

THE INNER WORKINGS OF A 20 SOMETHING'S MIND
WITH MY LIFE,
WHY PEOPLE ARE REALLY DEPRESSED AND
SMOKING IS THE LEADING CAUSE OF OBESITY



MICHAEL STEEL

The Inner Workings of a 20 Something's Mind

An Autobiography

WITH

Why Are People Really Depressed?

**Smoking Is the Leading Cause of
Obesity**

Brainfarts

The Deranged Papers and Other Gems

New Works

By Michael Steel



Eloquent Books

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The Inner Workings of a 20 Something's Mind

You could say my father's dreams were high and wide. He not only wanted to be a pilot he also wanted to be a sailor. He yearned for a boat to navigate to new adventures. Maybe it was his fun-loving Irish attitude that stoked his desire to savor life's experiences.

At twenty-one, he met my Armenian mother at a junior college in Auburn, Massachusetts. When my dad could no longer support her, she became a bank teller. My dad was a stock broker who possessed a powerfully strong work ethic that was innate to his being.

Although they married at twenty-one, they would wait almost ten years before starting a family. By waiting to have children, it gave my parents time as a couple, and the ability to get established. My brother Steven Steel was born in 1978. I was born in 1981, which puts me on the cusp of Generations X and Y. Anointed, Joseph Michael Steel III, I was given the same name as my father. He is Joseph Michael Steel Jr. Instead of calling me Joseph though, they instead called me Mike.

Apparently, I spent most of the first year in a crib in a closet in Middletown, Rhode Island. I came out of the closet. No...I'm not gay. My mother says that I was a very easy child to take care of. She said I hardly cried and was content to play with toys or giggle over random things. This was in sharp contrast to my brother's demeanor—he was full of energy and wanted to be where the action was.

Apparently, I didn't appreciate the fact that first grade was mandatory and spent the day sitting in the principal's office. I don't know if I was being stubborn or just not sure of what to make of school. I was deemed an inefficient learner and sent to pre-1, a full year before and then back to the first grade. By then, I clicked well with a couple of kids in elementary school.

One of my classmates, Chris Rodgers, was so creative and just freaking funny. We fed off each other's laughter. Sitting in the back of the class, we drew funny pictures, emitted various noises, and made everyone laugh. Chris truly was an eccentric. As a left-handed Pisces, the stars aligned to make him artistic, creative as hell, and spontaneous.

We hung out a lot and went skiing in New Hampshire. We stayed in his parents' condo and skied Attitash, Wildcat, and Black Mountain. We also went to Storyland, which is like a kiddie amusement park. We entered this fantasy land where we could pretend we were doing all these things. His amazing imagination came into broad view when we played Dungeons and Dragons. He was the dungeon master. I would be the knight, thief elf, wizard, whatever and go on the quests with him. This meant that he devised, in his head and on paper, huge quests for our characters to go on. These adventures and quests were instantaneously created. We were great friends during this early period of my life, but the friendship wouldn't last.

He seemed to be becoming restless. Once, and I remember that it seemed weird at the time, we were singing a Rod Stewart song that goes, "on a long bound train." We playfully pushed a stuffed animal back in forth near our nether regions. He appeared to be enjoying it because he was laughing hysterically. On picture day in the fifth grade, he came to school in a dress. He may have been bisexual, or he may have liked shaking things up.

On another occasion, we were tent buddies at the Wilderness Waterways camp on the border of Canada and Maine. By the second or third day, he began to get sick. He could barely eat and his stomach was extremely painful. He couldn't handle our Spam dinner, which

was unlike him. This continued for three days until he was brought to the hospital. The doctors quickly diagnosed the issue and gave him Milk of Magnesia to alleviate his constipation. Soon, his good mood returned. When we picked him up he was strutting around like he was a new man. But the friendship was coming to a close. One of the later times that we played Dungeons and Dragons, he just stopped and said, "This is stupid." That was the turning point at which he became completely indifferent.

I believe the official start of my career in getting into trouble began in the third grade. At recess one day, girl Carrie Weiss was hit in the crotch with a kick ball. She grabbed her private area in pain. So, being a smart ass, I said, "Does your vagina hurt?" Immediately after saying that, I knew I was screwed. She started doing that "ooooooo I'm telling thing" where she couldn't tell someone fast enough. I was the one who always got caught.

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