



I was just walking back to the office from lunch when I saw some college age kids getting microphones and such hooked up, ahead of me on the corner. As I approached the intersection a young man with a microphone reached it out towards me, his colleague holding up a small video camera.

"Excuse me sir, could you spare a moment for an interview?"

"About what?" I inquired.

"Ephemeral. It's for a class."

"Sure." I said.

There was a brief pause as the young man with the microphone looked at me expectantly. A young woman in a yellow and orange striped shirt looked on, equally expectantly. The man with the microphone had an oddly shaped head, quite asymmetrical.

"Do you know what it means?" he finally asked.

"Of course I know what ephemeral means. *Right?* For a moment my mind raced. *I do know what it means, don't I?* Or is it one of those words I only *think* I know, something I have always only defined by context?" This brief moment of confusion was put down when I confidently said, "Fleeting, not permanent."

"Thank you," said the microphone man, and stepped back. I continued on my way, my ephemeral contribution to their student film now complete.