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Waiting For the Bus

Waiting for the bus I sit on the bench alone. Seeing all the people walking by in a hurry. I sit and flip through the pages in my book. I stop on a few words' "childhood best friend" and I start to remember him.

I remember every summer day Dominic and I used to race to the stop and wait for the bus on the same bench. While waiting we would always debate who won. Once the bus was here, we would jump the big gap between the bus and the sidewalk, we would greet the bus driver and Dominic and I would play rock paper scissors. We would play until we got to the stop near the park. At the park we would feed the ducks and eat ice cream. At 3 o'clock we would wait for bus 135 to take us back to the same bench. We would do this every day until Dominic stopped meeting me at the bench. I was later told that Dominic moved. I felt my life was going to rip apart. For the rest of the summer I sat at the bench waiting for his return, and every summer after that I have been waiting for him at the bench. I sat waiting while the years pass by.

I hear the bus coming I get up and get on bus 135 and sit all the way in the back where Dominic and I used to sit. I reach into my bag to grab my book. At once I realize I have left my book on the bench. It was too late to go back; the bus was already driving away. Tears come down my cheeks because it was the only thing I had from Dominic. As I wipe my tears, I get an unknown phone call from a guy saying he has my book. Once I get on the bus, I wait desperately and wondering who this person is. I get off the bus, I look around to find the

person. I call back to make sure he is here; he doesn't answer. As I hung up, I feel a warming gentle pat on my shoulder. As I turn around, tears start to shed as I meet the guy from my past, my best friend. This bus stop brought me my best memories and best friend back.