

Cut The Power

May 4th, 2026

Shit's fucked, dude. Power almost got shut off today, had to pay \$232 to keep it on. Now we have a \$405/month payment that we gotta pay on-time or they can shut it off without warning. Coming up with that every month while already struggling is going to be hard.

Yeah, get a job. So fucking easy. Can't have a legit disability in this country without being fed to the dogs. I got \$220 for the month and that's before even paying the internet bill. Fuck bro. Something's gotta give. I'm asking God/The Universe for help. I need to find my calling. My higher purpose. I can't just wash dishes or stock shelves bro. I don't have enough fucks to give. I can't drag myself to work everyday for 8 hours to be there 40 hours or more a week. Can't do it bro. Gonna end up as a vagabond or something. Once my parents go, that's it dude. Cling on for dear life. With the lack of communication between me and my roommate (my sister), it's gonna definitely be a fucking struggle.

Better get used to hitchhiking, sleeping outside, and maybe even hopping trains. At least I can drink whenever. But I'm a homebody - I know it. I can't function without the privacy and safety of a home. I'm too much of a baby, a bitch, a mama's boy. At least I get my disability, food stamps, and medical coverage. Gotta hang on to that. It might mean living in low-income housing (Section 8). Gotta do what I gotta do. I need internet. A phone. A way to communicate with people. I'm a beggar, deep down.

If I could just get my Mom to give me \$1000, I'd be way better off. It's amazing that to me, \$1000 would save my ass, but to them it's just another car payment, boat payment, vacation or whatever. They don't NEED it. I do. It's just frivolous cash to them. To me, it's a matter of hanging on for dear life.

Maybe I can find a way to bring in some extra cash. My Facebook posts have been taking off a bit - I used to average 100 or so views on each post, and now I have a bunch that have gone over 1000. I don't really have a theme to my posts - it's more just a digital journal of my daily life. Some people care, some people find it interesting. I don't know. I don't know how to monetize it. I don't know how much engagement I need to make an income off it.

I can't lie to people. I can't sell crap to people. I'm not sneaky, sly, clever or willing to screw people over to make a buck. I do borrow money. I do pay people back. But I can't make a livelihood out of a business I don't stand for. Putting on a facade and faking a smile to please customers is something I just can't do. I'm a hermit. A wizard-in-hiding. I like experimenting with the things I enjoy and consuming content or researching topics I care about. I like helping people, especially people who have struggled with the same things I have.

Most importantly - I can't stand up for too long. I used to work 8 hour shifts on my feet, but now (in my mid-30s) I have to sit or lay down for the majority of the day. A consequence of being lazy for the past 6 years (2019>2026). I'd have to find a line of work where I can do that. I get \$1,266/month + \$298 for food. And I have a roommate. I can make it work.

~Andrew Boardman