

BURNED BRIDGES AND BACKROADS

2025 V Le Chenz

Seriously, I can't quite pinpoint what cosmic mix-up led to my current state, but here I am, authentically, unapologetically me. The problem? My self-understanding is about as profound as a goldfish's long-term memory. I mean, I know myself (sort of), but trying to figure out which version of me is showing up on any given day is always something to look forward to.

Let's delve into the wild world of friend burns. Yeah, that's right, friend burns. This term perfectly sums up the emotional agony that creeps in when some friendships take a nosedive, and let me tell you, the spectrum of these burns is as colorful as the cast of characters on a dating app.

We've got the mild discomfort of a sunburn, like, "Ouch, I didn't realize my friend was a total jerk until I got second-degree emotional burns." Seriously, it's like finding out your buddy, who you thought was solid, is actually just a walking dumpster fire. Talk about a lasting impression! It's a miracle we keep putting ourselves out there, risking that next emotionally charred wreckage.

Here's my little confession: until quite recently, I had never genuinely experienced what it feels like to be friend burned. I had heard stories from friends and acquaintances about their emotional wounds inflicted by former friends, but I remained blissfully unaware of that particular pain. I was the burner. Perhaps my "give a darn" meter is permanently stuck on low, causing me to glide through relationships with a certain level of detachment? It's possible that I've built up a protective barrier around myself, one that prevents me from fully engaging in the emotional rollercoaster that friendships can sometimes bring.

Ah, well. Whatever the reason may be, one thing is for certain: I simply don't care. It's a curious state of being, isn't it? Strange? Maybe. But that's just the quirky essence of who I am, like a three-legged dog trying to run a marathon. I've always been a bit of an oddball, someone who approaches relationships with a blend of skepticism and amusement, like a cat watching a dog chase its tail. I often find myself observing the emotional turmoil of others with the same level of detachment you'd have while

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watching a soap opera: “Oh look, another dramatic crisis. Pass the popcorn.” This unique perspective lets me appreciate the intricacies of human connection without getting caught up in the emotional messiness, because who needs that kind of chaos in their life? I’m just here for the show, folks.

In this way, I’m like the guy who shows up to a party just to eat the free chips while pretending to care about everyone’s boring life stories. I’m both an outsider and a participant, navigating the complexities of friendship with the curiosity of a cat and the indifference of a teenager forced to clean their room. It’s a balance that keeps me grounded, like a yoga instructor who can’t touch their toes.

So, as I reflect on my own relationships, I can’t help but wonder: is it really a lack of caring, or do I just have a unique understanding of how to dodge emotional shrapnel, or is it something else? Maybe, in my own delightfully twisted way, I’ve navigated the friendship maze like a blindfolded guy in a cornfield, appreciating both the sweet corn and the occasional faceplant without getting scorched by those flaming hot takes.

Step into my world, a place where holding onto relationships is about as easy as trying to catch smoke with your bare hands, good luck with that! From the earliest moments I can remember, who knows if it was when I was three or ten, I’ve had this bizarre talent for lighting a match and watching every relationship go up in flames. While some folks are busy collecting stamps or coins, I’m over here racking up a trophy case of burned bridges like it’s my personal Olympic sport. Each one a shining example of my social skills, or lack thereof. Seriously, if there were an award for self-sabotage, I’d be the reigning champion.

Now, don’t get me wrong; I’m not anti-social in the traditional sense. I can nail the casual head nods and the nonchalant waves like a pro; you know the drill. We all partake in these simple gestures of acknowledgment like we’re all members of some secret society of social awkwardness. But there’s something about my very essence that cranks up the heat every

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single time I try to connect with someone. And let me clarify, I'm not talking about those slow-burn scenarios that allow for meaningful growth and development. Nope, I'm more of a flash-fry type, incinerating those connections faster than you can say "awkward silence." Honestly, if relationships were marshmallows, mine would be a pile of charred, unrecognizable fluff, the kind you'd find at the bottom of a campfire.

You might be tempted to think of me as some sort of heartless creature, devoid of emotions or capacity for connection, but let's get real here: I'm just a master of evasion, dodging deep conversations like they're a bad ex at a party. Who has the time for heart-to-hearts when there's an entire world out there to navigate? I mean, you think I want to sit around crying over feelings when I could be scrolling through social media? Life's a whirlwind, and I prefer to keep moving through it. Sure, I might leave a trail of singed friendships in my wake, but hey, that's just the price of progress, right? If you can't handle the heat, get out of my emotional kitchen!

So, here we are, me and my bizarre talent for torching potential friendships like some kind of emotional pyromaniac, waving goodbye before anyone gets close enough to realize my heart is basically a fortress guarded by rabid squirrels. Lonely? Maybe, just a smidge. Hilarious? You bet your ass. Welcome to my life as a relationship arsonist!

Just yesterday, in a rare moment of social bravery that I'm still questioning, I decided to introduce myself to a clerk at the gas station while buying lottery tickets. His name was Earl. I felt like I should've been taking notes or something. I mean, this was practically a deep and meaningful encounter for me!

So, what do I do? The next day, I stroll back in for yet another round of lottery tickets and act like Earl is a stranger from a different dimension. I mean, why acknowledge a fellow human when I can treat him like a ghost haunting my past? Just typical me, running the social playbook like a drunk toddler with a crayon.

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Let's take a leap back to the 1970s, a decade where we not only mastered the art of questionable fashion but also made some utterly debatable life choices. Let me paint you a vibrant picture of that wild, tumultuous era. Fashion was our first canvas, and oh boy, the choices we made! We strutted around in bell-bottoms so wide that you could practically smuggle your entire family under there without anyone batting an eye. Who needs a pet carrier when your pants could double as a small apartment? Platforms were so towering that you felt like you were on top of the world, literally teetering on the edge of fashion history while praying you didn't break an ankle. The colors and patterns weren't merely seen; no, my friend, they assaulted all the senses in a riotous explosion of fabric and design. It was like donning a scream in fabric form, a cacophony of hues that demanded attention, because apparently, the only thing louder than your outfit was your poor life choices.

Then there was the music, ah yes, the era of disco fever, which swept through society like a delightful epidemic, or like a bad case of the flu that just wouldn't quit! It depends on who you are; I love disco. I love Motown. Picture it: a vast, swirling sea of shiny outfits that looked like they were fashioned from a disco ball and a bad decision, all shaking and grooving to the infectious beats of the Bee Gees. Meanwhile, just around the corner, the raw rock vibes of Led Zeppelin and Queen were pumping your adrenaline like you were on a caffeine binge at a monster truck rally. And amidst all that rock and roll thunder, there'd be a lone folk singer in the corner, strumming heartfelt tunes about peace and love, probably wishing he was anywhere else but there. Those were truly the days to remember, if you could remember them at all after all the dancing and questionable choices!

