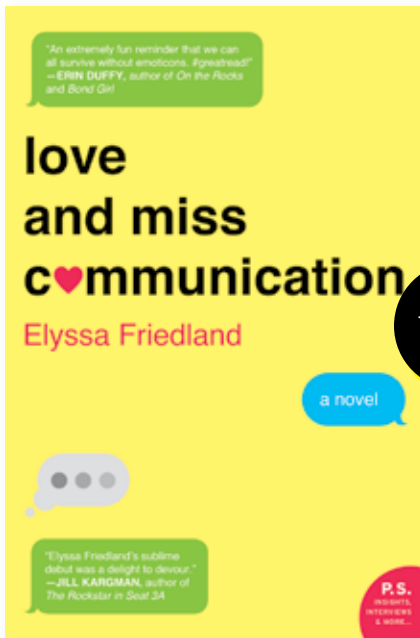
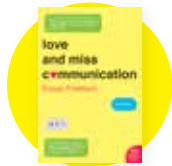


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SYNOPSIS

WHY WE LOVE IT

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

BUY!

Love and Miss Communication

By Elyssa Friedland

Evie Rosen has had enough. She's tired of the partners at her law firm emailing her at all hours of the night. The thought of another online date makes her break out in a cold sweat. She's over the clever hashtags and the endless selfies. So when her career hits a surprising roadblock and her heart is crushed by Facebook, Evie decides it's time to put down her smartphone for good. (Beats stowing it in her underwear—she's done that too!) And that's when she discovers a fresh start for real



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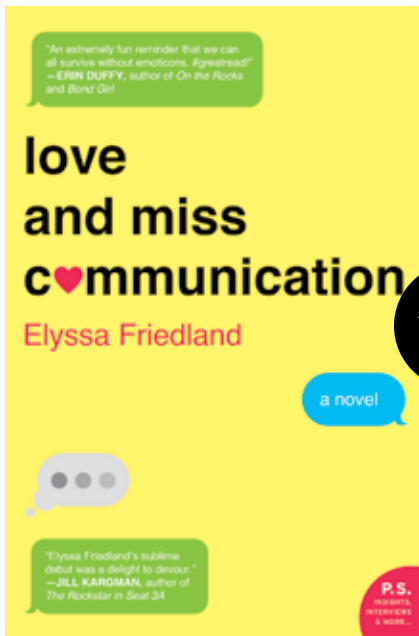
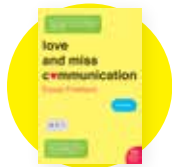


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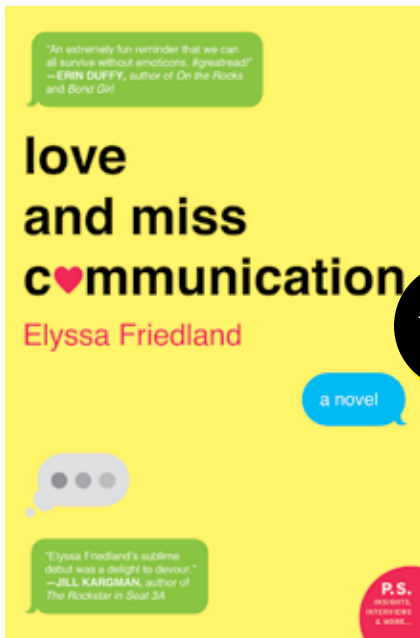
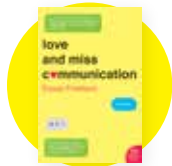
What are we missing while we're glued to our tiny screens? We've all asked this question. In Friedland's frank and funny debut, we see what happens when one young woman takes the plunge—with unforgettable (and brave) results.

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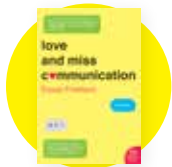
Elyssa Friedland attended Yale University, where she served as managing editor of the *Yale Daily News*. She is a graduate of Columbia Law School and subsequently worked as an associate at a major firm. Prior to law school Elyssa wrote for several publications, including *Modern Bride*, *New York*, *Columbia Journalism Review*, *CBS marketwatch.com*, *Yale Alumni Magazine*, and *Your Prom*. She grew up in New Jersey and currently lives in New York City with her husband and young children.

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“Evie,” Patricia Douglas, the freshest member of the partnership committee and a highly regarded litigator, said. “You know how outstanding we think your work has been since you’ve joined the firm. Your reviews have been consistently glowing.”

“Thank you. I really try my best.” When nobody cracked a smile, Evie wondered if maybe she shouldn’t have responded.

“As you know, the choice of who makes partner at Baker Smith is not one that we take lightly.”

No shit. Out of her entering associate class of 120, only 5 or 6 had a shot at partnership. Evie barely knew her competition. The other associates whose names were being whispered in the hallways worked in different departments and rarely, if ever, surfaced at firm social events. The rest of the associates from her entering class had been gradually weeded out over an eight-year period. Blood, sweat, and tears were expected by-products of the journey. And still there were no guarantees for those still standing. It could be one careless error in a closing document. Or a faux pas at a client meeting. She was immensely proud of herself for not having made any missteps, at least none big enough to come to the attention of upper management.



