

RAMON DARNELL

# Human Earthquake

*“No visibility doesn’t mean that you can’t see.”*

## PRESS KIT

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# AUTHOR BIO

Ramon Darnell is making his literary debut with Human Earthquake. It is part of a three-part series that chronicles many of his life experiences growing up in the inner city of Chicago. His hope is that this series of books will challenge the reader's perception of the choices made in life and their consequences. When he is not working on his book series he is managing his real estate properties and doing a couple of his favorite pastimes – Chicago Style Steppin' and making a difference with the youth in the community. He currently resides in a suburb of Chicago.

*"I want to be able to write not only the other 2 books in my series but have several spin off characters I would like to develop into their own individual novels, tailoring them to a specific ideology. I also want to be able to take my story around the world."*



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# INTERVIEW RESOURCES

## **Q1. Why did you write the book Human Earthquake?**

I wanted people to learn from my experiences, my triumphs and my trials; to be able to understand and use that in a positive way. In the streets among playas, hustlers, gangsters, and pimps, we coined the spirit of hustling. I say don't kill the instinct but redirect it to do something positive with it.

## **Q2. Do you believe Human Earthquake tells the story of someone growing up in Chicago today?**

Yes. It connects very well, because there are so many dynamics to this book. Not only does it talk about hustling, but it talks about growing up as a child with a single mom, with grandparents raising grandchildren, an absentee father and stepfather, it talks about the style of dancing and music and the male-female relationship. You can understand the different facets of the American male in America and the struggles we face in education, housing, job market and even the military. There are so many life lessons in this book.

## **Q3. Do you believe that at times in Human Earthquake your point of view would be misunderstood?**

I think I was so transparent in the book. The book is not only about pimpin' and hustling. I talk about the joy of life, the misfortunes, and the pain and people can connect to that. The missed opportunities are connectors. I talk about child abuse, spousal abuse, and police brutality. These are things in the urban community that people may not understand. I want readers to see it through my eyes so they gain a better understanding. Everybody may not understand it because of different customs and a lot of times people don't like to go outside of their customs. I tried to be as transparent as possible so that people would get a better understanding.

## **Q4. How is Human Earthquake different from other books we have read or movies we have watched?**

Most books tell a story. I show a story through detail. This book is so transparent and real that when you read it, it's like watching a movie. I share all the events of my life in a vivid, descriptive and colorful way for readers to see it all.

## **Q5. Would you consider making Human Earthquake into a movie?**

I believe it should be a movie so that it can last from generation to generation. I am inviting people to read the book and into my life to share my world and my struggles that I faced until I found my place in the world that had limited opportunities for me and the Black American in the United States.

**Q6. Who should read Human Earthquake and how is it relatable?**

Everybody should read the book to have a better understanding of black people and the urban community. Once someone really understands us then they can relate. Human Earthquake shows how black people fall into that life or how they get pulled that way because of the missed opportunities. We don't have those resources that were taken out of the neighborhood and still had the hustle but didn't have the opportunity. We have talent but no resources. We did in the best way we knew how with the hand we were dealt.

**Q7. What do you hope for readers to walk away with after reading Human Earthquake?**

Readers will understand, there is nothing new under the sun. The mainstream and urban community do the same things. There are hustlers in the urban community and there are slick politicians. There are gang members, but there are gang members in police departments. There are thugs and killers in the police and thugs and killers in gangs as well. We are no different than anyone else. Just because you grow up in an urban community you don't have to stay there. I want to be a living example that you can do something and be successful and it just doesn't stop right there.

