

chiefly variable/

*fictionary of the english language-*

*other titles: they were fairly sure titles should not be sentences-  
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avoiding the subject of fish-*

sometimes things don't make sense. actually, that's most of the time, or all of the time. sense never makes sense either, so it is more accurately none of the time. start again, this time, start with: all the time, things don't make sense. there, now that made more sense.

oops. that's most unfortunate.

for some reason abbey never really wanted to go to a nunnery; call it a fool's imposition, or call it what ever you may, but she was most vehemently against such a move. unsuitably, she was not what one would expect of a nun, nor a nun-to-be: to think of it, she was not what one would expect... at all.

sometimes abbey played with dolls. abbey liked to play with dolls. little hessian sacks filled with rice, with stones for eyes. this in itself does not seem like entirely odd behaviour, until one realises she is far too old to be playing with dolls. one could make the connection that somehow, she is the doll, and that she cannot be too old—rather, just the right age.

what was it about abbey that made her special? was there really anything at all? was there any adjective, any adverb, any noun or any adjunctive, in the english language, or any language at all, that could help describe abbey? or is any attempt just a pale comparison to her? for all the fancy words and heartfelt descriptions, one really wonders what it all means. because to the writer, it may be the most import, the most befitting description of a being—but to someone reading it, it may very well be trite.

so then, what can one say to that? is there anything that could make up such a travesty, a fallacy, a mockery against the art of the written word?

sometimes abbey played with dolls.