

FIRST M. LAST

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STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

First, I believe that this nation should commit itself to achieving the goal, before this decade is out, of landing a man on the moon and returning him safely to the earth. No single space project in this period will be more impressive to mankind, or more important for the long-range exploration of space; and none will be so difficult or expensive to accomplish.

EMPLOYMENT

Pants Inspector
Perfect Pants, LLC

February 2011 - Present
San Francisco, CA

- It has been said that astronomy is a humbling and character-building experience.
- There is perhaps no better demonstration of the folly of human conceits than this distant image of our tiny world.
- To me, it underscores our responsibility to deal more kindly with one another, and to preserve and cherish the pale blue dot, the only home we've ever known.

Squirrel Chaser
Oblong Orchards

September 2008 - January 2011
San Mateo, CA

- Our posturings, our imagined self-importance, the delusion that we have some privileged position in the Universe, are challenged by this point of pale light.
- Our planet is a lonely speck in the great enveloping cosmic dark.
- In our obscurity, in all this vastness, there is no hint that help will come from elsewhere to save us from ourselves.

EXPERIENCE

- Pants inspection
- Squirrel chasing
- Basket weaving
- Synergetic synthesis
- Flagrant goofing
- Perennial loafing

EDUCATION

Quantum Dance, MS
Crazy Go Nuts University

September 2008
Population, Tire

Fruit Counting, BA
Corrugated College of Crepes

February 2006
Calamansi, CA

ONLINE

Blog: www.myblogorrificblogosite.net
GitHub: www.github.com/octocat

Dear Company,

Look again at that dot. That's here. That's home. That's us. On it everyone you love, everyone you know, everyone you ever heard of, every human being who ever was, lived out their lives. The aggregate of our joy and suffering, thousands of confident religions, ideologies, and economic doctrines, every hunter and forager, every hero and coward, every creator and destroyer of civilization, every king and peasant, every young couple in love, every mother and father, hopeful child, inventor and explorer, every teacher of morals, every corrupt politician, every "superstar," every "supreme leader," every saint and sinner in the history of our species lived there--on a mote of dust suspended in a sunbeam.

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The Earth is a very small stage in a vast cosmic arena. Think of the rivers of blood spilled by all those generals and emperors so that, in glory and triumph, they could become the momentary masters of a fraction of a dot. Think of the endless cruelties visited by the inhabitants of one corner of this pixel on the scarcely distinguishable inhabitants of some other corner, how frequent their misunderstandings, how eager they are to kill one another, how fervent their hatreds.

We choose to go to the moon. We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do the other things, not because they are easy, but because they are hard, because that goal will serve to organize and measure the best of our energies and skills, because that challenge is one that we are willing to accept, one we are unwilling to postpone, and one which we intend to win, and the others, too.

The surface is fine and powdery. I can kick it up loosely with my toe. It does adhere in fine layers, like powdered charcoal, to the sole and sides of my boots. I only go in a small fraction of an inch, maybe an eighth of an inch, but I can see the footprints of my boots and the treads in the fine, sandy particles. There seems to be no difficulty in moving around, as we suspected.

The view of the Earth from the Moon fascinated me--a small disk, 240,000 miles away. It was hard to think that that little thing held so many problems, so many frustrations. Raging nationalistic interests, famines, wars, pestilence don't show from that distance.

Sincerely,

First M. Last