

## Two minutes at the bus stop

I sat at the bus stop, daydreaming, as I pictured walking through the gates, on this fine day. The time on my new leather strapped watch read 07:52, and the morning was warm, with a shimmering blanket of light dancing across the meadows around me. My new black school shoes were polished, the laces tied tightly into a neat bow. I breathed a sigh of utter delight as I gazed into the distance- at the tumbling hills and vast blue sea that lay lazily upon the horizon, an iridescent treasure of nature.

The minutes that I spent sitting upon that battered seat were ones that I would certainly cherish for the entirety of my life. The morning was almost silent, with the only noise to be heard being the whisper of swaying trees, with verdant leaves hanging upon the branches, like elegant stained-glass ornaments, and the soft, content chirping of red chested robins and small brown sparrows.

I looked up to my left, past the immense, gnarled oak trees. A gaggle of geese soared through the blue, one body of teamwork and togetherness, working to fly further.

In the field ahead of me, a blossoming yellow sunflower towered towards the skies, growing strongly, nurtured by the gentle hands of kindness, care, and encouragement, soon to unlock a full, wondrous potential.

A small pond sat just beside the bus stop, a blissful place that I visited often to observe the splendour of nature. A group of ducklings waddled quickly to the waterside and ruffled their soft feathers before splashing noisily into the pond. Each duckling had a friend, someone to swim through the water with. A friend to rely on. Many joined the group and fitted in and despite their differences, they all were one.

There was a single road that led to where I sat, a meandering path of endless opportunities. The road had some potholes and dips, but with determination, resilience and guidance, cars and animals continued past on the winding road of success.

A large school bus came trundling slowly up the hill towards me. I tied my hair back and checked my watch once more. It read 7:54. So much can be noticed within a couple of minutes, if you take the time to look.

I breathed nervously, grinned, and stepped onto the school bus.

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