



My Second Life Road Trip

by “BrianM Haalan”

At the beginning of 2012 I began a road trip within the virtual world that is Second Life.

During my journey I took snapshots and blogged about my journey.

Here is the collect of those blog posts that I originally posted at:

bmhonline.wordpress.com

The journey spanned "14 Days" but it actually took me a year to complete the mapped route.

I hope you enjoy reading about my journey and that it helps to inspire your own journey.

"BrianM Haalan"

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During my spare time in Second Life I enjoy land-hopping. Some people are good at using the Search tool to find somewhere interesting to explore, me, I usually come up empty-handed - maybe it's because I'm never really looking for anything particular, or not something I can define. So I open the World Map and pick somewhere. This method isn't always fruitful, and a few hops to adjacent parcels of land may be required to satisfy my thirst. Every once in a while something good turns up... or something grand...

I have just discovered a huge area of seemingly uninterrupted land and roads/highways. This should keep me busy for a while! But first, a quick run-down of some jargon used throughout...

Having been a visitor to Second Life (SL) for some time, I have picked up some of the jargon used, and now use it myself, often without thinking. Here is some of that jargon - defined to help those not familiar.

Avatar/Avi - your character/virtual self

Inventory - the virtual storage of your avatar's clothes and belongings

Lag, crash, and SL gremlins - one accesses the virtual world by means of a piece of software called a 'viewer'. Occasionally the viewer can crash, or network problems can cause a delay in transmission of the data, this we call lag. The viewer has useful features such as a Search tool for finding places to visit, and giving the user the ability to customise how the virtual world appears by means of Sky settings.

Rezzing - placing objects from your inventory into the virtual world, or loading of the virtual world or your avatar.

Sims, parcels, and regions - these terms refer to the land/areas within Second Life.

Teleporting/TPing - a means of 'jumping' from one location to another, or bringing a friend to your location. One can also fly in Second Life. The viewer also has an address bar where you can input coordinates or regions – these are provided throughout and are highlighted in blue, e.g. [Bagheera/62/123/56](#) Places can change or disappear so bear that in mind if you try to visit any of the locations.

World Map - a map showing the regions in the virtual world and a bird's-eye-view of the land and sea.



At the break of dusk, with the sun peeping over the horizon... no wait.. *adjusts sky settings accordingly*... there, yes, with the sun peeping over the horizon, I set out from You Are Here, north along Route 8.

[Bagheera/62/123/56](#)

Day 1 had a slow start... slow as in, I didn't get very far because right near the start is an Amusement Park! I dragged along a friend and we had a play on the rides... and our time there ended with us earning our "I Survived Murder Manor" t-shirts (after surviving our venture through Murder Manor). I'm not sure we technically survived it... I recall being sliced, slashed and stabbed numerous times by guillotines, cutting discs, spikes and chainsaws.





My friend and I parted and then I started the journey proper. There were places to see right from the start. Couple spots, a quaint little book shop and a dark/gothic club... all very empty.



I then called in another friend to join me on my journey. We walked along for a while and quite soon in the journey came across a seemingly conveniently located gas station... I promptly filled up, even though we were on foot... my tardis-like (and weightless) inventory that I always have to hand has a gas-guzzling beast of a machine in there somewhere... so now it has some extra gasoline to help it on its way... I've never actually put any in it if I'm honest, so I'm sure it will need some at some point. There are rezz-spots along the route for rezzing your own vehicle (the jeep below sadly isn't mine).



After a short while of heading north on Route 8 you come to the junction with Route 8C, a left turning which I wanted to take. However, the road came to an abrupt end.





I could see on the World Map where the road would start again, so the obvious solution was to head out by boat, which is what we did. It's a shame there wasn't a big sign with obvious instructions, and it wasn't plain sailing because pesky SL Gremlins prevented me from taking a direct route across the lake and instead we had to take a detour and I had to navigate under a low bridge, which I had hoped would raise to let us through without causing injuries to either myself or my passenger. My friend, sitting at the front of the boat was the first to suffer decapitation... SL however was kind and granted us both another life and we pulled up to a harbour-side bar to have a quick drink (she was buying) and lose our heads again. I repaid her kindness by playing the piano and singing... both of which I had now decided I could do, thanks to the aforementioned drink.

After sobering up, we carried on our way in a non-staggering manner.

Again the way forward wasn't clear, not due to any intoxication but instead because without our boat, which I had forgotten where it was parked, a small hop was required to the mainland where the road of Route 8C was in sight. We took to the sky briefly and then continued on foot, passing many shops, some quite quaint, before our time was up on this day.



Day two started from a region (still on Route 8C) called Ling where I walked casually on north to Auric.

[Auric/181/17/50](#)

Today would be a short stint, taking me only as far as Kananga Town.

I was just setting off from what I shall call the “Wordle Building” when a friend gladly joined me for the short stroll.

Walking along the road can be a little hazardous. Every so often a taxi or “pod” might pass by, or occasionally something else...





Day two had a particularly oriental feel to it, and day three continued on that theme. I started out from Kananga Town, still on Route 8C, where there is a nice tree swing to be swung on and an open house ideal to get a cup of green tea to start the day.

[Kananga/37/184/61](#)

Even though I was well refreshed, I couldn't resist partaking in an icecream when an icecream truck rolled on by.



With my tummy now full I decided the best thing to do would be to get on my trusty blue bicycle. However, no sooner had I set off I came across a playground... and well... it would have been rude not to have a go...

The next leg of the trip was a much more relaxing affair. I cycled leisurely on and soon came across some tiny little fairies...



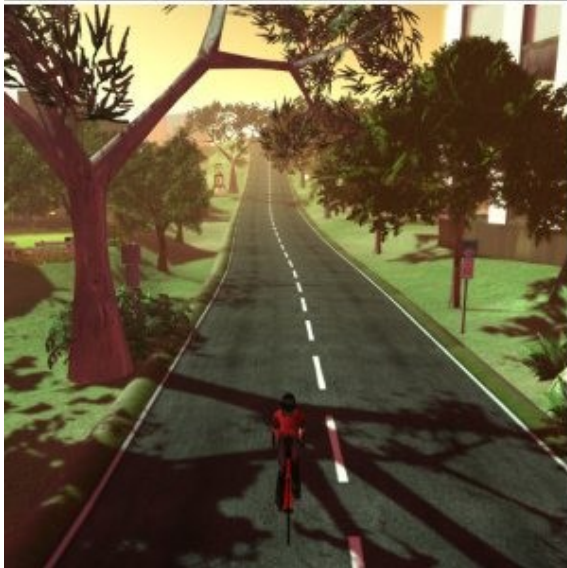
...and then an outdoor art gallery, with a bathtub. I glanced around cautiously before bravely stripping off and having a relaxing soak.





