

# 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.