

HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

ZERO

You know there are 19 year olds with million dollar deals and I'm on my couch eating Takis watching "Beauty and the Baker" like it's my job. You know I tried to do a 24 hour fast and by hour 4 I forgot cuz my mom made huevos rancheros that morning and you, her lil chiquito, don't miss out some lil huevito.

I promised myself I would learn Spanish, that was when I was in third grade, Now I'm in my twenties and I can't even enjoy a Bad Bunny song. I wake up everyday and I tell myself you are going to get it today. You're going to finally see what you want in your life, you are unstoppable, you are... then I realize. I've spent three hours trying to hype myself up while a 15 year old builds their empire on Tik Tok. I feel like the odds are stacked against me, I wake up and see kids my age in the Bahamas, and I'm over here on Saturday mornings cleaning Moms bathroom windows with Fabuloso.

Sometimes feel like I'm already out of the race, but this channel, this idiotic channel where I video tape myself rating different chips. As dumb as it sounds is the only purpose I have right now in life. There is no greater satisfaction than seeing someone write in the comments, "thank you for recommending trader joe's brands because my chips were the talk of the potluck, even my boss even asked me where I got them." Without this I don't have a reason to get up in the morning.

So please, can you just give the discount of the Fritos this one time. You may not know this but you are saving a life.