

## PRESTON

“The universe cannot achieve a knowledge of itself. Even human artifacts can only provide a limited guidance towards any kind of representation of these circumstances. Human consciousness needs to be set into motion by any such configuration. Since people may identify with the world in which they participate, they may shape the portrayal to support a belief that there is a direct connection between what they see and the arrangement of the world. It is not as if they simply see what they want to see. This relationship is more nuanced. The universe does not exist to be observed. As such, the character of the observed world has critical gaps in its articulation. Only by engaging these facets in an active manner can the observer bridge these gaps. If people do not disrupt the form of presentation, there is no possible way to pierce the veil of experience.”

“An observer’s description can isolate key factors that characterize natural phenomenon. But those events are not the result of some kind of deep programming to achieve that level of organization. This is an ongoing process to account for elements of experience.”

“Some events are able to propel more all-encompassing formations. More complex arrangements may direct the ongoing development of the world. And some structures can appear to be self-perpetuating. The individual develops a strong understanding of these processes. But there is nothing inherently necessary in this arrangement. More complex structures can limit the effect of simpler manifestations.”

“This knowledge may be critical for understanding the world. The observer posits these more complex arrangement as the explanation for complex phenomenon. At no point does awareness emerge to advance these events. There is a more complex consideration that structure can propel further examples of this complexity. It is worthwhile understanding how these formations tend to sustain the further propagation of structure. Despite the poetic appeal of such a notion, mountains do not lead to the creation of other mountains. There is not an affinity in creation to such developments. However, any particular instance could be part of a more general process that yields similar results. The onrushing river becomes a force for redistributing silt along its path. This does not provide a unique character of those deposits.”

“Overall, this heterogeneous development capture the determination of events this way. Any sedimentation of matter can affect the path of further deposits. This accumulation can affect more complex arrangements.”

“The ongoing development of the physical world needs to be understood in terms of processes that can influence future events, even though there may have been no structural basis for that manifestation. Change causes further changes to occur. There may be further processes that retain this initial structure. Any collection of occurrences can be the basis for a similar accretion of matter. These local events can also be subject to more far-reaching influences that affect the initial accretion collectively. Such effects can strengthen the overall presentation.”

“Does this diminish the influence of human consciousness in this understanding?”

“These events are not the expressions of awareness. There may be a desire to see these developments in this way, But it does not work that way.”

I thought that I was progressing well towards my destination. The directions seemed to take me far afield. Supposedly, I was taking advantage of these twists and turns. Sometimes, I

had to wonder. I felt as if I was moving singularly in one direction. But I seemed to get caught in these neighborhoods, which violated my general progress. Why was I here? What is I got abandoned the way.

“I have no idea where I am. I do have a general idea. But this seems like the land that time forgot. It will always be like this. There will be no visit from providence. This will always remain a place of damnation.”

“That seems highly judgemental.”

“This is my art.”

“Where are we headed?”

“Sometime, I want to know on a dorr and ask.”

“We could all be exiled to this place.”

“It might be more beneficial than our final destination.”

“This could all be about a single connection.”

“Where is this going?”

“This will not affect you in a positive manner.”

“Who are you working for?”

“There is no secret pattern here. Everything is as it is.”

“Sometimes, life seems to offer a more complex pattern to provide meaning to out present.”

“What more are you expecting?”

“This could be the result of some tumultuous catastrophe.”

“Who are you?”

“I am who you want me to be.”

“Maybe, you have just taken things too far.”

“I could offer you something that no one else could.”

“A faith. That is the fundamental question in places such as this. Things progress out of control too quickly.”

“Maybe, your habits get the better of you.”

“What do you think people are feeling out here.”

“How do they lose their sense of tolerance?”

“How do we?”

“We aren’t very far along.”

“The trip does not repretent some kind of deeper undestanding.”

“Why would you say that?”

I felt as if I was collecting the appropriate souvenirs to mark my progress.”

“Where do you want to end up?”

“I do have a destination. You have to start somewhere.”

“What are you hiding?”

“Affection.”

“This is how it works out. You do something that is really fucked up. And you try to escape to this place where you try to be safe. But there is no safety. It only becomes more fucked up. At each stage, you think that you are getting further out there. You are totally out of reach. Thiws where your guilt betrays you completely. There is no other way to see this. The

locale has its own story. This place of escape is this desolate place. And it eats you up. There is nothing else.”

“I know the story. You turn to stone.”

“History seems to stop its progression. You understand what this is about. It is a punishing universe.”

“How does that work? You are trying to escape, and you are punished for doing nothing.”

