

The voice of appreciation.

I spend all day driving a bus around the city. Today, I was making my usual rounds when some unusual characters happened to need my services. Early in the morning was a very tall thin man wearing a suit and tie carrying an even taller wider instrument. As he strutted his way on, I asked him what kind of instrument it was, but he just gestured to the hearing aid in his ear. I decided to leave him be and changed my question with a how do you do? To which he tipped his classy black hat. A little afternoon was a boxy and bulky young man wearing a sports jersey. He had a layer of earth and grass all over his body and smelled like it too! I welcomed him cheerfully, but he had given no response. I thought to myself quietly cursing this new generation and their lack of manners before realizing he had been listening to music and probably didn't even hear me. The last passenger I had was a woman and her young daughter who had sneaked on. It had already gotten very late, and I was nearing the end of my rounds when they hopped aboard. I asked the woman where she was headed out of concern, but she didn't say anything to me. I guess I may have spooked her. I decided it best not to pry or make the woman feel uncomfortable. When I dropped them off at the last stop, they seemed to be on their way to a 24/7 grocery store. Before they had completely exited the woman's young daughter turned towards me. "Thank you, Mr. Bus driver."

"You are very welcome. Y'all stay safe," I replied.