

A Bus Stop Horror Story

This 1) **happened** when I 2) **was** 17 years old... I would go to the gym, three to four times a week, and ride the bus home. It was a Sunday — and I had just 3) **missed** my bus, so I 4) **had** to wait longer for another one. I would've 5) **called** my parents but they 6) **were** out for the evening — and taxis charged more... So I 7) **decided** to sit and wait in the bus shelter. It was a cold night and snow had just 8) **started** peppering the ground.

My bus 9) **was** taking longer than usual so I got my phone out and 10) **listened** to some music. Almost an hour had passed... It was freezing and I hadn't seen anyone at all. ...That wasn't until 11) **noticed** something out of the corner of my eye... It was a creepy guy, dressed in thick layers of clothing, walking slowly towards me. I 12) **knew** staring at him would draw more attention, so I just 13) **focused** on my phone.

He 14) **sat** down at the other end of the shelter and just stared at me. There was something off about him... He seemed like he was either drunk or on drugs. He then asked — “When is the bus due?” I took out my earphones and said — “I think it's delayed because of the snow”. He stared at me for a while then started mumbling to himself. He was really starting to creep me out, so I pretended to be on my phone.

After a couple of minutes, I 15) **took** another look... He'd moved closer to me... I looked away for a second then heard the sound of him sliding even closer. I turned to him and said — “You okay there?” He stared at

me with glossy eyes, lifted his arm, and leaned toward me. Immediately, I grabbed my bag and ran as he 16) **fell** to the ground.

I 17) **ran** down the road trying my hardest not to look back. I kept going until I 18) **got** to the next bus stop. I turned around to check to see if he was there... he was gone, so I went to sit down. Feeling relieved, I rested my head on the back of the glass and waited for the bus. *knock knock knock knock* I jolted, and turned around to see the same guy staring at me through the glass. “What the hell is wrong with you”? Then he started walking around the shelter towards me. “I'm warning you! Stay. Back.” I yelled in panic as I was backing up... I 19) **wanted** to run, but I left my bag in the shelter and couldn't leave without it. Suddenly, the man leaped at me and I quickly moved out of the way.

He fell to the ground face first. I froze in shock then noticed the blood coming from his face. I 20) **tried** to get a response out of him but nothing worked. I called the police and paramedics and they 21) **arrived** shortly after. I 22) **told** them what had happened, and they told me that the guy was on prescription drugs... He 23) **found** a photo in his wallet of him and his son. The boy looked just like me so we assumed that he thought I was him. I later 24) **learned** that he had lost his son in a custody battle and went off the rails. He was taken away for treatment and that was the last I 25) **saw** of him. I got my driver's license shortly after and have never, 26) **been** on a bus since.