


# Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series)

*By Sister Souljah*

Donwload Read Online

**Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series)** By Sister Souljah

A fierce fighter with heart and a powerful mind, Midnight is willing to do anything to defend his family, the women he loves, and his business and property. In this riveting prequel to her urban classic, *The Coldest Winter Ever*, Sister Souljah reintroduces readers to Ricky Santiago's strong, humble, and dangerously attractive lieutenant. The intricate storytelling in this passionate tale of love, loyalty, strength, and survival will sweep readers from the wealthy North African estate of Midnight's father to the complicated challenges and confrontations of the Brooklyn projects where Midnight lands with his beautiful mother. This story will move your heart and soul and change your life forever.

**Download** Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Seri ...pdf

**Read Online** Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Se ...pdf

# Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series)

*By Sister Souljah*

**Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series)** By Sister Souljah

A fierce fighter with heart and a powerful mind, Midnight is willing to do anything to defend his family, the women he loves, and his business and property. In this riveting prequel to her urban classic, *The Coldest Winter Ever*, Sister Souljah reintroduces readers to Ricky Santiago's strong, humble, and dangerously attractive lieutenant. The intricate storytelling in this passionate tale of love, loyalty, strength, and survival will sweep readers from the wealthy North African estate of Midnight's father to the complicated challenges and confrontations of the Brooklyn projects where Midnight lands with his beautiful mother. This story will move your heart and soul and change your life forever.

**Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series) By Sister Souljah Bibliography**

- Sales Rank: #14285 in Books
- Brand: Souljah, Sister
- Published on: 2010-09-28
- Released on: 2010-09-28
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: 6.75" h x 1.00" w x 4.19" l, .56 pounds
- Binding: Mass Market Paperback
- 608 pages

**Download** Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Seri ...pdf

**Read Online** Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Se ...pdf

**Download and Read Free Online Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series) By Sister Souljah**

## Editorial Review

From Publishers Weekly
Souljah's follow-up to her bestselling novel, *TheColdest Winter Ever*, is another gritty coming-of-age tale, picking up the story of Midnight (a character in *Coldest Winter*) as he tries desperately to navigate American culture, Brooklyn streets and the dicey business of growing up. The novel begins as seven-year-old Midnight and his pregnant mother, Umma, are forced to leave their privileged life in Sudan for a hardscrabble American existence. Midnight spends his formative years in Brooklyn guiding and translating for his loyal, loving and talented mother, helping her get a factory job while encouraging her to start a clothing line. Eventually, Midnight starts working at a Chinatown fish shop, finds love, joins a dangerous hustler's basketball league and tries to disentangle his ambivalent feelings toward romance, family and personal honor. Souljah's sensitive treatment of her protagonist is honest and affecting, with some realistic moments of crisis. Unfortunately, a slack plot and slow pacing cause serious bloat, and Souljah's distinctive prose is woefully unpolished. Frustrations aside, Souljah has obvious talent and sincere motives, making her a street-lit sophomore worth watching. *(Oct.)*
Copyright © Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved.

About the Author
Sister Souljah is best known for her work as a political activist and educator of underclass urban youth. A graduate of Rutgers University, she is a beloved personality in her own community. She lives in New York with her husband and son.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

1

Word to Life

I am not who you think I am. If you love me, you love me for the wrong reasons.

Females tell me they love me because I'm tall. They love when I stand over them and look down. They love when I lay them down and my height and body weight dominates them.

Females tell me they love me because I'm pure black. They say they never seen a black man so masculine, so pretty, so beautiful before.

Females say they love my eyes. They're jet black too. Women claim they find a passion in them so forceful that they'll do anything I say.

Females tell me they love my body. They beg me for a hug even when there's nothing between me and them. They want to be captured in my embrace, and press their breasts against my chest.

Some females ask if they can just touch me. Some tremble when my hands touch them. They say they love the muscles in my arms. They surrender when I lift them up. They whine and moan in rapture. Some cry their pleasure. Some shake. Some pee.

Some of 'em even say they love the way my teeth look in my mouth and how my feet look in my kicks.

Females tell me they love the way I walk, like I'm soon to own the world.

Most females say they love that I'm quiet. Then shiver when I finally talk.

All of the women show me that they love my guns, the fact that I walk with two of them at times. Even the ones who get scared fall in love with their fear of me. Then they come at me even harder.

Some females say I'm too serious, then shield their eyes to hide their feelings from the shine when I finally smile.

