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# Directions

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You wake up in a bed. You forget where you are, but you can tell that you're in a hotel room of some sorts, and the sun is shining into your room already. You look outside. You're in a small city, and in the distance you see some green plots of vegetation, maybe farmland. You sit up and see supposedly last night's leftover takeout, next to it a hotel brochure. Partially hidden by the oil stains, you read the words "Hi [REDACTED] Des [REDACTED] Inn". Yes. That's probably the name of the hotel. You look outside again. You can see the little children going to school, so small and scuttly. Around you is a neighborhood of some sort. That's when you remember: you're supposed to be hitting the road by now. You race out of your room and into your rental car.

You drive down one of the most – in your opinion – boring interstate highways of the United States. You consult your map, and you're surprised to see you're driving through three *really* square states. You drive east, hoping to reach your first rest stop at around 11pm. (You're a really good driver.) You're hoping to reach some random City Park (with a *metallic*-sounding name) right off the highway, close to the city to eat midnight snack. That is, if it isn't closed.

The question is, which City Park is he going to?