

# TRACKING HAPPINESS: A SOUTHERN CHICKEN ADVENTURE

## by Ellen Morris Prewitt (An excerpt)

### CHAPTER 1: Why Would Big Doodle Betray Us?

To understand how I wound up on a train hurtling across the top of the United States, you have to go back to that Saturday morning in Ruth Anne's Cut and Curl in downtown Edison, Mississippi. Ruth Anne could handle up to seven heads in her tin-shack beauty shop, but that morning only my best friend Erick and I graced her chairs. Erick was getting his curls blonded for a visit home to see his folks, and I was waiting on a trim. My hair was a mess where I'd gone at it with the manicure scissors. Marrying your childhood sweetheart only to discover he was a philandering horndog and divorcing him six months later, it'll derail you like that. Erick had been there for me through all my troubles. We'd met a year back in that very beauty shop when I complimented him on his gorgeous skull. Most people don't know to admire the skull, but my grandmother Pooh taught me different.

"Train leaves Jackson at five this afternoon." Erick's head bristled with aluminum foil. "You should come with me, Ms. Williams. We'd have fun together, riding the train."

'Ms. Williams' was Erick's nickname for me, after gravel-roads country singer Lucinda Williams, who is from Louisiana, not Mississippi, but pointing out such a distinction to a man from Minnesota was just being picky.

"Don't tempt me." I would just about chew barbed wire to get out of town. The downward turn in my life had begun when my daddy died almost exactly two years earlier. Then the marital mistake, which the whole town knew about. My mother couldn't quit harping on that disaster the way she did, even though she herself had taken up with a denture-chomping hayseed who owned his own tanning bed. Leaving all that behind might restore my sanity.

"You could meet the fam." Erick's head bobbed as Ruth Anne yanked another sheet of tinfoil into place. Even with his head done up in foil, Erick was Roman-god beautiful, with a long, regal nose and his dancer's body. Before moving to Edison, Erick had been a famous ballet dancer. He came to Mississippi for the International Ballet Competition held in Jackson every four years. God knows why he decided to stay. "Mom and Pop and the twins formed an oompah band. They're in a fierce competition with a rival oompah band. They call themselves the Tuba Whos."

"Now you're just lying." I could listen to Erick talk about his family all day long—they were Polish; they drank whiskey dotted with maraschino cherries; they farted out loud and laughed and farted again. "Your family is so much more fun than my stick-in-the-muds."

"Call Mary Martha," Erick said, referring to my boss at Sinclair's Temps employment agency. "Tell her you won't be available to work for a couple of days."

"Rita Rae would have a fit if I took off for Minnesota." I could hear my mother now: *You're going where? On the train?* "As it is, she's—"

“Now, that’s just not right,” Ruth Anne interrupted. She pointed her dye brush at the television running silently in front of us. “Airing our dirty laundry on national TV.”

Images of the pimply drug-dealing chicken clerks from the local Chicken Palace appeared on the screen. If I’d seen those boys ducking into the backseat of the cop car once, I’d seen it a thousand times. The nightly news couldn’t leave the drug scandal alone, which hurt my heart. After all, my dad had helped launch the Chicken Palace Emporium into modern-day fast-food chicken fame. Every town in the Southeast with more than five thousand people had a Chicken Palace.

“I know y’all love your Chicken Palace down here, but why is the national news covering this?” Erick, not being from Edison, was somewhat removed from our goings-on.

The screen switched to a twenty-foot tall cardboard cutout of Big Doodle Dayton in his original chicken suit. Early on, Big Doodle had made his own chicken costume for his Chicken Palace commercials, a white Elvis jumpsuit and an oversized paper-mâché chicken head—Big Doodle was very crafty for a Southern man.

“That’s the annual Chicken Palace Convention in Chicago.” I fluffed my smock as Ruth Anne started in on my hair. “My dad went to the convention every year before he died. I love Big Doodle,” I added because it was true. When I was a little girl, Big Doodle had been my co-conspirator—he helped me make a chicken angel costume for the Christmas pageant one year. He was Daddy’s best friend and running buddy at the Air Force Academy before they both returned to Edison to get into the chicken business, my daddy a grower, Big Doodle a seller. I hadn’t seen Big Doodle since he’d moved away from Edison years ago, but I still held him firmly in my heart.

