

Amazing bus

On Friday, from the headquarters of my company located in the city of Wroclaw, came the news that on Monday I had to attend a conference. My wife when she learned that I had to go to Wroclaw gave me a large amount of money to buy a washing machine, refrigerator and microwave oven.

“You know which models: the ones we chose a week ago.”

On Monday, early in the morning, with a pocket full of money, I boarded the bus to Wroclaw. The driver, a powerfully built man, with a good-natured face took my 10 zlotys and gave me a ticket. I sat next to an older lady and soon fell asleep. I woke up right on time, as we arrived close to the main station. I was preparing to get out from the bus, but strangely, the bus did not stop!

“Driver, why did you not stop at the station?” I asked.

“This bus is not stopping, it just keeps going only,” the driver laughed.

“What are you talking about? I paid for a trip to Wroclaw, so you should have stop bus at the station in Wroclaw! Is it a joke?”

“Sir, this is not a joke; the bus will stop where I want.”

I looked at the passengers. They all nodded their heads in confirmation: four men, three women and seven children.

“Not one of you wants to get out in Wroclaw?” I asked.

But I received no answer.

“Where will this bus stop?”

264

“I am telling you again that this bus is not stopping at the stations;

it will stop where I want” said the driver again with cold voice.

“People, the driver is crazy and we have to restrain him!”

No answer again.

“And what is wrong with sitting on the bus?” the driver asked.

“I am going to work, more specifically, to an important conference.”

“Why do you prefer sitting and hearing stupid speeches of your superiors? It is much better to drive and to enjoy the view from the bus.”

“But work is work. It is my responsibility to feed my family. I am not on vacation!”

“Jesus said...to be as roadside flowers; they do not work, but they look pretty!” the driver smiled.

“And what, are you an apostle?”

“Yes, I am Saint Peter!”

The passengers laughed. After this statement I realized that driver was mentally ill, so I sat resignedly back in my seat. Without the help of the passengers I had no chance to overpower the strong driver. It looked to me that they were used to this crazy situation. We drove past wooded

hills. The passengers were admiring the view and were looking very happy. I saw mountains long time ago; I never had time for a tourist trip, so I started watching with curiosity the nice mountain scenery.

“Sit quietly, hold your nerves, admire the view. It is rare occasion. After all, the bus has to stop somewhere and sometime!” I thought to myself.

And I was right. The driver stopped the bus in a clearing near a group of pretty rocks.

“Break for lunch!” shouted the driver.

It turned out that the bus lockers were full of food, cooking pots and a stove with a gas cylinder. So it was a picnic in the forest. In addition to the food were stored mineral water and beer. The children scattered around the area while the adults sat down to eat and drink. No one tried to escape. I turned to one of the men.

“Let’s run away!”

“Sir, who knows where we are, so how can we run away? We will get lost in the forest and mountains,” he said and started to eat with an appetite.

265

So I turned to another man.

“Let’s run away!”

“Run for what reason? Sir, I had no vacation in several years, and now I have a wonderful vacation!”

The food was delicious; the dessert was chocolate and ice cream.

Once upon a time I ate so well.

“It is a time for the collection of money, 50 zlotys from each person, of course it is voluntary collection!” informed the driver.

Amazingly everyone, without objection, threw money into the driver’s hat. I did too. As the trip continued on, the passengers without money were asked to leave the bus. In their place came new passengers.

One of the men spread his hands helplessly, “I do not have money.”

“I will drop you at the nearest station.”

“And how I will travel home?”

“It is not my business. Anyway, you are adult not child, you can make it! Unfortunately all good things come to the end.”

So we drove further. After the mountain landscape we saw flat areas and we admired the view of the lakes and forests. The man without a money got out at the nearest bus stop.

“Goodbye!”

“Goodbye!” the driver answered.

Both had tears in their eyes, and all the passengers waved a hearty farewell. He stood helpless, lost, and finally made a few steps forward

the deporting bus, as if to chase it. We drove on. The driver chose attractive tourist areas, they were something to admire. I, with time, got a “deputy driver” position. I got used to the new situation forgetting about buying a washing machine, refrigerator and microwave stove. I mentally rested, got sunburned and gained weight. Fortunately, I took with me large money, so I was able to travel a few months. I even had an innocent romance with one of the women. But one day my travel ended too; I finally ran out of money. For my merit, the driver dropped me close to my home in Wroclaw. When I arrived home, my wife fainted. She thought I was dead!

The police had started an investigation, and questioned me. Where had I been so long? Invariably I replied that I did not remember. Therefore, psychiatrists began examine me for a few weeks, but did not find any disease. After a few weeks things had calmed down. With reluctance I returned to work at my company.

This amazing, unusual bus, I remember with pleasure to today, even if it passed 40 years.