

Press Release: Silver Drive Press to Publish *Your Tomorrow Was Today* by Oyindamola Dosunmu
An African Feminist Literary Debut/ Publishing January 15, 2026

A Nigerian woman's evocative chronicle of modern womanhood, navigating love, family, and the radical desire to remain child-free in a patriarchal world.

Your Tomorrow Was Today (ISBN:979-8-9991626-1-8; January 15, 2026, \$17.00, Original Trade Paperback) by Oyindamola Dosunmu is a character-driven adult literary fiction, also accessible to fans of upmarket women's fiction, that explores some of the most pressing sociopolitical issues in today's world—autonomy, womanhood, and culture.

Karen has spent years building an independent life in the city, far from her fractured family, leaving no room for love—until she receives news of her mother's sudden death. The devastating news unravels her carefully curated life as Karen grapples with painful memories and the sister she left behind a decade ago.

As grief, memory, and long-buried resentment reemerge, Karen's troubles have only begun: she's pregnant, her secret affair with a younger colleague is exposed, and Omo is gravely ill. In the face of cultural expectations surrounding love, duty, and motherhood, Karen finds solace in The Women's Group—a circle of fierce, resilient women who challenge her to confront the truth: forgiveness isn't always mutual, and love can take unexpected forms.

Set against the vibrant landscapes of contemporary Lagos City and Eastern Nigeria, *Your Tomorrow Was Today* is a poignant journey of feminist reckoning, identity, and the choices that shape us.

"Dosunmu's writing paints a raw and honest picture of the struggles of a modern woman navigating a patriarchal society." —**Booklist Online**

"Oyindamola Dosunmu has crafted a novel that challenges conventional form and dares to ask difficult questions about memory, motherhood, and what it means to survive yourself."
—**San Francisco Book Review**

"A love letter to women courageous enough to be 'selfish' anyway." —**Reader Views (5-Star Review)**

"A beautifully crafted novel about healing, choice, and the strength it takes to write your own future, and it's a must-read for lovers of literary fiction with heart and cultural depth." —**Readers' Favorite (5-Star Review)**

"Your Tomorrow Was Today is guaranteed to be a book that will touch you, regardless of gender, interests, or philosophy." —**Littafi Reviews**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Oyindamola Dosunmu is a writer and HR professional. Her debut novel, *Your Tomorrow Was Today*, was named a finalist for the Black Lawrence Press Immigrant Writing Series. She lives in North Carolina with her husband and their delightfully lazy cat, Bob Chunky Tamales.

Your Tomorrow Was Today

A novel by Oyindamola Dosunmu

Silver Drive Press

Publication Date: January 15, 2026

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Author website: www.oyindosunmu.com

Campaign Strategy Lead: Paul Tommasi

Contact: p.tommasi@silverdrivepress.com

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Book Blurb

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Praise For Your Tomorrow Was Today

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[Your Tomorrow Was Today](#)

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[Your Tomorrow Was Today - San Francisco Book Review](#)

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[“Your Tomorrow Was Today” by Oyindamola Dosunmu - Reader Views Book Reviews](#)

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<https://readersfavorite.com/book-review/your-tomorrow-was-today>

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[Your Tomorrow Was Today by Oyindamola Dosunmu | Review](#)

Author Bio

Short Author Bio:

Oyindamola Dosunmu is a writer and HR professional. Her debut novel, *Your Tomorrow Was Today*, was named a finalist for the Black Lawrence Press Immigrant Writing Series. She lives in North Carolina with her husband and their delightfully lazy cat, Bob Chunky Tamales.

Long Author Bio:

Oyindamola Dosunmu is a writer whose work explores feminist themes, cultural identity, and self-discovery. Her debut novel, *Your Tomorrow Was Today*, was named a finalist for the 2025 Black Lawrence Press Immigrant Writing Series and blends upmarket women's fiction with literary depth, resonating with readers seeking emotionally layered narratives.

