

Zach's Awesome License Agreement

Pink ponies and purple giraffes roamed the field. Cotton candy grew from the ground as a chocolate river meandered off to the side. What looked like stones in the pasture were actually rock candy. Everything in her dream seemed to be perfect except for the fact that she had no mouth.

The irony of the situation hadn't escaped her. She had taken years to sculpt the perfect persona with the perfect look that she shared on Instagram. She knew her hundreds of thousands of followers envied that life she showed and stayed engaged with her because they wanted that life too. The truth was that she wanted the perfect life she portrayed more than any of her fans. The fact was that despite all the perfection she shared on social media, her life was actually more of a mess than most.

Here's the thing. She doesn't have anything to prove, but she is going to anyway. That's just her character. She knows she doesn't have to, but she still will just to show you that she can. Doubt her more and she'll prove she can again. We all already know this and you will too.

"It's never good to give them details," Janice told her sister. "Always be a little vague and keep them guessing." Her sister listened intently and nodded in agreement. She didn't fully understand what her sister was saying but that didn't matter. She loved her so much that she would have agreed to whatever came out of her mouth.

It was always the Monday mornings. It never seemed to happen on Tuesday morning, Wednesday morning, or any other morning during the week. But it happened every Monday morning like clockwork. He mentally prepared himself to once again deal with what was about to happen, but this time he also placed a knife in his pocket just in case.

I love the feel of wood curls flying off the lathe as I begin to shape the log in front of me. The sound of scraping changes based on the wetness of the wood, the speed at which the lathe is turning, and the type of cut I am making. The smell and feel of wet wood being turned are unique. The water is sprayed out as I cut through the different layers of wood. A log can turn into anything one's imagination can think of with the right set of hands-on tools. I have those hands and imagination. I use all of my senses and intuition to create a beautiful object. That is why I enjoy turning wood.

Initial Below

The light blinded him. It was dark and he thought he was the only one in the area, but the light shining in his eyes proved him wrong. It came from about 100 feet away and was shining so directly into his eyes he couldn't make out anything about the person holding the light. There was only one thing to do in this situation. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a flashlight of his own that was much stronger than the one currently blinding him. He turned it on and pointed it into the stranger's eyes.

What was beyond the bend in the stream was unknown. Both were curious, but only one was brave enough to want to explore. That was the problem. There was always one that let fear rule her life.

It was the best compliment that he'd ever received although the person who gave it likely never knew. It had been an off-hand observation on his ability to hold a conversation and actually add pertinent information to it on practically any topic. Although he hadn't consciously strived to be able to do so, he'd started to voraciously read the news when he couldn't keep up on topics his friends discussed because their conversations went above his head. The fact that someone had noticed enough to compliment him that he could talk intelligently about many topics meant that he had succeeded in his quest to be better informed.

Her hand was balled into a fist with her keys protruding out from between her fingers. This was the weapon her father had shown her how to make when she walked alone to her car after work. She wished that she had something a little more potent than keys between her fingers. It would have been nice to have some mace or pepper spray. He had been meaning to buy some but had never gotten around to it. As the mother bear took another step forward with her cubs in tow, she knew her fist with keys wasn't going to be an adequate defense for this situation.

Why do Americans have so many different types of towels? We have beach towels, hand towels, bath towels, dish towels, camping towels, quick-dry towels, and let's not forget paper towels. Would 1 type of towel work for each of these things? Let's take a beach towel. It can be used to dry your hands and body with no difficulty. A beach towel could be used to dry dishes. Just think how many dishes you could dry with one beach towel. I've used a beach towel with no adverse effects while camping. If you buy a thin beach towel it can dry quickly too. I'd probably cut up a beach towel to wipe down counters or for cleaning other items, but a full beach towel could be used too. Is having so many types of towels an extravagant luxury that Americans enjoy or is it necessary? I'd say it's overkill and we could cut down on the many types of towels that manufacturers deem necessary.

She had come to the conclusion that you could tell a lot about a person by their ears. The way they stuck out and the size of the earlobes could give you wonderful insights into the person. Of course, she couldn't scientifically prove any of this, but that didn't matter to her. Before anything else, she would size up the ears of the person she was talking to.

At that moment, she realized that she had created her current life. It wasn't the life she wanted, but she took responsibility for how it currently stood. Something clicked and she saw that every choice she made to this point in her life had led to where her life stood at this very moment even if she knew this wasn't where she wanted to be. She determined to choose to change it.

There was no ring on his finger. That was a good sign although far from proof that he was available. Still, it was much better than if he had been wearing a wedding ring on his hand. She glanced at his hand a bit more intently to see if there were any tan lines where a ring may have been, and he's simply taken it off. She couldn't detect any which was also a good sign and a relief. The next step would be to get access to his wallet to see if there were any family photos in it.

It really doesn't matter what she thinks as it isn't her problem to solve. That's what he kept trying to convince himself. She was trying to insert her opinion where it wasn't wanted or welcome. He already had a plan and even though that plan didn't correspond with what she wanted him to do or what should be done, it wasn't her decision to make. The question now became whether he would stick to his convictions and go through with his plan knowing she wouldn't approve.

Signatures

Date: _____