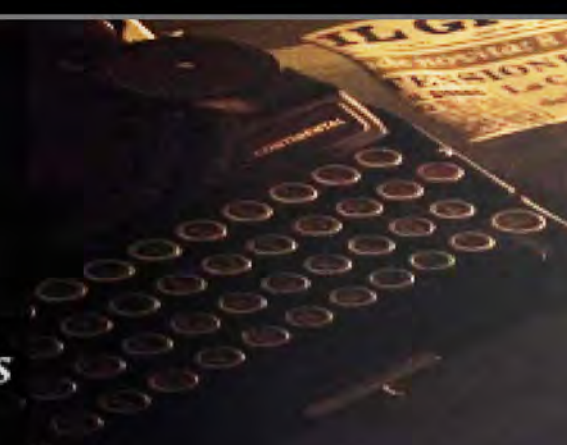


READING and WRITING in the

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THIS MONTH:

MAGAZINE

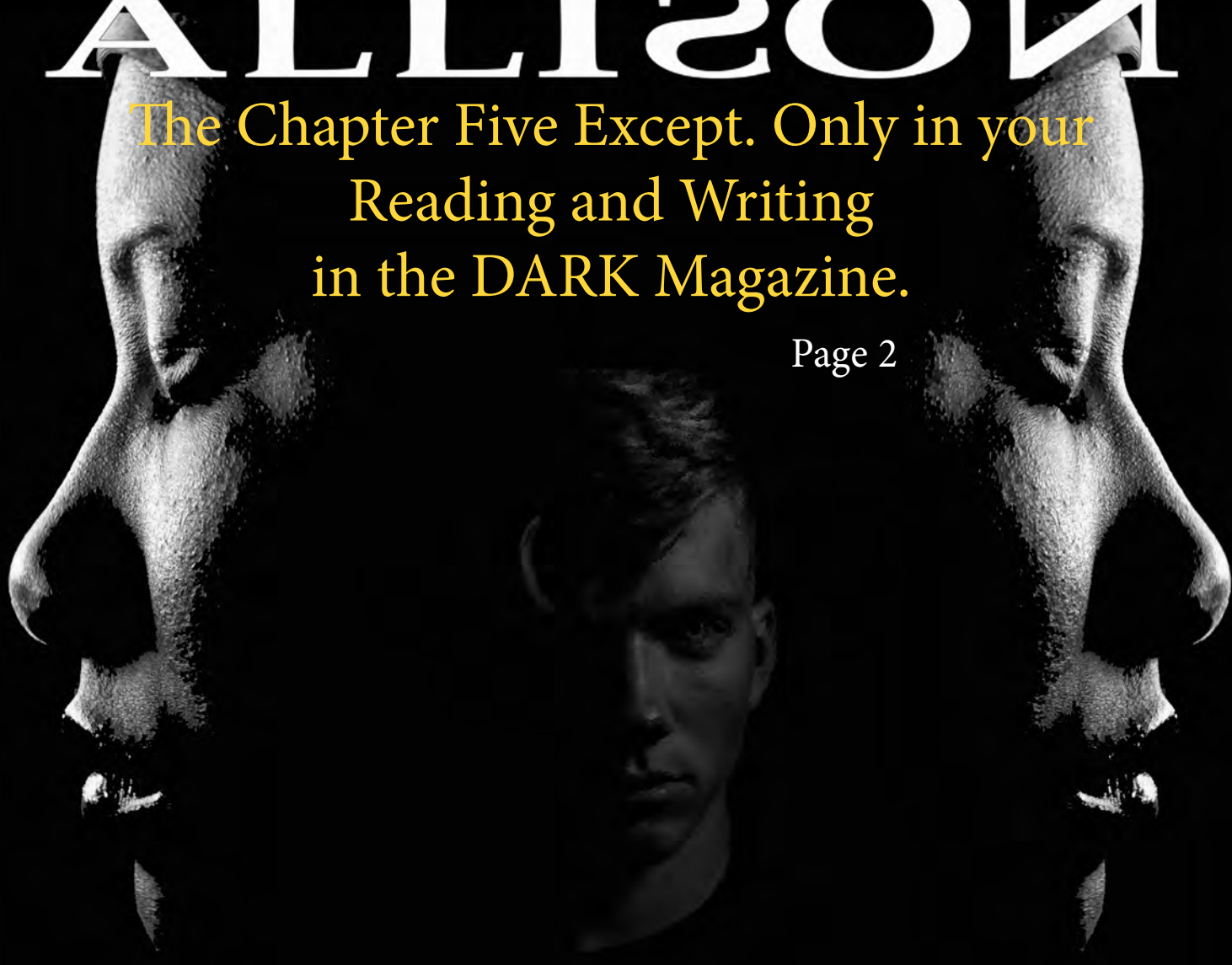
Is it best to divest? Maxine Allison thought so.

The Redemption of

MAXINE ALLISON

The Chapter Five Except. Only in your
Reading and Writing
in the DARK Magazine.

Page 2



Feature:

Op-Ed: When

Tech is Misused

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**This month we
have a Word Search
Honoring Black
Writers!!**

Page 22

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

READING and WRITING in the

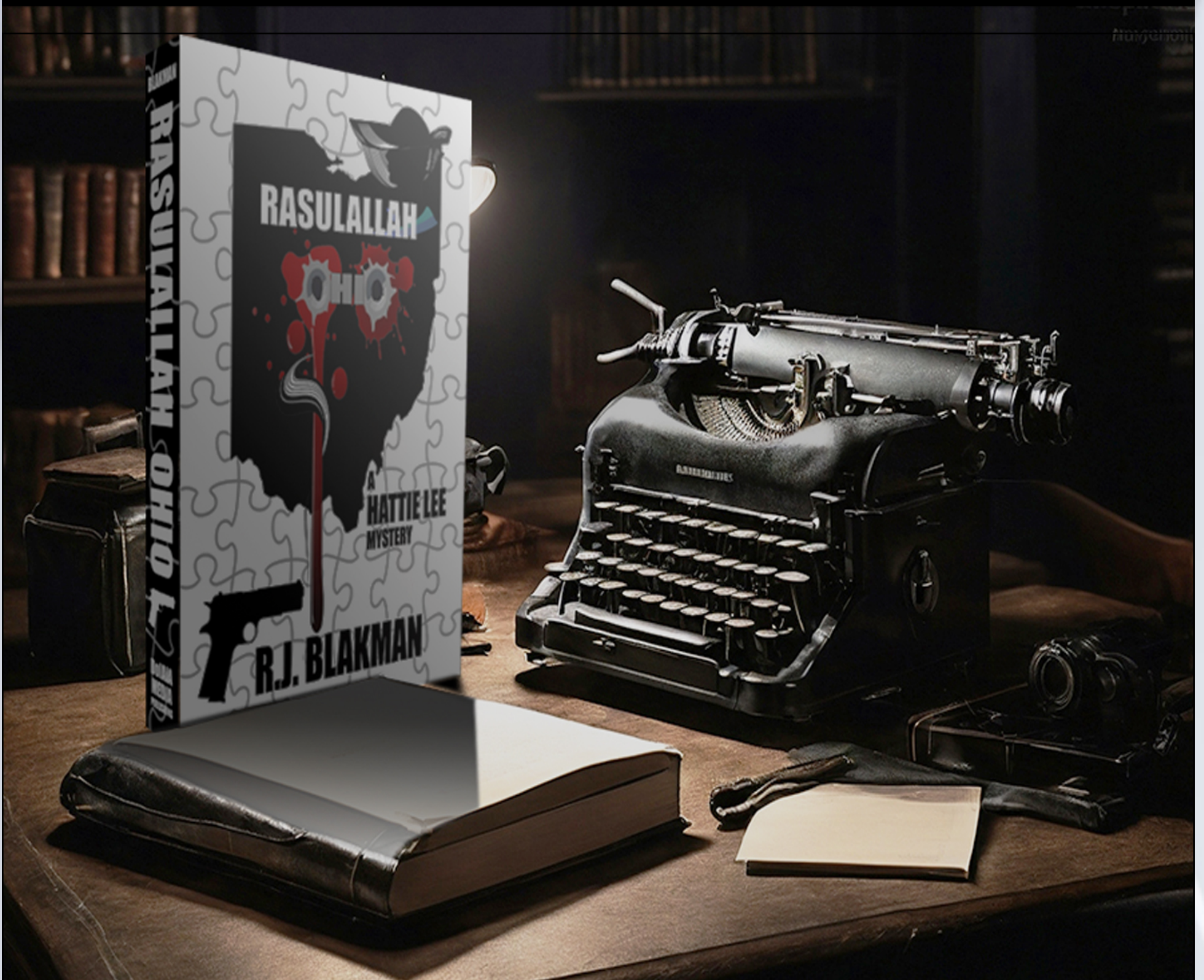
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1960s Ohio

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!
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RASULALLAH OHIO: A HATTIE LEE MYSTERY

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or click the image above for the direct link.

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



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MAGAZINE



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WELCOME BACK!

WELCOME to the JUNE 2025 edition of the *Reading and Writing in the DARK Magazine*! *Heaven Mississippi* is being edited as well as the long awaited first published novella, *The Redemption of Maxine Allison*! (Presently going through several changes). This month we have an excerpt from the afore mentioned book, as well as an excerpt from the upcoming second edition of Paradigm VOID! 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

READING and WRITING in the DARK Magazine
Vol. 1 No. 12
JUNE 2025

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A Look Back and to the Future!

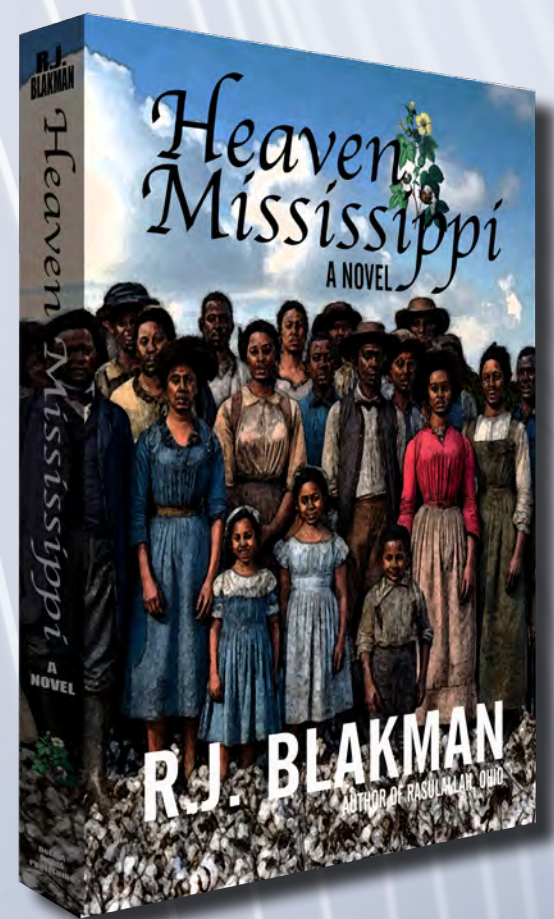
Ok, ok! Black people are sick and tired of reading and talking about our enslavement.

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.)





The Redemption of Maxine Allison: Chapter 5 (Excerpt)

EXCERPT:

“I wonder what tha—” Maxine started to say, unable to complete her sentence before the happy heart appeared once again. The icon playfully danced on her screen accompanied once again by Three Little Birds. Maxine sat staring at the icon, her cursor hovering over the little animated image, and though reluctant to click on it, eventually curiosity got the better of her and she tapped her left mouse button.

She was expecting some kind of chat window to open, or to hear a recorded message. Instead, a small blue box—larger than the icon it morphed from, but not too intrusive on her screen—appeared. Waves, in sync with a voice, undulated from inside the box.

“Max? Hello, is this Maxine?”

The woman sounded friendly and very familiar.

“Y-Yes. This is Maxine.” Max said timidly.

“Max, it is so good to finally talk to

you! How are you doing? I mean, how are you feeling?”

“I’m fine. I’m sorry. Who is this?”

