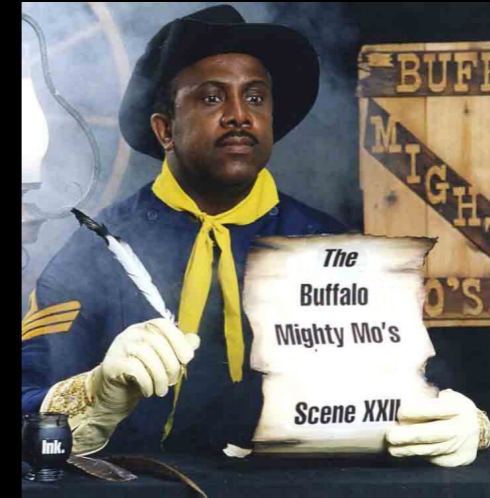


# The Buffalo Mighty Mo's™



Black History and its involvement with the expansion of the United States Western Borders is a special subject to Derrick Still. A descendant of William Still, leader and founder of the Underground Railroad, his project, "The Buffalo Mighty Mo's", is a 1600-paged narrative drama,

written for a motion picture trilogy, and has been novelized into a 5-volumed work of "Creative Non-Fiction". Its theme is based on Social Harmony and Multiculturalism; In its final stages of the verso important "presentation/pitch" to the majors(Studios), it is slated as a marketing entity, including the mediums of Radio, Print, Television, Live Stage Performance, Merchandising and Point-of-Purchase; The strategy of the project is to provide accurate history data through the educational arena, while maintaining it's entertainment value as a narrative literature; In addition to this responsibility of relaying cultural preservation and identity politics to the multitudes of readers and viewers, Derrick has delighted in the task of penetrating the information echelon with this wonderful project that is bound for America's literary institutions as a catalyst to support and maintain cultural pride, dismiss cultural misrepresentation, and generate a keener sense of communal compatibility and diverse ethnicity

The purpose of implementing this multi-media project is to guarantee it's readers, viewers and participants receive the full thrust of its message, so that they will become fully engrossed in this satisfying experience. The strategy?: "Iconographic Institutionalization", like Harry Potter, Batman, Superman, Star Wars, Game of Thrones, etc., this project is not supposed to be produced as a Book/Movie/Song/Play for someone to read, and watch, see and hear, and then that's it;

It's impressive approach to the entertainment echelon is supposed to leave a "residue", a conventional trend of thought to change the hearts and minds of the multitudes; to influence the masses into a mode of civic camaraderie, goodwill, and like-mindedness; To serve as an educational vehicle and provide a threshold for the correction of ancestral mischaracterization and inaccurate historical data.

