

Here is another **love** script, another **dance**, another heartache, another unforgettable romance. The **beat** goes on as it always has (well, I'll be damned, didn't mean to write in rhyme, just came out of my fingers that way, got to be something on the moon, could it be an indicator of a happy ending? Sure hope so.)

On a less passionate note, the attached work has been submitted to the journal xxx. Possible but not very probable. I know the odds are against me, but you do it only if you can **dream** it. Well, man is what he **believes** (quote from Chekhov) and chance favors a **prepared** mind (quote from Pasteur). Whatever **works** is **optimal** (I don't know who said it first, not precisely authentic, but I am totally ready to claim ownership, cite me if you ever use this phrase). I beat the odds three times before, why not taking another shot? Last time I **checked**, geography was about maps, history was about chaps.

One bad thing about submissions is that once a paper is submitted, the **fairy-tale** is over, the princess's gone, I am not the master of her fate and captain of her **soul** any longer. It reminds me a story from the literature: Balzac's servant found him crying and asked what was wrong. He said 'one of the characters in his novel has died'. The bewildered servant replied 'Boss, aren't you the one who **created** her?'. Balzac stormed 'So what? What **difference** does it make? She is dead'. **Understanding** the way he thinks is the threshold **between** genuine quantitative **artists** and heartless, card-carrying, bean-counting academic breeze shooters who just don't **and** won't **feel** the whole point of what science is all about.

Admittedly, this is too much **philosophy** for the 'right after submission' mood... Time for a flavor of **practicality**... Now I will get my big size mocha (something more earthly and tangible than scientific **reality**) with some **logic**-defying amount of real sugar, toasted sesame bagel (nearest stochastic approximation to the Turkish simit), and enjoy every chunk of it. Wouldn't that put a big, fat grin on my face?

Here is an edited version of a joke (I heard it from a tour guide in Niagara): If it seems like the ship is sinking, **whisper** 'Hakan'. In all likelihood, it isn't going to save you since he is just another mortal, but at least it'll make you **smile** and give you some **hope**.

This one will form a basis for my deeper dichotomization paper. If it looks like a duck, walks, quacks and flies like a duck, then it is probably a duck.

Live big, **write** big, smile big, dream big my pals, even cry big if you have to, never get settled with **anything** less than you can be. Alas, now why exactly **do** I get needlessly **serious** all of a sudden? Let's keep it **joyful** with another joke: (my son gets the credit) Why are **math** books sad? Because they've got way too many problems.

OK, I am **stopping** here before it becomes an endless saga. If you're happy and you **know** it, clap your hands.

You can tell me that there is no such thing as gravity or birds don't fly or the sun rises in the west, but don't tell me you're still divergent.

Yes, it took a while, but you've **solved** the puzzle. If you haven't, go back to the first stage and iterate until you **converge** to **decipher** the algorithm of poetic writing.

The truth is out there. Only those who want it bad are fit to **capture** it. (Suboptimal grammar is sometimes more fun, here is a rare situation where the Balzacian paradigm fails.)

Algorithmically, procedurally and iteratively yours, (My own line cracked me up, **laughing** hysterically. I guess I inadvertently **managed** to bounce between drama and comedy in the same message, **a** daunting **task** even for my high sarcasm standards, just got lost **within** my own **depth**).