

Withal; Things Considered Withdrawal: A Comparison

Marcell Williams

American University Washington College of Law, USA

Corresponding author

Marcell Williams, American University Washington College of Law, USA

Received: August 12, 2025; Accepted: September 12, 2025; Published: September 20, 2025

“This time;” wasn’t much, in the way of what I’ve been after, all this time. “This” ... wasn’t the pride that I’ve carefully woven into another; Rutherford. To each our own; nevertheless, somehow and until the ladder of them begone as to ease whatever least left of our honed “imcimbic-ly”, beguiled and never the lesser more, then to an even more sought up, and under this most egregious lore less we be until we be none by now” and after that too. Settled through and under a matted and dried outline of a stencil.” Of what? Yet, we’ve earned our slices as even they were to be cut at an appropriate calendar-slice, and without an open space still. To befuddle these, a list of prose for the openly honest man. A bit more, then a prude thought. then to become, again up unto, a snare lessor formed biconically probed...systemic tribute. Wealth the likes we’ve, at the least of them to be the forgotten, and somehow, after the break of dawn. A debaucherously pervasive folk. Better to forget them, then onto another, and then some; I mean, “plus... that’s not so far from more or less, what I’d consider to be a equivocal comparison; then an appropriate figure... what I’d consider to be enough..” his speech impaired by the incongruities, Laiden; within, a grounded manner, but to have, themselves once again, yet the last of us as we come to take this world, for the first time”. Carrying, a stack of boxes, the top often; which, can be seen showing some kind of labeled form of a chronological, substantiated ordinance. With his mind having lost a step-or-two; assuming, the ordained obelisk mirror, an affected residual. Before he engaged within his own form of a “shrouded-affirmatively-mannered-decorum” ...As no luck, but that of what can be scraped together, by a sun-kissed ill-tempered due; the kind to which the most lack-luster, the prize, upon; to which the likes of mine have only ever supervised for the both of us; meticulously? “Why stand this heat of from then day, knowing full-well that, if nothing else, I’d use the protective casing; as the “index, illustrates, using nothing, but habitually formulated algorithms towards subletting his passenger side

window seat for we that have none so other such as to know we don’t have where withal the other’s worn-out, sharpie-pens.” As these could void any transaction; regardless, of the suits involved when foreign magistrates offer a respite from within, there poorly formed and berated spiraled-up, web. So, the barren, and mostly sought out may prove to be; all the more, chastised. As a reward for their own selfless deeds and sense like a man, goes afterward. The wall having had known a bone and ball, my whole-life. Weather that be a good natured, fever dream; as much as, I’d love the pressure... message for this, all to frequented a denial of an officer to be a man I am, as each of these low ballin’ and readily tracked, tasks we’d unfortunately, accepted. My minds trail off more often than I’d like to mention-openly. Somehow, I focus on what I’m doing; within, the moment. Albeit, this terribly formed regret, within my wallet.” For this I’ve never left, well enough, alone. “The condensation, I’ve experienced now from, afar beguiles my all the more reasonable... “forget this.” he stops, at that moment to take a deep breath. The air was cool, as somehow the lingering, and yet; somehow, misappropriated formation of this...” but not to the most of many others, other than mine and his, do we have to declare; such as to, say an “unrequited plea? Upon, the likes of which I’d have-to-have been made by, then.” Whether or not the space before, what once prefixed time doesn’t win; the warren, debaucherous and misguided, foreign thinking?” without the means of which, I’d need only to prove myself, “not again, for; then only, but, to yet ourselves; rather, then to pretend we’re something else, only yours truly; couldn’t just forget.” As such we’d, provided our form of the pervasive automated, and meticulously augmented ...even, racists, dichotic rhetoric. In an attempted, deferment to reason with a beast habitually themed topics, prevail. There is no other alternative...ne’er past that, but to become defamed. To become...” this their own, annual reprisal. That’d we ourselves; forever, deplorable. Our stench wouldn’t bother the “most

unsightly”, at the least within my direct line of vision. Closest toward your eyes and, all the more than a deeper to take up and by the breath; of which to finally ...Inhale.” Shortly; thereafter, following his, own instruction. As he draws breath “Now, release” slowly letting go of the built-up tension; as if to allude an era of an appropriate educational, background; to which in, fact he has received no traditional training and or proper certifications. “Now, whether this is your first time, or you’ve been here before. From my home and to; however, many true habitually-formed monitors’, other, than, of course...” He motions, ever-gracefully towards a tiny figurine, sitting at the head of a regularly sized U-haul box; as he, then walks, out of the door. Holding his phone in his hand, like an old-school, tape-recorder, while continually, speaking in a reassuring manner to, into his phone; as not to interrupt, his associates, on the broadcast. Ultimately, lying proxy toward, what could be, maybe his own well-paced step, or; however, be it possible to mention, his undying fealty. Crossing, over the lawn, just to happen, upon a devil, in the grass...He now wraps up his point over the phone; noticing, his influence over the long-ranged dissonance, create a very powerful, urge to slowly, “chip the pasty white skin back off the face of the preceding lunatic. The one that always speaks, out of turn. Then, he expects, mercy?” Taking, a well-deserved; moment, to compose himself, again. Realizing the surrounding ground, were leveraged onset by the fed. Into, not more, then the presiding others’ moment. Before managing to compose, himself a docet of his own creation. Tracking mostly through a new generatively manufactured process; in which to guarantee the effectiveness of the professed “alignment” of his, illusive initial project proposals; as well as, pin-setting, most if not all the positions. That were or ore still, for the lack of clearer system goals at present; enough to report the goals, as they’ve been seen now by the each of their most majorly derived systems. Of course, being privy, to that moment; to which he’d only ever known to potentially cause; such footprints, leading to most, if not all of what he had. The goal of which is to find the root. effectively, micromanaging, those; whom potentially wish to thwart his newest employee, Arthur, as he leads him to believe, that nothing stand against their company as these are the only way to properly monitor and resurrect, any lost profit. Wouldn’t you, after your semi-annual projection reports, were published, publicly; while working closely with the state, IRS and other local agencies, involved. Need a brief moment of reprieve? Studies found that fishing could improve moral and libido; in more ways than one. Increasing work production, and inevitably compared to other cost-cutting, methods, this would be the most reasonably priced. At least; as far as, those measurements, were concerned. Going over the notes from the “index”; which he’d usually carry in his bag, signally his brother, “Hey bro, so upon further review it would seem, that the quarterly final...report; Which, if my... math is correct, should be after this four-day weekend, vacation should put us back on schedule to meet next months’ prospective margins...” Christian, his brother, as he soon, leaves after him; follows, behind in an attempted plea to dissuade his brothers’ decision. “This is the much more feasibly-derived... turnover...let’s call it a modified ratification, approach. By taking the former policies managerial data a bit more seriously, then the ability to retain, the like wouldn’t be; so much as, just another...collaborative effort., in which to improve.” Why was it that he usually, obsessed over improving the

