

THE CHEMICALS BETWEEN US

(A Story Of Discovery , Despair, Lunch and Hope for A Cleaner Future)

By VK (a.k.a. Keira's Pirate)

Since I work in the Environmental business, I tend to think about these things. I wrote this expose mostly to keep track of sites that I come close to. After all, I put the mental in environmental.

Upon the first inspection, the environment in and around the area of Revelwood appears to be free of the invasions of serious environmental concerns. I work in the industry of delineating and cleaning up contaminated sites. This allows me the luxury of browsing the federal databases linked to the US-EPA and various state environmental protection agencies. Friends, let me tell you, we are not as free as we had thought.

Those of us who have spent the night sleeping off the effects of the Vicar's brew after a Pipe and Pint, have slumbered near the presence of a Superfund Project. Yes folks I mean the real thing. CERCLIS, a government acronym for a bunch of words that don't really mean anything to most of us, is the acronym in command of determining the qualifications and tracking of the Federal Superfund program. Known as the Tabernacle Drum Dump, our own little intrusion is only about a half-mile from the Barn. Scary isn't it. Don't be afraid.

When I located the record of this little tidbit of happiness in one of the dry and dusty databases that only committed or soon to be committed persons like myself ever frequent, I only spied it because of the name. Something in my confused and dark little chaotic mind, made the connection as the list of project names scrolled by my half lidded eyes and brought my attention back to what I was doing. I hadn't really read the name as it went by at something nearing the speed of light. There are a lot of Superfund sites in the New Jersey and Pennsylvania areas. They take up a lot of screen space. Something told me that I had just uncovered a threat to Revelwood.

I stopped and started searching backwards through the list. On and on my search went until I came to the source of my discomfort. In retrospect it probably could have been the beer and whiskey that were actually to blame for my pain that day. However, the name sparked some recognition in my brain. Now I can't speak for most Revelwooders, but I couldn't really give any one direction to our gathering place using things like street names and landmarks and such. I just start driving and seem to end up standing in front of the Barn. How I get there is often a mystery to me. Like birds flying south in the winter and salmon returning from the open ocean to find their way back to the place of their birth or hatching or whatever, I seem to have a built-in compass that guides me.



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