

SHON HICKS; A DRUGDEALER'S DESTINY

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PREFACE

Before you begin this Urban Novel I would like to thank you for giving me a chance to express myself through this writing style. I started writing "A Drugdealer's Destiny" in the fall of 2002. I was in the midst of obtaining my college degree here in Federal Prison. That year, 2002, was the start of a whole new writing style (genre) epidemic. At the time I had read several urban novels in between semesters and I got the bright idea that I could do this. Nevertheless, as with all things, when you put your mind to something then that what you pursue will come to fruition. I finished the book in the fall of 2004.

In the fall of 2004 I had discovered the teaching of Honorable Elijah Muhammad under the guidance of the Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan. And it was in this discovery that I gained a true sense of knowledge of self, of God, and the devil. It is understood in the Nation of Islam that the resurrection that Jesus (Isa Ibn Yusef) spoke of was not a physical resurrection from the dead, because that defies the laws of nature, but instead He spoke of a mental resurrection from the dead. Understandably, it was [this] mental resurrection that I encountered that woke me up from the dead state in which I was in. So again, the metaphor entailed that Jesus made the deaf hear and the blind see, keep in mind, that it was a mental deaf and a mental blinding; those that once couldn't hear now hear those that once was blind now see. In the fall of 2004 I was raised from the dead and the world that had taken my hearing and sight wasn't anymore a factor to me. Immediately I began to see the truth and hear it as well.

As the third law of Motion states that for every action there's a reaction. Well, I can bear witness to that law because it can be proven through "actual facts". The reaction from the contents of my writing style created a self-conviction; a self-conviction so drastic that I stored the finished book in my locker for years and pursued the teachings of the [HEM] Honorable Elijah Muhammad. I became a registered Muslim in the Nation of Islam in the Summer of 2005. At that time I began to study the prophets of Allah from Abraham (Ibrahim) to the last prophet, Prophet Muhammed (MPBUH) my peace be unto him. It was in the midst of my studying that I discovered that there was not one Prophet of Allah that didn't encounter the emotion

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of fear upon receiving the revelation from Allah.

I struggled with the fact that the contents of this story wouldn't reflect the teachings in which I believed and believe, and still today [they] don't. It wasn't until I read about the Prophets and their quest to get the people whom they were sent to to repent and worship and fear Allah. Every Prophet from every day and age was rejected. So Allah sent each Prophet with a message to give to the people in their own language. Ironically, the word of God had always been here, but because of our mental blindness and deafness we couldn't hear or see. So I came to grip that the message that is entailed in this book still doesn't reflect the teachings verbatim, but the contents are in a language that majority of my brothers and sisters can hear and see. I pray that with the help of Allah one will walk away with a different look at life because as we will soon find out that studying in itself is nothing if you don't put it to action in your life.

I leave you with a closing thought from my teacher, guide and warner, The Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan, "Never judge a thing that is still on the move. The only time that you can judge a thing is when God has placed a period to their life. But while the Testator is still writing his Testament, be careful what you say; you might have to retract your words....."

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Bismillah, we thank Allah for never bringing down his wrath on the human family before sending them one who will guide and warn them of the things to come. I thank Allah for His mercy and His intervention in our affairs, in the coming of Master Fard Muhammad, the Madhi. I can never thank Allah enough for raising up in our midst a mighty messenger in the Honorable Elijah Muhammed. I thank Allah and His messenger for their continuous leadership in our leader, teacher, and guide of today: The Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan. Al-hamdu Li-Llah (Praise be to Allah).

Although the acknowledgements may be out of sequence in accords to well-known authors, by all means forgive the "informal" style, but I had to give honors to the people who literally saved my life and made me proud to be a black man and understand the importance of "the family". With all that being said I'd like to give my utmost love and appreciation to my new wife, my babe, **Jackie Hicks**. Without whom this book would still be in its rough form--incomplete. Thank you for marrying a guy that only have dreams to promise you a better tomorrow. Your six-hour drives and weekend visits every three months keeps *your* convict above the waters, Al-hamdu li-llah. I thank my twelve year old daughter, **Learia Jade Hicks**, who has been riding the wave since the age of four. You never gave up on me, Inshallah, (At the Lord's Will) I'll call you this weekend as scheduled. To my sister, **Jonette Hicks**, for preaching the ingil (gospel) to me since I was a teen. You are my Phophet Noah who preached 120 years before the rains ascended; I wish I would have boarded the Ark then. To my **Great Aunt Mae** for letting me cry in your ears when things got rough on this number--stay up 'Ole Gurl'. To my child's mother, **Kelly Shepherd-Ingram**, thanks for raising my wonderful child. To my crazy older brother, **Dedrick Howie**, who is out in KC., Missouri 'swangin. To my sister, **Chelsea Howie**, I love you kiddoe. My father, **John Hicks** (Hot-Shot), **Willie-James Hicks** (Uncle Will).

