The Rocket (Full Text) A Story by Ray Bradbury

This story was written right after World War II by Ray Bradbury, and presented here under Article 22 of China’s Copyright Law.

“The Rocket” is a Science fiction short story (initially published under the name “Outcast of the Stars”) by American writer Ray Bradbury. It is also included in The Illustrated Man, a collection of short stories by Ray Bradbury.

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.

When Ray started out, the field of science fiction lacked respectability, to say the least. It was the province of the pulps: magazines printed on cheap paper, with lurid covers designed to catch the attention of immature boys.

He was often dismissed, if not outright ridiculed, by mainstream writers, but quickly learned to ignore his critics. If they didn't think rockets and dinosaurs were suitable subjects for literature, to hell with them.

Ray loved that stuff, along with Martians and witches and things that go bump in the night, so that’s what he wrote about. His unique imagination was harnessed within vivid, lyrical prose, and after the publication of The Martian Chronicles in 1950, the literary elite were forced to acknowledge a striking new talent.

As Ray’s stories became more widely published and read, they fueled the imaginations of millions of young people over several generations, many of whom went on to cite his influence as a major reason they became scientists and engineers.

His stories practically shouted that it wasn’t just okay to dream of rockets and space travel, it was wonderful, mythic, imperative—the highest accomplishment the human race could aspire to.

-The Space Review's tribute to Ray Bradbury
I will ride up into space, into the stars...someday.

Introduction

“There was this fence where we pressed our faces and felt the wind turn warm and held to the fence and forgot who we were or where we came from...
but dreamed of who we might be and where we might go…”

R is for Rocket

Ray Bradbury

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.

A small collection of well worn, well read and well appreciated Ray Bradberry books. My collection looked a little something like this, only I think the books were a little more worn, and a little yellower.

It is very difficult to come across Ray Bradberry 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 “The Rocket” on the Ray Bradbury library portal in Russia, and I have copied it here exactly as found. Credit to the wonderful people at the Ray Bradbury Library 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.

The Rocket by Ray Bradbury

Many nights Fiorello Bodoni would awaken to hear the rockets sighing in the dark sky. He would tiptoe from bed, certain that his kind wife was dreaming, to let himself out into the night air. For a few moments he would be free of the smells of old food in the small house by the river. For a silent moment he would let his heart soar alone into space, following the rockets.

Now, this very night, he stood half naked in the darkness, watching the fire fountains murmuring in the air. The rockets on their long wild way to Mars and Saturn and Venus!

"Well, well, Bodoni."

Bodoni started.

On a milk crate, by the silent river, sat an old man who also watched the rockets through the midnight hush.

"Oh, it's you, Bramante!"

"Do you come out every night, Bodoni?"

"Only for the air."

"So? I prefer the rockets myself," said old Bramante. "I was a boy when they started. Eighty years ago, and I've never been on one yet."

"I will ride up in one someday," said Bodoni.

"Fool!" cried Bramante. "You'll never go. This is a rich man's world." He shook his gray head, remembering. "When I was young they wrote it in fiery letters: THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE! Science, Comfort, and New Things
for All! Ha! Eighty years. The Future becomes Now! Do we fly rockets'? No! We live in shacks like our ancestors before us."

"Perhaps my sons -" said Bodoni.

"No, nor their sons!" the old man shouted. "It's the rich who have dreams and rockets!"

Bodoni hesitated. "Old man, I've saved three thousand dollars. It took me six years to save it. For my business, to invest in machinery. But every night for a month now I've been awake. I hear the rockets. I think. And tonight I've made up my mind. One of us will fly to Mars!"

His eyes were shining and dark.

"Idiot," snapped Bramante. "How will you choose? Who will go? If you go, your wife will hate you, for you will be just a bit nearer God, in spare. When you tell your amazing trip to her, over the years, won't bitterness gnaw at her?"

"No, no!"

"Yes! And your children? Will their lives be filled with the memory of Papa, who flew to Mars while they stayed here? What a senseless task you will set your boys. They will think of the rocket all their lives. They will lie awake. They will be sick with wanting it. Just as you are sick now. They will want to die if they cannot go. Don't set that goal, I warn you. Let them be content with being poor. Turn their eyes down to their hands and to your junk yard, not up to the stars."

