

An excerpt from "*OutRun-ing Away From It All* " by Timothy David

As is usually my initial reaction to stressful situations, I figured the snack bar would be the solution to my problems. My mom had given me ten dollars for food or whatever while I was there, so three dollars of it disappeared in exchange for waxy hockey arena-style nachos, which **also** disappeared within moments. I sat there, mulling over my options (and regretting not bringing my Game Boy Color), trying to figure out if I could just hide in the snack bar the whole time and not have anyone ask me to skate (or at least ask me why I'm not skating, which seemed just as bad), when I saw it: an arcade!

More than an arcade, the warming glow of these machines bunched up together in a largely-abandoned corner of the rink came to me as though it were a message from on high, telling me that my trip to the roller rink won't be as bad as I feared. It was as though Sonic the Hedgehog himself took a glance through a window, realized I wasn't gonna have a good time, and sent in some help.

Anyone who has spent any time in a roller rink knows their arcades are never particularly impressive, and are more likely than not to consist of quarter-suckers like a claw machine or test of skill than any actual video games, but sometimes you get lucky and there's an older machine tucked away in there that you could really sink your teeth into.

Accordingly, my second miracle after discovering they had an arcade, was finding a sit-down *OutRun* cabinet hidden away inside.

I had a passing familiarity with *OutRun* at this point, largely since I enjoyed reading about every game I could in various magazines (and maybe trying it a time or two at a store or a friend's house), as well as having spent a lot of time with its Sega arcade racing brethren like *Daytona USA* and *Virtua Racing* in recent years. And, frankly, even if I hadn't, the fact that it was an arcade machine bearing the Sega emblem at the time I needed it most would have been enough for me.

I quickly turned my remaining seven dollars into quarters and got to work.

Written by Timothy David. This excerpt from the book *Digital Archaeology: Retrogaming Recollections* is © 2024 SCAR Productions. Please do not distribute without the author's permission. Direct all inquiries to Rob Strangman at [gradiusone \[at\] yahoo \[dot\] com](mailto:gradiusone[at]yahoo[dot]com).