

Moxo & Moxa - Sneak Preview

By [Roger Keays](#), 4 July 2016

Hello readers. I'm into the final stage of work on my book, so I thought I'd share the intro with you guys to see what you think. It's only quite short. You can send me some feedback by replying to this email or posting a comment if you're reading this on the web or Facebook.

I still haven't chosen a copy editor yet. If you have any recommendations on that front, let me know. The whole book is ~95,000 words.

Here goes...

I stared at the bare white wall of my cell and anger began to boil. Anger for the cheaters who had tricked us; anger for the staff who had misadvised us; anger for the police who wouldn't let me leave the country.

My cell mates, sensing my inner fury, left me to fester in my own negativity. They went about their business of entertaining themselves while they waited for the slow wheels of 'justice' to turn. They played cards, traded drug trafficking tips, and when they were especially bored, called for the doctor, feigning to be dead. Many had been in prison for years, so what was an extra week or two? For some it was better than the life the real world offered them. At least in prison they got food every day - even if it was served in a bucket.

To calm myself, I started writing. At first it was just the story of how I got arrested, but given that I had little else to do, my mind began to wander to the memories of my many adventures that led to my penultimate achievement of incarceration.

The recollection of my memories made me realise that, despite my anger, I was strangely happy. My memories were evidence that I had lived. Some were good, some were ugly, some made me laugh, and others made me cry. But one way or another, my memories were proof that I had conquered my number one enemy. Mundanity.

Here I was, wallowing in filth in a prison in Ecuador, yet somehow I felt I was winning the game of life. I was stewing in anger, yet I felt alive. I was locked behind bars, yet I felt free. I had no cash, yet I felt immensely rich. And in the back of my mind I knew why.



There are worse things than prison. I was living by my own rules. I had rejected a life of meaninglessness. I had dodged the daily grind, and I had let the Joneses have a bigger house. I had escaped the prison of society.

But most importantly, I had stumbled upon something wonderful. Something even more valuable than freedom. And that is what this story is about.

About Roger Keays



Roger Keays is an artist, an engineer, and a student of life. He has no fixed address and has left footprints on 40-something different countries around the world.

Roger is addicted to surfing. His other interests are music, psychology, languages, the proper use of semicolons, and finding good food.

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