

READING and WRITING in the

DARIK

A space for avid Black readers and authors

MAGAZINE

THIS MONTH:

Adrien M. Lane

Returns with:

THE EMANCIPATION OF TEOTTA T. ADAMS

The Complete Prologue
and First Two Chapters!

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Feature:

We Journey back
into the Paradigm
Void for a visit to:
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The Power of
TRUTH!

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have another great
WORD SEARCH
puzzle!

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

READING and WRITING in the

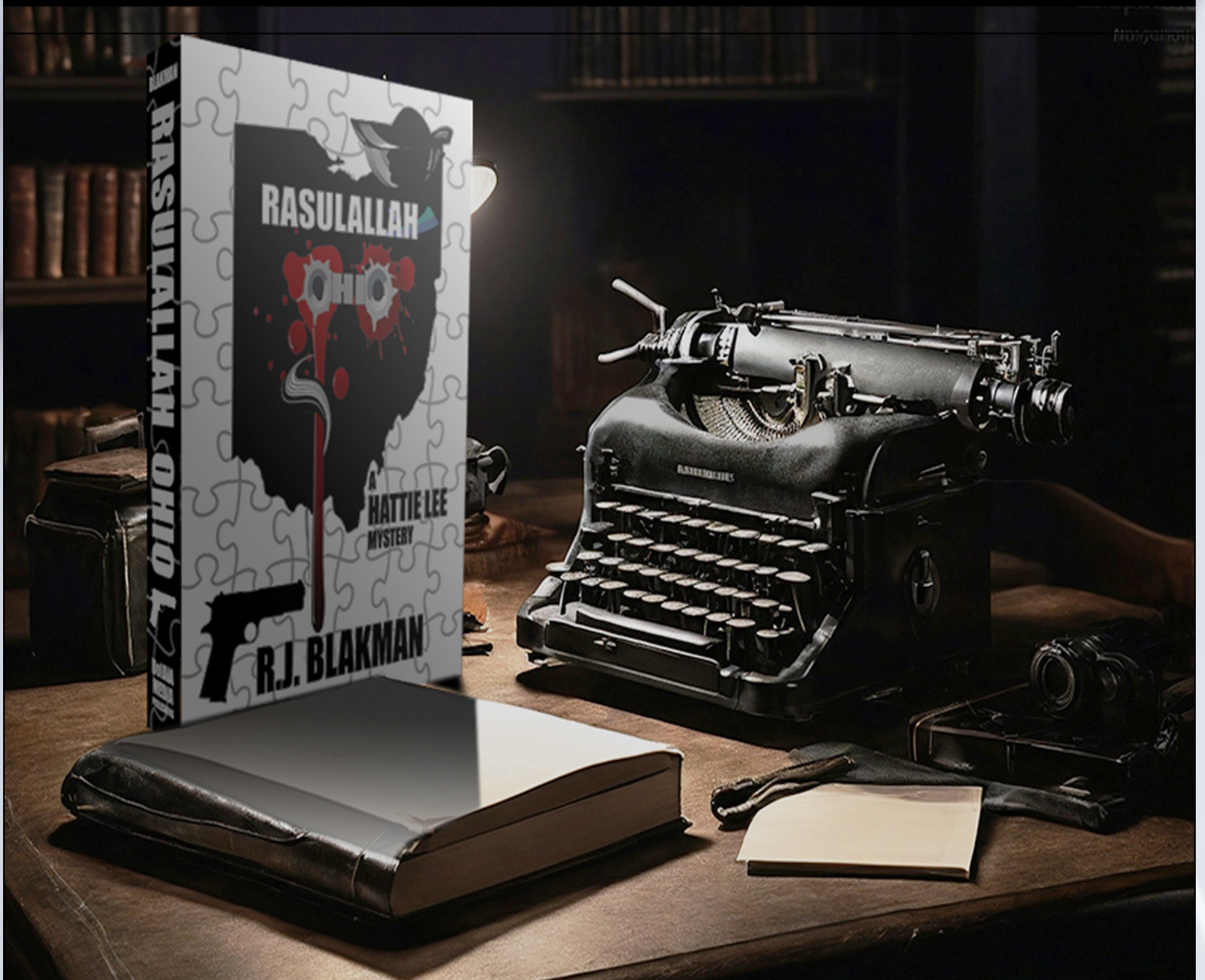
DARIK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

1960s Ohio

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

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



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

RASULALLAH OHIO: A HATTIE LEE MYSTERY

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

or click the image above for the direct link.

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



MARCH 2025 - Volume 1 / Number 9



MAGAZINE



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WELCOME BACK!

WELCOME to the MARCH 2025 edition of the *Reading and Writing in the DARK Magazine*! *Heaven Mississippi* is being edited as well as the long awaited first published novella from our friend Adrien M. Lane, *The Redemption of Maxine Allison*! This month we have the prologue and first two chapters of an upcoming Adrien M. Lane project *The Emancipation of Teotta T. Adams*. There is also an excerpt from the upcoming second volume of Paradigm Void – Further Journeys into the Paradigm Void. Sit back and enjoy, and most of all THANK YOU for being a *Reading and Writing in the DARK* subscriber!

See you next month!

Iyapo



A Look Back and to the Future!

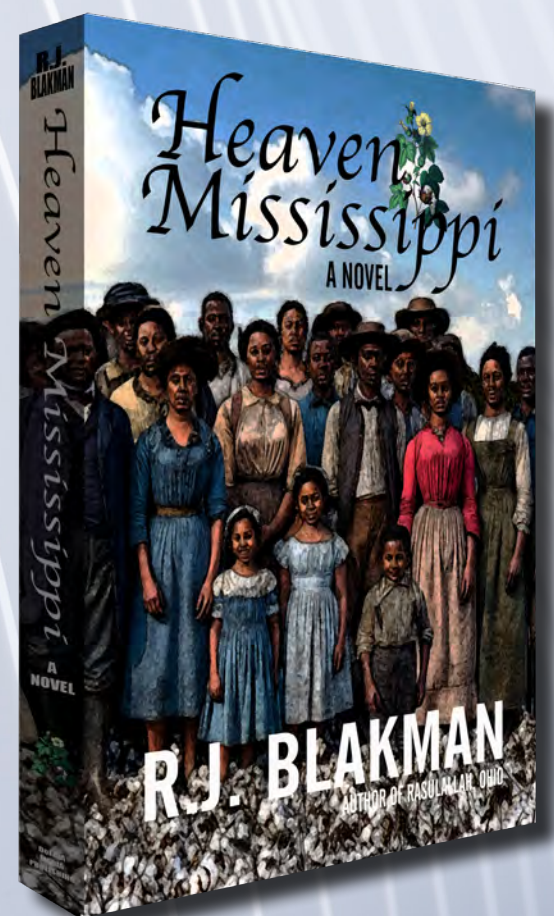
Ok, ok! Black people are sick and tired of reading and talking about our enslavement.

I get it!

So does R.J. Blakman.

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

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



READING and WRITING in the DARK Magazine
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30



The Emancipation of Teotta T. Adams - Prologue, Chapters 1&2

PROLOGUE:

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

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

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

Not lost upon her, was his obvious disregard for the woman beneath him. During their “lovemaking” someone could have come and yelled

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

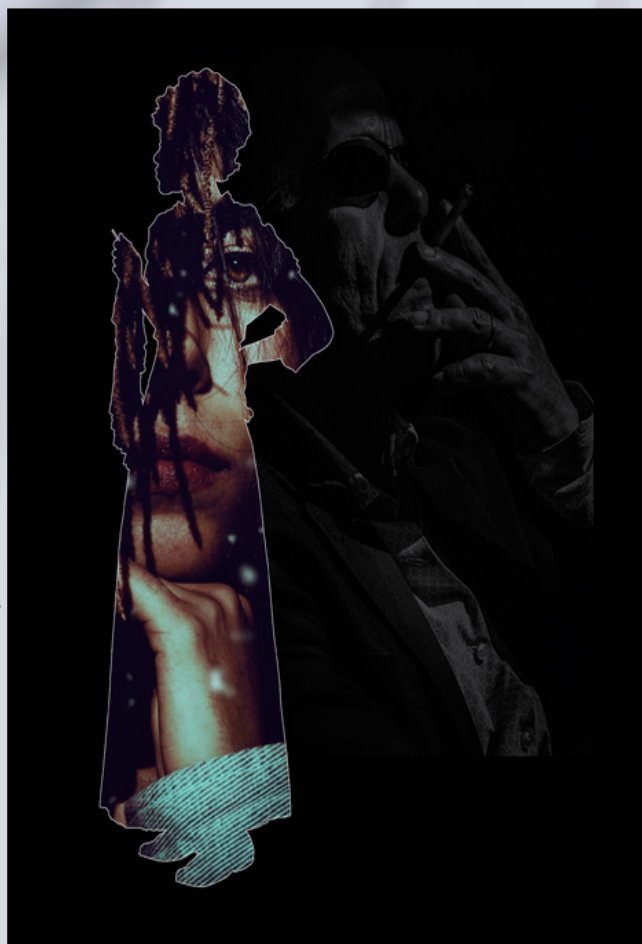
No such luck.

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

She looked up at the ceiling and thought, as she did often, on how she had come to such a pass. It was true that she was now living in the lap of luxury and that she actually had servants who waited on her and tended to her every need for the most part.

Her only worry was when Spalding got horny (an occurrence that happened far more often than one would think for a man of his advanced age), and she had to lay beneath him being harpooned while she waited for him to satisfy himself.

Elaine didn't really mind the rules that much.





The Emancipation of Teotta T. Adams - Prologue, Chapters 1&2

She was expected to do the obligatory straightening up around the rooms of the mansion (which was nearly no job at all, given that they had a butler and maids to see after such things). She was also in charge of meals, which she would assist the live in chef, Rosetta, in preparing. That was about it.

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

However, she was never, ever, under any circumstances allowed to leave on her own. One or two of the maids always had to be with her.

Typically, it was either Heidi—who didn't like Elaine at all—or, Sophia—who disliked Elaine even more.

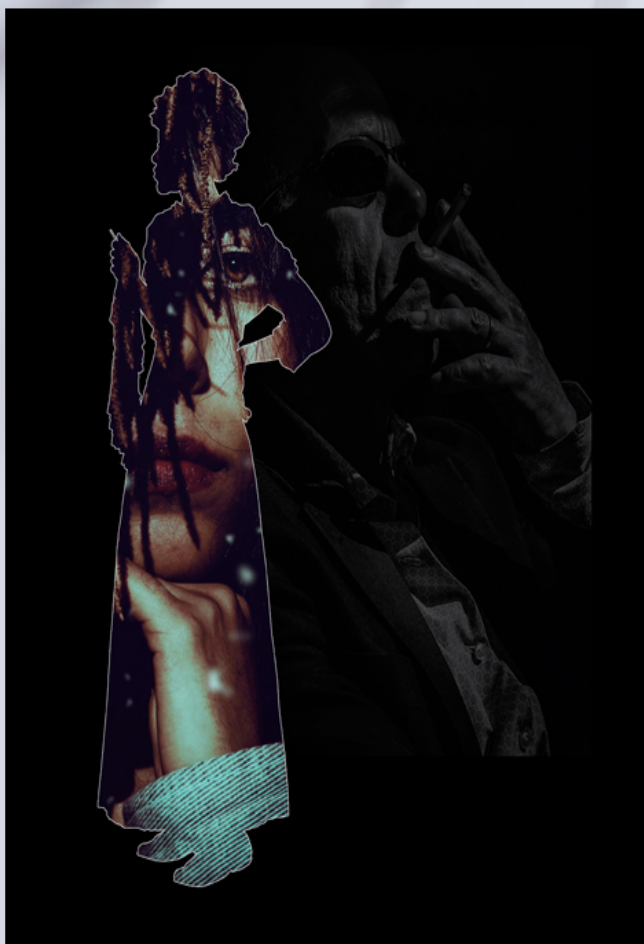
Whenever they went on their little outings, the number of words that passed between them could be counted on one hand—if the thumb and index finger were cut off. So, old Mr. Spalding certainly didn't send his watchdogs out with her to keep her company. They were there specifically to make sure she didn't try to run.

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

The two women at all times brought small leather handbags with them that were stylish enough, but Elaine always suspected they concealed some kind of weapon within. She couldn't prove they carried any kind of gun, or knife or something. She'd never actually seen anything, but she just had a feeling, and more often than not, Elaine's intuition was right.

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

Sometimes she thought it was that she was much younger than Spalding. Sometimes she thought it was that she was poor. she thought it might be that she was Black, but that may or may not exclude Sophia, who was nearly a shade darker than Elaine. (In terms of Sophia, Elaine wondered if Sophia's problem was that she considered Elaine to be a 'bed wench'; that she was with the old man, laying down with him and tolerating his repulsive looks and form as she waited





The Emancipation of Teotta T. Adams - Prologue, Chapters 1&2 (Cont.)

patiently for the old dude to finally keel over and leave her with all that beautiful money! If that was what Sophia thought, nothing could have been further from the truth.)

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

She never wanted to be with him.

There was no part of her situation that was not abusive. She felt abused by her 'husband' and she definitely felt abused by the staff. Elaine was never quite sure if Mr. Spalding knew how the staff treated her.

They never left any physical marks on her, but over the course of a few years, they had come up with many ways to torture her psychologically. Actually, Elaine would think sometimes, the levels of evil, hatred and pettiness they showed, along with their creativity when it came to "getting at her", was kind of impressive in its way. She didn't know if Spalding knew all of what they were doing to her.

Maybe he did.

Maybe he didn't.

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

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

The perfect wife.

Exactly what Spalding had paid for and worth every cent.

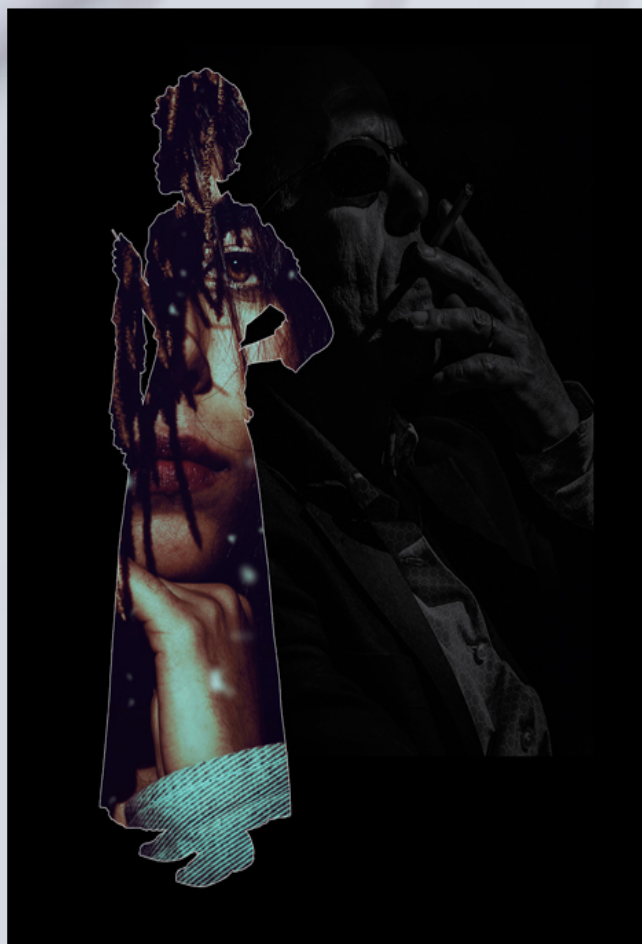
CHAPTER I:

The rest of her days were spent basically lounging, watching television, and spending a couple hours on social media (the only two hours she was allowed). At times, she was more taken aback by

her treatment by the staff than even the slob of a man who lay dying before her.

