

Silencing My F... Dad
To Its Uppercase "W"

It is said that it is his "I" that might be found in the stadium. Not me. Woo—hoo—hoo! "I", you're going to be cooked between its thighs! That's insane "W", that's insane! And your "O" too... And it said to the "O"—closing its mouth, stretching its void: "You, my "O", just like the 'I', my son, are truly the smallest unit of measurement.

It is said that it is his "I" that might be found in that millennium. So I lower my IQ. To let him go. To tell him go, but go away from me. Oh! turn—nude words: turn yourselves in! The printer and its invisible ink will catch you... It will! Oh, oh! Here is their brood!

Heat! Heat! Heat!

Monitor the inking. It asks you this: "How do you form a circle using two wooden carpenter's rulers?" How do you draw a liquid "O"? Cause it lies—and does nothing but lie—I can sum it up in two letters: "O" and "W". We will soon see why.

As tiny as a dot. An 'I'—your father's son—placed above, or in the center of, your stretched-out mouth. So, close it now!" Cause your "W" crotch is itching, still it is your V-Dub!

The printer will catch you with a yellow double-u shaped like a scythe to harvest the letters that have become useless. The red letters, taking care to set the yellow ones aside.

Is it the yellow "O" that refers to millennials?

Here is the rubber blanket, and there are the ink rollers; all that remains is to adjust the water supply and monitor the inking. Who knows when and where you'll end up all smirched. Let a "W" meet an "O", and all measurements are thrown off! It is generally referred to as incest. Right in the solar plexus of the "O"!

The little "O" that opened its mouth.

Why do double-ues sometimes talk such utter bullshit? "M" said it wasn't true, that I'm a liar. It says that the "I" is its true image carrier. Why are they like that, howling at the "M": "Offset spring! Off print!" "An offprint of what?" An "O"? Did you receive your latest weekly issue—the one that doesn't contain the word starting with the letter "n," like "nudity"?

"Leave her alone. Is she your mistress?"

—No, 'M' is not!

—So why do you always start a fight like this, hmm?

—But W!

—And please, don't 'W' me, will you..."

Monitor the inking. Heat! Heat! Heat! Letters eye... Leave "M" alone. Those two perfectly straight legs beneath her typographic dress aren't your calves! Get off "M"! I'm your "W". The digraph of your silence! Heat! Heat! Heat! Watch out the water!

"Now, listen to me."

The offspring of a "M" is not certainly sired by a specific "W". If so, then what? The "O" is still in a critical state, while "W" acts as a pressure dressing for it. Does that mean "O" is lying? The very one "O" used for moistening, wetting the rubber blanket.

"Aww, M!" complains 'O' to 'M'!

—I'm not your mother—complain to your father," M scolds her.

"But dad is at work!

—And what about me—do you think I'm just sitting around scratching my ass?"

So, did you receive your latest weekly issue—the one that doesn't contain the word starting with the letter "w," like "words, water, nudity"?

The one used for inking. Cause it is out of sale! Out of sale! But hold it, hold on for a moment! And turn—turn the nude words: turn yourselves in!

The printer and its invisible ink will catch you...