**|\_|\_M A R C E L L D. W I L L I A M S**

\_*A l l - T H I N G S\_\_*

\_C O N S I D E R E D|;

*...*W I T H D R A W A L

***“Another time”***

**\_\_M A R C E L L D. W I L L I A M S**

*\_A l l - T H I N G S\_\_*

*\_C O N S I D E R E D;*

*W I T H D R A W A L*  \_

**P**reface

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*--More works, by the Author; . . .*

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MARCEL MONDE, L.L.C.

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This book is *Dedicated* to;

“None; however, some of the most humorously enamored...To become as they were, withheld.”

CHAPTER I.

**-ILLICITED**

Somehow today was gorgeous, normally the idea wouldn’t have floated around in my head. “I’m attempting to revise my work, haven’t you had enough of that*incipient*? Not that *this;* being one of the hottest days out of the year, thus far; if, memory serves, 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, then in regards, two. The security and travel, of this old, 4 –door motorized vehicle; that as I’m, sure would be the car following, behind. I look over my left shoulder, just to prove my suspicions correct. In leu of, an improper methodology. “I’ll just adjust my seat’s positioning, unless; albeit I’m sure I’ll need of a much-needed, reprieve given the fact we didn’t sleep a wink last night. Far too much work to be done; Nevertheless, I’m doing this, so I could effectively retrieve all my belongings. As I assuredly pat myself on the back, decidedly; nonetheless, I leave all my previously formatted paperwork, in the glove-compartment; as I’m sure, this wasn’t the first-time I’d be needing them*, again.* How do IEffectively; without, creating a weird form or facial expression, check beneath my chair to be sure the *index* was right where I left it. While simultaneously; as a precautionary, measure of course because “God-forbid a, band of thieves, or my family, or even close-friends...I mean, technically anyone could and for all-I-know; may very well, just as might have done so...*technically.* So, as I went to take that old school, appropriately named looking “textbook", my old man had the wrote, the entire thing. For us? I that was the last time I ever heard he’d done anything for us. Right after he, and Ma of course had gotten into, another *vicious* argument. I forget why, exactly; of course back, then they’ve, always fight over, just about anything. I’m sure something about our debt’s to be repaid. That kind of thing, I forget...Nevertheless, the context; however, wishing I’d forget everything. The name... “Index. At any point-in-time; calamity will always ensue, given today's broken, brazen and lessor-formed broken world. Would belief perceive belonging, ruins, and even gratuitous sentiment as you would bring; just about *anyone,* would dare claim the latent effect. Unto each other, withal*...”* He wrote that on the 29th page of the... *orange* tab”. The pages were color coded; imaginary, attempts geared toward a much more, then what he’d, yet to see. Such is this properly annotated and accurately drafted interpretation of such legal documentation, thereof. Forgoing your own agenda and deciding you’d be better off fighting for “go-tsu; *flat-*out, loose-leafed, drawn-out pervasive measurements, deport me instead. Mostly, over the lack of what he calls an-overly-cathartic exclaim.

onto the side-walk blade. of *indignation t*owards me. As if an openly denied, plan of action. Another’s alternative perspective became far better than you’d anticipated even without, a solid resolution. Gather they all behind, the others who justly had nothing if not anything, but to do with them. As if I, lost my keep for a separate record of that matter, thereof. We’d go through each hand covered mandible exchanging, yet another, justly earned proof, hope too again. Which, “Upon finishing that thought I think maybe I shouldn’t...keep things in the state of which they’d always be”*, God-forbid;* I should have too. Whereas, the temperature, that wouldn’t actually-reach a point, to appropriately comprise such a thing as the appropriate, *appropriated,* segment or at the least close approximation; in which I should oppose, my own original approximation while using the *index;* as a method of guessing the closest comparison. we’d need to stay, right where we were and that was awhile now. Since, then to our housing up and left us again, today. I’ll give you an example, without it being, as high as it was, approx. ninety-nine, degrees. Ind, 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 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 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 considered 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 to arrive, within the allotted timeframe, 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 none other, than just another *simple* “cellphone-call.” So, he decides to ring out, at-least until the phone-call is sent to voice mail. Aside, from his brother, “I’ll just let my device ring out-loud,” he thinks to himself, shortly thereafter, upon looking at the bobble-head dashboard digital souvenir clock, he likes to keep on the center of the dashboard. “Don’t forget, she’s only because she considers you a useful commodity. I mean, why else would she be calling; always calling me, and saying things like “oh, I need you to do this or oh, I hate you for not giving me *enough* love. I love you, why don’t you love me like the way that I love you? Oh, my daddy told me to stay away from like these *dudes* like you.”He began to recount a passed argument they had not just the other night before last week. While, going into work, all-day he wouldn’t have brought himself to leave otherwise so at least the worst things in this world come in strides. Justice is absolute when you *g*o through a *bad break-up,* if applicable. Per regulations outlined within code of conduct and general policies agreement, I made her sign after we met. that we situations 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 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 *manhandling,* 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 blueprint, 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. Tries 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 “catnap”; to what may seem to be his, little brother’s attempted sadistic prerogatives.

