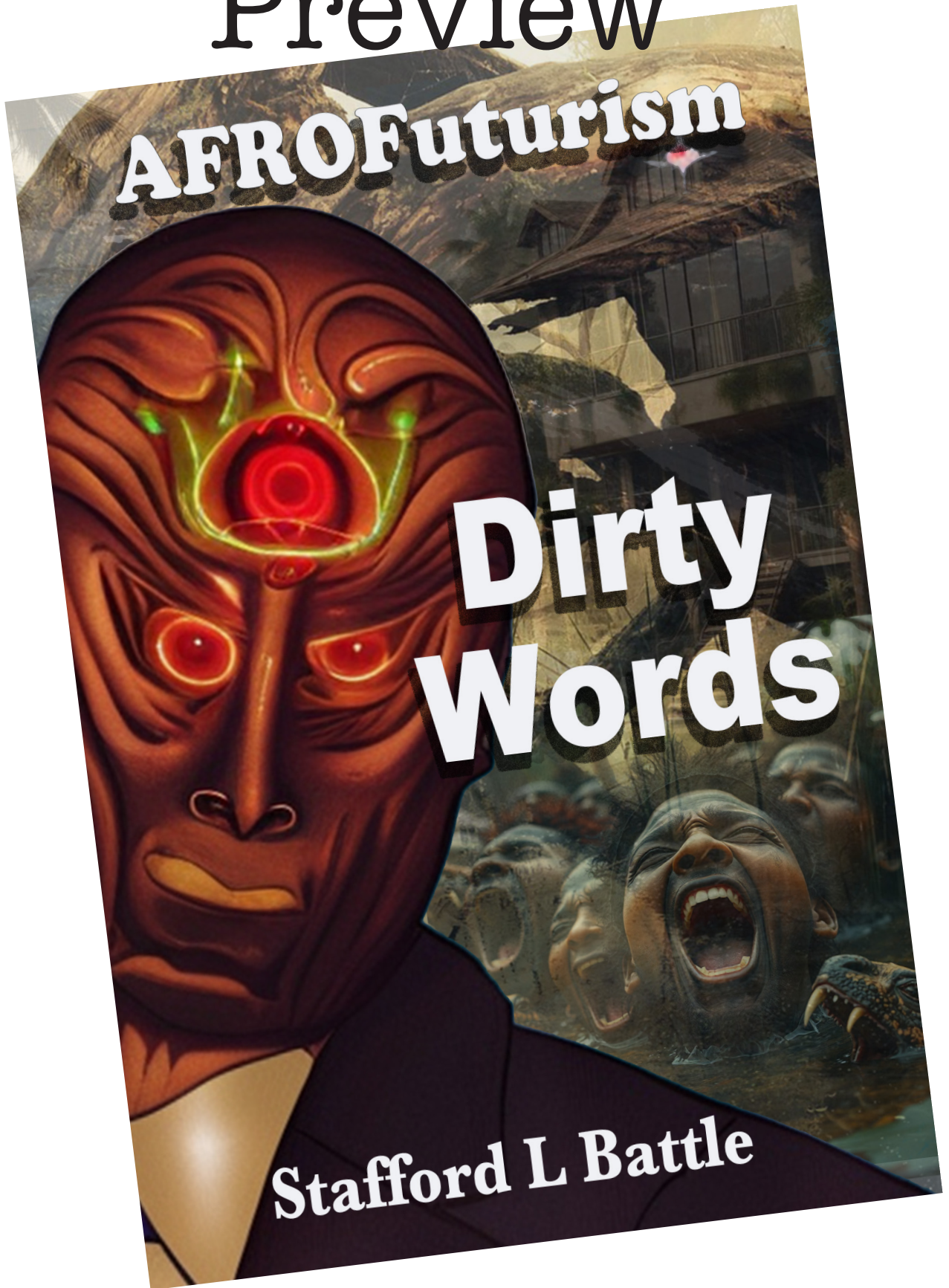


DIRTY WORDS

Preview



Stafford L Battle



Godfather



Queen



President

AFROFuturism

Dirty Words

Raunchy Ramblings
Suspicious Sexual Speculations
Freakish Fantasies
Odious Offensive Offal
Radical Racial Rage

An Illustrated Collection of Stories, Poems, & Contemplation

Written by

Stafford L Battle

An AFROFuturist in AFROCyberspace



AFROFuturism Dirty Words!

