

When I was younger I devoured books like they were ice cream. I loved to read and write, but I didn't think writing was a viable career path. Actually, it's not very accurate for me to say I didn't "think" it was a viable career path, because I didn't even really think about it at all. The possibility of it was so far removed from my mind that there was never a moment where I was like, "It'd be cool to be a writer...nah...not viable." Even now, as I am writing this for my job, it doesn't feel real.

On the flip side, I could say that I have always wanted to write a book, but the idea of it felt more like a fairy tale than a real life goal or plan. So, how did I get here? I'm honestly not really sure, Let's take a look together.

I've been working for as long as I was legally able to. I started off babysitting because I thought it'd be great practice for when I'd have kids of my own someday. But, I'm childless at 33, so the success of that plan remains to be seen.

I worked as an umpire for the Gering Girls Softball League one summer in High School. This job often put me in the awkward position of having to tell grown men they needed to get off my baseball diamond because they were acting inappropriately at a t-ball game. That was actually probably good practice for life in general, but I definitely used those skills again in other jobs. While working as a night auditor at the Hampton Inn and Suites, on two separate occasions I had to help naked drunk men find their way to their rooms. And I had to threaten to call the police on a couple unreasonably belligerent guests a few other times. Not to mention, the stiff spine I had to keep on hand (just in case) while working for the Department of Roads, and then later on as a female over the road commercial truck driver. But...were these jobs paving the way to a writing career?...not so much.

The first job I had to actually interview for was my high school job in the Children's Department at Herbergers in Scottsbluff. I had to borrow a skirt and blouse from a friend because I didn't have nice enough clothes myself. This job taught me how terrible it is for the world at large when people spoil their children. I spent most of my time there cleaning up after kids who ran around like tornadoes throwing clothes and toys everywhere while they yelled disrespectful things at their parents who still dropped a few hundred dollars buying whatever the tiny tyrants demanded. I also got pretty decent at wrangling hangers.

I worked as a Unit Secretary at the Hospital for a couple years. I learned how to translate doctor scribbles--each doctor has their own scribble language--and how to avoid using the restroom for twelve hours straight because you're too busy. However, I'm not sure that is a skill so much as it is something my bladder will get revenge on me for later in life.

The worst job of my life was working for a Daycare in Wisconsin. Most of my time was spent making sure a particular second grader boy didn't stab anyone with scissors, or pencils, or anything else remotely shank-like; while simultaneously teaching four year olds how to play UNO. We were understaffed and it felt like my heart was breaking every day as I got a firsthand

glimpse into the lives of some of those children. I hated not being able to help them with the struggles they faced outside of our classroom.

After that job, I took an emotional break by working at an apple orchard in Mukwonago, Wisconsin, where I got to stab apples with wooden stakes and then dip them in caramel for orchard guests. That same year I worked at a Walmart as a shelf-stocker. I really enjoyed spending my days just organizing the housewares section: folding towels, making pillows look extra fluffy, and consolidating boxes in the backroom like a massive Tetris game. Oh, I've also worked as a secretary at a dentist office and as a school bus driver.

As for higher education, right out of High School I enrolled at Western Nebraska Community College with a focus on psychology. But I dropped out after a year and a half because of lack of direction and a massive struggle with depression. Then I was reinvigorated when I attended New Tribes Bible Institute in Waukesha, Wisconsin for two years and earned a Biblical Studies Degree. After that I was a camp counselor in Canada for a summer. And that was when I finally had the realization that it wouldn't hurt for me to try and actually write a novel. So, I did.

My first novel, "Perspective: a Dark Tale of Hope," was published by a company called Winepress who forced a cover design on me which I hated and which didn't even fit with the storyline all that well. And then their higher ups got arrested for embezzling and that killed my new found passion for a while.

But, my parents were proud of my book so it was at that point that I realized that even if writing couldn't be a career, it was still worth pursuing as a hobby and I might as well get as good at it as I could. I changed my major to an Arts degree with a focus on Creative Writing, finished up my last semester at Western Nebraska Community College, and received free tuition to attend the University of Nebraska at Lincoln (UNL). I took all of their writing and English classes.

At UNL I learned how the publishing world works and I opened up my own indie publishing company called Synecdoche Publishing LLC. This has turned out to be more of just a labor of love so far but someday it may take off. It's set up so it doesn't cost me any money but because we are so small and marketing is a beast, it also hasn't made me much of anything either. However, it has allowed me to publish books for other people as well as myself and I am proud of our products.

I took the rights to my first book back and re-published it through my own company. Then I also released a short story collection which was a collaboration between me and my brother, Giles Hovseth. It's called, "Our Dad is Dead: and Other Fun Things to Talk About." But, even though at that point I believed I could be, and was, a writer, I still didn't believe I could make a living off of it.

The first time I got paid to write it blew my mind. I was hired by Spotify to write some fairy tale podcasts called "Tales" and that lasted for about one year. Then, my boss at the radio station I now work for: Hope Radio, KCMF 97.1FM out of Scottsbluff, told me that the blog posts I write for their website: kcmfm.com, were blowing up and he asked me to keep writing more posts.

Finally, for some reason, Jeff Fielder here at NSpire Today! Magazine decided to bring me on as a feature writer.

All that to say, I'm still not sure how I got here, but I do finally know where I am heading: I'm going to keep writing in any way I can and, eventually, I will release more novels. Because, as it turns out, writing is an actual career option.

8/24/2022