

When Darkness  
Falls Over Magic  
Alaska



## Acknowledgements

First, All praise is due to Allah.

Second I wanna thank my beautiful daughter Isaly m. Banks. Because without her none of this would be possible She is my inspiration and motivation.

Now I wanna thank my family and Friends who's had my back the whole time in need. Lawanda Cotton

My uncle 40, Cousin Kenya, Stony, my sister Tyhsha. & my brother Chris AKA chinaman keep up head up fool.

My best friend Sharlene H melaine H. Can't forget about y'all. Donald A. Shaw, T.A. Stacks, my T-Love.

Family last but not least all my people I've lost to the streets and my family with a local insight but a global vision. Peace.

To my ex-lady of 16 years. At last after a long Journey we finally reached the beginning but for every minute you spend angry you give us sixty seconds

of peace because betrayal is easy. How can you love when your heart is loyal only to yourself so learn

to recognize your greatest enemy cause it just might be yourself. I've written this epic tale fresh off a

broken heart and was taught how to love again by a heartless swordman with a appetite for destruction towards the ones who kick me while I was down

and sat me back while trying to come up.  
So thanks to the one's that forgotten me  
for you have made me stronger.

### Dedications

To My Children

To: Isaly m. Banks Janell moore and alexxia  
rose mapee

I Love you.

"When darkness falls over magic Alaska" (rough draft)

By Jason Banks

## Chapter one

I was broke again. That was all that was on my mind as I sat in the drivers seat of my new car. It was a Lincoln MKZ hybrid and it looked like money and felt like luxury.

I slouched in my seat - in the darkness waiting in a lot of a closed down factory not too far from the city port. I had recently returned to the states from a business trip in Shenzhen China, a trip that I had made a couple times before. Six months previous

I was just another petty street hustler who made money by selling bootleg CDs and cheap white T-shirts. I felt like making 150 to 200 ~~dollars~~ dollars a day was good enough but I was only fooling myself.

The price of living was more than that, plus the line of work. I was in called for me to take half of my earnings and re-invest in more product.

I was in that small time loop from coast to coast for almost 5 years until one day I wised up saved up and took my dreams straight to the knock-off capital of the world... China.

I managed to save 10 grand and hopped on a plane.

It was crazy because not only was I a coco pebble in a large bowl of white rice but I was at least 6 inches taller than most of the population.

I had a hard time finding someone who was on the blackmarket who would trust me but once I did he understood that I had what he wanted... money. My new asian connection opened me up to an entire underground world of prime, "knock-offs" and counterfeits. Being the biggest place in the world for business out-sourcing China had it all. Everything from clothes to technology. If you wanted it they had it on the blackmarket... and I wanted it all. My first time was a learning experience because I was "green". I bought a couple of boxes of nike Airforce ones but one was confiscated by the port authority. When I investigated the reason I found out that the shipment wasn't on the sanction list for that months docket. The laws of the import/export business was tricky but there was legal ways around them. I found out that you couldn't just order a case of designer jeans on the blackmarket and get them in, that was illegal. But, it wasn't illegal to order patches for clothes and tags in one box and unmarked clothes in another box.

Once I found that loop hole I was all in and dealt exclusively with popular fashions that used Sown on patches or tags. Once I worked out all the kinks and invested in a personal Seamstress my pockets grew and so did my clientel. There was no more 200 dollars a day for me, I was making that every other sell.

My cellphone chimed on my dashboard and it was a text message from my transporter "Booker" the text simply read: "Heads up" minutes later a small u-haul truck pull into the lot and parked next to me. I popped my trunk as I got out and put on my black mid-length p-coat to shield myself from the late night chill.

"Mr. Thurgood," Booker said as he greeted me with a hand shake, "How's it hangin'?"

I said coming to the back of the u-haul.

Booker unlocked and opened the doors and inside were boxes in all shape and sizes.

All your stuff made it through. You got... 9 in total, he told me as he started pulling them down and handing them to me.

I took my key and ripped one open and found its contents to be sufficient I made quick

With the other 8 and went about my way once booker was payed.

I made my way home which was renovated loft on the lower eastside of manhattan.

Even though I was a rolling stone there was some thing about the city of new york that made me feel at home. My loft was fantastic compared to how it looked when I first viewed it.

Its owner mr. Toolie who owned a vintage book store on the first floor couldn't believe I wanted to actually live in it. But even though the space was old, dusty, dirty and was use as a junk storage I saw potential. The space was so large it took me almost two months to renovate.