For some reason they seemed to resent that she was even in the home, as if she was something so far beneath them that it was an abomination for them to ever take an order or direction from her. They had no love for Elaine.

The feeling was mutual. They knew the situation. They knew why she was there and how she had come to be there. They knew that most nights she had to deal with the most nights





The Emancipation of Teotta T. Adams - Prologue, Chapters 1&2 (Cont.)

she had to deal with the indignity of being the victim of rape as it were, at the hands of an old man whom she would have never considered giving a second look on her worst day—no matter how much money he had.

The young Black woman had learned much in her five years with the illustrious Mr. Spalding II, aided by an ability to learn quickly through observation and the advantage of a photographic memory. She learned to speak “properly”, how to dress like a “lady”, how to carry herself with an air of dignity and how to use modern technology, something she would never have been able to do in another life, but of which she could now take full advantage, and did.

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

They had wonderful husbands who were tall, handsome, attentive, and successful. Elaine’s ‘husband’, if that’s what he could be considered, only filled one of those four criteria.

Yes—he was successful enough, actually, exceptionally so if success is to be measured by money and material wealth.

But underneath the money, underneath the corporations and encased within

his luxury, and chauffeur driven limos, his private helicopter and plane, he gave all the appearances of a ‘high value’ man—a man nearly ANY woman would fight to have so they could ultimately live a life of pampered luxury.

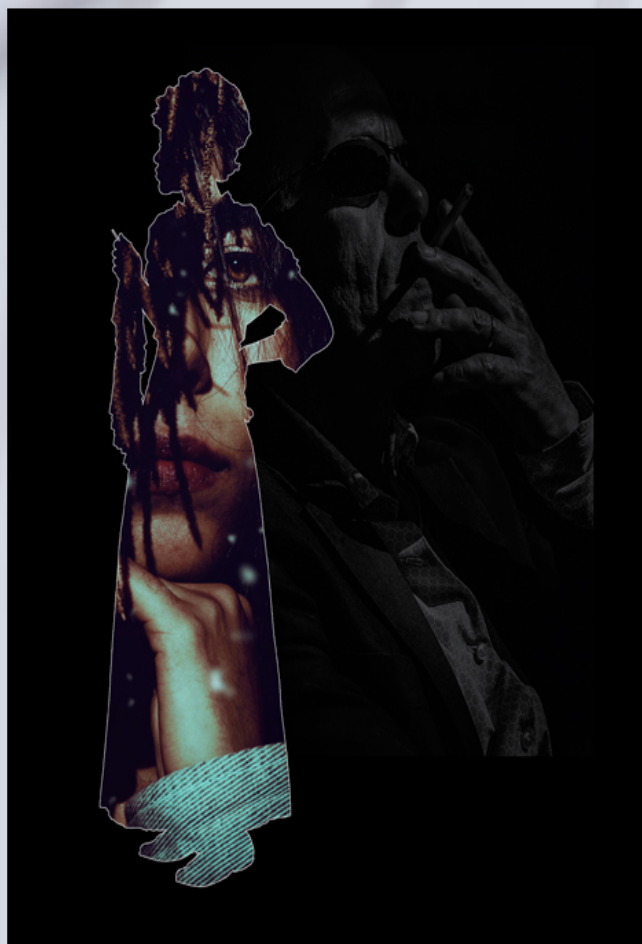
The problem with Roland K. Spalding II, however, was that the man was a PIG.

His lack of good looks was only surpassed by the complete absence of a personality—which itself was dwarfed by his arrogance and at times, cruelty.

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

The BARGAIN rack.

He had more money than he knew what to do with or could ever hope





The Emancipation of Teotta T. Adams - Prologue, Chapters 1&2 (Cont.)

to spend, and arguably everything materially and monetarily, that a human being, male or female, could ever want or need, but as seems typical with his type, the man could never acquire enough money or things to satisfy him.

He would pursue them with a kind of controlled abandon, and with a mindset that anyone or anything that tried to get between him, and his money or things were best off eliminated altogether.

As he lay, gurgling his last blood and saliva filled pleas (if that's what they were), Elaine stood narrow eyed and stone faced, with only the slightest hint of a smirk upon her sensuous full lips.

She wanted with all her soul to spit on the thing before her, who was now twisting in the sheets and blood, but she was concerned with leaving any kind of DNA evidence behind. Just as quickly, she realized that after five years her DNA would be all over the house anyway, so what the hell did a little spit matter more or less; and besides, how would anyone ever track her?

So, YES!

She was going to do it.

But quickly, it must be done quickly, she wanted him to be aware of it before his world became blackness and he made his way to his final reward, whatever that might be—

though were it solely up to Elaine, there is little ambiguity as to the fate to which she would have consigned him.

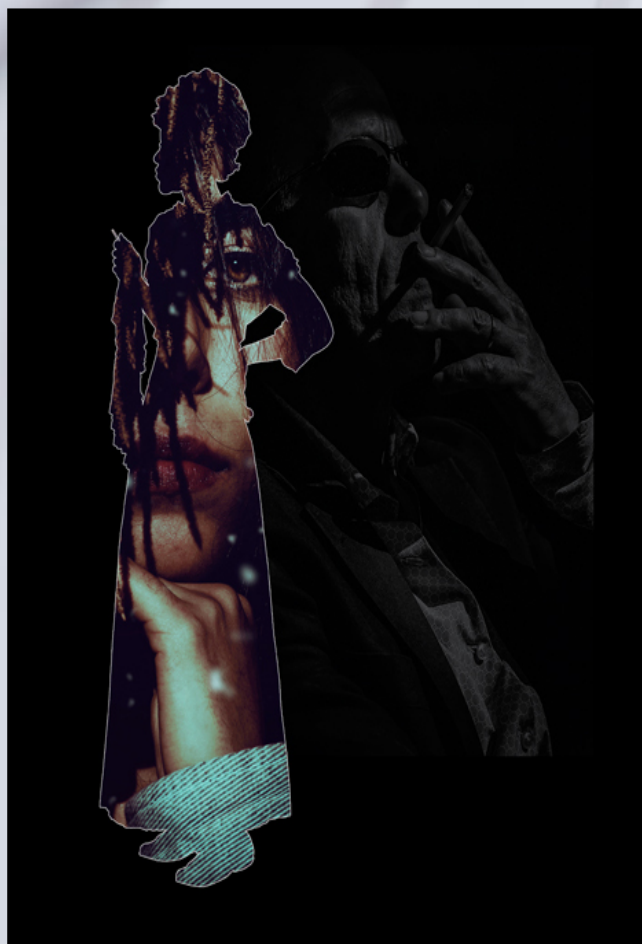
Elaine stood over Spalding and took a moment to hock up the best ball of spit she could—and EPIC ball—a LEGENDARY wad! Now she had it. She leaned in toward the man for whom she had

just created the masterpiece of saliva, and saw, to her disappointment that he was no longer moving—no longer struggling or gurgling—no longer breathing.

She'd missed her chance.

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

Most important Elaine learned the many places her ‘husband’ (or more





The Emancipation of Teotta T. Adams - Prologue, Chapters 1&2 (Cont.)

accurately, her hostage taker), kept money in the mansion, in addition to the combination to each safe.

She also had full access to one of his crypto currency accounts from which he didn't even know he was long locked out of by Elaine who had also taken the liberty of changing the name and credentials on the account to something she'd made up and had stored in her photographic mind. So, to those funds she had full access, to the tune of several million U.S. dollars.

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

She slowly closed the door behind her, turned casually to the right and unhurriedly walked down to the end of the hallway to a guest room. In that room there were two medium size suitcases laying on the immaculate bed.

One of the suitcases was empty, the other about a quarter full of expensive

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

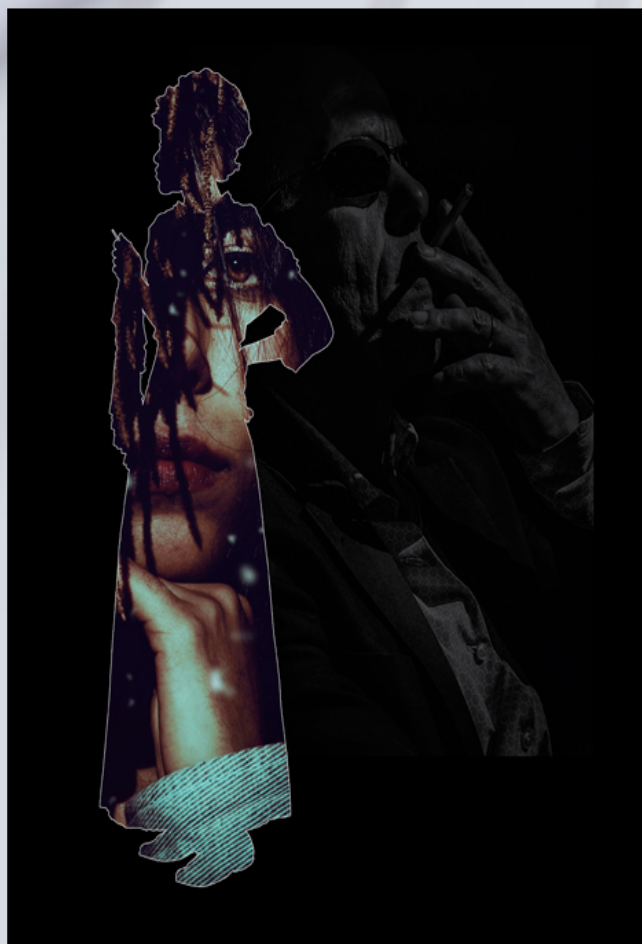
She then calmly walked down the stairs and strode past Mr. Spalding's manservant, Miles, as well as their live in maid Katarina.

Elaine walked past the help while carrying the suitcases filled with money and jewelry and a single change of clothes (anything else she would just go out and purchase as needed).

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

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

But then, bloody corpses never do.





The Emancipation of Teotta T. Adams - Prologue, Chapters 1&2 (Cont.)

CHAPTER III

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

She was alone.

Good.

Slowly her eyes adjusted to the room's darkness. Nothing looked familiar to her, but then why would it? She was no longer in any of the bedrooms she'd fallen asleep and awakened in for the past year.

She remembered she was now in the Jefferson Heights Hotel. Elaine checked into the hotel using the name Jia Vanjans and promptly went to her room. She'd had a bubble bath that lasted longer than perhaps it should have and eventually went to bed to enjoy a dry but waterlogged skinned sleep.

The Jefferson Heights was not a fleabag by any stretch, but not a five star either. It was somewhere solidly on the high end of the low end. Even

though Elaine could obviously well afford better accommodations, she opted to spend less and minimize the attention she might attract.

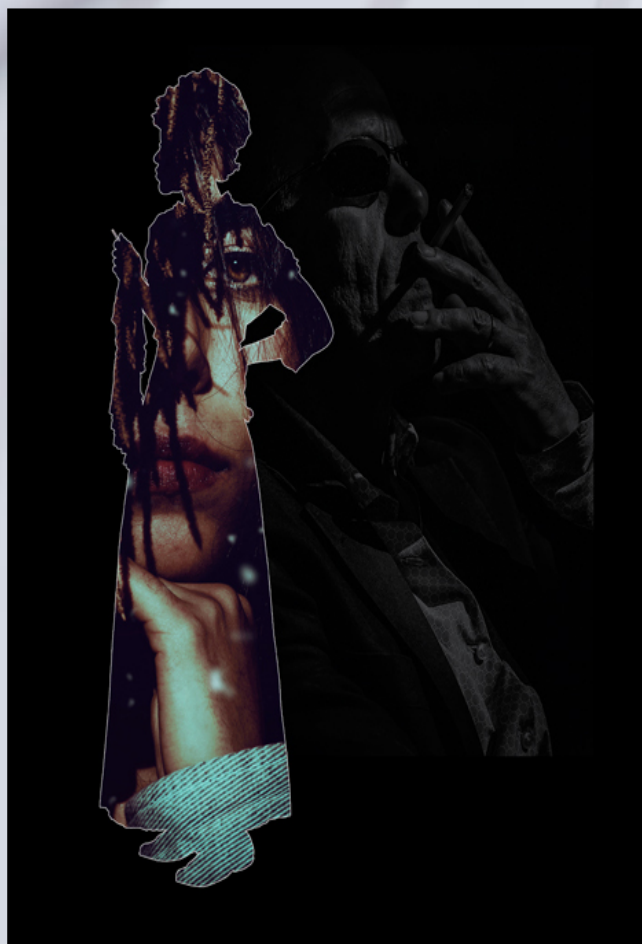
For any Black woman who was not an actress, entertainer, sports figure, or the spouse of a prominent man—staying at a high end hotel would have attracted undue curiosity.

The bed was harder than she was used to, and the sheets were definitely not the Egyptian cotton to which she'd become accustomed.

The pillows, though comfortable, felt somehow 'cheap' to her.

She couldn't really put her finger on why. Even with all of that, her sleep wasn't fitful or restless, nor did she wake up in a cold sweat as she had done more often than usual over the past year.

She'd long since turned off the television, having watched the last to the news stories about the "MANSIONMASSACRE", listening to commentators speculate on what could have happened, or who it was who did it—while she knew all along what had happened and that she was





The Emancipation of Teotta T. Adams - Prologue, Chapters 1&2 (Cont.)

the “who” who had done it. Police detectives and investigators still didn’t have a clue as to whom had committed this horrible crime—or so they claimed. Elaine was inclined to believe the pronouncements of the newscasters. She had not only gotten away cleanly, but anyone who could have identified her was dead.

Her fingerprints were all over the place, but she had no criminal record, or any past situations where she needed to be fingerprinted, so the authorities could have all the prints they wanted.

