



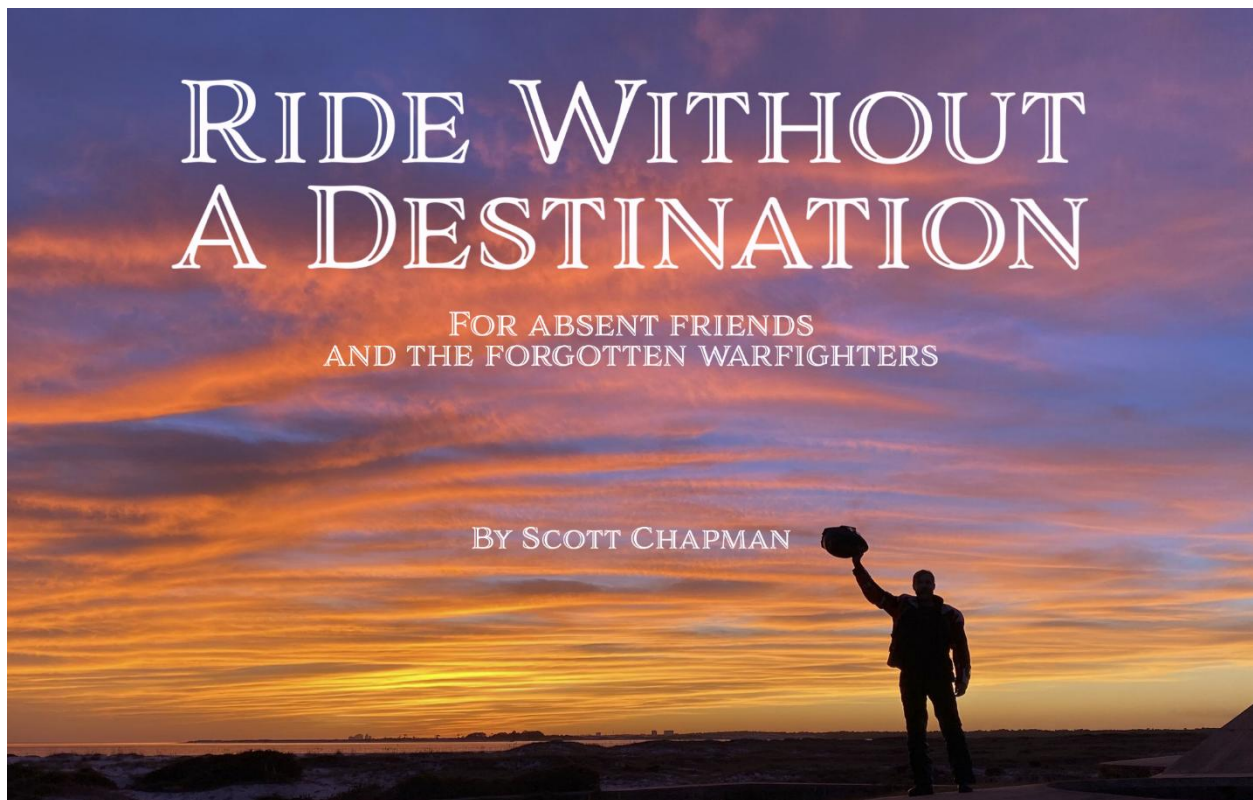
“Ride Without A Destination”

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Version 6.4 ; 15 Nov 25, 1154 EST

CHAPTER 8 of ∞





For the burnt-orange beginning

I view words & individual characters as music notes. Quanta packets of frequency. I rearrange these music notes to find the 'in-tune symphony.' Walking 3D edits through wavy waters during a dynamic writing project. Life is a living document. Together, let's find the frequency of a blue-sky sonnet on this paradise planet.