I did a lot of the work myself but when it came to plumbing and building a kitchen and sectioning off a private room for my business I had to shellout cash for professionals.

But in the end the place turned into a thing of beauty modern comfort.

After I carted the boxes from my service elevator into my loft I unwound with a glass of brandy and coke on the "rocks". I kicked off my shoes and flapped down on my sofa with my feet propped on the coffee table. I relaxed for a few minutes

until I opened up my macbook-pro and jumped online. I checked my e-bay account and saw that the phones I had placed for sale had sold. They were 4 I-phone 6's brand new in their cases with everything that come with them. But in all actually the phones were Samsung Galaxy's. The Chinese were some crafty little bastards when it came to technology and swapping out circuit boards and fabricating perfect look-alikes. I brought ten for 120 dollars each. Even though they werent actually I-phone 6's the consumer hardly realized, they sold online for 350 dollars each. That was the thrill for me. The con or the hustle.

The game was so lovely once you mastered the art.

In 24 hours I was 2000 dollars richer.

As I sipped my drink and searched blindly on the web my carnal cravings for a female began to come over me. I reall. didnt want to watch porn and possibly masturbate but I couldn't fight my "lowerself". I knew I was addicted to sex at a young age because my first time was at 14 with a 16 year old.

Every since then I was bruce banner doing his best to keep my sexual hulk in check. I found myself on the adult rated site called "SmutGod".



It was an A-Z free porno clip site that I was in love with. Every type of sexual situation could be viewed on the site and I was almost at the "T" section. I watched clips by the dozens for about a hour until I couldn't take it anymore.

So I jumped on the phone and called over a little nymphomaniac who I found on Facebook named "Sunshine". Sunshine was a 22 year old college student and self-proclaimed "sex-abolic". She was a 5'8, 145 pounds, blonde who love to sex me down and be completely dominated by her "black Stallion".

When I opened my door for her a hour later she stood out in the hallway looking scrumptious. She smiled up at me standing in her high heels and a skin tight miniskirt made by Gucci.

"Two whole days now... A new record," she said.

"I've been pacing myself. Thought I'd skip a day."

"Well good for you. I hope you're hungry," she said seductively.

"Starvin for some snowbunny," I told her.

"Well that's me," she said.

Sunshine came over to me and we began kissing as I hoisted her up by her soft butt, closed the door and carried her over to my bed.

Sunshine was like a wild animal as she frantically came out her clothes and helped me out my pants. She was sitting on the edge of my bed before me as she undid my "Lv" belt and unbuttoned my jeans. "Did you bring what I asked?" I said down to her. She pushed my pants down to my ankles and I stepped out of them.

"There in my clutch purse," she told me as she pushed my boxer briefs down allowing my hard dick to leap free. Sunshine reached over and grabbed her purse from the nightstand.

As soon as she gave it to me she wasted no more time and fed her addiction by giving me head.

I reacted with a deep inhale of pleasure while clenching my jaws. She in turn let out moans of satisfaction just in knowing how good it felt to me.

"Ah shit you doin you doin the damn thing, girl," I commended as I watch her bob hungrily.

"mmhmm," she agreed. While she did her thing I managed to remove the items from her purse.

They were a punch pink vibrator and a small bottle of ky-jelly "Fire and ice".

"Come on and let me get that pussy," I told her.

Sunshine stopped and scooted back onto the bed.

"How you wanna hit this shit?," She asked me with a seductive bite of the bottom lip.

"You already know face down with that ass up"

I told her boldly. Sunshine climbed into position and I came on my knees behind her. Her milky white round ass was before me as I squitted Ky-Jelly on to her anus and on the vibrator.

"You relaxed?," I made sure.

"Come on," she told me. I carefully pushed the small toy into her tight hole until it was five inches deep.

Then I lubbed my dick and slowly guided myself deep inside her warm pussy.

Sunshine purred under me as every sexual nerve began to tingle inside her. I gripped her left hip and twisted the vibrator on, then I gripped her right hip and began to pump in and out of her.

"Oh! Oh! oh! oh!" was the sound that escaped her mouth as I took her from behind. I pounded in, Sunshine hard but steady. My eyes were transfixed on all the action as my worldly problems melted away.

We held that position for ten minutes until that big moment was upon me.

Sunshine had already "come" twice so it was rightfully my turn.

"You ready to come? baby," she asked while looking back.

