The Seduction of Work

I remember the smell of wood being cut, the sound of a hammer to a nail, and seeing my great grandpa standing there teaching my brother how to build his first birdhouse. My great grandfather knew the meaning of work. In my eyes, he was a true blue man, what I hope to find in my future husband. He came from a very poor family, immigrants from Italy. However, he knew with hard work, dedication, and drive that he could do better for his future family. This is what he did. Even though he dropped out of school at a very young age to help support his family, he learned the construction business, and he eventually started one of his own. He read many books, and even taught himself how to build homes. When married my great grandmother, he built her a house, and they started a family. I admired my great grandparents. My great grandfather had a dream, and he worked extremely hard to reach it. He was seduced by the thought of creating a life that was not only good for him, but also for his future family that he knew he was going to have. Hearing what my great grandfather had come from, the struggles he had faced, and the effort he put into bettering his life was inspiring to me. I learned from him that nothing comes easy, and that to earn what is wanted, work is needed.

Pablo Picasso once said, “It is your work in life that is the ultimate seduction.” Work means something different depending who we ask, but in the end, work is what molds us into the people we are. While many have been through hard times and struggles, hard work can get them through those troubles and back onto their feet. Many clock into their job every day, and work to get a pay check. We may strive to achieve a dream, but it is hard work that gets us there. Work is not easy, it is a challenge. There is reasoning behind hard work; there is a goal to be achieved, and determination that keeps us working hard to reach it.
Growing up, I wanted to be many things. I wanted to be a nurse, a vet, a ballerina, a teacher, and many others. My mom always joked, “My stinky is going to be a nun.” First off, her nickname for me is horrible, I know. Secondly, I had all these hopes and dreams, and at that time the world was my playground -- I thought I could be whatever I wanted. Is that true, to this day? Yes, but not without work. I cannot say this is what I want to be and bam - I am a ballerina. No, hard work is what is needed. Work is not just something we get paid for. It is something that takes us out of our comfort zone, but in the end there is always a reward.

Today, I am an undecided student. I have no idea what I want to do with my life, but I am still working hard. I am working hard to get a good education, because I strive to give myself and my future family stability. Just like my great grandfather. I have seen hard work all my life, within my family, friends, and complete strangers. People are seduced by work because work comes with not only a sense of meaning and gratification, but also a notion that there is always a goal being met.

My great grandfather not only taught me what work was, but how to not give up on something when hardships arrive. I spent many days over at my great grandparent’s house. They helped raise me. And like all grandparents - they preached, “Morgan, time to practice your spelling words.” Or they would say, “You are so hard headed. Morgan, if you have nothing nice to say, don’t say it at all,” and, “Have you moved your bowels today?” The list goes on and on. But, they emphasized hard work. They pounded into my head the belief that I needed to go to school, and get a career. They did not want me to struggle like they once had, because they wanted what was best for me. So, that is exactly what I have done. I worked very hard through school to get good grades. I busted my rump in volleyball, and soon made captain. I flipped a million burgers, to get a good pay check. And trust me, while all this was going on at once, I
wanted to throw in the towel and give up. Seeing the pride in my loved ones eyes, that, is what kept me going. Hard work has made me a stronger person; I do not give up on things easily. I do not run when troubles arrive, nor do I pity myself during defeat. I work hard knowing that I have something to reach, so why would I give up?

I have expressed much about the influences my grandfather has had on my opinion of work. But, there is one other person that really has worked hard to reach the point of where he is today – my father. My dad started to work at Wendy’s Old Fashion Hamburgers in high school, not knowing one day he would own three of them, and all without even having a college education. Let us just say, he got lucky. So of course, I started working at Wendy’s when I was 16-years-old, and I have not left. This is not because I love, sleep, dream, eat, and sweat Wendy’s. I just have no choice, and every time I mention getting a different job to my dad, his vein protrudes out of his forehead and he gets highly offended. It is not that I hate Wendy’s; I have known some of the people working there since I was a child. Fast food is just not my cup of tea. Who honestly likes smelling like nuggets, grease, and onions? I cannot go anywhere after work without taking a hot shower and using half a bottle of shampoo on my nasty, smelly hair. My feet throb after running around and standing on them all day. Need I even bring up working with the public? I will just use one acceptable word to describe them – rude.

When I first started working there, I was terrified. Not just because it was my first job, but because I am the “boss’s daughter”, and my aunt is also the general manager. On my first day, everyone had their eyes on me, sizing me up, and watching my every move. I felt like I was the performing act at the Super Bowl. Everyone felt that they had to watch their backs around me. They thought I expected them to do everything right, or I would run back to daddy. They soon learned that that was far from the case. After a couple weeks of working there everyone got
to know me, and realized I am extremely different from my dad. In the beginning, it was
irritating working with this entire group of people, and being judged. I was definitely taken out
of my comfort zone. But after working there for over three years, people definitely do not hold
back around me, nor do they look at me as the boss’s daughter. We all go through the same
things, deal with the same people, and get yelled at by the same boss. We all have made
hundreds of Junior Bacons, washed a thousand pans, burnt ourselves on grease, and have gotten
chewed out by an unsatisfied customer. Work is work; sometimes it is enjoyable, and sometimes
it is a pain in the buns. While working at Wendy’s I have learned, with much practice, how to
deal with people and not lose my patience. I have also learned that I have to always be myself,
even when people are judging me. Working at Wendy’s is definitely a job to me, not a career.
Maybe one day I’ll run my dad’s stores, but as of now, that is doubtful.

There is reasoning behind hard work, there is a goal to be made, and determination that
keeps us working hard to reach it. My long term goal is to give myself and my future family a
stable life, so I work hard. I have seen hard work being done my whole life, and it has taught me
what hard work and dedication can bring to someone. Even working at Wendy’s has taught me
things about myself and has brought me out of my comfort zone many times, and I have grown
from the experience. Work has shaped me in many ways. Witnessing the ones around me work
hard has also given me knowledge of what a strong work ethic can do for a person. Having a
dream, a goal, or a motivational factor can jump start an amazing drive in us to working hard,
and we can be so driven to reach this that we become seduced by work.