

Bright. That was the best descriptor for the store “Wilson Farms” imaginable. Bright, and nothing like a farm. The parking lot was finished in a way that said “I’m nothing” from the haphazardly filled-in cracks of barely black asphalt to the “I’m not yellow anymore” paint that was leading our way. There was red shiny contrast of the cheap plastic sign outside the building to the well worn white brick against it, the kind of white that was anything but pure.

But the gain of what was inside outweighed the inevitable cost of the dreary assembly line background: it was 50 cent slushie day.

Adults, yes. Mature, no. Five nineteen year olds streaking past Venn Diagram aisles where everything overlapped but the contents on the shelf, past the candy aisle that still screams through its neon colors and well-marketed juxtapositions, past the drug store aisle where we’d all been but never talked about, past the overweight and underpaid kid who never got out of town like we did, never had college break to look forward to like we did. To him every day was slushie day.

But tell that to the chattering adult-children arguing over what flavor was the best and how many you could mix before your drink turned into that hideous purple-brown color. (A consensus could never be made for the former, but the latter was agreed upon with no doubt after a failed experiment. *Two*. That was all it took).

The store’s interior was white. White everywhere but the places that the drops of our slushies hit. To us, everything was so *clean*. To the employees, everything was so *dirty*.

By the time we all had chosen our respectable flavors (and discretely discarded of the non-respectable) we took turns passing around flimsy paper cups. The long lonely stare of the cashier only sped up our exit, the neon sign blinking menacingly as if to say “everything here is synthetic and so are *you!*”

The squeaks of sneakers across linoleum floor was the last mark we left on Wilson Farms that day, and it was be erased only minutes later with a nicked up mop.

The best part about slushie day is getting to come home to it, and most importantly, getting to leave. Because we were just another group of kids buying 50 cent slushies. We would disappear, and *we’d* forget.