



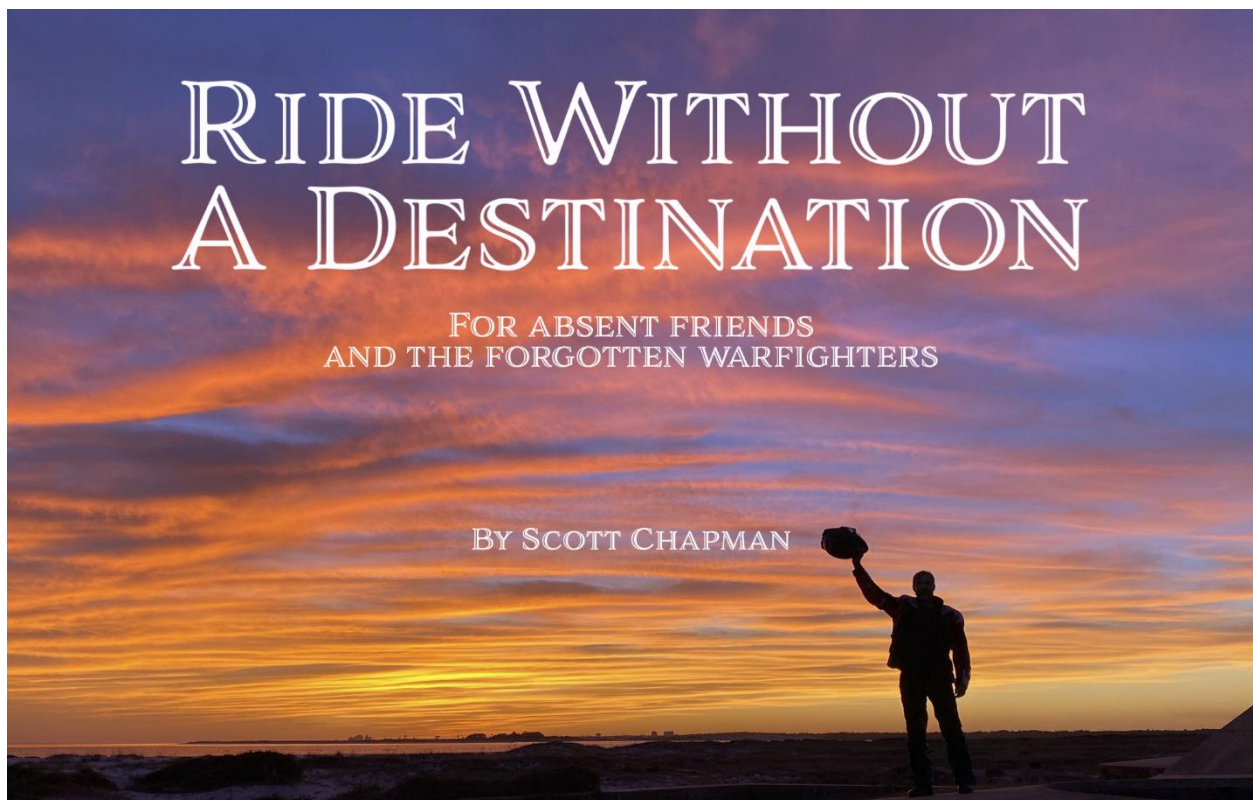
“Ride Without A Destination”

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CHAPTER 3 of ∞





INTRO: Good morning, hard earned wisdom from a lifetime of sacrifice is my gift to you. This is the Cause & Effect; that Effects the Cause. Living [*Linguistic Relativity*](#) as poetry in prose; passing messages in reverse, so you can read the ending first. I draw my strength from giving and will never ask for more than a smile and understanding. I'm humbled for the Time you've given me. Volumes more words inbound; with the aim to gain a new perspective of our malleable reality.

STYLE: I write about my life in real-time & in my real-mind, and therefore, strive to live a life worth writing about. I write with raw emotion the same way a painter pours emotion onto a canvas. I utilize the “[*Elements of Art*](#)” and “[*Principles of Design*](#)” into my written work to honor the mathematical forms and shapes that please your subconscious mind. I deploy frequency in the form of words & paste symbolic storylines to harmonize an observer onto my blue-sky timeline.

