

A dark and gloomy day in the suburbs of Greenville, young Farkus and his best bro, Cornellius, were quickly running out of things to do. Lounging around all day as the ignorant weatherman predicted a few inches of snow which would almost certainly not fall, the two friends were on the verge of simply spending the day sleeping and watching The OC on DVD, something they had just gotten finished doing for 11 hours prior to Stumbling online to fill in that time gap.

“Man, there’s nothing to do. The weather sucks and I can’t believe my Xbox is still broken,” said Cornellius.

“Let’s just finish season 3. Marissa dies soon. I’m pretty pumped for that,” replied Farkus.

“Yeah I know, she is so annoying. What an idiot,” Cornellius said with a smirk on his cute little Asian face.

After lounging around a few more minutes of doing absolutely nothing except talking about doing something, the mail truck driving away from the house caught the eye of Farkus which was glancing out the window.

“I’m going to go get the mail. My mom will have a cow if I leave it there for her to get,” Farkus said with a long sigh and annoyance in his voice since he would have to get off the couch and venture into the 31 degree weather.

“Ok that sounds good. I’ll put the DVD in while you go do that,” Cornellius mumbled.

“What?”

“I said that sounds good. I’ll get The OC going while you get the mail,” Cornellius said clearly and rather annoyed.

“Ok good. Speak up next time,” Farkus said.

Farkus went outside and retrieved the mail. The weather, while rather chilly, wasn’t quite as bad as he expected, granted he ran as fast as he could and worked up enough of a heart rate to get his blood flowing in order to numb the sting of the cold. It was the first time he’d gone outside in a week or two. He hadn’t even gone out to get the mail, which was why he had to today. His mother had had enough of his sloth.

As Farkus entered the home once again, Cornellius asked in a sarcastically clear voice, “was there anything good in the mail?”

Farkus responded with a response in an equally sarcastic tone, “just eviction notices and checks for millions of Euros”

“Oh,” said Cornellius, catching on to what Farkus was doing.

“What the hell is the Red Burrito?” Farkus said with complete confusion on his face as he held a piece of cardboard containing coupons to the restaurant that was mixed in with the rest of the mail.

Cornellius got up to take a look. He stared at it for a few minutes before taking it out of Farkus’s hands and investigating it closer. “It looks like a new kind of Taco Bell or something. Doesn’t look any healthier though to be honest,” said Cornellius. “Address says its at the Hardees down the street. Must be like an add-on or something.”

“If it is Hardees-related, its bound to be disgusting. I can’t believe we haven’t seen any commercials for it yet to make us yak and feel like animals. You know, since we’re men. And stupid. And unable to cook,” added Farkus.

Farkus reached to take the cardboard back from the hands of Cornellius when Cornellius yelled “stop”.

“What?” Farkus asked, somewhat scared and worried that something significant had happened.

“The fine print of this coupon says it the coupon itself is worth 1/100 of a penny,” Cornellius said somewhat enthusiastically as if he had an idea.

“Oh wow. That’ll make us rich,” Farkus said sarcastically as he began walking away to watch The OC.

“You don’t understand,” said Cornellius, “we can just go to all the mailboxes around town and get these coupons and redeem them for money.”

“Are you serious? 100 equals one penny. If we got 1000, we would have a dime. If we got 10,000 we would have 1 dollar” Farkus said with false enthusiasm in attempt to make Cornellius feel stupid.

“Yeah, but it’s better than nothing. Plus it is something to do,” Cornellius responded as he gave Farkus a puppy lip of sadness much like the ones Stephanie would give Uncle Joey on Full House.

“Alright. Whatever. I’m starting to go insane in this house anyways,” Farkus said.

“Cool deal, well let’s go now before people get their mail,” Cornellius said with excitement in his voice.

“Ok let’s go,” Farkus said as he turned off the television and searched for his black American Apparel hoody and his Urban Outfitters torn denim jacket.

The boys walked out of the house and down the neighborhood road from mailbox to mailbox in Suburbia. Taking Red Burrito coupons valued at 1/100 cent as they

treaded. After thirty or so minutes of tampering with people's mail and committing felonies, the boys had a stack of 67 coupons.

"This is getting boring," Farkus said. "Plus it is super cold. American Apparel isn't all that warm. Definitely not worth \$50 for this hoody."

"Yeah I am getting sick of this too. Possibly sick as well. Illness-wise," Cornelliuss said with a snuffle of snot running down his face.

"Well let's just head home and watch Marissa die," said Farkus with a relief in knowing they would soon be escaping the cold weather and getting back to what they do best."

The boys began walking back towards home. They had ventured a mile and a half from the suburban home when they noticed the United States Post Office building at the end of the road perpendicular to the highway. Farkus looked over and suddenly he was enlightened. "Dang. I just had an idea."

