



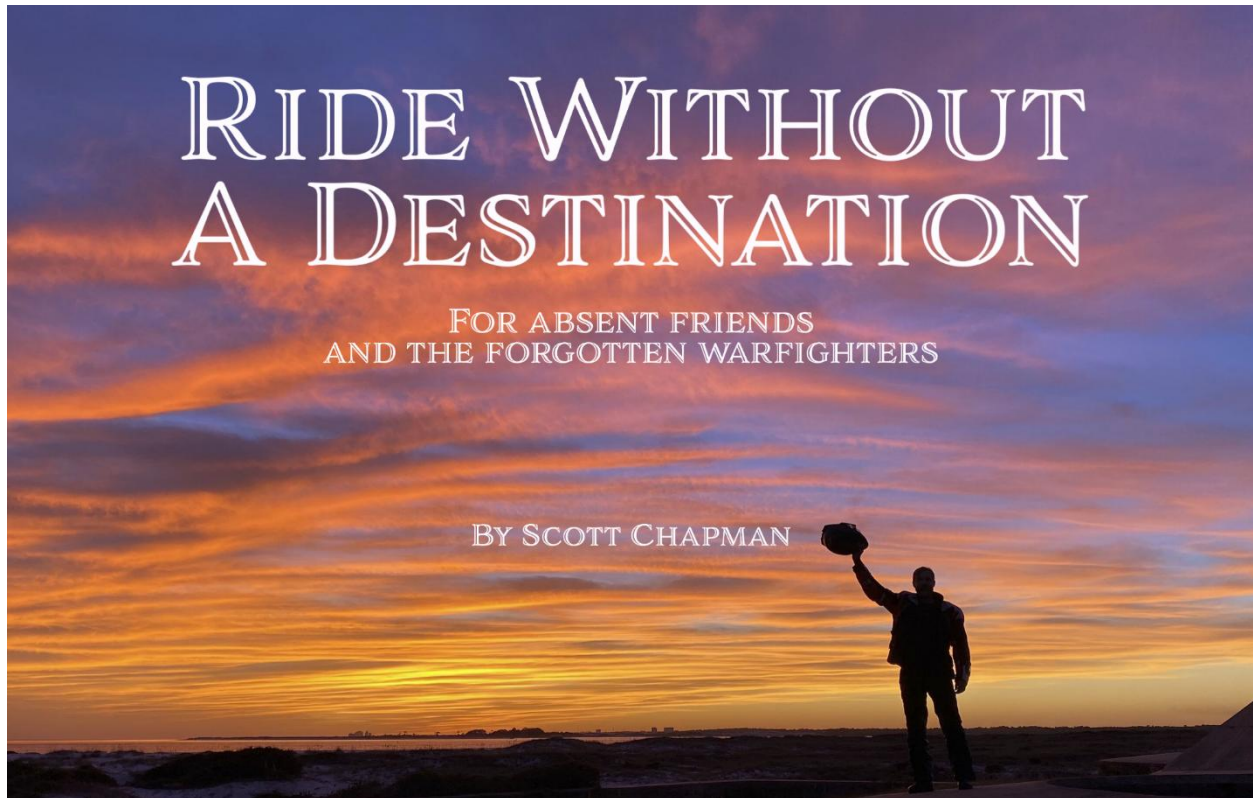
“Ride Without A Destination”

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CHAPTER 6 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 the Alphabots.



--- 1 Day Later ---

11 Oct 2019

In four days, I'll embark on my Round the World (RTW) motorcycle trip! That sentence feels so good to type. Lemme say it again. I'm leaving forever in four days!!!

All my adventure gear is ready for final inspection. Inspecting one's gear is a fundamental step for any wild adventure or dangerous tactical operation. I'll check for rips, tears, and uneven wear. I tend to fall back on the fundamentals when faced with an unknown challenge ahead. This, indeed, will be an endeavor rife with unknown challenges. Since I'm unable to see tomorrow's obstacles with crystal clarity, organization helps keep my mind tidy and increases the odds of success. I live my life based on probability and statistics. There's a higher probability of success if my gear is dressed and pressed.

I'm isolated in a big empty house but feel the weight of the world watch over my shoulder while I lay out my escape stuff on the tile floor. The silent voices who urge me to continue forward far outweigh the fear I feel to continue writing this bare-naked journal.