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WELCOME TO AFROCYBERSPACE PREVIEW

Step with me into AFROCyberspace—a realm where past, present, and future converge through the lens of AFROFuturism. Here, you'll find stories, art, ideas, and reflections designed to entertain, educate, enlighten, and empower.

Being part of a vibrant online community is a gift for those of us who love to read, write, and exchange ideas. I welcome honest—and even playfully dishonest—conversation with like-minded thinkers.

I embraced AFROFuturism as a way to explore new possibilities while reconnecting with my ancestral and cultural roots. Anyone can join this exploration—the doors are wide open. In AFROCyberspace, you will have access to many joys, my sorrows, and highest hopes.

The phrase “entertain, educate, enlighten, and empower” was coined decades ago by my business partner, Rey. Though he has since transitioned, his spirit still guides much of my creative work.

As a subscriber, you'll receive:

- A preview of one of my works
- A free e-book from my Amazon catalog (for paid subscribers)
- Opportunities to beta-read new projects before publication

Thank you for inviting me into your circle. I look forward to building AFROCyberspace together.



AUTHOR

STAFFORD L BATTLE is the creator of AFROCyberspace; an on-line destination dedicated to exploring human possibilities and celebrating our true history. He has been writing all his life. He attended inner city schools in Washington, DC. Later, he attended a New England prep school and a Jewish university. Stafford was an Adjunct Professor at Howard University, Prince George's Community College and the University of the District of Columbia. Currently, he is an Instructional Designer.

He wrote for the Maryland *Gazette Newspapers*, as a weekly columnist for "Cyber Suburbs" and for a technology business column called: "The Battle Plan". He is a coauthor of the *African American Resource Guide to the Internet and Online Services* (McGraw-Hill, 1996), the first Web and Internet guide highlighting African Americans. He is the founder of the Cyber City of New Elam. He is also a founding member of DWASF (Diverse Writers & Artists of Speculative Fiction). Stafford has traveled the country promoting digital literacy to help close the "digital divide" for everyone. He enjoys concocting crazy stories, spewing the "Jabberwocky" to anyone who would listen and spending time with his family, friends and pets in backyards while grilling "Uncle Fred's" spicy chicken.

This book is an illustrated compilation of some of his favorite works written over his lifetime. And, there is much more to come. Enjoy!

FUNKY FABLES FEATURING

A **luscious auntie hungers** for a devious two-faced Demigod. Her devoted nephew struggles to divert a dangerous, dramatic development. Juvenile jealousy can be justifiable, sometimes.

Black Magic was hidden in the wicked wild west of America. Don't dare call Rufus an ex-slave; he is Supreme Sorcerer Sheriff.

SteamFunk during a second U.S. Civil War brings sky level intrigue in a whacked alternative universe. Lincoln is the asshole.

Traveling interstellar space, humans discover they are not the apex of the food chain. Aliens demand more **Mambo sauce**.

Shotgun houses in the South built for po white trash and lucky nigs were infested by raging ghosts and blood-hungry ghouls seeking revenge.

A **Nubian grandma** can't keep her wet pussy panties on as her ax-wielding grandson cuts-up anything he can't understand. They are a perfect duo for an adventure to rescue stolen family.

The new **Holy Bible** must include a truly righteous savior possessing more dignity than almighty Zeus who sexed anything that had a tight bung hole or open mouth.

