

I hunger.

But not for war that men of might raise their shields and axes for.

I long.

But not for the warmth of a woman's embrace or the recognition of my equals.

No.

It is not a corporeal yearning.

My mind sings with every word I transcribe onto parchment and darkens when I stay my pen.

I am sated when my words and the fruition of my endeavors find purpose.

For I am a wordsmith and the keyboard is my whetstone of choice.

As of late I have dreamt of a tower and without being able to see past its ivy-covered walls, I know without a shadow of a doubt that it has what I am searching for.

The sleepers of the dark that hold dominion over my dreams tell me the tower has a name.

And when my roiling thoughts finally coalesce, I hear its name clearly.

*Company name.*

So now I come to you, its gatekeepers, for the key.

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I have been copywriting, editing and going over manuscripts of friends and colleagues for as long as I can remember and I proofread and pay attention to detail to the point where I could be clinically diagnosed as having OCD.

A testament to this is when I check to make sure my stovetop gas knob is set to OFF three or more times before going out.

I am well versed in the latest forms of social media, multitasking comes easy to me, and I can be a lone wolf working on my own for weeks at a time or a worker bee operating with others as one efficient gestalt consciousness.

In closing I ask that you visit my personal blog (123.wordpress.com) or browse through my novel (<http://a.co/123>) to get a better sense of my writing abilities.

Thank you.