Here There Be Tygers by Ray Bradbury

This story was copyrighted in 1951 by Ray Bradbury, and presented here under Article 22 of China’s Copyright Law. Ray Bradbury is one of my personal heroes and his writings greatly influenced me in ways that I am only just now beginning to understand.

Introduction

For years I had amassed a well worn, and dusty collection of Ray Bradbury paperbacks that I would pick up and read for pleasure and inspiration. Later, when I left the United States, and moved to China, I had to leave my treasured books behind. Sigh.

It is very difficult to come across Ray Bradbury books in China. When ever I find one, I certainly snatch it up. Cost is no object when it comes to these masterpieces. At one time, I must have had five books containing this story.

I have found this version of the story “Here There be Tygers” on The Mother Earth News, and I have copied it here exactly as found. Credit to the wonderful people at Mother Earth News for posting it where a smuck like myself can read it within China. And, of course, credit to the great master; Ray Bradbury for providing this work of art for our inspiration and pleasure.

Full Text

Here is the full text of the masterpiece. I will let the reader read it and enjoy it.

Here There Be Tygers by Ray Bradbury
"You have to beat a planet at its own game," said Chatterton." Get in and rip it up, kill its snakes, poison its animals, dam its rivers, sow its fields, depollinate its air, mine it, nail it down, hack away at it, and get the blazes out from under when you have what you want. Otherwise, a planet will fix you good. You can't trust planets. They're bound to be different, bound to be bad, bound to be out to get you, especially this far out, a billion miles from nowhere, so you get them first. Tear their skin off, I say. Drag out the minerals and run away before the nightmare world explodes in your face. That's the way to treat them."

The rocket ship sank down toward planet 7 of star system 84. They had traveled millions upon millions of miles; Earth was far away, her system and her sun forgotten, her system settled and investigated and profited on, and other systems rummaged through and milked and tidied tip, and now the rockets of these tiny men from an impossibly remote planet were probing out to far universes. In a few months, a few years, they could travel anywhere, for the speed of their rocket was the speed of a god, and now for the ten-thousandth time one of the rockets of the far-circling hunt was feathering down toward an alien world.

"No," said Captain Forester."I have too much respect for other worlds to treat them the way you want to, Chatterton. It's not my business to rape or ruin anyway, thank God. I'm glad I'm just a rocket man. You're the anthropologist-mineralogist. Go ahead, do your mining and ripping and scraping. I'll just watch. I'll just go around looking at this new world, whatever it is, however it seems. I like to look. All rocket men are lookers or they wouldn't be rocket men. You like to smell new airs, if you're a rocket man, and see new oceans and islands."

"Take your gun along," said Chatterton. "in my holster," said Forester. They turned to the port together and saw the green world rising to meet their ship."I wonder what it thinks of us?" said Forester.

"It won't like me" said Chatterton "I'll see to it 'It' won't like me. And I don't care. you know, I'm out for the money. Land us over there, will you. Captain; that looks like rich country if I ever saw it."

It was the freshest green color they had seen since childhood. Lakes lay like clear blue water droplets through the soft hills; there were no loud highways, signboards or cities. It's a sea of green golf links, thought Forester, which goes on forever. Putting greens, driving greens, you could walk ten thousand miles in any direction and never finish your game. A Sunday planet a croquet-lawn world, where, you could lie on your back, clover in your lips, eyes half shut, smiling at the sky, smelling the grass, drowse through an eternal Sabbath, rousing only on occasion to turn the Sunday paper or crack the red-striped wooden ball through the wicket.

"It ever a planet was a woman, this one is/"

"Woman on the outside, man on the inside," said Chatterton. "All hard underneath, all male iron, copper, uranium, black sod. Don't let the
cosmetics fool you."

He walked to the bin where the Earth Drill waited. Its great screw-snout glittered bluely, ready to stab seventy feet deep and suck out corks of earth, deeper still with extensions into the heart of the planet. Chatterton winked at it "We'll fix your planet, Forester, but good"

"Yes, I know you will," said Forester, quietly,

The rocket landed.

"It's too green, too peaceful," said Chatterton. "I don't like it" He turned to the captain. "We'll go out with our rifles."

"I give orders. If you don't mind"

"Yes, and my company pays our way with millions of dollars of machinery we must protect; quite an investment."

The air on the new planet 7 in star system 84 was good. The port swung wide. The men filed out into the greenhouse world.