Some time later, I'm not sure how long as I sort of dozed off, I (after getting dressed) headed back off on my bike.

Along the sweeping roads I pedalled, until, suddenly, there shined a shiny... new bike...



You can see I am somewhat proud of this new bike...

...but little did I realise my time on the bike would be short-lived.

I passed by a beautiful little spot at Ogilvie.

[Ogilvie/102/8/66](#)



I would have stayed here and taken a closer look around but there were people there, which was a surprise in itself as my journey had been relatively people-free so far (except for friends joining me), and I didn't want to disturb them. I carried on a little longer until, quite abruptly, I reached the end of Route 8C.

Sadly tunnels cannot be travelled though. Instead, here you click on a lantern and you get teleported to the other end... the left lantern takes you up to Route 8, and the right lantern takes you to the Old Wagon Road...





After clicking on the right lantern at the end of Route 8C I ended up, as expected, at the Old Wagon Road.

[Sababurg/42/152/92](#)



The bad news was that I had lost my shiny new bike, but I had clearly been riding it for too long.

It was time for a new mode of transport, and what could be more fitting for such a road as “Trusty Stead”. Trusty Stead has been calmly packed away in my belongings all this time so he was keen to stretch his legs.



However, I was less keen, and having spotted a cosy hut I decided to settle up for another soak and a nap.

While the Old Wagon Road is clearly western, the hut is a little misleading. On the outside it looks like your typical hut from the old west, but inside it has an oriental theme... which I like.



Back outside after my nap it was now raining, and to my shock and horror I spotted a crocodile just outside the hut... the hut door had been left open too. For future reference there is a barrel outside the hut that can be used to hide in.





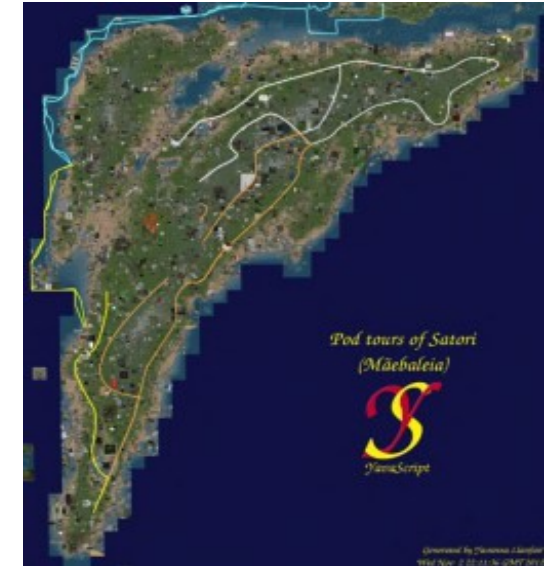
Having safely made it back onto the Old Wagon Road I continued on my way. The Old Wagon Road is only short, the shortest stretch of road on the trip, so you have to enjoy it while it lasts. At the end is a billboard, click it and you will arrive at the second shortest stretch of road, Route 8B, which is a lot firmer under foot.

I did wonder how quickly I could tear up this stretch of road if I whipped out my motorbike. I topped her up with the gasoline I'd got on Day 1 of my trip and set off. But I didn't get too far without running into problems. Either the road wouldn't rezz in time, there was too much lag, the viewer would crash... or things would crash into me.



At one point the road came to an abrupt end (at Wyrđ). When this usually happens, stopping and waiting a moment gives the road chance to appear, but not on this occasion. I was forced to refer to my A-Z and hop on ahead. This failed on the first attempt and I ended all the way back at the start of Route 8B but taking on this stretch yet again meant I spotted things I hadn't seen the first time.

The first thing was a poster for the pod tours. The pods are the little vehicles I have been seeing on the road from time-to-time and interestingly the pod tours' map showed other parts of the map to be explored... and beyond.



The next thing I discovered was another theme park, and this one had a huge water slide...

...So I of course donned my swimming trunks, flew to the top (there were no stairs or obvious teleport point), rezzed a rubber ring... and off I shot.





Now I don't know if it was because I was too busy trying to take photographs while I plummeted, but plummet I did, but not as was expected, as I plummeted off the side... umph. Well it seemed quite fitting for this leg of the journey. But the fun wasn't to end there. Oh no. The fun was just beginning. Once on the ground, and still sat in my rubber ring I discovered I could scoot along, and at quite a speed, and more easily than on my motorcycle. So I carried on on my way aboard my new found form of transport.

It was all going quite smoothly until the viewer crashed once more and I arrived back to somewhere quite public, not still sitting in my ring, that had vanished, but still in my swimming trunks.

I finished the last stretch of Route 8B appropriately dressed. In all this stretch took me well over an hour, but I'm sure it could have been done in about ten minutes on a motorbike and with wind in the right direction (and no theme park distractions). Route 8B ends at the Crossroads at the Furki Rest Area (in Furki).

[Furki/20/43/102](#)

And here decisions will need to be made as to which route/direction to take next. But first I shall sleep. There is an amazing hotel, with a large room lined with four-poster-beds and a beautiful ceiling.



I awoke on Day 5 of my Second Life road trip staring at the beautiful hotel ceiling at the Crossroads at the Furki Rest Area (in Furki).

[Furki/20/43/102](#)

Now decisions had to be made about which route to take.

I decided the easiest way to do this was to start with the shortest stretches of road, so first that meant completing Route 8B (the short blue bit on the map) which was only a short stretch before it met with Route 8 and was uneventful. Because Route 8 is the longest stretch and heads right back to where I began on Day 1 I would complete that last, so I turned round and headed back to the Crossroads and took a right along Route 8A (the northern-most red bit on the map).





Instead of travelling on foot as I had done for the first stint, I got out my trusty motorbike. First I came across a peculiar place, a building that according to my magical SL satnav, showed there were people inside, but when I looked there were none... just ducks in a swimming pool... then I saw the sign outside.

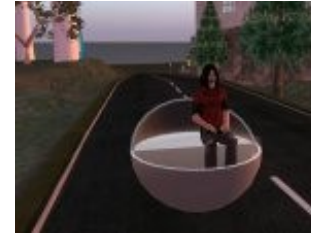
Heading on I arrived first at a gas station – it was somewhat deserted but I topped up the gas tank on my motorbike and politely left my L\$ on the counter.

Then, just nearby I pulled up to a bar and dance hall called “The Leaky Oil Pan Bar & Dance Hall” and seeing the motorcycles outside I felt right at home... except I didn’t stop as I was keen to get this stretch of road out of the way, and if I wanted a drink (non-alcoholic of course) then I would get one on the way back past.