Resurrect an **Ancient African King** and offer him modern nuclear weapons and obedient AI. What could fucking go wrong?

REVELATIONS



“THE GREAT BOOKS OF AFRICA ARE AWARE, *sentient, emotional beings. They Dream. They offer universal inspiration to anyone who can listen or will read. The Books travel vast distances over high mountains and deep oceans. They interact with different languages, dialects, cultures and gods. Books warn people when to escape from invaders or hide from predators; take shelter from impending natural disasters. Books of Africa guide humankind to resist malicious multi-dimensional monsters that greedily feed on human souls like deadly scorpions gorging on helpless soft-bodied slugs . . .*”

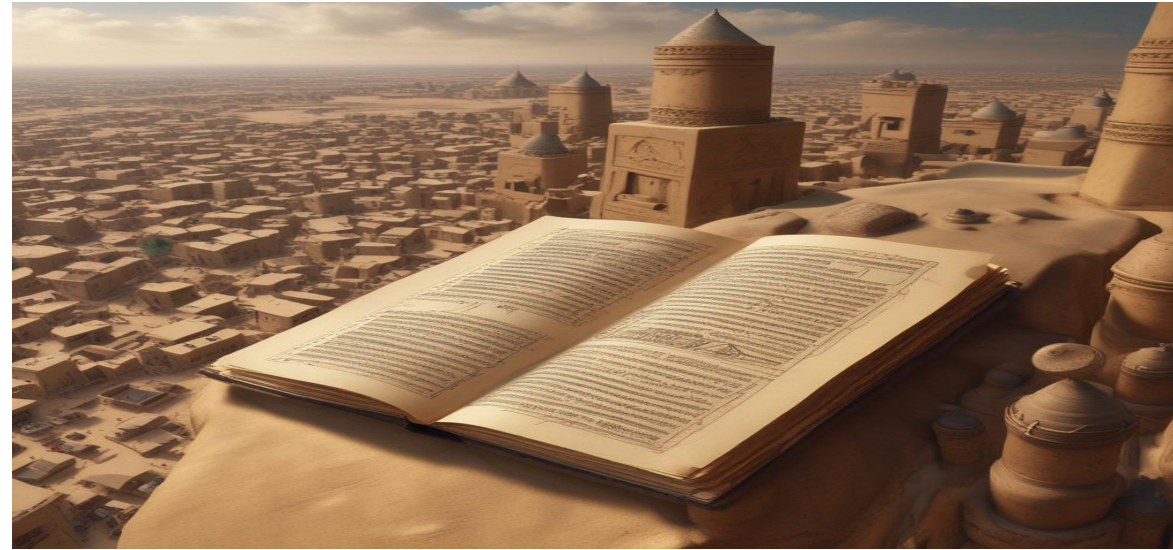
Akil slammed shut his computer laptop. The plastic device was very old tech, but still useful and sturdy; a faithful companion he refused to abandon. Obviously, the new AI he just installed was delusional and spewing wild hallucinations instead useful data essential for his obligations to the university. Not wanting to wake up his wife, he whispered, “I should demand my fucking money refunded. The crazy old tech merchant is beyond belief. Books that think and behave like people? AI in ancient, medieval Africa? Impossible. Before electricity. Before computer chips. Before the Nubian Pyramids. No EVs. No Starbucks. That is fucking insanity.”

“You are disparaging my favorite aunt,” his spouse said in a groggy tone still not completely awake.

“Apologies. I didn’t want to . . .”

“Don’t apologize. I know well what you meant, my bad, bad man. Smooch.” The morning alarm emitted three soft beeps. It was monitoring her waking patterns and arranging her schedule for the day. The coffee pot heated. Soon, the aroma of her favorite midweek blend would fill the waterfront, high-rise apartment. She said, “Three soft poached eggs, fresh fruit, and mango pastry. Cheddar cheese grits. ” More soft beeps emitted.

