
JEREMIAH
COBRA

• A U T H O R & P O E T .



MEET THE AUTHOR

ABOUT ME

Jeremiah is a native son of Hartford, Connecticut where he grew up in foster care from the age of nine until he completed high school. It is this experience that he drew upon to create the fictional Stacey Bishop in his newest work ...And Then He Shot His Cousin.

Upon graduating high school, Jeremiah attended Howard University in Washington, DC and received his Bachelor of Arts in English literature with a minor in African American Studies. He then moved to Japan to study and teach for the next seven years.

In 2012, Jeremiah received his Master's in education from USC and subsequently moved to Southern California where he is currently an award-winning teacher of grammar, writing, and literature.

*Beauty
and
Perspective*

Short Stories and Poetry
JEREMIAH COBRA

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COUSIN
JEREMIAH COBRA

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Beauty and Perspective

Short Stories and Poetry by

JEREMIAH COBRA

FAQ

WHEN DID YOU KNOW YOU WANTED TO BE AN AUTHOR?

Like many authors, I knew very early on. I was the kid in the third grade who would take stacks of paper and staple it together to make books. I actually wrote my first book in the third grade. It was called *The Moon That Was Afraid of the Dark*. It won a school and town-wide award.

WHAT ROUTINE DO YOU HAVE WHEN YOU SIT DOWN TO WRITE?

Whiskey and jazz or classical can set the mood sometimes. However, I usually prefer green tea and absolute silence when I get into a groove. When I have writer's block, on the other hand, I find having a music playlist for my characters to be an effective remedy.

WHO ARE SOME OF YOUR FAVORITE AUTHORS?

I'm all over the place in this regard. I love the Romantic period writers like Austen, Hugo, Tolstoy, and Dostoevsky. They write timeless plots and characters. I also love James Baldwin, Toni Morrison, and Octavia Butler. Most recently, I have been discovering and enjoying the writing of George Eliot (another Romantic period author), Ta-Nehisi Coates, and James McBride.

FAQ- CONTINUED



DO YOU HAVE A FAVORITE BOOK?

I have a new one every year! This year, it is Silas Marner by George Eliot. Last year, it was Victor Hugo's Bug Jargal. Anna Karenina was 2018. I could go all the way back. I think I've re-read Ralph Ellison's Invisible Man more than any other book.

WHAT ARE SOME OF YOUR HOBBIES?

There are so many! I recently took up painting and sculpting, both of which I love. I'm also an avid basketball fan. I've played since I was a child and once had dreams of going pro. I can still tell you some of the most obscure NBA stats from the 90s.

WHAT WAS IT LIKE TO LIVE IN JAPAN?

It was amazing! I spent a large part of my twenties there, and a part of me always feels at home there. I loved reading and speaking the language, and I made so many special friends there. It's still my favorite travel destination.

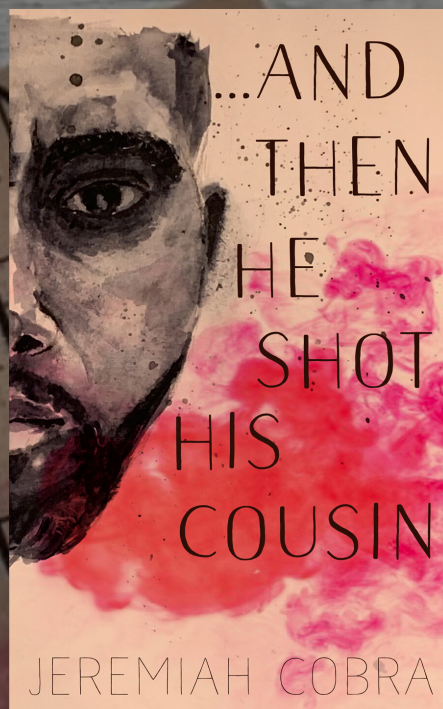
FAQ- CONTINUED

IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE YOUR READERS TO KNOW THAT THEY MAY NOT KNOW ABOUT YOU?

I used to be a rapper. I had a small-time deal right before college, and I'd like to think I'm still pretty good though it is no longer a passion of mine. I'm also a hip-hop head in that regard. In fact, most of my biggest influences as a writer are rappers like Nas, Black Thought (from the Roots) and Mos Def.



...AND THEN HE SHOT HIS COUSIN



Before Stacey can shoot his cousin Justice, he must wonder if his reasons are noble or if he has become truly coldhearted...

SYNOPSIS

Stacey Bishop is in search of love, family, and friendship. However, when he is betrayed by his cousin Justice, his greatest fear is not simply that he will lose all three but that he is being made cold-hearted by the circumstances of Justice's betrayal. The question for Stacey is not simply whether or not he can choose his life over his cousin's but whether he can make that choice with his soul intact. Aiming his gun, he wrestles with light and darkness...