--- 1 day later ---

13 Oct 2019

2 more days till I'm wheels-up! I'm on fumes while I scramble to tie off these last few chores. In the time it takes to race to complete my delicate departure tasks, I take notice of the way my brain vibrates between deep breaths. Can a brain experience V-fib? Or maybe out of tune temples? It's not impossible to ponder, if I powered through a stroke, though.

Each one, of a million different departure tasks, must be completed in a precise order. If not, the storyline spirals and there's little room to adjust. Each departure task is a miniature storyline decision-tree that plays round above my crown. It's a pinwheel through time above my mind. The anchor advances backwards, while my determined mind presses me forward.

I'm homeless in 2 days! My heart is filled with the wonder over the wander that soon will! My fingers stopped typing on the keys, instead, they vibrate with excitement across this QWERTY. I still have a few big-ticket items to sort out, but I'm in the home stretch now! I have plans and back up plans for everything yet to tackle.

I sat quiet for a moment on the deck before dusk. Under an orange sunset delight I saw ribbons of light streak from left to right. The ring that riddles my temples soon softened under the orange sky. Through the fog and bog in my imagination, a new portal is produced in this real light simulation. Under the burnt-orange October sky, a place centered on peace formed a passage to my 3rd eye. A window appeared where I found free air. A suspended moment where the scale of my sacrifice sunk in. I lost my breath; no time to reflect. Snap it closed. Back to work.



--- 1 day Later ---

14 Oct 2019

I scrambled, clawed, and scraped my way to this holy pre-departure day. My big house is empty and quiet. I'll give my bike some quiet new company and sleep in the garage tonight. I'm delighted because it's my first sleep one step away from the hollow life inside this house. My new tiny world is staged and strewn across the garage floor before my feet. How neat!

I'm wheels-up on a long motorcycle trip tomorrow. I don't have a destination; just a list of things I want to see and experience before I die. I'm not sure how long I plan to be gone.



I never want to come back. I'm saturated in stress for as long as I can recall. A careless open door will cause an avalanche of trauma to sprawl upon the floor. I have a white-knuckle grasp on life's emergency brake. A double-fisted effort to stop the roller coaster and bring color back to my monochrome monotony.

Right now, I am wet noodle across a tan leather couch inside an open garage. Positioned off-center for storage on the sparkle-floored garage. My comfy couch now belongs to the new owners of my short-lived loved-home. I have no reason to slink around inside the empty house because everything I own is splayed around my feet. There's a water closet with a shower in the garage. I have everything I need in front of me.

The inside of the house might as well be a distant nebula; pushed to the far reaches of my gray-matter mandala. I am now disconnected from the distraction of this big 'ol empty house. My life is sequestered in the singularity created inside this collapsed garage reality.

A mix of emotions race through my mind while I squirm to sit comfy on the tan leather couch. It's a silent slide show bubbling to burst out. An effervesce of emotion escapes my mind. I slip and shift on the slippery tan leather couch. A flash behind the mask forces a fracture out. Slipping now shifting to settle-in on the tan leather couch. A chill of trauma, who's quiet in the queue. A slide then a stab. I grin while I wait to find the wisdom of the lesson hidden within. Sorted now settled; I'm static on the tan leather sofa.

