

Sammy

Mr. Sweet

Humanities

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THE ABSOLUTELY TERRIBLE SHOE

It's the morning of December 3. It's cold and rainy outside. Rain hit the aluminum paneled roof, dripping down the drain to spill out on the ground. Draymond stands up, walks across the room, and closes the old rusty window shut, from his studio apartment. The area is known for being unreliable. People get mugged pretty frequently. Today is a special day, it's different from the others. Draymond is a sneakerhead. A sneakerhead is someone who collects sneakers as a hobby. He has over 300 pairs of sneakers, but no money. Today, the Travis Scott Air Force 1's are going to be realising. Draymond headed to the Nike store. He showed up three hours early because the line was going to be extremely long. When he arrived, it seemed that there was at least two-hundred people in line. Draymond was determined to wait, despite the relentless rain.

It was 10 o'clock when the Nike store finally opened. There was lots of security guards and cops standing near the store.

Although, people were not allowed to barge in, they enforced this so strictly, security guards only let ten people in at a time. There was a couple of employees walking around the line taking people's orders on tablets. This was so that people in line could pick up their order and leave already having paid.

"What would you like to purchase?" The Nike employee asked.

"I want Travis Scott, 10.5 joints," said Draymond. The Nike employee nodded.

Hours later, Draymond was able to purchase his shoes.

Everyone thought that the shoes were going to be rare and worth so much money. Online, the shoes sold out in less than 5 seconds! This drop was very important to sneakerheads. He could make a lot of money if the shoes were resold. Draymond spent all of his money on this release. He had to get the shoes and once he did, he was happy.

"Yeah boy, I got the damn joints!!!" Draymond said.

He was devoted to selling the shoes because he could double the money.

He could barely afford rent and was in a lot of debt. If something happened to the shoes, he could lose everything he owned. The shoes are worth a lot of money for a few reasons. Firstly, they are only supposed to be released once. When a shoe

releases more and more it loses its value. Second, it is designed by Travis Scott. Travis Scott is probably the most famous person in the world of street fashion. The shoe is reselling for over \$1,300. Draymond's sure that he could sell these shoes. His rent was about to be raised, because he was such a bad tenant. He always got drunk at night, neighbors complained about him all the time.

As he walked home, he thought about what he would do if he couldn't sell the shoes.

"Having nothing?" He said to himself.

Draymond felt his eyes start to glisten. He wiped it away quickly and continued home, now was not a time for crying. He arrived home and immediately posted the AF1's on an online store called Stockx.

"Alright press this... then this... aaaaand, post," he said, under his breath.

This was the least of his worries because coming up the stairs was his landlord. Draymond heard the familiar stomp, stomp, approaching his door..

"S**t!" said Draymond.

Suddenly, the landlord's large and hairy fists applied pressure on the door with three loud knocks.

"Crap!" Draymond said.

"Open the damn door."

Draymond turned the knob of the door and it immediately slammed open, skimming Draymonds nose. He wiped the blood dripping down the center of his nose while the landlord stormed across the room in anger.

"Where's my money Dray?" the landlord asked imposingly.

"It's coming, j-just, uh, um, give me two weeks," Draymond said.

"No, I want it now. Why the hell would I wait?"

"Come on Don... (Draymond looks over at the shoes) how about this, I'll pay double the amount."

"How are you going to get that money, you can't even pay the normal amount on time," The landlord exclaimed.

"Just trust me Don, for old times sake."

"One week!" Don replied, while leaving the room and slamming the door.

Draymond fell on his bed and put his head in his hands.

"What am I going to do?" he asked himself mournfully. He took a deep breath.

The glare of the sun approached Draymond's eyes. He rolled over and made a loud gorilla groan. He crawled out of bed,

quickly put on his clothes and headed for the door. While walking to work he passed by a newspaper stand. At the corner of his eye he saw something alarming.

"The Travis Scott Air Force 1's, are set to re-release on November 4th, and October 5th," he murmured to himself while reading the newspaper.

"WHAT! NO, NO, NO!" He said choking on his words.

Draymond's heart rate shot up and he started to panic. To double check he went online. Scrolling through his favorite sneaker news app he saw it.

"Travis Scott AF1's are re-releasing on November 4th and October 5th," the headline of *Sneaker News* read.

Draymond dropped his phone and raced home. He slammed open the front door and ran up the three flights of stairs. He knocked rapidly on Don's door.

"What do you want?" Don asked in a rude tone.

"I, uh, don't have the money," he said out of breath.

"What?" Don said alarmed.

"I-I was wrong, I can't do what I told you I would."

There's a long awkward pause in the conversation. Don has a blank stare on his face. All of sudden, Don pushed Draymond out of the way, he fell to the floor. Don marched his way down stairs

broke open Draymond's door and opened the window. Draymond quickly followed and walked into his apartment.

"What are you doing," Draymond stundered.

"Do you have my money," Don said.

No reply ~~come from Draymond~~.

"Fine," Don said in a harsh voice.

He picked up his laptop off the table and threw it out the window. Then heads over to pick up a chair. Draymond stands in front of the window.

"Move," Don ~~said~~.

