Bus Ride

Once again here I am sitting on this uncomfortable chair on my way home from school. I’m so anxious to get home I can almost smell the cookies my mother always bakes before dinner and, taste the appetizing food sitting on the table at home waiting for me. The scene of a boy jumping up and down is making me dizzy all over again with each jump and, the sound of someone playing Bop-It isn’t much help either. I turn my attention to the window I can see from afar that we are going to pass the cemetery we always pass right before we get on the Jacky Robinson PKWY. Even though it’s a cemetery it’s a ravishing scene full of greenery and flowers. Suddenly im snapped out of my daydream by the loud irritating sound honking. It’s going to be long ride home. Staying in one place for so long is infuriating. I lean my head against the freezing window making a frosty glaze. Trying to enjoy the peace and quiet for a few minutes I try to ignore the girls talking near me but, to be perfectly frank with you that’s very hard and, the smell of my drivers coffee is just making me hungry. The hot chocolate feels soothing as it silently slips down my throat. The strong odor of an orange is making me feel sick. I’m going to stop writing now it’s making me nauseous.