Next I saw the Future Vision Art Gallery... if you’re not keen on art then check out the roof as it’s a lovely place to chill.



When I eventually continued on my way I reached the end of Route 8A, which is very obvious as it is well sign-posted... that and it's a T-junction. As I turned round to do Route 8A proper I saw one of those pod things I have been seeing/dodging en-route, and since I had already done this stretch of road, what better and more relaxing way to do it again... than by pod.



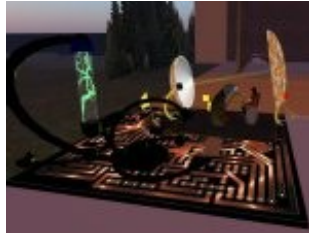
At the crossroads the pod informed me it was going to turn right, I did plead with it to take me straight on, even offering it the entire contents of my L\$-filled bank account as a bribe, but it refused so I hopped off.

As I stuffed the wad of L\$ back into my pocket I saw two people just hanging out at the crossroads, which seemed a little odd as it's somewhat quiet around these parts, but I said good morning (as it was still morning), whipped out my bicycle (from the other pocket) and continued on my way.

After much pedalling, you wouldn't believe this, I came across a time machine. Not that I had any use for a time machine at this particular point in time, but I did try and have a go. Sadly it wouldn't respond to any of the controls I fiddled with, so I left it be and continued on.

Things were to get stranger... a little further on I was passing a dark, rat and pigeon-infested alleyway when I heard the sound of a phone ringing from within... so I went and answered it...





The caller was somewhat cryptic but instructed me to return to the time machine I had just passed, he gave me instructions on what settings to set, and basically to go and leave a skateboard behind a dumpster at a particular time and location.

This I duly did...



Returning no sooner than I had left (or so I thought), although my wristwatch and facial hair said otherwise, I continued on my road trip.

Just over the road from the dark alleyway is a nice shopping area with club and dance area. The club, the Bleu Katt is quite like any other from the outside, but inside it is Japanese in theme. Also, in the square is an old Police Box.



Next on Route 8A is Saralis Park, and then further on still is another beautiful place, ideal for couples to dance.

Next up, is a beautiful church, complete with beautiful stained glass windows (see below).



Then the road comes to an end. Not the end, no, just another impassable tunnel which one has to click a lantern and then they are transported to the other end.





On the other side, aptly named is the Dead End Diner.



I ordered a coffee, which I sat and quietly drank with minimal slurping before spotting a jukebox at the far end – I thought it was a little too quiet. After looking through the options I chose Michael Jackson's Beat It...

Then it sort of kicked off... Some guy called Biff and his buddies turned up and asked me if I was in or if I was out... I didn't have the foggiest idea what he was on about and this seemed to irritate him somewhat. I sensed I wasn't welcome, and as he was now blocking my way to the front door, I hopped over the counter and out the back door... the mob in close pursuit.



Now outside I glanced around and recognised where I was – I was beside the dumpster I had been instructed to leave a skateboard behind earlier by the cryptic caller. I promptly retrieved the skateboard and made my getaway.





A mile or so up the road I came across an old house. It looked a little uninhabited and thus a suitable place to hideout since the mob were surely not too far behind.

The door was unlocked and I quietly stepped inside. There in the hallway I spotted a telephone, identical in design to the one I had answered in the dark alleyway earlier, although, glancing at my watch I realised it wasn't earlier but in fact the same time. I immediately made a cryptic phone call.



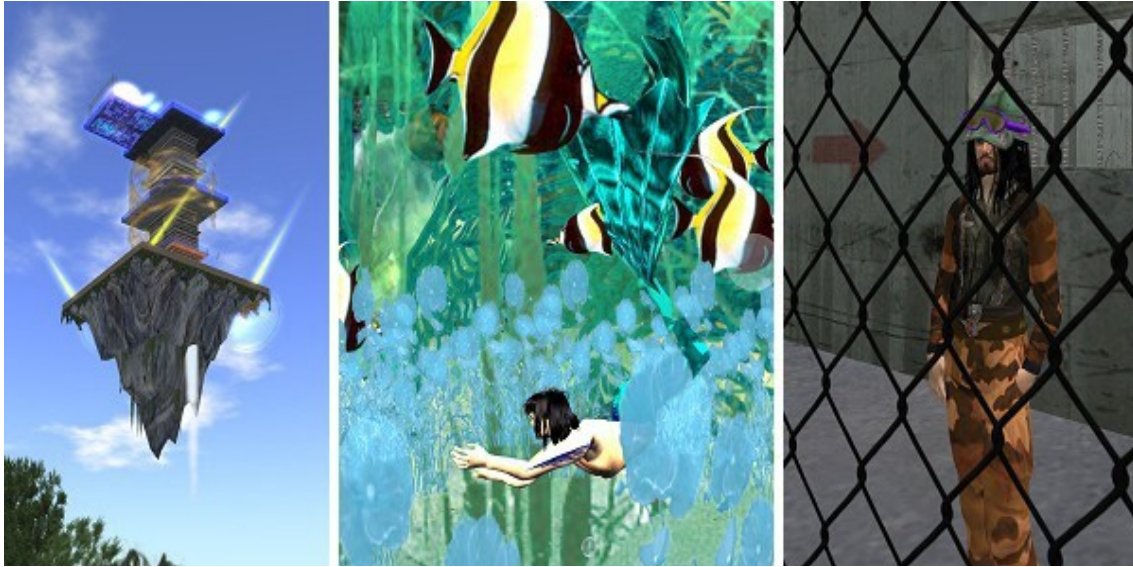


After napping on the sofa at the old house I had found during my escape on Day 5, I set off after a lazy start.



There's a nice shopping area in Grizzly Country Village and then nearby there is a quiet little area to sit and chill.





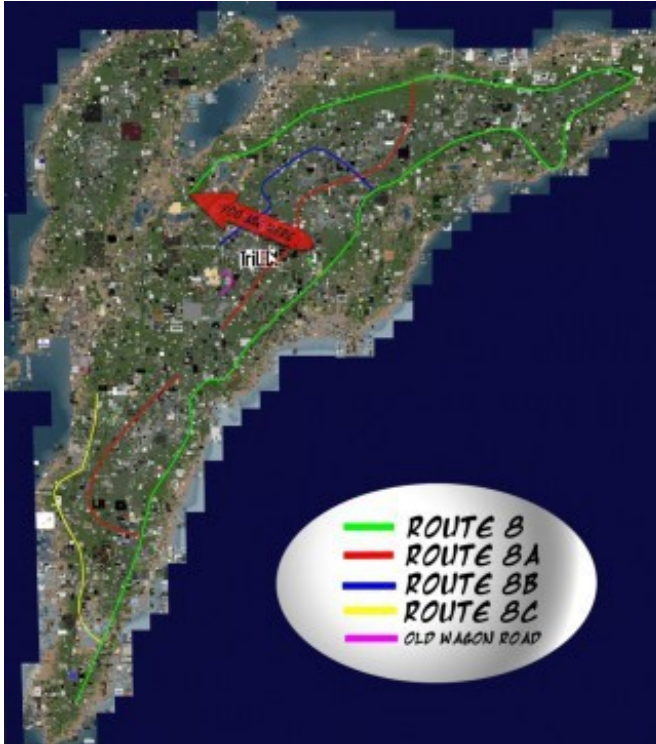
The next stage of my journey was a mixed affair with a lot to see in all directions... including upwards with things in the sky to see too. There was a floating quiet spot with a pool to swim in... and then a large concrete facility of some description, quite imposing but fun to explore.



