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This book is *Dedicated* to;

“One of the most, enamored; however, yet brave, to become; as they were, withheld.”

CHAPTER I.

**-ILLICITED**

Imagine, if you would do so, with me. Being caught underneath, the *gift* of an unrelenting sun, a *half-*brained, dead brother and nothing, but about another four, hour drive; at least, to reach the coast. The only silver-lining, being the contemptuous motions each cloud leaves as an impression left there for without a means to affect, but what they can see. Kissing the ground with a touch, of that *sweet,* cosmic guidance, from one or more ancestral spirit-guides. According, to the empty sunblock bottles, and the rearview mirror timestamp, today would be one of the hottest days, out of this year, thus far. For the sake of conserving memory, as negative space primarily serves, the targeted audience. Let’s assume that there’s been approximately twenty-three, other days. According, to my “loose-leafed" spiral notebook; that, I’d removed, from its once tucked away positioning. Alongside, some non-proctored, “junk-drawer” items, that would lie beneath that old-school pully-like lever. Located, on what should be, the 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, and if and when; God-forbid a, band of thieves, family, or friends. Practically, anyone could imagine everyone other than themselves; for the sake of, argument falsifying-documents, forging your personal agenda(s), or flat out openly denying, or having had anything, to do with them at all. As if I wouldn’t keep a separate record of the manner, to which I should keep my things, God-forbid, I should have too; Whereas, the temperature, that would actually reach the point, to compare; such as an, appropriated comparably equivocal, comparison. That, would be to say, that while using today; as an example, without it being, as high as it was, approx. ninety-nine, degrees. 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, unbeknownst to them. They had; to escape detection, and ultimately, disruption in order to arrive, within the allotted time-frame, for the “miles-high aeronautical space cadet event”. Which just so happened to be the location the two brothers were on are presently driving towards. If either of them had to have, if not, but one grievance; as it stands, to reason the only real nuisance. Would most definitely, be the; however, uncomfortable, distracting and undivided glares, from the one, they’d come to call. The even more, *fiendish* looking fly; as it hovers, from one nest, comprised of either garbage the two had accumulated. Spanning from fast-food burger wrappers; all the way, to convenience-store tobacco products. Lyle would’ve purchased; otherwise. Some type of variably-derived “cheat-sheet,”; and it was, then that he’d, been called, by an employee of his, Arthur. Lyle 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 his brother, “I’ll just let it ring out, then pass out soon thereafter, don’t forget; I’m only here; in the flesh, because I love you to enough to consider my presence, while going into work, all-da. Would you just, *hav- ; absolutely,* “Go through a *bad break-up,* if applicable. Per regulation situation” wherein the boys themselves, created. As one might wonder, why? By using nothing, but a misguided code-of –conduct 2017 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. And I suppose, it goes without saying, that old adage, would continue to reign truth, even in today’s, obscurely, labeled “codes”. Meaning, that “some days *would’ve*, been better than, others; had another blue, moon unsuspectingly, reared its ugly face.”

Instead, Lyle now taking a moment to look around the car, for 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. *F*orward, 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 the.

*Yoda* sticker plastered onto the passenger side-door, while attempting to maintain his *brooding-demeanor. He offers about thirty-five cents worth of brotherly wisdom in regards to this humble decoration. Lyle finally begins to speak, saying “*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: *“Point, look as we all bare a kindred leprosy, far towards a raw v. law, match; 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 draft 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-underived* 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?*”.*

**CHAPTER 2.**

TRUSTEES

“Retribution”; following, what can only be a conscience decision, to delight; within reason, a sort of gratifying, remark capturing the, *yearn* of precedence, taming; an ever, restless audience, thereof. Desperate, verbosely *imitated, assuaged* actions serving; wherever these, formed a new kind of *under-deserved*,proxyforeign rhetoric towards incumbent dystopian lamentations. “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-*deser*t(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, do they 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 Lords 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. Mhm, I see this well... can you, whisper, no other soul need know, but what more 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* Wayfair beseech O’ Leotha tic hue(s), 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..” He’d, began too, jabbing; howsoever, though he’d restrain his elbow joint, as it began to make; such as a noise needed to be sure of the proper alignment. These, vintage; almost burnt-out, looking, or even just water-logged, radio type of vernacular*-xenophobic and intermittently,* confined tasks.

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, reclused and; however, be the esoterically driven; whichever closest, enacted charters that continually, *forbear* the verily used, Ratherford, contextualized passages tabled-subsequentially. Might a providing a guise, test the need for these, *theoretically*; at present, minor ratifications exist, technically redirecting each other mainstream bifocal hem; although, maybe an omni-formatted lavation fit an appropriate parameter...*pervasive...* Much lessor, yet to meddle; within, enclosed have me though compared maintaining a life vying hereon prose to, the idle...man.” Christian, 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-abouts. 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 work-site; 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 getting “better” that my index life, son. Isn’t worksite, just your itch. Head on home, ya gotta, understand now. I’m working. Son. W*ake-up!*” Next, 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 weeks 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 notebook 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. Eager to please as he was receive the loving comfort he’d never lacked. Directly calling to you “home, how, dare you blame..one, to bother; before I,” he keels over. His voice remaining; as an extension of his body “will you play that song for me, carlyle...Lyle”. His vocal quality, degrading in years with every second. “Dad..dy Lyle won’t play our song for me”. A puppies bark can be heard as a means to comfort a now child like voice “Ah Tracy…stop it, Tracy that tic”. The car explodes in one of the most epic display’s of *that* mercy they come to believe was the glory of their only