

Commuters Communicate by Lisa Conolly

Where R Unow? she fingered the letters as the bus slowed to stop. SEND

The tired looking man opposite strained to read his tiny screen.

Meet me 8pm Friday at the gov.

BLARRUP DING BLUUP

She warmed herself with the sound her phone made when a New Message came in. The phone glowed into her soul, as she read the reply

At the bus stop, doobygirl ☺

They met on this bus every week day, same bus, same time. Her friend always got on at the same bus stop. And the same daily messages secured their friendship across time and space.

The tired man shifted his position as the bus took off again. He struggled to get his large fingers to the key pad.

REPLY.

I got Tom on Friday no can do
SEND.

He waited for the reply. He really wanted to see this new girl, but he had to look after his kid. Will she mind? Before she'd had a chance to reply he typed again.

NEW MESSAGE

Come for dinner Friday. I can cook.
SEND

BEEP

New message > Show Message.
Got tickets for Friday. Can't make dinner

REPLY.

Miss you. Will call later. I'm on the bus.
SEND



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He worried about whether he should say that he missed her. He hardly knew her. He might sound too keen. Not cool. He stared intently at his phone. Too late.

MESSAGE SENT

BLARRUP DING BLUUP

SHOW MESSAGE

☺ Oggle You Baby

The young girl laughed out loud and pulled herself out of her slump. She was suddenly alert looking out at the passing shadows, scanning the half lit pavement ahead.

As she lifted herself half out of her seat, the bus jolted to a stop and she knocked the tired man sitting opposite with her bag.

His clunky old phone dropped to the floor of the bus and slid away.

“Sorry”, she said smiling and waving to her friend as she entered the bus.