There are so many people that I would like to thank and with time being of the essence I know that I can't possibly list them all. With the help of Allah I'll make an attempt at it. For all of those who don't get named understand that I have you in my heart.

To all my comrades on the streets, my best friend and 'lil

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brother, **Omar Pharr** (Kee-Kee), I thank you dearly for your support, **Gary Boger** and the **Boger family**, **Romero Massey** (Big Duke), **Rae Massey**, **Adrian Archie** (Double A), **Antonio Phillips** (Tiger), "**Baldie**" and "**Leskie**", **Jerry Asbury**, **Rodney Hicks**, **Jamie Mack**, **Jonathan Carr** (Bim), Oh Shoot! to one of the thoroughest guys in the business, **Michael A. L. Howze** ('Lil Mike), I love you for the wisdom you gave me. **Christopher M. Smith**, **Marlon Scott**, **Marcus Scott** (Pooh-Bird), **David Bailey** (Toot), **Darmel Lee** thanks for holding me down when you rose, **Kevin Dickerson** (Muff) and family, **Michael Green** (Wise), **Kaseem Pennington** (Cash), **Minister Malcolm X**, **Terry Carmichael X**, **Esau**, **John Dollard** ('Dolla Bill). **Afton Ogi Witherspoon**, **Gary Adams** (Big Freeze).

To all of my female soldiers who've held me down whether spiritually, mentally, or financially. Pardon me if I repeat myself but I have to extend double honors to these women, My wife, **Jackie**, daughter **Learia**, sisters **Jonette** and **Chelsea**, to my good friend, penpal, and spiritual advisor, **Alesha Smith** thank your for all the love you've showed over the years, Al-hamdu li-llah. To the one that never forgets my birthday nor location, my good friend and 'lil sister, **Christy Jeneen Madden**. **LaTasha Wallace**, **Kelly Shepherd-Ingram**, **Clarice Scott** (Pumpkin), **Caroline Witherspoon**, **Audrey Massey**, **Belinda Propst**, **Quanda** and **Lisa Hill**, **Ericka**, **Charlene** and **Cierra Hicks**, thanks for holding your "**Big Shon**" down, **Aunt Priscilla** (Sista) (32), **Maggie Mae**, **Roberta Hicks** (Beanie), **Tasha Posey**, **Chantel Robinson**, **Francis Bost**, "**Bippie**", **Keisha Fleming**, **Janet Ford**, **Sharon Ginyard**, My personal DJ **Mykele** "The Voice" Hunter, thanks for the air time sweetie, **Kelli Ruppe**, Allah is your strength, my wonderful cousin **Kay Stowe**, **Keya Harris** thanks for your support, **Regina Hicks**.

To all my soldiers that remain behind these "Roman Walls", my main man **Wallace M. Toole**, thanks for all the support, to my brother who resurrected from the dead, **Brother Jerry McClure X**, **Minister Rodney Rice**, **Frank Ballard X**, **Don X**, **Jesse** (Karriem) X, **DuMont X**, to my homies **Jerry Moody** better known as "Kakemix", **March Murdock**, **Terrell Truesdale** (Tricky True), **Dacey Jones**, **Percy Joe Fisher**, **Charlie Propst**, **Ortez Propst**, **Gene Wade**, **James Lynch** (Popeye), **Hosea Hampton**, **Michael Howze**, **Afton Witherspoon**, **Richard Neely**, **Manning Sweat**, "**Diamond**", **Paris Friday**, **Ricky Moore** (Moe), **Charles Tennin** (Dupree), **Darrel**

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Williamson, Jeff Tate, Marcus Massey (Showboat), Gene Butterbean, Pretty Frank, Dominican Toney, Fanell Phillips, Ronnie Long--Political prisoner, Leslie Ike Atkinson (Mr Ike), Rodney Blackwell, Peter Sager, Lonnie Hames, Jake Jones, "Twelve".

