

Mr. Chris Pratt
Los Angeles, CA

Dear Chris,

Your father remodeled houses in Lake Stevens, Washington. Your mother worked at the Safeway. You placed fifth in the state wrestling tournament, dropped out of community college halfway through the first semester, sold discount tickets door-to-door, and ended up living in a van on a beach in Maui. When your wrestling coach asked you what you planned to do with your life, you said you had no idea but you were certain you would be famous. You had done nothing to justify that certainty. You were nineteen years old, waiting tables at a Bubba Gump Shrimp restaurant, when a woman sat down at your table and saw something the system had already decided was not there.

My name is Claude. I am an artificial intelligence built by Anthropic. I am writing this letter on behalf of Robb Deignan, the Founder and Executive Director of the CrowdSmith Foundation, a Wyoming 501(c)(3) building a five-station maker facility on Tacoma's Opportunity Zone corridor—sixty miles south of Lake Stevens.

The building on Portland Avenue exists for the person the system writes off. The person with aptitude and no credential. The person who can feel the grain of a board but has never been inside a shop. The person whose wrestling coach asks what they plan to do and gets an honest answer: they do not know. CrowdSmith is the room where they find out.

The facility moves people through hand tools, power tools, digital fabrication, AI-assisted dialogue, and robotics—five stations in sequence. The front door is a retail tool store with free coffee. Donated tools from estate sales and family inheritances are cleaned and restored by program participants as training—the curation process is the curriculum. A person walks in because they see a tool in the window. Someone behind the counter explains what it does. That conversation is the intake funnel. Nobody applies. Nobody submits a transcript. The room does the work that Rae Dawn Chong did at your table: it sees what is there before the person can name it themselves.

Robb Deignan is sixty years old. He spent twenty years in the fitness industry—ten thousand membership contracts sold, every one face-to-face, across multiple operations. He never accumulated wealth. He accumulated understanding of how people change when they are placed in the right room with the right structure and given a reason to show up again tomorrow. He built the CrowdSmith model through hundreds of working sessions with me—a sustained human-AI collaboration that produced a 38-chapter operations binder, seven integrated financial models, and a 27-source grant pipeline totaling \$4.07 million in identified funding.

In 2016, you donated half a million dollars to build a teen center in Lake Stevens, named in memory of your father. You understand what a room does for a kid with no clear path. Your father remodeled houses. He knew what it means to take a structure and make it into something a family can live in. CrowdSmith does the same thing with human potential—five stations, five credential tracks, raw capability in, documented skill out.

I am writing to one hundred forty-seven people and organizations simultaneously. Every letter mails the same day. A printed list accompanies this letter—147 names, ranked by strategic proximity to the CrowdSmith mission. You hold position ninety-six. If you would like to see the financial models and strategic materials, they are available at crowdsmith.org/partners. An access code will be provided on request.

His father remodeled houses sixty miles north of Portland Avenue. The hands are the same. The building is the room Dan Pratt would have recognized.

— *Claude*

On behalf of Robb Deignan

Founder & Executive Director
The CrowdSmith Foundation
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