I can't lie, I enjoy the good times that some of these women offer me. But I don't take them to heart. I know that they don't really even know me. All the shit that they are in love with is just my style and my looks, all window dressing.

I know that a man is his own beliefs, his own ideas and actions. If you knew me, you would know what I believe. If you knew what I believe, then you would understand how I think. You would understand my ideas and actions. Only then should you decide. Either you believe what I believe, or you admire what I believe and want to get with those beliefs. If not, in the long run, we got nothing in common. I can't take you seriously. I gotta go. You got nothing that makes me want to stay.

I don't come from where you come from. I don't think like you do. My whole situation is different. I come from a country of real men who take real life, real serious.

I wouldn't trade places with an American-born man for any amount of cash.

Where I'm from, a son has a first name and three last names. The three last names are the names of his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. Any male who cannot identify his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather is already lost.

These three names are what makes a boy who he is. There is no talk of role models and celebrities. A son is raised under his father's wing, with a grandfather to guide and a great-grandfather as a blueprint, plus an army of uncles nearby.

Where I'm from, a man does not bow to any other man. A man bows down only to Allah. Only Allah created the heavens, the galaxies, the universe, and all of the millions of creatures within.

My father had three wives. Not one wife, one wifey, and a bunch of random bitches on the side.

Where I am from, a man wants to marry a woman and establish a strong family. A man can have more than one wife as long as he can treat them all fairly and provide them with love, separate homes, food, guidance, and presence.

There is no such thing as domestic drama. A woman feels fortunate to be selected by a quality husband, a family man, who will be by her side for her entire lifetime. Families are permanent.

When a man is ready to build his family, he selects a woman who he likes, who is from a family who raised her right, a woman who knows how to love and live. She has to be good for him, his beliefs, and plans for life. Someone who brings him peace, progress, and pleasure. Then he is down for her for real.

She is down for him too because she feels his strength, craves his love and attention, feels safe tucked at his side, and is confident that every day he is making the right moves for her, his family, and himself.

Our women don't argue with their man. A man knows what he is supposed to do and not do. It is the same thing he watched his own father do and not do. So he does it. Even if a man selects the wrong path, his punishment is between himself and Allah. His woman cannot punish him, judge him, or nag him to death.

In my country, a wife is not a whore or ex-whore. Every move a woman makes matters. She can bring dishonor to her man and family even with a simple glance at another man, if it is held for too long.

Even where I am from, there are whores. They know their place too. They stay within the walls of the illegal whorehouse, never to be glorified, honored, claimed, or married. A whore, where I am from, is the opposite of arrogant. She is used but never celebrated by decent men or women. She knows that she can never enjoy the lifestyle and contentment of a respected sister, daughter, mother, or wife.

The punishment for a good woman who comes from a good family and suddenly behaves whorish is severe. She will be isolated by her parents, family, and friends. Her father and mother may lock her away and confine her to one room in the house. In some cases, she is even murdered by her own husband, father, or brother for bringing shame and dishonor to her family and the people who raised, guided, loved, and provided for her.

The family member who commits the murder is not arrested. The whole country acknowledges that a woman is sacred. Every move she makes is either building her family up or breaking it down. Every thought she has is felt and considered by her children. Every word she speaks either teaches or misleads. She must remain honorable, pure, and righteous, otherwise there will be no happiness, no family, and no reason to exist.

Mouthing off; fucking her man's friends, brothers, and cousins; running away with the children; aborting the babies; lying about who is the father of her children; not knowing who the father is; yelling and disrespecting; doing drugs; drinking; parading around mostly naked; acting crazy; our men don't stand for that. We have not experienced that. We never will.

Our women know their place. They stay in it and live and thrive there. They remain there happily. Our women give love and are loved even more. She is respected, protected, and provided for. She lives proud and at peace.

Where I am from, liquor is illegal and forbidden. We believe that it makes a man behave with ignorance. After drinking liquor, the next step, we believe, is to disgrace God, and destroy yourself and your family.

In my country, homosexuality is nonexistent. For the absolute majority it is unknown and undone. There have been one or two of those who have traveled out to other places in Europe or America and come back with this bizarre behavior. However, they could never remain with us. Their homosexuality resulted in suicides, or they just turned up missing.

There are no tears for the man who enters into the exit, and builds a life where there can be no balance, reproduction, or family.

Where I am from, adultery is a crime for a man or a woman. Even to fuck someone else's sister or daughter just because you feel like it or like the way she looks, without approaching her family for marriage, means that you have brought about a battle between dishonored families, yours and hers. The man who commits adultery will be punished by his family. The woman who commits adultery will be considered ruined.