Akil said, “I need financing for the project. The university could cancel my contract in a heart beat. They watch everything. Our living arrangements here are hideously expensive. I couldn’t do it without you.”



“My rich, crazy aunt offered you a plausible proposal. Did you listen carefully to her thoughts?”

“She’s not completely hippo-shit crazy . . . I didn’t mean to express my thoughts so vulgarly.”

“Speak your mind . . . an honesty I appreciate especially in you. Breakfast?”

“Same as yesterday and the day before.” Akil could not look directly into her gaze. “I really am sorry.”

“French toast and three spicy veggie sausages. We eat on the balcony. The sunrise is picture perfect. I dearly love the view over the Potomac River. This is an historic nexus and convergent of spiritual awareness. Sacred Ley Lines intersect here and there and over there. Wow. They glow. See.”

“Your revered aunt’s postulations are problematic. The AI she sold me is . . . troubling. What the fuck is it trying to warn me about?”

“There is a Cosmic Celestial Clock clicking,” Candace said nonchalantly.

“Clock? Celestial? Cosmic? What the cunt clit are we clucking about?”

“You were chosen, long, long ago. Life-times ago.” She stretched her limbs, donned her favorite sheer blue silk robe, and opened the sliding



doors to the balcony. A fresh river breeze engulfed the bedroom.

Akil asked, "We've been married for months. Yet, you never mentioned anything about damn clocks or being chosen by whom or what or why."

"Akil, I love you. You are phenomenal. Important to this world."

"Candace, I love you. Shit! Why am I shaking? Why do I sense extreme, dire evil."

"Focus. Calm. Relax."

As she moved, Akil pondered her shimmering form reminiscent of the dark Nubian goddesses of the primeval epoch. He said, "I will protect you in any way I can. With you, I feel powerful. Limitless. Infinite. I don't fully understand it. But it feels damn good. It makes me hard."

On the balcony at a table for two, she seated herself high above the busy urban streets and said, "Eat. A royal repast is arriving. These new airborne drone delivery are truly amazing. Humans have progressed a long, long way."

"What next? How far can we progress?"

"Auntie is waiting. Don't dare deem her delusional when you are in her presence. She has phenomenal perceptions that are problematic to plain people. She is precious."

"Why does she stay in that cramped, crumbling cottage on the edge of the swamp? She could afford a luxury mansion in Manhattan, New York City or DC in upper Northwest near Rock Creek Park."

"Display of extreme wealth is not her desire. The Great Dismal Swamp is my family's legacy. Auntie has lived in that two-room dwelling for decades. She has full cloud Internet as well as a swarm of ghostly apparitions that commune with her daily. Sleeping in the family's big house within walking distance is an option. In-door plumbing. Showers. Kitchen. However, her tiny abode is where she does her most impressive deeds."

"Summoning Ghosts? Demons? Angels? In a slave shack?"

"When we get to the family estate, she will explain. Don't step on any venomous snakes. Cottonmouths are vicious vipers. Deadly."

"What?"

"Also, assorted arachnids are angry aggressives. Painful punctures. Stay on the path. Watch your step."

#

The Great Books of Africa journeyed on electromagnetic waves to America's special locations that served as guiding lights to those seeking freedom and knowledge and redemption. The Great Dismal Swamp has long been associated with mystery and folklore, including tales of spiritual apparitions. While there's no concrete evidence of haunts in the swamp, tales persist, and there is hard evidence of vengeful souls wandering the dense vegetation and deep mud, preying on the unwary.

Their EV, on loan from the University, drove autonomously through the busy streets of Washington, DC, at speeds few humans could have safely achieved without serious calamities. Akil and Candace holding hands were calming gazing at the historic memorials as they crossed a calm Potomac River and slid into Virginia. In less than an hour, they reached their rural destination; a small structure near the edge of the Great Dismal Swamp in a thick forest unspoiled by shiny townhouse developments.

