

# Further Correspondence Among and Between Notable Pro-nouns

by [Robert Gear](#) (November 2023)



The following items of correspondence came into my possession recently. Any resemblance (of either the authors or recipients) to real living or dead persons is purely coincidental, and is not to be taken as anything but an allusion to truthful events or to any other themtelmen or theydies whatever their claimed pronouns.

## Letter I

Ms. Shamela Harris to Dr. Hunter "Cokehead" Brandon at his lodgings at Suella's Fantasy Club off Highway 80.

Dear *Coky*,

This comes to acquaint you that I shall set out for Vegas on Mon-day, desiring you to find accommodation for me at a place of rea-sonable repose, and not above One Story High. For The Honora-ble William S. Brown Esq. has promised to visit me when he comes to town. As you know, Hiz Honor has difficulty ascending any flight of stairs due to arthritic members consequent upon great age.

When you make a reservation, I ask you NOT to mention that I am a Person of Color. I recently read a thesis written by an honorable Lady. I think she was instantiating that despite, like, gradating from Princess-ton University she is not accepted in Society. She made it almost clear in the thesis that her money is not as good as money shown by any of person of other colors. That is really too, like, bad.

P.S. I know you know that I am half peaceful, like a lot of people, but I want people of all colors and poor people to know I am Spe-cial; you may have heard of the 'one drop rule.'

Your affectionate friend,

Shamela

## Letter II

Dear Shamela

I will endeavor to find you and your elderly friend lodgings at or near Suellas; a place suitable for old men and their best friends. I too have read the thesis of the person from Princesston U. What a collection of admirable thoughts! And really, like, how good it was written. Like, as good as the famous Rap Singer, Baby 'Tuki' Cicero. I will openly admit that I have not even one drop of Blackness so I do have some race guilt. That aside, do you want me to find a good source of medicaments? There is a thriving Black market in that sort of thing. I have obtained a re-liable supply for myself from a, like, a reasonably-priced Chinese young girl of my acquaintance.

P.S. I lost my laptop recently, but you can rite to the Big One. He will let me know how to manage some stuff. I think.

Your good friend,

Coky H. Brandon

## Letter III

Dear Coky

I am sure making a lot of progress in beginning to, like, feel gender fluid, and learn all kinds of preferred pronouns, which is one way, I know, like, I am fitting in with the right ideas of the now movement. How do you drag on that? Yes, really, I would like you to procure some medicaments and all sorts of reparations and tweekers. That could be in some way a kind of reparation since as you say you are a white person and therefore, kind of, have had it SOOO easy. And I really like Baby 'Tuki' Cicero too. The lyrics are so now and so chilled.

Your affectionate friend,

*Shamela*

## Letter IV

The *Honorable* William S. Brown, ESQ to Ms. Shamela Harris at her lodgings near Suella's Fantasy Club off Highway 80.

My dearest Shamela,

Myself pronoun have only just done visited by the very honorable Gov. G Noisome. We laughed a lot about old times, as you can imagine. Did you know that the Gov was also at one time pally with the Very Reverend James Jones (of blessed memory)? He told me they used to get on like a bottle of bleach mixed with Tang. Ah, memories!

Your good friend,

Willie

## Letter V

Dearest Willie

I do beelieve that you could be named as the sweetest lil old thing I have, like, evar known (as a good book used to say). It is beecoz of you, that I find my pronouns in such a very excellent position – a heartbeat away from being the Big One. And ah say truly, that ah cud really make known some excellent positions, and when I make known good things the folk hereabouts will know they are totally sweet things. They say we live in such times that really I like to say that we do live in such times. And that is one of the sweetest things.

I do hope that that the very honorable Gov. G Noisome is as laughable and sweet as he always has been to me an to his auntie. I also liked to laugh a lot with him, as with all the good people with such admirable hair and such a sweet smile. I much enjoyed his choice of eating establish-ments (I mean the Cool French Laundry) and the genuine care he showed to the servers there regardless of their level of tattoo and facial adornment or whether they was masked up.

More than a jus a friend,

Shamela

## Letter VI

Dear Rev Dr. James W. Jones

I very much hope this letter reaches you. You know how much I have al-ways admired you and your brand of Apostolic Socialism which you practiced here and in Guyana much to the betterment of both places.

I'm assuming that you, or your dearest acolytes are still in circulation, alt-hough I was surprised that you did not RSVP to my invitation to attend the dinner at the exclusive Cool French Laundry. I can assure you that the menu did not include Flavor Aid with or without additives.

You were much missed, but all is forgiven since I know I can count on you for any help you can give in the upcoming elections. Both my dear aunt, who you may remember will provide an Ice-Cream Social Fund-raiser, and Mrs James Carter will give all the help that her husband can permit.

"What about Shamela?" I hear you ask. Shamela plans to attend along with the Sussexes. She could not in all honesty allow such a meeting of minds to be ignored. It will indeed be something that we will cherish through the long years of our lives. What joy to be intimately acquainted with a future chief executive, who is also a partial negress!

your cherished friend,  
Gavin

## Letter VII

Dear Governor Gavin

Your aunt redirected your recent epistle of Juneteenth last and I regret to inform you that the Rev Dr. James W. Jones passed away several years ago due to an unexplained illness contracted during a brief stay in the jungles of South America.

Your admirer,  
Mrs James Carter

# Letter VIII

My dear Shamela

Me also and all the other theydies and themtelmen. I have been a very important actress in a TV show, but then I got myself a really good idea and married a prince what lived in a palace and was interviewed by Oprah. That goes to show that anyone can get on in the whole world if they have a mind to. I am also someone with one drop, and becuz of that everyone hated on me. And so I brought my man over heah to Gavin's hood. He usually do what I tell him, being sensible and all.

Your great friend,  
HRH, Duchess and Oscars and  
Sussex, etc.

# Letter IX

My Dear Princess Duchess of Sussex

I'm tired of being fleeced. Tired. Just sick and tired. Amtrkbiufefplakjngtrd Poor kids are just as tired as white kids. An' I like kids better'n people. An' we go back a long way, she was 12 an' I was thirty - in Delaware. (Whis-pers) You got 1.3 trillion checks in the mail. Unchained! They gonna putchyall back in chains! Chains! An' by the way he gave me permission to touch him. (Whispers) Boring. And by the way, I sit on the stand an' I got hairy legs that turn umm blond in the sun. So the kid rub my leg down. An' he biceps big as my cat. He Russian an I don't care who he is. Biceps, man. cujikcg-delaware-amtrakbiufefplakjngftrd, man. Things have begun to change end of quote. Like Putin's and the guys in the plukleptoc, yeah. Kreptocricy, and Rashi Sunak, a bad dude like Corn Pop end of quote. I got news for you (whispers). Flossel fluels bad, man. I mean flossers . . . just sick and tired.

Alway yr friend,

*The Big Man*

# Letter X

Letter not available for public viewing. Please consult Constitutional Amendment 28.

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**Robert Gear** is a Contributing Editor to *New English Review* who now lives in the American Southwest. He is a retired English teacher and has co-authored with his wife several texts in the field of ESL. He is the author of [If In a Wasted Land](#), a politically incorrect dystopian satire.

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