

## **A Fortune of Love**

**Ellie Johnson's bad fortune turns out to be good fortune after all .**

I'd been job hunting for the past six months, but so far, no luck. But today I had two interviews, one for my dream job as the Marketing Director for a major children's clothing line. Needless to say, I was a little nervous when I boarded the train into New York. Matt, the train conductor came down the aisle collecting tickets. A broad smile crossed his face when he stopped beside me.

"Hi. I haven't seen you in a while."

My heart thumped at the thought he'd noticed my absence. I'd certainly noticed him in the past. "I haven't been working in New York lately, but cross your fingers for me. I've got a couple of job interviews today."

Matt smiled and held up two crossed fingers. "Good luck."

He waved over his shoulder as he continued down the aisle. My stomach took a roller coaster dive as I thought again about the interviews ahead. I dug in my purse for my phone to check the directions to my first appointment, and then from that interview to the next.

The train pulled into the station and after a short walk, I arrived at the subway station ticket booth. I reached into my purse for money to buy a MetroCard and discovered my wallet was missing. I raced back to the train station's courtesy booth, praying that someone had found my wallet and had turned it in. No such luck. The booth attendant told me the train was still in the station and if I hurried, I would have time to look for my wallet. I found my seat, but my wallet was not there. I dropped into the seat, heartbroken. Without money for the subway, I'd miss my appointments.

“Hey!” a male voice said, “I thought you’d be gone to those interviews.”

I looked up into Matt’s smiling face, tears threatening to spill down my cheeks. I explained that I’d lost my wallet with all my money. Not only would I miss my interviews, I didn’t have the money to get home. Matt immediately pulled his wallet from his pocket and handed me twenty dollars.

“Is that enough to get you to your interviews and back home?”

“I can’t take your money!”

He pushed the bill into my hand. “It’s a loan. You can pay me back after you get your new fancy job.”

I looked at the bill, wanting to take it but embarrassed that I needed it.

“Look,” he said, “if you makes you feel better, I’ll leave my name and address at the courtesy counter. You can mail it back.”

I stood up. “I don’t know how to thank you. You’ve saved me.”

He smiled. “Do good on your interviews. That’s the only thanks I need.”

I rushed from the train and back to the subway station. I made both of my interviews on time. Not only that, but I nailed both interviews. The Human Resource woman said they’d be making a decision on the marketing director’s job that afternoon. She shook my hand and said, in her opinion, I was the best one they’d interviewed.

I practically skipped back to the train station courtesy counter, expecting to find Matt’s last name and mailing address but the woman manning the station didn’t have a message for me. Disappointment trickled through me. Obviously Matt didn’t want me to really contact him.

After I got home, I found a message from the Human Resource Director for the children's clothing company offering me my dream job. I called her back to accept and hung up, believing nothing could make this day any better, then my phone rang again.

"Hello?"

"Is this Ellie Jenkins?" The voice was deep and masculine. My heart skipped when I thought I knew who it was.

"Yes."

"Ellie. This Matt Wisner...the train conductor. How did your interviews go?"

"Oh, hi. Well, I was offered a job today. So I guess they went great."

"Well, that's good news and I have some more good news for you. Someone found your wallet this morning and turned it in, but you'd already left when I came back to tell you. Nothing appears to be missing."

I breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, thank you, Matt. By the way, you didn't leave me a way to pay you back the twenty dollars you loaned me."

"I have a better idea. Why don't you let me take you out to dinner tonight to celebrate?"

I went that night, and the next night and the next. Six months later, we're talking about marriage.

Who'd have thought losing a wallet could be so lucky?