“Hi. This is Mirra.”

“Mirra?”

“Yes.”

“Alright... Mirra, how do you know who I am, and why would you want to talk to me?”

“Max ... Listen to me ... and listen very closely.

You were **not** dreaming. You were **not** in a car wreck. You know what happened to you, and it **wasn’t** a collision with a semi.”

“What? What are you talking about?! I’ve seen the papers and the stories scattered across the internet about it. I **must** have been in that accident! Who are you?!”

“Max, I know none of this makes any sense to you right now. I know you have no reason to believe me. But here ... I’m sending you a private connection to Carla Sharpe. I want





The Redemption of Maxine Allison: Chapter 5 (Excerpt) Continued

you to talk to her. You and Carla have to reconnect.”

A link with an unfamiliar icon appeared on Maxine’s screen. It was different from the Reggae heart. This new afro heart and the Reggae heart shared the same design aesthetic. “If you click on this, it will give you a direct line to Carla and bypass any systems that may be monitoring you.” Mirra said after the icon appeared on the screen. “You don’t know me from Adam.” The compelling voice emanated from Maxine’s computer speakers. “I know you have no reason in this world to trust me or believe me right now. You don’t know anything about me. But I’m here only to help you ... period. I’m here to help you.”

“Help me with what?”

“Max... just call Carla. Please. You two need to reconnect and you need to smooth things over with her. You two love each other, it won’t be as hard as you think. After you speak with her, then we’ll talk again. I’ll be in touch.”

“Wait! How do you know these things?! How do you know Carla...?!”

Mirra?! Mirra!”

The icon bounced, the sunglasses raised up and the heart winked before it vanished from the screen as if it had never been there.

Carla and Max had not spoken in over a year. Max married Peter about four months after they attended Carla’s friend Janice’s wedding. They hung out for a few more months after that, then slowly, as happens with some friendships, the women drifted apart.

As happens in some friendships. That kind of drift should never have happened to this one.

When Max experienced what she declared her final heartbreak at the hand of a Black man, she gradually morphed into a textbook scorned, bitter, Black-man-hating Black woman. Carla (a deeply Pro Black, Black love, Black man and woman supporting Black woman was having issues with the changes she was seeing in her best friend. Carla and Max would go back and forth for hours on end, with Carla, trying with all her might to talk Max off the ledge. Over time, Maxine and her pain found refuge in communities with like-minded women and their





The Redemption of Maxine Allison: Chapter 5 (Excerpt) Continued

pain. Other voices started drowning Carla's out.

At first the “pink pill” and Divestment voices from social media just whispered into Max's ear. The social media personalities and self-proclaimed gurus, reinforced and fed upon the deep hurt and anger Maxine felt within due to the many hurts and betrayals she had suffered because of—what was declared in those Black man despising communities as— “Dusty beta male Black men”.

As a dark-skinned Black woman, beautiful by any standard, and unquestionably smart and talented, Maxine always felt she was somehow less valued by Black men who seemed always to prefer “light bright”, bi-racial, or DNW (Damn Near White) women and/or women who were outright Caucasian and/or anything other than dark skinned Black women. She had still managed to have her fair share of relationships with her “Black Kangs.”

The Black men Max had gotten involved with, they always ended up having some kind of substance abuse, self-esteem, legal and/or financial complications. IF they weren't

plagued with any of those problems, then they were on the “down low” or abusive. Her new community's (outright and implied) proclamation was Black men ain't shit. This became Maxine's perception of all Black men.



It was fueled by an unending parade of online “gurus” and know-it-alls, who had ZERO positive to say about Black men and missed no opportunity to preach to their congregations just how worthless, useless and outright horrible Black men were. All of this as the live chats on their shows, and comments on their

videos and social media accounts encouraged them to “Keep tellin' it like it is!” “Say that! We need to stay away from Black men!” & “We need to date and marry up. Black men are the worst!” from the “amen corners” of their bubbles.

The messaging became so venomous that eventually, some of the gurus were openly advocating the deaths of Black men and the abortions of male Black babies!

It didn't help that a mirror reflection of this was happening in what came to be known as the “Black Manosphere”.



The Redemption of Maxine Allison: Chapter 5 (Excerpt) Continued

M.G.T.O.W. (Men Going Their Own Way) was begun primarily by white men in answer to the ongoing war they've had with their own women since the beginning of time. From groups like these evolved groups like S.Y.B.M. (Save Yourself Black Man) and the Passport Bros movement.

Strangely, those on both sides of the argument spent a great deal of time investigating and viewing the media of the “enemy” they were claiming to be so “done with”. Upon viewing it, would be made all the more steadfast in their beliefs that the “other side” hated them

and would use that to justify their desertion from their own people.

In both movements of Bwas and Bmas (Black women ain't shit and Black men ain't shit), there was a fundamental misunderstanding that the so-called, “gender war” between Black men and Black women was an actual thing. When in truth, the rift between Black men and Black women, like every other issue Black people tend to deal with was based on Black people's proximity to white people and the inevitable dysfunction caused by it.



Carla had tried to explain this time and time again to Maxine, who initially seemed to understand, but gradually wallowing in her pain, she was pulled into the ugly, downward spiral that led her to her abusive present. Carla watched helplessly as her best friend walked into the trap of “divestment”.

As the gurus pushed the message to Maxine and their other disciples more and more vehemently that Black love was “struggle love”; and that Black women needed to stop settling for these inferior, bottom dwelling Black men; Maxine was encouraged to “explore her options” and “expand her horizons”. She found there were Black women giving actual courses on how to get a white man.

The gurus claimed to be for Black women, and to care about them, but if taken to its logical end, it shows to be anything but. If someone is saying they CARE about Black women and are there to promote and protect them by implying that the best choice for them is anything but a Black man, and that Black men should be “selectively bred” out, then it should end in a PARADISE where there are NO Black men at all eventually and only Black women survive.



The Redemption of Maxine Allison: Chapter 5 (Excerpt) Continued

How then, are more Black women created—the Black women they claim to have so much love and concern for? Unless of course they are saying the goal is to wipe out Black people altogether, because if one “selectively” gets rid of Black men in the womb, and ONLY allow the birth of Black women, then how are those Black women supposed to get into the womb in the first place if their followers have been instructed to be with no Black men to begin with?

How would they get to this utopia where there are only Black women who are free to divest to their heart’s content, but no Black men at all?!

The reverse was true when it came to the Black manosphere, with their disdain for Black women, and basically the same world view. A world in which only Black men existed to divest at will, with no bothersome Black women around to remind them of their shame.

That, as the saying goes, would be a neat trick.

Maxine—for all her intellect, never asked herself once “If it does make a difference, and Black men are inferior

to white men—then what would make her think that based upon her own criteria, that she as a Black woman was not inferior to a white woman?”

The same question could be posed to Black men who hate Black women.



The truth was always yes. There are Black men and Black women who are suffering from a great deal of mental trauma in society. However, it is not because they are somehow prone to such suffering or genetically predisposed to such actions. It is through centuries and generations of conditioning that pushes them toward self-

hate, from cradle to grave. Attempting to navigate the ever-moving goal post on a field called the System of White Supremacy, has caused these issues with Black people and within their relationships.

These are the things Carla would try at length to explain to her friend.

But someone else had stolen Max’s ear, and slowly the words of Carla Sharpe faded into the background and became static. Carla’s voice was replaced with those of divestors—Black people who have given up on dating and marrying within their

The Redemption of Maxine Allison: Chapter 5 (Excerpt) Continued

race in favor of anyone else—with blow horns, powerful backing and promotion by a white system that on all fronts sought to push the narrative that Black people are the worst on the planet, while simultaneously pushing Black men and Black women farther apart and into the waiting, ever open arms of their abuser and oppressor.

All the while—once again—going unchallenged with the question, “If Black men or Black women are so awful and useless, then why has media gone out of its way to push interracial relationships? Putting together white women with these HORRIBLE Black men, or white men with these HORRIBLE Black women?”

The question itself should have made any Black person see through the facade and call BULLSHIT!

But many didn’t.

And neither did Maxine.

And so, Maxine “expanded her options.” At first, she was a little nervous about seeking to land a white man. She went about it clumsily in the beginning she thought. Then she purchased a book and took a course

through one of the online gurus.

One of the things that became immediately obvious was that she needed to change her wardrobe. So, Maxine went out and bought new clothes. She wasn’t necessarily running around naked, but she was definitely showing far more skin than she used to.



After which, the white men’s eyes who Maxine had been so desperately trying to catch, started to notice her. Which in itself should have told Maxine all she needed to know. For the white men, they were indeed no longer about the color of her skin, but the content

of her cleavage. But she was too far gone at that point.

Carla also started to notice and wasn’t happy at all with what she was seeing. This woman who was now flaunting her body and behaving in ways Carla never knew she had within her to behave, was no longer her best friend. This person, this stranger was unrecognizable to her.

Carla saw that her best friend had gone off the deep end, but she remained unwilling to give up on her, so they continued to talk to each other. Disappointingly, their conversations



The Redemption of Maxine Allison: Chapter 5 (Excerpt) Continued

became increasingly superficial and cursory, the contacts got farther apart. Whenever they met in person, it could seem like old times, but then they would part ways, and months would pass between them without even a phone call.

When Max met Peter Davidson, it seemed to be the final nail in the coffin. Carla did not like Davidson, not one bit, and she made absolutely no secret of it to Maxine or to him. To Carla there was always something phony about him. And above his too straight, capped toothed smile, and behind his demon blue eyes, Carla could see rage. A rage that Peter felt was well hidden, but Carla had no trouble at all recognizing.

Peter Davidson was a ticking time bomb.

And when the explosion came, it would not be a onetime devastation. This man wasn't like a bee, stinging once and dying. He was a hornet, that would sting again, and again, and again—each sting more painful than the last.

Peter would tell Maxine that Carla was jealous and had a problem with

him because she and Maxine had been best friends for so long, and now that there was someone else getting Max's time and attention. It sounded plausible, and since Maxine so desperately wanted to believe her new white prince, that is what she believed.

Besides,

Maxine had more than enough online "friends" within the echo chamber in which she now existed to cheer her on and congratulate her for finding her "Prince Charming", catching a flight out of "Blackastan" and so on. There was a stadium of Black women

cheering for her and her good fortune. There were so many positive comments coming so fast Maxine could barely keep up with them!

As with any situation in which one takes advice from others and applies it to their own life, not a single one of the Black women who proclaimed they were so filled with envy, congratulations, good wishes, good will and applause for Maxine for bagging her "prince" was anywhere to be found as she lay on the kitchen floor, beaten and broken, alone in a spreading pool of her own blood as she slipped into a coma, having





The Redemption of Maxine Allison: Chapter 5 (Excerpt) Continued

now found herself dealing with the consequences of advice she'd taken from strangers and ignored from she ignored from her best friend.

In a last-ditch effort to save her friend, Carla invited her to attend the wedding of another acquaintance of hers, Janice. After the wedding, Carla begged Maxine to break off the engagement with Peter and to get as far away from him as possible. She begged her to give up on the crazy notion that the best thing for her as a Black woman would be to marry and procreate with a man whose genes would eventually erase her genetic legacy after a few generations.

They argued.

"I just have a bad feeling about him Maxie." Carla said, pleading with her friend more than making a statement.

"You keep saying that something ain't right with Peter. But is everything alright with you?! You're not even IN a relationship! Sometimes I wonder if you have a bad feeling about me finally being loved and appreciated and valued! Do you need me to be your needy friend? Is that it?! Someone you can look down on and

pity, so you feel better about your own loveless life?!"

"Maxine, you're upset." Carla said, "We need to just calm down and..."

"No Carla! I don't need to calm down! I've finally found some happiness and

a man who actually loves me and treats me right! All these dusty negroes out here CALL us queens and treat us like shit! Now I've found one who actually TREATS me like a queen and doesn't just give it lip service!"

"Now Max..."