“There is really no out. Things are meant to resolve this way.”

“You may hope for something different.”

“That is your journey.”

“That seems like nothing.”

“Where is this going?”

“I think that you are sensitive about this experience. What did you do wrong at the last stop? What does any of this mean?”

“I was prepared for this eventuality.”

“I really hope that you can find something else to do.”

“No one can prepare for what is follow.”

“You try to accelerate the human story in the hopes that you can create a favorable outcome for the cosmic tale.”

“Do the contrary forces come to some kind of grand resolution?”

“I made a mistake.”

“What are you waiting for?”

“Did someone do you wrong?”

“We all feel wronged in some way.”

“What do you call it when contrary forces come into contact with each other.”

“You have one choice.”

“Finish this.”

“Hide the results.”

“Have you found what you are looking for?”

“I know who this is.”

“You need to ask.”

“I am doing geology.”

“You look at the causes.”

“The complex arrangement of forces.”

“I know what this is about.”

“We are seeking a refuge.”

“This takes a lot longer than you realize.”

“Should I even bother?”

“We are working together.”

“And this gives us a script. Do we follow the steps?”

“Do not reconcile to what is happening around you.”

“Where does it all make sense? You believe that it does.”

“Something happened out there on the road.”

“People always say that.”

“Some people think that they have escaped from society. Things get really crazy.”

“What are do you expect to happen.”

“There are situations where everything seems to fall into place. Like the sedimentation of matter.”

“That is supposed to seem cool.”

“I woke up, and I came here.”

“I can only take so much closeness.”

“Things are very strange out here.”

“I know the difference.”

“If there is a difference to be known.”

“It is all complete.”

“You want to believe that you are sharing the same disgust with the world. But there is something here that is so strange. There is something that sticks with you, It takes you over. And the balance gets really weird.”

“This is the place of confessions. People get out of here, and they start confessing. You don’t confess unless some strange stuff happens to you. And nothing strange happens if you’re not already pretty far out.”

“What are you telling me?”

“Where is this taking us.”

“You can be the source of many stories. But this is something completely different. The people out here have done things. Most of the time this shit catches up with you. You know people, and they put everything in place. This is something entirely isolated. It seems to occur in these desolate places. You get a little way out there. And this creates a further movement out there.”

“This is some really spaced-out shit.”

“You have no idea. You guilt only lets you do something a lot worse than you did before. It is sad that so many people are so vulnerable.”

“You are not right for what I am expecting.”

“You are on the verge of a big change.”

“You have no idea what is coming next.”

“This could also be a story in itself.”

“You have to decide.”

“Someone kows.”

“Do you want what I am delivering?”

“I need someone to tell me what I am seeing.”

“We have a lot of time.”

“That is how these late-night confession work. You are stopped at a motel, and someone shows up ready to tell his fucked-up story.”

“I do not want it to be that way, How can we rescue these little lambs?”

“We have to listen to this over and over again.”

“They have got rid of all the human emotions.”

“Is this guy going to introduce himself?”

“Are you thinking of Satan?”

“There are a lot of these guys, who are similar.”

“We are way out there.”

“I am burning up”

“There is a point when you start to embody your myths.”

“What is this really about?”

“When do things start to turn to flame?”

“All of this is mixed together.”

“Out here, there is no respite. There is no moment of redemption. There are various levels of damnation.”

“How does that work?”

“These are impressions. Shared experiences.”

“Solitude leads to these shared experiences.”

“This creates dangers. People will start to share their manias.”

“Someone will claim that this all needs to stop.”

“These are two kinds of entirely different experiences.”

“Is there a place of redemption?”

“I have seen it twice.”

“Three times.”

“There is a source.”

“And this place has no sources. There are no roots for any kind of resolution. That is why they are so conniving.”

“Everything is so full of meaning. And none of it means anything.”

“You have a lot of power.”

“You could take it further.”

“This is another advent.”

“There is no faith out here.”

“What does that mean?”

“There are numerous standards of behavior, if that makes any sense. But there is something out here that is beyond the usual. It is not a matter of making rules. They seem to respond to a hidden rule. But there is so much more than that.”

“What are you trying to say?”

“How does this bubble under?”

“I am everywhere.”

“And I am going to have to submit.”

“How will you respond tomorrow?”

“There is no tomorrow out here.”

“I am broken down. I do not want you to leave me out here.”

“It is a project to remake the body.”

“Have you eaten?”

“We live off of sheer will. They do not understand it.”

“The road can create its kind of madness.”