"But -"

"Suppose your wife went? How would you feel, knowing she had seen and you had not? She would become holy. You would think of throwing her in the river. No, Bodoni, buy a new wrecking machine, which you need, and pull your dreams apart with it, and smash them to pieces."

The old man subsided, gazing at the river in which, drowned, images of rockets burned down the sky.

"Good night," said Bodoni.

"Sleep well," said the other.

When the toast jumped from its silver box, Bodoni almost screamed. The night had been sleepless. Among his nervous children, beside his mountainous wife, Bodoni had twisted and stared at nothing. Bramante was right. Better to invest the money. Why save it when only one of the family could ride the rocket, while the others remained to melt in frustration?

"Fiorello, eat your toast," said his wife, Maria.

"My throat is shriveled," said Bodoni.

The children rushed in, the three boys fighting over a toy rocket, the
two girls carrying dolls which duplicated the inhabitants of Mars, Venus, and Neptune, green mannequins with three yellow eyes and twelve fingers.

"I saw the Venus rocket!" cried Paolo.

"It took off, whoosh!" hissed Antonello.

"Children!" shouted Bodoni, hands to his ears.

They stared at him. He seldom shouted.

Bodoni arose. "Listen, all of you," he said. "I have enough money to take one of us on the Mars rocket."

Everyone yelled.

"You understand?" he asked. "Only one of us. Who?"

"Me, me, me!" cried the children.

"You," said Maria.

"You," said Bodoni to her.

They all fell silent.

The children reconsidered. "Let Lorenzo go - he's oldest."

"Let Miriamne go - she's a girl!"

"Think what you would see," said Bodoni's wife to him. But her eyes were strange. Her voice shook. "The meteors, like fish. The universe. The Moon. Someone should go who could tell it well on returning. You have a way with words."

"Nonsense. So have you," he objected.

Everyone trembled.

"Here," said Bodoni unhappily. From a broom he broke straws of various lengths. "The short straw wins." He held out his tight fist. "Choose."

Solemnly each took his turn.

"Long straw."

"Long straw."

Another.

"Long straw."

The children finished. The room was quiet. Two straws remained. Bodoni felt his heart ache in him.
"Now," he whispered. "Maria."

She drew.

"The short straw," she said.

"Ah," sighed Lorenzo, half happy, half sad. "Mama goes to Mars."

Bodoni tried to smile. "Congratulations. I will buy your ticket today."

"Wait, Fiorello -"

"You can leave next week," he murmured.

She saw the sad eyes of her children upon her, with the smiles beneath their straight, large noses. She returned the straw slowly to her husband. "I cannot go to Mars."

"But why not?"

"I will be busy with another child."

"What!"

She would not look at him. "It wouldn't do for me to travel in my condition."

He took her elbow. "Is this the truth?"

"Draw again. Start over."

"Why didn't you tell me before?" he said incredulously.

"I didn't remember."

"Maria, Maria," he whispered, patting her face. He turned to the children. "Draw again."

Paolo immediately drew the short straw.

"I go to Mars!" He danced wildly. "Thank you, Father!"

The other children edged away. "That's swell, Paolo."

Paolo stopped smiling to examine his parents and his brothers and sisters. "I can go, can't I?" he asked uncertainly.

"Yes."

"And you'll like me when I come back?"

"Of course."

Paolo studied the precious broomstraw on his trembling hand and shook his head. He threw it away. "I forgot. School starts. I can't go. Draw
again."

But none would draw. A full sadness lay on them.

"None of us will go," said Lorenzo.

"That's best," said Maria.

"Bramante was right," said Bodoni.

With his breakfast curdled within him, Fiorello Bodoni worked in his junk yard, ripping metal, melting it, pouring out usable ingots. His equipment flaked apart; competition had kept him on the insane edge of poverty for twenty years. It was a very bad morning.

In the afternoon a man entered the junk yard and called up to Bodoni on his wrecking machine. "Hey, Bodoni, I got some metal for you!"

