

READING and WRITING in the

DARK

A space for avid Black

HAPPY NEW YEAR! 2024 is for WRITING!

THIS MONTH:

R.J. Blakman is still at it! This Month we get to see what's going on in:

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI! The Complete Chapter I

Page 7

Reading and Writing in the DARK Newsletter subscriber exclusive, a FULL prologue of the upcoming novel! It's GOOD to be a subscriber!

Also:
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All Pimp Preachers Aren't
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Adventures in Writing:
RASULALLAH OHIO:
The Mystery Novel That Almost
Wasn't!
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This month's
BRAND NEW
for 2024!

MAZE!

Page 18

News and Information about Completed
and Upcoming Projects and MORE!



READING and WRITING in the DARK

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NEWSLETTER

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READING and WRITING in the DARK Newsletter
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WELCOME BACK!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

It's January and I'm still at it! I'm working on several projects at once (as I tend to do), and each project is more exciting than the next. I have short stories that are about to come out, not the least of which is the LONG AWAITED first installment of *Tales of the Monkey's Paw*! I'm also hard at work on the second Paradigm Void book, *Further Journeys into the Paradigm Void*. The first book is available to the public and I'm very proud to have published my third book! I will be following that up with *The Redemption of Maxine Allison: A Novella*—presently in its first round of editing. Also this month is a sneak peek at the complete first chapter of *Heaven Mississippi!* (Yet another perk of being a subscriber to the newsletter). So, as I said at the beginning, there are big things coming up and I'm extremely excited to be bringing them to you and to get your feedback! Feedback@iyapoyapa.com is ALWAYS open! SEE YOU NEXT YEAR!

Iyapo Yapa



EVEN MORE R.J. BLAKMAN!

Alright! A couple months ago the cover of this upcoming novel is plastered all over the Reading and Writing in the DARK newsletter, hailing the coming of R.J. Blakman with the prologue to *The Eulogy of Man!* (pictured to the right)

This month we get ANOTHER prologue from Mr. Blakman! This time it's a story about the hardships and triumphs of a people as they work to overcome seemingly insurmountable odds as we look the goings on in Heaven Mississippi! Another book by R.J. Blakman!

Well... who IS R.J. Blakman?!

R.J. Blackman 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. Most of all, R.J. Blackman just happens to be... ME!

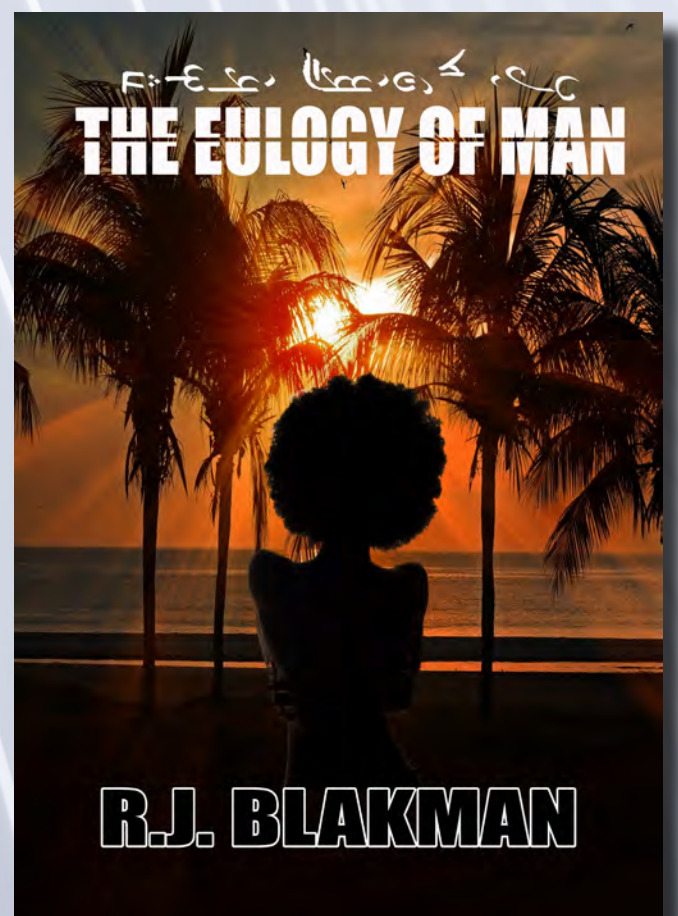
R.J. Blakman is one of the two pseudonyms I use when I want to write things that I think may not necessary line up with standard Iyapo Yapa fare. The views are pretty much the same, but R.J. may not be as heavy handed as I am. Then again, sometimes he might.

This issue gives you a glimpse into the world of R.J. Blakman and the way he writes and thinks. Sure, it will likely sound a lot like yours truly, but as you get into his work you are likely to start noticing some subtle differences in not only the writing style, but the world view - or more accurately, how Blakman approaches his world view.

Either way, I'm sure you will find his work entertaining and thought provoking and whenever you finish an R.J. Blakman work, I'm fairly sure you'll be glad you read it!

ONLY newsletter subscribers get to see these sneak peeks, so good for you! And THANK YOU!

What's that? I said I wrote under TWO pen names? Yes. Well, if you want to know what the other one is, you'll just have to poke around on my website: <http://www.iyapoyapa.com>. It's tucked hidden away in there as an Easter egg, and you'll have to poke around to find it. There's a LOT going on my website, so you will be thoroughly entertained while you're looking around!



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Adventures in Writing:

Rasulallah Ohio: The Mystery Novel That Almost Wasn't

It's difficult to put into words the way I felt when I completed my first novel, *MELANIN*, the first part of a science fiction trilogy. To say I was ecstatic would be to severely understate it. For me, completing a novel was euphoric—and exhausting. However, riding on the wave of that energy, I almost immediately started work on my second novel, *And What of the CARGO?* in the horror/suspense genre. So, within about three or four more months of completing my first novel, I had a second one under my belt! After that I completed twelve short stories--eleven of which I listed as separate, stand alone, short stories that I published individually, then ultimately combined into a single anthology--which became my third book *Paradigm VOID: Volume I*.

In the meantime, I wrote, and continue writing a series on Kindle Vella called *Surviving the Worst!* Though the story is episodic, once I've completed it, I'm going to combine it into a single book with the same title. Presently when compiled, *Surviving The Worst* has over three hundred pages. I'm very close to completing the season which will be edited and published as another novel.

I also finished a novella, *The Redemption of Maxine Allison*, which is presently in editing, but will be coming out in early 2024!

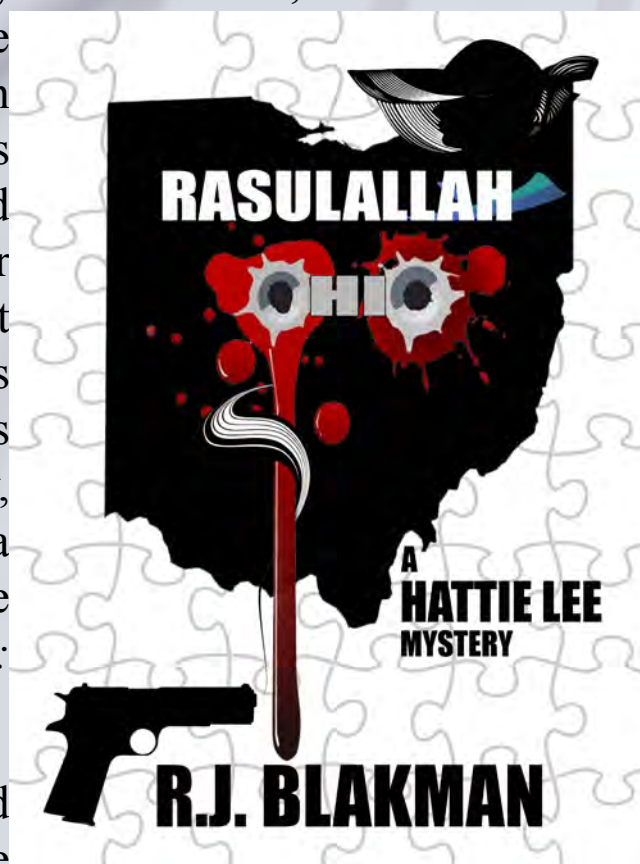
So I have been managing to live out my dream of being a writer, and loving it!

Somewhere in the midst of writing a science fiction, horror, and urban fantasy (*Surviving the Worst*), I decided I wanted to try my hand at mystery. I had never considered writing a mystery story before, as I didn't feel that it was, in any way, my wheelhouse, but after my wife Angela introduced me to Barbara Neely's Black woman sleuth, Blanche White, I became interested in

creating a Black woman sleuth of my own.

As the model, originally, I used my mother, but an alternate version of her that existed in an alternate reality. I explained the reason for it in the preface to the book:

Here is the author's preface to my latest novel, *Rasulallah, Ohio*:



Sometimes Mom and I would sit down and just talk.

Every now and then, I would ask her why she had so many children? There are NINE of us born to the union of my mom and dad: five girls and four boys. Three sets of three. Three older, three middle, and three younger. Where did I fall in the order? Well, you know what they say about middle children.

I am in the middle of the middle. The middle of the second set, with four older than me and four younger. I used to ask her Why the last four?

After I came along, why did you keep going after she finally got it right? Of course, she would always laugh and tell me I didn't have any sense.

She was right, of course.

Sometimes it is difficult to see our parents as anything but our parents.

We grow up with our hopes, dreams, and aspirations. God knows I had mine, and still do, as do my brothers and sisters.

We all do... everyone does.

And so did my mother.

From time to time, she would talk about dreams she had. One I remember most, because she said it so many times, was that she had always wanted to be a detective or a private investigator. I can never know if she could have become one if things had been different.

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Adventures in Writing:

Rasulallah Ohio: The Mystery Novel That Almost Wasn't (Continued)

I enjoyed taking one of my dreams – that of being a writer – and combining it with one of my mom's dreams and created Hattie Lee: a regular woman from the south, who always dreamed of being a detective, and ends up becoming one... albeit by happenstance.

RASULALLAH, OHIO is where Hattie Lee came to life. Set in Ohio several decades ago, there will be plenty of references for Ohioans to pick up on throughout the book. And for people who don't get any of the references, it will still serve as great mystery featuring a quite unexpected detective.

