

JUNE DRAFT PAGES. ONE OF ONE. TWO THOUSAND FIFTEEN.
UNFINISHED PROOFS FROM A NOVEL IN PROGRESS CALLED:

The Fear & The Going

BOOK C OF THE ADVENTURES OF A DYING YOUNG MAN SERIES. WRITTEN BY
ANDREW H. KUHAREVICZ. *A Quick Note:* I've said it before, how writing is
weird, and how it's very much like hitting rocks together, and you never know
what you're doing when you're writing like I write, but sometimes, and then
sometimes all too often, if you edit the same material long enough, or if you
forget about what was in the material after you move on to something new while
you let the old material simmer before you come back to it well so sometimes
your fiction reflects the mirror of the present nonfiction world. If that makes any
sense. But as always..Be cool and thanks for reading. Peace. *(This work is under
copyright protection and is owned by West Vine Press & A.H.K. If you have any
questions for either the writer or the publisher of these drafts you can do so by sending a
message to westvinepress@outlook.com.....)*

FOURTY EIGHT

FUTURE ADVENTURES

“NOMORE INSANITY” I said.

“Yeah right Bedhead...we'll see bouts' that” Babushka said.

...

The small feature in the newspaper was something else,
and honestly it didn't look too good. Shocked and humbled I

knew what I had to do, “no more insanity”. I was Forty years old and it was about time to grow up, and so a day or two later I was alone looking at the typewriter—and like all adventures do this one was coming to a close, and there was a deadline to meet or no more money, and so it was time to write the second Pop-Up Book—and I didn’t like much bouts’ it—but yeah—I apologized and said I’d do exactly what they told me to do. So this time, there’d be, “talking animals”.

...

Before the next defeat there was the last setback, and in the air Babushka was sleeping and I was relieved to have him sitting next to me instead of another bounty hunter. And it was a smooth flight and I was a bit disappointed because the sturdiest from Savanna wasn’t onboard. I got over it quickly. Remember—“no more insanity”, and it was just what it was—a typical flight, and I made a call from five thousand feet. It was about the car. I was told by the dealer’s secretary that...now... he wouldn’t be back for a solid month or two. What one was it? One or two?—they didn’t know but they said the car was still mine if I wanted it, but for now, I’d have to wait. “Fine” I said, “no more insanity”...—“Stop talking Bedhead, I’m trying to dream about boobs” Babushka said, and no—I wasn’t really upset, just more...confused with the timetable...but...then thinking about my new slogan...“no more insanity”...well, this gave me more of an incentive to forget about the madness and to just...get back to work. And so that’s why before for the newest of storms I was just going to dive back into the story...and the plan was to go

back to Florida. But now, the plan would have to wait...“No more insanity”, and then so...

After the nightmare and the mistaken identity, the flight landed back in the good ol' United States and Babushka went on his way and I went mine. We worked again only by text message once and a while but all was good and He even got me a journalist job working for The Storm Chasers Channel. It wasn't much but at least I'd get paid to get my hands dirty and write a story about what did, or didn't go down, and cool cause' that was more my style, and the story wasn't for a couple weeks and the car wouldn't even be ready for a good sixty days now so I said, “Great. I'll do it”, and why not. It looked like I had some time to kill anyway and I had to admit that the calming period was nice, because I needed focus and basically just had to stop, because too much structure is a bad thing but sometimes you need to frame your eyes and retrain your mind to enjoy the art of sitting down. Because I'd agree, that being covered in dirt bred courage, but well it also took years off my life and under a hot shower my bones stretched easier, and it was when I went back into city that I took a step back, and I did that because I was tired from the constant going, and that's why I went home, and so the thing was that I never really unpacked and the boxes of clothes and books are still everywhere, and so I had an old television that I found on the side of the road on garbage day being used as my desk, and I was writing on a bar stool and my entertainment was walking and looking out the windows, and there was one light that worked...sometimes...and the computer sat in a closet full of vintage kinda' dust...man' o' man I even pretty much forgot the world of you existed and, I didn't even feel detached, because the screen was dim. See I just wasn't ready for it yet. And I know,

that most people would probably say what a shit hole, but so what cause' I dug it, because it was a quant sort of place and it was close to the tracks and there were a few nights of gunfire. But once you got over The Fear the bullets fired began to sound like bird chirps, and around here, the ghetto, it was safer than you'd think and so getting a cheaper place and alone without anybody over my shoulder I just sat back down and then looked at the keys of the typewriter and simply enough just went back to work.

