

Willingness (The Man Hatless)

Episode 1: First Entry in the Ledger (Loop)

Where do I begin? The angles are a mess; they're all wrong. So many straight lines in sight and not a single one is in its right place. The weathered teak dining table is facing me lengthwise, its two edges running away in a soothing one point perspective, but it's all messed up because there are rocks under the far legs of the table, so it's slanted up by about 6 and a third degrees. The next most important line is the fence a bit farther back. It's 5 feet tall, the first two feet are concrete painted a blotchy salmon color and cracking from many years of exposure. The next three feet are iron fence, painted white and also cracking and the joints between vertical supporting bars and the long horizontal girders that draw the eye so peace fully. But the damn girder's ain't completely straight, it's more like a zig zag but at least the bends aren't more that plus or minus 5 and 3 fifths degrees.

Then there are the chairs to consider, good teak foldable chairs with nice angles in themselves, but they've been arranged so carelessly that the angles they make with the two dominant structures are worse than a cactus in the middle of a fucking desert. To top it off there's the plants and rocks and things that don't have more than an inch of good straight line on them. They're all just twisted curves and disgusting arcs, with no patterns and no order and no regard for coherence and they fucking MOVE when the wind blows I can't believe it, the nerve, to be part of the scenery and offer your lines up to the Form of the scene and then have the audacity to MOVE without being asked or told or without planning it so that it fits into some kind of schematic or adheres to any kind of rules or laws or equations or...

I'm sitting here in the dimming light and the sky is so nice with blue and yellow and a bit of green, and there'll be purple and black soon too, such nice colors, so peaceful. I'm sitting here with my dog and we are watching and waiting for the coyotes to come prowling along. We have a dire need of them. So we wait patiently. After three days, a few hours is nothing. The coyotes have good night vision and good noses but my dog has better, and I have, well...

We smell them now. Making their nightly journey through the underbrush between the two rows of houses to get from their daytime lair to the hunting grounds down the east side of the Hill.

I've learned to let my dog go so she starts barking, but in the given situation I can't have that so I reign her in and put an end to the noise. A single bark should not have scared them off. It's too dark for me to see them and too dark for the dog so we have to wait till they get nice and close, just on the opposite side of the fence. I start to crawl along the patio, across a row of inlaid bricks whose lines are a disastrous offense to the strong declaration of the teak table's silhouette above. The black and purple are up above now so the lines don't bother me too much. I've learned to let objects and plants go, that's why the backyard is such a disaster by the way, otherwise I'd have cleaned it up ages ago, but then who knows what else I'd have cleaned up with it, so it's best if I leave it alone. Just let it go. It's what I've learned.

Darla used to help me with that, and Kerwin too, before I moved them in my sleep and made them fight each other accidentally one night that we slept on the same floor of the house because Wallchurch was using the room downstairs. After that I couldn't let go of them even at fifty yards and I had to send them off for their own safety as well as mine. I

think it also has something to do with carrots. It's always stronger when I eat carrots, like we had that night. Wallchurch only found out much later, when I moved him accidentally while I was playing guitar to give me backing chords and I forgot to let him go when I went for my long hike (2 days) to the Canyon and when I came back he was still strumming and I got so scared I had to send him away too. I still haven't figured out why sometimes when I move somebody the effect just stays there unless I explicitly let him or her go, whereas other times it wears off as soon as I get out of range or stop thinking about it.

So now I live surrounded by just animals, I'm much better around them, and no one's in danger. I cannot have an other situation like the Ayala's, for my safety as much as every one else's.

Darla used to say that most of the trouble would go away when I got older, because as you get older you acquire more knowledge and wisdom and those two facets help you sort out your life logically and minimize danger and pain and maximize happiness and productivity. When I had moved something, somebody or some animal and done some kind of wrong, she used to say that it was OK, that I was only 9 and that in a few years I would grow in strength and learn to keep it at bay. But it's been 2 years now, and I got kicked out of school; got kicked out of the human world really; so I'm not learning, not acquiring more knowledge or wisdom except from these damn coyotes whose movement patterns are infuriatingly complicated and require serious effort and seem to teach me nothing, and my control hasn't gotten any better.

Oh yeah and by the way they call me Loop.

EPISODE 2 COMING ON WEDNESDAY AUG 17