american dream to nightmare

By : canmandan

jobs i had and lost

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/canmandan

Copyright © canmandan, 2013
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

american dream to nightmare

Chapter six- jobs, relationships

My very first job in my life was actually working for the family in a small pizza parlor we owned, in Rensselaer, New York, and we called it Variety Pizza. Folding boxes, and eventually working the ovens and making dough were part of what I did, to help family make ends meet. A good night for us back then was anything over $150 dollars on a Friday night. When I as 15, then 16 years old, I was in charge of pizza parlor once a week, usually on a Sunday night, and we had a delivery driver work for us, usually a friend of family. When I look back, this was actually a fun job, and I got good work experience there, but while I could see the other kids all going on dates or parties on weekends, I was in pizza parlor working, and this festered a continuing sense of inferiority, or that feeling that all Alcoholics would come to know in life, and that is of not fitting in. Now after we had moved to California, in 1977, and in 1978, my father got both me and my brother jobs working for family friend, who owned a business, and we laborers there, and worked there while going to high school. This job wound up being on and only job that I got what we know as a pink slip because work was in short supply. I mention this because it was the start of a whole series of menial jobs that I would have for many years to come, and at age 17, got laid off for first time, and at age 19, was fired from a job for first time, which gave me a few clues of just what was to come in my life. I had a girlfriend at age 18, then 19, and my first sexual fling, but this also did not last long, and it would be several years before I even had a date again. At age 19, I was fully hooked on alcohol, and did not realize at the time just how it would interfere in any functioning of a normal life I could have had. Going to college at age 19 then 20 also failed because I dropped out, and would not go back and gain a degree for 28 years. So by age of 20, I already lost more jobs and relationships than many do in a lifetime.

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2013-05-19 21:50:42