

READING and WRITING in the

DARIK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

THIS MONTH:

MAGAZINE

What happens when you're falsely accused?
What happens if the UNIVERSE steps in?

CONVICTION

A SHORT STORY FROM
THE PARADIGM VOID
(Reader Discretion STRONGLY Advised)

Page 5

WELCOME BLACK TO SATURDAY MORNING!

Cartoons the way we remember them, and the
way they SHOULD be!

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Also:
This Month's
Puzzle is a
Word Search!

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

READING and WRITING in the

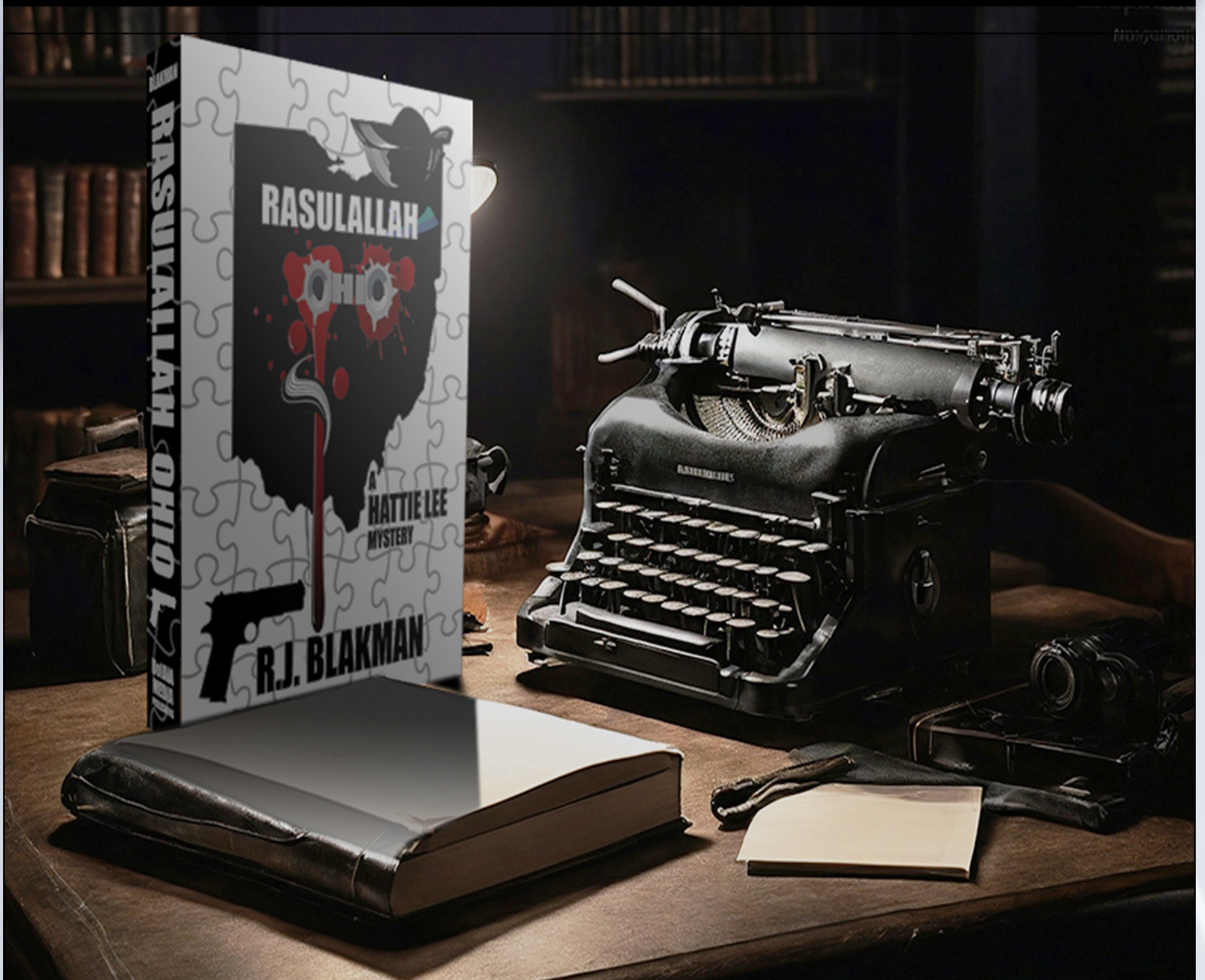
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1960s Ohio

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)



MARCH 2026 - Volume 2 / Number 9



MAGAZINE

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WELCOME BACK!

It's MARCH already! The windy month. Or so I've been told.

We made it through another month (albeit a short one), and I give all honor to Yah for that! This has been a VERY exciting month!

This issue includes the COMPELTE Paradigm Void story *Conviction* (Reader discretion EXTREMELY advised), I hope you enjoy the story and, as you've come to expect, you'll find a puzzle, (this month it is a Word Search), and links to my work and the work of other Black authors.

Also in this month's edition of *Reading and Writing in the DARK*, I've included an article about *Welcome BLACK to Saturday Morning!* I've gone full tilt on working on not only *The Adventures of Darrin Black*, but have now added *Read Along With Angela* and *The IYAPOTOON Show!* to the upcoming *Welcome Black to Saturday Morning!* roster in addition to a whole bunch of animated, retro goodies! People who have gotten a little taste are really looking forward to seeing them in their completion—but I guarantee you, they are nowhere NEAR as excited to see them as I am to be RELEASING them!

Please ENJOY!

Blessings to you and thank you for being a subscriber!

Iyapo

A Look Back and to the Future!

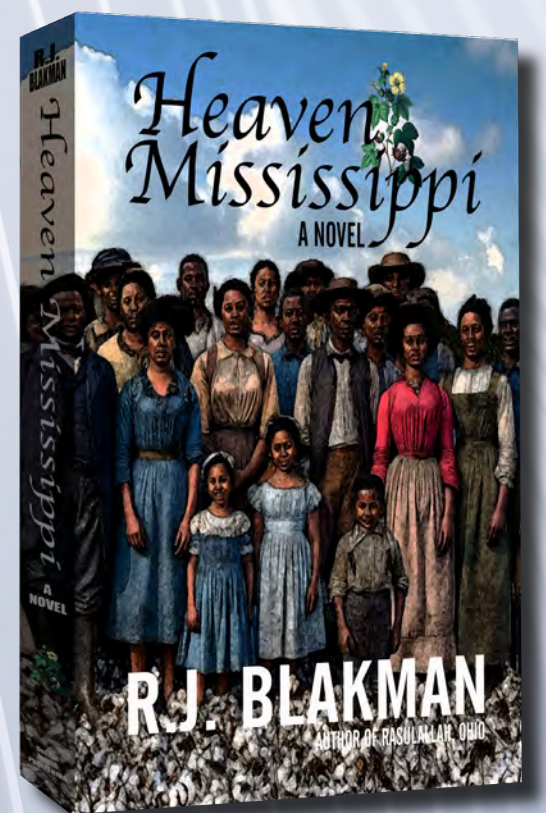
Ok, ok! Black people are sick and tired of reading and talking about our enslavement.

I get it!

So does R.J. Blakman.

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

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



READING and WRITING in the DARK Magazine
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Graphics for Cover and some
other additional graphics.

READING and WRITING in the

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Could YOU survive?!

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

SURVIVING the WORST!

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



Top reviews from the United States

Amazon Customer

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

Reviewed in the United States on November 5, 2022

I love the pace of Yapo's stories. He is a true master story weaver. This story is a cornucopia full of action, sci-fi, mystery, horror and heart palpating 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!



CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised)

“I know I didn’t do it.

I swore I didn’t do it!

Makes no difference.

Here I sit.

My so called attorney was a white public defender who I don’t believe thought I was innocent any more than the jury of white people with a couple judgmental Black heads with white brains in them thrown in to make it look good. People were saying it was a fair trial of my ‘peers’ because of the Black people. But they—the Black faces in the jury box—to my understanding, didn’t come from my neighborhood, or if they did, they were trying their damndest to forget they did, and to prove they were no longer one of “those” Black people.

“Those” meaning, me.

This white woman, Chloé Attsworth, claimed I robbed her, beat her up and raped her. Didn’t matter that I was close to eight miles away from where the incident supposedly happened,

and that I was close to ten miles away when the cops picked me up.

I had an alibi. Said I was at a football game at my high school.

Big mistake.



I was actually at my girlfriend Lynetta’s house, doing, well... you know what. Her parents were out of town, and it was Friday night. So, I figured I would tell my folks I was going to the game, head over to see Lynetta, and time it out so that I left her place around when the game should be over, and no

one would be the wiser.

Best laid plans... right?

Me and Lynetta had had a great night hanging out, joking around, and making love. So, I’m walking home with a big fat smile on my face, remembering how Lynetta had beamed when I congratulated her on her SAT scores. Then a police car passes me, going down the street.

Then another one, and a third one. I’m wondering what’s going on because



CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

they have their lights on. They all just stopped down the street from me. I kept walking toward them since that's the way I had to walk to get home. But, I admit, I felt a little uncomfortable. That was just because I'm thinking the reason they stopped was because they had cornered someone. I slowed my pace a little bit but kept walking toward them. All I knew was that I didn't want to get caught up in some kind of shootout and get hit in the crossfire.

When I finally got to where the cop cars where I didn't see anyone but them. No one against a car. No one on the ground. No one even sitting on the curb. As I continued to walk, I looked over at them a little, but didn't pay them too much mind. Slowly the cars started moving and, to my horror, I realized they were following me!

I stopped walking and one car stopped in front of me, another beside me and the third one behind me. I looked around for an escape route, fully intending (at first) to run if I could. But I figured that since I hadn't done anything, I didn't have anything to worry about.



Yeah, right.

I should have run.

Cops got out of their cars. Five of them drawing weapons, the other walking toward me holding their guns with both hands, telling me to keep my hands where they could see them. Which I did of course. My arms were so straight up that I bumped the moon with my right hand. The cop without a gun shined his flashlight in my face, blinding me, and asked me my name.

“Franklin Osborne.” I answered.

They asked me if I had any ID on me, which I didn't. And they asked me where I was coming from. I told them I was coming home from a football game at the high school.

Did I already say, BIG mistake?!

“Oh yeah?” one of the cops said with his gun trained on me. “Were you there for the entire game? Right up the road at the high school?”

Now my mind was running a million miles an hour! I'm surrounded by cops in the middle of the night.



CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

They have loaded guns pointed at me. Plus, cars are passing every now and then, likely having folks from the neighborhood or friends rubbernecking to see who the cops got “this time”, and probably committing my face to memory so they could remember clearly when seeing my face on the news the next day for being shot by the police.

Names and images immediately dropped in my mind:

Phillip Lafayette Gibbs.

James Earl Green.

Henry Dumas.

I was in distress. I felt in danger. I was in fear for my life. It was then too, I realized I really needed to piss.

This night wasn't ending the way I thought it would. Everything had been smooth until then. So, I'm standing there sweating, even though it was an evening in late October and it was cool out. I figured some crime had just recently been committed in the area... so I needed my imaginary time at the football game to be my

alibi. So of course, I told him I was there for the whole game.

“Uh-huh,” the cop went on, turning off the flashlight... I could tell he wasn't buying my story. “You have a ticket to the game?”



“No sir. I threw it in the trash when I left the game.” My eyes were adjusting to NOT having the light right in then and I was trying to keep my eyes on the guns and the cops holding them.

“So if we was to go back up the road to the high school and dig through the trash we'll find your ticket?”

I told them I didn't know, I supposed we could do that, but there would probably be a LOT of tickets in the trash by now, if the clean-up crews hadn't already started dumping them out.

“Who won?” the cop nearest me asked. He still had his gun pointed at me.

Damn it! How the hell would I know?! Ok Frankie. Think... The



CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

Panthers... your school have gone undefeated this season and only have three more games on the roster. The team they played tonight, the Bexley Badgers have lost their last three games. Whenever I heard the jocks in the hallway and lunchroom talking about the upcoming game, they were pretty confident (a little OVER confident) and Bexley's mad, hungry and out to prove something. All right... here we go...

"We lost." I told them.

"I was listenin' on the radio," the cop to my left asked. He was still holding the flashlight. "They damn sure beat our asses fourteen ta three!"

Thank God he blurted out the score! I may have been able to flip the coin and guess the winner, but there was no way I was going to guess the final sco... wait a minute?! The Badgers got two touch downs and the extra points, while our team only managed one lousy field goal?!

"See, I said... I was up the road at the game. So can I just go on home now please?"

The cop standing closest to me was

the only one I remember. Probably because he reminded me of that cop on that old black and white show. Barney somethin', Barney Fike, I think it was. Plus, the other two was holding guns most of the time and so I was trying to keep my eyes on those guns as much as possible.