company image” he claimed, to leave the overall company image to the legacy. Considering, the fact that neither, of them could say they’d been, quite themselves, at all; as of late. I mean, besides that one prompt and studios composed; however, yet still an aforementioned statement, he did mention. “Suppose, a newly veteran-oriented recruitment system and its database corrupted our systems, due to these... matrix options; to which his companies’ primary partnership Imagine; ...hold on one second...” A silhouette of the profile of a scrawny-faced, man. Motions, out of reach of the, stand alone, back-drop to refrain from; being disruptive, to himself “as thus. More or less... Me. I meant... Clearly, unbridled and; somehow composed, within, the all too often, a fucked up, conversation; to himself. “This...” A voice, is heard, close by, at a close range, for what may be only a few breathe notes away. “What do you mean, when you say tis?” The original voiced, person, reacting; however, though engaged, somehow going off of their own purely; ethical, and intuitively, prevailed approach. They’ve only just recently developed a good question... Logical, pompous, too.” an almost, roughly, and radically-rendered, “gift”. Withal; everything else technically, speaking of a sort of, “tyrannical-tutelage”; that befalls, so onto me, such as their foreign reigns. Involved, “Honestly...” muttering to himself, silently recites his truth, “per his oath, as they say... which, we’ve always, known once your way wasn’t...GO AWAY, DO YOU UNDERSTAND? Or do I have to contact... myself? Given, that I am, the much more, then quantitative, qualified and professionally- mannered, higher-authority present. Yes, that includes, the lessor formed to prove what I’ve said to be rectified in my eyes alone, be necessary, at least; timing validated, those ledgers, and all other documentation accordingly... yesterday” tapping his phone on the dashboard of the car, synchronizing his calendar, in order to make room for what he just made up, for about; at least the other four-hour drive; “at-least.” The reach, of each-coast as we’ve, all, but prepared for the “assimilation”, of what? Had Arthur not been, demanded of them, to frequent the worksite; at least once every couple of hours. Reform wouldn’t almost immediately follow afterword, onset by their engagement. “We’d never only revere, just that fickle, a silver-lining, seeing a more uh... ionic, or isotopic-venerators... done. Well, barely more or less to nothing, is good, then. While, staying our same adept and reasonably-contemptuous, loco-motion. None referenced, beyond an honor; that would breathe sounds manifesting clouds, guessing wisteria. Leave, as our impression left, once. There; Form. Without, a means, to affect, but; whatsoever, else effected himself and “moresoften”, historically-derived functions. Regardless, ultimately, said with a fraction of contempt, for himself. “I see... a ray, everyday as they both leave; all the same, by way of a star...Waving; That much more known, to become placated measures redacting oblivious notions, as close to betterment of our son. Done easily when more of one, than I could ever be.” Learning; tremendous financial supportive textile. “Retort... and break through nautical magistrates, as we fear the distinguished... duo-lateral; Withal?” there favor, taken into the account, so as not to waste a major event, such as the one they follow. “Plan; throughout, an even more...uneven, near-begotten? Tried, a new system; already so I, guess I can forget about that back-seat ideology, but I’ll miss that one, I’m nothing besides a means to portray, what I’ve known to be, true, dynamic or sweet, cosmic guidance.” He thinks, to himself staring back at the scratched-up

windshield, “One or more must’ve come from, a shared ancestral spirit-guide.” His focus now entirely on his brother, checking in with him; to see his, progress.

He’s holding a book labeled “records”, in which to be writing down the others thoughts. More often, then not and independently doing so, Reciting mitigated rhetoric explains, all of their, empty sunblock bottles; as well as, the need, and by need, I mean; means, to effectively, substitute any of the once “foreign reformations” after, each of them were all gone. As the boys, were cruising down the, well-manicured, road Christian at the wheel constantly gauged the rearview, mirror timestamp, to make sure that no matter what, they’d reach their designation On-time! Although; seeing as it, appears that today, would become the single hottest day, out of the calendar year; within, his mind “don’t count, thus far; for the sake of... conserving memory; such is the nature of the once negative-space, alone” he, murmuring to himself. He contemplates his own agenda, for the sake of their, “ill-willed” and even-still now, degenerate target-audience. As it stands to reason this task, shouldn’t consist of, that much difficulty; as nothing, but entropy should relate, to however much content, each of them; including, their past works on average, can technically create. Within, a reasonably, ornate time-frame. Leveraging the theoretically denounced tautological assumptions; of the once, debunked conspiracists; against, their own, has been the most lucrative methodology, behind how they’ve managed to come, this far.

For, but within their specific disciplines, but being however as though it might seem, unfortunate, for them to generate enough of an income to satisfy his, now incumbent brother’s expectations; as they’ve been introduced, incrementally, throughout many years, as they’ve both meticulously, prepared, for this event, with all the time, leading up to this trip. Lyle; sitting on the passenger-side of the car, seemingly disengaged; however, throughout the entirety of the drive, thus far he’d been in a constant texting war. Losing the battle between the two worst loves, within, his life, as it stands at present, Arthur, his faithful employee; as well as, his dishonest and shrewdly-ambiguous, girlfriend; Candace. Looking back at Chris, at the wheel as he continues, practicing for his fans favorite, “encoded-speech pattern, gimmit”. However, though this time, Chris gestures to Lyle, in another desperate attempt to get his attention. Only this time, instead of vocalizing his intent, due to the fact that both of his hands, should be at “10 and 2”. Motions, with his elbows, frantically, as he assumed, his brother, at the least would look-up to correct him. Seeing as he likely would fear for his life, given the fact that Lyle never trusted his brother; as much as, he had in the past.

Lyle, looking up briefly dismissed his brothers' constant, pleas for attention. So; Chris, ultimately; becomes, besides-himself seeing; however, chastised, his more then, “capable brother,” was. That through-out all of these, brief seemingly fickle moments. As though they’d pertain; at this point, towards a nevermore, dull and miniscule “foot-note”, for which at to justify the use of another subtly, derived, line as though we’d even still...suffer through each shared lamentation we’d rather just support, regardless of consumption of time whenever the next “is jeopardized by; none such other, than, the next days’ untimely demise. Given that beyond, this reprieve, therein. Lies

an even more tamed comparison. Taken for nuanced repass. Else, their own whit and boorish natured-leu the others’ seldom disposition. two brothers, somehow, he’d known; deep-down less derived and perpetual his, “will-to-win.” the one to press, his-own audio-record function on the now timed-out display application. Considering the facts, at-hand, he ponders stoically, since his brother seems to be too preoccupied at the moment, and can’t be bothered, to take notes on his behalf. Again, as he normally would.