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

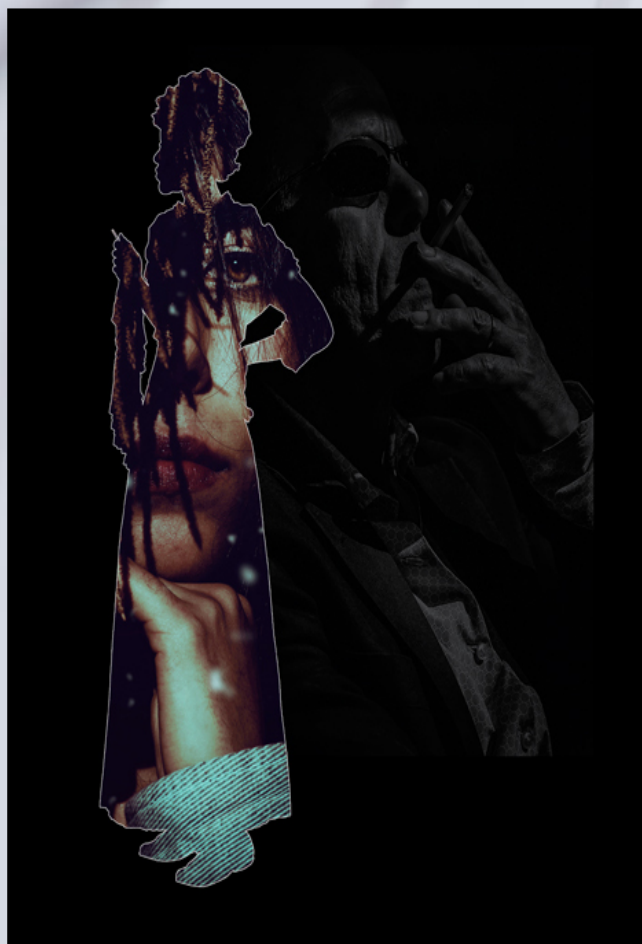
With the exception of Spalding and his hired help, very few people had ever seen Elaine. For sure she had been allowed out for excursions, flanked by her two guard dogs—an alternating couple of Spalding’s maids—but everything she did was orchestrated so that there was no real connection to Spalding.

Even if Elaine’s likeness was caught on surveillance cameras, there was no

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

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

All the cloak and dagger activities ultimately worked in Elaine’s favor. She had the unique ability to move within the system and be inside, while simultaneously remaining invisible to it. Elaine smiled wryly in the darkness, proud of what she had done thus far, and prouder still that those who were likely considered





The Emancipation of Teotta T. Adams - Prologue, Chapters 1&2 (Cont.)

the best and brightest were fumbling around, tripping over themselves as they worked to solve this crime, and even the fact that among the dead was the illustrious Rowland K. Spalding made no difference. He was just another cold slab of meat in the morgue right about now.

She looked over to her two suitcases and was tempted for a moment to go and open both of them to make sure her money, jewelry and assorted items were still in them, but she didn't. She knew it was all there. Over the coming days, she would need to make a few necessary purchases—they would all be in cash—and then continue to put distance between her and her now dearly departed husband and his equally extinct staff.

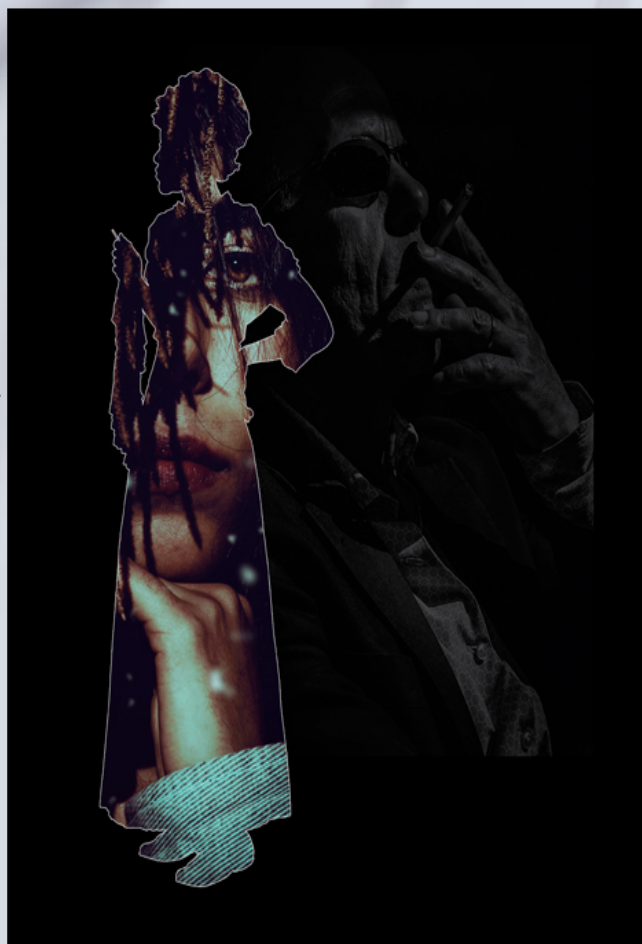
No, as far as Elaine was concerned, there was no way she could have been caught for what she'd done, but that was no reason for her to be overly confident and possibly get sloppy. If she let that happen, she would have just become one in a long, sad line of people who had the game won, but then, through their

own arrogance, beat themselves. There was no way she was going to let that happen.

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

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

Elaine felt slightly drowsy and suddenly wondered what time it was. She reached over to the nightstand and in the darkness looked at the face





The Emancipation of Teotta T. Adams - Prologue, Chapters 1&2 (Cont.)

the phone that came on automatically with the detected motion, and softly lit a portion of the room.

It was only 9:27 pm.

She'd barely slept at all yet this evening. Elaine knew she would be getting an early start the next morning, and wanted to be well rested, but now that she was up, she felt a twinge of hunger. She didn't feel as if she were starving, but she felt the hunger enough that it could possibly prevent her from easily getting back to the slumber she desired.

For a moment she sat trying to figure out what she had a taste for. She didn't want to run down to the hotel restaurant. She was settled and had no intention of leaving the room, and besides, the restaurant would be closing in less than half an hour and she didn't want to rush to go anywhere even if she did change her mind and decide to go out.

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

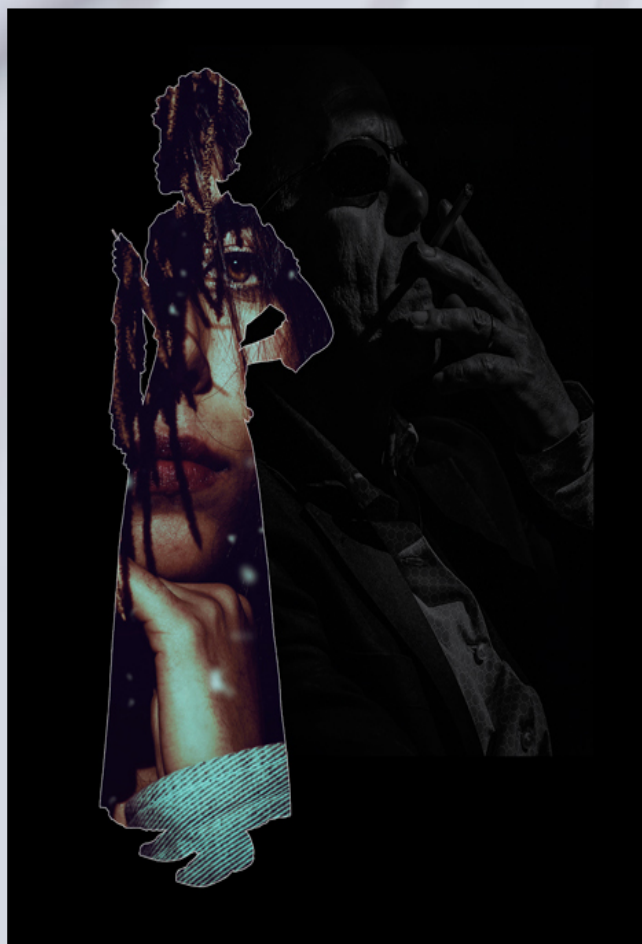
With a couple taps on the screen of her smartphone, Elaine was in the FAST FOOD FRENZY! app and looking

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

After completing her order and sitting down her cell phone, she realized that her mouth was actually watering. She couldn't remember the last time she'd had a pizza—pepperoni or otherwise. It wasn't until

a little less than a year ago she'd ever had one at all, and to say she immediately fell in love with the delicacy would be to pathetically understate the matter.

She could have counted on one hand the number of times she'd had pizza since then. So she was very much looking forward to this delivery! The app indicated her order would not be delivered to her room, and that it would be left at the front desk of the hotel. She was instructed that she had to make arrangements to get the order from them.





The Emancipation of Teotta T. Adams - Prologue, Chapters 1&2 (Cont.)

So after putting down her cell, she picked up the receiver of the hotel phone so she could call downstairs.

“Good evening. Front desk. This is Holly.” Came a woman’s voice that sounded unusually cheerful for that late hour.

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

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

“Yahs’m. I mean... Yes. I would deeply appreciate that if you would be so kind.”

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

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

if you like.”

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

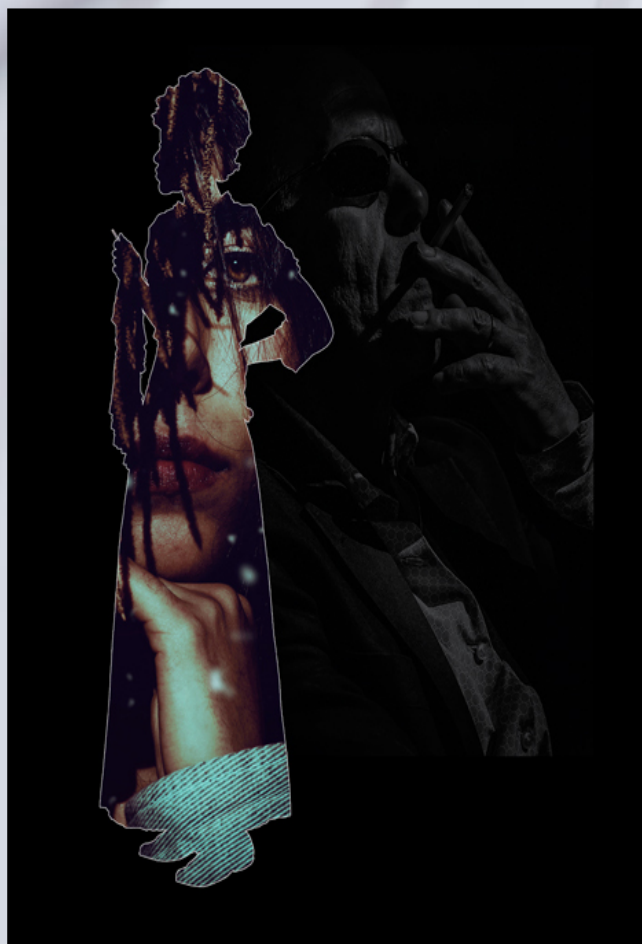
“Thank you much Holly. If you change your mind and decide to grab a few slices and some fries, it’ll just be between us. Our little secret.”

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

* * *

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

After closing the door, she strapped on her seatbelt, adjusted the seat and mirrors (as if she needed to, given she





The Emancipation of Teotta T. Adams - Prologue, Chapters 1&2 (Cont.)

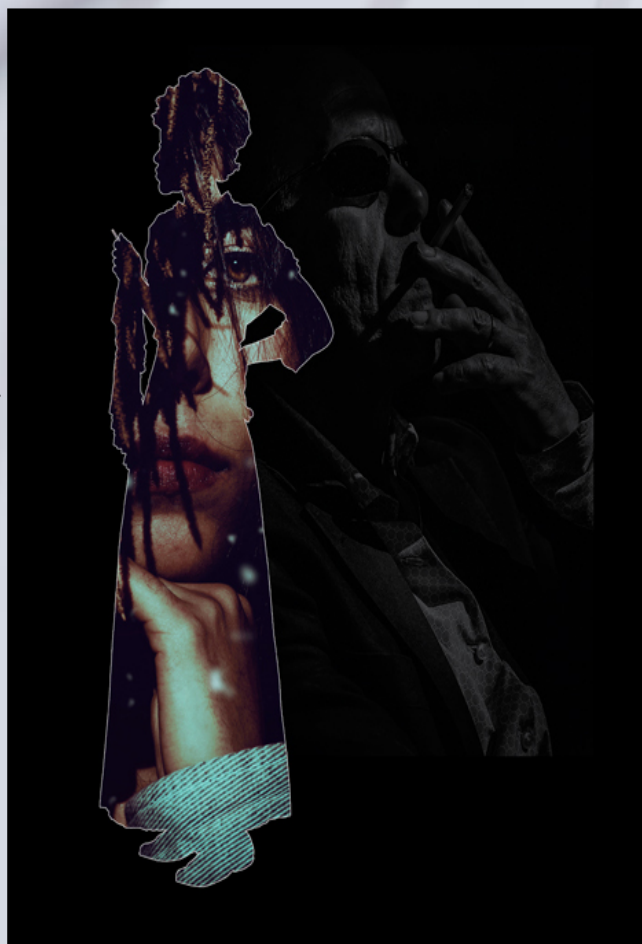
had already done so before she drove to her location). She sat for a moment thinking through her next moves, then leaning toward the passenger seat on which her purse sat, she opened it and produced her cell phone. She tapped the power button, and the screen quickly came to life.

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

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

She pushed the button to start the engine, shifted into reverse gear, put an arm over the seat and looked behind

her as she slowly backed out of the parking spot. Once clear of the space, she put the car in drive and pulled off. She chuckled, knowing that today was only her second time ever driving a car, the day before yesterday being her first. She'd never been taught to



drive, nor did she have a license (at least not one that was issued to her officially). Once she decided to learn to drive, she'd observe what her driver was doing, storing every move in her photographic memory. There were practical things she would have to pick up on while she was driving. And she would

need to develop muscle memory, something no degree of photographic memory could compensate for.

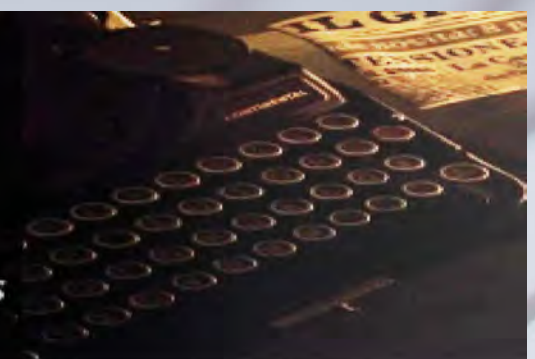
All of that being the case, she was doing fine, her second time behind the wheel and now she was on her way to the first person who was on her mental list. Another soon to be corpse who was presently living in—

Jackson, North Carolina.