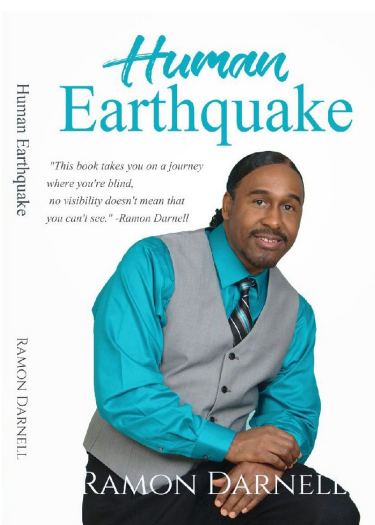
**Q8. Was there any feedback from readers that surprised you?**

Yes. A lady who gave me a review on Amazon said she doesn't believe my story, because she grew up in Chicago in Chatham. You can grow up in the same neighborhood and not experience the same thing. It all depends on who you hang with, and what you do and what your customs are. If you go to work everyday, we are out hustling just like you are. You go to bed at night and we come out and we hustle at night. What I wrote about really happened and is real.

# PHOTOS



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# PRESS RELEASE

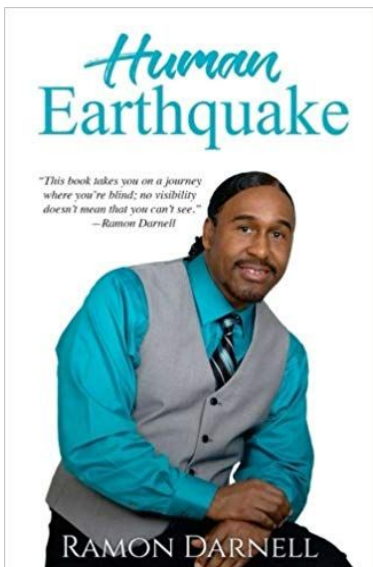
August 11, 2019  
Chicago, Illinois

**The book, *Human Earthquake*, by Ramon Darnell speaks the truth that no one really wants to hear.**

*Human Earthquake*, puts you in a place of conviction if you were a part of the system that places an African American man in a field of unreachable opportunities. As you begin to read this truth, be prepared to expose your own fallible truths. This book is an uncanny parallel to wisdom that has stood the test of time unfolded in older literary works such as Rebecca Skloot's *The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks*, James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time* and *When and Where I Enter, The Impact of Black Women on Race and Sex in America* by Paula Giddings.

***"To embrace criticism is to embrace truth and knowledge." Ramon Darnell***

Ramon Darnell is making his literary debut with *Human Earthquake*, Book 1 the first of a three-part series that chronicles many of his life experiences growing up in the inner city of Chicago. His hope is to challenge the readers' perceptions of the choices they make in life and their consequences. When he is not working on his book series he is managing his real estate properties and doing a couple of his favorite pastimes – Chicago Style Steppin' - and making a difference with the youth in the community. He currently resides in a suburb of Chicago.



**FEATURES ANGLE.** *Human Earthquake* is a journey about a guy who grew up in inner city Chicago. His journey is filled with life stories about love, drugs, church, sex, and communication. Delivered with humor, compassion, wisdom, volatility and plenty of drama, the *Human Earthquake* is a story that inspires, teaches, and entertains the reader.

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This is a work of creative nonfiction. The events are portrayed to the best of the author's memory. While all the stories in this book are true, some names and identifying details have been changed to protect the privacy of the people involved. Any resemblance to an actual person living or deceased, or actual events in history, are purely coincidental. Throughout the process of writing this book, many individuals took time out to help me. I am eternally grateful for your support and encouragement in completing my first book.

I am available for interviews, book signings, speaking opportunities and other media engagements. To find out more information or to receive a review copy, please contact Ramon Darnell at 708-730-4664, [humanearthquake123@gmail.com](mailto:humanearthquake123@gmail.com)

## CHAPTER 19: Doony and God

“EARTHQUAKE, RIGHT on time,” J-Hawk said. I walked through the door while he was conversing with the notorious Doony. “You know Doony don’t you?”

Intrigued I said, “Yeah, he’s one of the original OGs (original gangstas) who lived in Jeffrey Manor.” I extended my hand with the admiration of a rookie meeting an all-star. “Doony, this is my li’l nephew, Earthquake. He family!”

With a speedy dialect, he said, “Yeah, I know about Earthquake, he’s a bad li’l playa. If he’s family with you, then he my man too.”

