



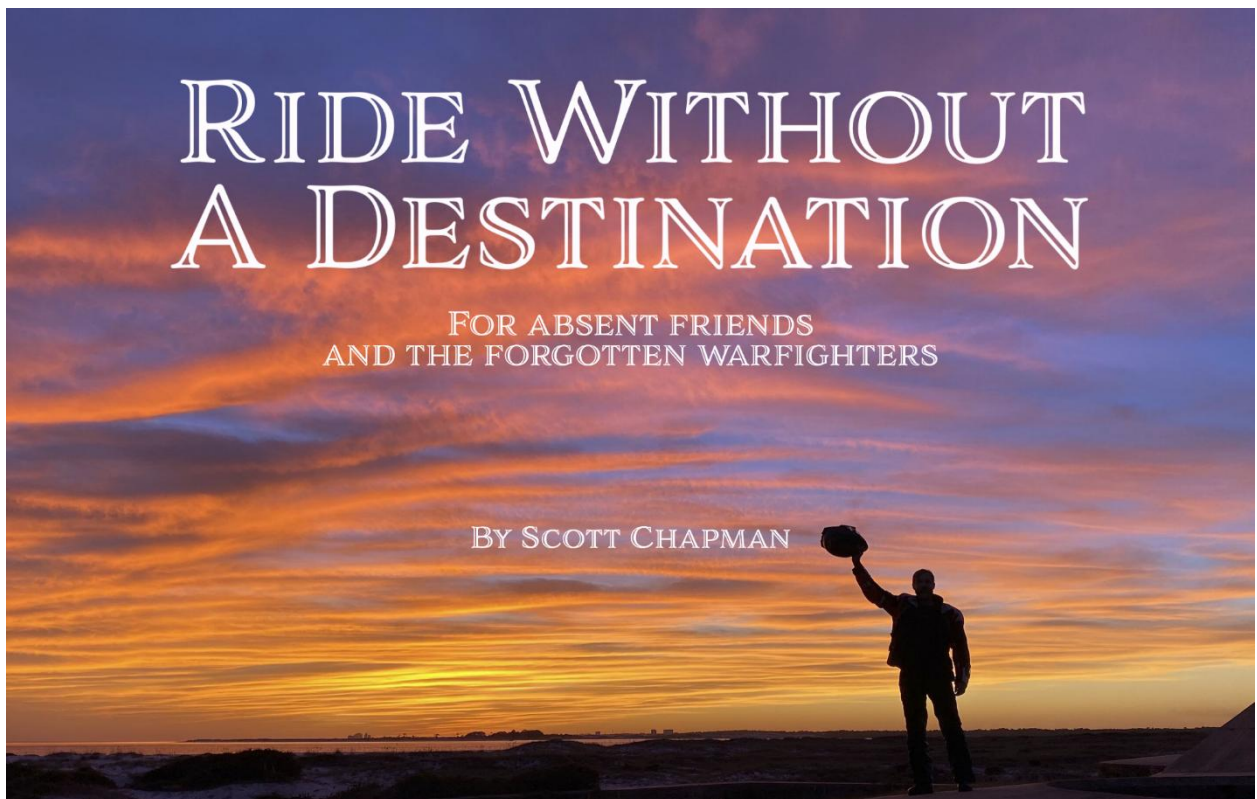
# “Ride Without A Destination”

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CHAPTER 2 of ∞





## RWAD

### Draft Pre-Release Party

**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 inbound; with the aim to gain a new perspective of reality.

**STYLE:** I write about my life in real-time, and therefore, strive to live a life worth writing about. I write with raw emotion the same way a painter extracts an emotion onto a canvas. Your mind is my canvas. I utilize the “[Elements of Art](#)” and “[Principles of Design](#)” into my written work to honor the forms that please your mind. Every article I publish is connected to a past or future article / epiphany. I write as a series of “If, then...” statements. “If this is true, then that must be true.” A collaboration with the Self through new perspectives of my past.