I miss my mother, and I wish all the time I could still see her, talk to her, watch television with her, bring her "beautiful flowers," and just tell her I love her. As I have gotten older, I regret not doing that more. (Let this be a cautionary tale for those who have loved ones they need to give more time and attention.)

I just hope that with this book I've created something my Mom would have enjoyed. And that my brothers and sisters and Ohioans and all who read will get a kick out of it. (As a side note... there's some profane language in the story that I know Mom absolutely wouldn't have cared for, but I think she would have liked the story itself). I'll just close by saying that had Mom become a detective or PI, and she was ONE TENTH as good at it as she was at being a mother... then she would have gone down in history as one of the greatest crimes solvers of ALL TIME!

I love you, Mom.

R.J.

* * *

Originally, the book featured alternate versions of my mother and father and each of my eight sisters and brothers (and myself) were also going to occupy alternate reality positions. (My character was going to be a shady pawnshop owner—and still will, he'll be turning up in one of the future mysteries).

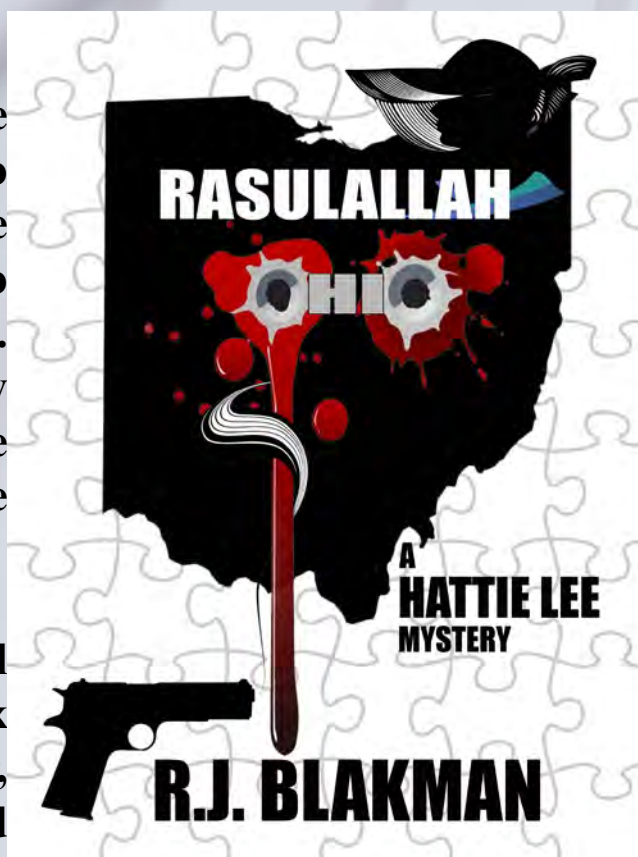
I can't put into words how excited I was upon the completion of the prologue and first few chapters of the book. My wife and the Black Writers Group to which I belong read it and had high praise for it. I couldn't contain my excitement for it, so I sent pdfs of the prologue to my brothers and sisters to read and couldn't wait to hear what they thought of it! After a week or so, the silence on it was deafening. When I finally

did talk to my sisters, I found out that the general consensus among my siblings was 100%...

They hated it.

Now, in fairness I have to say that I was told that I was a skilled writer, and that the story did sound intriguing, but for them, they couldn't get past the fact that the protagonist was supposed to be a version of our mother—and worse, her loving, caring, faithful husband was supposed to be a version of our father. So because of those things, among others, they gave it a unanimous thumbs down.

To say that knocked the wind out of my sail would be to profoundly understate it. I announced to my wife, mother in law and writer's group (as well as my family), that I would not be completing



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Adventures in Writing:

Rasulallah Ohio: The Mystery Novel That Almost Wasn't (Continued)

the book, because it was meant to be a tribute to my mother and to my family. Since it wouldn't be either of those things, I didn't see any real need to move any farther with it.

Enter Angela, Ivy (my mother in law) and the Black Writers Group!

Even after putting the book down for a year, they still encouraged me non-stop to finish the book, and that just from what they'd read of it and what I told them about the story, they felt that it was a book worth completing. So, I took it out, figuratively dusted it off and started working on it again, except this time, as they say at the opening of the television show *Dragnet*, "The names have been changed to protect the innocent."

So I got back to work, and the more I wrote, the more I enjoyed the book. I can honestly say that to date, this is the book I have had the most fun writing and the one I've done the most research for. Because the book is a period piece set in the 60's, I had to be very careful of anachronisms. A LOT of places, like various restaurants, hotels

and such, are real places and the descriptions of incidental items or places are also real. For the most part though, as stated in my preface, anyone familiar with Columbus, Ohio history will be finding easter egg after easter egg.

This book marks my fourth (actually fifth, if I count *Maxine Allison*) completed book, and my third novel! This is also the first book in the Hattie Lee Mystery series under the pen name R.J. Blakman! *Rasulallah, Ohio* is also, the only novel I completed in 2023. (I finished it with about three days to spare). So, I'm extremely excited and am looking forward to getting feedback from the beta readers as well as completing the editorial process and finally publishing!

To close, I'll just say that both here and in the book, I'm giving a BIG thank you and shout out to my beautiful wife and muse (Angela), my biggest fan (Ivy), and to the Black Writers Group, because in a very real way, this book would never have been written had it not been for their encouragement and saying the whole time, "You need to finish that book!"

AVAILABLE NOW!

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TO THE RETAILER



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

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

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

In *PARADIGM VOID*, Iyapo explores things like:

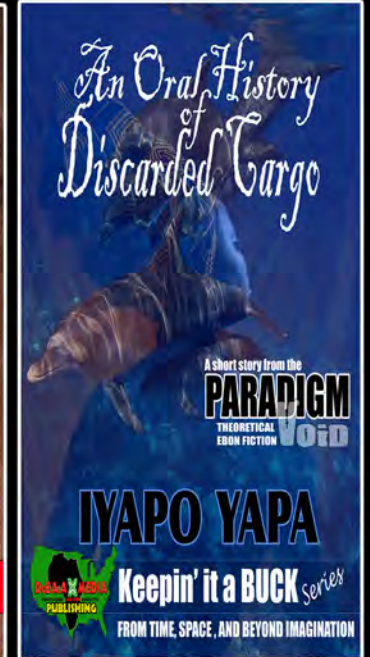
- What if somewhere in the universe numerous alien races observed earth and concluded that there is a faction on the planet that in no way should ever be allowed to reach out beyond the bounds of its own atmosphere?
- What if the universe itself started taking measures to correct and bring balance to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

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

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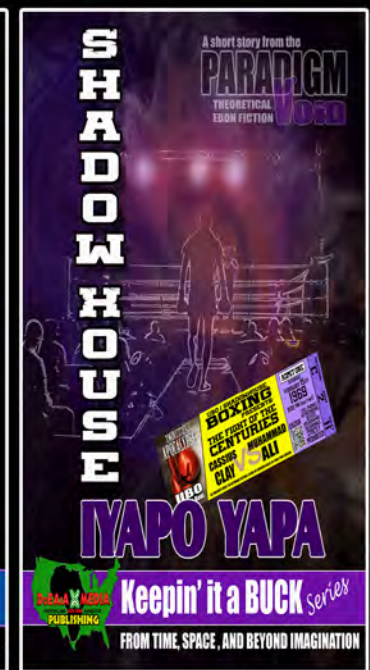
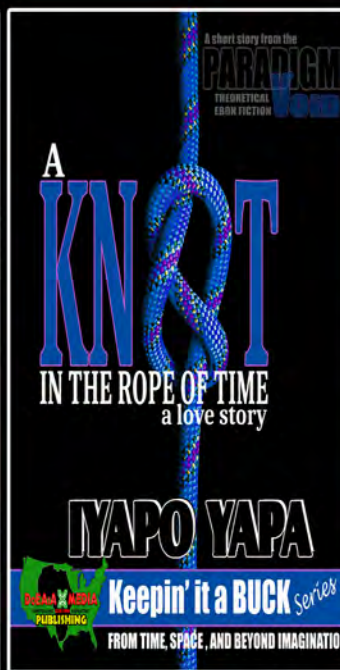


IT IS TIME TO JOURNEY INTO THE **PARADIGM VOID** ONE STEP AT A TIME.

EACH SHORT STORY IS DIFFERENT. EACH ONE THOUGHT PROVOKING & MIND BENDING.
EACH ONE ONLY **A DOLLAR!** AVAILABLE RIGHT NOW ON: [amazon](https://www.amazon.com)



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 rough form, but the story is still fun as all get out! So give it a listen!

Complete Prologue - Heaven Mississippi

CHAPTER I

The sun seemed to burn Rayowa's eyes.

This thing had never happened before that she could remember – the pain of seeing the sun. The sensation of this kind of pain caused her to wonder if everything in this strange land was so different from her own beloved Nigeria.

She was marched naked onto the auction block and stood before odd looking pale men who stared at her in a way that raised goose bumps on her arms (another sensation with which she had only recently become acquainted). She look out over the crowd when ever she could muster the nerve to avert her gaze from the wood of the podium – and could not tell if the pale skinned men were happy or angry. She had much difficulty reading the faces of these aliens for they all looked more or less alike to her, something about their paleness – their pinkish tone that made them all look sickly and unhealthy to her eye, and their expressions were as unfamiliar to her as the peculiar language they spoke.

She stood in her nakedness beside men and boys to her left, other girls and women to her right. Within her, for reasons unknown even to herself, she felt shame for her nakedness – yes, among the other girls and women – mildly, definitely among the adult male captives - of course among those pale creatures before her, but most of all she felt shame among the boys who were present – equally naked – equally humiliated and dehumanized. Perhaps there was something about them being closer to her own age that

caused her to feel so... she did not know, and ultimately, in light of the present situation, it did not greatly matter in the scheme of things.

There seemed to be a lot of noise and commotion when she was brought out followed by the other women and girl captives. As the men and boys stood to her left, some already bought and paid for, others awaiting purchase, she did take note that when she was presented the relatively quiet crowd who had only been uttering unfamiliar words, one after the other among themselves, had become animated in a way they hadn't been before the appearance of the females. Rayowa wasn't quite certain

what that even meant but instinctively she knew it was nothing good.

