

Buckle Up

By

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300 words

“Eric,” I sound surprised.

“Shit! Klary? Since when do you take cabs?” his tone is accusatory.

“Since some asshole wrote off my car with a half-naked chick in the passenger seat,” I say smoothly, just how I have rehearsed.

“Right,” he pauses. “Look, I’ll get out, you take the cab,” he says turning to open the door.

“No,” I say too forcefully, “No, its really fine. We can share,” I say it more politely, seductively even.

As he clicks in his seat belt he mumbles about how if I don’t mind that would be great, that he is running late to meet someone. At least he has the respect not to tell me what he is running late for. I already know where he is going: Valentine’s dinner at a posh restaurant with the half-naked girl from the front seat of my car. Too bad her body didn’t get mangled when he hit that pole and the car spun into the harbour.

‘They have both made it out without a scratch,’ the paramedic had said.

‘Both?’ I had asked. It was a tough way to find out that your fiancé prefers blondes.

We take the route along the coastline. Eric doesn’t notice; he is typing furiously on his cellphone. After a few minutes he attempts to make small talk. I’m not interested.

The car doesn’t spin out, no squeal of brakes. We drive smoothly through the fragile barrier into the cold ocean with a heavy splash.

Eric’s eyes become wild with panic, I like to think he knows what is happening. His hands manically press to release his seat belt, unfortunately for him it wont budge; the release button is broken.

Neatly I undo my seat belt.

Charlie turns around from the front seat, “Ready to go, baby?”

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