“Are they going to find me?”

“No one seems to bother.”

“What is this about?”

“I can fix you up.”

“I need to get to the core.”

“They all think that it something else.”

“I need something to help me forget.”

“What did you do? Who are you trying to hurt? It is so late.”

“I like the combination.”

Was anyone going to find me out here?

“I do not have the key to help get you going.”

“What are you telling me?”

“You may have to wait until they come to get you.”

“No one is ever going to understand what has been happening out here. Who left you here?”

“I had a breakdown.”

“You should not have left your vehicle.”

“I felt that it was going to be forever before I was rescued.”

“They finally have come to get you.”

“They did not hear my signal.”

“There have been numerous opportunities to turn water into wine.”

“There is a creek out here.”

“We are high up. The descent is near here.”

“Can a person ever escape any of these influences?”

“What makes someone think that way?”

“Then you come out of character.”

“I am going to pay for it all.”

“Can you finance it?”

“This is your story.”

I was walking around trying to create new story.

“I can get you out of here.”

“I have another tire.”

“That was much easier than I thought that it could have been.”

“We only needed to put some air in it.”

“That is all that matters.”

“I have a script that I would like you to look at.”

“Just give me what I need.”

“I know that you are a writer. And I wanted you to give me some advice.”

“I left something in your car. Did you find it?”

“I had my car emptied.”

“I left a copy of my new book.”

“I want to come aboard.”

“Someone is going to break from the group.”

“None of that happened.”

“I cannot rescue all these people.”  
 “I have bad thoughts.”  
 “Do you do this to everyone who you help?”  
 “I am an avenging angel.”  
 “I will take all of that.”  
 “This is pretty crazy story.”  
 “I just had a new kitchen put in.”  
 “There is a new security system.”  
 “What are you protecting?”  
 “That used to be the most important thing for me.”  
 “What do you have?”  
 “You do not want to know.”  
 “What is there to know?”  
 “A lot of regret.”  
 “Swallow this.”  
 “I did not realize that they were going to send a medic.”  
 “Someone said breakdown.”  
 “You need to make an impression.”  
 “This has nothing to do with anyone else.”  
 “That is what frightens me. I am having trouble creating any kind of social context to explain these behaviors.”  
 “This is the isolation of the road.”  
 “You are guiding me along the way.”  
 “When can I have a private audience?”  
 “This guy needs to go away.”  
 “This has already happened. And it is going to happen over and over again.”  
 “What got you distracted?”  
 “This is too much for me.”  
 “I am trying to escape this.”  
 “It is happening again and again.”  
 “He is responsible.”  
 “I gave you a chance.”  
 “Do you understand what this is really about?”  
 “I am going to go to another place.”  
 “You are going to go back on the road.”  
 “And all these stories will lead to the same place.”  
 “You are being called by name.”  
 “History is looking for people.”  
 “What really happened?”  
 “Don’t lean on me.”  
 “You always add something more to the mix.”  
 “And what does that mean?”  
 “What is that about?”

“They told me to stay in my car. They gave me something. They said that it would take a while to take effect. But I would be able to drive after a few hours.”

“What was any of that about?”

“I am not going go like any of that.”

“I am not going to move.”

“I am not going anywhere.”

“I am not going anywhere.”

“It gets very difficult.”

“I di not want to break down like that.”

“What really happened?”

“I was being followesd by this car. I stopped. They got out and started saying things to me.”

“I am looking away.”

“What is really happening here?”

“That is what I wondered. The next thing, I was passed out in my car. I think that someone was going to come back.”

I do not understand any of this.”

“What is the destination?”

“What state are you in?”

“I am trying to put together the social fabric.”

“You are in the middle of nowhere.”

“Who followed you here?”

“Tell me your destination, and I can help you.”

“Who are you?”

“You were supposed to help me.”

“I have no idea where I am.”

“I am somewere unusal.”

“I thing that a lot of cars break down here.”

“What are you saying?”

“That this is some kind of haunted place.”

“You are luck to get out of there.”

“What are you really telling me?”

“There are two kinds of imprisonment.”

“And there are different kinds of knowing.”

“YOU ARE NOT PAYING ATTENTION.”

“I am going to give you a ride back to town. You can leave your car overnight. There is a motel in town.”

“Knowledge is not going to help you out.”

“Do you knot like me?”

“What are you after?”

“Nothing that I can eat.”

“It is getting very crazy.”

“You are doing some really crazy things out there.”