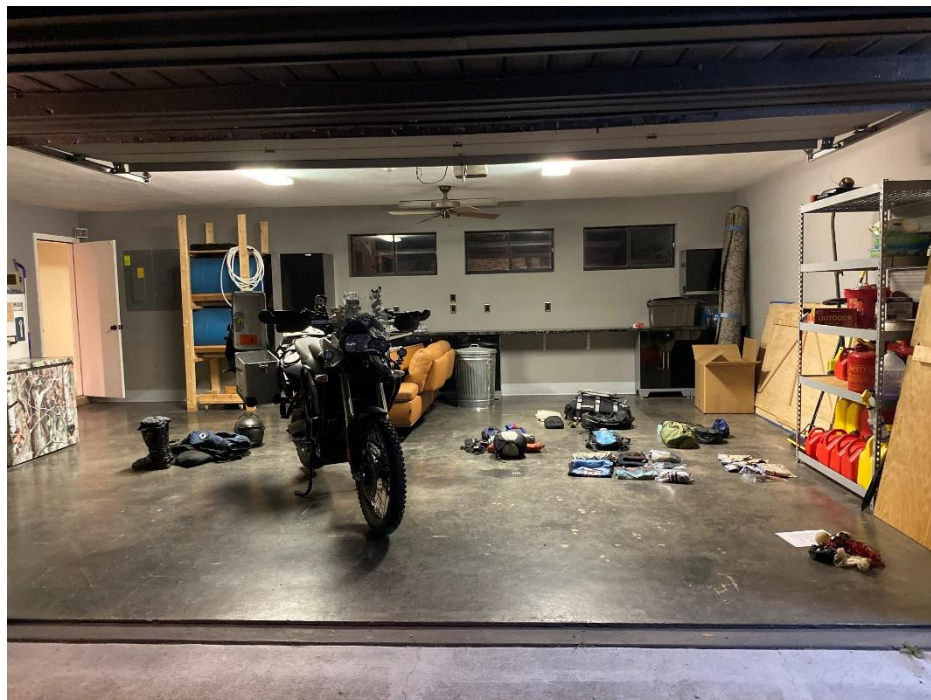
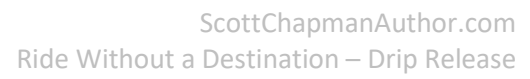
I want to enjoy this precious moment of peace in my house for the first, and last time in my life. I want to enjoy the home I sweat for. The home I bled for. If only for a night. I earned this island of peace because I chose to do something I've never done before. My instincts told me to isolate, hibernate, and recalibrate. No, I defied my instincts and will choose to stand in the



blinding light. This is how I begin a fight for my life. It's time to learn to live again. This precious moment of quiet is the first fruit of my endless endeavor of my manic labor.

I sat on the slippery leather sofa with the garage door open to the night. I took great big gulps of the free air in front of me. The night is a mystery in front of me. It's cicada season, but I only recall the contrasting colors from the green fuel tanks against the black & yellow straps. The once quiet colors came alive while I sat still on the slippery leather sofa. I wondered if tomorrow's sunrise would be as bold as what's before me.







Selected Reply:

ADV Rider Vrewer55: *“We’ve not met and have only communicated through social media and other online sources. However, in your communications to others, and to me, it is obvious you are a stand-up guy with a solid moral compass.*

You are someone I would call a friend. As I write this you must be well down the road. Probably somewhere in the panhandle of Florida (my guess). When you do read this blog, know that many are following you and wishing you safety, fulfillment, and answers to what you seek. I will keep you in my thoughts and prayers. I wish you Godspeed!”

--- 2 Days Later ---

16 Oct 2019

And that’s it. I’m homeless. Nobody to wish me so long. No hugs. No encouraging whispers or heartfelt fairlywells. It’s no bother none. My head didn’t twist back while I rode down the driveway. Visor up to feel the hot free air on my face for the first time. The vibration of the twisted throttle entangled with the vibration in my mind. A supersymmetry surprise now started on this emergency motorcycle journey. I’m off into the splendor and swelter of the hot morning sun. There is no emotion, only motion of yet to come.



I signed the closing docs to sell my house a few short hours ago. I rode my loaded bike across town to arrive at my hot broker office block. I signed the closing documents while I wore my sparkling new protective riding suit. I wore that suit in their ice-cold conference room. My new Klim helmet rested on the table. Next to the broker-branded pen, nestled firm, in my left hand. The stars on my right shoulder patch flagpole face forward while I drop a handful of sloppy signatures to sell my home. Each curvy doodle of my reflexive written signature represents months of exhaustive effort to jumpstart a static life.

