

In This Town, Only I Can See Where People Will Get Off The Bus

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Every single morning, I step onto Bus 13 for my routine commute to school, blending in just like any other teenager in this seemingly ordinary town. However, I possess a peculiar secret that nobody else around me knows about or suspects. As passengers shuffle past the driver and pay their fares, glowing neon holograms magically materialize directly above their heads. These floating digital signs clearly display the exact bus stop where each individual person is destined to get off.



I always make it a point to strategically weave my way down the crowded aisle and sit right next to the person carrying the most fascinating destination. Sometimes it is an eccentric tourist heading toward the abandoned amusement park, and other times it is a quiet classmate bound for the library. People frequently give me suspicious glances and whisper to each other, thinking I am just a creepy stalker who is purposely following them around town. Little do they know that I am merely chasing the thrill of their mysterious holographic destinations.



Today started out like any other ordinary Tuesday morning until a mysterious stranger boarded the bus through the rear doors. As he paid his fare and stepped into the aisle, I immediately looked up to check his glowing overhead hologram out of sheer habit. To my utter shock and bewilderment, there was no cheerful destination sign or familiar street name floating above his head. Instead, glowing in stark, unblinking crimson letters were the chilling words: HE NEVER GETS OFF.



My heart skipped a beat as the stranger slowly walked down the aisle, his dark eyes scanning the packed vehicle before locking directly onto me. Without hesitation, he marched straight over and slid into the empty seat right beside me on the moving bus. The air around him suddenly felt noticeably colder, sending a sudden shiver running straight down my spine. I gripped the edge of my backpack tightly, wondering what kind of bizarre supernatural entity had just invaded my daily routine.



The mysterious man turned his head slowly toward me, offering a cryptic, knowing smile that made me question every life choice I had ever made. He leaned in close, his voice sounding like a whisper carried by a cold winter wind right into my ear. You are not the only one with a special gift, Milo, he murmured softly, sending a wave of panic through my chest. He looked right into my eyes and whispered that he could see my destination hologram just as clearly as I could see everyone else's.



Paralyzed by a mix of intense fear and overwhelming curiosity, I nervously reached up and covertly checked my own reflection in the tinted bus window above us. Floating directly over my head was a brand new, flickering hologram that had definitely not been there when I first woke up this morning. The glowing letters shifted and rearranged themselves into a sentence that completely defied all logic and reason. It boldly declared that MILO WILL GET OFF AT A STOP THAT DOESN'T EXIST YET.



Before I could even begin to process the terrifying implications of my newly revealed holographic destination, the entire atmosphere inside the vehicle shifted dramatically. The familiar hum of the engine suddenly transformed into a low, metallic roar that shook the very frames of the windows. Outside, the bright morning sunlight was instantly swallowed up by a thick, unnatural fog that rolled in from nowhere. The other passengers remained completely frozen in place, staring blankly ahead as if trapped in a collective trance.



The steering wheel spun violently on its own as the bus abruptly veered off the familiar city grid and onto a pitch-black asphalt road. This mysterious new highway was surrounded by towering, distorted shadows of trees that seemed to whisper ancient secrets in the darkness. Through the front windshield, the glowing amber streetlights flickered and died one by one as we plunged deeper into the unknown. My knuckles turned white as I gripped the armrest, realizing we were no longer traveling anywhere on any official city map.



The vehicle began to slow down its frantic pace, gently gliding to a smooth halt in front of a desolate, glowing platform suspended in mid-air. Through the frosted glass, I could see swirling portals of purple and blue light twisting violently around an impossible signpost made of starlight. The air pressure dropped drastically inside the cabin, making it difficult to take a normal breath as the supernatural landscape stretched out infinitely beyond the doors.



The harsh interior intercom speakers suddenly crackled to life with a burst of static, cutting through the heavy silence inside the shadowy bus cabin. The voice of the driver echoed calmly through the empty vehicle, devoid of any human emotion or hesitation. Next stop, the driver announced smoothly as the pneumatic doors hissed open into the glowing void, Milo's Stop.