Death of a travelling man

Most things in life, he decided, seemed related to the perhaps came down to the banality of transport. The immensity of pain in life, and indiffernence. All of this would become, lengthened out, flattened. He had had tried to explain this, joined societies. He had tried to use literary examples. He believed one could mount an argument using Wigner and Husserl, he had tried Neitzhe but it seem too hackneted. He mused that there even might be there was mathematical underpinnings. But no one could make head nor tail of it. He had returned from a funerals he stared at the life in a box and felt such luck, to construct walls against a life, where no words can get in.

He had been fired from this job. This was both inevitable and somewhat anticlimactic. But that or course had set of another chain of events, a confusion of locations, or where to be, or different times, of schedules. The travelling man had started travelling, his therapist explaining this this travel was escape and him explaining that all life, the therapist (Wendells was the name, a serious man, with fitting ensemble) ensconsed was an escape, a constant juggling and travel was just the final frontier. And he did not mean seeing the world, but rather seeings hits twists. Seeing its hit points, he knew the math. There is thing, just a connection and this would mean that there is no arrival point just a connection.

Flying was of course, cumbersome. Its logistics, so had acquired a car, a reliable, quite and started driving the endless highways, and the points of this life, there is an equidistance that cannot be surmounted. He had not meant to kidnap Wendell.

Wendell, ziptied and sorrowful, unsure of what to say.

The drives had endpoints but he would never stop, defeating the purpose. He had promised his father, in a phone call some months ago that he would meet her. His father’s new girl, someone named Daphne, a school teacher, infectious laughter. He suspected here sanity. It was the endless bypasses of life.

Long stretched of the highway, its

What are the logistics of such hijinks? How long could they be expected to survive such a precarious enterprise? The outer reaches of literay device Daniel crawled out the window, the cars automation maximised to its limits, its AI stretched, some other sat on the bonnet under stars. It was impossible to say how long this would last for, Daniel lying on the bonnet of the car looking upward, always hot wind. Suicide, such a momentary enterprise

When the police came, Wendell was, inexplibably, unscathed, forthing out happy endings, jumping u