

Who Would Have Known?

I can't believe it and neither can my parents. Eleven years ago, I would have never pictured myself working at 91X, as a new radio host. My parents are both proud and disappointed of my new job. I wasn't the future lawyer, doctor, or teacher they wanted me to be. I remember being in this studio at the age of 14. I saw the white bulletin board, that was scribbled with a bunch of different colored autographs from the bands that came here before. I seriously thought I'd never see it again. I walk down the album covered hallway, and open the door to my new working space. Sitting on the stool next to the control booth is, Kalie. Her face lights up like a lightbulb, she stands up to give me a hug. Many years have passed but this room is alive like always. The same messy cabinet, huge microphone, tall stools, and various band posters. The only difference is the new music leaking from the speakers perched in the corners of the walls. My eyes trail over the overwhelming control booth filled with a thousand buttons. The short moment of silence runs out the door as Kalie speaks. She warns me that in exactly three minutes the phone is going to ring, and I'll have to answer it. It's going to be the lucky caller number 9 that got the chance to win free tickets to a concert. But I can't do it. This is all different from what my mentor explained to me. I never talked on the radio before, and now that I have to, I can feel the butterflies bouncing around in my stomach like bullets. What if my parents are right? It's not too late to become a doctor or a teacher. They'd throw a party if I quit right now, even if I just begun. But would I be happy as well? Being a lawyer will make *them* proud...besides this has been *my* dream. The phone begins to cry for attention. I have to decide now. I pick up the phone and say, "Congratulations! You just won tickets to..." I could get used to this.