“Bend your neck,” Ruth Anne ordered, and I complied. Her scissors feathered against the nape of my neck, trimming up the mess. I had bailed on my marriage so quickly, I’d had no choice but to move back in with Mother. Now I woke up to Clyde Higgenbotham hollering in the shower about some guy shooting Billy—*pow!* It was a miracle I had a hair left on my head.

“What do you know?” I heard Erick say. “The chicken man himself. Looking very unhappy.”

“Big Doodle in person? Not the cutout?” I dared not look up—Ruth Anne would poke you with the scissors if you fidgeted.

“In the flesh.”

I stole a peek. The most successful man to ever come out of Edison scowled, his face drawn up like he’d been sucking on an underripe persimmon.

“Turn it up,” I ordered.

Ruth Anne pointed the clicker at the screen.

“. . . the local Chicken Palace,” Big Doodle intoned, inclining his big head toward the camera—you’d expect a man as short and round as Big Doodle to have a small head, but he had a big ol’ truck head. “To reassure our eating public, we are hereby severing all ties with the Edison Chicken Palace. Our local investors have failed us, and we must move on to what matters, such as the unveiling of our new Big Doodle Triple Gizzard Stack Sandwich.”

Big Doodle disappeared, replaced by a news anchor who joked about the *fowl* mess at the little Southern town’s fried chicken joint.

Ruth Anne clicked off the TV. She laid her hand on my shoulder. “He didn’t mean it, hon.”

“What?” Erick asked.

“He’s blaming the local investors for the drug scandal. My dad was the only local investor at the Edison Chicken Palace. All those years ago, when Big Doodle wanted to open a second CP, Daddy loaned him the money.”

Erick squinted at the TV. “That hardly seems fair.”

“It sure as hell does not,” I agreed.

“Being as how your daddy is dead,” Ruth Anne said.

“I meant because my dad would never have anything to do with drugs.” I glared at the darkened TV, willing Big Doodle to reappear and explain himself. “I can’t believe Big Doodle’s talking bad about my daddy when he’s not around to defend himself.”

“Must have forgotten we were down here listening.” Ruth Anne scratched her head with the handle of her scissors. “What did he mean, ‘sever ties’ with the CP? How can we have a Chicken Palace without Big Doodle?”

“Oop. Oop. Oop.” I quickly untied my smock. “I gotta go. Mother’s at her book club meeting.”

“You afraid those snobs will be mean to your mama?” Ruth Anne asked.

Edison’s snootiest would have a field day over this latest Watkins family disaster. My mom would be upset if she learned about Big Doodle’s accusations from one of them. Even worse, what if Big Doodle did sever ties with our CP? At one point, all the CPs in Mississippi had bought their chickens from my dad. Only the Edison CP still did. Sonny Floyd, the man who was buying Daddy’s business from us, relied on that contract to pay the note. If Big Doodle severed all ties with the CP, my mom might wind up in the poor house.

“There’s plenty of time to change your mind and come with me!” Erick called as I sailed toward the door.

“Love your heart!” I twirled and blew him a kiss. As I left, I avoided my reflection in the mirror—my half-trimmed head had to look a mess.

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I found Mother with her elbow propped on the check-out desk at the library. She was outfitted in her navy suit with the red squiggles on it. Over the years, as Daddy’s business had taken hold, Mother had transformed herself from a sew-your-own-clothes type of woman into a ladies-who-lunch gal. Her membership in the Clandestine Readers Book Club was very important to her.

“Why’d you do that to your hair?” Mother asked when I walked up.

Mother was a *why* type of person. Why do you stay so bony? Why do you dress like that? *Why* did you marry that son of a bitch? This last was wailed on our front porch when I arrived home from the justice of the peace to tell her I’d gotten hitched.

“I need to tell you something.” I tugged her away, not wanting to talk in front of the Book Club members.

Kim Stratton—who’d been in community college with me—sauntered past the counter wearing a sleek beige dress and a saucer-brimmed black hat.

“What’s she doing here?” I asked of the woman who represented everything I was not: sophisticated, voluptuous, and a really good speller.

“It’s a book club/fashion show.” Mother glared at my hand clamped onto her arm. “What is it, Lucinda?”

