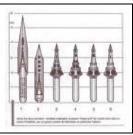
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A pen-nib.

A small piece of metal.

It costs just a few cents.



If your are inattentive, if you dot not take care...

you forget it, it become rusty, alone, in one corner you push it too hard and you bend it,

you drop it on its tip and you break it

it drops a large stain

and it destroys the job of one whole day.

But you love it, he is docile, grateful...

he dives for you in a sea made of black or coloured ink

he flows leaving a light track

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by joe

or he moves heavy like a plough leaving a deep large trail

a sharp straight mark,

or an elegant flourish



He reaches a far person.

He brings dramatic news or a love message. He opens your heart and gives it to the world...

...he is a loyal friend.

Do not forget him, never leave him in a corner

> let he run in the white field which he loves