

Parks Clothing

[\(If you want the whole summary, Click Here!!\)](#)

[\(For symbols and info, Press here!!!\)](#)

[\(If you want to go read Better Situation, Click Here!!\)](#)

[\(This is my artist statement\)](#)

June 9th 2023,

On the last day of school, there was chatter and buzz around the school. Students were tired of teachers, and teachers were tired of students. People were having a good time, as the final minutes began to tick down. Stephen Cookman, an excellent student, began to feel the excitement. Everyone began to feel the excitement in the air. Everyone but one person. That person was a young woman named Elianna Park, and she didn't have a great relationship with Stephen. The truth is, over time they began to drift apart. But today, she was going to change that.

Once the bell rang, the school was in a frenzy, of people signing yearbooks, getting phone numbers, crying,



walking to the movie theater to see the new Spiderman movie, or going to SeaWorld for some reason. Loma Point High was slowly being emptied. Stephen made his way to the flagpole in front of the school, where he met his friends. Two boys came over towards Stephen. One boy had a Red, White, and Blue American Flag Adidas cap, with a light blue Nike shirt. The other boy was wearing a Bape Sweatshirt, with some Rick Owens high-top shoes. His friend met up and said,

“Yo Steph, me and the boys are going to the Fashion Mall downtown tomorrow. You wanna go?” His friend asked.

“I don’t know Phillip. Last time we went to the strip mall down the street, you got kicked out for shoplifting.”

“I know, I know. But this time, it will be different. Josẽ and his parents will be buying anything and everything, and We are going to Fashion Mall! Not the strip mall.”

“Really Josẽ?” Steph asked.

“Yeah. Sometimes I hate having rich wealthy parents. Having rich parents is one thing. But rich, wealthy?”

“Hey, Steph!” Someone yelled.

“Yeah?”

Steph turned around to see an old friend. A girl who had long dark brown hair, tan skin, brown eyes, and wearing a black and white shirt, with white and black Nike Dunks.

“Hey. Long time, no... see?” Steph said.

“Hi, Steph. A, I was wondering if you wanted to go to the Starbucks down the street? Like, just to catch up. We haven't talked in a while.”

“Wow, Elianna. The girl who never wanted to see me again earlier now wants to go out with me?” Steph questioned.

“Now that I think of it. It was more of my former girlfriend's fault. They made life very complicated.”

“You sure it was their fault. It seemed more like a “You” decision. Just to leave me there. Alone. With nobody?” Steph mentioned.

“That was homecoming -”

FLASHBACK: October 1st 2022,

During this time. Steph and Elianna planned to go to homecoming together. But a sudden change led to drama.

“Yo Steph! Nice fit, like the jacket! Where’s your date?” Josã asked.

“Oh Elianna, she said she’s coming here right now! I’m so-”

“I wouldn’t finish that sentence.”

“Why-”

Stephen paused and turned around. He noticed his supposed date was all up on another guy.

“Excuse me, Elianna. What’s going on?”

“Oh, yeah-” Elianna said drowsy.

“Are you okay? Jonathan, is she good?”

"I don't know. I saw her sitting behind the school with her friends with a half-empty bottle of Jack Daniels. She said a lot of things like-"

"Johnathan. Shut up, bae. Stephey, you're a piece of Crap*"

"Sorry bro. I don't know what's going on with her. I'm not dating her." John said as he scrambled.

"Steph, I never want your Fricking* behind* to see me again!!"

"Johnathan, give these to her when she's not drunk. Oh yea..." Steph said as he pulled out a pen. It stated,

Elianna, you are arrogant. I don't know if you understand that. Your actions hurt others. I don't think you understand that. Your friends are not your friends. I don't think you understand that. Only the Lord's Salvation or your Parents' caring can save you. I don't think you understand that.

P.S.- You're Done.

"Damn, that was hard Steph." Jonathan said.

"Steph, man what happened?" Phillip said.

"Your date is not a date. More like a punishment." Josẽ said.

