

## With This Pen

RAVEN responds to being ridiculed for being a writer.

**RAVEN:** (Holding up a pen) With this pen I can destroy the world. And with this pen I can rebuild it. With this pen I can cast spells, conduct an orchestra of words, build armies, and create a hero from the embers and smoke wisps of a fire. I can write a play and cast it. I can dream with ink made of my blood, sweat, and tears. I can write a scathing commentary that will leave you speechless and frozen, waiting to be saved by a force you have no ability to conjure from within yourself. I'm the vagrant poet who wanders seemingly without purpose from place to place dragging my pen behind me, a lost child with their cherished blankie. My journey seemingly pointless until my map proves me to be a cartographer. And you've let me know your feelings about me, about my work. With your unoriginal bumbblings that are barely barbs but more the buffoonery of your insecurity. I want nothing from you. And you have nothing to give. You're like the child who believes their cherished piggybank is full of coins only to find that it's worse than empty. The treasure within is just enough to give you the distant flicker of hope that I don't even have to snuff out. The slightest half-breath of your own fear will do the trick.

"Out, out, brief candle."

Now, ask me again what I do with this pen.

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