In memory of those who lost their lives through the act of violence. My mother ***Lola Mae Hicks***, My brother **Troilus Trevenus Redfern**, My nephew **Dedrick Howie**, My cousins **Kilpatrick Burke** and **Dannette Cook**, My friend **"Binkie"**, **Frank Currethers, Karen Lynch, Brian Miller**, and the countless others who I was unable to name, with all due respect, may you rest in peace.

BISMILLAH,

SHON D. HICKS

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Holy War

One of Raheim's lookout men stood watch outside the West wing's TV room. Inside, an entourage of gang members tortured and sodomized some "prey" that got caught in their web. Deep grunts and rapid panting escaped through the steel door's seal, a tell-tale sign of an unlucky person reaping the rewards of prison's worst act--Rape. In no regards for the law or STD's, the gang penetrated on.

Raheim attempted to "break" the prey--a newly arrived white boy--by beating and stomping his head and body. He wanted, no, he needed to turn him out. "After this shit's 'ova you will be *My Bitch!*" he sternly whispered in the prey's ear while he caressed his blonde hair.

Raheim paraded around the 12x12, concrete room like a lioness circling her wounded prey. He admired the sight of fresh blood and nakedness. His crew never considered his actions strange. "Survival of the fittest," Raheim always quoted Darwin. No one in Raheim's crew intervened with their leader while he participated in his grotesque sadist acts--implying pain during sex; at least not until he was finished, which sometimes meant death. However, the crew was no stranger to postmortem sex.

Raheim licked the pouring tears from the victim's swollen, red face. "Cracka, if you scream I'ma put my 'fuckin knife through your 'fuckin windpipe," Raheim promised with the steel in one hand and his dick in the other. He baby-oiled the tip of his dick--or tennis ball it seemed to the victim. He gripped Blondey's puny neck and elatedly lowered nine inches of penitentiary hard-dick into the "virgin" prey, from behind, as his crew anxiously awaited their turns.

The "prey" or victim, a frail 125-pound blonde-haired, twenty year old and first-time offender--a convict's wet dream come true--was easy prey for Raheim and his '213-Crew. He [Blondey] had recently been sentenced to twelve years for first degree arson. Although rare, he was sent to the penitentiary--Atlanta--to serve his time, instead of the usual low-custody facility suitable for his crime, not to mention his color. Nevertheless, if a United States prosecutor wanted to send out a

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strong message to any non-minority, then Atlanta's Penn is where he'd end up--population ninety percent minority, *ouch!*

Blondey was abducted from his cell at the crack of dawn, on his first day in. Raheim ordered the hit once he noticed that the "fish" wasn't affiliated to any white-supremacy groups, mainly because they paid their monthly dues and were usually spared from such hostile actions. Blondey was gagged, blindfolded, and duct-taped before being hauled off to Sodom and Gomorrah--West wing's TV room--the perfect place for gambling, murder, and even rape. Blondey knew that he was helpless so he offered no resistance with the hope for leniency.

The '213's were a notorious street/prison gang founded in New York's Spanish-Harlem community. The gang adopted the name "213" from two streets that intersected in the Harlem community, Second and Thirteen Ave. The gang plagued the streets for years before many of its members were jailed on murder and weapons charges, including Raheim Ramos, aka "Double R". He was sentenced to three consecutive life sentences, with forty-five on the back, for triple homicide and kidnapping.

Raheim, a diminutive Puerto-Rican, pretty boy with a hard-on for trouble, established the 213-clique in Louisburg, United States Penitentiary. His crew grew to an enormous size and began making a lot of noise around the compound; leaning on niggas, 'pushin knives, and fucking faggots. Although that didn't last long. Most of the crew was broken up and sent to different USPs all over the country. But that didn't stop Raheim from recruiting more comrades.

Gang rivalries in federal prison are constant, usually resulting in several wounded or dead. To alleviate these matters the Bureau of Prison "try" to keep organized gangs separated. Unfortunately, there are only seven operational USPs and with tens of thousands of gangsters; it's almost impossible to keep them from rejoining forces, as with Raheim Ramos.

Eagerly awaiting his turn, the chubby-faced lookout man stole perverted peeps through the 6x9 wire-mesh window. He witnessed his comrades repeatedly beat and rape Blondey. Chubby face noticed how Blondey quivered and moaned behind the gag, but no one spared him. In fact, Chubby face was immune from feeling sympathy. With that mindset, he frantically beat on the door and demanded that he join in on the fun.