Again, no reply comes from Draymond, and he is shaking with fear. Don smacks him in the face and then hits him in the stomach with the chair. Draymond wipes blood off his face, and aches. He's on the floor passed out. Around half an hour later he woke up. Everything in his apartment is out side lying on the floor. The window in his living room is smashed from throwing items out. He can't get up, but he looks around his room and the only thing left in his small studio apartment is his shoes. Draymond was so angered that with the small amount of strength he has, he uses it to get up and throw the shoes out the window to join the pile. He falls down on the floor and just lays there. During this time Don is nowhere to be seen.

Eventually he woke up, he has gained some strength to move around but that was not what worried him.

"I have nothing, ~~where~~ am I going to go?" he said.

He continues to get up and walks out his door. Slowly, leaning on the rail, walks down stairs and proceeds to exit the building. From there he walks... and walks... and walks... There's no place that he is walking to, but just walks.

The next day, ~~Draymond~~ he woke up behind that same newsstand. It's official he is now homeless. All of a sudden Draymond remembers something.

"Work!"

Draymond starts to race to McDonalds and as soon as he shows up.

"Bro, where were you? Hawkin fired you," Draymond's friend said.

"What," Draymond said alarmed, before running off.

"Dude, where were you!" His friend said.

Draymond is long gone and running to a back alley that happens to be the backlot of a California Pizza Kitchen restaurant.

"N-No job, and now no-no home."

Then something rare happens, he begins to cry. Draymond is a type of person who never likes to show his feelings, but for some reason he did today. This was new for him.

Then a small, thin, wrinkly, old lady creeps out of a dark corner.

"What you seek is not always what you wish for," the lady said.

Draymond jumps up frazzled, and begins to wipe the tears away from his eyes.

"What did you say- who are you?"

"What you seek is not always what you wish for, my name is Shelly. You are?"

"Draymond," he said questioningly, and looks away.

"Hmmm, let me guess, wasted all of your money and now homeless," she said joyfully.

"How did you know-?"

"-I have been on the streets for a while you kind of get a sense," She said with a warm smile on here face.

"Well, your right," and he turns away.

"I remember when I first got on the streets, oh, I think around 30 years ago. I was also scared, didn't know who to talk to. You can talk to me?"

"Listen oldy, I just want to be alone, s-so beat it."

"Ok... but one last thing," she said.

Draymond made a groan.

"Just because your angry or sad doesn't mean the world will stop for you," She said.

"What a nutcase," he murmured.

Shelly walked away. Later that day the sun began to set and Draymond is curled up in a ball shivering. The only things he has on him are clothes. Shelly walks over and puts one of her blankets on him gently and walks away.

"T-thanks," he said.

"Good night," Shelly said.

It's the morning and Draymond has awoken, it seems that he is grumpy. By this time Shelly is just coming back from a 7/11.

"Ah, I see your awake. How was your first night on the street?"

"What's that?" Draymond said.

"Yogurt, would you like some?" she said.

Shelly hands him a yogurt and a spoon, that warm smile disappears from her face.

"What- what did you do. Why are you not smiling, I thought it was a disease you had."

"What the hell, strawberry!" he said as he throws the yogurt.

"You know I would have eaten that," Shelly said.

Draymond has a blank face.

"What else do you have?"

"Nothing right now, I used all of my money on the yogurt you through," she said while taking a deep breath.

"Well go outside and hold up a sign or whatever to get me more money."

Shelly isn't a harsh person but it seems like she is becoming one.

"WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU, I TRY TO BE NICE TO YOU BUT, YOUR JUST A JERK. (takes a deep breath in) forget it, help yourself."

Shelly starts to walk away, while Draymond is embarrassed. He has never been yelled like this before. For once in his life Draymond understands what his problem is. Not much makes him happy in life. For once in his life he understands how much of a jerk he is. For once in his life he wants to change and become someone worth being around with.

Draymond walked over to Shelly. She scooped up what is left of the thrown yogurt and prepared to eat it.

"Um, uh, I am sorry. I want to change, become a better person, I need to get my life back together. The reason I have been so mad is because nothing is makes me happy in life. I need help,"

No response comes from her.

"Please," he said.

"I didn't know you had that word in your vocabulary," she said with a slight smile on her face.

The rest of the day they were planning on a way to turn not only Draymonds life around but also Shellys.

"So what is it that you love," Shelly said.

"Well, I don't."

"Come on, no hobbies or anything," she said.

"Well, I do like collecting shoes, or really anything involving shoes," he said.

"Anything in specific?"

"Well cleaning shoes is always fun."

"Really, hmmm, well we can create a business out of that," Shelly said.

She started to walk around looking for a pair of shoes in the trash or on the floor. Then she pulled out some Air Jordan 1's. The shoe is old and dusty with dirt all over it.

"Oh, that's perfect, I can clean those."

He grabbed the shoes and ran to a public bathroom and started to clean the shoes with hot water and soap. Then he pulled out the final product and it is clean.

"These look great," Shelly said

"Now I just need to sell them."

Later that day Draymond stood outside with the shoes held up for sale.

"\$10, \$10, come and get them!" He yelled on the street.

Lucky enough he sold them to someone. Shelly was happy when he told her the news.

"That's great, now make this your business," she said.

"Ok, I will, this is great, but, what about you?"

"Don't worry about me I got in touch with my sister I am going to meet up with her."

A smile came across Draymonds face. He hesitates but then gives Shelly a big hug, while Shelly hugs him back. They both turn around and walk in different directions and they both turn back and smile.

The End