

The Tangent Redemptions of an

# Anti-Hero



By Richard Dimitri

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This book is dedicated to all those who will, are, or have travelled the darker path either by choice or circumstance, and made the conscious decision, and ever so complex efforts to change their directions in order not to end up where they were headed.

It's also for those who like this sort of thing.

Enjoy.

- Chapter 1 -

# ON THE ROAD AGAIN

It's a long drive but it's worth it. I need to clear my head anyway and Kelowna, British Columbia's not that far from Tijuana, roughly two-thousand-nine-hundred kilometers, a three to four days drive tops without wasting time.

It's a nice drive as well and I happen to love road trips. Something about being alone with my thoughts on the open road and listening to the soundtrack of my life brings me a real sense of freedom.

I've been festering here in Tijuana for two months offering my protective services to a small time, two bit wannabe gangster for five hundred US bucks a month and a walk in, closet space 'apartment' to sleep in, in order to escape the cold and my past which have become synonymous.

This punk didn't even need it either; I haven't lifted a finger since I got here seeing as he was simply fronting a tough dealer reputation, selling catnip while referring to it as '*the best weed in Tijuana*'. He wasn't half off either. I've personally never smoked good Mexican weed to be honest and I've spent my fair share of time in Mexico on and off for the last two decades.

I happen to love Mexico. I've thought of moving here permanently a few times actually, only to be heavily dissuaded time and again by a good buddy of mine who's a mercenary by trade. He's Canadian but lived in Mexico himself for at least half of his life and he's actually looking forward to leaving Mexico City as soon as he's done his job there. Tijuana wouldn't be in my list of choices of places to move to mind you, though it's got its charms, I was looking a little closer to Vallarta.

Instead, it was this character who comically liked to refer

to himself as 'El Gato' who happened to come across my name while eavesdropping on a real deal going down somewhere that got me back in Mexico.

He'd probably heard I'd gone recluse for a while now and strictly doing the odd job here n' there to pay the proverbial bills. It wasn't like I was in hiding or anything; I had just burned out and needed to step away from everything.

He had an entourage of local misfit yes men around him at all times, if not for the only reason he offered them forty percent of their sales to insure their loyalty, and he got it too. No one was offering these guys forty percent of anything let alone a job of any kind. If it wasn't for 'the Cat', they'd be shoveling shit while getting kicked in the head for bread crumbs.

So no one really gave a shit enough to off his silly ass as the bullet or the effort of gutting him would cost them more than simply letting him do his thing. He was nothing but a jester to those that mattered.

Contrarily, they kept him around on purpose as he was a habitual time waster for the three, somewhat still good remaining cops on the force left. Every time they'd try to nail him and bring him in on some petty charge, their superiors released him before the door could shut itself from the time he entered to his way out. Eventually they'll get it.

I figured it'd be an easy gig as well as a good change of pace and weather as the Canadian winters were taking their toll on me, and it was; I feel rested and a little antsy again and besides, one can only eat so many burritos. They were the only decent and somewhat clean meal I could get my

hands on out in these boonies 'El Gato' had us spend most of our time in. There was nothing here for miles but his little campground. It was the set up of his 'operations' for lack of a better word.

Best breakfast though was at La Espadana's which of course, I had to drive over half an hour to get to, and El fucking pussy Gato wouldn't let me half the time and for no other reason than to enforce the fact that he was the boss. It was definitely time to go.

Alright, let's see; one final check up on the ol' Stallion before I hit the road. Besides the clothes on my back, this custom painted metallic silver nineteen-sixty nine Mustang Boss 429 is the only thing I own of any real worth. My father had purchased it for me on my day of birth and he had taken precious care of it just to give it to me on my twenty-first year here.

I would only use it occasionally and on sunny days until only three years ago. I managed to have maintained it in a mint condition except for the fact that it needs a serious wash. Though I am not materialistic by any means nor do I need a hunk of steel to define me or remind me of the love I have for my parents, it's still a sweet ride.

Cash? Check. Luggage? Check. Ash tray? Check. Lighters? Check. Joints? Check. Coolers? Check. Gonna pick up some food on my way out, besides sleep and fuel stops, I don't wanna waste time stopping for anything else. Trusty blades? Check. Sticks? Check. Gun? Check. Yeah, better to have em and not need em. First aid kit? Check. Full tank? Check. Music? Check. Cell phone & charger? Check, not that I ever turn the damn thing on, much to everyone who knows me's chagrin and frustrations.

*'Time to hit the road again Nomad.'* Nothing like the sound of that sweet Mustang engine revving up when starting it. Well; almost nothing.

