

## *Another Experience Experiencing Another*

*"Dial 986-69! 69! And be caller number 69 in order to qualify to win tickets to today's hottest local hard rock!!--"*

Tune.

*"And if you agree with today's Neo-liberalism, well...God can't save you--"*

Tune.

*"Did you hear about the rumors? Movie Star #7 is now dating Model/Actress #12 and guess who's jeaaaaaaaalous?!!"*

Hunter T. Sompson tuned the volume dial counter clockwise all the way down. He had been driving for an hour with the FM radio blaring, not by choice, but more due to the socioeconomic position he found himself in society. He was low on the totem pole, like most people in their early 20s and in general; for pretty much all of human history. There has been more poor people than rich people; probably.

His four door sedan didn't have new technology, just stock AM/FM radio; not even cassette. And after an hour of scanning through the invisible radio waves that zoomed through the skies, he was over

So, he sat in silence on his road trip to the city for the weekend. Hunter finally got out of his routine and headed for a rendezvous in a new metropolitan area. To say he left to live a weekend of no plans or expectations would be the ideal mindset Hunter tried to keep his mind in, however, trying and doing are different things.

### ***"How the expectation of temptation guides our existence?!"***

Heavy giddiness and feelings took over the moment, as he had plans to meet someone, someone special. Of course, he didn't know how special. Not yet.

### ***"Who doesn't have an ideological version of the themselves? How they interact, perceive, and react to their environment? Who doesn't want their expectations met?"***

Hunter had been in contact with a woman. A woman he had met once before. Her name was Charlotte Webb. They did not meet on the internet via a dating website or via social media. That part of the human experience remained to, not exist comfortably in Hunter's life. No, they had met in real life at a different time.

The moment of their first acquaintance and the few that followed were that of a "classic" variety. They met in a social setting, one that consisted of friends, mutual friends, and

alcohol. Their first encounter was not that of the "classic" variety, in the sense that it was not a "love at first sight" moment as portrayed in the movies; one consisting of glazed over eye contact, an emotional instrumental with a prominent string section, and slow motion. It was much more "classic" in terms of reality. They had a normal, "nice to meet you moment," sipped drinks and followed the flow of the occasion. Was there interest in each other? Sure, of course. A new face and personality amongst a small town social scene, who wouldn't be interested? However, of course, as this first moment of interaction and the subsequent collective events that followed happened, the nature of interaction between them faded; as did many of Hunter's interactions during social gatherings. See, as time passes--as it moves forward, increases let's say-- during an exciting communal assembly of people, there exists, for many people, a positive relationship between that increase in time and the amount of alcohol consumed. The more time has passed, the more alcohol consumed. For Hunter, the relationship was more of an inverse and diminishing relationship: as time passed, the less amount of alcohol he consumed. Therefore, less of a chance of the alcohol doing the consuming. And that occasion called for much consumption.

Long story short story short, from that occasion, the one where Hunter and Charlotte met, and onward towards the present, Charlotte ended up in a relationship. It happened during that exact social gathering where they met. Now, remember how Hunter had a diminishing type of relationship between time and drinking at a social event? Well, with that type of drinking and social habit, he also saw diminishing returns in sex life. Of course, he didn't blame his lack of sexual activity solely on the nature of social environments amongst humans. He also blamed it on himself. He was very aware of his own self and his nature to transform sexual tension into overwhelming anxiety and difficulty. He had a natural instinct to do the opposite of what most people did. See, Charlotte and another young male adult did as many do as a result of attending social gatherings and consuming alcohol, they spontaneously, romantically, emotionally, and sexually engaged each other. Hunter, didn't have any opinion or feeling towards the engagement, at the time, and in general really. Well, he had feelings towards other people's romantic entanglements, because, well, jealousy and feelings alike, of course, are a real thing and everyone experiences them. But, he understood the importance of trying very hard not to let other people's life choices, in this case, choices of love, sex, fucking, procreating, however you see fit, affect his own situation. Hunter accepted reality.

