

Another National Unemployment Day

Written by Dave Howard



Aw crap, another National Unemployment Day. ([You can read about the origins of National Unemployment Day here.](#))

National Unemployment day, July 2nd, has usually been a rite of passage for the Unemployed. It's OUR day, a day to mock the smug office jockeys who collect a paycheck every week. The reasoning has always been that it's summer and you ain't getting a job today.. Time to have a few daytime beers at the Farmer's Market, go take in a decadent \$10 matinee at the Arclight or darken your mouth with a chocolate dipped softie at the Santa Monica Pier

But this year, there is a hollow boooooonng this National Unemployment Day's Eve.

Ya see, this is my SECOND consecutive National Unemployment Day. I am still waiting to hear if my benefits have been cut by National Unemployment Day's Grinch-- Congress. My part-time \$200 a week job that I took to extend my UE benefits just laid me off (ya know, it's rough times). The idea of the holiday just doesn't sound fun. It's been months since my last job interview. It seems that most resume submissions are never responded to. On the bright side I did get this robo-response last month: "Thanks for your interest - I've received nearly 200 applications, and we're busy preparing for our annual meeting on Saturday, so it might take a week or two to get back to you - but I will, as soon as possible."

The future is looking more and more shaky.

Wait a minute.. I have every other day of the year to feel like this.

I will not be what I abhor. Despite the nihilistic forecast, National Unemployment Day must be saved. I will blow off my job search. I will not worry. Despite the daunting social status of my enemies, I will mock them by not wearing sunscreen to the beach where I will read a part of novel deemed as trash. I will dance (after a pitcher of an IPA I have never heard of) through the

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Center Bar at 3rd and Fairfax, sans underpants so every inch of my humanity may dangle in freedom's every direction. I will go to the batting cages and possibly to the go-cart track. Dear God, [FISHBONE is playing for free at Hollywood Park](#) (first post 7:05). Nothing says freedom from oppression like FISHBONE! The free kind of freedom!

That is my Truth, that is my Soul. I am ground zero and I will party!

Raise a glass.. suck it office monkeys! Bring on the free fireworks!

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