

January 23, 1919

Dear diary:

Oh, it is such an exciting time to be alive! Last night, I met a new man. I was with a friend, and we were invited to a country club dance. I love going to dances! I'm already an extremely accomplished ballerina, but my friend Maude is still learning the basics. It was a really lovely evening, with a large dance floor, a huge live band, and such lovely food.

The man's name is F. Scott Fitzgerald. He is really interesting and thoughtful, but I think my parents are right: he's just not wealthy enough to provide the kind of future I'd like to have. He was talking in depth about the book he hopes to publish in the coming year. Perhaps if his career flourishes in the immediate future, I'll be forced to reconsider his potential. He certainly seems sweet on me.

Seems like nothing but good times ahead to me. This is a beautiful age with so much excitement and glamour! I feel lucky to be alive.

Zelda