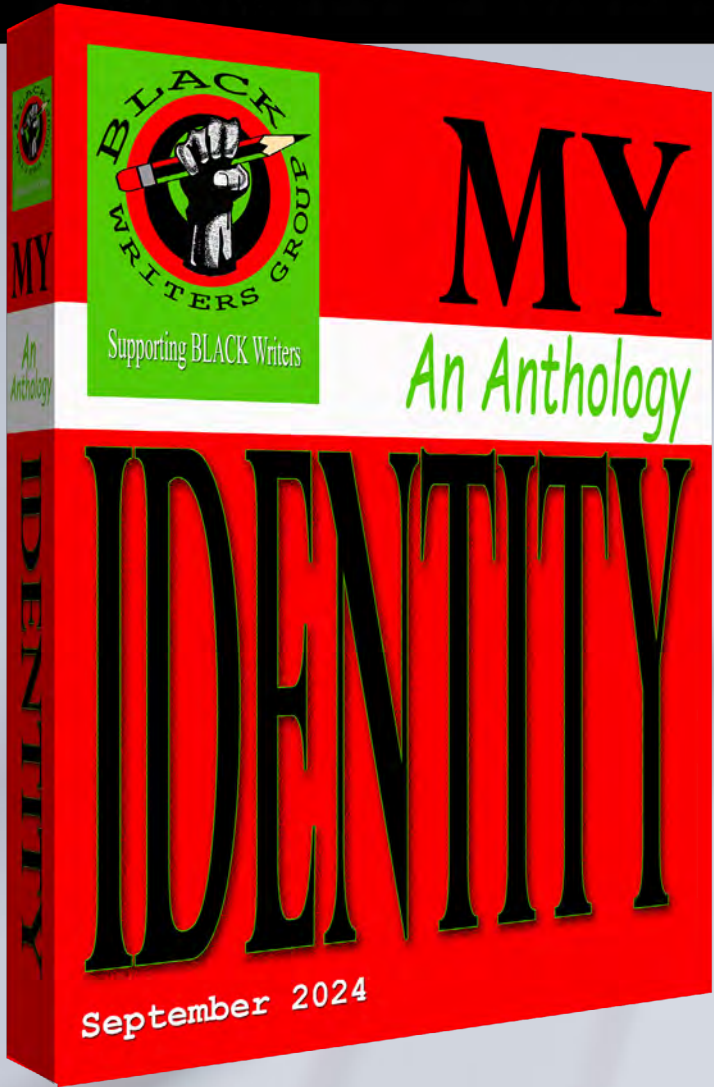


CAN LOVE SET US FREE?



COMING SOON!:





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



Black LOVE QR CODE
OR
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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.

READING and WRITING in the

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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.

