The Trip that Changed my Perspective of the World

We pulled into the dark parking lot on the outskirts of town. I tried to find the vibrant streets I thought I had come to know so well over the years, but we had been driving for hours from Las Vegas, and I had trouble keeping my eyes open. The car was parked, and I stepped onto the ground, taking a deep breath of the fresh air. *“Better than cigarette city*,” I thought. I remembered everything I wanted our hotel to be: **upscale, bright and in the center of the city**. I looked around, taking in what I soon realised was a more upscale version of a *Days Inn*.

“We need a bed, and they’ve got it!” exclaimed my Dad.

I groaned, fumbling my luggage into our room. I fell onto the bed.

A sunny San Francisco day shined through the curtains in our room, drawing me out. I had forgotten where we were, and couldn’t wait to explore our newly found territory. I threw open the curtains, forgetting about our enchanting view of the parking lot.

We spent a beautiful day, exploring the city and everything it had to offer. I sat on top of a double decker bus, the wind dancing through my hair. I felt free. The colourful **streets glowed**, as if to welcome us. Finally, I had witnessed the classic **Macy’s building, the Golden Gate Bridge, and Pier 39**. It was incredible. As we returned to our hotel, our walk was framed by city trees lining the streets, swaying in the **moody light** of the night. I began to realize the unimportance of the hotel to our trip.

We returned to our room, and **I was gleaming** with joy and excitement. *“Could this get any better?”* I thought, relieved of my previous prejudice of the hotel.

Just as I closed my eyes, **sleep creeping** over me, I suddenly heard a noise. It shook our walls. I looked over to my family, who where also perplexed by the sound. It was music. Someone was having a party, and my heart began to race with the anxiety that some drunk goon would break down our door. My dad, being tired and unexpectedly **robbed** of his sleep, decided to call the front desk. The phone rang, and rang, going to the messaging machine.

“That’s odd,” said my Dad “no one answered.”

“Try again.” said my Mother.

So he did. Three times. Every time, no one answered. I peeked out the curtains, soon realizing that the loud music and yelling was coming from above. While I was looking outside, I did catch something just outside the parking lot that I hadn’t noticed before, *“It’s a bar.”* I thought. My mind started to race, assuring me that I didn’t see just any bar, oh no, the bright neon lighted signs that surrounded it seemed like those of a biker bar, and I knew that bikers where dangerous; especially drunk ones. My suspicions of the hotel had now been affirmed: **there was a party in the middle of the night, the front desk was left abandoned, and our neighbour was a biker bar**.. *“Oh my god we’re going to die here,”* I thought. This couldn’t be happening. I could almost see my parent’s anger growing around them. I knew we wouldn’t last here long. But to my surprise, no one said anything.

Days came and past, as beautiful and exciting as ever. The streets greet us with happiness, the food beckons with its flavors, the sun shines its rays of light on our smiling faces. But, night kept coming, and every night, the **music occurred like clockwork, the neon bar continued shinning through the cracks of the curtain, and the front desk phone only greeted us with the messaging tone**.

After another wonderful day, night approached as we were on our way back to the hotel. This time, we drove past the bar, I cautiously looked out the window, studying it closely. I squinted to see what was below those bright neon signs. It seemed to only be men, except these men didn’t look like bikers; they didn’t have the right physique. I tried to make out a small sign that was enveloped by dark that sat on the side of the entrance near a big bouncer, *“g-o.. g-o-y b-a-r,”* I tried to decipher *“goy bar?”* I wondered.

“Gay!” I accidently shouted, realizing I had mistaken a biker bar, for a gay bar, while also realizing that I had just yelled “gay” very loudly in a dead silent car with my family. My whole family turned to look at me, confused.

“What?” asked my Dad.

“What a spaz,” added my Brother intelligently.

“Is there something you want to-” began my mother before I interrupted her.

“No,” I announced. “Did you guys know that this was a gay bar?” I pointed.

“Of course,” answered my Dad, “What else did you think it was?”

I sunk into my seat, I could feel my face heat up and begin to redden.

“Nothing,” I started, terribly trying to cover up my mistake, “I just never knew, it surprised me, that’s all.”

“Oooo-k,” replied my Mother, “I didn’t think it was a big deal.”

“It’s not. I just didn’t know. What is this, an interrogation?” I wanted this conversation to be over.

I never thought I’d feel so relieved to be back at our hotel. Knowing it wasn’t a biker bar was comforting. I sat on my bed, beginning to relax, as my parents chattered beside me. I suddenly heard the incessant thumping of music. I had forgotten. My pulse raced, I **pulled myself** to the curtains, even though I knew it was pointless, but this time I did see something. Someone was at their car getting a pack of beers. He seemed young. Someone else appeared from the back of the car, also holding what looked to be more beer, he seemed just as young as the other. *“How much can two people drink?”* I wondered *“They must really have nothing to talk about.”* But then I realized, the young people where probably a part of the party. The party-goers weren’t looking to hurt anyone, they where just young travelers, looking for a good time. I felt relived, having solved all but one mystery that surrounded our hotel: the abandoned front desk.

That mystery has never been solved, but maybe it doesn’t need to be. I could live wondering what possibilities it could have been, a small part of my mind forever **inhabited** by worried thoughts, or I could simply leave it to be what it will be, because perhaps things aren’t always be as bad as we may make them seem.