Sinastian hated this part of being a video game player. He had to watch his own character for one hour play the same thing over he watch it play for awhile. Then he had to watch an enemy or ally replay. Then he had to watch a professional players replay. He spent three hours being bored. He’d rather sort through trash then do that. Then he only got to play for one hour. That’s all the movie theatre allowed. He would have rather have done this at church but everyone there hated the game. The movie theatre took it seriously. He got to watch free movies and watch other people play the game for free for doing this job.

He loved his schedule He worked at the movie theatre sorting trash once a week for four hours. He spent mornings trash collecting from businesses. And he spent once a week doing concessions, and he spent once a week, watching video game replays so he could figure out how to become a better player. He just didn’t know what he was doing. He just watched. He wanted to record but he didn’t know what to record.

He didn’t understand why he did that, it made no sense and he couldn’t read minds, and most of the time he forgot what he was thinking when he did something. The game was too long to keep track of this information.

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“We have to fire you,”

“how come, I pay you to pay me,”

“You can’t do that without japans permission and you have to ask the government if you can do that,”

“but this is America”

“no it’s the us, and this business is owned by china which is owned by japan,”

“what if you train me to battle them over a video game for the right to do this,”

“Just start a business that helps businesses kid we like what you do you keep busy just do it legally,”

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Sinastian got on the internet and researched how to start a business. He didn’t feel like doing this he was already doing so much. But hey. He signed up for a business named it checked it and when he was done he fell asleep.

When he awoke, the sun was a dark orange. He had to wait for his business identification card now.