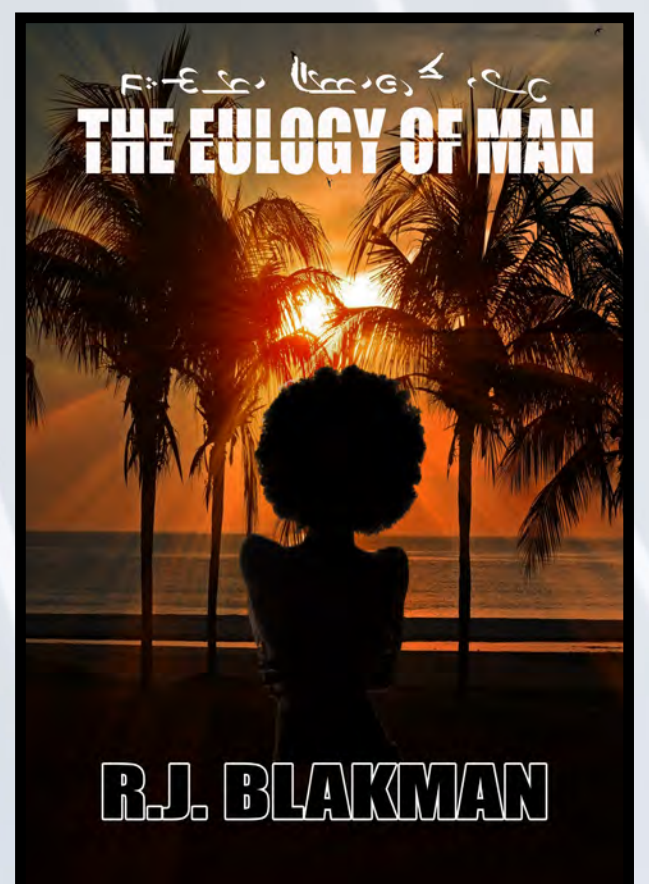
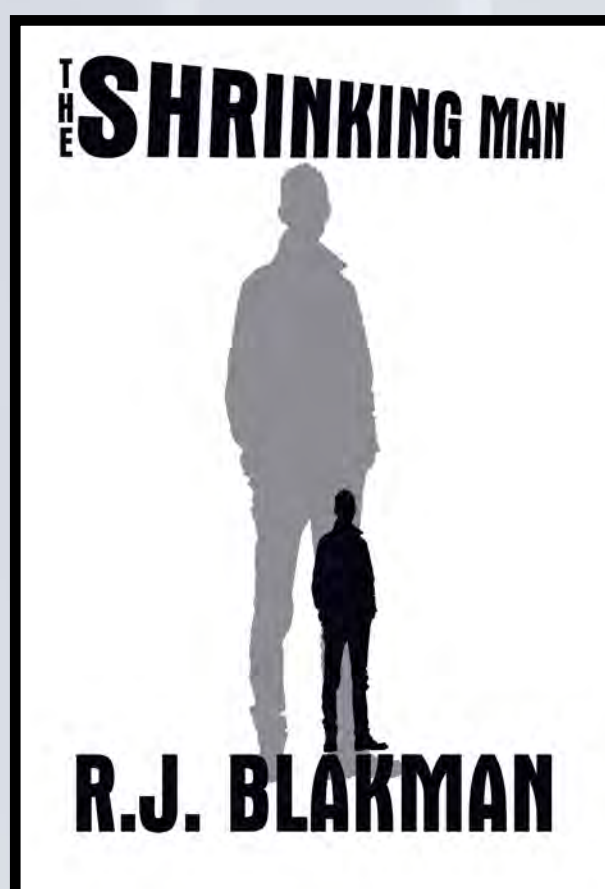
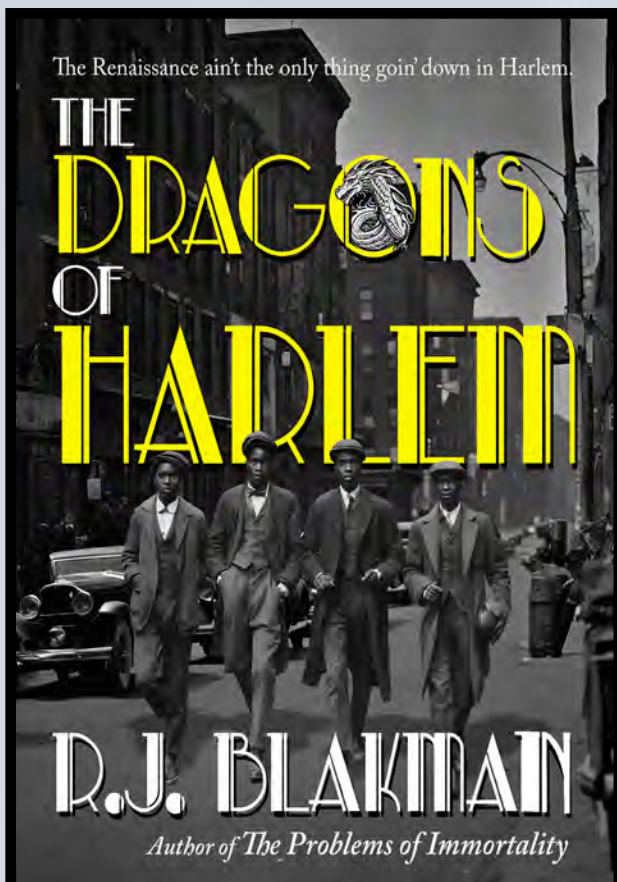
As a practice, Blakman seeks out truth and goes wherever that truth leads him, even if uncomfortable.

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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AI Op-Ed: AI and ME: By Adrien M. Lane

“The world has just changed so radically, and we’re all running to catch up.”

Dr. Alan Grant from the movie Jurassic Park.

I saw the movie Jurassic Park for the first time, years ago, and all I can say is, “Doctor Grant... I FEEL YA!”

He was talking about a world where dinosaurs came back into existence, but the world I’m talking about is one that might be even more dangerous. One where AI (Artificial Intelligence) rules the day. It was only about three years ago that I first heard of this thingy called “Chat GPT”, that was my introduction into consumer grade AI.

Well—for me at least—AI went from being nowhere to everywhere. The technology is growing by leaps and bounds and though it is opening up new ways to express creativity, I can see how it can (and presently is), being used in ways I consider to be regressive at best, and destructive at worst. Especially in terms of what is being done in the fields of creativity like the arts. In the beginning I was one of the ones who adamantly rejected AI, perceiving it as “cheating”, when it came to the creative process.

Eventually, I recognized it as a tool like any other that could be used to enhance creativity and create new outlets for it where there were none before. You know—answering questions that we at one time didn’t even know to ask. So I decided to lean into it. I will NEVER use AI to write stories FOR me (at least one that I mean to pass off as my own—I might one day do it as an experiment), but I will—and am presently working on something

that I believe is unique when it comes to digital books.

And no. I’m not going to tell you what it is, it’s a surprise.

That said, I’ve gone from resisting AI, to working with it as a tool, to now seriously side eyeing it as I watch the market (especially the book market), being flooded with AI GARBAGE, produced by people who lack the talent to create works of their own. They just punch in a prompt and let AI spit them out a novel or fully illustrated children’s book. They then slap their name on it and put it up on Amazon (likely lying, of course, saying the work was not created solely by AI).

They aren’t taking the time to edit, or even go through the AI creation to make sure it even makes sense. They just get PDF in hand and they’re off to the races, hoping to turn a quick buck, while piling garbage into an already saturated market that was already exceptionally difficult for new voices to be heard in.

