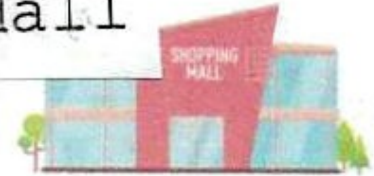




Cascade Mall



"Meet me behind the mall"

- Taylor Swift, and me



Malls feel like relics of
a bygone era, gathering
places for restless
millennial tweens, hot
date spots for middle
school couples, exotic
bazaars in which to spend

your hard-earned allowance

The one I haunted as an
adolescent was called
Cascade Mall. This "mall
before the internet" was,

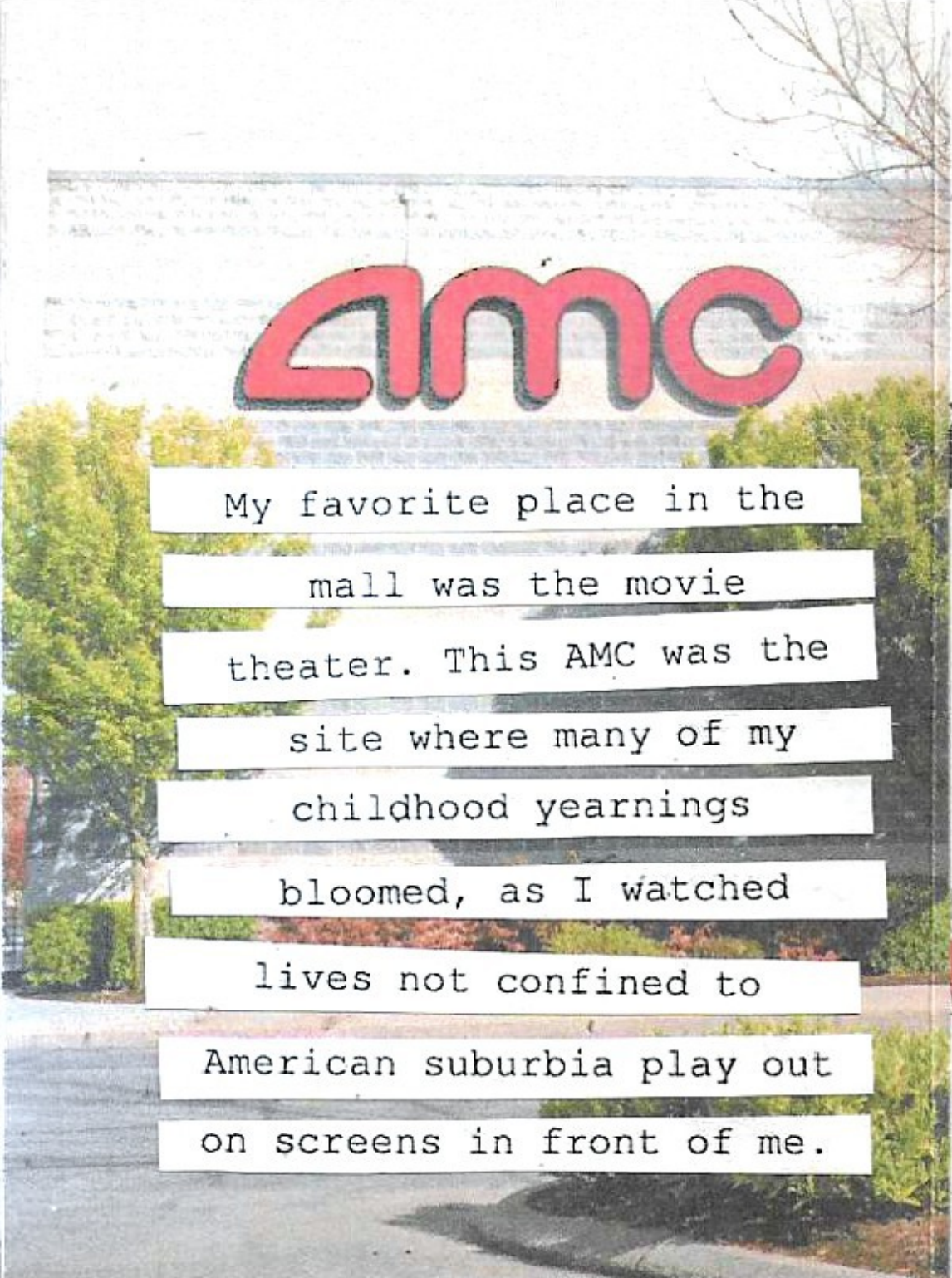
as Taylor Swift rightfully

says, "the one place to be"

We my friends and I use to
run from store to store,
trying on bras at
Victoria's Secret to feel
grown up, getting

our ears pierced at
Claire's, trying on band
t-shirts at Hot Topic,

then heading to the Food
Court for Orange Julius



amc

My favorite place in the
mall was the movie
theater. This AMC was the
site where many of my
childhood yearnings
bloomed, as I watched
lives not confined to
American suburbia play out
on screens in front of me.

Years later, when I would
drift between independent

cinemas in San Francisco,

it is this dirty AMC with

its sickening smell of

butter I missed most. Or really,

the feeling it conjured,

of possibility: of being
thirteen and queueing for
the third Lord of the

Rings movie, convinced

this was the best day of
my life. That feeling can
never be captured again.

In 2016, there was a shooting at Cascade Mall. A shooter entered through Macy's and killed five people.

CASCADE MALL

Unsurprisingly, Cascade Mall became a wasteland after that.



The final nail in the coffin was the Covid-19 pandemic. As everyone in my hometown turned to

online shopping, the last few stores that had clung

on inside the mall shut down.



In June 2020, Cascade Mall closed for good.



I miss the mall and the
strange sense of community

it fostered.

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A zine by
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