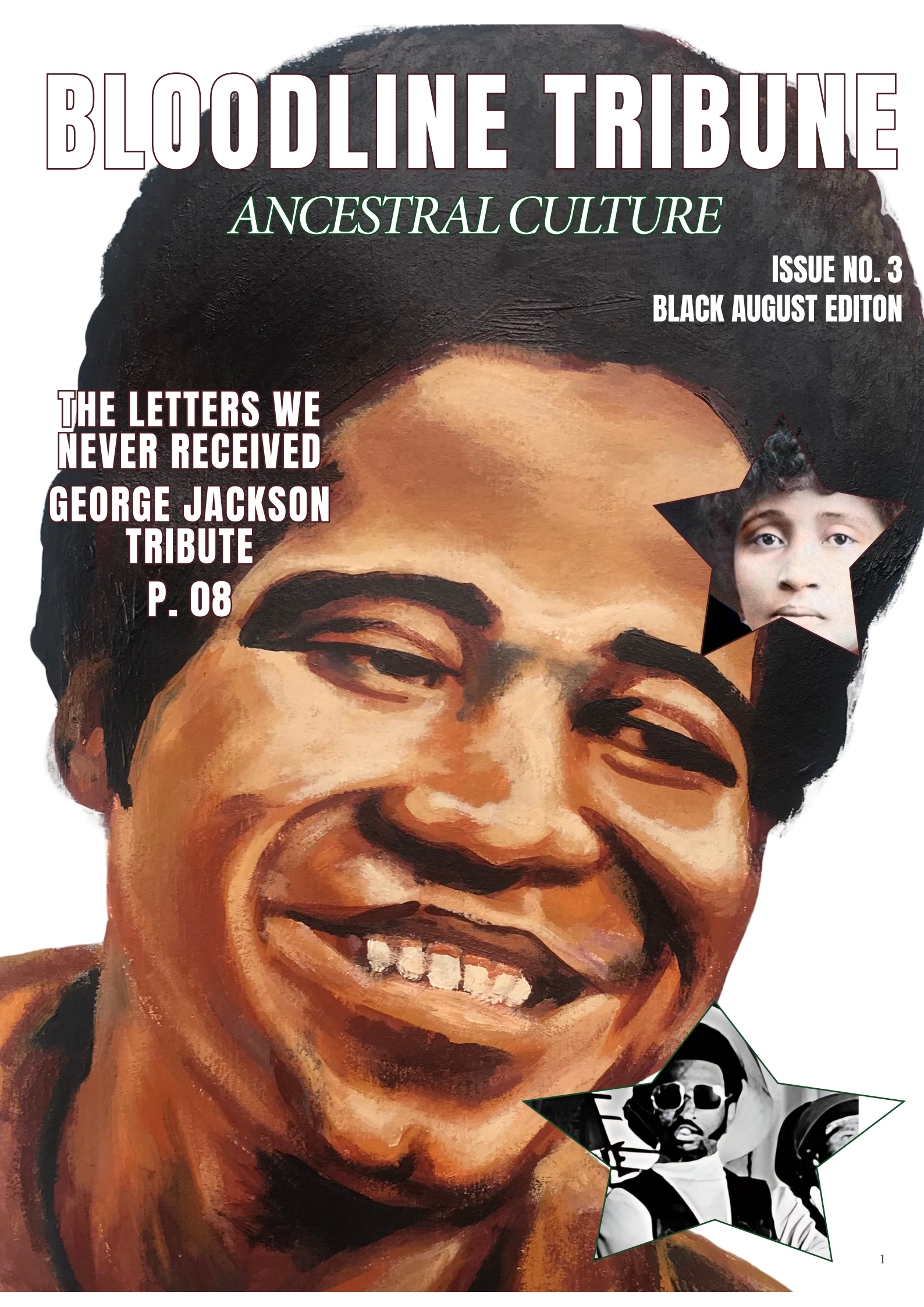


BLOODLINE TRIBUNE

ANCESTRAL CULTURE

ISSUE NO. 3
BLACK AUGUST EDITON

THE LETTERS WE
NEVER RECEIVED
GEORGE JACKSON
TRIBUTE
P. 08



"And we are

The outside children

*The ones born before they got married to
another and finally started a family*

*That never made room for the outside
children to sit in for family dinners because
they're never counted*

Never included.

And we are

The outside children

*The ones easily forgotten and the ones
you're never available for*

The ones left outside asking for more

*But that door.... that door isn't always open
for us*

*And when we need a ride, we gotta take
a hike or ride on our shiny bikes that our
daddies never bought us.... we had our
uncles and grandparents to show up*

*Filling the positions of our father figure
because we... we are the outside children*





*The ones they had before marriage so they
never helped mama with the baby carriage*

*And now we're grown unpacking
childhood baggage*

No longer looking for our daddy

*Still not invited to the family dinners,
sibling weddings*

or graduations

*i guess the outside children never got
inside*

We're so outta sight and outta mind

We were long left behind

*Never truly accepted and always feeling
neglected*

*But being outside taught us more than
being inside so i guess... i guess we respect
it?*

*Cause we really can't change it
and although we're the outside children*

We were daddy kids first

Georgia Nubia

IDENTITY

*The Root Note- Black August
Issue*



**The
BLOODL**
ANCESTRAL C

The 8th month. The 3rd official issue.

Discipline sharpens, bonds tighten, and across the diaspora, we keep reclaiming what was stolen — our Bloodlines. What you see in these pages is not just art. Art is the surface. Beneath it are the doors, the tools, the opportunities for you to grow, to connect, to remember who your tribe is.

This is not a place for filters. Not a place for watered-down stories dressed up for comfort. Here, we speak raw. Here, we write with our own tongue, our own rhythm. We don't wait for permission. We don't bend for approval.

I call you to learn. To participate. To engage. To build. Whatever way you move, move in a way that strengthens your family, your circle, your Bloodline. Because this isn't just about words on paper. This is about legacy. About survival. About pushing our people forward.

Black August is not a hashtag. It's not a memorial month tucked in the margins of history. Black August is living. Black August is breathing. Black August is discipline, resistance, sacrifice — and it lives right here, in these pages.

Welcome to The Bloodline.

— Chuck King

BLOODLINE
CULTURE

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Black August Reflection of Kulanshi George Jackson

*The Letters We Never
Recieved*



My brother, I cannot fully relate to the constraints you endured during your time on earth, yet your reflection and spirit stretched far beyond those bars

— and continue to fly today. I remember being thrown behind those same walls, the tightening of the cuffs meant to constrain my message since they could not constrain my voice. I remember feeling like a piece of property, a possession of the state itself. These were my earlier years, when I was arrested for protesting.

I believe that was when the journey — the urge for self-knowledge — began. I was filled with questions, but more importantly with a hunger for solutions. This fire was fueled by something we both share: a love for our people, a need to see change. Not simply a want, but a necessity. Only recently have I begun to put my words and thoughts on paper and relay them to our people. For this reason, I consider it both an honor and a privilege — and most importantly, a learning opportunity — to share this stage with you.

The System

You were able to expose the systemic oppression of the state to the people right under their noses. It is no secret that fascism — whether enforced militantly or politically — exists to keep the powers that be in control. If you did not believe in reform then, one can only imagine where we stand now. The so-called democratic efforts continue to fall on deaf ears, offering only false sympathy. Too often we are baited into savior hopes, like Dr. King's dream — which, if you were wondering, never came true and may be farther away today than it was then.

The belief and hope in reform has caused this generation to fall into a whirlwind of “hope,” paired with prayer that becomes an excuse, restraining us from real action. Rather than trying to restructure a system that was never framed for

THE BLOODLINE TRIBUNE

ANCESTRAL CULTURE

us in the first place, my passion has sprouted from the examples of self-sufficiency advocates. Marcus Garvey often pointed to the over 20 million in the diaspora during the 1920s and their potential. That number has multiplied more than tenfold today, and yet we remain unaware of our power and opportunity to achieve without reliance on outside sources.

This truth extends to the hood, to impoverished Black communities, to rural towns — anywhere potential exists but examples of work turned into reward are hidden from view. Inward lies the numbers and the resources to forge the solutions, justice, and future we demand today. The question remains: what are we all doing toward the ultimate goal? How can we selflessly commit ourselves to the greater whole?

This action, this mindset, is the first step toward reclaiming pride in our race. When one selfless person is joined by another, the results double — and so forth — until change becomes inevitable, occurring

without needing to be seen, but impossible to be denied.

Militancy and Defense

Militancy and discipline go hand in hand. I learned that from the influence you had with the brothers locked inside with you. The so-called violent savages, according to outside society, showed and promoted uniformed unity in the face of oppression and control. However, that only came through education. The mind is the first tool of militancy — the ability to make informed decisions built upon thought rather than emotion. Though the loss of you and your strong-willed brother saddens me, the tools you left behind still lie in the hearts and minds of militants today.

Kobrani, the sacred art of defense in Tokanji culture, was built off of the principles of Kulanshi ancestors like yourself. Our core centers around the protection of the Black family, which has been the target in every attempt to destroy our existence.





Kobrani

Broken homes, lost bloodlines through slavery, systemic operations — all have played a role in weakening the Black family's impact on our survival today. Kobrani is how we turn the wheel back in the right direction, our feet pressed firmly on the gas. It is the sacred duty to prepare and, when the moment demands, to protect our bloodlines at all cost.

This begins with our men but must operate through us all. We must ignore the stereotypes that culture has branded on our skin. Black men must recommit themselves to the protection of Black women and child. A part of that responsibility is that every Black man must be armed and experienced in his tools. Not only because it is our legal right, which we must express openly, but to show visual examples to our community — proof of self-sufficient protection. Moments where our people can once again feel safe among themselves.

The protection of the collective does not stop there. Every woman — and yes, every child once of proper age — must be trained in the art of protection. This begins as a sacred responsibility taught in childhood and passed down through generations to ensure the past never repeats, and if it does, that we are prepared. Young men, though society sees them as children, must be molded into manhood in their teen years. Young women must learn the art of protection, trained in militant techniques while still maintaining their motherhood character — nurturers to our society. This is not just change — this is growth. Growing the mind into a state of love among each other again, no longer seeing someone who looks like us as an opp or enemy, but accepting the duty of the collective. That if a threat should intrude, they must get through the men, the women, and, if necessary, even the

child. Our commitment becomes so deep in compassion to our ancestors — ancestors like you, and the ones who sacrificed.