And then there were critters to pet...

...before I reached the T-junction where the southern part of Route 8A meets with Route 8. There is a Mall opposite the T-junction which I shall call the Quad Pine Mall.





Day 6 of my road trip ended when I reached the T-junction where the southern part of Route 8A meets with Route 8. I then needed to hop across country to begin the last stretch of road... which happened to also be the first, but at the other end of Route 8. What better way to land at that point than by parachute?

[Soulgiver/152/62/61](#)



I thought my luck was in when I landed, not only had I survived the descent and landing, there appeared to be a choice of vehicles at my disposal for me to continue my journey... but my luck was indeed now out as none would respond to my various commands... such as “onward!” “yaaa!” or “moosh”.



A little way on (by foot), there was a place with many colourful steps leading into the sky. I climbed them all, but sadly there was nothing exciting to be found at the top... I kind of wished I had counted the steps as it would have provided some entertainment. Oh well, the view was nice.





Next up was a women's clothing store called Creative Chaos, and just next door a house. Feeling sneaky I approached the house to see if I could relax inside, but it was locked. After searching the grounds and exploring a cave at the front of the property I discovered a secret way in, well, a secret until now!



Excited that I'd found such an entrance, I invited my equally mischievous friend over. I found some food in the kitchen and cooked us something to eat.

With our bellies full we decided to explore the house. It's a nice house with lots of character. On the first floor is a bathroom and a study... I sat at the desk and rummaged through the draws. Strangely, we discovered another office hidden away... with more draws to rummage through and a map of the planet Gor. Then up another floor there is a harp which I twanged for a while before my friend left... she insisted it was nothing to do with my harp-twanging.





As the owner(s) had yet to return I decided to be extra cheeky and have a bath. Then pushing my luck and cheekiness still further, I made some prank phone calls.



Prank phone calls are a tiresome thing on an old dial phone, as I was quickly to learn because it soon made my finger ache, so I finally departed.

Next along Route 8 I found a gypsy's cabin thing. It had been left with some food and drink on a table so I took a bite and a swig respectively and skipped along once more, with the occasional hiccup. Then I stumbled across a pub serving Irish whisky, called The Irish Whiskey Pub. Not having drunk enough already and to test the establishment to their name under the Trades Descriptions Act I ordered a round of Irish Whisky.

After I finished my round... I only had one, because that's all I remember drinking... I staggered on. I came across a pretty little area full of friendly little creatures that had wonderful tales to tell me (although somewhat forgettable it seems). Mr Birdie was one such creature and Mr Squirrel was another, although he was less friendly as he refused to share his acorn.





Day 8 began by me finding myself in a skybox, amongst books and with a mild headache. I decided the best cure for this was to seek out some fresh air. After a little wandering I found a quiet little spot with a tree, rope and tyre... and swang about for a bit.

“Tweet, tweet, tweet” Was I hearing voices? Ah, no, just a little bird and a sense of deja vu as images from the day before flashed before my eyes... more wandering was needed... or some rowing...

Actually rowing wasn't possible since I had no oars, but it was nice to sit and float for a while before wandering on some more.

Next up I happened upon an interesting area. An area which included a rather, umm, trashy motel!

[Finsteraarhorn/139/123/32](#)

I bravely ventured into the complex where there is a 'lovely' pool! But I was in need of a nap and not a dip so I enquired within the reception room about having a room for the night. Everywhere looked very quiet, there were no visitor's cars parked outside but the receptionist regretted to inform me that all the rooms were booked.





After a little chat it turned out that the friendly receptionist was actually spending her nights at the motel (in the last available room it seemed) in exchange for working the reception during the day... and that I could (she told me with a twinkle in her eye that in hind sight I neglected to notice) spend the night there. I thought that was all very kind and I agreed since I was perfectly content with sleeping on a sofa... "Sure" she said (with further twinkling) and promptly showed me the room. The dark, gloomy, and general sense of neglect theme that the outside of the motel and reception had was reflected well within the room. I spotted somewhere for me to kip and quickly curled up and dozed off while the receptionist quietly rattled round the apartment... oh and the plumbing is rather noisy here - I'm sure someone was having a shower during the night...



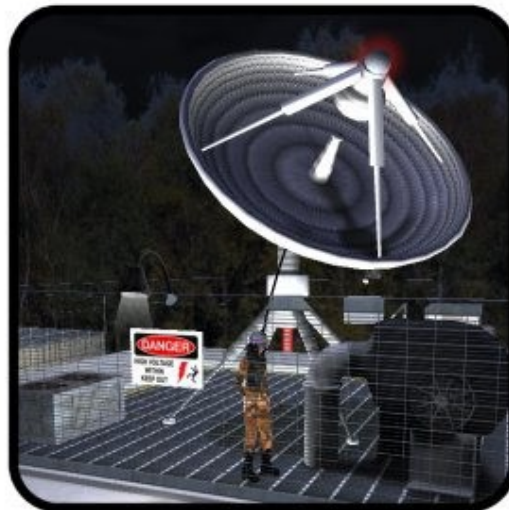
My nap was pretty unsettled as I had a dream about coming a cropper in the motel's pool. In the morning I told the receptionist all about it and she seemed to find it all quite fascinating.

I then suggested we go to the place next door which looked like a café of sorts, as a way of thanking her for the hospitality. However, while the member of staff seemed friendly enough, they couldn't speak English and neither I or the receptionist could speak the Japanese required to ask for some doughnuts. Oh well, after much silence and failed hand gestures and pointing we departed. The receptionist went back to work and I hopped on a bus.



After a little driving around, and crashing, I invited a friend to join me for coffee and other tasty things at a cute little place I found and we hung out and had a good natter.





Continuing on my journey I found my first SL airport, but all was not well. Part of the sim had failed to load as the poor pilot was making his final approach, and it seemed the control tower were having difficulties warning the incoming aircraft to get it to abort its descent. I did my best to try and resolve the technical difficulties, even if my attempts were too late.