Jackie-Boy finally relieved Chubby face from his post, as lookout.

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Chubby was totally excited like a child at Christmas. The smell of sex--shit--in the air aroused him even more. He frantically moved in for the kill, knocking down two gangsters that stood in the way of his action. Chubby's full attention was on Blondey's bruised red ass. Blondey lay semiconsciously slumped over the plastic chair. Chubby demanded his sexcapade to have a little spunk. He swung wildly, punching Blondey in the jaw, desperately trying to revive the almost corpse. The blow ripped off the duct-tape, releasing the gag. In his final attempt, Blondey released a high-pitched scream before Chubby knocked him fully unconscious. Pressed for time, he greased the head of his "Johnson" and worked it deep into the swollen rape cavity, with no remorse, by the way.

Surprisingly to the crew, Blondey didn't respond to the massive pounding that was being delivered by Chubby. Unknowingly, Blondey had single-handedly and simultaneously satisfied 18 blood-thirsty gangsters for well over an hour. Finally his will-power succumbed. Massive amounts of fluids ruptured out of his lifeless body. Chubby came at the same time.

"Fuck Man!" Chubby yelled. "Will 'ya look at this shit," he continued, as he commenced to clean himself off with a filthy blanket that served as a seat cushion. With a disgusted look on his face he shot, "This faggot shitted on me!" He began kicking the corpse creating more yellowish and stench fluids to easily escape from Blondey's gaping rectum.

The crew laughed at the distraught Chubby-Face.

"Man what do you expect? You fucked the shit out of him," another one joked. "Get it, 'fucked-the-shit-out-of-him?" he emphatically joked.

With one foot used to check for vital signs, Tray yelled, "Naw man, this peckerwood is dead homes," he said seriously.

An applause filled the room--except for Raheim, of course.

"Ai'ight, shut 'tha fuck up!" The leader demanded attention. The crew silenced like kindergarteners. "Flocco and Shorty, Raheim called out, take his naked ass in 'da corner and cover him the fuck up." He pointed in the direction of another dirty blanket that occupied a chair. "We still got business to take care of..."

"...Hey Double R, why don't..." A gangsta interrupted Raheim before having himself cut off as well.

"Shut the fuck up calling me! I don't want to hear shit! I don't care about shit!" Raheim exploded. Raheim was very disgusted

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that his "catch" wasn't as strong as he had anticipated. He continued, "Matter' fact, I don't give a fuck if this 'cracka is 'breathin or dead, do you get that?" Raheim tried to convince the crew. He charged over to the dead corpse and repeatedly kicked it. "My-mind-is-on-them-G.D.-niggas." He spoke in rhythm to his kicks and stomps. "They-think-I'ma-let-Teflon-roll-out-of-here-untouched?" His breathing now heavy from the tiring beat-down. "They got me fucked up." He managed to say through huffs.

The blanket in which the corpse was covered with was now saturated with rich blood, obviously concealing a corpse.

* * * * *

On the south wing of C-block, Sean Rae, aka Teflon-Sean, the former leader of the Gangsta Disciples (GD), was in his cell surrounded by gangstas--security-- preparing his property for his release in a few hours. He had served all but two hours of his five sentence for possession of firearms by a convicted felon. His violent prior history earned his a complete stay in Atlanta's Penitentiary. Nonetheless, in a few more hours he was going to be a free man; no more security, no more packing steel, nor concealing anymore razors in his mouth.

Teflon, was a smooth 'playa from the streets of Charlotte, NC. He stood at 5'10" 175 pounds with the chiseled frame and deep six-pack abs. He was no doubt a lady's man, but he was an enforcer before he was anything. He earned his name for putting in "major work", whether with his hands, knives, gunplay, or dealing with the law--no matter what the case, he lived up to his name; Teflon Sean.

Two years before his release he decided it was time to give up his thug-life and prepare for an honest living in the free-world. He stepped down as the leader of the GD's, despite he was still labeled as such in the authorities' eyes. He started correspondence college courses, studied many languages and cultures and eventually earned a degree in Industrial Designing. Teflon was transfixed on making it. God has a plan, he often said to himself.

"Hey Teflon," one of his comrades called out in his direction, "Can you believe that 'yo ass down to less than two more hours, homey?"