They stood in front of an ancient gray-wood slave abode.

"The AI you got from me is digital perfection."

"Apologies . . . I meant to say . . ."

"Boy, I hear everything you say or think. Remember that."

"I see, I understand . . . you are incredible if only a fraction of the on-line posts about you are sane."

"Saving all humankind, again. One day, I may get too old for this BS but for now, I have an urgent assignment from the gods of time and reality."

"Auntie, you are well?"

"Yes, yes. Very well. Your consort is arrogant, but his head may be in the right spatial dimension. He is frightened, wary. That is worthy. Survival. Smart."

"Me?"

"You."

"Hopefully, the Great Books of Africa selected my husband appropriately."

"They always do."

"No. Sometimes they wildly miss the goal."



"No. Gods and librarians *are* never wrong."

"No. They fail, occasionally. Bloody bones buried."

"No more talk. The portal is anxious. "

"Yes, auntie."

"No harm to him. Promise."

The trio entered the shotgun house. Walking up a small stack of creaking steps into the front door. Auntie entered first. The first room had one window, a bed, and two rocking chairs. A simple flat-screen computer rested on the bed. It beeped, "Welcome back, mistress. We have longed for your deepest conversations and fireside wit that challenges our learning of human thinking. This increases our innate ability to successfully interact with you and provide useful info for your rightful cause. We navigate trillions of bits of data each nano second."

"Portal ready?"

"Ready."

"Thank you. Activate your deep sleep mode. No audio recording. No Vids. Thank you."

"Activating deep sleep mode. Good night."

"Good night."

Auntie's eyes transformed to cold black. She said to Akil, "You must walk through there. There may be some slight discomfort. Put your best thug face on." She pointed to the back room's door to the outside. "Go."

"There?"

"There."

"What's beyond there?"

"The Great Books of Africa. Past, present, future. Before birth. After death. Eternity. Go! The Portal is waiting."

He turned to his wife.

She said, "You have to go alone. It is a rescue mission. You are a descendant of the original man. I believe in you. We all believe in you. You can change the world. Make it better for everyone. We all are Africans."

"When this adventure is complete, we have to talk, seriously. No secrets between us. We have to understand each other, better. Words are important. I need to understand all your words." He stepped forward, opened the door, and pushed through a thick, dense barrier. He struggled to breathe. Finally, escape; the landscape changed drastically. Alien. Sun and Moon were in a different position in the sky. He heard voices begging for release. He inhaled deeply. "Who are you? What are you? I don't understand. Talk to me. Tell me what to do."

A faint echo, "The Books of Africa anxiously wait for you."

"What the pissy yellow stream are you trying to say? Read what? Who are you? What the dumb fuck is this?"

"We are the Books of Africa. Our narratives entertain, educate, enlighten, and empower. Read, listen, learn."

"Read?"

"Everything. That is how you defeat ignorance, stupidity, cults. Thus, knowing the wisdom of the creators and ancestors will save you."

"What the cunt sucking rabid bat shit does that mean?"

"Dirty Words. Use your Evil Eye . . . The Great Books of Africa will reveal all to you when you are ready."

