

For Now, Goodbye.

Soundtrack: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i28nvKVEVMk>

The Dragon. It would hunt him down and gobble him up, burning and razing everything in its path. It was like an epic. Only, he wasn't the hero in this. He was just one of those hapless villagers, or the fighter who was doomed to fail so the hero could show up and actually be the hero. Visser three turned into a dinosaur. Maybe he had a dragon somewhere too. Now that was a scary thought. He ran through about a dozen worse end scenarios before the bus finally came, but he was in no way closer to figuring out what to actually do.

Noah rolled a die with 20 sides for stability. The die showed: 14+2

Calm down... there's enough time to freak out later. Just... concentrate now. What would I do if I were the Visser? The trouble was, he wasn't. He didn't even know what she planned. Okay... what would happen if this was a movie? I know too much so... so you try to kill that person... He shook his head.

"Nope nope nope nope, Nonononono, don't go there..." He let out a few more shuddering breaths. *Calm down Noah. You aren't gonna help anyone if you freak out. If she wanted to kill me, she could have. Would have. She said she was going to let me live. Use me... Get to my family to get to me...*

This was one of those times he wished he wasn't so genre savvy. This was definitely one of them. He couldn't wait or waste time. Tonight. He'd need to pack though. He read books about leaving home. And he was clever. He would need money too. They can track things like that. At least, the police and the bank could... he had his credit card and bank account. He could empty the former... he had a good amount in there, his parent encouraging him to save. He could withdraw his limit from the credit card... then use his parents card to pay for it (he knew their passwords).

He buried his head in his hands. *Listen to me... I'm talking about stealing mommy and daddy's money... As if he had a choice. What should I pack? Clothes... my laptop... I can't take the phone... they can track it... maybe leave the SIM... get one of those prepaid ones? That's going to take some of my money... ugh...*

He had a rough plan laid out by the time he got off the bus near home. He'd pull his sim card. He would change all the passwords. He didn't think his parents knew them, but still. He'd pack three bags. His knapsack, messenger bag (it was a common enough one he'd seen others with), and one of the same near carry-on travel bags. He figured he'd need things from tinned and long keeping food... probably grab two of the pots from the storage downstairs they didn't use... a pan and a pot... blanket, sheet and a pillow... Knives and utensils would be good...

He really wished he'd taken part in those camping trips and joined the guides now. He could download some books before he left... and grab the solar charger... He'd need to stop at an ATM somewhere... then he'd also need to steal the car. Borrow, really. He'd bring it back and bus away. Maybe he should take his bicycle. It would fit in the backseat... He should probably buy a bus ticket out of town too...

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He opened the door reluctantly. It was after eleven, so his parents were already getting ready for bed, but there were still lights on around the house. The alarm system chimed as the door opened (He'd need to turn that off) his mother's voice called out. "Is that you Noah?"

"Yes, monmmy," he said stopping by the living room where they were, because it was expected of him. And as he expected; they went through the regular 20 questions about how the evening was. He at least managed to excuse himself by about question 34 with the 'I'm tired' excuse.

The first thing he did was raid his parents' room, quickly, before they came upstairs. Car keys... cards from the wallets... Then he ran to his room.

Φαιόσγαλή rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 9+3

"You okay up there?" his father called.

Φαιόσγαλή rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 6+3

"Yes daddy!" he responded. "Going to bed!"

As if. He waited. One hour. Two hours. Three hours. He didn't fall asleep though, and was up when his alarm went off. Then he started sneaking around the house. Turning the sounds off the alarm, collecting everything from knives to plates, pots, a couple boxes of plastic wraps, ziplocks and other things he thought would be useful, and the matches from the stock in the basement. Fortunately, his parents sent a barrel of goods every year to relatives, and they built it up in the year between shipments. So there were always a good amount of canned and dried goods in stock as well as other useful stuff like soaps, stationary. He raided it.

At least it would be a while before they noticed he raided it. It was a huge stock and he didn't just take from just one side. He took the time to sit and think. What things would he need to live off? Paper towel would be useful... extra linen; two sheets, blanket, towels and so on. It wasn't winter for a while, so he didn't think too hard about that part.

In the end, he had a bag extra. He got the cube from under the stairs where he hid it too. Good thing he had the car keys. The bags of food, his equipment, clothes, he added them all to the backseat alone with his bike.

The hard part was the letter. He wrote it when he was faking sleep. He left it on the table. All his supplies and belongings gathered, he snuck out, whispering a goodbye before he headed to the car and drove off (carefully) into the night.

He dropped his things off at the edge of town, using one of the side roads so it would be that noticeable, a car stopping in a random spot. He lugged the bags well into the treeline, heaping them in a place he figured would be easy to find again, picking his path carefully in the dark. He would need some rope... so he could tie them together or something, drag them. He sighed, slumping against the tree for a while, faced with the enormity of it all again. *Not now Noah... you'll have time for this later... for now... focus.*

He swallowed his fears and concerns and made his way back to the car. Finding an ATM to withdraw money didn't take long. But he remembered that they had cameras, so he hit about three across town. He already did the transfer of funds online so he had a good amount in his account, and then there were his parent's cards. It was one of the things he had done, like taking his name off the mailing statement list. *Sorry... I'll pay you back sometime.*

From there, he swung by Yuki's place. Nervous again, he parked about a block away, on the street behind her house. He snuck through her rear neighbour's yard then scrambled over the fence. He couldn't help but grin when he saw that she left the lock open.

"Nice, Yuki," he murmured, deftly swinging everything open and getting into the shed. It took a while to find the camping stuff, and as an afterthought, he took the camp stove and gasoline as well. He was careful as he pitched them over the fence, pausing only to lock the shed again behind him.

Three more stops... First stop; Walmart. Twenty Four hours was useful, and he roamed the hardware section, getting anything that seemed useful. He might have been forced into this, but he wasn't going to make this hard to survive either. He avoided the staff, going as far as to use the self-check lines and keeping his hood up and toque down. And he got the rope he thought about.

After dropping his purchased off with the rest of his things, he made for his second stop; back home to return the car and then biking to the last phase of his plan. His last stop was the transit station. To throw people off his direct trail, he purchased a train ticket out of town. Under the cover of darkness, he swiped in and then snuck off the platform and made back for his bike, riding out to the edge of town. So began his new life...