Over in the political arena, well, that was a sitcom in itself, a veritable circus of characters and scandals. Watergate became the juicy gossip on everyone's lips, making us all side-eye our radios like we were tuning into the latest episode of a soap opera. Nixon waved goodbye to his presidency with a mix of resignation and defiance, probably thinking, "Well, at least I'm

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not the guy who has to clean up this mess.” Enter Gerald Ford, stepping into the chaotic fray, likely muttering, “What a time to be alive... and why exactly did I sign up for this dumpster fire?” Watergate, with all its twists and turns, was a light warm-up compared to the layers of corruption today. It’s like we went from a soap opera to a full-blown reality show where the drama escalates daily, leaving us all in a state of disbelief, wondering if we’re watching politics or just waiting for someone to get slapped in the face.

Let’s not forget the dawn of the digital rebellion, hello, microprocessors! This technological revolution kicked off an era that changed everything we thought we knew about the world. Meanwhile, our entertainment took a surprisingly primitive turn with the arrival of Pong, a game so mind-numbingly simplistic that your grandma’s knitting projects looked like they required a PhD in astrophysics compared to the Herculean task of hitting that little blip back and forth across the screen. Speaking of entertainment, the cinema of the 1970s burst onto the scene like a midlife crisis at a family reunion, forever altering the landscape of film. The release of “Star Wars” was a cultural phenomenon that turned everyone into a wannabe Jedi, waving around imaginary lightsabers like it was the latest TikTok dance trend, quoting lines from the film with the kind of fervor typically reserved for cults. And then there was “Jaws,” a thriller that had us avoiding water like it was a landmine, instilling a fear of the ocean that still lingers like that awkward silence at a family gathering. On television, “MASH” somehow blended humor and the harsh realities of war, finding laughter amid chaos. Meanwhile, “The Brady Bunch” took the chaotic dynamics of mixed families and transformed it into a comforting staple of our evening routine, leaving us with a warm, fuzzy sense of belonging while the rest of the world was a dumpster fire.

Culturally, the 1970s were like a wild party where the bouncer had already passed out from too much cheap whiskey. Anything went, seriously, you could walk into a room wearing nothing but a leisure suit and a headband, and people would be like, “Nice outfit, man!” New lifestyles were popping up

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like those awful avocados that everyone pretends to love, with folks experimenting like they were trying to win a Nobel Prize in Bad Decisions.

And let's talk about décor: shag carpeting and wood paneling became the hallmarks of chic. Who needs a clean, modern aesthetic when you can have a living room that looks like a bad trip to a lumberyard? The '70s were a playground because the outrageous creativity was off the charts, probably because everyone was high on something. The rules? Dubious at best. Fun was guaranteed, and you could almost hear the collective "What were we thinking?" echoing through history.

That being said, I was only 12 years old at the end of the 1970s, and by then, I was well on my way to annihilating everything and everyone I came into contact with in my own unique way. A potential head injury at the tender age of five might have played a role in my chaotic tendencies, but let's be real, it probably had more to do with the almost total abandonment I felt from my father. Then again, it could be a learning disability or two. Divorced when I was about three, my father never showed up for his scheduled visitation. I was left sitting on the stoop like a forgotten piece of trash, feeling like the world's worst yard sale item, abandoned, alone, and wondering if I was just a failed experiment in parenting.

Growing up in the fiery furnace of the dramatic 1970s, I was that kid, the one who always seemed a little off-center, a bit too intense for the sandbox crowd. While others played hopscotch and engaged in innocent games typical of childhood, I was busy orchestrating elaborate scenes of betrayal and reconciliation among my action figures. Yeah, you heard that right. My toys were living their best soap opera lives while the other kids were busy trying to figure out how to tie their shoelaces without falling over.

At the tender age of 12, I was unknowingly perfecting the art of heartbreak and existential angst long before my first crush turned me down for a slow dance. Let me tell you, that experience was about as fun as stepping on a Lego. It was like the universe decided to hand me a PhD in emotional complexity while the rest of my peers were still trying to figure out if

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cooties were real. Growing up felt like a rollercoaster designed by a sadistic engineer, thrilling, terrifying, and with a good chance of losing your lunch.

You see, the end of the '70s wasn't just about the vibrant disco beats and the iconic bell-bottoms for me. No, it was a master class in understanding abandonment and cultivating resilience, because nothing says "childhood" like a front-row seat to Dad's disappearing act. My father, a charismatic guy who cast a shadow bigger than my self-esteem, decided that fatherhood was just a little too boring for his adventurous spirit. He and my mother split up when I was barely old enough to walk, just past the toddler stage, and he was supposed to whisk me away every other weekend, promising a world filled with sporadic bursts of paternal engagement. But instead, he pulled the classic Houdini move, now you see him, now you don't. Bravo, Dad! What a show!

There I sat, my small frame perched on the cold, unyielding steps of our stoop, clutching hope like it was the last slice of pizza at a party, desperate and a little pathetic. I was draped in the naive optimism of kids who actually think their dad's going to show up this time, like he's not just off on an endless quest to find himself or, more likely, the bottom of a bottle. I imagined him rolling up in his old, rusted Chevy, rolling down the window, and inviting me into a weekend packed with laughter, joy, and ice cream sundaes. Instead, I was met with the harsh bite of reality, which, let me tell you, is like getting slapped in the face with a wet fish. Twilight was creeping in, and I could practically hear the darkness snickering, "Surprise! No dad, no fun, just you and your crunchy dreams turning to dust." Eventually, my mother would coax me back inside, her face a careful mask hiding the fury and sorrow of broken promises, like a magician who just revealed the trick behind the disappearing act. Only, in this case, the magic was just a sad excuse for a dad.

Reflecting on those days now, it seems almost poetic how I turned that simmering rage and confusion into a passionate love for storytelling, because what else was I going to do? Join a support group? Nah, better to

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turn my demons into characters and let them run wild on the pages! Each character I crafted was basically a therapy session gone rogue, flawed, raw, and achingly real. My pen didn't just write; it assaulted the pages like a drunk guy at a karaoke bar, belting out heart-wrenching ballads while simultaneously twisting the knife of betrayal deeper into my youthful understanding of love and trust.

In the theater of my mind, my father popped up as the quintessential anti-hero, like a superhero, but with worse judgment and a penchant for bad decisions. His sporadic affection was like a scavenger hunt, only I was the one starving, and the prize was a crumb. Each little gesture was a breadcrumb I desperately collected, like a raccoon rummaging through a trash can, just trying to survive on scraps of what I actually needed. My narratives didn't float down the delicate paths of fairy tales; nah, they slogged through the murky swamps of flawed humanity, where people clawed their way toward redemption like they were trying to scale a grease-covered pole at a carnival.

Every story was a cathartic release, a way to explore the complex tango between hope and despair, like watching a couple at a wedding who clearly shouldn't have gotten married in the first place. I was just trying to navigate the choppy waters of my emotions, unearthing profound truths hidden within the chaos of my past, which, let's be honest, was like finding a diamond in a dumpster.