"One last time, just so everybody's clear." the cop closest to me said, "You've been up the road at the high school football game for the past two, two and a half hours? Is that what you're claiming?"

"Yes sir. That's right."

BIG, BIG MISTA— Well, you're hearing my story, so you already

know.

"About forty-five minutes to an hour ago or so a woman called us and said that a man fitting your description robbed her, beat her and sexually assaulted her."

"Couldn't have been me. I was at the game the entire time, I never left until just a little after it was over. Then I started walking home and came across you officers."

"That's real interestin' about tonight's game." Barney Fike said as the other two closed in while he pulled out his





CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

handcuffs. The wind must have shifted, ‘cause I didn’t notice at first how much he smelled like cigarettes, but once I smelled it I couldn’t get the smell out my nose. “Panther’s vs Badgers? It was an away game. They were playin’ ‘bout twenty miles from here.”

“Twenty-eight.” one of the other cops chimed in.

SHIT! That’s RIGHT! Stupid! Stupid! STUPID! How could I have forgotten that?! I was thinking with my OTHER brain, trying to be all up under Lynetta, THAT’S how I forgot!

The cop told me to put my hands behind my head, interlocking my fingers, and to turn around. The first click of the handcuff came as he grabbed one hand, shoved it and my arm behind my back. Next came the second click. As he was cuffing me and reciting my “rights” (none of which I heard but had seen enough cop shows that I’m pretty sure of what he was saying), I yelled out, “Ok, I lied! I was at my girlfriend’s house for the past few hours!”

“Oh... now you were at your girlfriend’s house.” One of the cops

behind me said as he and the other cop who had been holding their weapons on me put them in the holsters. (I was thankful for that much at least).

‘Well, we can straighten all that out when we get downtown, but right

now you’re under arrest for robbery, assault and battery and rape.” The cop walked me handcuffed over to his squad car. I was kinda embarrassed as neighborhood cars were passing every now and then, with people who probably knew me given the size of the section of the city I lived in. I remember him putting his hand on the top of my head,

as he said, “Watch your head.”, as if he were doing me some kind of favor. I sat in the car with my back teeth floating wondering how long it would be before I would get a chance to relieve my bladder.

I was listening to various calls from dispatch, more likely than not instructing cops city wide to find, arrest and lock up more people who looked like me.

As he was pulling off, the cop picked up his device and said they had apprehended a suspected rapist and were bringing him to the station.





CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

Me!

Un- FUCKING- believable.

Long story short, I was put in a line up. Another new experience for me. I was one of five men (a couple of whom were short, light skinned Black men who looked nothing like the other three of us), standing behind the one-way glass. On the other side of that glass, with the cops, was a woman I later learned was named Chloé Attsworth. This white housewife and mother of a two-year-old, picked me as the one who had robbed, assaulted, and raped her while she was out jogging.

The “trial” went about as you’d expect. Lynetta swore under oath that we were together that night; the prosecutor told the jury she was my girlfriend and was just trying to provide me with an alibi. For her parents’ part... They were both a couple “We are not like those thuggish niggers and we’ll prove it!” types. They said their daughter would never be seriously involved with someone like me, and even if she were, she would under no circumstances ever have someone like me in their home while one or

both of them was not present.

Day don’t know der daughter vewy well, do day?

So... I guess you know the rest: I was convicted and sentenced to sixteen years in prison. After release, I was labelled a sexual predator for the rest of my life.

* * *

So, the truth is, I was cheating on my white husband with his very white business associate. Aaron... that was his name. Aaron Dougterman was my husband’s business associate. To many

who knew him, he was a strait laced businessman, anal and uptight in his way. But if you could get him talking, you would find him very interesting if not charming.

At least I did. At first.

I can’t remember exactly how or when the affair started, all that I do know was when the affair did start, it was like a hurricane. Behind closed doors... in the bedroom, he was the exact opposite of everything he presented himself to be outwardly. Once he had me tied up and tied down





CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

he really let loose and went to town sexually. Through him, I got introduced to the world of bondage and submissive sex. It never got too kinky (depending on one's definition of kinky). There were no whips, or pain... nothing like that. But the man definitely liked having me tied down and helpless. Full disclosure... I really liked it too. Our sexual encounters, or "sessions" as he called them, added a nice spice to my life when I was in the mood for them.

After several months I finally... FINALLY started developing a case of the "guilts". Better late than never, I guess.

Maybe.

Maybe not.

If I'm to be totally honest, I don't know if it was as much that I felt guilty for what I was doing as it was that I started considering what I stood to lose if my husband found out about my extracurricular activities with his business associate. Roy—my husband—was not only very rich and successful in his own right, but he came from money. He treated me

pretty well, and I was able to buy just about anything I wanted. We had the house, the cars, the mobile home for cross country trips when we didn't feel like flying (first class). We vacationed every couple of months. My only "job" was sitting on several committees in my community where our "official" agendas would include the obligatory what could be done—without affecting our lives, of course—for the homeless and other poor people.

I pretty much had it made... and I was taking a chance of losing all that to what?

Fuck some guy?! Yeah... I had to put a stop to this before it went sideways.

Roy was out of town and Aaron had called to ask if I wanted to come over for one of our "sessions". I told him I needed to contact the sitter, but that I could be there. This time though, I was going to tell him that I couldn't do this anymore. I would get with him this one last time... but after that it was over.

We weren't in love; we didn't have that kind of relationship. There were times he would ask me to come over and I would tell him no, because I





CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

wasn't in the mood or just didn't feel like it and he seemed to be fine with it. We didn't have any kind of jealousy issues. There were no expectations between us, other than we would have "blow out" sex when we were together.

So, the night I went over to deliver the news, we sat and had some wine, like we usually did. (Sometimes we would have dinner too, but we didn't that night.) I told him that this had to be the last time, and why. He said alright, and that we would need to go out with a bang in that case.



We retired to the bedroom where he had the bed made and waiting, handcuffs and leather straps already prepared from the head and foot posts. I went into the bathroom and soon emerged with what I knew to be his favorite lingerie. It was a frilly white thing that drove him absolutely crazy—something he had purchased for me and kept at his home. I assumed my position on the bed, as usual. On my back, arms and legs outstretched as he strapped me down. Sometimes he would add a blindfold, sometimes he wouldn't. It just depended upon how he felt.

That night he felt.

As usual, he toyed around with me for a little while, with feathers and such. I could hear him moving from place to place around me as I lay strapped and blindfolded on the soft mattress. My

excitement intensified as soon as I felt the wetness of his mouth on my toes... his lips and tongue working their way up my legs and to the inevitable cunnilingus I was expecting, and that he knew I was aching for.

He did not disappoint.

After making fairly certain I had climaxed (several times), I felt

his weight on top of me, immediately followed by the warmth and hardness of his oh so excited manhood inside of me. He lay on top of me, pumping me, kissing me, moaning, and grunting. In time he put one arm around my waist and his other hand behind my head, squeezing me until I could barely breathe, and kissing me hard and deep, as I felt spasms, hot and wet, shooting into my body. He gulped for breath. Resting all his weight on top of me, as I lay still bound and blindfolded, unable to do anything until he decided to release me.



CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

I was breathing hard also, even though it was Aaron who had done all the “heavy lifting”.

Eventually, his weight became a little much for me and I remember saying “Aaron, sweetheart, would you let me up now?”

His response was something I’ll never forget. “SWEETHEART?! Bitch! If this is the last time, then I’ll let you get up when I’m good and damn ready, and not a second sooner!”

He had never spoken to me like that before. Whenever I had asked him to untie me, he had done so immediately... even if we were “right in the middle of it.” Laying there, tied up and blindfolded, I realized I was in a LOT of trouble. “Aaron, com’on... that isn’t funny. Let me up.” I said, hoping against hope he was joking.

I felt his weight lift off of me, and his knees at my waist. I couldn’t see, but I knew he was straddling me, so I thought for sure he was about to release the bonds holding my hands, at which time, I felt a deep relief, but the next thing I heard made me jump.

“Bitch! I said I’d let you get up when I decide you can get up!”

I was about to say something else... I was trying to decide if I should start begging him or start threatening him to turn me loose but didn’t get the

chance. I was silenced, before I even said anything, by the sudden intense pain of an open-handed slap against my face. It struck me odd that I saw stars beneath the blackness of the blindfold. Then I felt a fist to my jaw, and inside my mouth I felt the warm saltiness of my own blood. The bed bounced hard a couple times, as now I assumed Aaron hand gotten off

the bed and was standing on the floor next to it. Next came a flurry of blows to my body, each more painful than the one before it. In the midst of it, he was screaming at me in a way that, had I not known it was him, I would have sworn someone else had come into the room and taken his place.

“You fuckin’ whore! You goddamn dick tease! You come over here getting me hooked on you and then you walk up in here and tell me it’s just going to stop! Just like that! Goddamn bitch!”





CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

I did my best to plead with Aaron through the blows, but I was grunting, coughing, and crying too hard to form anything even resembling coherent words. As suddenly as the beating started, it stopped. I once again felt his weight on top of me, this time he was grabbing my hair and pulling hard. And his manhood (once again stiff, possibly more so than it was before) was jammed up inside me like someone shoving and forcing and making something fit into a bag that was too small.

He was rough, harsh and like an animal... he wasn't making love to me. He wasn't having sex with me. He wasn't even fucking me... he was attacking, assaulting, and brutalizing me.

Again, I felt the spasm of heat and wetness inside me, making me feel all the more violated and assaulted. And again, as before, he lay resting all of his weight on top of me. I lay there, barely able to breathe due to the weight of the demon on top of and inside of me, as well as the merciless blows it had dealt me.

After finally letting me loose. I curled up on the bed, laying in my own blood. I could not see the bruises,

but I knew they were there. I could feel every slap and punch he had delivered to my face and body. I was sore between my legs from the fierce assault to my genitals.

“Now, get out whore.” I heard him say in a normal voice as if he were wishing me well. He didn't care how I felt, if he had broken any bones or caused me internal bleeding. He just told me to leave. I took off the mask and let it fall to the floor, then I slowly gathered my panties, sports bra, and my sweat suit and started attempting, through the pain, to take off the lingerie, and put my

clothes back on. Suddenly I felt a hard foot to my butt, that pushed me forward and knocked me to the floor. “Bitch! I said to get the fuck out of my place!”

On hands and knees, I twisted my head and shoulders toward him. Seeing him blurred and disfigured—looking like the monster he was—through swollen tear filled eyes. I tried to form the words that would ask if I could at least put my clothes on first. I couldn't though, and even if I could, I knew that he would have probably beaten me some more had I





CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

asked. So unsteadily, I made my way toward his front door and walked out.

His apartment had a private entrance and exit, one I often used when I went to see him so that I could come and go without worrying about being seen. I hobbled to my car and went to reach into my purse for the key, when I realized my purse was still in that monster's apartment. There was no way I was going back up there. Lucky for me I kept a spare in the wheel well on the driver's side, inside a magnetic box.

I felt around for it in the darkness... and upon finding it opened the car door, fell onto the front seat behind the steering wheel and closed the door. I can't say how long I sat there crying.

Crying in pain.

Crying in embarrassment and shame.

Crying at the violation.

Crying at the thought of losing everything I had when my husband found out what had happened, who was responsible, and why I was there to see him in the first place.



For all the trauma I was experiencing, I had to think something up and think quick to explain all of this to Roy when he arrived back home the next day. My mind went back to something my women's group had discussed a little more than a year prior. We'd sat around drinking tea and eating cookies and discussing the state of our homes, our husbands and the world. Eventually the subject of infidelity came up. It would surprise men how much we married women talk about it and strategize how to pull off the perfect tryst. Men thought they had the market cornered... but that could just be chalked up to their

arrogance.

In fairness, most of the women in our group (about twelve of us, all white, all well set in our marriages and lives), had zero intentions of ever actually carrying out the deed. We just found it something fun to talk about and explore from time to time. There were a few of us however, who did like to go and find a little something new every now and then.

Along with common sense things (like not being seen in public places, not sleeping with your husband's best



CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

friend, not falling in love with the guy and so on) was an emergency plan that could be employed if we ever got caught. Not caught red handed, but pregnant and needing an abortion, with a communicable disease, or in my own case, having the man you were sleeping with, transform into a monster who raped you and beat the shit out of you.

The emergency plan?

A Black man raped me!

After filing the report, I was taken to the hospital where a doctor examined me. It was 1971, so the police department in my city had not yet started using ‘rape kits’, and definitely nothing like ‘DNA samples’, so it was a fairly straight forward proposition.

It is a time honored tradition and fell well within the parameters of “If it ain’t broke don’t fix it.” We had seen it work time and time again with white women who were not in our circle, and two who were. I knew this was the plan of action I needed to take. The only one I could take.

