

Blue Suede: For Creative Writing

The Book

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Part One

Chapter One

"Daisy?" The cab driver calls. I walk through the grocery doors. A slender, tall man, about 6 feet tall, walks in Daisy's direction, a blonde man, with nice hair. He puts his hand out. "Shell Westus." "Nice to meet you," she replies. "Where are you headed?" He opens the door, passenger side to the back of the four door black suburban. She takes a step towards the vehicle. "Airport." I can't help but notice his boots, a blue suede. It reminds me of the song my mother used to sing: Navy Boots.

She hands Shell the handle of her black floral suitcase. It's a nice floral suitcase, Shell grips the handle, he guides the suitcase she ordered online on the lugggi.app to the back of the black suburban. She closes the door, he opens the back latch to the cargo space and lifts the suitcase into the space, and then he closes the door. She puts on her seatbelt.

"I have the address to the airport," Daisy says, as Shell slides into the driver seat next to her, she holds her receipt, the receipt totaling \$28.74, the purchase she made while she was waiting for the cab company to send a driver. Her car is parked in the grocery store parking lot. Her grandparents plan to make the trip to El Paso, Texas with her, except her grandparents have chosen to drive her car from the grocery store parking lot in Arizona, to El Paso, Texas, a seven-hour drive. Shell responds, "That'd be great, what is the address?" Daisy replies with the address.

He puts the address into the navigation screen, a touch screen GPS locator, and the sound of the "ding" plays as she selects the address as the destination, the female voice responds and he pushes the mute button with his finger. She can't help but daydream about graduation, while the song plays on the radio: "Wrong Girl." She sings along with the song, by one of her favorite artists, Missy B. M., in her head.

He put the handcuffs on and walked me to the car, he looked down at my clothes and said you know you took it pretty far, he grabbed my purse and said what were you doing at the bar. I had my choker on and said you got the wrong girl, he said bet my words I know who you are, it took me a moment, I thanked him, bet my momma will take this one pretty hard. Stolen boots, multiplication, altercation, stolen boots and tequila.

He grabbed my girl, I mean he grabbed her by the arm, he said bet my words I know who you are. Tequila on a Monday, new boots on a Sunday, countin' loot in my boots with tequila. Ooh, ooh, ooh, ohh with tequila. Ooh, ooh, ooh, ohh with tequila.

She is still singing along with the song as she rides in the black suburban to the airport, she drove from Las Vegas, Nevada to Phoenix, Arizona and she's taking a plane to El Paso, TX, one of the largest cities in the country. Shell hasn't asked any questions and continues to drive, she takes a glance back at her black sports car, a four-door car, as the two pass the front of the store from the freeway. She takes a peak at her phone she purchased last month from Gigantic

Payment Service, an internet provider and cellphone company. Her dad, Steve Robledo, works for Gigantic Payment Service in Las Vegas, Nevada. She sees the text message from her grandfather, Rico. The text message reads, "Hey Daisy, good afternoon, your Grandmother Sabrina ordered your plane ticket the confirmation # is 28400003001, we are taking a rental car to Arizona and then a taxi to pick up your car." She replies, "Grandpa Rico, thank you! I'm heading to the airport now, I left the car key in the key holder under the driver side by the front wheel." The song continues on the radio. Shell arrives at the airport, he parks in front of the door, the unloading area, she pays Shell in cash and he thanks her for the tip. "Thank you," I say.

I remember to take the grocery bags with me, Shell opens the door to the driver side and steps out from the vehicle, he walks to the back, as I do also, he opens the back cargo door and takes the suitcase from the space and lifts the handle out while he pushes the release button, he hands the handle to me, I thank him again, "you're welcome," he says. She, Daisy, turns her body in the direction of the door and slides the suitcase as she walks into the automatic sliding double doors. She's careful with the wheels of the suitcase as she steps inside of the airport with the carpet rug on the floor in front of the door entrance. She notices the escalator and the busy crowd of travelers. She makes her way to the touchscreen computer, the kiosk. She reminds herself about how much she likes the outfit she has on today, dressed for the weather in El Paso, Texas, it should be cold there when she arrives.

As Shell Westus leaves the airport, his phone vibrates, he waits until he stops again to check his phone. He pulls over to the gas station and sees a few emails from dirtybride_0798, Shell doesn't think much of it and continues on about his regular routine, responding to calls from locals of the area in Phoenix, Arizona, calls regarding a cab service, a person in the area needing a ride.

