

The Atypical Structural Connotational Accordance Between Letters And Words Consisting Of Them

By **Andy Lockett** (second edition, with list of correspondents omitted, and some additions)

This paper, despite its strong fantasy-like reasoning, was written in times of great terrors, times when Russian government started a pointless war against its neighbor, a country of Ukraine. Let it be known that I stand with all freedoms whatsoever, but those only which come to a point. No one should ever experience death by another human being.

This is a strong piece which accommodates many ideas, those of faith, forms, destiny, ideals. It is advised you take anything written here with a grain of salt, for you should yourself see the prosperous infinity of the world we live in.

I am no scientist. I am no engineer. For a great part of my youth the time I spent was on thinking. I had no equipment besides my ability to think. So, I started to dive deeply into the reflective process I was always finding myself in. Reasoning opposes seen, but they never complete each other. So, I started integrating them, via certain paths, those which find themselves in pursuits of thought. There is an equality between the idea and form, but it never occurs to most. Take the letter A.

What it is exactly? Its shape is so indulgent we never really think about its form only. But we can but it to certain determinations. Those of ideas. A is a topping consisting of two upheld lashes. Most certainly, A is an upholding. But what it gives us, to be precise? As an article, a withholds division. A dog, a cat, a mouse. We put ideas, but they correspond. Even more, words starting with a give an idea of upheld. Atom, apple, attic. I can go on.

B? Halves never to be joint. Withdrawing. To be is to care withdrawing of certain places. Buts care withdrawal from, bytes care withdrawal within, bites care withdrawal upon, bees care withdrawn stings, bosses do so with withdrawn processes. You do get where this is going, do you? Stay for the night, there are 24 more figures to cover.

C. Upon deriving from our usual ways of thought, c is a U-turn fallen to its knees. This is a crazy metaphor, completely obscure of any credibility. So, I will choose my words wisely. Crazy, choice, credibility. C is something laid upon. There are certain things in our nature, to see is to possess internally, but c is to possess formally. There are no ways laid upon is being there directly with abstract, it is in our ways of thinking it is. Clothes, on the other hand, laid upon materially. As do cans of matter. Cans of will laid upon formally. Do I can you with this paper? A certain figure of people, I am. Know this, it all came to this justly.

D. Similarly to C and B in its shape, D is beheld. A certain part of withdrawing, but just a part of it. A certain thing we lay ourselves upon, but taken close with a strict I. Dogs beheld (and taken close), dharmas beheld (and taken close), domes beheld, destinies, dire situations, deviant manners, as doubts are. I care for you to doubt. Do you?

E. Its shape is B detached. Detached withdrawal, how do you call one? An enigma, heh? What engine drives this pure madman? Who engineered this wheel of fortune? What element does it produce? E is energy in physics, something that is driven on. Like an enigma? Like an engine? Like an engineer? Like a chemical element? Like an ether? Like an eek? Like an eel? Do you have an intention to touch it? Energized he is? Eat it? Ear it? End his life? Please do not, it is electrified, it will enigmatically esteem you to elaborate your poor choices to elderly you will spend your life with (if you survive).

F is just like E. How does it still stand, I wonder? Driven on without a stand. Foul creature, forbidden force, something that is cared by someone to be driven. Do you have any feelings still? We can build a perfect world, stop faking it for fortunes, fucking it up for fame. Give Fs to findings. F is cared to. Flicks, forms, festive activities, we can do better.

G. What is this word that ever comes to mind. Some of you want to mind him, a little. For he is not here, you think. Belaid upon, and what if, unjustly. Not even a word. Belaid upon. Strikes you, huh? Good. Greed. Get. Go. Give. There is a God, even more, it is not there, it is here somewhere. Go get him. Have you tried words?

H. There is a proverb in Russian. Without a paper, you are an excreta. It is odd, granted all my life was built around this paper for people to stop nurturing this conflict. I am trying to heal the wounds, there are a number of dreams, people killed in this conflict tried to end me, but they could not for I am the only one who can stop it, so they pictured me dead. For I never saved their lives. And I have taken my time, for if it was traded for peace sooner, no one would acknowledge it without acknowledging it. Some of them were pawns of the government who never had it to go against this slaughter, but others wanted it intentionally. Do you think I wanted any of this? Do you think I am the reason? H is two Is connected. Just like they did with me. Heaven, healing, holes, hatred. I wish them better. H is things passed upon. I wish they had it. I wish they did. Can this country live in this hatred evermore? Even after death? Hounds to their allegations, little hills of grass. This is my doing. I am a believer, and what have I done to stop this? In times when no reason is taken seriously, I was their only solution and I took my time. I thought better of people, I thought it will not come to this. That others have more power to stop it. What can a wacko do? Say, fear God? For all this world needs is not an ultimatum. U-turn. And I am the U-turn, forever covert in my sheets.

I. It is painful that this community of men ever needs someone to change their ways. On the brink of extinction we are, I am the only one who bears it. The change. And I have dreams, a typical man, for I

will enlive them, but it is hard. Smiling knowing I can never tell this mad story to anyone, trying my best to act normal around people I love, for I have my destiny, and it drives me, but on the cover, I am just a hobbit. This world in no need of abnormal occurrences for they will only break people. I is staked upon. A pinch of hair. Italy of a country, by sea. India. Ideals. International relationships. Illnesses of mind, this one, never better.

J. I have no illusions about this. This paper only and only then to be published if Russia to mobilize. I will come as a false prophet of a Revelation then, and the world will have its chance to stay afloat a little longer, but it will be doomed nonetheless. The only chance is to stop War in its tracks. I do not mean to be a public person. For I will know my fate. I care only for people, not for myself. Jesus, Judas. Let us continue our therapeutic adventure. Staked upon with a twist, this J. Rooted upon. Justice, javelins, jam, jeans, jealousy, joints, audio jacks, fuel jets.

