Untitled

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Not five damn minutes into the potentially most important night of my life and I mistakenly handed my jacket to the party’s host. The first one of these parties I'd been invited to after three and a half years of reporting and the head executive of the network was walking around with some moron’s Banana Republic clearance blazer. This wasn't like, oh, you accidentally started the report before the camera guy even got his lens off, goof, this was like, how did you get a degree in this field, or manage to dress yourself, goof.

So there I was, hopping around from cheese plate to cheese plate trying to think of a way to mend my latest goof. Of course, this wasn't the original plan. The original plan being I’d walk in, radiating confidence and knowledge of reporter type things. I'd make sure the right people heard me talking about city council’s vote on the banning of skateboarding in public parking lots, and how local businesses had had enough of inconsiderate youth and their damn loitering. And of course through this display of impeccable suaveness I'd work my way up to conversing with the big dogs, and in a matter of a few weeks I'd have a secure spot as a morning anchor. But at that moment the biggest of the dogs was probably still offended and trying to find a place to hang a Banana Republic blazer.

 The new objective for the night was to find Mr. Carns, aka the biggest dog and earn redemption via smooth, artistry ass kissing. I steadily moved my way through the crowds, strategically analyzing which group he would be most inclined to mingle amongst. He was fine, cellar aged wine, and truth be told most of us here were stressful day at the office, sketchy liquor store box wine. From this observation I decided that he would most reasonably be found among the more private, upstair lounges.

As I snaked my way through hallways filled with suits and bad fake laughter, I yearned more and more for a life outside of boxed wine. I was ready to prove myself.

When I made my way into the lounge, I quickly engaged myself into a promising looking group of salt and pepper haired men. The conversing was surprisingly a lot less nerve wracking than I had expected. I'm sure the mojitos helped with this. Everything was flowing well until one of them looked at me with a particular spark in his eye. “Hey I recognize you! You're that reporter who did that story on the craft fair and got thrown up on by that little girl at the glitter glue table!” They all looked with amusement as they too began to realize who I was. Out of all my career highlights, this was the one everyone seemed to remember. My mother especially remembered, each year at Christmas.

This was enough party for me, and I decided maybe reporting for the rest of my life wouldn't be too terrible. If these cellar wine narcissists were who I'd become, I was fine with where I was. I looked for a coat room, I'd assumed the biggest dog had grown tired pretty quick of carrying around ol’ Banana Republic. I waltzed in and began sorting through the racks, when I heard muffled  whispers. It started low, almost sounding like someone was having a cellphone conversation. I didn't think much of it, except for the fact that it seemed to be coming from the closet. The muffles got progressively louder until they started to sound less like muffles and more like smacking lips. It was distracting, but mainly gross. I made my way over to the closet and just before opening the door myself, it sprung open. There was Mr. Biggest Dog himself, with his hands placed firmly on the backside of the stations newest intern, Jason Hills. What a story.

“My God...what...how...who let you in here?”

“Well, this is a close, sir. There was no list checker.”

Jason Hills looked exactly how he did when his favorite anchor ordered decaf and he brought back regular coffee.

Mr. Carns relaxed himself. He turned, “So, you're going to be quiet about this, or you're going to lose your job, isn't that right, reporter?”

“Well, probably not. If you fired me, I would tell Corporate about you blackmailing me.”

“And how were you planning on selling that story?”

I pointed toward the corner, “Well, Mr. Carns, there's a camera right there.”

Never in my life had I seen a man resemble a crab apple more than I did at that moment. I was sure Mr. Carns had popped several blood vessels in his face.

“What do you want? You want money? How much?”

“No, but I would like my Banana Republic blazer back.”

I now knew why Jason Hills hadn't made it past intern even with the attention of Mr. Carns. This was the third time this week he had been late. When he finally made it in, he handed me a small gift bag with Station 50 branded across it.

“It's a gift from Carns. He said he hopes you're settling in well.”

Inside I found a slick white coffee mug boasting *World’s Greatest Anchor,* and a gift card to Banana Republic.