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“SUGAR BROWN”

“ORIGINAL CYN”

# *Sugar Brown Magazine*

*Our magazine features Pin-Up style imagery of up and coming beautiful Models as well as features ongoing stories of our character Sugar Brown an action-thriller heroine in the classic vein of an African-American femme fatale ready for action and adventure! We are in production now, and are casting through this magazine exclusively as our goal is to have all who will be considered for parts read the story.*

*Our featured model in this Premier Issue, certain to be a Collector's Issue is known as Miss Kinky Kitty!*

*She is beautiful, talented and ambitious, and here is her interview!*

*We sincerely look forward to working with Kitty in the future!*

*-Emmett Ardie Williams*

*Question 1:*

*Hello, Miss Kinky Kitty!*

*Tell us where you are from originally and about your  
Modeling.*

*Hello! My name is Kaja, but I go by Miss Kinky  
Kitty which is my performer name, and Kitty is for short.*

*I am originally from New Jersey, and I started  
modeling in college in 2023 with local and a magazine at  
my school!*

*Have you studied at a College and if so, what were your  
goals there?*

*I went to Missouri State University, where i Majored  
in Sociology and Minored in Chemistry. I went all the  
way to Missouri while being from New Jersey because i  
received a full Division 1 Track & Field Scholarship.*

*I honestly am not sure of what my goals were there, and*

*they don't really matter. College was an extreme challenge because of the racism that I experienced. Being in the Midwest I experienced some of the most unthinkable racist experiences, some I cannot speak on, but I prevailed. Here are some of my accomplishments that I achieved in college.*

### *Academic Achievements*

#### *Academically*

- 1. I achieved being a second author on a published journal article on a topic that investigated the effects of Metal Nanoparticles on human thyroid cancer cells and rat medullary cancer cells.*
- 2. I am the 2024 Outstanding Graduate Student at Missouri State University*

*3. 5 times Dean's List*

*4. I've presented research findings at 10 collegiate  
research conferences*

*5. 3 times Athletic Honor Roll*

### *Athletic Achievements*

*1. MVC Conference Champion in the 4x1 Relay  
(2021)*

*2. NCAA D1 West Regional Track & Field  
Qualifier for the 4x1 Relay (2021)*

*3. MVC all conference recipient in 2021*

*Question 2:*

*Tell us about any of the creative outlets you are involved with  
from Dance to Costume Design.*

*I am a creative. I love to create. I create from  
everything. My mind is inspired by various things. In*

*college is when I entered my journey as an artist and I really have been able to create so much. My creative inspiration comes from what I feel on the inside. I was going through so much mentally because of racism. The culture in the rural area being not diverse, and there being a lack of advocacy for Black people, Black queer women in particular led me to create and advocate. My art is cultural, powerful and there are stories behind every piece. It all started with my fashion expression. Being a Black woman in the Midwest wearing fur legwarmers, fishnets and alternative clothing was definitely bold of me to do. No one was dressing like me in that area. A lot of people judged me, but I also inspired a lot of women, queer people, and people of color to not care about white social standards and what people say. My various identities in life is what I hope people take from me. You can be Whoever you want. You can be a professional, you can be a baddie, and you*

*can also be an artist. No one can tell you that you can't do something!*

*More related to my art, I started performing because I wore one of my creative outfits to a drag / burlesque show, and the promoters asked me to perform in the next one. From there, my creative journey flourished. I performed at drag, burlesque, and Go-Go shows in the local Springfield community. I even performed at my University! From there, I began to be a designer. I needed costumes for my shows and I didn't want to pay for them, so I made them myself. I hand designed and made my own Carnival Costume for a Halloween show I performed in, 2023. That was my first ever design. From there I created 9 total Carnival wing designs and I am working on more! I also started designing Pasties, and I've made some up re-cycled leg warmers and other*

*miscellaneous designs. I can honestly type paragraphs about my art because I can do it all. I take some of my own photography, I do my own makeup, I choreograph my own performances, and I design my own costumes. I am the blueprint for myself and I couldn't be more proud of everything I've accomplished. I live my dream every day.*

### *Question 3*

*Are there any obstacles, that you have overcome?*

*I've overcome a ton of obstacles. The biggest one was making it out of Springfield Missouri. I'm not even from there, I only spent 4 years of my life there, but living there had such a significant impact on my life. My friends from the northeast can't really understand because they've never lived there. also geographically, the racial system and structure is completely different. It's so much to express, and*

*until you've Lived in a small Midwest town, without your family as a Black young adult, it's a challenge to conceptualize what it's like.*

*The racism in athletics was the beginning, and the way that the coach did not care was disgusting. My own roommate and teammate was talking to her boyfriend about how a Black man deserved to get shot by the police while I was there. The racism that was happening across multiple teams at my school was so sick. This was all during 2020 when #BLM was a trend. All of the racism led my teammates to create the first Black athletic organization at our university titled Black Student Athlete Alliance, which served as a safe space for Black athletes to share their experiences, and advocate for ourselves. I was the Vice President of the organization.*

