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by Nikki Cook

Only sounds of people breathing could be heard on the bus. No one was making a noise, for the school bully, Obart "The Ox" Winchester was on the prowl. Anyone who made a false move would more than likely be terminated by this Incredible Hulk. When Georgie came onto the bus, everything became dismal because he was the number one enemy of "The Ox." Georgie didn’t know that Ox was in a bad mood, and frankly, I don’t think he gave a damn. However, Georgie surprised us all today, for he didn’t make even one of his snide remarks directed towards Ox. He sat down quietly in his seat and looked straight ahead.

We knew something had to be up because never in all the years we have gone to school together had Georgie and Ox not gotten into some quarrel over something trivial. Our questions were answered when, from the back of the bus, this huge wad of soggy paper came flying over our heads and hit Georgie right in the middle of his head, as if he had a bull’s eye shaved in his hair. A bellowing laugh was heard by all. Ox had thrown that wad of paper. To everyone’s surprise, Georgie did not retaliate. He just sat there, not making a move, as if paralyzed by the blow to the head.

Little did we know that while everyone else was hunched over in his seat for fear that he would be Ox’s next victim, Georgie was making his own ammunition. After a few minutes of anticipated worrying, and no more paper attacks, there was a calm about the bus again. Everything seemed to have returned to the stage in which
everyone was afraid to talk or to move, since their avenger was not answering the attack.

Suddenly out of nowhere, a storm of paper came flying through the air, aimed directly at the Ox. The rest of the passengers got into the action, as Georgie pronounced loudly, "PAPER FIGHT!" Paper was flying all over the bus. Most of the action was focused at Ox. He dodged paper left and right, rarely getting hit, for Ox was not only strong, but also very quick.

I decided to stay out of the action, though, because I was too busy trying to defend myself from being hit by the paper. Nevertheless, I did manage to get one shot in. The wad of paper I threw was saturated with water from the puddle formed on the floor from wet galoshes, but it was the only one I could reach because I was crouched in between the seat and I was stuck. So I threw the yucky piece of paper. And wouldn’t you know it, I hit the one, the only, Obart "The Ox" Winchester. And it was not just a minor hit, that wouldn’t have bothered him, but it whacked him in the face. Ox thundered out an ear-piercing yell that silenced the whole bus. Even the paper throwing stopped. "Who was the shithead that threw that piece of paper!" Of course nobody answered knowing they would get the crap beaten out of them. For some reason, Ox knew right where to come.

He walked down the aisle, in the direction of my seat. I was quivering so much, I think I was shaking the whole bus. Everyone could tell what was going to happen next. I was going to go to heaven at an early age. Ox stopped right in front of me. Then, with an abrupt turn of his body, he glanced at me with one of the meanest faces in the whole world. That alone made me want to start crying. Ox just stood there for a moment and then let go of this enormous roar that sent the whole bus flying under their seats. Ox then continued to psych me out with all his roaring and mean faces. And let me tell you, it was working.

Just when I thought the worst was over, Ox clenched his fist and wound up for the knock-out punch. From that moment on,
everything came at me in slow motion. The first punch advanced at me with such fury it looked as if his fist was covered with fire. Without even thinking, I ducked. I don’t know where that impulse came from but I’m glad it came. Ox then broke through my window and shattered it into a 1,000 piece jigsaw puzzle.

The bus driver slammed on the brakes. Don’t ask me where she was while all this was going on. She came barreling back to my seat. "What in the HELL is going on back here?" she questioned. Ox just lay there huddled into a little ball, whimpering like a lost puppy. I just sat there, amazed at myself because I am the only person ever to survive one of Ox’s bashings without a mark on me. Normally, the person Ox beats on is the one that ends as Ox did. The rest of the bus was cheering, for nobody had ever seen Ox cry, and probably never would again. For them, this was an historic occasion. One of Ox’s victims finally became the victor. That’s me... Tommy Tucker!