

THE PINK FRUIT

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"I'll die of boredom before anything else." Harry Grey muttered under his breath. His hand was getting tired. He'd been at this for the entire morning and while getting here had been exciting, being here was life-threateningly dull.

"What was that?" The librarian said, materializing from behind him. The woman stared at Harry from over her glasses, trying to pierce his very soul. It was the typical old person's glare, the kind of judgmental look that he'd been getting from his elders his whole life. As if he'd threatened to burn down their houses – or worse: corrupt their daughters.

"Nothing at all Ms. Young" he replied

"Just get back to your writing." came her swift response before she went back to her book.

Ah yes. Writing lines. Not the most creative form of Saturday detention he'd endured but Harry didn't mind. Not that these fossils at Seacrest Academy actually had an original bone in their collective bodies. Truth was they wouldn't know fresh if it hit them in the face and took all their money. Actually come to think of it they'd react to that – they did love their money after all. At least it was better than his last school. There they'd made him and a few unfortunate souls carry benches up a hill to the main pavilion in full school uniform. It was all to prepare for some sporting event that night. Honestly Harry hadn't much cared what it was for - he knew was bunking it anyway.

What was it that he'd said to Keith on the morning before he had pulled the prank that landed him at school on a Saturday? 'Fear nothing and regret less.' At this point Harry's only regret was that he wasn't ambidextrous.

His hand strained as he wrote the paragraph out for the 30th time. *'I will not dye the teachers' food pink. I will not ...'* Harry shook the hand and stared up at the board. He allowed himself a quick smile as he thought of the look that the headmaster must have had on his face when he'd seen the food at the Grade 12 parent's dinner. That was all the motivation he needed to pick up his hand and begin again. *'I will take ...'*

It was a simple prank but then again, the best things naturally are. In truth, this may have been some of his best work. It was better than his last prank at minimum – bubble bath in the pool was such a cliché. The only tricky part of this prank had been the distribution. Of course, pink dye was rather easy to get a hold of but spreading it across everything that had been laid on the kitchen table was a challenge. Of course that wouldn't stop him - Harry was nothing if not resourceful. So when the idiots had left the food alone in the minutes before the meeting came to an end, Harry had pounced. He remembered the thrill of finding the dye in the pantry and deciding what to do with it. He couldn't very well dunk every item of food in a bath of pink dye could he? The tea and coffee urns took two bottles and some stirring before they were ready and unfortunately the muffins could only take a quick colorant dip before they became too soggy. Then he spotted the fruit. Oh the beautiful fruit.

While the applause came from the hall across the quad, Harrison Grey sprinted his behind off to get to his locker. He returned to the kitchen, spray paint in hand, and went to work on the fruit.

"In your face, jerks. Spin that to the parents." He'd said to himself before turning and running away again. This time with a spray-painted banana, one of many left behind, in his hands alongside his empty can of paint.

Back in the present, Harry peeked at his watch and found that his allotted time had come to an end.

"See you next week Ms. Young" he had said, stepping away from the board.

"I've not got you down for anymore Saturday's" she replied, looking at her own clipboard in confusion.

"I'll have that fixed that by break-time on Monday" he shot back before picking up his bag.

"Why do we bother with children like you?" she asked

"Makes you feel good? I don't know. But we do appreciate your efforts. It means you're one of the good ones." he replied before stepping out of the school library and into the mid-afternoon sun.

Paul Cupido