**Keith Buchant**

The paradox of Keith Buchant was that despite being a man of many opinions he would never actually tell people any of them. Instead he would stare blankly at them or shrug and offer a chuckle before steering the conversation in another direction. If one were to ask Keith himself, assuming he didn’t just dodge the question by pulling from his weathered playbook of social avoidance, he would simply sigh and utter the following quote “I am not a person of opinions because I feel the counter arguments too strongly” and hope for that to kill the debate. In the instances which it did not he would nod appropriately during the forthcoming lecture, all-the-while intensely debating himself about the issue.

Not even his usual utterances were spared from his mind’s eye. So it came to be that on one day he would, in the process of going about his usual routine, be about to deliver this most tired of authorial references when he was pulled into the throngs of internal debate once more. Keith wondered under his breath whether that was something of a commentary on his life up to that point, a headline of sorts, to be placed atop the roll of footage he would see in the process of death. ‘The life and times of Keith Buchant: He was not a man of opinions because he felt the counter arguments too strongly. Also he stared stupidly at those who asked him for one.’

Spelling out the title to himself allowed him to snap out of his reverie and he realize that he had trailed off in the middle of conversation to stare at the table and whisper intensely with himself. He looked up to find a young woman whose doe eyes looked back him with a cocktail of bemusement and genuine concern for his sanity. Keith apologized profusely for his poor etiquette before doing a quick scan of the mental playbook for a way out of the situation. His fear began to mount as he realized he may have to tell the woman something to assuage her doubts about his mental stability. That would be the socially correct thing to do, yes? When she read his expression - and observed what Keith could only assume was confusion on his face - she had set her coffee down and touched her hand to his before looking at him, her eyes impossibly blue, **[staring into his eyes]** and offered him a reassuring smile.

“Relax, Keith. Take a deep breath” she had said. He took several. “Now start again. You were telling me about your complex opinion on pennies.” Keith had two choices: he could angst again and probably hyperventilate while doing so – though that would get him what he wanted - or …

“Well, Skylar, it’s like this” he began

**Skylar Clarke**

When he walked through the door to the women’s bathroom Skylar Clarke knew she was in love – or as close to love as Skylar could understand at the time. It was not that Keith Buchant was particularly handsome or tall or exceptional in any of the superficial ways that Skylar had been attracted to then. It was that Keith had a quiet intellect to him, though occasionally she could see the steam escaping from him his brain when thought too hard. That was the point: Keith thought. He was a thinker. So different to anyone that Skylar had met before that she had almost wanted to see him so frequently purely for novelty of the experience. They had barely made eye contact when Keith had realized his folly before spinning on his heel and exiting the room. Sky snuck a quick look in the mirror. Make-up? Fine. Hair? It’ll do. Teeth? Nothing stuck in them but they looked a little yellow, she should have them whitened.

**Corona Anson**

It was a Thursday night when Corona Anson realized that Hell had frozen over. She checked her watch immediately; 8pm. She looked up to find Skylar Clarke shivering at her door, standing on the welcome mat that read ‘Friends welcome. Relatives by appointment.’ The girl was neither to Corona so what the Hell was she doing here, sopping wet no less? “Hi.” Skylar said, pausing as if not sure how to proceed. “Hi.” Corona responded.

**Harrison Grey**

“No, that won’t do at all.” Keith Buchant closed the link to the job listing in front of him. A review and an opinion piece. “I am not a person of opinions because I feel the counter arguments too strongly”. If there was one thing that all the threads could agree on it was that: that quote had defined his life up to this point.

meet a woman on whom his

and in the progress of delivering this most tired of references to

On the day that Keith had decided to leave home he decided to afford himself one more internal debate

It was line that Keith himself thought of as a kind of headline for his life up until this point.