It’s 11:30, closing time. I shut my laptop and gather my notes, shoving them in my bag as I unplug the charger cord and start wrapping it up to put away. Grabbing my empty coffee cup to toss I stand up, and my vision goes black for a second. A weird swoopy feeling takes over, like the organs in my body are swaying within me. I can’t see, it feels like I’m about to fall over. It passes. I continue towards the trashcan, looking around to see if anyone noticed my brief mental excursion, and toss my cup.

Chalking it up to exhaustion and caffeine rush, I grab my bag and head towards the exit. Suddenly, as I’m walking, black. I keep moving my feet at what might be a normal pace and try to control my gait while my brain is throwing itself around in my skull. Weird, dizzying, but not painful. It passes. I realize I’ve veered far off path, now standing awkwardly in front of the pastry case.

“We’re closed, sorry.”

“Oh, sorry, I know, I’m good.”

I course correct, making it out the door this time. I should sleep more. I should eat more. The cold wind hits my face and everything goes haywire. I have no idea if my eyes are open or closed, everything is black, everything is swinging in circles, I’m dizzy but not nauseous, I’m standing still but slamming my body across the universe, the weight of my bag shifts me off balance, and I start keeling over… I think. Weird… barely conscious… just bouncing around… actually no… more like flapping around… a car dealership long armed inflatable in strong wind or the entire ocean in my body or

It passes.

I open my eyes, or maybe they were always open

I’m in the parking lot

Not the same parking lot

What’s more probable? That the barista drugged my drink and I’m hallucinating, or that I literally just teleported 500 miles to a different Starbucks parking lot, the Starbucks parking lot I grew up in

What’s more probable? That an aneurysm burst, or that I’m suddenly blessed with no travel time for the rest of my life