K. Like B disattaching. A disattaching withdrawal. Never attaching one. For if a key to stuck in a lock, the lock is broken, and if this paper is stuck in a world, this world is. It only needs to break this war, nothing more. For a king needs no attachment to a throne. And I have none. Kindness. Kin. Kiss.

L. Please do not be a pessimist. I guarantee you, these are no end times. Staked upon with a stand. What can this be? Something standing ground, perhaps? Like lions or likes or love or leeches who never move or latte puffed up, lost ones who never go away, coming late due a good reason or no reason whatsoever. Logic, light, lepra. It is my favorite letter, perhaps, it is live-endulged. Life-indulged.

M. A Christian. A Buddhist. Take any confession you like. I have no alignment. I believe the thought is driven, this is what religion is. A train for the better. You can not divide better, some people think better is more, but better is better. When you do more than bet, you are better. As simple as that. Politics are bets, it is never better, my paper is a bet of sorts, it is the worst that can happen, but I do not bet, I have no room for it, as this paper does not. So, somehow, God knows how, I do more than bet, with a bet of sorts. It is a great philosophical dispute. How come one can trade the worst for better. But that is how it is. Worst has no way but for the better. You do not do bets with Rings of Power. You throw it to mount Doom. Mount. Man. Merely. Meek. Most. Mines. M is a slope with a change of direction. An undercoming when you face it. An overcoming when you do not. What is the word I seek? Staked, but not upon. Staked in. Bets, you stake on. This, you stake in.

N. I took a walk after I did A. This paper is to be addressed and I was coming up with names. Most of them changed the world for the better, some still have time to do it. Second chances are not to be taken lightly. Give it your best. Do not get too carried away again, God is watching. As H is passed upon, N is passed above. No is what someone might give if he feels he is above it. Nee is someone might leave if she feels so. Notes is what you give to, naughts is what you are given. Net is how I do not get to walk to Mordor. God bless Internet.

O. It is gonna be seriously past midnight when I finish writing my completely unneeded paper, so I listen to music when I do this. My friend once told he was completely fried with his job, money he was making was not enough to live on and he was planning on giving up with both his relationship and a carrier (ha-ha, his boss is a pure nightmare, it is well taken what he proposes is hardly any). I did my best, and it was a pure coincidence, a boy from a parallel class showed up for me not to recognize him, and I was not expecting this. We drank until we flew. And it all turned out OK. That other guy is gonna make a big discovery in the future, but until then can you please listen to this heavenly music? O is bestowed.

P. Actually, it is a postmodernism prose. In a way beyond salvation. Well-put, heavenly organized activity to be stored in your closets. Beheld, as in B, without a lower part, as in P. How do you call this? Parted. Physiology to dissect, phenomenology to structure, porn magazines to hide away, pens that forget their insides. Poses to organize, plans to deliver from. For ever this paper is a part of me never wants to grasp.

Q. Bestowed with a twist. Need I to say more? Queens, quos, quasi, quakes. Bestowed. With. A. Twist.

R. What a nightmare gibberish you want to see it. A doomsday device turned for the better. An A-bomb of thought. All your old ways are gonna change, but just yours and yours alone. I have not decided on you just for nothing. It is not of a journey for you, but of a rehash to your substance. I listened to most of you for years, and it came to me that you cannot live like this anymore. Like a scream from above, you are fading in your expressions, longing for a signal, a check, a giving away. You feel this world far better than I do, but I do live in same circumstances, first to notice little distractions of smallest vibes. This was coming up for years, I have been giving little strokes of this path away, and you seem to have come to same derisions as me. This world is not to be toyed with, but it left us in a place where we are the last toys standing. It is childish, music does make it sound childish. Parted from, R. Russia, wind roses, Rivendale endings, risks, rest, romances, roosters, roles, readings.

S. Just you know, this paper is heaven-proof. Some of you still wanna do better, like these toyed soldiers, but I assure you, there is only one path you will take from it, true to the core. God strike me if I am a liar. Just like a heist movie, there are several endings to it, but actually, just a good one. S is departed. Sayings, Satans, selves, sets, souls.

T. Long time ago, I have written a novel. It had just enough for me to see now where I have been going all this time, through good times and bad. It started out with me seeing a ghost of a certain departed writer and concluded with me standing in a place of people talking about a certain date witted. And the thing is when I have been writing it I had another one in mind. But letters never failed me. After all this time, I have finally come to see. Staked upon, as in I, through all the nightmares,

witnessed and lived, with nothing but a required pinch of faith, to cover. Staked upon to cover, T is counted on. T minus, tents, toys, tests.

U. Mother woke up and told me to go to sleep. She knew I would not. She lives in a world you people live. Or my paramour, will she ever know? We can be heroes, but just for one day. A magnet, a chemical bowl. Us, utilities, uses, utter nonsense, upper deities. These are the things we have to put up with. U is taken on.

V, on the other hand, is taken off. A symbol of victory. Is it strange, that all the great battles are fought in the head? Venereal diseases, venoms, volitions, vests, visas, things starting with v are rare. But they have they their share.

W. Would you like to cover me all other forms? The ones that act and live? The ones that breathe and seek? The ones that lie and wait? Do you need facts? People are small, they have not realized their potential yet. And it is completely unethical for me to enter, you will keep all of this between us, I know, as does this guy. He wants me to say something, but he knows it all already. What more does he want. W is taken upon. West.

X and Y. There is a certain, as they call it, a TV-cycle. Alphabet of Gilles Deleuze. I do not about other letters, but he got the hang of them pretty nicely. Well, it was not him per se, technically. X is undefined, Y is intangible. You can define yours.

Z. Z is deparaved.