Introduction

The music thumped on. Deejay Dr. Djamel, my pal, danced from cut to cut mouthing the French words. The dance floor was packed. Sweaty, gyrating, horny, torsos. Killing the rai. F-ing, full-tilt, boogie.  
  
 And in the middle, my grandmother.  
  
 "I'm so embarrassed!" I shouted to P. "Why on earth is she here?"  
  
 P put down her beer. She leaned her thick arms on the table and got in my face.  
  
 "She just wants to celebrate our new jobs."  
  
 "Oh my God, Oh my God. What's she doing now? Who's that slime she's dancing with?"  
  
 Grandma had thrust her right hip forward.  
  
 "Ole!" she shouted.  
  
 "I'm going to die right here," I said. "She looks like a baked potato in a flowered skirt!"  
  
 "Ole! Ole!, Oomph, Oomph, Oomph!" sounded from the floor.  
  
 "I can't wait to get out of here," I screamed to P.  
  
 "Tomorrow we'll be gone. Off to the training camp."  
  
 "It's not a camp."  
  
 "Whatever. The First Lady said we'll get organized there."  
  
 "Oriented."  
  
 "Whatever. Nothing is inedible."  
  
 I cracked up. "*Inevitable*," I shouted over the rai. "Not *inedible*. 'Nothing is *inevitable*.' Our new slogan."  
  
 "What's 'inedible'?"  
  
 "Your cooking."  
  
 "Shut up, Mari."  
  
 "Ugh. Ugh," grunted my grandmother, her Mrs. Potato arms flailing.  
  
 And so it went. Our last night before we left Las Vegas.  
  
 We left not so very long ago.  
  
 But I have lived many lifetimes since.  
  
 My name is Mariposa.

Relevent Quotes

"*All stories, if continued far enough, end in death*...." Ernest Hemingway

"*Chaos is the science of surprises and the unpredictable*." Google search.

"*This book will never sell!*" Evelyn Estrada (Clare Estrada's mother)

"*I think I'm going to vomit.*" Clare Estrada

"*I think I just pooped on the floor.*" "Z" (Clare's dog)