Rayowa could see out of her periphery one of the pale men (she guessed it to be a man), using a stick to poke and prod one of her brothers on the line. After a bit of light tapping with a short staff, and commands she was certain her kinsman could not understand any more than she or any of her fellow brethren on the stand could, the pink man took by the upper arm, her fellow captive, whom had now become a piece of merchandise like herself, and pulled him forward on the platform.

Now able to see him more fully Rayowa recognized the man as Abrafo¹, a warrior from her village. Strong, handsome and tall he was, with flawless sun darkened skin nearly as black as her own. He was built as a warrior – lean and muscular, serious of contenance, stern and no nonsense, but wise



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Complete Chapter I - Heaven Mississippi (Continued)

and gentle by nature.

Some of the pale men stepped closer and seemed to be inspecting Adrafo in a way that barbers would appraise pottery, spears or livestock back in her home. They stood, some walking around him, others waiting for him to be turned. Some even inspecting his teeth the way one would do a horse. A couple of the men patted Adrafo's hind quarters... what Rayowa would in time come to know as the "arse", something meant to 'get moving', or could have the characteristics of being 'lazy' or 'dumb' – a concept from the pink people that she was never quite able to wrap her mind around, (how could something for the purpose of sitting on be lazy or dumb?)

However, those were questions she would wrestle with after becoming more acquainted with the strange language of these... these... whatever they were.

For now she listened to the alien gibberish and watched as her countrymen endured humiliation upon humiliation. She felt sorrow and outrage for the way Adrafo was being treated. This man she had seen challenge warriors from other tribes, this man who several times led the hunt seeking food for the entire community, this man who had become one of the most respected teachers among the young boys in terms of transitioning from boyhood to manhood; now reduced to something less than an animal, and having dirty, seemingly soulless pale men inspecting his nakedness, touching

him about the face and mouth, and putting their hands in places that should only have been reserved for his wife were he to marry. There was no mistaking the discomfort on the face of Adrafo as he was put on display and stripped of any humanity he was able to thinly hold on to.

Rayowa gathered the courage to turn her head to fully see what was happening with Adrafo and was a little surprised to see several of the men and boys also looking.

Roughly half turning the warrior to the right and obviously having some kind of discussion in their odd language, he looked up and

their eyes locked. It was apparent that he could see what could only be a kind of pity in her eyes, and she could see at first a definite contempt and defiance for the pink men and what they were doing to him. Whether just because of having had enough of this indignity, or seeing pity toward him in the eyes of a young girl, there was no mistaking the sudden look of contempt turn to one of anger. Perhaps the ghosts around him were unaware of what was happening but Rayowa had seen that look before.

Years ago when she was much younger, she and her father were out walking and talking playfully when suddenly her father stopped and squeezed her hand hard enough that she felt the pain of it, but not so much that she needed to cry out. He quickly shushed her and whispered to her not to move.

They stood still for a moment in the tall grass



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Complete Chapter I - Heaven Mississippi (Continued)

where, at eye level, she could see just the top of the landscape that was spread out before them, as well as the sky. The only thing she was able to completely see unobstructed was the face of her father which she recognized as having a deep concern mixed with a definite dose of fear. She was able to see fear upon him because it was something she had only experienced from him a couple times in his presence.

She remembered how her father's hand had become suddenly cool and sweaty for seemingly no reason. But in a few short moments, after looking up and studying the face of her father, she could see that his head and eyes were un-moving, trained in only one direction. He was obviously looking at something at which he either could not or would not avert his gaze. She slowly moved her head in the direction of where she perceived her father was staring, and as best she could, just over the grass saw nothing.

At first.

But slowly... against the green of the slowly wavering grass, she saw a faint hint of light brown. Initially it was not so obvious to her... but with each passing second it was apparent that the brown was moving toward them and becoming easier to identify.

A lion.

She and her father stood still even as it approached. She was unsure what to do or what was going to happen. They had gone for this walk innocently enough, and her

father had brought no weapon, and even if there were rocks to throw, it would be nearly impossible to spot any in the tall foliage.

Her only hope was her father, and she remembered the fear in his eyes... she remembered the fear in his eyes that is, until the second time she looked up to see his face and the fear and concern had been replaced by something else. Rayowa read it as anger. Perhaps it wasn't, perhaps it was something else... but all she knew for a certainty was that what she saw was not fear. In that moment, even when faced alone, with no weapon against a lion, her own fear evaporated, and she knew her father was prepared to

do whatever it took to keep his precious daughter from harm.

“Lie down slowly.” she remembered him saying as he loosened his grip on her hand, and she did as she was instructed. He then whispered, when I say – crawl away as quickly as possible and then when you have made it several yards stand up and run as fast as you can back to the village and tell your mother what has happened.”

With that, Rayowa knelt on hands and knees, waiting for her father to give her the signal. Even in that position, she was able to look back over her shoulder and see through the tears which had formed the determination and fight in the eyes of this man whom was in this moment about to sacrifice his life to save hers.

“NOW! GO!” She heard him cry out suddenly, and with a few shuffles of her feet



Complete Chapter I - Heaven Mississippi (Continued)

that produced no motion at all, she finally was able to build momentum and crawl through the grass, crouched in a way that would have been undetectable to any onlooker, or stalking lion. Simultaneously her father ran heroically in the direction of the huge cat that was intent upon making a meal of them. She could hear her father screaming and in her imagination could see him waving his arms and baring his teeth as he met the challenge from which only a miracle could have him emerge alive.

She crawled for what seemed a lifetime, and then when she felt she was far enough away from the predator Rayowa stood up and started running in earnest. Her goal was to make it out of the tall grass and to the flat lands and finally into the tree line and jungle through which she would make it to her village.

Landscape a blur from the tears streaming from her eyes and the thought of what had happened to her father, she single mindedly ran to reach the edge of the tall grass, which seemed so much farther than she had thought it would be given what she believed having been her initial potion within it when walking with her father.

Speeding up as best she could Rayowa could hear the sounds from the brush getting louder behind her. For all her trying and the sacrifice of her father, she was not going to make it.

“Rayowa!”

She ran faster.

“Rayowa!”

She puffed and ran, not quite sure which way she was heading at that but running as fast as she could non-the-less.

“Rayowa! Daughter! Stop running!”

Wait! Lions cannot speak!

“Rayowa... Stop!”

Rayowa stopped running and turned to see her beloved, great, warrior, king father... huffing and puffing behind her... smiling, nearly laughing.

“Father!” She had yelled running back to him and jumping up on him so hard and knocking him backward so fast that to an onlooker it would have seemed they both de-materialized.

They lay there for a moment embracing, breathing hard, and her father laughing. “Daughter you must be possessed by the spirit of a gazelle!” He said. “I thought I might not catch up to you until you reached the village!”

They both laughed for a moment, both from relief and joy and then and then stood up to and started on their walk back to their village.

“Father what happened?! Did you kill the lion?! How did you do it so quickly?!”

“No precious one, I did not kill the lion. After you went your way and I charged the lion, it was the lion who ran! Perhaps it was the first time his prey had challenged him, and he was in such shock he did not know what to do – but for whatever reason, it was I who had scared him! Nobody messes with my daughter I yelled to him!”

When they reached the village, they first went home and told the tale of what transpired on



Complete Chapter I - Heaven Mississippi (Continued)

their walk. Kailua, Rayowa's mother was skeptical of the story her husband and daughter presented to her, though both insisted vehemently that every word of it was truth. She sat calmly grinding wheat as they spun the yarn and at some points acted out what had happened, but Kailua could not be blamed for her doubts, it would not have been the first time the two of them had played such a joke on her.

They repeated their exciting story in several different ways, and still Rayowa's mother sat grinding the wheat, nodding and saying an unconvincing, "Alright, I believe you."

Rayowa remembered how, just as they were about to give up on trying to convince her mother that her father was indeed one of the bravest men in the village, a group of men walked up to the family of Rayowa. Some of the men carried shields, all carrying spears and were led by an obviously excited little boy.

"There they are!" the little boy yelled as the group walked toward them, "I thought they might have been eaten!"

"What are you talking about young man?" her father said.

"I was out walking alone..." he began a little sheepishly, knowing that one his age was not supposed to venture so far away from the village on his own – but suddenly becoming very animated he continued, "I saw you! I saw the lion coming for you and

then you ran toward the lion!" The child said as he pointed to Rayowna's father. "That is when I ran back here to get help!"

"That is right." one of the men continued.

"He said he saw you and your daughter being stalked by the lion and ran all the way back to the village to gather as many men as possible to go back and help you."

"What is this?" Kailua said as she stopped her grinding and stood up slowly as if waking from a dream. "This thing really happened?! You – you were telling me the truth?!"

"Yes Kailua, we were trying to tell you."

She ran to her husband and daughter, attempting to sidestep the wheat she had been grinding and knocking it over anyway. She embraced both of them, kissing them and breaking into tears.

After that they proceeded to tell the people of the village what had happened and Rayowas father even led a hunting party out to track down the lion and kill it because it was believed that any lion that stalked human beings had already had the taste of human blood before and would ever crave it. It was a hunt that was successful and one in which he would ever wear one of the incisors of the lion around his neck.

As the years passed, of course the story grew and at some point as she remembers... the single lion became two, and then a pride, and he killed one of them with his bare



R.J. BLAKMAN

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Complete Chapter I - Heaven Mississippi (Continued)

hands. She did not mind that the story had turned into some kind of legend with only the seeds of truth left to it – all she knew was that at first, though always considered by all a good man, her father was not what one would have considered a person of great stature among the people.

His heroism that day changed all that.

He was always highly honored and recognized for his act – and even though the story eventually was blown out of all reasonable proportion, she counted ALL as true because he did save her life at the risk of his own—and would have acted in exactly the same way even if it had truly been a full pride of hungry lions.

That was all that mattered to Rayowa.

She wished he was here now.

For all the stretching of that tale of heroism...the one thing that always remained as a constant in the mind of Rayowa was the look on her father's face before he charged the lion... and especially—the look in his eyes!

Now this was the same look she saw in the eyes of Adropo, and her own eyes widened and heart pounded as she anticipated what was about to happen.

“No!” Rayowa thought as if hoping to somehow telepathically speak to the man who she was sure would soon be dead were

he to attack in this moment, “Don't do it... please don't do it! You can not win here right now! Live to fight another day!”

