

## **My name is Mary, and I am looking for work.**

As much as I hate to have gainful employment in the summer, here goes. \*EDIT/REALITY CHECK: it is clearly no longer summer.\* It is time to have a real job again.

A little about me...I am relatively smart, and have a good sense of humour (which is useful, see below). I like working with small groups of people as part of a team, so there are fewer people to get mad at when things go horribly wrong. I also like to work by myself, and whistle a lot while doing that. When things get frantic, I work hard and whistle more and sometimes swear a tiny bit, and get kind of a rush from all that. Then I laugh when it is over. Ha ha.

I am accustomed to working in inhospitable conditions, with low staffing, poor safety records and shit all over the place, and have gotten used to stitches and crutches. I am used to working for difficult people, really really difficult people, and also very nice people. For the record, I DO like working in less unpredictable atmospheres, with well appointed offices and good lighting. I take orders well most of the time, and enjoy putting in my two cents worth. In today's market, my two cents is actually worth a lot more.

I am organized, and plan projects very well...you should see my little black book. It has tabs and colour coded notes and a LOT of writing and numbers in it. And some doodling (see below).

I am artist and photographer, and have been referred to as talented. I still have all my own teeth. Except for 3, now that I think of it, but I did not lose them at work. I only lose my glasses at work. That teeth thing is two other stories altogether.

I can do a whole bunch of stuff, some of it with my eyes closed, and other stuff while standing on one foot, or even swimming. When my eyes are open, I can draw anything with a decent

pencil, and can use a lot of really noisy and dangerous power tools, but not for drawing. I spell really well and like to write stuff, and usually know what the fuck is wrong with the computer this time.

I hate working weekends, to be frank. I have worked them most of my life and am kind of done with that. I will work long hours though, and can put up with somewhat random scheduling during the week. I get up and get at it before most people are awake, and have been known to work at my desk until the wee hours. Okay, the odd weekend too. And statutory holidays, if you pay me well enough.

I like to be around art. And books, and antiques. Also trees and fields. I love the water. I like music of all sorts, loud and not so loud, especially if I picked it. I like to talk (sorry). I suppose I actually like people too, and sometimes helping them. If they don't talk back. I like to drive. I like to drive far. I like to drive far away and stay there. I like making stuff, fixing stuff, and organizing stuff. I like to wear nice clothes sometimes and clean up pretty good, so I am told. I also rock a t-shirt, ratty jeans, and steel toed boots (I have three pairs).

The perfect job? Drawing pictures of stuff, while having a drink on the deck of a yacht, wearing cut-offs and pearls. There are probably a lot of other things I would like to do, even though it is July (\*EDIT/REALITY CHECK - it is clearly not July,, NOT EVEN CLOSE\*) . Who knows? I have done a lot of stuff over the years, and liked a lot of it. You should see my real résumé. It is something else.

Do I sound like someone you would trust your business with? No? Oh, come on. Give it a whirl. I could use the work, and you won't regret it. I don't think.