

April 10, 2025

<><> This is an appeal to Non-Profits, Progressive Activist Organizations, Law Firms. I want to work for you at \$20 bucks an hour.

PLAY ME

Look, I'll be blunt. I am trapped. I'm in a hell that I can't get out of.

All I want to do is use my brains & talent to earn my daily bread. I want to be recognized as being bright (and having some talent). But I am stuck in idiot-hell.

It is my dream to work as a writer or doing research (for a non-profit, a progressive political entity, a law firm or something similar.

I am 65 years old. My life was crippled by parents who were fools. They did love me but expressed that love by screwing with head: it took 35-40 years to undo the damage. [The Prologue](#) to my online novel *Brandon Gets His Big Break* (unfinished) goes into greater detail but here are the bullet-points:

<><> In HS – this was the 1974 to 1978 – my parents encouraged me to drink. That sounds insane but it is true. To them, spoiling me & indulging me was how their paternal affection was expressed.

>><< They ignored my drinking for the first three years of HS.

>><< My senior year, we moved from Cincinnati, OH to Lakewood, CO. It is normal for a kid to have difficulty making new friends in such a situation. And in my case, it was profoundly exasperated by my raging alcoholism and the psychological/emotional side effects caused by an overprescription to a powerful anti-convulsant by a factor of 400-600% (which will be addressed shortly). My parents addressed my teenage isolation by routinely buying me beer & cigarettes and encouraging me to drink in solitude (watching TV).

>><< I'm an epileptic. All of this drinking caused me to continuously seize. By relentlessly encouraging my drinking – and apparently taking great personal satisfaction from doing so – my parents created a situation where the prescribed dose of my anti-convulsant was periodically increased. Ultimately, I was engulfed in very intense side effects (both physical and emotional/psychological). The mental issues included: suicidal ideation, depression, acute confusion, behavioral disorders. Combined with my oceanic drinking, I was very literally insane. My dosage peaked at 1200 mg a day. If a patient is unresponsive to the elevated prescription, brain surgery is required. The upper limit is 1600 mg. I came very close to having my brain cut open. *This was 100% my parents doing.*

<><> After HS, I went to University of Colorado at Denver (UCD) for a semester. My HS academics were in the toilet: it is a mystery how I got in. Regardless, I flunked out at the end of the term. I then told my parents that I wanted to go to Western State College (a couple hundred miles away). They readily agreed: no lectures or ultimatum. I was at WSC for an additional 6 ½ years. They mailed me countless thousands of dollars (my drinking and drug fund). They never commented – or intervened – when: 1) I was kick out of a dorm for being violent & unwashed. 2) I kept retaking classes, and my performance was primarily "C"s & "D"s. 3) I overdosed on alcohol and was rushed to the ER. 4) More.

<><> I somehow graduated and then spend another 2 ½ years getting a paralegal certificate (living with my parents & drinking heavily).

<<>> After getting the certificate, I managed to get a grant writing job: I was the happiest that I had ever been. My relative contentment mitigated the insanity caused by the overprescription: I cut back on my drinking. My father badgered me until I quit. He wanted me to work in the Federal Government where I would be financially secure. Honestly, that did me in.

<<>> In my fifties, I became homeless. I converted to Judaism to deal with everything. If I can pull myself together.

I despise my parents. They were stupid assholes.

After 35-40 years of indescribable struggle, I have worked through all of this. I want to experience that satisfaction of using my brains and talents to earn my daily bread. Currently, I work as a 'Loss Prevention Agent': a type of security guard. I walk in endless circles in a supermarket....I AM IN HELL!!!

Please talk to me.

Namaste and Shalom

John Eisenhower

[Main Site](#)

[Essay Site](#)