Before I removed what was left of the ripped lingerie. I stepped out the

car and back into the night, took my panties and sports bra, and stumbled with considerable pain, to a place where the gravel met the grass near my parked car. With my foot I dug my panties and bra into the gravel and then into the grass to stain them.

I then did the same with my sweat suit, ripping both the suit and the underclothes a bit. I then walked over to a nearby dumpster and, concealed in the darkness, threw the lingerie in, and changed into the now ripped and stained clothing.

I went back to my car and drove straight to the police station. Getting my story straight as I

was driving.

“About a half hour ago I was out for a night jog in the park, when a Black man stopped me and asked me for money. I had a little purse I carried when I jogged, so I offered him a few dollars. He became angry that, that was all I was going to give him. He ripped my purse from my shoulder, examined it and saw that I didn’t have much more than that. At which point he became furious! He said that if he didn’t get money, then he was going to get something else. I tried to fight him, but he was too big and he overpowered





CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

me. He dragged me into the bushes and beat me and raped me.”

That was my story, and I was sticking to it.

At the police department, they put out an all-points bulletin to be on the lookout for a large Black man with a medium sized Afro (in other words, eighty percent of the Black men within fifty miles). I told them that that was all I could remember by way of a description in my traumatized state.

The doctor merely confirmed what was fairly obvious due to my bruises, partly closed eye and trauma around my vagina.

I had indeed been beaten and raped.

While still at the hospital, the officer who was there with me told me some suspects had been brought in and asked if I felt I could take a look at a line up while the perpetrator’s face was still fresh in my mind.

I of course said I would. I got dressed and went back to the station.

I looked over the various Black men and picked out the youngest looking one out of the men. Two of the suspects

looked very short to me and not like they would be able to inflict the kind of damage I was suffering from. The one I picked looked young and strong and like he could have overpowered me. I insisted it was him, then I turned and melted into the arms of one of the brawnier officers, crying and screaming as if I was having flashbacks.

And actually, I was having flashbacks... but not of that young Black man.

I later learned the young man’s name was Franklin Osborne.

* * *

After being released from prison, Franklin was made to register as a sex offender. This was to be the first of continuous registrations for the rest of his life.

A year following Franklin’s release from the Pattonville Penitentiary, Chloé Attsworth admitted that she had falsely accused the man of rape. She revealed to her family and the “justice system” what actually happened, who had really raped and beaten her, and why she lied about it. Aaron Dougterman admitted to the assault and rape, and though the statute of limitations had run out on





CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

Attworth's claims, Dougterman was already in prison. He had been sent there by another woman he had beaten and raped who had absolutely no issues telling the truth about it and quickly.

Chole', armed with her confession as well as that of Dougterman, and with the assistance of several attorneys her husband hired, petitioned the court to expunge all allegations of sexual assault from Franklin's records, and to no longer classify him as a sexual predator.

Which took a couple more years, but the system did grudgingly do.

After his release, Franklin and Chole' had been in talks over the phone. Both desiring to speak out about their experiences. They set up a high-profile news conference at the courthouse. The media expected the regular dog and pony show. The stories and scripts were basically written where the press were going to report first about how this poor, put upon, guilt ridden white woman, this rape survivor, a victim, fought to get justice for a wrongly accused Black man. And then how Osborne, the

strong but poor Black man, would, through tear filled eyes, forgive her, thank her and be eternally grateful for her "help".

The media presence was thick in the room, as was expected. The now much older Black man and just over fifty white women sat side by side at a table, cameras rolling, recorders recording, cameras flashing, and reporters writing.

Frank spoke first.

"My name is Franklin Osborne, I was charged and convicted of crimes I did not commit. I walked into Pattonville Prison on the 3rd of June

1972. After that day, I spent the next sixteen years speaking with elders and teachers. Becoming educated. Learning, growing and developing. Yes... things happened to my body that cannot be fixed or undone. I bear many physical scars due to the abuses, violence and sexual assaults suffered while in prison. I was always innocent, but I still missed out on 16 years with my family, friends and loved ones. I was 17 years old when they tried me as an adult for robbery, battery and rape. They convicted me and threw me in Pattonville Penitentiary, and anyone who knows anything about





CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

Pattonville, knows it is a place NO ONE wants to go... EVER... boy OR man.

“Now I’m 37, and me and Mrs. Attsworth here, are coming to you today with a warning.”

The reporters and media people present looked at each other and started mumbling among themselves.

Chloé Attsworth tapped her microphone and spoke next.

“My name is Chloé Attsworth and I’m 52 years old. On June 3rd, 1972 I was having dinner with my family when I suddenly fell into a coma at the dining room table. I was rushed to the hospital and put on life support. The doctors told my husband Roy that they could not find anything physically wrong with me and that it was almost as if I were just sleeping. The day after I fell into the coma, I opened my eyes and came fully awake.

“It took me a few minutes... but eventually I realized I was in a prison cell. Of course, I freaked out. I screamed, cried and banged on the door for someone to let me out. When guards came, I asked them

what was going on, and why I was in prison. I pleaded and tried to explain who I was and soon ended up in a psych ward for nearly a month. After which I resigned myself to my fate. They saw me as Franklin, heard me as Franklin... and when I looked in a mirror, or spoke out loud... so did I.

“Franklin’s family would come to visit and all I could tell them was that I, not me, but... HE was innocent and to never forget that. Beyond that, there was nothing much I could say.

“Meanwhile, my husband and family, through hospital and medical staff, took care of me... my body, as it lay comatose for 16 years. The only reason they didn’t pull the plug on me was because, along with the fact my family had the financial means to keep me alive, with each checkup, though I lost a little weight and muscle, every single one of my vitals... including brain function, was normal. So, I lost 16 years of my life because I chose to have an innocent man lose 16 years of his in order to cover up my own sins and mistakes... and the universe saw to it that I served the sentence.





CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

“I experienced all of it. The fights I couldn’t win. The sexual assaults I couldn’t fend off. Weeks in solitary. The shank someone stuck in my stomach... Franklin’s stomach. And I remember every moment of it. It WAS me in there.

“I am the one who served out the sentence to which I glibly condemned this innocent man to my right to suffer through.

“The day I—inside Mr. Osborne’s body—was released from prison and walked out, was the day I woke from my coma and was back in my own body. To this day I am in deep therapy due to the violence and brutal treatment experienced inside that man’s body while I was incarcerated.

The therapists tell me that I was not actually inside Franklin’s body and that even in my comatose state, the guilt of what I did constructed an entire coping system within my mind so that I would not suffer a complete psychotic break. This was no illusion. I was trapped inside Franklin’s body and am carrying the mental scars that he would have been carrying not only while incarcerated, but for the rest of his life. I will likely never be cured of

it... but the best I can hope for is to manage it through perpetual therapy and medication.

“What I’m here to say is... the universe has had enough!”

Franklin once again leaned into the mics.

“The day I was put in the prison cell, my spirit and soul were sent to be with ancestors, elders and teachers in one of the most beautiful places I’d ever seen. It was green and lush. The water was blue as was the sky and had spectacular waterfalls. The animals, even lions, were all tame, and the

people there were wise, loving and freely shared wisdom. I was told that once my body was released from prison I would be sent back, and the spirit and soul presently occupying it... Mrs. Attsworth, here, would be sent back to her own body, if her body still existed. If not... she would pass on.

“Her family kept her body alive, and so here we both are.

“Because of the way the universe has chosen to start balancing things... like I said, I still have many physical



READING and WRITING in the

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CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

scars, and I have lost years (perhaps, there will be coming a way to balance that). But right now, the universe has begun its preliminary balancing. My mind and spirit are not only completely intact and unscarred, but elevated, and without any psychological trauma, because I never spent not one day in the penitentiary.

“Do I forgive Mrs. Attsworth? I can’t say that I do. What she did was reprehensible, and though I did not have to suffer physically at the time, I still bear the scars and feel some of the aches of what my body experienced in my absence from it. And most of all, I lost 16 years of life that cannot be returned. My purpose for being here is for the sake of my people and she is here for her people.

“We could at least find that common ground.

“Like we said, and like I’m saying... as a warning to all of you, that, you who are doing this to innocent Black men and women. The universe can no longer sustain the imbalance and is seeking a way to right itself. This was explained to me by ancestors. We urge you to start looking up the statistics.

You are going to find that since 1970 the rates of unexplained sudden comas are rising among white men and women in direct proportion to the levels of incarceration of my people. and trust me, I’m not telling you this for your benefit—that’s what Mrs.

Attsworth’s here for. I’m here so that you will stop, and no more Black people have to suffer while your people are getting’ a fuckin’ clue.” Franklin realized he’d become angry as he was speaking, something he’d promised himself he wasn’t going to do. He wanted to make his points clear, plane and without emotion. Simply stating the way things were. He took a

breath and continued.

“If you’ve falsely accused Black men or women of various crimes, you KNOW they did not commit. If you’re cop planting evidence on my people. If you are a prosecutor who is manipulating the evidence you KNOW will free an innocent Black man or woman just so you can win a case, if you are a judge who KNOWS you are doling out outrageous, unjust sentences on Black men and women. If you are profiting from the prison industrial complex... you will want to think twice.





CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

This phenomenon is real... and it is stepping up in intensity every day.” Mrs. Attsworth broke in.

“You can ignore it if you like.” Franklin interjected, “But when I was with the ancestors, they told me that the universe had much more harsh plans for those who are responsible for these unwarranted attacks on innocent Black people. From the person who makes the false accusation, to the cops who knowingly plant “evidence” to the prosecutor who knows the Black man or woman to be innocent, but puts their desire to win and lock human beings in cages above justice, to the judge who passes excessive sentences... ALL of them will be transported into the body of the one they railroaded, all will serve his or her sentence, and all will have a consciousness that they are trapped within a single body, inside a prison cell within a prison cell. You can start dealing with that, or you can start releasing these innocent people and dropping charges against those you know you are falsely accusing, or you WILL be finding yourselves dealing with the consequences of what you intended for them.



“You have been warned. That is all I have to say.”

Franklin stood up and walked over to his family, who embraced him as they left the room. Likewise, after a pause, Chloé put her mouth close to the microphone and simply said, “This is real.” She then stood up and walked over to her waiting family.

* * *

Outside the courthouse Officers Sean Baxter and Gary Billingsley grinned as they walked down the high flight of steps in front of the courthouse. During the trial they both had given testimony that would lock Stephen Robuck away for twenty years on drug and weapons charges—drugs and weapons Baxter and Billingsley had planted on the innocent Robuck. The trial went on with full knowledge from their precinct captain Nicolas Hanson and prosecutor Dana Perritti that Robuck was framed by the officers.

The two policemen had come so that they could have the satisfaction of hearing the sentence imposed.

Two hours later, officers Baxter and



CONVICTION -The Complete Story (Discretion STRONGLY Advised) Cont.

Billingsley parked at the Pancake Palace to grab some lunch before going back on their beat. They stepped out their squad car and into the sunshine, the two police officers laughed and joked about what would likely be happening to young Robuck once he had the bars slammed behind him, then they started discussing what they would be having for lunch at the ‘Palace’.

District attorney Dana Peretti was likewise thinking about what she was going to have for lunch and more important, the dessert (neither of which had anything to do with food), she would be sharing with a married attorney from a prominent law office.

Baxter and Billingsley collapsed comatose face down in their food on the table at the Pancake Palace. Peretti was taken to an area hospital—also in a coma (of course, after the young attorney with whom she was having a tryst, clumsily slipped her back into her bra, panties, and outer garments).

Precinct captain Nicolas Hanson was likewise found unresponsive—comatose—in his office and taken to a local hospital and put on life support.

Around the United States men and women were inexplicably dropping like flies, into comas.

* * *

Stephen Robuck’s eyes sprang open.



He found himself in an open field in one of the most beautiful places he’d ever seen. The leaves seemed to slightly glow with an energy of their own—as a matter of fact, nearly every tree and plant surrounding him emitted the otherworldly luminosity.

The landscape was pastoral and serene, and there was a waterfall in the distance. The sky was light and blue though not as brightly radiant as the plane of existence from which he had just come.