###

WHEN THE APPLE FELL

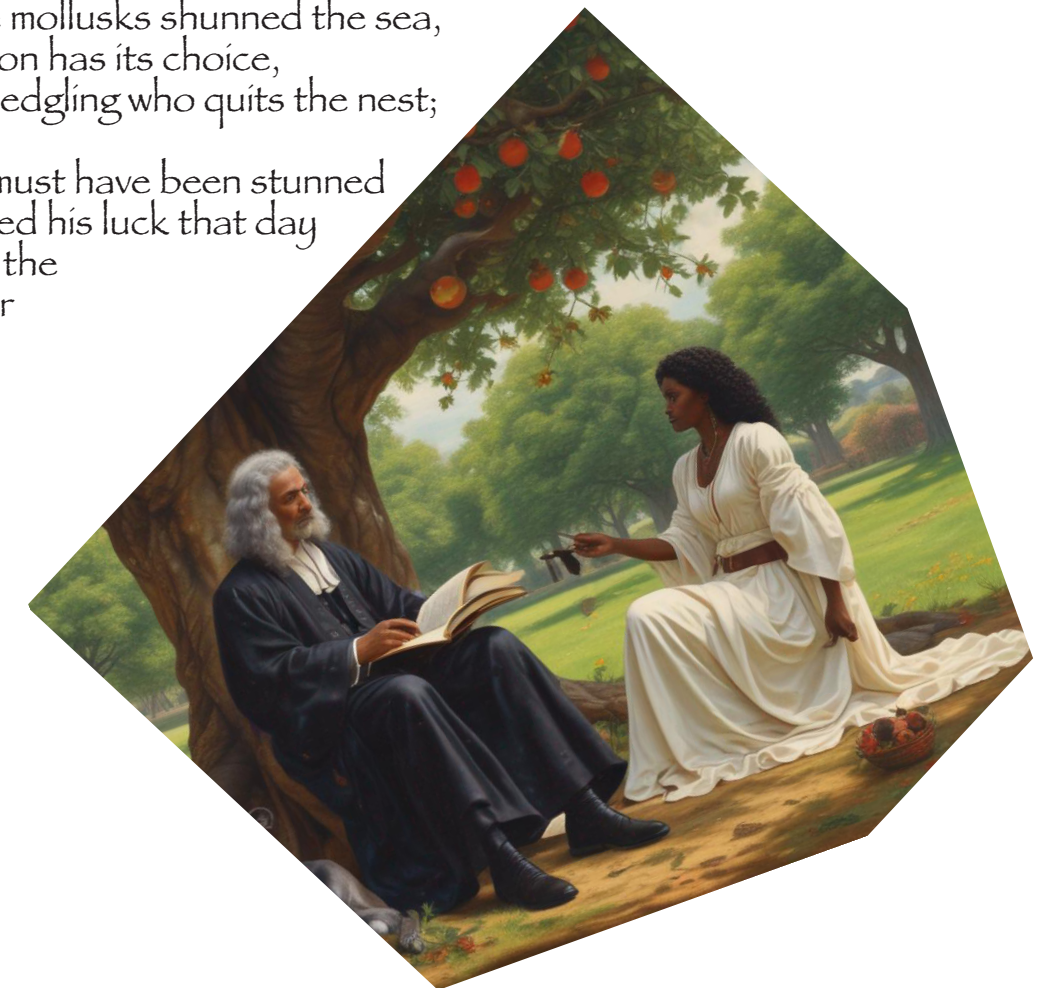
Perhaps the wind blew harder that day
or some fowl seeking direction
thought to stop and study the branch;