To remain in the best position of defense, one must learn, practice, and educate ourselves daily. As the world grows, we must grow. Remaining comfortable keeps us behind, never in front. Protection is something we must always remain ahead in. Never let society paint the picture for us. Kulanshi ancestors like yourself, Robert F. Williams, Huey P. Newton — you were all labeled as violent for your stance on protection and defensive strategies for our people. But in truth, it was Kobrani — the sacred duty, the sacred task upon us all.

Unity Amongst the Walls

As we recap from the sacred duty of protecting the Black family — something we both considered sacred — I must express to you the need for the unity you established then, for today. The unity among Black men that continues to appear only when they are placed in chains, placed behind walls, with no other choice.

Selfless leadership is the best leadership, the one that truly works. Too often we as a people get caught up in titles or recognition. When you were caged at eighteen, your only concern was the people themselves and your urge to bring change for them. People followed you out of respect rather than demand, yet you still kept structure and order. That loyalty and commitment brought unity among the brothers themselves, uniting them around one common cause, one purpose, one set of principles.

Though your letters flew beyond the prison walls with this same message, the unity among our people then seemed much stronger than now.

The systems that be have placed us in an internal war, and I cry to the Kulanshi for assistance. Gangs that were formed as resistance to protect our people now ultimately destroy our people. This is not an attack on the gang member himself, but even they must face the reality of what has become of us. We kill, take, and steal from each other because all other options have been stripped away. And then, when we end up behind the wall, when the sentences come down like hammers and judgment is placed on our lives — only then do we learn about you, if we are lucky. Education is the key moment where we continue to miss the ball. Education must begin at birth. Behind the wall, opposing enemies who have spilled blood against each other, who carry hate and long-term vengeance, must even then place differences aside and commit to the mass. Why must this form of unity only come when they lock away the keys?

This is a bridge we must cross with high urgency. If not, there will be none of us left. What I have learned through experience is the priority of healing. There can be no unity outside the walls until we present healing stations for our people to take on this work and mindset.



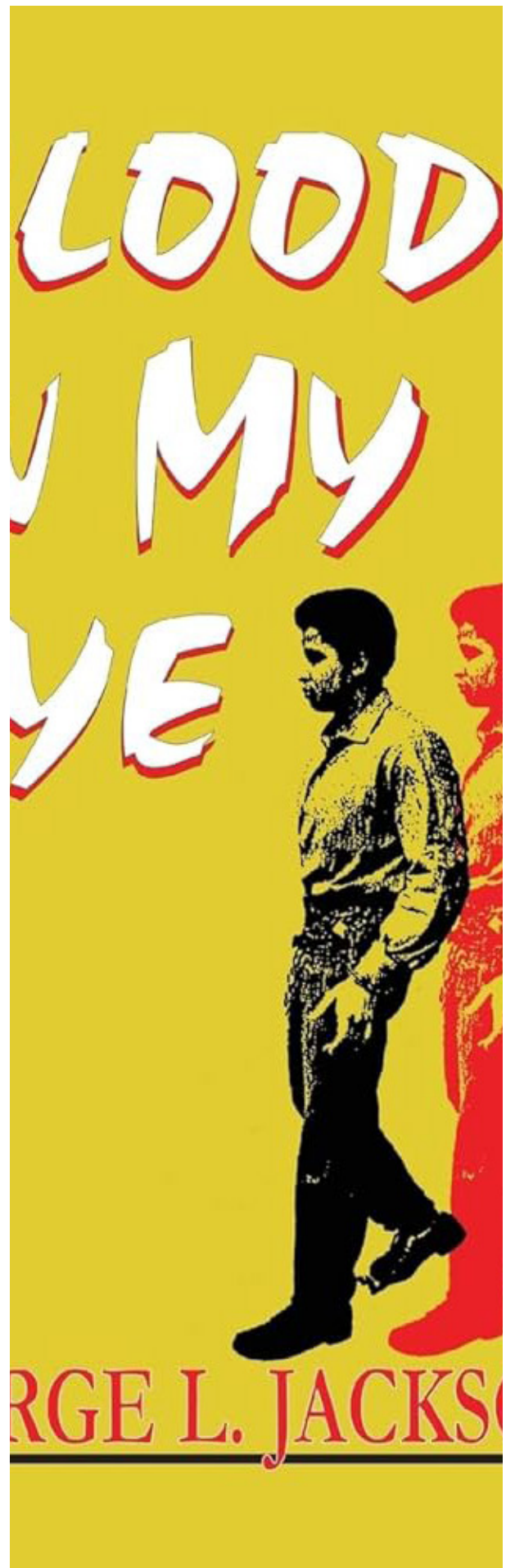
Inside, stripped of life by the prison system, we are forced to heal or suppress — forced into survival instincts to simply “fall in line.” Outside, we too suppress and fall in line in a different survival mode. It is unorthodox for our people to heal — we have never healed. Yet through healing, through our own conception, through confronting systemic oppression, we can turn the wheel of our internal war — which I describe as genocide.

The sense of Black pride, of brothers standing in unity, of large cookouts and Black love filling the streets — all of this has been replaced by drive-bys at those cookouts, where youth and innocents become the unattended targets. Fear now walks our streets, fear to show love on them, fear even of our skin itself. So today, unity is needed more than ever before.

You were right about the target group that can bring this unity the fastest and in its purest form: the hood itself, the streets, the same ones committing the acts. They are the keys to unlock the doors of the change we need, the change we declare will come by any means necessary. I refuse to be a victim who accepts this is the way it will always be. Through the work of the ancestors and our efforts today, things will change. And there is no time better than now.

Prisons and Fatherhood

For everything you gave the people, I think of everything they stole from you. Being caged at eighteen, you were never granted the opportunity to have children to continue your bloodline. So we carry your bloodline in our hearts everywhere today.





Yet you were able to generate and establish strong Black men — men who took on and accepted responsibility and accountability. These are the essence of Black fatherhood, the core principles of our grandfathers. The same prison system that was your residence stripped fathers out of the home one by one. Then systems and agencies came disguised as assistance, removing our role of importance as Black fathers and replacing it with dependency on the very system that entraps us. But this becomes possible when our educators do not look like us, hence my strong stance on why education must begin at birth, by us ourselves, as the collective.

Today, as each generation passes, the number of active Black fathers decreases. We still have fathers fighting to keep existence on two fronts: those blessed to be in the home, leading with their Queen, and those who co-parent, refusing to be ghost fathers though not actively with the mother of their seed. This is the reality, and I must be transparent in our discussion. Society will tell you that Black fathers do not exist at all. Many Black women pride themselves in being in survival mode, raising sons and daughters alone, often without the presence of their own fathers to set the example. Many fathers, themselves byproducts of single mothers, abandon their responsibilities, continuing the cycle like a cancer that grows from within our people. This is the battlefield of the Black family today. Like being dropped in Vietnam, a Black man with nothing familiar around him, but everything against him — where is the purpose he serves?

But we few still hold the line, and like others in life's work, we fight to restore the presence of Black fatherhood. That starts with recognizing ourselves and our bloodlines as sacred. What happened to your bloodline before you is not within your control. But after you — all is in your hands. Black men must understand this responsibility.

When fatherhood arrives or has arrived, we must jump headfirst into the calling, for our survival depends on it. We must fill the gaps of inexperience with brotherhood. This builds a bond through work, a sacred bond. Elder fathers can mentor younger fathers, and young fathers can learn and build from each other. In this sacred duty, presence alone is half the battle. It is where we tear down the stereotype of absence with presence.

Black women must do their own work in the restoration of Black fatherhood. This includes healing from the absence of their fathers or from the conditions with the father of their bloodline now. You are the creators of us ourselves, and there can be no restoration without you. This is the sacred work of Tanzafoke — a Tokanji principle meaning turning distortion into power. Everything that was built or labeled against us must be turned into fuel, into power for the better. The stereotypes alone among Black men and women surrounding parenthood should be enough to start a resistance.

Fatherhood must be formed into collective work — brothers uniting to carry the load of absent fathers. The village must be built first; this is the construction stage. We cannot rely on women alone to build strong Black men. We ourselves have a commitment to our brotherhood, to our legacy.

Black on Black Violence

I regret to report to you that a war has definitely started amongst we ourselves. As I write this, there are probably young Black men plotting to take each other's lives, or already carrying out the act itself.

So hear my cries as this paper bleeds, the same way our sacred blood bleeds onto the streets.

I believe not only you, but all the Kulanshi cry for the war our people endure now. And if there are heaven's gates, then the lines are backed up with our youth — youth who should be having families, raising children, and experiencing life. But this is our reality, and I must be transparent. Your efforts once brought unity against the state, against the systems of control that created the conditions we are forced to survive in. Yet those messages have been buried, hidden away like the tombs of Egypt.

When the drill wave came, at first I thought it was just music. But no one realized it was the war horns of a genocide. Young artists began making music about hurting each other as far back as the 90s, but in the 2000s it became normalized. And now? Now it is the staple, the heartbeat of our musical culture — followed by actions in the streets. Our youth aren't killing each other for territory, or for money. They are killing for a name, for street clout, with no one there to warn them of the consequences until it is too late. No father to give discipline and guidance. The streets themselves have even lost control — no structure, just chaos masquerading as survival, if you even want to call it survival. I wish I could say I was exaggerating the extent of these circumstances, but I am not. And to make it worse, we do not even own the music that fuels this cycle of violence. The system profits off of Black death. This is the battlefield as it stands.

But I cannot deny the truth — the music is a part of our culture today. I refuse to deny what shapes our identity.



Across the diaspora, music has always been more than violence: it is therapy for a brother or sister under stress, it is the sound of family events, the soundtrack of friends spending time, the rhythm that binds us. Through struggle we have always turned our assets into survival, and history proves we have always made beauty out of pain. But it is our responsibility to define the meaning of our culture. We must stop allowing narratives to be forced on us and begin to tell our own stories. The businessman, the nurse, the social worker listens to Boosie just as much as the streets do — so is it the music itself, or is it the collective? This is truly another form of Tanzafooka — taking what was meant to destroy us and using it as fuel to build us.

Music must become the building bridge of what the Bloodline is destined to be. Instead of destroying bloodlines, restoring them.

English words of hate and violence carried over rhythmic beats must be transformed into Tokanji conversations of love, unity, and fellowship among our people. Especially during sessions of 808nashira, where we create space to play this music, praise and connect with our ancestors — uncensored, unbiased, unfiltered. This becomes the new norm, where we can freely exist as ourselves.