“What is this about?”  
“I want to go back to my car.”  
“I cannot keep track of any of this.”  
“Are you kidding?”  
“We are all pretending.”  
“You need to know what you are chasing.”  
“This is a lot of effort without much return.”  
“That is more than impossible.”  
“The best moments are already gone.”  
“I don’t even know what this is becoming.”  
“You should not have fallen asleep in your car.”  
“I felt that some power came over me.”  
“I am not going to say anything.”  
“What do you do on your off time.”  
“I try to fill in the rest of the story.”  
“You need to know this in your heart.”  
“That is the best.”  
“I can tell you things about yourself.”  
“All these guys are saying his kind of thing to me all the time.”  
“This is getting a little too close to me.”  
“Where are you taking me?”  
“You told me that you wanted to go to the motel.”  
“That is exactly what I was looking for.”  
“Consolidate what you know.”  
“Who are you working with?”  
“You want me to look at that script. What are you waiting for?”  
“What do you want me to wait for?”  
“I am allergic to you.”  
“What does that mean?”  
“Don’t try to monopolize my time.”  
“You are in the middle of nowhere. What do you think any of this is about?”  
“I could bring you jewels.”  
“A lot needs to happen to you.”  
“Someone put something in my drink.”  
“There is so much that is available.”  
“I want to go somewhere and think about this.”  
“There are other people in the hotel, who will share with you.”  
“When I get home, I can put everything in place.”  
“You are going to the hotel. There are others like you here.”  
“What does that mean?”  
“No one is like me.”  
“Keep writing.”  
“You need to see my script.”

“You’re a tow truck driver.”

*“I had broken down on the side of the road. And this guy in a truck close up and he offered to give me a ride into town. He took me to this motel where he was staying. And he promised that he would come back for my car in the morning. After I settled in, I walked outside to get some air. There he was with a cigarette and a beer. He asked me if I wanted one. I told him I was so okay. He started discuss the collapse of the economy. This was just the beginning. The dollar would lose value. They would track everybody. There was nothing you could do to escape. In the end, you would be a prisoner just like those in jail. He seemed to talk from experience. Just made me a little frightened. I had already ridden in the truck with him. He hadn’t done anything to me. But he had this strange look about him. Every so often he would turn to me and size me up. That same attitude continued while I was at the motel. I couldn’t get him get angry. I was depending him on him to get me back to my car the next day. I needed to figure out what this was about. This was more than a little frightening. He had a story to tell, and I knew that the story went on for a long time. I felt as if there were casualties of the road. And I was a little afraid to hear about it all. This was all part of his nature. He had moved around. He had been at all these places. And he was still running. In a sense, he seemed a little aggressive. I felt uncomfortable.”*

*“I wasn’t sure what I could say to him. One false move, and he might turn on me. He started talking about the clerk at the motel. And a lot of nasty things about him. Then he indicated that he was going to do some thing that were all messed up. I hope this was all talk. He went to get another beer. The more that he drank, the more that he seemed a little off. I continue to listen to a stories. I tried to deal with what he was telling me. It was all very bizarre. I indeed, this was a difficult situation. He was doing what he could to throw me off. He was trying to get in my head. I knew this from the moment that I got into his truck. But it was more to it. It was as if he felt bad about something. And he didn’t know how to explain it. And the more that he said, the more that I felt that something was wrong. Why was I riding with him? Why was I letting any of this affect me at all? This is not a good thing. None of this was a good thing I didn’t want to be part of this.”*

*“I didn’t want to give him any kind of credibility. But at this desperate moment, I needed him. And he was using that fact to his advantage. I was waiting for him to tell me that one story. Maybe he left the scene of an accident. Or he injured somebody. Or he done something even worse. Some thing unimaginable. Something that I didn’t want to know about. This made me so uncomfortable. I felt as if I was losing my mind. There was no clear reference point on my part. I needed to catch my breath. I needed to put everything into place. I needed to stop all this madness. Indeed, this was a little scary. How had things transpired to this point? Where was any of this going? There is some thing a little cocky about him.”*

*“He wanted the world to know that he was an intelligent man. But all his decisions had led to this point. I could feel his challenge. What was my next step? What did I need to do to respond to the moment. It was all a little crazy. I was thinking how to break free.? I let him talk on. Take all night. He could reveal things. He could expresses sorrow. He could promise to make his life better. But I was sure that there was one thing that he was not able to change. At this point, he really was not expressing remorse about something. He may have been in the middle of some kind of weird shit right now. Maybe he was going to get into it with a night clerk. Maybe he already had. The less that I knew, the better it was for me.”*

