... swarm up so thick that they look
dense, like a cloud. You can hold them under water as long as . . .

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The rhythm of the sound of “SAMUEL SAMUEL CLEMENS SAMUEL CLEMENS CLEMENS” brings to mind the time I switched-off a 1951 Buick for my mechanic. It shuddered and coughed and wheezed and rattled. “Engine's got black- black lung! black lung, lung!” she guffawed.

I rolled my eyes.

A HUNDRED-WORD WAY

WALT QUADER
Lower Burrell, Pennsylvania

(A new draft of a post first published in WordFun, 2004 Mar 21)

Al was gleeful asking us to write without repeating ourselves. The unusual word count of one-hundred seems okay, yet his first constraint rules out anadiplosis or epanalepsis: every anaphora is anathema. (Whoops. I’ve used up another common copula.)

Writing this way, refusing even simple symplece, feels like walking in waist-high swiftly flowing water straining and

—Damn. There goes my best coordinating conjunction, swept away. Oh well, Al’s restriction totally forbids polysyndeton anyway.

It cheers me that parechresis has not been excluded. All right, we can still play around with our sounds but, O... God, what a tragi-catastrophe for epanastrophe!