

Todd Harris's influence and demeanor is kind and thoughtful. I am highly impressed with the skills he possesses in the world of creation. I miss having him over for the games.

I recall, as we test-played Guardians, you had a chunk of sculpting clay. As we played, you fiddled with it. Within ten minutes you had formed the clay, as if a man was struggling to come up out of the surface of the table. I still have that piece you graciously gave me, as well as the Ardinnin you were about to throw in the garbage (the one you drew in high school). I remember you saying, "I drew this when I was bored in class. It's terrible . . . I'm so much better now." Seeing I had great interest in the illustration, you casually handed stretched out your hand and said, "Do you want it?" I eagerly said, "Yes, please," and you gave it to me. Thank you for the sculpture and the clay. I baked the sculpture as you instructed, and it came out perfect.

Todd brought such a wonderful spirit into my home every time he came over. Just knowing him for the short time I did has left an impression on me that I will never forget.

Thank you for all your kind words, as well as the way you carried yourself before us, who were far below in the world of art. Because of your encouragement, I shall continue my aspiration in becoming more fluent in artwork. To obtain a tith of the fluency you naturally possess will be enough to do what I need to do with my work.

You will always be welcome in my home. Not because of where you work, and what you do in the world of entertainment . . . but because of who you are.