*03 November 2015* **| Metallic Fire**

*I never looked back*

*‘Cause I didn’t even want to*

*And I didn’t need to*

*‘Cause I’m getting away with murder*

The first lesson to be learned about going on the run is: walk, don’t run. Running is an activity that only serves to punctuate the guilt of the runner and is best left as a last resort. Keith Buchant learned this as he sprinted his way towards the car park, the textbooks in his backpack swinging from side to side while he thundered his way from the main building towards the silver hatchback waiting for him there.

“I sincerely hope I live to regret this.” he had said when his two best friends had come to him with the idea of ditching school completely for two days in favour of going on a road trip. In truth, he thought it was a terrible idea and had subsequently shot down all of their early justifications. But still. He was going with them – a little bit late because he actually handed in his assignments but, again, he was still going with them. Somebody had to be sober enough to drive back safely.

Now making his way towards the rendezvous point, and casting a quick glace over his shoulder as he did so, he realized that he had managed to regret his decision to join them before the adventure had even begun. Keith increased his pace to a jog as he made his way through the staff corridor. Was it the smartest route to take? Of course not. But it was, however, the fastest way to get to the parking lot from Room 34 and if he didn’t leave right now they wouldn’t actually make the opening act and this trip would be in vain. Also he was fairly certain that Piper would moan at him for the next month if he did make them late again. So maybe 45 to 90 seconds of potential danger before he was in the clear. Keith could work with those odds.

*Somewhere beyond happiness and sadness*

*I need to calculate*

*What creates my own madness?*

What Keith couldn’t work with was the two blazered prefects that cut into his path, demanding to know why he was running in the staff corridor and where exactly he thought he was going at 11:12 am on a Thursday.

*It isn’t possible*

*To never tell the truth*

Of course, the logical thing to do in this situation was just to lie. To tell them that he was off to P.E. or that he was going home sick or that he was just running late for class or something of the like –excuses that only came to him when in conversation his friend and getaway driver Harry a good hour after the situation– but the problem lay in the fact that he was not Harrison. He was Keith Buchant and lying in the moment never came quite as naturally to him as it did to the former. So instead of talking his way out of the situation, Keith turned around and ran back the way he came.

*But the reality is*

*I’m getting away with murder*

They were still in pursuit by the time he cut through the empty quad. Keith hoped that his friends would appreciated this. Running away from authority figures to sneak out of school was not his usual modus operandi. He flew down the stairs and onto the tarred road leading down to the parking lot. If he could just get to the car then he’d be gone. It would be a hasty exit but they’d make it. There was nothing to be done about the aftermath of this now, he’d damned himself to whatever form of punishment the blazers conjure by enlisting with Harry and Piper – but whatever, that was the story of his life.

Keith stole another glace as he entered the car park. The blazers were still behind him. Worse, they were gaining ground – the backpack was weighing him down. That and he was really unfit but he blamed the Linear Algebra and Geomorphology textbooks more than anything else.

The car came into in sight and Piper flung open the back door while Harry revved the engine. Quick escape indeed. Keith took one more look before flinging himself into the back seat. His friend hit the gas and the car took off, the open door left to swing in the wind as they made their getaway.

After a few minutes of laughter with his friends, Keith took off his bag and lay on his back. They’d have plenty to answer for on Monday when they returned to school but for now they would have to make the 3 hour drive if they wanted to catch Metallic Fire at the opening of this year’s outdoor music festival.

As they cranked up the volume on the music, Keith closed his eyes and let the sounds from the CD player wash over him.

*I feel irrational,*

*So confrontational*

*To tell the truth right now*

*I’m getting away with murder*

**Paul Cupido**