I have to admit I don’t know what the answer is or how to fix it. Perhaps like most things, it will level out and the best works will rise to the top based upon merit. (Is that *likely* though? Within a global system of white supremacy where, despite much lip service, there is rarely anything like a true meritocracy?)

In the meantime, I’ll just keep doing my best work, moving forward, crossing my fingers as I use AI the way I feel it should be used—strictly as a tool of creation.

Not as the creator itself.



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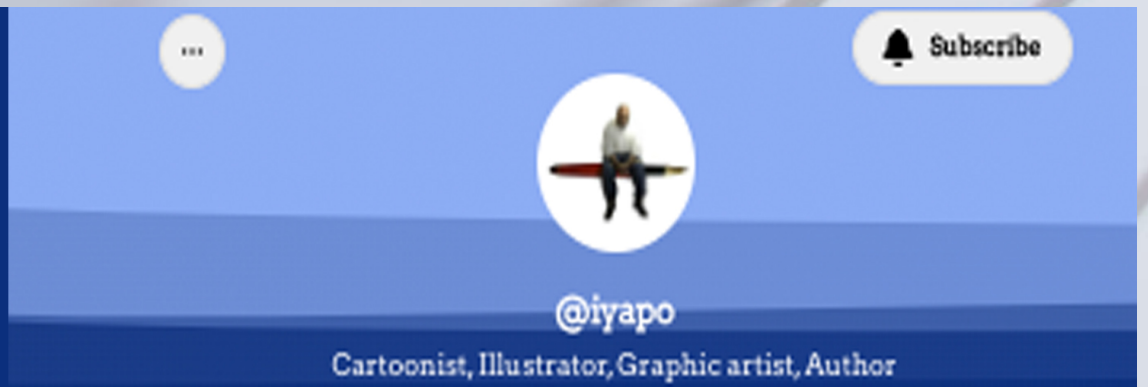
Find Iyapo at:
Linktree*

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

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

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

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The FULL website is best
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so be prepared and ENJOY!

IYAPO'S WEBSITE



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

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

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

MELANIN: A Novel



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

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

And What of the CARGO?



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

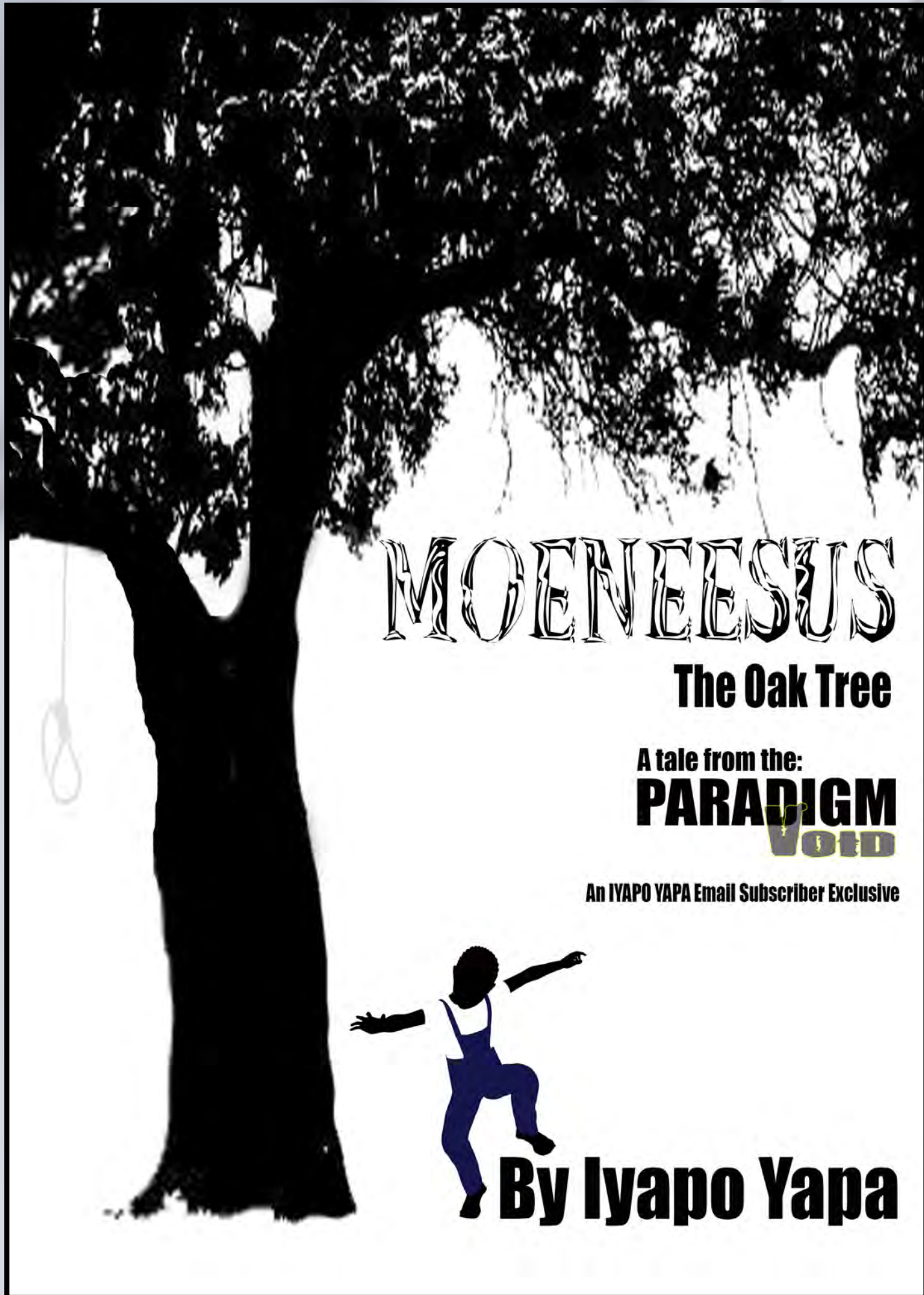
STEP INTO THE VOID!