"I'll drop her off." Steph replied

He drove her home, but as she got home. She got less and less drunk. She said,

"Steph, I'm sorry."

"I don't mean to be rude, but this is your fault. I could've been at school, dancing with you and my bros, but no."

After that short moment, the car came quiet. They drove around the corner and they were at their home. Steph knocked on the door, and a middle-aged woman who dressed similarly to Elianna was there.

“Hello, Stephen? Is something wrong?”

“Hello Mrs. Parks. Your daughter got into a little bit of a situation tonight.”

“What kind of situation?” she asked as she walked outside.

Steph walked Elianna out of the car, and her mother was mortified. He continued walking her and her stuff upstairs and into her room.

“Bye.” Steph said as he walked out.

“Steph, I’m sorry.”

Steph talked with Mrs. Parks. She was shocked, and Steph left to go home.

Present Day:

“Yeah just because it was homecoming, you drink whiskey?” Josê said.

“Hey, keep out our conversation. This is not yours.” Elianna snapped.

“Geez, chill. Don’t take it that personally.” Josê said.

“Fine, is Sunday good?” Steph asked.

“Sunday Afternoon, 3:00 PM sharp.” Elianna said.

The conversation ended and everyone ended up going their separate ways.

The next day was a normal Saturday. Except the air was drier, and the sun was hotter. Stephen walked to the mall, which is a good distance away from the city. Roughly 5 miles from his house. He saw his friend Phillip going along on his bike and he decided to join him.

“Yo Philly!” Steph exclaimed from across the street.

“Sup Steph. Going to the mall?”

“Yeah, but where is Josê?” Steph asked.

“He’s already there!!! We gotta continue.” Phillip said.

The boys continued their way to the mall. Some minutes later, they pulled up to the mall. They walked past a whole lot of stores, from Nike, Adidas, Coach, and other stores. As they made their way to the main store. That store was called RinCo Clothing and Shopping.

“There is Josê. He’s right there standing in the front.” Steph said.

“Yo Josê!!! How’s life doing right now? Are we gonna raid this place or what?” Phillip said.

“Yeah, but we're gonna do that in style.” Josê said.

“DAMN, a BlackCard? How’d you get a BlackCard?” Phillip asked.

“Shhh. Shh. Keep quiet. I got it for my birthday.”

“How much are you planning to spend? Like there has to be a limit, right?” Steph said.

“My parents have added a lot of money to this card. We're gonna spend it on RinCo.” Josẽ said.

“I am about to go crazy,” Phillip said.

“Wait, you guys can go in. I'mma check this store out. 50% off everything.” Steph said.

“Naw, we're staying together. We're all going in, we're all going out.” Phillip said.

“Aw come on. A small designer store? Can't we go where they sell Gucci, Bape, the rare Off-White Nike's?” Josẽ groaned.

“No. This is the store we're going to check out.” Phillip said as he dragged Josẽ from one place to another.

They walked over to the store. The store read, “Parks Clothing, Shoes, Bags, Designer.” The store also read, “Going out of Business, everything needs to be sold now.” The boys walked in to find the store full of things, clothing, and shoes. They didn't run into a person.

“This store has nobody running it.” Stephen said.

“They are probably on a lunch break.” Josẽ said.

“Look! The Jordan 1 High Mohca! For \$120?? I'm coppin' these!!!” Phillip yelled.

“Gucci shoes for how much? \$110+40%+50%. \$33. These are the rare ones too. My Dad said one shoe. This shoe is missing from his collection.” Josẽ rambled.

“Why is this store going out of business-” Steph paused.

A man roughly in his 30's or 40's walked into the store. He had a designer jacket, with a flat top. He said.

“Boys, I think you're in the wrong store. RinCo is where you want to be.”

“Is this your store?” Steph asked.

“Sadly, yes. Only my family members and their friends come over here.” he said.

“Sorry, I don’t mean to be rude. But what is your name?”

“Travis Parks... me and my wife run this store. But she’s at home with the baby.”

