

## AN INTRODUCTION TO THE LONE TRUCKER

The lone trucker stood upon the crest of a high hill. He wore a wide-brimmed leather hat and a long black cape, his usual guise. The cape was flapping in the wind and he stood, wrapping it tightly about him, contemplating the view. The half-moon hovered high in the sky above him, casting an eerie light on the land below. Far away, the distant lights of a small city shone. He was a comfortable distance from civilization now, that turbulent society which he abhorred and eschewed. Every now and then, headlights passed on a highway below. About a half mile away, a dog started barking, sensing his unhuman presence. The lone trucker stared casually in the dog's direction, giving the mongrel the evil eye. The barking suddenly ceased and there was silence.

The lone trucker had just frolicked with a lovely young moon spirit in a small hidden field about a mile away. They floated around the edges of the field, then drifted to a stream where they made love, a love that is not of this world. In the darkness of the shadows, they learned a marvelous secret. They basked in the moonbeams while the stream gurgled, and the lone trucker stared deep into her alien eyes which were moonpools verily, and he understood that she did not think, she dreamed. In turn, she understood the essence of a human being, that their minds were quick, they moved around too much, too fast for her. In the silence of a moonglade, they parted company. When day arrived, she would dissolve in the light and be no more. Somehow, the lone trucker found moon spirits more to his liking than earthly women. Each to his own, as they say.

Later on, he would have a meeting with the jolly magician at a certain clearing in the woods. The jolly magician was fat and had bright pink skin. He sat upon a giant mushroom throne and his arms

and legs were covered with golden baubles. He looked like a giant baby. The lone trucker would receive the magic elixer from him, a special concoction prepared with moonbeams and the light of certain constellations. He would need this particular potion to sustain his energy and powers through the long night. Its effects only lasted as long as one lunar cycle. In order to receive the elixer, he would have to answer the jolly magician's riddle:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star...

What you think is what you are."

The jolly magician's laughter would boom throughout the woods, reaching the shacks where the ghosts of night danced to invisible music played by invisible hands on an invisible piano.

The lone trucker knew all this would happen because he was able to see the future. He also knew what he was in all of his past lifetimes and why he must travel the path that he does.

The lone trucker contemplated a certain pulsating star. It flashed different colors stroboscopically - shimmering yellow, metallic red, bright green, outer space blue, ultraviolet purple. There was something funny about that star. For a long time, he had been convinced that that star was trying to communicate some message to him. Perhaps it was from this star where the spaceships came. With amusement, they had been watching the antics of the human race for some time now. The lone trucker knew this also.

All over the land, the leaves were being stripped from the trees. Shrill was the wind. There was a rustling in the nearby woods. It was a sound that neither animal nor human makes. Somewhere, two miles away, in the midst of a vast woods, an old shack collapsed, and nobody was there to see it or hear it. Meanwhile, in abandoned fields, elfin spirits played hide and seek and tag all night long with the moon high above as their sole witness.

The lone trucker lived a double life. By day, he worked at various odd jobs in a nearby town as a yardman or as a janitor. He was a free-lance worker and it suited him fine. He only worked a few afternoons a week, just enough to survive. He had to work in order to make the money in order to buy the food in order to keep his physical body alive, a very complicated process. He could have procured sustenance for his physical body by magic if he wished, but it was necessary for him to keep up appearances and keep some kind of link to this world. It was one of those limitations he had to put up with.

All day long, he would be raking leaves or sponging the floor in quiet corners. Every now and then, he would look up from his work and consider how far he had come and how much further he must go. Little did his employers (lazy, rich professors and old ladies) even begin to suspect the sort of thoughts that were going through his head or guess at his true identity. The lone trucker did a very good job of playing the humble role of a dumb yardman; they really fell for it. The lone trucker worked on, and he would be thinking about what field or what patch of woods he would go to that night.

When he got off work, he would thumb along the highway to a certain bend in the road. Many times, he would have a bag of groceries in his arms. He would then slip unseen through the woods to a shack he slept in.

All the land and all the fields and all the secret roads and hidden trails he knew quite intimately. All night long, he would roam about the land, exploring all there was to explore. He traversed to other time zones and teleported to other regions. He traveled along the astral plane. He even mind-tripped in the higher planes and he visited levels of existence far beyond the one we know. Many were his secret spots for meditation; he knew where the sacred groves were. Finally with the arrival of dawn, he headed back to his shack

for a few hours of blessed sleep.

The lone trucker could often be seen on the top of a high hill, his arms stretched out in worship of the dear moon high above.. He sang Indian chants to her, and wherever he went, she was always there with him. He followed her every phase and well understood the essence of the vibrations in each phase. When she was full, he had a peculiar gleam in his eyes like holy madness. She was a long and understanding companion of his. They both journey through the wide, barren space, alone and friendless, seen only from afar.

Sometimes if you look very hard, you could see the lone trucker as a dark shadow climbing up the side of a very steep hill. He is climbing very fast as if he were in a hurry to get somewhere. At the topmost ridge of the hill, he turns to look back once, then heads on to disappear over the other side. We can only guess at where he is going from there.

The lone trucker stared up at the half-full moon. What message did she have for him tonight? It could not be like the past; it never is. Nothing happens the same way twice. The lone trucker learned that a long time ago. (As a matter of fact, he learned this particular bit of wisdom from a whore in Mexico in one of his past lifetimes.) He listened to the humming of the moonbeams with his inner ear.

Then he caught something, Someone in another time, another place place, was trying to communicate with him through the moon. It sounds sounded urgent. The lone trucker took five steps down the hill, then disappeared. It was going to be a long night.