The last man to emerge was Chatterton, gun in hand.

As Chatterton set foot to the green lawn, the earth trembled. The grass shook. The distant forest rumbled, The sky seemed to blink and darken imperceptibly, The men were watching Chatterton when it happened.

"An earthquake!"

Chatterton's face paled. Everyone laughed.

"It doesn't like you, Chatterton!"

"Nonsense!"

The trembling died away at last.

"Well," said Captain Forester. "It didn't quake for us, so It must be that it doesn't approve of your philosophy."

"Coincidence," Chatterton smiled weakly, "Come on now, on the double, I want the Drill out here in a half hour for a few samplings."

"Just a moment," Forester stopped laughing. "We've got to clear the area first, be certain there're no hostile people or animals, Besides, it isn't every year you hit a planet like this very nice; can you blame us if we want to have a look at it?"

"All right," Chatterton joined them, "Let's get it over with."

They left a guard at the ship and they walked away over fields and meadows, over small hills and into little valleys. Like a bunch of boys out hiking on the finest day of the best summer in the most beautiful year in history, walking in the croquet weather where, if you listened
you could hear the whisper of the wooden ball across grass, the click through the wicket, the gentle undulations of voices, a sudden high drift of women's laughter from some ivy shaded porch, the tinkle of ice in the summer tea pitcher.

"Hey," said Driscoll, one of the younger crewmen, sniffing the air, "I brought a baseball and bat; we'll have a game later. What a diamond!"

The men laughed quietly in the baseball season, in the good quiet wind for tennis, in the weather for bicycling and picking wild grapes.

"How'd you like the job of mowing all this?" asked Driscoll.

The men stopped.

"I knew there was something wrong!" cried Chatterton, "This grass: it's freshly cut!

"Probably a species of dichondra: always short."

Chatterton spat on the green grass and rubbed it in with his boot, "I don't like it, I don't like it. If anything happened to us, no one on Earth would ever know. Silly policy: if a rocket fails to return, we never send a second rocket to check the reason why."

"Natural enough," explained Forester, "We can't waste time on a thousand hostile worlds, fighting futile wars. Each rocket represents years, money, lives. We can't afford to waste two rockets if one rocket proves a planet hostile. We go on to peaceful planets, like this one."

"I often wonder," said Driscoll, "What happened to all those lost expeditions on worlds we'll never try again."

Chatterton eyed the distant forest,"They were shot, stabbed, broiled for dinner, Even as we may be, any minute. It's time we got back to work, Captain!

They stood at the top to a little rise.

"Feel," said Driscoll, his hands and arms out loosely, "Remember how you used to run when you were it kid, and how the wind felt, Like feathers on your arms, You ran and thought any minute you'd fly, but you never quite did."

The men stood remembering, There was a smell of pollen and new rain drying upon a million grass blades.

Driscoll gave a little run. "Feel it, by God, the wind. You know, we never have really flown by ourselves. We have to sit inside tons of metal, away from flying, really. We've never flown like birds fly, to themselves, Wouldn't it be nice to, put your arms out like this –" He extended his arms, "And run." He ran ahead of them, laughing out his idiocy. "And fly!" he cried.

He flew.
Time passed on the silent gold wristwatches of the men standing below. They stared up. And from the sky came a high sound of almost unbelievable laughter.

"Tell him to come down now," whispered Chatterton. "He'll be killed."

Nobody heard. Their faces were raised away from Chatterton: they were stunned and smiling.

At last Driscoll landed at their feet.

"Did you see me?" "I flew!"

They had seen.

"Let's get down, oh, Lord. Lord." Driscoll slapped his knees, chuckling. "I'm a sparrow, I'm a hawk, God bless me. Go on all of you, try it!"

"It's the wind, it picked me up and flew me!" he said, a moment later, gasping, shivering with delight.

"Let's get out of here." Chatterton started turning, slowly in circles, watching the blue sky. "It's a trap, it wants us all to fly in the air. Then it'll drop its all at once and kill us. I'm going back to the ship."

"You'll wait for my order on that," said Forester.

The men were frowning, standing in the warm cool air, while the wind sighed about them. There was a kite sound in the air, a sound of eternal March.

"I asked the wind to fly me." said Driscoll. "And it did!"

Forester waved the others aside. "I'll chance it next. If I'm killed, back to the ship, all of you."

