

# Bus Angels

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*HAHAHA...the corniest story ever. Oh well, i wrote it in 5th grade. It's kinda cute.*

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# 1 - Bus Angels

One chilly afternoon, a small and petite girl sat at her desk in her room. Her name was Maria. She was an 11 year old city girl.

Her mom walked in just as she was pulling out her homework. “Hey Ma.” Said Maria, not even looking up. “Maria” started her mom “Your father and I must go away for the weekend. We need you go to your grandmother’s house. It’s just temporary.”

Maria froze; “Sure Mama” she said—not so sure.

But in her mind she was thinking: you have to be kidding me! No...please no. Though Maria could never say that aloud, she dreaded going to her grandmother’s house—it was so dull and boring.

“I’ll give you six dollars...” tempted her mom. Maria’s mother was great at bribing. Maria grinned. Her mom rolled her eyes, “you know you aren’t supposed to buy candy and treats with that money!” she said. “Hey! Who said I was gonna?” laughed Maria.

Maria got up, kissed her mom on the cheek, took the money, and skipped out the door and down the stairs.

Her grandma lived across town. Maria needed to use some sort of transportation. Finally, she got to a bus stop where a bus was waiting. She got on the bus and it pulled away from the stop.

It was very dark and damp. She sat down. In the dim light, her blond hair looked brown and her light green eyes were dark.

The people on the bus seemed crazy. They had rotten teeth and smelled bad; their hair was also a total mess. Maria closed her eyes and fell asleep.

While she was sleeping, she dreamed she was flying. She had no wings, yet she was soaring like a bird. When she woke up she thought she was still sleeping, there was a gorgeous, young, female bus driver. She had sparkling brown eyes and her long brown hair fell in ringlets over her shoulder. Her perfect bronze colored skin had a brilliant complexion. She smiled at Maria with an amazing row of bright white teeth.

Maria looked around, she gasped: the other people were beautiful, all dressed in loose white clothing. Their smiles made Maria feel comfortable. She looked out the window. Her eyes widened.

She saw clouds. “I thought I got on a bus, not a plane” exclaimed Maria. “This is a bus, Maria.” A voice

from behind her replied in a friendly voice. "Who are you? How do you know my name?" asked Maria, who was shocked.

"We know all about you, everything you do, we always see it." Someone else said. "Are you spies?" Maria asked. "No Maria, we are your angels." Said the bus driver. "Does that mean I'm in heaven now?" wondered Maria. As if to read her mind...the driver replied: "not necessarily."

"Huh?" Maria asked with a little confusion in her voice. "You see" began the bus driver "Right now, we are taking you to your grandmother's house. When we get there, you will see us as you saw us when you first got on the bus. So do not be scared when you don't see us as we are now.

Soon she was talking with them and she learned their names: Ella, Antonio, Jamie, Anabelle, Fred, and Carina. Maria never wanted to get off the bus, for it was far more exiting than her extremely dull grandma's house.

She began to feel tired. Maria closed her eyes and fell asleep again. This time she dreamed she was landing safely and she walked carefully to her grandma's house safely and—

She opened her eyes...the bus was dark. She looked around, the angels were right, they no longer appeared as angels.

It was Maria's stop. She got off. She walked safely to her grandmother's house.

"Hola Abuela" Maria said. "Welcome my Maria" her grandmother said.

Later that night, Maria looked up at the sky, with the beautiful stars. The stars reminded her of the angels. "Thank you guys." She whispered and she went to sleep.