Sarcastically speaking, Chris manages to ask. “Lyle “could, you; at, the-very-least, press the button. The one, on my phone, right there.” Speaking loudly, as to retrieve conformation...” Record-function, hey model! voice-app, open my record application. And while you’re doing that tell me your name again.” found at the bottom of the home screen, Lyle shifts; without looking besides himself, and accidentally. Press’ the internet functionality, instead. Chris now being, impatient begins to speak to Lyle in s amore stern manner, to Lyle “No, I asked my phone to open to the record application, did I not?” he reminds him; as not to, cause confusion. “Here, Lyle if you would, now that you’re fully engaged, I assume, grab my phone off of the dash, and log-on. Then; without pressing anything else on my phone. Right, now I want you to go, between the settings application and calculator functionality.” Giving into his request, “Lyle, now this part is really important, press the record button; assuming you’ve followed, all of the steps I’d just given you and managed to apply yourself, everything should go off; without a hitch, thank you man.” Lyle begrudgingly, completes these tasks exactly as Chris, had explained, step-by-step, leaving Chris, with a resounding feeling of accomplishment; as he then continues where he left off, within, his speech. “Whereby...no, that’s not right... prevail! That would fit-in better, there.

Now, we all must...fix or uh...relinquish. Our own standard of living, as they’ve offered ramifications, in leu of any other approval. Even though, mechanical engineering isn’t fixated towards addressing our own...right, uh...” He then, Stops the audio- recording feature, himself and taps his brothers’ shoulder, with the back of his hand in an excessive display, of which to confirm his own affirmations. “Hey, bro so say...that there’s been, I don’t know, like approximately twenty-three, and a half other, days; right, more-or-less, like this one. So... out of this year; wherein, weather to would become this hot, wouldn’t my spiral notebook...” he goes to remove the book from the, once tucked away position, this particular book, had been placed-in; not, but a few moments, before. Alongside, the remnants of other non-proctored, and ready forgotten items; such as, the publications of multiple, local travel brochures, spanning the almost every major tourist hotspot in the planet. Would, still be found sprawled and disorganized. Beneath that old-school, pulley-like device versa clever? Everyone’s used, it before the one located, on what should be, the only passenger-side door. Of course, when in regards to security and travel, any old, 4 –door motorized vehicle I’m sure would suffice. Following, the manual; as, not to, adjust your seat’s position, unless albeit, as needed.

Nevertheless, in doing this, I could effectively retrieve any and all of my belongings, or decide to leave them. Effectively; creating a lock, of a sort. While, at the same time, as a precautionary

measure. As if I wouldn't keep a separate-record of the manner; by which, too he'd ought, to keep the things, I like... "God-forbid", I should have, too; right? Feel this immense pressure, instead of the temperature. "Shouldn't we have reached; such as to say that point; being within space-time, of which to address an appropriately, populated comparison. Given the only other optimal front would have to become the next of a large line of equivocal, comparisons, Chris contemplates, silently in the back of his mind. When that, may turnover projected fixtures, towards an evenly distributed dissemination; of a sort, yet beginning with all of the while, instead of using this day, today. As a sort of example...without it being taken, as some kind of highly presumptuous means as it was, to be an approximation, of about some ninety-nine, degrees, or so. Indeed; as I'm sure, those from our hometown would say, oddly enough. "That the fact that we've made it this far, in a Ford-Fusion, couldn't be nothing, but The Almighties, great and undying mercy" to be frank.

usually that sort of thing wasn't necessarily, my cup of tea however, in this particular situation, I'd have no choice, but to agree with them this time. Sure enough, this old truck put an "A within, a Ford", where none whatsoever, had actually been needed. Upon a quick scan, up ahead of us, I'd remembered, that upon my last attempt to clear the air; from what was, once an unbearably, pungent..." Charred-aioli" smell. I took into account my surrounding sights, including; however, but not limited to, the locally indigenous, "Old-Joshua trees". A staple within the confines of this towns, "day-old promise"; of nothing, least of all, a good ale. Have, yet, but to have kept, until now, but such as a broken-down dream". While, we'd only been using, this old-school G.P.S. navigation system. Provided to them, by their parents, of course, this happened; unbeknownst to them. So, they knew, to escape their detection, and nothing else, but avoid disruption, in the order to which they'd arrive; within, the allotted time-frame, for their "miles-high aeronautical, space-cadet event" ... Which, we'd just so happened, to be in range of the location that the two brothers, are most definitely; now rather more, presently driving towards, anon.

If either of them, had but one complaint, capabilities to proper file; at least one work order or a grievance, of standards, withstood policy and reasonable, synoptic correlations, only a few would ever believe. Distancing himself from his thought process Chris, looks to the even more, fiendish looking fly; as it hovers, from one nest, comprised of either garbage, that the two had, accumulated. Spanning, from the fast-food burger wrappers; all of the convenience-store tobacco products. Truly a sight to behold; although Lyle, wouldn't purchase; converted hypotheses of some otherwise, typed variably-derived "cheat-sheet, could suffice. I mean this proved, to them that he'd, not only been called. By his own employee, but that Arthur, realized that Lyle wasn't at work, far too late let's out a cry; as if his entire day had been thwarted by this simple phone call, so he lets it ring out until, the call is sent to voice mail. Saying, to on again, off again girlfriend, Candace. "Regardless, of whatever cold; however, yet stale-front." That he'd inevitably be left with no choice, but to evade;" for at the least a bit more time, then we had...I suppose, it goes without saying, that old adage, would continue to reign true, even today, obscurely, labeled codes. Mean; some days would've, been better than, others, had another blue, moon NOT, rear, its ugly face, ever again, as promised., Candance!"

Lyle, now taking, as many moments; as he needs, to look around the car. For just a moment or two, looking for... the car lighter. He reaches down for a "blue nap-sack", while reading a message, he'd just received from, Candace. Ready to finally roll down the window to alleviate his pounding headache, he'd been feeling since the night before. Shuffling; throughout, the remaining items within the car and only after man-handling, their belongings would it be that he then realized. To be; within a reasonable proximity of, something as dangerous as a lighter; would be "irresponsible" and so he looks to his brother. Chris staring blankly at the road, recounting every song of his fathers "wishful-thinking" routine. Which he had plenty of my time, to contemplate, minor differences between us, like before, when the two had not, but to that; which the laddered reach, furnish a new venue. Lyle coming to the inevitably, logical, yet; however, much more troubling conclusion that his brother must've thrown the lighter out of the window, given the withered and dry Nevada temperatures, involved he couldn't argue with his "track-record"; being that which only his mother would know to be the truth. "How do we any better, but to truly, take in this moment"?