...

Twas' getting into the slow flow of the first draft and the days faded with the shadows of distorted candlelight as circled by the fan of minimalism. The words were of life and there wasn't any static and for some reason unlike before ageing was simple and I was able to go back to the itinerary, and I well just felt good and I woke up with the sun and went to bed when exhaustion set in only leaving to get some food and a can of cola I sobered up and forgot about happiness, and I even grew tobacco and hand rolled my cigarettes, and so good or bad everything in my life became a form of art.

BACK TO THE BASICS

I was back up North and Pel was gone, and I was alone and J.R. was missing for two years, and then He came back after something bad happened to him. What? I don't know yet cause' the days to come are blurry and some things are easy to see, and some dreams are waiting to be born and some events are on the page while most are only particles of static waiting for the hammer tap to fill-in the rest of the story. And so no I don't

know about everything that's going to happen, but I do know this: The adventure never stopped for too long, and don't worry about the timeline cause' it will happen and there will be more layovers and more books about a dumb writer on the run. That's for sure and this will become history, because the words will always bring me back to the streets, and so: I'd get lost in Eastern Europe and some pretty strange things would happen before I was down on my luck riding the rails in Dubai. Who knows how I got there but I did. I got there the same way I got anywhere. I moved. Life was a wave and some good things happened and some very bad things happened. I got some new kicks and a fresh spirit of wonder, and then I got over it. And that's just the way it goes, and like people do I changed and I discovered you can write your own philosophy and it was simple. I can't tell you about it. Not yet. But don't worry. I will. And when? Just soon.

...

First: Ever since the very beginnin' of our story I twas' just forever growing into something more—and I wasn't a kid but I was different. I believed in good things and the world started to move me, and it wasn't all good times because life's not like that. The future was difficult but I became immune to pain and I never wanted to die again. I couldn't even speak the language of most of the places I'll travel to but for some reason without forcing a thing time moved towards happiness. Age does this to a young man if you make it to a certain point, and when I made it to that point well...that's when I learned something and then I finally knew how to laugh at myself and close my eyes, and that's why I kept smiling and walking. I kept with the going and more of this happened: Escaping from a town that was overrun with zoo

animals there was a white lion going through my backpack. I needed what was in there and she was a mighty cat. The air was cool and the hair on my arms created friction. Being terrified but needing my bag I climbed a tree. Luckily she didn't. The big cat slept after clawing bark and never knew I was there, and thankfully she yawned like a person and walked away, although even after she left I was too worried to get down and so I was in the tree for two full days and didn't sleep because the sound of the government trying to clean up the mess was loud I heard nothing but gun fire and rain drops and I didn't sleep a wink but then it was now or never, and so I got down and stole a motorcycle that was fastened to a water pump with a rope. Nobody was around but they were somewhere that's for sure, because you could hear the sound of bullets falling in anxiousness as they were being loaded.

...

I was a long way from home, and so I didn't ask questions cause' there wasn't enough time. You could only move and that's why I was moving as the debris left over from a monster of a storm was on both sides of the road and it was complete anarchy and it all went by so fast because I was going close to a hundred miles an hour. The bike was shaking and too old to be driven like this but I didn't have a choice, and so I would burn the heater core out if came to that as civilians were screaming and the story wasn't important anymore because nature kicked-in and yeah it felt like a real war but it wasn't cause' it was simply life and just what happens, and it was the weirdest thing I'd ever seen and the road was broken but still drivable as power lines looked ridiculous and there wasn't any music, only wind, and the tire was shaking

towards the right and so to gain more strength I started yelling and there weren't any words. But no—the yellin' wasn't of anger—rather—the vocal tremor was made from the unheard beauty of humanity, and I was on two legs and the trees were broken in half and something was coming towards me but I couldn't even think about the functionality of the brakes because I was going too fast and I'd been skinned alive if I slowed down, and right then four big wheels went rolling by, and they were going about as fast as I was, and so there was no way they were going to pursue the bike, and as it turns out it was some kind of military jeep and the passenger was holding a machine gun, and as I passed them the guy with the machine gun shook his head and was yelling words that said, "get out of here now"—at least I think that's what he said anyway, but of course reading his lips there wasn't any time to reaffirm that...

