

AUBURN

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Chapter 18 - Deliveries

I hadn't caught on to the troubles with delivery in a place as remote as we were. I hadn't ordered anything on the Internet from a big box store or internet retailer.

The Acolytes talking one evening had a different tone even when they were using the Navajo language.

I interrupted. "What's up?"

Julie answered. "Oh, Nati. It's just that ... Terri; you tell him."

Terri frowned.

I couldn't remember having seen that expression on any of them.

Terri said. "It's the difficulty with ordering anything for delivery here."

I asked. "What's the problem?"

Terri said. "We are too far away from anywhere. One hour drive to Gallup to the east and a two hour drive to Flagstaff to the west."

Ruth said. "How can we acquire our own car or van that can make runs to a place that can accept shipments to here?"

Nobody said a word until Ruth said. "Oh, darn it. We just need a little money for gas to send Uncle Joe's truck three times a week instead of twice a week."

Julie said. "Arrange with two of the big carriers who have stores for everything to be sent to one of those stores of each of them. Not hard."

Terri said. "Nati is going to need tools, big and small, and repair parts for those tools."

I burst out without thinking, and said. "How about a music show on a Friday or

Saturday night?"

Linda scowled. "How would that help?"

Julie said. "Got it. Collect donations."

Terri said. "Music? By who? Why would they?"

I said. "How about a prize of a red vest for a guy or a red shirt-dress for a woman?"

Linda scowl deepened. "How would we know the size?"

Julie said. "Make it oversized and bring tailor's chalk."

Linda's scowl remained. "Where could we hold such a contest?"

That stumped everybody until Julie said. "Outdoors at first. In front of the fire station. It is your idea of the color red as the prize. Matches the fire trucks."

Linda's scowl came down to only a frown. "As the organizers we can't be in the competition."

Nobody disagreed.

Terri glared at me. "Nati; a skirt of yours is hanging outside to dry. You soaked it. Either change your diaper during the day, or, we found a thicker brand with additional padding on the Internet. A twenty-four-pound box for that is what we need this van for."

I blushed deeply.

Instead of a truck, the Acolytes found a trailer somewhere. I bought it two new tires and a third with a rim as a spare. Uncle Joe asked his customers about a canvas cover, had one repaired, and that held the boxes being carried against the wind on the Interstate Highway.