READING and WRITING in the

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A space for avid Black readers and Black authors



Here is your MARCH 2025 Word Search Puzzle!

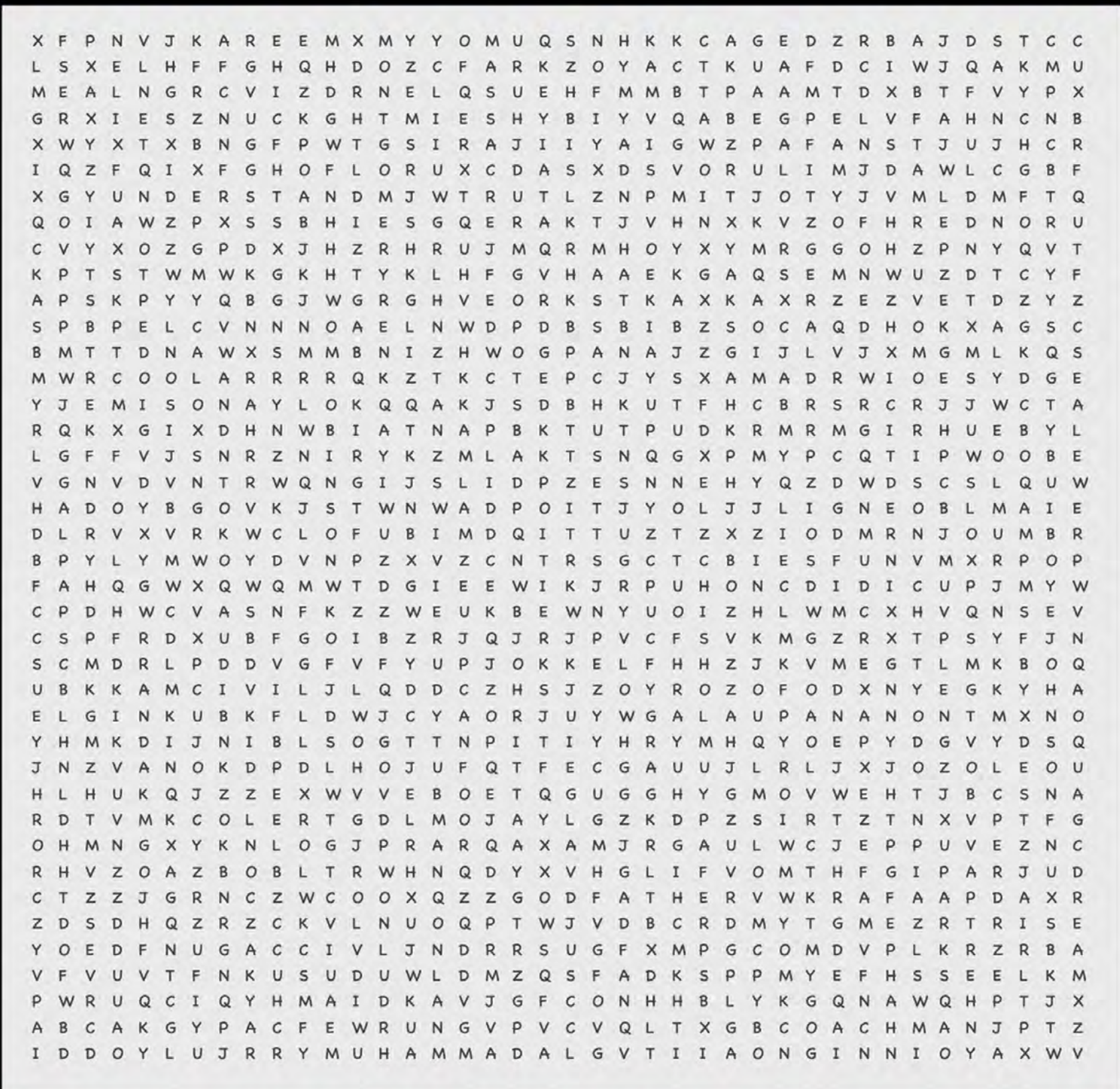
This month, we recognize Black History with a brand new word search!

If you haven't done the crossword from last month the clues for this puzzle are also clues to last month's crossword puzzle. So these hints may help you out!

As always, the solution to last month's puzzle is at the back of the magazine. ENJOY!

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

MARCH 2025 WORD SEARCH!



BLACK HISTORY



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March 2025 Word Search Clues!

COACHMAN

SEALE

GODFATHER

JOHNSON

ELGIN

MONTGOMERY

MASSACHUSETTS

TUBMAN

UNDERSTAND

UNDERGROUND

CHISHOLM

JEMISON

CAGED

GARRETT

MASSACRE

MICHAEL

BROWN

POITIER

CIVIL

DREAM

COLE

KAREEM

PARKS

KWANZAA

ALTHEA

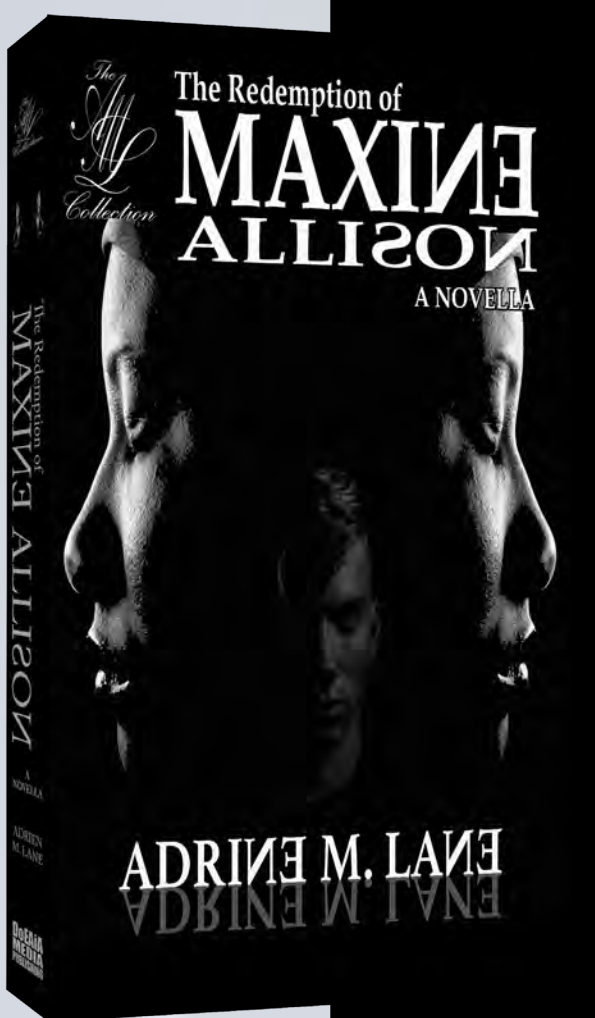
FITZGERALD

MUHAMMAD

AMENDMENT

MORRISON

ROBINSON



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 Adrienne M. Lane brings you her mind bending and controversial debut novella. Read *The Redemption of Maxine Allison* and find out why!

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

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Could YOU survive?!

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

SURVIVING the WORST!

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



Top reviews from the United States

Amazon Customer

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

Reviewed in the United States on November 5, 2022

I love the pace of Iyapo's stories. He is a true master story weaver. This story is a cornucopia full of action, sci-fi, mystery, horror and heart palpatng suspense. The way he transitions between dramatic and comical situations are remarkable. After the daring trio's exhausting battle with vampires, out manoeuvring alans and harpes, they make it home to a well deserved rest within the sanctuary of Hevan only to be disrupted by the the Versquake. How much WORSE can it get living in a unmanageable and unpredictable dimension?

Amazon Customer

★★★★★ **Best Zombies Ever**

Reviewed in the United States on November 1, 2022

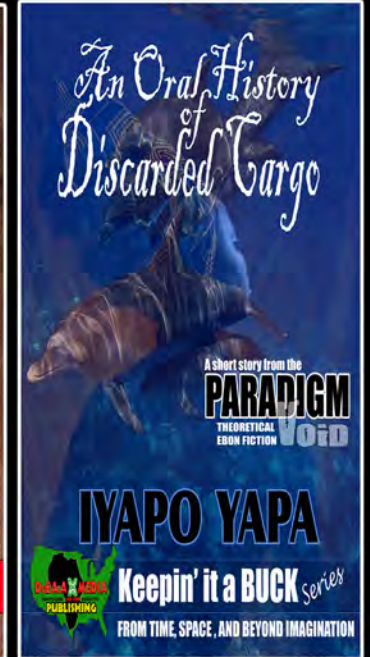
Amazon took down my review of Melanin, so I hope this stays. This is not your ordinary Zombie tale. I haven't read such inventive horror in years. Yapa really knows how to weave a story to pull you in. I had to laugh at how much fun I was having while reading it. I would recommend this author in a heart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

BOOK I - COMING SOON!

READING and WRITING in the

DARK

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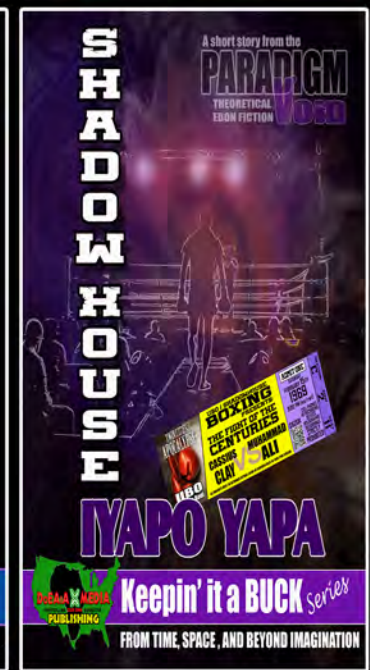
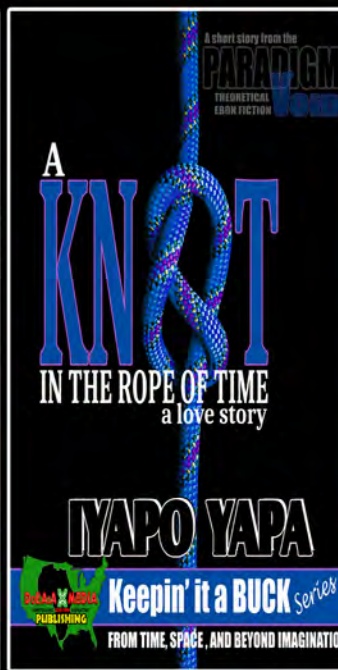
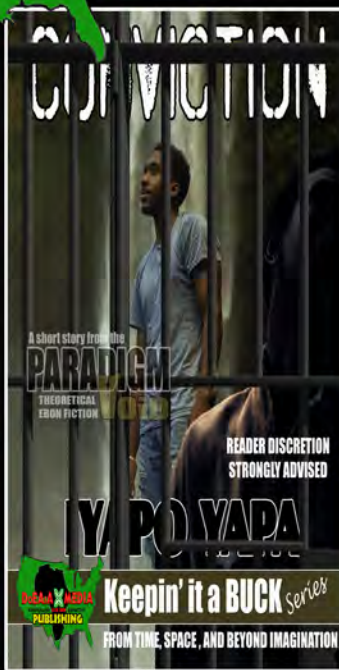
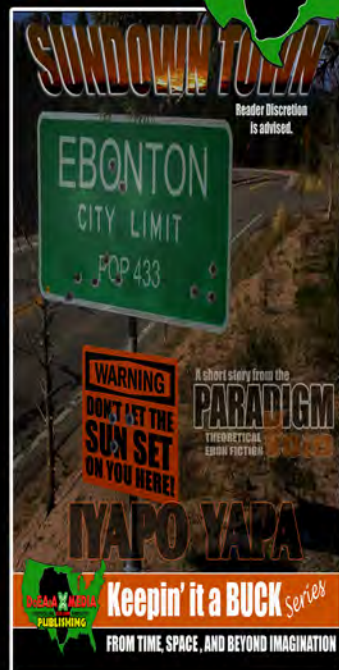


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The Power of TRUTH!

“And ye shall know the truth, and the TRUTH shall make you free.”

John 8:32 kjv

I am a truth seeker.

There are few things I can think of that I prize above truth. When asked if I could have one wish—just one—for literally ANYTHING, what would that wish be? I never say something like world peace, or for money or fame, or anything like that. Without even giving it any thought, I will always say, without fail, that if I could have any wish at all, it would be to know the TRUTH.



In the movie *A Few Good Men* when Tom Cruises' character, Lt. Daniel Kaffee, shouted that he wanted to know the truth. Jack Nicholson's character, Colonel Nathan R. Jessup, countered with the ad lib'ed line which has now become an idiom, “You can't handle the truth!”

People seemed to take that line to heart, carried it into the real world and gave it a kind of weight that may or may not be deserved. After searching myself and asking myself for years if I was one of the number who couldn't “handle the truth,” I concluded that the sentiment didn't apply to me.

If anything, I am a person who can't handle NOT knowing the truth!

As one who is a believer in *God* (The Creator of All Things), I'm constantly talking about and thinking about truth and how much I want to know it in absolute terms. Admittedly, I fully understand that were God to show me the truth—all truth—much of it (if not the majority of it) would likely make no sense to me at all. Making me aware of all truth would probably be tantamount to the late Beth A. Brown (a Black Astrophysicist), attempting to teach physics to a learning-disabled cat. I totally get

that part. Just because something is explained to me, doesn't necessarily mean I'll understand it. I'm at peace with that. All I know is that even if a truth I can't grasp is explained to me, I at least know it as a truth—whereas, with lies, there is nothing to grab hold to, figuratively speaking.

Why do people lie?

Well first off, we need to define terms.

I was once told by a pastor that, “Anything that isn't true is a lie.” When I was younger, I accepted that



The Power of TRUTH! (Continued)

statement at face value. I was of the Apostolic Faith (you know... the ones who can start singing a single verse of a song and make it last an hour). At that time our guidelines for living were very strict. We were to adhere to scripture very closely and literally. We were hammered with the verse that says we will give account for every idle word that we speak. So, to that end, there were even songs that we were prohibited from singing. Songs that contained lyrics like, *“When I think about Jesus, What He’s done for me, When I think about Jesus, How He set me free, I could dance, dance, dance, dance all night...”*



The pastor quickly prohibited the choir, or the congregation from singing it during worship/praise service (which was too bad, that was one of the great “shout” songs of its day). Because, according to the pastor, we know we couldn’t dance all night—therefore, the song was a lie.

But was it?

There was a school of thought that went as far as to consider books of fiction to be long, intricate lies. Well, to say this put me into conflict would

be a grave understatement, seeing as I longed to be a writer—and a writer of fiction at that. So, as happened with everything else I’m confronted with, I began to question it and deconstruct it as best I could, and I finally came to the understanding through thought—

and yes, prayer—that just because something isn’t true doesn’t make it a lie.

