

Finding My Niche

by Kim Zachman

THE PLETHORA OF rejection slips was causing me chagrin to the point of debilitating my motivation to pursue my chosen art. Then I saw an advertisement for a vocabulary-enhancing course that was completely autonomous. I could absorb the gnosis necessary to beget exemplary prose while sequestered in my car. I ordered the five-CD set immediately.

After several motoring expeditions, the augmentation of my vocabulary was replete. With alacrity I began to compose. My writing leapt off the page to daunt even the most scholarly lexicographer.

I posted my creations to sundry publications without cunctation. I was positive that I had set an exemplary standard in the craft of writing and would receive munificent reparation.

I did not have to wait long for the first reply but was surprised to discover it was another rejection letter. An anomaly, I was certain. The next day three more SASEs

appeared in my mailbox. As I hurried inside to open the precious letters, I reflected on the celerity with which I had received them. My new style must be making a titillating impression. It was unprecedented to receive so many responses in less than two weeks.

I opened the first envelope, barely breathing with the excitement of standing on the threshold of long-awaited success. But there was only my manuscript inside, no contract or letter of agreement. I tossed it aside for the second promising envelope. It was another form letter rejecting my masterpiece. It wasn't even addressed to me, just "Dear Writer."

The third letter I opened with trepidation, no longer feeling sanguine. It was a personal letter addressed to me from the editor.

Dear Ms. Zachman: It would be complicity if I did not broach the inanity of your essay. The copious circumlocution of your writing style is anguishing to the reader. I admonish you to curtail your career as a writer. Sincerely, The Editor.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" I said, after reading it three times.

I spent several weeks in the doldrums before I saw this advertisement: "We're looking for people to write children's books."

I said to myself, *Why I can do that!* I can write stuff like *The Cat in the Hat*.

I picked up the order form, readied my pen; I filled in the blanks and mailed it right then.

With this ad, I had found my new niche. After taking this course, I will be rich!

