

Test Drive

by Roland Foster

[This was a writing class assignment -- tell a story in one long sentence. Fun!]

I'm minding my own business, enjoying the drive home from the Panda Pagoda, getting the feel of this classic yellow '69 Jeepster, near-mint condition, and thinking about whether or not I want to buy it, appreciating the heavenly aromas rising from the box resting beside me on the front passenger seat, looking forward to a very pleasant evening indeed, beginning with hot and sour soup and chicken with hot garlic sauce and shrimp fried rice and continuing on perhaps in a very nice way, when I stop at a red light at Shady Grove Road, and before I know what's what the back door opens and this guy slips into the car quicker than I can say "This ain't a taxi, buddy" and he presses the steely cold barrel of a gun against the right side of my neck, which I think I can see enough of in the rear-view mirror to tell that it's a big automatic, and the light turns green and the guy says, "Drive, I'll tell you where to turn," and I think to myself, he's carjacking a '69 Jeepster? and I consider my options and start to tell him to stuff the gun, but then I think I might not like it if he decides to stuff it in my right ear, so I just drive on, and pretty soon he says, "Turn right at the next light," and I say, "Where are we going?" just like he was a guy I was giving a ride home from church, although he doesn't seem like the church people I know, but I guess you can't really tell, except that he says "Just shut up and drive" along with various expletives, which tells me he's really not a church type and I'd better humor him, so I shut up and follow directions and pretty soon we're in a quiet residential neighborhood and he says "Pull over," so I do and he says, "Get out of the car," and I do, and he drives away, and now I have to find a phone so I can call my attractive next-door neighbor, who I was beginning to get pretty friendly with although that's probably history, and tell her that a guy with a gun just stole our Chinese dinner and her classic yellow '69 Jeepster, which I had just about decided not to buy anyway.