"No! I should have said this a long time ago! The whole time you

were trying to keep be bein' 'down wit da bruthas', and the whole time, 'da bruthas' weren't SHIT! And if you want to be down with that and be a bigot and a racist against white people who never did anything to you, and be a mammy mule for these dusty, broke ass, on the down low, bullet bags... then... then you ain't shit either!"

The last thing Maxine saw was Carla's face and the tears that shined upon her Black skin as they fell.

That was nearly two years ago.

* * *





The Redemption of Maxine Allison: Chapter 5 (Excerpt) Continued

Maxine looked at her computer screen and the new icon that was now part of its real estate. “I can speak to her without being monitored. What does that even mean?” Maxine wondered out loud. She wanted to call Carla.

She longed to hear her voice, her laugh, her unsolicited advice. She even wanted to hear Carla say, “I told you so.” So many things had happened to her in the short couple of years since she had been married to Peter.



Everything seemed to go south almost immediately after Peter was let go from his job just three months after they married. He turned to alcohol and drugs for solace, and then beating Maxine for recreation.

Through it all, she could never bring herself to call her true friend, Carla—the only one to try to warn her of the terror to come. Maxine felt so ashamed and embarrassed about how she moved forward with her relationship with Peter, even to the point of pushing her lifelong friend aside.

Carla had been one of the only people to genuinely stick by Maxine through

thick and thin, but in this situation. Maxine was so sure that she was right, and that the sisterhood online had the real answers—and she’d cut her loose.

The only one who, she knows, even with Carla’s disdain for Peter, would have been here for her.

“Yes!” Maxine thought. “Carla would have been here. Through it all, she would have been here!”

Maxine looked around the room. She was no longer connected to heart monitors and IV’s. There was one nurse in the house, but she spent

most of her time downstairs watching television or talking on the phone unless called, and Peter was long gone to work.

Maxine studied the strange new icon, and much as she did with the one that connected her with Mirra.

Having made a decision to call, she quickly clicked it and closed her eyes. Through the computer she could hear it ringing.

One ring.

Two rings.



The Redemption of Maxine Allison: Chapter 5 (Excerpt) Continued

Three rings.

Fou – “MAX? Max is this really you?!”

The excited voice on the other end of the line definitely belonged to Carla Sharpe, a voice Maxine knew well and feared she would never hear again.

“Y-Yes Carla ... it’s me.” Maxine said, in no way matching her estranged best friend’s energy. Her voice reflected her shame; she was embarrassed to admit it was her.

“Max! Oh Max! How are you girl?! So, you’re finally getting around to calling me!”

“Yes Carla. Carla... I- I’m sorry honey... I’m so, SO sorry for all the things I said to you the last time we saw each other! I’ve missed you so much! I can’t believe I’m even hearing your voice right now... I’m SO SORRY Carla!” Maxine said as she burst into tears and started sobbing uncontrollably.

Carla, in tears herself on the other end of the line, did her best to console her friend. “Max. Max? Max honey. Stop crying baby. It’s alright, it’s really alright! You know I love you. You’re my sister!”

“... but all the things I said that day. Oh Carla... I just can’t...”

“Forgiven and forgotten.” Carla said slowly and deliberately, “Maxine ... all of that was forgiven and forgotten a loooooong time ago.”

“The things I said Carla! How could you forgive...?”

“Honey, let me tell you something.” Carla interrupted. “I work in a hospital... it might not be a psych-hospital, but I’ve seen enough people come here to know when I’m dealing with someone who has a few screws loose, and I don’t need to pay them any mind.”

Maxine could tell that her friend on the other end of the conversation was smiling and making a half joke. Maxine snickered a little through her sobs and felt herself starting to calm down.

“Maxine Allison.” Carla said, dragging out each syllable if speaking the name of some celebrity.

“The one and only.” Maxine said through a couple sniffles, starting to sound more like the Maxine Carla knew.





The Redemption of Maxine Allison: Chapter 5 (Excerpt) Continued

“And the way you called me ... this was a pretty fancy way to do it. I was just sitting here playing Candy Andy on my tablet and this icon comes up that has your name on it. I thought it might have been some kind of malware or some gimmick trying to sell me something at first, but you know I was going to tap on something with your name on it.

How did you do that? I mean, how did you know how to connect to my tablet? Is it some kind of new app?”

“Actually, someone gave me a link to your tablet.”

“Someone? Who?”

“I know this is going to sound weird girl, but I don’t really know. It was some woman who says her name’s Mirra. Out of the blue she called me through my computer, and then told me I needed to talk to you. That I needed to patch things up with you and gave me a link that connected straight to you.”

“Whaaaaaat?”

“I swear Carla! I don’t even know WHO she is, but she definitely sounds like she knows me ... and you.”

“Wow. I don’t know whether to be

grateful or scared out of my wits right now.”

“Well... for my part. When I spoke to her, she sounded like someone familiar, but I couldn’t quite place the voice. But I don’t know. She sounded like she really wanted to help.”

“Ok Max. It’s a little creepy. But for now, I’ll go with grateful. If you talk to her again, tell her I said thank you, THANK YOU for giving me my best friend back!”

Tears welled in Maxine’s eyes. “I will.”

“Ok... ok.” Carla said abruptly. “To get you caught up. I still live in the same house. I have a new SUV, if you want to call eight months old ‘new’. I’m still working as a nurse at Mercy Hospital. And NO, I’m not married or dating anyone yet—though there is this one guy whose eye I might try to catch—and NO I don’t have any children!”

Maxine giggled. “Carla, girl, you always did just come straight out with it!”

“Yeah, I believe in getting all the preliminary b.s. out the way quick so we can get to the stuff that’s



READING and WRITING in the

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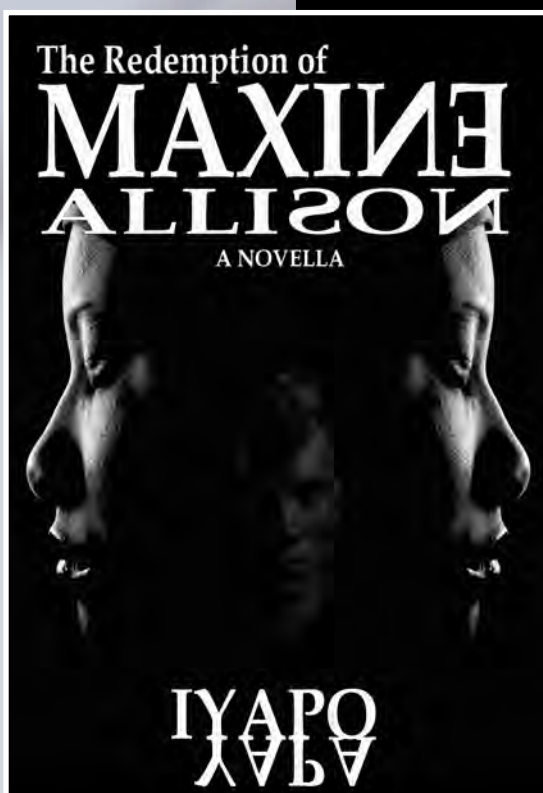
The Redemption of Maxine Allison: Chapter 5 (Excerpt) Continued

jewsaaaay!” she said smiling. How are you, girly is the question?! You still married to that uptight white guy?” Carla started laughing, “I’m just kidding, I know you’re still married to that white man.”

“Oh yeah? How do you know that?

You been keeping tabs on me?”

“But of course. I haven’t been straight spying mind you. But I’ve been keeping up with you. Just waiting for you to finally get your head out your butt and call me.



Is it BEST to DIVEST?

Maxine Allison thought so.

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

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

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

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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!

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- 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?

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CONFESSIONS of an UNSTUCK MAN (Excerpt)

I'd like to say it was for love of Amanda I built the machine.

It was the only way I could get back to her, the one and only way.

In my heart I knew that without her in my life, I had no life.

So for the sake of love I toiled, and I built the machine, more a tribute to my love for her than to my genius and ingenuity.

I also knew how many lives I could save by changing the past. I could perhaps change things by, for instance going back and stopping Leopold before he could consummate his nefarious plans of genocide and quest for domination in the Congo.

That is what I would like to say.

The truth?

I'm here because somehow—someway—I fucked up.

I became unstuck, and worse, it was all by accident. There was no grand scheme. No love, no all-consuming need to set something right in the world. No. It was by pure dumb luck (the only kind of luck I ever seemed

to have anyway).

When I built the machine, I was more concerned with alternate timelines, dimensional displacements, temporal paradoxes—you know, the standard things we mad scientists think about

when we're working on the problems associated with time travel. Worse case, I could have gotten stuck in the dreaded 'time loop', which all things being equal is just about the only thing I can think of that would be worse than being unstuck.

But not by much.

The last thing on my mind was that I could have become unstuck.

Ok, so what does it mean to be unstuck?

A brilliant engineer/quantum physicist friend of mine explained it like this, she said that just as gravity anchors us to the surface of the earth—once freed from that force, one could just float around in space conceivably forever.

In quantum theory, there are forces beyond things like entanglement that anchor people to the physical reality





CONFESSIONS of an UNSTUCK MAN (Excerpt) Continued

in the same way. If you detach someone from that, they become what is called unstuck.

She had worked out some calculations that said if the accident was caused attempting dimensional travel, becoming unstuck would have the effect of basically turning the person into a ghost of sorts—not fluctuating and jumping as I do, but caught between dimensions, existing in both realities at once, but unable to physically experience either one.

When it comes to a time travel failure, being unstuck means the victim (me and some others in this case), are literally pulled out of one time and dropped into another without warning.

We call them take offs and landings.

It's said you never forget your first. To my knowledge that's true. When you come too, you feel completely displaced and disoriented (because you are). There isn't any real pain or nausea though, that's just a bunch of Hollywood bullshit. It is like nothing you would expect, however. The biggest surprise for me was on my

first dozen or so landings I always cried when I landed.

Always.

I couldn't control the tears and sobbing in the beginning, but now that I'm an old hand at it, I don't cry nearly as much anymore. I must only deal with the depression, and that typically fades after a few days.

Here is the anatomy of a take-off and landing.

The first time is the most terrifying. Mainly because you don't know what the hell is happening to you. The only thing you know with 100% certainty is that you aren't dying. I can't explain how we know it; we just do.

That's one of the things that makes it so frightening. One would think that the prospect of death would be the supreme horror of all, but no. As you begin that initial takeoff, you somehow know you aren't dying as I've said, but you do get the overwhelming sensation that you are about to cease to exist; probably because, in a way you are. There is something about having existed—





CONFESSIONS of an UNSTUCK MAN (Excerpt) Continued

having had consciousness and autonomy that makes the possibility of ceasing to exist a terror beyond discription. One wouldn't think that would be the case, but it is. I've spoken with many others who are suffering from my condition and the conscensus is always the same, the feeling that even eternal suffering would be preferable to no longer existing after having once existed.

That is likely a very hard thing for people who are not unstuck and never experienced a take off to understand. Wouldn't it be better to not exist at all than to exist in suffering.

Yes.

But only if you had never existed at all. Once you do exist—not so much. It is possible that the reason for this is that, and most people know, supposedly matter can not be destroyed. If that's the case then everything about ceasing to exist would be in direct confilct with one of the supreme, foundational natural laws. Breaking that law might be the reason for the abject terror of the possiblity.



I won't spend any more time on that, I know that I can never make you understand that aspect of our condition.

I've met quite a few unstuck people in my travels and talked to them about their experiences with take offs and landings. I've learned a great deal from them. It appears that the experience is practically the same each time with everyone I've spoken to.

One of the odd things about our condition—other than the oddity of the condition itself—is that when you are unstuck you recognize other people who are unstuck. I could be in a room full of people and if one of them is unstuck we will pretty much lock eyes for a moment and then either make our way toward each other, or else we will just keep our distance and kind of shake our heads and snicker as if to say, “Ain't this a bitch to have to deal with?”

There are some unstucks who can know if a person will one day become unstuck if they aren't already. Thankfully I don't have that ability. To my knowledge it is only people

CONFESSIONS of an UNSTUCK MAN (Excerpt) Continued

who are ‘naturally’ unstuck who can tell. I have heard some say you start to develop it after being unstuck long enough. I would sure hate to think that was true. I’d feel too sorry for someone if I saw them and knew one day, they would become unstuck and have to deal with the depressions and horror of it—especially the first take off.