My written work is a loose collection of complex Parallelism and Chiasmus-style storytelling; mixed with the written manipulation of energy, frequency and vibration. I interlace the laws of physics into my real-world written perspectives. My writing style is the practical application of Linguistic Relativity with respect to my understanding 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 to tell and it's told in real-time from a warrior poet's perspective. I evolved to use metaphors because it's the only way I can describe what I [*literally*] see in front of me. Enjoy the wordplay mystery in this uncharted turbulent sea.



**OVERVIEW:** This is an Evolution of Enlightenment; dripped over you one drop at a time. Numbered & published articles acting 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 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 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 expand the mind.

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 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'm not sure if my words guide me, or if I guide my words.*

*Together, we make a beautiful story.*

*Emotion is the most precious commodity in the Cosmos, who controls your emotion controls you.*

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*I view words and individual characters as music notes. Quanta packets of frequency. This project evolves as I grow because I tune-in the frequency while I learn new things. I rearrange these character music notes to find the 'in-tune symphony.' This is not a static project. These are living documents. Emotion is the glue to hold humanity together.*



**For my Mom.**



--- 20 days later ---

**September 27, 2019**

Thanks for all the messages and encouragement. I'm not at rock bottom, but I can see it from where I'm standing. I never imagined I'd stand so close to the notional cliff edge. There's a grim invitation to take a step forward and feel the free wind on my face for those final fleeting seconds. Only then will the noise finally fall silent. An unwelcomed gale presses on my back. The view forward and downward makes me feel uneasy and dizzy; but it sure looks peaceful down there. Life took a sharp hard-left turn and the only option I see to bring my life back to center is a long sit in the saddle.

Over the next 2-3 years I'll write about the high-stakes chess game I'm forced to navigate. I'll tell tales that should not be forgotten. And I'll also paint pictures with creative wordplay to shed light on the beauty along this motorcycle escape. However, since this is a real-time journal, I'm far too busy for any sort of introspection.

Here's a quick departure update:

I am scrambling! I have a mountain of tasks to complete. I have a short time to button it all up before I'm homeless in 19 days. Any hiccup in the sale of my house means the bank will seize my home. My trip begins in just over 2 weeks; whether I'm ready or not. Let's light this fuse!

I'd prefer to prep my bike for this journey myself, but an abundance of time is a luxury I do not have. There's a certain satisfaction gained from turning a wrench, changing fluids, and preparing a bike for a long ride. The 'mission prep' feeling is reminiscent of my warfighting days.



Setting up my warfighting kit and cleaning my gear before a mission gave me confidence while on-target; the same way tooling on my bike gives me confidence on dirt. Not preparing is preparing to fail. Your gear will keep you alive while skirting the outskirts; and therefore, must be taken care of with meticulous dedication. It's a life-preserving checklist. Preparing my bike reminds me of simpler slivers of time on the battlefield. Confirming the zero on my rifle is comparable to replacing all engine fluids. Reviewing target intel is reminiscent of route planning. Weapons maintenance is interwoven with waterproofing my tent. Preparation increases the likelihood of mission success and rider safety; I see it as statistics.

Somewhere between chaos and calamity, I scheduled an appointment at BMW Motorrad of Orlando, FL to give my bike a full-service makeover. I told the shop manager what I planned to do and how long I expected to be gone. After my plans became clear, the shop gave my bike an exhaustive maintenance check.

A rock-a-billy bike technician named O'Riley serviced my bike while I radiated stress in their showroom. He offered loads of ADV advice that bounced off my overstuffed eardrums. I heard the noise coming from his mouth and saw his lips move; but couldn't hold focus from the beginning of his sentence to the end. My mind throbbed with the surmounting tasks and blocked addition of new information. I pretended to listen out of respect for his kindness; a mask I wore all too often. We only spoke for a few minutes, but I felt he could see through my facade of confidence and slippage of micro-emotions. A stifling mask too exhausting to maintain at times; even more difficult to hide when I'm paper thin and transparent.

I'm too proud to let anyone see me crumble because men are often shunned for expressing 'hurt boo-boo' emotions. Despite my humble silence, I knew O'Riley saw my fractures begin to ooze radioactive material. He gave me his cell phone number and told me to





call him if I ever needed anything while on the road. The low tone of my voice told him everything he needed to know about the monsters hiding around the dark corners on this auspicious motorcycle escape. He, too, is a combat veteran and wished me well on my journey.