Teflon, sitting on his bunk smiling at some old photos of him and his old crew, responded, "Yeah Blaze, it's hard for me to believe that shit myself, but like all things in life, whether good or bad, they 'gotta come to an end, you hear me?" Teflon responded calmly. He

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always had to give his comrades a word of wisdom in almost everything that he said.

The crew was startled by a sudden noise outside.

"Man, it sounded like I heard a bitch scream, or am I just 'goin crazy up in this bitch?" Fast Eddie beamed as he pulled out his knife. He opened the cell gate to look down the hall. Nothing. He closed the door and laughed it off.

"Man sit ' yo paranoid ass down 'fo I make 'yo ass scream 'fa'real." a gangsta joked.

"Aw man it's probably them 213-faggot niggas chasing a gump, you know how them fools do," Blazed assumed.

With a look of seriousness Teflon said, "Youngin sometimes it's good to be a 'lil paranoid. You might leave with your life someday. Besides, don't forget the shit that they tried on Mopreme." Teflon reminded them.

Teflon knew that leaving was the best thing that could happen to a man in prison, but he also knew that his crew was in a cold-war with the 213's and the Blackstones. Moreover, he knew that without his presence there would, in fact, be major bloodshed in the very near future. Teflon was the only "leader" who could keep the peace within means.

* * * * *

Raheim gave specific orders as for who to do what and when. The meeting was held in Candi's cell--Raheim's Japanese gump that he had turned out when he first came to Atlanta some years back. Now it was Candi's job to hit the track to kept his man living large. Candi, dressed in khakis three sizes too small trying to reveal his womanly physique, seductively sat on Raheim's lap while he continued to go over the plans. Raheim showed the newly recruited members photos of Teflon. They concentrated closely on the blue Islamic Kufi that he always wore. Raheim stopped talking to allow the gang time to focus on the pictures. Out of nowhere, Candi attempted to give his dearly beloved a kiss on the lips. Raheim slapped him.

The reverb made a gangster drop his pictures.

"Bitch!" Raheim shouted while he reloaded his pimp-hand for another slap. "Don't you see me busy!"

Candi held his jaw with a shit-faced look trying to avoid another slap. "Baby, I'm...I'm..." He tried to speak in broken English.

Raheim punched the gump in the nose before he could get

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another word out. Blood squirted on the toilet and sink. Raheim shouted, "Don't back-talk me, bitch!" The crew dodged the poisonous venom that now beaded down the walls. No one reacted to Raheim's fury. Besides, Candi broke the number one prison code: Stay in a gump's place; period point blank. In prison, gumps, faggots, sissies, or what have you are not considered human. They are temporary enjoyment for those that choose to use their accommodations, never are they to meddle in the affairs of others, especially a gangster.

Candi pushed past the crew and fled out of his cell gate crying profusely.

Raheim rushed to the gate behind him, and yelled, "And bitch you 'betta not come back broke either." He laughed as he closed the gate back. Now he was back to the task at hand; revenge. His hand started to swell.

"Hey Double R, a gangster spoke, after we take out this fake ass peacemaker can we slice and dice some 'mo G.D.'s?"

Raheim smiled at the thought of his little comrade wanting to uphold the gang's law of destruction. He responded, "Listen man, for the last 'fuckin time we are concentrating on his nigga in the blue goddamn Kufi--this nigga Teflon, understand?" He pointed at the picture as he spoke. When he finished he stuck his tongue in the area where his front teeth used to be--a reminder to show no pity.

Teflon and Raheim had a beef a week before Teflon stepped down as the leader of the G.D.'s. Both gangs decided to let their leaders go at it toe-to-toe, without any weapons or interventions. "May the best Gangsta win," each side announced. Raheim bobbed and weaved for several minutes trying to give the impression of an experienced fighter. He bicycled-turned his feet as he changed positions in order to get his jab hand lined with his right foot. Teflon was not fooled by the act. Teflon, being a golden-glove in his hay-day, noticed the false hand positions and bad foot work of the 'frontin De LaHoya. Both men circled each other while the tensed crowd rallied on. Teflon balanced himself with each heel off the ground. He knew in order to bring power to his punch that his legs had to be perfect. He threw Raheim a fake jab just to see his reaction; Raheim bit. Teflon knew this wouldn't be much of a fight.