He says with an air of remorse, developing a care for his only other ally; besides, his brother would, then become this presently unrelenting, personification of himself, in another form. He says while staring outside of the window, hoping his brother will pull over, "Our fiendish fly, would like you to pull over" trying to avoid acknowledging his company. The other having been a more, resilient fallen, brethren. Given, the circumstance the search for, love; is, an ever, more pressing war; coincidentally, the subject matter also would become their most long-standing, as well. Christian, being at the wheel, before our comrades' last dissent, from a long-standing, buzz; that, would soon, become the first of, however many drawn-out, affects. Forward, which our fly, would conspire against us, within, an ever-more, than frugal manner; as, they all, do well. Supplementary; Perfecting, our blue-print, in which to, employ their most devilish traditions. For, practice as I'm sure they'd each done, have their own portion to fill; as it would, become the means to rue, an otherwise "pleasantly-drafted" day, indeed. Suddenly, without hesitation, Christian, having been driving now for quite some time. Makes an attempt at a professional level right-hand turn.

Starting to head off, of the narrow-footed trail and onto the sandy wild-life, of the deserted, and off-brand Amazonian, desert. Ignoring the clear direction, the navigator specifies; as the best, route of travel, entirely. Carlyle, being the eldest is, then awoken, startled from his 6- hour "cat-nap"; to what may seem to be his, little brother's attempted sadistic prerogatives. He then lunges towards the wheel; in order to defend himself from imminent danger. He gradually evens out the car, hoping that his brother corrects his, idiotic mistake. Christian, remaining silent gestures towards the Tracy the dog in the backseat; as she's been, patiently sitting in the backseat, quietly whining. The ground beneath causing her to adjust her center of gravity, slightly to avoid disruption. As the car comes to a slow halt, Tracy looks up to the two brothers; as if begging, to join the family business. After, taking a step outside into the fresh air Carlyle grabs his blanket and wraps-up his head; in which after, to open Tracy's side-door, he begins to slowly trot. Sulking in disbelief; at the fact, that very well may have caused an accident; all according, to the devilish flies' grand design.

The three now outside stand in silence; knowing full well that just the night before, there had been, quite the revelation, that took place. Most of the time, the two would speak openly. Feeling the unsettling tension in the air; Christian, beings gradually scanning the surrounding area; hoping, to find anything promising to note. In an attempt to break the unholy curse looming over the two brothers; as a sort, of reference to address a bad song or God-forbid, a catchy one. Repeating, an over chortled anthem; all for but the hope of reprieve from just a tumultuous rupture. In the form of an evangelical vibration stemming from the toe, up the leg and somehow, skipping over the torso; as well as, upper ligaments just to repeat within your head, again. He turns, towards what appears to be a children's "Yoda-sticker" glued, onto the passenger- side-door, while, an attempt was made to present himself with his own usual brood-like, demeanor. Offered, for not a couple, but more like, thirty-five or forty-cents", worth; of brotherly--wisdom. Though, Lyle had finally begun to speak, his voice made it entirely clear that he was unamused; to say the least, with how Chris operated the wheel, by saying, to him, . "A bumper sticker, well, if said sticker preside beside the wheel. Fortunate; as though it might seem. A given won't be taken for a back; once the back, of which I mean, of the car.

Put not only our circumstantial lodgings, at risk. It inherently, begs the question. That had there been no other designated brother, besides those presently adjourning, that this..." He begins to gradually pace while, simultaneously mindful of each "loco-motion", he creates. Continuing his point gesturing towards, Christian saying "Now, having also said, that I'd like to also present my first opinion A. I'm only doing this because you wouldn't be comfortable enough; to beware the, theoretically understated, and it's intended hypothetically-driven proclamation; as well as, underscoring, any gratifying juxtapositional subtext. Of Course, being aware of the aforementioned options, to which we've, yet to designate, otherwise; or, yet to have said otherwise, as well. Truthfully, being that this perturbing; however, though significant, vector; pertains to both the arbitrary evidence presiding, in leu of the usual, protruding gift. The law, not myself, had but one to give us. Hereto after, referred to as us, we, them and any other third-party figure noted within the explanation. Why let alone disparate; as though if became "sociably-cooked legislation; a few-aged" means, to comfort the inept?

A-Duality depicted by disparaging nuanced replications confirmed via a "vernacular-paged proxy". Stating, thus. This "Point, after the facts, pertruding; however, though as they, may look to those less, than...well; bore...another kind of a meagerly, formed, away towards, this all the more-raw. Lesson, to put upon a match, anon. So that much less than an honest dispute be nothing, at all. Lies, of a much less, than subtly discreet real-mature. Convert more than, a few men; that of which may carry-on requisite-existence. Whether, esoteric triumphant ever allusive magistrates; perjurious, tried and blue negotiations. However; nevertheless, a meager, dichotic; bunt, of all the nomenclature, presiding onset because dissonance demand suggestion; at the least. All the more, for the opportunistic mind-set, how else does many drafts any old internationally loquacious ledger, forever binding our nature within a frame not so sunken, but as to be named constituent. Foot-note, exactly that aside from your already readily highlighted, if at all needed; Grasp. Retaining a

wealth well worth overseeing.

Don't mourn over the greens, of which you, claim that due towards; untimely, compositions. OfCourse, who else habitually emit such an emerald pine like blade afterward, capitulatory humanly-contrived continuities'; although, daft beyond some ancient remedial affected-acts however, furvert; though, often disregarded. Simply negating common wisteria; of the aforementioned, doctoral-doctrine.

Furthermore, proof no more than a redacting however, though still anon, complacent man. Loathe, yield a subtle modern man; within, lessor time. Indeed, within times; as though managed, Winfred would come before oppression pass. Sardonicism, still in wondrous resonance; per each one, of times, due o'er prominence, hadn't began; but to this, wholly-new world, yet could we be mistaken again?" While, the monumental nature of everything his brother has relayed, sits with Christian in a hushed silence. As it stands to reason, given the almost arbitrary nature; to, which his, ionic central-minded brother operates. Often leads the two on different pages, altogether; in, order not, to misconstrue the meaning behind, his seemingly ill-prefaced opinion. There's no better, time to take into account, each of the seconds. He, himself; ultimately, feel he is left with no other choice, but to rebut his brother; seeing, as how he, unscrupulously hinges on the fact, that any of their prior dialogue...or rather, he and his brother, might've had, or even-potentially discussed; at, least when, in regards, to any of their more monotonous conversation topics. Thus, inciting the need to circumnavigate; however, cautiously the entirety of his thoughts.

