

Excerpt

AT NIGHT ALL BLOOD IS BLACK - DAVID DIOP

S...I KNOW, I UNDERSTAND, I shouldn't have done it. I, Alfa Ndiaye, son of the old, old man, I understand I shouldn't have. God's truth, now I know. My thoughts belong to me alone, I can think what I want. But I won't tell.

The ones I might have told my secrets to, my brothers-in-arms who will be left so disfigured, maimed, eviscerated, that God will be ashamed to see them show up in Paradise and the Devil will be happy to welcome them to Hell, will never know who I really am. The survivors won't know a thing, my old father won't know, and my mother, if she still of this world, will never find out.

The weight of shame will not be added to the weight of my death. They won't imagine what I've thought, what I've done, the depths to which war drove me. God's truth, the family honor will be spared, the honor of appearances.

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