"What is it, Mr. Mathews?" asked Bodoni, listlessly.

"A rocket ship. What's wrong? Don't you want it?"

"Yes, yes!" He seized the man's arm, and stopped, bewildered.

"Of course," said Mathews, "it's only a mockup. You know. When they plan a rocket they build a full-scale model first, of aluminum. You might make a small profit boiling her down. Let you have her for two thousand -"

Bodoni dropped his hand. "I haven't the money."

"Sorry. Thought I'd help you. Last time we talked you said how everyone outbid you on junk. Thought I'd slip this to you on the q.t. Well -"

"I need new equipment. I saved money for that."

"I understand."

"If I bought your rocket, I wouldn't even be able to melt it down. My aluminum furnace broke down last week -"

"Sure."

"I couldn't possibly use the rocket if I bought it from you."

"I know."

Bodoni hunked and shut his eyes. He opened them and looked at Mr. Mathews. "But I am a great fool. I will take my money from the bank and give it to you."

"But if you can't melt the rocket down -"

"Deliver it," said Bodoni.
"All right, if you say so. Tonight?"

"Tonight," said Bodoni, "would be fine. Yes, I would like to have a rocket ship tonight."

...

There was a moon. The rocket was white and big in the junk yard. It held the whiteness of the moon and the blueness of the stars. Bodoni looked at it and loved all of it. He wanted to pet it and lie against it, pressing it with his cheek, telling it all the secret wants of his heart.

He stared up at it. "You are all mine," he said. "Even if you never move or spit fire, and just sit there and rust for fifty years, you are mine."

The rocket smelled of time and distance. It was like walking into a clock. It was finished with Swiss delicacy. One might wear it on one's watch fob. "I might even sleep here tonight," Bodoni whispered excitedly.

He sat in the pilot's seat.

He touched a lever.

He hummed in his shut mouth, his eyes closed.

The humming grew louder, louder, higher, higher, wilder, stranger, more exhilarating, trembling in him and leaning him forward and pulling him and the ship in a roaring silence and in a kind of metal screaming, while his fists flew over the controls, and his shut eyes quivered, and the sound grew and grew until it was a fire, a strength, a lifting and a pushing of power that threatened to tear him in half. He gasped. He hummed again and again, and did not stop, for it could not be stopped, it could only go on, his eyes tighter, his heart furious. "Taking off!" he screamed. The jolting concussion! The thunder! "The Moon!" he cried, eyes blind, tight. "The meteors!" The silent rush in volcanic light. "Mars. Oh, God, Mars! Mars!"

He fell back, exhausted and panting. His shaking hands came loose of the controls and his head tilted back wildly. He sat for a long time, breathing out and in, his heart slowing.

Slowly, slowly, he opened his eyes.

The junk yard was still there.

He sat motionless. He looked at the heaped piles of metal for a minute, his eyes never leaving them. Then, leaping up, he kicked the levers. "Take off, damn you!"

The ship was silent.
"I'll show you!" he cried.

Out in the night air, stumbling, he started the fierce motor of his terrible wrecking machine and advanced upon the rocket. He maneuvered the massive weights into the moonlit sky. He readied his trembling hands to plunge the weights, to smash, to rip apart this insolently false dream, this silly thing for which he had paid his money, which would not move, which would not do his bidding. "I'll teach you!" he shouted.

But his hand stayed.

The silver rocket lay in the light of the moon. And beyond the rocket stood the yellow lights of his home, a block away, burning warmly. He heard the family radio playing some distant music. He sat for half an hour considering the rocket and the house lights, and his eyes narrowed and grew wide. He stepped down from the wrecking machine and began to walk, and as he walked he began to laugh, and when he reached the back door of his house he took a deep breath and called, "Maria, Maria, start packing. We're going to Mars!"

"Oh!"

"Ah!"

"I can't believe it!"

"You will, you will."

The children balanced in the windy yard, under the glowing rocket, not touching it yet. They started to cry.

Maria looked at her husband. "What have you done?" she said. "Taken our money for this? It will never fly."

"It will fly," he said, looking at it.