Perhaps, in a world less filled with disappointed stoop vigils and parents who actually show up, I might have found my calling as a writer of comedies or romances, spinning tales that prance across the pages like a drunken gazelle. In that utopia, love would stick around longer than a bad smell, and happiness wouldn't be a fleeting visitor that ghosts you after the first date. But no, I got stuck in the drama genre, like it was the only seat left on the bus. It's the kind of match made in hell, fueled by the smoldering embers of a childhood where I learned, often the hard way, that closure is a myth, like unicorns or a diet that actually works. So here I am, crafting

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stories that reflect my reality, because apparently, the universe thought it'd be hilarious to hand me a pen instead of a therapist.

A playwright of the personal, a dramatist of the discarded. You know, just your average Joe, crafting stories through a lens that's a mix of '70s sepia and whatever color loss looks like, probably a sad gray. Every narrative I spin has a stoop in it, like that awkward neighbor who always peeks out when you're trying to have a moment of peace.

And here's the kicker: even in absence, there's a presence, like that lingering smell of burnt popcorn after you've tried to impress someone with your cooking skills. It leaves an indelible mark, shaping us in ways that are both painfully obvious and sneakily subtle, echoing long after the final curtain falls. Because let's face it, life is just one big tragicomedy, and we're all just trying to find a decent seat.

Now, let me take you on a whimsical journey through the pages of my past, which is basically a fancy way of saying "buckle up for my train wreck of a childhood." Picture this: I was a wee little 10-year-old, navigating the world like a toddler on roller skates, clumsy and wide-eyed. Ah, those were the days, before the relentless dawn of social media, back when my biggest worry was whether I could sprint home in time to catch my favorite cartoon.

It was during this innocent period that a monumental shift happened in my life. No, it wasn't the dreaded onset of puberty; thankfully, I was still blissfully ignorant of that horror show. Nope, it was something else entirely, a sensation like sliding from one parallel universe into another, slightly shinier universe where the grass was greener, and kids were still allowed to play outside without getting a lecture on screen time. Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the big move!

Let me take a moment to paint a vivid picture of my original stomping grounds. It was a hard-knock life, reminiscent of the musical "Annie," but with way less singing and a lot more swearing. Imagine a neighborhood

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where our doors could be left unlocked without fear, because, let's be honest, the criminals knew better than to step foot in there; it's like trying to rob a bear's den. Kids roamed freely until the streetlamps flickered on, which meant it was time to head home before the neighborhood moms started throwing wooden spoons at your head.

This was a community where neighbors borrowed sugar like it was a life-or-death matter, reinforcing the bonds of camaraderie and trust, because nothing says "I love you, neighbor" quite like lending them a cup of granulated white death. Our little circle of townhouses was chock-full of Europe's finest exports: hardworking men with accents so thick you'd need a chainsaw to get through them, and hands calloused enough to make a rock jealous. They were joined by their iron-willed wives, women who could wrestle a chicken to the dinner table faster than you could say 'meatloaf Monday,' and trust me, they would serve it with a side of tough love and a healthy dose of guilt.

This was a world bursting with character, warmth, and an unyielding spirit, basically the kind of place where every door swung open to a story that was just dying to be told, usually followed by a dramatic reenactment that you didn't ask for but were somehow trapped into suffering through anyway. Seriously, it's like a bad dinner theater production where the only thing missing is your sanity!

Fast forward to the day of the move; it felt less like a simple transition from one house to another and more like signing up for a space mission to a dimension where everyone's just a little too happy. We were upgrading our lifestyle, moving from our blue-collar bubble to a higher middle-class blue-collar bubble, and with a strong white-collar presence. A ritzier zip code that's only about two miles away, but let me tell you, those two miles might as well be a trip to Mars. Imagine going from living 'paycheck to paycheck' to a place where you still live 'paycheck to paycheck,' but your next-door neighbor might accidentally misplace his Porsche because the driveway looks like a freakin' luxury car dealership.

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In this newfound terrain, the houses weren't just larger; they were newer and nicer, like they were flexing on the rest of us. And nestled between them were mansions that looked like they were auditioning for the next Hollywood blockbuster, complete with manicured lawns that stretched longer than your last relationship, and trust me, that's saying something. The sprawling mansions kicked off about half a mile up the street, across our quaint little one-light section of Greenwich. The cars? Oh please, they were so polished they could double as mirrors for the self-absorbed. Every kid in this affluent neighborhood seemed to pop out of the womb clutching a silver spoon, probably crafted from some endangered species of whale or something equally ridiculous. Here, discussions about labor were as real as unicorns, confined to abstract economic theories that only rich people understand while sipping their \$10 lattes like they're some kind of artisanal potion. And Daddy's morning commute? Not to the local factory like the rest of us mere mortals, but to the towering skyscrapers of Wall Street, where fortunes are made and lost faster than any friendship I ever had, and trust me, those were some quick exits!

The matriarchs of this neighborhood weren't out back throwing down over who's got the best tomatoes or chickens; nope, they were busy duking it out in a much more 'refined' way. Picture this: they were battling it out on the tennis courts at the country club, swinging rackets like it was a life-or-death situation. And don't even get me started on the cutthroat race for those oh-so-coveted charity board chair positions. It's like the Hunger Games, but with more pearls and less actual survival!

And the social gatherings? Forget about your average potluck; these were lavish spectacles with a maid on hand to cater to every ridiculous whim. "Oh, you need your champagne chilled to exactly 33 degrees? Right away, Madame!"

As for the neighborhood kids? They weren't just playing hide and seek; they were metaphorically hiding offshore accounts and seeking out tax havens. Just kidding, well, sort of. In this neighborhood, those kids probably have

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more financial schemes than their parents! I mean, I can just picture them in their little designer tracksuits, whispering about their investments while chugging organic juice boxes.

Amidst this whirlwind of opulence and privilege, there I stood, caught between these two vastly different worlds. I was trying to make sense of my lower mid-blue-collar roots while navigating the whimsical fantasies of the white-collar elite. It was like being a Teen Wolf crashing a high-society gala; one minute I'm trying to figure out which fork to use for my organic kale salad, and the next I'm just hoping I don't accidentally howl at the moon after a few too many mimosas. That reminds me of another story, but it's about tequila, but that's for another time. A bizarre mix of realities that somehow culminated in the confused yet perpetually entertained person penning this anecdote, and let me tell you, folks, the therapy bills are through the roof!

So, as you take a moment to mull over this little slice of my life, ask yourself: isn't it hilarious how a two-mile move can feel like you're packing up for a one-way ticket to Mars, but never get there? You are now lost between two worlds. I mean, come on, I'm not exactly climbing Everest here! And while you're deep in thought about your own epic quests, like deciding whether to finally clean out that junk drawer, just remember: every move, every change, no matter how insignificant, is just another episode in the never-ending dumpster fire that is life. Go ahead, change that channel if you want; just know the next one might be in high-def, but it's still just a different kind of chaos. Good luck with that!

