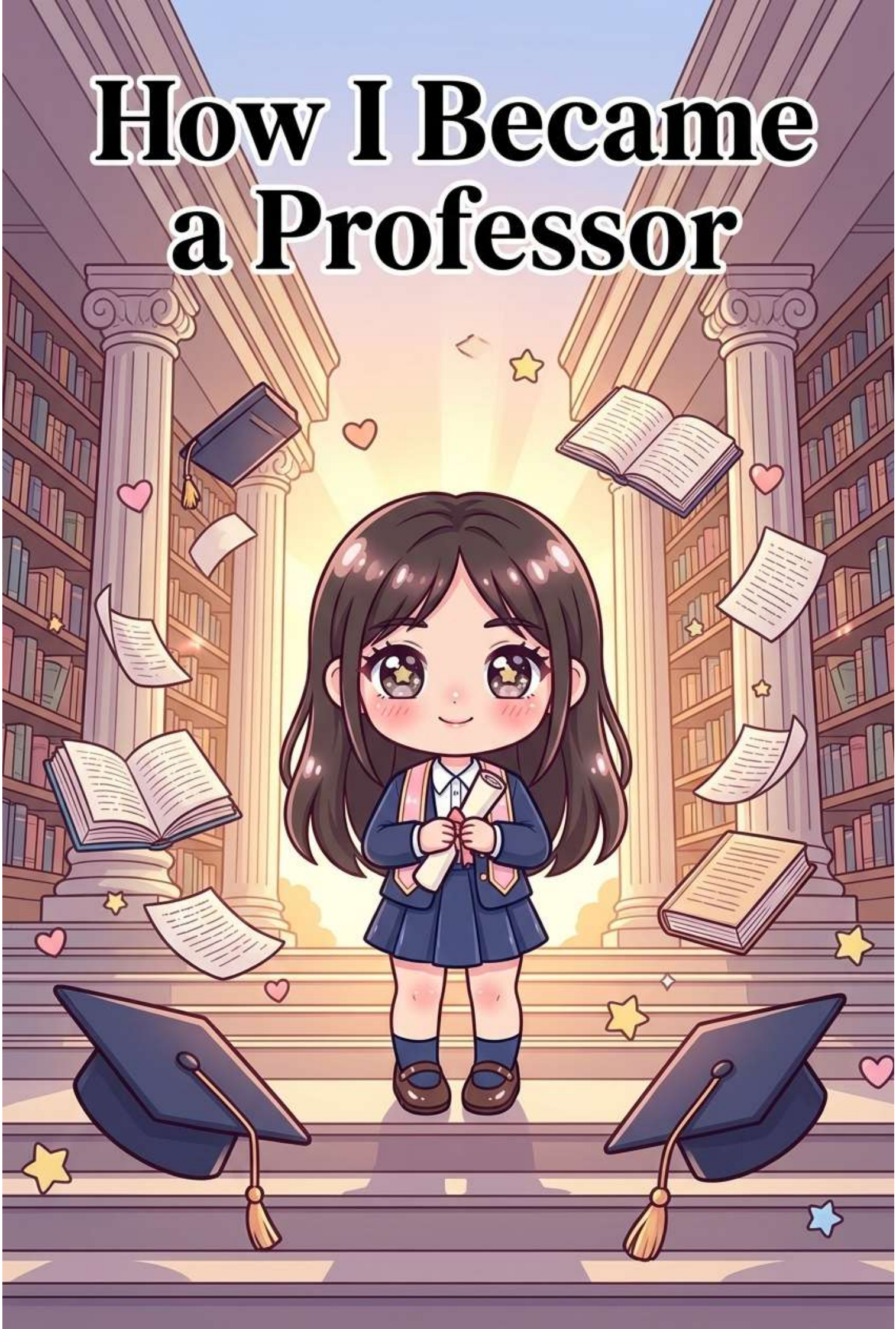
