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I WILL KNOCK YOU OUT
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I survived five days of food poisoning. Bowel evacuation complete. I believed I was the most disgusting human on the planet for five days. I'm glad I wore my glasses in the bathroom once before J returned from J's trip, or J would have likely immediately returned to the airport because of my grossness. But I wore glasses, allowing me to see the vomit-inducing splatters I had made.

I survived five days of food poisoning; many days, I was rendered a shaking mess on my bed, confusing Hana as I dreamed of an easy ending.

Depression is still tackling me daily. I'm afraid for my future. The way I see it, I have about a month of solvency left and then...fuck.

I'm turning 63, and the fuckers who used to employ me haven't even given me a reference letter for my years of outstanding service because they are no better than petulant brats.

Fuck them.

I move forward.

I hit the Fitness Asylum.

I feel better after.

I go out to my favourite reading spot.

I flip a page.

Concentrate. I can't

Words are trying to form in my mind.

I tamp them down.

I can't let the words form; they are not helpful and want to destroy the narrative I'm attempting to craft.

I must hold the pressing words at bay.

I read. I flip a page. It's time to move again. Walking will clear the oppressive thoughts and lead me into the joyous world of creativity. My mind races blank.

I can't think.

I walk a kilometre.

I start crying.

I am walking down a trail in Stanley Park on a beautiful day, and tears are flowing down my face.

Am I a wreck, or simply just, human?

I'm not thinking about anything.

I am not worrying.

I am a blank canvas; this troubles me.

I arrive at English Bay.

I sit down at the benches of the once-upon-a-time Cactus Club Concession.

I pull a book out to continue my reading journey, filling with the importance of feeding my ravenous appetite for the written word.

I used to say I'm a writer, not a reader. What a load of crap. You can't be a writer without having a voracious appetite for words.

Underneath every word I read is one laying inside me, desperately trying to etch its way to the surface.

Why are you here?

What are you trying?

I press the words down.

They will do me no good.

They are not offering an epiphany.

They are layered with tumult.

I'm scared.

I keep reading.

At the next table, two girls plop down. Amelia and Luna. I'd guess them to be maybe sixteen? I hope I'm lucky and they keep to themselves.

Amelia

I hate her.

Luna

| inaudible |

Amelia

She's fucking up the day. What's that bitch doing here?

Luna

| inaudible |

Amelia

I can't stand her.

Luna

| inaudible |

Amelia

Blah. Blah. Blah. Hate. Bitch. Cunt.

Luna

| inaudible |

Is this part of the book I'm reading?

Two boys come up to their picnic table. Noah and Arun.

Noah

Amelia, are you okay?

Amelia

I fucking hate her. I can't stand her. She's wrecking the day. If she doesn't leave, Luna and I will.

Noah

She's just trying to fit in, to have fun.

Amelia

Are you on her fucking side? Fine. We'll leave. You will...

Arun

Why don't you chill, dude? Amelia. Don't fuck up the day for everyone else.

Amelia

If you don't ask the bitch to leave...

Arun

You're a child. Go then; nobody cares.

Arun is calculating who'd be more pleasant to hang with, the girl Amelia hates for no reason or, Amelia?

Arun

Don't fuck up the day for others. And what did she ever do to you? You are being a bitch.

Amelia

She tried to talk to me. I hate it when she tries to speak to me. I will knock her out if another word drops from her ugly mouth.

The four of them return to the beach. Is that what sixteen is?

I still can't find the words trying to form.

I keep walking.

I arrive at the FH.

GUMMY FRIDAY

I'm over 30,000 steps for the day. My watch that had failed four days ago is now working perfectly. How?

I had planned on returning it to Best Buy on Saturday and cashing in on the warranty, but the watch has nothing wrong with it now.

Could it have thwarted my plans?

Is AI taking over?

The four-day break from my watch tracking my life turned into the best sleeps of the last several years. Hmm.

Dean is talking with the Mayor. I go to sit beside the Mayor. I hit the washroom first. When I return, the Postman has arrived. He suggests we move to our usual Friday table. We move. Dean and the Mayor join us. The Postman tells us 2G will be coming down, but he won't sit at our table because Dean is there.

Dean is dying; he won't be long for this earth. And now, Amelia, I mean 2G, will be making a statement by refusing to sit with us because he's got a gnat in his drawers and because he has decided Dean isn't suitable company for him.

I get it—it's because Dean and I are becoming friends.

Dean is a good person, a scared person, a hurting person.

I tell the Postman, 2G is being a whiny bitch.

I don't push too far because I know the Postman will try to convince me otherwise.

I do not want to hear the fucking pettiness or to think that grown men with over one-hundred-thirty-two years of experience on this planet have discussed why 2G won't sit with Dean, someone he doesn't know, someone he knows is dying.

I can't stomach the level of immaturity. There is no point.

If we bite and talk about Amelia's, I mean 2G's childishness, we will become worse people.

I imagine 2G; why won't you sit with Dean?

You're no better; you won't sit with...

That wasn't the question. Fuck off.

It is tragic watching old men becoming petulant, unlikeable children.