Suddenly...thankfully... the pale men almost as one, stepped back to their original places among the other pale men who may or may not have been interested in Adropo – and just as suddenly his continence fell back to the simmering contempt at which it had rested previously. The pale man who had pulled him forward tapped him a couple times with his stick, and then once again grabbed him by the arm to return

him to his original position on the stand – what Rayowa would later learn was a think called an “auction block”. calm down so that he might live.

From the crowd she could hear the odd words and phrases once again coming from the pale man up front, along with an unfamiliar word

First the man in front would say something, then some pink man in the crowd would say what seemed to be a single word. This continued for several minutes. Rayowa suspected what was happening, but had no real context for it, she had seen such things done in the market place, but never with people, so in her mind she was unable to reconcile that thought with what she had seen and was experiencing.



R.J. BLAKMAN

READING and WRITING in the

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Complete Chapter I - Heaven Mississippi (Continued)

The back and forth continued between the sickly looking pale men until it was only the pink man up front who was talking and looking around at the crowd before him. At one point Rayowa peeked again to her left and she saw the pink man raise his hand and motion toward Adropo. Immediately after doing that two men – one pink and surprisingly a Black man who looked like he could have been one of her countrymen roughly took Adropo by his



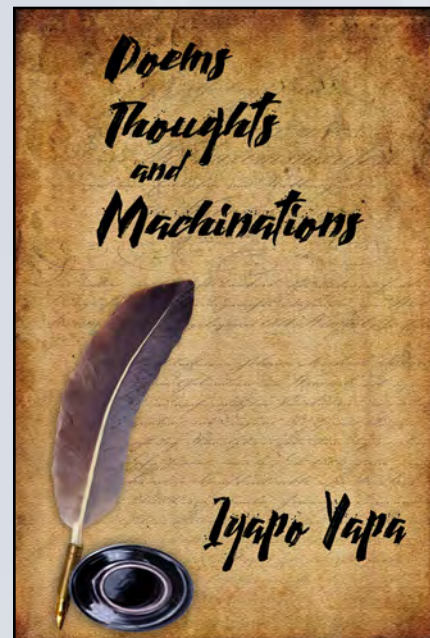
arms and pulled him from the platform. Adropo struggled and resisted, but the more he did the more rough the two men became with him.

Rayowa watched quietly as they took Adropo away. She knew that after he disappeared from her sight, she would never see him again.

She had no idea how she knew it, but she was as certain of it as she was that she was standing on the block.

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.

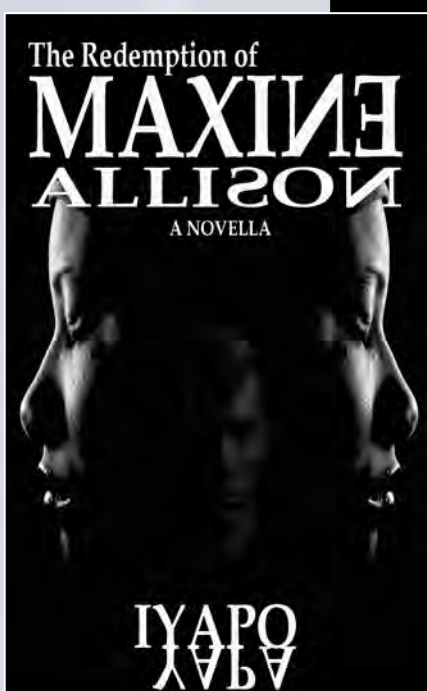
Sometimes I think all people wax poetic whether they write it down or not. For the most part I think everyone has times of reflection and seeking deeper meaning in things.

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

Always seeking.

COMING SOON!

PRESENTLY IN THE EDITOR'S HANDS! (So don't look a ME!)



Is it BEST to DIVEST?

Maxine Allison thought so.

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

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

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

or is there?

Love, hate, secrets and deception abound in what is sure to be one of Iyapo Yapa's most mind bending and controversial books to date. Read *The Redemption of Maxine Allison* and find out why!

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

R.J. BLAKMAN



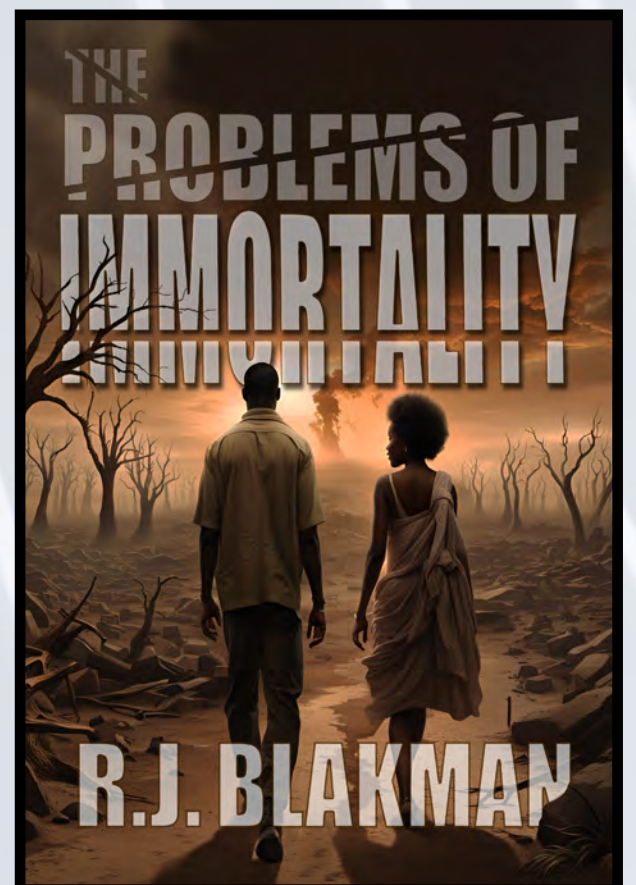
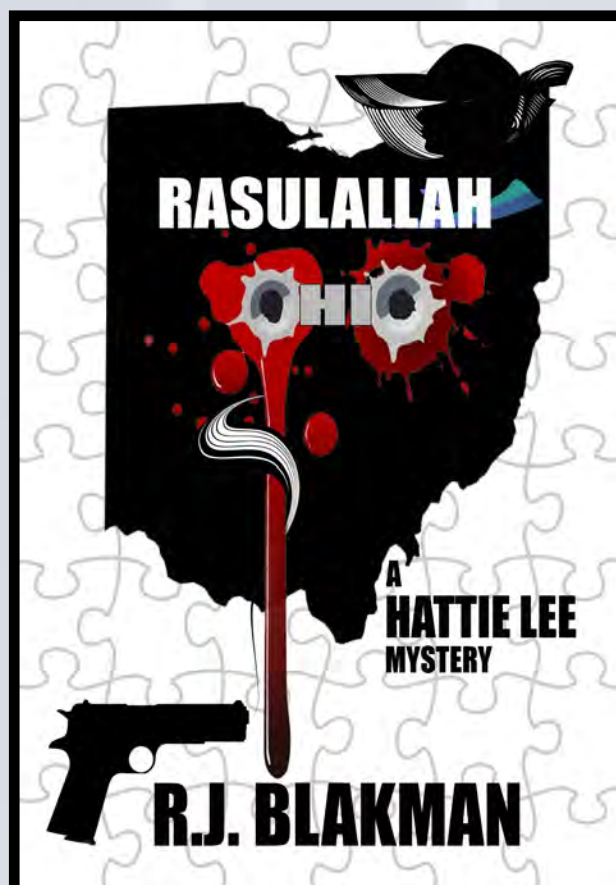
R. J. Blakman is a mystery writer, a writer of non-fiction and an all-around truth seeker. Blackman tries to look at things on a deeper level and whatever he finds, he tends to write about it with no sugar coating.

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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What is: The GANDHI EFFECT?!

(Reprinted from the Wolaba Black Writers Group Newsletter January 2022)

Of late I was working enthusiastically on a project that energized me as few had ever done. It was to be a little mystery story I was hoping to turn into a mystery series. The title was "Rasulallah, Ohio: A Bertha Lee Mystery". The main character, a Black woman named of course, Bertha Lee, was written as a tribute to my late mother. The book was intended to be a good old-fashioned detective/PI mystery that would be a cross between

"Blanche White" and "Mike Hammer". My goal was to write something filled with inside references that only family and friends would get (and some only people from Columbus, Ohio would recognize), and at the same time, write something highly entertaining for anyone who may have never heard of my family or knew nothing about Ohio, let alone the city of Columbus.

As I typed away furiously at the story, developing the plot and characters, I was too excited to keep the story to myself, so I decided to send the prologue to 7 of my 8 brothers and sisters so they could read it and share in my excitement, and anticipate the release of the completed book.

I sent it out and waited for some feedback. After hearing nothing for 2/3 weeks, I contacted two of my sisters (I have five sisters and three brothers), and from talking to them (which is a good barometer), the reviews were mixed. They ran the gambit between being either mildly offended all the way to extremely offended. In fairness, they told me that the writing was excellent and that the story was very good and captivating.

The problem: The main character and supporting cast. This was our mother we were talking about after all.

Or was it?

I explained that the story is PURE FICTION, and that it takes place in an alternate reality, on an alternate world. Yes, the woman in the story represents a VERSION of our mother. One who married, but never had any children, lived in a fictional town, was married to a man who was just about as far from our actual father as one can get, and who became a private detective. (I used the argument with them that the Bertha Lee in the story isn't any more our ACTUAL mother, than the character of her husband is our ACUTAL father-but they weren't hearing that). Same for the supporting cast. Hell, I had my name sake slated in as a small-time operator who had been in and out of prison and was now running a crooked pawn shop and willing to give up information about what I knew if the price was right. (I have never been to prison, never run a pawn shop, and don't have ANY information to give up.)

All of that said ... Iyapo, what does that have to do with GANDHI?!

When the movie "Gandhi" starring Ben Kingsley was in pre-production, I remember very distinctly the director talking about how the producers had spoken with Hindus and Indian people who held Gandhi in high esteem and asked them how they felt Gandhi should be portrayed. The one that stuck in

my mind was the sentiment among more than a few, that he should not be portrayed by any human being, but as a "Glowing light, floating around on the screen". I'll never forget it because of how funny and ludicrous it sounded to me to have grown people thinking this way.