My folks were clairvoyant. Either that or I subconsciously felt the ass burning urge to live up to my name. I haven't really had a home since I left them back in nineteen-ninety-four. That Metallica song "*Wherever I may roam*", yeah, that song's the soundtrack of my life. Along with the circus theme song. Ok, more so the circus theme song.

The way I see it, we're dying every single day, every second of every minute. May as well do what we want as long as it isn't at the expense of others. How many times do we say things like *'life's too short'* or *'time flies'*? How many people who repeat those mantras actually start owning and living their lives and not the ones dictated by their parents, cultures, religions and societies in general?

It is my fortieth year here on earth. If I manage to keep my shit together as I have been the last couple of years, I maybe have another forty or fifty years left of it. Just about half of my life is gone with perhaps another half left and it isn't the vibrant, young, strong half either. It's the cynical, aged, experienced, and like it or not, deteriorating half.

Health we have a choice over, ageing; no one yet does. I say 'yet' cause one of my mad scientist buddies assures me we are close to achieving immortality and I must say, I believe him though I am not quite certain how I feel about it. I don't believe I would want to be immortal. As appealing as it may be, it also sounds lonely as fuck, at least in today's paradigm.

However, If the second half of my life goes by even half as



fast as the first, brother, I'll tell ya; there's a fraction left to it in the limitless and grand scheme of life itself and I don't want to waste a moment of it. Ever. I'd take a hundred year extension perhaps.... but not immortality.

The planet we are on is gigantically, well, small. It contains enough varieties of idiots, cultures, life of all kind and environmental diversities to keep one in a state of constant wonder for one hundred-thousand lifetimes. Especially with the idiots alone, and with the internet today, you can have access to these idiots for twenty-four/seven.

It would be and would have been a shame for me not to have explored as much of it as I have; not the idiots, life.... and continue doing so in order to experience as much of it as I could. I deem it an offering of life and it would be insulting of me to reject such a generous and incredible offer.

One life to live and the whole world's still arguing, trying to find the meaning of it. The answer, as usual, is in plain sight and simple as fuck, but alas, so non-appealing to our ever catered egos, very few care to admit it passed perhaps verbalizing it.

We're simply here to serve others along our journeys, those who need a helping hand, and to experience it with every living fiber. Fucking live it with passion and all you've got and all that you are; you owe it to yourselves. It's really worth living your dreams; the journey alone is a fascinating one. To waste it being a societal clone and puppet is insulting to the very essence of life itself.

I took my own advice and decided to drop everything once more, pack my shit, and head off towards the unknown.

It's been twenty-three years since we've seen each other and we didn't exactly part on the best of terms and she seemed to have disappeared until Facebook. Hell, things can change in a minute; what would almost a quarter of a century do?

I'm not who I used to be either, not by a long shot. Though my core is essentially the same, I've seen and done things that would make most people cringe watching it on a movie or television screen. One could say; I'm damaged goods. Matter of fact, some have actually said it. My first wife for instance.

Of course, one could also say everyone is damaged to one degree or another, but I've lived the equivalent of what a war veteran has within the microcosm of the wars of the concrete jungles.

When we met in nineteen-eighty-six, Maeve and I were just in our teens. I was sixteen literally months from turning seventeen, she was fourteen, and months from turning fifteen. For me, it was love at first sight. Our energies were very similar as she was fun and life loving with a smile that could light up the darkest pits of hell. People used to say she lit up rooms with that smile, for me, it lit up my life.

Her Nutella; that's right motherfuckers; *NUT*-ella, not 'noot'ella, brown eyes were inviting and soft and with a hint of teenage mischief. They're nuts, not fucking noots. Unless you're from Australia.

Besides, I don't give a fuck what anyone says about age or how inexperienced or young we may have been, you know when that feeling hits ya cause it's like no other and if you're lucky, you find it the first time around and stick

with it and make that shit work hard as you can. If you lose it, you can only hope to be as lucky to find it again. Some spend their entire lives looking and searching in total vain. I knew at that moment she was the one for me.

She was my first real love and she had broken my teenage heart. We were together for three seasons from spring to fall and she left me for what my frail male ego thought to be, another guy at the time. Turned out, it wasn't that at all. She had left me for the simple reason that the sex back then, hurt. And hell, I wish it was because I had a big penis but alas, I am not that well endowed.

No, as it turns out, because she was a virgin, it hurt her and she didn't know how to tell me because she loved me and we got along famously; so she opted to leave me instead. She just ended up seeing someone else a week or two later which is why I had made the correlation at the time.

We reconnected through Facebook in the early part of two-thousand and eight. I was going through one of my usual bouts of insomnia and, as throughout various instances in my life, Maeve popped into my mind.