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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?



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And What of the CARGO?

Buy it now on Amazon

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

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

— Walter Rodney. How Europe Underdeveloped Africa

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

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

What are readers saying about And What of the CARGO?

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

- Amazon Review

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

- Gwen

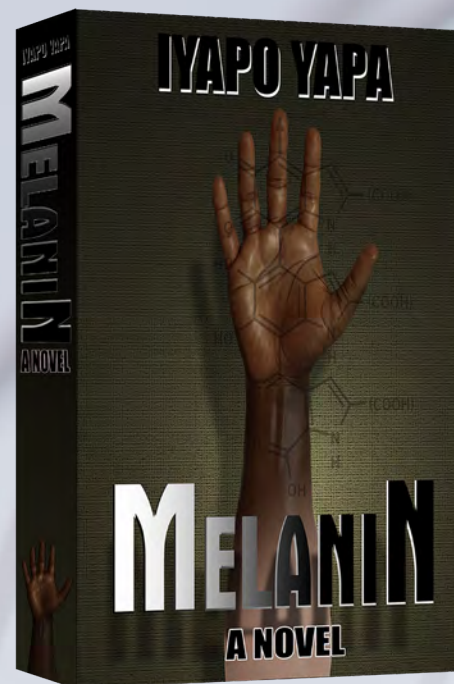
“Yapa weaves another story this time interwoven with historical references. I was on my seat with every chapter. I don't want to give it away but....revenge is sweet when served dead. And I can't get over how different each of his offerings are. Read his Vella's and you'll see what I mean. Another great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

- Amazon review

You can also read it for FREE if you have

Kindle Unlimited!

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MELANIN: A Novel



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MELANIN: A NOVEL

Buy it now on Amazon

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

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

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

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

goodreads

What are readers saying about MELANIN: A NOVEL?

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

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

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

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

“The whole world needs to read this book!”

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

“Every Black person needs to read this book!”

- Gwen B

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

- Ayoka B.

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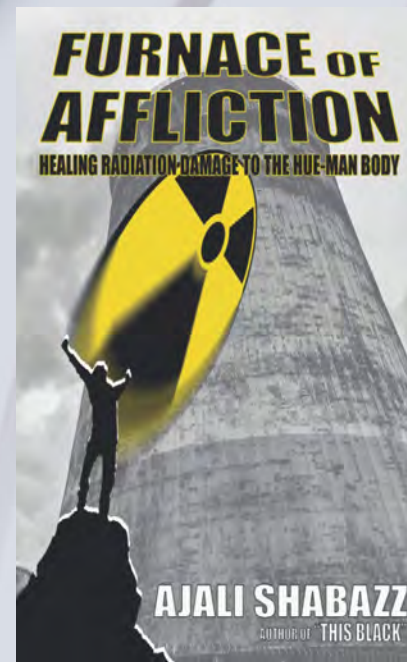
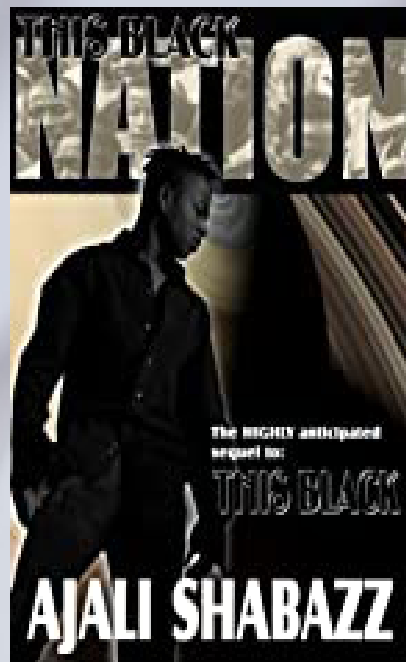
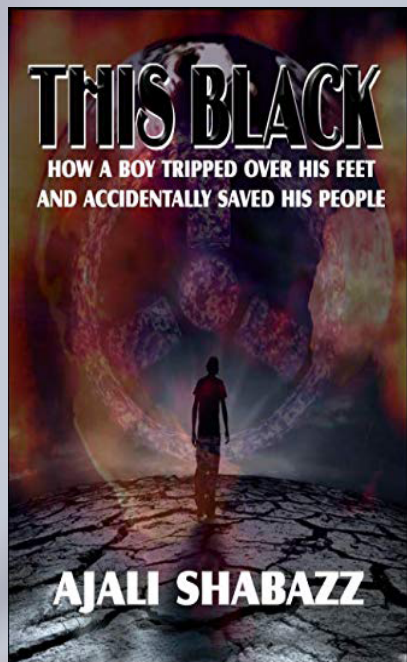
READING and WRITING in the

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!