"I'm sorry. I can't allow this, you're the captain," said Chatterton. "We can't risk you." He took out his gun.

"I should have some sort of authority or force here. This game's gone on too long; I'm ordering us back to the ship."

"Holster your gun," said Forester, quietly.

"Stand still you idiot."

Chatterton blinked now at this man, now at that.

"Haven't you felt it?! This world's alive, it has a look to it, it's playing with us, biding its time."

"I'll be the judge of that," said Forester. "You're going back to the ship in a moment, under arrest, if you don't put up that gun."
"If you fools won't come with me, you can die out here. I'm going back, get my samples, and get out."

"Chatterton!"

"Don't try to stop me!"

Chatterton started to run. Then suddenly, he gave a cry. Everyone shouted and looked up. "There he goes," said Driscoll. Chatterton was up in the sky.

Night had come on like the closing of a great but gentle eye. Chatterton sat stunned on the side of the hill. The other men sat around him, exhausted and laughing. He would not look at them, he would not look at the sky, he would only feel of the earth, and his arms and his legs and his body, tightening in on himself.

"Oh, wasn't it perfect!" said a man named Koestler. They had all flown like orioles and eagles and sparrows, and they were all happy.

"Come out of it, Chatterton, it was fun, wasn't it?" said Koestler.

"It's impossible." Chatterton shut his eyes, tight, tight. "There's only one way for it to do it; it's alive. The air's alive. Like a fist it picked me up. Any minute now, it can kill its all. It's alive."

"All right," said Koestler. "Say it's alive." "And a living thing must have purpose. Suppose the purpose of this world is to make us happy."

As if to add to this, Driscoll came flying up, canteens in each hand. "I found a creek, tested and found pure water, wait'll you try it!"

Forester took a canteen, nudged Chatterton with it, offering a drink. Chetterton shook his head and drew hastily away. He put his hands over his face. "It's the blood of this planet. Living blood. Drink that, put that inside and you put this world inside you to peer out your eyes and listen through your ears. No thanks!"

Forester shrugged and drank.

"Wine!" he said.

"It can't be!"

"It is! Smell it, taste it! A rare white wine!"

"French domestic." Driscoll sipped his.

"Poison," said Chatterton.

They passed the canteens around.
They had idled on through the gentle afternoon, not wanting to do anything to disturb the peace that lay all about them. They were like very young men in the presence of great beauty, of a fine and famous woman, afraid that by some word, some gesture, they might turn her face away, avert her loveliness and her kindly attentions. They had felt the earthquake that had greeted Chatterton, and they did not want earthquake. Let them enjoy this "Day After School Lets Out", this fishing weather. Let them sit under the shade trees or walk on the tender hills, but let them drill no drillings, test no testings, contaminate no contaminations.

They found a small stream which poured into a boiling water pool. Fish, swimming in the cold creek above, fell glittering into the hot spring and floated, minutes later, cooked, to the surface.

Chatterton reluctantly joined the others, eating.

"It'll poison us all. There's always a trick to things like this. I'm sleeping in the rocket tonight. You can sleep out if you want. To quote a map I saw in medieval history: 'Here there be tygers.' Some time tonight when you're sleeping, the tigers and cannibals will show up."

Forester shook his head. "I'll go along with you, this planet is alive. It's a race itself. But it needs us to show off to, to appreciate its beauty. What's the use of a stage full of miracles if there's no audience?"

But Chatterton was busy. He was bent over, being sick.

"I'm poisoned! Poisoned!"

They held his shoulders until the sickness passed. They gave him water. The others were feeling fine.

"Better eat nothing but ship's food from now on," advised Forester. "It'd be safer."

"We're starting work right now." Chatterton swayed, wiping his mouth. "We've wasted a whole day. I'll work alone if I have to. I'll show this infernal place!"

He staggered away toward the rocket.

"He doesn't know when he's well off," murmured Driscoll. "Can't we stop him, Captain?"

"He practically owns the expedition. We don't have to help him, there's a clause in our contract that guarantees refusal to work under dangerous conditions. So . . . do unto this 'Picnic Ground' as you would have it do unto you. No initial-cutting on the trees. Replace the turf on the greens. Clean up your banana peels after you."

Now, below, in the ship there was an immense humming. From the storage port rolled the great shining Drill. Chatterton followed it, calling directions to its robot radio. "This way, here!
"You fool."

