

Jeffrey Scott Pearson

E-108 Revision #1

Mr. Brewner

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I was there, just dozing off in the late-afternoon heat when I was rudely plucked from my lazy immersion into the world of dreams. I was brusquely enlisted to a cause that even the perpetrator had little knowledge of. Well, seeing as I am properly suited for the task, I guess such recruitment should have been foreseen. Still, perhaps a little direction and purpose would be nice if I am to be expected to create wonders, *n'est-ce pas* (isn't that so)?

All cons considered, one must still accept that being part of such a Holy Grail type quest as an honor. Even if the executor of this quest may have no chance at results, I still have something to say in the final outcome! The perception may be that I am just a mere instrument of creation; however, the true architect of creativity does not let me remain dull, but sharpens and hones my abilities. I trust that you have, at least once, utilized a cousin of mine. Perhaps your adventure with my relative included various mathematical work, or fashioning fantastic feats of infallibly fine art.

Unbelievable! Now my owner has seemingly given up our mutual undertaking. Poor complex organism, he actually requires constant replenishment. Me, I am satiated with just the occasional shave and some desk space. Well, at least he has now returned with a less defeated sense of intent. Hopefully now we can, together, yield something worthy of remembrance for years to come.

Surprisingly I have remained in an active role over the past decade or so. With all the rapidly surfacing technology, I thought that my sinking right to the bottom would be inevitable. Sharing my employment with that awful purring black box downstairs is distasteful. But the end result of hours bending over my lined mural of a home is by far more succulent and invaluable than the texture-less garbage spat out by my counterpart. I mean, when do you see me taking hours to start up, or failing to capture the intentions of my applicator?

Alas, even dim-witted humans must arrive at their chosen destinations at *some* point. So my time with you must be cut short. But, our brief interdiction was not in vain. Perhaps now, you can pick me up and revel in the wonderment of your imagination spilling onto the page.

No writing utensils were harmed in the making of this brilliance