

ONE OLD PISSED OFF MEXICAN

Of course Mexicans love chile on their candy. Our candy defines our culture, we suffer even in our snacks.--But that's a good thing! I remember when my Mom gave me my first piece of Mexican candy, I was five and it started out as a delicious little treat, next thing I remember I woke up in the emergency room. You see our candy prepares you life. It can be sweet and delicious but when you least expect it, BAM. Nothing but fire and brimstone, just like life. That shit helped me get through some hard times. When I got laid off from work I thought, "Mexican Candy". When my wife left me for my brother I thought, "Mexican Candy". When I got my third DUI I thought...I fucked up.

But that's beside the point.--You know why Americans are so depressed?...Reese's Peanut Buttercups. It sends the wrong message, that life's too easy. It's the exact opposite of Mexican candy. Think about it, they start off with a silky delicious chocolate-y outside, then once they get through that, they get a creamy smooth peanut butter center--ARE YOU KIDDING ME!? That shit doesn't build character. Shit, it even comes wrapped in brown paper so their delicate little American fingers don't get dirty.

Now let me ask you, who do you think is going to be better prepared for life? Lupito who a skin graft on his tongue after his first Pulparino? Or "Chad" who goes through M&M's like a White Women go through anxiety medication?... That's what I thought.