

Composition writing. A DAY THAT I NEVER THOUGHT WILL HAPPEN

Every seat on Utunda bus had been occupied. The driver was reviving the engine to leave the bus stop at 8:00am. Soon, the lady who was sitting next to me stood and ..., looked around and sat again. I was wondering what was bothering her. The bus left with a cloud of dust leaving the other pedestrians coughing. We past through Baraka road and then we took a junction to Karimi avenue. The bus stopped at Malli University and College. Some students got out and the bus started speeding again.

The bus was moving faster than it is supposed to be, it continued for a very long journey and then one of the tire got flat. The conductor quickly removed the flattened tire and then put on a spare tire which was at the back of the bus, in between 10 min, we were already on the road.

After an hour, the rain started to come, it started with a drizzling, we though the rain was just passing by and so we didn't bother a lot. Then it started raining heavily. The driver started to move slower so the bus doesn't enter as many pot-holes. After two hours, the rain stopped and there was mud everywhere. Passengers started getting worried if we got stuck in the mud. Splosh, the bus entered a very deep hole. The driver tried to get out but nothing got out. It means, if we don't push the bus, we will not reach our destination. Some people got out of the bus and started walking and others started pushing the bus. The driver stayed at the steering wheel while six people. I was one of them and included the conductor. We all pushed with all our strengths and the driver pressed on the acceleration wheel which sent mud flying behind. After some time, the bus got out of the hole, the remaining people entered the bus and we continued our journey.

The bus stopped at a petrol station which was near a restaurant. The bus driver took the punctured tyre while everyone else was out going to get something to eat. In the restaurant, I bought some chips with a peace of chicken. I went to the super market and bought some crisps and one 500 ml soda bottle with the pocket money which my parents gave me. We returned into the bus and the journey continued.

We headed on a murram road on top speed when one of the tyres got out and started to roll into a ditch. I had the screeching of tyres of other cars and the screams of people. The tyre roled into a ditch and stopped. The bus was moving fast trying to control it not entering the ditch nor hitting other cars. In saw that we were going to crash a tree so I timed where there was soft grass and jumped out of the window. In a drop of a hat, the bus collided to the tree. Since due to the speed of the bus and how strong the tree was, the bright blue bus was into pieces. There was glass, fire and blood everywhere. I called the ambulances, police and the fire truck to come. I and other pedestrians sturted evacuating the injured from the bus and putting them on a safe place. In a shake of a lamb's tail, the ambulances, fire truck and police had come. The ambulances took the people in the bus into the hospital while the fire truck extinguished the fire. The police asked me some questions and a good samaritan dropped me to my grand-parents house. This is a day that I never thought will happen.