Her love for storytelling began with *Flying Eagle*, an unpublished story written in her first year of secondary school, inspired by classic Nollywood films and Mills & Boon romance novels. Her earliest short fiction, including *Safe Haven* and *Little White Flowers*, appears on Lifegiva Blog and reflects her commitment to thought-provoking narratives that bridge Nigerian and international audiences.

Oyindamola holds a Bachelor of Science in Estate Management from Covenant University and an MBA in Human Resources Management from the University of Bridgeport, Connecticut. She lives in North Carolina with her husband and their delightfully lazy cat, Bob Chunky Tamales. When she's not writing, she enjoys watching anime, taking road trips, and exploring stories that transcend borders.

Contact Information

For rights, media inquiries, and even bookings:

Name: Paul Tommasi

Title: Campaign Strategy Lead

Email: p.tommasi@silverdrivepress.com

For other professional inquiries:

Email: contact@oyindosunmu.com

Social Media Links:

Twitter/ X: DosunmuOyin. [Yuuki_ \(@DosunmuOyin\) / X](#)

BlueSky: dosunmuoyin.bsky.social. [Yuuki_ \(@dosunmuoyin.bsky.social\) — Bluesky](#)

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/oyin.dosunmu/>

Instagram: [Instagram](#)

Goodreads: https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/57575871.Oyindamola_Dosunmu

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Website: www.oyindosunmu.com

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Book Info: [Your Tomorrow Was Today | Oyindamola Dosunmu](#)

Contact Me: [Contact | Oyindamola Dosunmu](#)

Book Information

Title: Your Tomorrow Was Today

Category: Adult

Genre: Literary Fiction

Publication Date: January 15, 2026

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Barnes and Noble: [Your Tomorrow Was Today by Oyindamola Dosunmu, Paperback | Barnes & Noble®](#)

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Sample Chapter

Chapter One

Present Day, 2024, Lagos, Nigeria.

Karen Ezeani's plans for the evening did not include Mama dying.

She shifted to adjust her willowy frame by the transparent door to the balcony, cradling a glass of bourbon—her refuge when she felt troubled. She could not bring herself to enjoy the drink, yet she was drawn to it for no reason other than it seemed to possess the inexplicable formula to dissolve knots of anxiety. Karen's face contorted as the amber liquid touched her lips, and she drew a sharp breath. The smooth texture trailed a fiery path down her throat, prompting her to tighten her grip on the glass. She waited for the sensation to settle before daring another sip.

Her gaze settled on floodlights on the Ikoyi Link Bridge, a good mile away, brightening the dark skyline. For a minute, she was lost in the steady glow of white light, lured further into her thoughts.

A few hours ago, she had sauntered into the living room, wrapped in a woolen bathrobe, lethargic from a long shower. Barefoot, she reveled in the soft carpet beneath her feet, comforted by the familiar shades and planes of her home in contrast to the work trip to Ghana: the faint smell of sandalwood, pale orange hues from the evening sun reflected off cream walls, stark white sheets of her carefully laid bed—crisp and neat—half-finished books in a wicker chair. Mundane details she would otherwise have ignored now held some significance in the wake of her distress.

She turned away from the hypnotic allure of the lights, swallowing a lump in her throat—not from the bourbon, but from a twinge of shame at her annoyance when Mama’s name had beamed on her phone screen. She had stared at the vibrating gadget for longer than necessary before pressing the green button.

To her surprise, Uloma’s sobbing filled her ears once she picked up the phone, replacing the rich tenor of Mama’s voice she had expected.

“*Eh*, Adesuwa, oh! Mama is dead, Mama is dead, oh!”

Karen’s brows furrowed. “Uloma, what happened?”

“Mama, Mama is dead.” Her cousin sobbed, “Mama is gone, Adesuwa!

“What did you say?” Her eyes widened in shock, numbness seeping into her. “Uloma, Mama, what happened to my mother?”