Whether I was in a relationship or not, that would never stop Maeve from every once in a while popping into my field of thought. At this particular time, I was in yet another failing relationship after two failed marriages.

When I told Dawn, my girlfriend at the time, that I had reconnected with my very first teenage love, she casually asked me why I didn't go visit her for a while. Yeah, she was either too open minded an individual even for my anal expulsive self or she didn't really give as much of a flying fuck about me as I would have liked, either way, I wasn't

in a place in my life where I felt like figuring that shit out. By that time, I was so jaded it made more sense to cut my losses and walk on as much as it hurt to do so because I loved her very much.

Dawn and I had a very powerful connection almost telekinetic like. For instance, I was off working in the United Kingdom for a couple of weeks and while staying at a friend and co-worker of mine, West's place, I remember explaining to him just how deep the connection between Dawn and I was.

We had connected so deeply we could literally pick up on, and feel each other's emotional energy fields regardless of where we were in the world and at any given moment providing we were both awake of course.

***"Bullshit!"*** West said. Couldn't blame him either, right?

*"Watch"* I Told him; and I proceeded to make sure that my cell phone was actually on and that she was awake based on the time zone differences. I then simply but powerfully began tapping into the love I felt for her; imagining her next to me, holding her soft hand, smelling her sweet and trance setting scent and within four or so minutes my cell phone beeped letting me know I had a text message.

I didn't even open the phone to see or read the message, I simply handed it to him with a sly smile. West picked it up and looked at me with a puzzled yet intrigued *'fuck you'* look on his face before flipping it open. His look quickly turned to a dismissive one as he flipped the phone open to read Dawn's text message which read; *'I love you too babe.'*

Interestingly enough, several months before I ever thought of leaving her, she had told me that the relationship I would have immediately after ours would be my final one and that I would have a family with my next partner. Not exactly the type of thing you want to hear from the woman you are presently in love with; it wasn't very motivating at the time to say the least.

I believe our time was just off, perhaps in another lifetime sister.

Though I've been in eight to ten full-fledged relationships including two marriages and divorces, I'd had been with at least a hundred women since Maeve. I stopped counting when I reached the early eighties, it wasn't an ego or flaunt around type of keeping track either as I never shared that info with anyone but my closest of buddies; it was strictly personal.

It's not just a guy thing either, women count too; I know several who personally have and still do including Maeve as she revealed to me in one of our E-mails where we curiously and flirtatiously asked each other how many people we had slept with, and she it seems, was keeping up with me in sexual partners.

Most men would cringe at the thought of being with such an experienced woman. Many of the male gender are prejudicially judgmental and threatened by that, hell, most women as well, but not me. Contrarily, as long as she played it safe, the more partners, the more experienced she'd be.

She explored and got to know herself, her likes and dislikes and I very much admire a woman who's had close, personal

relations with her sexual appetites. Self actualization should never omit sexual actualization as it is such a monumental part of who and what we are as a species.

Of course we fucked it all up and twisted it around like we do everything else on this planet, the locust that we are, we have yet not to ruin something we put our primitive little attention spans on, but I digress.

I've been with every kind of woman of every race, nationality and religious denominations including atheists, agnostics and vegans. I have experimented with as many who were just as open with their sexual natures. I believe them to also be more honest with themselves.

It's not that I'm a particularly good looking guy by any means, I'd say I'm average and definitely don't turn heads other than when I open the hole in my face to speak. My face is scarred up and my nose is crooked 'cause it busted more times than I care to recall as I made three quarters of the friends in my life beating the crap out of each other starting with my best friend Felicien, who tried to suffocate me in a snow bank after I punched him in the face when we were nine years here.

But, with the job and the rep brother, that combination didn't make it too difficult at all to be with the opposite sex. The sad part about it was, when we would fall in love, they would fall in love with the icon, not me. Ah, the ying and the yang of it all.

Of course, I'm pretty complex and paradoxical myself. I know I'm not an easy individual to live with, I get that. You get called things like a heretic, a non conformist, a radical, crazy, insane, nuts, or referred to as someone who belongs

in another time, space, dimension or universe enough times by enough a variety of people, you gotta start believing the scientific hypothesis.

I personally feel the late Peter Sellers said it best when he described himself as an empty vessel of which random characters float in and out of. My only consistencies are my inconsistencies. Except for what I'm good at, which happens to be hurting people, there's nothing else definitive about me to me.

I am also not the type to settle for anything less than what I know I want at any given moment and I just couldn't find 'the one' for me no matter how phenomenally close I got and did I ever, especially with one, Aella Lilith.

- Chapter 2 -

# AMAZON & DEMONS

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