

On The Run

Kyaron M Key Stage 3

It was dead of night, not a sound on the street. I ran across the car park and grabbed my bike. I started to wheel it towards the road. I looked over my shoulder, no-one around. I did not fancy my chances if I try to push it all the way back. I would give it one go! I kickstarted it, the engine roared into life. It sounded like thunder to me, as it echoed off the nearby buildings. Looking around there was still no-one in sight. I took a deep breath, trying to get my nerves under control. I only had a little bit of petrol, I didn't know if I would make it all the way to the flat. But anywhere was better than here. I needed to get away, fast!

Seconds later, I was racing through the pitch, black streets. At the moment they were empty but it could only be a matter of time. Someone must have rung the Police or worse by now. It had been a risk starting the bike so close to the flats. My 2 stroke sang as I moved through the gears. I knew there was a petrol station around the next corner. I had made it! There were only a few street lights between me, a full tank and freedom.

I nervously reached for the petrol pump, it was far too quiet on the streets for my liking. Keeping my eyes on the road, I thought I could hear Police sirens in the distance. My heart started beating faster, again. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a figure, approaching fast. I could hear his footsteps getting louder. As the figure got closer I realised it was a policeman. He was speaking into his radio as he ran down the road. Was he the same man that was looking around the bikes in the car park?

I was just debating whether to jump on my bike and drive off and risk the petrol station attendant shouting after me for not paying, when the policeman ran past the petrol station with not even a glance my way.

I went into pay. The attendant had the TV on, on sound just pictures. Her back was to the screen, just as well as my photo filled the screen. I gave her the money and my winning smile. Quickly, I got back on the bike started it up and drove back the way I had come. I still didn't know if the policeman wanted me. What to do now?

I kept driving until I saw the woods. I had no other choice. I turned off into the misty, isolated woods, that I knew so well. I followed the track to the cabin and took a deep breath. For now I was safe, for now I was still free. But would I ever be able to go back home again? I didn't know. I hoped so. One day I would clear my name. One day I would prove that I didn't kill her.