From the perspective of my shiny new helmet setting on the table, those sloppy signatures are the final fast curves before a new smoothed-out road ahead. After I executed my last signature, I stood and said to both agents, “I hope the new owners love the house as much as I did.” I’m a monochrome automaton. I swiped my clean helmet off the table after I paused for no cause, then exited the cold conference room to start my good cause. My helmet is snug on my



head and fastened before I exit the building. I didn't accept a cold drink, coffee, or hot tea. I didn't slow my stroll or rattle my roll while I walked my way right out their door.

Before I skipped south of town and after my ice-cold broker, I stopped by a local-art landmark called the "DeLand Wings." This mural is painted in a trendy artisan alley. The alley parallels Main Street, north-south, through the mouth of DeLand, Florida. I enjoy small towns with a vibrant flair for the arts. These landmark wispy white wings are painted against a faded green great wall reminiscent of a 90's high school chalkboard. Graffiti paint-over patches on these wispy wings add to the notion of an unkempt Angel, loose on these hot streets.

Vehicle traffic in this alley of commerce & art is rare. I ride my bike slow and steady down this artisan alley. Typical vehicles are vendors of said artisan stores. I parked then rolled my heavy bike to position it in front of the wispy angel wings. My new starched suit and subdued black helmet felt the first heavy drops of sweat from this hot Florida Fall. To push & maneuver a fully loaded adventure bike while wearing full protective gear is a sharp new thing to do. After I positioned my bike as good as I could, I took off my helmet to rest, and be my best in the shade. I sat in deep reflection, near close to meditation. I thought about the next steps of these senseless steps. I gazed over the graffiti wings that hover over the haze of a reckless journey.

I don't recall the last time I paused to enjoy a quiet moment, with no purpose at all. The stillness of still air feels alien to my bullet-train moto mind. My soon still thoughts became pinpricks while I sat alone with said still thoughts. A circular adventure ensued. A stranger's voice echoed back to me became my new lucid reality. While I sat still on the curb with my new thoughts of what's next, I recall no memory comparable to this new peaceful place on Earth. A foreign feeling while wearing fresh new skin, I'm excited for this adventure to begin. I sat quiet and housed a little mouse in my pocket.



After I digested this brand-new thought and cooled off a lot, two white-haired tourist women stopped in front of the mural for a picture with the wings. I pardoned my stay and rolled my heavy bike out of their way. I used all my might to keep my bike upright. The exhaustive effort not to dump my bike, while white-haired women watch, became a comedic sight.

I exerted all effort to roll my bike up a slight-paved incline line; while I showed no exertion at that time. After I settled and their pictures are sorted, they started a conversation about all the gear on my heavy motorcycle. They asked if I was traveling and solo, if so, where to? How far?? And how come??? I could tell adventure filled their twin hearts. With wonder in my voice, I leaned in and begun, *“I’m on a trip around the world, and today is day 1.”*

Their eyes lit up and my two new friends became giddy gopher girls before my glaring wide eyes. I answered a handful of fun questions while I smiled through our short conversation. I stood tall on the steps in the sun. A smile from fun from a new spotlight of freedom. I felt a deluge of high-wave positive energy smash against my sad small seawall of negativity. I’m an empty empath who’s cup overflowed with questions of what if, wild wonder, what’s next?



I said so long to my white-haired friends then ate a long lunch around the corner from the artisan alley. I fought the intense drive to ‘GO’ by a stay-in healthy meal with a side of mid-day coffee. I ate at a no-name boutique main street café.

I don’t remember the last time I enjoyed a mid-day meal while potted plants grow in a dusty windowsill. The sunlight felt different on my skin inside the big empty old eatery. The shining sun painted new shadows and created bold highlights inside the tall-walled window café. The ceiling panels are forest-green, of old-pressed tin, from the early 1900’s. I take notice how I notice the new bright colors for the very first time. I sipped my quiet mid-day coffee in the tall-walled-window café. The slow sun streaks soon brought color to my new still mind.