"Rocket ships cost millions. Have you millions?"

"It will fly," he repeated steadily. "Now, go to the house, all of you. I have phone calls to make, work to do. Tomorrow we leave! Tell no one, understand? It is a secret."

The children edged off from the rocket, stumbling. He saw their small, feverish faces in the house windows, far away.

Maria had not moved. "You have ruined us," she said. "Our money used for this - this thing. When it should have been spent on equipment."

"You will see," he said.

Without a word she turned away.

"God help me," he whispered, and started to work.

Through the midnight hours trucks arrived, packages were delivered, and
Bodoni, smiling, exhausted his bank account. With blowtorch and metal stripping he assaulted the rocket, added, took away, worked fiery magics and secret insults upon it. He bolted nine ancient automobile motors into the rocket's empty engine room. Then he welded the engine room shut, so none could see his hidden labor.

At dawn he entered the kitchen. "Maria," he said, "I'm ready for breakfast."

She would not speak to him.

...

At sunset he called to the children. "We're ready! Come on!" The house was silent.

"I've locked them in the closet," said Maria.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"You'll be killed in that rocket," she said. "What kind of rocket can you buy for two thousand dollars? A bad one!"

"Listen to me, Maria."

"It will blow up. Anyway, you are no pilot."

"Nevertheless, I can fly this ship. I have fixed it."

"You have gone mad," she said.

"Where is the key to the closet?"

"I have it here."

He put out his hand. "Give it to me."

She banded it to him. "You will kill them."

"No, no."

"Yes, you will. I feel it."

He stood before her. "You won't come along?"

"I'll stay here," she said.

"You will understand; you will see then," he said, and smiled. He unlocked the closet. "Come, children. Follow your father."

"Good-bye, good-bye, Mama!"

She stayed in the kitchen window, looking out at them, very straight and silent.
At the door of the rocket the father said, "Children, we will be gone a week. You must come back to school, and I to my business." He took each of their hands in turn. "Listen. This rocket is very old and will fly only one more journey. It will not fly again. This will be the one trip of your life. Keep your eyes wide."

"Yes, Papa."

"Listen, keep your ears clean. Smell the smells of a rocket. Feel. Remember. So when you return you will talk of it all the rest of your lives."

"Yes, Papa."

The ship was quiet as a stopped clock. The airlock hissed shut behind them. He strapped them all, like tiny mummies, into rubber hammocks. "Ready?" he called.

"Ready!" all replied.

"Take-off!" He jerked ten switches. The rocket thundered and leaped. The children danced in their hammocks, screaming.

"Here comes the Moon!"

The moon dreamed by. Meteors broke into fireworks. Time flowed away in a serpentine of gas. The children shouted. Released from their hammocks, hours later, they peered from the ports. "There's Earth! "There's Mars!"

The rocket dropped pink petals of fire while the hour dials spun; the child eyes dropped shut. At last they hung like drunken moths in their cocoon hammocks.

"Good," whispered Bodoni, alone.

He tiptoed from the control room to stand for a long moment, fearful, at the airlock door.

He pressed a button. The airlock door swung wide. He stepped out. Into space? Into inky tides of meteor and gaseous torch? Into swift mileages and infinite dimensions?

No. Bodoni smiled.

All about the quivering rocket lay the junk yard. Rusting, unchanged, there stood the padlocked junk-yard gate, the little silent house by the river, the kitchen window lighted, and the river going down to the same sea. And in the center of the junk yard, manufacturing a magic dream, lay the quivering, purring rocket. Shaking and roaring, bouncing the netted children like flies in a web.

Maria stood in the kitchen window.

He waved to her and smiled.
He could not see if she waved or not. A small wave, perhaps. A small smile.

The sun was rising.

Bodoni withdrew hastily into the rocket. Silence. All still slept. He breathed easily. Tying himself into a hammock, he closed his eyes. To himself he prayed. Oh, let nothing happen to the illusion in the next six days. Let all of space come and go, and red Mars come up under our ship, and the moons of Mars, and let there be no flaws in the color film. Let there be three dimensions; let nothing go wrong with the hidden mirrors and screens that mold the fine illusion. Let time pass without crisis.

