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UNCONVENTIONAL EP1:

In October 2018, a man woke up, bid his wife & child a good day, & rushed off to work. He arrived at his work station by 6:15 a.m., was settled by 7:00 a.m, awaiting a meeting at 9:00 a.m. This was not to be, as an hour later, Mumbo jumped to his death.

In April 1992, a young man of immense intellect and rich background woke up, gave all of his $25,000 in savings to charity, burned all the money in his wallet, and marched into the wilderness. Four months later, McCandless's decomposed body was found in the forest.

In 1884, a former successful stockbroker abandoned his family and the opulence of Paris for the prosaic life of Tahiti, an island in the middle of nowhere. He wanted to paint - that was all the reason he gave. Gauguin died alone, of Syphillis & a destitute.

These were people leading normal lives, with normal families. But something in the highway of their existence snapped: Gentlemen, what makes a murderer tick is the question. We won't obsess with the morality of their actions but the inspiration. What makes a man unconventional?

My examination leads me to inertia. Greater than death itself, inertia bleeds you. Seeing the same faces every day: eating the same meals. Same courtesies. Same affectations. Same! Same! Same! For these men, and rightfully so, death was better. They needed more than sustenance.

They probably woke up one day, saw the pallid faces around them - taut with secret frustrations - & decided they could not suffer routine. At that point, they were neither sad nor happy. And that must have driven them into a silent panic. They needed to feel alive again.

If they were plain men, alcohol would suffice. But these were not plain men. They felt deeper than convention dictated. Above satiation, they needed meaning. For some like McCandless & Gauguin, meaning was within reach. For Mumbo, nothing lay before him but thick, grey mist.

I, am left therefore to surmise, that man's biggest fuel is his possibilities. His potential. Meaning. Purpose. Constant evolution. Without which, he is but a walking shell. He must aspire to new glory. And they that lack the mettle, will drown in alcohol & women.

To be fair, none wins. The spiritual man suffers ghosts, the plain man suffers heartbreaks. Both scream at night. But the former has better promise because the latter has but one fate; infirmity. They'll both die, but the latter will die a frustrated soul. The former, a free one.