*I really don't want to get into details about all of the personal obstacles that I've challenged just because I'm not*

*ready to share them yet. However, I look back at the disturbing racism that I've experienced I was basically living in the 1950s in 2020... to escape that area and come back to the east coast and Thrive here in Philadelphia creates a love for the City of Philadelphia like no other. I am so appreciative and grateful to be where I am right now.*

#### *Question 4*

*Finally, what do you enjoy doing and want for your future?*

*I enjoy reading, creating and designing, but I myself am a large advocate, researcher and I am heavily involved in politics. I don't like to speak about my professional identity with my personal art career, I like to keep the two separate. However, I can share that I want to obtain a Ph.D., and I want to keep advocating for Black maternal*

*health, Black women, Women of color, and racial  
inequalities in health.*

*Thank you for this opportunity!*



Designs by Miss Kinky Kitty



# *Sugar Brown Magazine*



*Miss Kinxy Kitty*

# *Sugar Brown Magazine*























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# SUGAR BROWN



She is born. Unwanted to a girl of seventeen. Her father was the boyfriend of her own Mother. The girl is given to her older sister after her Grand-Mother dies. The young woman leaves home and becomes hits the streets after she leaves the hospital. "What you gon' do for money?" She stares at her sister blankly, and says "Don't worry about it Sweetheart. I'll be back for her."

15 years pass.

**Time on the streets, Time in the Marines and then Time in jail.**

**She sat in her cell in a stylish suit she bought, she hoped would still be fashionable when she got out, to look for a job. As she waited her mind flashed back over the years since her life was turned upside down. Back to the night she was brutalized. She promised to kill him and was beaten to a pulp. She crawled out the door of her Mother's Apartment and made her way down the street where she was sure to find her Father drinking as he had married again.**

**He put down his beer as the other regulars stared in shock at what looked like a bloody teenage White Girl, he rushed through and snatched up his child.**

**He took her home and the new wife helped clean her up, and they sat up all night with her, and a few more days went by until she was strong enough to decide what she wanted to do.**

**The two had a plan best kept to themselves.**

**The Father had his idea, and Cyn had her own.**

**The trunk of her Daddy's car was emptied and they waited for him one evening as he made his way to her Mothers' place but he never reached it.**

**He was smacked in the head with a crow bar and tossed in the trunk of the car. The night was icy cold in Michigan. The villain woke up in the dark freezing and terrified. Stupidly he began to protest his treatment so they pulled over and smacked him in the head with the crowbar again.**

**Cyn during her time as a streetwise person, had learned a few tricks, one of them was pick-pocketing.**

**She made note of her Fathers' gun, and she thought he planned to kill the man.**

**But when the moment came, he reached for the gun and saw it in his daughters' hand as she pumped a bullet through the villains' head.**

**"Well Baby Girl, I guess drowning him is out right about now."**

**The two chuckled maniacally and silently as her Father held and rocked her back and forth, as her tears froze on her face, making her appearance like a battered porcelain doll.**

**They buried the bastard and for years she thought he would not be found and her Mother had been warned not to report him missing.**

But after years on the street and I the service there was time left to serve for Cyn as her Father was charged, but she quickly spoke up and not even opting to claim remorse on the stand. Cyn was rehearsed to respond in the most sympathetic way to sway the jury.

“Miss Brown, do you regret the crime with which you have found yourself charged?” Asked her Attorney.

“I regret being assaulted, I regret being caught, and I regret that when I picked my Daddy’s pocket that it was a gun, ‘cause if it was a knife, I would have cut that motha’ fucka’ every-which way but loose!”

She got a Nickle, five years, less for ‘good behavior’.

Good behavior for Cyn was not gonna be an option, in or out of prison being a small person always having to prove herself. She prayed for strength to get a better life and get her child into her life finally. Gradually she met people who just wanted to help, and she made a life for herself helping others navigate through the system after she got out of prison.

She landed a job as a caseworker for Children’s Services and kept her head down, started glancing through the Holy Bible...every now and then. Though she never went to church because as a former hooker, she knew almost all of the area’s clergy intimately.

She wondered daily what happened to her own child. The thought of seeing her and finding any trace of resemblance of the pig who forced her, was more than she would want to endure. However, fate brought The Mountain of Cyn’s fears, to her door.

A pretty, seventeen-year-old girl came in, and she’s a runaway dropped off by a lady cop friend who found her the previous night. Cyn senses that there is something familiar about her, almost thinking of her younger reflection as some sunlight struck her face. She looked tired and hungry. She had a look on her young face like she been through it.

The girl was found living on the street and the cops picked her up.

“What’s your name?” She asks the girl. “Sugar.” Cyn probed further “What’s your last name?” “Brown”. “Who your Mama is?” “I don’t know. My Gran’ Mama Cecelia Brown, raised me ‘til she died, then my Aunt let me stay with her.”

