

« Title to be defined in the end »

Two stops left. Juliet found herself unbalanced as the bus took off like a rocket under the fury of the rain. She was stuck between white-collars and her long dark hair was definitely unfitted to such crowded morning shuttle. As the bus accelerated, its infernal roaring was resuming with greater intensity, even her headphones could not keep her apart from the reality. At SWEN's annual special conference last summer, co-founder Steve Gates himself, had announced live on YouTube, that she was the internship prize winner. She felt both fortunate and anxious to join such enigmatic start-up. After this public announcement, it was unimaginable to step back. All her university friends urged her to accept this undreamed opportunity, and so did she.

One stop left. Flow of soaked strangers got aboard the vessel as if they were fleeing from a flood. Inside the bus, as penguins do, people were huddling together to find some warmth and cut down on the wind chill of the outdoor deluge. Juliet was shaking. She was on a verge of a panic-attack. She couldn't stop reflecting back on her decisions that lead her to this first day of work. Everybody insisted that such early experience at SWEN would embellish her resume and maximize her odds in future job interview. However, career optimization has never been her strong suit. Since childhood, she had ingenuously dreamed of living as she pleases. Not ever, she had imagined herself commuting in a fully packed bus, and becoming eventually an intern in the smartphone application business. In fact, she had aspired to thrive as a poet or a philosopher that would breathe life and meaning into everyone's daily routine. But this hope had vanished as time unfolded. Throughout her studies, despite plenty of opportunities, she genuinely had never found an instant to ask herself where she was headed. "It rains in my heart. As it rains on the town," thought Juliet as she reminisced her literature courses. "Poetic sorrow feels timeless."

Next stop. Juliet was lost in her thought. In order to overcome her nervousness, she was gazing out indeterminably, alongside the busy road, at the torrential rain dripping on billboards. There it was again: SWEN's advertisement poster and its catchy motto "An application to keep pace with your world". Each signboard was depicting Steve Gates' personal selfies in various exotic countries where SWEN was a popular application. He enjoyed jet ski rides in Hong Kong island, danced with Brazilian girls or even rode an elephant in India. As Juliet was still anxious, she continued to watch the rain fall. In the reflection of the window she could analyze her travel companions. They all seemed to look alike. Identical clothes, analogous behavior and similar ambitions. Unfortunately, she could not afford the time to go beyond these cliché and to discover these clones' personal details.

Stop. After struggling against a compact mass of strangers, Juliet managed to pull herself out of the bus. Under the rain, she headed toward the skyscraper of Short & Worldwide Ecstatic News, also known as SWEN.

After an immersion into SWEN's magnificent lobby, a brief vertical ascension, and a stroll into the top floor maze, she finally made it to her office door sign. As she stepped into her brand new working space, she was puzzled to notice that Steve Gates in flesh and blood was already there facing silently the scenic view of the outside cataclysm. He turned around, made some proper introduction and explained, "I deeply felt that I should congratulate you in person, millions of students were enrolled in this lottery and you are the lucky name that was drawn. But I will get straight to the point since I have a lot of work on my plate."

He gently offered her to sit and carried on: "I sincerely desire that you encounter as much success that I had with SWEN, therefore I will quickly present you the three pillars fueling the alchemy of this company. Since its inception, SWEN's journalists strictly followed my optimized literature recipe called SSS that stands for short, social and satiate. Obviously, your main priority as writer is to entertain the reader with pleasant news, satisfy their curiosity and surprise them with a final twist that will flatter their intelligence. Also, in the current socio-economic context, between works and leisure activities, people have difficulties to squeeze some reading time into their day. Our solution, is to propose a short story that any reader can enjoy whenever he gets a minute available. Finally, make it simple. Do not delve into useless descriptions. Indeed, what you want is to gather as many readers as possible, no one must feel isolated culturally. All citizens in every worldwide communities should be able to chat and debate on common topics."

Steve kept going with his speech. "About the content, since you are here, I was thinking on presenting under some imaginative perspective, how prosperous are these days opportunities for students. Readers expect some fresh and creative thinking, do you think you could do that for them ?". Juliet smiled while nodding in response to his question. After some final recommendations, Steve left her office rushing to more pressing issues. During his speech, Juliet had found the answer to the question that had been following her the whole day. She will finish her short story today so that she won't take a morning bus ride ever again. Anyway, after what she was about to do, the next day, SWEN security staff would likely not have let her in.

Standing behind her office's panoramic window, Juliet was delighted by the sight of this rainstorm squashing a furious traffic jam that was roaring and honking without interruption. She remembered what her grandmother used to repeat: "In a storm, we focus on the droplets, and often fail to grasp the actual origin of our frustration, we simply hope that soon sunbeam will fall like rain". Bitterly, Juliet became aware that despite her current elevation, she might never get the chance to look beyond the clouds. Peacefully, she savored every part of this singular comfort: when despite all surrounding storms we succeed to find a temporary shelter. Once she turned around and lazily reached her high-end desk, she finally sprawled into her seat. After reflecting back on her whole journey, settled, she started typing on her computer keyboard. Pausing, she smiled while skimming through the header of her short story article that you are currently reading: « Title to be defined in the end ».