



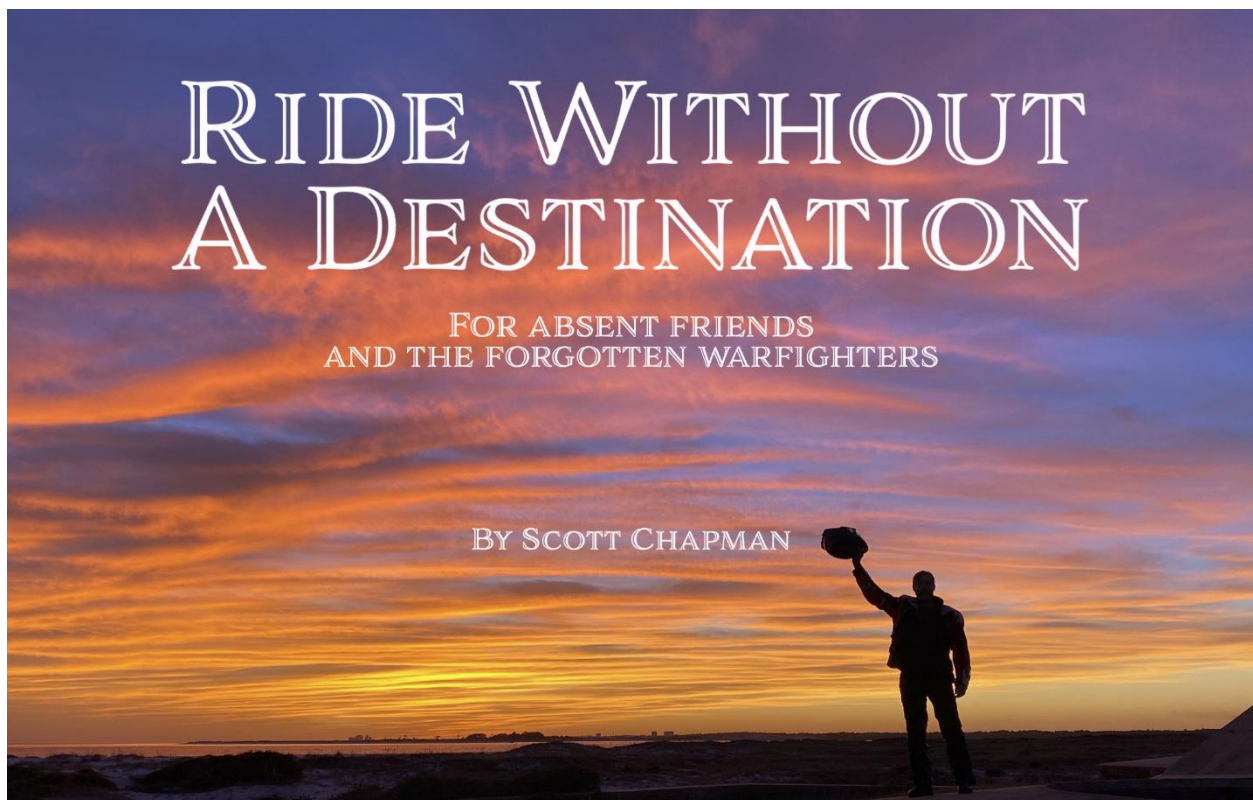
“Ride Without A Destination”

By: Scott Chapman

DRAFT COPY

Version 6.4 ; 15 Nov 25, 1112 EST

CHAPTER 3 of ∞





For my Dad

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.



--- 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.”*