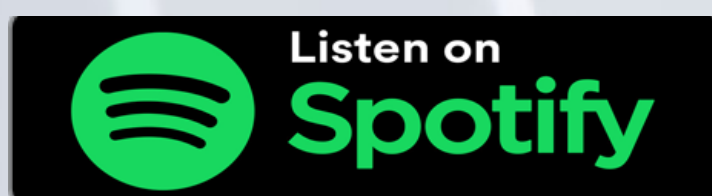
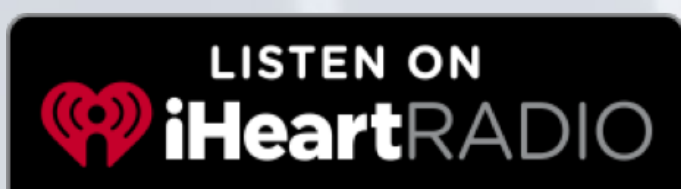
Listen to the interview on  by clicking the link below:

<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!







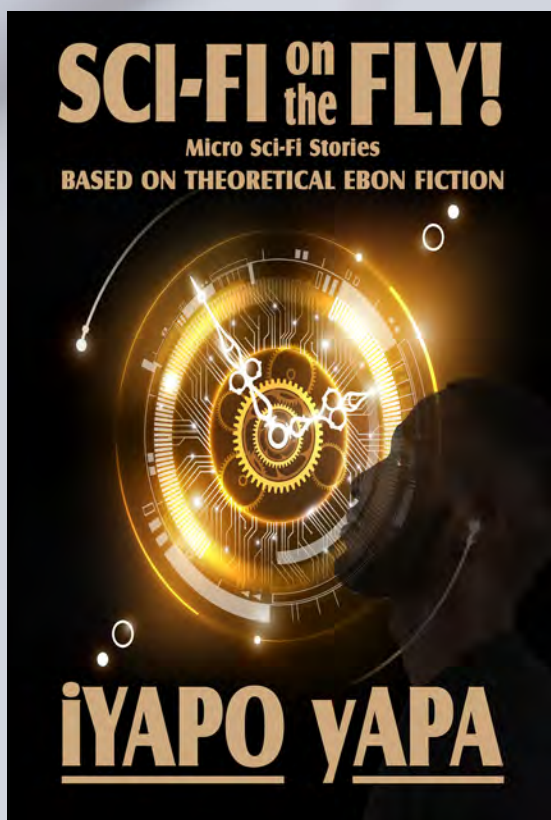
Have You Checked Out My Blog Yet?

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.

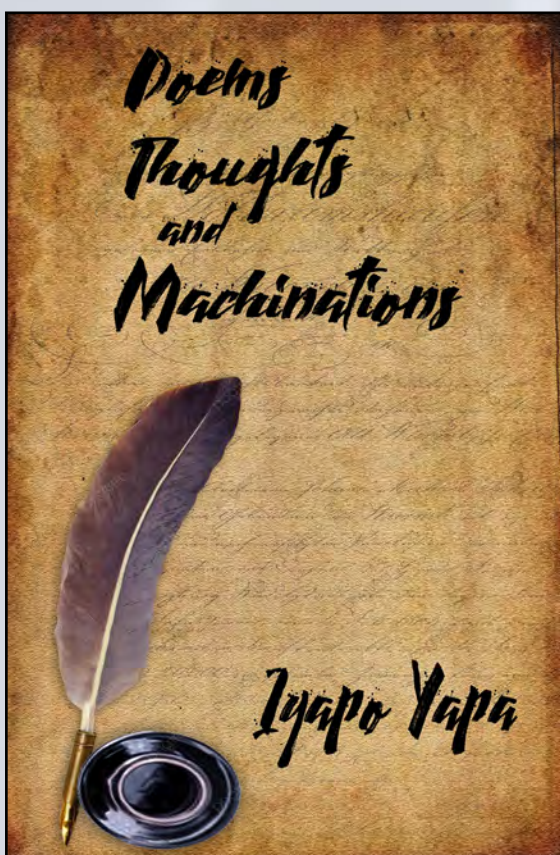


The title says it all.

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

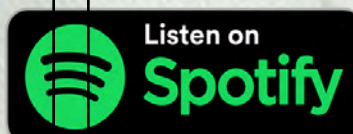
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Two writers
Two Mics
&
Plenty of Banter!



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



Alright, enough about ME!

