

Coffee in Wonderland

This waiting around in the disastrously packed and messy Starbucks lobby in Canada's Wonderland park is kind of amazing. I mean, I've been in agony for most of it due to the fact that I've been stuck in here for an hour-ish (and will be for a considerable time more, until the bus leaves). It's hypothermic-levels of cold outside (it's like Man vs Wild here, my hands and toes were popsicles), and inside there's an absurd amount of Subway foot-long sandwich wrappers in piles, entire pretzel bagels (I think? Do they even sell those at Starbucks?) and vanilla frappuccinos splattered onto the floor. But, yes, amazing, or, at least semi-interesting *enough* for me right now (because honestly anything will do), because there's like this whole class-like system inside where people graduate from standing in the middle (blocking the way of other helpless souls), lost in the sea of it all, then to leaning on a wall (when there's space), then sitting (if it's clean and enough people have allowed ample room), and then, finally, being *let* by the departing former table dwellers to take a table — it's upper class.

Never before have I felt so special to take a seat at a table with strangers while other people's left-behind garbage still litters it. None of us really care because *this*, this is enough. When I leave, I suppose it'll be my duty to offer my spot to the nearest sitter.

I say this and some people just pushed away their chairs to take a seat together on the ground, so what do I know. Just... whattaworld.

Before I leave, thank you, quiet man who, like me, has spent the entire time on his phone, and you, cute couple, for sharing in this undoubtedly life-altering experience, of which I am sure we will all try to forget.

— Rew Armstrong
26 October, 2018