

## The Journey

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*Long ago and far away, there lived a young woman named Evangeline. She was beautiful and intelligent and her parents delighted in her.*

*One day she turned to her parents and declared her intention to go out into the world. “I am a woman grown,” she said. “I must go see what the world holds for me.”*

*Evangeline’s parents wept and cried and begged her to stay, but she was adamant in her decision to go. When it became clear that her daughter would go, will she or nil she, Evangeline’s mother took her daughter aside and gave her a gift, a beautiful worked-metal bracelet.*

*“This bracelet belonged to my grandmother, who gave it to my mother, who gave it to me. Now it is yours,” she said. Evangeline slipped the bracelet on her wrist. Then she kissed her mother and father, and set off.*

Dear Diary,

On my own. Finally. It was hard leaving Mom and Dad. Mom cried openly. Dad pretended not to, but his eyes were all red when he hugged me goodbye, and the hug felt suspiciously damp. I cried too, but I’m also excited to be moving out. They just looked worried. A twenty-something girl living alone in the city for the first time. What could possibly go wrong? Oh well, I guess they do have some reason for worry, but I need to be out on my own, I can’t follow my dream to be a journalist and writer in our dinky little town with no publications except the local weekly. They’ll just have to trust in my own good sense. I could almost see them telling themselves that when they said goodbye.

So here I am. I didn’t admit it to Mom and Dad, but I am scared. Less about being mugged or raped—which I think is their biggest fears, than about succeeding. What if I don’t succeed and I have to go back to Mom and Dad’s and our dinky little town? How can I face everyone after taking the leap and not making it? Almost as scary, what if I do succeed? It might

be just as hard to go back, everyone thinking I'm going to be all snobbish and too good for them and all.

Gah. Got to stop thinking like that, all the "what ifs." I need to focus here and now on what I'm doing.

Oh, one very cool but somewhat weird thing. Just as I was leaving home, Mom gave me a package and told me not to open it until I got here and unpacked. I figured it would be a box of her homemade snickerdoodles (my favorite!) and it was. But underneath the cookies was something else—Grandma's journal. Wild, huh? I already looked at the dates. It starts when she's seventeen, and the last entry is when she's in her mid-thirties, well into motherhood. She died fairly young, when Mom was still in her teens. Probably right around the time the journal ends. Kind of spooky, now that I think about it. I never had the chance to get to know her, maybe this is Mom's attempt to help me stay close to my roots, as it were, even when I'm far away from home.

I'm looking forward to reading the journal. But I have to unpack some, now.

Dear Diary,

I have a job, sort of. I was really stressing about that, though I'm not sure yet whether this will be much better. I'm a stringer for the daily newspaper here. That means that whatever articles I turn in each day will be used or not used, depending on whether the editor likes them and has a place for them, and I get paid only for what they use. Which means that I'll really have to hustle to earn enough to pay my bills. The only good thing is that if I do well enough as a stringer, they'll be more likely to hire me as a regular reporter on salary. Or maybe even as a columnist. Thank goodness for the small stash Dad gave me before he left, though. Without that I'd already be out on the street.

I can't help thinking how nice it would be to still be back at home, living with Mom and Dad and working at the bookstore. Safe, secure, boring. This following your dreams thing isn't all it's cracked up to be, sometimes.

*After Evangeline had been walking for awhile, she came upon two young toughs who were taunting a wizened old woman, bent double under the weight of a load of firewood. The boys pushed her and laughed at her groans, while many well-dressed people rode and walked on by on the road.*

*Angered by this injustice, Evangeline walked boldly up to the boys and scolded them fiercely, asking them whether they treated their mother and grandmother that badly. Abashed by her words, the boys slunk away. Then she took the load of wood from the woman and put it on her own back and carried it to the woman's home for her.*

*When they got to the woman's cottage, she insisted that Evangeline come inside and share her supper. Evangeline agreed, and the two spent a pleasant evening. Though the meal was spare, it was tasty and filling and Evangeline went to sleep content.*

*The next morning, the old woman saw Evangeline off, and said "Beware the wizard in the city. Though he is fair of face, his heart is evil and he will use you if you let him."*

*So Evangeline continued into the city.*

Dear Diary,

It was the weirdest thing. I've been wandering around downtown and my neighborhood trying to drum up article content. But then I was on my way home and I saw a lady that I recognized as living in my building, a couple floors down. She was really struggling with some bags of groceries and I could see two young guys across the street eyeing her like a pair of wolves looking at a stray sheep. She saw them too, and was getting afraid, and that made her even clumsier. I couldn't help but think of the grandma I never got to know, so I went over and offered to help her with her groceries and carried them to her apartment for her – and I was right, the same building, two floors down.

