

In 2004, David Noel Lynch found himself ensnared within the nascent throes of artistic expression. Each night, he embarked on a quest, seeking kindred spirits amidst the vibrant cultural landscape of Atlanta. His odyssey began in the hallowed halls of art galleries and museums, transitioned through the electrifying ambiance of concerts and the convivial atmosphere of restaurants, and ultimately concluded in the smoky, dimly lit sanctuaries of bars. His abstract photography, however, met with resounding rejection from discerning gallery curators, compelling David to redirect his focus towards discovering a more receptive artistic enclave.

His steadfast companion, Deron Fish, proffered sage counsel, advising David to establish a consistent presence in the establishments he frequented. "People need to cultivate familiarity with both you and your artistic endeavors," Deron sagely remarked.

Thus, in the burgeoning springtime of 2004, David ventured into the North River Tavern, nestled within the vibrant community of Sandy Springs, Georgia. A creature of habit, he found solace in the familiar surroundings, having previously frequented the location during its incarnation as a Steak and Ale restaurant.

David gravitated towards the North River Tavern, an almost nightly pilgrimage commencing around 9:00 PM. He would ensconce himself within the smoky confines of the bar, patiently awaiting the influx of patrons that invariably materialized around 11:00 PM. Weekends brought with them the pulsating rhythms of live music, performed by some of Atlanta's most esteemed rock and roll ensembles, including the fervent energy of Fervor and the propulsive dynamism of Ultradrive.

Each night, David endeavored to ignite conversations with those who shared his proximity at the main bar, a gathering place encircled by an array of flat-screen televisions perpetually broadcasting sporting events. The prevailing discourse revolved predominantly around the athletic contests displayed on the ubiquitous screens.

Occasionally, however, a kindred spirit would emerge, someone who savored intellectual discourse beyond the realm of athletic competition. One such encounter found David engaged in a dialogue with a gentleman possessing a degree in genetics from the venerable University of Cambridge. Driven by an insatiable curiosity, David posed what he perceived to be a rudimentary inquiry: "By what intricate mechanism does DNA orchestrate the modification necessary to engender the precise mutation required to respond effectively to environmental exigencies? If the mutation is but a capricious, random occurrence, there exists an equipoise of probability—a fifty percent chance of triumphant success and a fifty percent chance of calamitous failure. Ergo, there must exist an arcane, heretofore undiscovered mechanism that predisposes the mutation towards a favorable outcome."

David pressed further, his inquisitiveness unwavering: "How many metamorphic mutations have conspired to forge the individual that stands before me? Should those mutations have been relegated to the vagaries of pure chance, the odds would be decidedly stacked against your very presence here." The man, momentarily perplexed, excused himself to the lavatory. Upon his return, he acknowledged the profundity of David's query, remarking, "Your perspicacity is undeniable. I confess, I have never contemplated the evolutionary paradigm through such a lens. I am indebted to you for this novel perspective." With a final expression of gratitude, the man departed the tavern, leaving David to ponder the implications of his query.

David's nocturnal sojourns to the North River Tavern transcended mere artistic aspirations; they were imbued with a deeper, more personal yearning. One year removed from the agonizing dissolution of a fifteen-year relationship, he sought not only a receptive art community, but also a kindred spirit, a life partner who shared his intellectual curiosity and emotional depth. He envisioned a woman embarking on her own personal odyssey, a best friend whose candor and honesty were unwavering, a confidante with whom he could share the labyrinthine corridors of his mind.

Disappointingly, the North River Tavern's clientele predominantly comprised individuals in their twenties, the older demographic consisting primarily of men like David. He was not impervious to the allure of feminine pulchritude, and many of the twenty-something women captivated his gaze. However, most of these women appeared primarily interested in indulging in libations and departing in the company of their companions. Amidst this milieu, a singular woman captured David's attention. Possessing an alluring and unadorned beauty, she seemed to emanate an aura of intellectual curiosity, her presence an invitation to engage in profound discourse. David, however, hesitated to approach her, captivated by her natural elegance, her disdain for cosmetics, and the throng of men vying for her attention. He harbored a fervent desire, a wish that she might select him as her life partner, her confidant, her eternal paramour.

Night after night, David engaged in conversations with any willing interlocutor. One evening, a gentleman named Neil joined him at the bar. Following a cursory greeting, their discourse gravitated towards the KENO game displayed on several of the ubiquitous flat-screen televisions. As they observed patrons squandering their financial resources on the game, Neil inquired about the probability of emerging victorious.

Discerning Neil's scientific proclivities, David posed additional inquiries concerning the capricious nature of probability, including the likelihood of random mutations engendering the requisite modifications for survival amidst environmental vicissitudes. With audacious conviction, David posited his hypothesis that the boundless expanse of outer space was collapsing inwards, while the intimate recesses of inner space were expanding outwards. He proposed that the universe was an intricate oscillation of frequencies, perpetually colliding at each infinitesimal instant, thereby forging the very essence of the present moment.