"Now!" cried Chatterton.

The Drill plunged its long screw-bore into the green grass. Chatterton waved up at the other men. "Watch this!"

The sky trembled.

The Drill stood in the center of a little sea of grass. For a moment it plunged away, bringing up moist corks of sod which it spat unceremoniously into a shaking analysis bin.

Now the Drill gave a wrenched, metallic squeal like a monster interrupted at its feed. From the soil beneath it slow bluish liquids bubbled up.

Chatterton shouted, "Get back, you fool!"

The Drill lumbered in a prehistoric dance. It shrieked like a mighty train turning on a sharp curve, throwing out red sparks. It was sinking. The black slime gave under it in a dark convulsion.

With a coughing sigh, a series of pants and churnings, the Drill sank into a black scum like an elephant shot and dying, trumpeting, like a mammoth at the end of an age, vanishing limb by ponderous limb into the pit.

"Fool. Fool," said Forester under his breath, fascinated with the scene. "You know what that is, Driscoll? It's tar. The fool machine hit a tar pit!"

"Listen, listen!" cried Chatterton at the Drill, running about on the edge of the oily lake. "This way, over here!"

But like the old tyrants of the earth, the dinosaurs with their tubed and screaming necks, the Drill was plunging and thrashing in the one lake from where there was no returning to bask on the firm and understandable shore.

Chatterton turned to the other men far away. "Do something, someone!"

The Drill was gone.

The tar pit bubbled and gloated, sucking the hidden monster bones. The surface of the pool was silent. A huge bubble, the last, rose, expelled a scent of ancient petroleum, and fell apart.

The men came down and stood on the edge of the little black sea.

Chatterton stopped yelling.

After a long minute of staring into the silent tar pool, Chatterton turned and looked at the hills, blindly, at the green rolling lawns. The distant trees were growing fruit now and dropping it, softly, to the
"I'll show it," he said quietly.

"Take it easy, Chatterton."

"I'll fix it," he said.

"Sit down, have a drink."

"I'll fix it good, I'll show it, it can't do this to me."

Chatterton started off back to the ship.

"Wait a minute now," said Forester.

Chatterton ran. "I know what to do, I know how to fix it!"

"Stop him!" said Forester. He ran, then remembered he could fly. "The A-Bomb's on the ship, if he should get to that . . . ."

The other men had thought of that and were in the air. A small grove of trees stood between the rocket and Chatterton as he ran on the ground, forgetting that he could fly, or afraid to fly, or not allowed to fly, yelling. The crew headed for the rocket to wait for him, the captain with them. They arrived, formed a line, and shut the rocket port. The last they saw of Chatterton he was plunging through the edge of the tiny forest.

The crew stood waiting.

"... That fool, that crazy guy."

Chatterton didn't come out on the other side of the small woodland.

"He's turned back, waiting for us to relax our guard."

"Go bring him in," said Forester.

Two men flew off.

Now, softly, a great and gentle rain fell upon the green world.

"The final touch," said Driscoll. "We'd never have to build houses here. Notice it's not raining on us. It's raining all around, ahead, behind us. What a world!"

They stood dry in the middle of the blue, cool rain. The sun was setting. The moon, a large one the color of ice, rose over the freshened hills.

"There's only one more thing this world needs."

"Yes," said everyone, thoughtfully, slowly.
"We'll have to go looking," said Driscol. "It's logical, The wind flies
us, the trees and streams feed us, everything is alive. Perhaps if we
asked for companionship . . . ."

"I've thought a long time, today and other days," said Koestler. "We're
all bachelors, been traveling for years, and tired of it. Wouldn't it be
time to settle down somewhere! Here, maybe. On Earth you sweat just to
save enough to buy a house, pay taxes; the cities stink. Here, you won't
even need a house, with this weather. If it gets monotonous you can ask
for rain, clouds, snow, changes. You don't have to work here for
anything."

"It'd be boring. We'd go crazy."

"No," Koestler said, smiling. "If life got too soft, all we'd have to do
is repeat a few times what Chatterton said: 'Here there be tygers.
Listen!'

Far away, wasn't there the faintest roar of a giant cat, hidden in the
twilight forests?

The men shivered.

"A versatile world," said Koestler dryly. "A woman who'll do anything to
please her guests, as long as we're kind to her. Chatterton wasn't
kind."