2G arrives, sees Dean, makes a wide berth to avoid him, hands a package to the Postman and makes a beeline to the other end of the bar to make a statement.

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Dean doesn't know he's hated by 2G. I won't worry him with the nothingness of 2G's behaviour.

Hee Haw comes into the bar. They have recently diagnosed Hee Haw with Parkinson's Disease. He's scared. He's 68 and feels life is slipping away. I understand.

On this day, Dean had helped him find Social Housing, and Hee Haw is looking at giving up his home of the last fifteen-odd years or so... I can see the stress on his face. He's present but distant. I understand his pain. Life can be fucking cruel. 2G doesn't like Hee Haw either, often making a production of not sitting beside him or at the same table. 2G is exhausting.

Hee Haw sits with us for a few minutes. His anxiety is palpable. I wish I could find magic and kind words to help him feel better. Listening may be enough.

Dean leaves.

The Postman waves at 2G to join us; because the dying man has left.

I tell the Postman 2G hates Hee Haw, so he'll still choose to sit at the other end and pout.

Hee Haw leaves, and 2G comes over to our table. I have decided if he tries to lead a conversation toward his disdain for others, I don't think he would be able to be my friend anymore.

I get it. I understand why he's a whining baby. If a dying man and a man with Parkinson's join us, where is the room for him? I understand the jealousy. I. FUCKING. DON'T.

We don't have to love everyone or even talk to everyone, but what every fucking mature adult on this planet needs to do is be civil to one another.

John G, died recently. I despised John G. Why? Because he was rude to people just to be rude to them, and he once told me he wished I were dead. After that, being even an acquaintance was impossible. But even so, it wouldn't have hurt one single iota to be civil to him.

What am I trying to say?

I failed at being a better person with my behaviour toward John G. I'm watching the same type of behaviour in 2G, I don't like it and don't want to be that way.

Dean and Hee Haw are my friends.

I must thank 2G for the valuable lesson on how not to be an adult.

Thanks.

I'm out for the day.

What is Chasing Neon about?

What?

What?

What?

By now, you understand; I got fucked over by my last employer. This has hurt my family immensely, but life continues, and I must find a way to thrive. So, I must find a way to drown out the noise.

Chasing Neon is about trying to forge a future while living in the present and understanding no matter how hard you try, there is no guarantee the future will exist.

Anybody who tries to convince anyone else why someone doesn't deserve kindness, empathy, and compassion... well, I feel sorry for you.

This story is about survival. It's about what I want from life. It's about it never being too

late to grow up. It's about how we must hold onto the child inside us.

I want to share my thoughts. I want to reach the largest possible audience.
I want to slay monsters. I want to be discovered. I want to make a
difference. I want to bring joy.

Dean is my friend. I won't abandon him because of 2G's behaviour.

I will not be forced into making a choice.

2G, your behaviour saddens me. Sickens would likely be a better word, I
just got over food poisoning; I'm done with the sickness of a parasite
shredding my insides.

2G, it's time for you to grow up.

2G, do you remember trying to convince me Dean is playing me?

Do you really think you, being a dick, is protecting me?

Dean is a dying man.

What's wrong with you?

Grammarly Readability Score = 87

I want to make a difference.

I'm not sure where Chasing Neon is leading us... I want the last chapter to be the book
deal.

It's coming.

I must believe in myself.

Why?

Because tomorrow is another TODAY away!

2G, I understand your pain.

OPAP: HEART MRI

You can change in here.

Wear your underwear and socks only.

Two gowns: One for your front. One for your back.

I will need to attach stickers for the monitors.

Okay.

Lie here. Shoulders about →

I'll hook up the IV. Half way through, I'll juice you.

This should be fun.

The hospital is old.

The new one will be ready in six years.

Do I have six years?

What's this location going to become?

Luxury condos.

Ghosts.

Keep perfectly still.

It's tight in there.

Thirty minutes. Then the juice. Then thirty minutes more.

Gulp.

Take a deep breath in. Hold it.

One. Two. Three... Twenty.

Breath normally.

Take a deep breath in. Hold it.

One. Two. Three... Twenty.

Am I dead?

I can't do this.

Why is my ear itching? I need to scratch. Scream. Count.

Breath normally.

One hundred more times.

I'm eating my mask.

OMFingG.

All done.

I hated this ride. Crappy ride.

Most people don't like me at the end.

It's not your fault. I'm not most people. ~~Gu#~~

HUMAN SNAPSHOT
HUMAN SNAPSHOT

DECLINED
DECLINED

Damn it, another email arrives: You're next transaction may be declined.

Not a problem. Little Jeremy is looking plump.

The Devil Went Down to Georgia → he was looking for a plump child to eat.

Tell Me Why.

Why?

What?

You asked me to tell you Why? So, I did.

Why?

Because you asked.

Maybe your eating children because you are losing your mind.

Wouldn't you?

Probably.

Indeed.

What should I do next?

London Drugs.

Prepare to bleed.

What?

Why?

The song by Bronski Beat is Why?

Not Tell Me Why?

I know.

I typed the last line.

Insanity?

How can it not be?