I keep talking about the first take off and how terrifying it is. I guess I’d better explain to you what happens—or at least how it happened to me, and I’ve heard it’s universal.

Becoming unstuck can be a bigger nightmare than one could ever imagine. I became unstuck as the result of a time travel experiment. Obviously, the whole thing went sideways.

There are a lot of ways we scientists have explored achieving time travel, or maybe I should say ‘controlled time travel’. Some of my colleagues believed in the ‘stasis’ approach. That means to create a field that would enclose the individual, which would remove them from the time stream, then they could produce forward

and reverse movement from within the field, which would take them back and forth through time. I never thought much of that approach.

Another was the ‘loop’ theory.

Those who subscribe to the loop theory believe that time is like a ring... a circle as it were, and has a definite beginning and end and that it actually loops and connects once it reaches that end/beginning point. They surmise that it would take stupendous amounts of energy to move backward through time because time is like a stream and only moves

in a single direction.

Attempting to move backward would be to move against the current. However, if one can enter the time stream and move forward with it, they could then speed up within that forward motion and gain velocity, using its momentum much in the way space probes use the gravitational fields of planets to fly around and slingshot them into deep space.

Eventually this would result in not only travel to the future, but ultimately get to the end of time, at which it



CONFESSIONS of an UNSTUCK MAN (Excerpt) Continued

would loop, then start from the beginning—still moving forward and travel to the past by moving forward.

I see why that theory can be appealing and I admit I toyed with the idea of that approach. The thing I didn't like about it was that in traveling forward and looping around, if it is possible, would be the amount of time, if you will, that theoretically, you would have to remain in the loop. Remaining separated from a solid or established timeline for an extended period like that could end up in some unpredictable results. (As if the act of time travel itself isn't rife with such possibilities by the very nature of the act). Still, I decided against moving in that direction. No pun intended. What I went with was something a bit more metaphysical.

The machine I constructed was based upon a theory of linear time, but with a twist. Oddly enough I got the idea for this form of time travel from the Bible. In the final book of the New Testament, The Revelation it says that while on the isle of Patmos, John the revelator was "taken up in the spirit" and shown heaven.

Well now... if human beings are

spirits... which I do believe, (as stange thing for a scientist of my caliber, I know), then I reasoned that the physical universe we inhabit is only temporary and when we die we shed this shell and step into eternity.

Eternity, which by definition, is an absence of time, at least in any form in which we know it.

Anyway... I thought that was the best way to go. I created a device that would remove me from my body so that I could move into the eternal realm. My theory was that as in string theory, time moves upon a long

line and can be viewed from a distance once you are able to step back from it. Much like a roll of motion picture film.

If you take the film reel and unroll it on the ground from beginning to end, you can look at it and see every moment that occurs in the course of that movie. Now, imagine you're IN the movie and figure out a way to get out of it. You could then look at the entire reel and jump back into it at any point. I understand that's an oversimplification of a very complex process, but that is basically the way I approached it.

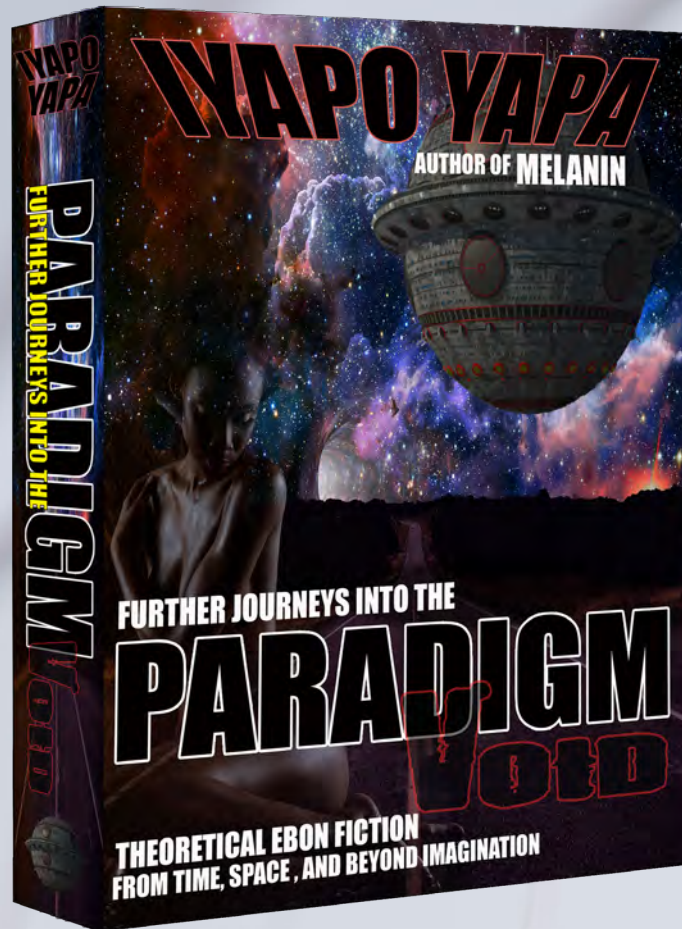


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This month, it's all about the Black Authors again!

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!

JUNE WORD SEARCH 2025

J	N	J	A	M	E	S	F	Q	C	F	U	H	G	Z	Q	X	A	F	Q
K	Y	R	D	G	T	G	T	X	J	Q	Q	D	A	X	N	R	N	R	S
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S	P	B	A	L	D	W	I	N	Y	W	B	A	W	W	E	O	E	D	K
Y	A	N	G	E	L	I	N	A	S	N	V	Z	L	G	V	Y	L	E	Y
I	D	A	B	Q	B	W	V	Q	N	S	A	M	A	E	U	N	O	R	T
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D	L	O	C	O	S	O	Q	R	G	A	R	V	R	Y	Q	S	L	A	X
P	H	P	A	R	Q	N	X	A	Q	N	I	Z	M	S	W	Z	F	F	O
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BLACK WRITERS

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BALDWIN

ZORANEAL

MORRISON

RICHARD

ALEX

WELLS

WRIGHT

HURSTON

IDAB

JAMES

GRIMKE

MAYA

HALEY

HUGHES

FREDERICK

ANGELINA

TONI

DOUGLASS

LANGSTON

ANGELOU

ADARSA M. LANE

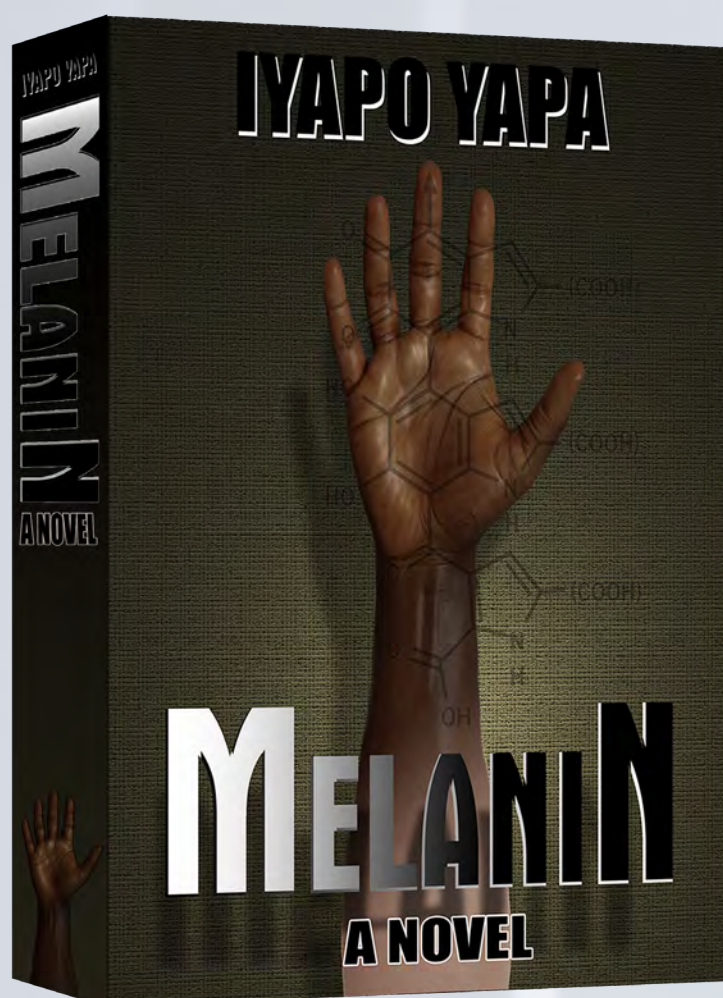
MAJOR MARJ MASON

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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

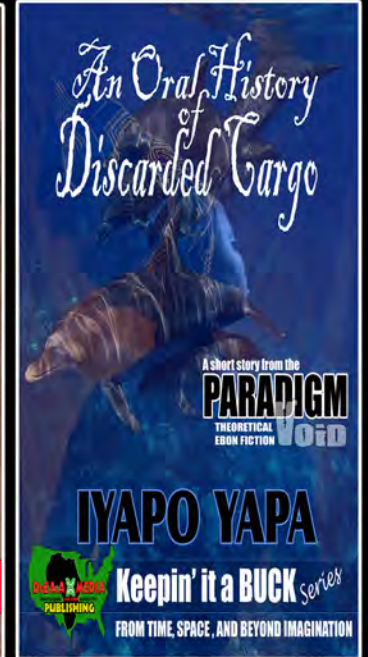
Amazon took down my review of Melanin, so I hope this stays. This is not your ordinary Zombie tale. I haven't read such inventive horror in years. Yapa really knows how to weave a story to pull you in. I had to laugh at how much fun I was having while reading it. I would recommend this author in a heart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

BOOK I - COMING SOON!

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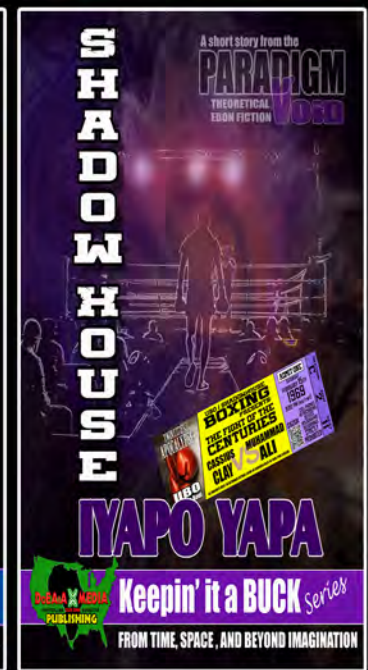
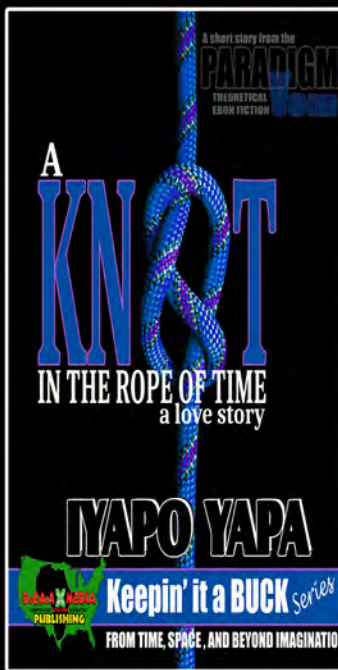


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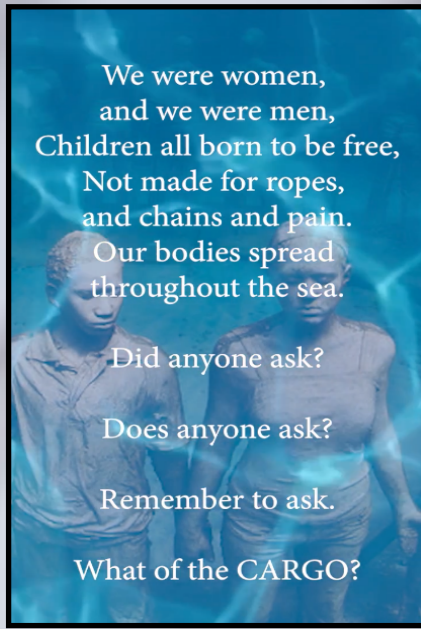
ORAL TRADITION talking books are also coming soon! Click the image to the right to hear a sample, of one of our talking books. Yes, it's still in its VERY rough form as we experiment with getting it right, but the story is still fun as all get out! So give it a listen and let us know what you think!

