

(Written some time back Date Unknown)

Since the day you had awakened my past atrocities and have not written me in a while, I've been feeling like you have averted yourself from me and maybe our daughter as well. I don't like to sound crass, but since I don't have carte blanche I have become crestfallen and constantly ponder on many areas of my life. All my life I've had people disparage me which has caused me to become drivel in my words and gives me real bad dyspepsia when I learn of how distraught this kind of knowledge makes me. To extrapolate upon my feelings would be to excoriate, execrate and excommunicate me from society so that I'd become extirpated and possibly exterminated myself completely. I know I've had many a faux pas in my life which has left me flabbergasted because I may never become flamboyant in life and has hardened me to the point that I do not make myself impalpable nor am I insouciant either. All these things has made me inept and the mass of nerve tissue that's in my cranium of vertebrates has become crass and will not allow me to extrapolate upon my ineptitude. To say things have become preposterous would be to say that I have become preponderate but then who's to say life is fair? I say, that things have become very sinister and some people have become sophistry which has caused me to become very stoical and stodgy as well as taciturn and can't stand to be in tandem when out and about. I like staying uncanny because I can then stay in my own umbrage, deal with them and my life continues.

Painfully Written,

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