

Entrepreneur

I am living the American dream. I'm an entrepreneur, one who undertook a new venture at considerable personal financial risk. The job required no formal training, but good instincts are helpful. I work longer hours for less money—at least at first. I am not selling a product or service, nor making a statement about the lifestyles of others.

I have no government funding, and therefore, no government interference. I don't pay taxes. No one underwrites my business. I am boss and staff rolled into one. The risk is mine alone. I set my hours and have only myself to please. I do not punch a timeclock, nor do I wear a smock with a company logo on the back.

If I don't work, I don't eat. If I fail, it's all on me. Weather can be a challenge. Health care is spotty, but I take what I can get. I will never receive recognition from the Chamber of Commerce although my business is ecologically friendly. I get my share of dirty looks from passersby, but most people ignore me.

I push a fully functioning shopping cart. I am into metal: aluminum.

If I were to make a list of philosophical ideas, my outlook on life, the list would include the following:

- I deserve respect. I have value.
- As I walk the streets, I consider the purpose of life. Like most people, I have no answer. Those who say they do, their answers sound a bit made up to me.
- I don't ask for pity. You can't eat it, and it doesn't make life any better.
- I have a problem with loneliness, but I can't afford the luxury of feeling close to someone. The potential for pain is too great. I'm not unique in this respect.
- Finally, there is the question of death and dying. I mostly leave that to the poets, but I have observed once you die, you're dead. What happens to the body is of little consequence. Where I leave it doesn't matter.