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## Blogs

### Danny's job log: 2

Written by [Danny Smith](#), October 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 the launch event went well (see last blog post). One hundred or so drunk people watching Punch and Judy, a couple of stand-ups and strange but brilliant music. I had to stay sober. Basically, as the license holder, if the police had turned up complaining about the noise, the last thing we would have wanted was a slurring long hair dressed as a vicar trying to press a fifty pence piece in their hands and winking 'say no more about it'. We raised a fair amount of money, promoted our brand and generally had a lark, which is fantastic.

I don't do spare time well. I tend to have at least three or four projects going at a time as well as a job. If left to my own devices I find other ways to work. Even relaxing becomes a challenge. Thoughts like 'I'm going to finish this book before I go to sleep' or 'there are only fifteen episodes left in this series, I'll finish the box set tonight' and 'it's only a bottle of whiskey' come too easily to my mind. Even watching High School Musical becomes a visual Rubik's Cube that I watch with the intensity of a man trying to bore a hole into the television with his eyes.

I'm saying this to explain my quandary. You see I work at a school (more about that in the next post) and so have had the summer off. My brain being what it is, is grateful for the distraction. But I am completely burnt out from the emotional drain of the job and I dread going back. This will explain why I had my first non-chemical induced panic attack on the bus to work on my first day back.

I have to change my job. If your body is having the same reaction to it that it would have if you were trapped in a fire, it's definitely time to go. I have been at this current job for two years, which is about a year longer than anything I've ever done. Except of course for my degree, which I barely finished. I only really stuck that out because my all-female clan of housemates nagged me and I wanted to impress my Nan.

Before I was holding out because I thought 'I'm too old to be bouncing around minimum wage jobs, the next time I move it'll have to be towards something at least related to writing'. But now, I'm looking at the guy that pressure hoses the chewing gum off the pavements and thinking 'well at least I'd be outdoors and that hose is cool, right?'.

It doesn't help that I bought the local paper for the jobs pages today with '700+ jobs' boasted the cover. Not a single thing was suitable, and believe me my standards are low. Why can't I find a job?

Anyway, got to go. I've got this draft to polish, then some emails for the magazine to do and I think High School Musical 2 is on later...

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