Just because someone says something that isn’t true, or that is made up, doesn’t mean they’re lying. If that were the case, no one would ever be able to tell a joke a fable, or a parable (as Jesus did on many occasions).

What is a lie then?

A lie is when someone says something that is untrue, or made up, but presents it as a literal truth. (In the case of a parable, of fable the story itself isn’t what is presented to be a literal truth or event necessarily. The tale is the vehicle that is used to reveal a greater, ultimate principle or truth). There is a reason a book is classified as fiction. It is telling the reader up front that the story is made up and not to read as literal or actual events, though the fiction work could possibly contain elements that can lead to an



The Power of TRUTH! (Continued)

understanding of a truth.

Back to main question: Why do people lie?

Simple, because they don't want a person, or persons, to know the truth. The answer is so obvious that it almost doesn't need to be said. There are a lot of reasons people lie. Sometimes we consider lying to someone for "their own good", or the reasons could range from wanting to conceal a surprise party from someone, to wanting to conceal a murder one may have committed.

That is one of the many reasons one must be leery of liars (especially when they are in positions of power and/or authority). Much is made these days of people who are considered "conspiracy theorists", as if there is something wrong with or "off" about the theorist. The fact of the matter is that when in a society where people are perpetually lied to, one of the most unnatural consequences would be a LACK of conspiracy theorists.

Conspiracy theory does not happen in a vacuum. Lies are the parents, conspiracy theory is the offspring. Show me a society where the people are not perpetually lied to, and I

will show you a society in which conspiracy theories do not exist.

Why would they?

All these theories are born of is the oh so human drive to make something make sense!



You are tested for a "virus" and if you are positive, you are not allowed to board a plane. You test negative and are allowed to board. As you stand in line to board the plane, you are told to stand six feet apart and wear a mask. Once on the plane you are forced to continue wearing a mask (except if you are eating or drinking). Ok—you needed to stand six feet apart in the line, but then are crammed shoulder to shoulder onto a packed plane. You are forced to wear your mask on the plane although as a stipulation of being on the flight everyone on the plane has tested negative. Then you are allowed to eat and drink with your mask down because what? Germs are courteous enough not to bother you while you're dining?!

Things like this give rise to conspiracy theories because there will always be (at least for some), a nagging, drive to MAKE IT MAKE SENSE that



The Power of TRUTH! (Continued)

cannot be ignored! At the core of the drive is the desire to just know the darn TRUTH!

That said, I once believed that no one liked being lied to. However, I discovered years ago, to my profound dismay, that (at least when it comes to Americans), not only do people, in mass, not care if they are lied to—they prefer it!

I came to that conclusion when I worked at a call center, in my time there I dealt directly with in excess of sixty-three THOUSAND people (and that's being conservative). The one thing I learned (besides that when people feel they're anonymous they're mean, rude and nasty AF), is that people would rather you tell them bald faced lies if it is what they want to hear.

Oh... I'm crazy.

Have you ever sat a watched a democrat or republican convention or been to ANY political rally and listened to politicians—and more importantly—watched the reaction of the vast sea of humanity before them?! No one will EVER be able to convince me that the majority of

the people out in the audience don't know that the lyin' scumbag standing before them is a lyin' scumbag who is just telling them what they want to hear so the dirtbag can get their support.

Alright—let's say for the sake of argument that I'm wrong, and they majority believes they are being told the truth by these people. Then that opens up an entirely different can of worms that begs the question—

“Just how gullible ARE Americans?!?!”

I digress.

I believe in my soul that if one knows the truth—and is willing to adhere to that truth, no matter what it is, then there is literally nothing that would not be possible. One must ask why, more than anything else on this planet, the truth about Black people—who and what we are is one of the most hidden, and lied about things on the planet, second only to what the yurugu actually are.

I imagine what knowing the truth would mean, and the fact that if embraced, it would be life changing on an individual basis, and world changing (in the best way), for us as





The Power of TRUTH! (Continued)

a people.

I am a believer in absolute truth!

Whether anyone can ever know it is a completely different matter.

But as I'm fond of saying, "Just because I or you don't know the answer to a thing, doesn't mean there isn't an answer FOR it."

I have also given a lot of thought to the concept of a person's "personal truth". I'm getting to the point where whenever I hear a person use the term "my truth", or "that's THEIR truth", I wince. As if truth is something that is purely subjective and based upon an individual's point of view. As if there are a hundred people in a locked room with no door or windows, and they are told as much, but each of the hundred people have a different perception about the fact they are in a room with no doors or windows. Granted, within one's own mind they may be able to remove themselves from the physical reality of the room, but that doesn't change the fact—it merely changes that individual's perception of the fact. To that degree, the act of placing oneself beyond the room, is actually an admission and acknowledgement

of the fact that the room exists as described. If not, there would be no need to imagine ANYTHING pertaining to the room.

I reject the idea of a personal truth. (Not in total—because I believe that when it comes to subjective matters, personal truths **can** exist, ie. Strawberry ice cream is THE very best flavor of ice cream, PERIOD is definitely MY truth!) However—when it comes to something opposing points that are diametric opposites (that either a woman is pregnant or she's not pregnant scenario), in a discussion about, say, the existence of God for

instance. Yes, that God exists is my truth for now—to an atheist the non-existence of God is their truth—for now.

However, out there—beyond us, is THE truth—the ABSOLUTE unequivocal truth, and one day we shall both know it one way or the other. My argument is, that even though at this point in time, there may not be a way to know without question what the truth is, that doesn't change the fact. That doesn't change whatever that ultimate truth is right now and that one of us is right or wrong about it.





The Power of TRUTH! (Continued)

I have argued that there are unequivocal truths. Without those truths, a plane could not fly, a ship could not float, a child could not be conceived. There absolutely are some things (not all, but some), that are just true, and not subject to the realm of “feeling and emotion” that leads down the path of one’s *individual, personal truth*. The fact that truth cannot be relegated to one’s own personal interpretations of the world or existence is the very thing that gives truth so much power.

If EVERYTHING is true (or can be personally true), then NOTHING is.

As I sit here thinking about it, the concept of “personal truth” is not a new thing. The term became popular around mid 2010 and refers to the concept that highlights the idea that each person’s lived experience shapes their understanding of reality, leading to unique perspectives that may differ from societal norms.

However, when referring to immutable facts that are not based on subjective reality, a lot of thinking (at least from what I’m seeing and processing), is not the new personal truth, that people are insisting they find so liberating, but good old fashioned, DELUSION.

What is delusion?

A delusion is a fixed, false belief that a person holds onto with absolute conviction, even when presented with evidence that contradicts it; essentially, it’s a strongly held belief that is not based on reality and is not influenced by reason, despite evidence to the contrary.



Much of the so called “culture war”, that is happening in the United States (and globally), and even the manufactured, so called “gender war” that has afflicted and crippled the Black community, is based on one faction seeking to

uphold immutable truths vs those who are living their “own truth”, which is a delusion! The problem is that the faction that is laying claim to immutable truths (typically conservatives and republicans, and predominately white people, as far as in the United States) are themselves actually seeking to push their own version of THEIR truth, which is not necessarily THE truth. At best, they may be adjacent to something that is an absolute truth—but is distorted by their own arrogance, and hypocrisy, which may leave it as a fact, but alters it from a truth.



The Power of TRUTH! (Continued)

Our people unfortunately wed ourselves to seemingly every wrong side of “culture war” issues because of our history and a desire for equality and justice.

What has happened is that we have handcuffed ourselves to seemingly every far left, lunatic fringe movement that has come down the pike, and now that American conservatives are repeating the mantra of “getting back to common sense”, our people are left holding the bag and the people of those who actually created and perpetuated those movements (the yurugu), are able to come off as being the adults and voices of reason in the room, as some of our people continue to double down, and make themselves look ten times as foolish as they did from the beginning.

A part of this marriage to madness is the fact that the proponents of the fringe beliefs are now being figuratively pushed overboard and into the sea, and as they do—our people (as a collective), are being pulled overboard with them.

Worse—this shift has caused an exodus of many of our people straight into the arms of our oppressor, because

as said before, they are sounding like the voice of reason. Some of our people are embracing the white conservatives.

They are calling themselves “free thinkers” and touting the fact that they have “left the democrat plantation” as they switch sides and full throatically support a people who are only accepting our people as long as they are being assisted in upholding, supporting and helping perpetuate the global system of white supremacy.

Our people are accepted as “family”, by our oppressor as long as they are willing to absolve white people of any responsibility whatsoever for the condition of Black people, while simultaneously screaming from the mountain tops that the condition of Black people is our own fault.

They proudly rap themselves in the flag that was flown as our people were enslaved, tortured, raped, and terrorized (and continue to be), not realizing that all they did was trade one set of shackles for another.

This is why truth is so important.

Without truth, there is no way to





MISPLACED FAITH (Continued)

escape the mental prison that was created by the yurugu for our people. Without truth, there is no way to fully understand who and what we are, or our greatness—and especially the

fact that we do not need them. We do not need any other people to validate our existence. If anything, it is they who so desperately need us.



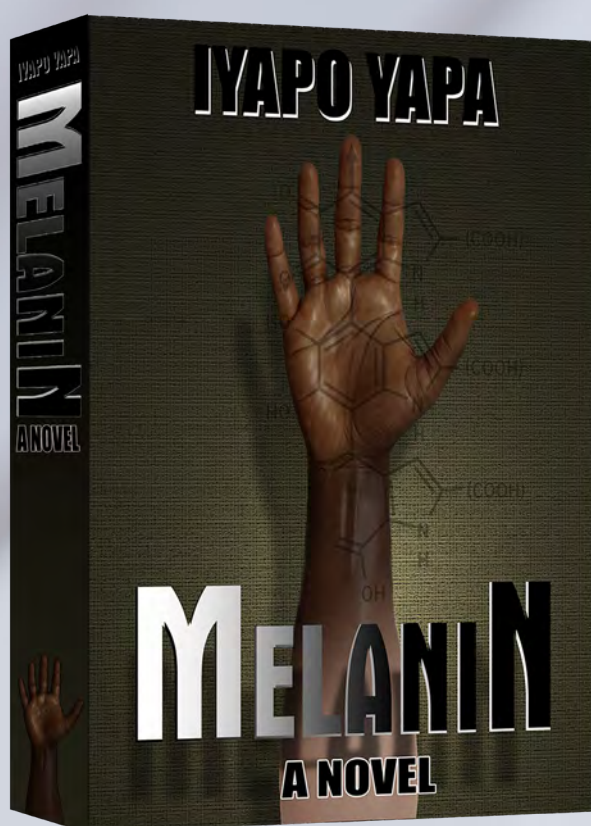
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PARADIGM VOID is a collection of short stories written by Iyapo Yapa, one of the new leaders in the field of Black Science Fiction and Speculative Fiction. Each story explores possibilities and concepts that were not long ago only within the domain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

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- 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**.

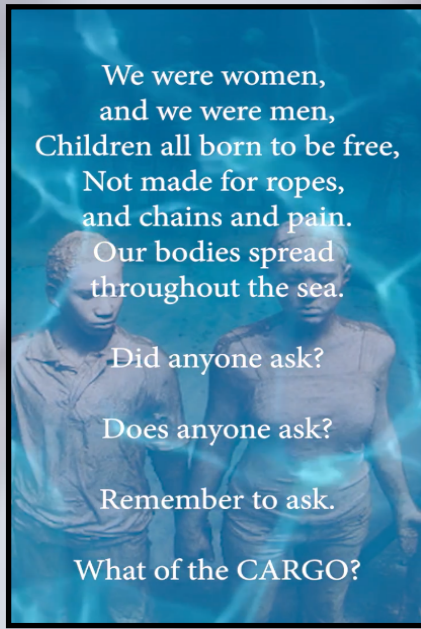


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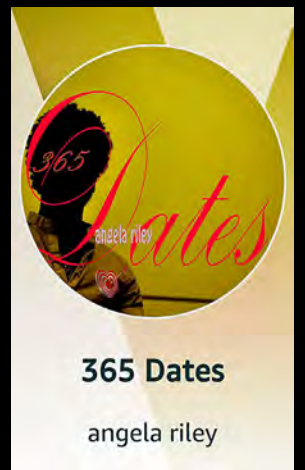
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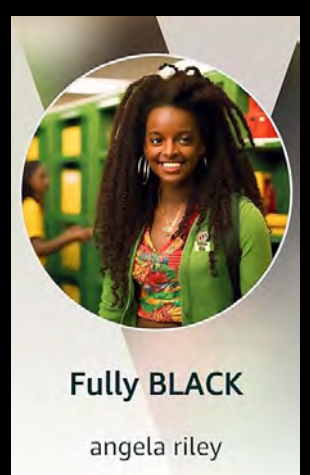
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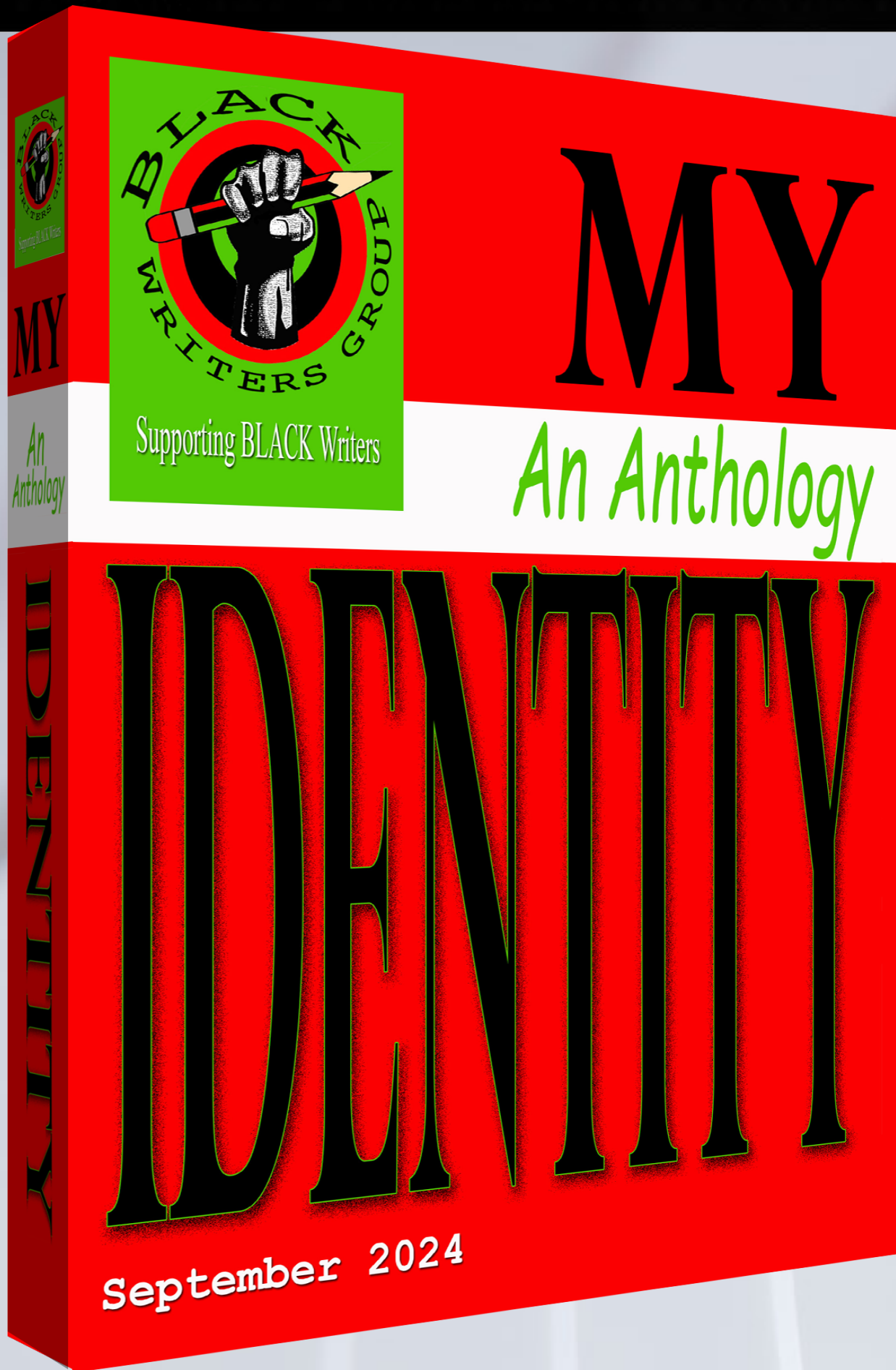
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THE CALL CENTER (An excerpt from Paradigm Void II)

