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I thought I had scored my dream internship. I got the job at the *Pittsburgh City Paper*, writing for the Arts & Entertainment section. I fantasized about my summer at the weekly paper, picturing a June full of front row concert seats, a July of gallery openings, and an August spent rubbing elbows with the artistic elite. I saw a summer of syntax and grammar training. My fantasies came true, but the internship wasn't exactly a dream. Along the way, I discovered things about myself that made me think I might not be fit for the fast paced life of a reporter. This discovery leaves me with questions surrounding what I'll do with the rest of my life. Through a series of stories, I will humbly discuss my revelations and the somewhat complex lessons I'm still sorting out.