So, time and experience followed—like it always does—and from that day, Hunter, Charlotte, her lover, and all other living things continued to experience life. And as all living things maintained through the chaos of experience, Hunter and Charlotte's lives crossed paths every so often. As their encounters grew to a few, as did their interest and curiosity for each other, or, Hunter's sense of Charlotte's interest and curiosity in him grew in his own mind. Yet, the same had to happen in Charlotte, so he thought. She had to sense the sense that grew in Hunter, however that's not necessarily what he thought, not completely. Self-doubt was something he dealt with quite intensively. He struggled to believe that another was sensing the senses he sensed.

***"It Just Doesn't Make Sense!"***

So, that brings us back inside of Hunter's car, travelling South, where Hunter gripped the tune knob and spun it clockwise, giving his the radio another go.

*"Como Me Duele. Como Me Duele. Como me duele te que sacan a bailer—"*

Tune.

*"In the stillllllllllllllllll of the niiiight. I held youuuuuu. Held you tighh—"*

Tune.

*"Pouurr some sugar onn meee!—"*

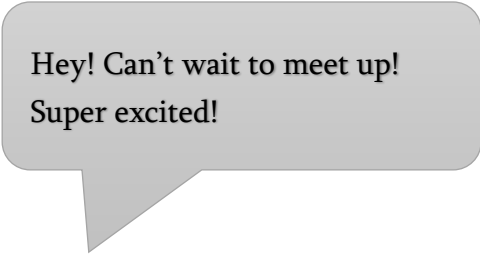
Tune.

Silence.

Again.

He continued on his journey for quite some time in silence. He could feel himself conjure up expectations, images, sound bites, screenplays of what might happen when he and Charlotte finally met on their rendezvous. He went over a multitude of possibilities: the good, the bad, and everywhere in between. Then, he heard his mobile device buzz. He had received a text message. He thought about ignoring it, because of, well, the law and all of that. But, he peeked, it was from Charlotte.

Charlotte Webb



Hey! Can't wait to meet up!  
Super excited!

Hunter read the text and allowed, the wave of evolutionary giddiness overwhelm him. Just as this feeling of euphoria peaked, he looked up, swerved, avoided a deer, and crashed into a ditch. He died instantly.

***THE END***

***(Don't text and drive)***

***SIKE!***

*(But, seriously don't text and drive)*

Again, Hunter read the text and allowed the wave of evolutionary giddiness overwhelm him. Just as this feeling of euphoria peaked, he looked up and fixated his eyes back on where they should have been, the road. The rush of dopamine that he received triggered a flurry of expectation possibilities zooming through his head. He thought that he might have to pull over when—*Buzz Buzz*—went his cell phone.

Charlotte Webb

Sorry to send you one more text, “don’t read me!” “don’t text and drive!” I want you alive mister, not dead. But, I can’t hold myself back...



Charlotte Webb

I’ve just been thinking a lot about meeting up. It’s crazy! I don’t want to disappoint... I just have flurries of expectations rifling through my brainwaves. And... And... Oh Idk, I’m sorry! My dam brainwaves... Jeeze this is a long text, Ah am I screwing this up? Don’t answer that!



Charlotte Webb

Don't answer that! Please forget and forgive me for this, I think too much. I really can't wait to see you!

Hunter put his phone down into the center console and refocused his attention toward, again, where it should have been, the road, where he was travelling an average speed of 71 miles per hour in an oddly shaped plastic and metal (*mlastic and petal*) box on wheels. His mind remained in a trance, awaiting for its neurochemistry to fully process the text messages he received, while simultaneously manning a speeding machine. Then, he passed a sign on the side of the highway.

City of Utopia	12
Savey Jones	18
Hunter's Rendezvous Destination City	30

He was close (***relatively***). His expectations began to dissipate. The combination of the Charlottes' character expressed through scripted text and the quantification of his destination actually put Hunter at relatively more ease than ever before. He turned the radio dial one more time.

*"Everything is gonna' be alright man, don't worry. Just smile more."*

Tune.