

The Experience

by Aline Carriere

Sheila waited in line a quarter hour before she struck up a conversation with the woman in front of her. Restless, she had watched others for similar signs so when the woman turned in her direction, she seized her opportunity to commiserate.

"I had so much trouble deciding when to go," she said. "There are too many choices, aren't there?"

The woman, Linda, sighed gratefully at the distraction. "I think that's why people go more than once. Too many times to choose from."

Sheila nodded in agreement while they moved a few steps up in the line, then Linda continued. "When I went before, I chose the early 1900s, because I wanted to be in my 20s during the Roaring Twenties, but I found out that's a tricky time for sure. Ended up in the Depression in my 30s, ha, won't be doing that again."

Sheila smiled her encouragement. "Must have been nice to live through the roll out of the car, though."

"Oh, it was. They don't build them like that anymore." Linda said and winked. They both laughed.

When did you decide on?" Linda asked.

"Well, I'm trying to choose between the 1960s or maybe a little later. Not sure I want to live through a lot of the 20th century, so I'm leaning towards later."

Linda smiled her encouragement for more detail and Sheila continued as they moved up again. "They seem like such exciting times, with the internet and all, but I'm not sure I could manage the uncertainty, you know, day to day. Wish we remembered what we know now during the Experience. They say you don't remember anything from here?"

"I know, I hate that feeling of 'we're all gonna die.'" Linda flailed her hands and laughed. "But, don't worry, it's fine, you get back and it really only takes about an hour, even with all that childhood you have to go through."

“Honestly, I'm not really looking forward to that part. When are you going?”

“I decided this time I'm going right to the end. Everything is so certain and planned these days, I thought the end. Why not?” Linda laughed again and Sheila joined her.

“You're very brave.”

Linda moved up to the Experience kiosk and scanned her ticket. As she reached the gate she turned back to Sheila and waved, “Good luck. Maybe we'll see each other.”

