

## LEON'S WILD RIDE

A Flash Fiction Story

By Sean C. Madden

Leon quickly hopped into his truck and the engine roared to life. Coasting out of the parking lot of the grocery store, he made a bee line straight for home. If what Conrad told him was true, he didn't have much time left. He had to make it home to stop Conrad from making a terrible mistake.

Leon turned left to take the single-lane backroad home. It would be far less crowded at this time of evening, and he needed all the time he could get. His truck started to snake down the winding road, thick vegetation on both sides. Normally, it would be risky to drive this fast on the backroad, but Leon had confidence in his skill. He expertly made the curving turns at a faster speed one would normally be taking them. Leon's anxiety began to cool down as he noticed he was making good time. That all changed when the red tail lights of a car appeared several yards ahead.

Soon enough, Leon found himself stuck behind a blue Mercedes going well under the speed limit. With no passing allowed on this road, Leon was trapped behind the slow driver. Hoping to get their attention, he lightly honked his horn.

The Mercedes moved along at the same pace.

He honked more forcefully.

The Mercedes continued to crawl along.

He held down on the horn.

The Mercedes seemed to move even slower.

Leon's patience began to wear thin. After carefully checking the road ahead for the headlights of other cars, Leon swallowed hard and floored the gas pedal. Quickly coming up behind the Mercedes, Leon pulled into the adjacent lane for traffic going the other direction. It was only for a second, but Leon illegally used the lane to pass in front of the Mercedes, the driver of which honked at him as Leon pulled back into the lane ahead of it, moving quickly once again. Leon resisted the urge to flip them the bird as he left them behind.

At last, Leon saw the turn into his neighborhood and turned. He pulled the car into his driveway and managed to stop it by the front door. He leaped out of the truck and through the door. As he dashed into the kitchen though, he beheld the sight he feared above all others: Conrad had just dropped a handful of golden fruit chunks on top of the mozzarella cheese.

“Conrad, you fool!” Leon declared.

“What?” pleaded Conrad. “It’s just-!”

“You’ve ruined it! I told you, pineapple does not belong on a pizza.”

“This again? Look, I left half for you this time.”

“I appreciate the thought, but you’re missing the point.”

Conrad rolled his eyes as Leon once again proceeded to lecture him on the many different reasons pineapple should never be on a pizza, starting with how the sweet fruit sharply contrasted with the salty pizza.

Regardless, the fact still stood that Leon was too late to stop Conrad’s mistake.