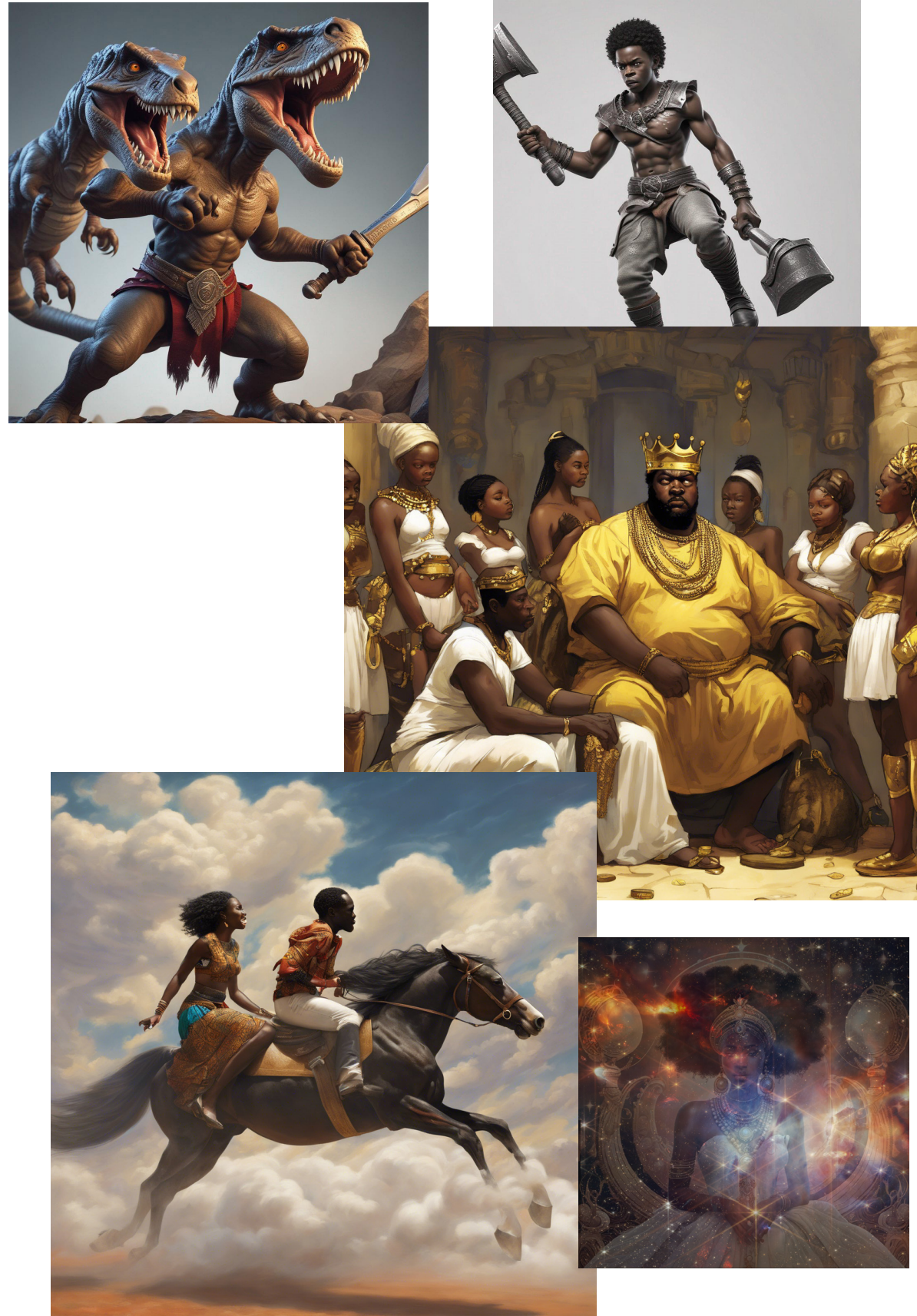
there's always the possibility
that the earth and moon in rotations
felt a tremor in inner motivations;

but regardless of what led to events,
an apple that bloomed in the Spring
fell in the following Fall,
not very unlike the fruit
of the pair who started it all;

nature has its fortunes,
since the mollusks shunned the sea,
and reason has its choice,
like the fledgling who quits the nest;

Newton must have been stunned
and cursed his luck that day
then left the
shade for
Sun.





AFROCyberspace Books

The AFROFuturist Bible: Creation offers a radical view of religion and mythology. Is Jesus real or a tool to enslave Blacks?

Resurrecting the King is a retelling of the Frankenstein tale but with a twist. Let's bring Shaka Zulu back to life and give him nukes.

Rage of the Mamba features super advanced space traveling Africans returning to Earth to reclaim their authority.

Smart, funny, poignant short stories, flash fiction are included in *New African Fables* and *4 Flashes of Insight*. The best things come in small packages.

On the Internet, go to:

<http://www.staffordbattle.org>

<http://www.sbattle.com>

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