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February 2018

Everyone advised me against it. They said 'journalism is a dying art,' 'print is dead,' 'you'll never find work,' 'penniless writer is a cliché for a reason.' Having Always been a bit of a rebel, I didn't listen.

After working for my high school newspaper, I fell in love with writing for print, and proudly declared my major in Journalism the first chance I got at Colorado State University.

I worked for the Rocky Mountain Collegian during school, and my addiction to the written word grew. I took an internship at the Loveland Reporter-Herald, and learned more during my hands-on efforts than I did in four years of classes. I juggled the two papers and two part-time jobs to earn money until I graduated three years later, and I loved it.

I had high hopes for myself upon graduating, and for a moment, it seemed I had chosen the right career, that everyone had been wrong about writing and I *would* make a living.

I took a job with Mile High Sports in April of 2016. I covered the Broncos for them, occasionally wrote about the Avalanche, conducted interviews and wrote Features articles about athletes. I was on cloud nine.

In July of that year, my two-year old niece died unexpectedly in her sleep, in the room next door to mine. It shook me to the core, and though I tried for months after to continue working at Mile High, my heart wasn't in it. What had once been the love of my life -writing - had taken a backseat to tragedy. I couldn't cope with the loss and perform at the level I expected of myself.

In one of the hardest decisions of my life, I quit Mile High, to take time for my emotional health. I believed something else would come along.

So far, I have been wrong.

I have been freelance writing for a year and a half now, and working in a series of different restaurants to make ends meet. To be honest, I have grown increasingly despondent and despairing. I have started to doubt myself. Perhaps people were right to discourage me when I told them I wanted to write, to create art and craft beautiful stories and be paid for it. I have almost given up.

But my heart yearns for the career I have dreamt about for 8 years.

I started a [blog](#) six months ago to release creative energy and to satisfy the need for my fingers to fly across a keyboard, and it has given me new hope. I want to write for a living, and I believe I have the talent to do so.

I have read a lot of positive reviews about your company and culture you have created. I believe it is an environment that would allow my creativity to thrive. If you give me the chance, I know I could bring something special to your magazine.

From one rebel to another,
Micali DePinto