WOA 1.0/Navigation/Location/Nowhereness

Travel Log 76-7/4
Sunset/sunrise

Beloved,

In the past few days I've been sensing too clearly the outermost layer of my body. The surface of my flesh is burning. I attribute this to the growing awareness that I haven't seen a living soul for too long. I'm feeling lonely, that's what it boils down to. My expression of loneliness is a gooey blob that swims in my stomach and makes me despise the sense of my own body's warmth, my own body's mass. Then my skin starts to itch from the inside. The little ants begin crawling all over, pushing to the edges of the skin cells, wanting to escape. Severe conditions of similar symptoms pave the road to the cuckoo nest, though I'm afraid there's no one here to show me the way. The danger of losing myself in nowhereness is as vivid as could be. But, since I've heard about the phenomena well before I started this journey, I had prepared a first aid-S.O.S solution that I carry along in my backpack.

Remember Zebra? Zebra was a good companion for a while. But seven mountains ago I was forced to look at Zebra in an entirely new light and to consider that my animal was also food. This occurred only after I realized my body had lost most of its elasticity as a result of starvation. I was heartbroken. At the final moments, Zebra and I moaned together on each other's shoulders for the last time. It has been nineteen mountains since Zebra. Then there was the egg. This is all too confusing

Yours forever
your sunset/sunrise forever yours
yours forever yours

Nowhereness

I was sitting on the edge for a couple of days. Loneliness has warped my sense of direction. This exasperating awareness has creeped in from a dangerous angle twisting my vision. I had no vision. I had no sense of direction. No sense of self. I was sitting. A curve in a rock reminded me of something that reminded me of something that reminded me of something else. Later, in a fragile moment of coherency, I remembered the moodRingBaby. The friend in my bag. I mumbled. My S.O.S friend. An external voice. A voice to practice conversation with...since
Zebra was gone, I remembered.

"I have a mood and I have the ring," I thought, while placing the ring, just resurrected from the bottom of my backpack, on the middle finger. I pressed the button to release the cover. The color of the stone indicated severe depression, its shiny surface returned a fractured reflection of my face.

"Ring-ring,"
"Who's there?" I played along.
"It's me,"
"Me who?"
"Mini-you, me-yow...pussy-pussy cat, I'm your pussy cat... it's a bright sunny day," smiled the moodRingBaby.
"Huh... I don't think so, it's actually the deeper hours of sunset/sunrise. See, a star has shone."
"Oh," the ring jerked, "so...you feel light and happy!"
"...not quite. I just barely found something to eat. I had a talking egg."
"Oh shit...a talking head? We're on the road to nowhere..."
"No." I cut in, "not head...egg. I had a talking egg."
"Oh. Are you talking about me? I'm already out of the egg, remember cocksuckerbeanerjivetalkinghooknosedwetback? Did you deactivate me again, jackass?" The ring launched an attack through its micro-speaker.
"I put you on pause. Actually, I forgot about you."
"Shame on you, Shithead!"
"Control yourself."
"Like I care, you chinkywinkygreasywopcamelhumpingjigaboohonkysandniggercrackerfag, dumbass, shithead! My hungry and happy meters show empty hearts, feed me! Play with me! Idiot."

I pressed the button on the ring to select the knife & fork icon and fed my emergency companion burgers and cakes until the moodRingBaby was satisfied.
"Thank you, ragheadedtarbabydrunkenmicktightassedcurlyfriedskinheadedspook!"

Shithead...raghe..ass...tingyhoo...ass...wapysp...jackshit...fragmented words echoed from the mountains. Unfortunately, the discipline feature was dysfunctional. "I'm screwed," I mumbled, "I'll have to set this piece of crap on pause and I still haven't gotten my mind to focus on the north."

As soon as the moodRingBaby was gagged, the horrifying feeling of severe loneliness refilled my body bottlenecking in the throat. I knew I wouldn't be able to sustain this for too long. The problem was the chip inside the ring. It had a factory defect, which caused the looping of the cussing

phrases. The moodRingBaby was suffering from the unfortunate Tourette Syndrome. On and off, I spent hours trying to fix the problem but failed. Frankly, I couldn't even locate the source of the defect and sadly enough, that was the only available pal at the time—a defected Chamachoochi. I took a deep breath, absorbed the pleasing side of quietude for another time increment and switched the moodRingBaby back to active by resetting its internal time ticker.