"Almost," I told her as I pumped inside her.

"You wanna give your slowbunny a facial? huh?"

"Does black Stallion wanna give me a facial?,"

She asked in her dirty voice. She knew me. She knew all about me. She knew me all too well when it

came to being nasty. So Sunshine turned around and grabbed my sensitive dick and began to jerk me off with her mouth open and her tongue hanging out.

Seconds later I grunted with a frown as semen shot all on her like a stepped on mustard packet.

When it was all said and done Sunshine and I parted ways respectfully like always. She got what she needed and so did I. After I showered I stripped and remade my bed. Then I unloaded my packages in my workroom and headed for bed. Sleep never came

easy for me so I popped a sleeping pill. Every since I was a child I found myself awake at night

daydreaming about adventures of Peter Pan and the brother Grimm.

Now as a grown man I find myself doing the something only now I daydreamed about laying roots with a family and having a "normal life."

But as I layed there in bed looking up at the moon through my skylight I realized I was living the dream. I was handsome, in my own home, had my new car, kept at least 3 grand in my pocket at all times and could have sex with random chicks anytime I felt needed. But I was also living a nightmare because I felt ugly on the inside at times, I lived utterly alone on a street without much traffic, my new car emptied my saving, my monthly living was double what I kept in my pocket each day and everytime I had sex with a random chick a bit of shame felt over me. So at the end of each day I guess I was content with being uncontent. It was who I was but not really who I wanted to be. Sleep found me almost a hour later.

I was jolted out of my sleep slumber by a buzzing sound. I was laying on my front side with my head up and my eyes squinking from the bright light shining in. I was waiting to see if I was dreaming but I found out I wasnt once the wall buzzer sound once more. I climbed out of bed and made my way over and pushed "talk".

"Yeah?" I said groggily.

"Its Thelma!" the female shouted. I flinched.

"You're early, man, I said to her.

"Its half pass noon, man!" She corrected me with a strong emphasis on the word man. I picked up my phone off the counter and saw that it was after noon.

I buzzed her in and unlocked the front door.

I went to the bathroom and took care of my morning functions. When I came out I found Thelma in the kitchen. When I came over she had bring me a large breakfast burrito and iced cappuccino.

"Late night burning the midnight oil?" she asked

"Something like that," I said sitting on the island stool and began scarfing my food.

Thelma delgado was my personal seamstress.

She was 52 years old, 5'6, 183 pounds had a puffy mouth like Casie O'donald but looked like Kathy Bates.

We met through an ad I placed online and once

she saw what I did and how much she would be payed she jumped on board without pause.

She was no stranger to the underworld and was good at her craft. I had mad respect for her.

"Shipment came in?" she asked me. My mouth was full but I gave her a thumbs up and a nod.

"Jeans?" she asked.

"mmhmm."

"Collar Tees? Lacoste and polo?"

"mmhm - yup"

"What about those armani tags for the suits from mens warehouse?"

"All there, and some more shit," I told her just before gulping some cold cappuccino.

"Wonderful I better get started then. Any orders?"

She asked as she paused heading to the workroom.

"uh yeah in fact... patch up the polo and the lacoste"

"I got a client out in Albany," I told her.

"Size," she asked.

"uh... 8XL's on the tees and 2 on the 36 inches."

"Not a problem" she assured me as she entered the

room and closed the door. Five minutes later

as I continued to devour my food I could hear sewing machine going.

While she worked I got dressed. I was wearing

an outfit from true religion a grey short sleeved cotton v-neck with stone washed blue jeans

my entire outfit was fitted and had just enough

bagginess. I finished my outfit with a dark blue

"louie-v" loafers, a flawlessly fake rolex watch

and two one-karat diamond earrings in each ear.

I was "proper-dapper like a burger king wrapper" and ready to hit the streets and make some money.

When I came into the work-room Thelma had her back to me as she worked her magic with the sewing machine. She had on her "Soul"-head phones bobbing her head to the music. The work room was stacked full of boxes and unboxed apparel. Pictures of original fashion designs were tacked on the wall boards and random belt buckles and emblems sat on the work table. The room looked cluttered but everything in it was worth money. I tapped Thelma on her shoulder and it gave her a startle.

"Jeez-laries you almost gave me a heartattack," she said with her hand on her breast.

"My bad, I apologize.

"Damn right your bad what do you want? im in my work zone here."