Daisy types her confirmation number to the ticket her grandfather Rico purchased and selects a printed receipt, her plane ticket receipt prints and she walks with her luggage to the airport counter, the airport staff, asks her how her day is, a nice looking lady. She finds her seat on the plane and then she pulls the handwritten calendar from the stack of loose leaf paper she pulled from the \$2.49 cent writing pad she had. Today is Sunday, December 22, tomorrow is Monday, I have a photoshoot. I need to make it to the library to upload my last assignment to the online portal. Professor Rhinobi has requested for the last assignment to be a selection from the list she had provided to the class. She has selected the following three: What You Should Know About College, How to Use Social Statistics, and Global Community: Populations.

I opened the floral suitcase and selected an outfit for the photoshoot tomorrow. She has a great selection of outfits, black dressy pants, one with vertical white lines and the other with vertical creases, both black, a gray dress size small, undershirts, black, yellow, white, blue and a two-piece set black and white with red flowers on the top and the bottoms, and a pair of jeans. She puts on her jacket to go for a walk from the hotel room, she arrived in El Paso about one hour ago.

I made it to a safe place with the P-coding manual, a manual with codes and keys to open accounts. I leave the manual in the hotel room to go for a late night walk. It's dark, the moon is out and the street lights are on. Walking to the grocery store might not be the brightest idea, given the time, but for some tuna and crackers I can't help but walk until I get some chips. Luckily, I don't see any prostitutes or hookers out, it's not like Oregon, or New York in Texas.

I made it back to the room, I undress and change into a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, I turn the TV on and watch a pg-13 cartoon. I open the bag from the store, I take the crackers from the bag and the tuna, I take a plastic cup from the ice bucket and fill the cup with the tuna, I use the spoon from my duffel bag to eat. I place my candy next to me and begin to eat as I watch the cartoon. Once I finish eating, I place the bag and the unopened food on the chair, I keep my candies and lie down while I eat chewy fruit flavored candy, the lemonhead® kind. I think about what tomorrow is going to be like. I know I have some cigarettes to get me through the day, I just started smoking. Daisy falls to sleep.

The next morning I wake up and have breakfast. I take a step outside of the hotel to have a cigarette. I take a peek at the time on my phone and notice my dad calling.

The sun glistens a bright baby blue while the birds soar above finding a place to land on the freshly mowed grass, the groundskeeper came by as I sat on the bench near the fence, he was cleaning the lawn and mowing the grass for about two hours. While I sat still and watched the birds peck at the food the residents of the homes nearby lay on the floor. 43, 44, 45, 104, 105, 106, numbers racing through my head as the newscast teams stand nearby filming a segment on the nearby surroundings. 11kb, 12lc, 13md, 14ne, 104, 105, 106, 107, the manual again. Phone numbers, addresses, names of people I know flashed in my head, the manual, I have some research to do. I set the manual down next to me, I need some more water and a snack sounds good. I take in a good breath of fresh air and let it out. I think about the conversation I had with my dad this morning. I told him I'd make it to the baseball field on time to watch the newscast team film a segment and then head back to the room, my grandparents brought me my car to the field I'm at. I took a bus to get to the field and had to walk a short distance to arrive at the field, a nice clean field, very green, near an events center, a busy center seemingly with all of the cars and traffic that pass by, as I've been here.

Chapter Two

I check my calendar, I better head back to the hotel room to get ready for my photoshoot, my grandparents are staying at the same hotel as I am. I put on a pair of dark blue jeans and a white shirt with a tie in the front of it, a tie made from the same color, it's a string, looped into holes on the front of the white shirt. I make sure to check my make-up in the mirror of my car, I look just how I want to look. I drive to the modeling agency to take photos with the photographer, he comes from a room near the equipment and asks if I'm ready to take some shots, I answer yes. He picks up his camera and asks for me to stand on the tape markers on the floor. I do just that and he signals with his hand for me to move or position my head a certain way, so I take his direction and move my head slightly. He takes the first photograph, and we keep going, it doesn't take that much time but it was a lot of fun. I look down at the heels I have on, a black heel made of a stretchy fabric, black in color, that covers the foot except the front of the toes, a peep hole, barely.

