

A QUILL AND INK

Heavy raindrops vigorously splashed against the glass window, just like the chaos the country was going through since the war began. This affected everyone -- the place was gloomier than ever. Louisa dipped her quill in ink and let her emotions flow onto the soft, but dusty paper. The attic of her house was too unstable to be fixed. The dust covered her, while small creatures crawled on the wooden floor. It was the most unexpected place for a young woman to be in, but that was the only reason she wrote in there. "If mother would see me right now, oh what a disaster it would be! I would certainly be punished for months of constant cooking, knitting -- I don't expect it to ever end!" thought she.

The rain gradually stopped, and the bright sunlight gently brushed Louisa's journal. Through the window, she saw the newspaperman passing by. As she rushed to her bedroom, she carefully hid her blue-leathered journal under her small bed and hurried down the stairs. She grabbed the newspaper and sat on her favorite brown couch, and skimmed through the text until she came across an advertisement: "New reporter job in town". She carefully read through the details and wrote down their address on a sheet of paper.

She was interrupted by her father calling her for breakfast, so she placed the newspaper down and went to the kitchen. On the table, was a glass of her morning tea with biscuits. "Mother, father, I have some errands to run in the afternoon." Louisa said, breaking the silence. Her parents, as she expected, overwhelmed her with questions, but she was well-prepared with her excuse.

In the afternoon, she walked down the street to a small newspaper office. As she opened the door, she noticed a man behind a desk, shaking his hands with another young man. When the young man cheerfully left, she approached the front of the desk.

"I am here to apply for the reporter job," she nervously said to the man.

The man slowly looked up at Louisa and raised his eyebrows.

"*You* want to be a reporter?" he asked, with evidently no interest.

"Yes."

The man sighed and looked up, with slight annoyance obvious in his voice, "I apologize. There are no reporter jobs available."

"Oh! I understood from this advertisement that you are looking for someone," Louisa said, showing him the newspaper.

There was an awkward silence, until the man sneered, "So you think you are capable of this job?"

"Yes, sir. Would you like to see my journal?" she asked.

"No, that will not be necessary. I have already hired a *man* for this job."

"But..." Her face slowly turned red and she stormed out of the room.

When she arrived back home, she found a letter from her closest friend, Elizabeth. She went to her attic and slowly unfolded the letter:

"Oh, Louisa! I wish I could share good news with you, but unfortunately there is none. Mother has been struggling, especially with the money, since father left to fight in the war. It gives me such pain to watch my family suffer..."

Her letter continued, explaining the hardship her family was going through. Elizabeth wrote frequently to her, and recently the letters rarely mentioned anything but troubles. It was evident that Elizabeth tried not to worry her, but Louisa knew of the pain her friend's family was in. And to think that there were many other families that carried the same burden! She felt angry and worried thinking about the direction her country was heading into.

Louisa decided to write a letter to the first lady, Eleanor Roosevelt, since she was one of the people who could help improve the situation. She also asked for a chance to interview Eleanor Roosevelt, but she didn't expect a response, nor did she think it very likely for the first lady of the United States to even read her letter.

Days passed, until she finally received another letter. It was a response from Eleanor Roosevelt! Louisa's excitement was inexplicable! It may have only been good fortune, but whatever it was, she was incredibly glad for it.

Everything had happened so quickly. Now she was sitting in the White House lawn, directly opposite the first lady. After they both greeted each other, Louisa began the interview, trying to hide her nervousness.

Louisa asked questions about Eleanor Roosevelt's perspective of the war and human rights. The first lady explained her point of view and discussed how she valued the importance of human rights, including women's rights, and was working to ensure that all social programs are available to those who need it. She also talked about women's role in the workspace and how they are especially needed now to help the country.

At the end, Eleanor Roosevelt was impressed by Louisa's interest in daily affairs, and invited her to a press conference and weekly reporter meetings.

Over the next few days, Louisa finally got the interview published. It was read by many, and she soon became a famous reporter. With her reporting, she spread the word about the social programs and made a difference in the lives of so many who were struggling during this difficult time. She was happy and successful and had found her path in life by following her passion and helping others.

Name: Anika Bhandari

Title: A Quill and Ink

Arts Category: Literature

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