

Orien, Parker and Grant were in the CN Tower, the needle that stood tall above all of Toronto. Every building, car, and light in the city were exposed to them. Grant was leaning on the railing behind the glass, looking incredibly bored. Parker, on the other hand, had out a tiny digital camera, taking pictures of anything and everything. The cars, the building, the water, even each bird that happened to fly by. They all suffered the wrath of Parker's flash.

Grant yawned. "Can we go yet?"

"Nuh uh." Parker said in a trance-like state. She was still taking pictures of random things in the city. "There's so much here to see, I couldn't live with myself if I didn't commemorate it!"

"If you've always wanted to see a city, we could've just taken you to Denver."

"Yeah, but this is a CANADIAN city! There are things here we can't find back in the States!"

Grant, unimpressed, leans back up to face Parker. "Do you need to take pictures of the birds too?"

Parker put her wrists on her hips. She glared at Grant. "I'll have you know that the bird that just flew by was the cedar waxwing, a bird commonly found here in Toronto. Ryan, can you tell this crybaby to shut up and enjoy the sights?" No response. Parker turned around slightly, noticing Orien was no longer standing next to them. Grant stood up too, glancing around.

"Orien?" He asked. They turned around and saw Orien sitting on the opposite side of the hall, curled up into a little ball.

"Can we get down, please?" Orien raspily asked, keeping a hand over his mouth. "I suck with heights."

"Oh, sorry." Parker apologized quietly. Parker and Grant grabbed Orien's hands and helped him up, assisting him down the tower.

“Just try not to throw up on us.” Grant warned.

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The next stop was the Cinesphere theater. The trio glanced at the huge white sphere sitting on the lake. Grant looked ecstatic to be gazing at the spherical movie theater, a huge dumb smirk on his face. Parker looked at it with a blank look on her face. Not happy, not sad, not angry. Just relatively unamused. Orie was too busy watching the cars pass by on the street.

“What am I looking at?” Parker finally questioned.

“The Cinesphere Theater. It’s a movie theater. But *spherical*,” Grant replied, sounding mesmerized.

“That could be cool,” She admitted. “So what do you want to watch?”

“Nothing. I just wanted to look at it.” He clarified. Parker scrunched her nose up.

“You mean that you’ve always wanted to come to Canada to look at balls?”

“It’s not just a ball. It’s a *huge* ball.”

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“No way. I’m not doing it.” Orien, crossing his arms, vehemently rejected. The three were now standing in front of a kiddie ride. It was a little fire truck. Orien looked at the other kiddie rides. The children on the rides weren’t any older than four years old.

“Come on, it’ll be funny.” Parker giggled.

“I am a 22 year old man. I probably won’t even fit.”

“Just try it,” Grant added. “If not, she’ll make ME do it. And I’m too fat.” Orien sighed, trudging over to the miniature fire truck. Lifting one leg, he carefully inserted it into the truck. He felt like a hermit crab. His knees went up to his nipples, his back was positioned like an acute angle, with his chin being propped up by his legs, and his arms were suffocated by the vehicle,

the only space was the holes in the side of the truck representing windows. Parker rooted around her purse and brandished a silver Canadian coin. She dropped the coin into the slot and the little truck began to gyrate around, playing a little chiptune version of “Oh, Canada!”. Orien’s body in the mini-truck was being flung around like gelatin dancing. This lasted for about a few seconds before the chiptune started to warp, the truck bending forward and ceasing operation.

“I think I broke it.” Orien said. He groaned, trying to free himself from his juvenile prison. But he was stuck.

“I’ll... go get some butter.” Grant sighed, walking to the nearest tourist trap.