

Fight For The Window Seat

300 Words

Our bus arrived late. Miss Raven scolded the driver, saying that we'd miss our flight.

We boarded, jubilant at winning all our matches against our arch rivals.

Everyone scrambled for left hand window seats, wanting to take part in the traditional victory jeer as we passed St Joseph's en route to the airport.

Linda and I rushed for the same seat.

I slipped past her and plonked down, grinning up at her.

Eyes glittering, Linda seized my ponytail, dragging me into the aisle between the seats.

Smirking like a toad, she took my window seat.

I pinched her.

"Stop that!" Miss Raven snapped.

Seething, I sank back.

"We'll make our flight," Miss Raven said, "We're taking another route to avoid traffic."

"Will we pass St Joe's?" Someone asked.

The driver shook his head.

No chance for a victory jeer. Everyone groaned.

I pulled a face at Linda. Her fight for the window seat was all for nothing now.

Soon we were barrelling along narrow roads, heading out of town.

"St Joe's," Someone shouted, "Dead ahead!"

Six St Joseph's girls, in their blue blazers, waited to cross the road.

Those in window seats leant bodily from the open windows, waving and calling to our vanquished rivals.

"Lame losers. Yah, Yah," They chanted as the bus hurtled along.

"Lame Loo--"

Something flashed past the speeding bus, making a *whuppa-whuppa-whup* sound.

Linda jerked back from the window and slumped down next to me.

The bus stopped when the screaming started.

The lamppost that decapitated Linda caused horrific injuries as the bus careered past it, smashing into all those leaning out to wave and jeer.

We missed our flight. Those considered fit to fly were booked on a later flight.

Another bus took us to the airport.

No one fought for a window seat.