

## Bic, The Ballpoint Pen

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Hello there my friends;

Well, I guess it's the end for me, in this dust-collected cover behind the desk of a man I thought was my friend. The time we spent together, firmly grasped in his hand, scribbling down idea's and story scenes, random doodles and other things I can't disclose at this moment unfortunately. Sorry, I know, but I signed a confidentiality contract that prohibits me from sharing anything I was use to etch. Remember, I'm only as powerful as the hand that brandishes me; I like to say the person that forced me to sign it had a hand in doing so. I know a terrible but truthful pun.

I've seen my fellow writing implements casually pulled out, ready to do what they were meant to do. See the excitement on their little faces, knowing they were going to be used to create something extraordinary with the human imagination. And each one of them took their turn and hopefully used it well and wasn't carelessly tossed away or left in the can and forgotten about; but we both know that's exactly what happened to them.

My name is Bic and yes, I am a black ink ballpoint pen and I have a story to share...

It goes way back, when I was full you see, oh those were the glory days, I was fresh, young and full of ink! Anticipating that moment where someone need to jot down an idea on paper and needed to uncap me and get it down. Makes you feel important. Especially when they put it on their skin, then you know it's very important. We as writing implements have an extremely important job; we need to be ready to write at any moment of the day. Sure, we have a lot of time off, but always on call; can you image what it's like always being on call? Yeah, no vacation, you might be needed.

Just be happy, when you are left be, the person in question leaves you in a place that has others like you, so you won't be left alone. Thankfully, when I wasn't needed, I was left in this nice cup that was home to many other interesting folks. They asked me kindly to not refer to their actual names, but some

interesting stories and tales we shared over the years. We each had our unique uses, and sometimes even on the same project, but for me, it was usually solo missions writing rough drafts and brainstorming sessions, not a lot of need for coloring companions and highlighted areas.

There was one who I didn't care for, that wooden fiend, sometimes would take my jobs away. He was known to most as the erasable HB number two; but to me, the evil pencil. Ok sure, if you made a mistake, flip him around and use his opposing rubber tip to just wipe out what he wrote. Which by the way, if you're going to, flip him multiple times and very fast, he hates that, it makes him dizzy. And when you do, know that somewhere, probably the cup that you left me in is there, giggling.

Not to brag, but we as pens also have something to erase what we have done, sure, it's not easily accessible like flipping us around, but it comes in a nice bottle or that new tape like stuff. And not that I'm promoting that kind of use, if you give it a whiff or two, let me tell you, the buzz you will get.

You know, let's us compare and let you decide afterwards which one is supreme. First, there's the old saying, the pen is mightier than the sword. See, it's not the pencil is, but pen, because we've shorten it down, made it simple, for you, not us. Next let's compare lead versus ink. Lead, smudges, smears, poisoning if consumed (not that I'm saying drink all the ink you want) and a chunk of rubber can wipe you from existence! Come on. Over time, lead will fade away, something ink will not.

Pens, we come with a lid, we're permanent and don't need sharpening. That's right; we have a long tube full of ink, not some crappy fragile thing that snaps even when you gently press down on it. Come on, who hasn't gone through that experience of getting a pencil sharpened just right only to have it snap almost immediately! See, something a pen won't do to you.

You might argue that, "Hey, pens are gel, and liquids can dry up on you." This fact can be true, but you can't blame us, only yourself, I did mention we came with a lid, and that lid isn't just for fashion. Also, it's how you store us in that cup of yours, remember our little friend called gravity, how he/she (depending how you look at it) pulls us and keeps us planted on Mother Earth. Now, I'm in the cup upside down, the ink will surely get pulled down, it's physics, don't blame me. Ok, so you can store a pencil either way and write while upside down... Who writes upside down anyways?

"Bic, you're made of plastic, which is bad for the environment." This I have also heard, where my pencil counterpart is mostly constructed out of wood making it biodegradable. You know what I say to that, the only one out of the two of us that will be around to see that disaster will be me, because you'll be dead, long dead. The amount of plastic I waste is miniscule. And before I do any serious damage I'm sure scientists will figure out a way to recycle me. Plus I think the possibility of a Zombie pandemic breaking out and starting an Apocalypse is on the rise... And besides, they have refill tubes you can buy to replenish me if you're that environmentally savvy. Yeah, of course it costs an arm and a leg for those, but don't blame me, I'm just one pen trying to perform the abilities I was meant to.

See, now that we've taken a look at both pens and pencils, aren't you glad you went with me? Ok, I will say one good thing about those graphite punks; they sure can shade in nicely. But that's it. But soon,

we'll be forever forgotten. There won't be a need to use any of us. I've seen those new smart phones out there, with their voice activated memos and texting capabilities; it makes me sick to my core.

The need of paper and writing implements is slowly decaying, even typing on the computer instead of writing down the story on paper. Sure, it's more cost efficient this way, if you make a mistake, hit backspace instead of an eraser or correction fluid. But still... whatever happened to the good old days where kids gathered to play tic tac toe, fences, construct secret letters with chicken scratch writing and passed notes in the middle of class?

Sorry, I got carried away there; I'm in tears, thinking that one day; the use of us will no longer be needed. And it's closer than we want it to be.