I have a hard fast rule when dealing with people's "Fans." I never, under ANY circumstances, argue with them about their idols. I don't do it simply because I have found without fail that people's fans have ZERO objectivity, and after my family's reaction to my story I have given a name to it: "the Gandhi Effect".

So, I think I'm going to not "openly" model characters after people I know (which most are amalgams anyway), for the same reason I long ago stopped drawing caricatures of people. I found that the people who always got the most

offended by my caricatures were the ones who I made to look the closest to their actual faces- especially if they had some peculiarity they didn't like (big ears, close together eyes, etc.).

I tried to write Bertha Lee as a human character in Rasulallah Ohio. I think my brothers and sisters feel anyone even remotely connected to our mom would have been better represented as a floating, glowing light on the pages, or as I said to my wife, "Based upon the way my brothers and sisters talk, each one of them would say my mother was a virgin!"

So, for now, the story has been put on the back burner. They say they won't mind it if the names are changed, and they are not representative of anyone real. I can do that, but ultimately- at least in terms of this specific work, it kind of defeats the main purpose of the work itself- so, I may go back to it, or not- only time will tell.

The bigger discussion is about the use of real people in our works.

There is always going to be the chance of a lawsuit if the characters are REAL people but what if they are, as in my case, kinda, sorta, BASED upon real people ... but it is

NOT actually THE person?

What do YOU think?

I'd be interested to know.

You can contact me at:

comments@iyapoyapa.com

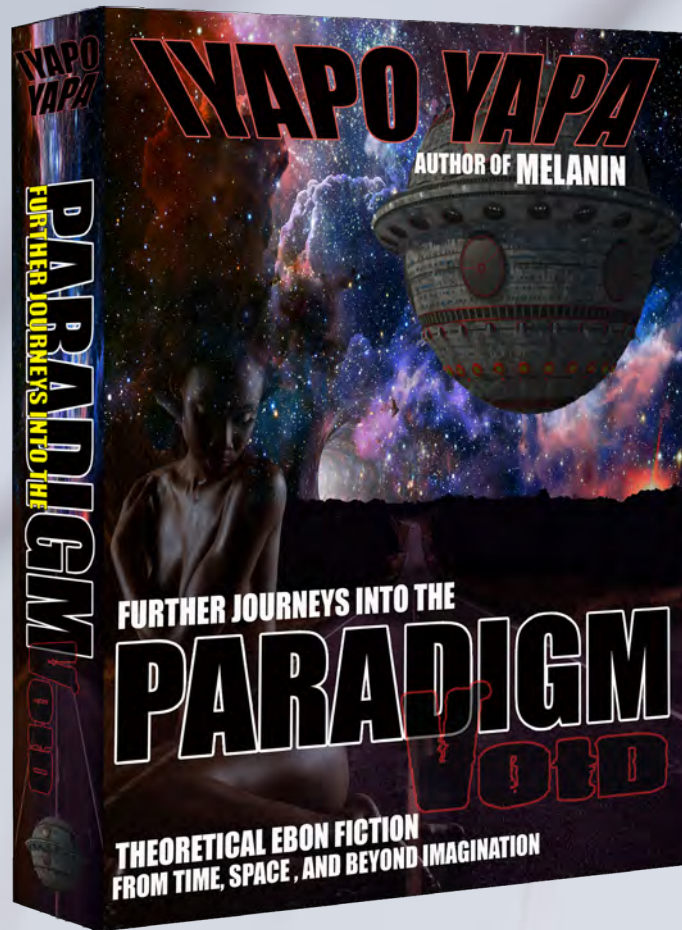


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ARE YOU PREPARED TO JOURNEY BACK INTO THE VOID?!

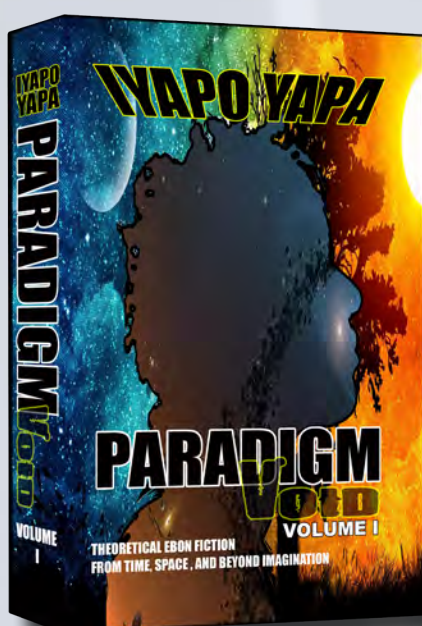


COMING SOON

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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Retreat



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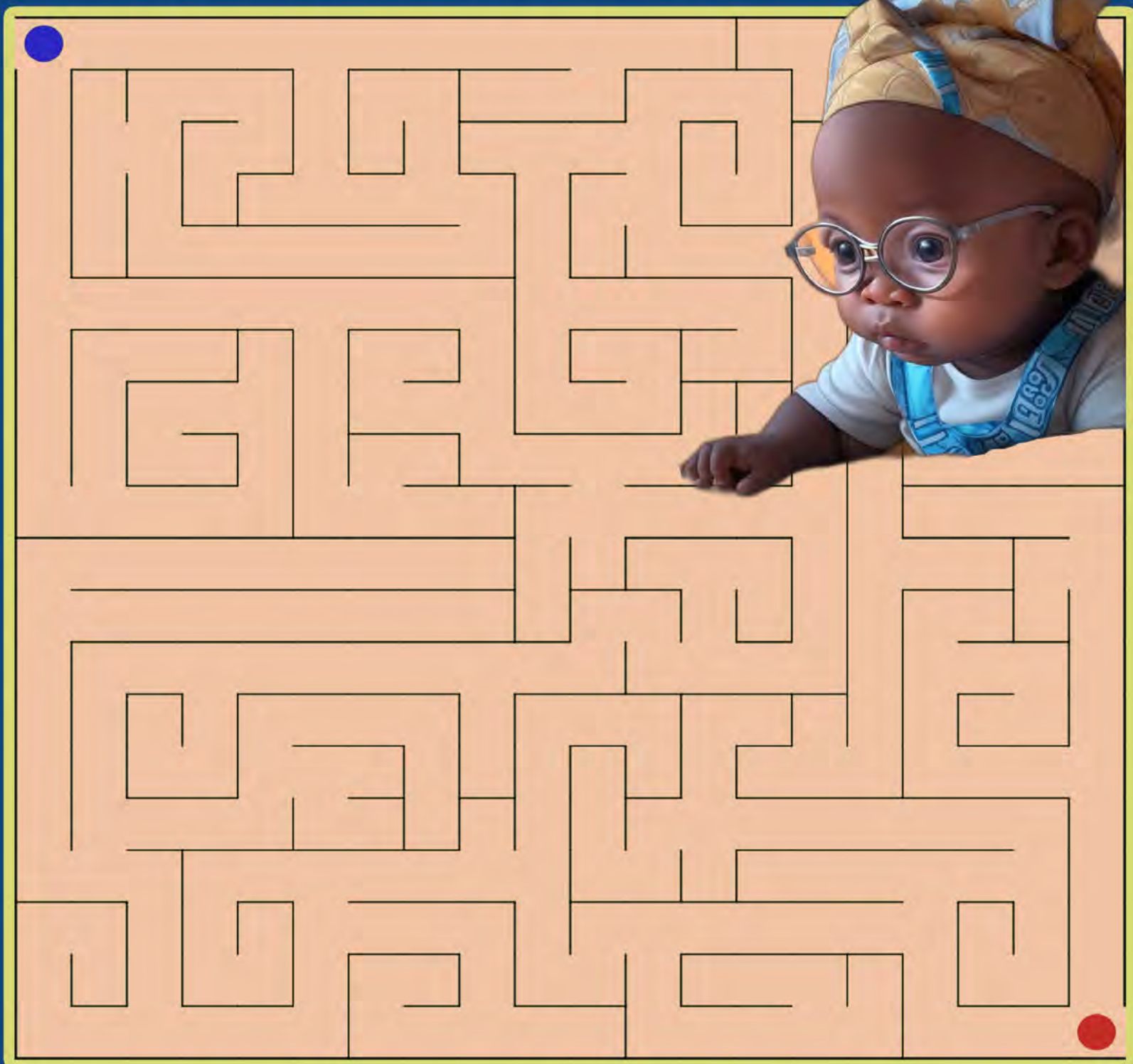
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NEW! January 2024 Maze!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!! This month we have a brand new puzzle for you, it's not Frankie Beverly, but it is a MAZE! We're adding mazes to the Crossword Puzzles and Wordsearch puzzles! It's all in good fun! As always, the answers to last month's puzzle are at the back of this issue and the answers to this month's crossword puzzle will appear next month. HAVE FUN!

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

JANUARY 2024 MAZE!



**Something NEW for 2024!
We'll still have the Crosswords
& Word Searches, but NOW
we have MAZES TOO!**

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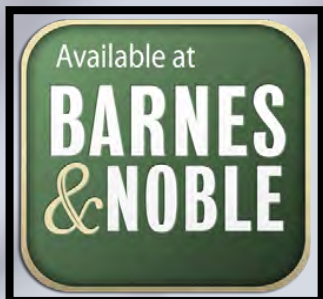
DARIK

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Click Below For:

And What of the CARGO?



AVAILABLE NOW!

And What of the CARGO?

Buy it now on Amazon

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

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

— Walter Rodney. How Europe Underdeveloped Africa

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

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

What are readers saying about And What of the CARGO?