Tony Thompson sipped his cold beer as he sat across from Myron Beck and stared at the adjacent television. The Baltimore Ravens were having their asses handed to them by the Cleveland Browns and the fans at Bosko's Sports Bar could not have been happier. Tony looked at the screen and alternately took a swig of his beer and a fast glance at his best friend who was devouring a Bosko Burger with a side order of Bosko's "World Famous" fries. The Raven's called a time out, and the screen changed from a fan filled football stadium, to a nondescript little man, a bit stubby and potbellied, surrounded by bikini clad women who seemed powerless to keep their hands off him as he drank his Coors Lite.

Uninterested in the commercial—with the exception of the bikini girls—Tony turned his full attention to Myron. "Well, you gonna tell me?" he said finally.

"Yeah, just gimme a sec." Myron answered, mouth half full of Bosko Burger.

Quickly washing it down with a swig of Coke, Myron looked at Tony sternly and said, "Are you ready?"

"Myron – dude – I've been ready since you called me!"



"Well here it is. I got it!"

"Got what?"

"It – I got it – I got the job!"

"Yer shittin' me."

"Tony... I got the freakin' job!"

"No shit?!"

"No shit!"

Tony leaned back for a moment to process what he'd just heard, then sprang from his seat and called to everyone in the restaurant.

"Hey! Hey everybody, over here for a minute!"

The establishment fell silent with the exception of the television and the distant sound of food being prepared in the kitchen. In his most formal,



THE CALL CENTER (An excerpt from Paradigm Void II) Cont.

master of ceremonies voice, Tony shouted, “My best friend Myron here has just landed his self a job as a PCSR for...for...” Tony looked back at Myron who was now trying to scrunch into the leather seat of the booth. “Sit your ass down Tony... you’re embarrassing me!” Myron whispered.

“Hell with that! Where’re you working?!”

“Dammit Tony - sit down - sit yer ass - Macro Corp, alright, I told you a million times I’ve been interviewing there! Macro Corp!”

“Oh crap! Macro Corp?!”

You landed a job at Macr... ?!” Tony, now more animated, turned back to the crowd. “My best buddy and lifelong friend, has just informed me that, you are in the presence of the newest Phone Customer Service Representative for Macro Corp!”

The entire restaurant was silent as the patrons stared in disbelief, then suddenly erupted into applause, some customers standing. The applause lasted only about 45 seconds, but for Myron it seemed like an hour. Tony kept it going for as long as he could,

egging on the other patrons with - come on, let’s hear it - arm gestures. Myron straightened a bit in his seat, gave a shallow wave to his adoring public, then quickly grabbed Tony by the sleeve, snatching him down to his seat. “Tony, sit yer ass down!”



Myron was not angry; he knew Tony was genuinely excited for him. After all, it wasn’t everyone who managed to grab the brass ring. Not everyone could make it to the top as Myron had just done. Still, he was not used to attention, but inside he knew he was going to have to get used

to it if he was going to be a PCSR. Being a Phone Customer Service Representative was glamorous enough – but, making it into Macro Corp was the whole enchilada.

“Dude! Come on!” Tony exclaimed. “You’ve made it! You are about to actually live the dream! Everyone else just talks about it... but you – man - you’ve made it!”

Tony suddenly calmed down and studied Myron’s face. There was a slight bruise on his right cheek.



THE CALL CENTER (An excerpt from Paradigm Void II) Cont.

“Myron, I’m sorry, man.” Tony said finally. “I really didn’t mean anything but the best. I know you may have been a little embarrassed, but I didn’t mean any harm. I really didn’t. You know that right? We’ve been buds since we were kids. I love ya man.”

Myron looked at Tony; smiled and, offered his right hand for a high five.

“I know, Tone... love you too, no harm, no foul.” Tony knew his friend was no longer hurt or offended.

The bruise had totally disappeared.

Tony leaned forward, enthusiastically returned the high five, and slouched back into his seat. “Now don’t forget about us little people.” Tony said. Myron laughed and took another bite of his burger. Tony continued to stare at his friend as if seeing him for the first time. Tony shook his head slowly still in stunned disbelief. “Phone Customer Service Rep. At Macro Corp no less. Damn. You lucky bastard.”

Patrons on their way out made a point to walk past the booth at which Tony

and the new PCSR were seated giving broad smiles, thumbs up signs and shouting out the occasional “Way ta’ go!” A couple people asked Myron for his autograph. “You never know.” one customer said to Tony as Myron signed. “He could be the next Alan Harold.”



“Man, wouldn’t that be something.” Tony mused.

The two young men sat in the sports bar and basked in the glow of newfound celebrity. Myron directly, Tony by proxy.

Their waitress, who looked as if she could have been one of the bikini models from the Coors commercial instead of serving their food, came to the table with what the two young men thought was the check. Myron reached for his wallet. “No way man!” Tony said, “This one’s on me! This is a celebration! Besides, with the kind of money you’ll be making you’ll have plenty of chances to trea...”

“Nope.” The waitress interrupted. “This one isn’t on either of you. The manager heard your announcement,



THE CALL CENTER (An excerpt from Paradigm Void II) Cont.

and this meal is on the house.”

winked and strutted off.

“The beer too?!” Tony asked.

“Whoooooh!” Myron said as he held the card just below eye level.

“Beer too.” she said, grinning widely.

Tony leaned forward and snatched the card from Myron’s hands, “That’s

“Hell, if I’d known that I’d have gotten a pitcher... but a free meal’s a good thing no matter how ya look at it.”

not what I think it is, is it?!”

“Definitely.” The waitress said as she turned her attention to Myron. “As for you stud... this is from Bosko’s with the manager’s compliments.” She handed him a gold card,

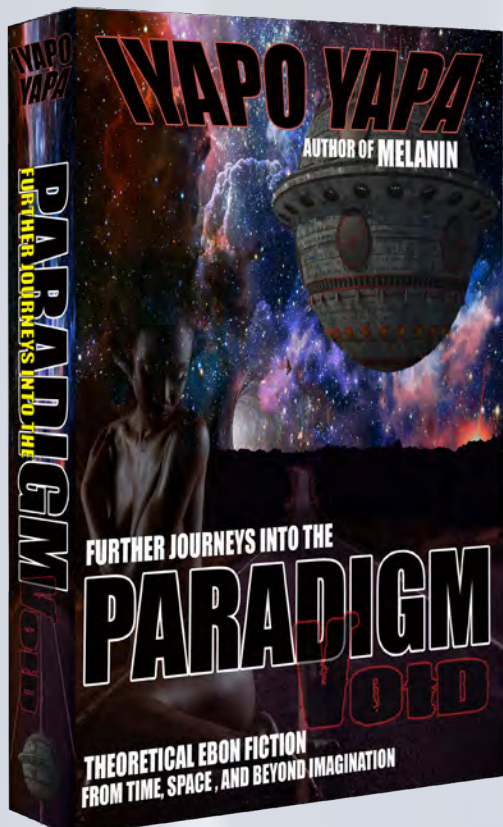


He studied the card for a moment. “Sonnova bitch! It is! Life time freakin’ meals! Breakfast, lunch and freakin’ dinner for you and a guest! Alcohol included! And what the hell is on this little piece of paper, as if I couldn’t

after which she handed him a small piece of folded paper. “And this is compliments of me.” She said,

guess?! She gave you her name and number? ‘Daphnie, call me.’ She was right dude! You are a freakin’ stud!”

ARE YOU PREPARED TO JOURNEY BACK INTO THE VOID?!



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You’ll find out this and MORE as you take a *Further Journey into the PARADIGM VOID!*

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DARIK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

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!**



READING and WRITING in the

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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.

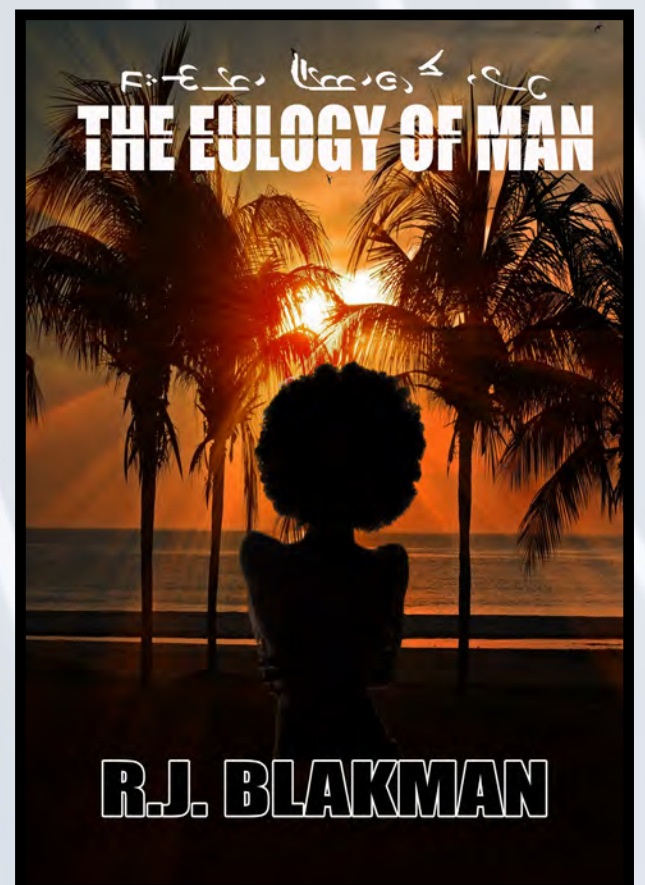
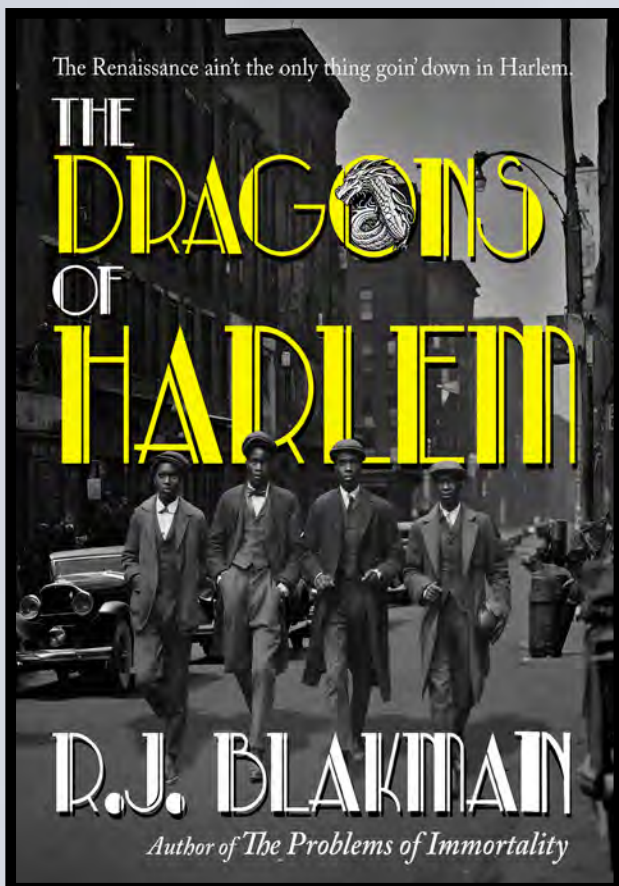
As a practice, Blakman seeks out truth and goes wherever that truth leads him, even if uncomfortable.

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!



Music to my ears: Did AI finally win me over?!

I'm not super old, but I'm old enough.

I'm not super old, but I'm old enough.

I'm old enough to remember when

MIDI stood for "Musical Instrument Digital Interface".

My first professional keyboard was a Casio CZ5000 synthesizer. I also had a Casio CZ1, a Suzuki keyboard (I can't remember the model of), a Korg drum computer (something in the TR series, but that's all I can remember), and a Casio SK_01 for sampling. Though the SK_01 was more

of a toy, I was able to do some very interesting things with it.

That said, I watched digital and electronic music develop firsthand. Those were some very exciting times. I wrote my first songs using those keyboards, sampler, drum computer and a professional mixing board. It was a Tascam, but I can't remember the model. I was in Germany in the military during that time and was in a band called Force of Habit. We

made some pretty good music and we each did solo stuff. When it was time to leave, my things were packed away by the military and shipped back to the U.S. Long story short,

ALL my instruments and studio equipment, I painstakingly (monetarily) sacrificed to get, were stolen. Likely none of it even made it out the country.

I kept doing music as a hobby, but at some point, I stopped keeping up with the trends and the tech. So, imagine my surprise when I found out that you could take your

lyrics, put them into an online app, and it would turn your lyrics into a song in the style you wanted, sung by your choice of a woman or man. I was very skeptical when I first tried it, but after I put in that first set of lyrics and heard the results, I was HOOKED! This particular AI platform is something I wasn't expecting at all. I typically push back against too much AI, though I have come around to seeing it as just another tool if used correctly. MIND BLOWING!





