

**Michelle Tam 5A (10)**

A Day of a Bus Stop Sign

No one really thinks what goes on in the head of a bus stop sign. Well, no one really thinks that a bus stop sign even has a consciousness. It's an inanimate object after all, no brains, no movements, nothing. But here I am, a bus stop sign watching the first batch of people go on the first bus of the day. That's what I do all day long, watch. It may sound sad but trust me when I say it isn't. it's fascinating.

The first bus of the day, 3 am. There isn't much to see in this time of day. Some people would be coming off the bus from their late night shift. I feel bad for them, they always look so moody and miserable. I hope they're okay. Other from the night workers, there would be occasional drunkard who parties all night long, they look just as bad as the workers. More would appear on Friday night and weekends. I call this hour the depressing hour, I think you would know why. It's isn't my favourite time of the day, in fact it's my least favourite. There was one night where this lady came to the bus stop, she didn't seem to be waiting for a bus but she was crying. About what? I don't know, it was the very first time and the last time I saw her...

As a bus stop sign, all I do is watch. I've seen sadness. I've seen happiness, and I've seen all the other emotions. It's hard to believe that I've observed many things, but you'll be surprised on how much of people's lives is surrounding this bus stop.

6 am, time for the adults to go to work. This isn't the most exciting time of the day. Though it's funny to see when some people missed the bus and try to run after it. Oh! And there goes Mr. Smith again, he always misses the bus and tries to run after. Makes me wonder how he isn't fired from his job yet from the amount of times he'd had been late. Now he has to wait for fifteen minutes for the

next one.

Ah, my favorite time of the day has come. It's now the children's turn to catch the bus. Why is this my favorite time of the day, you may ask? Because it's always so delightful to tune into these precious and innocent children's lives, their thought processes and the way they view the world is so magical and heartwarming. It warms my heart. Er---mental health.... It warms me up. Bus stop signs don't have hearts. Just watching them running around with their friends and saying the cutest goodbye's to their parents before going on the bus brightens up my day.

I've been standing here for a very long time and will be here for many more years to come. But I will never get bored watching these lovely humans live their life, even if it's just from a bus stop stand. There has been many memories here, and many more to be made. I cherish those moments even though I am not in these people's lives. I remember the very first time I saw Peter, he was just an infant, a small being of cuteness. But now, he's a big boy going on the bus to school. He's my favorite person to watch, always so optimistic and happy. He's rarely seen sad or mad, but when he is, I feel sad as well. I know this boy will do great things in the future.

Students are coming down from the bus, which means it 4 pm. School is over. My second favorite time of the day. There's something so heartwarming about seeing kids run from the bus and into the arms of their loving mother or father and telling them all the exciting things they've learnt or did at school. Of course, there would be those kids who just whines and complains on how awful school was, but even so, watching them makes me smile.

From this hour the day passes by real slow, there wasn't much to see. From time to time, some teenagers would just hang around and talk. But I never really understand what they are saying. When no one is around, I would just think to myself. There is only one that I dislike about being a bus stop sign. No, it isn't that I get bored easily and no, it isn't because I don't have the capability to

move nor talk. It's how I would stay here for years and years while the humans wear off... it is a sad thought. While it's fun to watch little Peter's life as he grows, but the thought of him not showing up to the bus stop scares me, it saddens me. I have seen people go, it isn't a nice feeling. But hey, death is inevitable. It comes one way or another and I'll have to deal with that whether I like it or not.

Now comes the final bus of the day, the surroundings is dark and quiet. The only light source is the moon and the light right next to me. I wonder what the light post is thinking. Strangely enough, I also like this hour of day. The breeze that flows through the air and the soft whispers if it is calming in a way. The people coming off the bus at this time is not like the other people seen throughout the day. They looked relieved. A smile planted on their faces. I never understood why, they never talk. And I'm okay with that, there doesn't need to be any explanation to smile.

That concludes my day, the lights goes off and the time to sleep wash over the people living in this city... Until the next day, when it will start all over again.