Giving me a quick history lesson, J-Hawk added, “You know Doony used to be the golden glove, champion boxer and one of the Rock’s main fifteen (board members). He was also the Chief’s personal enforcer.” Standing 5’8”, solid built like a bullterrier, I knew that he had a huge power of eliminating people (hitman). His reputation preceded him.

They continued their conversation. I listened closely. It was an interesting topic about God. Doony said, “I remember this one situation. I went to bed early that Sunday night with dude on my mind. It had been weeks and I couldn’t catch up with him. At about 12:00 o’clock AM, the Almighty woke me up in the middle of the night with my stomach growling and said, ‘You hungry. Go get some McDonalds.’

I jumped right up thinking, *‘I have a taste for a big Mac,’* hurried and drove to McDonalds, entered the drive thru and look who I see. He was standing twenty feet away, right under the street light smoking a cigarette as if he were waiting patiently. The Almighty brought him straight to me. I got my food, drove a half of a block, got out of the car, walked back around to the opposite side and blew his brains out. The almighty brought him straight to me!”

“Man, that dude was always polite. What did he do against the Chief?” J-Hawk asked.

“He robbed the family of a guy that was paying dues and under the Chief’s protection. That dude barged into their house and tied them up at gun point. Even though the mom and dad were cooperating, he put his 9-millimeter gun in the two-year-old baby’s mouth and told the dad if he didn’t give him \$100,000 he would blow the baby’s brains out. The dad gave that dude the money and then word got back to the Chief. The Chief told that dude to return the money and he ignored the order.”

Wow! Listening to the conversation left me trying to grasp the understanding. *‘Did he just say the Almighty brought dude right to him? That the Almighty led him to kill someone?’* My wheels were turning trying to figure this one out. Normally, I comprehended quite well. How could he believe that the Almighty led someone to their death? *‘Let me try to make sense of this.’*



Doony appeared to be normal but two wrongs don't make a 'right.' He's a nice guy but that conversation was a little far fetched. He killed many people. Does he really believe that God sanctions what he's doing?

Then I thought back to when Lucky, Reno, the girls and I were talking about becoming soldiers and their duties. When soldiers kill their enemies in the military they earn medals and get praised. Before they got to war, soldiers pray that God deliveries their enemies to them. They believe that God is on their side. So, I guess there is no difference.

They're all soldiers fighting for different armies. People pray that their enemies fall into their hands all the time. Come to think about it, even the President of the United States orders people killed in the name of God. Wars are fought using the name of God and we all pray that we be victorious over our enemies. We have no consideration for the victims left in the aftermath.

There is some rationale in Doony's belief. One is celebrated for taking human life if people believe that the reason and purpose are justified. Who am I to judge that? We all need soldiers on our teams. I now understand Doony because I'm a soldier for a different cause. So, I wouldn't kill the instinct, just redirect it. I like Doony and respect that he stands on his beliefs because I'm most definitely standing on mine.

"Hey Uncle J-Hawk, Doony, I'm about to leave."

"You wanna go and get something to eat with us?" J-Hawk asked.

"Naw, next time. I've got to head out."

I left J-Hawk's boutique, my routine gliding through the night with ease. After work, Wonnie was aimed to please. She stole two gold rope chains from a trick who fell asleep at the hotel. What an extra treat.

"Here, put this on. They'll fit perfectly with the rest of the jewelry draping from your neck," Wonnie said.

I was so pleased that I started to take her home with me, but something told me to drop her off at the hotel. I didn't want to turn a good thing into something bad, so I went home alone. Getting caught with a chick could lead to an eviction.

Walking into the house, there was an empty quiet in the air. A room filled with no presence of gangsta buddies or pimp partner but when I looked in the living room on the couch and loveseat, I saw two half pint bodies. It was Pow Wow's girl, Janet's children. That curiously led me to creep to my brother's room in silence, hoping not to wake anyone up. I could hear a slight snore from Pow Wow while Janet lay curled up beside him.