My bike is ready to ride but that's such a small piece of the puzzle. I'm riding a 2012 BMW F800GS with about 26K miles on it. For those of you who aren't hip to motorbikes. The F800GS is a dual sport motorcycle that's designed for both dirt and pavement. It rides like a dirt bike while comfortable enough for long pavement rides. The sturdy frame and stock shocks can carry enough gear for a round-the-world moto trip.

All my gear is laid out in a cold empty room, but my packing-list is far from complete. I still need to gather a few items before I say goodbye to the world. I sorted everything by category to help stay organized. I'll list and picture everything I'm taking with me to help anchor the tangible to the intangible of a written story. I'm also open to suggestions from ADVrider forum readers. I always appreciate input from more experienced folks. My goal is to ride as light as possible while also planning for routine repairs and regular maintenance along the way.

I decided to create an Instagram account just for this journey. The pictures posted will help solidify the story in your mind's eye. You can find me [@scottchapman.author](https://www.instagram.com/scottchapman.author). I just removed the privacy settings. Be mindful of scrolling ahead spoilers because I use Instagram as a rough draft storage yard for future writing projects. Stay tuned to see what's coming; or swipe ahead to see how the story ends. I'm an author who writes about his surreal life; in real-time.

I know late-September is too late in the year to begin a thru-ride of the [Trans-America-Trail \(TAT\)](#). Everything east of Colorado will be safe to ride before snow ends the motorcycle season. My loose plan is to traverse the Trans-America-Trail until it's too cold to tackle the



Rocky Mountains. Once too cold ride, I plan to slide down to Mexico and spend the winter exploring the Baja outback. When it warms up, I might jump back on the TAT or ride north to the Dalton Highway in Alaska.



To stand in the Arctic Circle and feel so small underneath the magic of the Northern Lights is a recurring dream of mine. Unless I find something more interesting to quench my quest, I'll explore Canada via the [Trans Canadian Adventure Trail \(TCAT\)](#). The theme is dirt, isolation, and more dirt. My goal is to stay on dirt and disconnect.

*Isolate, recalibrate, reflect, and write.*

The Trans-America-Trail is a good starting point for this auspicious escape because it's within my mediocre moto skill level. The route is all public-access roads. I don't want to hassle with the friction of permits or meeting too many fancy new people. The route is stitched together between farm roads, forestry tracks, fire roads, etc. It starts in the Smokey Mountains in Eastern Tennessee and ends at the ocean on the Oregon coast. Along the guided GPX route, there's plenty of suggested campsites and food stops. The frequency of fueling caches along the tailored



tracks are meant to accommodate the average ADV motorcycle's fuel tank. The route is engineered for a bike like just like mine. In fact, I bought my bike for the sole purpose of the TAT in mind.

I don't have a destination; just a list of things I want to see and experience while out on this escape. What about money? How can someone so young fund this kind of fun? Don't worry, you'll read all about it if you stay tuned. Throwing caution into the wind never felt so good.

Now, let me turn my attention back to my massive departure checklist of my *Ride Without a Destination*. Thanks for keeping up.

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#### **Selected Replies:**

**ADV Rider X-wing fighter:** *“I'm 6-8 months away from heading out on my own long ride. I'm a retired combat vet a few years older than you (46). I also plan to write and pepper my combat experiences into the story. I write fiction, though. I'm not ready to share my private life with strangers. The thin veil of fiction gives me comfort in anonymity. I don't have a route or a destination either. South America, Australia, and Africa are on the wish list. Safe travels Brother! I know what you seek but know not where to find it.”*

**My reply:** *“Nice to meet you brother. I've found writing provides a healthy outlet to furlough my fury, digest discomfort, and peer into the mirror. I haven't had the mental bandwidth to digest much over the past 20+ years; and there's a mountain of*



*monsters yet to process. I've sorted and stored it all away while waiting for a break in the storm. I put it in a box, then taped it up tight. I'm underwater and see a rare opening of light; maybe there's a safe harbor in the distance. I need to strike, or this door may never present itself again. I'm hyper-aware of the dangers when unchecked stress is left to marinate on a weathered frame. Stress is all I know; I'll be dead in a year if I miss this window."*



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