Every article I publish is connected to a past or future article / epiphany. No story or event in our dynamic Universe stands alone. I write as a series of “If, then...” statements. “If this is true, then that must be true.” Step step step to a new understanding of our mathematical universe. While painting poetry-in-prose on your gray-matter canvas, I write as a collaboration with the Self, engineered from new perspectives of my past. One can change the future by changing the perspective of the past.

My written work is a loose collection of complex Parallelism and Chiasmus-style storytelling; interlaced with the written / directed manipulation of energy, frequency, and vibration. I interlace the laws of physics into my real-world written perspectives; whilst I write about my life in real-time. My writing style is the practical application of Linguistic Relativity with respect to the notion of Time.



NOTE: If we anchor a man by the actions of his past, his growth will surely suffer.

Context, mixed with emotion, makes a dusty old story come to life. I have a big story yet to tell, so please enjoy the wordplay mystery in this uncharted turbulent sea.

OVERVIEW: This is an Evolution of Enlightenment; dripped over you one drop at a time. Beginning with my motorcycle origin-story book, then numbered & published articles to act as an expanding bubble; to see more than you thought possible. Each article is built on the back of my previous learning event. You'll read of a growing epiphany, from my ever-curious dichotomy. I reference my own published work to see clever covert Universal tactics and behavior pattern antics. I'm forever course-correcting to cure my endless curiosity.

I nicknamed this blessing, of my resolute mind; "*Stress Enhanced Enlightenment*," oh how Divine. I have a knack for this complex practice of math and tactics. My humble beginning, oh what an ending!

PURPOSE: This is a self-generated 'scientific study' to explore my own mind during these cyclic dynamic times. Temper tested, tried and true, we've sacrificed all, just for you. I built my website myself, with my two hands, to act as a playground to form a new perspective of the Divine.

When your twisted tired eyes finally fall open, you'll soon see the Darkness sowing. From their perspective, and the heart of my disdain; the best class of slaves, are the ones who know not they're enchained. My rage hath fervor; for the masters of this lucid horror.

WARNING: My [website](#) hosts a double-humble origin story; full of rocks and scary parts. It ain't always pretty, but it used to be me. I write with raw emotion, and once wrangled a pitch-black Demon, so please excuse the heavy hearts and dark ugly parts. I'm an author who



writes with Method to remind you what it feels like to feel again. Emotion is the glue to hold humanity together.

*

There only “is”

There is no good. There is no bad.

A story told in reverse, journal book first.

I’m an author who scribes his story in real time.

To twist your noodle and tickle your fiddle; how then, is the story already written?

Published, polished, and ready to read. Good God, and it’s for free?

An ending already written; or is it the beginning?

Hop on over, then hop back to me; to read how this canon came be.

This mere sliver of a sharp story section is a cold reminder of where we came from.

I’m humbled for the time you’re already given me.

We’re mere ants who ride on a paradise planet.

We are always born free, and

Thank you for reading.

*



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. We're all authors of our own short lives, why not write a tale without any lies? Life is a living document. Together, let's find the frequency of a blue-sky sonnet on this paradise planet.

Emotion is the most precious commodity in the Cosmos, whoever controls your emotion controls you. Therefore, emotion is the glue to hold Humanity together.

I'm not sure if my words guide me, or if I guide my words. Together, we make a beautiful symphony. I invite you to sing along and read my humble songs.

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For my Dad.



--- 3 days Later ---

30 Sept 2019

Over the weekend, my dad drove up from South Florida to spend time at his quiet lake house in *not-your-business* town name. His quiet lake-oasis is nestled in an oak tree forest only 45 minutes away from my humid DeLand, FL home. He told me he drove up to make a handful of minor repairs to his home. In hindsight, I'm certain his embedded parental programming told him to visit his son as soon as he could.

My dad is a classic car enthusiast. I needed help with my '78 Dodge Power Wagon but, for whatever reason, I didn't pick up the phone to ask anyone for help. Neither pride nor ego kept me from seeking input. Maybe I'm also programmed; programmed to solve my own problems because the thought of asking for help never entered my driven mind.