Elianna walked into the store wearing a Nirvana shirt, with two of her friends following her. One girl had brown hair, a purple shirt on with brown boots. While the other had red hair, and a yellow and pink shirt.

“Uncle Travis! I saw the sign walking in. Are you closing the store?” Elianna asked.

“Does your uncle not get any sales? He has good legit things in here. RinCo sells reps.” one of the girls said.

“Wait... Steph? Bro, are you following me?” she said.

“We planned to go to RinCo-” Steph was cut off,

“Where they sell perfectly legit things Logan,” Josê said.

“Oh, how do you know? Do you see the children making the reps in China?” Logan said.

“Well...” the other girl said.

“Children in virtually Asia make the real things so...” Josê said.

“Sis, stay out of this. We don’t need you talking. When you talk, the whole room smells like you, Jess.” Phillip said.

“You're worse,” Jess said.

“Yeah, she does have a poi-”

“Shut up Josê, before we have no more... well. You.” Phillip said.

“It’s getting kind of heated here. Imma goes cry in the back room.” Travis said gloomy.

“You ruined everything, we were about to buy something from this respectable store owner. Who happens to be your uncle?” Josê said.

During the heat of the conversation, a member of RinCo walked into the building and the messenger had something to say.

“Mr. Parks is here at this moment? RinC Ceo/ Owner Individual Mr. West has sent me to deliver him a message.” the boy said.

“Bro, it’s not the 1900s, we have the internet for a reason,” Jess said.

“Yeah, we have a lot of options. Shoot, you could have even used Gmail.” Logan said.

“If the message isn’t sent, then I’m going to get fired so get out of my way and get the leader of this establishment to me right now.” the boy pushed.

“It’s 1 on 6. 1 person won’t leave this store if you continue,” Josê said.

When Mr. Parks walked into the front, his eyes all teared up. Seeing a messenger boy wearing a RinCo uniform being pressed to a wall by a group of adolescents. He was in shock and said,

“Why are y’all being rude to a visitor? I think he means no harm. Right?”

“This is a literal RinCo guy trying to take over your store!!” Jess said.

**“OK, not trying to take your store. He just has a message he wants to give to you.”
Steph said.**

**“Yeah, RinCo wants your property. To, you know. Expand RinCo as a whole.” the
boy said.**

**“Hey, boy. What’s your name? I think we need to properly introduce ourselves.”
Elianna said.**

“Young Miss, my name is Fransis. Francis Markee. And yours?”

**“Elianna Parks. So, you see my uncle there. He’s going to need you to bring us the
CEO right now. No, Imma need you to bring me the CEO. For thinking he could
evict my uncle from a family shop we’ve had for a while. If you don’t get your
good for nothing CEO, imma find you and we all know what will happen after
that. So, now get him over here. I know RinCo’s headquarters is in LA right? Get
him over here then we’ll talk. Thank You.”**

“Aaaaaah- yes Ma’am. I’ll get over it right now.” Fransis said as he hurried.

“Damn. You whipped him into shape.” Phillip said.

“He fears you now. Shoot, I’d be scared of you.” Logan said with excitement.

**“I think I may have to leave. I’ll be an undercover agent who helps you guys.” Josẽ
said.**

“Why? You’re already here?” Steph said.

**“Stephen Cookman, when your parents know every major CEO, you can’t just be
like that. My parents are highly respected, and just for their safety, imma head
out.”**

“Josẽ. Do they know Elon?” Phillip asked.

**“Elon, Zuckerberg, Jobs, the Gates, the Waltons, the Fords, even some of the
Rothchilds.”**

"The Rothschilds? Yeah, you can just go home and stay safe. We don't need a nice young man like you getting sniped by a Rothchild hitman over a smaller chain CEO named Marcus West." Logan said.

"A- thank you?" Josẽ said as he left.

"His parents have connections," Phillip said.

"Who are his parents?" Jess asked.

"We're gonna keep that info on the low," Steph said.

"So, in the meantime. I have a Josẽ card. What are we gonna do?" Phillip asked.

