

Dear Madam Mishap,

I like writing. What can I say? I have this compulsive disorder to write about my 2 cents worth of anything and everything. I am a 24 years old woman. I have recently completed my studies and awaiting my graduation in August. With more free time in my hands, things have gotten worst. I think the reason why I like writing so much is that I have a huge imagination. I read a lot and love watching movies, and this has further added to my misery.

You see, I am an accounting major. While my peers are off pursuing careers as corporate wage slaves, I spend my days dreaming about the next thing I can write about. I dream of writing a best-selling novel, having a lucrative career in a fashion magazine, or writing movie scripts. My parents think I am wasting my brain cells away. I know I would make an excellent writer as my work ethics are of military standards, and I adhere to deadlines well. I also have the repertoire of possessing good verbal and writing skills, and love learning new words. My stripped-to-the-bone dictionary will tell you that. I am also an amateur French speaker, and plan to take up another foreign language soon.

Madam Mishap, what do I do with all the knowledge and wisdom that I possess? Do I give in to the norms of society and be a socially inept number-cruncher for the rest of my life? Or do I continue doing what I do best? How do I convince my parents? Now, if there was only a way I can make money out of writing.....