"Chatterton. What about him?"

As if to answer this, someone cried from a distance. The two men who had
flown off to find Chatterton were waving at the edge of the woods.

Forester, Driscoll, and Koestler flew down alone.

"What's up?"

The men pointed into the forest."Thought you'd want to see this,
Captain. It's eerie." One of the men indicated a pathway. "Look here,
sir."

The marks of great claws stood on the path, fresh and clear.

"And over here." A few drops of blood. A heavy smell of some feline
animal hung in the air.

"Chatterton?"

"I don't think we'll ever find him, Captain."

Faintly, faintly, moving away, now gone in the breathing silence of
twilight, came the roar of a tiger.

The men lay on the resilient grass by the rocket and the night was warm.
"Reminds me of nights when I was a kid," said Driscoll. "My brother and
I waited for the hottest night in July and then we slept on the Court
House lawn, counting the stars, talking; it was a great night, the best night of my life." Then he added, "Not counting tonight, of course."

"I keep thinking about Chatterton," said Koestler.

"Don't," said Forester. "We'll sleep a few hours and take off. We can't chance staying here another day. I don't mean the danger that got Chatterton. No. I mean, if we stayed on we'd get to liking this world too much. We'd never want to leave."

A soft wind blew over them.

"I don't want to leave now." Driscoll put his hands behind his head, lying quietly. "And it doesn't want us to leave."

"If we go back to Earth and tell everyone what a lovely planet it is, what then, Captain? They'll come smashing in here and ruin it."

"No," said Forester idly. "First, this planet wouldn't put up with a full-scale invasion. I don't know what it'd do, but it could probably think of some interesting things. Secondly, I like this planet too much; I respect it. We'll go back to Earth and lie about it. Say it's hostile. Which it would be to the average man, like Chatterton, jumping in here to hurt it. I guess we won't be lying after all."

"Funny thing," said Koestler. "I'm not afraid. Chatterton vanishes, is killed most horribly, perhaps, yet we lie here, no one runs, no one trembles. It's idiotic. Yet it's right. We trust it and it trusts us."

"Did you notice, after you drank just so much of the wine-water, you didn't want more? A world of moderation."

They lay listening to something like the great heart of this earth beating slowly and warmly under their bodies.

Forester thought, I'm thirsty.

A drop of rain splashed on his lips.

He laughed quietly.

I'm lonely, he thought.

Distantly he heard soft, high voices.

He turned his eyes in upon a vision. There was a group of hills from which flowed a clear river, and in the shallows of that river, sending up spray, their faces shimmering, were the beautiful women. They played like children on the shore. And it came to Forester to know about them and their life. They were nomads, roaming the face of this world as was their desire. There were no highways or cities, there were only hills and plains and winds to carry them like white feathers where they wished. As Forester shaped the questions, some invisible answerer whispered the answers. There were no men. These women, alone, produced their race. The men had vanished fifty thousand years ago. And where
were these women now? A mile down from the green forest, a mile over on the wine stream by the six white stones, and a third mile to the large river. There, in the shallows, were the women who would make fine wives, and raise beautiful children.

Forester opened his eyes. The other men were sitting up.

"I had a dream."

They had all dreamed.

"A mile flown from the green forest a mile over on the wine stream . . . ."

". . . by the six white stones," said Koestler.

". . . and a third mile to the large river," said Driscoll, sitting there.

Nobody spoke again for a moment. They looked at the silver rocket standing there in the starlight

"Do we walk or fly, Captain?"

Forester said nothing.

Driscoll said, "Captain, let's stay. Let's never go back to Earth. They'll never come and investigate to see what happened to us; they'll think we were destroyed here. What do you say?"

Forester's face was perspiring. His tongue moved again and again on his lips. His hands twitched over his knees. The crew sat waiting.

"It'd be nice," said the captain.

"Sure."

"But . . ." Forester sighed. "We've got our job to do. People invested in our ship. We owe it to them to go back."

Forester got up. The men still sat on the ground, not listening to him.

"It's such a fine, nice, wonderful night," said Koestler.

They stared at the soft hills and the trees and the rivers running off to other horizons.

"Let's get aboard ship," said Forester, with difficulty.

"Captain . . . ."

"Get aboard," he said.

The rocket rose into the sky. Looking back, Forester saw every valley and every tiny lake.
"We should've stayed." said Koestler.

"Yes, I know."

