

Squeezing Blood From A Turnip: Part 1

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Squeezing Blood

From A Turnip

Chapter 1

Kevin Smith was an average kind of fellow, but today he was feeling kind of

less average. Nothing, in particular, was wrong. He was just feeling indifferent. Maybe he had way too much to drink last night, yeah that's what it was, too much to drink. He remembers the saying, one is too many, and a thousand is never enough. There he was again, basting in his own self-pity. Head throbbing from the bottle of Paul Mason he drunk last night all by himself. Beer for breakfast would ease his mild hangover, wouldn't it? Better make it two beers to be on the safe side. After all, it was Saturday morning and the SEC college football game was about to start. Everyone knows that you can't have football without any beer, it's just not American. Kevin was not at liberty to be un-American, so he made his way to the local drug store to fetch him some ice cold beer before the games started. The breeze was very light, just giving you a heads up that fall was right around the corner.

As he walks towards the store, the night before plays vaguely over in his head. Jessica was her name. He had met her on one of those dating apps Let's

Dance. The nerve of him he thought. He couldn't even cha properly and now here he was courting this eccentric samba choreographer. He just wanted to learn

"a few moves" he grins to himself. "Yo Kev, wait up" His thoughts were interrupted by his pal Jo Blow. Kevin never acknowledged him as Jo Blow because Kevin did not involve himself in the drug life as many people did in his neighborhood. So he kept it simple. "Hey JB, how are you?" "It's Jo Blow bitch, how many times I got to tell you? Keep making that mistake and this size 12 will stomp a mud hole in yo light bright ass!" Jo barked into Kevin's face smelling like liquor and weed. Kevin having a white father and Nicaraguan mother made him a lighter complexion and a target in his neighborhood. He wasn't confrontational at all, to say the least. He really didn't care too much for JB. JB was too wishy-washy. Especially when drunk or high.

"My bad man, you want a beer?" Kevin asked.

"Don't I got the best blow on the block?" Yelled Jo.

Kevin shrugs his shoulders, "I don't know."

"Man, just go get me a beer!" Jo sneered. As they entered the store, Kevin could smell nothing but bleach and stale fruit. He tried to lighten the confrontation between the two by asking Jo what was on his mind. "Man, I just got fired from the sweetest job ever! Ain't no way I can find another gig that doesn't do a drug test or background checks. Fuck! Keysha's gonna be pissed when she finds out that I'm gonna be full-time hustling on the block now. She was already bitching about me being out there part-time. It's like a nigga trying to squeeze blood from a turnip, fam. Ya boy just can't catch no break out here."

"What happened?" Kevin dared to ask.

"This bitch right here is what happened," Jo pulled out his Samsung

and showed Kevin a picture of this gorgeous sista with long curly hair and almond shaped hazel eyes. She had looked so familiar. Could it be? Kevin thought to himself. His heart plummeted to his stomach with a huge splash. As his breathing quickened, he snatched the phone from Jo to get a better look. "Wh-," Jo stopped himself before he had revealed too much judging by the look in Kevin's eyes.

With a desperate stare into the phone, Kevin whispered "Jessica."

"Who?" Jo asked taking his phone back. "Nigga, you tripping. This is

Jasmine," he said relieved. "Jasmine told me that she would cover my shift for me at Biscuits, but didn't show up. I got a trick for that ass whenever I see her again."

"Biscuits?" Kevin asked. "You mean that run down after hours spot out west?"

"Yea, I'm a waiter there, well, I was. Damn, I'm getting pissed thinking about it all over again," Jo told him. Kevin couldn't believe what he was hearing. Jessica or whatever the hell her name is supposed to be had claimed to be a samba choreographer. Not a fucking waitress, but a Latin dance instructor. Kevin was pissed. He was so pissed that he decided to buy two 6 packs of Bud Light and a dragon passion fruit Mad Dog 20/20. He knew that he shouldn't do it, but he needed all of the help that he could get in order to say what was on his mind to this imposter. He felt so betrayed.

He bought the booze and started walking back home with Jo. He couldn't wait to get to his place and delete his Let's Dance app.

"Ima kill her, watch," Jo says as a matter of factly.

"Maybe you should," Kevin says shocking himself.

"Women are such liars," Jo speaks. "Cats and Dogs bro."

"Cats and Dogs?" Kevin repeated just as confused as ever.

Jo states, "you know, cats and dogs man. Whenever a cat takes a shit, she covers it up so nobody would judge her by the size of her poop when or if ever

discovered." He points out. "Whenever a dog takes a shit, he leaves it out so the whole world can see it. He doesn't care who knows what he had for breakfast. As a matter of fact, he hopes that you step in it so that he could take pride in making his shit, now your shit. No secrets, bro." What Jo was saying was kind of making sense. A little sexist but it made sense.

"Wow, I wish life was different." Kevin protested. "Why can't dogs do sneaky shit like that?" He turns to Jo. "Maybe we should do some cat shit, J."

Jo got offended, "What, cat shit? Nigga that sounds like some gay shit to me." Jo stepped back a little bit.

"No, I mean kill the little tramp and bury her," Kevin says menacingly already starting on the Mad Dog "You know, cat shit." Jo stops in his tracks.