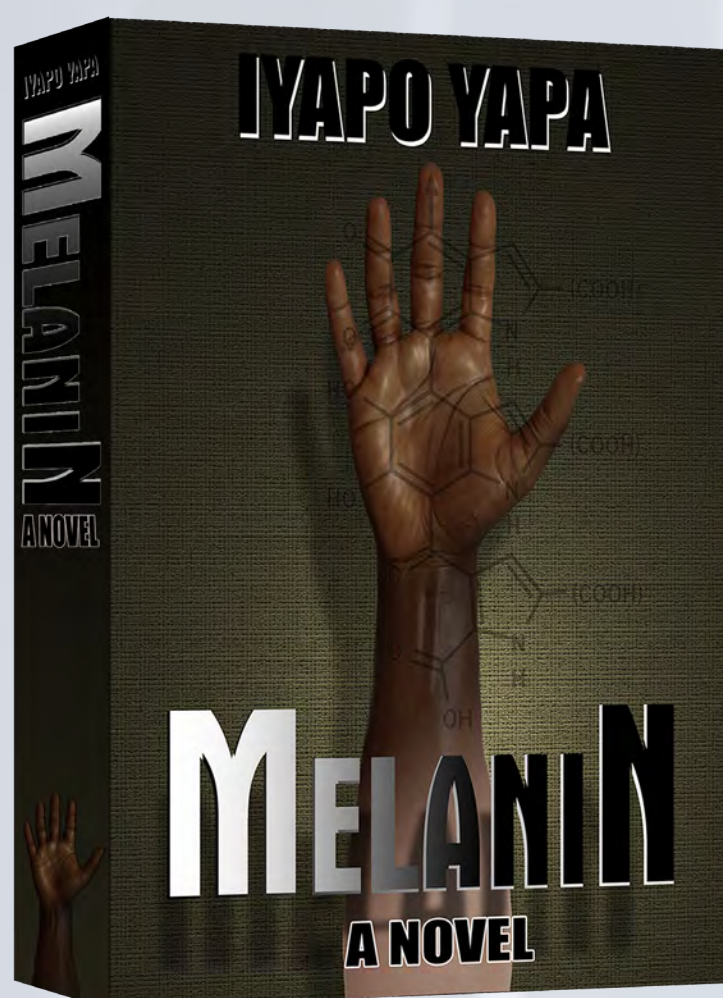
He was disoriented, but not distressed. He could not understand nor relate to the feeling he had in that moment, but within a few seconds, recognized it as peace and tranquility.

“Welcome young brother. I am Sambuntu, this is my sister Kyla. You shall be here for several years as you count time on your plane. We and others will help you in your growth and development while you are here.”

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

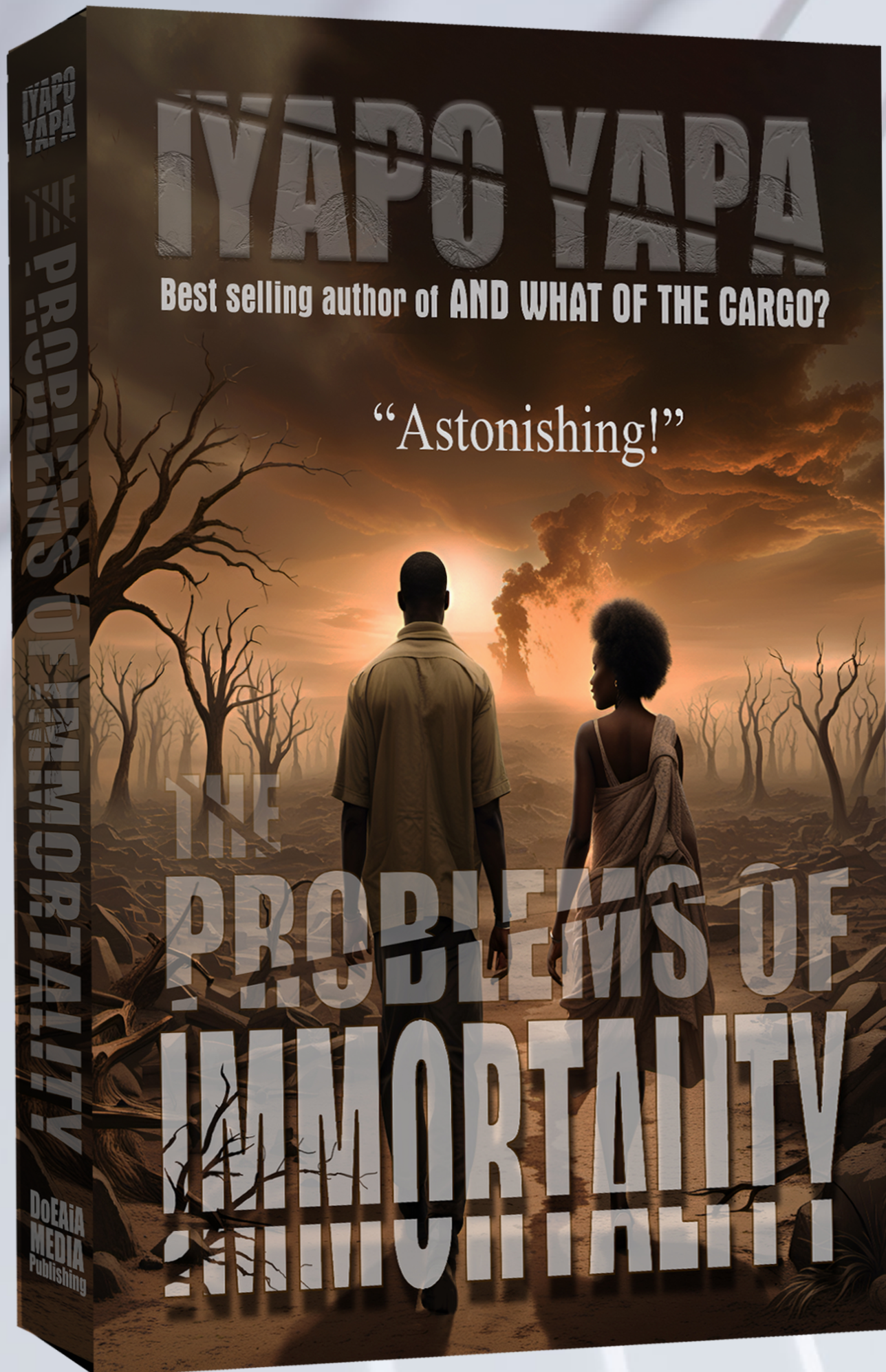
Click the image on the left to
purchase the novel!

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



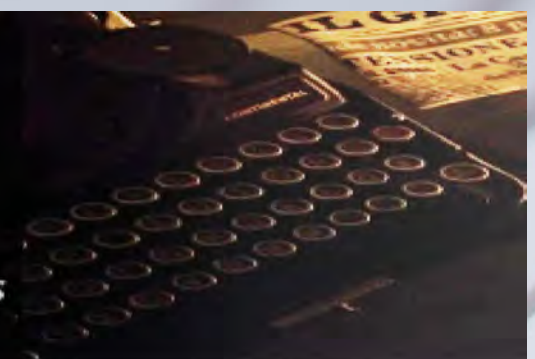
**IYAPO YAPA invites you to a world like nothing you've ever
seen before, in a WAY it has never been told before !**

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MARCH 2026 WORD SEARCH!

This month's puzzle is a Word Search based on last month's crossword puzzle pertaining to Shrinking Man. If you haven't done last month's crossword puzzle already, you can use the word search. It won't give you the answers, but it can give you some clues!

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

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

March 2026 WORD SEARCH

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

SHRINKING MAN



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Word Search Clues

CAMPBELL	TRAYVON	GOLF
REPUBLICAN	SWAT	TALENTS
FIVE	BARRY	INVISIBLE
MATHESON	BULLIES	SHOW
FRIGGIN	WATKINS	TERRORIZE
NOWHERE	SERVICE	KARATE
WARWICK	NORAD	BLAKMAN
BABE	ALLEGIENCE	WELCOME
CASTLE	DROPPINGS	POLICE
DOBBINS	SHRINKING	SANTA



ACTION and ADVENTURE has a NEW NAME!



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The Redemption of
**MAXINE
ALLISON**
A NOVELLA



Is it BEST to DIVEST?

Maxine Allison thought so.

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

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

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

or is there?

Love, hate, secrets and deception abound in what is sure to be a hit, as Adrien M. Lane brings you her mind bending and controversial debut novella. Read *The Redemption of Maxine Allison* and find out why!

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



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

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

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

In *PARADIGM VOID*, Iyapo explores things like:

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

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

AVAILABLE NOW!
CLICK THE LOGO TO GO TO THE RETAILER





Welcome BLACK to Saturday Morning!

Last month we introduced you to young Darrin Black and his adventures. Since then, *The Adventures of Darrin Black* has expanded (not in episodes), but in companions (as in the other cartoons and animations that will be riding along with him).

The Adventures of Darrin Black is now the headliner of an upcoming cartoon block we proudly call "Welcome BLACK to Saturday Morning!"

The *Welcome Black* block will be Saturday morning the way baby boomers and Gen X would remember them, with one notable exception: ALL the starts of the cartoons in the cartoon block will be BLACK!

So far, the block will kick off with the children's show *Read Along With Angela*, which has a combination of live action and animation and a "Creator Spotlight" section. After that we have *The IYPOTOON Show!* This offering will consist of cartoon shorts featuring cartoon characters I created in my youth like Danny the Dinosaur,

Eric Madison (a little bear), Cookie (a little Black girl) and a host of others, most of whom I haven't seen, literally, in decades! I'm very excited to be drawing and updating them and presenting them to the world!



Following *The IYPOTOON Show!* will be the adventure series, *The Adventures of Darrin Black!* (For more about him, just refer to last month's edition of Reading and Writing in the DARK.)

Along with the cartoons is the musical offering *Skoolhouse Soul!* With spectacular songs (written by none other than my beautiful and exceptionally talented wife Angela!) that are intended to not just entertain and educate but to also elevate.

Finally, the commercial breaks are announced by the "Be Right Back" jingles featuring Claymation characters. Any child of the 90s will automatically recognize the homage. Thus far there are seven in the series, and we are looking to expand it to ten.

READING and WRITING in the

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Welcome BLACK to Saturday Morning! Continued

To be honest, I don't know what we are even attempting to achieve with the venture except that it will be one more way for our people to take control of our narrative!

When it comes to cartoons and animation (especially in the United States), the street has always only gone one way, and that is because of those who built the road (who were not Black US of course).

Now, just as with those who came before us, we as Black people are using the tools of our time to educate our young (and some old), people

and present us TO us as we are, with all our legitimate flaws, AND our GREATNESS and BRILLIANCE!

So, I had to take time out to write this article, but now, it's right back to *Welcome BLACK to Saturday Morning!* We can't WAIT for you to see it!

It's going to knock you off your seat!

PROMISE!

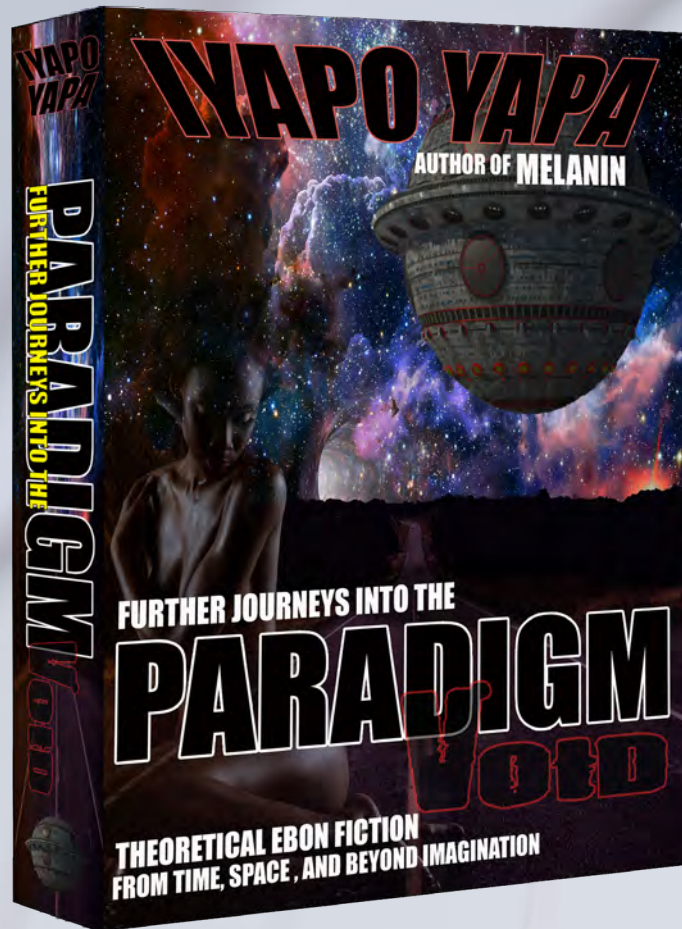


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ARE YOU PREPARED TO JOURNEY BACK INTO THE VOID?!