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

- Amazon Review

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

- Gwen

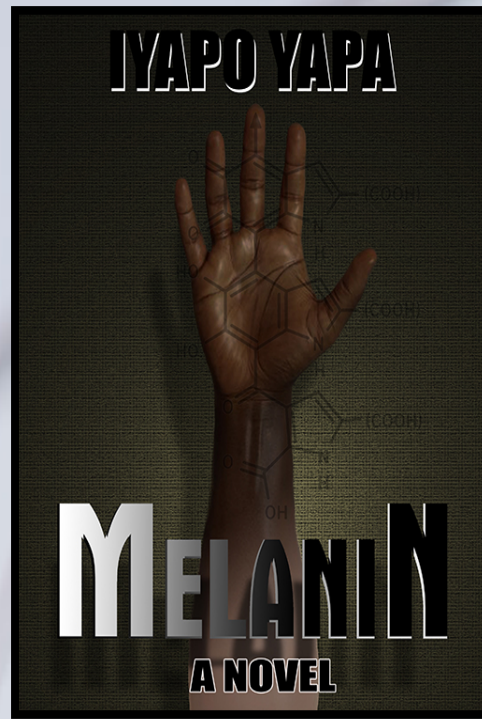
“Yapa weaves another story this time interwoven with historical references. I was on my seat with every chapter. I don't want to give it away but....revenge is sweet when served dead. And I can't get over how different each of his offerings are. Read his Vella's and you'll see what I mean. Another great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

- Amazon review

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MELANIN: A Novel



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MELANIN: A NOVEL

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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!

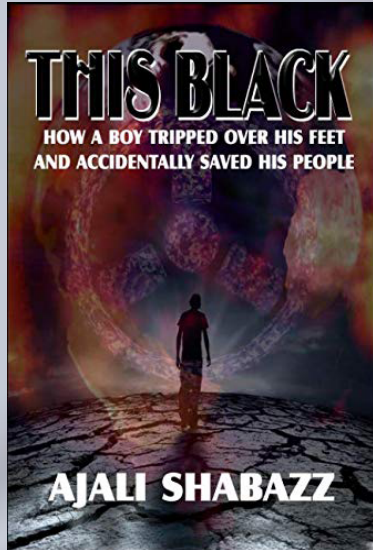
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Books by:

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!

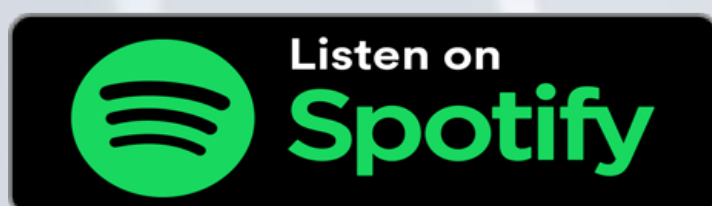
Listen to the interview on  by clicking the link below:

<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:



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READING and WRITING in the

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ALL PIMP PREACHERS AREN'T IN THE PULPIT

From IYAPO'S BLOG Wednesday, 08 March 2023

All Pimp Preachers aren't in the pulpit of mega churches on Sunday Mornings.

The new Pimp preachers now saturate the airwaves, social media and YouTube.

I have heard many say, "YEAH! TELL IT! They're talkin' 'bout the wyte man and he's mad! He or she is drinking out of cups that say "wyte people tears", and they're cutting them down by calling them out!"

If one does not understand CONTROLLED OPPOSITION then they will forever fall for the trappings of the silver-tongued hucksters who know exactly what to say to their chosen audience.

The entire rationale when it comes to controlled opposition is to give the ILLUSION that one is doing something (making so called funny remarks, or resorting to playground banter and behaving like a juvenile, calling wyte people names, building so called "schools" and "museums", making calls for reparations (WHICH ARE DIFFINITELY, 100% OWED TO OUR PEOPLE – but to what end? So that we can be more a part of this corrupt system? Is that not EXACTLY the end goal of the c@@n?)

So ALL of those actions fall squarely in the realm of SYMBOLIC GESTURES, something the government itself has ZERO issue giving to our people. Why? Because they KNOW it doesn't mean, or do diddly SQUAT to actually ASSIST our people!

How to know if you are dealing with a pimp preacher.

First off, Pimp Preachers know the word INSIDE OUT, BACKWARD, FORWARD and SIDEWAYS and can quote scripture and give a

breakdown at ANY MOMENT on demand. We give them credibility because they are able to speak so authoritatively and in depth about their given hustle... uh, I mean SUBJECT. The same is true for so called "problack" hustlers, gender war hustlers, and on down the line. They seem SO "down" as they dazzle their audience with info and stats. They MUST be down for the cause... right?!

BUT...

what is the word? Being able to rattle off the names of ancestors effortlessly, times, dates, background information, and the ability to SAY everything that strikes a cord and makes perfect sense for their audience. (And what they'll be saying is true and right, or with JUST ENOUGH truth to make it sound credible

– so what's the problem?) The problem isn't the information but the SOURCE of said information and the fact they USE it as a HUSTLE and for MANIPULATION that ultimately leads ONLY to THE HUSTLER'S aggrandizement!

So sure... they NEED to have deep knowledge of their subjects... far deeper than that of their audiences. If they didn't have a DEEP knowledge of their subject, there is no way their hustle could be effective!

2. They are living their best lives (usually materially and financially, but also, not always, but probably, in their own personal lives), while the advise (Yeah... I spelled it that way on purpose), they are dispensing is in DIRECT contradiction to the way the hustlers are handling THEIR lives. But they are living differently, while their advise (Yeah, I spelled it that way on purpose AGAIN) is WRECKING the lives of their "disciples". Does ANYONE believe that the CEOs of the companies that make breakfast cereals or other processed



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ALL PIMP PREACHERS AREN'T IN THE PULPIT (Continued)

From IYAPO'S BLOG Wednesday, 08 March 2023

garbage actually feed that crap to themselves and their FAMILIES?! No freakin' WAY! They advertise it to YOU. Tell YOU why YOU should buy it and eat it. Sweeten and process the CRAP out of it so that you get a taste for it and can't stop eating it, though it is actually doing untold harm to you as they tell YOU how good it is for you and on and on... but THEY wouldn't touch that crap with a TEN FOOT POLE because they KNOW what they're saying and doing is B.S.! Same for the pimp preachers and "gurus".

3. They don't BELIEVE in any of what they're saying, and their lives and actions PROVE it.

Does ANY THINKING person believe that CanDance REALLY BELIEVES the B.S. she spews?!?!?

Of COURSE not!

She found her hustle and she's doin' it to DEATH!

I've said MANY, MANY times that I believe that most of these megachurch preachers and pimp preachers around town are actually ATHIEISTS. There is no way they could actually BELIEVE what they are teaching and live the lives they do and conduct their personal affairs as they do and believe what they're telling YOU every Sunday morning? By that same token... WHY are we so surprised when we have someone giving problack talking point after problack talking point only to find out their husband or wife, mother-in-law or father-in-law are wyte? Or they say STAY AWAY FROM BLACK MEN or BLACK WOMEN only to find out they are in relationships with Black men or Black women?! Just as the pimp preachers bang on the alphabet

community, then it turns out they're PART of it. They preach clean living, but die from drug overdoses, give marriage counseling, but go through messy public divorces, Black people who wave the black power fist, but turn out to be in relationships with wyte men/women. And sit on the "Breakfast Club" talking about how Black people aren't ready to receive reparations and need to become financially educated first. This from someone who made over a MILLION dollars in donations disappear with ZERO accounting for it, and IMMEDIATELY after making his statements on the show, went back to begging for "donations".

Our people SEE this nonsense and STILL follow AND DONATE?!?

HUH?!?

We listen to someone who shares his money with his wyte live in mother in law, while talking BLACK, BLACK, BLACKITY BLACK, and at the same time creating DIVISION within the diaspora based on... on... on... HAIRLINES?!?!?

This is like some kind of surreal NIGHTMARE!

MAKE IT ALL MAKE SENSE?!?

Back to controlled opposition.

COMMON SENSE:

If ANY of these pimps were actually doing something REVOLUTIONARY, they would have been silenced and/or de-platformed LONG ago!

And to those who want to say... "Nah, they're message is just so powerful the powers that be can't stop them!"

Love or hate Trump... he IS a rich wyte man and was a president of the United Snakes... and HE was silenced!



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ALL PIMP PREACHERS AREN'T IN THE PULPIT (Continued)

From IYAPO'S BLOG Wednesday, 08 March 2023

These people can't silence who they choose?
Julian Assange anyone?

Also, a look at the "twitter files" shows that these social media giants can and DO decide who is promoted and who is hidden from sight! That has been PROVEN time and time again, based upon THEIR OWN internal documents!

So, ANYONE who actually CHALLENGES the power structure WILL be shadow banned, silenced, or have their work taken down altogether. If someone, ANYONE Black is able to achieve a HUGE following, they may SEEM like they're fighting against the power structure, but actually they are allowed to flourish (and in some cases PROMOTED), because they epitomize CONTROLLED OPPOSITION and NO THREAT to the standing structure... and are likely an aid TO it, but giving the masses of followers the ILLUSION they are "fighting the man", when actually they are doing NOTHING and having a ZERO effect as far as tearing it down.

It is people like our beloved Sister Ajali who is out here FIGHTING along with others you may never hear of because they are seeking to bring TRUTH, HEALING, UNIFICATION, SANITY to the conversation! We MUST stop falling for the hustles of these hustlers and charlatans who are only seeking their own fame and enrichment at the cost of the Black community!

I'm going to stop, but before I do, I just want to explain why I have such a PROFOUND disdain for these freakin' phonies... ALL of them... it is because when someone REAL, like myself, or Sister Ajali, or Lashid4u and others come along, all we get is a HARD WAY TO GO,

because people look on and look at our work with suspicion because EVERY TIME YOU TURN AROUND... some HUCKSTER is out here, who eventually gets exposed as the phony they ARE! And it makes people think we're ALL out here on some kind of hustle.

It is SO "F'ed" up!

Worse... the people who are REALLY ABOUT IT get blocked, locked and silenced, while the charlatans are given a BLOW HORN!

Human nature being what it is, our people look and see big numbers, large views and slick presentations and feel the person MUST know what they're talking about... right? And these TINY channels, with the fewest views, out of our kitchens should just be ignored, I guess.

Back to Trump.

Before they silenced him on social media, he had larger numbers and views and slicker production values than any of our people could ever DREAM of... did that mean he was RIGHT or made any SENSE?!

We are being PLAYED ladies and gentlemen! the show, went back to begging for "donations".

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MAKE IT ALL MAKE SENSE?!

Back to controlled opposition.

COMMON SENSE: If ANY of these pimps were actually doing something REVOLUTIONARY, they would have been silenced and/or de-platformed LONG ago!

And to those who want to say... "Nah, they're message is just so powerful the powers that be can't stop them!"

Love or hate Trump... he IS a rich wye man and was a president of the United Snakes... and HE was silenced!

