

## **The Bus Stop Classroom**

For most people, a bus stop is just a place to wait. For me, it became an unexpected classroom.

Every afternoon, I saw the same group of elementary school students waiting for the bus. One day, I noticed a girl struggling with her homework while sitting on the curb. Out of curiosity, I offered to help.

Soon, helping one student turned into helping three, then five. We started meeting regularly before the bus arrived. Sometimes we reviewed multiplication tables. Other days we read short stories together.

What surprised me most wasn't how much they learned—it was how much I learned. Explaining simple ideas forced me to think more clearly about concepts I had taken for granted.

Over time, the bus stop felt less like a waiting area and more like a small learning community.

That experience changed how I view education. Knowledge becomes more meaningful when it's shared. Teaching, even in informal settings, creates connections that go beyond textbooks.

Now, whenever I think about learning, I remember that sidewalk classroom and the excitement on those students' faces when a difficult problem finally made sense.