"It's not too late, to turn back."

"I'm afraid it is." Forester made an adjustment on the port telescope. "Look now."

Koestler looked.

The face of the world was changed. Tiger, dinosaurs, mammoths appeared. Volcanoes erupted cyclones and hurricanes tore over the hills in a welter and fury of weather.

"Yes, she was a woman all right," said Forester. "Waiting for visitors for millions of years, preparing herself, making herself beautiful. She put on her best face for us. When Chatterton treated her badly, she warned him a few times, and then, when he tried to ruin her beauty, eliminated him. She wanted to be loved, like every woman, for herself, not for her wealth. So now, after she had offered us everything, we turn our backs. She's the woman scorned. She let us go, yes, but we can never come back. She'll be waiting for us with those . . ." He nodded to the tigers and the cyclones and the boiling seas.

"Captain," said Koestler.

"Yes."

"It's a little late to tell you this. But just before we took off, I was in charge of the air lock. I let Driscoll slip away from the ship. He wanted to go. I couldn't refuse him. I'm responsible. He's back there now, on that planet."

They both turned to the viewing port.

After a long while, Forester said. "I'm glad. I'm glad one of us had enough sense to stay."

"But he's dead by now!"

"No, that display down there is for us, perhaps a visual hallucination. Under all the tigers and lions and hurricanes, Driscoll is quite safe and alive, because he's her only audience now. Oh, she'll spoil him rotten. He'll lead a wonderful life. He will, while we're slugging it out up and down the system looking for but never finding a planet quite like this again. No. We won't try to go back and rescue Driscoll, I don't think 'she' would let us anyway. Full speed ahead, Koestler, make it full speed."

The rocket leaped forward into greater accelerations.

And just before the planet dwindled away in brightness and mist, Forester imagined that he could see Driscoll very clearly, walking away down from the green forest, whistling quietly, all of the fresh planet
around him, a wine creek flowing for him, baked fish lolling in the hot springs, fruit ripening in the midnight trees, and distant forests and lakes waiting for him to happen by. Driscoll walked away across the endless green lawns near the white stones, beyond the forest, to the edge of the large bright river.

Conclusions

Often we are given opportunities that will transform our life. But, out of ignorance, fear, or habit, we ignore the opportunity. It passes us by. Once gone, it is gone forever. We end up regretting our life. We look back with nostalgia for what could have been.

This is the story of mankind and how we have abused the world we live in. This is the story of me, and you, who have passed up wonderful companions, opportunities and adventures, for some trivial reason or the other. This is the story of the bane of our educational system that focuses on goals instead of appreciation of the moments we live.

Appreciate what you have. Be aware of opportunities and take them when they present themselves to you. For only YOU can control your life. This reality is YOURS. Please don’t squander it.

Take Aways

"Here There Be Tygers" is a short story by American writer Ray Bradbury, originally published in the anthology New Tales of Space and Time in 1951. It was later collected in Bradbury's short story collections R is for Rocket and The Golden Apples of the Sun. It deals with a rocket expedition sent to a planet to see whether or not its natural resources can be harvested for the human race. They discover a paradise which seems to provide for them whatever they desire even as they think of it. They ultimately decide to leave the planet and report that it is hostile and of no benefit to humans.

-Wikipedia
• The Wikipedia entry above is a pale reflection of the content of the story.
• Cliff Notes should never be used for short stories. Just read the stories yourself and come to your own conclusions.
• I hope that this story was as enjoyable for you the reader as it was for myself.

Posts Regarding Life and Contentment

Here are some other similar posts on this venue. If you enjoyed this post, you might like these posts as well. These posts tend to discuss growing up in America. Often, I like to compare my life in America with the society within communist China. As there are some really stark differences between the two.

The Fiasco of the Reengineering of the Common Tomato
This is the sad, sad story about how the wonderful and tasty tomato was reengineered to be “better”. It was made better to ship. Better to sell. Better to store. However, there was one thing missing. No one paid any attention to taste, which is why it tastes like a cardboard shipping box today.

Mad Scientist Explorations
Here we discuss what it was like growing up as a boy in the 1960's and the 1970's and the people, things, and adventures that inspired us. As such, we explore how the independence of growing up enabled us to cope through life when we got older.
The Gorilla Cage in the Basement
When I was a small boy, I used to play in the abandoned buildings nearby. Here is a story about one of the objects that lay hidden inside one of those buildings and the possible mysteries that it held. As a child we thought it was a gorilla cage, now as an adult, I am not so sure...

