



Heroes of Centerville- Sample Chapter 1

The soft morning sunlight filtered through the curtains, casting a warm and gentle glow across the room. I blinked, the remnants of sleep giving way to a new day. I stretched beneath the comfort of my sheets, the air fresh and invigorating, with a hint of dew.

Centerville, California, welcomed me with a quiet serenity unlike any place I lived before. It had a gentle breeze, swaying tall trees and flowers that lined the medians of the roads. The town had silhouettes of neighboring houses, each with families and their own stories. I was ready to bring them the daily news promising a day of possibilities.

My decision to move to Centerville was a turning point in my life. After years of relentless investigative journalism, I yearned for a change. Centerville enchanted me unexpectedly with its small-town warmth and companionship. Unlike the hectic city life, its charm and tight-knit community drew me in.

Swinging my legs out of the bed, my feet met the cool hardwood floor, sending a gentle shiver up my spine. There was a rush of energy as my auburn hair flowed around my shoulders in waves. The hue caught the light, creating a warm halo to dance with every step.

My brown eyes were deep and determined, always seeking the hidden truths beneath the surface. The scent of brewed tea wafted in from the kitchen. The comforting aroma eased any residual grogginess. It mingled with cardboard and packing tape, a reminder that boxes were still waiting to go through.

I walked across the room, opened the window, and let in the crisp morning air. A gentle breeze danced through the room, ruffling the curtains.

Each container held a piece of my past—a collection of memories and possessions that would soon be put away. The sight filled me with purpose—a reminder this was a fresh start, a chance to create a unique apartment.

While beginning to unpack, the room transformed into a sea of cardboard. Dishes were placed with a soft clink, books thudded against shelves, and linens rustled as they spread over the bed.

I unwrapped the well-padded box that held the precious treasure—a gleaming Emmy Award was proof of my years of hard work and dedication.

A sense of pride swelled within me as I held the Emmy in my hands. I looked at the plate on the award- Breanna Willis. I was young to win the award at 32, but it was a story near and dear to my heart. The memory of the pivotal investigation at KBNW played like a filmstrip in my mind; the relentless pursuit of uncovering the story of Jeff Paulson and the web of kickbacks he orchestrated during his tenure as CEO of EthicalEdge Solutions, the late nights spent poring over documents, the interviews with insiders, and the heart-pounding moments of unveiling the shocking truth, flooded back. An accomplishment words alone couldn't capture.

I placed the Emmy on a shelf with all the honor and recognition it brought me. It reminded me of journalism's power to uncover injustice and spark change.

I reached for a framed photograph nestled among the unpacked items. A snapshot captured during the celebratory BBQ posts the triumphant broadcast of the Jeff Paulson & William Donovan inquiry. I stood alongside my dear friends Holli, Rebeccah, and Samantha in the photo.