The Book Club ladies had taken up all the adult tables. Every one of the members was pushing eighty, except for Mother and one black-headed lady who stared at us like we might be her excuse to bolt. “Here.” I dragged Mother into the children’s section with its bitty tables. A pudgy little girl seated at the end of the table studiously ignored the adults invading her territory.

Mother kept her eye on the fashion show until I told her Big Doodle had appeared live from the convention. She ran a Greta Garbo hand through her used-to-be-red hair. “Restored” she called it. Mother was rightfully proud of her looks, her only odd feature being her chicken legs. Of course, the chicken legs might have been what attracted Daddy to her—one never knows what brought one’s parents together.

“Big Doodle is blaming Daddy for the drug scandal at the Chicken Palace.”

“Tell me this is an April Fools’ joke.” Mother threw her hands in the air, and cried, “April Fools!”

At Mother’s outburst, our table companion—not more than ten years old—cut her eyes toward the circulation desk as if she intended to report us to the librarian.

“*Sorry*,” I mouthed to Miss Junior Librarian and returned to Mother. It *was* April Fools’ Day, but, “It’s not a joke. I saw it on TV.”

“That’s Bennie Dayton all over.” Mother and my grandmother Pooh were the only people I knew who still called Big Doodle by his real name. When Mother, Daddy, and Bennie had been in high school together, for reasons never shared with me, Bennie had been tagged with the nickname “cock-a-doodler.” As a little girl, I’d shortened it to Doodle and added the Big. The name stuck—Big Doodle with his round body and giant head sort of resembled a chicken.

“That man is something else.” Mother was working herself into a snit. “Blaming your father for his problems but not coming right out and accusing Bill by name.”

“You’d think he didn’t even care about the Edison CP anymore,” I said.

“Well, it has gone to pot.”

Mother wasn’t alluding to the drug scandal. After Big Doodle moved away and focused on his vast empire, the original Chicken Palace with its tacky red-and-yellow paint job had been left to limp along as best it could. The picnic tables sagged. The concrete under the benches was splattered with years of spilled milkshakes. The drive-thru chicken no longer clucked, “Lay your order on us.” It was pretty pitiful.

“Big Doodle was reading from a sheet of paper, Mother. It was a formal announcement.”

“What kind of ‘announcement’?” Mother squirmed in her chair, trying to force a more domineering pose. Seated as we were in tiny tot chairs at a tiny tot table, this wasn’t easy. Her legs were crossed at an odd angle, and her pantyhose had mashed her kneecaps bloodless—Rita Rae was not a happy camper.

“It’s bad, Mother.”

“How bad?”

“Big Doodle said he was gonna sever ties with the Edison CP.”

“Sever ties? What does that mean?”

“Maybe the chicken contract? After all, if Big Doodle would talk bad about Daddy, no telling what he might do. I have a good a mind to march straight up to that convention and give him the what-for. His best friend, his *benefactor*.” I checked the rise in my voice. “Erick invited me to go on his trip to see his folks in Minnesota. The train passes right through Chicago. I could go up there and make Big Doodle take back what he said.”

Mother stilled. “Yes, you could.”

“What?” My mother—who’d adopted Clyde Higgenbotham’s belief that anything worth visiting, owning, or even knowing about could be found right here in Mississippi. M-i-crooked letter-crooked letter-dotted letter-crooked letter-crooked letter-dotted letter-humpback-humpback-i. State Flower: Magnolia. State Capital: Jackson—she was encouraging me to leave the state?

“He would listen to you,” she urged. “Bennie has always been fond of you. Remember your chicken angel costume?”

“I remember you made me take off my red chicken comb. Said chickens had no place in church.”

“Be that as it may, y’all were close. You could tell him Bill had nothing to do with these *allegations*,” she said low-voiced then shivered. “I’m guessing he’d remember you.”

“Sure he would,” I said, offended. “I called him not too long ago.”

“You did what?”

“I called him.” This was kind of true. I had called Big Doodle at Chicken Palace Emporium Headquarters in San Francisco to offer my condolences over the drug scandal. Unfortunately, I’d gotten a little lost in the automated phone maze, but I left a message expressing my regrets about the unseemly developments across town. “At the time, I didn’t know he was sullyng Daddy’s name.”

“Well, there’s the difference. You could take the train, tell Big Doodle he’s mistaken. Have fun with Erick and his family.” Her face clouded. “As long as you don’t haul off and fall in love with an ice skater or someone else equally inappropriate.”

