

The DJ set is perfect for all of 5 minutes. The consequences of a late dinner made us miss half of it. The DJ group contains 10 of so people but we only know a few. No introductions or impressions are made and we begin to doubt our journey.

We continue to converse in our corner but we never integrate well. After only another 5 minutes the remainder of the group decided to leave and go get dinner. This idea sounds pointless to me. We were not in the same wavelength of the group. However, an after party is an after party so I obliged.

The Raise in Canes is only a few minutes away so we decide to run. The rain drenched jog fills the air with fun. The event starts to carve out its uniqueness. Its memories start to become core. The night has parts worth reminiscing about. The restaurant does not though. After our mile run we learn the restaurant has a Y2K esque failure and the computer refuse to take orders. Despite the group morale being low we end up at a new chicken shop close by.

The night ends up pretty fun. It started as a dinner but somehow transcended into a Wednesday of going out. The small group of the past ends up being picked in the Uber lottery. Our car slowly drops us off in the exact equal point between all of us.