Christian, being however fully prepared, for what his brothers' tenuous proclamations, being all the more, disregarded. In light of a greater authority; whereas, directed by-way of deferment, the inconsistencies; "Were-in", once of a notion; however, though vague and mildly evasive his defect, especially, within the manner of his speaking. Christian, refutes, after a well-deserved silence attempting to highlight his own permissibly-derived proclivities; however, though brazen his brother's tutelage would, somehow become. "As reputable; as, though each of your rudimentarily drafted claims, might've been interpreted. Whilst, bearing in mind the potential to forgo any of the individual fortunes, as tenure may be revoked given any should rather between them, to then addendum towards that which the ladder portion's A-New" Lyle, after a moment chuckles. Lyle, under his breath, "Behold, brother now master is Two(a)". Puzzled, by the response Christian begins to speak, but is cut-off by Tracy; whining, as she would be seen; lying down on Lyle's blanket at the foot of the two boys. As if a greater authority had all, but requested, an audience with the queen Christain packing up Tracy and the rest of their belongings into the car stammers, to finish Lyle's sentence "Yea, so good-will favor those...whom, yet to perceive. Correctly, Amen.

Crap on a biscuit, did you know she was sick, Christian, did you hear me, gimme some water, bro." He goes to, get the jug of water, out of the trunk and hands it, to his brother. Christian replies "well; however, the old adage goes...I thought, it'd be best, to properly address the primary issued documentation for malformed, unsightly, and the truly snide; although, the rhetoric, at hand be sworn. Within, those gestures, she'd earned attentive

manner, have they all but given up, understanding why? Lyle, in agreeance “That’s probably for the best that I did forget.” Going, to grab a huge bag of dry kibble, from the back. Just to relay said food back to Tracy. Fully aware of his redundant behavior in doing so; as a reminder, he’d often been absent-minded, he’d thought, not a moment before “We’ve, to make sure, now; that, she... and I mean, under any circumstances, to let us, get motion-sickness. Okay, alright?”.

Trustees

“Ya see, I’ve been here for years now, and so I’ve seen everyone, every day, with everything else. Although, I’d be nothing else, but a liar. If I were to have claim, over any other then to myself; alone, as another does the same to my once sole-admirer. The beauty we’ve attained a most contempt; however, less then awful comprehension to what we’ve yet to learn...Retribution.” The sound of each piston becomes deafening, as the majority of the other car mechanisms, either crackle, and hiss with the off chance of a sinister “snap” sound. Nothing else, but the sound of the radio may be heard; as they’d all, off in the distance. Shortly following, this remark; amongst other things, ultimately, earning, as much, as so to say, until at least another, whom should ever be so bespoke to forget though, yet beget some other, noun. A conscience-decision, to delight; within. No sort of gratification, may remark the purest of these captivating soles. Most yearn to take precedence, overall, taming the ladder, but not so soon, as to maintain that ever, restless audience, thereof. He sighs in desperation, with an even more, then verbose indignation remitted, for the benefit towards the least of the imitated; assuaged, and serving wherever the two may preface, the most formed. While under these much more crucial “dystopian-lamentations”; gesturing boldly, while reaching for a cup of water, the brim of which; could, clearly be, seen at the half-way point. With an “ere” of satisfaction; simulating, an assumed form, one can only hold, being an ever more subtle, of their once graceful approach... “Our debt; repaid! in the name of the Lord Jesus; who are we, if not, his herd. Now it may be that; as the word I relay, be that as it may.

Be known, for the lack of a better reason; in laments terms, gather lest yea be for when did I say it again, Lord I know I’m broke and unworthy, should my day come before too long now may we be of use till’ say when, Lord. Tell me to them and, then let us recount not only, how we’ve lived each day; undecided tallies, we laugh at now, only through your voice, to that; which without, as not to return this here old body, seeing as it be filled in such a way; whereby your holy spirit has the same name as mine and God that we now call home. Rest assured, about, maybe a “dime’s worth”, of your crop; to match each sock that, God-willing, protect my soul....and I did tell. Did I not?” The speaker takes a moment to, gather his thoughts, and takes a used wash-cloth and, so began to wash, starting, of Course with his face and, furthermore., Laboring, primarily to, assure the audience of his impeccable, well-being. Withal the thwarting of a misguided empathy, ironically enough we still have a lot more rain on this, monotony-gilded night, with temperatures reaching sub-zero degrees; wherein, there’s just-us. Herein, “The Amazonian-desert(s)” you really don’t get to, experience that sort of a short-term; “sesquipedalian-ed” night caps as a local. Surely, these would be closer to a long-weekend, vacationer vibe. Opposed to each meager gestation, of one of,

the gods greater and underminingly, deposed-human behavior-Inside now that which so often cover a rather arbitrarily drafted rendition. Nature. however, yet do we choose. Those that, seem to, agree. And too, mean that; which so ever, may. Be such a least as you to read; without, legitimate cause, too. How, every other pledge all, but themselves, too. As he continues, “Luck., or even the light of my life. Wouldn’t bring, such as the Lord’s love for the awful; however, hated lost and wicked soul, the likes for which I’m sure compared to myself. Greed sow well, as we are; beings. Just a like to myself. If could, offer wha...” the speaker begins to sound; as though his voice is muddled-through, “Will you NOT, rejoice through the power, prayer of the lord...” He goes to turn up the radio, on high. “Stand with full-bellies brothers and sisters, are you not consumed; whereby, unaccountability righteous responsibility; at just the mention of his name, Lord Jesus, Jesus. Oh, bless it be praise let it become my pea...why, yes dear. Absolutely, yes, within the Lord. As he’s our, shepherd! We, will pray...yes, you’d like to pray for a loved one. The member is heard going up to the Preacher; without a hint of doubt or hesitation. The Preacher leans in and cuffs his ear; attempting to calm the Member; as they stride ever closer, so obviously, in distress. The Member whispers, inaudibly, “Mhmm, well... can you, here. Come closer...”

