

## Homeless But Happy (Pt 7)

Who knew that in my  
ever-changing daily routine of homelessness I'm now learning some of the  
language of street?

It's almost like  
going back to school to get a degree in sociology and I'm  
the oldest person in the classroom while looking around thinking, ?Great, guess  
I'll be the last person in the room invited to a keg party.?

Come to think of it,  
I have never socialized at one before so I wouldn't be missing out.

At classroom outside,  
I'm staring blankly wondering what on earth I was  
thinking to even think of learning to attempt street corner solicitation of  
spare change. I have zero common ground skills to my professional pan handling  
teachers, which is noted from my deer in the headlight look most days of this  
life experience.

I cannot picture  
myself holding up a sign asking for spare change. One person mentioned he did  
it for two years making over five hundred a week. I was listening and doing the  
math thinking, well that's a reasonable amount to put towards renting  
somewhere. But how long would you want to employ yourself doing that in all  
kinds of weather and dealing with the various personalities of the suits  
wondering and even saying that you're a useless member of society, you're being  
lazy, or ?get off the drugs,? which doesn't apply to me whatsoever??

I would have to have  
a creative sign since I enjoy the challenge of journalistic catch phrases. ?To  
Be Me Or Not To Be Me That Is The Monetary Question, Change Please.? To long  
start over. Second thought ?This is my second career in life, Change Please. Three  
words or less in advertising. ?Miss Money Penny Has Needs? ? still two words  
over. Finally, why change what works anyway, so it's back to ?Spare Change.?

Life at the library,  
my office of networking, management of my destiny details, and the psychiatrist  
is in Lucy. I meet yet again, Mr. Conspiracy Factor, as I nickname him.

He goes on to tell  
me in ?street? you need to learn how to lie. I cannot I say, that's so not me.

?Well if you want to  
survive you better start. If you can't  
get a job, lie to get one, lie to get a place lie to survive.? I'm no Donald  
Trump, but I now have learned the real raw brutal truth, do I have to give up  
my moral compass to get ahead?

Out of that lesson.

part two in street, I'm given the nickname the ?Queen? simply because I debate all his bizarre issues while I listen stoically and maintain at the same time, I like the Royal Family. This street talk is a woo who whirlwind of crazyville as I see it, but also humorous and quite an amusing way to unleash random thoughts we would otherwise have never shared at the dinner table of aristocrats to begin with, or each other until now.

We also laugh to let out a real emotion letting lose for a normal few seconds of our day out from the chaos of our depravity.

So far in Street;

earning income, nickname, lie, and laugh to feel human. Sharing is a real currency. Food, cigarettes, clothing. The in-the-know, too, of shelters places, community dinners and medical aid. I just absorb this knowledge with the stark contrast that I cannot survive as a ?Streeter? but I'm grateful for the education into it if at any point I should start.

What does he call the society that recognizes us as sub-human? Well, there is a nick name. The ?Aristocraps? according to Mr. Conspiracy. I, on the other hand, do not want to label people of privilege since a while back my lifestyle was indeed the candlelight suppers of the Bucket (Bouquet) residence.

I'm Homeless But Happy, still alive and coping, according to my amusing street friend.