

It's currently midnight, and I'm fighting in one of the most important wars that a man can pursue.

A war of money. A battle of victory vs. mediocrity, hope vs. misery, and winning vs. losing forever.

I, along with many young men, am currently in a jail cell. My entire day (school, coming home, and homework) is decided by overweight, old guys who have no true intentions of doing what's best for students.

They are playing their part in the system MADE to enslave my family to financial ruin. Worst of all, my mother is working more than 10 hours a day to provide for me.

I, though, have the ambition to break free from the dead-end schedule and by extension, the society that pushes slavery down the throat of my generation, the ones who will change the world.

Most won't change the world, they are inconsequential, and they are LOSERS.

Many in my generation think that they are opposing the system by simply protesting, dying their hair red, and maybe how all people who support figures like Tate hate transgender people.

It's MEANINGLESS.

The protest should be against the system that pushes university, a process that leads to near-unpayable debt, down the throats of my fellow young men.

They attempt to push it down mine, not knowing that my desire to help my mom is greater than the desire to do my part.

I hate not being free.

I hate my mom working a job she hates.

I hate my lack of confidence induced by my lack of achievements.

That is why I joined The Real World. To prove to myself and you that my victory IS inevitable.

I want freedom.

I want my mom to be happy without any worries.

I want to be the man I am supposed to be.

The Real World has taken me closer to that place and more.

It is the pathway to my dreams, to retire my mom, to be the man I'm supposed to be, and to become free.

If you're reading this, you've had a burning desire to become financially free, so join.

Join me on my journey, and let us be successful together.