It was actually a year ago that I started my road trip in the virtual world that is Second Life. Over the course of 8 days in Second Life (spanning three Earth months) I made 8 blog posts documenting my journey and adventure. Sadly the final leg got a bit tiresome and I wandered off from my chosen route to seek out other quests and adventures. But I always meant to complete this particular road trip, so now I shall travel a little more of the final leg of Route 8.

It was rather fitting that near to where I ended Day 8 there was a Bus Station – ideal for starting Day 9.

[Allalinhorn/21/10/55](#)





My friend came along and the first place we found was a bar... they had milkshakes so we had those...



A little further along Route 8 we came across a helicopter place, and surprisingly enough I could fly a helicopter... I'm not sure if flying some of the route voids the term "road trip" but I did follow the road even if I wasn't actually on it!



Somehow I managed to lose my passenger, so I carefully (and strategically if I might add) parked the chopper.

I then caught a bus... which turned out to be not such a wise thing to do...

(Ignore the fact that I am in the driver's seat)





Anyway, I finally and safely vacated the bus and took a look at the map to see where I was.

At my location was a hermit's tower, if you like art, or rabbits, then this is a nice welcoming place to visit.



You will also see on the map, to the north of my location, an island. My friend found it and we discovered a nice camp fire – a nice image to end Day 9 on.

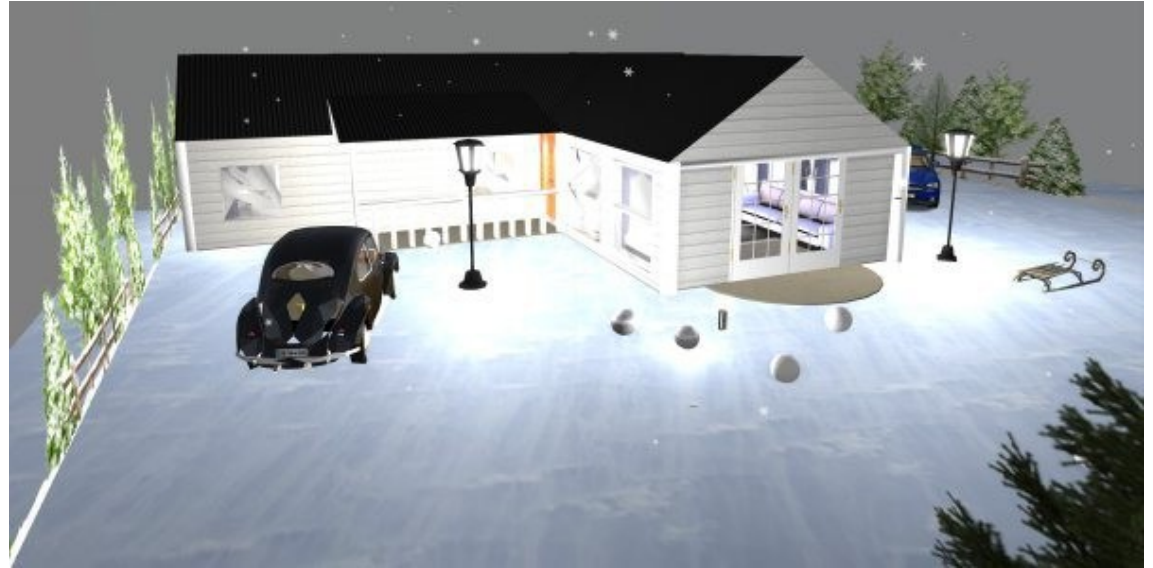




It turned out that the flight in the helicopter on Day 9 of my road trip in Second Life, while however skilful, had led to me ending up back where I had started that day of my journey... so little progress had been made! Oh well. After getting my bearings on Day 10 I spotted this plane-looking building.

[Morestello/114/214/67](https://www.secondlife.com/users/Morestello/114/214/67)

However, after skilfully peeking inside I discovered there was a little snowy gem within.



I snook inside, because it looked all so peaceful, until...

Woof! Woof! Bark! Bark! Snarl.... and “get the %*%@ out of my house!”





Yeah, I ran. I hopped on a tram that just happened to be passing by, only to then find myself face-to-face with a... it has to be said, friendly-looking passenger: a werewolf!



He was very quiet and well behaved though so I was able to look around and take in my surroundings (and get my breath back). First we passed a quiet bar...

[Bourbourton/240/26/76](#)

Then a dock complete with docked vessel.



Then a playground in the snow... which looked great fun, although the quiet werewolf didn't seem convinced.

[De Campion/103/198/62](#)





As we reached the eastern-most point of Route 8, and as we did a car came round the bend towards us and as it passed us the quiet werewolf made a quick exit from the tram and hijacked the car and sped off. I politely waved bye.

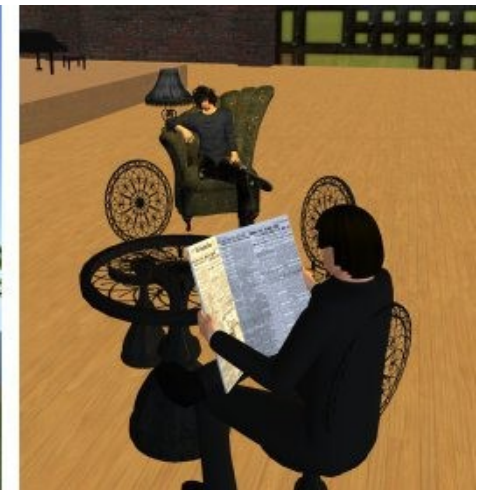


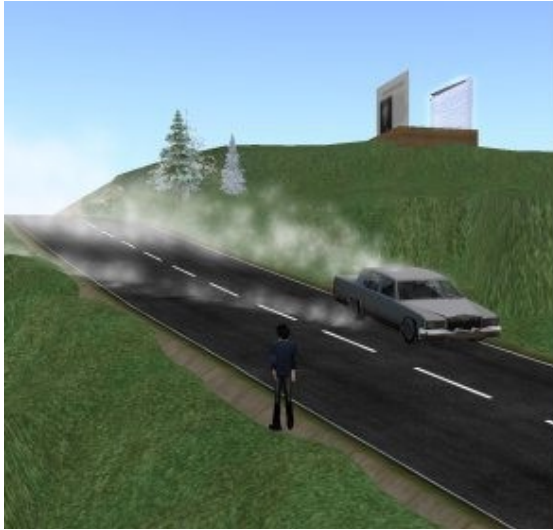
After hopping off the Tram on Day 9 at the eastern-most point of Route 8, I spotted a sign for 'Bike Rides' and promptly borrowed a bike (for free).



