

Dearest Lib,

We want to collectively thank you – waving our flagella, blinking our eyespots, and flashing our photosystems – for all that you have done for us.

Starting as a few scattered zygotes in potato fields and the like, we first moved on to dreary little tetrad colonies, where they forced us to die when we refused to grow without acetate or arginine. But now there are many thousands of liters of our selves growing every year in laboratories throughout the world! What a triumph!

Your scrupulous attention to our every detail, from autolysin production to trans-splicing to autotomy, and your brilliant commentary on our lifestyles in your biblical Sourcebooks, have made possible our participation in a most fascinating array of experiments and our immortalization in the pages of all the high-impact journals.

We're #1 on every eukaryotic algal hit parade – best genome, best transformation system, best genetic system, best UP system, best flagellar system. Google Scholar gives us 60,100 hits, as contrasted with a mere 8430 for *Volvox*, 7360 for *Acetabularia*, 17,000 for *Thalassiosira*, 9250 for *Gonyaulax*, and 25,100 for *Synechocystis*. Well, OK, *Chlorella* got 66,700, but they're boring weedy things that just divide. Even biochemists can grow them. Don't even need a handbook. No motility, no meiosis, no class whatsoever.

Because of you we have had ready and unfettered access to dazzling mates and thrilling fusion experiences. We have ferried countless cargos of spokes and nexin links up and down our axonemes. We have competed in exciting races towards alluring lights in nifty capillary tubes. We have been induced to express all sorts of arcane biochemical pathways and have taken smug pleasure in silencing countless foreign genes.

Even those of us with disabilities – the yellow, the impotent, the starchless, the wall-less, the bald, the eyeless, and the paralyzed among us – are coddled and cherished in splendid assisted-living facilities and transferred regularly to fresh clean beds. And at the end of the day, when we're poured down countless drains, excitement begins anew as we navigate the rapids of urban septic systems. You have no idea what all goes on down there!

So thank you Lib. Without you we would be eking it out in soils, defiled by bacteria, besieged by Roundup®, and dispersed by bird droppings rather than FedEx.

Your humble and obedient servants,

*Chlamydomonas reinhardtii* Dangaerd