"Ring-ring,"
"Who's there?" I went through the motions.
"Ya,"
"Ya who?"
"Get it, calfcorkerbillybobsisterfucker: Yahoo! Yahoo!...You shithead."
"OK, just take it easy now," I begged in one of my more pitiful tones of voice.
"I'm a pain in your pinhead. Ain't I, jacky-jack-jack-ass curryeater?" the moodRingBaby was very well aware of the power in its micro-speaker. But, I had to admit that despite the abuse, I started feeling slightly better—hearing a voice not produced from inside my head and slowly I was gaining back the sense of perspective. In the heat of the lone fever, I must have emptied my backpack because the navigation tools and personal belongings were, disturbingly, scattered all around. I had no recollection of how or when this was done.

"Ring-ring." The ring was at it again. I was still busy gathering my stuff. At the Northeast corner of the map Moo and Eep separated and I was looking for some blue strands of hair to mend them back together.

"Ring-ring...ring-ring," the moodRingBaby insisted.
"OK, who's there?"
"Potato."
"Potato who?" I replied on automatic pilot.
"Potato babies...did I tell you about the potato babies?"
"Don't think so," I said, thinking to myself I wouldn't mind a
"Salt of the Earth" kind of story.
"Wonderful, I am so delighted you are willing to listen. Aren't you a doll! This story, sweetie pie, I made it up just for you!"

I rolled my eyes, "What's the catch?" The ring ignored me: "Once upon a time there was a potato farmer. When the season was right, he planted the precious potato seeds in his field. Despite the new health laws of the time, he spread a decent amount of aggressive fertilizers and pesticides. Then he went home and waited. Some time later he came back to the field to check on his potato plants. He walked around the lanes looking for budding plants. He noticed a leaf or two and daydreamed for a while. Then he stepped on something. It wasn't dirt. It sunk into the ground and in a sort of squiggly way moved under him. It wasn't a plant. First thought was 'snake.' It must be a snake. He turned around to take a look. What he saw almost made him throw up. It wasn't a snake. He jumped back horrified and landed on his ass. This can't be real. It was a baby's leg that was sticking out of the ground. He froze for a second. Remembering to breathe, he crawled back and reached out a finger to touch. Are you listening, dumbshit?"

"Yeah, go on," I was working on my map.

"He touched the leg and it was warm, he tickled the sole of the foot and the leg giggled. So of course he started digging to save the little baby and what did he find? You are not going to believe this, dumbass. Are you listening closely? The leg was growing from the potato root."

I looked at the ring on my finger. It was smiling at me and continued.

"The farmer began to feel kinda sick and with one hand covered the exposed root and with the other was holding his gut. Then he looked around to realize that his whole freaking field was growing baby parts: Little hands, little bellies, little ears, little noses. All budding out of the ground. The first thought the crossed his mind was: 'I'm in trouble." The second thought was more along the trend of a gold rush, "I'm a millionaire.' See, this was back in the days when the media was still interested in sensational stories and the farmer didn't take long to realize the potential. Dig?"

"Yes, are you done with your little story?" This wasn't going in the right direction.

"Of course not, you dumb-dumb-dumbass, shut your dodo jerky hole and suck out the wax from your ears!" the ring barked.

"So the farmer went back home and on the way he decided 1) Not the tell his wife 2) Not tell anyone 3) To guard his treasured field. When he got home he warned his wife not to exceed a 30 ft radius from the house and since she was the subordinate type, she obeyed, no questions asked. A few weeks went by and the babies were nearly ripe. Many of them had almost full bodies but still attached from the navel to the root. They couldn't go anywhere, just wiggle their arms and legs as they were lying on the ground. They seemed pretty happy, and the farmer noticed they started to acknowledge each another. A few nights later the farmer woke up to the sound of wailing. He glanced at his wife to make sure she was still in deep sleep. She was. Then he jumped into his clothes and picked up his shotgun on the way out, heading towards the field to where the cries were coming from. As he approached the property, he heard babies voices crying. What were they crying? Any guesses, moron?"

The ring looked at me and smiled again.

"I don't know," I said, keeping a poker face like I didn't care. Pretending I was still mending the map.

"'We Want Dick! We Want Dick! We Want Dick!' That is what they were crying, stinkyfuck!"