After the photoshoot Daisy knows she has arrangements with her grandfather around 6 p.m. They're to go out with Grandma Sabrina and have chinese food, it's 5 o' clock now. She brought extra clothes in a bag with her to her photoshoot, to change. She changes into a pair of black sweat pants and a black t-shirt, with tennis shoes. She calls her grandfather's cell phone about 5:18 p.m. as she's leaving the studio, "hey grandfather," she says. "Hey Daisy, you about ready to meet up to have some chinese food?" "Yes, I'm on my way now," she replies.

She arrives at the chinese restaurant and the place looks lovely, the aroma smells like fresh cooked chicken and sauce, "it smells yummy in here," she tells her grandfather, as he walks through the door. He asks her to pick a table, so she does. The waiter comes by and greets us, and asks for our drink order and places menus on the table, food menus. My grandfather orders a soda, as does my grandmother, and I do also. We look over the food menus and the waiter brings us our drinks, I take a sip and wait a moment. The two are waiting to order, there is a buffet, we all decide to order from the menu. My grandfather wants sweet and sour chicken with sauce on the side, my grandmother orders kung pao chicken, and I order kung pao beef.

We talk about our plans for the rest of the week, I let my grandfather know I have to make it to the library tomorrow, which is more than likely closed due to the holidays and tomorrow is Christmas Eve. We plan on going to the movies on Christmas day and the following day to the ice cream shop and the shopping mall. My assignments are due on the 27th of December.

Chapter Three

Daisy makes her way, using her car, to the university library, the library is closed due to the holidays, she calls her grandfather.

Daisy: Hey Grandfather.

Rico: Hey Daisy, how are you doing? Did you make it to the library?

Daisy: Yes, I did except the library is closed due to the holidays. So, I'm going to have to work at the hotel.

Rico: Maybe you can stop by mine and your Grandmother's room to pick up some money before you start working, a graduation present.

Daisy: That's sweet of you, thank you Grandfather, I'll knock on the door when I get to your hotel room, bye, I'll talk to you in a minute.

Rico: Bye-bye Daisy.

Daisy drives from the university library to the hotel room, and knocks on the door of room 108, she is in 214, the level above. Her Grandfather opens the door and gives her a white envelope, sealed with what feels like a card inside.

Rico: We missed you Daisy, how are you doing?

Daisy: I'm doing fine now that I'm here to see my two favorite people.

Rico: Your Grandmother has been asking about you all day.

Grandma Sabrina: I missed you Daisy, how was the library?

Daisy: Library was closed, how about you grandmother?

Grandma Sabrina: I'm doing fine, worrying about you finishing up your homework in this weather, it's so cold out, you have on a good size jacket at least

Daisy: It is cold outside but it's not too bad

Grandma Sabrina: Well it's nice to see you Daisy, let us know if you need anything.

Daisy: Thank you both, I better get going, thank you so much for the card.

Chapter Four

As I make my way into Las Vegas, Nevada, I arrive into Las Vegas, NV by car, it's January almost New Years. I made it to the hotel, I stopped by the nearest store, to purchase cleaning supplies to clean the room, and buy some food. I didn't stay very long in Texas. After I clean the room I make my way to the Las Vegas strip to the Flamingo to gamble. As I make my way through the casino, I see the slot machines, poker tables, roulette tables, I make my way to the ATM, I take out \$300.00 to start with, the casino is filled with a large crowd. It's almost New Years. Tonight is December 31, I see a guy staring at me from the slot machines, he's calling me with his hand.

His kisses felt surreal, I feel him touching my body. He gave me a kiss. It's the New Year and all I can think about is a New Year's kiss with the guy, he's sweet, shy, calm, and a good kisser. He's the guy of my dreams, a sweetheart, a timid man, I miss him. I'm watching the New Year's celebration on the TV, couples kissing, love songs playing, and one of my favorite country songs is playing on the day of the celebration. His name is Lenny, I met him at the casino the other night. He was a lot of fun, we're supposed to go out again tonight, at 8 p.m. to a movie. It's January 1, 2018. He has two children he says, Katy and Mia, they live in Arizona, he said he's working on getting custody of his kids.

Part Two

Chapter One

P001, P002, P003, external, internal, long, P004, short, I recite the codes to myself as I wait for the truck to arrive with my new blue suede couches, a nice set I bought right down the road, a deep blue with four pillows, a sofa and a loveseat. I have an interview for a job as a life and health insurance agent. I am excited. I'm a slender girl, 5 foot 3 inches, about 110 lbs, short hair, the length falls right to my shoulders, with a part at the left, a side sweep of medium length bangs. My hair is a medium toned brown, not dark and not light either, I am a mother of my own, a son. I work from home, I sell cosmetics and I have my own business ER Medical Group, my husband works for TF Construction, he has two kids of his own, we are a mixed family.

