

# CUBS WIN!



## A personal account of the Cubs parade experience

by Connor Josellis

We arrived and proceeded to walk down to Lake and Michigan Ave. waiting for the buses to arrive. A sea of blue overwhelmed the eye and transformed the city.

The other estimated five million people had already begun to arrive by the time we got there, so we found our spot

about four rows back from the barricade. However, we got up to the second row by making some power moves and budging our way through, ignoring the dirty looks others gave us.

We stood in that spot, body-to-body, for close to an hour before the first buses came.

Everyone was waiting in excited suspense, taking every opportunity they could to burst

into spontaneous cheers and applause—even if it turned out to be just a squadron of biking police officers. Shredded paper was thrown out office buildings and employees filled the windows.

Adults held their newborns in the air to make sure they didn't miss out on the festivities.

Finally the blue double-decker buses emerged out of buildings, with the WGN helicopter flying close behind.

Every bus contained a few players, then there was team owner Tom Ricketts, riding in the front of the motorcade like a knight leading his soldiers into battle.

Except there was no battle to be found. Police officers handed out high fives and offered to take pictures. They seemed just as excited as the rest of us.

When the parade finally passed, there was a mad dash to get to Grant Park for the rally, even though there was no

way to get in as the park had been filled for hours before.

The journey there was nonetheless an adventure. Hundreds of thousands of people filled the streets outside Grant Park, climbing on lamp posts, and pushing their way through the crowd full of young children, grandparents, and revelers in between.

In this massive gathering of people, the Chicago Police Department was nowhere to be

found, except for occasional ambulances, fire trucks, and police cars driving through the sea of bodies in an attempt to break up the crowd.

My friends and I ended up getting caught between an ambulance and an undercover police car, due to the lack of vision on the drivers part.

We didn't think much of it until we were stuck between those same cars, drivers becoming more and more impatient as time went on.

Finally, the ambulance blared, with one of the loudest sirens I have ever heard, and immediately, everyone scattered.

After that, we made our way to Grant Park, thinking we had found the only open spot on a road that had barricades saying "Road Closed."

I thought nothing of the signs until an undercover police officer in a Cubs jersey stopped us and told us to turn around immediately.

We walked past a few people falling off traffic lights performing a "trust fall," which would later go viral on social media and a few stopped cars full of people probably just trying to get to work.

We finally arrived at the one and only Potbelly Sandwich Shop, a Chicago born restaurant perfect for celebrating the city's victory.

My big Italian sub on white bread with lettuce, Italian seasoning, and hot peppers filled my hungry, tired body.

Rather than holding on to the handles on the train, everyone was packed in so tight all you had to do was stand. Three train switches later, we made our way to the lovely Linden Purple line stop signaling an end to a historic day.