The ring continued, "The farmer couldn't believe his ears, but out of complete devotion to his treasure he got down on his knees to feed his hungry, toothless, potato babies. He worked passionately. Powerfully. Offering all his testosterone. And by the time he got home he was all exhausted, steamy and stinking from too many 'after' cigarettes. That day the farmer slept well into the late afternoon waking up hungry as a bull. He was in awe, he felt invigorated and young like he hadn't felt for a very long time. 'Yes, there is a God in the sky, my dreams came true,' he imagined the millions pouring into his pockets, and couldn't wait till dark to go and feed his babies again. That night, he could hear the 'We Want Dick' choir well ahead. A worry crossed his mind that a wandering neighbor might hear the cries and not mind his own business. He ran. As he reached the

field, breathless with a cramp under his left ribs, he counted five more hungry, toothless mouths to feed which meant twelve all together. He immediately got down on his knees to serve." The moodRingBaby paused. I hesitated but then succumbed.

"So, what happened next?
"Come on shithead, you know what happened next."
"Whatever," I replied dryly and was ready to get up.
"OK, OK, don't get pissy, suckyfucky." The ring sniped, "Sooner or later the field was full with hungry, demanding babies and night by night the farmer was loosing his constitution—his weight, his physical strength and his emotional stability. No matter how much food he stuffed in his trap it wasn't enough to keep him from getting weaker. No matter how much Vaseline, body lotion or hand cream he applied his instrument couldn't restore its delicate skin in time for the nocturnal feeding and when he was applying it struck him that they would be growing teeth soon. That night when he returned to the field the older babies demanded a second serving. He sat down at the side of the road by his field with his head between his hands, trying to block off the cries for additional nourishment. Should he be asking for help? He pictured himself trying to explain to his buddies from church the method he used to keep his babies alive. His heavenly secret was rollercoasting into hell with him seated in the first car. He started turning around, restlessly, moaning in distress, crying, in his bed, entangled in his pajamas. And if it wasn't for his unconscious habit of stealing the blankets off his wife and her waking up in a shiver, he wouldn't be shaken by her to hear the whisper in his ear: 'Beloved, wake up, it's only your potato dream again.' He opened his eyes relieved to be staring at the ceiling, his eyeballs still rattling in their sockets. She was happy, this was her cue. Her chance to give him a blowjob, otherwise, his horse-size erection wouldn't melt down and he would end up dreaming the same dream all over again. She was happy, because that was the most sex she was able to squeeze out of him anyway, as his strobe was normally no stronger then a mini Tootsie Roll on a very hot day. And while she was sucking him, she took pleasure in recounting the wonderful meal they had for dinner. First she served potato knishes and potato pierogies. As an intermediate course, she served potato soup with a side of potato chips. Then came the creamy potato gnocchi served with sides of French fries, mashed potatoes and beautifully formed curly fries. And when he said: 'Honey, what's for desert?' she served them both nice big slices of potato pie topped with potato ice-cream. He smacked his lips. Then he came. She swallowed, hoping it would make her children because the other way wasn't working out. This always happened the night before the town's potato produce auction. End of story."

"Very nice, I appreciate the happy ending," I said. "You, my friend, have a very sick mind." But there was nothing I could do about that and we both knew it.

"Come on, you shithead, just admit it, you loved my story."

Deliberately ignoring my defected companion, I couldn't help but acknowledging the awkward love-hate relationship I had with this fucked up toy—Its abusive behavior made adorable by stories, I shamefully found, terribly...entertaining. I turned my attention to the map, testing to see if it was working properly. In any case, I had to get going.

"Hello, you, mini-you, fuck you, piece of ass," the ring cried.

"I go through the great effort of entertaining you and you can't even say 'thank you.' Come on, turn off the light. I want to sleep. You are no fun, dumbass, and I can only wish I had a better caretaker like this little Alice Carroll girl who almost bought me...if it wasn't for my stupid camouflage design.
Little girls don't like military camouflage design, don't they know that in Indonesia? Doesn't take any IQ to know that...mule-eater bastards. Anyway, I don't want to spend any more time around you. As we know, you're going to beg for my attention later. Turn off the light now!"

So I did, enjoying the company of the sleeping "pal." Unbothered by its bug yet not entirely alone, as the moodRingBaby was making these slight snarling sleep sounds.

Whirr

Travel Log 989/3
Sunset/sunrise

My dearest heart,

I'm sad to admit that the moodRingBaby is my only friend at the moment. Seven times it led me to the wrong tracks. Fifteen times I couldn't hear the signals from the earth because the ring wouldn't stop yakking.

Alas, whenever the vastness of this terrain starts closing down on me and I'm reminded of the pain of living, the wearing out in breathing, the aging in digesting I start begging: "Give me distraction, any distraction and I'll take it anytime!"

Otherwise, my constitution tears into pieces and I become dust.

Yours forever
your sunset/sunrise forever yours
yours forever yours

[Still searching for the lost treasure]

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