P008, close, the codes, a coding manual I found online, so I purchased the software two days ago. I checked the mail today, it's about 2:30 p.m., no arrival yet. With expedited shipping the package should be here no later than tomorrow. The kids are at the daycare, the Hout family do a great job with the kids, a seven year old, a five year old, and a one year old, named Samuel. The seven year old Katy she's a lot of fun, a great student in school, a well-mannered kid, blonde, tall, funny and a great dancer too. Mia is a sweet five year old, a great listener.

I'm off for the day, today is Tuesday, New Years is tomorrow, the couches, they should be here any time now. I peak outside the window and see the delivery truck, a large white rectangle on four wheels. The men haven't stepped from the truck yet. I slip on my boots near the door. I unlock the top deadbolt and then the bottom and head for the truck, the man smiles and the other waves hello, stepping around to the back of the truck. They team together to handle the couches and politely place the sofa in the living room on the floor, next to the loveseat. I pay the man in cash and slowly they step outside the door frame, waving goodbye.

The time is about 4 p.m. I head outside to my four-door car, a black sports car, to the daycare I remind myself. My friend works for the CDSB Bond Company in town. We are going to the family-friendly holiday event tomorrow in the morning with our kids, the New Year's at the downtown square, the center. With the new S5 Business Model in place and the medical coding and billing introduction with my limited liability company, LLC, surely I need a break. I went from owning my own sole proprietorship to having an LLC with colleagues, running ER Medical Group is a tough conversion to a new business model but surely I can get through it.

Finally, a 10-minute drive to the daycare, the Hout Family Care Center, a great facility for the kids, seems like I just went on an interesting cake walk. You know one of those cake walks where you go round and round in circles till you finally stop on the right number and get to choose a cake. Well if I had to choose I would pick a carrot cake, my kids love carrot cake. A new book just came out, "Mia" I said, "where is Katy," I keep going, "we have to stop at the bookstore to pick up a few books, are you ready to go?"

Katy's my stepchild, so is Mia. Samuel is my baby, he's one. Lenny and I are still together. We got married here in Las Vegas. I work from home now, we are still as happy as

ever. I have a sole proprietorship, I'm about to convert to an LLC, a limited liability company. One of my good friends takes my kiddos, the children, to and from daycare, her name is Autumn; she runs errands to the Annex Center.

Mia says she's the boss, she tells Katy, while we're in the car. Katy doesn't know what she wants to say. "We are going to have to ask Daddy Lenny if he agrees, Mia," I say. "Okay Daisy, my brother Sam seems hungry Daisy," she replies, while Katy is busy gazing out the window. Katy doesn't say much ever since Mom Sharon, her mother went to jail six months ago for embezzlement, for over \$25,000. I ask her, "Katy, how are you feeling?" While Mia is playing with Samuel, feeling a little down she's being ignored twice. Katy says she's fine. "Hey Mia, how are you feeling?"

Meanwhile, Shell is texting dirtybride_0798.

Sharon is lying down on the mattress provided by the detention facility, the sheet reads "Made in Pakistan", 55% cotton and 45% polyester. She can't help but wonder what Pakistan might be like, while waiting for dinner, there's still about 2 hours, they just had lunch, she can't help but think about Katy and Mia.

Chapter Two

As Jason gets ready to work from home he combs his hair in the mirror and brushes his teeth. He makes his way out of the bathroom to his office. He gets his headset ready by placing it next to the keyboard of his computer. He sits in his black leather office chair and opens his computer to the application, 9637140, or 96 for short. He opens his application and types in his login 9637143 and his password. The time on his laptop reads 5:48 a.m. He gets started at 6:00 a.m. While his co-workers start at 8:00 a.m. Las Vegas, NV time. He sees no active co-workers and waits to login at 6:00 a.m. He uses the mouse to go to "login" in the 96 application. He has about nine more minutes, so he goes to grab a bottle of water from the kitchen, he opens the bottle and takes a sip. He then goes back to the computer and clicks the mouse "login" a tool opens and he selects "login", the "login" button changes to logout on the application. The time reads 5:57 a.m. He checks the timesheet report for the week, today is Sunday, he works Sunday to Wednesday 6 a.m. to 2 p.m., with a one-hour lunch break and two fifteen minute breaks, he puts on his headset.