

Pizza Delivery by Madison Bland

There is one memory that is burned into my mind; that brings the blood rushing to my cheeks like a hot, gushing river, splashing around in my skull.

It wasn't *that* bad; it wasn't *that* foolish. Except I wasn't 5 years old - I wasn't even 10. I was 15. 15. Seriously. It was simple. I went to pick up the pizza with Dad. Easy right? Well; that bit wasn't the problem.

We'd collected the pizza. Dad was on his way out; only Madi, obviously, was engrossed in the game show on the TV in the corner.

I knew the answer. Of course I did. It was the kind of show where the contestants answer that an elephant is bigger than the moon. But *I* knew it; I just *had* to stay that minute longer to revel in my glory.

I was right. But dad had already left.
I jumped down the stairs two at a time, scanning the street

to find the car. I found it. Silver Pajero.

Hurrying over to the passenger side, I neatly pulled on the latch, opened the door and slid into my seat all in one smooth motion. I had a sudden flicker of doubt as I noticed the fuzzy seats and wondered how I hadn't noticed them before. Reaching to shut my door behind me, I turned to ask Dad about the fuzzy seats.

Except it wasn't Dad; it was a woman. Who looked partly amused and partly horrified, and was reaching towards the child in the backseat. Equally aghast, with realisation dawning on me, I fumbled to open the door and hastily backed out, mumbling apologies.

It was the wrong car. I skittered away and stood, trembling with embarrassment and completely disorientated, on the footpath.

I still didn't know where the car was.

My face was burning and my ears ringing with what sounded like cars honking at me from all directions. I followed the noise, and sheepishly slipped into our car. Dad thought I had tried to open the wrong door, not that I had actually gotten into an occupied car! I waited apprehensively to gauge his reaction. Was he mad? Or worried that they could have just driven away with me?

He thought it was hysterical! I did a double take. What? Maybe it was my face, because *I* didn't see anything funny about it!

When we got home and Dad recounted what had happened, I turned to Mum for some sympathy. She pursed her lips and scrunched up her nose, as if struggling to contain a sneeze, when she cracked and exploded with laughter! Apparently, *she* found it funny too! Horrified and rejected, I went off to my room.

They might even have had the grace to *pretend* they were sorry!