The Longest Hello



A wave can travel farther than a voice.

A short story to enjoy together

The Longest Hello

Grandpa was taking the bus home. Eva and Dad walked with him to the village stop.

"I will wave from the window," Grandpa promised.

Eva practised a small wave. Then a large one. Then a wave with both hands that made her yellow coat rustle.

"That one should reach me," Grandpa said.

The bus arrived. Dad and Eva waited safely on the pavement while Grandpa climbed aboard. He found a seat beside a closed window and put his bag on his lap.

Eva waved.

Grandpa waved back.

The bus stayed still while more passengers got on. Eva kept waving. Grandpa kept waving too.

At last he rubbed his arm and made a funny tired face.

Eva laughed. She changed hands. Grandpa changed hands.

Then he lifted his blue scarf and moved it gently behind the glass. It made a little flag inside the bus.

The Longest Hello

Eva lifted the corner of her coat. Dad waved with his hat.

The driver closed the door. The bus began to move.

Eva stayed beside Dad. She did not chase it. She stretched her waving hand as high as she could while Grandpa's blue scarf grew smaller in the window.

At the corner, the bus turned out of sight.

Eva lowered her arm.

"Was that goodbye?" Dad asked.

She thought for a moment.

"It felt like a very long hello."

At home, Dad's phone chimed. There was a message from Grandpa with a picture of his waving hand.

Eva held up her own hand for Dad's camera.

Their hello was not finished yet.

THE END

LET'S TALK

How did Eva and Grandpa keep their greeting going? How do you say hello from far away?

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