

It started at half past 6. Like most events it started out a bit rough. We get to the event early to stay on brand. The waitress tells us an hour and we immediately figure out a way to stall. Boba becomes the move.

As we wait for the rest of the group to show up at a New York on time, we sneak into a hotel lounge area. Slowly the group fills up and we hurry to make it to the tea shop just in time before closing.

The conversation on the way there is meaningless. Small bits of catchup followed by a bit of silence. Our brain still stuck in the matrix of work mode. Too hungry and thirsty to be fully present.

Finally the boba is consumed and the wait for dinner continues. The hotel lounge is revisited but the restaurant is not. An hour and half passes and there is no text back. Finally we pivot and end up at a decent curry spot.

The meal is good. The people are good. The night is good. But as the meal is finishing up a side quest is announced. A friend is DJing for the first time in the mythical land of DUMBO.[†] We don't know the friend and we barely know DUMBO. The event doesn't sound particularly fun but the people do. This is the after party.