I ended up staying with her in her kitchen drinking tea and talking. In the process, I was handed huge amounts of article fodder. It turns out that Mrs. Crisp (that's her name) is the biggest... I think I wouldn't say gossip quite so much as networker in the area. I'm not saying gossip because she's not at all malicious or nasty, just genuinely interested in people and what's going on in their lives. She's really very sweet, and she knows everyone and everything that happens in the area. Over and above all the stuff she told me today, she's promised to introduce me to other people around here who would be useful for a budding journalist to know.

There's a couple things she mentioned that I'm going to follow up on tomorrow, and see about pitching to the editor. Like the information on the string of robberies that have been happening in the area. Fairly specific things are being taken, and some of the business owners are getting worried. A few other things, too, that might help pay the bills. A local girl who's a talented pianist who's going to Juilliard, for one thing.

If my editor loves this stuff half as much as I think he will, I'll be doing Mrs. Crisp's carrying and toting for the next couple of years, because I sure can't afford to give her cash for her information. But she's such a sweet old lady, and she doesn't have any family around here. I can't say I mind helping her, even without all the helpful info.

Dear Diary,

Wow, Grandma's journal. I finally got around to reading it. Did you know that she wanted to be a professional dancer? Neither did I. The first entries were about how she moved to New York to audition with a few of the dance companies there. She took ballet lessons since she was a little girl.

The parallels are obvious, of course. Grandma going to the big city – much bigger than this one even – in order to pursue her dream. Different dreams, her and I, but still. That must be why Mom gave me the journal just now. Comfort? Warning? Maybe both?

I've also been reading *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* by Joseph Campbell. It's a classic, but it can also be a snoozer in some places. And what's with all the heroes being male? Campbell doesn't even consider the possibility of a heroine, or what her path might be, instead of only being the object of desire and reward for the hero. Sheesh. What's a girl got to do to get a quest around here?

Dear Diary,

My editor *loved* the piece on the string of robberies. He wants me to talk to the cops and write a follow-up for later this week. This is my first formal assignment, the first I'm pretty much guaranteed to have published! I'm so excited!

Scared too, though. All the what if's are piling up in my head. What if I don't do a good job, what if the editor doesn't like it, what if the cop I have to talk to decides he doesn't like me, or doesn't want to cooperate for some other reason?

The good thing was that Connor, the regular crime beat guy stopped me on the way out of the meeting. He gave me some good pointers on my article. I have to admit, I had a hard time listening, though, because man is he gorgeous!

He asked me to dinner, too, to talk further. The night after tomorrow. I said yes, of course, how could I not? I don't know what to wear, though, and I don't have any money to spare to buy anything new. How frustrating is that!

But wow is Connor different than the boys back home. I wouldn't be at all surprised if there were rumors going around back home that I was a lesbian because I didn't date any of the guys. But none of them were at all interesting, or had anything interesting to say. Or were nearly as good looking as Connor.

Connor makes me feel tingly all over. Not only is he the most handsome man I've met, he's intelligent, educated, and a successful journalist that I could learn a lot from. That's right hormones, we want to *learn* from him. About *writing*. That's all. Really.

*When Evangeline entered the city, she was approached by a very handsome man. He told her how beautiful she was, and promised her that if she trusted him, he would give her all that she desired.*

*Evangeline was flattered, for she had never gotten such attention from a man before. She put out her hand and was about to go with him, when the bracelet from her mother suddenly burned on her wrist, and she gasped and pulled her hand back. As she clasped her bracelet, she saw his face as it truly was, ugly and twisted, and she remembered the warning of the old woman against the wizard of the city.*

*So she told him that she didn't need what he offered, and she wouldn't go with him, and he was powerless against her. So she continued on.*

Dear Diary,

I'm getting really excited about the date with Connor tomorrow. I was reading my grandma's journal this evening to distract myself. It was a really good distraction, let me tell you. The things I didn't know about her, wow. It almost broke my heart, reading it.