The air inside my empty house became heavy and hearty while I sorted and stacked my little piles of getaway gear. Clumps of stale air became clogged in my closing throat. The air soon became too thick to breathe in that cold empty old house. This house once brimmed with laughter when my two pups played blanket party disaster. Now, the quiet still chill clogs my soon to be moto thrill.

I stagger and stumble then tumble outside; never a peep and cry not a weep. Again, I make it outside to grab a gulp of fresh breath, while I wait to reset. I began to take my first fresh



breaths of outside air and taste the joy of “not a care.” This is how I spent the last few days while planning my escape.

I organized “little adventure piles” of items by like-category. There’s the camp category, protection pile, kitchen concoctions, solo moto tools, and essential electronics. These little piles help me stay organized and aid to visualize using said things. Visualization helps me identify deficiencies because I imagine using said things, *similar what writing does for me*.

One characteristic of a character called an [Army Ranger](#) is discipline. In this particular endeavor, discipline shines through my “*Care of Equipment*” – a poignant single-line from our esteemed [Ranger Creed](#). I don't know if I’m born like this, or if my time serving as a Ranger conditioned me to be this way. Maybe I gravitated to serve in a Ranger Battalion to satisfy my desire to surround myself with over-achievers and real big thinkers.

Rangers are a group of protectors who choose higher standards. I often say, “it’s easier to become a Ranger, than it is to stay a Ranger.” We Rangers give no leeway for a dip in our standards. I fought for my slot every single day and allowed death my only option out. Maybe the Rangers honed my quiet compulsion for order. Or maybe maintaining order is a defense tactic from unprocessed trauma? No matter the reason, I prefer order because it’s a firm bottom boundary to act as the base for any adventure forward.

I left Alpha Company 2/75th Rangers in 2005. That date is so distant, but feels like an instant. After I left the Rangers and began working for Blackwater in Afghanistan, I learned Alpha Company Rangers earned an unofficial moniker from our other-Company counterparts. A nickname worn with no shame, because we have no blame for this accurate name.

Alpha Company 2/75th Rangers.



We are **ALPHABOTS** ; Alpha Company Robots.

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My silent nod then smooth sly grin let the teller of that story know I give-in. I don't portray my order in neat, packed piles, "because I'm a Ranger." I do what feels most right. I will not follow written rules, with the aim to box my life. Neat, packed piles are logic to a fault, I am, after all, an Alphabot.

This writing project will not be a patriotic 'Murica theme, oh how nauseating. I'm fed up with the vapid, nation-worshipping religion of destruction. I love this American experiment, but regret fighting in wars sponsored by greed, corruption, and energy consumption.

There's no time to open that door; just jet. I'll write about that sharp splinter story further down the slope. For now, let's talk about motorcycles! I welcome any input or recommendations on this thread. I often say, "I my ego back east." *Back East* is my sneaky reference to 22 trips I made overseas.

