
LIVING LIFE TO THE FULLEST

By **Katie Brinkworth** May 1, 2014

I live life to the fullest. I jump out of planes, ride motorcycles, race Jet Skis, and have driven more than one golf cart straight into a brick wall. It's just the way I live my life.

During lightning storms, I Renaissance-joust in full-body chain mail. During hunting season, I wander the forests in my finest furs. During Shark Week, I swim dressed like a seal, with Seal, as he sings "Kiss From a Rose," which both attracts and angers the sharks because they secretly love that song but are too embarrassed to admit it in front of their cool shark friends.

I laugh in the face of danger, scream in the face of babies, and remain more or less expressionless in the face of those people at mall portrait studios who try to get you to smile. Because the backdrop of my life is much more interesting than the gradients, stock holiday designs, and futuristic laser-beam patterns that they use as backdrops. O.K., the laser beams are pretty nice; I'll take a few shots in front of that one. Maybe a couple on that swing, too. Are pets allowed in the picture?

I'm a risk taker, a thrill seeker, a death wisher, and a bread maker. Which isn't impressive until you see the aggressively mutated strains of yeast that I use. When I bake, it's dough or die.

What can I say? Adventure is my one true love. Ten years ago, I claimed it was my ex-wife, Janine. But I think we all knew that I'd been living a lie. I'm just one of those guys with a thirst for life that years of love and support simply cannot quench. Honestly, how could a woman who wasn't even willing to go cliff diving on our honeymoon really be my soul mate? Pregnancy is no excuse.

I've lost all my fingers in completely preventable chainsaw accidents, both my eyes are made of glass, and I'm also missing most of my adult teeth. I've broken every bone in my body, and have also had all of them removed. While I was in the hospital, I wanted to live it to the fullest, so I had transfusions of every blood type, simulated a reverse-birth experience by wedging a cantaloupe into a very uncomfortable place, and spent an entire night in the morgue. I've never felt more alive!

I can YOLO, FOMO, and wear a bolo tie simultaneously. I seize the day, and also seize throughout the day because my lifestyle choices have created an adrenaline imbalance that triggers my epilepsy.

I'll admit it. I'm an adrenaline junkie! Whether it's drunk skydiving, highway parkour, or eating dangerously expired mayonnaise, I just can't live without that rush. It's an addiction that has destroyed every meaningful relationship I've ever had. At my lowest point, I was giving out hand jobs under the pier in exchange for tickets to one of those hourlong flying-trapeze lessons that you always see on Groupon. For years, I was trapped in an unending blur of aerial somersaults, one-knee hangs, and a smattering of super-weird hand jobs. All to get that high. And, to be honest, I wasn't even enjoying it anymore. I was just going through the complicated trapeze motions.

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I simply can't explain my undying zest for life! There's just something inside that fills me with joie de vivre, a je-ne-sais-quoi need to carpe-diem! Wait, why is everyone looking at me so funny? What language was that? Am I speaking in tongues? My doctor said that my adrenaline imbalance could also cause mind-altering hallucinations.

Have I wandered into an REI naked again? I suppose this isn't the first time that I've have a six-hour conversation with an outdoor sporting-goods store mannequin, and I doubt it'll be the last. But that's just the difference between a free-spirited adventurer like me and the rest of the sheep in here who are just calmly browsing the merchandise and making purchases at the register because that's what the Man wants them to do.

Seriously, though, why are there so many sheep in here, and who is that man?

Photograph by Olivia Furrer/Getty.

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