I've been on my own solving my own crisis for so long, I never considered asking for outside help, even from my dear 'ol dad. No matter how old I grow, or how far I fly; my parents always know, when their son may soon die. I'm glad my dad listened to his screaming internal instincts because he saved my day, that day. Without a mention of the dark matter at hand, he reminded me he's always available to help his son. His promises remain Golden, even while his son is broken.

My mom shares the same mysterious-vooodoo-connection with my mind. Einstein dubbed this connection, "*spooky action at a distance*." Modern physicists call it Quantum Entanglement. She called me the same day I decided to move forward with this grim trip. She sees through the facade and knows the names of the monsters who lurk around these unseen bends. She didn't let me dodge the question or smile through my anger; she knew her son is in danger.



She's the first to hear about my eminent departure from this twisted up no-fun timeline. She whispered with a nervous tone, as if not to hear the answer, "*What are you planning to do?*" I didn't have the heart to describe my full intentions. With a well of tears in my tired eyes, I said, "*I'll be ok mom. I'm just gonna go for a motorcycle ride.*"

My dad walked through my door just when I needed him the next day. I don't know many other men my age who talk about their dad with the same wonder from the innocent elementary days. In my eyes, he's a superhero. Not because he's the biggest or the strongest; not even the slightest. It's because my dad is the most selfless person I've ever met in my life. I've never met someone with a heart as big as his. If he knew "*Giving*" is his superpower; he'd give that away too!

Loyalty and *Selflessness* are character traits I learned from my dad. Those two traits are the nearest and dearest to me. My familiar warfighter friends are *Loyal*. My familiar warfighter friends are *Selfless*. Once I saturated myself in the cold civilian world of "*me-first-personality*", the contrast became incessant as an out of tune tuning fork.

My Pop is driven to make other people more comfortable or help fix whatever thing they need a fix'in. He'd do anything for anyone. A *Loyal* and *Selfless* man, in my eyes, is one of Royal status. Quiet commanders who live by example; King Pop, this is for you.

This journal reflects the steadfast moral compass bestowed unto me by my father. It's the most precious family heirloom I own. The lessons scribbled in this journal are built on the foundation of my father. This is a journal of wisdom, from a lifetime of thought, taught to you, by my Pop.



At the age of 9 or 10, the movie “*Rambo: First Blood*” solidified his superhero status in my eyes. Like Rambo, my dad is a Special Forces Green Beret. As a kid, I didn't understand what my dad did for the Army until Rambo led the way. Amazement soon filled my face when the connection became clear. These old eyes still hold the view, “*Holy cow, my dad is Rambo.*” Quoting the movie, “*Those Green Berets are real bad asses.*”

His mission this weekend is to help me work on my green monster truck to drive it off my sad sold property. One of my major departure checklist items is to figure out why the engine can't crank over. I'm too busy to turn a wrench or try and diagnose why that rusted green monster won't run. I think it's the carburetor. I know a lot of things about a lot of things; but I don't know a drop about car carbs.

We worked on my truck for a few hours. I struggled to remain present because my mind drifted with steps to the high-priority items yet to tackle. *Reversing timelines to see solved problems.*

My old man is still taking me to school, however distracted I be. I stayed focused long enough to help make that engine purr, then roar like the lion of Afghanistan.

This big-ticket item needed to happen exactly when it did because *the deadline drop dead time is soon approaching.*

I often find myself one step in front of disaster. It's a common trend throughout my whole life. Wheels up in 17 days!

Thanks Pop!





Selected Replies:

ADV Rider FutureMan: *“I'm in Orlando and willing to lend a hand if you need help preparing your bike or if you need someone to check up on stuff while you're away.”*

ADV Rider MrAndMrsZINC: *“Clear that head and ride on my friend. We will be following your journey. I'm a 1st Cav Desert Storm veteran. If you're looking for somewhere to stay while on the TAT, we have a place around Pickwick Lake at Tennessee/Alabama/Mississippi border. Give us a holler if you need help or if you'd like a home cooked meal.”*

My Reply: *“Oh, wow. Thank you! That's so kind of you all. I don't think I need help with anything that requires more than 1 person right now. Aside from the mountain of personal stuff to sort, my next big-ticket item is to host a huge garage sale. That's planned for this weekend.”*

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