**“What your real name is, the one on the Birth Certificate?”**

**“Chartreuse Sugar Brown.”**

**Cyn maintained her composure, and probed further. What you doin’ livin’ on the streets if you got a place to stay?”**

**“My Aunt...got a boyfriend. An’ he tried...he t-t-tried..!”**

**“Okay. Straighten up now girl, you hear?”**

**She shouts for a co-worker to take the girl to lunch.**

**And she opens her purse and puts a gun and some brass-knuckles in it.**

**Cyn strutted quickly to her little white Mustang and slid her petite frame into it and roared off down the Detroit street, blood pumping and nerve on edge!**

**She marches down to her sister’s last known address, her neighbor tells her where she heard she had moved to.**

**Though she was not an imposing physical specimen by any stretch of the imagination, those who crossed her likened her to the cartoon Tasmanian Devil, a small but violent little being that left chaos and reeked terror wherever it went. She could pass for a young Etta James and passed for White when she wanted to.**

**She marches to it. Flashbacks run through her mind of Marine Corps training. She stops and finds her apartment, but nobody answers the door.**

**She goes down to the corner Bar, and has a glass of J&B. Then another.**

**She sips, wondering if she is going to have to kill somebody today...or just make them wish they’d never been born.**

**She nurses her third Scotch and hears a stoned couple working their way down the street and loudly argue back and forth all the way up the stairs.**

**She recognizes the both of them.**

**Her sister, and one of her Mother’s other ‘Boyfriends’, she remembered from years ago.**



**CYNTHIA BROWN, a.k.a. CYN.**

**Cyn knocks firmly on the door. She was then greeted by her older sister Constance, called Connie...the wrong way!**

**"Bitch where the fuck yo' ass been all these years?!"**

**"What the fuck you doin' here now?!"**

**She pushes past her taller sister Connie, saying nothing to her, and locks eyes with a bewildered drunken forty-five-year-old brute.**

**The brass-knuckles on her hand quickly responded to Connie's inquiry.**

**Cyn stormed towards, and punched the older man until his nose was broken, and both of his eyes were swoll' shut, then worked the ribs, until he pleaded for mercy after she broke two of them.**

**She took off the brass, and slapped the taste of cheap liquor out of Connie's mouth, then tumbled the man down a flight of stairs.**

**"We gon' talk later Sis!" She threatened as she shoved her to the floor.**

**She then slammed the door, a drew her gun. Then told him to leave town.**

**And so he did.**

**She returned to her office stopped into the Lady's and discovered she had a swig of scotch resting in her flask. Long story short, ...she woke it up.**

**She finds a little Dentyne Gum and gracefully wobbles to her desk.**

**She gathers herself, and speaks. "Okay, Sugar...it's time fo' me to take you home."**

**The girl began to cry, and said she never wanted to see her Aunt Connie again.**

**"You don't have to. I'm taking you to my home...our home.**

**I'm... your Mother, Sugar."**

**The child's eyes widen, and searches her face, finding similarities and knows that it was true.**

**They embrace and cry together as the scene ends.**

**The once absentee Mother bonds with her daughter. The years flash as moments and new traditions form.**

**In time even Connie, the Aunt has improved herself, and their family unites.**

**As she approaches her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, she has no clue of what she wants to be. Her Mother suggest the military and she is off the see the world. It's a physically demanding life, and she gave it her all, and finally decides to become a Police Woman after recovering from a land mine injury which took her out of the service.**

**She ends up doing undercover work, while her mother Cyn has decided to become a Private Detective to the shock of everyone with good sense.**

**It's all right pay, but her love of Music led her back to this Radio Station. Music she thought to herself kept her soul and sanity intact, so this makes sense.**

**She flashes back to moments she lived on the street outside this very same Radio Station, mocking DJs, and inserting her own handle in place of "Downtown Motown Sounds" to...**

**"This is your girl Downtown Sugar Brown, comin' at you Live from downtown Deeee-troit! The Motor City Ba-by!**

## **Flashback**

**Scenes of a day in the life of a cop flicker through her mind from the previous days, from babies being born in cabs, to chasing down junkies and purse snatchers and crazy under-cover scenarios with her partner Greta.**

**She and the station manager debate of her lack of experience and pay.**

**He gives her a week to raise ratings, or she's out.**

**She is shown the equipment, and her set up...and a couple of employees look her over with scrutiny. They leave after she makes it through 3 commercial readings.**

**As she put on her headset and chooses her first record to spin.**

**She draws The Late Night Shift and turns the small rickety fan on her sweaty chest. She cuts off the lights and slips out of her brassiere, reaches in her pocket and pulls out *a joint*, confiscated from a juvenile earlier in the long hot day in the city.**

**For some reason she got stuck on Aretha Franklin as she faded off to sleep due to exhaustion outside the same station years back.**

**She wraps her commercial, and spins “Chain of Fools” as somehow it washed all the day’s drama from her soul.**

**She reaches for a cigarette and the moonlight kisses a hazy beam of light over her scarred back, from shrapnel. She leans back in her chair, closes her eyes, and sings along with The Queen of Soul.**



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