Her cousin’s loud sniffing filled the heavy silence.

Karen’s voice trembled. “Uloma, what did you say?”

“Mama died this morning, Adesuwa,” Uloma wailed in Igbo. “*Ewoo!* Mama, *eh!*”

Her limbs gave way beneath her, and she grabbed the dining table’s edge for support as though the earth had tilted.

The line made distorted noises until the static dissipated into sounds of shouting and weeping. The cacophony of anguish at the other end of the call reverberated from a distance. Karen’s mind pivoted into a comatose, awake yet dreamlike frenzy as if plunged into a trance. Her eyes were fixed on the long arm of the wall clock, watching, yet unaware of its clockwork movement ticking away the minutes. Mama died. Karen squeezed her eyes shut, counting from one to ten. Her eyes brimmed with tears, and she squeezed them shut again, but they spilled from the corners of her eyelids. Karen gave up, her glazed eyes settling on her other well-manicured, quavering hand as the news from her cousin continued in a loop. She pressed the cell phone closer to her ear to keep it from falling through a trembling hand,

feeling the device warm against her skin.

“I went to give her medicine, oh!” Uloma continued sobbing, lamenting until a woman’s voice filtered into the call.

“*Ndo*,” the woman consoled Uloma, hissing and gnashing her teeth.

A jarring sound from the neighbor’s stereo knocked her out of her daze, and the music she had hummed along to in the past threatened to grate her nerves. She loosened her grip on the phone, her hand stinging from a cramp, wiping the other hand on the bathrobe.

“I should have known!” Her cousin choked out another wail. “I should have known, oh! Mama said she felt sick yesterday. If only I knew, *eh!* Mama, *eh!* Why, Mama?”

At last, her body resumed its sensitivity to feel and to be aware. Karen listened to the younger woman weep. Uloma, the offspring of Mama’s younger brother, Mama’s closest relative, had lost her parents at the age of seven in a fatal accident on the way home from a wedding in Abia State, and she had lived with Mama since. For her part, Karen’s mouth had gone dry, but she swallowed what little saliva she mustered. Wrapping her free arm around her stomach, she clutched at the familiar guilt that pooled into a painful cyst when she thought of Mama—images of her mother playing in her mind like still frames from a silent movie; she squeezed her watery eyes shut at intervals, determined that no tears would escape. She did not want to cry; she would not, not after alienating herself from Mama.

Stung by the news, the guilt, everything at once, she gathered the strength to disconnect the call, setting the offending device on the dining table in clunky movements and wiping both hands on the bathrobe in repeated swirls.

Hard as she tried, it proved impossible to curb her body’s natural response, and pain had to run its course. Her breaths turned into short-winded gasps, each inhale and exhale cutting through her nose. The trembling in her hands grew worse with each passing second, and she clenched her fist, welcoming the smarting from embedded nails in her palm. The

tears she had reined back rolled down her cheeks in vengeance.

Karen sat for a long time, her tears now suspended, as her gaze remained locked on a point in the bare wall, anchored to emptiness as though tethered by a rope. She sat until her shoulders slumped further in fatigue; her body, limp and exhausted from the sudden onslaught of emotions, demanded rest. Her movements to the bedroom were in a blur; she stripped off her bathrobe in mechanical motions, aware yet unaware of her actions, pressing a nude body between cool sheets, haunted by Mama's saddened eyes.

Speaking Topics and Interview FAQ

Writing process and interests

- How do you tackle writer's block?
- What is your writing process?
- What is the best time of day for you to write?
- Why did you choose the self-publishing route?
- How do you navigate feedback during the editing and revising stage?

About the Book

- What inspired you to write this book?
- How long did it take you to write this book?
- What is your approach to creating believable characters?
- How has the book resonated with you and your readers?
- What makes your book unique?

About the Author

- Why did you become a writer?
- Who is your favorite author?
- What creative projects can we expect from you soon?
- Which superpower would you want to have?
- What is your favorite movie?