Ah, here we go. The moment I rolled into my new neighborhood, the antics kicked off immediately, like a bad sitcom that just got renewed for another season. Let's just say the neighborhood was bustling with kids my age, which usually spells trouble, like giving a toddler a bucket of ice cream and a paintbrush. You can bet it did for me. Chief among these pint-sized miscreants was Thaddeus, the self-proclaimed street bully. This kid was a lanky stick of a boy who somehow managed to be older yet weighed less

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than one of my meaty thighs. Seriously, I've seen spaghetti noodles with more muscle tone. After all, good stories need a dramatic build-up, right? Or at least a plot twist that doesn't involve me getting chased off the block.

So, welcome to chaos central, a place where every day felt less like a sweet childhood romp and more like navigating a minefield, except instead of explosives, you've got a bunch of spoiled, hormonal pre-teens plotting pranks and flexing their nonexistent power. Seriously, these kids were like little dictators in training, running around with more attitude than a reality TV star. And who was your humble narrator in this circus? Just the fresh meat, the new kid, standing there like a deer in headlights, marked for mayhem and mischief in a world that was anything but welcoming. It was like being thrown into a blender of chaos and confusion, and I forgot to hold onto the lid. Good luck to me, right?

My mission was straightforward yet daunting: establish dominance in this unforgiving social landscape or risk becoming just another casualty in the suburban youth warfare, because nothing says "successful childhood" like dodging a punch from Thad who's got more notches on his belt than a cowboy in a bar fight. My strategy? Simple: avoid being just another notch on Thad's ever-growing bully belt. But, of course, fate had a different plan, because trying to keep a low profile as the new kid on the block is like trying to hide a circus in a broom closet, utterly impossible and downright ridiculous. Spoiler alert: it wasn't long before I found myself at the mercy of the gauntlet, ready to be initiated into the brutal world of middle school gladiators.

As I ventured deeper into the belly of the beast, our street, a notorious strip known as 'The Horseshoe,' the kind of place where neighborhood kids settle their scores with the finesse of a WWE match, I knew the moment of reckoning was upon me. Thaddeus, the kingpin of this playground, strutted toward me like he was auditioning for a soap opera, all bravado and zero subtlety. Seriously, this guy had all the charm of a used car salesman on a bad hair day. The air was thick, suffocating even, with the sweet scent of

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bubblegum clashing with the unmistakable aroma of impending doom. You know, like the smell you get when you realize you've bitten off more than you can chew, like going for seconds at an all-you-can-eat buffet and realizing you're about to pay dearly.

"New kid," Thad sneered, a word that felt more like a slur than a mere label in his limited vocabulary. "This is my turf. You pay the toll, or you pay the price. Oh, and nice hair. What is that, an afro?" Oh, the drama! You'd think we were caught in a showdown between rival gangs in a gritty urban setting, rather than exchanging glares by the hydrangeas in a suburban yard. His loyal cronies snickered like they were at the Oscars, applauding Thad for his Best Dramatic Performance. This was it, my 'make it or break it' moment in this new, cutthroat suburban jungle, a real-life episode of "Survivor: Middle School Edition."

Gathering every ounce of cold, sarcastic wit that a twelve-year-old could muster, I retorted with a smirk that I hoped conveyed confidence and defiance. "What does the toll get me? A ticket to view your inbred family in their natural habitat?" My words hung in the air like a fart in an elevator, a challenge thrown into the ring, and I braced myself for the fallout. Would this audacious comeback earn me respect, or would it plunge me deeper into the chaos of Thad's reign? Only time would tell as I stood there, heart racing like I'd just chugged a Red Bull, waiting for the inevitable response that would determine my fate in this turbulent Playground.

The gauntlet was thrown, and shocker, sloganeering quickly escalated into shoving matches and heated exchanges. The air was charged with tension, and it became painfully clear to everyone involved, including Thaddeus himself, that the new kid wasn't just here to ride the wave of our little enclave; he was here to flip the whole damn surfboard and drown us all. One sunny afternoon, in a moment of unexpected camaraderie, yeah, I know, shocker, Thad and I were actually playing well together, kicking a ball around our neighbor's yard like we were in some feel-good sports movie.

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But then an unwelcome push from him lit a fire in me hotter than a jalapeño in a sauna.

In a fit of impulsive rage, I bear-hugged that wiry little bastard from behind. Seriously, when I say he was skinny, it felt like I was embracing a gust of wind, making it look like I was just really into self-hugs. With adrenaline pumping like I was about to run a marathon, I slammed him down onto the grass harder than I'd intended. Oops! The impact echoed in the quiet of the afternoon like an unwanted ringtone at a funeral.

As I watched him struggle to regain his breath, I couldn't help but notice the wide-eyed excitement on my face, complete with a smile that could rival the Cheshire Cat, or that new movie "Smile," or even the remakes of "It." In that pivotal moment, it became abundantly clear: Thaddeus's days of dominance were over; his regime was crumbling faster than a cheap IKEA shelf. I had risen to claim my place as the Alpha, and boy, did it feel good.

In the days that followed, what started as a full-blown cage match of hostility turned into a weird kind of respect, like when two warriors in ancient epics stopped trying to murder each other at dawn and just decided to share a coffee instead. Thaddeus and I, having settled our feud like two kids fighting over the last slice of pizza, reached a silent truce that said more about our relationship than any heartfelt conversation ever could. We eyed each other like wary animals in the wild, two kings navigating the minefield of our fragile peace, ruling over a kingdom built on bike rides, spontaneous adventures, and a shared love for breaking curfews like a couple of rebellious teenagers.

As we all know childhood is filled with these trial-by-fire moments that either forge lifelong friendships or permanently etch you into the neighborhood's hall of fame as bitter arch-nemeses. You know, the kind of rivalry where you look back and think, "Wow, I really could've used a therapist instead of a slingshot." As for Thad and me? We landed somewhere in the middle of this spectrum, like two morons on a seesaw, caught in a tenuous cease-fire, pretending to be buddies while secretly

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plotting each other's downfall. It was like an intricate suburban chess game, except neither of us knew the rules, and the pieces were just our parents' patience teetering on the edge. One wrong move, and it was on, sudden combat over who could build a better tree fort. Spoiler alert: neither of us won, but we both definitely lost our sanity.

So, here's to the neighborhood, the grand arena of my youth, where every corner was a minefield of drama and every face could either be your best friend, or the reason you'd need a tetanus shot. It was a place where bullies could become brothers, or at least your accomplices in petty crimes, united by the sacred, unspoken rules of childhood's chaotic mess.

The game was simple: To navigate the treacherous waters of adolescence without capsizing. Sounds easy, right? Wrong. It's like trying to swim in a shark tank while wearing a meat suit, good luck with that! Think of life like a crowded subway: you've got your hustlers, your dreamers, your silent observers, and then there's me, the wild card nobody can quite peg. In my new, ritzy-ish neighborhood, I was like a vegan at a barbecue, an anomaly, a misfit toy in a box filled with glimmering designer collectibles. It's not that I didn't try to blend in; it's just that every attempt seemed to shine a glaring spotlight on my inherent otherness, like I was walking around with a neon sign that said, "Look at me, I don't belong!" So, I made a decision: I would lean into my differences, embracing the role of the anti-hero in my own twisted coming-of-age tale. Because if I'm going to make a mess of this whole thing, I might as well do it with style!