I tip toed back towards the kitchen thinking he better not get caught. Smelling the leftover aroma from Sunday's dinner, I opened the refrigerator and got a chicken leg and bit into it as I walked back to my room. I could see the dawn of sunlight peeping into the curtains. It was 6:00 a.m. I undressed and took a shower. The water ran down my face, warm and tantalizing while I thought about my new gold ropes. *'I'm gonna look so cold. My jewelry is phenomenal.'*

After my shower, I laid down. Suddenly, I heard the creaking sound of a door opening. It was coming from the kitchen. I could hear footsteps coming my way. I shut my eyes and settled into a soft,

sleep position. I could see the shadow of my Aunt Vivian standing and looking in my room like she was doing a body count.

Then she proceeded toward the living room where the toddlers were. I was thinking that Pow Wow was in over his head. Good thing I didn't bring Wonnie home with me. We both would be in hot water. I could hear her opening his door, just standing there while Pow Wow and Janet laid there, dead to the world.

Aunt Vivian made her way back past me toward the kitchen door. I continued to act like I was in the most peaceful sleep. She cruised by like a prison guard walking the deck with sounds of footsteps that mean business. I still hoped for the best even though it didn't look good for Pow Wow. I comfortably drifted off to sleep.

I woke up to a sunny afternoon. The day turned into a beautiful, warm and breezy evening, a good night for work. The girls were sucking the last summer day up like a hot toddy, staying sun bound until it was show time. It was lights, camera, action and all was good. They were dressed to cause intoxication, making the Stroll look like Hollywood as I let them out of the car.

They strutted their stuff so smooth, like sweet wine, making the tricks drunk with lust, treating them to the sweetest hangover. These are the nights you hope for; a pimp's paradise with everything on the upswing. I laid back and kicked it with the crew 'till it was time to pick my ladies up.

The next morning, we pulled up to Geisha's house. Engulfed into Rap music, I turned it down, trying to be discreet and let her out. The girls waved bye while we dropped her off so that she could check in and hang out with her family until work. Me and the rest of the girls went to the hotel where I stayed there mingling with them. I switched from room to room to keep tension down and shared equal time with all my broads until 6:30 p.m. and then headed home.

I trotted up the front stairs kind of sweaty. *'I must get fresh for tonight. I've been out all day long and I'm feeling sticky.'* The door was locked! I couldn't get in. I knocked; my Aunt Tea answered looking down the stairs like she was identifying me in a police line-up. "Hey nephew." I knew something was wrong she didn't call me Buckwheat.

"Open the door Auntie," I said.

"Sorry Buckwheat. I can't open the door for you. The boss said y'all kicked out. I can't let you in Buckwheat. Sorry, naah. Ma, Buckwheat at the door."

I heard my Aunt Tea whisper through the door. "My nephew got kicked out cause of those prostitutes." Naah! A bit of reality sunk in. My grandma came to the door, pushed the frame of her glasses to her nose to see more clearly. "Your Aunt Vivian said that you all can't live here anymore and we can't open the door. If we do, she's going to kick us out too."

"Gram I need my clothes."

Gram looked at me with sympathy in her heart and said, "They on the back porch that y'all made to a closet. I also packed some underwear and personal toiletries in one of your briefcases. You can go around and get them because I can only open the back door."

I took a few items, loaded them in the trunk of my car, then headed back to make my last stand, ringing my Aunt Vivian's doorbell. I could hear her coming as I gathered my composure. She

opened the door and I could see her pupils from the light in the hallway. They instantly went small which let me know she was extremely irritated.

“What is it?” she asked.

My throat suddenly went dry. I swallowed and said, “Why are you putting me out?”

“Because y’all had girls spending the night.”

My words went soft. “I didn’t have any girls spending the night Auntie.”

Her conversation was rigid as she released the final blow. “I don’t play favoritism. If your brother gotta go then you do too,” and she slammed the door. Reality just slapped me in the face.