After my quiet meal, I donned my protective gear then stopped to say “so long” to a few coworkers at the warehouse job I left hours earlier. I gave my employer proper notice before my departure date because manners are a must. It’s a proper way to show respect for the valuable



lessons learned while working where I worked. I'm vague about my employer because it's a spoiler of a story to be woven-in, later in.

Before I left town for good, and after I said "so long" to my shift-work comrades, I stopped to say goodbye to my gardening friend, Janice. I'll refer to Janice as "*Gracious Janice*" from here on out. I met *Gracious Janice* while I volunteered at a local food-garden / Master Gardner class earlier this year.

I learned she's a champion of uncared for cats. How so? She grows a bustling suburban yard-garden and sells the excess food to buy cat food and puppy supplies. She's connected to numerous abandoned animal advocates in the area. I believe a humble measure of one's net-self-worth is their treatment of innocence devoid of voice.

Gracious Janice's small yard is a, near self-sustaining, food forest. From edible purple flowers to rows of unkempt kale, every square inch of her crowded suburban lot produces delicious food or medicinal plant medicine. A major hitch you don't know about my get-away pitch is what to do with the two cats dumped in my lap.

While the days till my motorcycle departure day kicked away, the forward anchor continued to creep back my way. Let's rewind time. Before I signed the curvy lines to sell my home. While I raced to pack, sort, and escape, I heard a rap tap tap on my rear front door.

The knock knock echoed through my empty home and caused confusion in my forward thinking thought. Interrupted, I invited unsolicited *Gracious Janice* and her partner into my home to hear what words could not wait. She offered me an unsolicited solution to my growing 2-cat problem.



My hands trembled while we faced each other on the cold empty house couch. I hadn't the time to sit and play pretend over the delicate matters to cause my hands to clatter. Once seated, *Gracious Janice* took lead because I feel defeated. Before she uttered the end of her surprise sentence, the pent-up energy from my clammy hands transferred to produce, then let loose, a well of heavy water down my face. She saved me from an unspeakable action and offered to house my 2-cat problem. I'm forever grateful for the kindness *Gracious Janice* showed to me. I'll spend the next few days in South Florida with family before I disappear.



Ms. Gracious Janice and her kind house of unclaimed cats.



Author's Note:

Meet Scott: *I've discovered writing to be a tremendous tool to analyze my mental health status because I'm forced to describe my actions, explain my beliefs, and articulate my perspectives using creative wordplay and fluid sentence structure. As an Empath, I write with emotion and become the feelings I type in front of me. I tie off my arm and 'main line' an emotion into the motion of these wavy words. Drifting away with the tide is often sought after and an easy route to isolation. Writing helps keep me connected to the tangible because I'm forced to feel the "Now" in every way possible.*

I write with wild fervor and meticulous dedication because every word I type is one more kick towards a safe harbor. I'll write my way to freedom, or I'll be scuttled along the way.

One aim with this wide-open journal is to provide those adrift with a tactic to find a path to peace. After the task of writing & reviewing my actions & perspectives is completed, I read my own written work to identify my patterns and adjust my actions. Then my intuition asks if my actions align with my long-term goals, mental health, and behavior cycles. I read my written work to learn my behavior patterns. Because I write in real time and learn from my published written mind, I am often not sure if my words guide me, or if I guide my words.

I'm an INTJ who's satisfied to solve sneaky personality puzzles. I have a penchant for patterns for a few key reasons. I'm hyper-aware of my surroundings from extensive overseas stress-injuries. The moniker "Stress Enhanced Enlightenment" makes my cells sing. I'm also an Empath who can feel the emotions of others and sometimes also matter. I'm an architect



character type who enjoys the mix of emotion and logic; left and right brain merged to paint a clear and beautiful picture into my strange world and unique perspectives.

Thank you for following this real-time journal. There's a wild story on the horizon. I welcome you to join the fun; or sit in the side car and smile along.



RLTW

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