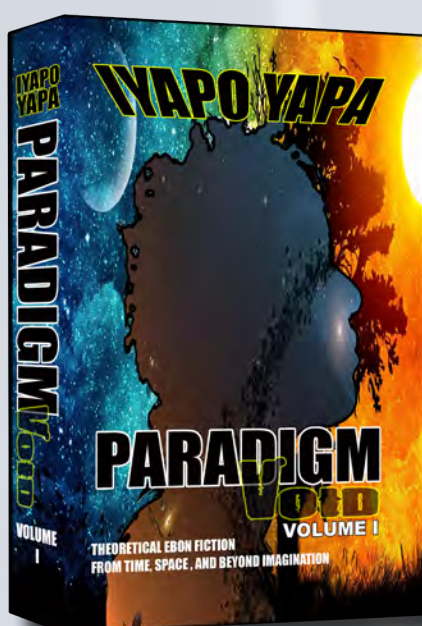


COMING SOON

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

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

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



RIGHT NOW!

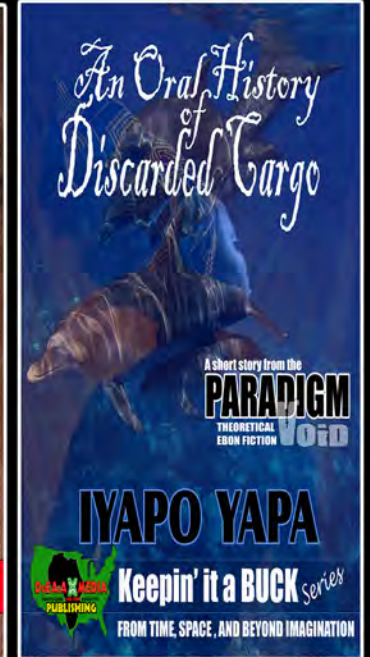
Stories from Time, Space and Beyond Imagination,
Paradigm VOID Volume I is available.



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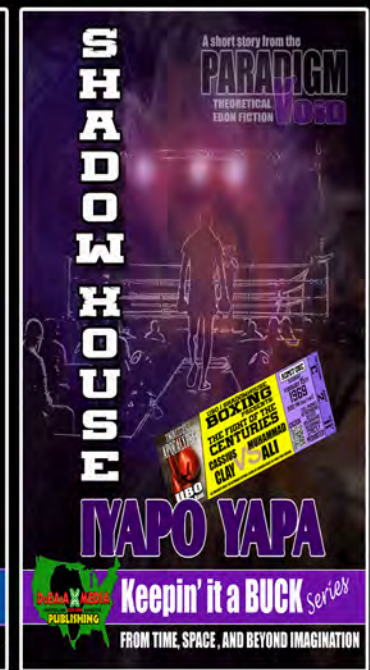
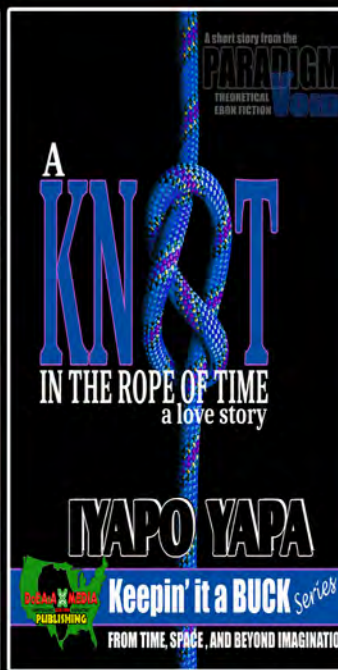


IT IS TIME TO JOURNEY INTO THE **PARADIGM VOID** ONE STEP AT A TIME.

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



Keepin' it a BUCK series



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



Also remember:

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

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

READING and WRITING in the

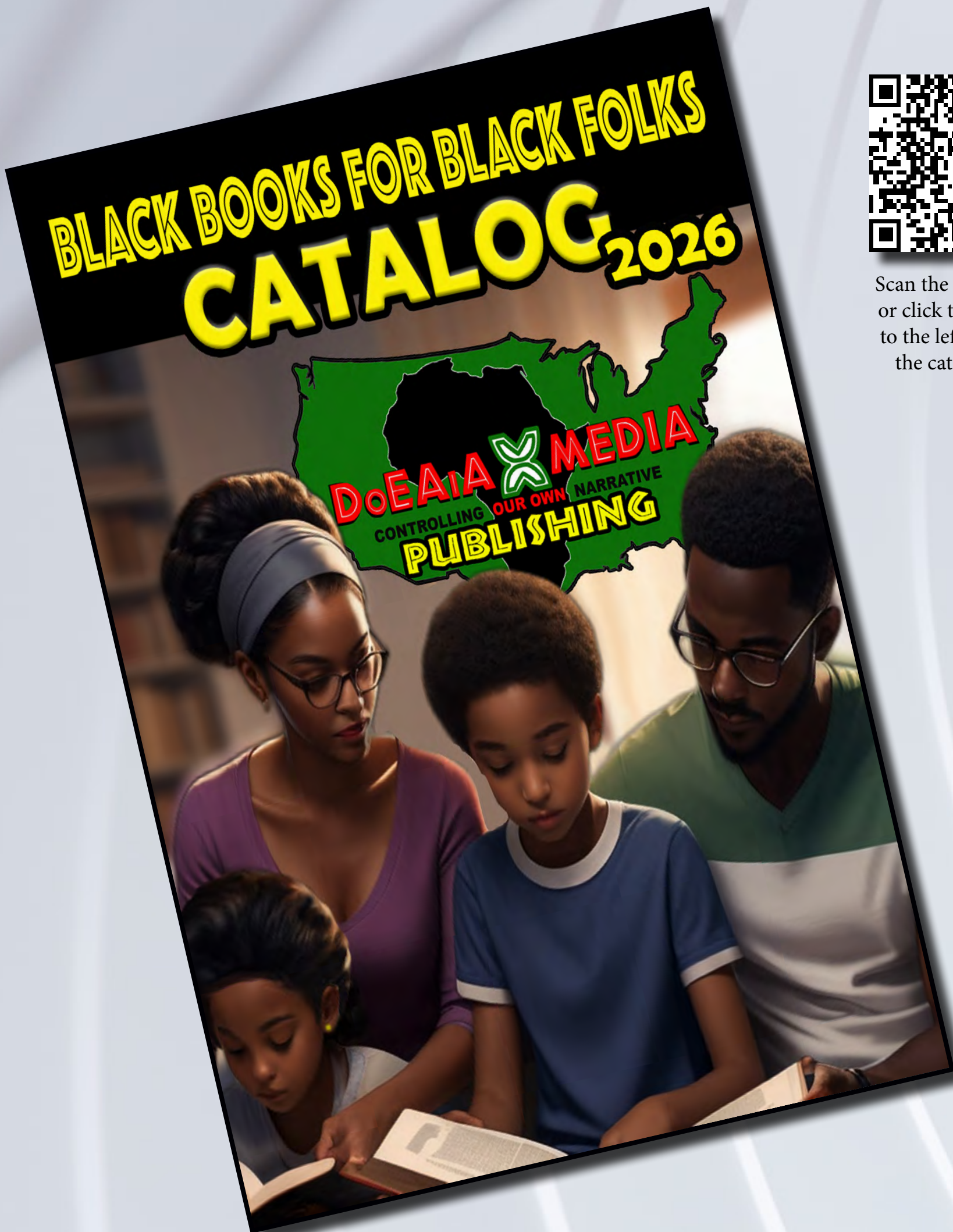
DARIK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors



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

Check out the catalogue for 2026!



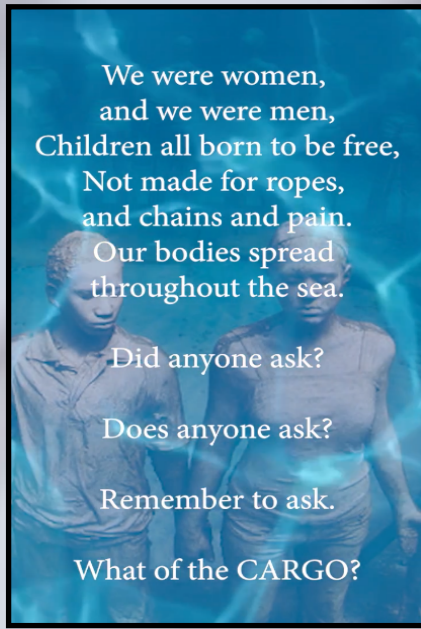
Scan the QR Code
or click the image
to the left to view
the catalogue.

CONTROLLING OUR NARRATIVE!



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

Original Trailer



Music Video Trailer

Full Extended Trailer



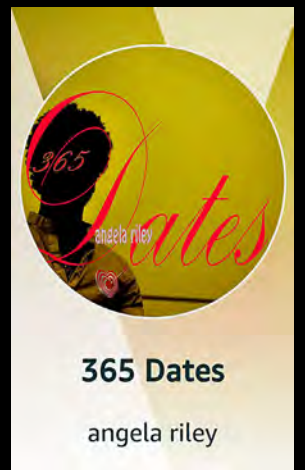
I'd like to say a big **THANK YOU!** To everyone who helped all three of my books to spend some time at number **ONE** on Amazon's **BEST SELLERS** list!



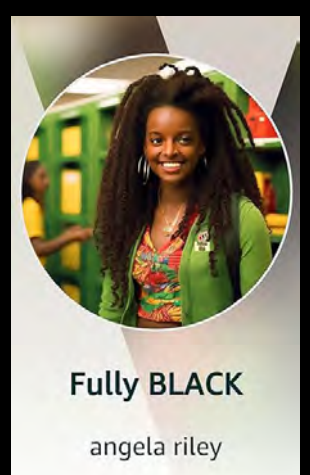
FIND AFFIRMING SELF LOVE AT:

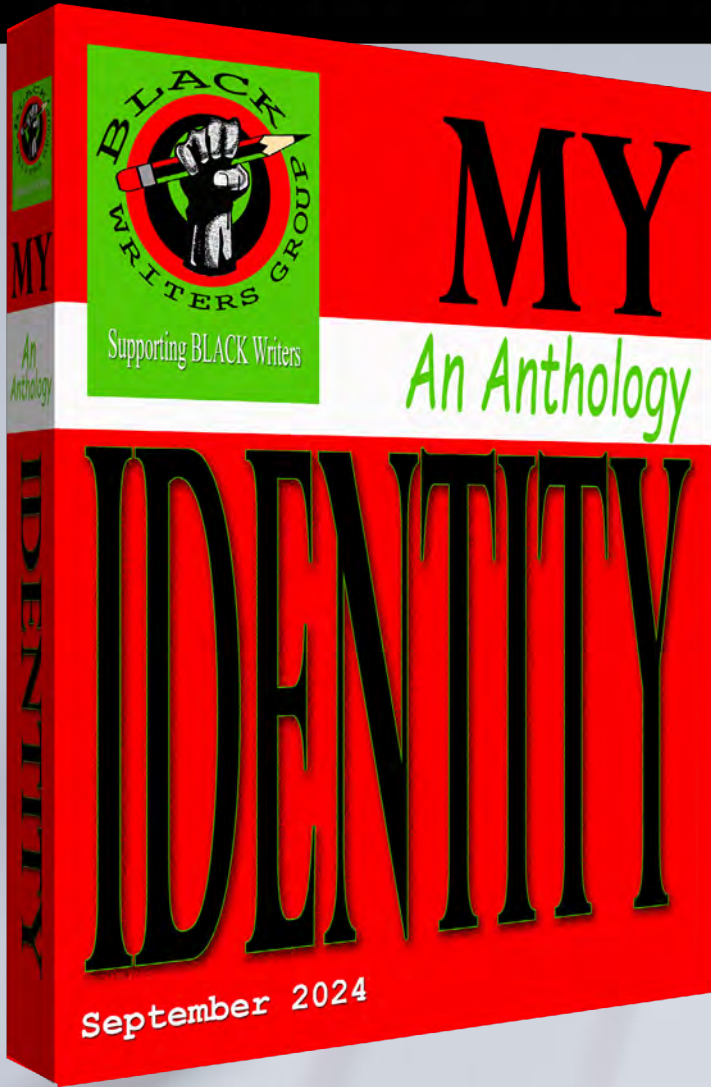


CAN LOVE SET US FREE?



COMING SOON!:





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



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



MY IDENTITY & BLACK LOVE ANTHOLOGY

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

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

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

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

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



Everybody needs a hobby!

Mine is playing and composing MUSIC!

For me, playing and composing is one of the most relaxing and fullfilling things I do with my spare time (when I HAVE

some spare time). You're welcome to check out some of

my songs at: <https://iyapoyapa.com/music.html> or

you know the deal... just click the link below. ENJOY!