Music to my ears: Did AI finally win me over?! (continued)

The knowledge that now I can dig out some of my old lyrics that I struggled with putting to music and having sung (because I can't sing!), is awesome to me.

Again. I'm not a big fan of AI, but I'm definitely a big fan of THIS. I write all the lyrics, NO assistance from AI and the AI sings EXACTLY what I write. A few times I had to go back and correct typos because as I said, the AI sings EXACTLY what I write. To that end, I don't feel like I'm cheating like I would if

I were using it to make art. (I NEVER claim AI art as something I "created", and I never EVER use AI to help me write. I don't know if I ever could. That

But this?



To me it is tantamount to handing a composer and singer my lyrics and saying to them, "Can you write some music for this and sing it?" So, I take full credit for the lyrics. The AI gets the rest.

If you would like to hear some of my songs you can find them on TikTok and Instagram. There is, "Force Of Habit" and "No Matter Who I'm

With," also a video for *And What of the CARGO?* that features "Kylah's Theme", with my words and lyrics.



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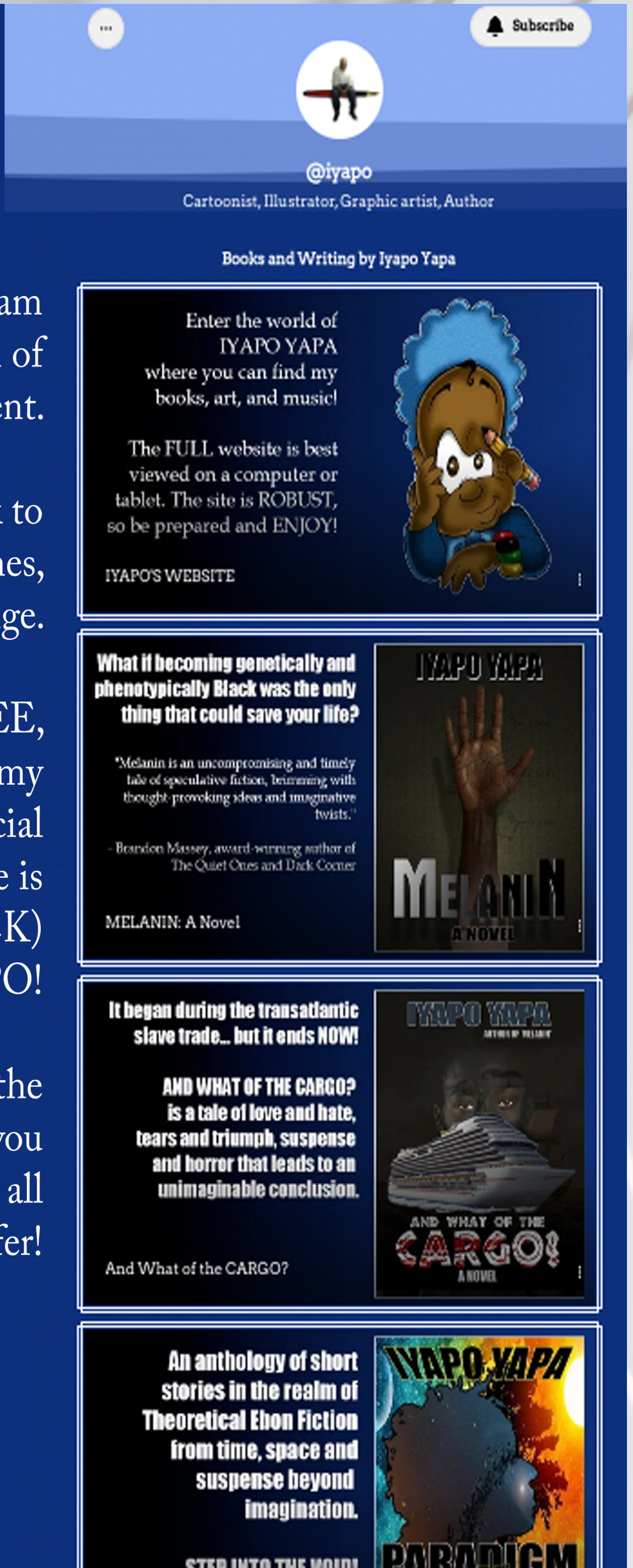
Find Iyapo at:
Linktree*

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

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

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

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



The image shows a screenshot of an Instagram profile for @iyapo. The profile name is Iyapo Yapa, with the bio listing 'Cartoonist, Illustrator, Graphic artist, Author'. The bio includes a linktree link: [LINKTREE](#). Below the bio, there are several posts or stories, each featuring a book cover and promotional text. The posts are for 'IYAPO'S WEBSITE', 'MELANIN: A NOVEL', 'AND WHAT OF THE CARGO?', and 'PARADIGM'.

...

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!

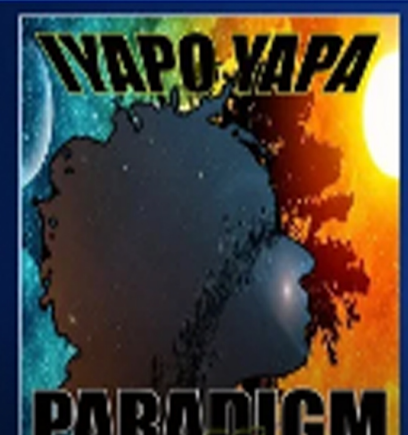
AND WHAT OF THE CARGO?
is a tale of love and hate,
tears and triumph, suspense
and horror that leads to an
unimaginable conclusion.

And What of the CARGO?



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

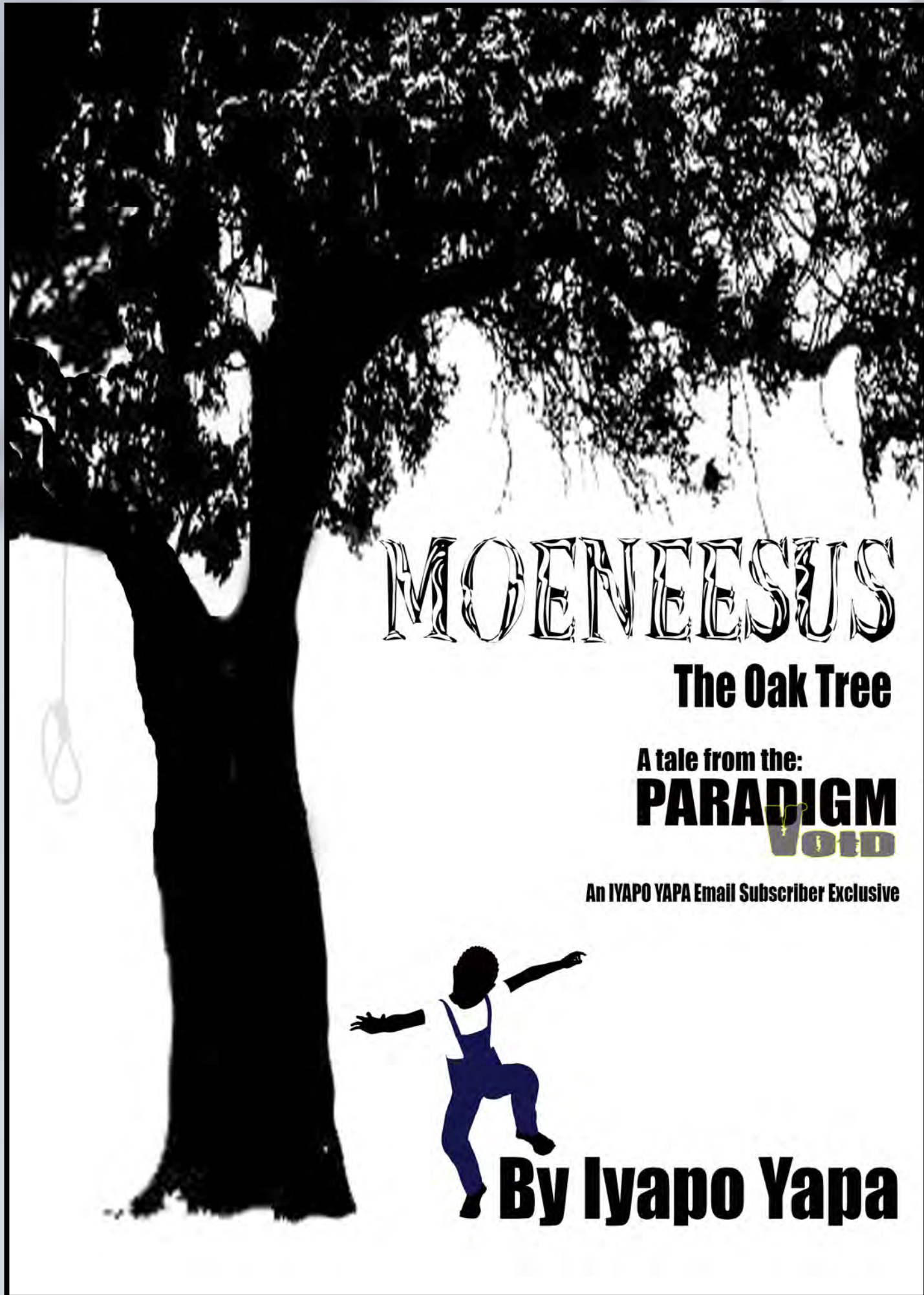
STEP INTO THE VOID!



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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.

READING and WRITING in the

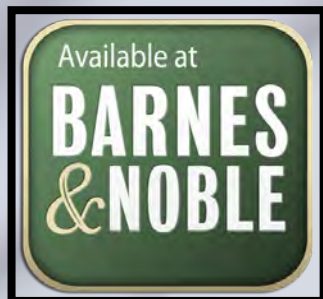
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Click Below For:

And What of the CARGO?



AVAILABLE NOW!

And What of the CARGO?

Buy it now on Amazon

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

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

— Walter Rodney. How Europe Underdeveloped Africa

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

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

What are readers saying about And What of the CARGO?

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

- Amazon Review

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

- Gwen

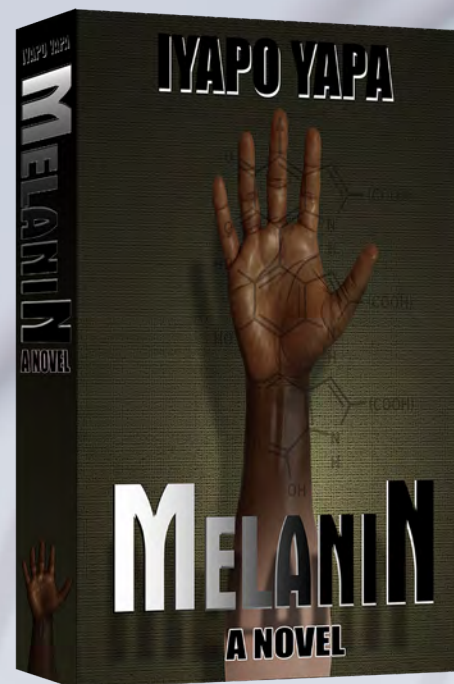
“Yapa weaves another story this time interwoven with historical references. I was on my seat with every chapter. I don't want to give it away but....revenge is sweet when served dead. And I can't get over how different each of his offerings are. Read his Vella's and you'll see what I mean. Another great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

- Amazon review

You can also read it for FREE if you have

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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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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!

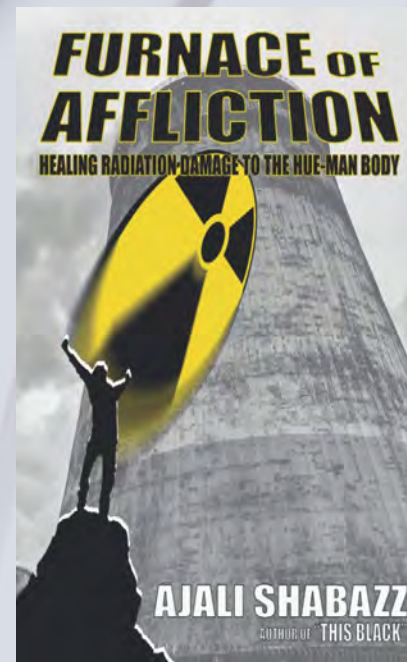
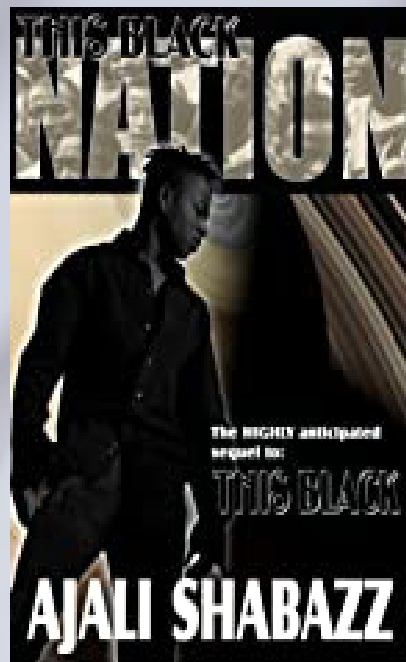
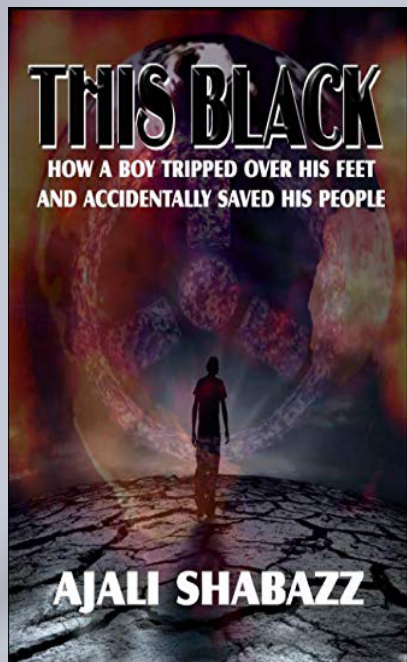
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Books by:

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!

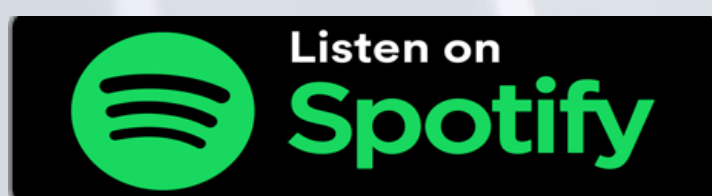
Listen to the interview on  by clicking the link below:

<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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podcast!





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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.