"Tell me you finished with what I asked"

"of course, 8 and 8, right over there," she directed.

I went and examined the clothes and as always

found each label and tag to be satisfactory.

Thelma had even put on replicated price tags in which I personally made by simply taking real price tags



From those same items, scanning them, duplicating them, printing them out on high quality paper cutting them to size and clipping them on. All my products were basically the real deal for the most part but they were simply reworked. The polo shirts I was about to sell cost 45 dollars in store. I payed about 8 buck a pair on the black market and after bills they cost me 11 dollars each. I sold them to my cliental for 30 dollars each and so I would make a 19 dollar profit per sell. And it went the same for the jeans in which were Levi's 504's 65 dollars in store, 16 on the blackmarket, 20 dollars after bills. I sell them for 40 and pocket 20. profit was my game and it was all about profits.

I packed the clothes in a box along with a few dozen fake Jordan socks and took it out and set it by the front door.

"Im outta here thelma," I said from the workroom doorway, "lock up tight before you go and leave the key above the door frame."

"As always, she said turning around with her hand out.

"What?" I said slapping her five.

"uh-uh, pay me... come on," she said playfully serious. I huffed as I went into my pocket and gave her 250 dollars.

"Thank you," she said slinging the bills down her bag, "And don't forget my belts."

"I want," I told her leaving out.

It was a cool sunny day in the city as I cruised through some of the old street markets.

lenox, lexington, malcome x blvd and a few others were where I use to hustle. Each area had people who set up shop so they could make a buck.

Everything from DVDs to CDs to african oils to asian inscents were sold on the corners and strips.

I loved it but was above it now. Once I found a better way I was out and on to bigger and more profitable things.

When I turned on 103<sup>rd</sup> street I saw a old running mate of mine by the name "tookie." He was a skinny nigga from Jamaica-queens. About a year ago he ran into some legal trouble and I bailed him out of jail for 5 grand. Tookie promised to pay me back but so far he only managed to give me 750 dollars and a shit load of excuses. I pulled right up to his stand and hanked for him to come over.

"My man magic, what it do? Son", he said with a smile using my nickname.

"Tryin make a living, home boy. Thats all," I responded.

"Well you aint dain to bed, son. You ridin slick," he said eyeballing the new interior.

"Hustlin my boy- hustlin. Anyways. Whatcha got for me?" I asked him.

"Huh? oh... you mean that lil loan? you still trippin on them pennies? Son"

"Pennies? come on tookie 4,250 dollars aint no small change. You gave me yo word and imma hold you to it. Can I get that bread?... please!" I said.

"Pss... look, son, he began as he went in his pocket and pulled out some cash, I got like 200 dollars for you right now.

"200!? come on tookie. Man, you out here in these streets hustlin everyday and its been 4 months since I seen you why you gotta play me like this?" I asked him sincerely.

"Come on, son stop stressin' ya acc. umma take care of you just give me a week cause I got something brewin", he told me. He blowin smoke up my ass and it pissed me off. But what could I do but take the money and hope for the best outcome.

"My man magik," he said joyfully as I took the cash,  
"Go head and show me a trick. I know you still  
got it, son."

"Yess," I sounded with a shaking head. I presented  
him with my empty hand and asked him to place  
an item inside. Tookie pulled off his thin gold chain  
and placed it there.

"Careful, son. That aint no knock-off he warned lightly.  
I closed my hand and made a fist, smacked my  
fist twice with my other hand, quickly bring the fist  
to my mouth and blew hard.

In an instant the chain was gone from my hand seemingly  
vanished into thin air.

Tookie's eyes bucked and he looked pleasantly surprised.

"What the fuck? how in the hell?, son, you like  
david blaine around this bitch," he complimented.

"You got one week, tookie, and im coming back around  
for my bread," I told him as I put my car in drive.

"Whaw-whow my dude, he frowned, reappear my  
shit first. I gave him a smile that read: yeah  
right, then I pulled off on his ass with no remorse.  
Once I was out of sight I spit the gold necklace  
into my hand and placed it in the armrest.

I took a swig of bottled water. Swished it around in my mouth and spat it out of the window.

I was good at sight-of-hand and "magic tricks"

When I spent a year hustling on the west coast

I studied a Chris Angel magic kit for almost

5 1/2 months. I was 22 and was "green" on the

Vegas strips. I was selling bottled waters and

making only enough bread to feed myself fast food

and live in dusty motels. But once I turned my

hand at street magic I began to see more cash.