# The Buffalo Mighty Mo's™

Written  
By

**Derrick T. Still**

Novelization by Rita Hubbard  
Illustrated by Charles Pickens



SANTA FE • RIO GRANDE FILMS

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**The new state of mind.**



**The Buffalo Mighty Mo's™**

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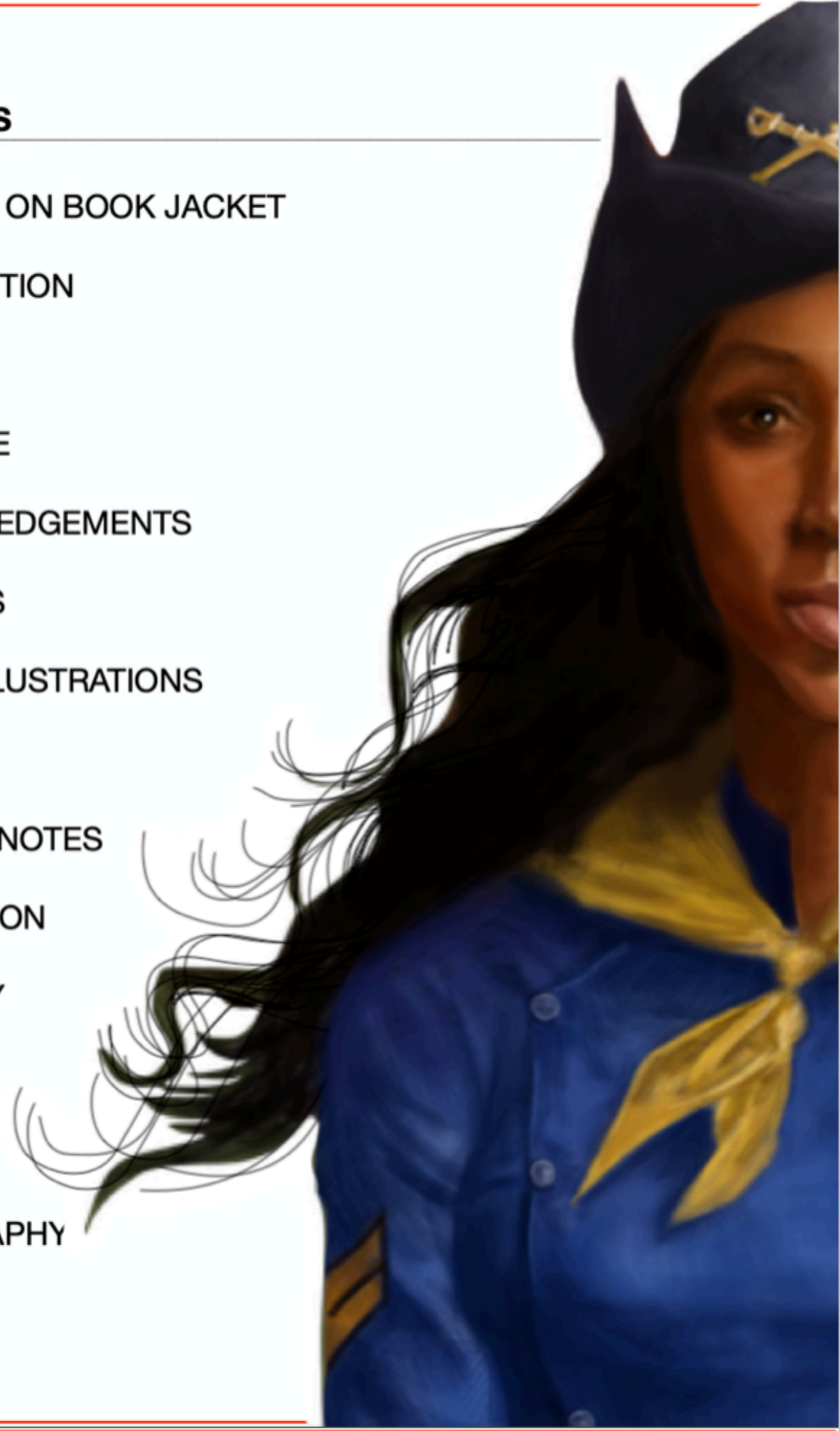
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Metaphysics. Idealism. Mythology. Ontology. Etymology.  
Paradigms. Metaphors. Parallels Cosmology. Vitalism.  
Mesmerism. Emergentism. Dualism. Holism. Taoism.  
Esotericism. Shamanism. Transcend / Race Religion Culture.  
Blind regains vision, knows no color. We are all one person.

## **POTENTIAL BOOK INTRODUCERS**

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- 01) **Ishmael Reed** (81) *Poet / Editor / Publisher*
- 02) **Hasan Kwame Jeffries** (47) *Author*
- 03) **Henry Louis Gates** (69) *American Literary Critic*
- 04) **Dr. Walter E. Williams** (83) *Economist / Commentator / Academic*
- 05) **Kwame Anthony Appiah** (65) *Philosopher / Cultural Theorist*
- 06) **Evelyn Brooks Higginbotham** (74) *Afro-American Studies / Religion*
- 07) **Vincent Brown** (52) *Professor / Afro-American Studies / Religion*
- 08) **Drew Gilpin Faust** (72) *American Historian*
- 09) **Charles Blockson** (86) *African American Historian / Author / Bibliophile*
- 10) **Michael Eric Dyson** (61) *Academic / Author / Preacher / Radio Host*
- 11) **Robert F. Smith** (57) *Billionaire / Philanthropist / Investment Banker*
- 12) **Rev. William Barber II** (56) *American Protestant Minister / Political Activist*
- 13) **Stacey Abrams** (46) *American Politician / Author / Lawyer*
- 14) **Barack Obama** (58) *Attorney / 44th U.S. President*
- 15) **Nikole Hannah-Jones** (43) *American Investigative Journalist*
- 16) **Leah Wright Rigeur** ( ? ) *Professor of Public Policy / Author*
- 17) **Jelani Cobb** (50) *American Writer / Author / Educator / Historian*

