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## **Have Imagination - Will Travel**

**Close Quarters, No Problem:** neat, clean, quiet, & courteous, I keep my work station mean & lean, the quiet hum of a Van Der Wahl generator is all I ask, that and a bunk to call my own as I watch the stars whiz by, so a porthole view would be nice for when not staring at a screen

**Light Traveler:** no meteor rocks as souvenirs for me, I hanker for the things money can't buy: honor, glory, the experience, and the quiet satisfaction of a job well done: i.e. the creator's credit

**Seriously Fun:** I know how to work and I know how to have a good time; I don't talk shop while on shore leave and I don't toss around empty canisters of anti-matter; not even for a laugh

**Strong Work Ethic:** I like to code (Javascript, Python); I like to write (mostly serious non-fiction stuff, obviously); I'm not opposed to doing my time in the galley (I've got my own food site, which specializes in *Bachelor Americana Cuisine*, so we won't starve); I can lift 75lbs (though, since a ream of paper only weighs 2.5lbs, I don't often lift more): that said, I draw the line at being asked to wash the exterior cockpit windows during an ion storm (just saying)

**(((((O)))))/(O)(O):** I like math. XLM makes perfect sense to me. One day Haskell will give up its dark secrets. In the meantime, I hone my Vector Graphics skills (paperjs, Raphael next). Oh, and I know my way around Windows, Office, and a whole slew more (so like, learning your navigational protocols shouldn't be a problem, I did mention Windows, right? (Linux, next.)

**Electrically Savoir Faire** (to middling, if you catch my drift): anyway, a long-long, long-long-long time ago ( $y^t_{dydt}$  I'm guessing, but it is just a guess) in a galaxy far-far away ( $d^{++}$ , this one I'm pretty sure about), I wanted to be a traveling (tri-state accredited) transducer repairman, laser stream focuser, and/or an Electrical Engineer. Never happened (of course), but you learn a thing or two along the way, and I can usually get that last parsec out of a broken reflux coil.

**Bureaucratic Tendencies:** I know my way around a sales office and the water cooler and/or a government agency and the ever popular K-209: Import/Export Quarantine Life-Form Form; so, I'm just saying, no one ever need know about... I'm sorry, what were we talking about, again?

**Alternative Tendencies:** or what we like to call life experience; I've been a hitchhiker, picked up a hitchhiker, know the score, lost track, and never bothered to keep tabs again. I guess what I'm saying is: I don't expect to get space sick, fully tested (TB) and approved (no Rock Fever or Venusian Flu for me). The CIDC even gave me a special dispensation (traveling papers for life), though they refuse to acknowledge my years of service (or even their own existence); still, in the day, I did the camp counselor thing, ice cream truck driver, substance abuse counselor (training only), and came out of it all A-OK; except perhaps for an unexplained need (nay, desire) to rant on occasion; but then, with any luck, that'll be exactly why you're hiring me.

***In space, no one can hear you scream -- except for, maybe, me...***