

Career Choices

As a child, I thought about being a musician, but all my efforts fell flat.

In High School, my teachers seemed to be pushing a career as an astronaut, but then I realized they had something else in mind when they said I was “a real space cadet.”

My first job was working in an orange juice factory, but I got canned because I couldn’t concentrate.

Then I worked in the woods as a lumberjack, but I couldn’t hack it, so they gave me the axe.

I had hopes of being a professional Bridge player, but I had no finesse so they shuffled me out the door.

Next, I became a personal trainer, but was asked to leave because I wasn’t working out.

I tried working in a muffler factory, but I found that too exhausting.

So, I attempted to be a deli worker, but any way I sliced it, I couldn’t cut the mustard.

I studied a long time to become a doctor, but in the end I didn’t have the patients for it.

Next was a job in a shoe factory. I tried, I really did, but I just didn’t fit in.

As a professional fisherman, I couldn’t catch on and hence I couldn’t live on my net income.

So I tried computer software, but couldn’t get with the program.

I thought I might be one of those professional eaters—pies, hot dogs, and the like—but I didn’t have the stomach for it.

After many years of trying to find steady work, I finally got a job as a historian—until I realized there was no future in it.

I was beginning to feel like my grandfather who was an executioner in the old West. He could never get the hang of it, so they cut him loose.

My last job was working in Starbucks, but I eventually quit because it was always the same old grind.

So I tried retirement, and you know what? I’m perfect for the job.