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

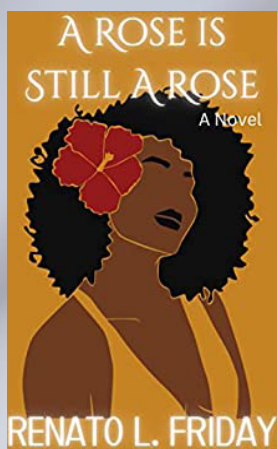


Affirming Self Love (Graphic Non-Fiction SERIES)

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

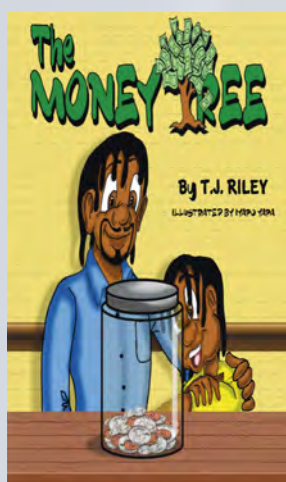
Rose thought life was going great: she was engaged, had a beautiful set of twin girls, a recent trade school graduate, and a new job right around the corner. Unfortunately, her fiancé, David, turned out to not be what she needed, and she chose to break things off. In the midst of her failing relationship,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

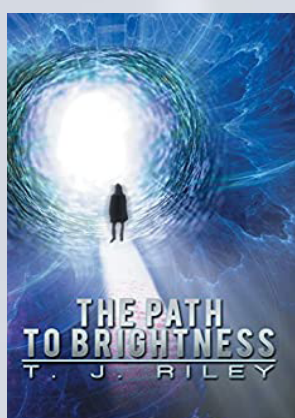
Inspired by the poem Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti, two young sisters face the trials and tribulations of the hood in this coming-of-age story about the harshness of living in South Central Los Angeles.



The Money Tree

T.J. Riley / Illustrated by Iyapo Yapa

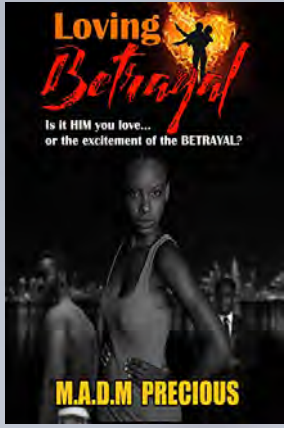
Every child wants money to buy something, right? Our hero does too. But, his father has a surprise, a Money Tree. Join the fun journey to find out how to grow your own money tree.



THE PATH to BRIGHTNESS

T.J. Riley

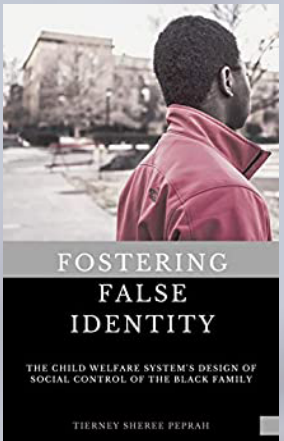
Fatima, a young woman, has a near-death experience. When she awakes from a coma and recovers, she has mystical powers. She begins to see auras and experiences life with her new abilities. For the clever character, Fatima, life is about to dramatically change. Follow Fatima's journey as she tries to convince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

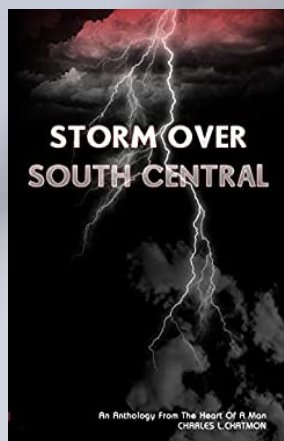
When Michelle met Michael, she thought that she found the love of her life. She was young and coming out of a bad marriage. A single parent of two children, she was scared, broke and had no self esteem. Michael seemed perfect, except for one little problem...



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.



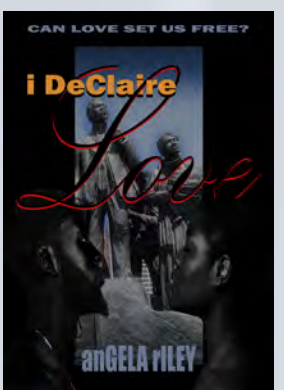
RELAY

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

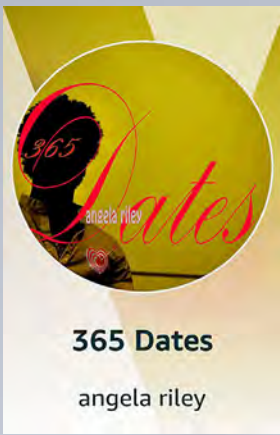
Angela Riley

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.

READING and WRITING in the

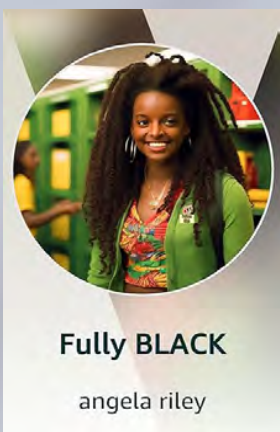
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365 Dates
Angela Riley

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.



