

THE PROSPECTOR

I am the prospector in an endless quest for wealth; forever searching, searching, searching...surveying the topography, exploring hills and valleys, searching in millions of caverns for that one strike that will make me richer beyond rich. It has been an arduous mission and I have become weary. I begin to speculate that the terrain has turned barren and my luck has run out. I trudge along anyway, driven only by the vision of treasure.

While wandering in the desert, I chance to stumble upon a mother lode of gold. I am awestruck by its radiance. What now? Have I become too apprehensive to mine it? Have I become hesitant to derive all the pleasures it can bring? What if I erect a quarry and once again, that precious gold turns to dust and is carried off by the wind? Perhaps it may be safer to try a small sample; perhaps it is easier to pick up ordinary fools gold scattered everywhere throughout the desert.

As I sit at the foothills of the grotto I can clearly see the glow emanating from within. It seems too genuine and too alluring to pass over, so I travel to the Assay Office to stake my claim. On the way, I am wondering if I have the proper tools to begin mining, and where to obtain the ones I am lacking. This will be a monumental task that I cannot do alone. I will need help; a trustworthy partner who also desires to build an empire in the sky. I have the treasure map...I know where to find dreams.

Glen Shulfer ~ July 13, 2008