The Pleasures of Fresh Baked Bread with Butter
One of the things that I have come to miss, since I moved to China, is fresh hard crusty rolls with full salted butter. The Chinese are not really fans of crusty bread. They like sweets and sponge cakes. Here I describe something that is close to me; not appreciating what you have right in front of you.

What Work was Like in the 1960’s and 1970’s.
When people go to work today, they find that there are all kinds of rules and regulations. It is for diversity, safety, inclusion, and improvement in a new progressive world. Well, here is what work was like before it became a sterile progressive testing ground for the New World Order.

Learning during my 1970s High School years
Here is a pretty long post on what it was like to go to elementary school in the 1960's, and then attend high school in the 1970's. I graduated in 1977, and that my friend is exactly the target date for the famous movie “Dazed and Confused”. Here is the real deal what it was like.
Some True Stories of Cat Heaven
Being in MAJestic taught me many things. One of which was an intimate understanding of Heaven and other “spiritual” things relative to quanta entanglements. Here I discuss what it is like to have a beloved animal (cat) dies and what actually happens to them and why.

Life Lessons from Working within the Corporate Dream – 1
After I was trained by MAJestic, I was left to fend for myself in Corporate America. It was a hellish existence. As such, I learned many lessons concerning behavior and the ultimate impact that it holds on our families, our friends, our loved ones, and our very lives. Here are my commentaries.

Life Lessons from Working within the Corporate Dream – 2
This is part two of the two part section. There is quite a lot of information to impart. Stories are told, and experiences relayed. Honestly working in corporate America in the 1980’s, through the new century really sucked. It was harsh on everyone except the owners of the companies.

How to Build Up Your Life from Nothing.
This is for all those young men who are just leaving school and trying hard to build up their life. You can do it. Here are my thoughts and advice for a young man who is encountering that most difficult of challenges; carving your life out in the wilds of the world.
Allow your Children to Play and Grow (Part 1)
I am horrified, just horrified, that parents do not allow their children to play, roam and explore on their own. It has created a society of pampered fearful children. Here I discuss this in terms of what I know. This is very non-PC and might offend the more liberal readers out there.

Allow your Children to Play and Grow (Part 2)
This is the second part of my rant about permitting children to play, explore and have fun. Everyone, the odds that some stranger will abduct your child is very small. Most people who do this are family friends and neighbors. Stop being so fearful. It harms the development of your child.

Ode to Diabolical Cretin John McCain
Well, that evil son-of-a-bitch is finally dead. If his grave wasn’t so far away, I go there and dance on top of it. This guy has spent his life backstabbing people, hurting people, concocting wars, and doing everything in his power to disrupt the lives of people. Good fucking riddance.

The Song “Baby Got Back” Translated into Latin
Here is a fun post. The song “Baby Got Back” is translated into Latin and then back again. I have to tell you that it is indeed hilarious. *Rebecca, ecce! tantae clunes isti sunt!* (Rebecca, behold! Such large buttocks she has!) Anyways, it’s just all fun and games. Enjoy.
I have broken apart some other posts. They can best be classified about ones actions as they contribute to happiness and life. They are a little different, in subtle ways.

**On Being an Older Gent**
Here are my thoughts on growing old as a man. The truth is that the life that I expected to have as I was growing up never materialized. Instead, something else manifested. My life today is nothing compared to what I thought it would be. For my illusions were created by American media.

**Calexit and the American Civil War**
This is a pretty detailed look at the causes of the American civil war, and why it wasn’t about slavery. We look at the rewriting of history by the internet, and the efforts that President Obama took to keep California intact so that the Democrats could maintain political power and control.

**Why an American man should leave America and Travel**
All people should get up off their duff and go forth and Travel. However, this is most especially true for American men. The United States has become a crucible of PC progressive realities that attack and depreciate American men. Go out, young man, see the world as it really is!
The Amazing Bremelanotide PT-141
Forget Viagra, and all those other ED medications. This is the real deal. This little baby causes humans to go into heat. It interacts with the brain and sets up feelings of intense arousal on both men and women. It turns people into 16 year olds. As such it is banned in the USA by the FDA.