"No way. Is that a BlackCard? Damn, his parents are rich." Elianna said.

"Did you take his card? Why?" Jess asked.

"He left it on the counter while looking at Gucci shoes."

"Give me that card." Steph took the card, "Y'all want something to eat?"

"Sure, there's a Cheesecake Factory down the mall."

They went to the Cheesecake factory, and after their lunch, they were walking back.

"So are you like, back together?" Logan said.

"We were never together, it's more like-" Elianna paused, " more like a deep connection, but not love."

"I thought of it as a friendship," Steph said.

"You were laughing and giggling the whole time. Like it was two goofy 20-year-olds dating for the first time." Jess said.

"Can't we have fun?"

“Do that on your own time! Since the HoCo incident, y’all been acting weird.”

“Guys, let’s keep our eyes on the prize. The CEO just flew in from LA. Bring your A-Game.” Logan said.

“Yeah, let's listen to Logan. She’s the only logical one besides Steph.” Phillip said.

They hurried to the store and set up for the arrival of the man of the hour. The CEO of RinCo and his messenger personal Fransis. The CEO Marcus West showed up in a wacky designer outfit consisting of baggy pants and a long sleeve orange striped polo. They showed up and they began to negotiate with Mr. Travis Parks.

“I want to buy your struggling business,” Marcus said.

“Nope, I need another way to deal with this,” Travis said.

“What if we did a competition? To get more sales than each other?”

“It feels like you did this to other people. That is not logical, there is no way we could do that. You would sell more!” Travis argued.

“Isn’t that the point? For me to win? What if I gave you payment? How much would you want? 10k, 20k, 30k?”

“That’s weak. Naw.”

Over time, they flew options back and forth. Yet they could not come up with an agreement. Until Fransis stepped in and suggested that they should do another different competition. He said,

“What if we did a Q4 Showoff?”

“What in the world is a Q4 Showoff?” Travis asked.

“It’s when we post up numbers in sales against each other during the end of the year. That tends to be the busiest time of the year.” Francis replied.

“That would work. You could just spend this whole year being vacant. While I pile up the dough. In celebration, let’s do something illegal!” Marcus yelled.

“You are one freaky dude,” Travis mumbled.

“No, I don’t think I could do that,” Francis said.

“Then, you’re fired. Go home!!!”

He fired Francis on the spot as he was celebrating. Francis pulled the group outside to talk. Elianna asked,

“Why would you just lose your job? You were probably making good money.” Elianna said.

“I was just let go. His bougie behind* sent my mind spiraling. This group is probably where I belong. Also because I have 1,000,000 in my savings in cash. So, I’m good. No more commuting to L.A. in the middle of the night to beat traffic.”

“Aw, that was cute.” Jess asked, “But now what?”

“I got some dirt on him,” Francis said.

Francis showed them some videos online he downloaded about Mr. West talking about Child Labour laws being broken, Human trafficking, Sweatshops, Crime Connections, Sexism, racism, Fake Goods, EVERYTHING. Also had a video of him typing up a document reading, RULES TO FINESSE PEOPLE FROM THEIR PROPERTIES (LEGAL/ILLEGAL) >:)

“They may be going after you with this knowledge,” Logan said.

"I think we should post this online, anonymously expose them, and get lawyered up," Steph said.

"We don't have lawyers, and how would people respond?" Jess asked.

"Nope. This is too risky. My family has owned that place for a long time. 4 Generations of Parks! We can't just let go!" Elianna said.

"Yeah, Steph. It's too risky. No matter what, we may lose the property. But, I like living and breathing. I love my family, (except for Jess), and I think that Jos  would side with Elianna." Phillip said.

"I'm siding with Stephen. Humans are being used as cheap slave labor." Logan replied.

"No, even with this info, it can't fix that. It can't bring back the lives lost." Elianna said.

"We can try. There is always an upside to the downside." Logan said.

"I'm going with Logan, Steph, and Fransis. We ought to take them down." Jess said.

"Well, I guess we should get planning," Steph said.