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R.J. BLAKMAN

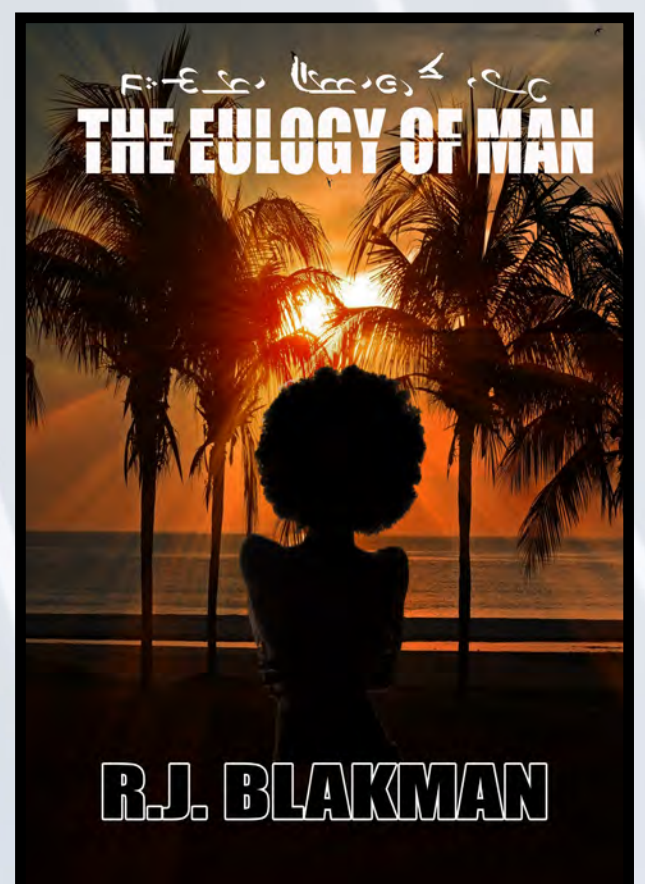
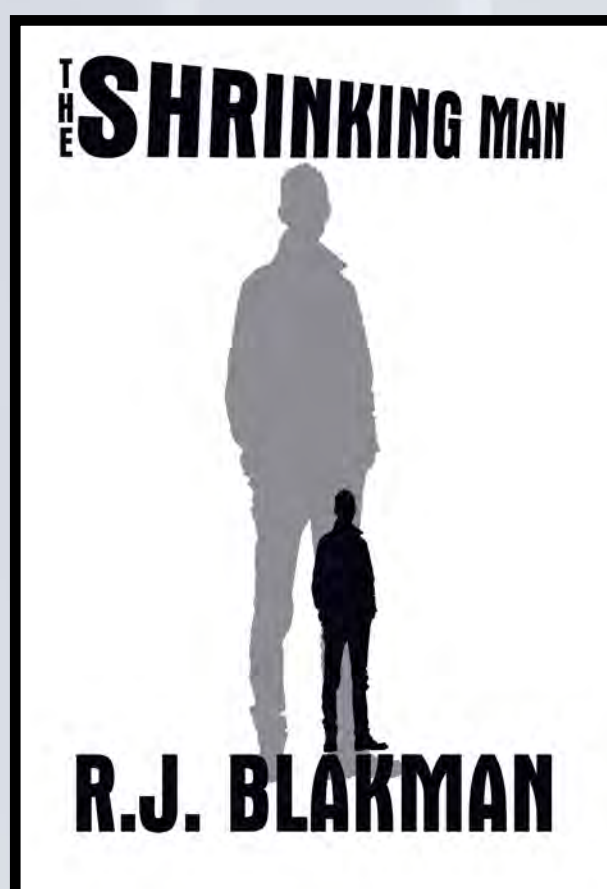
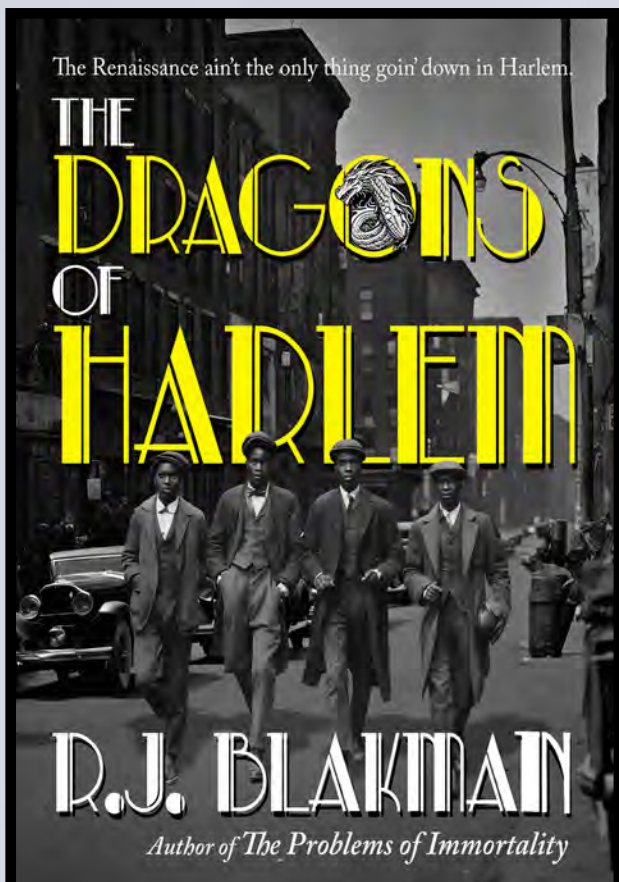
R. J. Blakman is a mystery writer, a writer of non-fiction and an all-around truth seeker. Blackman tries to look at things on a deeper level and whatever he finds, he tends to write about it with no sugar coating.

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

He tends to like working on more than one project at a time, so while he's hard at work on *RASULALLAH, OHIO* he is also working feverishly on his unique take on eternal life: *The Problems of Immortality*.

R.J. Blakman was born in Central America and had one sister. He currently lives in the place of his birth with his beautiful wife Maria. R.J. Blakman can be reached by email at: rjb@iyapoyapa.com

UPCOMING BOOKS BY R.J. BLAKMAN



ENTERTAINING,
ENGROSSING,
THOUGHT PROVOKING!

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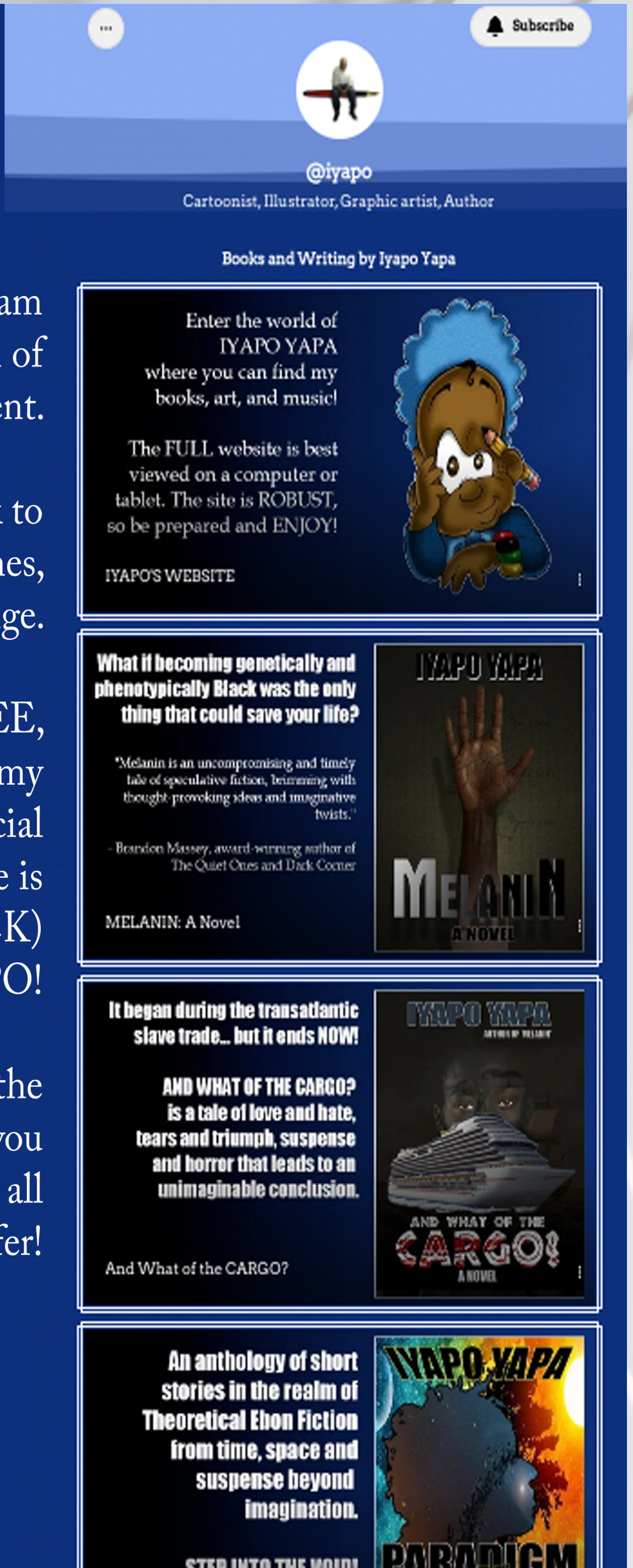
Find Iyapo at:
Linktree*

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

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

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

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



... [Subscribe](#)

@iyapo
Cartoonist, Illustrator, Graphic artist, Author

Books and Writing by Iyapo Yapa

Enter the world of IYAPO YAPA where you can find my books, art, and music!

The FULL website is best viewed on a computer or tablet. The site is ROBUST, so be prepared and ENJOY!

IYAPO'S WEBSITE

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.

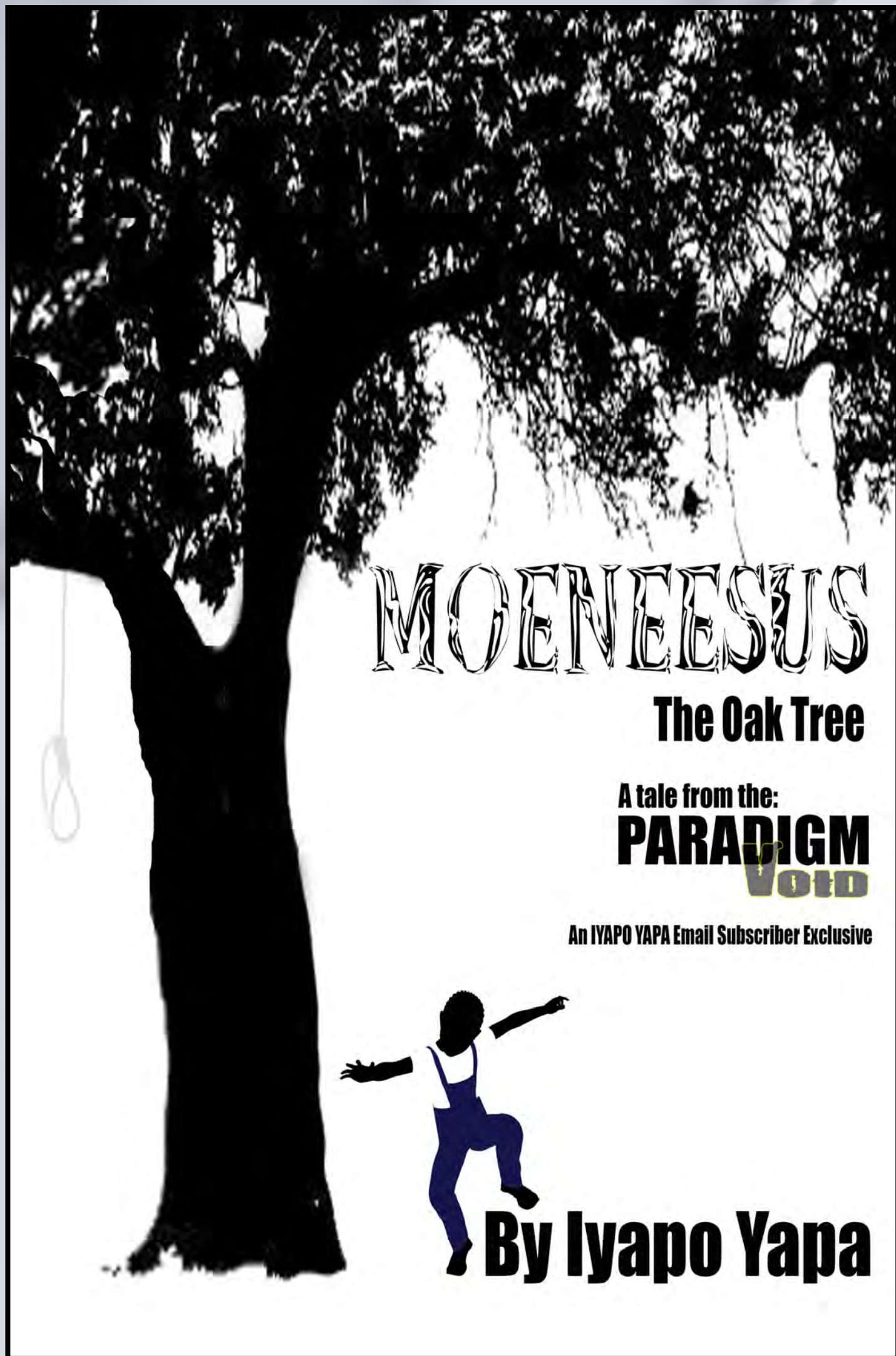
STEP INTO THE VOID!

