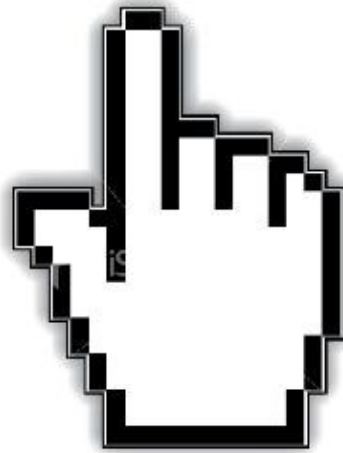


bus drive

# bus drive

By : kasum

thoughts brought together to tell a story.



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## bus drive

She was walking with her barefoot knowing every single step she had to take, she was going to feel pain not because she wanted too but she had too, i could feel the heat from the sun because i had chosen to sit on the left window of the first row in the yellow and black caravan bus to gain more advantage in ventilation for the eleven seater had to fit fifteen passengers of different size . i did not want to imagine the amount of pain she was going through but yet you couldnt stop to notice her smile, she opened her mouth so wide you could see her premature brown teeth. the blue and white flower patterned gown she wore looked like it had been washed in coffee water, her skin was dark and her cornrowed platted hair was filled with specs of dirt showing you how long she had been under the sun. a woman in the third row hissed in disgust i could not figure either if it was because of the heat in the bus or the stardnant traffic, akoba o ni je ti yin " trouble will not come your way" she said in her fulani accent as she moved from one car window to another. a hand stuck ten naira note towards her face and her hands immediately jumped out her sides and reached for the note making her next mission the bus in which i sat in. i began to notice beads of sweat all over her face and i felt pity not because of what she was going through but because i had no note to spare.as she walked towards my window not being aware of how long i have been watching her, she looked straight into my eyes and repeated the same line she had been uttering all day akoba o ni je ti yin and i saw what was declared wanted in the hearts of many for so long. HOPE. i couldnt tell if it was hope of yeanning to get a note from me or hope to eat dinner that evening or just hope that one day she would be off the streets. hope you see in the eyes of a mother when she looks at her baby knowing one day he will become something special. hope missing in the eyes of a soon to be graduate asking himself whats my next step. hope in the hearts of people in a country where they are being exploited in the open, lied too in the media and left to strive in poverty. i began to imagine her eyes and what she was going through, on bo le " every one get down" the bus conductor screamed in his croaked voice.

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