

# Significant Things

*by* Natasha Whyte

Eastgate Terminal, Platform 3. I wonder how many times I've read that this year. 5:31, what the fuck. I feel like I've been waiting here for hours and this bag is fucking heavy. I hate holding this bag- I bet people think I'm an alcoholic who beats his kid or some shit. When will this effing bus be on time for — is that the 56? I should get my eyes checked. That looks like a 5, could be an 8. Nice, finally. I've never seen a bus drive so slow. I would make a terrible bus driver- everyone would miss my bus cause I'd be exactly on time all the time and everyone wouldn't expect it because it'd be so goddamn unusual. "This is a Kneeling Bus." They're all kneeling buses, why do they even have to say that? Almost every person gets off in the front now when it says it even says right on the bus to please move to the back and exit from the rear side doors. I hate having to wait for them because they're shitty at reading.

Why isn't anyone boarding? Oh, it's a wheelchair. I think I'm a bad person because I don't like waiting and the people on the bus with Down syndrome freak me out. Even though I know they're okay inside their heads I just can't see past the drool. I've had about enough drool for a goddamn. 5:33, how effing long does it take to lower a goddamn ramp? It's hot as balls out here. His mother, I wonder if that is his mother, just looks, so unhappy. I feel bad for her, worse than for him. I'm going to call him David. Nod at him. Sup, Dave. In this one he lost. Goliath wins. Sorry, Israel, your hero has Down syndrome.

Ah, nice and cool. Taken, taken, taken, taken, ah, an empty one beside a bum, stand. No one has any respect anymore. This bus driver better leave right away, 5:35. Dude, accelerate much? Moving, at least, at last.

"Next stop, Centennial at Queenston."

I hate this corner, there's always an accident. Maybe that's why the bus was late, 5:42. Wait, what? No, that's 37, idiot. Learn how to read a fucking watch. Some old dude got hit here again, I bet. Why

---

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/natasha-whyte/significant-things>»*

Copyright © 2013 Natasha Whyte. All rights reserved.

did they put all these nursing homes on a highway? Stupid urban planners, I could do way better. No one ever even gets on here; we should just turn left instead of loop around the entire parking lot. Damn, lady, what kind of nasty shit you got in that bag? Stop hitting my leg with your dirty, old lady diapers. I hate standing when I can only use one arm, I guess I could put this down... nope that creepy fuck is staring. Wonder where the fuck he's going. I bet he lives in Adventure Village under the minigolf course or some shit like that. I'd live there if I was homeless. If he gets off at Lakeland I'm not going to be happy. No more pool for Chad. I'm out, bro.

"Next stop, Centennial at Delawana."

Ugh, this lady reeks. Move back, just move back. Maybe if you give her a dirty enough look she'll stop staring at you and move away. That's better, man getting old looks shitty. Hah, dude, I'm so fucking clever.

Seriously? He's getting off after two stops? No wonder he's so fucking fat, the lazy piece of shit. He couldn't wait till he got home to open those? Jesus, dude. He probably has to take the bus because it'd take him all day to waddle home on those stumpy legs and then he'd have to leave again when he got there. Man, I'm glad I'm not fat. Julie needs to get her shit together and lose some weight A.S.A.P.

"Next stop, Centennial at Violet."

Who the hell needs two license plate covers down here? That's not even that good of a deal. Someday, I'm going to catch that fucking bastard, and rip his goddamn head off. Fuck you, Part Source. I don't care about your damn disclaimers, this one was on you.

I wonder who recorded the voice overs for the HSR, 5:39. I bet she got paid a nice stack of bills for that. Her voice is so fucking annoying though; I don't want to listen to that shit all day. I wish it were like, a different voice on every bus, or just the bus driver. I'm tired of listening to her mechanical-bull-shit. Actually, no. Not the bus driver. Some of them should just not open their mouths- fucking nasty ass teeth.

“Next stop, Centennial at Barton.”

5:41, it's like a goddamn icebox in here, can we turn the fucking AC down? Chad wants to keep his toes for fuck's sake. It's August, I shouldn't need to bring a mother-fucking blanket. 5:41, no new notifications.

“Next stop, Centennial opposite Arrowsmith.”

