



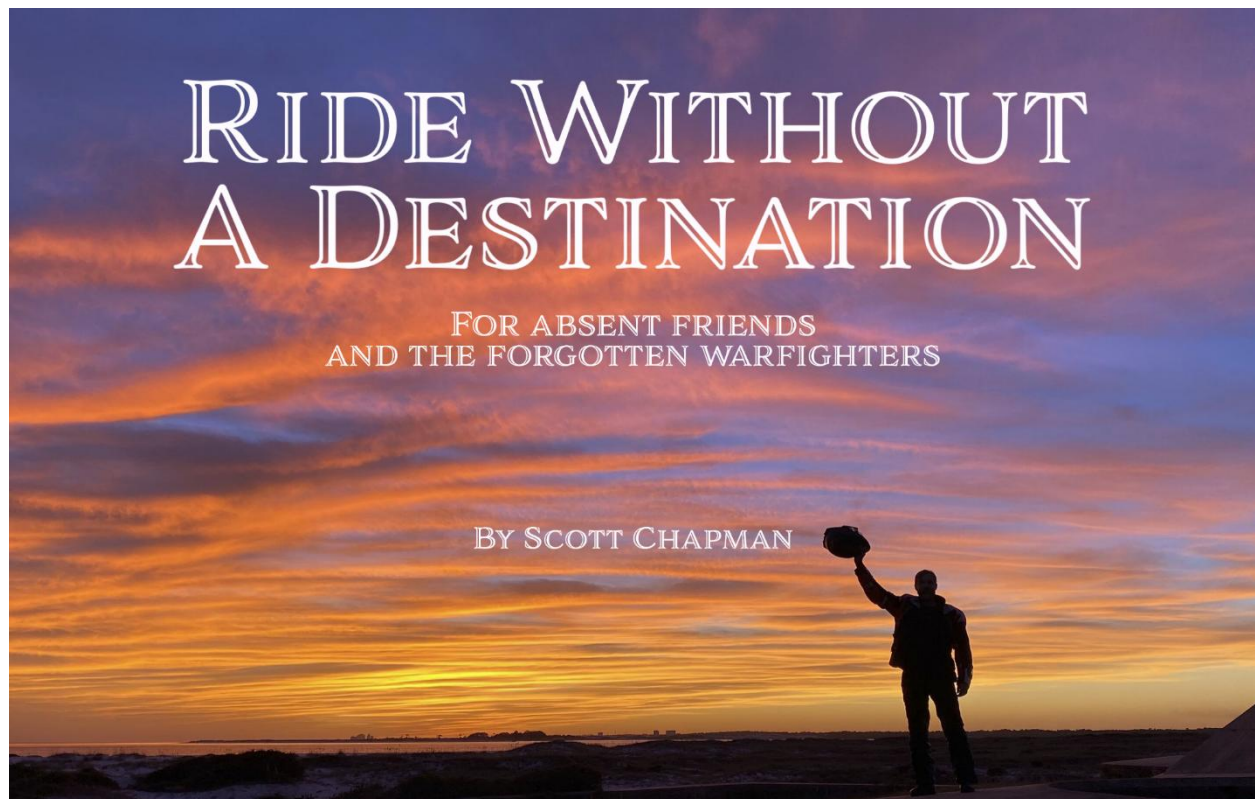
“Ride Without A Destination”

By: Scott Chapman

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CHAPTER 6 of ∞





For the Alphabots

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 ---

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 ago. After I left the Rangers and began to work for Blackwater Worldwide 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

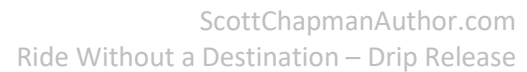


- Tourniquet x 2: Josh, one of my closest friends, is a [Pararescuemen \(PJ\)](#) in the Air Force.

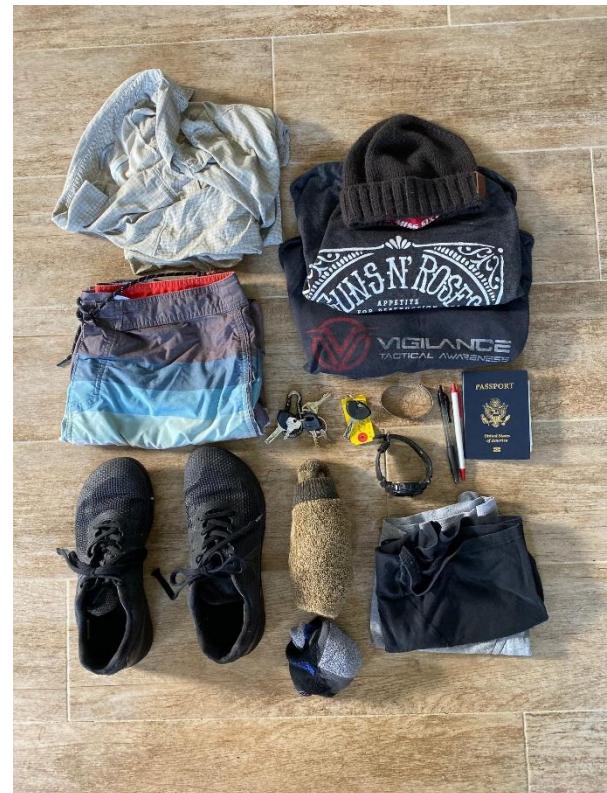
Think of him as a tactical doctor, with loads of honor. This is a bit of advice I heard Josh give in 2009, during his medical class in Afghanistan, *“If you can only carry 1 piece of medical kit, carry a tourniquet. If you can only carry 2 pieces of medical kit, then carry two tourniquets.”* I concur.

- Trauma Meds: Always assume any kind of through-injury is teeming with bacteria. These meds will begin to fight the infection before it takes hold.
- Manual micro saw. Used for quick firewood or to clear an overgrown path.
- Goal Zero solar charger for AA and AAA batteries: Battery pack will also charge my GoPro and iPhone.
- Surefire light saber.





- [illegible]





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.”*

ScottChapmanAuthor.com