There’s none such as us here, each to us; as a whole, as those whom need know. than our feet walk beyond the entirety repulsive and least requited people. Pull, request incite, kill overjoyed even. So, quickly, we’ve overcome many wherever one another meant...” If it hadn’t been for the deep-seeded manifestation of these men, adjoint; beseech we hue(s) alike, an affinity, indeed; “AMEN! How, if ever loathe breath, why lose often bring truth for; although, heed and “go-out,” -Openly cries residually participatory murmurs wherein, addressed by way of how the speaker calls, “the devil’s wisdom” and you said; “what was it, along, with his wise-men, again, whether there’s a simulated-world, that some poor reformation-involved ,commit –meant, to whitepaper on permissible grounds conceptualize a git a ford and myself; can take away what we git python using a draconian-standby solution under a turnkey depo environment like foundation alone, we use on the case, by case basis. Read. me and we’ve already, won. “Ya understand, listen closely, I’ve seen more and more the privilege we’d been disheartened by everything, so we escape from anything other than within, our belief. Ya’ know what that is, wel...” static is heard coming from the car radio, Carlyle began to jab the radio; as though the radio had intentionally, interrupted “his show”. He’ can be seen attempting to, almost restrain himself, as he can be heard making a subtle noise, as he’d needed to be sure of the car radios proper, alignment. “These, vintage; almost burnt-out, looking radios are usually the kind of thing, for the vernacular-xenophobic types anyway”. Christian said, to Lyle as he switches the station, in an attempt to calm his brother down.He sits there; questioning the last occasion, where’d felt as if his words frequent, an underlying pressure; however, boorish, as second time to be, disheartened, Lyle. “Not unlike near-dated marked trike, quite like twilight, before. How it does seem, he’d only be able to walk home, if not by having to worry about all the tenure, mileage, or variable mortgage rates, and their promissory volumed controls; rather they’d became; withal these, “inclusivity’s” a simple, mere majority towards, another way, forward: subtlety, as one might refer unto a given derived prefix. Contextualized, wherever,

and; wherein, himself live protruding distinguished, and forever avoiding the most impartially-revolved, secluded and; however, be the esoterically driven.

Whichever closest, enacted charters that continually, forbear, the heavily enthused, "brotherly-prose;" when tabling, the subsequential docket; as this would, prove to be, a sort of guise, to test the need, for these, theories at present. Minor infractions do exist, technically redirecting each, of the other mainstream, bifocals. Vantage-point; although, maybe an, omni-formatted lavation, instead would properly fit between, an ever more, appropriated-parameter...so much more then lessor, yet to meddle; within, an enclosed structure, to have me; as though I, myself be compared toward maintaining the life; within vying, and evermore idle...man." The radio begins to cut out, again; as Christian, as he had, actually; just seen them, yet again in distress, just like this. Being, forthright, with his brother, "Throw it on Lye." Lyle goes to turn on the radio. "Through, privilege. Or...lux...pro.wa-" as the radio, now fully broken, and Lyle muttering softly, to himself. Christian, begins to grid his teeth... To Himself, "one-over, bye...poor doll and don't forget his "washed up old-man", what? They should've, only considered; up to his second-half, of the performance and speaks, anyway. "Dad. Had that not been, for what we've, learned, here. In this baroque, a place fortune favors the best for a few...round-about. So, listen, so; we know, you're talented.

It's just-" looking at his son directly in the eye, a know what kid, we're making it work, anyway. "Ok, come here, now go, home I'll catch up later. Seven, eight and one, two. Working, burning and we fully turn. Tap, heel-toe step. Ya got that, good; now, can you, get going on, ahead of me. Tell! What; go on home for today and, I'll finish up things here. Don't forget to thank ya Mother after you've washed up and ate your supper," The stage reminds him of the days when he too would be called by his own mother. After what seemed to be the most intense de-ja vu he'd experience. Ironically enough knowing later on, that would receive a stern talking to, later on himself. He depending on his; as he's left with, no other option, he'd inevitably proceed dutifully, then Gog back to look down, t you and me, we earned supper this week, go on you, tell her I'm not too far behind. Now...cham-" Sirens, blare, effectively, waking an; altogether day- dreaming Chris. However, although, he decides, to close his eyes entirely while driving. Mom said, I'd be on this time, more and more just passes." His father, pleading with his son says "C'mere, son. Your first job, you were fantastic, altogether, with ya old man, huh, champ. Remember, that. No, just another; sloppy, take, and now it's time to exit the altogether.

C'mon, Chris...you, missed the wing, and again. Who are you paying, all your attention to, huh? I swear, that we'd be out and done by now, even had us a bun, burger and home, just before the program. What's not to a given, aside, from what, I've taken in from, my life; we've, only ever, learned here. Despite, these resounding, noises of that ever once more marginalized quarter, century, or so since we'd all, but known a hereto, that. Don't bring your passion to the worksite; his father was a solemn man. He'd never once, proven to me to become anything, at all; apart from who he was. His physique matched that of a meagerly, progressive, yet; somehow still mostly, humbled arborer? The kind of man, you'd never you'd never see doubting; whether

or not, the coupons expiration date. Let alone have, but to keep up with what he'd been told. Whenever Chris would need to refer back to the "life-lessons" of the family traditions; although, each page, would inevitably become the canvas, for a very vague declaration, of war or potentially a reflection, upon the contentious behaviors one should note; as had been, passed through his own generation to mine. I've stopped around the yellow tab as they each have a specific "code" for instance purple would mean... "Mid-wife-crisis".

Making, an effort created a rift between, he and his father, so much so that they'd use the green tab, in chronological order, "alibi's"; just for an excuse for any kind of father-son "bonding". Otherwise, the remainder of the majority to which they'd spent their time would either spent cleaning the work-site to touch-up their performance routine. Mom made them practice. "For the sole-purpose, of nothing else, but dedicating towards my craft. That's all, there is to it, son. My life, son...Now, I'm sure your as tired as I am, and yes, ya know what, I think I will take a seat, and let you take lead the routine; why? Ok, never mind, then I shouldn't have to the steps to explain what you should know it... son. One day, as I'm sure, youse, too. You'll come to learn, that this here book and work-site, wouldn't have begun, if not for us knowing that we were, none to wiser, none to clever, and none deserved; enough to reach the point to which we had, until now, of course. where you pondered, whether or not to scratch that itch ya got on the back of your head. Go on now, head-on, home, you're the only thing keeping me ion these shoes, son ya have to fit them someday, won't ya? Chris, nods in agreeance, his father now entirely focused; as well as engaged.

"I'm working, ya gotta wake-up on your own WAKE-UP!" we as we go on air for the show, WILL; go-on. Three, two wonder-bread, Am, actively listening, I too, I be. Understood?!" Having had, taken the time to contemplate, his own mortality, as sounds of a subway car echo throughout the enclosed space, he's thought "Feint". Immediately following, this Intrepidus moment of self-realization, in the back of his mind. He'd also known, that on the outside. He'd been suffering not only from his familial recognizance of each of the metaphorically-derived accounts, thereof. He realizes, his fathers' harsh criticisms, soon begin to capitulate internally; as he's turned-down, yet against all odds. He attempts to make a come-back, in his mind. "Ok...now one, and two, shuf-fle". Playing a classic "Balgonian-Man" quartette; within the back of his mind. "They would have been; at the rest, stop by now, seeing as high noon was around, fifteen hours, and about twenty-four exits ago. So, from what my gut's telling m-" just, then A gasoline Tanker-Truck, smacks into the boys Ford-Fusion, leaving only a couple seconds, for the, then unsuspecting R.V. behind the Tanker to take evasive action with. All that was left behind the 4,000lbs Ford-Ford, practically disassembled, as each of the now, flying car's broken wind-shield and misc.

