

1 To 2

I awoke around five to the dark clatter of rain and cursed my body for allowing my night to turn out that way. I'm still not sure which dream I was having, but it involved people I've never really liked and people I wish I could forget.

It's another day of the mean reds and the only thing keeping my engines operating is the thought of salvation waiting for me in a distant Midwestern town full of ice and folk music.

One week until my twenty-third birthday and two until I brave temperatures that Californians weren't bred to experience. I suppose I'm being a coward, but I'm the kind of person who needs that kick in the ass in order to accomplish something of value. I shall brave old fears, new states, and finally be able to listen to "Greater Omaha" the way it was meant to be heard: driving down Saddle Creek and Happy Hollow with my best friend.