Words are but lucky letters. How do letters get lucky? They go to bars. Let’s have a look.

A consonant approaches the bar and sits down next to a vowel. "Hi," he says. "Have you ever been here before?"

"Of course," she replies. "I come here, like, all the time."

He can tell from her accent (which is kind of acute) that she is a Vowelly Girl. He looks her over. She’s short and has a nice assonation. 'She sure is a cipher sore i,’ thinks the consonantal dude. 'I bet she gives good letterhead.' He remains stationery, enveloped by her charm. 'And what an uppercase I!' His initial reaction is so pronounced, he doesn’t know what to say. He is, at present, tense.

"You’ve a lovely set of teeth," he sputters. "Do you crush with breast ... er, I mean, do you brush with Crest?"

"Oh my God, gag me with a spoonerism! Your mind is in the guttural, fer sure!"

Admiring her figure of speech, he falls into a fantasy. He pictures a perfect wedding: they exchange wedding vowels. The minister says "I now pronounce you man and wife." They kiss each other on the ellipsis. "I love you, noun forever," he whispers. The conjugation is in tiers. (In a word, they are wed.)

He awakens from his daydream to propose a dance. She declines. "Are you prepositioning me?"

"I won’t be indirect. You are the object of my preposition."

"Oh my God, you’re like, such a boldfaced character!"

"I see your point. But I’m font of you. C’mon, let’s go."

"Do I have to spell it out to you? You’re not my type, so get off my case!"

Reluctantly, he decides to letter bee.

"Now my evening lies in runes," he laments. He leaves, hoping to have letter luck next time.