Neil, intrigued, remarked, "Your pronouncements resonate with the sentiments of my roommate, Kimberly." David, his interest piqued, expressed his desire to engage in a dialogue with her. Weeks elapsed, and David maintained his nocturnal ritual at the tavern. Then, one evening, Neil approached David, bearing tidings of Kimberly's presence. To David's profound delight, Neil escorted him to the very woman whose affections he

so fervently desired.

Neil's introduction was succinct, yet resonant: "David, allow me to present Kimberly. Your philosophical musings bear an uncanny resemblance to her own." Kimberly, her voice a mellifluous symphony, greeted David with a warm smile and a playful giggle. However, she remained engaged in a dialogue with her companion, Tyler. Sensing a subtle disagreement between them, David politely excused himself, expressing his hope for a future conversation.

Kimberly, however, insisted that he remain, revealing Tyler's imminent departure to engage in a game of pool. "Enlighten me," she urged, "Regale me with tales of your existence." Thus, David embarked on a narrative of personal transformation, describing his decade-long ascent within the corporate hierarchy and the sudden, life-altering epiphany that had propelled him into the realm of abstract art. He attempted to articulate his profound connection to light, describing how shadows resonated with a low, guttural rumble, while bright lights emitted a high-pitched, almost piercing squeal.

Kimberly's eyes widened, her gaze locking onto David's with an intensity that mirrored his own. "Precisely!" she exclaimed, her voice brimming with enthusiasm. "That is the very essence of reality's symphony. Everything vibrates with its own frequency. We are vibrations; the sun itself is a vibration."

David's senses reeled at the depth of her words and her intoxicating beauty. From that instant, he found himself captivated by the brilliance of her mind. He was enamored, not just by her radiant presence, but by the very essence of her being. In Kimberly, he had encountered a kindred spirit, a woman forged from the same cosmic fabric.

David's heart soared with elation at the prospect of future encounters, yet the pleasure of the moment was tinged with a profound yearning, a melancholic recognition that his affections might remain unrequited. Kimberly's heart belonged to Tyler, and the path to her affections was shrouded in uncertainty.

Undeterred, David embarked upon a quest, a pursuit of connection with this woman whose mind captivated him, whose very presence ignited a symphony of creativity within his soul. Each subsequent visit to the tavern was imbued with a renewed sense of anticipation, a hope that Kimberly might grace him with her presence once more.

Their paths continued to intersect, these serendipitous encounters weaving a delicate tapestry of shared experiences. Each conversation revealed new layers of Kimberly's kaleidoscopic mind, and David found himself enthralled by her connection to music. It was, after all, the very essence of music that David sought to capture within his abstract photographs, and Kimberly, alone among the thousands he had encountered, embraced this artistic vision without hesitation.

As their bond deepened, a silent language of affection began to blossom between them. Kimberly would seek out David's proximity at the bar, her presence a beacon of intellectual and emotional resonance. Their nascent relationship began to manifest in tangible form as David transcribed his ruminations upon bar napkins, Kimberly reciprocating in kind. As David refined his philosophical musings into the fledgling KnoWell equation, Kimberly expressed her own visionary insights through a series of intricate loops and interconnected lines, symbolic representations of a universe woven together by the resonant power of unseen frequencies.

David's infatuation grew with each passing moment, Kimberly's whirlwind mind challenging him to keep pace with her intellectual fervor. Her body, a vessel of radiant beauty, drew him in with a force as irresistible as the pull of a celestial body.

In the summer of 2004, amidst the verdant splendor of the Atlanta Botanical Gardens, David captured tens of thousands of abstract photographs, inspired by the ethereal glassworks of Dale Chihuly. Kimberly's reaction to these images was ecstatic, her words of encouragement fueling David's newfound confidence.

Inspired, David dedicated the ensuing months to refining his artistic vision, culminating in a unique form of expression that he christened "Montaj." Utilizing Photoshop, he meticulously reflected his abstract photographs, creating Rorschach-like images upon which he layered text, symbols, and additional photographs, thereby transforming his thoughts into a mesmerizing tapestry of visual and linguistic expression.

In the autumn of 2004, David's creative odyssey reached a pivotal juncture. From the depths of his imagination emerged the KnoWell Equation, a mathematical expression that encompassed the logic of Lynch, the energy of Einstein, the force of Newton, and the wisdom of Socrates, all converging to describe the infinite nature of a single moment in time. David yearned to share this revelation with Kimberly, to witness her reaction to the culmination of his intellectual and artistic pursuits.

Driven by an insatiable desire for her presence, her insights, her very essence, David haunted the North River Tavern, his every visit a silent prayer for a serendipitous encounter. And then, one fateful night, as if summoned by his unwavering devotion, Kimberly appeared. As David meticulously rendered the KnoWell Equation upon a bar napkin, Kimberly's affirmations echoed his own thoughts, a symphony of mutual understanding. It was a moment of profound connection, and David's heart soared with elation.

