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Prime Comment on Writing

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that folder and bring it up here in five minutes or else she's fired. I need that folder now!"

Mathilda put down the phone and turned to Mary. "Did you hear that, Mary? You'd better find that folder or you won't have a job."

Mary glanced at the clock on the wall. It's only 8:45 a.m. and there's still the rest of the day to go. "How will I ever survive another ten years here?" she thought.

Mary located the folder — it was filed in the wrong place. She rushed up the stairs and handed the folder to Mr. Jones' secretary. "Here's the file, Sue. I got up here as fast as I could."

"Thanks, Mary, but Mr. Jones doesn't need it now. He got the information he needed from his attorney."

"Well, the least he can do is look at this!" Mary blurted out without thinking. She shoved the folder toward the astonished secretary. Mary's face flushed as she rushed from the room. Her stomach did flip-flops. She wasn't sure her breakfast would stay down. She felt sick. With a great deal of effort, she made it to the nurse's office. The nurse sent her home.

At home, Mary settled back in her favorite chair. She had on her favorite robe and slippers. She alone — except for the loud ticking of the old grandfather clock. There was time to think. She took a sip of tea.

"What am I going to do?" she thought.

She remembered what Joe said. "Go after your dream. It only takes a second to make a decision."

"Why not?" she thought. If I can make a go of it, we'll really make out and even if don't, failure can't be any worse than the mess I'm in right now. Joe's right! I've got to make my own opportunities. I know I can run my own business. And if I'm successful, I know John will be able to accept my success. I could pay for entertaining help from my own money. John will love it. But I wonder — how will the kids take this? I wonder —



Prime Comment on Writing:

Only the reader knows if the copy is understandable — and he may not care.

George A. Whittington