My old buddies? Yeah, they're just distant memories now, like that one sock you lose in the dryer, gone forever, but you're pretty sure it was a solid sock. Out with the old, in with the new, right? Classic motto! But every time I tried to fit in with these kids, it was like trying to shove a square peg into a round hole. My blue-collar roots would pop up like a bad rash, one slip of the tongue here, an outdated reference there, and bam! Outsider status confirmed, and I'm left standing there like a deer in headlights, wondering if I should just start wearing khakis and sipping artisanal coffee. I engaged

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less and less with the old crew, not because I didn't like them, but because every chat felt like a trip back to the past, like watching VHS tapes when everyone else is streaming in 4K. Just a painful reminder of who I was supposed to leave behind, like that embarrassing tattoo you got in college, yeah, it seemed like a good idea at the time!

As high school kicked off like it was auditioning for a horror movie, my loyalties were as clear as mud at a dive bar after one too many. The rich kids? Oh, they were like a VIP pass to a world of excess and opportunity, flashing their cash like they just won the lottery. My old friends? They rolled their eyes harder than a teenager at a family reunion, acting like those parties were just a parade of shallow nonsense. Meanwhile, I was there, caught between wanting to sip champagne with the elite and wondering if I should just stick to my pizza and sweatpants.

So, just like that, those old neighborhood friends were gone, swapped out for a cast of characters who were just as baffling as they were fascinating, like a bad reality show where everyone's pretending to be someone they're not. I found myself at parties where the laughter was so loud it could drown out a jet engine, but the conversations? Hollow as a politician's promise. The sparkling drinks did about as much for my thirst for genuine connection as a wet napkin does for a broken leg. Each night was a performance, and guess what? I was the reluctant star in this absurd circus, desperately searching for an audience that would appreciate my quirks while also craving the cozy embrace of familiarity. The struggle between fitting in and being true to myself became my daily battle, a war waged in the hallways of high school and the backrooms of exclusive gatherings where everyone was too busy pretending to care to actually connect.

As the days turned into weeks and the weeks into months, I started to realize that the more I tried to fit into this shiny new world, the more I lost track of who I actually was. My old neighborhood friends, with their easy laughs and shared memories, felt like some mythical realm I had willingly ditched in pursuit of acceptance in a place that felt like a gilded cage, great,

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but I'm still trapped! The more I slogged through these murky waters of adolescence, the more it hit me: this isn't just a phase; it's like being stuck in a never-ending tide that could either wash me up on some glorious beach or drown me in my own insecurities. And as I stood there on the edge, staring out at the vast ocean of adulthood, all I could think was, "Please don't let me drown while trying to look cool!"

So, this was the start of it all. Right here, at this very moment, I found the beginning of a journey that would define the course of my life. And let me tell you what a journey it was, like a rollercoaster designed by a sadistic engineer who forgot to install the safety bar.

I should have known better. Deep down, I think I did know, but I chose to deny it. It's like I was the star of my own tragic comedy, where I meticulously constructed walls high enough to keep anyone from truly knowing me. And if, by some miracle, someone managed to breach those defenses? Well, I'd just pull a Houdini and vanish faster than a magician's rabbit, no applause necessary. The real me, the one I loathe, the one I hide from the world, always finds a way to emerge, like a bad rash that won't go away. This uncomfortable truth lingered in the shadows, waiting to reveal itself when I least expected it.

By the time I graduated high school in 1985, I was already well on my way to becoming the ultimate loner. My first year of college only reinforced that path. I was right on schedule! I didn't venture far from home, just an hour and a half up the turnpike to Waterbury, Connecticut. It felt like a small step, but in many ways, it was a giant leap into the unknown, like jumping off the high dive into a kiddie pool. I remember feeling a mix of excitement and dread, like standing on the edge of a diving board, peering into water that looked deceptively inviting yet held unseen depths beneath the surface. Spoiler alert: It was all pee.

I was lucky to be there, or at least that's what everyone told me. They said I had made it to a decent school, that my acceptance was a testament to my hard work and potential. Yeah, right! How many of these colleges accepted

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me still boggles my mind. I had always struggled to fit in, to connect with others in a meaningful way. Each acceptance letter felt like a cruel joke, a reminder of the chasm between who I was on paper and who I was in my heart.

As I stepped onto the campus, I was surrounded by a sea of faces, some eager, some indifferent, and all of them apparently ready to embrace this new chapter of their lives like they had just won the lottery. Meanwhile, I felt like an outsider, lurking in the shadows like a raccoon at a picnic, heart pounding with that lovely, familiar anxiety of feeling out of place. I watched groups forming and friendships blossoming while I lingered on the sidelines, a spectator in my own life, like the awkward dude at a buffet who's just there for the free samples, hoping nobody notices he's not actually going to commit to the whole meal. You know, just here for the shrimp cocktail and to judge everyone else's choices.

Despite the opportunities that lay ahead of me, I couldn't shake the feeling that I was destined to remain alone in a crowd. My instinct was to retreat further into the cocoon I had built around myself because who wouldn't want to curl up in their own personal shell, right? It's like a warm hug from your own worst enemy. Little did I know this would set the stage for the choices I would make in the years to come, choices that would lead me deeper into the solitude I both craved and feared. You know, like a moth drawn to a flame, but instead of getting a nice tan, I was just a sad little bug getting squashed on the windshield of life. At this point, I should just start charging rent for the space I occupy in my own head.

Not only did I leave Waterbury after just one year, but I practically sprinted out of there like my pants were on fire. I bolted for my trusty Brat, the car that had seen me through more drama than a reality show, and I was gone in a flash. No goodbyes, no teary farewells, let's be honest, I didn't even glance back. Why would I? I was pretty sure everyone was throwing a party the second my back was turned. The idea that anyone would miss me? Please. My first year of college was officially over, but honestly, it felt like I'd

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just binge-watched a terrible show, lots of time wasted, and I can't believe I hit "next episode."

Reflecting on that year, I couldn't help but recognize how spectacularly I had bombed academically. My grades were so lackluster they could've been featured in a "How Not to Succeed in School" documentary. Seriously, the contrast between my high hopes and my actual performance was like comparing a gourmet meal to a microwaved TV dinner. I had a girlfriend, too, but I managed to obliterate that relationship with all the grace of a bull in a China shop, who knew selfishness and immaturity were relationship deal-breakers? It hit me like a ton of bricks that I'd hurt someone who genuinely cared about me, but hey, who has time for feelings when you're busy being a self-absorbed mess? I had a couple of friends floating around, but those connections were as stable as a house of cards in a windstorm, disappearing faster than my will to study. I had a real talent for pushing people away, and this year, it was just another trophy on my shelf of social failure.

