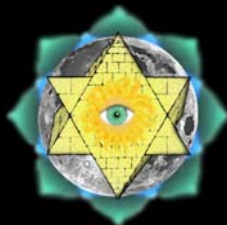


The Drifter

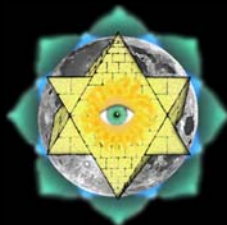
Part 1

Written by Zach Chisholm

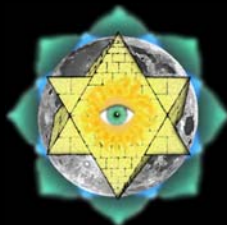
<http://artifishalldesign.com>



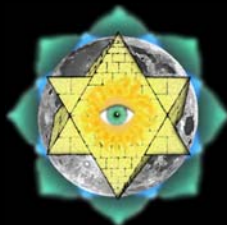
I'm a drifter, traveling from place to place - leaving one for another when boredom sets in. I have seen the world and after awhile it all started to look the same - until I drifted too far. This place was one I had never been before. I couldn't figure out where I was and leaving was unattainable, no matter how hard I tried.



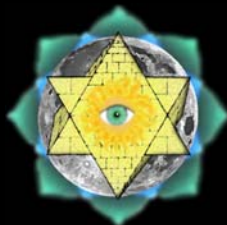
The city was dreary with brick walls all around it - having no recollection of ever passing through any gates upon my entry, as a matter of fact I don't remember how I got to the city.



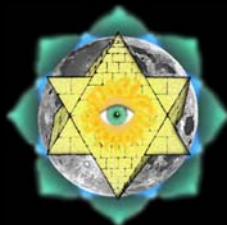
My last destination still haunted my memories, with beauty encompassing the landscape, a forest leading up to the mountains and ending at the beach, but this peculiar feeling of not being aware of my arrival disturbed me. A thick blanket of fog coated the sky obstructing my vision. It kept a clean coat of mist upon my person not to mention my belongings. So thick that it never left day in or day out it stayed convoluting my sense of time - how long have I been here?



There was the feeling of a big city such as Paris or New York but there is no life in this city, as if a eternal slumber took hold and never woke up -no one walked the streets, no store fronts manned with the armies of store clerks on the front lines of customer satisfaction, no buses, no cars, no bikes, no squirrels, no police patrolling the beat -not even a leaf on the trees leaping, as if wanting to escape into the heavens, but still I sensed activity.

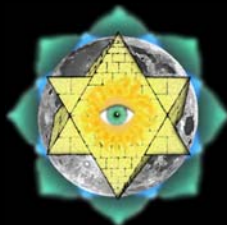


No life forms visible to these eyes, a endless search pursued for a exit, life, death, something to bring reality back into the picture. It didn't take long for my memory banks to map out the whole place, every empty store - every empty apartment -every empty bar that I hoped to find a drinking buddy -still I turned up nothing.

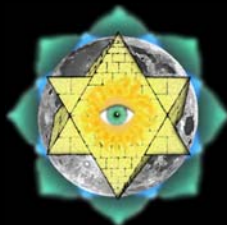


My soul had succumbed to madness -

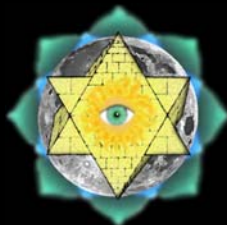
how could this town be full of activity with nothing to show for it! A whole city with only my lonely soul strutting down the street.



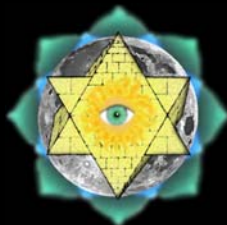
Fatigue set in without food, without water, with-out companions, so I made my way towards what seemed to be the residential part of town. A extremely large house stuck out of the cookie cutter culture that had followed its erection a few generations later.



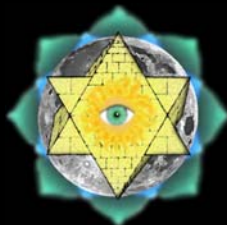
So I thought I would take this opportunity to have what I didn't have before. After opening the large double doors I walked through the verandah, up the stairway, and into what appeared to be the master bedroom -without a bed -as a drifter I was prepared for this -my backpack, the home on my back, was a fully functional bag of tricks.



I pulled out my sleeping bag and mat, laid down, and while falling into sleep - I dreamt of all the places I'd been, the people I met, every thought in my head was aimed at trying to forget where I was.



The inevitable came -I woke up. What was I going to do now, what reason do I have to wake up. As I roll over the sheets, tangled up in a mess, are pulled from my body as I slid off my bed.



Standing up I stretch and descend the stairs where breakfast is waiting for me in the dining room. Some one spent a long time preparing it and for that I am thankful. After I finish eating I say goodbye, kiss my wife, and leave for yet another day at the grindstone.

