

As I walk out of the bar, I think that it was days like this that would seem so normal. Reminiscing about my days with Holly got me to not count how many drinks I had ordered, but I knew that I was not sober at all. I kept repeating her name all the way back to my apartment, "Holly, Holly." As I entered the apartment building I could feel myself stumbling as I walked up the stairs. Honestly I do not remember, but I believe that I had banged the door of the neighbor below me thinking that it was my apartment. Then realizing that it was not and walking up the stairs to the right door and taking about what seemed like hours, 30 minutes to figure out which key was for my apartment door. Then as soon as I get through the door I apparently fell on the floor to sleep for about 12 hours.

The next morning I woke up with myself on the floor and a huge headache; either from the fall on the floor or from the hangover that I had gotten from drinking who knows how many glasses. I actually wondered how much business I had brought to Joe from all of the drinks that I had gotten. But by the time I looked at the time I realized that I was late to an appointment that I had scheduled with my editor, who had told me that the latest novel that I had written needs to have a few changes made because there was a publishing company interested in printing it out. I got that news a few months ago, and the fact that I was late made this opportunity fly out the window. I quickly ran to the bathroom took a shower and as soon as I got out I received a phone call from my editor.

"Where are you I have been waiting for you for the past two hours?"

"I just woke up and took a shower I am on my way out of the door right now?"

"What you just took a shower. I think we might have reschedule, which for the publishers is not the best of news since they wanted to publish your novel in two months."

"Are the changes to my novel that drastic, that it cannot be published in two months? If so, can I come by your office later today to get my draft with the different changes so that next time I can come with a somewhat finished product?"

"Will you be on time and prepared next time?"

"Yes, I will promise."

"Okay. Well it is 11 am right now, come by my office at 2 pm and my secretary will have your draft with the different changes that should be done."

"Okay, I will be there at 2 pm. Thank you. I will not let you down."

"You better not let me down this publisher see something special in you."

He then hung up and I pretty much went into my kitchen and made myself a cup of coffee because I still did not feel full awoken. While drinking the cup of coffee I was wondering who this publisher is because no was never seen my publishers as a writer that can improve, even my own editor thought that my writing was not that great. I then went back to my copy of the novel that I had given to my editor from the first time that he had told me that there was no way that it would be published. It was a novel for woman more of what you would call romance. A fairy story of a political high class man that falls for a woman from the poor neighborhood in the city that they live in; with all of the hardships they are able to put the differences aside and work on the future, yet I leave a cliff hanger at the end of the novel. This to some individuals even my own friends thought that the whole meaning and the plot of the book was a little different from what people wanted to read, but I thought it would be interesting to change the view of society and what people think.

At 1:20, left since my editor's office is about forty minutes away from my apartment, especially with the New York traffic. I walk out of the door and call a taxi telling the driver to take me to: 33 Thomas Street. The as the taxi left the apartment

building I was starting to feel the pounding of my heart and my palms began to start sweating. I started thinking that this is my chance to show everyone who has criticized me and the way that I write that I can go out there and become the writer I have been wanting to be since the age of ten. Honestly it felt like a climax to a movie that you would watch at the theater. When the audience has no clue what would happen and with the suspenseful background music, which makes them want to know what will happen. As I was thinking about this the taxi was about two blocks from the building making me feel like this is my chance as the taxi started to pull up to the building. I paid the fare of thirty dollars with a tip and got out of the taxi.

As soon as I got out of the taxi I was amazed at the size of the building. I walked in and took the elevator to the fifth floor. As the elevator door opened I was in shock and walked up to the front desk to ask for draft of the novel. As I was waiting for the elevator to take me down, so I could head back to the apartment, my editor stopped me saying he wanted to introduce me to someone.

“Let me introduce you to Holly Golightly. She is the woman whose publishing company is interested in publishing the book that you have written.”

“Hello,” said Holly.

“Hello,” I said in total shock who would have thought that after so long this would be how we would see each other again.