He then lunges towards the wheel; 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, then turns, towards the ever perturbing, and legitimately distracting, oh how, now was this ever-preset Engineous Yoda’s sticker? OfCourse, there were hints towards a sort of appealing ener...I mean, imagery; thereof. Whom could blame a mere man, as he’d allure the senses, he shouldn’t’ve *had* to. He thinks to himself before daydreaming, as for the reason...A pit from; within, the belly feeling the ache spanning from each of his breasts’ sides. Concerning him now as the depth of which his emotion grew, with that which could only be frustration. For the very concern that the diameter of his wingspan could reach was the radius of the plate he’d come to learn was, but a portion, the only reminder of the fact they each be lost to the other’s time referenced space. Sometimes the only semantic, that need fail him be, but a caveat seeking what we’ve all, but had said at least this far in, too much already. Now as to why, this sticker *allow* such as the mind, to wander a drift. I’ll bring those reports back with me next time he’d take me there, then back home again. As his scent, should be that of any other 1989 hammy down’s adhesive. Whether or not each of these pervasive thoughts, mean more to me, then a toy I’ve plastered, right-beside the initial one and onto the passenger side-door. He goes to his brother coming off as a brood ill-mannered, operative with his *strange* compositor demeanor. He, then offered, to Christian “about thirty-five cents worth of brotherly wisdom; regarding this humbled, ornament or for the lack of a better terminology…decoration.” Lyle finally began speaking or I suppose one of another could misconstrue his ravings as *lessons* of a sort. “A bumper sticker, well how does one properly underscore; such an impressionable denomination. Withal that being, said from proper placement, alone an image does come to mind. A tall maverick, of a beast; however, though said motion may be resolved enough. As to climb, onto a trunk, hand or limb, then even down and under again. Remaining wholly, present like all that, but there time had advertently adjusted to fit right, besides-*this*-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 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 the arbitrary evidence presiding, in leu of the usual, protruding gift. The law, not I, 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; although, the notion be that of a perjurious, notion tried and colored blue, much like some other negotiation I could reference. I had the time; However, a meager, dichotic hunt, captures 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. Footnote, exactly that aside from your already readily highlighted, if at all needed; Grasp. Retaining a wealth or worth in oversight. 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; though, as often as we’ disregard even just the subtle ere, of common wisteria; How dare he, whom proof no more, than a redacted query; however, even though we still ache, much less become we are, more than one 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, “unholy” 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 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, lifts his index finger to his chin, as though he’d, yet to consider the possibility. "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

