

## Technology Advanced

### *Introduction*

The newspaper staff was looking for reporters.

I decided to begin working at the school newspaper. I wasn't writing yet. Only laying out pages. I like computers. But I don't understand computers. Computers are kind of like the answer to reading a book.

Everything is available on the internet. The youth of America is suffering. Nobody reads anymore.

America likes to depress itself with the news on TV every night. Better yet, why watch the television anymore when you can just look up any news on the computer?

I like to watch romance movies. "Romance" on the internet is usually pornographic. I wanted real romance. I was in love once. I didn't know it at the time. Hindsight is 20/20.

I thought my first story for the paper should be intelligent. Like the computer and the internet age and Generation Z.

Real journalists like to investigate social issues.

### *April 1- First days*

It rained incredibly hard today. Like God was crying for the damned. I don't have an umbrella so I was late for the staff meeting. I had no idea what we would be talking about today. I thought I'd better just sit, listen and not be late.

I came with my bright red notebook in case they wanted to send me out on assignment. It was soaked and unusable. The Editor wanted to talk about sexual harassment. I started taking notes. The thick white packet before me had little black letters and a title-- Sexual Harassment and You.

The survey was awkward and poorly written. Had I ever felt uncomfortable in the newsroom? Had I ever been propositioned by anybody in the newsroom? Had I ever been inappropriately touched by anybody in the newsroom? Questions that address the reader directly are harder to answer. I was one of three girls sitting in a room full of boys. The term "guys" is used to loosely.

The drawing boy who does comics for the paper was in the room taking the survey. He smiled at me when I walked in. Because my white shirt was soaked straight through. I hadn't worn a coat because there wasn't a cloud in the sky. I had sat down as far away from The Comic as I could. He didn't know anything about being a real writer. He made me want to answer yes to some of the questions I was being asked.

Real journalists always come prepared.

*April 8- Extra shifts*

I was asked to take on an extra shift today and did. Since I had no dinner plans with an attractive date. I went to sit out by the pool and tan. I took my laptop with me. I had the most brilliant idea for a real journalistic story about skin cancer, tanning and the youth.

Cancer is the trend right now. Everybody's getting cancer. It's a cool thing to do right now. If you want skin cancer, you can go get a tan. If you want lung cancer, you can start smoking. If you want breast cancer, you can be born a woman. If you want any other kind of cancer, you can just breathe the air. All these things are simple enough. Following the fads isn't so hard. I think sometime in the near future I'll develop cancer too.

The breeze was kind and refreshing and whistled through the covered balconies of the apartments overhead. Nobody was in the pool, just bronzed bodies stretched out with eyes closed behind big round sunglasses. The orange blossoms had fully bloomed and were gently falling into the pool thanks to the breeze. I thought about The Comic. I closed my laptop, jumped into the pool. Trying to get as wet as I possibly could.

*April 12- Spades*

Today at work The Comic asked if I wanted to see a card trick. I said sure. He told me to pick a card. The seven of spades. He shuffled it back into the rest of the deck. I hit the deck of cards as hard as I could. All of the cards fell on the floor except for the seven of spades.

My computer page stared blankly at me for thirty minutes. One of the writers had finally turned in a story I could layout. When I was a journalist I would always have my stories in on time, or better yet, early. Early to bed, early to rise. The early bird gets the worm. The early guy doesn't get fired. They should be fired and burned in hell.

I went home alone again and signed online. I like typing. If you don't like what you said, you can delete it with a key. Speaking is dangerous. Typing is safe. That's why we've developed all these new kinds of ways to communicate instead of finding the cure for cancer. I thought that should be my next story-- cancer in direct relations to computers.

With spoken words, it's impossible to take back what you said.

Real journalists know their field-- and stick to it.

*April 29- Monotony*

I went to work everyday. Sat at my computer. Put the stories written by others on the page. Quietly turned the printed work in for editing. Walked home in the silent dark.

The Comic asked me if I wanted to eat dinner with him. I told him I didn't. He asked me why. I told him I had no interest in eating right now. When he left for dinner I started playing a game of Hearts on the computer. Against a computer, I always do well but in real life, I usually lose.

Just because I wasn't going to get to write a story this year didn't mean I couldn't write. So I started writing to my online journal. Told it about all of the different things I had seen and done

in the last few days. Some of my friends I only talk to on the computer. They read this journal so they know what is going on in my life. Computers-- bringing far apart friends closer together.

I looked out the window straight ahead of me. Rain poured itself onto the sand volleyball court. The Comic's coat was still on his chair. I was bored. I might go for a walk.

So I took the coat and covered my head. I watched the rain and make angels in the sand.

Real journalists have great work ethic.

#### *May 5- Banquet*

The banquet for the staff was tonight. Long, boring, intolerable. Special for a select few. Not for me.

I went by myself. Sat next to The Comic. We went for a walk after eating. He told me that he was going away for the summer to Africa to talk with people about AIDS. I told him that it would be a fascinating story.

I asked him if he thought Africa would be lonely. He said, "I never get lonely." I asked him if he would miss his girlfriend. He told me, "I want one to miss. And I don't want."

I turned on the TV and watched the news. I wondered what made anchormen so special. They just read a teleprompter and smiled like cats. I have a small mouth. My smile wouldn't be bright enough for TV. Written words so much better. It's harder to make a mistake.

Real journalists know exactly what they want.