

a matter of life /3/ the boomerang

a \$2.50 a week raise was **laughable to** me. **as** I felt more secure in the job I **took it for granted** and started losing **respect for** the owner. he was **cheap** and people **would steal from under his nose**. he was Jewish like me so he **thought of me as** family and **wouldn't think of doing** me **harm** (that's what I thought **anyway**). I started **insulting** him and the people who **came to see** him, **as if** they were **garbage**. I **didn't** think he **had the guts to fire** me.

now, when I took the job I **went and got** an apartment for \$55 a month with **a buddy I had**. my **share** was only \$27.50 a month. my **pay** wasn't much **but then again** I wasn't spending practically any money. I had **pretty much** everything I needed. **in retrospect**, I was **much more comfortable** than I realized. **meanwhile, though**, I did a very stupid thing **at work**.

I found this boomerang **we were using to promote** a record by **an** Australian singer and **without thinking** of the harm it **might cause** I **tossed** it across the stock room. it went through an open window and **flew** into a room in which the president of the city council **happened to be laying down** a hundred dollar bill to pay for a **bunch** of silly records.

the boomerang hit him right in the stomach. **luckily**, he **was wearing** a heavy coat so he **wasn't hurt**. anyway, he was **such a stuck-up asshole** that everyone, **including** the owner, thought he **got what was coming to him**. people **actually** congratulated me **for hitting** him with the boomerang.

a matter of life /4/ **counting** my blessings

I didn't **get in trouble that time**. the owner was **concerned about** me, and **even seemed to hint** that he might help me **get back into** school. he said that for a guy with a **fine brain** like **mine**, working there was **a waste of time**.

I **got to thinking** I was **invulnerable**. one day I **chewed him out** in front of people from other record companies. I **called** him a **dumb** schmuck and I told him it didn't **matter** to me how much money he had because I **had no use for** it **anyway**.

strangely, that same night I began **counting my blessings**. I **figured** I should **stop being so hard on** the guy. he **may not have been paying** me much but I **still** had enough money to buy **whatever** I needed and save some **on top of that**. but the next morning he called me **in** and **handed** me a check. then he told me **not to bother coming in anymore** because he didn't **want me working** for him.

once again, I told myself I didn't **care if** I lived or died. I **took a bus** to New York and **wandered aimlessly** for a **couple** days and then went to Columbus **to see** my girlfriend for a week. I **found myself much** more **dependent on** her than **I'd ever been**. I got a job **at a brewery**, working second **shift** as a **laborer**. in July I **got married to** this girl. I guess I always **did care whether** I lived or died.