

Not Good Enough

by David James

So where does that leave me, Roscoe Loomis wondered, dismounting his silver, aluminum steed in his sweat-soaked, spandex outfit, and, clearing the saliva from his beard he walked over, checked and smiled, learning that the bike track's timing unit showed it was Roscoe's personal best, but alas, it was not good enough and he mumbled "fuck" because, had he won, Roscoe would've been able to latch onto his bike club's president crown, toppling the current president, that goddamned Django Smith, who had pushed him down the middle school stairwell some twenty five years ago.