After she got to New York, my Grandma went about approaching and auditioning with as many dance companies as she could find. All the big ones, of course, but all the small ones, too. They all thanked her politely, some watched her dance. Then they told her not to contact them, they'd contact her. And then she didn't hear anything. For days, then weeks. Her journal entries are full of frustration. Then it becomes desperation. Her money is running out. Then she's approached by a guy offering her a dancing job. She accepts in desperation and joy.

It becomes pretty evident pretty quickly exactly what kind of "dancing" job it was, though. Grandma is a bit cagey about what she all did and how long she stayed there. She was

too ashamed to admit that even to her own journal, maybe. But it fairly short order she told the guy where he could stuff his job and went home to her parents. She left behind her dreams of being a professional dancer, and all dancing. From the sound of it, she never danced again. Going home meant having to admit to everyone that she couldn't do it, but that was still better than doing what she was there.

Wow, what a decision. I discussed earlier my fears about having to come home and admit that I couldn't make it. What would I have done? When faced with the choice of staying in a horrible situation or coming home and admitting failure, would I have been able to swallow my pride and get out? It kind of disturbs me to realize that I just don't know. Is my ego really that bound up in my success here as a journalist? Hmm, maybe it is. It's more than just ego, though, at least I think so. I mean, life in a small town is nice and all, I can see why some people like it, but it's not what I want. Already I feel that if I have to move back, it would mean making myself *smaller* somehow, and I don't really like that idea.

So I guess I'll just have to make it, won't I?

Dear Diary,

I almost can't write this. And I hope you don't mind too much having tear blotches on your pages.

When Connor came to pick me up yesterday, I took him over to meet Mrs. Crisp. Even though I haven't know her very long, she's become my best friend here, and I wanted her to meet him. He was very polite and charming to her, but she wasn't her usual warm self. Then before we left, she pulled me aside and said "Evie, be careful. I've seen his type before. Underneath the good looks and charm, he's a snake. He's going to try to use you."

That really pissed me off. It felt like Mrs. Crisp was saying that I was too plain and too low-class for a guy as wonderful as Connor to be interested in, unless he wanted something from me. It was more than an insult, it was a betrayal. It crossed my mind that maybe she was jealous. That since she's alone, she wanted me to be alone, too, so that I would stay and keep her company. It made me really angry that she could be so petty.

I said some very not-nice things to her. Some downright nasty things, actually. I wanted her to share in my pleasure and happiness and excitement, and instead I got a brick upside my head. Of course I was mad.

But I shouldn't have said what I did. And just because I was mad at her for it, doesn't mean she wasn't right. But let me continue.

Connor took us to a nice French restaurant. Ordered some wine, and in French no less. He lived a couple of years in Paris, apparently.

And we talked. It could be that without Mrs. Crisp's warning I wouldn't have noticed. There was, in the end, a niggling little voice that agreed with Mrs. Crisp, that he was a user and a snake.

By the time dessert arrived, I noticed that he wasn't talking about journalism or the writing process. He wasn't even really interested in me, my family or my thoughts on current affairs, or about telling me about his. He kept turning the conversation around to my sources and how I learned the information. What finally brought it together is that he suggested that we bring some pastry back to Mrs. Crisp. He hadn't seemed terribly interested in speaking to her at length when I first introduced them—granted, Mrs. Crisp wasn't being terribly friendly—and now he wanted to bring her pastries? I must have said enough that he figured out that she's one of my primary sources.

I sat there with a cold, sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. My grandma's story came back to me in full force. She had to go home in shame because she believed false promises from a man only interested in using her, and here I was about to fall into the same trap.

I excused myself to the ladies room, and I sat shaking for awhile in one of the stalls. Never have I wished so badly to clone myself so that I could kick myself in the ass!

How dared he think that his looks and charm and experience would turn my head so much that I would just hand him all my sources! And the humiliating thing is that it almost worked!

And oh! I felt so bad about what I said to Mrs. Crisp. She was right. Another reason for a clone and a kick.

I cried for awhile in the stall. I can't recall ever feeling so miserable since my cousin Franny broke my new doll the day of my fifth birthday, and Mom explained as gently as she could that they didn't have enough money to buy another.

But then I got angry. I washed my face, fixed my make-up, and decided on a test.

One of the most important rules of journalism, one that my college instructors drilled into me repeatedly was to never assume anything. Ok, I wouldn't assume that Connor is a slimy, two-faced snake, I'd let him prove that he is.

