

Podcast Storyboard

Podcast Title	I'm Hooked
Producer (Your Name)	Erik Kemp
Artists (Photos)	"Free Range Photos"
Composers (Music)	The Ventures "Pipeline", Bob Dylan "Rainy Day Woman"
Speakers	Erik Kemp (Belcher)

Introduction — <i>Your Name, Podcast Title, Date</i>	Images	Music/Effects
My name is Erik Kemp and this is my podcast I'm Hooked as told on December 19, 2012.		
Teaser — <i>What this episode is about</i>		
Drug Addiction	Dark Photo of Man	"Rainy Day Woman"
Main Story — <i>Questions or main idea for your interview or story.</i>		
Drug addiction and surfing anecdote.	A Couple of Photos Fade in and out.	"Pipeline"
Closing — <i>Thank the person you're interviewing, say goodbye to the audience</i>		
Thank you for listening to my story.		

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Script—Write the script for your story, in detail.

I'm hooked!

I've got an addiction that I've never been able to shake off; the monkey on my back weighs far too much for any mortal man.

It all started way back when I was just a kid, being tempted by things I saw going on around me. Worried that I might become somehow addicted now and then but what the heck, lots of people were doing it. Looking around where I stood I could even see them doing it right out in public as if they didn't give a damn and were determined to do what they had, painful, nagging demands too do.

Light it up, hit it, it's all good, and it is all natural and non-addicting too. Make sure you hold your breath when you go under. It takes all the stress away, and provides euphoria. It actually is known to have great medicinal healing powers, able to cure illness and increase mental energy and improve the body's bio rhythm. The all natural miracle drug, just walk the streets in Ocean Beach for a minute and you can smell it everywhere.

There I was everyday in a just a have to have it mood, driven to it, even getting a headache if I missed my hit. Living each day as an addict and just having to get it into my main vein. A direct upload of eye popping adrenaline, light it up, hit it, hold it in, here it comes, euphoria. The soothing feeling of stress free dope, phew! Ah, homeostasis at last!

There was one prominent well known warning disclaimer attached to it. I was told that once you get bit you can't ever shake it off.

I now live with this addiction, searching Ocean Beach for my fix is a daily ordeal. Pulling into Dogs Beach a well known safe haven for my kind, cruising throughout the parking lot looking for a place, I can just feel the sunshine on my face bouncing off the parked cars. The sweat rolling down from my armpits, the smell of same, of salt, of spray, of water...the breeze blowing at me. Walking through the warm sand to my place, stepping over the scattered debris underfoot there is seaweed and shells everywhere.

The sound of distant noises is surreal, a car horn goes off, a girlish giggle is heard, dogs are running around and playing, a seagull squawks overhead.

I slide my left leg into my seal suit, then the right, my left arm and the right; I zip up into my own personal climate. Come rain or shine I am prepared for it all and invincible. Fondly caressing my board; touching it, waxing it down, and preparing the royal surface. Then off jogging out to the surf, the first footfalls into the water, out to sea I go. The clear blue water instantly revitalizes my sole, I paddle a half mile out to the middle of the ocean and join the line up. At last my home away from home and my all my familiar friends. "Hey dudes what's up? I shout", a loud belch resounds throughout the ocean world stating that Belcher is here.

There I sit, just me and my board, the way I like it, zoned in to the maximum, my drug is surfing.

I am surfing, a statement of earth, water, and life. Even before I thought of surfing the frozen waters of San Diego, I was fascinated by the ocean. Where did it all the water come from, and the deserts where did it all disappear. Born in the windy city Chicago, none the less, not even an ocean or desert.

I am the deepest darkest waters and the driest desert sand dunes. Capable of doing the impossible, there is nothing I cannot do. I am rolling thunder wind and rain, a tsunami come from afar. Wave rider at the end of the tunnel, I swim in the deepest ocean. Time and tide, ebb and flow, I am the perseverance of life. I have gone there done that been there and I have been that. Keeping rhythm to the cadence of the universe, timeless and immortal I turn tirelessly, I am surfing.