

Journey by Steven

Sitting on a packed bus on a Saturday night and on came a leather-clad youth, who was clearly mad! With one yank he tore the lid off a beer can with his teeth. This was turning out to a frightening journey. Rab, my mate sitting next to me was clearly as shocked as me. Rab had insisted we get on the bus in the first place because his feet kept getting sucked into the paving stones on the street. I didn't worry too much about that. I was more concerned about the bent lamp-posts that were reaching down towards head height.

However, it was funny to see this guy foam at the mouth with dripping beer. He asked me if I wanted a drink which I politely refused. Rab visibly went rigid when the bloke offered him the same thing, but managed to get down a couple of mouthfuls before handing it back.

The guy started a conversation of which one word I didn't understand. Our stop came up and we alighted. Rab was back to his melting pavements and me to my stooping lamp-posts. I took another green micro and Rab dropped one too. This was more than any ordinary journey, it was pure LSD and nothing more than a trip. It was the last time that I ever refused a free drink, and before long I was able to understand the garbled language of the leather clad guy from the bus. That was where my journey really began.