

Another Ordinary Day (653 words)

Imagine finding it at the bus stop. Something people search for their whole lives. Something people hope and dream they will find some day. Something so special that it can be found anywhere, at any time, even on the bench while you wait for the YRT.

February 7th, 2019. It felt like any other winter day in Canada. It was cold, even my three layers of “100% cotton” couldn’t keep me warm. I liked taking the bus. My friends always said it was full of strangers and people who smell weird but I found it interesting. The thing about the bus is you never know anyone’s story. You don’t know why they’re there or where they’re going on that particular day, at that particular time, getting off at that particular stop. I always liked to watch and invent stories for them. The guy in the black suit with the fancy briefcase, glancing at his silver watch every 2 minutes...his limo broke down today and now he’s late for his meeting. The lady with the thin jacket and undone shoelaces...she has four kids at home and she’s just trying to get to work to make ends meet. And the older woman who always says “hello” to everyone who comes on the bus...she’s on her way to see her grandchildren for dinner today. Those were just from yesterday though. Today there will be new people with new stories to create.

The bench was freezing that day. I could feel the frigid metal right through my *Nike* leggings, but if I gave up my spot now, who knows how long I would have to stand and wait. This was a daily routine for me. I was only 16 at the time but I worked everyday from 5-9 at the local restaurant a few blocks away, so I knew the bus route well. Most of the time I kept to myself. I was the girl who would just stare out the window

instead of engaging in conversation. I always sat in the same row, in the same seat, because for some reason, it was always empty. This day was going to be no different.

I sat wondering if the bus would arrive at 4:07 or 4:08 this time. That's when I felt it. I felt the change in pressure on the bench beneath me, the slight brush of air against my arm. In that moment, I felt like a character in a movie as I turned my head, my hair swiftly flipping to one side. There he was, sitting next to me, as if it was nothing. He looked my age, brown hair, hazel eyes, with a red unzipped sweater. I turned back to the road as quickly as I had turned the first time. Everything froze then. Who was he? Did he not see me sitting here? Everything hit me at once. All of a sudden I couldn't feel my heart beating in my chest, I couldn't feel the wind on my face as each car zoomed past the sidewalk, I couldn't feel the cold bench anymore. I don't know how long I sat there for but reality caught up when I felt a tap on my shoulder. "Hey girl are you getting on?". It was him. The bus had pulled up and it was waiting for me. The only thing I could say was "oh...m-me? Yes, yes. I'm coming".

That was 11 years ago. Today, February 7th, 2030, the boy from the bus stop became my husband. William R. Maisly. I met the love of my life in a matter of seconds. I remember the day we met like it was yesterday. It was just another ordinary day...until it wasn't.

People look for love everywhere; on apps, at school, at the house next door but imagine finding it on a bench. Imagine finding it at the bus stop.