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Creative writing

A Bus Journey/A Journey I'd Like to Take

Objective: *To show the wonders and expansion of the imagination.*

Tiny bit to start: So, I was going to combine 'A journey I'd like to take' and 'Waiting for the Bus' and I can, but I kind of switched it into a journey on the bus along with a journey I'd like to take.

I walk across the sidewalk with my backpack on my back. I spot a bench for a bus stop and go sit on it, setting my bag to the side of me. After I sit down, I look around me, taking in my surroundings a little more. I love to find new pieces to the area like finding a new clue in a book I've read over and over. Looking around, I see pillars on some houses. Giant pillars, and that reminds me where I want to be going next. I close my eyes a little, Once, my eyes are closed, I imagine the beautiful country-side. Trees with beautiful leaves and rolling hills that go on for some time. A beautiful sight-

HONK!

I open my eyes and jolt upwards to see a bus in front of me. I grab my bag and walk onto the bus, then sit down. My journaling! I realize and quickly pull out my journal. The pencil is already inside. I start to write, but the inconvenient bumping of the bus makes it difficult to make even a single understandable word. Though, back then they had to use wagons, I wonder how much more difficult those would've been to write in because surely those were bumpier than the vehicles today. The bus stops and lets a person off.

"Did they have buses?" I ask myself quietly.

The bus driver looks at me in his mirror, "Sorry? Did I misunderstand you miss? We've had buses for years."

“Oh, sorry, I didn’t realize I was speaking out loud. I was thinking of when they had wagons over vehicles. Like the 1700s.” I reply to him.

“Oh okay. I wouldn’t know about that.” He doesn’t look back at me and continues looking at the road. I look out my window once again and think about my previous question. Some wagons would’ve had more transportation than others, so they could’ve had those as buses if they wanted to, but did they?

No, they didn’t. The first buses that were horse-drawn started in 1820. I’m just answering questions I already know. I want to get to my spot, my comfortable spot. The spot I know that I can just relax. One person after another gets off the bus.

Eventually, it comes to my stop and I get off as well. I walk to an open field nearby and go to the center and lie down on the grass. As I lay there, I close my eyes and imagine the rolling fields again. Then the pillars I saw earlier, they connect to this large and beautiful house. They connect to Monticello. And Jefferson, I imagine him there too, walking around his house, making sure his helpers are doing alright, and working on his own business. He’s here as well. I open my eyes and turn my head to see Jefferson there by my side, an imagination of course, but I can pretend it’s real. He looks at me, and I feel the warmth of kindness in his eyes. Jefferson smiles, then looks up at the sky. I turn my body to face him, then when he knows I’m ready, he begins to talk. He talks about Monticello and how he designed it. How he felt during the Revolutionary War, and I feel pulled into the past. A time that is not my own, Jefferson looks to the right and waves his hand a little, Monticello appears in front of us as he stands and helps me to stand as well.

“Would you like to see?” He says, and I answer with a yes.

He takes me around Monticello to see all the sights: the bedrooms, the study, the tea room, he shows it all.

Then after we're out it disappears as if it's never been there. He looks to me before I go.

"Washington will be here next when you return. Just as I was."

I smile and nod. "Thank you."

"I'll see you again soon," is the last thing he says before he disappears.

I stand there for a moment. Then walk back to the bus stop. The bus arrives, just as I do and it's the same driver from before.

"Did something happen miss? You're smiling widely." he asks with curiosity.

"Something magical. Far in the past," is all I say, then get on the bus for the ride home.