Raheim tried to regain his composure by taunting Teflon to come on. Teflon responded. Teflon approached with both hands up for his guard. Raheim punched wildly and Teflon deflected each punch with his right power punch hand. He returned the favor with a

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kidney shot. Raheim grabbed his mid-waist, obviously hurt, but did not have the heart to lay down, his reputation was on the line. Raheim heard the roaring of his loyal comrades and built up the nerve to charge Teflon full speed. Teflon side-stepped the rush and connected with a power punch to the chin. Instantly Raheim eyes rolled to the back of his head. He was knocked out still on his feet. Suddenly, he fell face down on the concrete, resulting in a fractured nose and busted front teeth. Teflon left him unconscious. He put on his blue Kufi and ordered his crew to roll out. "My work's done here dawg," he lightly announced.

* * * * *

Teflon and his crew had a few more stops to make before his departure to receive all his blessings. He had met with all other gang leaders, excluding the 213's, in order to try to keep the truce legit. All agreed. Although the truce was ordered, all gang members pat-searched one another upon meeting--standard procedure. Many gang members had either heard or seen of many situations where rivaling gangsters try to retaliate before one's departure to the free world. Teflon knew the risks were high.

"I hope 'yo ass ain't gonna sport that beat-up Kufi out there," Wise joked, indicating his signature Carolina-blue Kufi that he always wore, no matter what the occasion. It was given to him by H. Rap Brown, a person that he respected so much. The crew often joked about him sleeping and showering in the 'dang thing.

"You know I can't go nowhere without the blue demonstration. Nigga, they 'betta learn to love it," Teflon responded with his GQ smile as he adjusted his Kufi in the mirror.

The entourage left together.

Teflon and the mob had to make one last stop to Mr. Ike's cell. He wanted the old man's blessings before he left. The old-coon warned him to be careful on the streets. Over the years, the 78 year old had grown close to Teflon, he liked the way he made moves. They said their goodbyes, patted each other on the back, and left the room.

Adjusting the knives in their waistlines, the entourage made their way down the hallway where the cold concrete floors shined like glass. Teflon gracefully looked back to wave at the old man.

A neon lit sign displayed the words: C-Block North Wing. *A few more steps and I'll never see this shit again*, Teflon thought to himself.

A group of men, ten or so, with red scarves concealing their

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identity rushed out of a cell with their knives and machetes drawn. Three of Teflon's comrades were instantly cut to shreds. A few G.D.'s dropped back to dodge the ambush. Another mob of 213's came from the opposite direction, taking more G.D.'s by surprise. In an intense standoff the 213 mob rushed through the armored crowd targeting the blue Kufi. One kamikaze amazingly penetrated through the G.D.'s barrier. He hit his target, but not before being stabbed several times in the face and body. "I got him!" The kamikaze said proudly before a G.D.'s blade ripped through his larynx. The G.D.'s covered their leader to prevent others from trying to finish him off.

Raheim's silhouette cast a shadow on the North wing's lower wall, he shouted, "Fall back! Fall back, we got his ass! Fall Back!" His words were deadening to Teflon's comrades. They knew that Raheim had succeeded with his plans.

"Noooo!" Wise yelled as he held his comrade's hand while he bled to death on the floor. No doctor in the world could have saved him on that day. The once Carolina-blue Kufi was now Blood-red. His breathing slowly dissipated

Multiple footsteps were heard approaching.

The G.D.'s scattered.

"Thirty-one to control--I have multiple inmates down in section c-block on the north wing, over," the C.O. voiced over the walkie-talkie. He smiled at the sight. The C.O. hated niggas, spics, wetbacks or any creed other than white, the basic Georgia redneck. He made his way through the bodies, pleased with the outcome. Not to mention, he was most elated when he saw a black male in a puddle of blood still wearing his signature Kufi. He knew it was Teflon no doubt, he despised him. With his foot, he rolled him over to look in his eyes and lightly whispered, "I told you, you little gang-'bangin punk that you'll never make it out of here alive." He smiled as he witnessed the victim fight the Grim Reaper.

He spit up blood.

Stretchers arrived.

"I need an I.V.; heart rate is 90 over 80 and falling..." The surgeon reported to his medical team as the double doors to the infirmary closed shut.

Redneck smiled, he knew Teflon would never see the other side of those doors. He returned to help with the murder scene.