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



There are now **THREE** *And What of the CARGO?* Trailers for you to watch!
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Original Trailer



Music Video Trailer

Full Extended Trailer



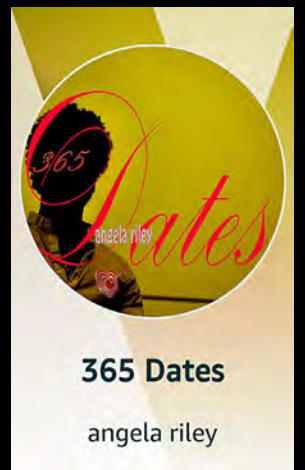
I'd like to say a big **THANK YOU!** To everyone who helped all three of my books to spend some time at number **ONE** on Amazon's **BEST SELLERS** list!



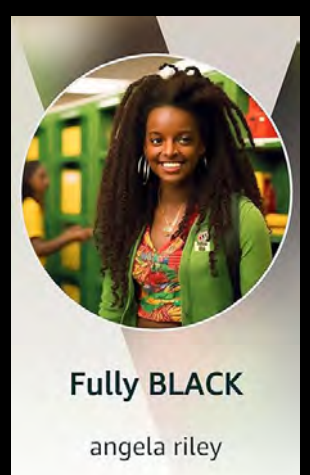
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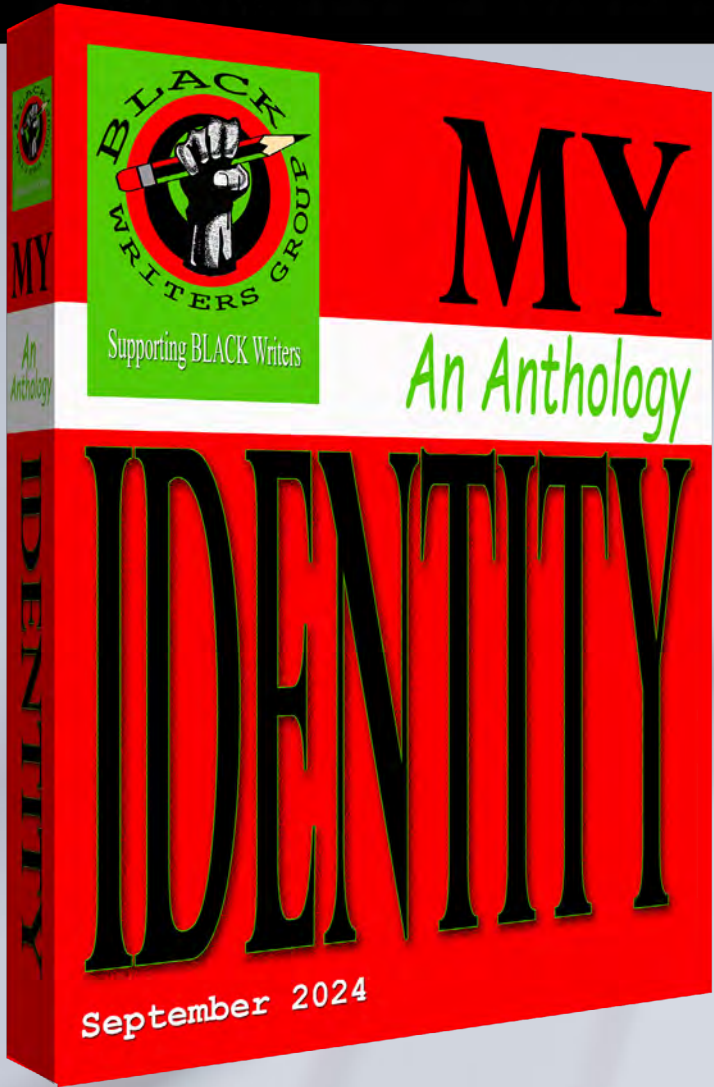


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R.J. BLAKMAN



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.

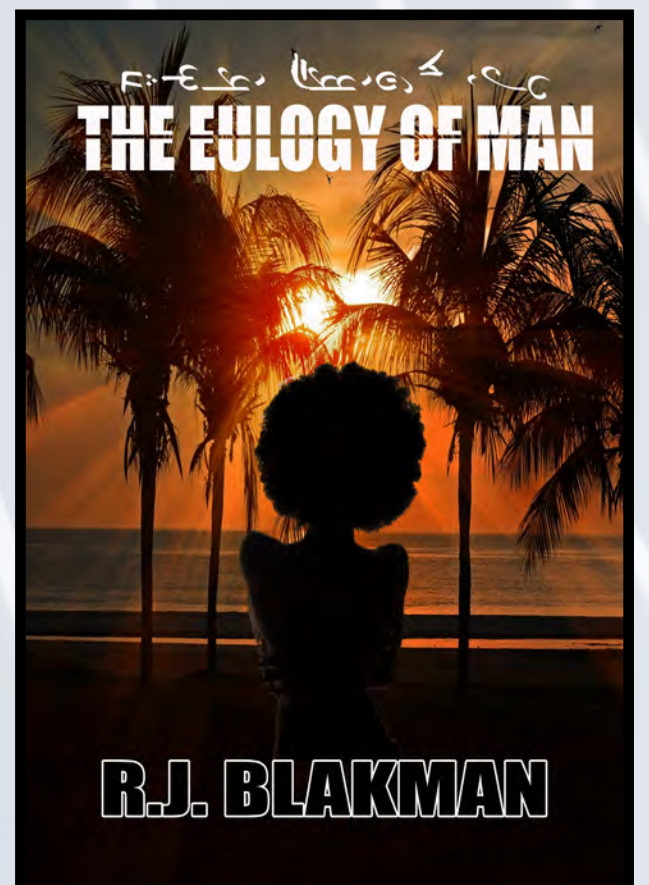
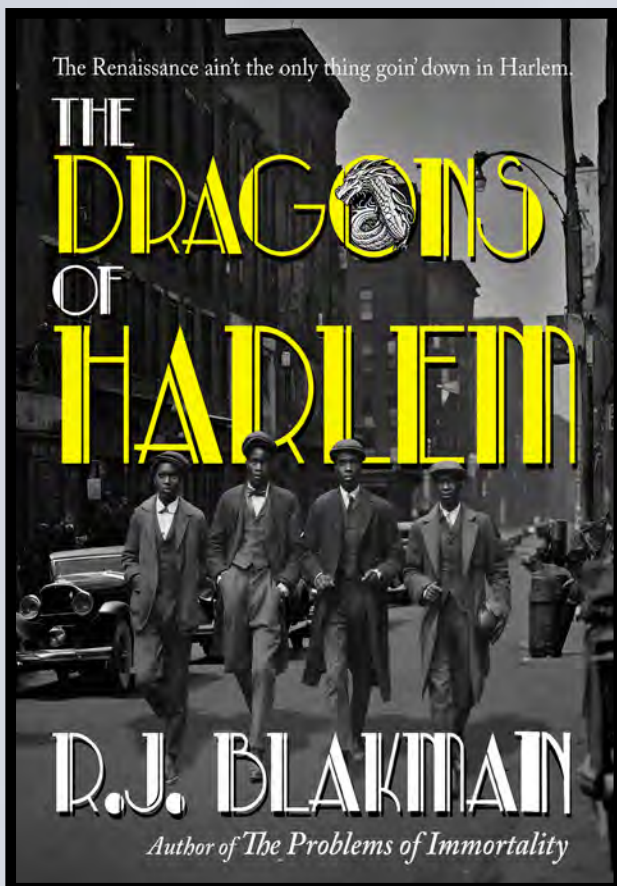
As a practice, Blakman seeks out truth and goes wherever that truth leads him, even if uncomfortable.

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



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ENGROSSING,
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AI Op-Ed: When Tech Is Misused

Back in the day I was quite the techie. I knew about all the newest and latest gadgets, operating systems, software and programs (they're called "apps" now), and any device you could name. I was what would have been considered an "early adopter" – at least when I could afford it. An early adopter is the person who is the first to purchase something and try it out without any kind of road tests by others to give a clue about the pros and cons of the—whatever it was.

As the years rolled by, I still maintained a moderate interest in the tech world, but nothing even approaching what it once was—so little by little, the tech world began to pass me by. I remember a commercial that said, "If you're standing still, you're falling behind." I suppose that was me when it came to the new technologies that were coming out at a faster and faster pace.

My introduction to AI (Artificial Intelligence), was when a young Black man spoke to our Black writers

group about something called "Chat GPT". As he explained it, I became immediately resistant to it. The technology sounded to me a lot like cheating, and I had no interest whatsoever in being involved with it.

Fast forward about three years, and I find myself regularly using AI for various tasks, even down to some of the illustrations used in this magazine. I am very careful to let audiences know when I am using AI. I'm funny about that.

I can't count how many times someone has told me that they read a book, and what they meant was that they LISTENED to an audiobook. There is a world of difference between listening to a thing, watching a thing and reading a thing. Reading is a very deliberate act. A person can watch something and do something else, a person can listen to something and do several activities at the same time, but when one is reading—all they can do is read (if they are truly seeking to comprehend what the material). This even goes for movies with sub-titles





AI Op-Ed: When Tech Is Misused (Continued)

One of the reasons I don't like certain movies like action, adventure, or special FX heavy movies to have sub-titles, is that, if I want to know what is being said on screen, I have to read it—but while I'm reading it, I'm missing the action.

I digress.

When I'm using AI, I say I'm using AI and give the credit to AI. If I feel I played a part in the creation of whatever it is, I will also credit myself, but I will have to had significantly contributed to the creation.

This leads me to what is becoming a sore spot for me when it comes to things that are generated by AI. The tech is moving super-fast and becoming increasingly sophisticated. It is happening so quickly that I'm having trouble keeping up with it in real time. That isn't my gripe however.

The problem I have with AI is the same issues that was suffered by a graphic artist whose work was so beautiful and flawless, that when he attempted



to enter it into an art contest, he was told the work was AI generated! Just for the record, the work was absolutely NOT AI generated. The artist did it with his own two hands, and he just happened to be THAT GOOD.

I do covers, music and commercials for my books using AI. I will NEVER use AI to write a book! And I've never had anyone say it to me, but I do get the sense that when people see my work, especially the commercials that I sometimes put in up to a week to complete just so that I can get

five or ten minutes worth of footage, or my song lyrics and even in some cases, perhaps my books and short stories, I have a concern that people will look at my work and think it's all AI. That I just typed in a prompt and had the computer spit it out. That is the one thought I hate in this new AI world!

The other thing is that, when it comes to indie authors and self-published authors, there are a LOT of no-talents who are using AI to create entire

AI Op-Ed: When Tech Is Misused (Continued)

novels. (According to many, these AI novels SUCK. Still they are flooding the market, because just as with everything the Yurugu gets involved with, it's all about having little or no talent and being mediocre at best, but using something to do the work for them while making quick money with trash.)

I loathe this trend because it leads to people who are using AI as a tool, like myself, being thrown into the basket of the opportunist who type in a couple prompts and have the computer create a

story from beginning to end (complete with illustrations, for those who are producing children's books). Then, based on what I've seen, they do little to no editing, and just format the book and put it on sale on one of the self-publishing platforms (hiding the fact that they entire thing was AI generated and just letting the reader find out once they get into the book and find out it makes no sense).