THAT'S THE PLAN SIR

Just...real strange times call for strange doings, and it was the middle of the day and they said this might happen after the storm crushed the cages and that's why I went there—it was for the crazy love of the story and...

...

I was going too fast and I don't know but it tore through everything our society is so proud of all at once everything we thought was going to happen was wrong just like they said the storm might pass over us but it didn't and the first day seemed harmless and being where the bugs couldn't bite on the second day the sirens didn't sound and I felt guilty because I was

disappointed there wasn't more action, and it was the prior night before this when I was writing and that's when the monster gave me a wakeup call about how chaotic life can get when you least expect it to, because after the storm I wasn't any writer nope I was just trying to get the hell away from ground zero of chaos. But it seemed like it was following me. Didn't think I was escaping with my life this time.

...

Before it hit the small village I had my legs kicked up in the air lounging on a big box of paper and thought the story was just about done for the night, and then there was the crack of the brew and after the first gulp I was going to have me a smoke and nobody thought it was going to take the turn that it did, and by then...the storm was gone...because it was far too dangerous to stick around and so that's why I stole the bike and the motorcycle was my life jacket and after the story I didn't feel guilty. Because the truth is the real storm came after the natural storm had whimpered out, and by this time it was gone and well then the cold front had buried its nose in the sea, and so I was driving over a hill and the morning had been stirred into juice, and now there was only pulp left in the wake, and it's true when they say the best of aged storms only show the health of its molars during the bluest of skies—it sure was a beautiful day after the storm and it was then after the storm when I was on the old beat up road again, and like usual there weren't any laws and the bike was fast and loud and the sun was a green light, and when I hit the edge of the horizon I thought the worst was over. But I was wrong and so spinning out and almost falling over while turning a

corner my typewriter fell out of my bag so did my passport and then I watched as the hard plastic letters shattered on the ground and the machine broke like glass as elephants were grazing on the side of the road and there was a furry body of a dead chimpanzee with tire tracks bleeding where the yellow lines in America marginalize where you can...and cannot go but then so what because none of the laws mattered to me because everything was free and the truth made me sad but I couldn't stop and bury the dead, so being alive was about all I had left, and if you wanted to live you had to fight, and so that's what I did...

I fought to live and this was a serious existential struggle, but as I stopped because I was in shock a military man yelled at me and said "keep going..."

And so that's why I had to leave because the big guns were called in, and as the military was running the cleanup operation I drove away and the town was completely quarantined and the population who stayed was forced by the tanks to relocate for almost five months, and that's the job Babushka set me up with so...thanks pal I'd later tell him...because well...the whole thing was very bizarre but...at least for me it would soon be over, and so then being at a safe distance from the center I felt bad about the bike that I stole but it was too late to feel bad and I needed a cigarette because I just couldn't believe what I'd seen.

...

Now the sun was out and it was a nice day, and after the storm and the chase well I just ta' was back at yet another airport, and I handed a young man the keys but I didn't know what he was saying so I said,

“Here, this is yours. The motorcycle.” And I pointed...

“Really?” He said—and I’m not too sure if that was his exact response—but it didn’t matter because the only thing that mattered was I had to go and I had to go now.

...

“Give me a smoke. Yeah thanks” I said, “And enjoy your new ride”...

And sure the young man had many questions but me—nope—I had no answers, and so then I took him by the hand and took his pack of smokes and placed him on the motorcycle and “Yep. Peace” I said and quickly I walked away, and then I was in the air and the story carried on—and it’s something to do with the chaos filled waltz of life.

...

Sometime just later on...after falling asleep...well that is when I was back on my feet and was told that there was “another story”, and so I went there—to the new story—and in China I sat by myself in an entire city that was made to be a real-life mockup of Paris, and it was there where I played my guitar and sung some songs, and after...well then I packed up shop, because the story was a short one and I didn’t even need to go there to get the void of humanity that I felt, but I went there just to do it, and then two days later I bought a new typewriter and it was time to go back to work. Cause’...well...remember: “No more insanity”.