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 FICTION FROM TIME, SPACE, AND BEYOND IMAGINATION

I have always enjoyed Sci-Fi 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 (mostly) horror and suspense, and now, new on the scene is Agni Szustak and others. But still, our people have been woefully underrepresented in the genre. When we are present, we are often in the category of "tokenism"—a character I have rejected. Why? Because just as with the much celebrated, fictional "Black Panther"—the term 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 FICTION" 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

The DREAMS of a RESTLESS GOD
NOVEL

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

WE STORY ALL
NOVEL

IMAGINE A WORLD... WITH THE "MELANIN" UNIVERSE

in the works

READING and WRITING in the

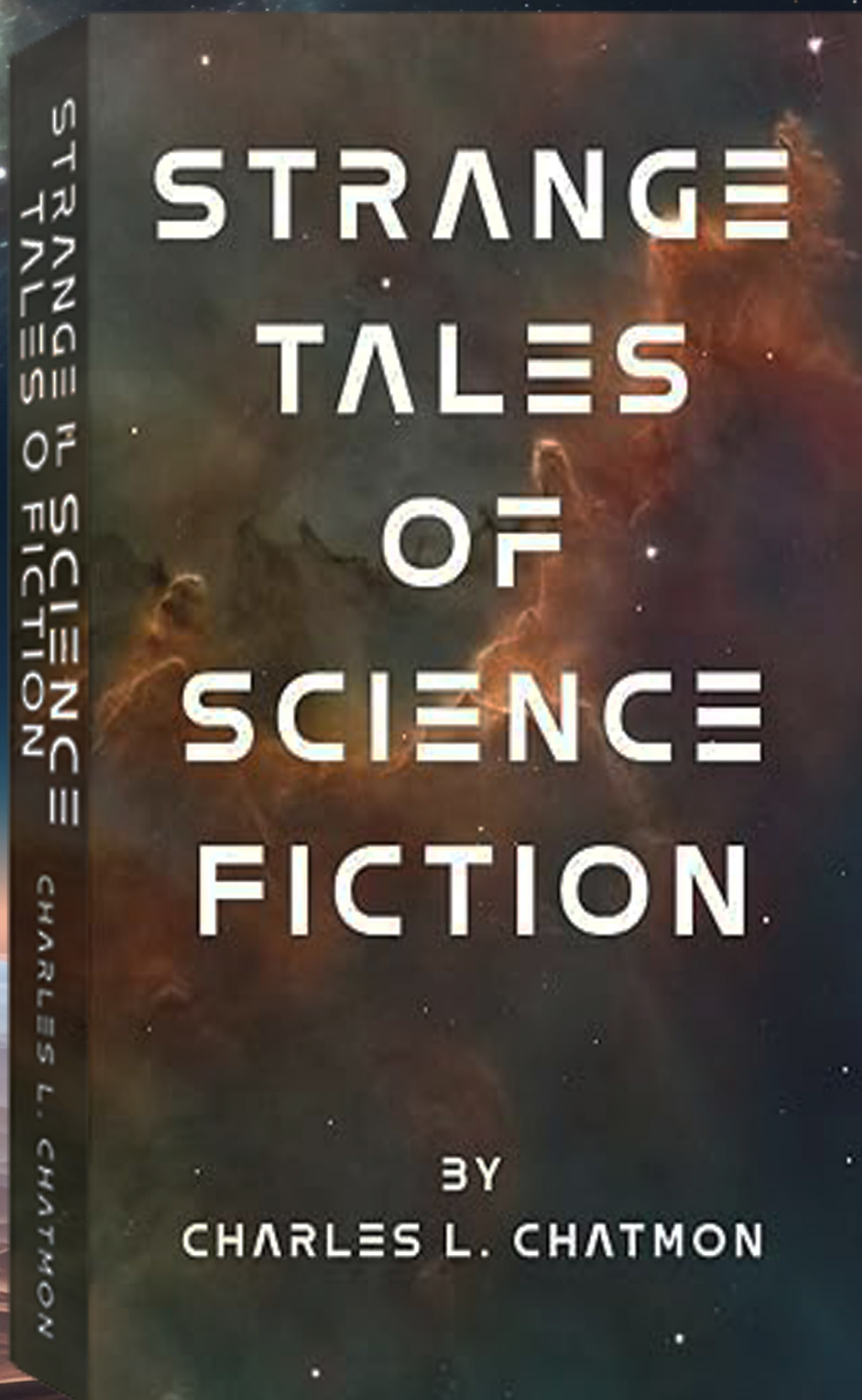
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STRANGE TALES OF SCIENCE FICTION IS AVAILABLE NOW!

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?



