

Getaway For Awhile Then Come Right Back

The Australian alternative band The Getaway Plan couldn't have put it any better: "there comes a point in everyone's lives where they must sit back, relax and assess if everything is working the way it should be." She was the band's biggest fan – explains why she thought of having a great, big getaway to no man's land. All it took was a [Long Beach shuttle service](#) for her to getaway and never come back.

We keep looking back to that fateful day in June, as if doing so would bring her back. The first of June, the last of her, oh the audacity of humor! We remember waiting for her choice [Long Beach ground transportation](#) to pull up to the curb and saying casual, insincere goodbyes as she lazily got on board. That's all without knowing it was goodbye for good.

She's unfair, the others would say over and over. She is, I would mutter under my breath every time, every single time. Do I dare disagree with them by saying she wasn't unfair for wanting out? She had her reasons for wanting to take that [Long Beach cruise line](#) and never come back. Reasons she can't even reason out. That makes complete sense, no?

They blame The Getaway Plan for giving her the idea of sitting back, relaxing and assessing if things are a-okay. I blame her for choosing to sit back, relax and assess whilst seated in a shuttle to anywhere but here. I blame her for not having the balls to stick around even when things weren't going as planned. I blame her for not even having a plan laid out. She blames herself as well, or so she says.

She's old enough to know that a person comes back after a getaway. Ah, I'm forgetting that 'old' doesn't exactly equate to 'mature'. It's been years and she still hasn't showed signs of returning from her unauthorized sabbatical. The others wouldn't stop posting satirical open letters on their blogs. They would ask "Are you still enjoying that [LAX shuttle service](#) to who-knows-where?" "Will we ever see you alight from that [John Wayne shuttle service](#)?" "Are you alive, are you not alive?" We could only hope that our blog entries would reach her.

Each time the familiar shuttle passes by – an egg yellow one with blood red writings – we would strain our necks to check if she's inside. But each time we find ourselves fail. "Chances are..." the persistent others would insist. What can I say, we like to take chances; every single one we could.

About the Author

La Navette The Shuttle is a company offering [long beach ground transportation](#) and [long beach shuttle service](#). For more information, visit <http://www.lanavettetheshuttle.com/>

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