I’ve had enough; “Retribution”. Hereto, the following, only you be as conscience as the decision, you’ve made to become Devine within this life you think relates toward true, unburdened freedom; gone to the extent of pausing for none. None be better than what such was the reason, to go and kill what you’ve plotted to me over and over before this subtly drafted and reproposed, incipient lie, a more illicit focus caused for what kind of sort? Gratifying wouldn’t just die off like I hope you all do. Finding nothing within myself here you are still. Leave him be! Capturing the, yearn of precedence, and taming his own group; while an ever, restless audience pine in verbosely. Imitated, assuaged, and thirsty for more blood he too can become what the world makes of him. Or choose to go about the path he chose. The right path are his actions for serving, for me in my way. Wherever these, won’t form... a new, guilded...tyranny like these I can see of course. Not any of you under-deserved, and foreign to taught rhetoric. Move toward an incumbent dystopian lamentation. Or debt, in the name of these few; who never stayed a moment restless spoken right down until reform were necessary. If not, you herd. Now may this be that; as the word I relay, be that as it may. Be known, for the lack of a better reasoning; On laments terms, gather before I say broken worth used because, none should see my day in this light I loved more, then you. Away, before too long now or you may as well provoke wisterias’, pain. So profusely you say whenever, a Lord can Tell me, instead. Trust has failed me when it comes to man-to-them, and then back again. 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, a seed worth, of your crop; to match each sock that, God-willing, I will pray for this world to burn to protect my own soul....and I did tell. Did I not?” The speaker takes a moment too, gather his thoughts, and takes a used washcloth and, so began to wash, starting, of Course with his face and, furthermore., Laboring, primarily to assure the audience of his impeccable, well-being. The last, time for certain has been, yet enough, but to imagine, if you would for me, an, almost radically rendered, *gift;* withal. Everything else, technically speaking became a sort of, “tyrannical tutelage”. Bearing that of which befalls, that but so much more onto me. These foreign reigns, involved and such... “Honestly...he stammers while whispering to himself, again; however, yet still mild and silent. He recites his beliefs as though, they’d be made truth. Over the day’s unrelenting sun, as we validate, those ledgers, pertaining to an individual's documentation which Christian knows he’d properly recorded and stashed away accordingly, probably sometime... yesterday? Realizing his phone is on the front of the dashboard, just the reach all, but prepared them for their “assimilation”, of what one might ask. Arthur, had he not been, demanded by them, to frequent their worksite; at the very 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-venerator(s); would due, but bare to barely suffice, at-All”. 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 conspiracies; 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.“Heree, 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 regard 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 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 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 considered 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 *manhandling,* 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. Tries 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 “catnap”; 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: *“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. Footnote, 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 even 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, within egregious exclaims, “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?*”.*

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**TRUSTEES**

“Retribution”! 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-*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. 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”. H*e’ 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, reclused 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-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 depends 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 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. 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.

**3.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**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 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. All information pertaining towards this “catastrophic loss”, to cite one news out-let.. “The hearts of the masses, grieve for the families of the victim(s), from that horrible RV highway catastrophe, that took place, only a few short days ago. Please, if you have any information, as to the whereabouts, of the perpetrators, 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, Subsequentially, 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 ere 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.* (aback) and with that, too. I do collet 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 now16 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 break, 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. of that old, “Sardonically toned”, and humanely ratified obelisk so empty, as to wander, in an attempted toward. Thwarting off 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. Mhmm, 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, that would receive a stern talking to, later himself. He depends 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 my life; We’ve, only ever, *learned* here. Despite, resounding, sounds of that once marginal quarter, we all know the that: bring your love to work day” My father told me 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" as the car, being smacked from, behind as an unsuspecting R.V. had reared the boys almost 4,000lbs Ford-Ford. The smell of cherry-pie permeates; throughout the air; as the beat of “*crash-*bang"; as the car flips mimicking each off beat that his father’s Performance & routine, as more of the inclination towards each subtle resonance, displayed, as a 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. Thus, far, of course, “However, he’d been...” circumnavigating, the routine; however, struggle, as though he might begin again. Chris hadn’t always been *this* precocious, as a matter of fact, if memory serves, although he’d proven quite the contraceptive thinker. Other than those present who were; within, the car presently, he’d soon come to find, he’d offended, amongst other things, the most researched and poised. Once, at a festival, close to that which we’d call “The Meringue-N-U”. Which just so happened to also be the closest university to our *family's house*. Remembering all the things, I’d come to miss over time” he thinks attempting to recall as much as the landscape surrounding, and even, the odd familiar-faced populace. Only now, after all this time, that’d come to pass, and while remaining steadily dipping in and out confessing on the precipice of conspicuousness, before he falls feint, however the rainwater, tapping a melody similar to the way he’d be when, as he was, eager to receive the comfort he’d lacked; however, known he also felt far too long ago. Pleading never, directly told him he’s calling you “home”, how, dare you blame Without one to bother; “before I move on, will you play Dad's song, one more time for me, Lyle...Lyle?”

Glossary

“Imcimbic-ly”-

A modern-day term of phrase; suggesting, the training and implementation of PMI practices.

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