

I [REDACTED] still cannot grow a beard.

This is, potentially, not the most important part of my life, but it never ceases to irritate me, so I figure it's a good place to start. That and the acne. You'd think that with a diet made up primarily of chicken and fish, kale and broccoli, and rice or grains, my body would recognise that I'm being healthy and do me the favour of looking like it, but fate rarely deals a fair hand.

That said, it could be worse. My hair is incredibly thick and not yet receding. I technically get to call my eyes "hazel", because if you're a few inches away and shining bright light into them, they look green, but most people would call them "brown". I'm not *too* short, though I'd rather be taller.

I get bored easily. I don't consider that a fault. Bored people invented the TV remote and video games. Getting bored means you're more likely to enjoy variety - which I do - and try new things more often. It is a bit of a pain to *be* bored, but I don't think you can fault it. It means I'm ambitious beyond my means and like to strive for more, usually while someone else complains about me asking for too much. Nothing is ever enough - it's always more fun to be looking towards the next goal than to sit on your laurels and enjoy the success of the last one.

I've always been a writer. At school I loved the part of English exams where I got to do creative writing, and after I left uni and found that working in an entry-level position isn't all it's cracked up to be, I started writing in my "spare" time too. At time of writing this, I'm about 50,000 words into a novel I want to finish, though my parents have read it and not-so-subtly suggested I finish the previous one, which they like better. It's pretty demoralising when they say that. They don't seem to understand why.

I'm hoping it's obvious from this that I like to (try to) be funny. Humour is how I deal with life, regardless of the situation. I've made jokes during break-ups, funerals, and working hours. It's how I console friends, flirt, and cope with disaster. Bad puns are fun too, though I'm the first to acknowledge that they're not actually funny.

Despite my predilection for writing, my career has actually veered away from it a bit. I started out as a copywriter and researcher, and while I still do a lot of that, I seem to be heading towards being the head of a small tech company. I don't know how the tech works, beyond some basics, but the developers who do have no sense of operating on a schedule, and they need someone to hold their leashes, so the overboss saw an opportunity to give me more work. I like it. I'd prefer to be the lead actor in a Hollywood film co-starring Anna Kendrick, but for what it's worth, I like the opportunities my job gives me. At least until my boss and I finish the game we're developing behind closed doors. Or until I finish my book. The best-selling one, not the one my parents don't like.

What else shall I say? My religious views are complicated and personal - I don't like to talk about them, because people would judge. But on the whole, I'm not a fan of organised religion. I think the only sensible views are ones you came to on your own, through experience of the world. Anything else seems like arrogance to me. I don't like arrogance, though quite a few of my coworkers would probably say that's ironic. I'm not arrogant, though. I just pretend to be. It's better for joke setups - and good for my self-esteem.

But actual arrogance, and selfishness, I think are in someone's actions, rather than what they say. Small things - people who don't wait for others to get off the Tube before trying to shove their way on. People who ignore queues. Just... Anyone who acts like they're more important than everyone else. It bugs me.

I guess I'll finish with this: life, for me, is about pursuing perfection. Obviously that's an unachievable goal, but that's kind of the point. Learning new skills is a delight. Becoming stronger, faster, smarter, knowing more things, having more experiences - it's the most important thing in the whole world. There's always something new over the horizon, and the day you stop becoming a better person is the first day you'll be *really* bored.

It's a bit of a weird snapshot into me, this. Stream of consciousness on my part. I hope it's helpful. Hell, I hope it's *honest*. I've tried to be.

Hard to say what to write here - it's a few minutes in an office for me, but for you, well. Probably a little more dramatic. I hope you're well, and happy, and surrounded by people who love you. I've heard it said that we are all the 5 people we spend the most time with, so I hope you've picked your people well.

I don't know to what extent you've ended up like me, so sorry about the acne. And no, you probably won't tan. But you might well have a healthy dose of common sense and logic, which nearly makes up for burning on holidays. Not quite, but nearly.

I hope you spend enough of your time laughing. I tell a lot of jokes - mostly bad ones - and it'd be great if you found the funny side of life.

Best of luck with it all. Never stop striving. You'll get bored, otherwise.