

## The Inanimate Until Animated

Most of my typewriters are cased and stored, organized on shelves, standing ready. Most of them are in working order, prepared to type. The few that are out at all times are office machines. These are the machines that prompt me to write. I see them and they entice me. I know that my typewriters are not inanimate objects, unless I allow them to be so. I animate them, and they in return inspire me to tap out words. A fine symbiotic relationship.

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What a great time to be (or become) an introvert! When I was a kid, I did have a bit of a shy streak, though anyone you ask who knew me then might beg to differ. Still, I did enjoy being alone and quiet. In high school I was churning amid a noisesome group, which actually helped. I was able to skitter into the shadows as the tempo of the parties grew. Then I would begin to walk home, even if I was five miles from home. I liked fresh air. I liked stars.

I would have missed out on so much fun and life experience if I caved into my introspection as a kid. Now I know how to identify an asshole in public. Not sure I would have developed that skill set holed up in my bedroom. When an asshole came along, you could confer among your friends and quickly come to a decision, without so much as an instant replay. Yep. That guy's an asshole.

Of course, I was sometimes an asshole. Most likely when I was still learning how to drink. I have now mastered that skill, so I'm almost sure I can appear somewhat tolerable, while still carrying an air of asshole cred. Truth be told, everyone is an asshole at one time or another, and apt to be one again in the future. If you deny ever being an asshole, well, you are probably just short-changing your abilities, hiding your light under a bushel.

Now? OMG! Perfect time to be (or become) an introvert. We used to go to the public library and comb through a ten year old encyclopedia set to find current information on some ridiculous subject our teacher's deemed important. Then we would copy the words, then paraphrase them by switching the sentences around (thus, avoiding plagiarism, an F, and the FBI knocking our parents' front door off it's hinges). It really was the threat of an F that frightened us the most. Our parents could handle a few G-men.

Now we google/wikipedia/youtube our way through the research. Now, all the stuff I'm really interested in learning is almost public domain. I can grab, read, listen, view just about anything now, without proffering a nickel. Do kids today know what a nickel is? It's a coin that has our first ever president's face on it, one Mister George W. Bush. Don't believe me? Look it up. -T-