Out of all the things I went through, getting kicked out was the worst. My heart was filled with remorse and I was bombarded with anxious emotion. This had been a safety net, a household filled with camaraderie, family and fun. The way I see it now, it was just memories.

*‘What am I going to do? I walked down the stairs. I have to come up with a game plan.’* As I stood there, Geisha came running down the street at top speed. She said hysterically, “The police are after me and I ran all the way from my grandma’s house. Let’s go!”

I was still thinking about what had just happened but asked, “Why are the police chasing you?”

Geisha caught her breath. “I got into an argument with the dude down the street. He slapped me and we started fighting. I flew and got my mom’s gun and was chasing and shooting at that punk. He ran into his house and I shot a bunch of times through the windows and doors, trying to kill that fool. I put my mom’s gun back and took off when I heard the police sirens.”

I could hear what she was saying but wasn’t really listening. I was paralyzed in thought; only partially snapping out of it as Geisha stared at me like there was no time to spare. I guided my attention towards her. “Ok, go sit in the car and duck down.” She frantically looked around and got into the Caddy. “What are we gonna do?” My mind was racing one hundred miles a minute.

Before I could answer, Pow Wow pulled up in his tight, new Cadillac yelling out the window, sounding all grandiose. “Quake-A-State, what’s up?”

Drawn out of the rude awakening that just hit me, I answered, “You!”

“How you like my new whip? It’s cold, huh? I got a new spot on Jeffery Avenue and I also got a dope spot. I’m getting money,” as he flashed his bank roll. “You can chill at my spot if you want to Quake-A-State.”

I knew I didn’t want to be in the midst of his dope selling and gang bandit activity. “Where are Janet and Tanya?”

Seeming unfazed about the whole ordeal, he said, “At the spot. You coming?”

I shook my head and said, “No thanks, I’ll pass. You know we just got kicked out, right?”

“Yeah, I know. That’s why I’m telling you about my cribs. Alright then, I’m out of here.” He backed his car up, all the way down the one-way block.

My mind was noisy. *‘I need to think. Maybe my mom might let her stay there until the coast is clear. This is a start.’* I didn’t want my broads to know I’d been kicked out. Plus, I didn’t want Geisha around my girls while the police were after her. “Geisha this is what we’re going to do. We’re going by my mom’s to freshen up, then we’ll go from there.”

Geisha sat up in her seat while I drove. “Do you think she’ll mind?”

In the back of my thoughts, I really didn’t know. “Don’t nothing beat a failure but a try.” We arrived at my mom’s place and I rang the bell. She opened the door and greeted us by saying, “Y’all just got kicked out, huh?”

“Yeah, we did. Can Geisha and I take a shower?”

“Yeah, sure you can,” my mom said.

Geisha went to take her shower first. While in there, my mom crashed her words down on me, pointing her finger. Her face got stern and voice vastly changed. “Geisha a pretty girl and she seemed to be friendly, but she can’t stay here. You can stay but she’s gotta go.”

What buzzard luck. My selfish conscious was working on me. I analyzed my options. *‘Without Geisha, I’m eight deep. If I let her go, I can stay and at least I’d have a foundation again. Naw, that’s the coward’s way out.’* “That’s ok. I don’t want to stay,” I said to my mom.

I was way out of my comfort zone trying to find complacency but eager to know the unknown. I must break from the cracks and spread like lava to make a new oasis. Now is the time. *‘I gotta see what I’m made of. This is either gonna make me or break me.’* I realized, *‘I can’t set up a Kingdom in my mama’s house. I must build my own foundation and set my own rules. If I’m a pimp, I gotta be a real pimp.’*

“What are you gonna do?” my mom asked.

I witnessed the evolution of my vision unfolding before my eyes. I understood what rolling with the punches meant. “I gonna go.”

With a bit of concern, she asked, “Where you going?”

I gave her a boyish smile so she wouldn’t be apprehensive. “I’ll be alright.” When Geisha got out of the shower, it was my turn. Afterwards, I said, “Let’s go.”