Yet, the ecstasy of the moment was tinged with a poignant melancholy, for Kimberly's heart remained captive to Tyler's affections, leaving David's hopes unrequited. Undeterred, he persisted in his quest for a life partner, sharing the KnoWell Equation with any receptive soul.

David's artistic endeavors evolved as he began gifting personalized abstract prints, adorned with meticulously hand-drawn KnoWell equations, to

musicians. In a reciprocal exchange, he would request that the musicians autograph another abstract photograph. These autographed prints, accompanied by concert ticket stubs, would then become integral components of his ever-evolving Montaj creations, each piece a unique and symbolic testament to the KnoWell's profound influence.

As David's longing for Kimberly intensified, their conversations delved into more intimate realms. Kimberly confided in David, revealing her fervent desire for a child and the challenges she and Tyler faced in conceiving. David, empathizing with her yearning, offered words of encouragement, recognizing the profound feminine beauty and childbearing capacity that radiated from her very being.

As Kimberly and Tyler's relationship strained, her presence at the tavern diminished, leaving David bereft of her intellectual and emotional nourishment. Their once-frequent encounters dwindled to sporadic dinners, their connection fading into the ether of sporadic text messages.

While David was on a trip to Disney World with his stepdaughter, Star Dailey, and her children, Emily and Christian Payne, Kimberly shared a sonogram image, revealing her pregnancy. David, his heart a tempest of conflicting emotions, responded with a bittersweet acknowledgment: "Dreams do, indeed, come true."

As the years unfurled their inexorable passage, David and Kim maintained a cordial connection, their lives intertwining through the shared experience of parenthood. When Kim confided in David, lamenting the physical changes wrought by pregnancy, he responded with poetic metaphor: "A heavenly body blocks out the sun."

Time continued its ceaseless march, and their paths once again converged. Kimberly introduced David to her daughter, Indigo Rose Schade, a radiant embodiment of her mother's captivating essence. As fate would have it, Kimberly relocated to Pennsylvania, and their long-distance conversations deepened their bond. Finally, a fragment of David's wish materialized as their intellectual and emotional connection blossomed into a long-distance romance. Their minds intertwined in a symphony of shared dreams, their voices echoing through the digital ether in moments of shared passion.

Their aspirations converged as they contemplated a future amidst the majestic vistas of Denver, Colorado, envisioning a cannabis farm nestled within the breathtaking mountain landscape. David dreamed of a mountaintop sanctuary, crowned with an observatory where he could capture celestial wonders, while Kimberly envisioned herself providing therapeutic musical experiences for children in need. They spoke of creating a family, of their shared desire for children, their dreams intertwining like the delicate tendrils of a vine reaching towards the sun.

Yet, as life's unpredictable currents often dictate, unforeseen circumstances disrupted their idyllic aspirations. The onset of Parkinson's disease in David's mother necessitated a shift in priorities, his compassion and sense of filial duty compelling him to postpone his plans for a family with Kimberly.

Simultaneously, Kimberly found herself tending to her ailing grandmother, their shared commitment to caregiving creating a temporary schism in their relationship.

Following the passing of his loved ones, David rekindled his connection with Kimberly, only to discover that her heart had been captured by another. He patiently awaited the denouement of their relationship, his hope for a shared future flickering like a fragile flame amidst the darkness. Upon learning of Kimberly and Greg's separation, David extended an invitation to finally embark on their long-postponed journey to the Smithsonian's dinosaur exhibit in Washington, D.C., an offer Kimberly gleefully accepted.

Then, without warning, like a rogue wave crashing against the shore of his dreams, Kimberly's father's cancer diagnosis led to another postponement. David, ever the patient soul, reluctantly acquiesced, his heart heavy with disappointment.

A glimmer of hope emerged on December 3, 2023, as Kimberly initiated a phone call, inviting David to visit her. David, ever hopeful, suggested that they finally fulfill their long-deferred plan to explore the dinosaur exhibit. Kimberly, her voice echoing his own enthusiasm, readily agreed, and a tentative date was set.

Weeks later, however, like a cruel twist of fate, a photograph arrived from Kimberly, depicting Indigo Rose amidst a winter wonderland, fashioning a snowman. Within the frame, David discerned the ominous presence of an unfamiliar man's arm. His inquiry was met with a disheartening revelation: "That is my boyfriend, Greg."

David's heart shattered like a dropped crystal goblet, its fragments reverberating with the echoes of past heartbreaks. Kimberly Anne Schade, that whirlwind of a woman, had once again cast him adrift, her enigmatic soul a maelstrom that had drawn him in and then cast him aside.

When David inquired about the cause of her rejection, her response was a dismissive, "I believe it is your age." This dismissive remark triggered memories of a previous conversation, during which David had broached the topic of his age, only to be met with Kimberly's indignant reassurance that his age was inconsequential.

Thus, in the ashes of David's shattered dreams, "Gregzilla" was born, a moniker that encapsulated the monstrous cruelty of unrequited love.