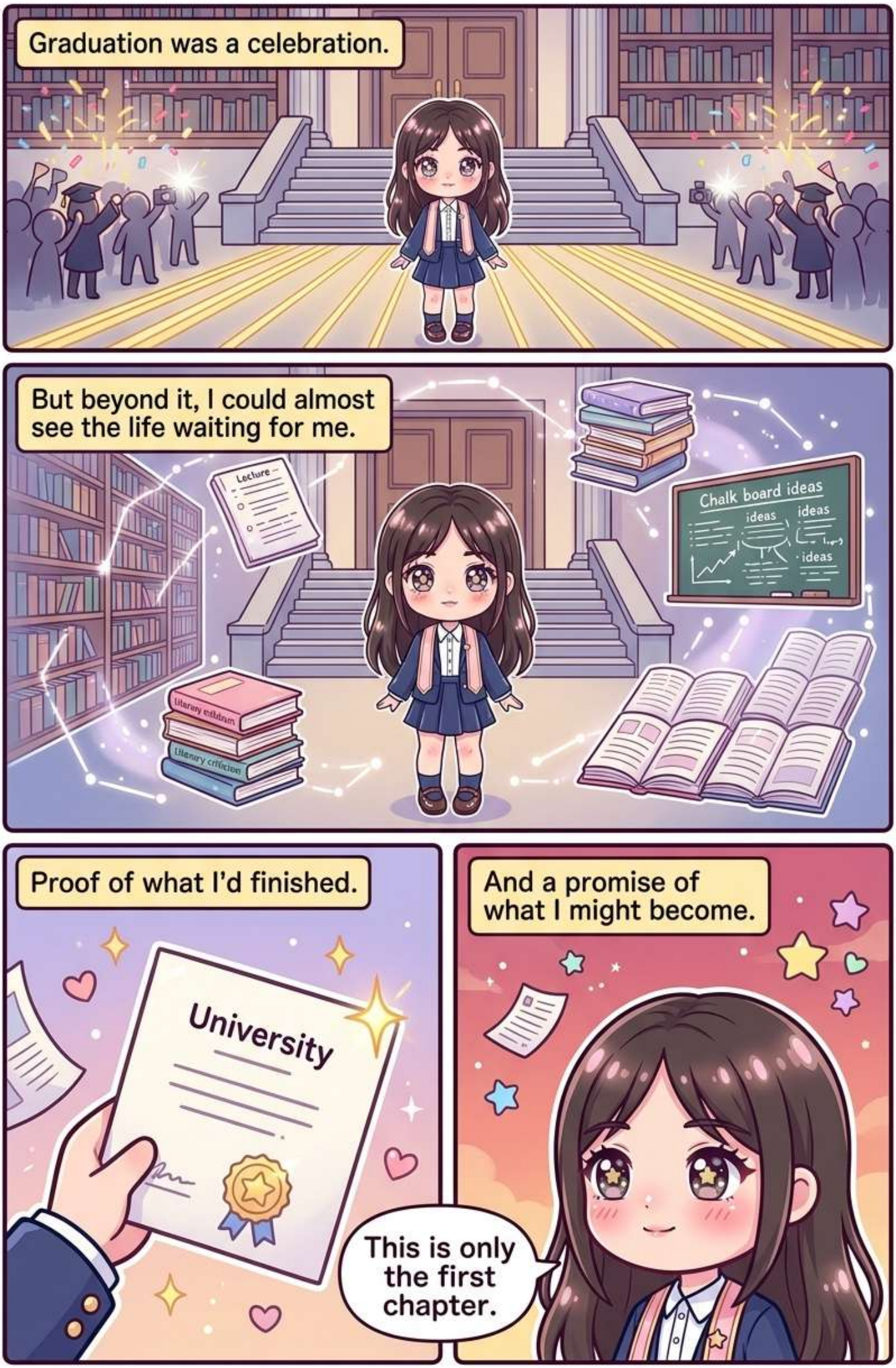
How I Became a Professor