PARADIGM

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

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Click Below For:

And What of the CARGO?



AVAILABLE NOW!

And What of the CARGO?

Buy it now on Amazon

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

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

— Walter Rodney. How Europe Underdeveloped Africa

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

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

What are readers saying about And What of the CARGO?

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

- Amazon Review

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

- Gwen

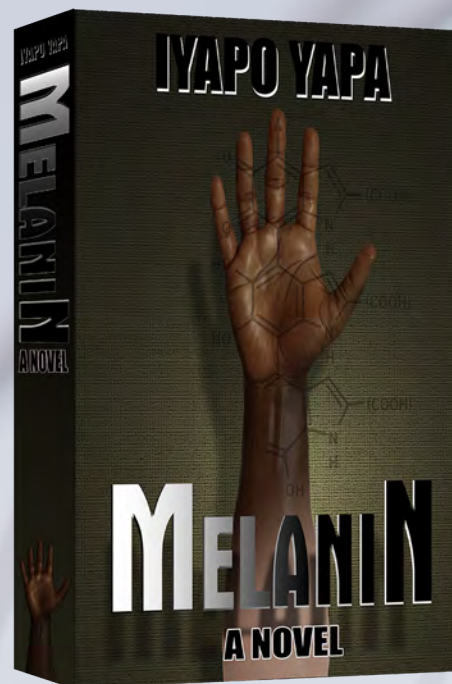
“Yapa weaves another story this time interwoven with historical references. I was on my seat with every chapter. I don't want to give it away but....revenge is sweet when served dead. And I can't get over how different each of his offerings are. Read his Vella's and you'll see what I mean. Another great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

- Amazon review

You can also read it for FREE if you have

Kindle Unlimited!

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



Click Below For:

MELANIN: A Novel



AVAILABLE NOW!

MELANIN: A NOVEL

Buy it now on Amazon

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

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

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

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

goodreads

What are readers saying about MELANIN: A NOVEL?

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

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

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

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

“The whole world needs to read this book!”

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

“Every Black person needs to read this book!”

- Gwen B

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

- Ayoka B.

You can also read it for FREE if you have

Kindle Unlimited!

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

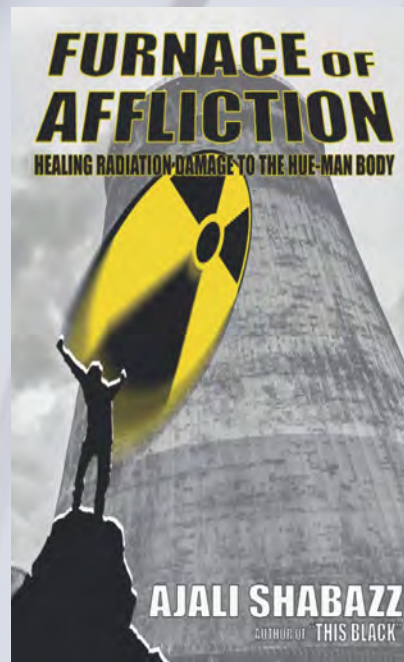
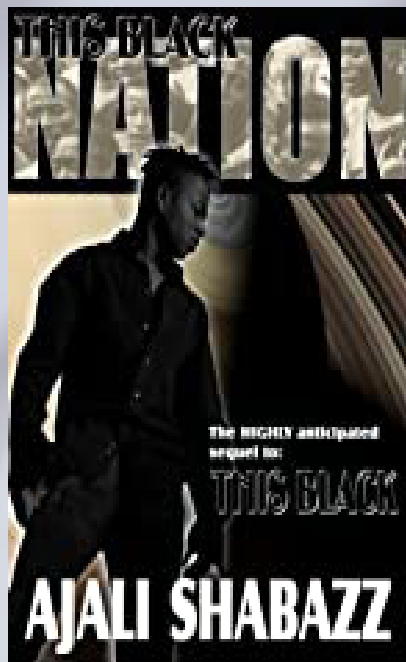
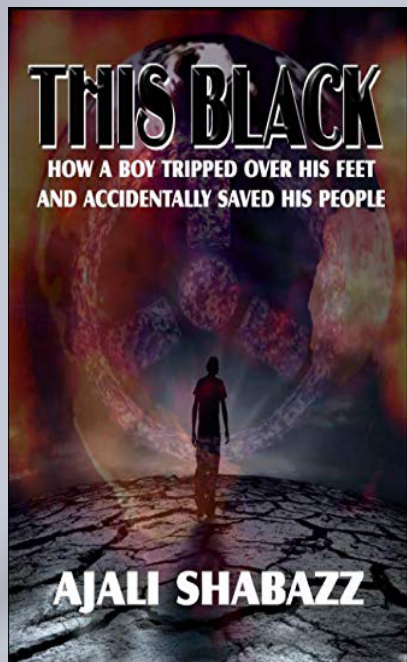
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Books by:

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

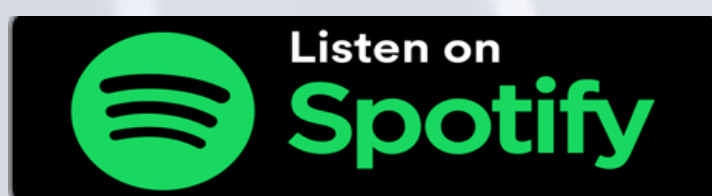
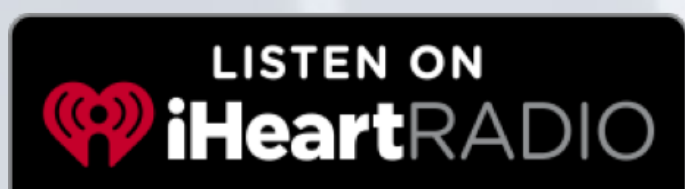


by clicking the link below:

<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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A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

podcast!

listen on Spreaker

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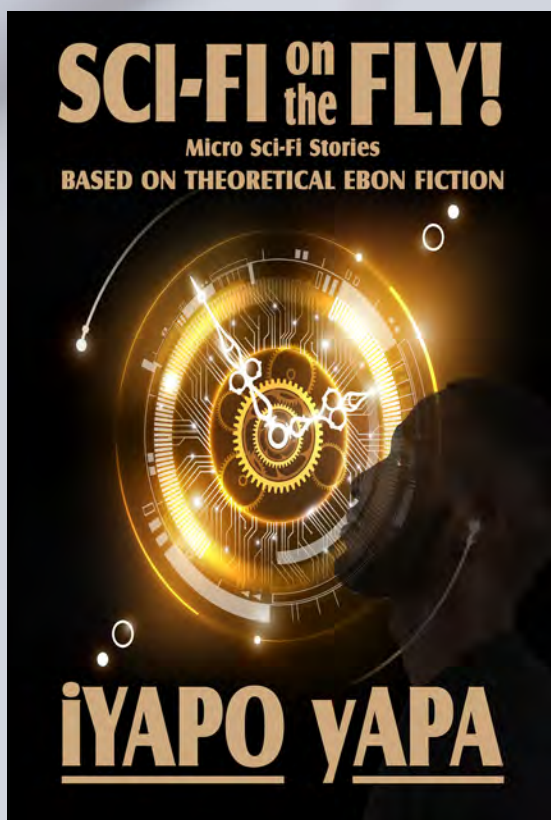
Have You Checked Out My Blog Yet?

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.

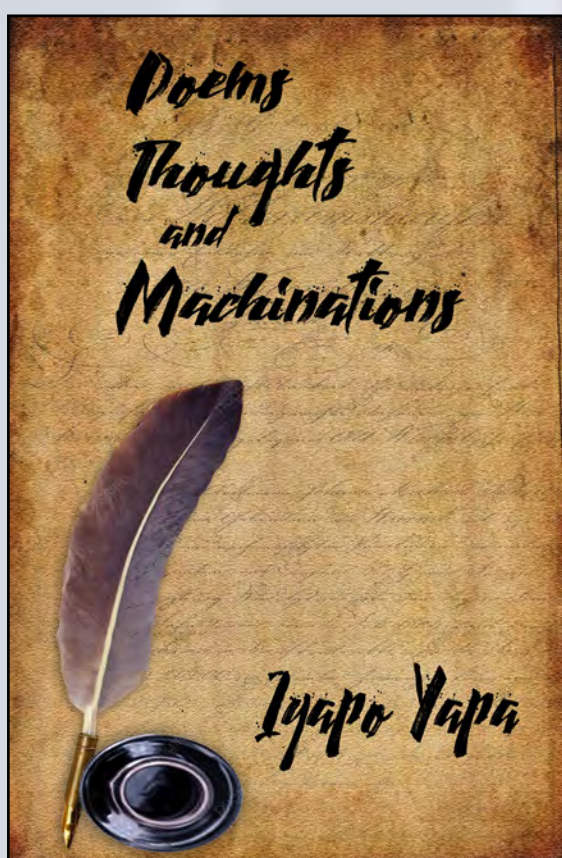


[CLICK THE LOGO ABOVE TO VISIT MY BLOG](#)



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

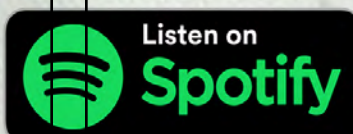
A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

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.

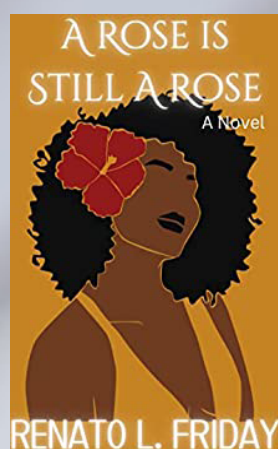


Affirming Self Love (Graphic Non-Fiction SERIES)

angela riley

SelfLOVE Meditation, Reflections, & AFFIRMATIONS Series...

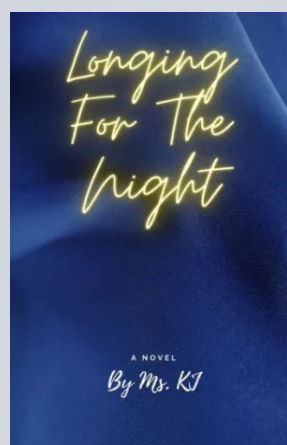
With a new book released each month, this “Graphic Nonfiction” series is filled with love for BlackUs. Each episode opens with a short essay exploring a theme such as “Following the Happy” or “Plan & Reflect” and culminates with a dynamic collection of affirmation. You’ll have a beautiful time meditating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



A Rose is Still a Rose

Renato L. Friday

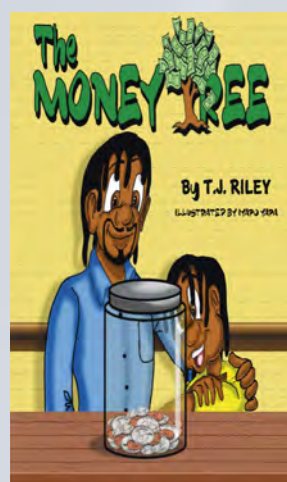
Rose thought life was going great: she was engaged, had a beautiful set of twin girls, a recent trade school graduate, and a new job right around the corner. Unfortunately, her fiancé, David, turned out to not be what she needed, and she chose to break things off. In the midst of her failing relationship,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

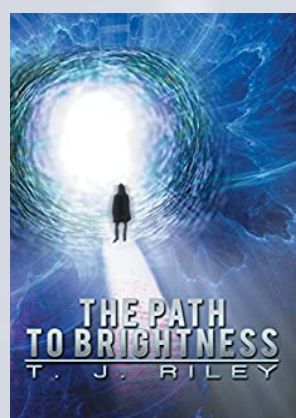
Inspired by the poem Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti, two young sisters face the trials and tribulations of the hood in this coming-of-age story about the harshness of living in South Central Los Angeles.



