**Metallic Fire**

*Tear the stars down from the sky*

*Make my world come alive*

*I’m saying “baby, please*

*I’ll get down on my knees”*

*Just tear the stars down from the sky*

The first lesson to be learned about going on the run is: walk, don’t run. Keith Buchant learned this as he sprinted his way towards the car park, the textbooks in his backpack swinging from side to side as 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 earlier this morning. In truth, he thought it was a terrible idea and had subsequently shot down all of their early justifications but, still, he was here – a little bit late because he actually handed in his assignments but, again, still here. Escorting these two reprobates on their road trip, even if it went against his usual brand of policies.

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 began.

Keith increased his pace to a jogged as he made his way through the staff corridor. The smartest route to take? No. But it was, however, the fastest way to get there from Room 34 where he’d just spent the last hour - and if he didn’t leave right now they wouldn’t actually make it and this trip would be in vain. So maybe 30 seconds to 1 minute potential of danger before he was in the clear. Keith could work with those odds.

*I’ve always been this way*

*I’ll die before I change*

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 A-corridor and where exactly he thought he was going at 11 am on a Thursday.

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 something of the like –excuses that only came to him a good hour after the situation– but the problem lay in the fact that he was Keith Buchant, not his friend Harry Grey, and lying in the moment never came quite as naturally to him as it did to the latter. So instead of taking his way out of the situation, Keith turned around and ran back the way he came.

*Oh Oooooh Oh!*

*Tear the stars down from the sky*

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 Keith’s 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 could come up with the second he’d signed up 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 bag was weighing really him down. That and he was really unfit but he blamed the 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. Harry hit the gas and the car took off, the open door left to swing in the wind as they made their getaway.

Keith had took off his bag and lay on his back. He closed his eyes and let the sounds from the CD player wash over him.

*All I’ve come to realise*

*Been down this way before*

*We’re here to claim what’s ours*

*Let’s tear the stars down the sky*

They’d have plenty to answer for on Monday when they returned to school but for now they would have to make the 2 hour drive to Cannesen if they wanted to catch Metallic Fire opening this year’s outdoor music festival.