In truth, Waterbury was just a pit stop on my journey through life, and I knew that the second I rolled into town. I had my sights set on the West Coast, daydreaming about California and all the possibilities it held, like surfing, sunbathing, and pretending I was too good for my hometown. One year in this city, and then I'd be off to chase the sun and my dignity. I pictured myself thriving in some vibrant new environment because, you know, the shadows of my past were getting pretty cozy, and I needed to break up with them. With a heart full of hope and a car stuffed with my sad collection of belongings, I was ready to embrace whatever came next. And, lo and behold, somehow, I got accepted into another college in Palos Verdes. How? Must be my sparkling personality, or maybe they just needed to fill a quota for hopeless dreamers.

Little did I know that making stopovers would become the grand theme of my adult life, like the universe decided I'd be the poster child for "Where the hell am I sleeping tonight?" Seriously, my life has been one long episode of

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"Couch Surfing: The Dark Comedy Edition." You ever try to catch some Z's in your car? It's like camping, but with less nature and more existential dread.

I seemed to have a PhD in bad decisions, always choosing the path that looked like it was paved with broken dreams and questionable life choices. I was living in the moment, sure, but that moment was usually spent wondering if my friends would kick me out for hogging the couch or if I was about to get a ticket for sleeping in my car like some sort of modern-day hobo. The future? Ha! That was just some abstract concept floating out there, like a Wi-Fi signal in a remote area, totally out of reach and probably filled with more regret than I was ready to handle.

I lived like I was immune to consequences, just cruising through life like I was the star of my own reality show, "Watch This Idiot!" I was all about that thrill of the now, like a kid in a candy store who just discovered sugar. Meanwhile, I completely ignored the fact that I had the power to actually shape my destiny. My motto? Live for today and deal with tomorrow when it comes knocking, probably with a bill or a restraining order. Consequences? Please, those were just suggestions. My youthful recklessness had me convinced that the universe was just a big ol' playground with no adult supervision. Spoiler alert: it's not.

As I stumbled through this chaotic circus called adulthood, every stopover was like a new chapter in my tragicomic novel, proof that I'm the king of winging it. I bounced from one temporary dump to another. Life? Oh, it was a buffet of fleeting moments, where the thrill of the unknown was always laced with that delightful undercurrent of dread. Friends would offer their couches, and I'd plop down like a lost puppy, blissfully ignoring the fact that my 'nomadic lifestyle' was basically a slow-motion train wreck with a side of bad decisions. Who needs stability when you can have the thrill of wondering if you'll be sleeping on a friend's floor next week or in a tent behind a grocery store?

In the back of my mind, there was this annoying little whisper of doubt, like a mosquito buzzing around my ear, nagging at me to be more responsible.

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You know, the kind of responsible that involves adulting, like paying bills and not eating cereal for dinner every night. I brushed it aside, though, because who needs to think about the future when you can binge-watch another season of that show you've seen three times? I found comfort in the chaos, convinced I was living life to the fullest, like a kid in a candy store... except the candy are questionable life choices and the store is on fire. But hey, after a few weeks of this wild ride, reality hit me like a hangover after a night of questionable decisions.

The thrill began to wear off, and suddenly, I found myself craving stability and a sense of belonging, because who doesn't want to trade in the wild ride for a cozy couch and a Netflix subscription, right? My endless journey of stopovers taught me some valuable lessons, mostly that I'm really good at packing my bags and making impulsive decisions. Sure, living in the moment can feel like riding a rollercoaster, but it turns out that if you don't plan ahead, you might end up in a dingy motel on the outskirts of nowhere with a vending machine that only sells expired snacks.

The epiphany hit me like a bad hangover: I could actually shape my future by taking control of my choices. Mind-blowing, I know! It was like realizing that I didn't have to keep playing the game of life in expert mode while everyone else was chilling on easy. So, I thought, "Maybe it's time to stop living for the next spontaneous trip and start thinking about long-term stuff. With this newfound awareness, I started to navigate the tightrope between seizing the day and not completely screwing up my tomorrow. Who knew adulting could be such a balancing act?

California. She was a blur, like a kaleidoscope on a caffeine binge, mixing sun-soaked streets with endless opportunities and dreams that are probably just illusions. I spent nearly five transformative years in the greater Los Angeles area, where I dove headfirst into its unique culture and eclectic neighborhoods. Venice Beach? Oh, that lively boardwalk was like a circus on acid, and somehow, it became my second home. Santa Monica, with its iconic pier and stunning sunsets, was my go-to for pretending I was

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deep in thought about life while really just daydreaming and pretending to be a big star, taking care to make sure that nobody recognized me.

Palos Verdes offered breathtaking cliffs and ocean views that seemed to stretch into infinity, great for Instagram, terrible for anyone afraid of heights. Sequoia National Park wrapped me in the serenity of towering trees, which, let's be honest, just made me feel like a tiny human lost in the world. Leucadia, with its charming coastal vibe, was another gem that captured my heart, right before it got stolen by the overpriced avocado toast. Yet, amid all these beautiful locations, I must not forget my absolute favorite place: the back of my trusty Subaru Brat, where dreams go to die and where I could pretend that I were a rugged outdoorsman while really just avoiding responsibility.

I was lucky enough to have a pick-up type of bed on the Brat. I would literally have been on the street without it. My lofty aspirations? Oh, just the usual: becoming a star in the entertainment industry, which, let's be real, is about as likely as finding a unicorn in a 7-Eleven. But hey, I was convinced I was destined for greatness. Who wouldn't want to rise to fame while simultaneously trying to figure out how to fit a shower in between college classes?

I dove headfirst into this chaotic mess, trying to network while pretending to improve my craft, whatever the hell that means. But if I'm honest, my commitment was as solid as a paper towel in a rainstorm. Typical dreamer, right? Full of passion but constantly distracted by the crushing weight of adulthood.

Every day was an adventure; a quest filled with more ups and downs than a rollercoaster designed by a sadistic engineer. I found myself surrounded by aspiring artists like me, each with their own sob stories and delusions of grandeur. We gathered at coffee shops, sharing our hopes and fears. I remember the long nights spent rehearsing lines in the dim light of my car or at Denny's, with the sound of waves crashing nearby like nature's way of saying, "What the hell are you doing with your life?" I met countless people

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along the way, each interaction fueling my desire to succeed, yet I often questioned whether I was truly ready for the challenges ahead or if I was just one bad audition away from becoming a cautionary tale.

Ultimately, I learned that the journey to stardom would require not just talent, but also a level of resilience I didn't have. Each setback was a lesson, and every small victory was a step closer to my dream, or at least a step away from my mom asking when I'm going to "get a real job." I realized that while the road was uncertain, the adventure was just beginning, and hey, at least I wouldn't have to pay for a gym membership with all this running around.

