

# ← Seat By Matthew Dorrell Sale →

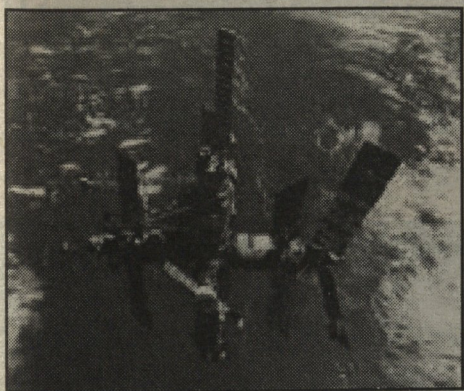
## The End

Oh, the things I had planned. There was so much to be done. So much I needed to tell you about. So much you don't know.

But now it is over. Now it is much too late. The sun has set, the ship has sailed, and it is all so very sad and disheartening. Seat Sale is finished. They've closed it down. I hesitate to say there is a plot against me, but I have been watching an average of two episodes of the X-files a day, so I do know something of plots. There are no vast and detailed schemes here, however. This is something simple and ugly.

There are few words left, so I must be brief if I'm to share what truth I have gained. Some Seat Sale columns that will never appear:

### Destination: Space



This, like so many things in life, is not my fault. I blame the Russians. Goddamn Russians. Three months of letters, emails and phone calls, and I was no closer to being allowed aboard the Mir space station than when I started. One would think that they would be happy for the opportunity to strap anyone to

that rusted, orbiting heap – to show those Americans one last time who the real superpower is. But they said “nyet.” And then the goddamn thing fell out of the sky and into the ocean. In little pieces. Good people, those Russians.

### To Hell on a Bus



Touring London on a bus is a lot like being locked in a faded blue furnace of a vehicle with a seatmate who has obviously never heard anything he liked more than the sound of his own voice. Touring Paris on a bus is a lot like being trapped in a rolling hearse where the air-conditioning breaks down on the first day and the windows do not all lower, and your seatmate talks even when he is eating, which is often. Touring Europe on a bus is an interminable ride towards hell.

### That Was Supper?



London is not the best place to be arrested. It is, however, far better than being arrested in Thailand.

For better or worse, you don't get to hear those stories. Seat Sale is done and I am home for a

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time.

It's odd, coming back to the Island. Every time I return it feels as though I've never left. Stumbling down Grafton St towards home as the April snow and wind sting my eyes and freeze my extremities, I think how good it is to be back. That perhaps what I have learned in my travels is simply that where I began is where I belong. For a time.

It's sad though. I curse them under my breath as I hang my backpack on the wall - retire the money belt which protected the cash I wish I had.

All good things come to an end. All things mediocre grind to a halt at some point too, and not always of their own volition. The hallways here echo with their conspiratorial whispers. I hear their voices dragging my name across gravel, the words “The Editor” in close proximity. They are plotting – have plans, expectations and directions – and I worry.

How did it happen that I have sunk so low? To end up mired amid the mud and filth that designates the position of “Editor,” when once I was an honest man. A travel writer.