“An ice skater?” I envisioned myself wrapped in the arms of a skinny man executing a perfect triple twist. “Why would I fall for an ice skater?”

“Oh, you know.” She waved a hand at my thick-headedness. “Men wearing masks and all those pads.”

“I’m not falling in love with a hockey player, Mother.” I had no intention of taking relationship advice from a woman who’d moved a rube into her house for no discernible reason other than she needed boinking now and again, and in a small Southern town “now and again” wasn’t proper. “Besides, what inappropriate choices have I made other than Stirling?”

“You chose Stirling *inappropriately* twice.”

“Okay. Granted, I did do that. But lots of folks give love a second chance.”

Mother raised her eyebrows. “You spent four years in community college staring through a secret mirror while your fellow students played Chinese checkers.”

“That was one class, and it was important research,” I protested, causing Miss Junior Librarian to put a finger to her lips.

“You refused to bring any of your college boyfriends home,” Mother plowed on. “Afraid of what your dad and I would think. You won’t wear anything that remotely flatters you, and here you are at age twenty-five without a friend to speak of.”

“That’s not true. Pammy’s my friend.” Pammy was a high school pal who now conducted home spas for Glamor Galore.

“Yes, there is crazy Pammy . . . a woman with a pirate tattoo and a police record.”

“Pammy doesn’t have an actual record. Plus, Mary Martha’s my friend.”

“You can’t count your boss.”

“Erick’s my friend, that’s a fact.”

“A man whose last name is an astrological sign.”

“His last name is Gminski. He uses Gemini because it’s more fun.”

“He’s from Minn-e-so-ta.” Mother glanced at the fashion show, where Kim Stratton preened in a new outfit. Kim’s eyes were exotic with heavy liner, her sleek hair nipped into a bun at the nape of her neck. The deep vee of her shift showed off a double strand of pearls and cleavage I couldn’t conjure in my dreams. Every man in Edison, Mississippi loved Kim Stratton.

“Kim Stratton would be a nice friend for you,” Mother said.

I sighed. “Mother, I’m never gonna be Kim Stratton. Be thankful I have Erick as my friend. He doesn’t remember me as the dorky kid with the pet chicken. He says I’d be fun on a train trip with him.”

As I said it, I realized I’d talked myself into joining Erick on his trip. I could ride the train, visit another state—I’d never been out of Mississippi, except when Daddy and I flew to St. Louis for a Cardinals baseball game on my Sweet Sixteen birthday. It would be fun to go somewhere other than Jackson. Don’t get me wrong. Jackson had health food restaurants with soy sauce in bottles instead of plastic packages, and Jackson had used bookstores with announcements for Reiki healing classes where you could tear off a slip of paper and go to the public library and research exactly what a Reiki healer was and then show up to be healed to your heart’s content. But riding the train into the unknown North . . . . If I were lucky, while I was gone, Mother would lose interest in my romantic failures. If I were really lucky, I’d arrive back at the house and discover Clyde had vacated the premises, picking up his portable tanning bed and rolling it off to Arkansas to hunt for diamonds or something.

When I relayed my decision to Mother, I threw in the fact that Erick would be auditioning his world-saving idea at a contest at the gigantic Mall of America—Mother loved to shop.

I must have laid it on too thick, because she chirped, “I could come with y’all!”

Erick would kill me if my joining him meant Rita Rae showing up with twenty pieces of luggage in tow.

“Of course, Erick says the mall’s not very well insulated,” I explained while Miss Junior Librarian flounced in her chair and popped open another book. “When you take your clothes off in the dressing room, your *behind* goose-bumps.”

I was playing my “the North is cold as hell” card. It’s a conversation we have often in our household. “Can you believe they eat ice cream up North?” Mother would say. “That Ben and Jerry’s is up there somewhere. Cold as it is, and them making ice cream.”

“You’re probably right,” she sighed. “Besides, Bennie Dayton might be thrown off by my presence.” She patted her hair.

I blinked. Mother and Bennie? But I wasn’t about to go there, not when she’d decided to stay home. Rita Rae might berate me for my yes-I-want-my-dolly, no-I-don’t-want-my-dolly decision making, but guess who I got it from?

“Try not to get distracted, Lucinda. Sometimes your exuberance makes you shoot before you aim. Focus on making Bennie change his mind. When you return, we can talk.” Mother gave me a significant look.

