**Covering letter**

Dear Art Gallery Team,

I’m excited to apply for the Gallery Assistant role! Your job posting popped up when I was reading an article “*Suffering in Modern Art*”. I’ve heard your abstract collection is the perfect place to practice ‘artistic resilience’ — a skill I’ve honed explaining to my grandma why a pet rock can be a masterpiece. While I can’t promise I’ll understand every abstract sculpture, I can promise enthusiasm, organization, and the ability to stop visitors from using them as coat racks.

I’ve always loved art, though my own creative peak was a childhood finger-painting phase. More recently, I worked at a cafe where I learned to handle chaos (and customers). Turns out, explaining why the “avocado latte” isn’t a real drink isn’t so different from explaining modern art. Both require patience and a straight face.

I’m good at administrative tasks, fluent in English, and calm under pressure. Need someone to sort files or politely remind guests that the fire extinguisher isn’t part of the exhibition? I’m your person. I also have a degree in Art History, which means I can talk about Renaissance painters as comfortably as postmodern installations.

Attached is my CV. I’d love to chat about how I can help your gallery run smoothly. I’ll even leave my sarcasm at home (mostly).

Best wishes,  
Kate V.

**Inventor and invention**

**From Rocks to Riches: The Unhinged Genius of the World’s Laziest Pet**

Who needs a dog when you can have a rock that never barks, eats, or dies? That’s what Gary Dahl, a guy who really got the appeal of doing nothing, thought back in 1975. After listening to friends whine about their pets, he had a genius idea: sell rocks as pets. Picture this—a plain stone in a box with air holes (because rocks need to “breathe,” apparently). Critics laughed, but 1.5 million people bought them anyway. Turns out, if you call a rock “revolutionary” with a straight face, people believe you.

The real trick wasn’t the rock—it was the guts to sell it. Every box included a joke “training manual” with steps like “teach your rock to sit” or “play dead” (spoiler: it never learned). Ads called it “perfect for people allergic to effort,” and weirdly enough, paying $4 for a stone kinda… made sense. Everyone knew it was a scam, but buying one became a flex. “Look at me,” the rock seemed to say, “I’m rich enough to waste money on a meme.”

Decades later, the Pet Rock is still the best joke on how we buy stuff. Most trends melt faster than ice cream in summer, but this rock? It’s still here, proving humans will empty their wallets for anything if you say, “Trust me, bro.” Gary Dahl, the guy who turned a rock into cash, once joked, “Make people laugh, and they’ll throw money at you.” Honestly? He nailed it.

The real mystery is why no one’s selling “Pet Oxygen” yet as the ultimate eco-friendly accessory. Imagine charging $99 for a jar of air. Believe it or not, someone is going to purchase this—likely while calling it ‘innovation’.

**Дайте деняк**

Dear Elon Musk,

We are the Pet Rock Digging Enthusiasts, a group of (slightly unhinged) historians determined to rescue the *forgotten legends* of the ancient Pet Rock civilization. Let’s be real: history books ignore the *true* heroes—pebbles that once ruled the Slavic-Aryan lands before being crushed in the Great War of Ancient Rus vs. Lizard Overlords. Today, their legacy is buried under dirt, TikTok trends, and rocks that even your dog wouldn’t bother chasing.

We need $50,000 to dig up the sacred Pet Rock ruins. Why? Because not all rocks are created equal. Our team of “world-class” archaeologists (who can *totally* tell a Pet Rock from a Tesla Cybertruck scrap) requires funds for:

* Tiny brushes to gently dust off 2,000-year-old pebbles.
* Magnifying glasses to spot ancient Pet Rock “art” (spoiler: it’s just stick figures).
* Salaries for experts who won’t laugh when we say: “This rock changed history.”

Why care? Picture kids never knowing Pet Rocks invented libertarianism or TikTok dances. *Heartbreaking.* Your cash will “show” these rocks ruled Slavic-Aryan culture. All finds go to the *Museum of Pet Rock Glory*, where teens will sigh “Wow, my life is way more exciting.”

But wait! There’s more! Funding us means you’ll be the hero of science. Or comedy. Honestly, we’re not sure. Either way, history (and our Twitter/X account) will thank you.

Sincerely,  
Kate Vavilina  
Pet Rock Digging Enthusiast and Part-Time Mars Colony Daydreamer

**Напишите веб страницу**

**Welcome to the Museum of Alternative Reality (MAR)!**

**Where History is 10% Facts, 90% “What If?”**

**History:** Founded in 2025 by a group of friends after a *particularly confusing* Netflix documentary night, MAR is dedicated to “educating” humanity about the *real* past. Spoiler: It’s way weirder than your textbooks.

**What’s Special?**

* **Free Tin-Foil Hats** at the entrance (to protect you from “boring historian vibes”).
* **The Wise Trees Exhibit**: Ancient oaks that allegedly whispered life advice to cavemen. One sign reads: “This tree once told Genghis Khan to drink more water.”
* **Pet Rock Civilization**: See 2,000-year-old rocks labeled “CEO,” “Influencer,” and “Professional Paperweight.”
* **Rus vs. Lizard Overlords Battle Diorama**: Featuring action figures, glitter glue “blood,” and a dinosaur toy labeled “Evidencе.”

