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Danny's job log: 3

Written by [Danny Smith](#), November 2010

Danny Smith is a Fine Art graduate. He has a job as a teaching assistant, an unquenchable thirst, and a fledgling freelance career.

So I know last month that I promised to talk about my current job in some detail in this blog post but a whole tsunami of events has happened since then. Renowned wife beater and disappointing solo artist John Lennon once said, 'life is what happens when you're busy making other plans'. You can almost hear his smug Scouse voice now can't you?

This can also be summed up - like the best philosophies - in a 'S**t happens' t-shirt and let me assure you dear reader it really does happen, and happen fast.

In the last few weeks I have split up with my girlfriend of three years, a decision I didn't take lightly but never thought through how much it would affect my life. Secondly, I have become one of the increasingly large number of graduates that has had to move back in with their parents. Apparently the cute little phrase to describe this trend is 'Boomerang Generation'. You can almost see the smug smile of the middle-class hack that came up with it.

Moving back in with your parents is not completely terrible. It is unpleasant, awkward and it's never going to win you any self respect let alone the ladies. But it's safe, warm, and in most cases absolutely necessary. When Hans Solo cuts open the cow/horse beast on the snow planet, he does it because Luke would have died otherwise. If we are to be known as anything let us be known as the Taun Taun from Star Wars, seekers of shelter in the harshest of economic climates. We don't retreat but we have the strength to do what's necessary however distasteful.

I am taking the opportunity while being at home to quit the job I've disliked for over a year which I will, I promise, talk to you about in the next post. I suppose I will go back to temping. A wise monkey never lets go of the last branch before grabbing the next one, someone once said. This has applied to my attitude to employment from my first job as a shop assistant in Clark's over fifteen years ago. The fact I haven't applied it here either shows how bad my mental state is or how ready I was to get rid of my job. I haven't decided which.

So what do I do in the meantime? What can I do? I write, I brood, and I write some more. I write for websites, I write for magazines, I put more of my writing on my blog and I get better at the thing I love doing. I write and I refine my words until they're as thick and potent as cheap Mexican cough syrup. And I do what everybody else is doing - try to figure out what I'm going to do with the rest of my life.

Read my previous posts:

- [Danny's job log 2: Busy, busy, busy](#)
- [Danny's job log 1: Making art after all](#)

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