

Abi Simpson and Frankie Tuersley

“Bus Love”

She looked over at him, tying his shoe laces on the chewing-gum-crusting back seat of the 11 bus. The rain pelted down on the dirty windows and the boy zipped up his jacket as if preparing for the attack of the gale running riot outside. She turned away; not wanting to be obvious about her infatuation with the striking, foreign boy who she saw every day and yet could not bring herself to talk to. She remembered the first time she saw him, like a knight in shining shimmering armour... his dark eyes penetrating into her thoughts... for a split second she feared he could read her mind. A legend in her mind, she dreamt of the day he would recognize her place on the earth. Suddenly she snapped out of the trance. He stood up before sidling down the bus alleyway, trousers hanging loosely, pretending to be oblivious to the awe-struck stares of the young girls giggling and watching him. The beautiful boy reached the top of the stairs. He stood, looking out the window waiting for the bus to pull to a halt, as if observing his kingdom. She watched him with quiet admiration, when suddenly —

BANG BANG BANG. His head dropped and everyone gasped, faces forlorn and shocked as he tumbled down the suddenly ominous bus stairs, renowned for having sharp jagged edges. She leapt to her feet, and hurtled down the stairs, to his side, throwing caution to the wind. Shock filled her bones as she saw his unconscious body lying in a beautiful heap at the foot of the danger zone. Her world had been turned upside down...her one love was dead! In a moment of what could only be described as heartbroken madness, she smashed a window with her fist and broke down in tears of pain and anger. She wept for the boy she had planned a life with, when suddenly, as if by magic, his hand twitched and she was thrown out of the haze as he opened his eyes. As if everything had been thrust into fast forward, life started moving again. She grabbed his feeble hand and whispered “everything is going to be alright.” Within minutes the ambulance arrived, panicked voices echoing in every direction... and she still she felt like it was her and him against the world. She glanced at her scarred, blood-stained hand, and knew she would never forget him.

They were at the hospital in seconds and in a blur they charged down the hospital ward, the boy constantly slipping in and out of consciousness. The doctors were concerned; it turned out they couldn't contact his parents... he was living with his brothers. She was stunned that such a perfect boy could have such a flawed life. The doctor needed to collect the medication, he informed her to “try and keep him awake.” She spoke urgently but kindly to him but it was not enough. As the boy slipped out of consciousness for the final time, he whispered a dry goodbye, and closed his eyes with a deep, regretful sigh.

It was a crash that broke the silence, the crash of the heavy hospital doorways which looked like they hadn't been re-painted in years. A tall, broad boy, verging on manhood, stumbled breathlessly through the halls, an unstoppable tear rolling down his leathered face. “That's my brother. That's my baby brother” he whimpered, in a thick European accent, tinged with despair and pain. He ran at the boy, grabbing his shoulders, shaking him desperately, yet

slowly losing hope. He gave up, weakening, and, shoulders shaking with grief, held the boy close, frantically trying to warm him up. He fell to his heavily to his knees and let out a deafening cry of distress, sobbing into his hands. "I'm so sorry" said the doctor, "he has passed away... he's been in a coma for the past 10 minutes, it's rare to survive such a brutal injury. Such a severe break in the neck, I doubt the strongest man could survive." She felt her legs shake beneath her, distraught with sorrow and fumbled around in her pockets for a cigarette. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw his school bag strewn messily across the floor. It was a devastating sight, realizing he'd never hold that bag again. But in weak, tempting curiosity, she gently picked it up and dug quietly through the contents. She spotted a crumpled wad of photographs. She picked them up, planning to give them to his brother as a memory, or comfort. However, as she unfolded the stained pieces of paper, she realized.

They were of her. Her gleaming hair and smiling face looked up at her from the photographs, and she dropped them in shock and confusion. Had he been even more obsessed with her than she had been with him? She stood back up, and trudged heavily back to the bed where what can only be described as an angel, had taken his last breath. "We will be together one day..." she murmured, "one day, my love."