Around the bend I came across Espace Dabici with a nice theme about it, so I went inside and socialised with the newspaper-reader (a regular customer I gather) over a cup of tea.

[Toroge/17/19/65](#)





Continuing on my travels, at first on foot, I had to step out the way of a smoking wreck that came hurtling down the road... smoking. Once the danger passed I hopped on another tram which seem to be quite frequent on this stretch of road.



So frequent are the trams in fact that they often collide/pass through each other... it's quite unnerving the first few times it happens.

Further along the road I came across a/the Clock Museum, and since I had some time to spare (hur hur) I paid it a quick visit.

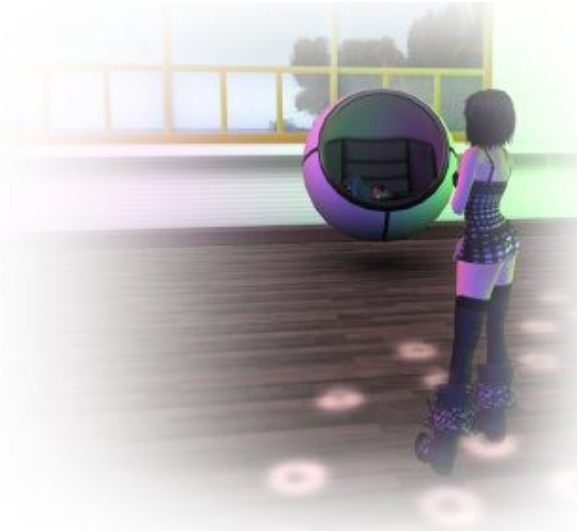
[Triglav/103/34/75](#)



I then came across a bar/club called Wilber's La Quinta. There was a table and chair set outside so I put my feet up for a while.

[Zinalrothorn/23/106/67](#)





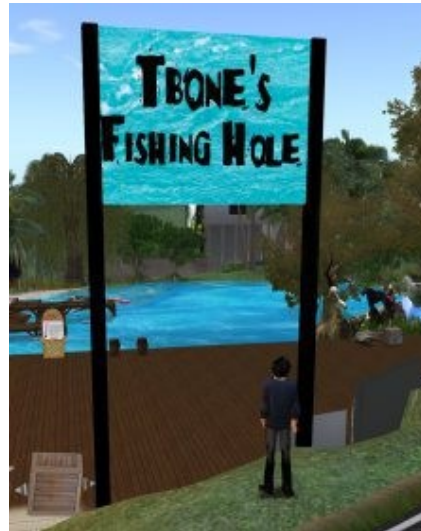
Once I was bored of sitting outside (my butt had become somewhat numb) I went inside the building and found a cosy little pod to curl up in. I dosed off and at first I thought I was dreaming when I heard a nice voice calling my name...



But no, it was just my friend paying me a little visit! After waking up proper I tumbled out of the pod and my friend and I continued the rest of the day's travels together. I saw a real estate place (Kalyrra) at the side of the road – it had a beach scene which looked both a little out of place, but well created.

[Zugspitze/192/134/73](#)

We also came across Tbone's Fishing Hole. Here there is a little lake with a turtle and fish in, and ponies, unicorns and other mythical things on the shore. All very relaxing!





The road was long and quite featureless at the start of Day 12, compared to Day 11. The road proved to be heavy underfoot (if that's possible), and the sky equally so (which is perhaps less possible). It reminded me why my Second Life road trip had ground to a halt after Day 8 – there are lots of beautifully designed and well-maintained sims in Second Life, but there are some less so, and for some stages of this road trip I had to pass through some such areas that held little in the way of excitement.

But fear not! After my legs had grown heavy I saw a gem up ahead.

[Oryol/151/225/55](#)

Rydin Marketplace, complete with its olde-worldly style and character was warm and inviting, even more so after I stepped beneath the arch-way and rounded the corner of shops – ahead was a tavern. Although quiet inside, the place didn't at all feel empty. I sat for a drink at the bar and then ventured upstairs.

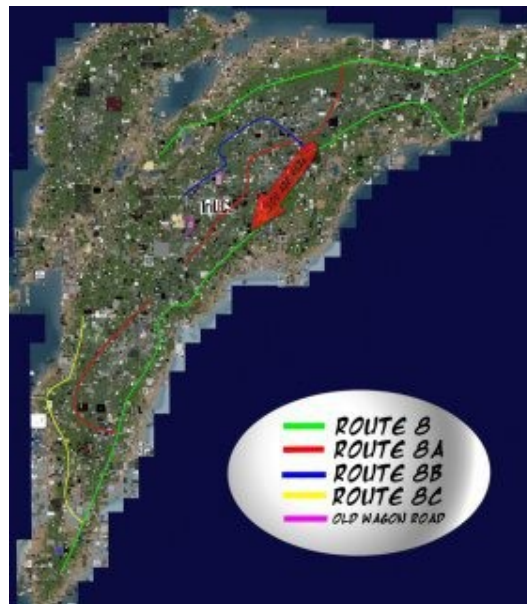


On the first floor, which overlooks the bar below, I discovered a well stocked library – I do love books!





On the next floor up I found a good few rooms, ideal for a weary traveller such as myself. I poked my head around each of the doors to inspect the rooms (knocking first of course). Each room was basic but what more does one need than a simple bed? Well the last room along the corridor was clearly of a higher spec. for it had a sofa too. The bed was enough though, and here I took a nap.



Upon waking from my nap I was unsure of how much time had passed. I ventured out of this pleasant little place and carried on my way. I happened upon one of the “you are here” maps that have been present along each stage of my road trip and it informed me that I was indeed about half way back to the starting point on Route 8 – a day or two of travel I expect.

Next on my journey I passed a beautiful and well-maintained garden, complete with streams and butterflies. I did follow the long path but it has no specific destination, but it was a pleasant walk nonetheless.



Finally on this day, as this day turned to night, I came across another place with style: The Rocking 8 Bar.

[Nagarjuna/113/208/56](#)





The club I had discovered on Day 12 of my Second Life road trip was nice on the outside, and nice on the inside, but there was a problem.



Signage within informed me that they would not serve women and that I would have to bring my own... I had no women on my person... I guessed they didn't serve drinks, so I left.

I set off on Day 13 of my road trip wondering if this would be my last. I knew there wasn't much left of Route 8 before I reached the point at which I had travelled at the begging of this venture. I wasn't sure if some vast adventure lay ahead and would prolong my trip onto a 14th Day.

I met with some sights early on. Some lovely scenery (above) and a castle (right).

[Granville/181/221/75](#)

I saw a land-locked lighthouse...