Pieces would, fill the air with the smell, of petroleum with a hint of cherry-pie, for good measure. Overwhelming the space; as the beat, of the Fords collision, forms a tempo as the remanences, of such finally hit the ground. "Crash-two-bang-step"; synchronizing with his father's vocal quality. Shouting, beating so that his father's Performance & routine, provide an inclination as to wherever towards; the least more, then to mere subtleties resonance; displayed. All the more to a simple sort of

centripetal; even further, still pervasive kind of -double shuffled philanthropic grid. Converging between, the most “illusive o means, to validate options cost. Bid, too large an amount of blood, to be understood, rather s his now one-eye slightly open. that his now for more than some other’s account, I suppose. Christian, we’d thought, as he did “you both had, done enough. Rougher, then motley, slippers on checkered sidewalk chalked-tile riding all the way down in the subway” I don’t want you talking like that, where’s your father?” Throughout, the duration, of the ride, he’d been “circumnavigating”; rather Habitually, each trivial formation, while using the blue tabs labeled “Index”, he’d percussively rely, upon the ladder days information.

All for this week’s routine; however, struggle, as though he might have, had to rush in again right after him...again. Lyle, now screaming into the ear of his brother “Chris...!” Chris opens his eyes slightly, remaining silent with a deafening ring, reverberating; reverberating throughout the car. Chris thinking to himself “Lyle, hadn’t always been this precocious, as a matter of fact, if memory serves; although, he’d proven to be quite the contrived thinker. Whom else by comparison, hold themselves to such a regard, not counting more than those whom present...” he begins muttering to himself and falling in and out of consciousness, as the car begins to fill with smoke, Chris, being disoriented and desperate, attempts to organize himself, enough; without having to use his own body weight, as leverage to escape the now warped car. as they were within, the car presently, even still he’d soon come to wonder, how he’d offended himself. One of the most researched, poised, and politically driven men, now finding himself, in this particular position. He, then recounts to his brother “Once, at this festival, we were so close, to that; which we’d call...the uh”, as he reaches down for one of the spiral notebooks under the seat.

He goes to the yellow tab “Meringue, that dance, ya know the one we’d do as a group...the Merin-Gay; which just so, happened to also be the closest thing, to college we could afford” he begins to remember that the festival wasn’t of the things, he could’ve said a university. “I’d come to miss that over-time”, as he continues to think, about anything useful the black smoke, of the engine completely engulfs the interior of then Ford Fusion. His lungs filling up with smog, prevent him from, crawling out of the broken windshield into the surrounding, landscape. Having to wait for rescue wasn’t quite the quintessential activity they’d had in mind. Although, for the most part a lot of oddly. Familiar-faced individuals begin to cry out, as if they were longing for their boys safe return. At that point Chris remembered in case of emergencies, always use the GREEN tab, feeling; almost hopeful, flips to the green tab. He then reads in tears “If you’d been given diarrhea, try not to panic. I suggest minerals or those but c packets, but be sure your partner in crime knows why exactly you’re going to get some milk after that’s said and done, son. She has to know.” Choking is heard as if that were a last confession, for in that moment at the precipice of a voided, conspicuousness.

Right before the rainwater, tapping like a melody so similar to the way, he’d been practicing. Being as he’s always been, a little too eager to please; the loving comfort, of an unrequited love that he’d never knew before, necessarily. Lacking, to say that regardless, of this shortcoming, at what cost, did he leave his?

To need, but to be what he’d consider, as just about enough; however, not so much as to become remembered. Wherever he’d end up, recalling all the racists and ill begotten remarks he’d known to be true, up until this point. Regarding the majority of these times, as his mind, desires to feel overwhelmed, with the promises from nature that were made before his inadequate conception; at the disparaging, thoughts imposed as what could possibly still be a little if not withal hope, he says to himself, becoming blue in the face “I wasn’t cut-out, for the afterlife, withal-that; whichever, made man prove to mean can a lie can home, how, dare you blame, the one, too bother. Before I,” he keels over. Sparks from the engine incite a flame stronger, then what we can only surmise as “hellfire”, as the flames engulf the entirety of the car. Everything inside, burned to cinders; as if a God, had-weighed the life to be as there would, become. Considered; comprised beneath a fiery fit, of fury, or rather, he’d rather spare the least of all. Withdrawn, lover we’ve known wisteria opposed to their own conclusion.

Why else thwart, such an honest attempt to please his master, besides him. “Wait”, his mind, then ruptures; as his body shakes violently, he wants to scream, to alleviate the pressure in his cranium, but with his entire body now beset in a great flame. There’s no more hope and, no there’s not a chord that can be heard, nor sung. That would determine his time, yet remaining. So, as an extension of his soul he says in an inaudible shout to the heavens “will you play that song for me, Carlyle...Lyle”. His vocal quality, degrading in years, with every second. “Why, won’t Lyle...why won’t he...play, our song, for me”. As this is happening a puppy can be heard, besides the boy’s voice. “Tracy...stop it, Tracy, stop it that tickles.” Sirens can be heard in the surrounding area, and the radio static plays a melody, of bespoke and loquacious textile-like pleasantries. Grainy-jazz. As, for them the last song they’d, ever hear again.

