Secrets of a “winner”

Because I work out of my house and many folks don’t really understand the life of an editor, there’s real mystery to my day-to-day activities. And that’s how I like it—imagine if some snoopy reporter could gain access to my private training room and share my secrets with the world!

It has taken a lot of hard work to reach the zenith of my profession; countless hours stretching my wrists and fingers, and strengthening them so I can effectively use my keyboard all day and punch those damn little buttons on my cell phone. You have no idea how I’ve taken my natural talents and improved my skills through many long nights in the gym; I mean I’ve got to have some strong glutes to sit on all day. It’s grueling but then, I’m just better than you are.

Of course I have a personal trainer; no one, no matter what his or her profession (even major league baseball players!) can reach the pinnacle just exercising on your own. Professionals need professional guidance, don’t you see. I’ve been so kind as to share my trainer’s routines and suggestions for improvement with some of my peers (you should see the wrists on Landscape & Irrigation’s Jerry Roche—awesome!).

You can’t use my training methods though; you will just have to envy my talent. Oh, go ahead and whisper, “How did Schroder get so good? His previous work was terrific sure, but these past few years, he’s taken it to another level. I wonder if it’s because his brain has just continued to grow, even as he entered his 40’s? How else to explain that his head’s now the size of a medicine ball?”

Rumors of my doing something “immoral or unethical” or “cheating” to reach my greatness are lies, and if you believe any of them, then you are a liar. And probably prejudiced against paunchy middle-aged guys with crooked teeth and big noses, too! I don’t even know what cheating is. Admit it, you envy me and want to bring me down.

Besides, don’t you think the great editors of the past, say Jann Wenner of Rolling Stone, or Walter Issacson of Time, had secrets too?

So you nattering nabobs of negativity, go away! Leave me alone to enjoy my brilliance unfettered by your jealousies. It’s time for my, uh, Botox treatment and so I’ll sign off now while you continue your pathetic finger pointing. Remember too, just in case one day a young Dan Rather wannabe violates my privacy and reveals my secrets to America’s impressionable young editors, I want to state for the record now that the “cream” substance in my training room is for my chapped fingers, and the “clear” substance is computer screen cleaner. As for those hole marks in my glutes? Strictly cosmetic!