## CHAPTER ONE

George Monroe leaned easy in the saddle as his mare closed the distance between the open prairie and the bustling Fort Reno military base that lay straight ahead. George's wiry body rocked in perfect rhythm to his horse's movements as it tore lightning-fast across the prairie. He had been riding so long that he barely noticed the rippling muscles and the muffled thud of the powerful, determined hooves that sent chunks of prairie dust flying in every direction.

In fact, the horse, the hard saddle and the number of hours George had been riding were the last things on his mind. All he could focus on was the fact that he would be in Fort Reno soon, his last stop before he hit the exciting, we-never-sleep island of Motown. Just the thought of Motown's good-time saloons, honey-skinned dancing girls, and sea of brown faces that belonged to free blacks who lived life the way every human deserved to live –made him grin from ear to ear.

He was near the end of the mandatory 15-mile relay limit that required him to switch horses and take a rest, and Lord, was he glad about it. It would be good to peel himself off his horse's sweaty back, shuck himself out of his damp clothes, and lower himself into a steel tub for a hot bath to ease his sore muscles. And once he was fresh and good-smelling again, he was going out on the town to find a few of those coffee-colored harlots of Motown who were always waiting for him at the end of his run.

In the distance, George could see sentries moving to and fro along the fort wall. It was normal for them to cheer him on once they saw him appear like a speck on the horizon. The closer he got to the fort, the louder they cheered, until he could finally make out their exuberant words:



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“Hey, there’s George! Here comes the pony express. Let him in!”

Those words made George feel good. He was doing something important, and it was good being appreciated. And as always, it was a relief to have made it to his destination without being ambushed for his cargo, or battered by harsh weather, or beset upon by hostile Indians or bandits. All these possibilities came along with the territory of being a pony express rider, but George wouldn’t have it any other way. He loved his job. With a sigh of relief, he guided his exhausted pony into the fort’s courtyard and tugged the reins to bring her to a snorting halt.





“Hey, there’s George! Here comes the pony express. Let him in!”



“George! Hey, George. Good to see you!” These cries came from men he knew, and some he didn’t.

George nodded and waved back. Then he leaned forward and patted his horse’s sweating neck. “Good job, girl,” he murmured in her ear. He slid off her back, stretched his stiff legs, and then stood in place to meet the officer who was striding his way.

It was 6th Cavalry Commander, Major Benjamin Burnside, a tall, cocky, larger-than-life military man who was still a bundle of energy though he was well into his 60s. The soldier strolled up to George and gave him a no-nonsense look and a jaunty salute.

“George,” he murmured with a preoccupied nod. “Telegraph just came in. Seems Major Worthy over at Fort Arbuckle claims they haven’t gotten mail for two weeks.

By special request they’re asking that *you* personally deliver it.” Major Burnside gave George another look, this one laced with curiosity. “What’s going on over there?”

George shook his head. So much for his Motown escapades. He tried not to look too disgusted. “Don’t ask me, Major,” he said, “I haven’t delivered there for the last six months.” He gave the major a weary grin. “Tell you the truth, I think Major Worthy is out to get that hundred dollars I won from him in that blackjack game we played last summer.”

Major Burnside gave George an amused smile as he reached inside his jacket and pulled out a money pouch. “Speaking of which,” he said, “here’s your pay for this run, George. You’ll be paid at Fort Arbuckle when you make that run.”

George caught the pouch and nodded at Major Burnside. He was disappointed that his plans had been delayed, but at least he was getting paid. Extra money always came in handy.

“Stay at Arbuckle for the night and rest up,” Major Burnside advised. “Bring the next mailbag back here by sundown Saturday, and you’ll get paid another thirty pieces of silver for your time.”

Major Burnside's eyebrows turned down in a flash. "Hey now!" he interrupted. "Don't go getting lost over there in that Motown!"

F.P.O.  
(For Positioning Only)  
Color Rough to be Illustrated