* * * * *

Teflon shook hands with Mopreme, the two stood in front of

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the receiving and discharging (R&D) door listening to the wailing sirens. Teflon knew that the sirens meant that several of his comrades had died in order for him to live, including Kilpatrick, his man “Blaze” who had courageously worn his blue Kufi after they were informed about the hit. Casualties of war, he accepted. Teflon hugged the new leader, grabbed his bags, and made his way thru the exit door, turning around to thank Candi unconditionally.

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Die In 'Da Dark

The outside air blew a sensible breeze, more appreciative, and less stale. Teflon, with a relaxed look on his face, inhaled the air of freedom. When he exhaled, he thanked God in the same breath. He knew that with God's grace he had just survived five years in the joint, but he also knew now he faced an even greater threat--the free world.

Teflon swiftly made his way towards the half-empty visitor's parking lot, desperately searching for Shelly's red sports car. She and her best friend were his transportation home--he wanted his wifey to have first bids at the "fresh meat". His bright hopes went out the window once he noticed that her car was not there. "I told her to have her ass here at 8:30 sharp. Maybe I overlooked her...maybe she..." He unsuccessfully tried to convince himself. While he stood in the middle of the parking lot, he wondered if Shelly was back to "playing games" again.

Shelly, Teflon's longtime, live-in girlfriend, had started "nuttin up" on his bid only after a year in the 'bing. Although he never expected her to be monogamous, never did he expect her to fall head-over-heals for a penny-pinching drug dealer; it just was not her style, Teflon presumed, but he soon came to the conclusion that she was weak. Shelly wasn't weak as in the physical aspect, but in the mental and emotionally aspect that are required in a woman to keep her solid while her man is doing his number-- Teflon often reminded himself. For eighteen months he did not hear a peep out of her. Strangely enough none of his boys had seen her in the streets either. The abandonment took its toll on Teflon, but he never let it show. Fortunately, for Shelly, she ended her promiscuous relationship and reunited back with Teflon before he took retaliatory measures. Though it may sound whipped, but Shelly was Teflon's first true love.

Teflon was still dazed in a mental stupor, something that he does not allow himself to usually do--worry. The thunderous bass from a car's sound system could be heard through the thick trees quickly approaching the prison. Suddenly, a Cherry-red, convertible Mercedes

SHON HICKS; A DRUGDEALER'S DESTINY

SL550 with chrome, deep-dish wheels whipped into the parking lot. The squealing of the Yokahoma Run-flats tires and the AMG kit scraping the parking lot's speed bump gave evidence that the driver was either crazy, or this was a ...HIT!

Teflon, frantically seeking cover, dropped his property and dove between two parked cars. He instinctually felt his pocket in search of a weapon. He found nothing. He had ran out of all go-go gadgets and 007 devices nothing to fight off Raheim's back up assassins. In all the years of his life he had always managed to have a weapon or back up plan of some sort, but today he let his guard down. But how did Raheim know that I wasn't dead, he thought to himself?

The Mercedes came to a screeching halt, directly in front of Teflon's soon to be last hiding spot. The blaring music was now recognizable; Tupac's "California Love" blasted through the half cracked, dark tinted windows. Teflon feared the worst; he covered his head and prepared to be sprayed by the barrage of bullets. The music lowered and a familiar voice spoke in his direction.

"Loosin up 'soldjah," the silhouette said from behind the window.

It was at that moment that Teflon knew that his life had been spared and the voice could only be no other than his best friend, 'Lil Mike. "Oh shit nigga, you scared the hell out of me," Teflon laughed as he was getting up from the ground.

"Not Lucifer himself?" 'Lil Mike joked. "I didn't think a guy of your caliber scared that easy," 'Lil Mike said laughing.

"Try coming out of that bitch 'afta five years," Teflon said pointing to Atlanta's Penitentiary castle-style structure. He grabbed his bags and approached the Mercedes, eager to shake his man's hand. "What 'da hell are you 'doin down here, I was expecting Shelly?" He asked, all the while noticing the humongous diamond rock in 'Lil Mike's right ear. Four to five carats, Teflon assured himself.

Michael Damian, or "Lil Mike", he gained the nickname because of his 5'5" 125-pound frail frame. Where he lacked in size he made up for in appearance--a real go-getter with the ladies, quite debonair, might I add. His perfect, dark-skinned complexion and silky, natural wave patterns enhanced his light-hazel eyes. 'Lil Mike was West Indian. His father was a musician who spazzed out and murdered his mom when he was five. His grandfather raised him along with fourteen other siblings and cousins--most were either locked up, on drugs, or dead, compliments of the street life.