

Chicks dig scars, pain heals, and glory lasts forever.

*What kind of stupid saying is that?*

“Hey baby, do you want to see the finger that I knocked off with a metal lathe one time?”

*Yeah, that’s a lame pickup line, isn’t it.*

“You know, this is where I got my skin cancer cut off.”

I guess I’m lucky. The same thing doesn’t hurt every single day. Don’t get me wrong, my shoulders hurt pretty often, my feet are usually sore, but it’s not always the same thing, every single day.

As my old friend used to say, “Thank goodness for small favors and large ones in proportion.”

I’ll admit – I’m better off than someone that feels chronic, predictable, repeating pain.

*But not by much.*

I suppose there’s a philosophical opinion out there that the pain that someone like me feels is a way of remembering battles fought and survived. And it’s true, when my knees start throbbing, I remember my time as a commercial truck driver, delivering groceries in downtown Detroit. I think about every single time I jumped out of the trailer straight onto the asphalt.

Waking with a monster headache? I remember the time my brother tried to see if he could break my neck over the armrest of a chair because... Well, because he was a monster, to be honest and truthful.

I have a very minor case of neurofibromatosis. I say minor because the growths, at least to my knowledge, are restricted to my hands. Google the term, and you’ll see pictures that will make the three or for five millimeter growths that are still visible in my hands look like a gift from God, in comparative terms.

And one of them, more and more often, still feels like someone is driving an ice pick through it. Pain sucks.

It’s another one for the reasons to go ahead and be grumpy in life.

The score is now seven to two.