

Daylight Bus to School

by

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The first time I took public transportation was both scary and exciting at the same time. I was in third grade, and I was going to Lenicia B. Weemes Elementary. My family and I were staying with my uncle Robert in China Town in California. It was a Sunday, and my mom and dad told me that I was going to catch the bus by myself. I was excited because I wanted to brag to my friends that I caught the bus all by myself. I was also nervous because I kept thinking that I was going to get lost. Before this, I used to always catch the bus with either my mom or my dad. They would always be with me, so I knew my way to school. The fact that I would be going alone is what I was really thinking about. That night I was having trouble sleeping because I kept thinking about getting lost. The thought of me getting lost was really on my mind so much that I was deciding to play sick just so I would not have to go to school. I was so anxious that I just wanted to get through the day and go home. That Monday morning I got dressed, and my mom kept on saying, "Make sure you pay attention and sit in front of the bus." I left my house around 6:30 and headed to the bus stop. The bus came within fifteen minutes, and I paid my fare and sat right behind the driver. I was so nervous that all I was thinking about was the bus taking me so far that I would never know how to get back home. We came upon a group of people that were waiting for the bus, and this man who tried to evade paying bus fare started cursing at the bus driver. I was so scared that I closed my eyes and prayed that I could just hurry up and get to school. The man yelled for about five minutes before he got off the bus and the bus began to leave. After he left the bus, I was thinking that I passed my stop, and I feared that I would never see my parents again. I looked out the window and realized that I did not pass my stop. I was actually two

stops away from mine. I paid close attention to the stops to make sure that I got off at the right one.

When my stop came, I got off the bus and saw kids going toward the school. I knew I had made it so I just ran to the school. I actually ran to my classroom and forgot to eat breakfast. My teacher Ms.

Tamera was in the class and I told her how I caught the bus all by myself. She said that she was proud of me. At lunch time I bragged to the other kids that I caught the bus all by myself. I felt like I had just won the NBA championship. Some of the kids were asking me, "Were you scared?" I told them "No" but deep down inside I knew I was terrified. When I got home my mom hugged me and said that she was happy that I made it safe. From that day on, I always traveled to school by myself. It got better the second day because I was not so scared anymore. After that day I thought of myself as a brave little boy because I did something that was really scary.