



## The encounter with my fountain pen Mont Blanc 149

To buy something you want or to do just as window-shopping, usually you would go to stores or department stores.

I do same doing too, but I have never done blind purchase, even if they are inexpensive prices. Especially I am particular about bags, shoes, clothes, watches and fountain pens.

I would go straight to the booth at which goods are displaying I decided to buy without hesitation.

Because it was deliberated with checking details of goods for making up my mind finally before the purchasing, so, there is no wondering about taking such an action pattern.

Therefore, it happens sometimes that the shopping costly is foregone conclusion. If it says whether all the bought things are not necessarily using them every day, the answer is no.

It is all about 1/3 of these goods are just looking of being at the best, and eventually it seems the satisfaction that they are being in a side.

I read some book and they said that collection of books, literary complete works, etc. are not the things, which are read immediately, and the book of the kind, which he buys and is

read immediately, is generally occupied by the How-To thing.

It seems a similar one I have been doing on that.

A sharp-tongued friend says, "it is a funny punch line not to change for fertilizing, either, to grow, to be able to use mold and to stop growing of a wardrobe into a thing.

Even if I am bantered by that, bad mind in particular is not carried out and has rather satisfaction, which gives strongly against him my existence.

Well, let's get to my subject, My Fountain Pen.

It was probably 15 or 17 years ago, I think that it was shopping with my wife. When it dropped in at some store (a store name withholds since it is inconvenient here), and I saw unconsciously the show window of the store, there was a thick and ensconced fountain pen with dignity.

I could find that It was Mont Blanc 149 with its cap at once

I did not necessarily like to write. Especially the situation in which I had to write a character in public rather was the type of a direction to avoid as much as possible.

Because I knew enough that it was my peculiarity of write, and was not good in a writing, and it was the ardent wish to avoid from disgrace myself.

It seems to me that Japanese seems to be sensitive about the written characters, and be strong tendency of using its written characters as the measure of an intelligent level, when not knowing a person who wrote characters well.

I have been not onto the offensive about it recently; it stopped growing into mind at all. I used to be like that.

Why have I been attracted to the fountain pen Mont Blanc 149 for long time?

When we see photographs of famous writers, we can find a thick thing, Mont Blanc what is being held naturally with their own hands. I thought that the persons who were called writers should have it, which had been my longing to get it someday.

Now it's being in the face of me -- not at all in impulse buying - - probably, it would be more correct to say that it was not the price which could do impulse buying.

Therefore, I merely bore and was in the state where I was watching. My wife who was looking at me by side said, "If you really want it, buy it without wavering".

I thought what a very simplistic thing she said but I thought that it would be worked that it was advantageous to me on that occasion if I would take it into consideration with the situation (a wife's state of mind). And, I said to a salesclerk "please just show me it" with her backing-word which accelerated me to going ahead in my back.

The salesclerk who was asked with me unlocked the showcase that applied the key slowly, and took out and showed the fountain pen. I remember, I was holding it as it's able to see easily from my wife, and at the same time I was sensitive to her mood, and as soon as I got her a 3 times approval I said "I'll take it" as proud as a peacock to him.

It is precious secret story, even if it also compares a price from the present market price, it seemed to be profit.

The store was not a specialty store of stationery.

They were exhibiting the imported various goods in the locked showcase at the booth of inside of their shop.

It is still unknown why they made a selling with that price.

A happy mood in which I could get a longing fountain pen, and, I tried to find a stationer who had specialty ink for Mont

Blanc on the way back, and finally found it, and bought a bottle of black ink. But at that time the cost of ink of its costly and the funny style look like high heels of ladies that I remember now.

Royal blue, black and royal blue, and I have changed ink in feeling since then.

Recently my pen's ink was exhausted, and then I went to department store, because I thought they stock them.

When I went to there, and I saw a memo paper which printed "pen clinic" on their counter, then I asked about it to the salesclerk, she said that if they accepted my fountain pen to fix, it would take a long time. Then she gave me a written memo of the name of pen clinic shop and its phone number. Since the distortion of my nib had been worrisome all the time in fact, her offer was quite timely.

As soon as I said, "thank you very much" to her, I got a direction of its shop and reached there, then I showed my pen to a craft's man. He said it would take about 6 days to fix to me, then I thought I had to put up with days for fixing, I hand my pen over to him with my regards, and I went back home.

Since then, during a few days I was waiting impatiently for my pen, but a day before the day to pick it up we promised, I phoned them to hear its phase. Then, he said "any time you can come to pick it up, because, repair work has finished completely, by the way, it had been damaged seriously, it might be broken its shaft, if you had used it without caution", "Was it damaged like that?", I responded, "but, don't worry about it any more, because, it's being in complete condition, and it would

be surely working well in accordance with your peculiarity," he said, "OK, I'll come soon", I said.

Then, I got a car to go there, and spent about two hours in round-trip, that seemed to be like going to meet a lover.

As soon as I went back home, I wanted to confirm the feel of writing, and ran the pen to memo paper.

Oh! this's amazing!, the smoothness which runs of the its nib which was not felt until now, feeling which is using a completely different pen, well ..... satisfactory.

Describing Mont Blanc has such expression: "Time to think from the time of your gaining this pen is given, and this pen embodies that idea of yours that gushes without tiredness", well ... I understand ..., I was pleased with myself and scribbled off.

When I suddenly rested on a window, the sky was beginning sunset.

Although it was short time, I could pass the supreme happy time, as my heart was filled with happy feeling.  
It seems to be indescribable supreme happiness.