So I made up an imaginary source. I decided to tell him that one of the electronics store owners had gone with me to a local bar for the interview, and introduced me to the bartender

and a regular who heard *everything* that was going on in the area, especially the illegal stuff. I hadn't written anything from them yet, but they had given me a few good leads that I was following up and going to pitch to the editor in the next couple weeks.

I double-checked my make-up and went back to the table. After a bit, I "confessed" that I had another source, and told him about the two men. He played it cool, not reacting much to what I told him, but after the bill was paid and we were heading out, he suggested oh-so-casually that we drop by that bar for drinks, and say hi to this bartender.

I demurred, because this imaginary bar was somewhat seedy and we'd stand out too much—and not in a good way—with our nice dinner clothes. He insisted that we should go there, saying we could stop at my place for a change of clothes, if I wasn't comfortable going over there in what I was wearing.

But that was enough for me. I was done being used. He didn't look nearly so handsome any more. So I turned and looked him in the eye and asked if he would please just take me home. He began to protest, so I told him that a nice dinner was not worth the price of having my sources and my stories poached, and he could stop that right now, thank you very much.

His face twisted up then, so that he looked downright ugly, and he swore at me. Loudly. Right there in the middle of the lobby. The maitre'd stepped forward with a determined look on his face, obviously about to ask him to shut up and leave, but before he got to us, Connor turned and stalked out, leaving me standing there.

I stood there for a moment, almost ready to burst into tears (again!). Then I felt a light touch on my elbow. The maitre'd was there. He called someone else to watch the front, and took me to the bar for a drink. He told me there that I am far from the first journalist - or woman - Connor has used, or tried to use. Apparently this restaurant is his favorite place to come to impress people.

Jacob—the maitre'd—congratulated me for seeing through him so quickly; apparently most of his targets don't. Though I supposed here most of the credit goes to Mrs. Crisp, rather than me. And maybe Grandma, with her journal. I shudder to think what I might have done without their warnings.

Jacob gave me cab fare home, which was really nice of him. The least he could do for the person who gave him the excuse to ban Connor from the restaurant, he said. Cursing a woman loudly in the lobby is reason enough, go figure. I gave him my phone number, because he said he might know some people who might have something for me. Whatever that means. He was very mysterious about it.



So here I am back home again. My dress is crumpled in a corner, and I'm wearing my oldest, rattiest, most comfortable sweats. And I'm feeling much better. This was a *really* long entry, but getting it out is better. I'm feeling lighter, not so depressed or upset about it. Not good, yet, but better, y'know?

Dear Diary,

Oh. My. God. I was reading Grandma's journal again, to take my mind off the whole mess with Connor. When Grandma went back home, she married Grandpa, who was her high school sweetheart. She never got over the loss of her dream of dancing professionally, though. There are a few rather disjointed entries as a wife and mother referring to depression and medication.

Then there's several entries about her despair and hopelessness, and the last one sounds eerily like a goodbye. A suicide note.

Wow. I knew that Grandma died when Mom was still fairly young. I don't recall ever hearing *how* she died, now that I think about it, though. I guess I know why, now.

Has Mom read this journal, does she know? Probably. And this is her way of telling me. Was it her way of encouraging me, letting me see the price Grandma paid for not succeeding, and a warning?

Hmm. Maybe. Mom doesn't seem that subtle and devious, but maybe that's a side of her I haven't seen before, only looking at her from the perspective of a kid. Seeing her as Mom, and not a complete person.

Oh Grandma. I'm sorry that had to happen to you. It was horrible, it shouldn't happen to anyone, but it's especially horrible that it destroyed your dreams in the process. I'm sorry that you weren't able to get over it. I'm sorry you didn't get the help you needed. And I'm sorry I didn't get the chance to know you in person. I would have liked to. I think we would have liked each other. I hope I'll be able to accomplish what you didn't. I'll be doing it for you, as well as for me.

