

The bus driver switched on the overheads, and everyone got up to get their bags. When the large man got up, he turned to me. His face was worn-in, an old shoe that didn't take shine no more.

He waved out through my window to two older women and a young lady. The three, dressed in church clothes, waved back under a dim streetlamp that illuminated their misty eyes and vapor breath.

“I hope you have fun with your family,” I said to the man.

He turned away from the window, back to me, and said, “It was nice meeting you. My name's—”

We shook hands. Then I stepped down to the world that lay before me. It was dark, cold too, but of course the sun would rise again in the east.

Before exiting the bus myself and making my way to another bus, I saw the man and hug the younger woman, his sister.

He was finally home.