

To Whom it May Concern,

I am applying for the offered position of “unbroken person.”

My name is Sydney Schendzielos, Sydney from the confident secret spy in Alias and Schendzielos from Lithuania. I am not confident nor Lithuanian. This is not the first time I have applied for this position, and it will not be my last. My education falls into my previous job description as “broken”. My learning enveloped and bloomed from the cracks in the sidewalk, the lessons missed in the people around me. Math was calculating calories. English was learning what to say so people would listen. Needless to say, my academic record is not especially well-rounded.

This is not to say I do not possess skills and strengths. In fact, I am as abundant with those as I am with applications I have sent previously to this job title over and over and over again. For instance, I have strong attention to detail, something I have mastered to prepare when the next abrupt yelling match would commence, sweet nothings turned to violent anythings, or when the next remodeling job would result on our kitchen wall, finally a friend for the lonesome fist-sized hole right above the light switch, the cracks of which seem to grow deeper into the foundation every time I see it. I am a critical thinker when it comes to a crisis, whether sticking fingers down the baby's throat so she can understand what it is to breathe again or down my own so I may understand what it is to be empty again. I take feedback well, whether it be another trait of my personality I need to coldly smother with a pillow or the neon sign above my head of “I never wanted this” with an arrow jabbing my forehead every time I dare to question if it is still there and look up.

Weaknesses are as innumerable as they are apparent. A red squiggle taunting beneath my surname, reminding me of that fact. I am delusional to my own surroundings, sinking into my floorboards, talking to the shadows that flit and dance across my ceiling. The thoughts that are not me but live inside me overflow from my temple, like molten lava drifting across the floor, propelling itself forward, and clinging itself to my wall, filling the room with roaring smoke until painting is the only sensible thing left to do. Bright distracting hues blinding my tear riddled eyes, checkered mazes, smiling skeletons mocking, and the repeating panic of “I can't breathe” strewn across my walls all stare blankly back at me. As if they too are having trouble fathoming the person cowering before them. Recklessness is a trait learned from years of being told to slow down, a spiteful walk into a sprint that ends up hitting a barricade, one that just so happens to be a swimming pool slide guilty of puncturing a hole in the top of my head, bruises painted across my knees like a painting that refuses to reveal itself, dangling 50 feet in the air, clinging on to the crumbling rock like a metaphor of my own stability, holding on because I want to, not because of the fall if I didn't. Failure is something I do not falter to commit, burned into my mind as a red number of points I need to make up, questions whirling in my mind, how do I keep this out of the negative, why would I do something so foolishly, always returning back to zero with more than

just a bleak outlook and a determination, the etching of my losses visible in my skin so I cannot attempt to forget what I cannot change.

My list of previous jobs is singular. It is a position I had never considered applying for, but one I was hired in half my lifetime ago. And unfortunately, it is in direct contradiction with the job position I am applying for today. While it has served me well up to this point in my career, nine years have passed, and I only seem to be demoted and forgotten the farther I get from the pale red lines across my legs, the shimmering neon lights proclaiming me a mistake and the constant calculation going on within my head. I have attempted to turn in my two weeks, but I fear the security and insurance for my health if you are not there waiting for me.

Please. Consider me. Do not throw this away and ignore my application like you have in times of trouble before, placing this on a mountain of paper high enough that nobody could read them all in a lifetime. Read this so I can be sure that these words have been printed across this page, these letters placed with some rhyme or reason that can somehow make sense to you in a way I'm not sure they can for me. I will not beg for this position, but I need to know that I'm still capable of it.

Thank you for your consideration.

Best Regards,

Sydney Schendzielos