*“I let it all develop. It wasn’t going to destroy me. Truly, he had a bizarre nature. What is this have to do with me. Where did any of this have to do with me? I wasn’t supposed to grant him absolution I wasn’t his therapist. I didn’t want to hear about his youth. I didn’t want it to know about his parents. He felt the need to share. He hardly cared if I was listening. He just went on and on I didn’t understand. What was this really about? They were times, that I felt that he was working with someone else. I was waiting for a compatriot to come out of the shadows.”*

*“Could that be the reason why he had hesitated with me? He wasn’t going to do this on his own. He wanted help. I was going to need to deal with this. That didn’t feel very inviting. Clearly, it bothered me I just went along. I humored him. I try to be nice. I try to give him a complement here in there. I still didn’t feel comfortable taking a beer. Time. I told him that I had some issues. He left it at that. He wasn’t going to quiz me about my life. And I felt comfortable with that fact. Nevertheless, a lot of questions remain. There was a lot. I could feel how he was still pushing. I had no idea why. But he wanted information about my life. He felt that he was involved in this trade. I would tell him a little, and he would tell me a little.”*

*“I didn’t want to tell him anything. I only wanted a ride back to my car in the morning. He talked. The more that I thought of each phrase. Why was he like this? Why was anyone like this? This made me wonder about the world. How did things reach this point? Was everybody thinking the same thing. Was he giving me a new rationale for the world? This made me even more frightened. I figured that he was just a nice guy. He had stopped to help me out. It all made sense. But there’s something else going on. I felt as if he was going to meet someone. And they had a plan. Or perhaps he was trying to recruit me to his plan. Each time, that I felt some sense of clarity, he would say some thing that scared me. This continued over and over again. This seem to be the way that he worked. He was trying to tease me. He was drawn me into his world.”*

*“He wanted me to have the same kind of moral attitude that he did. This wasn’t just personal. There was a deeper motivation on his part it was almost as if he was trying to win the world over to his point of you. That scared me and its own way. I was trying to deal with it but it wasn’t that easy. That was how he worked. This was not a simple thing. I was positive that he has done this over and over again. He knew what to say to get peoples trust. It only started from there. It would move on.”*

*“After that point, he would try to test others. He was doing exactly that to me. I wasn’t sure how to respond. I try to rise above it all. I made every effort to humor him. And he still continued with his mischievous attitude. I didn’t like that at all. In no way! Everything that he did scared me. I wasn’t sure who was looking out for me. At this point, he was so good with his method. How was this? Everything seemed much more complex than it should’ve been. I figured that I could make sense of it after all. I would just keep him talking.”*

*“I had made all this effort, but it didn’t seem to amount for much. It seemed difficult to break his control. He had disciplined himself to be this way he had faith difficult challenges and he had his own technique in its own way, it seemed like a method used by intelligence officers. But he lacked a systematic nature. He seemed like someone had been a victim of this kind of interrogation. So he was trying to establish a ground rules for himself. That was what was so intimidating about him.”*

*“At every moment, he felt as if he was saying the right thing. And I needed to play along; he was good at his game; he was good getting other people involved. This was all part of his overall plan, whatever it might be. However, there were moments when I thought that he really didn’t know what was going on. He might’ve seen other people try this kind of technique, but he had no aim. This was how he interacted with. He had been through this thing time and time again. That was all that remains in his brain. There is no other way to see this. That was scary and it’s cell there’s nothing behind the mask. It was more of these automatic responses. It was laughable.”*

*“I didn’t want to leave. I didn’t want to stay. It kept on and off, and this could be someone’s life. This could be my life after being with him for a little while I was starting to feel exactly like you were us. That frightened me more than ever. He didn’t really understand I knew it was coming. I knew how is all going to affect me. Went over and said. It should come up. It made him all crazy. I smiled. The irony was sweet. This was part of my witness. He played at all so well. And I strive tried to play or where was the scoring? Could I exhaust him? He would retreat to his room, and it would be all over. I must felt that this was a necessary course of action. I didn’t want to be the first one to quit here; there he was; he kept on and on. There was a little more than I could say.”*

I had waited over four hours for the tow truck to come. I kept wondering if it was going to make it. How close was it? Couldn’t find my location? And the driver finally showed up; he realized that he didn’t have a jack. But my spare tire was OK. He added a little air to it. And I was ready to go. I’ve been waiting all this time. I’ve given so much myself to this moment. A little later, I realized that I was missing one of my bags. I wondered if I had left it at the side of my breakdown. I called the driver. He didn’t know anything about it. I can go back. I need to move forward.