**COVID Travel**

by Shady Cosgrove

I thought it was a social media post and I was writing a brief word of encouragement. I didn’t know I was buying a ticket to Vegas. Didn’t know there would be trapeze artists in the hotel foyer or I’d be dancing in tassels at the bar. That down the road, Elvis and Lady Gaga would share the stage.

I didn’t know I’d be sitting in that plastic booth, transfixed by the endless buffet and its conveyor belt of desserts. Or that you’d blow our savings on the roulette wheel and we’d take turns begging for spare change with an empty soda cup from McDonald’s.

I had no idea you’d steal the officer’s gun and hold it to my temple, laughing.

Last October, when your first message pinged, I couldn’t imagine it would trigger a series of events that would leave me stranded in Vegas for almost a year, and I’d have to strike out alone – on foot – into the desert.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  |  |