The same is now true of video production. I wish I had a dime for



the number of times I've listened to an AI voice narrate a video that is not held together coherently and says live to be live (with a long "I"). Or repeats information, or has illustrations or videos featuring people with six or seven fingers on one hand, or in anatomically impossible positions, or sitting in chair or on seats that look like they just teleported from the Philadelphia project (you may or may not get that reference).

These things and more are what is causing people to be so resistant to AI—and frankly, even as a user, even I'M getting fed up with this laziness and foolishness!

AI should be used only as a tool! People with genuine talent and imagination can create some spectacular things with it that don't look cold and mistake laden. You can give me the most expensive guitar in the WORLD, and I would still only be able to strum the few songs and chords I presently know. By the same token, you can

AI Op-Ed: When Tech Is Misused (Continued)

give a trained classical guitarist a way, scary. However, I believe that as fifty-dollar guitar that was purchased AI finds itself more and more in the at a secondhand store and they would right hands it will become the same as be able to play music on it that could the electric guitar, the synthesizer, 3D make your jaw drop. That is because animation, special effects in movies it isn't as much about the TOOL as it is the TALENT! So, what happens when people who have genuine talent are given state of the art tools?!

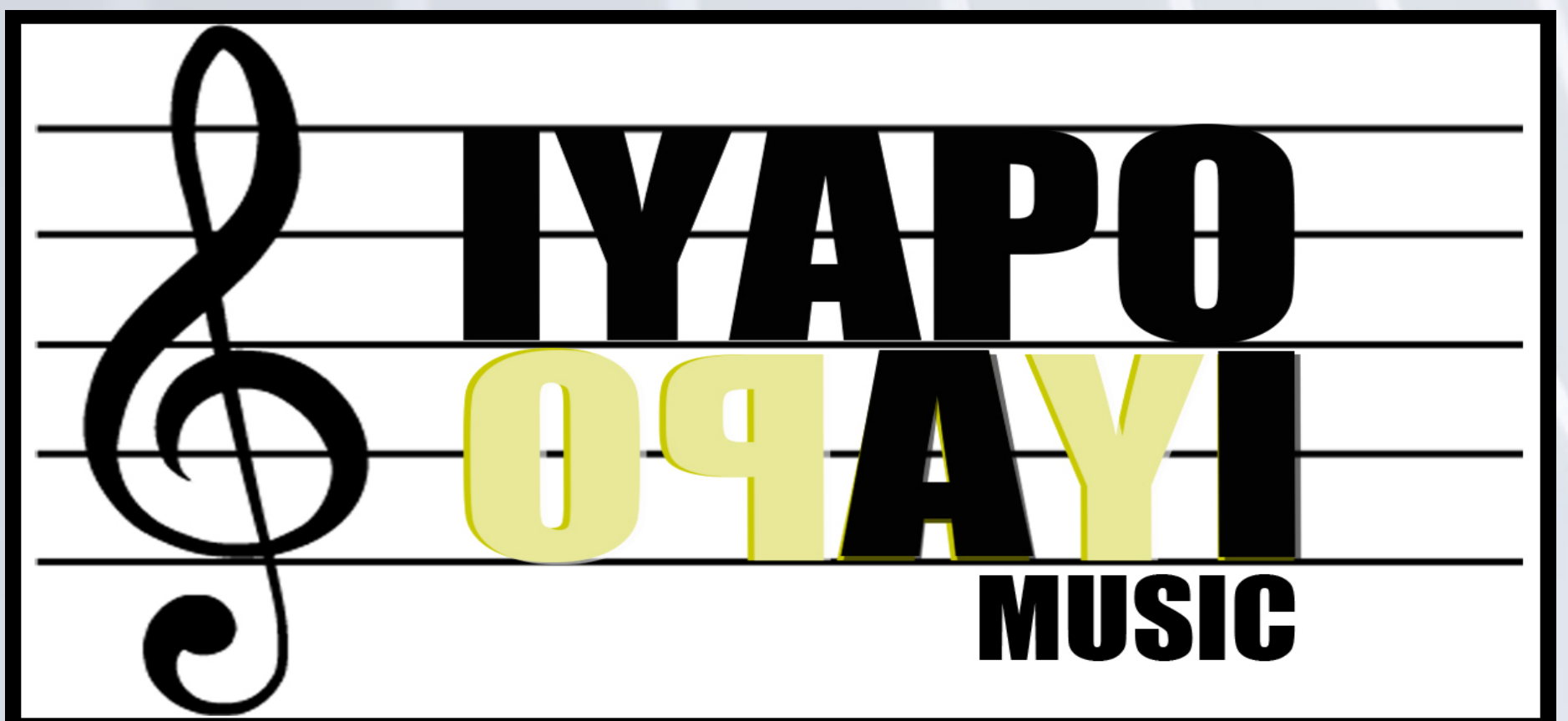
MAGIC!!!

This technology is in its infancy, and it will be interesting to see where it goes. Admittedly, as an old school cartoonist, musician and writer, the tech can be intimidating and in its



and other mediums. Yet another tool in the toolbox of creatives to help bring their visions into the world.

I guess that just as with ANY emerging technology—where the opportunist first saturates the landscape before the public filters them out and the cream rises to the top, it's just a matter of time, so I'll just have to sit back and wait.



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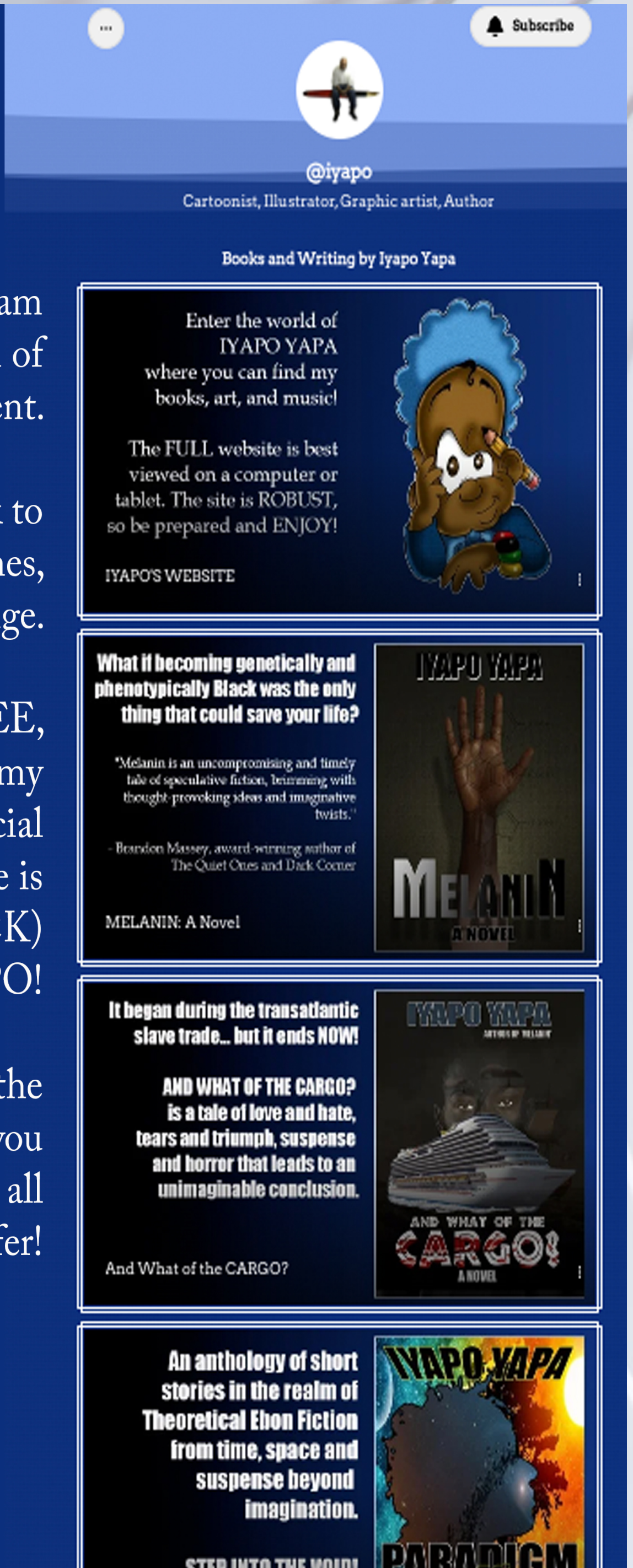
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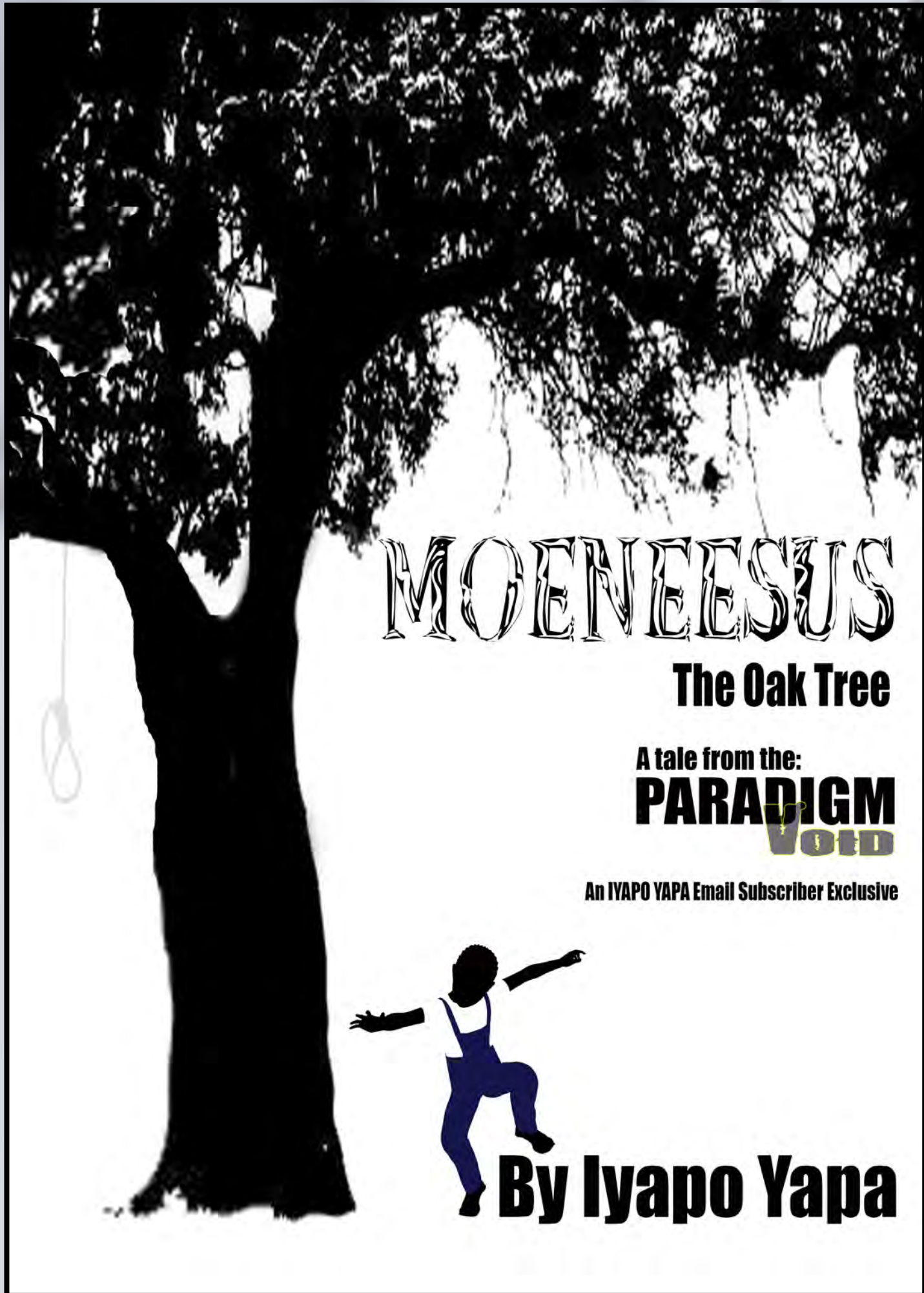
STEP INTO THE VOID!