I know some Kulanshi would close their ears and shake their heads if they saw our culture today. But I urge you to inquire about our principles, our standards, and our meaning. Because this way works — this way is authentically us. The culture is the culture, but it does not mean we must live out the destruction within it. This is where we turn the wheel. If we show visible examples of unity through our culture, rather than hate, we can restore bloodlines. And this alone is sacred work.

Resistance from Birth

We are behind the ball in the eyes of the ancestors who paved the way. As a result, resistance must begin earlier — from birth itself.



The first form of this resistance is restoring the village, creating a natural habitat for our youth that resembles us again. Before colonization gets its chance to grab hold of our lineage — which it most definitely will — our children must already be prepared and ready. It is each family's responsibility to make this readiness through education.

We should not be hearing the names and roles of our Kulanshi ancestors, like yourself, for the first time in our forties. Our children should be learning these names at four, five, and six. Resetting mindsets will begin to reset generations. This sacred duty can only be accomplished by us ourselves. Outside influences have always shown themselves capable of destroying, diluting, or diminishing our identity. The construction stages of rebuilding our communities must be done from the inside out — relying on the principle of Zanáfamu to once again do our part for the greater goal. To see our part, no matter how big or small, as sacred duty rather than just a task or volunteer hours.

The stages of resistance never have to be large. If everyone does a little, a lot gets accomplished over time. Our younger lineage deserves protected and safe spaces to learn and educate themselves about their culture before being handed over to modern society. If school begins at a primary age, then for us resistance must begin at birth.

Digital Education

Your letters will always be powerful, carrying a message that still weighs heavy on the hearts of our people today. Yet in this ironic time, where media is consumed in 15–30 second TikTok videos, our approach must go far beyond pen and paper.

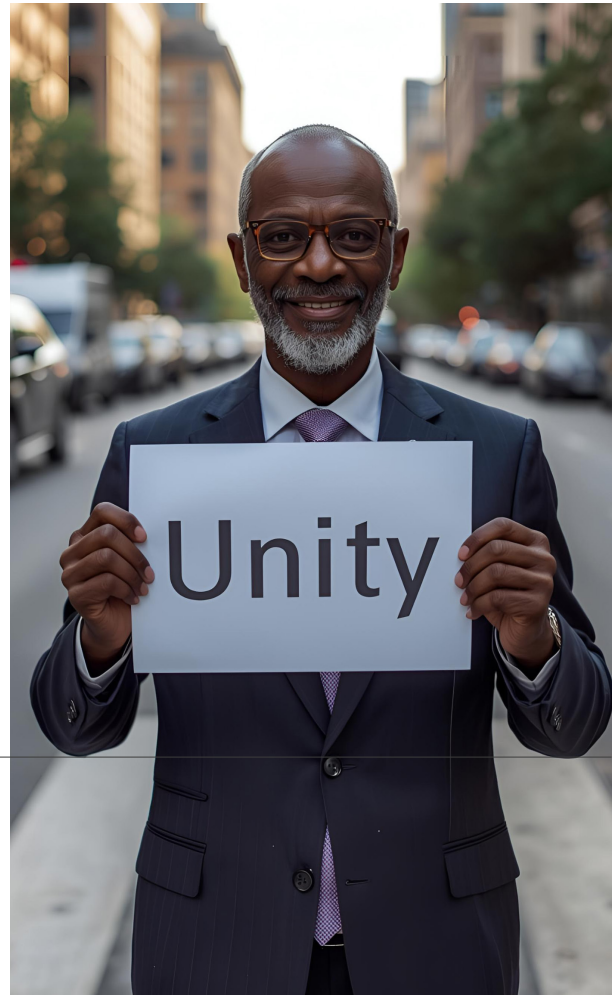
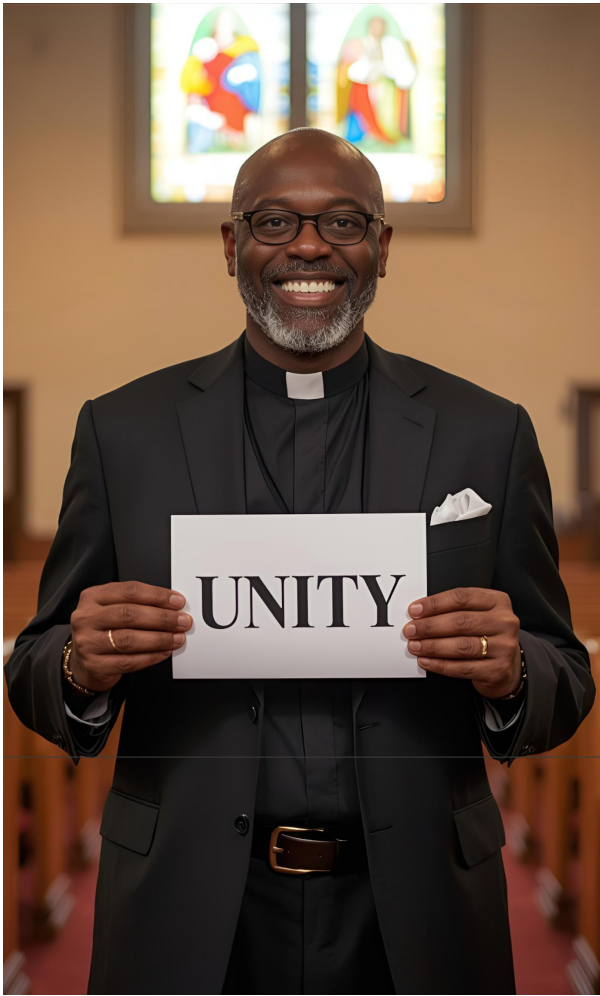
The first requirement is to reclaim our stake in the ranks of national identity by race itself. Whenever one of us claims to be focused on our race, or prioritizes a Black focus above all, we are attacked — often called racist ourselves or accused of being self-serving. How ironic, I must say. In your time this unapologetic tone was the norm. Tánari is the sacred work of bringing that aura back. Black to be exact — across the diaspora — an unapologetic sense of identity and pride.

Digital media is the first battlefield. It is where we must restore the shows that once represented us but were stripped away. Cartoons that look like us. Heroes with our eyes and our nose shapes. Stories, news, and history told from our lens and distributed to the masses as the standard. Our children not only have the right but the privilege to grow up with these models. For when they do not, the models placed before them subdue an unconscious tone that robs them of confidence. Tánari is the sacred work in Tokanji to ensure that confidence never fades, but remains unshakable in the glow of our skin.

Religion and Unity

I am sure that behind the walls, within your core set of comrades, different religions existed. Some may have been Christian, some Muslim, and for others their only religion was the sacred duty owed to our ancestors and to our people.

But in order for Zanáfamu to work, religion must be placed aside in the matter of unity. It has long been a devastating and divisive mark amongst our tribe. Tánari prioritizes Black over all religious standings.



If your religion requires you to place anything else above the existence of our people itself, then I urge you to question that religion genuinely.

The Bloodline itself is woven from our grandmothers' prayers, from the mosque teachings where Malcolm X stood, from the Catholic temples of Garvey's Orthodox church — all in one. And it leaves a safe space for those who choose to decide their own path. Because in the end, we all share the same glow of melanin. Our ancestors have bled the same blood since the beginning of time, and we have all faced the same or similar challenges.

This again is where we must turn the wheel. To refuse classification by anything less than Black is Tánari. It is our reclamation of identity. No other nation has one single religious background, but we are the only ones who have allowed it to divide us from the ultimate goal. Tell me, how has that worked for us thus far?

We Will Still Write Letters

As the journey continues, we embrace it. Each step, each challenge, is a learning experience. And no matter how much technology advances, I will always take some time with pen and paper to write to you. Sometimes out of anger, sometimes out of joy, other times out of fear.



Our similarities and our differences are what make us special in the diaspora. We honor the path you paved for us, brother — keep watch as we walk this path.

May the ancestors guide and protect us always.

Chuck King



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BROWN FELLOWSHIP SOCIETY

*A Legacy of Dignity, Division,
and Determination*



In the heart of antebellum Charleston, South Carolina a city steeped in racial stratification and complex caste systems five free men of color gathered in 1790 and made history. Their vision gave birth to one of the oldest known African American mutual aid societies in the United States: The Brown Fellowship Society. What they created would become a model of Black autonomy and dignity during a time when both were under siege.

A Society is Born

Founded by James Mitchell, George Bampfield, William Cattel, Samuel Saltus, and Thomas Fowler, the Brown Fellowship Society emerged during a time when free African Americans were carving out space in a deeply segregated world. Despite their relative privilege as free persons, they were denied full rights in both white society and among darker-skinned Black communities.



The society was more than a social club it was a mutual aid organization committed to caring for its members and their families. Its core functions included:

- Providing funeral services
- Supporting widows and orphans
- Offering a sense of community and respectability

It was, in essence, a sanctuary of security and stability for Charleston's elite class of free people of color.

A Sacred Burial Ground

Among the society's most enduring legacies is its private cemetery, located at 87-89 Pitt Street in Charleston. In an era when Black people enslaved or free were often denied dignified burial, the Brown Fellowship Society ensured that its members would rest in peace with honor.

This burial ground, used from the early 1800s into the 1940s, became a symbol of pride and self-determination.

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The cemetery stood as a silent protest against exclusion, reminding all who passed that this community of free people of color valued legacy, lineage, and life beyond the grave.

Although neglected for decades, recent preservation efforts and public interest have brought the site back into the spotlight, reinforcing its importance in South Carolina's African American heritage.

Privilege and Prejudice Within the Ranks

The Brown Fellowship Society was not without controversy.

Its membership was highly exclusive, typically admitting lighter-skinned, wealthy free men of mixed African and European descent. This class-based and color-conscious philosophy mirrored the complex hierarchies found in many colonial societies, particularly in port cities like Charleston, where skin color often correlated with social status.

This exclusivity led to internal tensions within Charleston's broader Black population. In 1843, a new organization, the Society for Free Blacks of Darker Complexion—also called the Free Dark Men's Society was established to serve those who were marginalized even within the free Black community.

The very existence of these two societies reveals the nuanced and sometimes painful divisions within African American history that are often overlooked in popular narratives.



