

Manifest Decadence

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Employment Pigeon

Good *grief* it's been a labour of love getting this written and printed and sent. Hopefully if I can finish it tonight I'll get it in *just* under the bar.

When I wrote last time about my needing a job, I wasn't in fact making any plans to do so. In fact, I'd been saying 'oh, maybe I should start jobhunting' for *ages* already and wasn't actually doing it, harbouring a secret suspicion that maybe I would continue doing Nothing for years and years and that maybe that wasn't such a bad plan.

Just to show willing, though, I vaguely poked a few agency websites. I wasn't really looking, just idly wandering around and seeing what was on offer. I uploaded my CV because you had to to get an account. This was at about 12:30 in the afternoon.

At about half two, my mobile rang. It was someone offering me an interview, and I was so shocked that I took it. We scheduled for eleven the next morning and along I went, slightly nervous but mostly just glad that after this I could say I'd had a Proper Job Interview. Obviously no-one gets a job from their first one, but maybe I *should* consider thinking about work a bit harder. I was out in forty minutes time and fifteen minutes later, just before twelve, less than twenty-four hours after I'd vaguely decided that maybe I should glance through a website, she rang me and offered me the job. This was Thursday, and she wanted me to start on Monday.

I am typing this on a Thursday, and when I leave work at half five tomorrow I will have completed my first four weeks of paid employment. If I take a step back and look at it subjectively it's really not going too badly at all. my colleagues are lovely, my office is nice, and I have a Proper Desk all of my very own. It's in

Books

At first I'd thought that having a commute would keep me reading lots, but this has turned out not to be true. In fact, I've slowed down to a little less than a book a week. I suspect that this may have something to do with my habit of accidentally falling asleep on the tube in the morning, usually while standing up.

Since the last issue, however, I've worked my way through an enormous heap of French literature that Kari turned me onto and I'm currently in the process of some serious comfort reading – Angela Carter and Diana Wynne Jones, mostly. The clichés are all true – there are some books that will always feel like old friends. I've just picked up Rebecca for the umpteenth time and it still doesn't fail to enchant.

I'm often surprised by how very little of what I read is actually SF. I almost feel guilty about it, though I am aware of how irrational that is!

TV

I'll admit it: I am a Heroes convert. I was sceptical at first, but actually I am coming to realise that it is bloody brilliant.

Not watching anything else, though, really. Am impatiently awaiting the arrival of Torchwood S2, but I don't think that's for ages yet.

an area that has everything I could want from it and the commute isn't as bad as it could be. The pay is enough for now and the work isn't as appalling as I had feared.

There are, of course, a few problems. My office is on the third floor, and my arthritiky joints are protesting rather at the vast amount of stairs my days now include. My oddly wired and dyspraxic brain is having trouble with all the strings of numbers I have to deal with (order numbers, invoice numbers, telephone numbers, goodness knows what else – today I had a postcode that ended in 'P9' and I genuinely couldn't tell which was the P, which was the 9, which way round they were or if I'd written them the same way they were on the form – I had to ask someone else to check for me) and to top it all I've been A Bit Mad and am going to go back on anti-depressants as soon as I can get anywhere near a doctor. Swings and roundabouts, I suppose.

Anyway, I apologise for this pitifully short and spectacularly content-free contribution. I promise lots and lots of mailcoms and other interesting stuff for next time, but for now if I want to get anything in at all I'd best get this sorted. Have a good next few months, all of you, and I look forward to reading the new TWP when it arrives in a couple of weeks!

Culture

I've got to get to the theatre more often. All I've seen since you last heard from me was Little Shop Of Horrors, which was great fun and That Bird From BBC3 made a brilliant Audrey. Audrey II was suitably scary and I really shouldn't fancy the dentist but I always do.

I haven't got as far as any exhibitions, either, but I did go to an Oysterband gig with Flick and others. It was the first time I'd managed to see them live and they certainly lived up to expectations; I had a fab night.

I highly doubt that any of this counts as 'culture' but I've also trotted off to see Harry Potter, Hairspray, Transformers, Evan Almighty and No Reservations. I enjoyed all of them far more than I ought to have done and am pining for my regular cinema trips now I'm working.