"What?" Cornelliuss asked eagerly.

"The Post Office is over there. I wonder... I wonder if they have stacks of these cards in the sorting room or something. Wherever the mailmen organize the mail and stuff."

"That is genius, Farkus. Pure Genius. Let's go check it out."

"Awesome blossom, but how will we get in there to the mail room. They don't just let people back there I'm sure," Farkus said with a little bit of newfound doubt in his plan.

"Well... some guy my mom knows works there I think. Maybe he would give us a tour or something if we asked. It's worth a try, you think?" Cornelliuss suggested.

"Might as well. We've come this far," Farkus said with a glimmer of optimism remaining.

The boys continued to the end of the road and proceeded to enter the Post Office. They went to one of the counters where you would pay for stamps and shipping and such and asked the nice old man with a Dale Earnhardt hat on if a "Mr. Pippins McGee" was working that day. The old man was eager to seek and retrieve Mr. McGee from the back room. After a few minutes of waiting, the older man returned with Pippins McGee.

Pippins was a short overweight black man with a goatee, naked woman tattoos on his forearms, bald head, and dressed in Fubu brand apparel. Looking at the two young men, he asked, "what yo wants yall?"

Farkus looked at Cornellius and signaled him to speak by clearing his throat. Cornellius looked lost. As if he had no idea who this man was. Truth was, he didn't. He'd only known who he was through stories his father had told him about the man.

After a few seconds of trying to remember why they were there to begin with, Cornellius finally remembered and spoke up. "Uh hi sir. I am Winston Chowski's son. You were both in Alpha Sigma Pi together in college.

"Well I'll be a monkey's Uncle. How's yo daddy doin'?" Pippins said with a smile.

"He is dead sir. Died of Swine Flu. His dying wish was always that I get a good government job with health benefits to avoid a death such as the one he experienced. I figured the Post Office was a good place to start. Do you think you could give me and my friend, Farkus, a tour of this place?"

"For Winston? I'd do anything fo' that boy. Yalls come with me ya here?"

Farkus and Cornellius set out on a quick tour of the Post Office with Pippins McGee. The Post Office wasn't all that interesting in the eyes of the boys. They passed through an enormous room full of packages of all shapes and sizes, a room of incoming mail which was being sorted through by a dozen or so minorities, and a final room - the destination center which held the key to their wealth – the outgoing mail room.

As Pippins showed Cornellius the various different sections of the room, Farkus went out on his own and searched around for Red Burrito coupons. There was so much mail. It would be like looking for a usb drive in a sandpit. After a few minutes of searching, Farkus finally found a stack of coupons with a redemptive quality to them. The coupons didn't belong to Red Burrito however, rather they belonged to another low-quality fast food chain with disgusting food – Taco Bell.

Farkus noticed the fine print stating that each coupon would be worth 1/100 cent and quickly grabbed a stack and stuffed them in his American Apparel hoody and denim jacket pockets. He signaled to Cornellius that he had what they set out to obtain and could leave whenever ready. Cornellius allowed Pippins to finish the tour. The boys thanked him for taking the time from his schedule to show them around and left the post office.

"Bro, that is awesome. We can get so much money now. How many did you get?" Cornellius asked.

Farkus replied, "I don't know. Like 20,000. I just grabbed what was lying on the table".

"Nice! Well that is like \$2," said Cornellius as he tried to make the best out of something seemingly minor.

“Where is the nearest Taco Bell?” asked Farkus.

“Kind of far I think. Let’s just go back to your house. I can drive us” answered Cornellius.

The boys walked the mile or so back home victoriously with their stack of Taco Bell coupons. They made it home as the sun was almost completely hidden behind the trees. They decided not to even go inside. Instead, they got into Cornellius’s 1998 Honda Accord and drove a few miles down the road to Taco Bell to redeem their coupons for the cash value.

The boys made it safely and walked into the Taco Bell. After waiting in line behind a few faggy emo kids wearing Hollister and Hot Topic, they stepped up to the counter to order.

“Welcome to Taco Bell, what can I get you” the minimum wage worker said in a less-than-enthusiastic manner.

Farkus cleared his throat and stepped up to the counter to deliver his victory speech, “we are here to redeem 20,000 of these coupons for their cash value of 1/100 of a penny each. Give us two five layer burritos at 89 cents each please. And you can keep the change.”

“Mmhmm,” the cash lady said as she began to scan over the coupons to make sure the boys were able to make such a costly demand and get away with it. “I don’t get this,” she spoke up, “Why yall wanna’ get two five layer burritos when each coupon is worth 1 free taco. Yall could get like 20,000 tacos with these or somefin’.”

Farkus looked at Cornellius and said “We are idiots. Let’s get the tacos, bro.”

Cornellius thought the idea over for a moment and responded back, “yeah but the five layer burritos taste a lot better to be honest.”