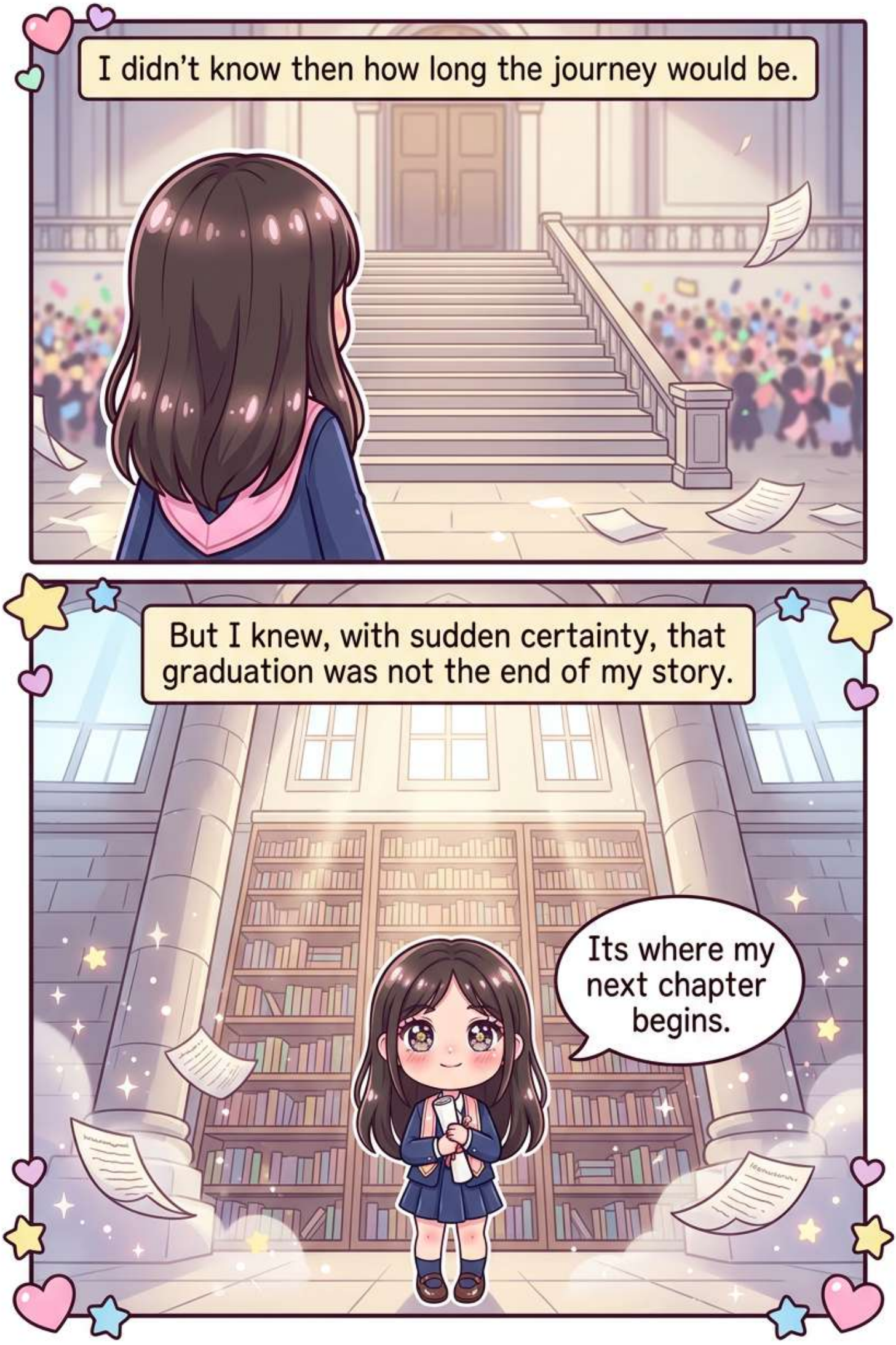



The courtyard buzzed with cheers, cameras, and goodbyes.
And yet, something quieter was calling me.
One day... I want to belong in there.
Diploma
Not just as a student.


I stood there longer than I meant to.
A diploma in my hands. Shelves in my mind.
Someday, I want to spend my life among stories...
and help others find theirs.


Then I heard a voice I hadn't forgotten.
...it asks what a story can awaken in a person.
Those words had stayed with me.
Maybe that's what I want to do, too.


Graduation was a celebration.
But beyond it, I could almost see the life waiting for me.
Lecture
Chalk board ideas
ideas
ideas
ideas
Literary criticism
Proof of what I'd finished.
University
And a promise of what I might become.
This is only the first chapter.


I didn't know then how long the journey would be.
But I knew, with sudden certainty, that graduation was not the end of my story.
Its where my next chapter begins.


After the promise came the first real step.
Okay... lets begin.
She was not entering as someone finished with study, but as someone already imagining the next chapter.
Ive missed this place.
Beloved literature
call 1036
Beloved literature
call 1606
Cressed jackets
call 437
Beloved literature
call 456
Library book
call 332
Beloved literature
call 305


Every shelf held traces of the person she had been becoming all along.
Novels
Poetry
Anthologies


I used to read this just to understand it...


Now she could feel a different question taking shape.
What if I kept going?


graduate study?
1.
2. List
Literary Criticism


The dream was still distant, but it no longer felt vague.
Graduate school...
A road of reading, writing, questions, and years of work opened in her mind.
If I want to teach... this is the road.
research,
apply,
keep studying,
professor
Before the day ended, Emi had already begun to imagine herself returning not as a graduate, but as a scholar on the way to becoming a professor.



NEXT ISSUE SOON