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ENG 100 , Life Choice Memoir

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California Dreamin

As I stare out the window looking through the clear, somewhat invisible glass. I see palm trees swaying in the wind as the sun kissed the leaves with radiant glow. My eyes wondering as I intensely look into the beach front I could vaguely see sand flowing in midair, while college kids play touch football in the fluffy sand.

I faintly hear chatter in the behind and couldn’t make out the what they were saying. The words became louder and louder. Then finally I could hear then say clear as day, GET THE STEAK OUT THE GRILL ITS BURNING!!!!, as manager yelled. Then snapped I out my daily daydream squinting my eyes as if I had something in them.

I then hastily snatched the steak out the grill with my metal tongs and threw then into a metal deep pan. As I think to myself it has to be something better than this. Me working in a Mexican restaurant cooking on a grill. The emptiness that I felt inside of the lack of fulfillment and nothingness from this type of work.

I was thinking how fed up I was about living in Philly with all these negative vibes and thoughts that people were giving off as they walk the city streets. And how I really wanted to do my Fashion thang with making t-shirts and creative development.

I was getting frustrated that I was working around these small minded people that were filled with negativity and ignorance. I always felt like I was trapped within myself, like that I had made the wrong decision of leaving Cali after college in the first a place and I was working for peanuts and plus, me hearing conversation amongst employees about them wishing that they could go back in time and do what they loved to do, and make better decisions. And it hit me like a tons of bricks that I didn’t what that to be me when I get old.

So I thought about what I was passionate in, which in this case it was the Fashion Industry and printing t-shirts. So I thought deep into my thoughts about a conversation that I had with a guy I was working for in this internship in college in sunny downtown Los Angeles. My mentor at that the time was a guy named Mr. Kenyatta Sands who was a showroom salesman, that sold to urban retailer in the Los Angeles region. So after this life changing experience in working in the fashion industry, rubbing elbows with models, NBA players, Rappers, Fashions Icons and everything else that comes from being in the fashion world. It was like a dream to me to be around these types of people.

And plus being in California was the best part about the experience. I remember at the end of the internship he said “If you ever come back LA we can talk so business”. So I figure is this offer still good 6 years later? So I said fuck it, I’m take chance and go back to Cali.

As I sit in my memory foam chair in my dimly lit room, I slowly drift into a space in a daze and thought, “How can I get back to California with no money, nowhere to stay and not pay? So then like a light bulb with off in my head like, what about that lady Nikki you were dealing with that moved back to Cali? I say hey I’m take a shot in the dark and try to reach out to her through social media.

So one day I reached out to this woman named Nikki that I worked with at some toy store in King of Prussia Mall. She was surprised that I called her and was happy to hear from me. We started reminiscing about old times that we had in the bedroom, things that happened at the job and times of us chilling. And I wonder what happen to our relationship. She poured out feelings for me that were lingering around since we last saw each other.

She then when on to say she wanted me to visit her in LA. And I thought to myself, wow this could be my chance to get out of Philly and have my California Dream. So I called my old mentor that I was working with at the showroom in the Fashion District of downtown LA. He answers the phone and we talked for like 30 minutes and I told him I was coming back to LA. He said cool that we can talk that business now.

So when I hear that I was jumping for joy. I said to myself that this might be my shot, I should go all in like in poker. As I went over in my head of all the options about if I go and if I don’t go. The reasons to go out weighted the reasons not to go, so I was figuring out how I was going tell my job and family how I was about to go back to Cali in my Biggie voice “Goin Goin back back to Cali Cali”. I was hype. Now it has been over 6 years since I have been there and was wondering if some of my old class mates were still there.

Thinking that maybe I could regain the momentum that I once had 6 years before in college. So as I thought about all the things that could go right, also I think about what could go wrong. So over the course of the next couple of weeks I would be calling and video skyping Nikki to get a feel of where her mind is at and where her priorities were. She seemed very into what my views were and what I was trying to do while I staying down there. So now at this time is had been 2 months that has passed and I made the decision to relocate to California.

As I walked out of Qudoba Mexican Grill, walking through the lightly lit parking lot, as if I was walking in slow motion thinking about my life and this decision I am about to make. I saw my life flashing in front of my eyes about the new future that I’m about to embark on. So the next day I started to put my whole life inside this luggage bag.

I had to take a moment to think like, how is my mother going to feel about me leaving? Or what will happen with this child support I am paying? Will the government be looking for me while I’m gone? Shit, that what I was thinking in my head. But as I say, scared money don’t make to money. So that was it, I had my mind up. I am going to California no matter who likes it and what’s the consequences are. I have to do this move so I won’t have any regrets.

So as I step foot on the plane I say to myself, hello California Dreamin.