

The Queue of Infinity

Have you ever heard of something that goes on forever and ever? No? I didn't think so. Hey, wait who said yes? You! You did! What have you heard of that goes on forever? Oh, OK, fair point. The universe does go on for ever. But *apart* from the universe, who here has heard of something that never ends? Right, that's better – no-one has. Except from me. *I* know something that never ends.

Far away from here, in a mysterious land of homework and annoying maths teachers, there is a school building where children line up for lunch.

Imagine a cold, wintery day. What? No, it's not snowing. Imagine looking in front of you and seeing 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8- way too many people to count (unless you're an extraordinarily bored person who has absolutely nothing to do). The line stretches on and on, until the very first person in the queue is just a splodge of grey school uniform. You look behind you. But there is nothing to look at. There is no one there. You are the very *last* person in the queue of infinity. Not the perfect situation, is it?

But then, even though you don't think it can, the situation gets worse. The pusher-inners arrive.

You hear them far before you see them. You can feel the ground start to rumble, feel the nearby buildings start to shake. You flatten yourself to the wall as they come charging round the corner – a stampede of ravenous school children. As they approach, you steel yourself. The only weapons at hand are your bulky school backpack, a too-big red raincoat, and a bunch of damp dead leaves. What do you do? Nothing. Trust me, doing nothing is really the best option, unless you enjoy after-school detentions. Which I don't.

The stampede reaches you, and you stand back to let them push in. As you queue forever and ever, you watch wistfully as the packed-lunchers sidle carelessly in to the lunch hall, sitting wherever they please and gobbling up their tuna sandwiches and cheese crackers and juicy, juicy, red strawberries dipped in yogurt! Oh, how you wish you were them!

Half an hour later, you have already spent half your lunch break queueing for food. This is *not* what you call a break.

Word count - 387