PARADIGM

READING and WRITING in the

DARK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors



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

READING and WRITING in the

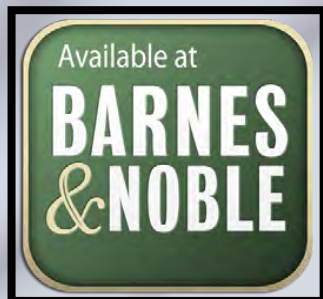
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Click Below For:

And What of the CARGO?



AVAILABLE NOW!

And What of the CARGO?

Buy it now on Amazon

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

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

— Walter Rodney. How Europe Underdeveloped Africa

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

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

What are readers saying about And What of the CARGO?

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

- Amazon Review

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

- Gwen

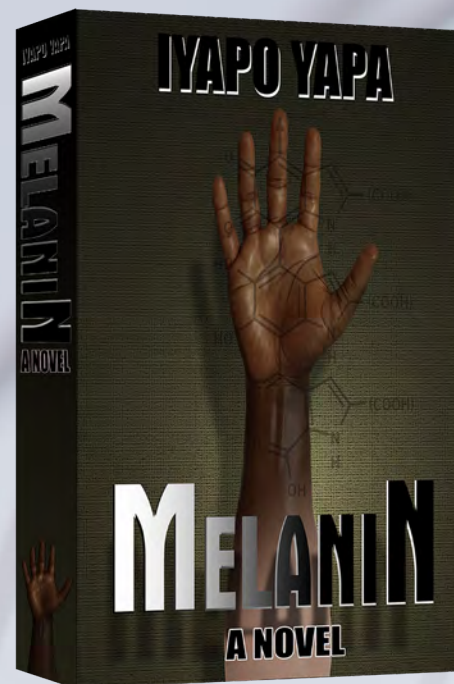
“Yapa weaves another story this time interwoven with historical references. I was on my seat with every chapter. I don't want to give it away but....revenge is sweet when served dead. And I can't get over how different each of his offerings are. Read his Vella's and you'll see what I mean. Another great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

- Amazon review

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Click Below For:

MELANIN: A Novel



AVAILABLE NOW!

MELANIN: A NOVEL

Buy it now on Amazon

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

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

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

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

goodreads

What are readers saying about MELANIN: A NOVEL?

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

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

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

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

“The whole world needs to read this book!”

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

“Every Black person needs to read this book!”

- Gwen B

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

- Ayoka B.

You can also read it for FREE if you have

Kindle Unlimited!

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

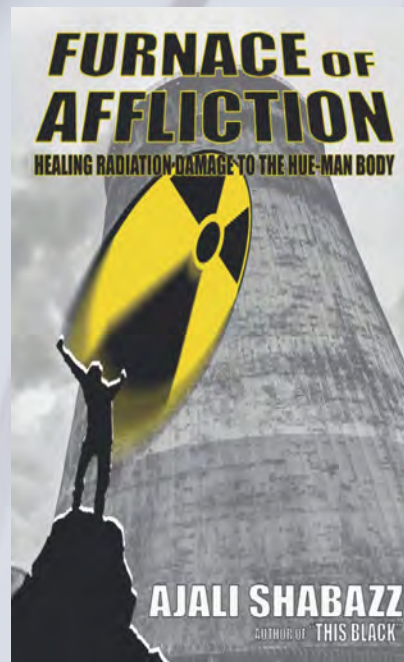
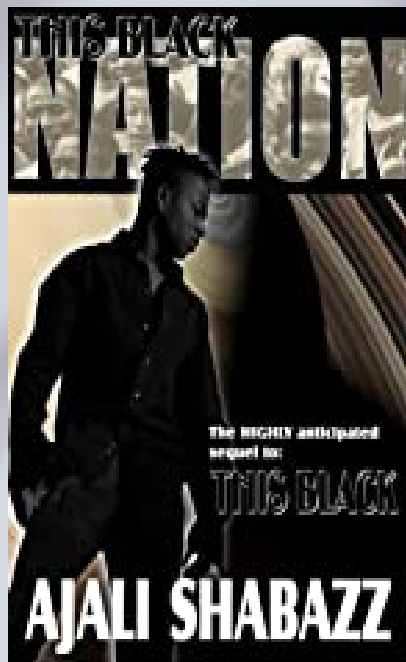
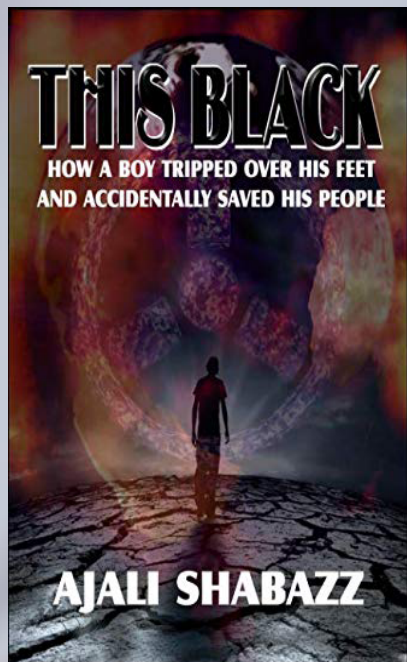
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Books by:

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!

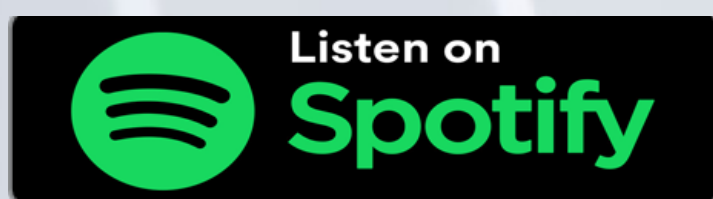
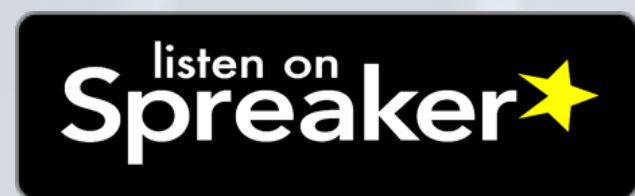
Listen to the interview on  by clicking the link below:

<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!







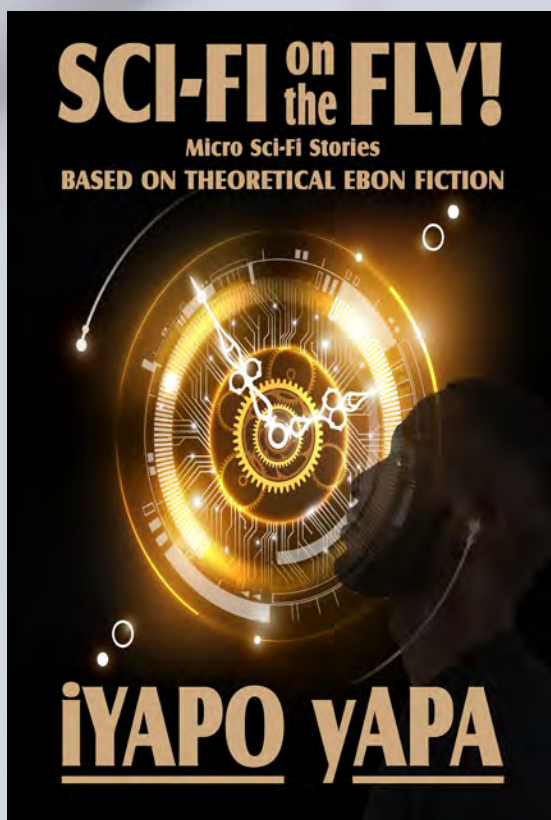
Have You Checked Out My Blog Yet?

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.

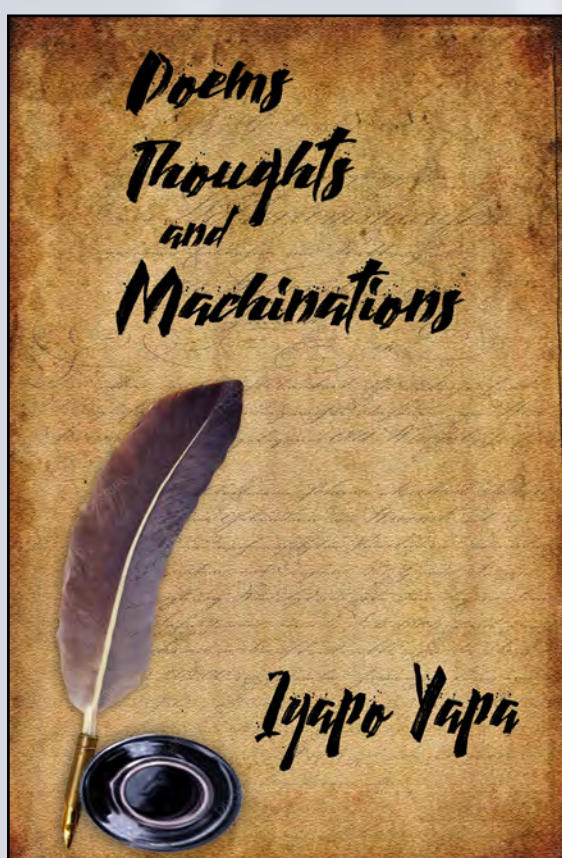


The title says it all.

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.



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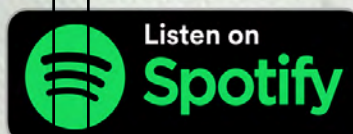
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Two writers
Two Mics
&
Plenty of Banter!



While Black

THE **PODCAST**



ANGELA R. RILEY

Author of *AFFIRMING SelfLOVE*

AYOKA B.

Author of *LOVE at SECOND SIGHT*

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

READING and WRITING in the **DARIK**

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Alright, enough about ME!

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

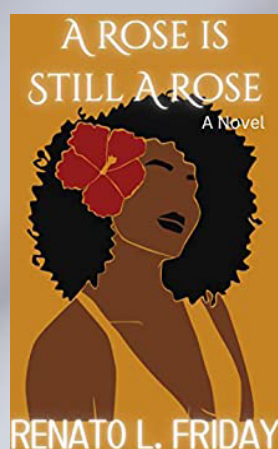


Affirming Self Love (Graphic Non-Fiction SERIES)

angela riley

SelfLOVE Meditation, Reflections, & AFFIRMATIONS Series...

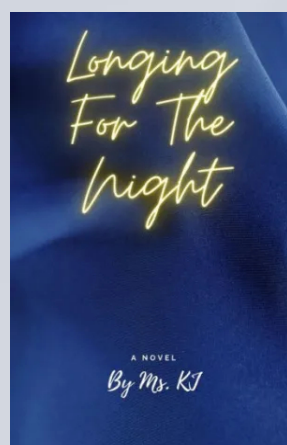
With a new book released each month, this “Graphic Nonfiction” series is filled with love for BlackUs. Each episode opens with a short essay exploring a theme such as “Following the Happy” or “Plan & Reflect” and culminates with a dynamic collection of affirmation. You’ll have a beautiful time meditating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



A Rose is Still a Rose

Renato L. Friday

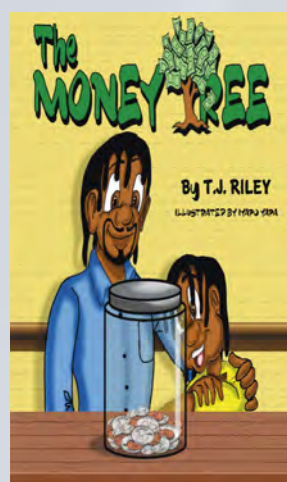
Rose thought life was going great: she was engaged, had a beautiful set of twin girls, a recent trade school graduate, and a new job right around the corner. Unfortunately, her fiancé, David, turned out to not be what she needed, and she chose to break things off. In the midst of her failing relationship,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



Longing for the Night

Ms. KJ

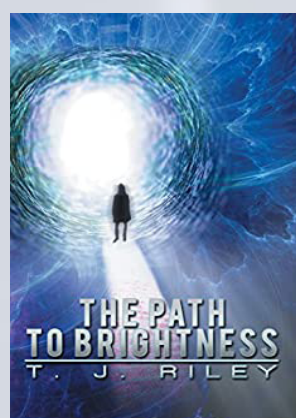
Inspired by the poem Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti, two young sisters face the trials and tribulations of the hood in this coming-of-age story about the harshness of living in South Central Los Angeles.