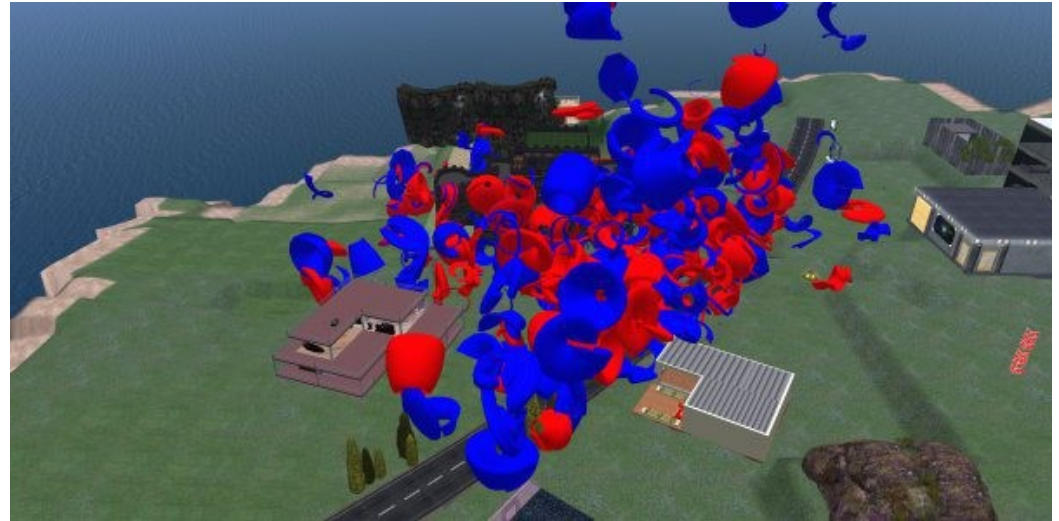


I saw how not to park a car...



And then it was time for a nap.

When I woke, I wasn't sure I had awoke. I carried on my journey, or so I thought, but outside was a lot of red and blue, blue and red, and noises, lots of noises... I'm not sure what colour the noises were but they were loud, and noisy, kinda like the loud red and the loud blue.



It turned out I wasn't dreaming, but the colours, blue and red, red and blue, and the noises were all real... well as real as things are in Second Life. I made my escape from this colourful and noisy area of madness in a pickup truck that was passing through...





I wondered where this hill-billy truck could possibly take me. I was wondering this the whole time as we 'hurtled' along at great speed (as illustrated above). Then as we rounded a round bend it became all too obvious... clear as mud too, that a hill-billy truck could only take me to... a hill-billy-type place.

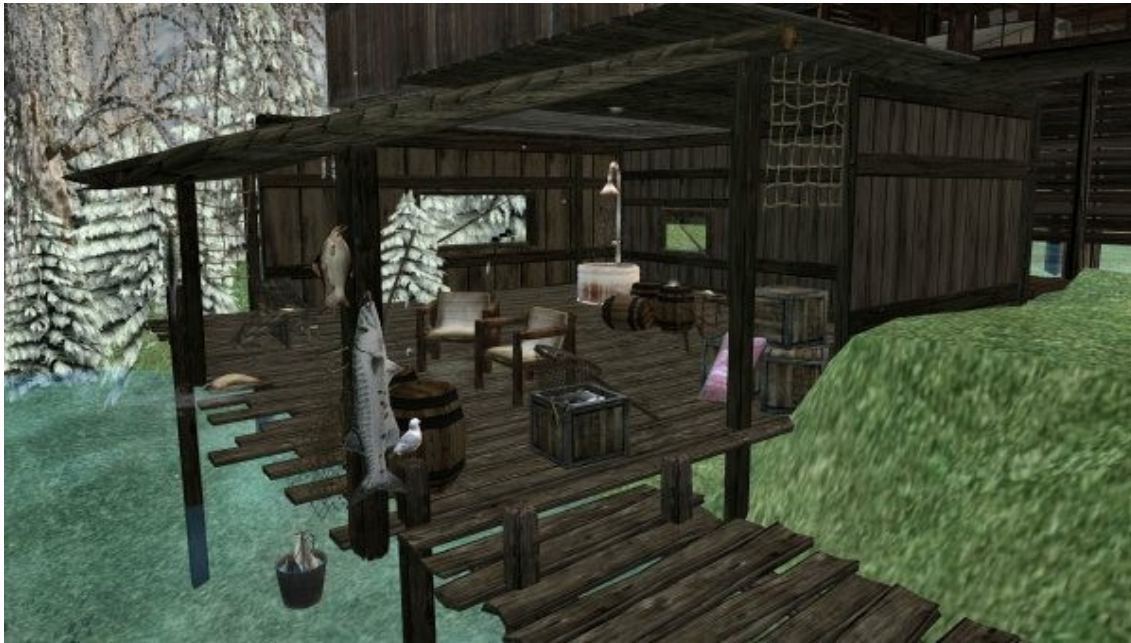


Actually, don't let me put you off. This place is actually quite nice. There is a nice fishing lake (although somewhat frozen when I visited), a pleasant shower (water not quite as frozen), and an area to do your laundry.

(Ignore the drowned snowman)

It's not all quite so chilly... there is a warmer area, complete with baby giraffe, a tree swing and pleasant waterfalls in the background.



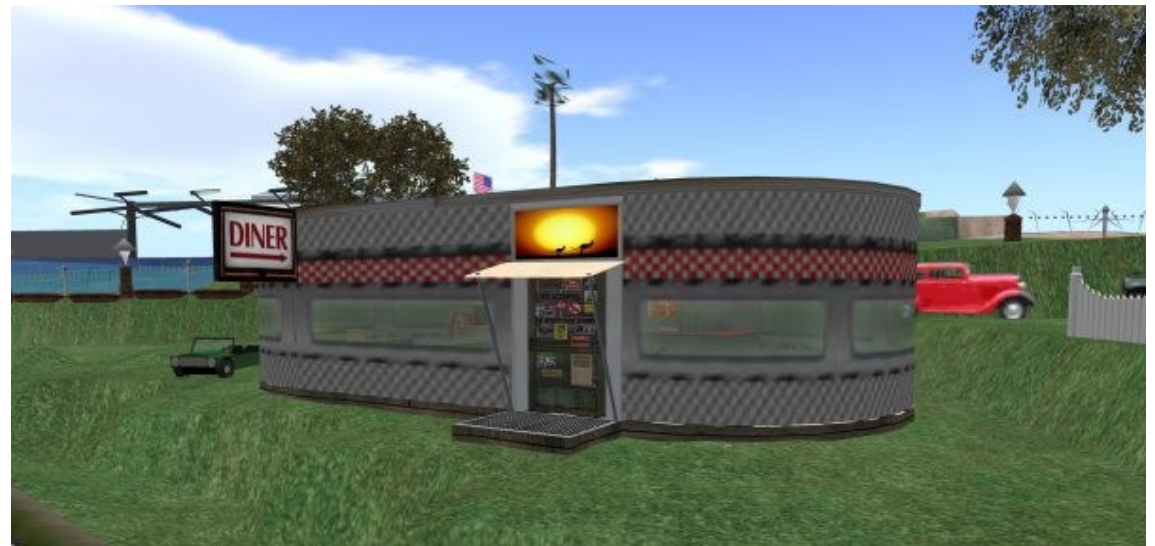


I had fallen asleep on the swing near the hill-billy shack that I had discovered on Day 13, and woke up with a baby giraffe licking my nose. Luckily the shower in the hill-billy shack proved to be just the ticket.

