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Ready Willing & Able

Ready: Yes, it is true. For the right project, I could start today. In fact, considering the other things I have planned (work, social engagements, washing the dishes, etc.), I'd rather.

Willing: Never been too sure how this is different from being ready, but I suppose one could be prepared for an earthquake and not be looking forward to it; so let's just say, I'm both prepared for the Zombie Apocalypse AND looking forward to it. Are you? Well, you should be.

Able: Zombie Apocalypses aside (I'm no Dark Necromancer and them guys seem to be on strike these days), when it comes to writing prose, poetry, code, or (only) slightly insane dribble (call it a diatribe), I am most definitely ready, willing, and able. Let me be your voice. My voice may not be the loudest, but I like to think it's LOL enough (even more so, or perhaps, with your help).

Experience

(Shall we overlook the fact that this is sort of like bragging about how you'd make the ideal partner, you know, on account of how many relationships you've had in the past?)

Novels: yeah, I've written a few. Short stories: those, too. Or maybe you'd like to slip into something a little more comfortable, check out one of my websites, and we can discuss our future together over a nice, tall, frosty glass of grape juice... or apple, I do apple juice, too.

Programs: the trick here (for the moment, at least) is walking that narrow line between what I can do, and what it would be cool to do. Hopefully, this line will get wider as time goes by, but probably not. It never did for books. As my skill increases, I tend to set my sights ever higher. So if you're looking to be a star (or to have a constellation named after you), maybe I can help.

Characters: it's not love 'em and leave 'em with me. When outlining a new project, I always see who (what, when, and where), I can salvage from my old acquaintance. It's surprising who sticks around the longest: which is to say, you work for me, and I'll gladly work for you.

Grants? Grants?

We don't need no stinking grants! Ah, but if I did, or was ever so lucky...

Ode to a Grecian Urn (a conceptual installation piece): You're bored. You're tired. Your patience is wearing thin. You're at a modern art museum. (Coincidence? I think not.) And you're looking for a quiet place to sit, rest, chew the fat, maybe exclaim in a loud obnoxious voice, "I could do that!" Thankfully, someone has set up a couch, a few chairs, and a coffee table secluded in a corner. Scattered on it are few books. Among them, one containing Keats' Ode to a Grecian Urn. And at the center of it all, a gaudy Greek urn filled with a steaming hot brew: coffee, help yourself. 'Donation Suggested' for the artist, don't you know... and his muse.

It's not what you know, but who. If you're a muse, I want to know you.