These people can't silence who they choose? Julian Assange anyone?

Also, a look at the "twitter files" shows that these social media giants can and DO decide who is promoted and who is hidden from sight! That has been PROVEN time and time again, based upon THEIR OWN internal documents!

So, ANYONE who actually CHALLENGES the power structure WILL be shadow banned, silenced, or have their work taken down altogether. If someone, ANYONE Black is able to achieve a HUGE following, they may SEEM like they're fighting against the power structure, but actually they are allowed to flourish (and in some cases PROMOTED), because they epitomize CONTROLLED OPPOSITION and NO THREAT to the standing structure... and are likely an aid TO it, but giving the masses of followers the ILLUSION they are "fighting the man", when actually they are doing NOTHING and having a ZERO effect as far as tearing it down.

It is people like our beloved Sister Ajali who is out here FIGHTING along with others you may never hear of because they are seeking to bring TRUTH, HEALING, UNIFICATION, SANITY to the conversation! We MUST stop falling for the hustles of these hustlers and charlatans who are only seeking their own fame and enrichment at the cost of the Black community!

I'm going to stop, but before I do, I just want to explain why I have such a PROFOUND disdain for these freakin' phonies... ALL of them... it is because when someone REAL, like myself, or Sister Ajali, or Lashid4u and others come along, all we get is a HARD WAY TO GO, because people look on and look at our work with suspicion because EVERY TIME YOU TURN AROUND... some HUCKSTER is out here, who eventually gets exposed as the phony they ARE! And it makes people think we're ALL out here on some kind of hustle.charlatans are given a BLOW HORN!

Human nature being what it is, our people look and see big numbers, large views and slick presentations and feel the person MUST know what they're talking about... right? And these TINY channels, with the fewest views, out of our kitchens should just be ignored, I guess.

Back to Trump.

Before they silenced him on social media, he had larger numbers and views and slicker production values than any of our people could ever DREAM of... did that mean he was RIGHT or made any SENSE?!

We are being PLAYED ladies and gentlemen!



READING and WRITING in the DARIK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

MELANIN: A Novel NOW ON KINDLE UNLIMITED!

I know that my first novel has brought joy to those who have read it and been kind enough to take time to rate it and write reviews. *AND MELANIN* has been a ceaseless source of pride and joy for me. From the time I released *MELANIN: A Novel* it has only been available as soft cover, hard back and Kindle edition. It is my only work published through Amazon, that is not available on Kindle Unlimited.

UNTIL NOW!

To celebrate the One Year Anniversary of the publication of my debut novel, *MELANIN: A Novel* is now available on Kindle Unlimited! This means that if you have a Kindle (or any tablet or mobile device) you can (download and) open the free Kindle App and read about what hap-

pens in a world were becoming genetically and phenotypically Black is the difference between life and death.

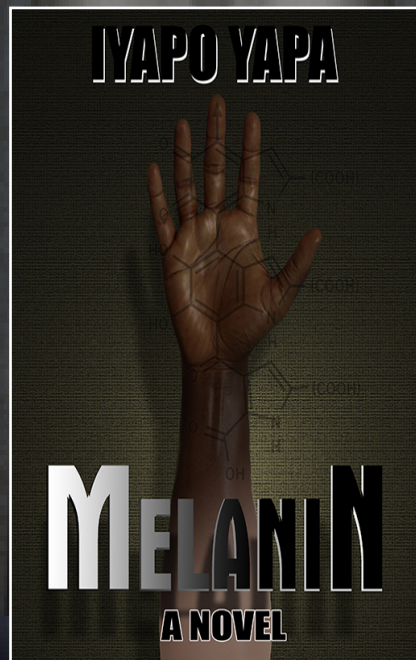
So, tell your family and tell your friends! Tell your neighbors and your colleagues! Tell your book clubs and your reading groups!

And remember you can still also get your copy of *MELANIN: A Novel*

as a soft cover or hard cover edition as well as purchasing it to add to your Kindle digital library!

I want to thank everyone for your support, well wishes and purchases! It means a lot to me to know my work is being read and appreciated! It is my goal to keep

bringing you the very best work I can produce!



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! Enter a world of action, adventure, science and horror on Kindle vella!

Click on the Kindle vella link below!



kindle vella



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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Alright, enough about ME!

Below are AWESOME stories on the KINDLE VELLA platform by some authors I know!

Just click the cover art to be transported to their stories!

And remember, the first THREE episodes are FREE to read!



I DeClaire Love

Angela Riley

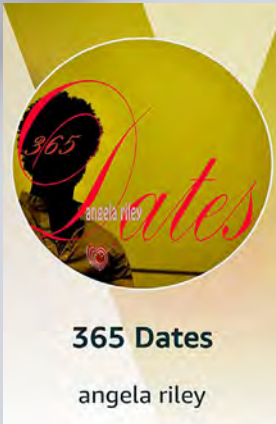
DeClaire and Tyrone meet and sparks fly. They fall in love with each other quick, fast, and in a hurry. It seems too good to be true. But is it? Is it safe to love? Are there any “good” rules when it comes to love? Do we have to fight for love? Are there always games being played when it comes to love?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



The Love X TamuTamu Agency

Angela Riley

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



365 Dates

Angela Riley

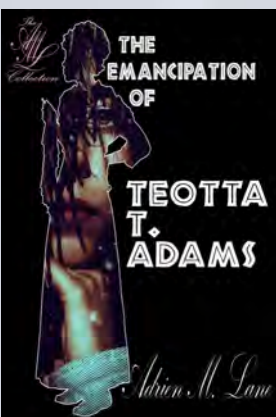
Single again, after my first divorce, one day I had a new thought: I WANT TO DATE. And... NOTHING. No one came knocking on my door to woo me. No one approached me when I was out wanting to court me. Nobody asked friends/family to be set up with me. Just crickets! So, thinking that maybe my goal was to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



Fully BLACK

Angela Riley

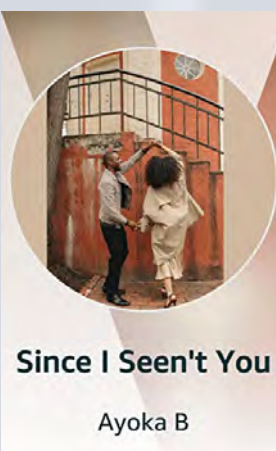
Because she is IN LOVE, talented dancer and homeschooled student Makena enrolls in the elite Fullson High to be closer to Marshall.



The Emancipation of Teotta T. Adams

Adrien M. Lane

Teotta T. Adams has it all, big house, nice car, fine clothes, and a private chef, one of the best in the world, and a successful husband. Yes, Teotta has everything. Everything except her FREEDOM! She spends her days in the lap of luxury, but inside she knows something's wrong. Her ‘husband’ is just this side of a stranger, and worse, Teotta knows even less about herself. When she finally discovers why, and the incredible truth behind it, she will long for the bliss of her lost ignorance.



Since I Seen't You

Ayoka B.

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

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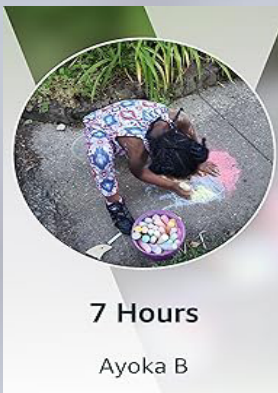
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The Match

Ayoka B.

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



7 Hours

Ayoka B.

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



The Skin I'm In

Ayoka B.

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



A'DICK'tion The Back Story

MADM Precious

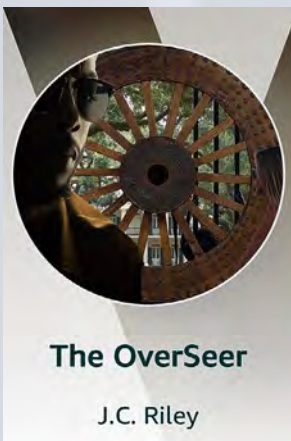
From Book 1: Sex addiction is a real thing; When Quincey finds out his wife is caught up in some things, can they save their marriage.



The Godchild Chronicles

J.C. Riley

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



The OverSeer

J.C. Riley

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

ALSO AVAILABLE on AMAZON and OTHER PLATFORMS!

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

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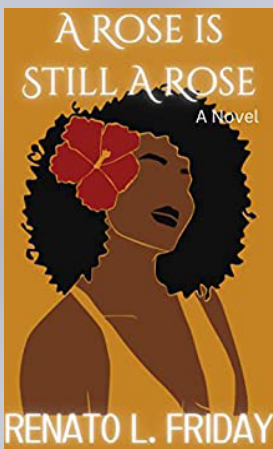


Affirming Self Love (Graphic Non-Fiction SERIES)

angela riley

SelfLOVE Meditation, Reflections, & AFFIRMATIONS Series...

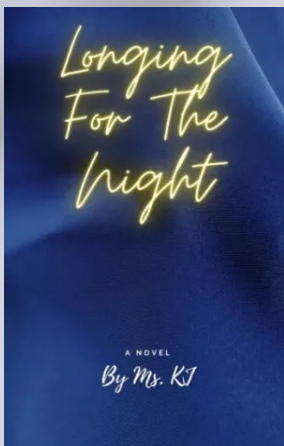
With a new book released each month, this “Graphic Nonfiction” series is filled with love for BlackUs. Each episode opens with a short essay exploring a theme such as “Following the Happy” or “Plan & Reflect” and culminates with a dynamic collection of affirmation. You’ll have a beautiful time meditating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



A Rose is Still a Rose

Renato L. Friday

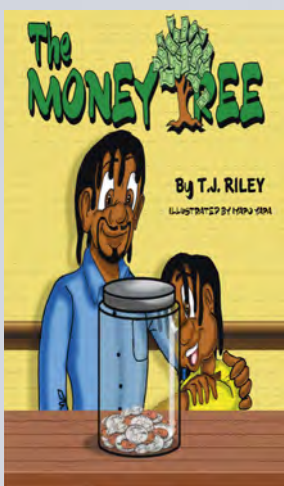
Rose thought life was going great: she was engaged, had a beautiful set of twin girls, a recent trade school graduate, and a new job right around the corner. Unfortunately, her fiancé, David, turned out to not be what she needed, and she chose to break things off. In the midst of her failing relationship,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



Longing for the Night

Ms. KJ

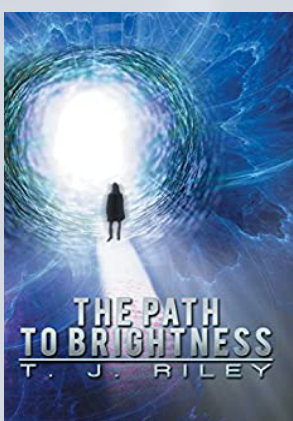
Inspired by the poem Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti, two young sisters face the trials and tribulations of the hood in this coming-of-age story about the harshness of living in South Central Los Angeles.



