

The bus rolled up to the bus station. Rose could see the faces of the people on the bus as they pressed against the bus windows. "Well, Rose," said Momma, "it's time for you to get on the bus to go Grandma's house." Rose felt scared inside. She had never ridden on a bus before. "Now remember, Rose," said Momma, "sit up front near the bus driver and don't talk to strangers."

Rose climbed onto the bus and sat in the front seat, right behind the bus driver. Rose could feel the wheels begin to roll underneath her as the bus headed out of the station.

Rose settled back in her seat and watched the scenery go by. First, she saw the short buildings and rusted fences of her neighborhood. Then, Rose saw the tall skyscrapers of the city as they drove out onto a big bridge. Orange and yellow light from the setting sun shone on the skyscrapers. "This is a pretty view of the city," said the bus driver to Rose as they drove past the skyscrapers.

The bus rolled onto a country highway and began heading north. "Here," said the bus driver, "would you like an orange? I've got several." Rose took the orange and noticed that she did not feel scared anymore about riding the bus. She settled back with her orange and looked out the window again.

Slowly, Rose felt her eyelids getting heavy. The rolling feeling of the bus made her feel sleepy. "Wake up," Rose heard the bus driver say. "I am awake," said Rose. "Well, you may be now, but you were sound asleep for the last hour," the bus driver said with a laugh. "I want you to see the countryside," said the driver.

Rose looked out of the window. Outside she could see rolling hills and big trees that shone in the moonlight. "It really is pretty,"

Rose said to the bus driver. "Do people like living in the country better than in the city?" Rose asked. "Oh, yes," said the bus driver. "The country is clean, not dirty like the city. There are lots of trees and flowers and animals in the country," said the bus driver. "I don't know," said Rose. "I think I would miss all of the people and shops that are in the city." "Well," said the bus driver, "to each his own."

Just as they came to the top of the next hill, Rose could see the lights of the little town below. When the bus rolled into the bus station, Rose felt very excited. She could not wait to see her grandmother. The big doors swung open wide and Rose ran into Grandma's arms. Rose gave Grandma a big hug. "I had a nice bus ride, but I sure am glad to see you," Rose said to her grandmother. Rose waved to the bus driver and went off to get her bag.

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