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UGANDA'S GOLDEN CROSSROAD

*A Trillion Dollar Discovery
and the Battle to Protect
Africa's Wealth*



Uganda has found itself standing at the edge of a monumental economic shift after the discovery of gold deposits estimated to be worth over a trillion dollars. For a nation long undermined by foreign exploitation, this could be the gateway to unprecedented prosperity—or the spark for a storm of external interference.

History warns us: when Africa's soil reveals treasure, the world's most powerful nations suddenly take interest—not to uplift, but to control. Western powers, China, and other non-African states have perfected the art of cloaking exploitation in the language of “investment,” “partnership,” and “development aid.” These terms often mask long-term economic traps, unfair trade deals, and political destabilization tactics. Uganda's newfound gold could easily become the next chapter in this centuries-old playbook.

To shield itself,

First, it should prioritize trade agreements with other African nations—keeping the wealth circulating within the continent rather than bleeding out to foreign banks and corporate giants. African American enterprises seeking genuine partnership—not exploitation—should be embraced as allies in building infrastructure, refining gold locally, and developing domestic industries that create generational wealth.

Uganda must also shut its doors to predatory corporations—whether backed by European, American, or Israeli interests—whose track record shows a pattern of resource extraction and economic sabotage. The same colonial mindset that looted Africa’s diamonds, oil, and rare minerals still operates today, wearing suits instead of uniforms, but with the same hunger for domination.

The African Union and regional bodies must treat this gold discovery as a continental matter. If Uganda is destabilized, it won’t just lose its gold—it will send a chilling message that Africa is still open for looting. Keeping foreign nations out of resource negotiations is critical, as is creating strong security to prevent coups, sanctions, or proxy conflicts orchestrated by outsiders.

Uganda must not bow to any nation or institution that seeks to keep it out of the global trade market. It must stand firm, refuse to sell its soul for short-term gains, and use its gold to build a future that is African-owned, African-led, and African-benefiting.



Because if Uganda falls into the old traps, its gold will sparkle not for its people, but in the vaults of those who never respected Africa in the first place.

Here is strategic plan outlining how Uganda could lock down its gold economy against foreign infiltration.

Uganda Gold Protection and Sovereign Wealth Strategy

1. Legal & Policy Fortress

National Resource Sovereignty Law – Enact a constitutional amendment declaring all gold and mineral resources the exclusive property of the Ugandan people, with export and mining rights only granted to domestically controlled companies.

Ban on Raw Gold Exports – Require all gold to be refined, processed, and turned into finished products within Uganda to increase value and create jobs.

Anti-Predatory Contract Act – Outlaw any mining agreements where foreign corporations own more than 10% to 15 % equity or control.

2. Economic Defense & Wealth Management

Uganda Gold Reserve Bank – Establish a state-owned vault and currency reserve system backed by gold, reducing reliance on foreign currencies like the U.S. dollar or Euro.

African Trade First Policy – Prioritize gold trade with African nations and African diaspora enterprises, ensuring wealth stays

in the Black global community.

No-IMF Trap – Avoid IMF or World Bank loans tied to resource collateral, as these often strip sovereignty.

3. African & Diaspora Alliances

Pan-African Resource Alliance – Partner with countries like Ghana, South Africa, and Tanzania for joint security, trade, and refining operations.

African American Enterprise Partnerships – Create special investment and export programs for African American businesses committed to fair trade and non-exploitative partnerships.

Continental Gold Exchange – Set up an African gold pricing index independent from London Bullion Market control.

4. Military & Security Protection

Resource Protection Command – Form a specialized military unit trained to protect mines, refineries, and gold transport from sabotage or theft.

Counter-Coup Intelligence Unit – Strengthen internal intelligence to detect and prevent foreign-backed political destabilization.

Cybersecurity for Finance – Protect Uganda's gold-backed banking and trade systems from foreign hacking attempts.



5. Public Accountability & Transparency

Citizen Gold Trust Fund – Allocate a percentage of gold profits directly to social programs, infrastructure, and education, with quarterly public audits.

Community Mining Watchdog Councils – Give local communities a stake in gold operations and oversight power.

6. Global Trade Independence

Refuse Unfair Sanctions – Develop alternative trade routes with BRICS nations, African partners, and Caribbean allies to bypass Western economic blockades.

Uganda Gold Cryptocurrency – Launch a gold-backed digital currency for African and diaspora trade, bypassing foreign-controlled banking systems.



7. Anti-Destabilization Protocol

Foreign NGO & Corporate Vetting – Strictly monitor and limit foreign NGOs, corporations, and diplomats who may act as agents of destabilization.

Media Sovereignty – Counter foreign propaganda campaigns with Ugandan-owned media that educates citizens about gold sovereignty.

If Uganda follows these steps, it can not only protect its gold but use it as the foundation for a new African-led economic era—free from colonial-style theft and manipulation.



Kulánifa Sam Cooke & Zanáfamu

The Ancestor

Sam Cooke — the Father of Soul — was more than a singer. He was a bridge-builder, carrying the spirit of the Black church into the rhythms of the street, turning prayer into protest and melody into movement. His life was cut short, but his voice became immortal, echoing across generations.

The Principle

Zanáfamu — zaná (unity) + fa (being/state) + -mu (plural).

Meaning: Collective Power through Unity and Dedication.

Zanáfamu is the center point of the Bloodline. It dissolves differences and multiplies impact by bringing all Black people together as one body, one spirit, one family.

Zanáfamu in Sam Cooke's Life

Unity Across Sound

Cooke fused gospel, soul, and pop into one current — erasing boundaries that divided sacred from secular. His music carried everyone.



Voice of All Black People

“A Change Is Gonna Come” became the anthem of the Civil Rights Movement — not for some, but for all. Rich or poor, Southern or Northern, churchgoer or activist — his song united them in hope.

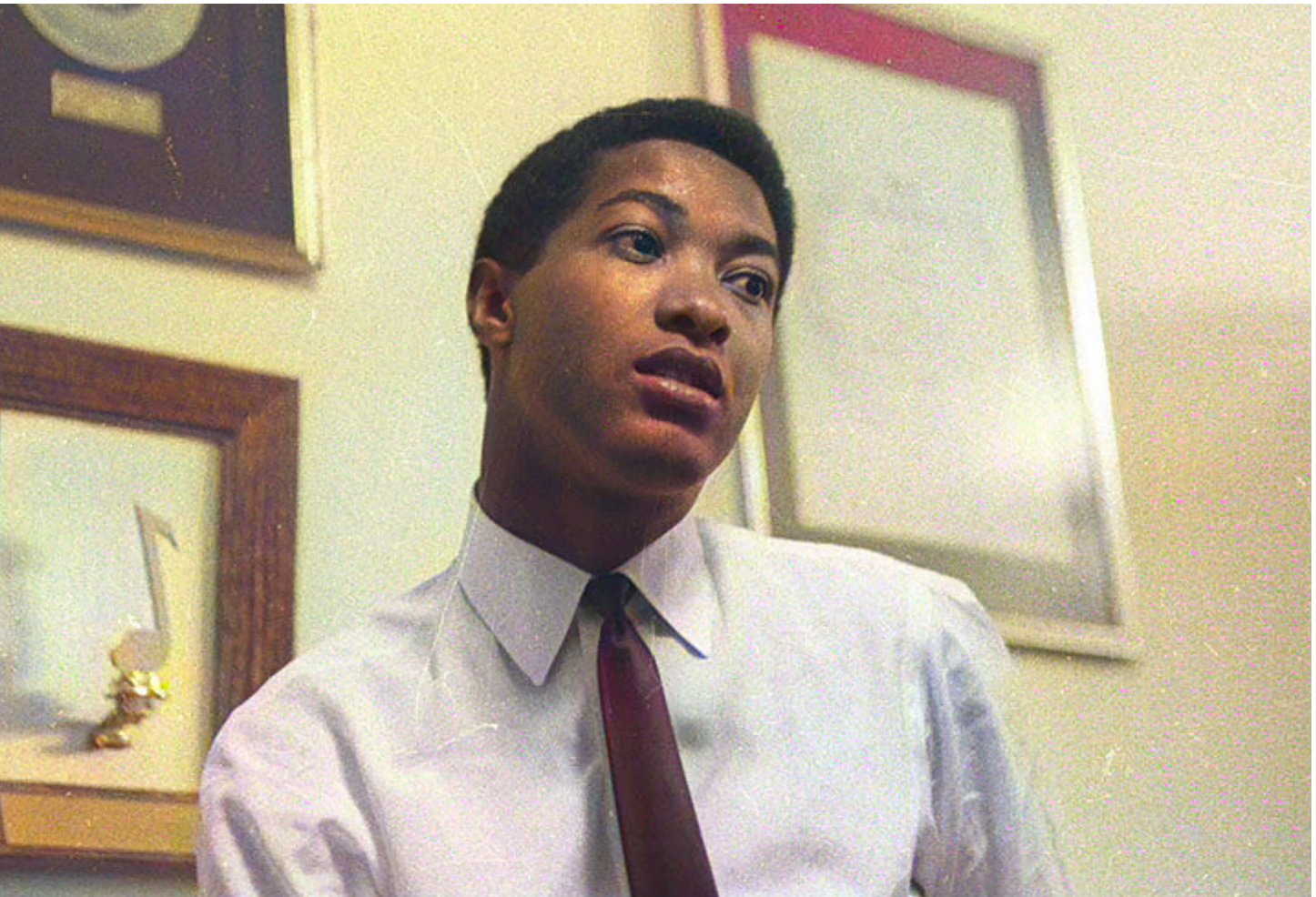
Collective Legacy

From Otis Redding to Aretha Franklin, Curtis Mayfield to Marvin Gaye, his sound birthed new voices of freedom. Through them, his spirit multiplied.

Bloodline Connection

Sam Cooke’s fight for ownership of his music mirrored The Bloodline’s call for Black control of Black wealth. His art showed that unity through difference — Zanafamu — is the secret to multiplying strength. He stands as proof that the Black voice is not just song, but weapon, shield, and prayer

Sam Cooke is the sound of Zanafamu: one voice carrying the power of many.



CONSUMED!



The Internet's Obsession with Black Mothers

by: Selina Gellizeau

How the Internet's obsession with Black Motherhood was shaped by history, twisted narratives, and fed daily by media.

Celebrity culture has always been a magnifying glass for our cultural contradictions, and nowhere is this clearer than in the way celebrity relationships involving Black women are consumed. When a famous Black woman becomes a mother, her private struggles are often transformed into a public referendum on Black motherhood itself.

