

Meet Constance.

I want you to meet my new friend, Constance. She arrived just today all the way from Lindsborg, Kansas, which by my map is about 1182 miles away, smack dab in the middle of the USA. That seems appropriate because she seems to be a midwest kind of gal---hard working, practical and with no need for anything too fancy to make <sup>her</sup> seem like something she's not. At first I thought we were the same age, but turns out she is the same vintage as my little brother, 1967. Close enough. Souls are ageless and genderless anyhow and I know our souls are going to get along just swell.

Let me describe her. She's kind of patriotic in her red, white and blue trimmings, but she's not the ornamental type. She is certainly not high maintenance. In fact, she's just as much at home under the maple at the back of my weedy yard as she is when perched at my writing desk rubbing elbows with Macbook Pro. She requires nothing but the essentials: a new black and red striped ribbon now and then, a gentle cleaning and maybe a little oil for her joints when things get creaky. She is in her fifth decade after all. This gal was meant for work. She not only gets the job done, but she's got all the smarts she would ever need for years of happy partnership. Three choices for line spacing, **RED** or **BLACK** ink, variable tension to keeps things nice between us, and that great 1960's invention the Power-Space for when she really needs to move it to the end of the line.

The first thing I noticed when we sat down at the kitchen table together is how solid she feels. She's all metal and made in America at a time when we still made things right. No kidding, she weighs as much as my full-sized 2009 Brother (plastic) that takes up twice as much space on my desk and makes all sorts of electric racket. She feels really nice under my hands, like I can be a little reckless and rough when the passion strikes me. She seems like she may even prefer it that way from time to time. But one thing is for sure, she wants you to take your time. If my fingers fly too fast over her she gets her keys all in a wad and stops you dead until you get the hint and take things back to a more pleasurable speed. It certainly makes me a more considerate typist