*Evangeline went on to the castle where she offered her services, for she was skilled in the womanly arts. She was welcomed and given a place, and she was happy there for a time.*

*After a while, however, she noticed all the inhabitants of the castle were tense and fearful. There was no laughter or song with the meals, and princes and stable boys alike jumped at the shadows.*

*So she asked "Why is everyone so fearful, and why is there no laughter and song anymore?" She was told "It is because the dragon is due to return." but no one would speak further.*

*Then one day there was a loud rushing of wind, and a great impact on the castle roof, as if a giant had flung a load of timber there. Then a great roaring and bellowing began, and all the people in the castle, from the highest to the lowest, ran and hid.*

*All except for Evangeline. Curious, she went up on the roof to see the dragon.*

*She was a fearsome sight, with scales the size of dinner plates, teeth as long and sharp as swords, and long curved talons that carved great rents in the stone. Her eyes flashed fiercely as she bellowed and roared.*

*At first Evangeline was fearful at the sight of her, and was going to go back into the castle and hide with everyone else until the dragon went away. But then she saw the dragon toss her head just as Evangeline's horse had done, when he was hurt or afraid. Then Evangeline saw that the dragon was roaring not from anger and rage, but from pain and fear, and she was filled with compassion for the beast.*

*And so, unafraid, Evangeline approached the great dragon, stepped past the long and fearsome talons and stretched past the teeth as long and sharp as swords, and placed a kiss on the dragon's cheek.*

*Instantly the dragon was transformed, and a woman stood there. "Thank you," she said to Evangeline. "For many years I have been cursed to be that beast, and for many years everyone I had loved ran away from me, instead of giving me the kiss needed to break the spell. I am the sorceress who once lived and worked in this castle, advising the king and helping to make this kingdom happy and prosperous. I would take you as an apprentice.*

*And so, Evangeline lived with and learned from the Sorceress for many years, until she became a sorceress in her own right, and went on to do much good in the world.*

Dear Diary,

I'm still so amazed my head's spinning. I just got a call from Collette Draga, the editor-in-chief of *Now*, which is, like, *THE* culture and entertainment monthly magazine in the city. Jacob

recommended me to her, and she looked up my articles in the paper, and liked my writing. So she offered me a job.

Really. A job. With a salary and everything. Can you believe it? Sure, in the journalism world culture and entertainment is considered lower class than crime reporting, but this is a *job* not a stringer deal of maybe we'll publish and pay you, and maybe we won't. And really, I think I'd rather hang out at galleries and theatres and talk to artists and actors instead of hanging out in dark alleyways and back streets and talking to cops and horrified neighbors.

I start on Monday. I have to go tell Mrs. Crisp. I'm not going to need her as much as a source, what with not being a stringer any more, but she's such a sweet lady, and my first friend here. And she could still use my help carrying her groceries. I can almost see my mother's disapproving frown if I left her to go fend for herself now. This time I'm sure she'll be happy and excited for me!

The best part of the job, of course, is that I won't have to see Connor again. I saw him from a distance the last time I went in to talk to the editor. He stayed away from me though. I was just as happy with that.

Dear Diary,

Wow is this job ever different from working at the paper. And it's miles... no, galaxies different from where I grew up. There are so many openly gay people, I feel a little odd being straight. They all seem pretty nice, though. The bitchiness may come out later as we all get used to each other and I'm no longer the rookie who was hand picked by the editor-in-chief.

Collette showed me all around, introduced me to everyone. My first assignment is a gallery opening downtown. I was a little hesitant because I only have one nice dress, the one I wore to dinner with Connor. Then it occurred to me - the chances of Connor, the hotshot crime reporter being at a gallery opening are about slim to none. But maybe once I've gotten a couple of paychecks I'll ask one of the gay guys to go shopping with me. I know that's so stereotyped, but they so obviously dress better than I do. I really hope that with some advice—a queer eye for a straight girl as it were—I can look smarter, older, more competent, more knowledgeable, more confident. Less like the kid from the small town who fell for the first guy with a handsome face who tried to use her.

Dear Diary,

I never would have thought it. The Bitch of the office turned out to be Collette! And the big problem is that no one can call her on it, because she's the boss.

I brought her my article on the gallery opening, and she was just ruthless with it. I have to admit that most of what she said was valid. The article was definitely better after I re-wrote it based on what she said, but she didn't say it very nicely.

After talking to her, though, when I sat at my desk and was trying not to cry as I thought about my re-write, Charlie, one of the other writers came by. He offered me some wry sympathy and a pat on the back and said that she does this to everyone, not just the hapless rookie. And if I think she's bad now, wait until deadline time when everything has to be edited and proofread and double checked and triple checked and ready to go to the printers.

Whoo. Talk about finding the downsides of a job rather abruptly.