"Where should we plan? Steph's house?" Logan asked.

"Nope, we have a better option. Jos 's house. His parents are in London." Phillip said.

They all told their parents that they were going to a friend's house, and they all walked to Jos 's house. Once they got to Jos 's house. They met a butler who instantly recognized them.

"Hello, fellow accomplices to Jos . Might I say that you Phillip and Stephen have gotten older, and oh. Jessica, and Elianna. Long time no see. Oh Logan, Miss Logan, Jos  talks about you all the"

“Now that Robert, that comment was not needed!!!” Josã yelled.

“Yo Robert, my man!” Phillip said.

“Sup Rob,” Elianna said.

“Robert, I think we may have to talk about Josã sometime. Over coffee?” Logan scoffed.

“Sure, when?”

“I think that’s enough, y’all want to come in? Josã said, “Sorry about Robert.”

“No, Robert was fine. He’s a great personality.” Logan said.

“Yeah. So why are y’all here on short notice? Anything develop?”

“Well, we’re here to work in your Government bunker,” Phillip said.

“It must be serious. Sure. Is it a government leak or something?”

“Yeah, Fransis got some-” Logan paused.

“SHH. Let's go.” Josã said as he grabbed Logan’s arm.

They walked down the stairs to a bunker with government-type computers. No security cameras. Nothing but the comfort of the cave and screens.

“Sorry, I did that on short notice. We have a security that’s so serious. It tracks everything on you by voice. There is no security down here. It’s free for all. But we all have to be out by 5:00 PM. 2 Hours.”

“Let's get to leaking this stuff,” Steph said.

“Wait. But what am I supposed to do?” Elianna yelled.

“We can change the format of the website. Make it user-friendly.” Phillip said.

“Yeah, thanks, Phillip. Imma takes Jess to help. You, Fransis, and Logan can decode whatever you have.” Elianna said.

“Fransis, pull up the video. We’ll use this technology to see if this is a government official report.” Stephen said.

“Man, the images are gory. How could they just let people die daily working at this store? This is a cover-up!!” Logan said.

“Okay, you guys wanna drop this on all of the internet?” Fransis asked.

“Yeah, RinCo cover-ups are a good way to take down a whole company,” Jess yelled from across the room.

Within minutes of dropping the ultimately vague images and video of humans in other countries having their rights violated lead to a massive hit in stocks of the company.

“Man, I just got news that the government is investigating the company. And we just leaked it!!!” Josë said.

“Celebration!! We just took down a big international giant. With violations and laws broken galore.” Fransis said.

“Wait, what effects would this have on Mr. Scott’s place?” Steph asked.

“Steph, we succeeded. Now you want to take it down?” Elianna said, “Do y’all want to get Starbucks?”

“I think you and Steph should get the coffee,” Jess said.

“I don’t think we can get coffee,” Stephen said.

“Why? Is something going down?” Josë said.

“Well, the company is searching for the people who exposed this information to the public. But they can’t.” Steph said.

“We should lay low this summer,” Phillip said.

“Just go home and try to act normal.”

The group dispersed and went home. Leaving everyone wondering, how news like this could just get out. While they were going home, they noticed how empty the mall got, and how there was security, police, and federal agents. The CEO was taken into custody. Along with Mr. Travis Parks. Elianna ran to the police in front of the store. She asked,

“Is everything good over here?”

“Yes ma’am. We are just taking these people in for questioning.” an officer said.

“Just keep your distance and leave the premises with you and your friends. The mall is temporarily closed.” an agent said.

Months passed, Thanksgiving was happening in 2 ½ weeks, and life was generally normal. Except for your Travis Parks. Travis didn’t go to prison, but he gained nationwide support for taking down a giant in the industry. Protests ensued with human rights activists and groups going behind Travis. This leads us to this day,

November 10th, 2023

Travis filed a lawsuit against RinCo Incorporation and claimed that Undercover deals led to them expanding fast. During the lawsuit, the group was planning to speak on behalf of Parks Clothing. Francis was nervous to speak, and he said before the claim,

“Everything built up to this moment. I have to do this.” Francis said.

