

Bella

By Mary Selby



Bella

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CHAPTER ONE

BELLA

Bella was reluctant to leave the house; the heater was cranked to the highest, and she didn't want to go into the cold even if it was for those few minutes until she got into the car. The winter this year here in Boston was one of the worst she could remember. Hopefully, it would end soon. She put on her coat, grabbed her scarf, hat and gloves, and braved the cold for the short walk to the car.

The sharp cold was piercing, and she was grateful to whatever force made her act on the whim to splurge on the thick coat at the department store last month. The street was white and quiet on this mid February day. A few people were out with snow-blowers or shovels clearing their driveways or digging their cars from under the inches of snow that had covered it overnight. She walked to her sedan, which thankfully was not buried too much in snow. She cleared it, then got in and turned up the heat and waited for it to warm up because even though she was decked to the teeth, she still felt the chill.

She worked at Lance Corporation, a very successful advertising company, and Bella liked to think that she played a role in that success story. She had stuck with the corporation for the past ten years and had risen through the ranks; the truth was, she loved her job, and she was good at it. As she drove to work, she thought about the pitch she had to give today to some clients; she was not so sure she would get the account, her boss had also asked Janice to prepare a pitch too, but Bella had worked really hard on her presentation.

The pitch was for a new line of breakfast cereal an old client wanted to open, and if Bella got it, boy, her career would definitely take a boost. She drove into the parking lot, called on all the confidence in the world, then she went in.