I heard of treating everybody equally, and I do. I do, to a fault. I was in Hollywood. Celebs all around the frigging place, and we should not forget that I grew up in Greenwich, CT, where celebrities also abound. I was used to seeing stars and having some kind of contact with them, so when I got to California, meeting new celebrities was cool, but I always acted polite but came off as generally unimpressed by their status or wealth. No big deal.

You might think that since I aspired to be a star myself, I would seize every opportunity to strike up conversations with celebrities whenever I encounter them. After all, one would assume that I would want to get to know them better, or at the very least leave a memorable impression that might someday lead to an audition or a role that I could fit into perfectly. Yet, despite my ambitions, I found myself grappling with a mix of shyness and jealousy that held me back from fully engaging with these icons of the industry.

I can't count the number of celebrities I've met over the years, at least a hundred, if not more. Each interaction left me in awe, and I was always struck by the charisma and talent these individuals exuded. However, I never allowed my admiration to show. Was this reluctance merely a defense mechanism? If so, it was a perplexing one, as I was clearly engaging in behavior that ran contrary to my aspirations. How could I

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possibly hope to become a major star while being such a significant introvert?

Instead of reaching out and making connections, I often chose to remain in the background, silently observing these remarkable figures from a distance. My heart would race with excitement at the thought of speaking to someone I had admired for years, yet the fear of rejection and the weight of my own insecurities would leave me speechless. I couldn't help but wonder how many opportunities I had let slip through my fingers simply because I was too consumed by my own self-doubt.

As I reflected on these encounters, I realized that my shyness and jealousy were more than just fleeting emotions; they were barriers I had erected around myself. In a world where confidence and charisma reign supreme, how could someone like me ever hope to shine? The paradox was almost cruel: I yearned for the spotlight, yet I found myself retreating from it. If I wanted to break through, I would need to confront these internal struggles and learn to embrace the very qualities that I seemed to shy away from. Only then could I truly begin my journey toward becoming the star I had always dreamed of being.

Sadly, but not surprisingly, my California experiment came to an abrupt end, marked by a traffic accident. Yup, you heard that right. Just as I was gearing up to cruise back east in my trusty Brat, I decided to make a pit stop at the Post Office. That's when the sky opened up, and it started pouring rain like nothing I had ever seen before.

So, there I was, navigating slick roads like a contestant in a twisted game show when a pickup truck decided it was a great idea to pull out in front of me without a hint of warning. Boom! Like a bad relationship, jarring and loud. My beloved Brat was now a crumpled heap of metal. Great, just what I needed! The impact? Jarring, sure, but thankfully, I was deemed okay, just shook up, like a can of soda waiting to explode.

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I had the Brat towed in front of my friends' building because who doesn't love a grand finale? With my car totaled and my plans as coherent as a drunk text, I realized I needed to get to the airport.

Well, I had no place to live now, right? Surprise! The thought hit me like a slap in the face. I had just lost my home on wheels and, by extension, my sense of stability in California. It wouldn't be more than a couple of hours before a flight to New York took off, and then I'd be gone, leaving behind a chapter of my life that was more of a footnote at this point.

Once again, there were no goodbyes. No tearful farewells with friends I had made along the way. Nada. Just me, my suitcase, and a one-way ticket to a new beginning, or maybe just a desperate escape from the chaos that had overtaken my life. The weight of it all hung heavy on my shoulders as I trudged through the airport, ready to board a plane that would take me far away from memories of California.

So, here I am once again, back in Greenwich, crashing at my brother's place along with a few of his friends on one side of my uncle's duplex rental. Yep, living the dream in what can only be described as a glorified frat house. I've managed to stake my claim on the attic, which I like to think of as my personal sanctuary. Sounds quaint and cozy, right? Wrong! It's three stories up, making it feel like I'm hiding from a zombie apocalypse lurking down below. Honestly, I don't mind much; I get a sense of privacy and solitude, even if it feels more like I'm residing in a hermit's cave than anywhere with modern amenities. But let's be real here, my brother's friends are more like a revolving door of chaos, and as for my own friends? Well, I had none at the moment. No surprise there, though; life's just one big "who needs friends anyway?" moment, right? Friends, lol.

The attic isn't exactly a five-star hotel; in fact, it could be described as a cross between a storage unit and a less-than-cozy hideaway. But hey, it's home sweet home, or at least as sweet as a dumpster fire can be. My life has spiraled into a whirlwind of drama, and I'm just trying to keep it all together like a juggler on a unicycle while tossing flaming torches. And

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what do we do for fun in this chaotic environment? Have you ever heard of “Chili”? Yes, you heard me right, chili. We’ve turned smoking this miracle into a ritual of sorts. Whenever we’re all home together, we’d gather around, puffing away, and it wouldn’t be long before a crowd formed, drawn in by the smoke and the laughter, as if it were some sort of bizarre smoke signal inviting friendship.

Chili (noun)

1. A slang term for marijuana, also known as cannabis, weed, or Mary Jane.
2. A slang term for marijuana invented by yours truly, V Le Chenz. I was the one who made it up. It was me.

Of course, this smoking and socializing soon morphed into a logistical nightmare. One of our friends decided that the couch was his new permanent address. Great! Just what we needed, another human furniture piece to navigate around. But honestly, we didn’t mind too much because he was a decent guy. However, he was also the type who sleeps all day and wakes up only when the rest of us return from work, like some kind of vampire but with even worse hygiene. Once he finally stirs from his slumber, like clockwork, he inhales a couple of joints in about twenty minutes, then takes a huge pull from “Manute,” before hitting up Pat’s Hubba Hubba, a local grease joint. The Hubba was our go-to spot back in high school, where we’d share stories and probably make some regrettable life choices over plates of artery-clogging goodness, like bacon cheeseburgers and chili cheese fries.

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Manute/*mə'nu:t/*

1. Manute Bol: A 7 ft 6 in giant of a man who played basketball and made the rest of us feel like hobbits in comparison.
2. (slang) “Manute” — A four-foot-long water bong, perfect for recent college grads and anyone who mistakenly thinks they have the lung capacity to handle it.

So, our friend would typically stumble back home around 4 AM, barely registering his surroundings as he mumbled his way back to the couch for another round of beauty sleep. This unique routine created an unusual vibe in our living space, filled with laughter, late-night jam sessions, and a smoky aroma that lingered like a bad decision you can't quite shake off. Living with my brother and his crew has been a wild ride, bursting with unexpected twists and moments that would undoubtedly make a great sitcom, if only we could afford the rights to the story. Each day felt like an exhilarating adventure, and despite the clutter and chaos that defines our existence, I wouldn't trade this vibrant life for anything. It's a chapter I know I'll look back on with a mix of fondness and bewilderment.

After all, this was the backdrop for some of the most significant moments of my life, like when I was fired from my first real big-boy job and got into my very first adult fight. These experiences have shaped me in ways I never could have anticipated, turning the attic into more than just a living space. It became a crucible of self-discovery, where laughter and chaos intertwined, crafting memories that would last a lifetime.