The Money Tree

T.J. Riley / Illustrated by Iyapo Yapa

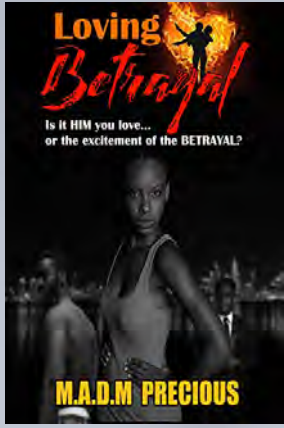
Every child wants money to buy something, right? Our hero does too. But, his father has a surprise, a Money Tree. Join the fun journey to find out how to grow your own money tree.



THE PATH to BRIGHTNESS

T.J. Riley

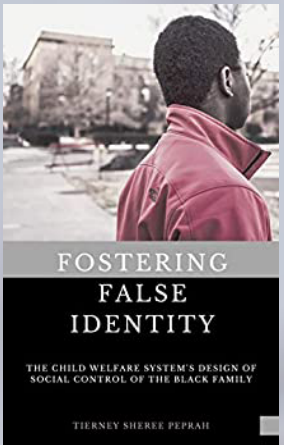
Fatima, a young woman, has a near-death experience. When she awakes from a coma and recovers, she has mystical powers. She begins to see auras and experiences life with her new abilities. For the clever character, Fatima, life is about to dramatically change. Follow Fatima's journey as she tries to convince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



LOVING BETRAYAL

MADM Precious

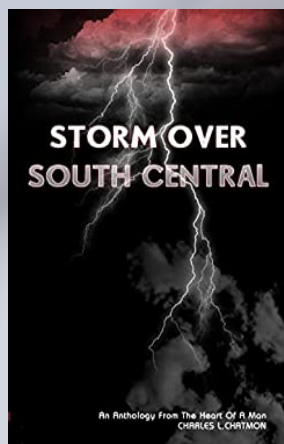
When Michelle met Michael, she thought that she found the love of her life. She was young and coming out of a bad marriage. A single parent of two children, she was scared, broke and had no self esteem. Michael seemed perfect, except for one little problem...



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

Tierney Peprah

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



Storm Over South Central

Charles L. Chatmon

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

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

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



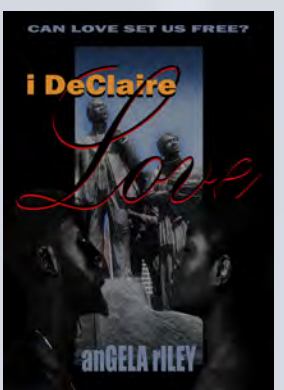
RELAY

Charles L. Chatmon

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

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

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



I DeClaire Love

Angela Riley

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



The Love X TamuTamu Agency

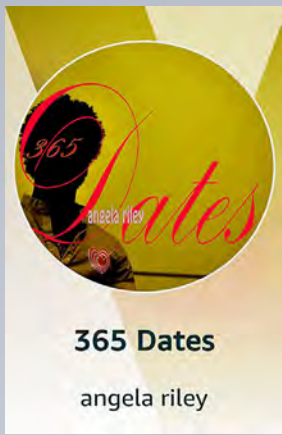
Angela Riley

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

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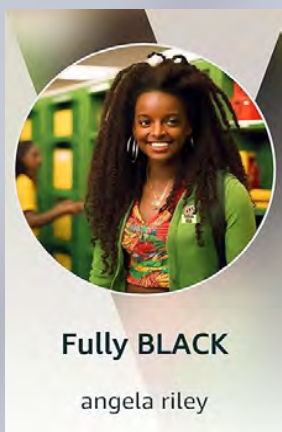
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365 Dates
Angela Riley

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!



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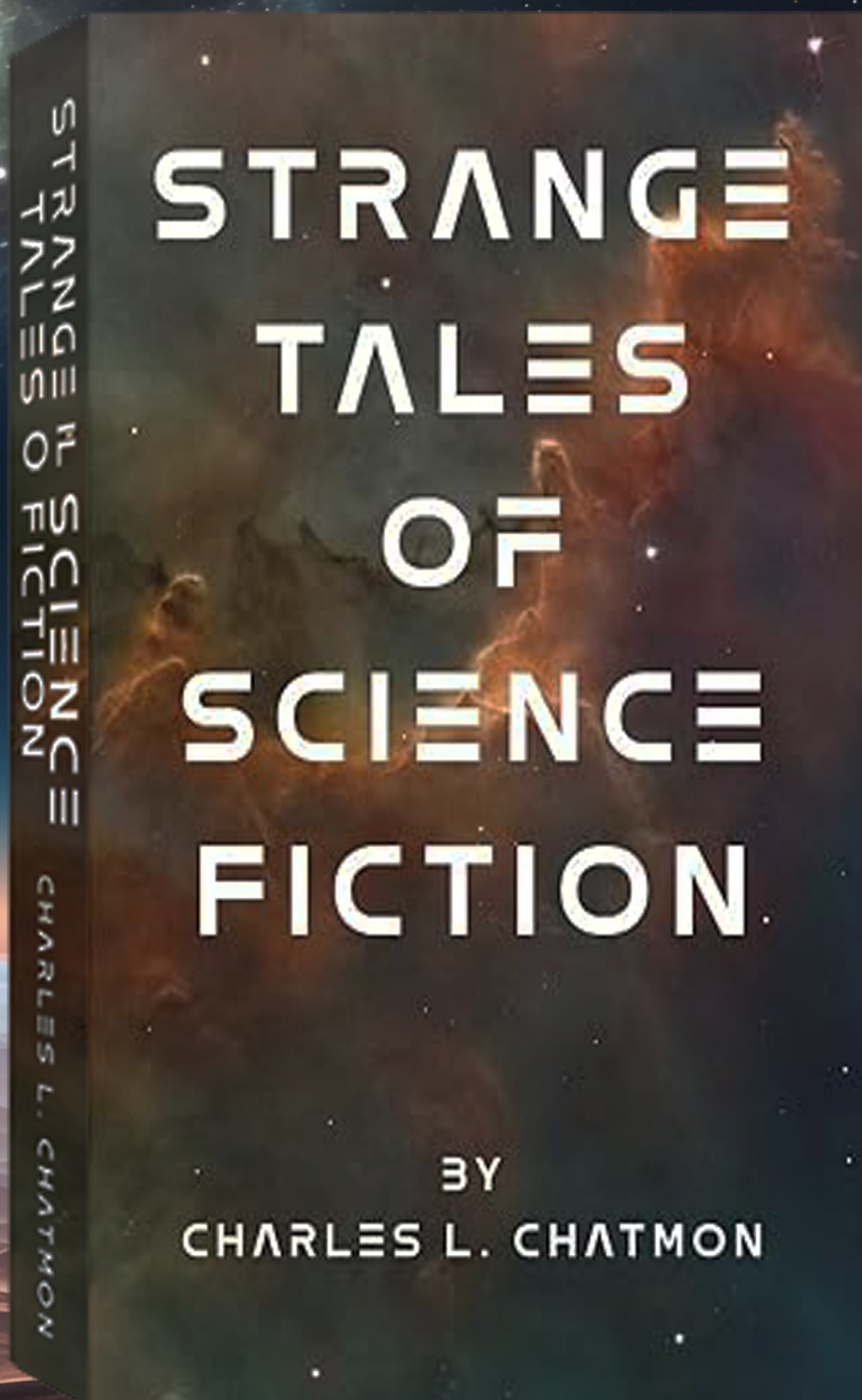
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STRANGE TALES OF SCIENCE FICTION IS AVAILABLE NOW!

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

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



CLICK ON THE BOOK ABOVE TO PURCHASE ON AMAZON!

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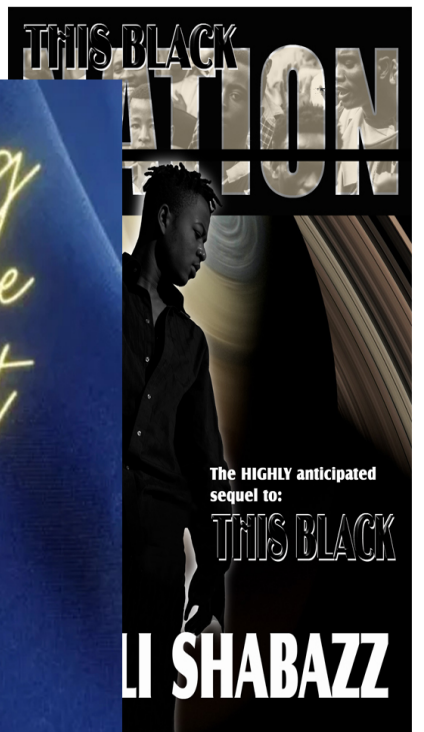
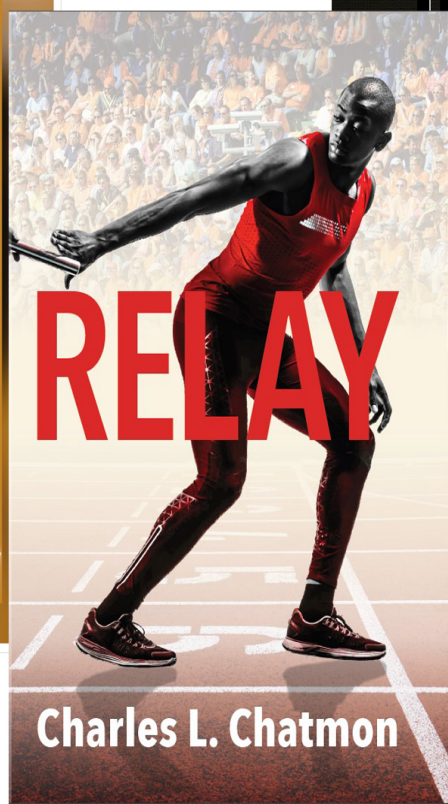
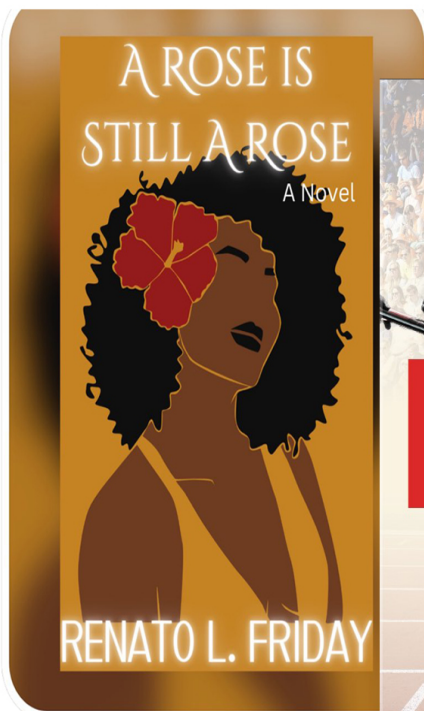
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MAY CROSSWORD PUZZLE 2025

The crossword puzzle grid contains the following words:

- 1. ZOLA
- 2. RICHARD WRIGHT
- 3. TONI MORRISON
- 4. JAMES BALDWIN
- 5. LANGSTON HUGHES
- 6. ANGELINA GRIMKE
- 7. ALAINE LOUISE BRANTLEY
- 8. FREDERICK DOUGLASS
- 9. IDA B. WELLS
- 10. MAYA ANGELOU

BLACK WRITERS



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Tales of the MONKEY'S PAW



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BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR!



Keepin' it a BUCK *Series*

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Heaven Mississippi

A NOVEL



Coming Soon!