Treaty

In Article 1: What if I don't have a weak heart but only a weakness in hearts that will be resolved by the end of the game?
In Article 2: What if the paper bags are not included, even though they disseminate a big principle of containment in fortuitous gusts of wind?
Addendum: What if the fast ball has no life to it and continually misses the zone, while the slow cube melts in the glass which is half full but shows a crack below the waterline, a portentous indication that there will not be enough product this week to justify my brand, even if it is at present that of a reclusive curmudgeon who dwells irritably in an isolate mountain hut and never fulfills a quota but finds time to trace in the snow with an aged, mittenless finger such communications as: Stop delivering the Investor’s Daily — my assets are tied up in bear skat futures and hypothetically falling trees?

So, no signed agreement today, but here’s a fun fact: Did you know that the ancient Egyptians used to buy spells from the Canaanites to protect against poisonous snakes, and wrote them on the walls of their tombs? The “Mother Snake,” though literate, was not expected to be multilingual; these charms were rendered into hieroglyphics: she was to approve the message and pass it on to her relatives — but who knows what was lost in translation and how much swift and venomous “punctuation” transpired in the afterlife thereby.