"Why are you so mad at Jasmine? I mean I know why I want her dead, but

why do you want her dead?" Kevin shoves his phone into Jo's face revealing a similar but different picture of what looks like Jasmine. The only difference though was her hair was straight, but it definitely was the young lady that had cost him his job. Jo did notice that she was not as fully as developed as his Jasmine was, probably because of the oversized sweater she had on.

"Her name is Jessica." Kevin starts. "I met her on Let's Dance. She told me that she teaches Samba classes. We haven't physically met yet because she lives in Rockford, and wanted to take things slow since I lived in Maywood, which is not considered a very friendly place. I can't believe she would do that to anyone. We have to keep her from ruining another person's life."

"Ha," interjected Jo. "Rockford's not a friendly place neither. Especially not to my black ass," he says defensively. "I don't know why suburbans are so afraid

of Murda Wood. It's the suburbs too, just filled with grimy ass niggas from out west."

"Murda Wood? I haven't heard that name in a while." Kevin exclaims, "those people really got away with killing that cop all those years ago, huh? He was actually a good one."

Jo steps to Kevin seriously. "Believe it, Kev. We can do anything we want out here. Cops have been afraid to do anything since that shit, fam. We may as well be out west niggas ourselves, and this is our ChiTown. I say we get this home and teach her not to fuck with niggas from Maywood." Kevin finishes his Mad Dog and smashes the bottle.

"Let's dance. Murda Wood style. You got a plan?"

Jo smirks, "the best."

Chapter 2

Beep beep beep. "You know you owe me, right?" Jasmine reads a text from

Jo Blow on her iPhone. Damn, she thinks to herself as she tries to figure out what to respond with. In her mind, she didn't owe his trifling ass shit. Besides, he had a woman, and she was not a homewrecker. He was always flirting with her at work just because he would hook her up with some mediocre blow. She was tired of feeling like she owed him a hand job every blue moon whenever she couldn't get her hands on what she really wanted.

"Like what? That shit you gave me had my nose bleeding. That's why I didn't show up for work." she lied.

Beep beep beep. "I got a homeboy coming in from out of town who likes to drink and likes pretty women even more. Catch my drift. I got you a lil something 2."

Oh hell no, she thinks. She was not some crackhead prostitute who was in dire need of a fix. "Fuck you, Jo. I ain't no hoe," she responds. It was too early for this shit Jo Blow was trying to pull. This nigga has really lost his rabbit ass mind to think that she was going fuck some random ass dude just because she didn't feel like clocking in at raggedy ass Biscuits last night. "This nigga got me bent," she says softly but a little too loud.

"Mmm, who got you bent babe," says Marcus sleepily turning on his side.

Marcus and Jasmine were not an item, according to Jasmine at least. She just didn't like to party alone because 'that's how you get addicted'. She could hear her only sister's voice playing over in her head. 'Girl, you can't party alone, that's how you get addicted. Let me hit that shit, bitch!' They would laugh for ages.

Jessica really did miss her other half ever since she moved out of town to chase her dream to become some kind of teacher of some kind. Growing up in foster care together, their bond was inseparable until the time came for the girls to put away childish things. Jasmine wanted to keep stuffing her nose and living the fast life. She partied with whoever supplied her with the good stuff. However, her sister has had enough of the wild style, so when she was of age, she ventured out deeper into the suburbs to only reach out occasionally for holidays and birthdays through facebook. Eventually, occasional correspondence turned to less and lesser communications.

Beep beep beep. Her thoughts were interrupted by another annoying text from Jo Blow. "Come on Jazzy. You don't have to fuck him. Just show him a good time. I could make it worth your wild." Beep beep beep. A picture came in with star effects in the background of this handsome Rico Suave looking stud. Mmm mmm mm, Jasmine thought, damn, I might have to break this white boy off. He is cute."

"Babe, who is that?" Marcus said getting impatient.

"Nigga, really? Babe babe babe," Jasmine mocks teasingly climbing on top of Marcus. "You not getting serious on me are you?" Looking into Marcus's soft brown eyes, she can see that maybe he was. He didn't even have to say anything.

The boy was in love with her.

"Jasmine," Marcus clears his throat. "I know that we agreed that we were just having fun, but-."

"But what?" She butts in.

"I really do like you, shorty. Even when the party's over, I feel like our life continues together." She can see a tear forming in his eye. This nigga meant it.

She could feel it too. Jasmine had to admit that she was feeling him the same way, but she really wasn't ready to be tied down to no one. Especially when there was this Rico Suave person she was considering meeting tonight. "Look, Marcus I-," Beep beep beep.

Saved by the bell, she thought. "Hold up," She says jumping off of Marcus, and runs into the other room with her phone to call Jo Blowback.

"Hello," answers Jo.

"Ok, I'll do it, but you better hook me up with a fat sack. And none of *

In a city that's known to be just as cold as its climate, Kevin Smith is put to the ultimate test. Living in an environment where he sticks out like a sore thumb, makes him an easy target for the neighborhood roughnecks. Squeezing Blood From A Turnip is

a roller coaster ride of pain, deceit, and misfortune. Along with others, Kevin is having a hard time finding his way through life. He just may have found a solution by making something out of nothing.

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