

Just Breathe

By: Jena Dewald

"Just Breathe", I whispered to myself as I stared at the board composed of lights which seemed as if they could light up the New York City sky. It was my first day on the job, and I attempted to soak in information as if I was a sponge, and it was pouring in at 100 miles per hour. The man behind the microphone explained what each and every button does when pushed, that is if I even had the acknowledgement and courage to do it. I stared endlessly, my handwriting horrible on the pad, as if it were written by a five year old on her first day of kindergarten. Butterflies? What are those? This felt more like vampire bats with razor sharp teeth flying around in my stomach as if they were trying to tell me to run the hell away. But I did not, could not make a step. I was too infatuated in the moment, and had entirely way too much time invested in this to turn back now. And then he left. As the door closed behind him, it was almost like I forgot to breathe, and perhaps I did.

The studio was now mine, my time. That is until three o'clock. I organized my notes, my hands shaking almost as if there was a 7.0 earth quake occurring, but knowing that it was just me.

9:59 A.M. and only 43 seconds until the end of the track. Brian Johnson's lyrics had never made more sense to me than that moment. The speakers projected "We're on a Highway to Hell". Three. Two. One. Showtime. I was alone in the room, yet when I turned on the mic, I had the capability to reach over 300,000 people with each word that was released from my mouth. As I finished my last sentence, I pushed the off button to relieve my anxiety, and play the next song.

With a grin on my face, alone, there I was, the woman behind the mic whispering "Just Breathe."