
The Road to L.A.

I think we were doing 110 with
"Life in the Fast Lane" popped
in the tape deck and
both of us wailing along to the chorus with a
Jaguar blocking the passing lane and
a slow moving Winnebago straight ahead when
I began to wonder if there was a God and if
He was willing to accept young men of
questionable character into heaven who would
die via Winnebago in the middle of the desert on
Route 5 in a red turbo-charged
Volvo headed south into
L.A. of all places if that damn Jaguar didn't
make way soon
(or Joe didn't slow down).

"Uh Joe. . ." I said, my elbow resting lazily on the
armrest. The turbo whined.

"Yah?" he asked, hesitating. . .
slightly.

"Uh Joe. . ." I said again, eyeing the Winnebago
thoughtfully.

"Yah?" he asked, flooring it
again.

I waited until I could read the bumper sticker
"I Break for Wildlife!"
looked casually around for fauna, and said
"That's a Winnebago, Joe."
"Yep," he said. "Some assholes
just don't
know how to use the damn
passing lane."
Directed, of course, at the ever-present
Jaguar.

At the last minute, God Himself and in all His Glory
intervened.
Joe yanked the car hard to the left and
squeezed
between the Jaguar and the loathsome Family Camper.
No one was killed.

"This is why our insurance premiums are higher, isn't it?"
I asked.
"Yep," he said.

A mile up the roadway, both lanes were blocked and
Joe was forced to reduce his speed to 85.
The Jaguar caught up with us, but
we didn't care because now "Wasted Time" was playing and
Lord knows you can't drive fast to a sad song.

• Brian Creech