Bronco Billy and the 25th Law of Power
Bronco Billy is a fictional movie starring Clint Eastwood. The movie depicts the life of a man who decides to change his life and go ahead and do what he has always dreamed of doing. He goes out and becomes his dream. There are lessons here for all of us, we only need listen.

The r/K Selection Theory applied to American Politics
The r/K theory is a pretty well-known theory on animal behavior. It simply states that animals behave as they need to based on the scarcity of resources. Here, we argue that it can be applied to why humans follow different political philosophies. Especially in American politics.

How they get away with it
Ten years ago, Bankers committed fraud in Wall Street that just about devastated the nation. Earlier, we had the S&L fiasco, the nightmare with penny stocks, and now the grand wholesale treason with the selling of Top Secrets to a foreign nation. This is how they get away with it.
The Line in the Sand – Now What?
It’s the same story. Just vote for us, and we will correct everything. Yet, nothing ever happens. You know, boys and girls, this old “song and dance” can only be maintained for so long. Eventually it will fractures, and people will no longer rely on elections to institute change...

The importance of having a second passport.
So President Trump is building a wall to protect Americans. Hum. Where have I heard that before? Oh yes, in Germany right when they were making the wall that separated Berlin. Walls serve two purposes; they keep people out, but they also keep people in. Be careful what you wish for.

How Rocket Scientists Build Paper Airplanes
This is a tale of what me and my classmates used to do when we were young Aerospace Engineering students at the university. We would design paper airplanes and shoot them down with bottle rockets. Here is just a fun little exercise down “memory lane”. Enjoy.

What is Snopes.com and can it be Trusted?
Snopes is a “fact check” website that is fully funded by the oligarchy. It is used to “shout down” any narratives that does not support the rich and powerful, and politically connected globally. Here we discuss the organization, who they are and what they represent.
Today America Taxes it’s Expats without Representation.
This is a sad state of affairs. Americans who reside outside of the United States now have to pay American taxes, even though they have no representation in Congress. As I recall this was one of the reasons for the American cry for independence in 1776.

What life is like inside the ADC Prison in Arkansas
This post discusses what life is like in a hard labor prison in Southern Arkansas. We discuss hoe squads, food, the hole, commissary, dress, fashion, homosexual culture, prison gangs, murders, relationships and other aspects of life when you are sentenced to “Hard Time”.

The Hazing of New Employees – A Lost Tradition
Up until the 1980’s all companies would haze new employees. Today, we live in a world regulated by the government and policed by Human Resources. We forget how things used to be just a handful of decades ago. Here is my narrative when I started to work.

How to Build a Gallows and a Hangman's Noose
The United States is entering a period of strife. There will be violence. There will be discord and discomfort. It will be an ugly time. There will be winners and losers. It will be painful for the losers, and the victor will need build a gallows. This is how to do so and why it is needed.
Stories that Inspired Me

Here are reprints in full text of stories that inspired me, but that are nearly impossible to find in China. I place them here as sort of a personal library that I can use for inspiration. The reader is welcome to come and enjoy a read or two as well.

**Here There Be Tygers by Ray Bradberry**
When I was younger I used to read science fiction stories for pleasure. They filled my minds with adventure and passion. One of my favorite authors was Ray Bradberry and here is a complete reprint of one of the stories that has influenced me to be the man that I am today. Enjoy.

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**The Long Rain (Full Text) by Ray Bradberry**
This is the full text of a most excellent science fiction story. It concerns a group of survivors from a crashed spaceship stranded on a Hellish rainy planet; the tropical cloud-covered Venus. They survive the crash, but have to battle the forces of nature and their own passions.

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**The Fog Horn (Full Text) by Ray Bradberry**
Here is a story about the emotions of being the last of your kind. This story is one that influenced me when I was a young boy in the 1970’s and continues to haunt me to this day. All of us are human. We all feel emotions and passions. They drive us to accomplish or destroy. It’s our choice.
The Rocket (Full Text) A Story by Ray Bradberry
This is a nice short story about a poor man who dreamed about flying into space. No matter how hard he worked, and no matter how much he saved, he was never able to provide for that dream. Then one day, when he was asked to scrap a test rocket, a thought came to mind...

Dark They Were and Golden Eyed (Full Text) by Ray Bradberry
This is the complete short story by Ray Bradberry. It is a story about change and adaptation. I first read this story in my teens and it influenced me to live the life that I am currently living. It is a great read.

Articles & Links

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