5:42, where's my iPod? How the hell did I forget to put that shit on? There is nothing amusing about this shitty bus ride without some tunes. Shit, battery is almost dead. A...Aaron Carter... Abba... B... Backstreet Boys... Basshunter... fuck yeah. I don't even feel bad with both headphones in, it's pretty boring up in here.

“Now you're gone, I realized my love for you was strong, and I miss you here now you're gone. I keep waiting here by the phone, with your pictures hanging on the wall. Now you're gone, I realized my love for you was strong, and I miss you here now you're gone. I keep waiting here by the phone, with your pictures hanging on the wall. Is this the way it's meant to be? Only dreaming that you're missing me. I'm waiting here at home, I'll be crazy now you're gone. There's an empty”

“Next stop, Centennial opposite Goderich.”

“My Anna it will break apart. It won't heal, it never fades away, I'll be thinking 'bout you every day. Are you ready? Now you're gone. I realized my love for you was strong, and I miss you here now you're gone. I keep waiting here by the phone, with your pictures hanging on the wall. Is this the way it's meant to be? Only dreaming that you're missing me. I'm waiting here at home, I'll be crazy now you're gone. Now you're gone, I realized my love for you was strong, and I miss you here now you're gone. I keep waiting here by the phone, with your pictures hanging on the wall. Is this the way it's meant to be? Only dreaming that you're missing me. And I'm waiting here at home, I'll be crazy now you're gone. There's an empty place”

“Next stop, WalMart.”

“Won't alarm me, it will break apart. It won't heal, it never fades away,”

Shit, iPod's dead. Now what? This stop is the worst. Everyone gets off and a new crew of dicks get on. This is the worst WalMart in the Hammer, it's all full of greased up factory workers getting McDicks on their lunch break.

"Next stop, Van Wagner's Beach." 5:48

What does that say over her tits, they stretch the words out all nice and good, yeah. Hamilton Strip... oh shit, girl! No wonder she's so damn fine. I gotta get Trent on board and head there tomorrow. Free lunch buffet, bitches. Oh fuck, not right now. I thought I had this shit under control, hope she doesn't see it. Nah, dude, it's hidden behind the stroller. You're good. Goddamnit dude, get your shit together and think about anything other than tits.

"Next stop, Wild Waterworks Loop."

Shit. Just, don't picture all those girls in bikinis, or the lifeguards getting off work. Fuck them, tanned bitches. They're nothing more than hoes in spandex. Fuck, don't think about spandex. Damnit, Chad, you're fidgeting like an asshole, just sit still and think about something else... φ:ΩΣ. Uh, shit, what was that? 5:50.

"Next stop, Van Wagner's at Adventure Village."

Dude, that homeless guy is getting off. I bet I was, 5:51, right. Man, I hate the sound of crying babies on buses. Come on, little dude, please stop. Just stop, man. You don't even care that you're making everyone on the bus hate you- you're just wrapped up in your little self-absorbed planet in your stroller. Just stop crying, dude. Thank Christ, I can't take much more of that shit.

"Next stop, Van Wagner's Beach at Baranga's."

Hah, last time at Baranga's when Julie got wasted and took her shirt off and they kicked her out for being drunk and acting like a dumbass and then she got a ticket for being drunk in public because she is a dumbass. What a fucking funny day, it was like 4:30 when we left. She yakked on a bus driver the next morning. I wonder if it was the homie up front. Funny shit. 5:53, thank the lord. The smelly bitch has left the building!

"Next stop, Van Wagner's Beach at Hutch's."

Hah, last time at Hutch's when Trent was bombed and ordered a double fudge sundae supreme and forgot they were hella expensive and ate it and then couldn't pay for it because his wallet fell out of his shorts and I didn't have mine cause we were at the beach all day and Julie wasn't there anymore because her morning sickness was making her self-conscious. 5:

“Next stop, Van Wagner's Beach at Lakeland.”

54. Shit! I forgot to hit Giant Tiger again. Damn it, Julie is gonna smoke all my sticks again tonight and I won't have any for tomorrow. No, fuck her. If she wants to pretend to quit smoking she can fucking quit or stop acting like a stuck-up bitch and admit she still wants to smoke and buy her own damn smokes. Yeah, 5:54, fuck her.

“Next stop, Lakeland Loop.”

“That's us, little man!” Finally. Fuck.

End.