I didn't much fancy fish (or roasted baby giraffe) for breakfast so I headed off with an empty stomach.

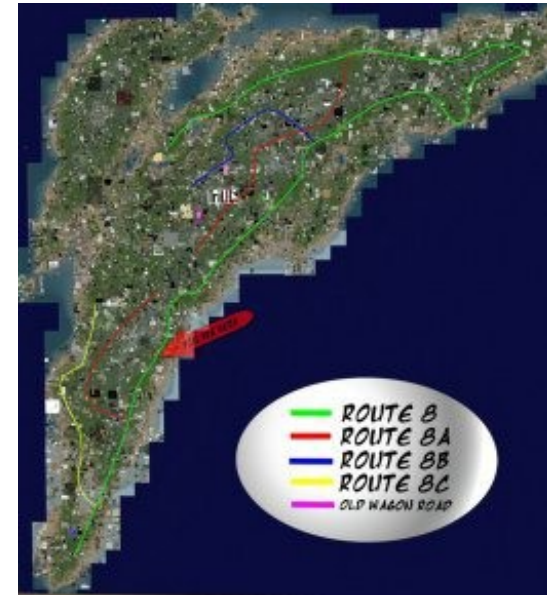
It wasn't long before, as you can see, I discovered a road-side diner. There was no fish or roast baby giraffe on the menu either. Although it did seem you still had to catch your own food...

I didn't much fancy mole, whacked or otherwise. So I headed on a little further.





You can see from this map that there wasn't much further to go before I would meet the Route 8 – Route 8A junction. And then it would be on, further south, to the Route 8 – Route 8C junction.



Once I reached the junction with Route 8A things began to look familiar.

There was the 'quad pine mall' that I had seen on an earlier day when I reached the end of Route 8A (I'm sure there were four pine trees then also).

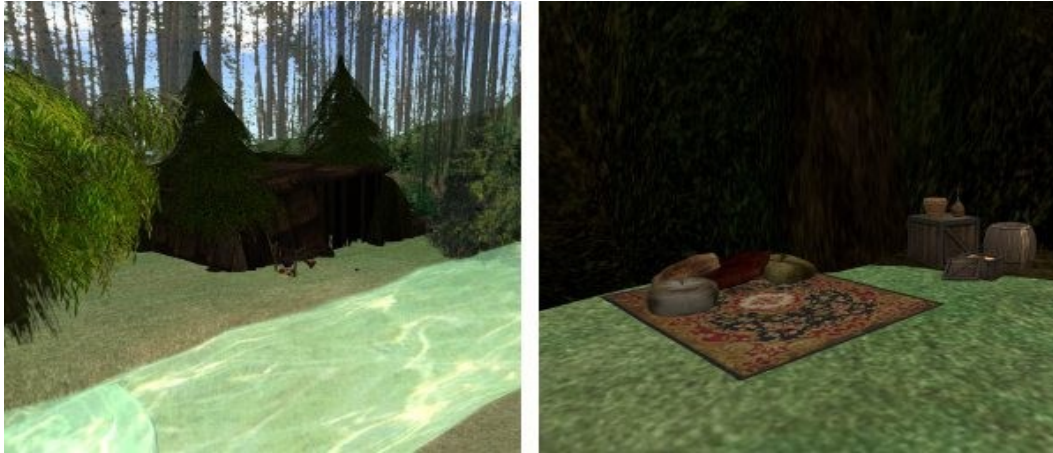
Luckily there was another diner (they sure do like them in these here parts... ya'll)... and no mole, fish, or roasted baby giraffes in sight. Just pizza... yay!

After filling myself up on pizza, I carried on once more.

I passed the junction with Route 8A and then saw a store called Psychotic Neko... well it looks like someone like fish round here.

[Oddjob/66/25/47](#)





I didn't pop in as I was keen to make good progress on this day, which was looking more like it would be my last on this road trip.

Next up was what looked like some sort of den... maybe for witches (there was a cauldron)... I was tempted to take a little nap, but by now I was quite wary of naps – strange things had often seemed to follow naps on this road trip.

[Onatopp/106/80/49](#)



Further on still I came across a busy fishing area. As you can probably guess, I passed on this opportunity to catch fish (I was still full of pizza).

Then, just when I thought I was making good progress I discovered the bridge was out where there should have been a bridge, and a "Bridge Out" sign informing me of the same.

The “Bridge Out” sign also prompted me to click it for “alternate transport”... I assumed it meant “alternative transport” so I clicked. An alternative route would have been nice, or a free ferry crossing, helicopter to airlift me out, or simply a teleport... but no, none of these we provided. Instead a large bullseye appeared on the road with a sign (they like signs) telling me to position my car on the bullseye. Sadly I had no car, I was a foot passenger today, but I stood on the bullseye anyway, and clicked my heels together a few times, but nothing... Something tried to happen, but what ever that something was refused to do what it was supposed to do, I assume because I was not in a car. Oh well. I had to resort to flying unaided to the other part of the bridge.





I made it safely to the other side, but then I discovered, perhaps not everyone/thing does...

I discovered utter "car"nage... some lorries, ice cream vans, and other vehicles too, all piled up... I can only guess that this is what it looks like when they try to get to the scrapheap in the sky that I have often heard about.

I tiptoed past the not so wobbly, wobbly pile of transportation – to meet my death now, after having travelled so far would be quite a shame.

The pile stayed still and I made it safely to the end/beginning of my road trip.

Thank you for travelling with me on this journey, or if you haven't you can start it from the beginning for the link below, or why not start your own road trip... in Second Life or real life!



The End

I hope you enjoyed my journey.

You may have noticed a couple of references to T.V. shows and films.
Obviously I intend no copyright infringement and simply used such things to provide inspiration en-route.

I would like to say a final thank you to all my friends who joined me on various legs of the journey.