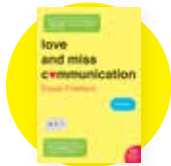
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“However,” Patricia continued, “there is something concerning that has recently come to our attention. About your performance.”

Suddenly, the temperature climbed to Bikram Yoga proportions. What could this be about? She couldn’t remember ever feeling so clueless and so unsure of what was coming next.

A million thoughts raced through her mind at once, but none of them made much sense. She’d once feigned a terrible cold to get out of a mentoring program so she could attend a special event at Jack’s restaurant. Who could have known she was lying? She’d purposely ducked out of pictures that were Instagram-bound. More recently, she had forgotten to mute her phone while on a call with the Calico accountants and had made an appointment for a haircut on her cell phone simultaneously. But those were hardly capital offenses.

“Evie, do you see all these papers on the table?”

Of course she did. She nodded yes.

“Do you have any idea how many papers are here?”

Evie shook her head no. What was this? A guess-how-many-jelly-beans-are-in-the-jar contest?

“Ten thousand,” Patricia said. “Actually, more than that. And do you know what’s in those papers?”

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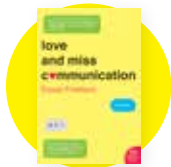
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Evie looked down at the floor, unable to blink, and watched as the checked pattern of the carpet took on a distorted and frightening pattern.

“Doc review?” Evie whispered. “For my next project. The tech merger.” Her voice lilted upward, like a little girl’s.

“No, they are not, Evie.” Mitchell Rhodes spoke for the first time in the meeting. All of the other partners present had remained silent, most of them expressionless. One of them—whose name Evie couldn’t recall—seemed to be stifling a smile. “Evie, these papers are the more than one hundred and fifty thousand personal e-mails you have sent while at work over the last eight years. As you no doubt recall, we were having server issues recently. Many associates complained about the Internet speed and said LexisNexis was almost unusable. So we hired a consulting firm to look into the matter. It turns out a number of our associates have been abusing their time at work by sending extensive personal e-mails. But you, Evie, were by far the worst offender. We calculated you sent, on average, seventy-five personal e-mails every day. At first we assumed you were running a private business from the office, which is strictly prohibited, but from a review of the data that appears not to be the case.”

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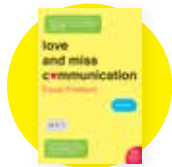
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Evie felt her rib cage collapse like an accordion. She worried her skeleton wouldn't be strong enough to lift her from her chair to get to the bathroom, where she desperately wanted to throw up. Could it really be possible she was the worst offender at the firm? Wasn't everyone addicted to e-mail? All the younger associates were probably just texting instead. But could she prove that?

"Evie," Mitchell continued, "we're very disappointed. Frankly, you were almost a shoo-in for a partnership. But we can't in good faith promote somebody who in one day sent over ninety e-mails back and forth to someone named Caroline Michaels with the subject line 'Is Jack getting sick of me?'"

Evie remembered that day. She couldn't focus at work because Jack had declined her offer to accompany him to the Aspen Food & Wine Festival for no discernible reason. All he'd said was "I'm fine to go alone." Evie felt like she was nagging him every time she offered to come along. She tasted a salty drop on her lip at the memory, which released a full batch of fresh tears at the thought of what was happening to her now. She was losing her job. The most stable thing in her life. Her livelihood. A good part of her existence. And she was crying at work. Something she had vowed never to do.

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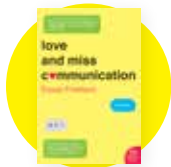
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Patricia spoke up again, undeterred by Evie's tears. "In case you are wondering, our review of your e-mails is perfectly legal. When you signed your employment contract, you gave us express consent to review anything on our servers." Jesus, it was like she was reading from a script in a wrongful termination defense manual. "Evie, I'm sorry about how this turned out. But we can't imagine you have been devoting your full energies to work when you are spending so much time on personal matters at the office. We wish you luck, but your employment at Baker Smith is now officially terminated."

Without a word, Evie stood up from the conference table and headed to the door. Summoning all the strength left in her body, she whispered, "Then I guess this is good-bye."

"Evie—wait,"

Patricia said. Evie turned back with her hand still on the doorknob. She thought for a brief moment that maybe they had changed their minds, reaching a silent decision after seeing her anguished face that, yes, they could overlook her e-mail infractions and give her another chance.

"Yes?" Evie said, a hopeful note in her voice painfully obvious even to her.

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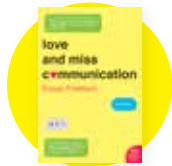
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“We’re going to need your BlackBerry back.”

All she could think about as she palmed the featherweight piece of black plastic that had been her lifeline to the outside world for the last eight years was—if she wasn’t evie.rosen@bakersmith.com who was she?

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