White people loved to be mystified and wowed. 85%

every day. I would do my tricks and present myself

as "magic" with a "k". But after a year in the

"City of lights" I moved on and kept my nick name.

I made my way down town where I went into a

"Joseph A. Banks" department store. Thelma presented

me with an idea about fabricating designer belts.

She was 100% sure that she could replicate almost

any designer belt as long as she had the proper tools.

So I did my homework, purchased a dozen yards

of designer sheet leathers from my connection, ordered

a few dozen designer belt buckles and was ready.

All Thelma needed was cheap ready-made belts that

she could deconstruct and reconstruct.

and "Joseph A. Banks" was the best place for deals. Not only for belts but for suits as well. You see "J.A.B" prided themselves on mid-quality suits that resembled high end fashion. After doing my homework I found out that "J.A.B" carried a 3 piece business suit that resembled an armani that cost almost \$ grand. The cheaper suit only need a few cosmetic changes and then I was beyond sure that she could transform the "duck into a swan". So at the end of my shopping experience I had brought 10 belts and 8 suits. A modest 1,064 dollars and some change off my "rush" card.

But the potential profit was through the roof.

Next I drove up state New York to Albany. I acquired a good paying client by the name "Rock" who made his living by selling California-Kush.

He use to be a hip-hop star back in the late 90's but fell off in the late 2000's.

I guess he still had some bread because he owned his house which was nice and he even drove a range-rover with all the bell and whistles.

I didn't know him from the "rap game" nor did

I really care. As long as his money was good he had a fan in me.

"Magik, what it do? Godbody," Rock said smacking me a handshake with a shoulder hug.

"Maintainin my boy whats good?" I responded as I stepped into his livingroom with my box under my arm. He had company over as always. Two cute Spanish chicks and one of his boys by the name "fresh" sat around the livingroom drinking, smoking and listening to music.

"Ya boy been cookin layed back like a fat cat waiting for you to get right so I can get right," rock told me.

Well im here now and what I got you want?

I told him smiling when we headed to the kitchen fresh came with us. I pulled all of the folded clothes out and layed them out on display.

"Levi's 504's, fresh and new, 65 dollars price tag but 40 for you Polo tees, blue and white fresh and new 45 dollar price tag but 30 for you and I got some Jordan Socks black and white, 3 pack in store for 22 dollars but for you half off rock and fresh pick through the gear and chose what they wanted even the females came over and brought one or two items for their family members A quick 420 dollars made wasnt bad.

## Chapter two

Before I left rock's house I made sure to alert him about other things I had to come. He was interested in belts and wanted to know if I could get my hands on some jewelry. I told him I'd see what I could do. Also during my brief visit I almost had one of my sexual episodes as I eyed one of the cuter latino chicks and day dreaming about nailing her from behind. It took everything in me not to go over a "spit" game at her and try to land her number. But my will was and my respect for rock was strong as well.

When I left I drove around the capital looking for a dry cleaners because I had a few personal clothing items that were real designers. I finally found one called "Despina's" cleaners which was small and looked "homie". The small business was located in a regular neighborhood on a lot in between two homes what attracted me to the business was the sign that read "quick return". I parked at the front curb and headed inside. The cozy little neighborhood was clean and quiet. A few kids played street hockey the whole scene just reminded me of a movie I'd seen.

When I came into the building a bell chimed and seconds later a short pudgy old man with [REDACTED]



a short curly salt and pepper haired and a "caption hook" mustache to match appeared with a smile.

"Hello. How may I help you today? Sir," he asked with a deep but understandable accent. He had to be Italian or Greek I thought.

"Yeah how you doin? I got a few items here and I'd like them dry cleaned," I said sitting my bag on the counter, some dress shirts and jeans.

The man began pulling the clothes out and examining each tag.

"The sign say "quick return" How quick are we talkin?," I asked.

"uh... how quick you need?," he asked me.

"uh...," I looked at my watch, "2 hours maybe."

The man mr-Broggini-babbled his head doing calculations and told me...

"OK, 2 hours. Do you want starch pressed?,"

"uh... sure, why not," I nodded.

"OK," he said stacking the clothes, "Alaska come!"

My stomach growled. I was hungry for some lunch.

I turned just for a second to look at my car and as I did I heard a female voice in front of me.

When I turned around I layed eyes on a gorgeous

female. She came in and over to the man without looking my way and he spoke to her in a unknown.