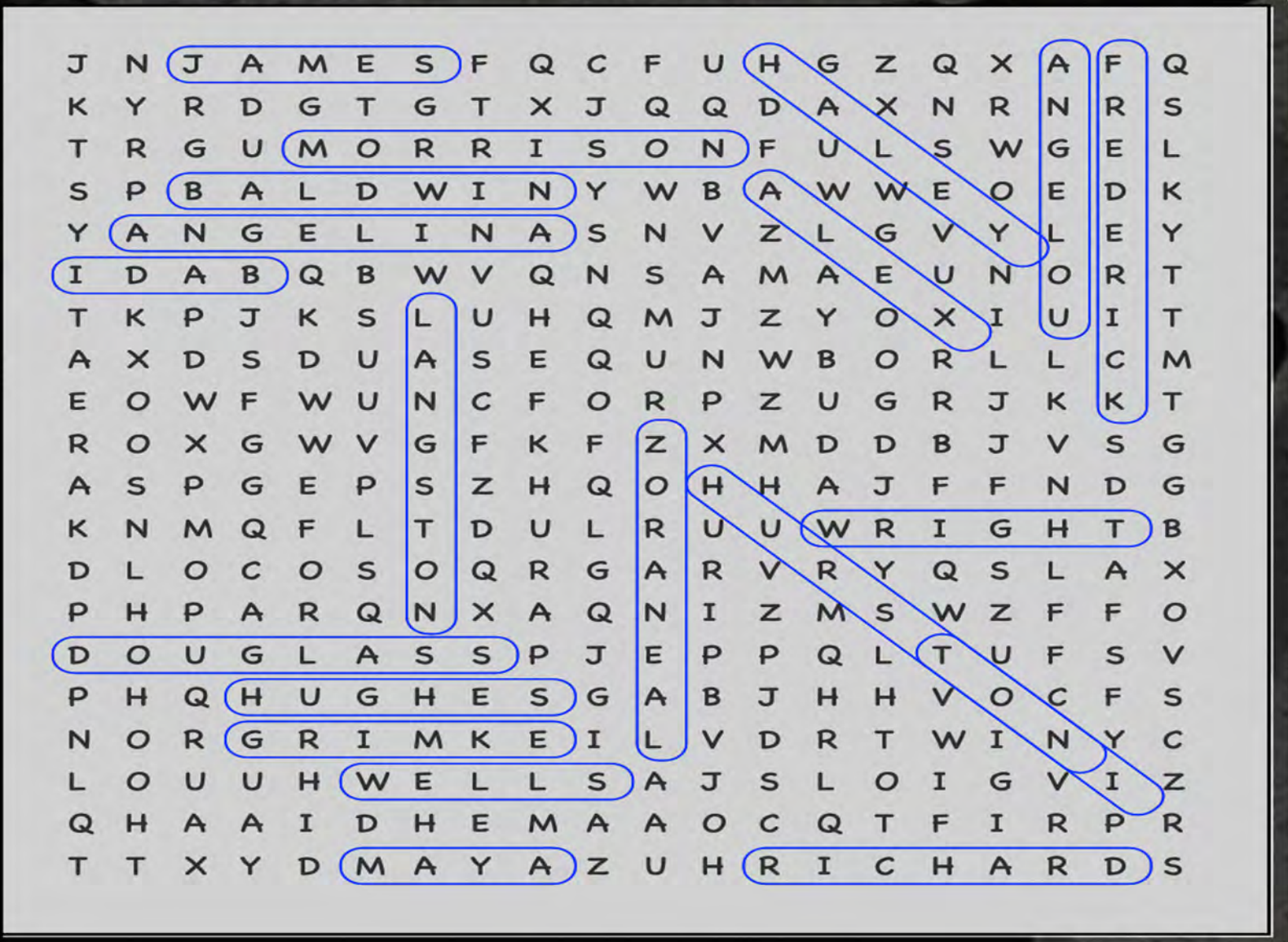
CLICK ON THE BOOK ABOVE TO PURCHASE ON AMAZON!

READING and WRITING in the

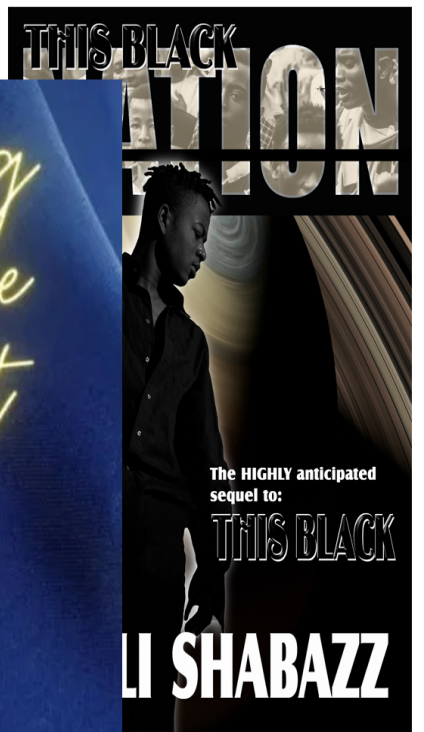
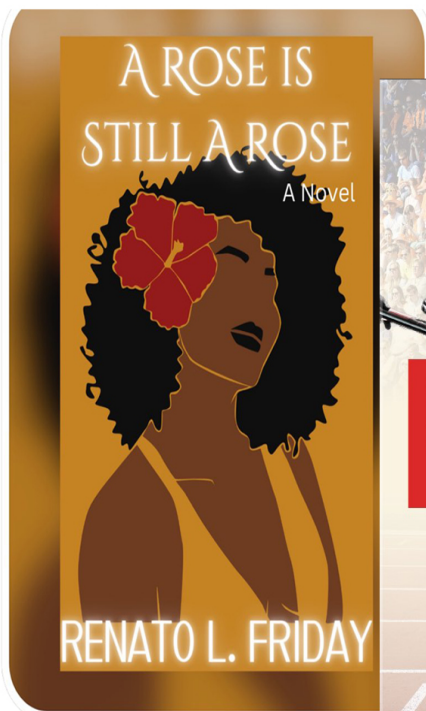
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JUNE WORD SEARCH 2025



BLACK WRITERS SOLUTION



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Tales of the MONKEY'S PAW



NOT EVERY WISH GRANTED MAKES DREAMS COME TRUE

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR!



Keepin' it a BUCK *series*

SHORT STORIES of HORROR and SUSPENSE



BE SURE TO VISIT IYAPO YAPA ON THESE OTHER PLATFORMS!

Heaven Mississippi

A NOVEL



Coming Soon!