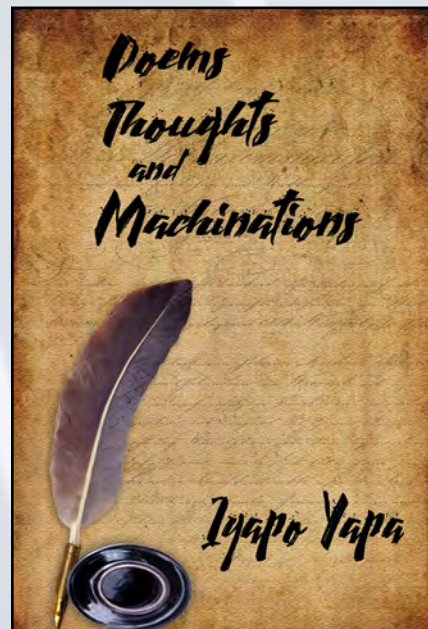


CLICK THE LOGO ABOVE TO VISIT MY BLOG



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.

ANIMATION & RELAXATION

Throughout my life I've learned to do a lot of things. Most of them have to do with something "artsy", like drawing, writing, playing music (including piano, guitar and my favorite, the harmonica). I also taught myself to build computers as well as use

various kinds of software. I taught myself to juggle and to do tricks on a skateboard. (Skateboarding is one of the things I miss being able

to do now that I'm older. My mind is willing, but body has a different plan.) I'm not bragging, personally, I don't feel that I do anything more than ANY other Black person can do, because that's just the way we are. And I mean that with all my heart.

What I AM saying is that I can't stand being bored, and typically all those things kept me from becoming bored. Now, as I do the things I do, I still find them very rewarding, but I don't necessarily find them relaxing. One day I was working on my writing and wanted to take a break. (A "break" meaning,

perhaps a day or two away from it.) I didn't necessarily want to write or play any music, but I realized there was something I hadn't done in decades and would serve as a perfect distraction and means of relaxation.



ANIMATING!

Animating a cartoon (the old-fashioned way, by sitting down and DRAWING the darn thing),

is tedious and time consuming—but for someone who likes to draw, it can be very relaxing if it is done just for the love of doing it. Some people knit and end up with a garment, I'm going to draw and end up with a cartoon. I'm very excited by the prospect and am looking forward to working on it little by little until I'm done. I'll keep you posted on the progress. In the meantime, you can click the image to see the opening reel. (Lil' Man is more of a place holder for timing. I'm not sure if the result is going to be a Lil' Man cartoon) but whatever it turns out to be, I anticipate the fun and relaxation of producing it!

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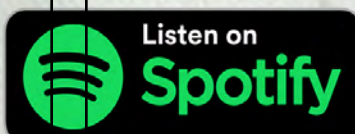
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Two writers
Two Mics
&
Plenty of Banter!



While Black

THE **PODCAST**



ANGELA R. RILEY

Author of *AFFIRMING SelfLOVE*

AYOKA B.

Author of *LOVE at SECOND SIGHT*

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

READING and WRITING in the **DARIK**

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Alright, enough about ME!

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

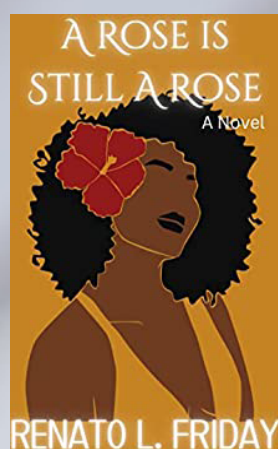


Affirming Self Love (Graphic Non-Fiction SERIES)

angela riley

SelfLOVE Meditation, Reflections, & AFFIRMATIONS Series...

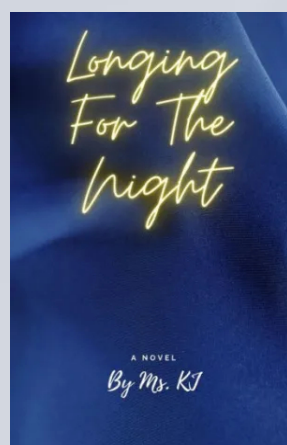
With a new book released each month, this “Graphic Nonfiction” series is filled with love for BlackUs. Each episode opens with a short essay exploring a theme such as “Following the Happy” or “Plan & Reflect” and culminates with a dynamic collection of affirmation. You’ll have a beautiful time meditating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



A Rose is Still a Rose

Renato L. Friday

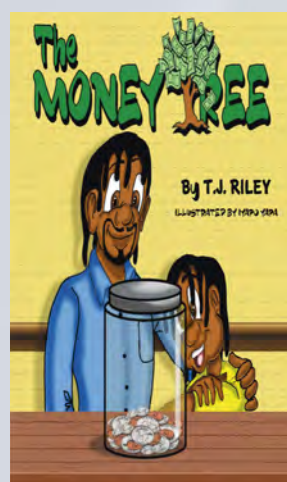
Rose thought life was going great: she was engaged, had a beautiful set of twin girls, a recent trade school graduate, and a new job right around the corner. Unfortunately, her fiancé, David, turned out to not be what she needed, and she chose to break things off. In the midst of her failing relationship,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



Longing for the Night

Ms. KJ

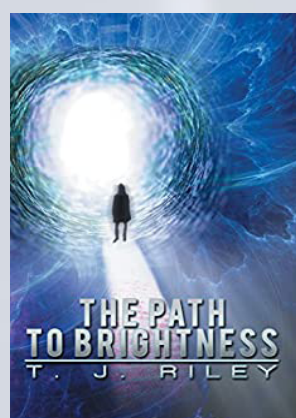
Inspired by the poem Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti, two young sisters face the trials and tribulations of the hood in this coming-of-age story about the harshness of living in South Central Los Angeles.



The Money Tree

T.J. Riley / Illustrated by Iyapo Yapa

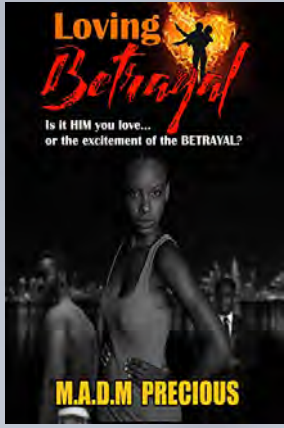
Every child wants money to buy something, right? Our hero does too. But, his father has a surprise, a Money Tree. Join the fun journey to find out how to grow your own money tree.



THE PATH to BRIGHTNESS

T.J. Riley

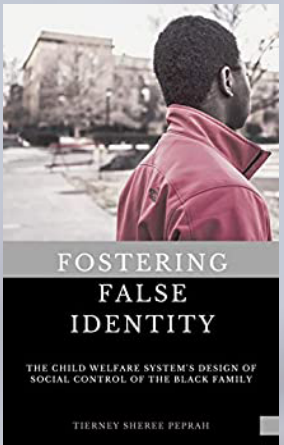
Fatima, a young woman, has a near-death experience. When she awakes from a coma and recovers, she has mystical powers. She begins to see auras and experiences life with her new abilities. For the clever character, Fatima, life is about to dramatically change. Follow Fatima's journey as she tries to convince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



LOVING BETRAYAL

MADM Precious

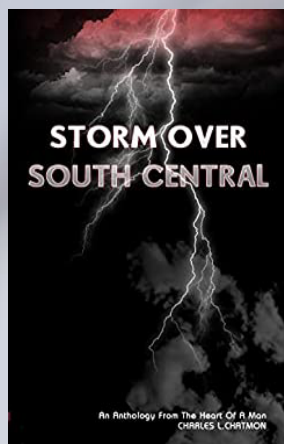
When Michelle met Michael, she thought that she found the love of her life. She was young and coming out of a bad marriage. A single parent of two children, she was scared, broke and had no self esteem. Michael seemed perfect, except for one little problem...



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

Tierney Peprah

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



Storm Over South Central

Charles L. Chatmon

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

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

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



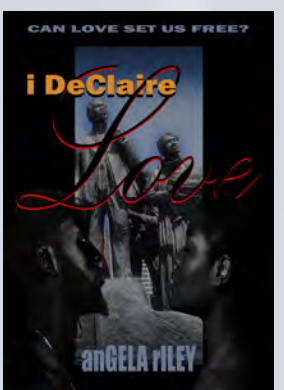
RELAY

Charles L. Chatmon

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

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

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



I DeClaire Love

Angela Riley

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



The Love X TamuTamu Agency

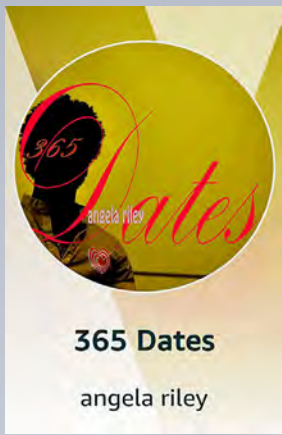
Angela Riley

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

READING and WRITING in the

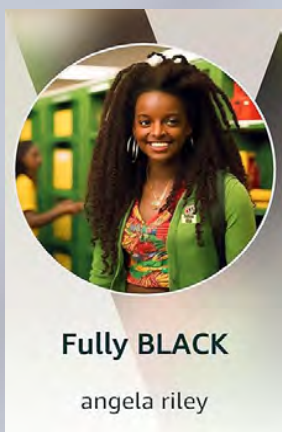
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365 Dates
Angela Riley

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



Fully BLACK
Angela Riley

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



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

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

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



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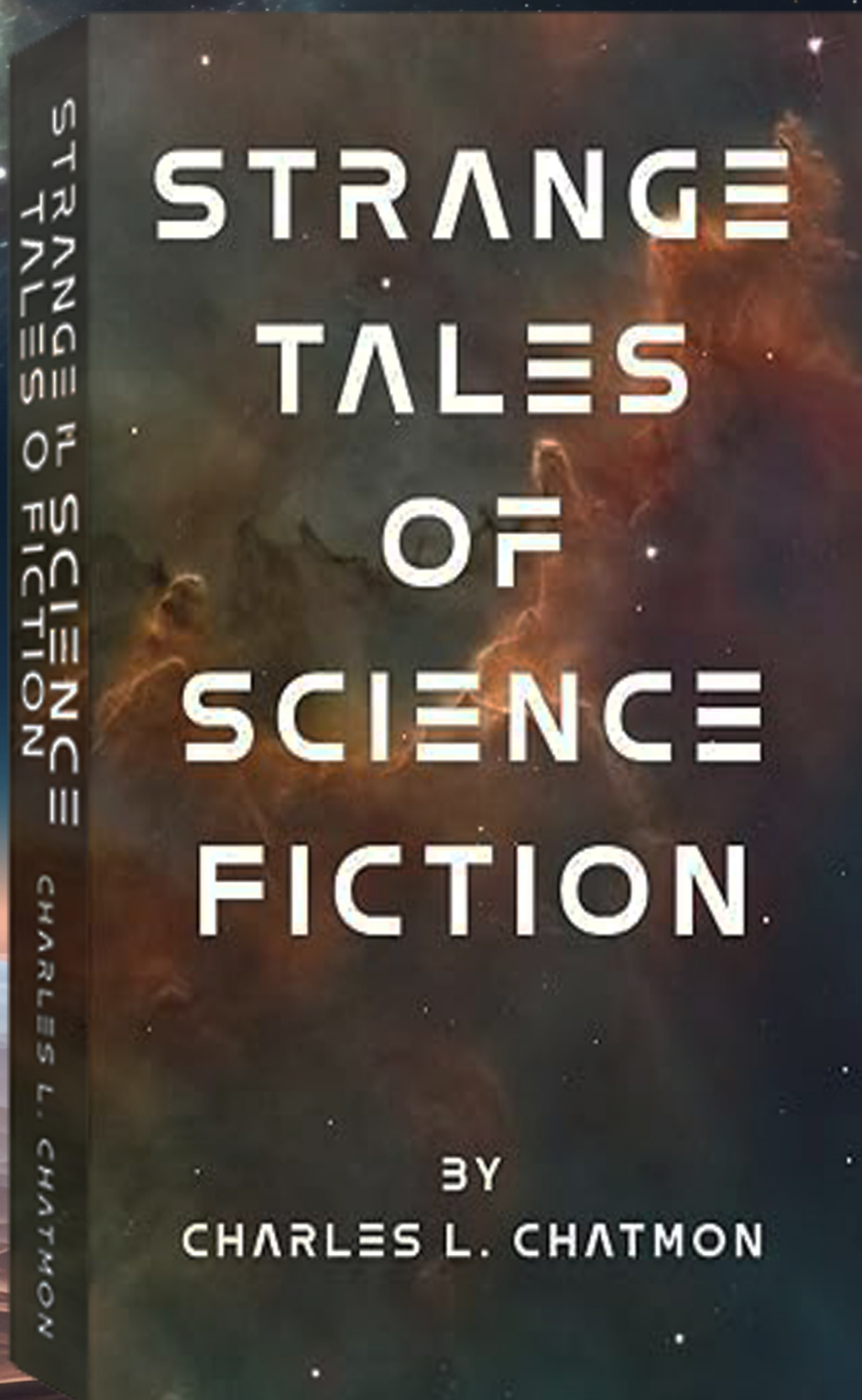
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Who would have thought an alien species of warriors would have the fight of their lives against an army from earth? What's going on behind the walls of a movie studio that looks suspicious? Why are two highway patrol officers chasing after a stranger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

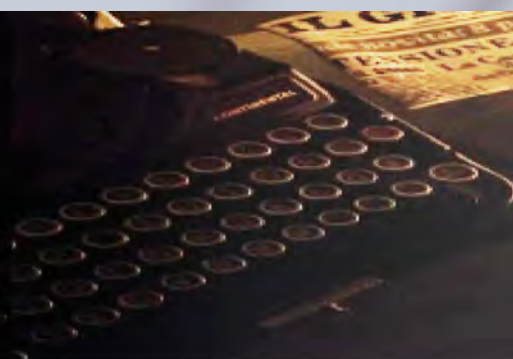


CLICK ON THE BOOK ABOVE TO PURCHASE ON AMAZON!

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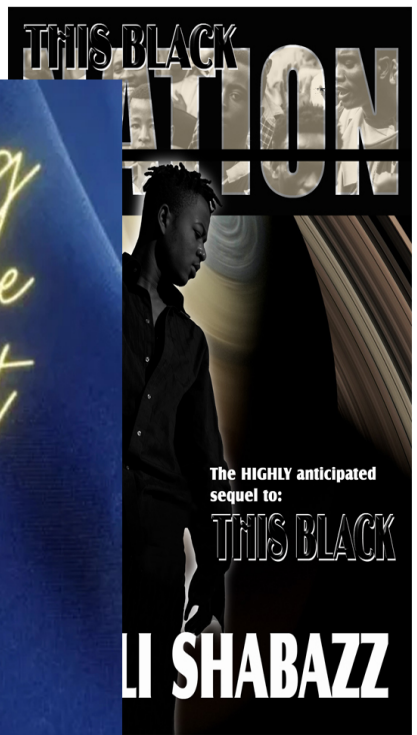


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