If she is single, she is cast as another “baby mama” statistic. If she is outspoken, she is branded “toxic” or “masculine.”

If she leaves a harmful relationship, she

is accused of “not keeping her family together.” The celebrity stage amplifies these judgments, making one woman’s life the stand-in for millions — and in doing so, stereotypes are continually recycled rather than dismantled. This cycle is dangerous because it turns complex realities into overconsumed myths.

People point to a celebrity’s breakup or custody dispute and say, “See, this is what Black women are like,” as if fame erases individuality and leaves only symbolism.

Meanwhile, when

white celebrity mothers falter — struggling with custody battles, divorces, or blended families — their stories are often framed as tragic, human, or sympathetic with a miraculous outcome. Black women are never granted that same tenderness.

The true result is a feedback loop where celebrity relationships are used to justify old caricatures of Black mothers, which then inform how everyday Black women are perceived and treated in courts, the healthcare system, workplaces, and even within their own communities.

These women, whether on screen or off, are flattened into cautionary tales rather than supported as mothers navigating the very real challenges of modern parenting. If society is going to consume Black celebrity motherhood as a spectacle it should also hold space for its truths: that these women are whole human beings, deserving of privacy, empathy, and respect, not stereotypes to confirm anyone’s biases.

Her Pain Became their Punchline



Keke Palmer's story was more than celebrity gossip — it was a mirror of how Black motherhood is both consumed and critiqued in the public eye. When Palmer, a young mother, became entangled in public disputes with her child's father Darius, the internet immediately weaponized stereotypes putting her motherhood on trial.



Whenever real pain and struggle surfaces amongst black women, especially mothers, it is first filtered through caricature before ever being honored as truth.

For many, her situation was recast as confirmation of old tropes: the “baby mama drama,” the “toxic Black woman,” the “loud, difficult mother.” Rather than seeing a young Black woman navigating the vulnerable terrain of maintaining safety while co-parenting, people treated her life as entertainment. Social media threads became courtrooms, and Palmer’s struggle was once again digested as spectacle.

This reaction is rooted in long-standing misconceptions. Within the Black community, some framed her as a warning: “This is why you don’t...” — as if her experience were evidence of collective dysfunction, rather than the reality that relationships, regardless of race or status, can and do break down. Outside the community, stereotypes of Black mothers as combative and unworthy of protection were reinforced, with Palmer’s experiences used to fuel the narrative that Black women “choose poorly” or “thrive in chaos.”

What was erased in these conversations was Palmer’s humanity. She is not a trope; she is a woman, an artist, a mother protecting her child and her mental health. Yet, instead of empathy, she was handed ridicule. This is the exact danger of meme-ifying Black motherhood.



THE MEME AND THE MYTH



Image by: Selina Gellizeau

Spend a few moments online and you'll find Black mothers everywhere.

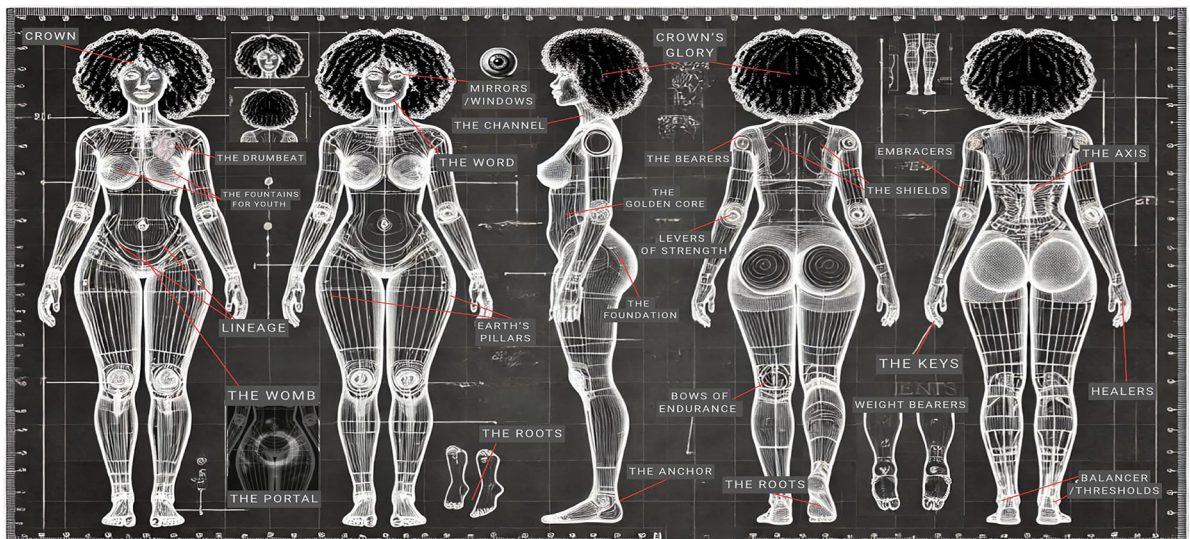
They've been turned into TikTok skits, nostalgic meme templates, and viral Twitter threads: "When your Black mom gave you that look across the room." "Nobody made Kool-Aid like my mama." "If your mom didn't make you take the chicken out before she got home from work, did you even grow up Black?"

The internet is obsessed with Black mothers. But while the world laughs, reposts, and nods in knowing agreement, few stop to ask: what has it cost Black women to embody this archetype of endless humor, discipline, and strength?

What society consumes as entertainment was created under pressure. The

mother who raised children on empty cupboards, the one who stretched paychecks that never stretched far enough, the one who became a living shield between her family and a hostile world.

And long before the internet ever meme-ified our mothers, Black women themselves crafted a language of survival and solidarity: *Lifting As We Climb*.



LIFTING AS WE CLIMB

the Backbone and the Blueprint



Ida B. Wells-Barnett
(Founding Member
of NACW)



Mary Church Terrell
(Founding Member of
NACW)



National Association of Colored Women (NACW)

In 1896, the National Association of Colored Women (NACW) was founded under the leadership of Mary Church Terrell, Ida B. Wells-Barnett, and dozens of other formidable women. Their motto was simple yet profound: “Lifting As We Climb.”

This phrase embodied strategy. Denied protection from mainstream feminism and excluded from Black liberation politics dominat-

ed by men, Black women built their own safety nets in schools, hospitals, community homes, and literacy campaigns.

They knew that to rise individually was not enough. Each step forward had to be linked to the hands of others, binding survival to community. In this way, they became what I call “community mothers,” responsible not only for their children but for the health

of neighborhoods, churches, and generations yet unborn.

The internet memes of “my mama’s discipline” strip that history of the context of women who carried nations on their backs, and who still do.



Harriet Tubman
(Honorary Member of NACW)

The Demonization of Black Mothers



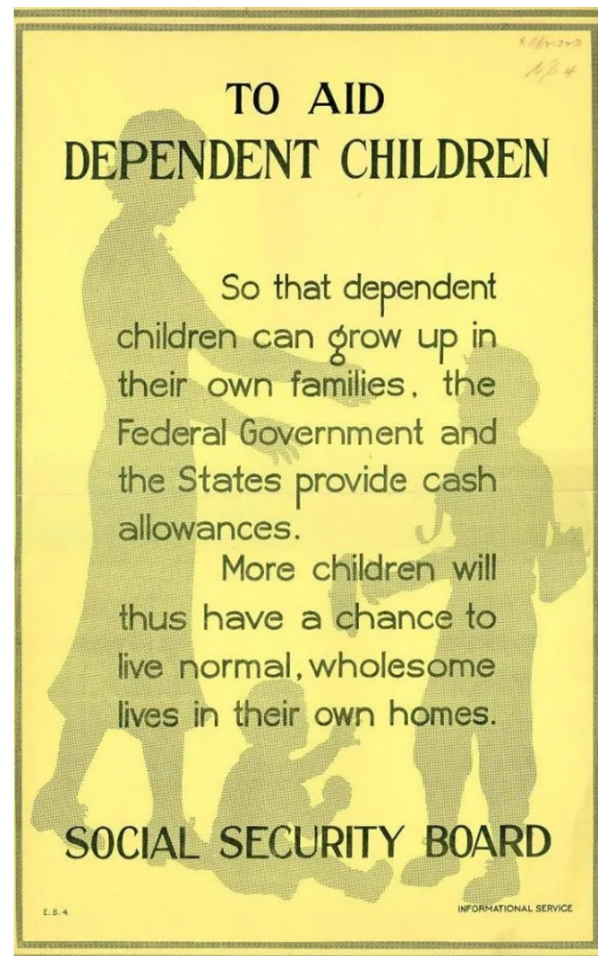
██████████ · 5d

Impregnating the blkck 🧑🏿 is the worse thing you can do especially if you want to have a connection with your kids that's impossible.

Reply



For more than sixty years, Black mothers have been painted as hazards rather than heroes — vilified to mask the failures of the systems surrounding them.



WELFARE'S REBRAND AND HOW IT WAS MARKETED TO BLACK MOTHERS

Welfare in the United States was not created for Black women. It was born in the 1930s New Deal era, when the Social Security Act of 1935 established Aid to Dependent Children (later Aid to Families with Dependent Children, AFDC). The program's purpose was to support white widows and single mothers whose husbands had died in war or industry, ensuring they could stay home to raise children rather than enter the workforce.

For decades, this aid was framed as a compassionate bridge for “deserving” white mothers.” The idea was that good white mothers should be shielded from the labor market so they could nurture their white families. Black women, meanwhile, were excluded. Many were pushed into domestic and agricultural work that wasn't covered by Social Security protections at all.

But as the 1960s approached, the racial script shifted. More Black women gained access

to welfare through legal challenges and civil rights organizing, as deindustrialization and job loss were hitting Black communities hardest. Suddenly, what had once been marketed as a moral safety net for white women was recast as evidence of Black dependency.

By the 1960s and 1970s, government reports like Daniel Patrick Moynihan's 1965 report reframed the “Black matriarch” as the source of poverty — claiming that Black women's independence destabilized families and communities. Welfare, once celebrated as a social good, was now described as a trap of dysfunction, but only when the recipients were Black.

By the 1980s, political rhetoric sharpened its blade and took aim. Welfare was no longer seen as supporting white widows. The so-called “welfare queen” became a caricature of poor Black women painting them as fraudulent, lazy, and strategically manipulative — trying to game the

system. The racial marketing had been flipped and the system designed to protect white motherhood was now being used to demonize Black motherhood. Black families were being punished for poverty. To qualify for aid, many women had to keep fathers (and sometimes even their own sons) out of the home as survival was weaponized as dysfunction.