Dear Diary,

I guess I had been hoping that Charlie was wrong, or exaggerating or something. He wasn't. The deadline is in three days and Collette has turned into a total monster. Really, she's nasty. She's shouting at people, calling them insulting names, it's pretty bad. It makes the atmosphere very tense and unpleasant. I've come home the last couple of days with knots all up and down my neck and shoulders, a tension headache that makes me feel like my head is in a vice, and acid churning in my stomach. It's horrible. I'm not entirely sure at this point whether the assured paycheck is worth all this. Do I want to work in a place where we walk in fear for a week of every month?

Dear Diary,

Today was just as bad as yesterday. Maybe a little worse, even. But the weirdest thing happened. Something about Collette - I'm not sure what, a gesture, a turn of phrase? I don't know - suddenly reminded me of Mom when she's directing the annual blueberry festival and dance in the old Community Hall back home. My ordinarily sweet and pleasant and patient mother becomes this hard-nosed, no-nonsense general directing the troops and no one dares say anything but "Yes Ma'am!" It used to just drive me crazy, to the point where I dreaded that time of year. But maybe its because I'm older and have more perspective, and maybe I just miss her, complete with foibles and irritations, but I know now that she became that monster

because the festival was important to her, and she wanted it to go really well for everyone else every year.

And in that moment of seeing Mom in Collette, I was able to see her in a different light. I was able to see her as a person with stresses and issues and emotional baggage, and who was being a monster because she *cared*. What a difference a little perspective makes. Suddenly her ranting and raving didn't bother me nearly so much.

I think a few people noticed my change in attitude. Charlie looked at me funny a few times this afternoon, but he didn't say anything. I wonder if he will tomorrow.

Dear Diary,

Talk about life-changing kind of days.

So I went into work as usual this morning. Collette was still on a rampage—worse than the last couple of days, because the deadline's tonight. We're all working as hard as we can, doing re-writes, editing and proofreading each other's work, and Collette is busy interrupting us and making it take longer. She was yelling at everyone, and finally she turned to tear a strip out of me. I could still feel the sense of perspective and compassion from yesterday, but I'd had enough.

So, carefully *not* thinking about how this might lose me my job, I stood up and looked her in the eye, and said "Collette!" which stopped her tirade in its tracks. And I said "Collette, I know you're yelling and making a big deal because you care so much. You want this to be perfect. I get that, I appreciate that. But please stop yelling and insulting us. It doesn't help things go better. It doesn't help things go faster. We're all working as hard as we can. Please let me - let all of us - just do our work. We'll come through for you, if you let us."

She just stood there, looking at me. Her mouth opened and closed a few times. It would have been funny if I hadn't been so terrified that her next words would be "you're fired."

But she didn't say anything. She just turned and went back to her office and closed the door. Everyone was just sitting there and staring at me. I sat down and went back to work rather self-consciously. Finally someone, I think it was Charlie, called "back to work, people! We have a magazine to put out!"

We didn't see Collette again until about an hour before quitting time, when she went around and got all the content from us. She was rather subdued in her responses. She didn't raise her voice, and she even gave something vaguely resembling praise more than once.

She ignored me though. Didn't say a word except to thank me for the couple of pieces I wrote.

I'm scared to go to work, tomorrow. I feel like I have a lump of lead sitting in the bottom of my guts. What will be waiting for me?

Dear Diary,

Collette didn't say anything to me today. Not a word. She even gave me my assignment for the next issue through Charlie. I feel a little better simply by the fact of having an assignment, but only a little. They're easy enough to re-assign...This is going to be a hellish weekend, waiting for what comes Monday. Tea with Mrs Crisp is called for....

Dear Diary,

Of all the scenarios I was spinning in my mind through the whole weekend, I didn't even come close to what actually happened.

She called me into her office not too long after she got there. I kind of expected that. I went there expecting to be told to pack my things and be gone. Instead, she sat there with a contemplative look, and said that she had been thinking deeply all weekend. That I was right, she was compromising us employees, and making herself miserable by how she was acting. She needed to delegate some of this work, and since I was the one who said something about it, I was the one who was going to be given the first chance to do something about it.

So she offered me a promotion to assistant editor. With a pay raise, too.

Can you believe it? I'm still trying to wrap my head about it. From green-as-grass small town girl to assistant editor of a good magazine.

I wonder what will come next?