“Are you sure? We could get Steph or Josè to say it. Shoot, even Elianna.” Logan said.

“He’s my former employer. I have to do this.”

“The defendant representing Marcus N. West and RinCo as a company, please take your stance.”

“Good Morning, your honor.” the lawyer said.

“Good Morning, what is your stance?”

The Lawyer spoke about his client and, well. He brought up the point that the store owners agreed to give their properties for meager amounts of money. Even though he had pointed out multiple other points, he could not explain why it was mainly minority property owners and women his client was stealing from.

After the Representative of RinCo left. The Jury called Fransis up to the stance, and he said,

“Good Morning, Your Honor.”

“Good Morning, what is your stance?”

“Judge, This man is not a great man to work with. From a toxic workspace to poor working conditions, to cover-ups, this man is not who you think he is. He’s an undercover Racist and claims to be the owner of a lot of the minority workers. He targeted low-performing stores owned by Minority owners. He’s Sexist and claims that men should have more pay and women should stay in the gutter. That also is pressed in his advertisement. The claims are true. He’s a shady businessman, and he’s probably going to put a hit on me. Who knows. This man’s

company should not be supported. And his company is pretty much a scandal. We should not support that.”

“That line was hot. That’s the final blow.” Steph said.

“Not just yet. He has one more line to end it.” Jess said.

“Oh yeah. In one of his most recent deals, it was just exposed that he gambled his whole company on a Showdown during Q4. Let's just say that his company is gone. Completely merged with one anonymous company I can't speak of. No, I can. That company is Parks Clothing.”

Everyone in the room clapped like it was a speech. You could tell which side the world was on. Even though some important people had something to say,

“Objection!” a Lawyer said.

“Rejected. You don't have anything else to say. You say one more thing, you're miles deep underground.” the Judge said.

“Crap, he pulled us in with a Q4 show-off. You are an idiot Mr. West.”

“Oh come on. My empire, crumbling beneath my feet. Great, first my soul. Now my company? What's next?” Marcus said.

“What's the Jury's verdict?” the Judge asked.

“The Jury's verdict. We all find that Mr. Marcus West has to pay Mr. Travis Parks his whole company. Pretty much. Nothing more. ”

“Thank you jury, for your service. Court Adjourned. For now. Mr. West, You have many more suits against you.”

The court emptied, and the group gathered on the front lawn outside. It was filled with hugging and cheering as the Parks now owned a whole company.

There were news correspondents and everything. People were wondering what they were doing with the company. Travis was asked,

“Mr. Park, what are you going to do with the company?”

“First, we are willing to give back the property to the former stores that were affected by the sudden pushback. Then we are going to rebrand to Parks Clothing, after that-”

“Don’t spoil everything.” Travis’s wife whispered.

“That's all I can say right now,” Travis announced to the group.

The crowd cheered and it was officially the end of RinCo. After the Event, everyone dispersed and went home.

December 16th, 2023

The town of San Diego was quiet. Christmas was coming soon and Steph decided to go meet up with Elianna and go for a walk. As he was walking, he noticed the gentle breeze from the coast pushing inwards towards the city. He noticed the sun was shining. He felt peace after a long time of anguish. As he got closer to the park, he noticed Elianna and he said,

“Hey, Elianna. You wanted to meet up?”

“Yeah. Next week, I’m going up north to Long Beach.”

“So- why am I here?”

“We are having a family event, and my Aunt asked if you wanted to go. I mean, you did help.”

“It was more of a group effort. But sure, where are we going in Long Beach?”

“We are going to meet up with my uncle Tank. He owns a company up there called D.S. Rolls. It’s kinda big.”

“Sure, that sounds fun. But will you leave me in Long Beach with a half bottle of Jack Daniels again?” Steph scoffed.

“Yeah, yeah. Really funny.”

They continued to walk then, they said bye, and went their separate ways in the mild December breeze.