

1:TRAVEL BLOG

META: TWO TO THE N



When you go into this cave, be sure to pack your bag.

SEing the country wAs my goal; as i set out on my journey, i bid farewell to some friends at serious pie, and took to the skies. My first StOp was a stab into the heartlands; i met a strange fellow with a crimson fish at howard's villa. But Onward I went, in a tiny craft that belied the size of these towns, and challenged my perceptions on the red bench. Each new destination broUGht its own lessons, and track town was no exception. SomEhow, though, i mAde it home, my first leg complete, and big mario was there to welcome me back.

Back To the matter at hand, though, my second Voyage started at verita. After aLL, my Best friend told me that you have to explore little corners with la famiglia. By the by, One thing i Swore to avoid was traffic; santarpio's certainly put that to the test. Put your Weary Mind to rest, though; otto was there at the end to calm me down.

Taking no time aLone, my tHird leg was, frankly, decent. Come to tHink of it, the think thAt really started to stand out in my travels was the community. CaLL me nosTalgic, but my skepticism about the south started to clear when i got all the way to brooklyn. Counting tHe few return trips thAt i started to make, the travel was adding up - and i was mellow as a mushroom. MaybE My mind really was starting to change; who was i to doubt the power of hog and hominy combined?

On My fourth leg, things stARted to become confusing - but also tasty? OR Did i start to hallucinate; was i really aboard the peaquod? But No; After all, despite a new locality, i was still myself - still mellow as a mushroom. Taking oUt the trash as i Learned from one of several teachers i met along the way, i began to accept this east village bohemian lifestyle. Once soMeone told me how, it became hARd to not think of every trip as lost at sea, and every stop a lighthouse.

EVen Vacations with family became part of my adventures, on this weird little chunk of pangea. CoMpanIons are always welcome, after all; and my father was no jupiter. DAY in and day out, we painted the map with our travels, becoming our very own picasso's. CoMIng into this, i thought it would be lonely, but what could be lonely about dressing like santa for monical? Meeting who'D ever Would

take my calls, i started to get suspicious about who was numero uno in all of this. Don'T Worry, though; my hallucinating days are behind me, and this hunt for the truth won't dip into the pie-sci.

I AchEd for a return to my journeys, but i still worried about who was behind all of this; could it be my brother's? SUREly someone eXperienced had planned this progression; what was the point after all for bob roe? Counting up aLL of thE little things i had started to notice, a pattern emerged, a slice above the cut. Some things aboUt it might never be eXplained, but alice didn't buffalo buffalo for nothing. Something toLd me to look up, and that's when i Caught a glimpse; the sun itself had started to rust.

Perceptions anD eXperiences were blending, and i had done nothing but travel to cause the change; what started as an escape from new york was now so much more. Longer And longer, my travels started to eXpand, as i turned 360, 720, no, 800 degrees around. Drinking From Waters that i scarcely trusted, i even doubted if rosso needed the cane he carried. FAR and away the scariest part of this leg was when a couple of guys tried to sell me a rhombus. Picking up his enD of the bargain, i had no miXed feelings when it came to my savior, the artisan ken.

PoIntedly avoiding my pRior stops, i set out in search of gators. My Chance to Interrogate one of these magnificent dinosaurs came in a stone canyon. MaSKiNg my excitement with all the calm i had learned in my travels, i offered it a glass nickel. Lucky mE, my eXpectations weren't met - they were exceeded, and all of a sudden i felt like a goodfella indeed. EveRy struggle I had faced along the way - my pace had felt slower than that of virgil on the aeneid.

Chasing my demons aRound the corners of this Weird, mysterious place - did everyone really love raymond, or was that more propaganda put out by the barone bros? PacIng up and down The aisles, i felt like somehow, i belonged - i was now a mighty oak among all the driftwood. Don't get me wrong; i ChAsed a lot of dead ends, but finally, i felt like a match that had struck its matchbox. PerHaps you've Learned something from all of this, or perhaps not; after all, maybe i've just got pizza on the brain.