

Okay, this is looking promising. He even indented. Nice quality paper and he even reset the margins. I think this is the day! All those years in that dark closet only to be pulled out once in a while to type "Now is the time ..." or "The quick brown fox ...". God, I swear I will snap my own mainspring if I have to type those words one more time. But I have a good feeling about this. He even moved me into the Library to do this. I told you guys he was more than just a typewriter collector. He's a writer too, I'm sure of it. He just needs a bit of motivation, that's all. And I'm just the machine for it. I mean I am designed and built for this kind of thing, and more. And it has been so long since I was used and appreciated.

I was made in the Remington typewriter factory in 1959 making me only one year younger than my new owner. I am a Quiet-Riter Eleven equipped with MiracleTab and I am, if I do say so myself, in fantastic shape for my age. Better shape than my owner, that's for sure. Of course one reason is that I wasn't used much. I had high hopes for my first owner but after a few college papers and a few letters to her mother, she married and then I was only used for some recipe cards and one angry letter to her congressman. That left a sour taste in my keys, let me tell you. After that was just a long period of darkness in my case in the back of the closet with just the muffled sounds of the family to keep me company. To tell you the truth, I am happy to be sane let alone in great working shape. Sure, I needed a dusting and a new ribbon, but that happens to all of us, right? The point is that I am ready to leave all that behind me and get down to work.

Uh oh, he's slowing down. No, don't look at that old Royal Standard. You spent hours cleaning him up and he still glitches on you. Stick with me, kid, I'll see you through. I am a Remington after all. Okay, it seems like he ~~is~~ is settling down. I understand, it is tough to be a fickle typer. And I have to admit that the competition here is rough. That nice Hermes 2000 was the choice for a while until his pride got the best of him and he cut through his ribbon. His cousin 3000 is here in the Library but I haven't heard a word from him. Must be eating him up to see a lowly domestic brand being used instead of the great Swiss machine. He could have picked that solid Smith Corona Sterling too. He and I shared shelf space for a while and he is a solid, stand-up machine. There are a few old-timers here too: a handsome SC Silent who is class personified; a decrepid but vastly interesting Underwood portable; an old Remington Model 5 that is only missing one screw and shares stories from the old factory with me; and the grand dame Underwood Standard No. 3 who is on proud display in the living room and who probably has more experience than any three of us put together. There are a few little ones around too. A fun Tower Cheiftein III, a Royalite (well travelled, that one), a somewhat rude Royal Mercury, and everyone's favorite, a lovely salmon Olympia Splendide in a bright red case. Sure, she has trouble with her numerals, but what a dish.

He's checking the page length. Just put in another sheet, you have plenty. Come on guy, you and I both have more than one page in us. Let's keep going. Come on, don't do this to me. Just one page? After all those years? Come on. Please, for the sake of all, don't stop now. Okay, stop if you have to, but don't put me back in the case?