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Creative Skills Development

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Portfolio Component: Flash Fiction Story

“The Uber Ride”

“Janelle,” he said as he rolled down the front passenger side window of his black Tesla. Showing the chic black and white Uber decal for all passengers to see and not question.

“Yes, that’s me and you are Jimmy, right?” I asked with a slight smile.

“Correct, I am the Uber driver with the black Tesla. Can I get your bags?” he asked.

“Yes, please, thank you,” I said.

Jimmy was a lot taller than I expected getting out of his car and respectfully placing my bags in the trunk. His militant mannerism and strong physique made me question his career path, but I concluded in my mind that this was probably a side hustle or extra income. That I totally understood, times are extremely hard for so many of us these days. His Tesla was freshly washed on the outside and as he proceeded to open the back right-side passenger door for me, like a gentleman, I noticed how clean the inside was.

“Nice car, Jimmy,” I said while sitting down admiring its fresh cleaned seats and vacuumed floors, which I’m sure was maintained with care this morning. Febreze car scents filled the air while the air condition blast in the back.

“So, the airport, right?” He asked

“Yes, and please make sure to take me to the private plane terminal, I will be boarding Air Force One,” I said assertively.

“Oh really, you must be a member of the press core, I drive for journalist all the time,” he said.

“That’s great to hear, so then you know exactly where I need to be and how important it is that I am on time or even early,” I said.

“Yes, I do,” said Jimmy

Suddenly, the Tesla comes to a halt after Jimmy takes the first exit from the highway and quickly stops the vehicle beside a heavily tented black Cadillac Escalade under the closest overpass. A mature woman quickly emerges from the Escalade and enters the back left-side passenger door. She is quite stunning with her black hair and all black Versace pants suit, black Versace shades and with the same black Versace bag that I have, but something about her energy is intimidating and scary. Before I could speak, she enters the car, grabs my bag from the seat, replaces it with hers, hands my bag to Jimmy and speaks to him.

“Thanks, Jimmy, for the ride,” she says without even acknowledging my presence in the car. Jimmy swiftly places my bag under his seat, clearly following orders from another.

Shocked and confused, I respond, “Ugh excuse me, that is my bag and where the hell are you going? Did you pay for this ride?”

“No, Janelle Mosely, I did not, but you will pay if you don’t listen to me, right now.”

“What, what is this, what is going?” I asked

“My name is Raquette and I am here to inform you of your true assignment,” she said.

“Wait a minute, I don’t know who you are or what you are talking about. But I’m getting the hell out of here at once. Jimmy, drop me off at the next light, please,” I said scared to death of this woman beside me. “Click-Click,” was the loudest sound in the car, a combination of the car doors locking and her all black nine-millimeter handgun, ready to fire at any moment, pressed upon the left side of my temple. I couldn’t move, I could not breathe, all I could do was listen and be as still as possible.

“Look Mosely, I know that you are frightened and confused at this very moment. I am not here to hurt you, but we are here to give you the assignment,” she said to in a cold and calm voice.

“Please, I am just a young journalist, I don’t have anything to give you, please don’t hurt me,” I said with tears slowly streaming down my face.

“Mosely, I am going to put my gun away slowly and when I do, I expect you to calm down and listen, if you try to scream or leave this car, I will kill you and we will throw your body into the lake. Do you understand me?” she asked.

“Yes,” I said calmly, while shaking in my seat.

Jimmy stoic in his seat, never looks back, but faces the front in the driver’s seat. She lowers her weapon, taps the back of the driver’s seat with it and he keeps on his way to the airport. At this point we are about twenty minutes away from the destination. All I could think of is God please don’t let me die today, not like this. In my last three years of covering news stories out in the field, the last thing I expected was to be on the front page of every news and media outlet murder like this. These people were clearly professionals.

“What do you want? Why me?” I asked

“Janelle Mosely, only daughter of Janet and Jarrett Mosely, born on August 1st,1997 in Sierra, Texas, right?” She asked.

“Yes, that’s right,” I answered shocked that she googled my information and my parent names. I slowly look up and over to my left, starring at her face. She had removed her shades and looked me deep in my eyes. She was very militant as well and powerful. She was very sure of herself and her duties, it seemed. Her black hair slicked back into a ponytail, dark brown skin like mine, and incredibly fearless. She smelled like black royalty and Versace with an accent that was a perfect mixture of Spaniard and African. I could sense she was very well educated and well-traveled.

“Mosely,” she called me, “Both your parents are Moorish spies sent here to collect information for the rebuilding of the Great Moor Empire. They and millions of us have been working for over three hundred and fifty years to retake the power that we lost in the late 1400s. Now it has begun, you are the American bomb here to set us free,” she said with all confidence. “We’ve been watching you for years, the bomb is already planted and set. You are the signal that the nations await, this is your true assignment given at birth.”

“Me, no, there is no way I am committing suicide today, you have definitely got the wrong Janelle,” I said in disbelief of everything she just said to me.

“When you board Air Force One, you will take it down from the inside and we will handle it from there. We have spies and agents placed in every department and agency you can think of. Because it was us who helped establish this government and every city within every state. But today is your day to shine.” She said with horrific pride and satisfaction.

“I am never getting in another Uber again,” I said to myself.

