

Grocery Run
By
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The tires roared with smoke with a gut-wrenching screech. The blacked-out 1969 Chevy Nova slid around the corner of the busy intersection. Johnathan flicks a cigarette out the window as he drives the car with racetrack perfection. His expression says he is in control of the situation, but a bit concerned about the black suburban that is catching up to him.

Earlier in the night, Johnathan had decided to take the car that he spent a decade restoring out for a drive to pick up some eggs for his daughter's cake she was attempting to bake. Johnathan was on his way to Safeway when a bright light streaming from the dusk sky and resembled a fireball falling from the sky. He pulled his car to the side of the road in disbelief. The Nova rumbled and was on the verge of quitting at idle. Johnathan stood out of the car with one leg on the pavement and the other still in the car staring up into the sky.

“What the hell was that?” Johnathan yelled!

Suddenly a black suburban pulled behind him. Four men armed with fully automatic weapons got out at the same time with military precision. Startled, Johnathan jumped in the nova and stomped on the gas. The car stumbled a bit from the rush of fuel rushing into the engine, but when it came to life it breathed fire. The tires lit up and laid down a layer of rubber as black as the night. The smoke billowed out from the rear of the car and acted as a smokescreen to aid in Johnathan's escape. He had sped off before the men in the suburban were able to close their doors.

The suburban caught up to Johnathan and started to ram his pride and joy. Johnathan knew he would have to risk wrecking his car to get away from these guys. Johnathan reached for his pack of cigarettes and pulled out the last one. Lighting the cigarette and dropping the car into a lower gear at the same time Johnathan's experience behind the wheel was apparent. Johnathan saw a sharp corner he knew he could make and slammed on the brake, turned sharply, and hit the gas again. Looking in his rearview mirror he sees the suburban didn't make the turn and rolled uncontrollably. A sigh of relief falls over John.

Pulling into his garage, Johnathan is in disbelief of what the night's events entailed. He turns the car off, gripping the steering wheel tightly and sighs. When Johnathan closes the car door, his daughter runs out to the garage.

“Daddy! Daddy! Where are the eggs?” his daughter asks.

Johnathan looked confused and saddened at the same time when he realized he forgot to get the eggs.