The reality, however, never matched the story. White families have always made up the largest share of welfare recipients. But public perception shaped by politics, media, and racism marked Black mothers as the face of dependency.

What began as a program to preserve family stability was transformed into a weapon that scapegoated Black women for what was truly systemic inequality.

MOTHERING ON EMPTY

To mother on empty is to pour while the world pokes holes in your cup, then blames you when it runs dry.

Black single mothers are often mythologized as over-supported as if food stamps and daycare subsidies were golden tickets for them. The truth is they have always been under-supported while society perceived their survival as performance — reframing their resilience as though it were choice, when it was necessity.

Survival should never have been the blueprint, but it is a warning.

The “strong Black mother” trope is now joined by a new accusation: the “toxic mother.” Her survival-driven parenting now recast as a main

source of harm, as if survival itself were proof of failure. Meanwhile, online, she is mocked comedically and made into spectacle.

“We are applauded when we are strong, mimicked when we are joyful, exploited when we are creative—and ignored when the time comes.” — Selina Gellizeau AKA “The Self Care Snob”

BLACK WOMEN’S SURVIVAL THE NEW STANDARD





Perpetual victim. My mother had 9 and no one EVER heard this from her. She just held herself accountable for her own choices and went from there. Today's mother ain't yesterday's mother. One kid and you become victim instantly 🙄

Reply

MAKING "THE MAN" PROUD

How many of us have heard: "If my mom worked three jobs and raised five kids, so can you"?

This is how survival gets turned into expectation. Hardship becomes heritage. Trauma becomes tradition. We measure ourselves against the impossible because someone before us was forced to endure the impossible.

What was once a mother's forced resilience born out of poverty, racism, and systemic abandonment becomes repackaged as the baseline demand placed on daughters, and even more so in the dating expectations of Black men.

There are many Black men, raised by mothers who carried households alone, who turn that resilience into a requirement for the women they pursue: "My mom did it all, so you should too." But survival should never have been the model. It is not a badge of honor, it is evidence of a system that failed.

When survival is dressed up as strength, Black women are bound to cycles of endurance in both family and romantic life. Rather than dismantling the systems that demanded so much of our mothers, society and sometimes even our own men make that struggle the standard, using it as the yardstick against which our womanhood is measured. Even the contested Willie Lynch Letter, rings true in its description of divide-and-conquer tactics on plantations pitting men against women, young against old, light-skinned against dark-skinned. Enslaved Black men were emasculated, while Black women were forced into survival-led patriarchy. Families were shattered by design, mistrust hand-sown intentionally.

That legacy thrives today in the strained stereotypes of absent fathers, "angry Black women," and the myth of the toxic Black mother.

And beyond the stereotypes, entire industries have been



tasked with widening this rift between Black men and women.

Music & Media Tropes: In many corners of hip-hop and popular culture, women are demeaned as "ho*s," "gold diggers" or "baby mamas," while men are depicted as disposable, unfaithful, or absent. These messages are amplified through lyrics, videos, and memes, transforming intra-community pain to entertainment.

Social Media Algorithms: Platforms thrive on outrage, amplifying viral content that

pits Black men and women against each other like endless “X” threads debating who “brings more to the table,” or TikToks mocking Black motherhood while romanticizing other cultures’ family structures. This constant churn creates the illusion that division amongst us is the norm, when in reality it is algorithmic profit at work.

Respectability Politics: Media narratives have also framed Black women as the cause of dysfunction whenever they assert self-respect or independence, while Black men are blamed for abandonment whenever they fall short of hyper-masculine ideals. Both are caricatures, not truths though they feed the same beast.



Talk Shows & Reality TV: From Maury’s endless paternity tests to reality TV franchises built on conflict, Black womanhood and motherhood is more often reduced to spectacle, while Black fatherhood is erased or mocked.

These portrayals reinforce the narrative of Black women as overbearing and Black men as unreliable, keeping them both locked in roles designed to clash. Many men on the internet repeat a false narrative that the majority of women have appeared on the Maury show and since most of those appearances represent false paternity tests, this must account for the majority of

women as a whole.

Let’s break it down and see if the results will determine this to be the truth:

60-70% of Maury’s televised guests were in fact women. Maury aired 31 seasons (from 1991–2022) with about 200 episodes per season, giving us roughly 6,000+ episodes total. About 14,000 women appeared as guests on Maury over its run. 14,000 women is roughly about 0.01% of the U.S. female population.

So, when it comes to the narrative that 60% of women have appeared on Maury, with negative paternity results, the

statistics have determined THAT’S A LIE!

The effect is corrosive. Instead of uniting to confront blatant systemic inequities, Black men and women are encouraged to distrust one another. Media reinforces this by spotlighting dysfunction while ignoring stories of love, solidarity, and healing. The (supposed) Willie Lynch blueprint may have been written centuries ago, but its logic still animates modern portrayals with the continued focus being to keep us distracted and keep us divided.

FOREVER LIFTING AS WE CLIMB

Black single mothers have long carried the dual weight of caregiving and survival, yet their accomplishments stand as enduring testaments to resilience and the harsh criticism they are too often met with, rather than the leadership and vision they embody. Against systemic odds, they return to classrooms while raising children and working full-time, often becoming first-generation degree earners and opening pathways out of poverty for future generations. They have been the backbone of grassroots activism and civil rights movements, founding organizations and sparking historic change that continues to reverberate.

As anchors of their communities, they invest in homes, schools, and legacies that ripple across generations. Their influence extends through culture and art, producing leaders, artists, and innovators whose brilliance is rooted in their sacrifices. And through their advocacy, they have reshaped policies and narratives, proving that their lives are not only stories of their endurance but also of leadership and innovation.





The internet may “love” Black mothers, but too often it loves us as content rather than as people. Our pain serves as entertainment, our resilience becomes expectation, and our humanity is forgotten somewhere in between. From welfare scapegoating to reality TV portrayals, from stereotypes of the “angry Black woman” to the “Superwoman” expectation, the narrative has is clear: we are applauded for surviving systems that were never meant for us, but rarely supported in our need for rest, wholeness, and individuality.

Survival was never supposed to be the blueprint, it was the alarm bell that something had to change. Black women do not exist to embody resilience for the comfort of others. We exist to live, to thrive, to be seen in our fullness whether strong or soft, joyful and vulnerable, we’re human first above all.

the National Association of Colored Women declared more than a century ago, our task is “Lifting As We Climb.” But lifting cannot mean carrying the weight alone. It must mean a collective climb, where our labor is not exploited, our pain is not misrepresented, and our motherhood is not distorted into memes or myths.

To truly honor Black women as mothers, as daughters, as leaders society must not only admire our strength but dismantle the systems that force us to wield it so relentlessly. The climb continues, but it must be lighter, fairer, and more supported than the climb our mothers and grandmothers endured.

Because Lifting As We Climb was never intended to glorify our need for survival. Its intent was to secure liberation for all of our people.

As Mary Church Terrell and the women of

TO THE OPPRESSED, I AM AN ANGEL OF DELIVERANCE

The Legacy of Albert ‘Nuh’ Washington and the Call to Rise

I wrote this because I know it matters. This honorable, gift to the people, once in a life time Brother is often just mentioned without expansion. Hearing his name again, I had to take the time to dive deeper into his legacy. I am honored and blessed that I did. I had to share on his legacy and life. He deserves to be remembered, followed and revered. If you were like me, welcome. Let me give you an introduction into the man, warrior and revolutionary: Albert ‘Nuh’ Washington.

He didn’t just speak truth to power—he lived it, bled for it, and died locked behind bars for it.

Albert “Nuh” Washington wasn’t some footnote in a dusty textbook. He was a living, breathing storm of resistance. A man who stood tall when the system tried to break him. A Panther. A soldier. A teacher. A prisoner of war. And above all, a revolutionary who never stopped believing in the people.

Born into a country that criminalized Black resistance, Nuh chose fire over silence. He joined the Black Panther Party not for clout, but to raise consciousness, teach self-defense, and build unity in the face of white supremacy’s chokehold. When COINTELPRO came crashing down—splitting the Panthers, hunting them like prey—Nuh didn’t run. He went underground. He became part of the Black Liberation Army, defending Black lives with the same intensity the state used to destroy them.



Convicted for Teaching, Not Killing

In 1971, Nuh was shot and captured alongside Jalil Muntaqim. Later, he was charged with the murder of two NYC police officers—along with Jalil and Herman Bell. But here's the twist: the state admitted Nuh hadn't committed any violent act. His crime? Teaching political education. That's right—he was sentenced to life for awakening minds. For building power.

For nearly three decades, Nuh was shuffled through the harshest prisons in California and New York. Not because he posed a threat to other incarcerated persons—but because his spirit was contagious. He cracked jokes, built community, and kept the Panther flame alive behind bars. Even in chains, he was dangerous to the system. Because he reminded people of their worth. Their strength. Their history.

