

Dear Granify,

This was the first job in the tech industry that I ever applied to, around this time in November, 2020. I recall a sprawling interview process over weeks, where I met with your Vice President, QA Lead, and finally, Jeff, who I told of my desire to switch to Development when I felt ready (~9 months). I didn't get the job.

I applied for that Development position around this time last year, however I took my sweet time completing the assessment -- I'd already done it, and it failed to teach me anything new. I like to learn, and I like to grow, and it felt like a waste of my time, and so I in turn wasted a bit of yours.

That's awfully petty, but I'm Human, and I'm working on it. Fact is that I've grown substantially over the years. I recall interviewing with a British chap for the Development role. He had a bit of a condescending tone in response to my allusion to the AI portion of your company being magic, to which I had no ambitions. That's not really a Granify thing, I think he's just British. They're just like that.

That was the past. Presently, I've made peace with who I am, and what I have to offer -- I specialize in pain. That's an awfully unpleasant specialty, in the wrong environment. In the time since I first approached Granify, I've worked at startups where I was expected to manually test the same painful features, and suffer under the burden of an antagonistic developer team, and been forced to concede that, they were correct to be rude, because that's how they could live with themselves while working for a couple of non-technical founders, and specifically the COO, who was so smart that she seemed to look down on any form of intelligence that was not her purview... Not to say she wasn't smart, moreso that she is crazy.

My NDA expired this month, so I get to tell stories. Fact is, I've been around. I know what works, I know what doesn't, and I've learned that I actually garner a profound sense of meaning and importance in providing others with the means to trust. I like writing automated tests, and saying that, my last job was amongst those who, not only wrote no tests, but in fact wrote untestable code. I left them with every functionality I had to scour documented, some nice patterns, and the freedom to continue their present approach -- they ultimately were ensuring their own job's security, and I cannot say that's wrong.

Me? I don't care about security. I'm all about startups, and I've spent every penny I've made this year, and every hour I had to spare on my own. I've only paid half my rent this month, which is okay, because it means I get to talk to you, and tell you a story.

When I first applied to you, I was naive. I went to my first Launch Party this year, and saw Granify amongst those up on stage many years ago. Next year, that could be me.

I'm applying for this role because I'm extremely effective at finding what's wrong, and I'm lazy, so if I can do it once, do it well, write a script, and automate the entire job? Heck Yeah. Not only that, but given a few months, I'll be able to tell you not just what's wrong, but also why -- this means process, people, culture. My only hope is that someone cares about improving those things, because I care deeply, and It's profoundly

demotivating, and in fact degrading, to work in the company of those who do not care to right what's wrong. I'm capable of better, and something tells me you're already there.

Now, I'm going to close by saying this isn't addressed to Jeff, because this is the sort of cover letter you're welcome to print off, and post to your fridge. It's funny, but the letters I've sent you, Granify, are some of my best -- this must be why I keep getting interviews. I'd like another one. I'm serious about the QA path here, and while I might not last forever (Launch Party), I can promise you that I structure my work such that, were I to be hit by a bus tomorrow, you would be fine. The code is clean, documented, and everything you need in my absence will be had. Because I care about the Product, and the People. I'm the sort who'll get fired, and then message the guy who fired me on LinkedIn to tip him off about a promising local startup I saw pitch, and its relation to what he's doing.

So, without further adieu, and with a bit of love, I'm signing off of this letter. Jeff - if you're reading this. I hope your daughter is well, and I would love to find out what's become of you since we first spoke. It was a different time, a different dream, and I was a more damaged person. Asked for hobbies I said drinking, but that was not always me, nor is it now. I prefer screaming as I fall off the wall, attempting to master a challenging set at Boulders Climbing, these days. How rare in life, to fall freely.

Surprising even myself,  
Ryan Horricks