

The bus that never comes

There was a small bus stop at the edge of a quiet town, nestled between two towering trees. It was an unassuming place, with nothing but a bench, a trash can, and a timetable that showed the schedule of buses that never seemed to come.

People would sometimes wait at the stop, peering down the winding road that led into the town, hoping to catch a glimpse of the elusive bus. But no one had ever seen it. Some said it was a ghost bus, others said it was a figment of someone's imagination, but the truth remained a mystery.

One day, a man arrived at the stop and sat down on the bench, determined to resolve this 'bus mystery'. He watched as the other passengers came and went, their hopes and dreams dashed each time they saw that the bus was nowhere to be seen. But the man didn't leave. He sat there, day after day, waiting for the bus that never came.

At first, the man was filled with frustration and anger. He cursed the bus and the timetable and the people who had created them. But as time passed, something began to change within him. He began to let go of his anger and frustration, and instead, he started to find peace in the stillness of the bus stop.

Days turned into weeks, and weeks turned into months, but still, the man stayed. He no longer cared about the bus or the timetable. He had let go of the idea of waiting for something that may never come. And in that letting go, he found enlightenment.

He found that he no longer needed the bus to take him anywhere. He was content to sit at the stop and simply be. He watched the world go by, the leaves on the trees changing colors, the birds flying south for the winter, and the snow falling softly on the ground. He found joy in the little things, in the simple pleasures of life.

And so, the man stayed at the bus stop, his mind at peace and his heart filled with contentment. He had found what he had been searching for, and it had been there all along, in the stillness of the bus stop.