



From Elevator Family Does the Big Apple:

“That was excellent singing, madam,” Walter said to the driver, as he paid the bus fare. “Only the best.”

A bald man in the front seat leaned forward. “Sure was,” he said. “You’re now riding on the bus of Opra, the Opera-Singing Bus Driver.”

The driver closed the bus door. “My next aria will be *Un Bel Di* from Puccini’s *Madame Butterfly*,” she said.

The Wilsons found four empty seats in the middle of the bus. The bus took off, and Opra started singing again.

*“Un bel di, vedremo. Levarsi un fil di fumo sull'estremo...”*

Her voice was first-rate. High, clear, and warbling. It filled the bus from front to back. None of the passengers made a sound. No one moved. Everyone sat spellbound listening to the wonderful singing. Even Cat sat on the floor, silent and still, with his floppy ears perked.

As the bus pulled up to the next stop, Opra ended her aria.

*“...fede lo aspettoooooooooo.”*

The people on the bus clapped again. “Bravo! Bravo!” they called. “More! More!