**“So Who I
Am Depends
on Who You
Are”**



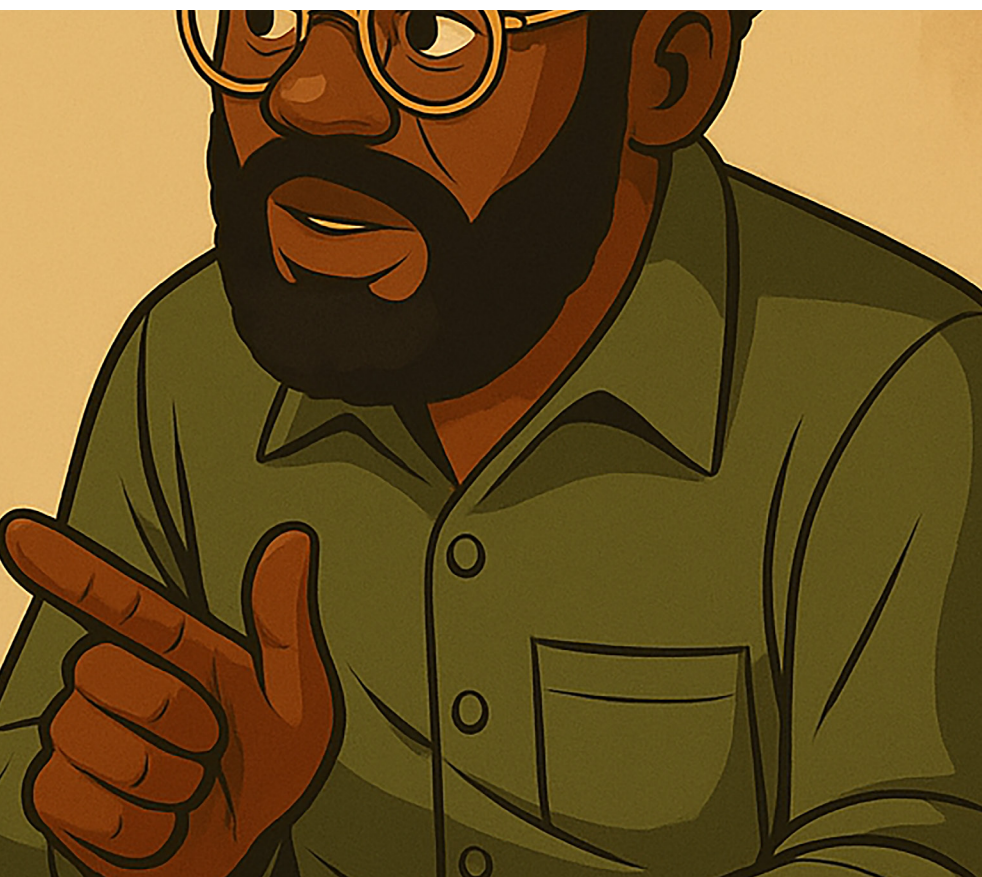
Nuh once wrote:

“To the oppressed, I am the angel of deliverance. To the oppressor, I am the angel of destruction.”

That line hits like thunder. It’s not just poetry—it’s prophecy. It’s a mirror held up to the soul of America. If you’re fighting for justice, Nuh is your ancestor. If you’re upholding oppression, he’s your reckoning.

A Warrior’s Final Days

In 1999, doctors found cancer in Nuh’s liver. They gave him months to live. The state still refused to release him. Even as his body failed, they kept him caged. But



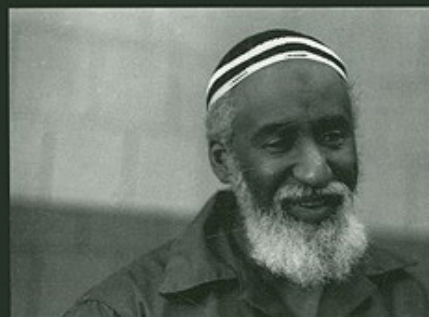
the people didn't forget. In Oakland, 150 folks gathered to honor him. To demand his freedom. To celebrate the man who never stopped believing in unity, movement, and love.

He died April 28, 2000, in a prison medical unit. But his spirit? Untouched. Unbroken. Radiant.

To the Youth: This Is Your Inheritance

You scrolling through TikTok, watching the world burn, wondering what your role is? This is it. Nuh's story isn't just history—it's a blueprint. He taught us that resistance isn't always loud. Sometimes it's quiet. Sometimes it's a joke in the yard. A book passed hand to hand. A whispered truth in a system built on lies.

**ALL POWER
TO THE PEOPLE**



Nuh Washington

You don't have to be perfect. You just have to be real. You just have to care. You just have to stand up.

Final Word from Nuh (1992)

“The Black Panther Party is physically gone but the spirit lives in a lot of us... The concept of unity, movement, and love.”

So what are you waiting for? Pick up the torch. Remix the revolution. Be the angel of deliverance.

Because Nuh didn't die in vain. He died believing in you.

Rest in Power, Albert “Nuh” Washington. Your name echoes in every act of resistance. Your torch burns in our hearts, fuels our spirits and propels our steps forward.

Hip Hop Humanism Human Resource Department

Shikúfa Zaráni

Voices Beyond the Walls

In honor of George Jackson, The Bloodline Tribune launches Shikúfa Zaráni, a new section dedicated to uplifting the art, poetry, and stories of our incarcerated family.

Though they may be confined, their voices are not. Their spirit is not. Their legacy cannot be locked away.



How It Works

Submissions must come from family, friends, or loved ones (not directly from inside).

Works may include: poems, short stories, artwork, reflections, letters.

Every piece must include:

A pen name

A dedication (to a person, family, or cause)

Submit Today

Send digital scans or typed copies to:

thebloodline743@gmail.com

Subject line: "Shikúfa Zaráni Submission"

A pen name

A dedication (to a person, family, or cause)

Why This Matters

George Jackson taught us that the struggle for liberation doesn't stop at prison walls.

Shikúfa Zaráni ensures our brothers and sisters behind the walls rise with us in every issue.

A dedication (to a person, family, or cause)

08/23/1978



Flow of Goddess & The
Holistic Girlz Presents:

HIKE & HEAL

Sept 13, 2025

📍 Georges State Park



A One-Day Hiking Wellness Retreat

Join us for a powerful day of movement, connection, and celebration led by two women in wellness, coming together to hold space for rest, renewal, and rising into your inner goddess.



- Guided Waterfall Hike
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- Empowering Workshops

Choose your experience with **tiered tickets** that include options like:

- Shuttle service
- Breakfast + lunch with raw juice
- Lunch + raw juice only

For More Information: Message @rockellelove or @zehira_ on Instagram. Tickets are now available on Eventbrite for purchase.



In the heart of Liberty City—an urban jungle in Miami-Dade County pulsating with raw talent, pain, and promise—stands Northeastern High, where the field of dreams had become a battlefield of controversy. The latest target? Terry Bridgewater, a former NFL quarterback turned high school head football coach, who was suspended for the audacity of caring too much.

Bridgewater, who grew up just blocks from the same cracked sidewalks his players now walk, didn't just coach football—he mentored, fathered, fed, and clothed his players, many of whom face unimaginable daily struggles. Whether it was paying out of pocket for a student's cleats, helping a player find housing, or simply being the solid figure of consistency they desperately needed, Bridgewater was doing what any real man would do: stepping up where the system had failed.

And for that... he got suspended.

Suspended for providing "impermissible benefits" to players, including paying for their Uber rides and



SUSPENDED FOR COMPASSION

The Backwards Punishment of Former NFL QB Turned High School Football Coach Terry Bridgewater"

meals. He provided these benefits to assist players who needed help, citing safety concerns in their neighborhood, but the Florida High School Athletic Association (FHSAA) ruled that coaches cannot provide such assistance.

Liberty City, though rich in cultural legacy and the birthplace of musical powerhouses like Trick Daddy, Trina, Rick Ross, Denzel Curry, Pitbull, Kodak Black, City Girls, and the infamous 2 Live Crew, is also home to some of the nation's deepest-rooted struggles—poverty, over-policing, redlining, and the latest demon: gentrification. It's a place where systemic neglect is masked as urban revitalization and where crime is often just survival.

But in America—particularly in DeSantis' Florida—the narrative never changes: guess a black man doing good is seen as a threat. A Black man doing “too much” is penalized. And a Black man stepping beyond the limits set by a white-dominated structure who does not have concerns for the black youth?

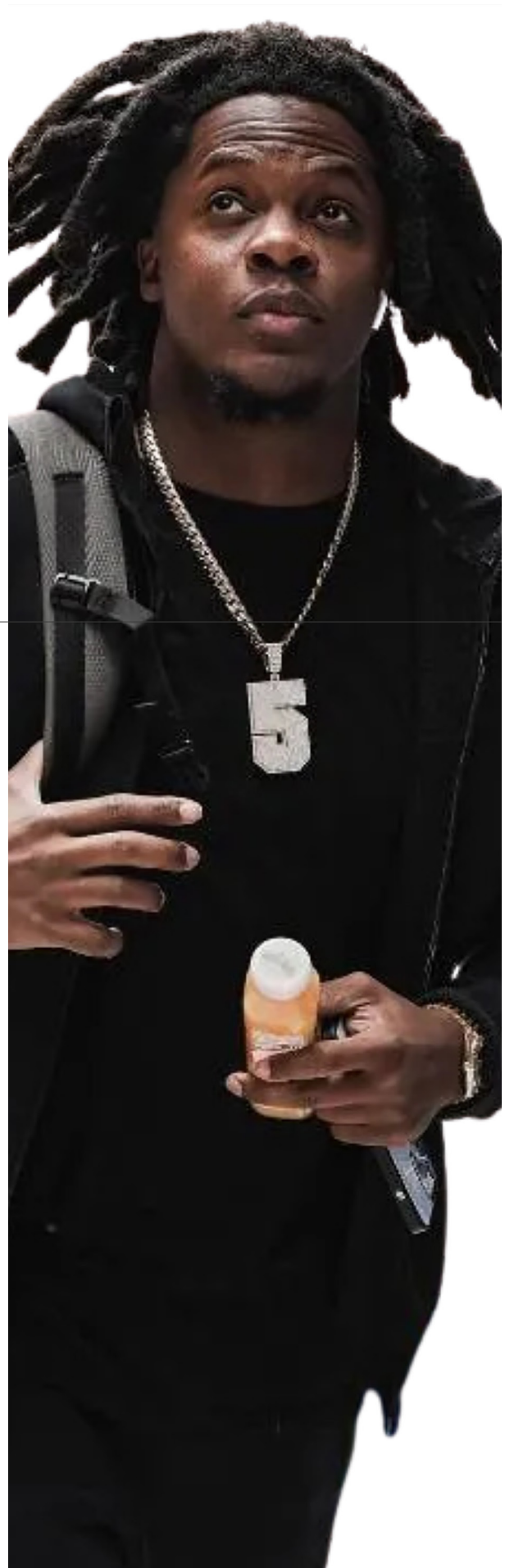
He becomes public athletic coach enemy number one. According to the Miami Northwestern Athletic Director, Andre Williams, the FHSAA prohibits coaches from providing transportation or purchasing items for students.

Which is insane because no coach wants to see any of their players lacking rather it's academics or personal issues because it can effect the player performance on the football field.

However governor Ron DeSantis has made headlines for his efforts to erase Black history from school curriculums, falsely claiming slavery “benefited” Black people, and insisting the United States is not a racist country. Yet, where is that same leadership when predominantly black school like Northeastern are begging for resources? You won’t find DeSantis nor the mayor of miami Francis Suarez anywhere near the gridiron when these young Black boys need help. But you suspend a black coach for showing compassion? Suddenly the system is swift and merciless.

