

Al capone's suitcase



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Al Capone's Suitcase What makes an object an important object? I'm not sure because I don't even know if I was an important object, I don't think I was because I'm currently sitting in what I believe to be a land fill because I'm surrounded by other "useless" item and stinky things; things that were thrown to the earth like they mean nothing. In my "prime" of life I sat on a shelf of a store in Chicago, I was one day picked off that shelf by a man named Al, I thought he would have me carry items like papers because that was what I was made for, I was picked because I was made of a nice dark leather. When Al picked me up his name was cut into my nice metal label. I wasn't carrying papers and files, I carried many different things. I carried bottles and weapons most of the time when he first got me, later on in life when my leather had some age to it I got to carry papers but they always had a green print on them, it was as they called it "money." Al had treated me good unlike some people, in the beginning things were calm, I met a lot of people and they always said I was a good looking traveler's case and wanted to know where I was from. Toward the end it did not matter where I came from just that I did my job. When it came to women Al had seen a lot of them, and so had I because I was always with Al, everywhere he went I went. We went to places where the lights were bright and the music was loud and the ladies always wanted to talk to Al and his friends. Al enjoyed the ladies chasing him, I could always tell it made him feel empowered, what Al hated the most but also chased the most was beautiful blonde haired women that had no interest in him. It only happened a couple times. There was this one time that he had come across a women on the road that he must have liked a lot, he had waited not a beat to go right up to her and try to get her to go out on a date, but she refused and I could tell he was going to be persistent

on the subject and he tried for a good ten minutes to talk her into it and she finally said yes, he promised her a good night of fun and great food, if there was one thing I knew it was that Al loved a good meal, a good to Al was some pasta and good fresh bread. On this date it was one of those situations where I felt I was useless; I just sat on the floor of that restaurant as Al for the first time was left at the table at the end of the night by himself, well beside me of course. I couldn't tell if it was the amount of wine drunk or the amount of self confidence that was in his head that night because of the green paper that was carried in me earlier that day. But the beautiful blonde woman was not impressed and left before dessert was served and Al was confused and baffled by that. I think he even liked that, no one had done that before. Al and I had spent the rest of that night in a quite ride back home where I spent the rest of the night laying on the wood floor as he watched TV and fell asleep. My job wasn't hard, I know that, it didn't require me to be cared for besides not throwing me in the garbage even though that's what happened and happens to be why I am telling this story now. I did grow to care for Al because he was the one to care for me as long as I did my job and we got along well. Sure he was the one that would have gotten in trouble if anything bad happened but I felt I was his right hand man (I was in his right hand all the time). Al's age had been showing quickly compared to mine, as we had gone to make deals and do jobs I could see it wearing down on his age. But at least he was still around because we had lost many friends and many enemies, but we could always make more. Along with that we had become widely known by everyone, and with that our business had become more wide spread, we went from small job to big jobs to jobs that did not seem like a good idea. Al had become too involved in the power. The day I

remember best of all is the day Al left me to go do a job by himself, I remember because as we left the house that morning there was no green paper, was no bottles, just two big guns I was holding for my boss. But when we got to the store I was left behind the counter and the guns were now his handy men. When Al came back after many hours there were not handymen with him it was just me, he was silent and the men that came back with him said good day and went their own ways. He was nervous and I could tell because his hand was shaking on my handle. I was never told what happened, because even though I am al's right hand man I can't really talk to him. But Al and I were at the table with his friends talking and I think they named it Saint Valentine's Day massacre. That was his last adventure out like that, after that things were at a storm with the police and the rival gangs looking for us and shooting at us to try and make their pain go away. Something was changing about Al, he wasn't the same. Until one day Al and I were walking down the street one night and Al had spotted a police officer at gun point by some guy, Al had decided at this point he had done enough damage, he saved that cops life that day, he had grown to know him by name. It was Joe Castellonas and he was grateful and a lot like Al, they seemed to be good friends. But even though Al had started to change his ways that did take away what he had done and the day that he was taking away to prison and left me sitting in the house by myself for many years. I sat there most days and every once in a while the kids would move me or pick me up and look what I was hiding; But not him for a long time. I went from the top dogs right hand man to a closet item, what can I say it was different. But they day finally came when Al came back, but it wasn't the same. He had been gone for more than seven years, he tried to return to old

times of the bottles the green paper and guns but he couldn't, he was sick. I don't know what happened or how he got sick, but even though he was back home, I was still sitting in this closet because he never went anywhere.

There would be times I wouldn't see him for two months at a time, until one day he was gone. I sat in the closet for a year and one day I was picked up and brought out side and thrown in the dumpster with all his other things and I never got to see him again. He was different at the end, he was confused and didn't know what the old life was, wouldn't know how to do it anymore, sure I knew how to but that's not the same. He died at the age of 48, I was a suit case that lasted 25 years and was owned by Al Capone. By the end, it didn't matter who I was owned by or what I did, I'm still here sitting in this land fill.