He awoke.

Red Mars floated near the rocket.

"Papa!" The children thrashed to be free.

Bodoni looked and saw red Mars and it was good and there was no flaw in it and he was very happy.

At sunset on the seventh day the rocket stopped shuddering.

"We are home," said Bodoni.

They walked across the junk yard from the open door of the rocket, their blood singing, their faces glowing.

"I have ham and eggs for all or you," said Maria, at the kitchen door.

"Mama, Mama, you should have come, to see it, to see Mars, Mama, and meteors, and everything!"

"Yes," she said.

At bedtime the children gathered before Bodoni. "We want to thank you, Papa."

"It was nothing."

"We will remember it for always, Papa. We will never forget."

...

Very late in the night Bodoni opened his eyes. He sensed that his wife was lying beside him, watching him. She did not move for a very long time, and then suddenly she kissed his cheeks and his forehead. "What's this?" he cried.

"You're the best father in the world," she whispered.

"Why?"
"Now I see," she said. "I understand."

She lay back and closed her eyes, holding his hand. "Is it a very lovely journey?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

"Perhaps," she said, "perhaps, some night, you might take me on just a little trip, do you think?"

"Just a little one, perhaps," he said.

"Thank you," she said. "Good night."

"Good night," said Fiorello Bodoni.

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Some Thoughts

Today, I get curious glances from the youth that often ask me “why did you want to go into space?”. To them, it is dull and uninteresting. It is the realm of satellites to measure global warming. To them, it is a racist and bigoted environment that favored “white people”. To them, is is a big void that holds nothing of interest.

But they are wrong.

The future of mankind lies in space.

This story, and others, amply the describe the strong yearning that I had for space exploration, science and solving the mysteries of the universe. I didn’t want “someday” to go into space. No. Every single fiber of my body screamed the need. I could live, sleep or do anything without thinking of space, and the huge rockets that would someday carry me there.

No. Today it is a different time with different role models. I grew up in a world where Ronald Reagan was president. Today, children grow up in a world where Barrack Obama is president.
The presidents change with the culture. While I grew up and graduated (and entered MAJestic) under President Reagan, the youth of today have different role models to follow. Instead they follow President Obama as a role model. Everyone wants to be a Social Justice Warrior and correct the illusions that seem to hurt everyone’s feelings.

So it should be no surprise that an anarchism like myself would be misunderstood.

**Conclusion**

This story fed my dreams when I was a young boy. Sometime in my early teens in the 1970’s I first read this story. I am sure that I read it in one complete sitting. Perhaps it was on my bed with my cat Sedwick, or chilling in my tree-house next to the kitchen. In any event, I completely loved the story, and every few years or so, I crack up the story and read it again.
Perhaps one day, my sons will ride off into space. Perhaps. One day.

This story meant a lot to me, and still does. I sincerely, hope that you, the reader, have derived as much pleasure from it as I have.
Take Aways

- This story is about a father providing an experience for his children so that they can realize that it is possible to obtain their dreams.
- No one wants to hear that something is impossible or beyond their ability.
- Subsisting is not living.
- Humans are creatures that must grow and advance.

FAQ

Q: Did you study about Ray Bradbury in school?
A: No. Instead I took hard science courses, language classes including Latin, and mathematics. My goal and dream was to become a spaceman. I wanted to be a Rocket Jockey. I had friends in university that took classes in English and Literature that studied Bradbury. I could not. I had a very heavy class load.

So, for recreation, around 12:00 midnight or later, after I would finish up my homework, I would read short stories in bed for a spell so that I could decompress and fall asleep.

Q: What significance does this story hold?
A: It depends on who reads it. People take different meanings from different experiences. For instance, my sister thought Robert Heinlein was a pompous chauvinist. However, I liked to read his stories. My mother thought that while it was good that I was reading, I should have instead read the “classics” and become a more rounded person. While I did actually read many “classics”, it was the stories of science fiction and prose that influenced me substantially.
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.
More Posts about Life

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.

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.

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 Bradbury
This is the complete short story by Ray Bradbury. 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.

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Notes

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