

# Crowded bus

[Art & Culture](#), [Comedy](#)



As soon as the school bell rang, everyone stood up before the teacher could finish her sentence. The class had sprinted out of the room.

The students ran to the bus stop like in a competition. I walked in a fast pace and got near the end of the line. When the first school bus arrived, the students on the side not lining up hurried to the bus line, pushed and jumped the queue.

They had managed to squeeze in the line to hide themselves from the teacher. Now I was at the end, shivering under the harsh winter winds. I felt furious at those people who could board the bus without waiting in line. Another ten minutes passed – it felt like an hour – and the bus finally arrived! We boarded the bus, hurrying to seek shelter from the blistering cold. With eyes sharp like a hawk, I hunted for a seat, but I had no luck. Instead, I held on to the support straps, trying to balance myself like a tightrope walker as the bus swayed this way and that way. The bus was a cacophony of conversations and laughter – I could barely hear my music on full volume! A group of Year Nine girls almost pushed me over as they were joking around, but they were too engrossed in their chit-chat like pubescent monkeys to notice.

The boys at the back of the bus were continuously screaming and swearing at the top of their voices. Just as I was about to explode from the chaos, the bus finally arrived at the station. I jumped off the bus eagerly, escaping from the zoo of noisy students. I took a deep breath.

.. It was time to sprint for the train.