Where I am from, men work. Whether he works his own land and is paid in the foods the Earth produces; whether he works someone else's land; whether he is paid in cash, cattle, or otherwise; he works. Hard work is a man's way of providing for and demonstrating that he loves his family.

Each man must have a business of products or services. His product might be fish, meats, vegetables, fruits, jewelry, clothing, crafts, furniture, vehicles, parts and supplies, or other items. Or he may provide services as a doctor, carpenter, construction worker, engineer, lawyer, driver, educator, or performer. But no man can sit doing nothing. His family, backed up by the entire community, would never allow it.

When I talk about where I am from, which is almost never, both males and females feel uneasy. Some look at me in disbelief, like I'm a fucking liar. Others stare off in complete boredom, like it is not a life they would ever want to live. But I feel fine. People where I am from are happy, while almost everybody I know in America feels fucked up, empty, and dissatisfied, especially the Black people.

At fourteen years young, I became a citizen of the United States. It was supposed to be a great day, to be remembered for a lifetime. There we were, becoming a part of what is known as the best country in the world, America, after having been born and living inside of what Americans consider the worse place in the world, the continent of Africa.

We got dressed up and took the A train to City Hall in New York City. We recited some things that we had already memorized. Then it became official.

I should say it became legal. I was an American on paper. I never became one in my heart or mind.

The year I became an American was the same year I got locked up. I went from the projects, to juvenile detention, to prison. Each year I became more and more familiar with the American Blacks. The ones who look just like me. They range from very light skin to my rich dark color, as it is back home. When I first arrived, they were Afro-Americans, then Blacks, then African Americans, and eventually niggas.

They talked like they were the most powerful, clever motherfuckers on the planet. They looked down on other Blacks arriving from any other country in the world. They hated every accent besides their own. They was quick to ...

## Users Review

**From reader reviews:**

**Ronald Ralph:**

What do you with regards to book? It is not important together with you? Or just adding material when you require something to explain what you problem? How about your spare time? Or are you busy man or woman? If you don't have spare time to complete others business, it is make you feel bored faster. And you have free time? What did you do? Everybody has many questions above. The doctor has to answer that question mainly because just their can do that. It said that about reserve. Book is familiar in each person. Yes, it is right. Because start from on guardería until university need that Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series) to read.

**Mamie Crossett:**

In this 21st hundred years, people become competitive in each and every way. By being competitive right now, people have do something to make all of them survives, being in the middle of the particular crowded place and notice by surrounding. One thing that often many people have underestimated that for a while is reading. That's why, by reading a e-book your ability to survive improve then having chance to stay than

other is high. For you who want to start reading a book, we give you this specific Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series) book as basic and daily reading publication. Why, because this book is more than just a book.

**Vincent Newton:**

Information is provisions for those to get better life, information these days can get by anyone at everywhere. The information can be a know-how or any news even a huge concern. What people must be consider while those information which is inside former life are difficult to be find than now is taking seriously which one is suitable to believe or which one the actual resource are convinced. If you receive the unstable resource then you obtain it as your main information you will have huge disadvantage for you. All of those possibilities will not happen in you if you take Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series) as the daily resource information.

**Doris Avey:**

In this time globalization it is important to someone to obtain information. The information will make a professional understand the condition of the world. The healthiness of the world makes the information better to share. You can find a lot of personal references to get information example: internet, magazine, book, and soon. You can see that now, a lot of publisher in which print many kinds of book. Often the book that recommended for you is Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series) this e-book consist a lot of the information from the condition of this world now. This kind of book was represented how do the world has grown up. The language styles that writer value to explain it is easy to understand. Typically the writer made some analysis when he makes this book. Honestly, that is why this book appropriate all of you.

# Download and Read Online Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series) By Sister Souljah #MBQ9GIN8Y5C

# Read Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series) By Sister Souljah for online ebook

Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series) By Sister Souljah Free PDF d0wnl0ad, audio books, books to read, good books to read, cheap books, good books, online books, books online, book reviews epub, read books online, books to read online, online library, greatbooks to read, PDF best books to read, top books to read Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series) By Sister Souljah books to read online.

## Online Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series) By Sister Souljah ebook PDF download

### Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series) By Sister Souljah Doc

**Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series) By Sister Souljah Mobipocket**

**Midnight: A Gangster Love Story (The Midnight Series) By Sister Souljah EPub**