**Size & Contents:** 3 chaotic rooms, 500 “artifacts” (we counted the dust bunnies), and a gift shop selling “I ❤️ Fake History” mugs.

**Location & Transport:**

* Address: 42 Conspiracy Lane, Next to the “Flat Earth Society’s Gift Shop.”
* Bus #WTF stops here. Parking available for unicorns only.

**Opening Hours & Tickets:**

* Open Tue-Sun, 11 AM – 7 PM (Closed Mondays: staff naps).
* Tickets: $10. Discounts for anyone wearing socks with sandals or bringing pizza.

**Facilities:**

* Café *Conspiracy Brews*: Try the “Illuminati Latte” (comes with free side-eye).
* Souvenir Shop: Buy a piece of “Ancient Rus Warrior Beard Hair” (spoiler: it’s yarn).

**Current Exhibition:**  
*“LOL History: A Journey Through Nonsense”* by our beloved **Alternative History Enthusiasts™**:

* Max, Alex, Maya, Sophia, Danya and Kate

**Why Visit?** Because reality is overrated. Come laugh, question everything, and leave wondering if *you* are the museum exhibit.

**Guaranteed laughs:** 99%. **Regrets:** 0%.

**P.S.** Free entry if you can convince us aliens built the gift shop.

**Напишите веб страницу (чуть более соединено)**

Welcome to the Museum of Alternative Reality (MAR) — where history is 10% facts, 90% *“What If?”* and 100% pure chaos. Founded in 2025 by a group of friends who binge-watched one too many Netflix conspiracy docs, MAR exists to “educate” humanity about the *real* past. it’s way weirder than your textbooks.

Your journey begins with a free tin-foil hat (to shield you from “boring historian radiation”) and escalates quickly. Step inside, and you’ll find:

* The Wise Trees Exhibit, featuring ancient oaks that allegedly whispered life hacks to cavemen.
* Pet Rock Civilization, a collection of 2,000-year-old pebbles labeled *“CEO”*, *“Influencer”*, and *“Professional Paperweight”*. Historians weep.
* A Rus vs. Lizard Overlords Battle Diorama starring action figures, glitter-glue “blood,” and a plastic dinosaur marked *“Evidencе”* in Comic Sans.

With three chaotic rooms and 500 “artifacts” (yes, we counted the dust bunnies), MAR is *exactly* as unhinged as it sounds. Find us at 42 Conspiracy Lane, right next to the Flat Earth Society’s Gift Shop. Bus #WTF stops here, and parking is available for unicorns only.

Planning your visit? We’re open Tue-Sun, 11 AM–7 PM. Tickets are $10, but we’ll slash the price if you wear socks with sandals or bribe us with pizza. Refuel at Café Conspiracy Brews, home of the *“Illuminati Latte”* (comes with a free side-eye). Then hit the Souvenir Shop for *“Ancient Rus Warrior Beard Hair”*.

Don’t miss our current exhibition, “LOL History: A Journey Through Nonsense”, curated by the infamous Alternative History Enthusiasts™ — Max, Alex, Maya, Sophia, Danya, and Kate.

Why come? Because reality is overrated. Laugh, question everything, and leave wondering if *you’re* the museum exhibit. Guaranteed laughs: 99%. Regrets: 0%.

P.S. Free entry if you convince us aliens built the gift shop.

**Финальное сочинение**

Why I’d Choose Ancient Rus (Bears, Mead & No Wi-Fi)

Imagine waking up to pine forests and axe sounds, not traffic. Your neighbor? A bear-wrestling warrior named Vlad. Welcome to Ancient Rus—brutal, wild, and weirdly fun.

I’d trade rent for a log hut built where "forest spirits approved." Forget plumbing—dawn dips in the freezing river kept you clean (and awake!). Fashion? One itchy tunic, a wolf-fur cloak smelling of campfire, and jewelry so heavy, it doubled as armor. Lose a mitten? Time to argue with a squirrel.

Life ran on mead and chaos. Gatherings meant fire-lit stories: *"Were yesterday’s raiders lizard-men, or just Uncle Yaro’s bad wine?"* Bards sang of gods throwing lightning tantrums; kids played with real axes (*safety third!*). Fame came if your song about a lovesick ghost spread to the next village—no Wi-Fi needed.

Yes, winters tried to freeze you solid. Raiders stole your last goat. Historians still whisper: *"Lizard overlords? Real or just too much fermented honey?"* But life felt raw and real. Survive a blizzard? That called for a mead feast! Forge a sword? You were the neighborhood hero. Dance under the stars? Pure magic.

No influencers—just gruWmpy shamans and bears who hated selfies. No existential dread—just stars so bright, they made city lights look sad.

Ancient Rus: Where every sunrise was an adventure, every stranger a story, and the only "deadline" was outrunning wolves. Bring fur. And extra mead. Just maybe pack an extra axe… you know, for ‘negotiating’ with those time-traveling lizard tax collectors everyone keeps mentioning in the sagas.