The Money Tree

T.J. Riley / Illustrated by Iyapo Yapa

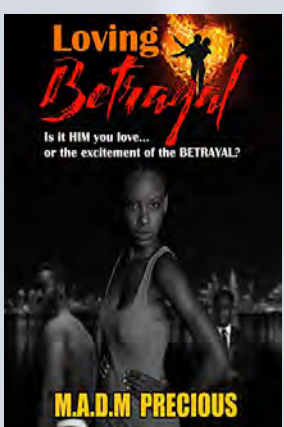
Every child wants money to buy something, right? Our hero does too. But, his father has a surprise, a Money Tree. Join the fun journey to find out how to grow your own money tree.



THE PATH to BRIGHTNESS

T.J. Riley

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



LOVING BETRAYAL

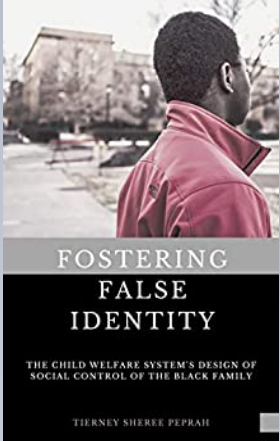
MADM Precious

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

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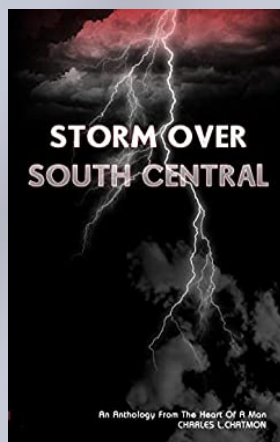
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Fostering False Identity: The Child Welfare System's Design of Social Control of the Black Family Tierney Peprah

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.

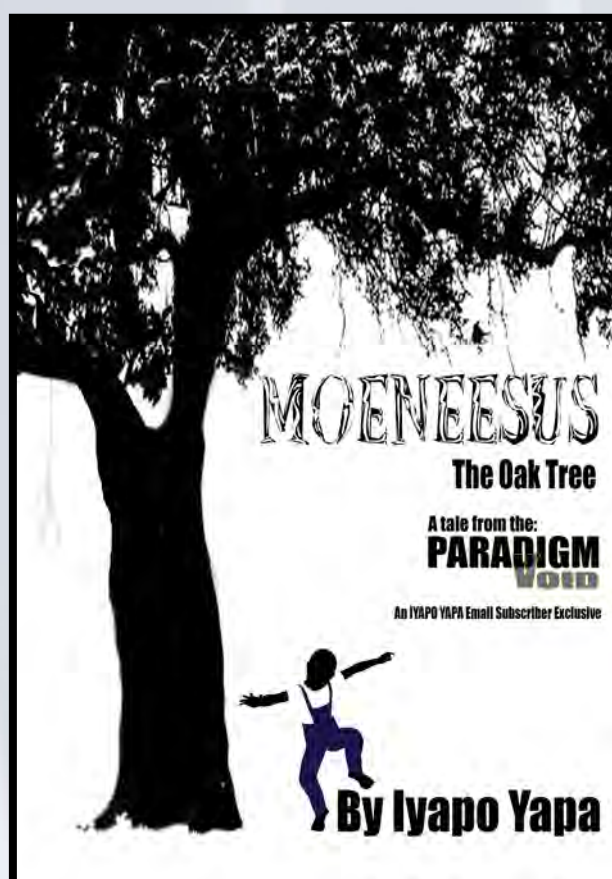


RELAY

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.



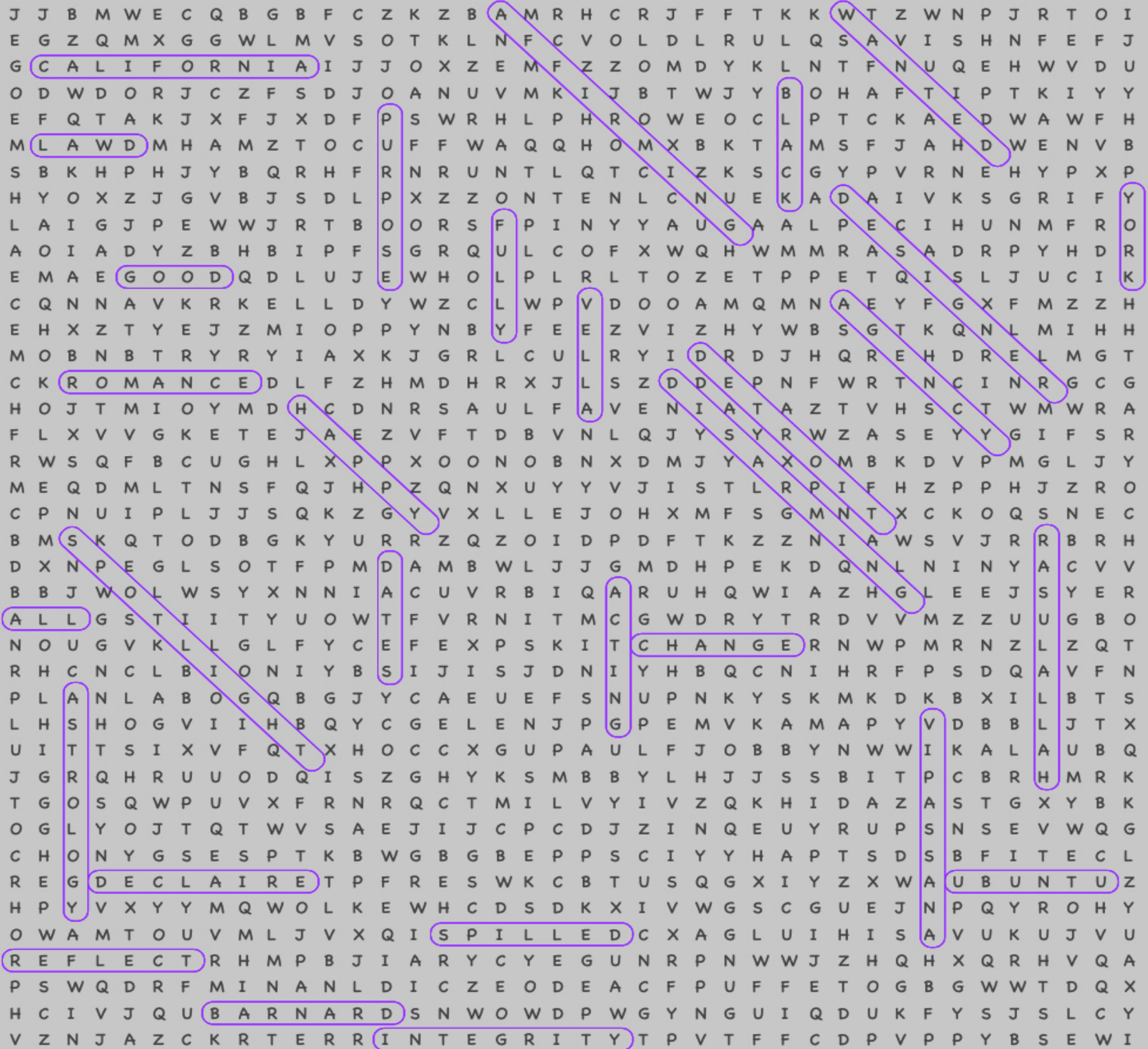
If you are a READING AND WRITING IN THE DARK subscriber and haven't read your free copy of MOENEESUS THE OAK TREE, what are you waiting for?! Relax and take some time to read a great story from the the Paradigm VOID! It may make you smile, it may make you cry, but either way, you are going to enjoy it.

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HERE IS THE SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S WORD SEARCH!



Benita, a desperate and out-of-work actress, had been selling her blood to stay afloat. Times were hard and getting worse until she agreed to star in a film by an unknown director named Danny West. He'd been producing mystery and horror flicks for years. Yet, no one knew it was just a front for his secret agenda.

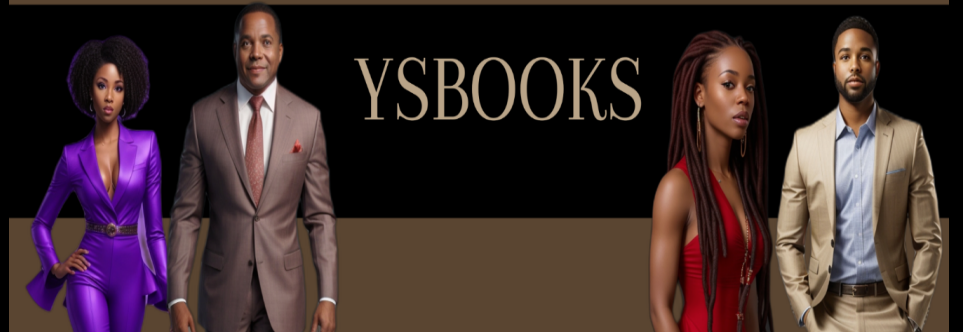
* * *

For even MORE fantastic FREE Audio Dramas by this author just click the image below! Buy her a cup of coffee while you're there!

CLICK THE IMAGE ABOVE TO LISTEN TO

THE DIRECTOR

READ FOR FREE OR LISTEN TO THE AUDIO DRAMA!



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IYAPO YAPA

Tales of the
MONKEY'S PAW

NOT EVERY WISH GRANTED MAKES DREAMS COME TRUE

BE CAREFUL WHAT
YOU WISH FOR!



Keepin' it a BUCK *series*

SHORT STORIES of HORROR and SUSPENSE



BE SURE TO VISIT IYAPO YAPA ON THESE OTHER PLATFORMS!

MADUR MARU MARS



COMING 2024