

Texting in the Good Auld Days

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There was a time in the not too distant past when writers actually wrote. We were creating text, but we weren't texting. We weren't blogging or twittering or hanging out at a twitter feed. We made friends and sometimes lost friends, but we didn't friend, and we didn't unfriend. Those were the good auld days.

Now maybe I should just chillax. After all, there is truthiness in this new textspeak and I suppose millennials think it better to find currency by Facebooking as if they were screenagers.

Whatever it was I just said in that paragraph, I take it back. It's not as if I will go over a fiscal cliff if I don't trend with the trenders or deign to upcycle when I am obviously in my downcycle years, but I prefer to exercise that classic English verb and simply write.

Henceforth I will not stoop to verbalize life using verbalized nouns, as in *securitizing* my wallet, or *signaturing* my check. That my wallet doesn't have much need of securitizing or that my checks are just as worthless when they've been signatured is beside the point. In the same vein, I will also shun the practice of verbalizing verbs into nouns (or is that nounalizing?). I will not hype the act of opening a box of cookies by calling it *The Reveal* nor will I call consuming its contents *The Eat*.

I intend to revive (or is that revivalize?) the language of our grandparents. I will reclaim words like aught and naught, both spelled with a glorious a-u- g-h-t, to describe anything at all or nothing at all. And if words like that make you think I'm full of it, you may tell me I'm fraught full of whatever it is you think I'm full of.

I will still Google my facts, but by golly I will still call it research. Or should I say, "*henceforth I shall*", rather than *I may still*, and "*by Jehoshaphat*" instead of *by golly*, but then again, my vocabulary is still in transition back to an earlier century. Or is it transitioning?

My prose will feature lovely words like abroad, aplomb and apothecary, behold, besmirched, bedeviled, betwixt and betimes. I will serve my beer in bumpers. If I rant I shall contemn with the most contumely of language. I will dangle fandangles like forfend, forsooth, forthwith and fourscore. Methinks hence I will hearken to peregrinate from paragraph to period with the adeptness of old Bill Shakespeare.

In reading my essays you will peruse traverse, troth, truncheon, Tyrol and tryst. There will be varmint, vassals, and victuals. You may find me flummoxed, forlorn, wayward, weathered and wizened, but my quixotic journey will not be waylaid by ye gainsayers of the modern world. Henceforward I will eschew the language of the new millennials and I will not impersonate them by calling my boycott *The Decline*. I won't call them millennials, either. Whippersnappers will work just fine.