



New Message

To: Tom Wreke (twreke@isspathfinder.org)

From: Laurel Scoresby (lscoresby@isspathfinder.org)

Subject: Suggestions on how to make a blindfold?

Dear Tom,

The night and day cycles are killing me here. I know that I promised I would try to cut down a little on the stimulants during the day time, do some light exercise and stare ceaselessly into the pool's water as I contemplate just how murderously reflective it is and how long would I have to stare into its depths to sufficiently temporarily blind myself to beg off on medical leave, create a space solely for sleeping and not scratching out half finished calculations and experimentally squiggly drawings that might *aspire* to be diagrams some day: but to be frank, it's not working.

If it is working, it isn't working quickly enough, and I'm beside myself on how to scratch in a few extra hours without the navigational AI trying to be helpful and asking if I meant to block the lights and would I appreciate them on a brighter luminosity setting to compensate for the obstruction?

It's kind of a living nightmare. You might be able to tell from my lack of polished prose- it's starting to get to me. I tried using some ties as a makeshift blindfold, but the cut is too thin. It crinkles and scrunches up entirely unpleasantly when I'm tossing and turning at night. The dress shirts are suffocating, even if their sleeves do tie nicely. I'm desperate for ideas. Do you have any for me?

Love,
Laurel



New Message

To: Laurel Scoresby (lscoresby@isspathfinder.org)

From: Tom Wreke (twreke@isspathfinder.org)

Subject: *Blindfold Advice*

Laurel,

I actually own a few blindfolds back from my magician days. I brought them on board with me, since lengths of fabric are more versatile than you'd think. They've come in handy for making sure my tools don't go flying all over the elevator shafts- which is particularly annoying when we're trying to fix issues that come with the microgravity simulation. The last thing you need to do when trying to establish rapport with crewmates is nearly brain them with a monkey wrench.

Obviously, I don't think that you'd appreciate any of the grease stained ones from on the job. A few of them have been worn through, and need replacing, to be honest. Might have to make a trip to hand those off to the incinerator- or maybe someone in laundry can find a use for it? I have a few that I only use for lashing my joints down to the bed frame when I'm going through particularly paranoid bouts. Over clothing, mind you. I do wear pyjamas to bed, unlike some of our cohort. I don't think that I'm *that* disgustingly grubby, but I'll throw them into the wash before dropping them off at your quarters.

I think you'll like the blue paisley one. It's a much thicker cut than ties, and it's long enough you'll be able to secure it around your head without too much muss and fuss. I'll leave them on your bed, so try not to just launch yourself into your bunk after work.

Yours as always,
Tom



New Message

To: Tom Wreke (twreke@isspathfinder.org)

From: Laurel Scoresby (lscoresby@isspathfinder.org)

Subject: Re: Blindfold Advice

Dear Tom,

You're a saint.

I've got us covered for the next time we head out for coffee. I'll bring along the navy mug with the tiny white anchor print all over it, in the matte finish? It's hard to find squared off mugs, which is strange. I would have thought that they would've been more compact- easier to stack and slide up against one another, which would mean you could import more through the loading bay and all of those crates? Perhaps it's because they're more difficult to manufacture- when you take a crack at the potter's wheel, things do sort of come out blobby by default.

At any rate. You're right- I loved the paisley. I think it could've been lurid lime green and scorching pink and I'd have loved it though, because I slept like a baby, even through the AI letting the floodlights rip in the morning. It was delicious.

It's times like this that I wonder why we even maintain them. I understand the physiology behind that decision, of course, but sometimes... You just have to wonder what's the point when we're hurtling through eons of the nothingness of deep space.

Love,
Laurel