

## Hopping a Bus

My flip flops clung to the pavement like sticky bubblegum as I took the mile long hike to the library. The sun blazed in the sky as I squinted at every intersection looking both ways before I crossed the road, a rule my mother gave me. I was eight and my books were overdue.

According to my mother, it was my fault because she didn't see them tucked underneath my stuffed animals at the end of my bed. I did the only thing I thought I could do at the time. I ran away from home by hopping a bus.