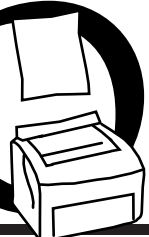


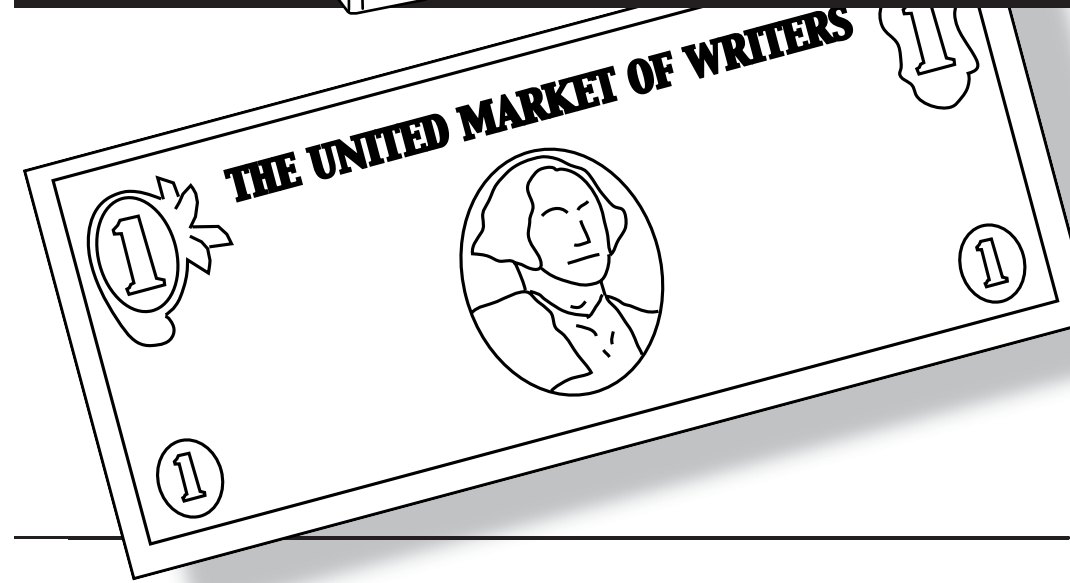
TONER



Your work here.

Fancy yourself a writer? Join the biggest new community of writers online.

Find out more at
www.tonermagazine.com/info

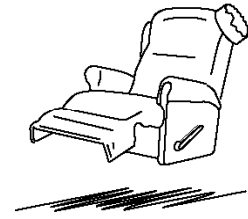
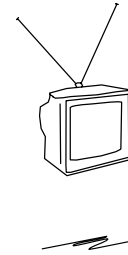


the Summer of Sanjiv



all stories and artwork copyright © tonermagazine.com and/or the individual authors and artists. please feel free to print and distribute as many copies of toner magazine in its original, unaltered state as you'd like. in fact, we encourage that sort of thing. please do not feel free to charge money or equivalent for those copies, alter the publication in any way electronically or otherwise, or post any or all copyright material online or elsewhere for profit or not.

BY SANJIV SOLANKI



so I didn't know when to cheer. So I didn't cheer at all. It was either that or cheer for everyone, and I wasn't going to do that.

Anyway, after that, with my life as a not-so-swinging, overly-intellectual undergrad officially over, I came back home where I was living with my parents. At this point, I'd already been rejected by the local newspaper for a position as an entry-level editor. They had made me take a little grammar test, the kind of thing I usually ace. But I guess this time I didn't ace it, I wasn't even called back for an interview, and my initial foray into "real world journalism" ended somewhat less than successfully.

I tried getting other jobs, at a local sports radio station and at some of the supposedly-independent magazines around Dallas. You know the type, the magazines that try to come off as being really hip and laid back and disaffected with popular culture.

Apparently, they're so hip and laid back and disaffected that they only want to hire writers who have about ten years of writing experience or some such nonsense. Because, after all, only a seasoned writing vet-

eran could write a halfway decent movie review in a magazine that they're just giving away.

It was good experience for me, unaccustomed as I am with dealing with rejection and disappointment in this field of employment in which one will likely meet with lots of disappointment and rejection.

I reasoned that it wasn't that big a deal not to find employment right away. In fact, it was probably a blessing in disguise. This would be, after all, my last real chance at a summer vacation. Why not relax for a little while? My mornings were free, my afternoons were free, my nights were free, and I had some mad money saved up burning a hole in my post-graduate pocket anyway. It was going to be "The Summer of Sanjiv."

But I'm a creature of routine, and it didn't take long for me to fall into one familiar to me from previous summers. You see, I've got a whole system worked out: I'll wake up around 11 a.m. to watch the rerun of *Baseball Tonight* on ESPN, usually while I'm working out. Then, after or during lunch, I flip over to TVLAND for reruns of *The Brady*