CONTACT

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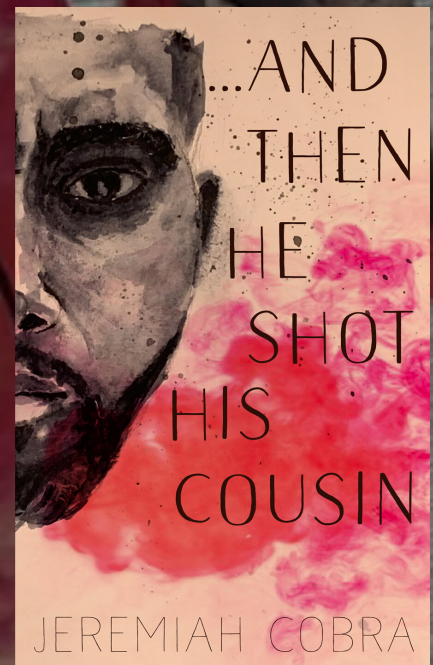
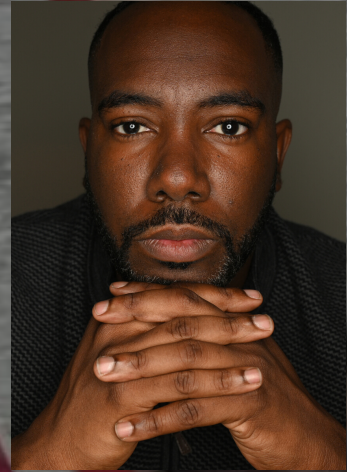
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About the Author:

Jeremiah Cobra is a native son of Connecticut and an alum of Howard University, where he studied literature. He received his graduate degree from USC and currently resides in Southern California where he is an award-winning grammar, writing, and literature teacher.



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...AND THEN HE SHOT HIS COUSIN BY JEREMIAH COBRA

And Then He Shot His Cousin

LET US NOT SPEAK OF MURDER

One bullet into his chest. One glimpse of light into the darkness. One heart torn apart. What's funny is though Justice Rooks lay in that darkness, bleeding onto the street that was already shimmering wet from the rain, it was I who could not move. He did plenty of moving—heaving and writhing from the pain and all that. But I stood perfectly still, watching his blood and the rain turn the asphalt into a black river beneath the street lamps. I might have walked on this river, walked away on its currents of light. Instead, I could only stare into the darkness as police sirens wailed in the distance. I did not even lower the hand that held the gun that fired into my cousin's chest.

Perhaps I redeemed myself with that bullet. After all, what would have happened if I had not done what I did? Justice had wanted to rob Eula Mae Reeves. She was one of those church-going ladies who always had a smile, a hug, and a peppermint candy for kids when the sermons were most unbearably long. It was said that she counted her blessings a little too loudly, drove her red convertible too proudly, acted like the hood couldn't touch her. She was a little bougie sometimes. But that was no reason to rob her. It was certainly no reason to kill her. And Justice

And Then He Shot His Cousin

would have if she had come home before we could get out of her house... My God! How many lives had I saved?

Brea. I definitely saved her life. Justice had already harmed her earlier that night. There might have been harsher words for what he did to her, but it was hard to know which to use since she was his girl and all that. She was going to leave him, though. That night, in fact. She told me so. I'm not saying she was going to be with me instead. Only that she was going to leave him. And not that I wanted to be with her or anything like that. I just knew that Justice did not deserve her. He didn't appreciate her beauty or her spirit. It was more like he was just keeping everybody else from admiring her. He was selfish that way. He hated every dude that spoke more than two words to her. Except me. I didn't count.

"You're like one of her girlfriends," he once joked. "Ain't 'Stacey' a girl's name, anyway?"

He was right about that part—about Brea and me being friends. Since sophomore year in high school. She told me everything.

Justice cheated on her once.

Okay, more than once.

They had even fought once.

Okay, more than once.

She cried on my shoulder most Sunday afternoons—after they both had been at each other's throats the night before. But they always made up by Monday. That was her spirit. She didn't believe in evil people. "Just evil

And Then He Shot His Cousin

choices,” as she put it. A good friend would have told her to leave him. But a guy can’t say that to another man’s girl. Not unless he’s a bitch. And I ain’t no bitch. Justice was wrong about that part. Stacey wasn’t a girl’s name. It was my name. And I ain’t no bitch.

Sometimes, Brea did get the idea to leave him on her own. The last time she told me she was going to leave him was that night before Justice and I went to rob Eula Mae. She was certain that she was done with him. But when I talked to Justice, he spoke as if nothing had changed. Perhaps she had said “no.” But Justice always got his way.

Not anymore, though. Not after I murdered him. No, let us not speak of murder. Not yet. Family may fight together. Family may even fight each other. But family ain’t supposed to kill each other. And Justice was the only family I knew. I had known him almost my whole life. I could never murder him.