The next ten years were nothing short of a blur, a whirlwind of experiences that blended together like a cheap cocktail. My life? Just a never-ending cycle of hopping around the country, trying on lifestyles like they were outfits at a thrift store, while sampling experiences that ranged from mildly interesting to “why the fuck did I do that?” I craved a place where I could truly be myself, a sanctuary where everyone would embrace me for who I am, like a big, warm hug or a slice of pizza at 2 AM. But there was a

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fundamental problem with that longing: most people were already ready to accept me, but I was busy pretending I was a ghost, floating around, not realizing they were waving hello. I convinced myself that I must've done something to offend everyone at some point, which just fueled my desire to run away and start over. Because, why not? Who wouldn't want to reinvent themselves like a bad reality show contestant? I often thought, who would even remember me after I was gone?

Now, don't get me wrong; I did have my moments of sanity, faith, strength, and hope, like finding a twenty in an old pair of jeans. There were times during those ten years when things felt relatively decent, and I even experienced fleeting glimpses of happiness. But, like a bad date, that underlying sense of discontent always showed up uninvited. I never quite felt like I belonged anywhere, not even in Charlotte, which, in the '90s, people touted as a great place to live. Seriously? While I was heading in a more positive direction, I couldn't help but notice the rising tide of impatience on the roads, marked by incessant horn honking and middle fingers popping out of car windows like they were the newest trend. It was like New Englanders and New Yorkers had thrown a "Let's Make Everyone Else's Life Miserable" party, and I somehow got stuck as the designated driver.

One summer in Charlotte, my brother and sister-in-law showed me a picture of my fat ass with my shirt off on their back deck getting some sun! It was disgusting! I made a desperate attempt to regain control of my life and improve my well-being, immediately. I started running. I lost 20 pounds, became trim, and for a hot second, I thought I looked pretty good, like a discount version of a fitness model. But maybe I didn't give it enough time to sink in, or maybe my inner struggles were just too strong to overcome. Either way, I couldn't shake the feeling that this place wasn't meant for me.

One of the final straws in my turbulent journey came when my 1982 Ford Escort sedan hatchback, lovingly dubbed the POS, decided to throw its transmission. I mean, if that's not a metaphor for my life, I don't know what

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is. One day, I decided to floor it on the highway, and the car responded by crawling along at a blistering five miles an hour in first gear. It took me forever to cover a couple of miles, all while holding up traffic behind me. I'm surprised I didn't end up on the evening news as the world's slowest criminal.

Fortunately, my boss at Zales in Dillard's in Pineville and her husband were kind enough to sell me their aging 1970s Buick boat, dubbed The POS Dos, for a mere \$250. Unfortunately, this beast leaked oil like a sieve, and since I was not yet ready to embrace adult responsibilities like car maintenance, I neglected to add oil when it was needed. Eventually, the car reached its breaking point, and poof! It was done. There was no way to get to work now! And I felt done too, like I was closing the book on that chapter of my life, just as the final season of a show nobody asked for was ending.

Coincidentally, during this same time, I met an intriguing woman from New Hampshire who was vacationing nearby. We exchanged phone numbers, and despite the fact that she fell short of my rather superficial physical height standards, because, let's face it, I was short enough already! and didn't exactly fit the unrealistic beauty checklist I had constructed for myself, there was nonetheless something about her that captivated my attention. She flunked the first three criteria I had established, and on top of all that, she was undeniably smarter than I was, which meant she also failed the fourth! Yet, despite these apparent mismatches, we connected remarkably well. I began to realize that there was absolutely nothing wrong with being average. After all, I often considered myself to be a bit below average in many respects. But hey, aiming for the stars isn't a crime, right? In the end, perhaps it was the quest for genuine connection and acceptance that would finally guide me to a place I could truly call home, assuming, of course, that I didn't break down on the way.

So, I took a leap of faith. I rented a U-Haul and set off for New Hampshire! For a guy who couldn't seem to maintain a friendship or relationship for more than a fleeting moment, I felt surprisingly confident in my decision to

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move in with a stranger I had met only once. Why not? What could possibly go wrong? My head felt more level than it had in years, though I had to admit it was level like a house constructed 150 years ago: askew but still standing.

Upon my arrival, as I saw her standing on the front porch, watching me back up the driveway, an unsettling realization hit me like a ton of bricks: I had made a monumental mistake! I instantly knew this arrangement would never work. However, the unfortunate truth was that it would likely take me a year before I could afford to move out and find my own place. I had no job lined up and no clear plan in mind. It was going to be a long and confusing journey ahead.

Since she had just been fired, not a good sign, and considering I desperately needed employment, we decided it would be wise to apply for the same job. As I mentioned, I was in a better place during those days, brimming with a bit of confidence and a touch of charm. Unfortunately, she didn't get the job, and I did, and that became the first significant stressor in our "relationship." In truth, we had no real chemistry, and engaging in conversation felt like pulling teeth. It didn't take long for things to start sliding downhill. But, having already resigned myself to the fact that it would take me about a year before I could escape, I decided to suck it up. It wasn't as bad as all that; I merely went through the motions, biding my time, waiting for the right opportunity. We had some fun. About 13 months later, I finally moved into my own one-bedroom apartment not too far away! Shortly after, my time with her came to an end. There was no fanfare, no dramatic conclusion, and certainly no big loss for either of us.

It's funny how life works out in unexpected ways.

After spending what felt like an eternity, over ten long years, lost in the tedium of time, something incredible happened. I met my wife. In reality, I had met her before, as we had been working together for the last year! She was right there in front of me the whole time, and you know what? She met all of my four criteria. Well, to be fair, she met three of them; she was also

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quite a bit smarter than me, which meant she did fail that particular standard, but I was willing to take that one on the chin, considering the three other wins I had in my favor.

To my love, my life, my anchor: Twenty-five years. That's a quarter of a century. It feels like just yesterday when we were two kids fueled by dreams and a whole lot of naïve hope. Now, look at us. We've built a life together, created a home, and raised a family. We've weathered storms and basked in sunshine, and you, my darling, have been my constant through it all.

They say that every silver lining has a cloud, and I suppose that's true. Sometimes your Mass-hole roots flare up, and I know that your temper can ignite like wildfire. But even in those heated moments, I see the fire and passion that drew me to you all those years ago.

Throughout my life, I haven't known much thankfulness. I've experienced a little here and a little there, like scattered breadcrumbs along a long and winding path. But with you, it's a feast, an endless, overflowing banquet of gratitude that fills me up every single day. I can't even begin to fathom what my life would be like without you. Quite frankly, I don't want to know. My life truly began the moment you walked into it, and I hope that it ends with you still by my side.

So, here's to the past, to the present, and to a future filled with even more love, laughter, and perhaps just a little less road rage. Thank you for my wonderful, beautiful son, who was born, having lived at least a dozen previous lives. You both are the magic in my life. To my wife, my son, my best friends, my everything. I love you two wholeheartedly.