This is the absurdity of American hypocrisy under the terror of criminal president Donald Trump. Terry Bridgewater, a man who treated his players like sons, is punished for embodying the values that educational and sports institutions love to pretend they uphold: integrity, leadership, and care.

If giving kids a fighting chance makes you a criminal, then what do we call those in power who sit idle while entire communities are left to rot?





In a world where racism is denied, history is rewritten, and compassion is punished, the suspension of Coach Bridgewater is more than just an administrative action—it's a mirror reflecting just how broken and backward the system truly is. Even after dozens rallied outside Northwestern High to have Bridgewater reinstated. Nathan Nadal former alum who organized the protest said " He should be celebrated not suspended. "If you're a person with a heart, then you'll understand where Teddy was coming from" but we see athletic director Andre Williams has no good subconscious. Because Terry Bridgewater has not been reinstated.

Now every since he returned to be a quarterback in the NFL, after signing a one-year contract with the Tampa Bay Buccaneers in August 2025 from a brief retirement where he coached his high school alma mater, Miami Northwestern

High School leading them to a 3 A state championship in 2024. Now as of August the defending Class 3A state champion Miami Northwestern has played its first game beginning the new 2025 season without Teddy Bridgewater at the helm, facing off against Orange Lutheran and lost 17-13. But there is still hope because you can't keep a strong good black man like the honorable Coach Teddy Bridgewater from having a positive impact upon the youth. He still desire to become a coach after he retires from the NFL. We will be praying, cheering, rooting and speaking into existence that Teddy have a successful 2025-2026 quarterback season for the Tampa Buccs..

Even though my team is the Dallas Cowboys..LoL

Go Teddy..Go Northwestern High School Football..

Rise up young kings ..Much love & success to all including the readers ...

Until Black men are free to lead, love, and lift without retaliation—we are all still on the plantations.

THE CANCER TEST THAT FAILS BLACK WOMEN AND WOMEN OF COLOR AT A DISPROPORTIONATE RATE

*Why Cervical Cancer is still
taking Black and Brown lives-
and what we must do now*

Let's be honest — cervical cancer is one of those things people don't talk about until it's too late. But for Black women and people of color, "too late" shows up way too often. This is a cancer that's preventable and treatable, yet we're the ones dying from it the most. And I've seen why up close.

When I worked with a nonprofit community health organization, we traveled all over — from beauty salons and baby showers to churches and block parties — bringing reproductive health education straight to the people who need it. We'd teach folks how cervical cancer starts, how to prevent it, and how to get tested. But no matter where we were, I'd hear the same kinds of stories:

"They told me I was too young."

"They said I didn't need a Pap smear yet."





“They denied the test because I didn’t have a family history.”

Those policies and excuses? They’re failing us. Because Black and Brown women don’t always “check the boxes,” but we’re the ones most at risk.

Aida’s Story: “They got to 6:30...”

One woman I’ll never forget is Aida Rivera, a Latina woman who was just 21 years old when she was diagnosed with stage 4 cervical cancer after being denied a Pap smear and HPV testing multiple times. Why? Because she didn’t have a family history and was “too young.”

By the time they finally did a biopsy, the cancer had spread. She once described how doctors removed pieces of her cervix in a circular pattern — like the hands of a clock.

“They got to 6:30, and that’s when the pain became unbearable.”

That moment is seared into her memory — and into mine. Because that level of pain and that level of dismissal should have never happened. But what makes Aida’s story even more powerful is what came after.

She survived. She advocated. She fought for herself when the system didn’t — and she won.

Today, Aida is a community health advocate, a mother of multiple children, and a voice for so many others who face the same barriers. Her story didn’t end at diagnosis. It became a mission.



What Cervical Cancer Looks Like — And Why We're Missing It

Cervical cancer is most often caused by HPV (Human Papillomavirus) — a common virus that most people get at some point. It's preventable with regular Pap smears, HPV testing, and vaccination, but many women aren't even told they need these tests.

Here's what the process often looks like:

Pap Smear – A provider gently collects cells from the cervix to check for abnormal or precancerous changes.

HPV Test – Often done at the same time, it looks for high-risk types of the virus.

If abnormal results show up, the next step might be a colposcopy (a closer look at the cervix), followed by a biopsy.

Treatment options include:

Cryotherapy – Freezing abnormal cells to destroy them

LEEP – Using an electric wire loop to remove damaged tissue

Cone Biopsy – Surgically removing a cone-shaped piece of cervical tissue

These procedures are often done outpatient — but they come with physical and emotional weight, especially when they could've been avoided through earlier access and action.

The Numbers Don't Lie

Black women are nearly twice as likely to die from cervical cancer compared to white women.

Latina women have one of the highest rates of cervical cancer diagnosis in the U.S.



The disparity isn't genetic — it's systemic. It's about access, education, delayed care, and medical dismissal.

Every time someone says, "you're too young" or "you don't need a Pap yet," they're playing with lives.



“What Need to Change Now”

We need real change, not empty promises:

No more restrictions on screening based on age or history

HPV vaccinations and education starting early, especially in Black and Brown communities

Culturally competent providers who know how to listen and take action

More funding for grassroots outreach where trust already exists

Aida’s Victory Is a Blueprint

Aida’s story is one of resilience, self-advocacy, and survival. She did what many Black and Brown women are forced to do — she became her own advocate when the system



Let's make sure her story doesn't stand out — because no woman should have to fight that hard just to survive something that could have been stopped.

Let's stop letting systems fail us. Let's start showing up for each other.

And let's make sure the next time a young Black or Brown woman says, "Something doesn't feel right," she gets care — not a calendar excuse.

This could've been another missed opportunity — and another life impacted.

failed her. And now? She uses her voice to educate, empower, and save lives. She's not just surviving — she's thriving, mothering, mentoring, and helping others push for the care they deserve. Her story isn't just about cancer. It's about what happens when we demand better.

We Deserve Early Care — Not Late Apologies

Cervical cancer is preventable. But prevention only works when it's accessible, equitable, and believable. Aida is here today because she pushed through the pain, asked the hard questions, and refused to be silenced.

Soil to Soul

VENDOR INVITATION

Saturday, September 27, 2025

7:00 PM – 9:00 PM • Columbia, SC

We're inviting local vendors to join us for this vibrant evening of food, wellness, and community!

Vendor Details:

- Vendor Fee: \$25 (space only)
- Setup Time: 5:30 – 6:30 PM
- Space: 10x10 area (bring your own table & setup)
- Expected Audience: Health-conscious, plant-based, wellness & community-focus attendees



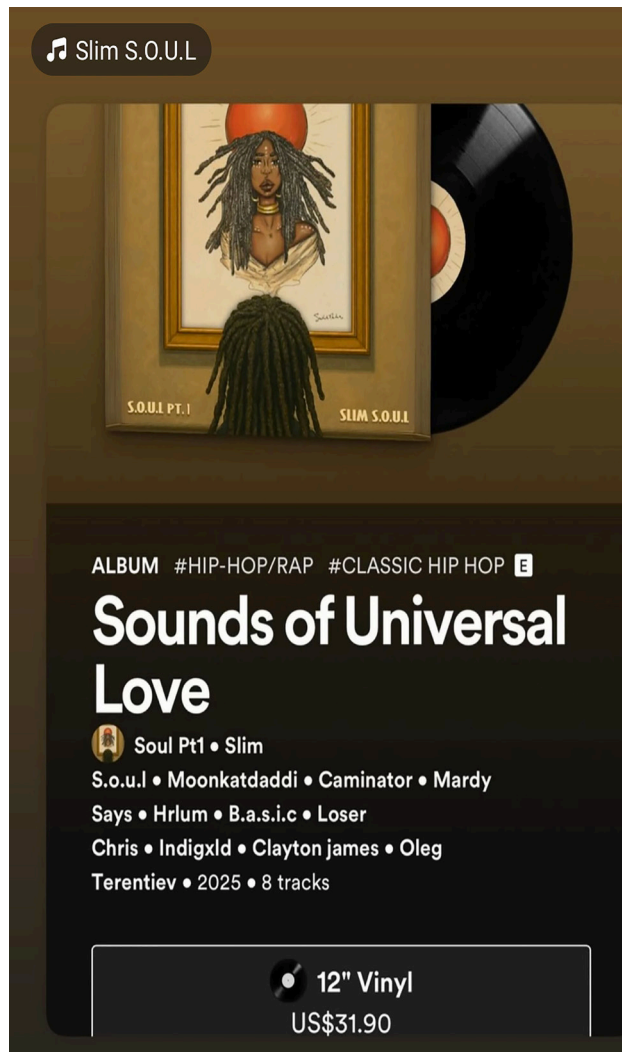
WHAT YOU'LL GET:

- A vendor space in a magical forest themed event
- Promotion on our social media & during the event
- Connection with like-minded community members



PAYMENT OPTIONS Smoorlovefarms

Venmo: @zachary-wrentz



SIDE A

1. US

FT. CAMINATOR

2. SOMETIMES

FT. CAMINATOR

3. LET GO

PRODUCED BY CAMINATOR
FT. B.A.S.I.C., MOONKATDADDI

4. TALK TO ME NICE

PRODUCED BY JUNO
FT. CAMINATOR

SIDE B

5. LO\$TD

PRODUCED BY JUNO
FT. MOONKATDADDI

6. WHERE THE FLOWERS GROW

PRODUCED BY TYLER SAHI
FT. MARDY SAYS

7. GOD WITH ME (FREESTYLE)

PRODUCED BY K. FISHA
FT. MARDY SAYS

8. DONT LET LIFE GET YOU DOWN

PRODUCED BY OLEG
FT. INDI GXLD, CLAYTON JAMES, HRLUM, LOSER CHRIS

ILLUSTRATION BY SASHA MARTONI BARRON
GRAPHIC DESIGN BY EYELAND GRAPHICS

RECORDED AT SOUL INN STUDIOS
MIXED AND MASTERED BY CODY DIXON AND TYRIE YOUNG



Write Us

The Bloodline Tribune is not just a magazine – it's a vessel for the Diaspora. We want your voice, your vision, your rhythm.

What You Can Send

- Artwork & illustrations
- Poetry & short stories
- Essays & reflections
- Letters to the community
- Announcements & upcoming events

How to Submit

Email us at: thebloodline743@gmail.com

Subject line: "Write Us Submission"

Why Submit?

Every submission is sacred. Your words and art live beside tributes to ancestors, principles of Tokanji, and the struggles + victories of Black people worldwide. This is your page, your family, your Bloodline.



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