I couldn’t think of one part of my life Mother hadn’t already talked to death, a fact I was about to mention when I saw the sadness in her eyes. It was the same sorrow I felt whenever I thought about Daddy.

“Don’t worry, Mother. I’ll sort out Big Doodle, and everything will be fine.” I reached to pat her hand, but she was scooting her chair from the table and straightening her skirt. She flashed a smile at Miss Junior Librarian, who’d given up any pretense of ignoring us.

I leaned in the child’s direction. “The Mall of America has big ol’ rollercoasters inside the ma-all,” I singsonged. “Most awesome thing in the *wor-eld*.”

Miss Junior Librarian lifted her nose in the air and slowly returned to her book.

Didn’t matter. Soon everyone in Edison would be talking about Lucinda Mae and her amazing trip to Minnesota.

Quickly, I kissed Mother good-bye. She, in turn, told me to be careful, put toilet paper on the toilet seat, and refrain from giving my phone number to strangers—everything except the actual words *I love you*. That was okay. I knew what she meant. Besides, I was off on a train trip.

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Once, when I was in the fifth grade, we put on a school play. All of us children were dressed in black-and-white convict stripes with real chains wrapped around our ankles. We formed a conga line and shuffled across the stage to “Jailhouse Rock.” Why this passed for a good idea in Edison, Mississippi, where a full third of those on stage would end up in real convict hardware, I do not know. Only little Stevie Barnett, who went by Critter, grew up to actually kill someone. But still.

Before that reality set in, I was exhilarated to be on stage, my hands clasped around Jimmy Evers’s skinny, wiggling waist. As we sashayed to Elvis, the notes climbing higher and higher, the possibilities of the world opened before me. For the first time in my life, with all those eyes glued on my shimmying dance, I believed what my daddy always told me: I could be anything I wanted to be.

The train roaring into the station gave me the same *whoosh!* of excitement. It made me believe I could ride it to a place where there was no more *no* in my life. Whatever my heart’s desire, I could step onto the unfolding steps, and it would be mine; grasp the handrail, and I was in business. If only I had the courage to approach this roaring lion that was settling down and making nice as a kitten, I could be off on a grand adventure and no one and no thing could stop me.

That is, unless I got stuck behind a yakker.

“She shows up in her lace mini-skirt and stilettos.” The woman in front of us had one foot on the steps, but she’d gotten to the good point in her story, and she wasn’t budging.

“Coming to my house to tell me Larry was bopping her. Sixty-two years old and wearing red stilettos. If she wants his sorry ass, she can have him.”

Her own sorry ass was front and center on the steps, her questioning face looking down at her companion who was as stuck as the rest of us. Erick was behind me, probably being his usual cool-as-a-cucumber self. Erick had danced on stage with the best ballet dancers in the world, competing with men from Sweden and Brazil and Russia—not only competing but making it to the semi-finals of the International Ballet Competition before a dastardly French judge eliminated him. He was the best-looking man to ever hit town, although he did have a little bit of an underbite. Ask me, the underbite made him look aristocratic, like someone had made a faux pas and he was going *EEK!* but trying not to let them see he’d noticed.

He must have been going *EEK!* now because I heard him sigh. The conductor finally held out his hand for the lolly-gagging woman’s ticket and barked, “Heads up, sister girl!”

The yakker, whose hair had been home-permed to the crispy stage, shoved her ticket at the conductor with an exaggerated “Excuse me.” But she got her butt off the step, and the conductor motioned to me. “Your turn, sister girl. This train’s about to take off.”

“We’re going on an adventure,” I told him, almost the same way two years ago I’d blurted out to strangers that my daddy had died. Then I’d go on and on about how he’d loved his chickens and treated them with kindness before it was the thing to do. That was grief talking. This was different.

“An adventure, you say?” The conductor swiped a magic marker across my ticket and handed it back to me. “Hope you’re not disappointed.”

After Erick peeled off to his berth, I was lugging my overnight bag and lime-green tote and knapsack best as I could, when the lights flickered and I realized we were underway. Who would’ve thought, me riding the famous City of New Orleans, leaving Edison, Mississippi, in my dust, hurtling toward Yazoo City and Greenwood and Memphis and beyond?

The train lurched, and I wobbled, my baggage pulling me off kilter.