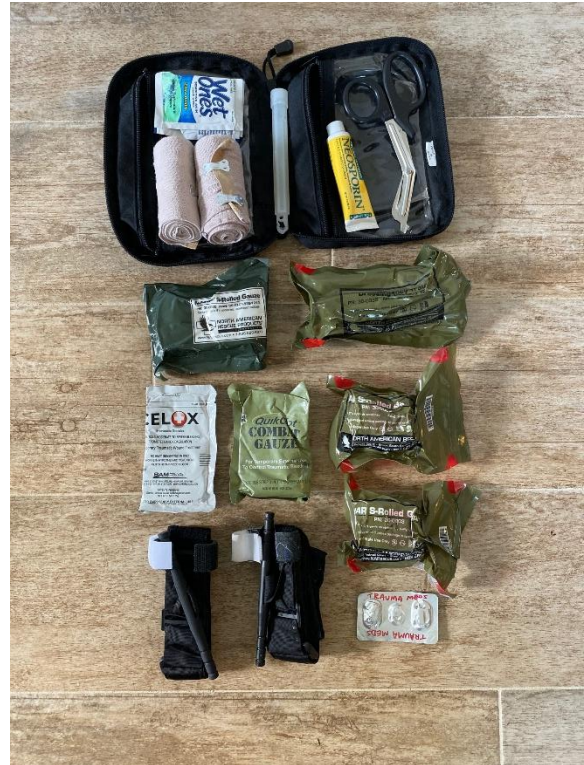


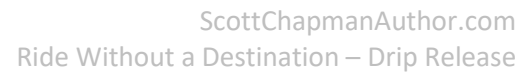
- Revzilla Sand 3 suit (with suspenders): I read a handful of reviews and pulled the trigger without trying one on. The arms are a bit stiff, but I hope it softens up over time. I don't like all the bright and flashy adventure moto gear. Fluorescent is not my objective. I prefer the quiet professional approach. Barraza, my departed first team leader taught me, "Whatever you do, just look cool doing it."
- Rain gear and cold weather inserts are in the stuff sack.
- Sidi Adventure Rain boots with blood type and allergies. Check. Everyone does that, right?
- Three knee-high socks and 1 pair of thigh-socks. That's enough tall socks.
- Exped sleeping pad. I once knew an *Orange* [\[link\]](#) adventure girl who climbed Everest, hiked the Appalachian trail with two dogs (twice), and did some other unspeakable adventure things in unspeakable countries. She once recommended this sleeping pad. I think I recommend it too.



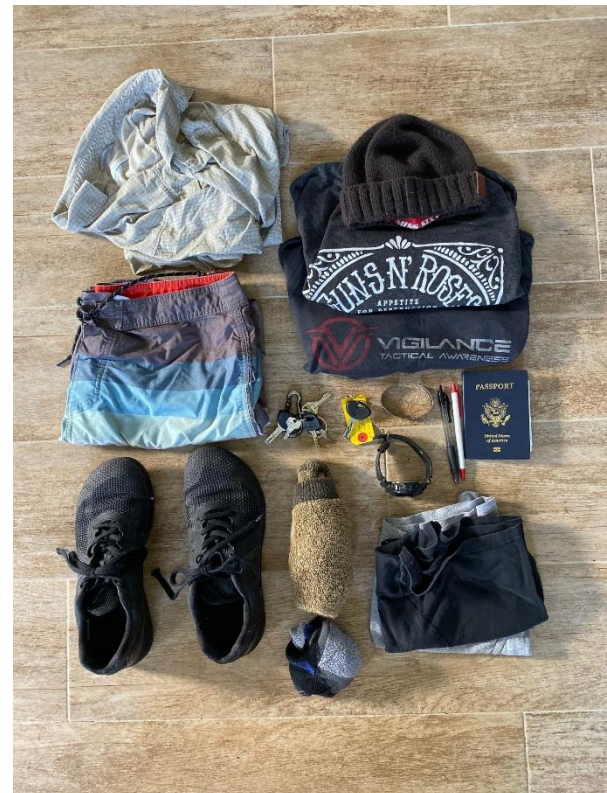


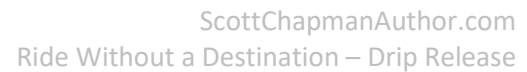
- Hubba Hubba 2-person tent – I'm solo but want the extra leg room. I chewed on this decision as distraction thought island over the past few weeks. I chose my 2p heavy tent over my 1p ultralight tent.
- A cut square of plastic for a tent protection footprint. (Next time use Tyvex)
- Marmot sleeping bag. This is, by far, the largest item on my packing list.
- Camp chair with a high back. After a long day in the saddle, I want a place to rest, and kick back. It's a comfort item.
- Sterile Gauze roll x 3
- Sterile dressing
- Blood stopper x 2





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[illegible]

A collection of items laid out on a wooden floor. In the center is a black and grey Klim motorcycle vest with the brand name 'Klim' and a '50th Anniversary' patch. To the left of the vest is a red and blue motorcycle helmet with a clear face shield. Below the helmet is a box of '100% Pure Lens' replacement lenses. To the right of the vest is a yellow highlighter, a pink pen, a black pen, a black beanie, and a bag of colorful candy.

- www.ScottChapmanAuthor.com



without a written prescription. Called "Fish-Flox Forte." This is not medical direction, only education.

- Towel / wash cloth.
- Plus, the pants I'm wearing while typing now.
- Spare key. Avoid a single point of failure.
- 1 front tube and 1 rear tube (in bag with baby powder to prevent chafing.)
- Touratech bottle holders will be mounted on my Zega bags tomorrow.
- Assorted tie down straps.
- Exhausted Army Ranger, 1ea.





Selected Replies:

ADV Rider Boomsling: *“Safe travels brother. I’m also a combat vet. I retired 2 years ago. A trip like this might just be the thing for me. It’s not easy to just turn off your military brain training after you take off the uniform and hang up your boots. Hope you find what you’re looking for.”*

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