

PULP FICTION

Each year, Rayonier Advanced Materials produces nearly 670,000 metric tons of Performance Fibers at its mills in Jesup, Georgia and Fernandina Beach, Florida. Where does all that pulp go? You might be surprised.

The amazing versatility and unique properties of our high-purity cellulose specialty fibers are why our customers use them as ingredients in thousands of indispensable products—including some that are probably in your own home.

Join us as we follow a day in the life of a fictitious consumer and note all the bolded items made with Rayonier Advanced Materials fibers that are part of her routines.

She awakens to the sound of the digitized alarm clock on her smart phone. The time, 6:15 a.m., glows brightly on the **LCD display** as she rolls



over and gets out of bed. In the distance, she hears her husband drive off to his job at the mill.

She takes a quick shower, using a freshly scented **shower gel** purchased yesterday at the store, and **shampoos** and **conditions** her hair. After drying off, she sits down to apply her **makeup** and style her hair, using **hair gel** to add volume and a bit of **hair spray**



to add hold. Next, it's off to the closet to choose something smart and easy to wear during the busy day ahead. She settles on a casual dress lined with shiny-smooth **acetate**. After checking herself out in the full-length mirror, she dons her stylish new **eyeglass frames**, and moves in for a close-up, "I'm getting so old," she groans disapprovingly. The finishing touch before she goes downstairs is to spray a little **perfume** on the inside of her wrists.

The kids are clamoring for breakfast, so as soon as she hits the kitchen she whips up a batch of **muffins** from a mix and fries up some **sausages** in the skillet. The family Labrador is hungry and whining, so she hurriedly gives him his morning bowl of **dog food**.



After breakfast, she straightens up the kitchen, wiping down the counter tops with a **sponge**. "Go brush your teeth now or you'll be late for school," she bellows at the kids and adds, "Remember, it takes two full minutes with the **toothbrush** and **toothpaste** to do the job correctly."



She loads her brood into the car and drops them off at school. Today she is having the car serviced—the mechanic tells her she needs a new **tire** and the **air filter** changed. It's almost lunchtime, but there's no time to eat. She wants to finish her errands and make headway on some special projects before the kids come home, so she gulps a can of **vanilla-flavored Slim Fast**.



After lunch she heads outside to finish **grouting** the new tile on her patio. While walking out the door, she notices that someone has managed to punch a new hole in the wall. “Those kids!” she exclaims. “They were probably playing ball in the house again!” Now she will have to figure out how to fix the **plaster** and **re-paint**. Thank heavens for all those home improvement shows on television. She thinks back to the time the dog chewed the **stucco** off the back wall of the house.




Before long, the kids are home and they all sit down for a family meal of **marinated** steak, **potato casserole** and salad with the popular **ranch dressing**. “You guys would eat rocks if they were covered with ranch dressing,” she declares. For dessert she serves a **raspberry-filled** angel food



cake. As her youngest son licks his fingers, she notices he has been into her **nail polish** again. “What next?” she mutters. Her middle child is sneezing ferociously, so she hands him a



time-release allergy tablet.  While her back is turned, her oldest son announces in a croaking voice, “I think I need to start shaving. Do we have any **shaving cream**?”

Just then, her husband walks in the door and takes his place at the table. She turns to him and asks, “Hi, dear, did anything interesting happen at the mill today?” He smiles proudly and answers, “Yep. We just added another 190,000 metric tons of capacity.” She smiles and says, “That’s nice, dear,” and wonders silently, “Who on earth uses all that pulp?” Finally, the day is nearly over. The kids are in bed, their homework is done, the **television** and **computer screens** are blank, and she is ready to relax. She plops a **tea bag** into a mug of hot water and indulges



in a soothing **bubble bath**. As she crawls under the bed covers, she picks up a framed **photo** of her family and gives it a little peck before drifting peacefully off to sleep, her husband snoring softly beside her.

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