Let me get back as to why I'm down here, in the corner, in the dark still half full of ready to go ink. You see, the person I write for, is a writer. A cunning and creative one I should mention. But like most now, uses the computer to do everything. Well, he keeps a journal that he carries to jot down ideas and stuff, but nothing like it was when he first brandished me from the box.

But now, I just sit in his hand, excited that he might need to jot something down. Every time he pauses and stares at the screen, brainstorming, rereading what's he's written, making sure it makes sense. During this time, he spins me around between his fingers and the occasional time, let's go. But don't think he's a monster, I hardly feel a thing, trust me. I'm too incoherent and trying to see straight to feel anything.

But the last time he sat there and spun me, he had an idea and needed me to jot his creative idea down. His journal ready to be written on, the paper telling me it was go time. But I was still dizzy, unaware of my surroundings, so when he pressed me down on the paper, I guess I had performance anxiety, because I froze up, the ink never came out.

After he violently shook me, my best guess still to this day is that he was trying to loosen the ink up, but that only made matters worse. I was on the verge of upchucking and did just that, all over his hand too. Now he was agitated, firmly pressed me down on the paper and jerked me back and forth. The poor paper, who was just trying to help, ripped. He and I haven't spoken to one another since.

After that, my once faithful friend, cursed out some obscene profanities, I've never heard him use that kind of language before, not even in a story, that was when I knew for certain, I was doomed. Full of rage, he tossed me out of his sight. After bouncing against the wall, I rolled underneath his desk where I found some friends I hadn't seen for some time and always wondered what happened to them.

It was dark, creepy dark and something smelled. There was a family of dust bunnies, a crumbled paper I remember being used to write a poem to something. Lots of tangled up wires; he should really tidy that up some and oh, I recognize that pencil, he was used for drawings about a month ago, last I heard he was sharpened down to the bitter end and the eraser on him tore off; this is where he ended up.

I tried to get his attention, but like most pencils, they hate us pens, and he did come across as a downer, who wouldn't though, he was on the verge of being tossed into the garbage. Not I on the other hand, I was tossed down here out of rage. He knows I'm still full; I just was under some pressure. I am quite confident when he calms down; he'll see and come rescue me from this dark and creepy place.

It sure is taking him a long time to come to my rescue. Please don't tell me he's cheating on me with that skank new fancy pen, the one with the comfy finger grip.

You have to remember, us pens, when you break it down are just as human as you. Trust old Bic, when you look at it, we have a job to do, some of us are lazy and just don't want to work. Others are scared to use their ink, because in the end, once a pen has no more ink, honestly what else is out there but the garbage for us? Who keeps empty pens around to show? Who takes care of dried up useless pens and why do they make the plastic so tasty? You know exactly what I mean, there you are thinking away, chewing on the end of the pen and then you get mad at us for breaking and bleeding our ink all over you. Do you get mad at a human for bleeding on you after you hit him or her over the head with a rock? I didn't think so, so don't be mad when you wound us and we bleed.

I spent a few days down here, and things were looking grim. Had I been forgotten about? All that time and effort we spent together, the idea's I inked down for him, was it all meaningless to him? I feel cheated, used and abused. See if I ever give my ink to his idea's ever again...

Wait, I knew it, he didn't forget about his buddy Bic. That's him there, on his knees reaching under the desk for me. He grabbed the worn down pencil and properly disposed of him, now he can rest, knowing he fulfilled his life's mission. As well as that crumbled up paper, good work you two.

When he brought me back into the light and we exchanged a blissful smile; that really made me feel special and loved and I knew he was glad he found his trusty buddy Bic. Yeah that's my interpretation of it and that's final.

Oh the joy of it all. He and I, together again were writing down thoughts and ideas for hours upon hours. Heck, the journal I thought wouldn't want to talk to me again, forgave me, he knew it wasn't my fault and the three of us had a great time; a three way bro-mance. I'm weeping just talking about it.

Oh boy, I was exhausted and was ready to be set down for the night. But he kept on writing and writing... not to sound mean and unfortunate, but I sure hope his hand cramps up. I just fear if we keep this up, I'll get drowsy and be unable to perform and if I'm unable to perform, you know where I'll end up; back into the dark.

But at last, he was done. I must admit, we work well together, that looks like another great piece of work. Afterwards he placed me in the holding cup and left the room, but oh no, I'm tip side up. Shoot, I can't be like this, the ink will run down and I won't be on my A game when he returns! Quick, flip me around I don't want to go back into that dark lonely area again!

He returned only minutes later, grabbed a hold of me, and just twirled me around between his fingers. Whoa! Which way is up, I'm going to spew my ink everywhere; I can feel it rushing out now. This

is ok though, I know he appreciates me, you see, right now, although I'm spinning out of control, he's having a thought process and I'm helping with that, if this next story makes it big, I'll be a part of that, of course, I won't get any credit, us writing tools never do. But who really wants all that publicity really, some of us are just thrilled knowing we made a difference. Whether it's a pencil for a sketch that later becomes a masterpiece, or a story in ink that becomes a bestseller, we're always here, ready to do your bidding, no argument here, we're always happy to obey.

So I bid a farewell, my name is Bic, and I'm a ballpoint pen and wouldn't have it any other way.

Special thanks to Bic for helping me write this story and to the lined paper we wrote on and one more, the computer we used to type and the printer we used to print a copy, thanks.