The Money Tree

T.J. Riley / Illustrated by Iyapo Yapa

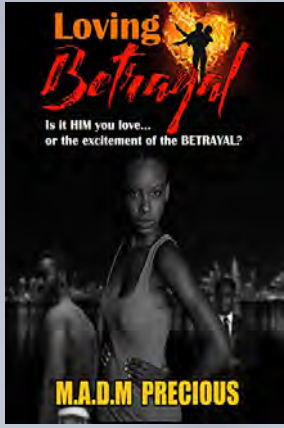
Every child wants money to buy something, right? Our hero does too. But, his father has a surprise, a Money Tree. Join the fun journey to find out how to grow your own money tree.



THE PATH to BRIGHTNESS

T.J. Riley

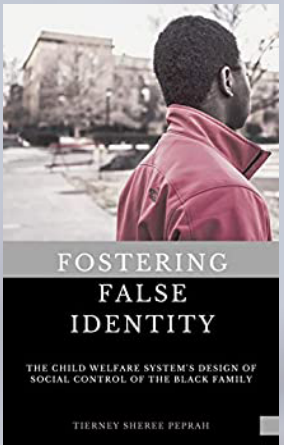
Fatima, a young woman, has a near-death experience. When she awakes from a coma and recovers, she has mystical powers. She begins to see auras and experiences life with her new abilities. For the clever character, Fatima, life is about to dramatically change. Follow Fatima's journey as she tries to convince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

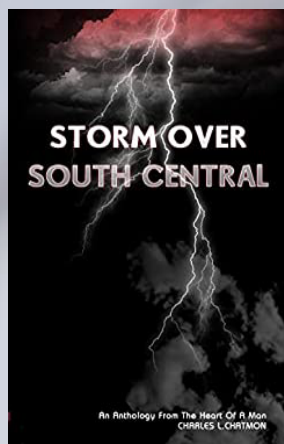
When Michelle met Michael, she thought that she found the love of her life. She was young and coming out of a bad marriage. A single parent of two children, she was scared, broke and had no self esteem. Michael seemed perfect, except for one little problem...



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.



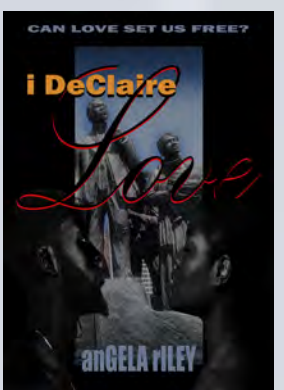
RELAY

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!



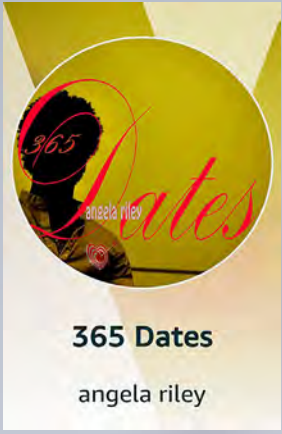
The Love X TamuTamu Agency

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.

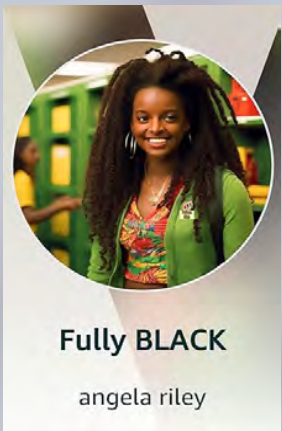
READING and WRITING in the DARK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors



365 Dates
Angela Riley

Single again, after my first divorce, one day I had a new thought: I WANT TO DATE. And... NOTHING. No one came knocking on my door to woo me. No one approached me when I was out wanting to court me. Nobody asked friends/family to be set up with me. Just crickets! So, thinking that maybe my goal was to vague--I want to date.--to make anything happen, I decided to pursue a HUGE goal of going on 365 dates. Not 3, 5, or 6 dates but three HUNDRED and SIXTY-FIVE dates. So...LET'S GO!



Fully BLACK
Angela Riley

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

[BACK TO CONTENTS](#)



Be sure to take some time to visit my website at:

<https://www.iyapoyapa.com> - or just click the image to the right!

There are a LOT of things to see and interact with! There are also a couple special surprises hidden in the site. They aren't marked, but if you take a little time to search for them, you'll defiantly be pleasantly surprised!

UP
UNREPRESENTED
PROBLACK
CERTIFIED

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

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

Books by IYAPO YAPA

MELANIN
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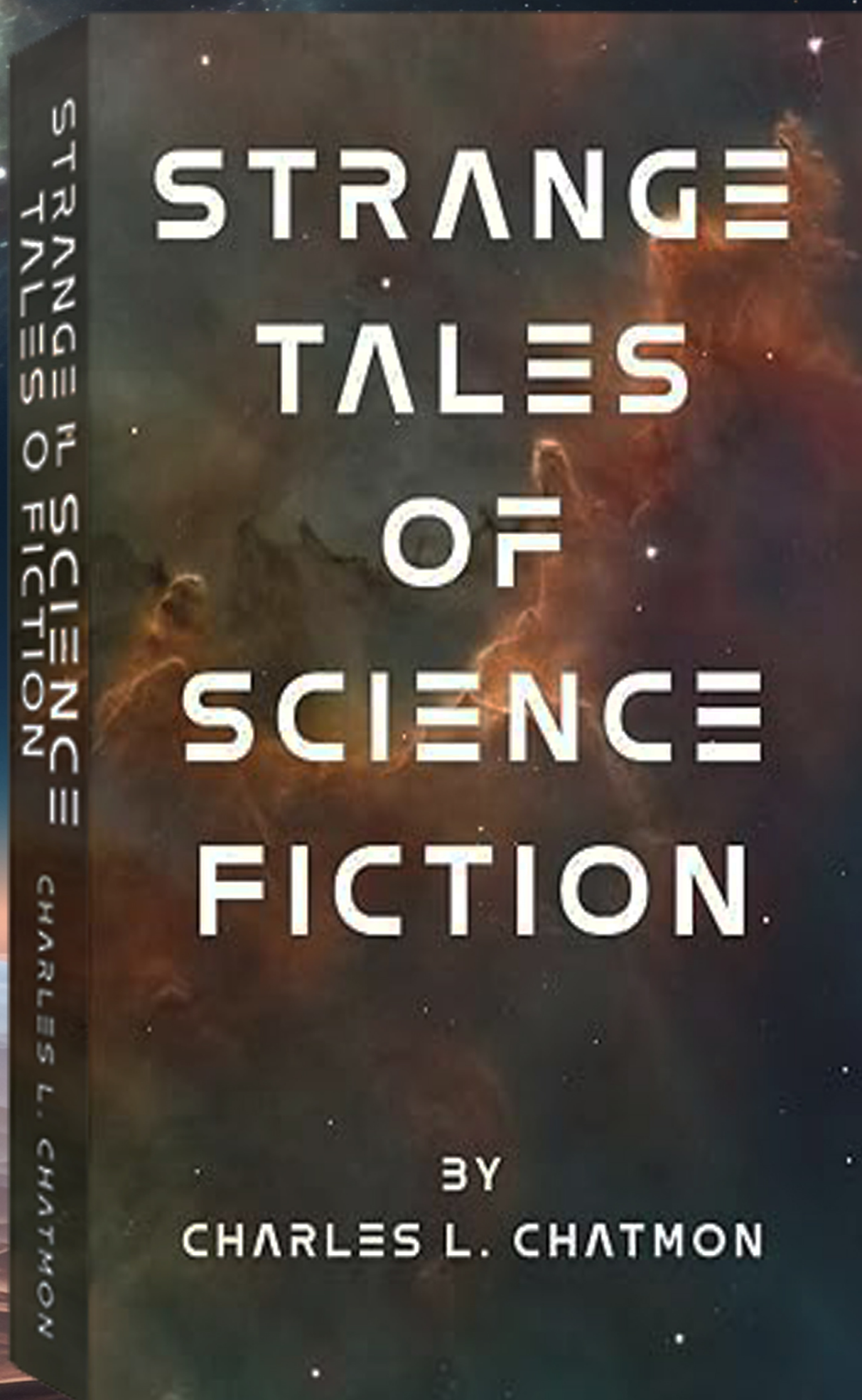
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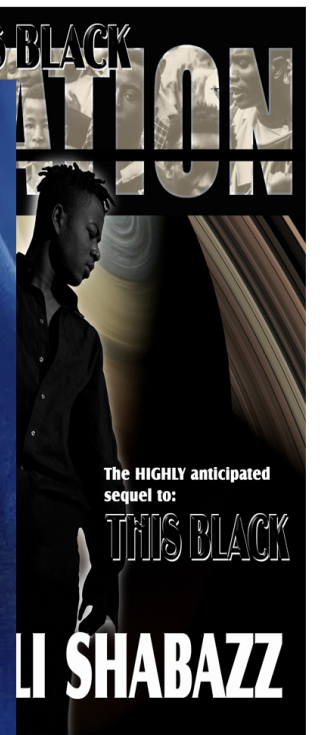
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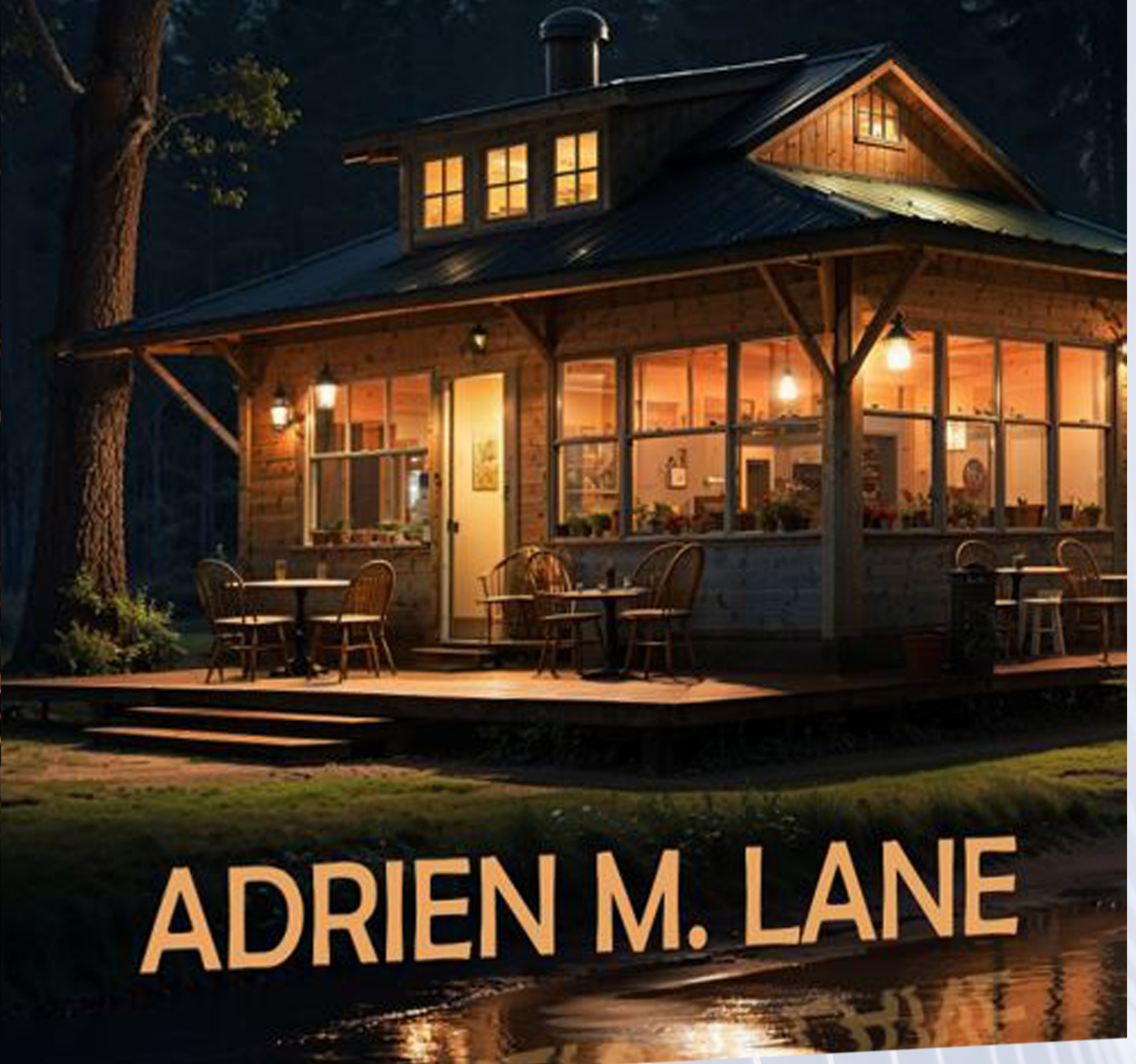
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