

Making The Most Of His Life

Arnold believed in making the most of his life and wished everyone felt the same. Life was short and you got only one chance. Any less than making the most of it was a waste. He worked hard at his career, steadily if slowly advancing. He helped his extended family. He had several creative hobbies. He was productive and felt responsible.

Then it all fell apart.

It started with covid and shrinking promotion prospects, continued with the new President and tough tariffs and extreme weather. His children became skeptical teens. His tropical fish got ick. He saw making the most of his life being flushed down the toilet, his sense of purpose going with it.

His solution? Escape. He read how in ***The Maltese Falcon***. From a friend with shady connections, he got new identity cards, then, after listening to a morning of arguing between his wife and children, walked out of the house when his kids demanded to buy some energy drinks and he never returned. He escaped.

Arnold took a plane to another part of the country and found work in his career (he was an accountant.) He met a lovely woman and they married and had two children. Again, he made the most of his life. Eventually, of course, the adorable toddlers turned into angry teens. Arnold realized he had made the same mistakes as before.

But he made the most of life—twice. What more could anyone dream of?