“Careful,” a passing conductor said. “Train takes some getting used to.”

Outside the window, I caught a glimpse of Mississippi slipping by: industrial buildings running with rust, a row of shotgun shacks baking in the afternoon sun. At one of the houses, a man sat on his front porch, leg stretched, heel propped, watching us pass. In the front yard of another house, a washing machine tilted, and red geraniums spilled from its mouth. The April breeze ruffled the fresh leaves of the trees, and honeysuckle crawled all over barbwire fences. “Bob wire,” I had called it as a child, the same way my Southern world had turned my bedside dresser into “Chester drawers.” Two teenage girls on a side street ran toward the train, arms raised, waving. I wanted to wave back, but my heavy bags wouldn’t let me. So I whispered, “Bye, bye, Mississippi,” as the girls slowly faded from sight.

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Thankfully, even with my late ticket purchase, the train had a berth available in the sleeper car. *Sleeping car* is a misnomer because you can stay in your berth even when you aren’t asleep. The name of the baggage car is misleading too, because the average person riding the train—that

is, anyone not carrying something oversized, such as a coffin—carts his or her luggage with them down the narrow hallway into their sleeping/non-sleeping berth.

I wanted to make the berth mine, so I unpacked my suitcase. No computer because my laptop had been hijacked by a virus that parked me on a site where I could only apply for a home mortgage or buy a car. Plus, technically, the laptop belonged to Stirling, my ex-husband, and I didn't want anything on the train to remind me of him.

My transistor radio I set on the small table beside the bed. Pooh had loaned me the old-timey radio so I could listen to the Cardinals games. Pooh and I had been St. Louis Cardinals fans since she'd been laying my bottom on the changing table, insisting she was only tackling the messy job because she believed I'd amount to something one day.

My only other gadget was a pink cell phone given to me by Pammy to replace my broken phone. (Pammy had lots of phones, and I wasn't gonna ask why.) I'd run into Pammy this afternoon when I went to the grocery store for some toothpaste for the trip. She was dressed in her usual Goth get-up. The two of us had spent our high school days watching old black-and-white movies and dying our hair purple while we dreamed up scenarios where a rock star would wander into town and, after stomping around complaining about how true shit boring Edison was, he would run into Pammy and me, melting all his angst.

Nowadays, Pammy made a killing leading Glamor Galore spas. Women gazed at her tattoos and piercings and could not believe she had such perfect skin—Glamor Galore must be a miracle! I told her I was going to visit Erick's Polish family in Minnesota, and she'd told me about some trouble she'd had with the Polish Women's Association in Jackson. They'd gotten drunk and "out of hand," whatever that meant in Pammy's spa world. She'd forced the pink phone on me: "Girl, you're gonna need it."

My sleeping/non-sleeping berth all set up, I called Chicken Palace Headquarters. I wanted to tell Big Doodle I was on my way to the convention so I wouldn't arrive and say, "Hey, Big Doodle! It's me, Lucinda!" and he'd have a blank look on his face and I'd be embarrassed. After leaving a message, I surveyed my new quarters. The tucked-away bed, the stainless-steel sink, the humongous window with its clacking-by scenery—it was delicious.

I might not have fallen so hard for my new berth if I hadn't recently been forced to share a basement bathroom with two pulpwood haulers. I know, I know: you don't just marry the man; you marry the family. And all newlyweds have to start at the bottom, but I hadn't known the bottom was going to be the Kenny family's moldy concrete basement with pipes that rattled and rolled like small animals were having sex inside. Years before, when I was in middle school, I had made out in that basement with Stirling—spelled with an *i*, not with an *e* the way you spell *sterling silver*, more like silver plate, not the real thing at all. Who would have guessed our teenage make-out site would turn into my married house of horrors where Stirling's brothers—singing and burping, bumping into furniture and hollering curse words—gravitated night after night to the basement bathroom like drunken college boys weaving toward a pine tree. The worst offender was Stirling's older brother, who I called Jack-O for the crazy way his eyes rolled around in his drunken head. It wasn't very nice to make up names for your brother-in-law, but brushing your teeth over a sink where you later learned Jack-O, drunk as Cooter Brown, had unzipped his pants and peed—it can make a person ugly like that.

Someone knocked on the door of my berth.  
Erick. Eager to go exploring.