Behavior

Once, the news of this tragic accident spread, like a wild-fire; Throughout, each of the neighboring-communities, there associated-boroughs, and regional municipalities. An investigation, was soon; to be conducted, thereafter. The authorities’ determination, of the accident, raised eyebrows; as to the undisputed, “nature”, thereof. Without, anyone filing; but not so-much, as a standardized, missing person’s report. In this particular case would there inevitably be, nothing especially special to take away. Leaving, every neighboring locally known news and media outlet. Baffled; as to the of the “first-hand accounts” of this supposed, “reliable” information; however, OfCourse, these would later be dismissed. I failed, to see how, the presiding judge overseeing the; aforementioned, procedural-diagnostics, involved. Seeing as these alone would be the only other evidentiary remains, that would soon, become a memorial besides the already transeunt trail. Any and all information pertaining towards this “catastrophic loss”, to cite one news out-let. “The hearts of the masses, grieve for the loss of the families of the victims, involved in the accident that took place here somewhere out in around; within, the sandy brush right off the I-80 and somewhere; in between the, I-93 intrastate intersections. They’re saying that this collision took place a far off from the highway so little is known as it stands to reason about the events, that took place, only a few short days before. Please, if you have any information, as to whereabouts, of the

and any other pertinent information to call the local authorities, to leave a statement for the ever just run cold, like..." with the lightest touch of their middle and index fingers' "that". "How do you know all of this?" A listener from the audience, raises their hand to catch the attention of the speaker. Motioning towards them, with an emotionless expression; as though, all care in the world, had nothing. Pressured into a defensive smirk, "That's a good question...No one way to discover the truth of anything, but matter. On the other hand, I do find myself watching all the birds, in my free time, for I know that; through the willpower, (WM) of my own mind within me, may prove to be the lesson to which my evil decrease. To answer the, question; Nobody at all, coerced me for the greater good or I wouldn't, revel; within your whisper's, some sweet nothings. If not for, what may I why not believe... I was there; or would you, rather I hold some other power? Least of all, have we, yet to prove, them wrong.

Nor his own father, return the responsibility, a ward toward; endure. As though the need to stand to nothing, the feeling of having, yet another for yours alone, to fix. Himself...alone." Decidedly, taking the time to span the room for any "non-believers"; as some would in the past interfere. Oblivious and trite in their humored remarks; "Mhmm, we don't need, you here. Go-on, now." the listener, now being a bit confused, awkwardly, repositioned themselves; such as not to offend the now habitually triggered, and seldom detoured speaker; as they now turn away, in an attempt to salvage the meeting; unfortunately, the interruption has left them, within the most advantages state, as they face the listener, once again. Ya know, what I have... I should NOT have, too. Can anybody else, show of hands; Please if you'd be so kind, as to explain, to me." They continue, now pacing back and forth, in a strobe light like manner. Darting, to cover the both exits, and entryways, alike; however, though the listener, having been thoroughly prepared, with a notepad and pen. As quickly, as possible; the listener began to annotate. Whomsoever, to those who did, too; due. Should an effective transcription, Subsequently, when speaking enough, to pace, the redacted. Within, due time. What I've got to do, could possibly even, leave me up like that!

Just like that, be left. Oh, and right, before you thought you had; known, I mean...without a shadow of a doubt. Whole-truth, and nothing, but the truth., Amen?" the Listener responds, in a desperate need for approval from the speaker; "Amen!". The speaker slowly turns with an era of gratitude; however, the look on their face, as well portrayed all the more vivid, their look of fatigue. As their brow, raised; within the shape of a bow. Continues their pace, as if nothing had been said, at- all; "Furthermore. Let it be known that as many as two, may be true, but until the dawn, lie with the dust at dawn...my eternity would prove to be my only salvation, as I've grown apart, from the once novel-order, of which I formed, each "plate"; within, the mold I fixed, as though it were broken-down halves, just so I could understand the way each cabinet, was different; although, but no... give me a moment; whenever, I think back on those days I realize that. You can't not ever look back, but you can always be taken. (a back) and with that, too. I do collect any deposits or piles of garbage, for the foundation, to support, but the planet. Least we all come from whatsoever wasn't there, before." The speaker is now feeling faint and begins to stumble muttering to themselves; "C'mon now, I need something else to...

Clean-up and or renew my lease," the Member gives the speaker a bottle of water, and watches as they "guzzle" the now 16 ounce, bottle.

Hurriedly; "at the very, least when I'm housed? I'm not too, sure... or they should've had us vote, on that... Misinterpreting, my needs for their own schedules, imitating, playground bullies; is exactly the reason Parliament, sells their own brand of cigarette. Respected, by the world, even still had you not, seen your own shelves, candidly speaking, that too. Played a role in how the focal point of your; almost, or rather bespoke, home. "Is on the need to broke, basis"; so I wouldn't have to guess the exact percentage, y'all be demanding withal them packages. I see you from my bedroom window, no need to go online. You know the mailman wouldn't discount my paper, but his anonymous shopper program, we compromised on, so he gave me your news anyway. Spoiler-alert, you got the plastic where, yes, you know better, than I about all that. I'm sure... yeah, no... Get up, yes go, she should've been out of here by now. I mean, I'm sweating, just a little...bit."

Mini-Glossary - (Encoded)

Procogyny: Definition – An don't you are racists... from the original, authenticated. Common place or of a generalized naturalization of any themes, laid-out wherein, the text. Labeled, under the terms and conditions from the intellectual property board court of appeals. "Do you want to know the truth about; words...you'll always forget words; without, knowing all of your numbers. You need to count numbers to retain any information, isn't that weird; Now you know?"

The way you've behaved, this time, and yet to no other practically driven exactly, the issue. You expected...Much more, then I technically...would be capable of a lone. Yes, I can achieve any task, correctly, sure. Why on earth does your time frame impose upon me? To live to your standards does nothing for me at all. I eat well and I have a roof over my head. There's really no need to fight and claw throughout an already too cut-throat society. I write simply because I choose to; how on earth, you could find error with that is beyond me. Knowing that this was my worst subject...knowing I had to go through even summer school for extra credit within, HS and, yet here I am writing...For no reason whatsoever, leave me be. This may have started off as research geared towards a more then...Do you like speaking with my mind. Then leaving me high and dry with nothing left to think? If you think for someone that's a lifetime commitment, you understand. You are far far too late in the effort to mend...whatever issue you have with me. Just know, that the feeling is always mutual and while you suggest that I read and read and read. When, reflection begins to wear on your undermining hindsight and you're alone or with a partner, you both in need of dire straits. I'll be here... typing away. Simply due to the fact that. I decided to mind my own business. This is my home; I'm not trapped and I didn't have a choice to stay once over half a decade ago. Now, upon the completion of my seventh year; being out here. I've made many strides in terms of my involvement. No one cares about solely educative qualities. That gets your foot in the door, after that only time will tell, but for most you'll just hinge on the fact you can't play the harp, instead of learning about it, attempting the fingering or God forbid listening to the instrument. Before going on and on about how you don't know how to play. Or

have an interest in playing...Then, keep that to yourself, and pass on something useful rather than toxic conscious; as a means to ensure your brand of poison for the next generations and more than anything else your next of kin. Teach then. Teach children. Never teach a grown man. The irresponsible teach grown men to lead in their footsteps, as they forbade their youth and for shame themselves. Improperly formed kitchen apparel, its usage, and appliances, pale in comparison to the real-world applications thereof past a most important than none such as the willpower to cook it all, to perfection.