**On the Bus**

She sat in the bus, next to a young boy, a slender boy
It should be a regular holiday, in a foreign country, -Africa. But it won’t be.
She went from this place, which looks like a little railroad station, across the street to the next bus depot. “Until Togo”, she whispered to herself, “there we will meet”
The bus trip was very long and rugged, the tiny boy next to her bumbled a song.
She knew this song but she didn’t know wherefrom.
She saw out of the window.
The Landscape was dull, the people were poor and all this without intact civilization.
She felt like in a reversible time step till 18th, century.
The clime around her in the bus, was warm and wet at the same time, she felt herself like under a big cheese cover. Although she didn’t move, she was exhausted and soppy transpired.
The heat was insufferable.
Suddenly it came in her mind, memories of her childhood.
She joined in the boy’s bumbled:
“Old McDonald had a farm, hiahiaho
and on his farm he had some dogs, hiahiaho
with a wau wau here and a wau wau there
here a wau, there a wau, everywhere a wau wau”
The boy noticed it and smiled to her, he wear short trousers and a shirt, which was too big for him. But he was barefooted.
She looked at him and asked: “Are you going to school, happy to see your friends?
The boy smiled at her again: “No, I’m on my way to work. No time for friends, and without work no money for school”
She looked at him, appalled about the boys speech. He was at the most in the age of ten.
The bus stopped, the boy was arise and went out of the doors.
She looked after him, and he smiled the last time back to her, by went to a big garbage dump.
It jerked, the bus started to drive.
And in the same time, a tear dropped down her cheek.