

Parker and Grant were like gnats compared to the giant stone Christ the Redeemer statue. Parker had on a sunhat, a white tourist t-shirt with a map of Brazil on it, alongside some striped sports shorts and sneakers. Grant had on a tourist hoodie, some sweatpants and sandals. The two had guava ice cream in a cup, the form melting from the cruel Brazilian heat. The two just craned their necks up at the Jesus statue, not exchanging a word.

“This ice cream is pretty good,” Grant mumbled. “Or should I say, *gelado*?”

“*Sorvete*, you mean?” Parker corrected, without much enthusiasm.

“The word for ice cream is *gelado*, isn’t it?” Grant turned to her, slightly offended. “I took Portuguese in high school.”

“It is in *Portugal*, but in Brazil, they say *sorvete*.” She corrected, putting the clear plastic spoon in her mouth.

Grant sighed, turning back to the statue. “Why are you always like this?”

“Read the travel guide and you wouldn’t be an uncultured dumbass.” She teased. The two stayed silent the rest of the time, slowly eating their cup of liquid ice cream. But something was missing between the two. Both of them knew that eating ice cream in front of a Jesus statue wasn’t exactly that much fun. Maybe Orien’s third opinion could add some more light banter to the convo. Just one one-off joke could enhance the whole experience for them. But alas, there was no Orien. Only guava-flavored ice cream.

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Orien was standing outside the Ferreiras’ market. Joao was setting up a cheap-looking video camera on a tripod. It looked at least ten years old. There was a tiny microphone attached to it. Lucha was standing next to Orien, standing on her tiptoes to fix his messy hair before the commercial. Orien was a little uncomfortable since this Brazilian lady he just met was touching

his hair, but it really was no different than an actor having a makeup department, so he just sat still why she tried to comb down his split ends.

Moving her fingers from his head, she handed Orien a piece of paper. There were a few lines scribbled on it, but he couldn't read it.

"All you have to do is say your name, talk about how racers need to be fast, and this place is the best place you can go in Rio for anything." Lucha directed him, pointing to the paper as needed.

"How can I do this commercial if I don't know the language?" Orien asked her.

"Do not worry. We can help you." Lucha assured, patting his back and giving him a warm smile. Even receiving a smile from a stranger was enough to touch Orien, especially when racing fans couldn't even look in his direction. He felt a smile creep on his face. Joao stands up from the street.

"Okay, is ready!" He declared excitedly. Lucha took Orien's hand and guided him along the script, slowly instructing him how to read it in Portuguese. She let him read over it a few times, occasionally jumping in to correct him. Orien finally managed to read the script out loud, albeit kind of slowly, without messing up too badly.

"Alright, let's do this." He said with determination, pounding his gloved fist into his gloved palm.

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Mercado de Ferreira Commercial (Translated into English for your convenience)

Take #1

*Orien is standing in front of the market, holding up a brand of cheap coffee.*

I'm Orien Santiago, and as a Grand Prix racer—

*A strong gust of wind blows, causing Orien to lose his grip on the coffee and dropping it all over the street.*

Take #2

I'm Orien Santiago. Racing in the Grand Prix-

*The whole video rotates 90 degrees as the camera somehow falls off its tripod.*

Take #3

I'm Orien Santiago. As a Grand Prix racer, I always need to be on the go. Luckily-

*In the background, a couple of house painters can be heard yelling "Look out!" from above. A water bucket unloads itself all over Orien and his racing suit. He closes his eyes and tries to shake the water off his arms.*

Take #4

*Still soaking wet, he's holding his coffee cup again. His hair is almost covering his eyes.*

I'm Orien Santiago. As a Grand Prix racer, I always need to be on the go. Luckily, there's this

place that has everything—

*A bike bell is heard in the background. A small pebble flies at Orien's face and cuts his cheek. He presses on the cut gently.*

Take #5

*Lucha is in frame plastering a band-aid on Orien's cheek. She moves away from the screen with a thumbs up.*

I'm Orien Santiago. As a Grand Prix racer, I always need to be on the go. Luckily, there's this place that has everything I could ever need to win the big race!

*He lifts up the coffee cup.*

Come on down to Rocinha's own Ferreira Family Market. Even winners like me need help sometimes!

*He takes a swig from his coffee cup and smiles. He begins to cough from choking on some of the coffee, but the camera cuts him off.*

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"Is good." Joao said as he turned the camera off. He walked over to Orien and Lucha and pulled both of them in for a hug. Both of Orien's arms got caught in it and he couldn't move out of the bear hug. They let him go from the hug after a while.

"That was fun," Orien told them. "Everyone's going to want to be coming here after we get it out there."

"Again, thank you so much for doing this! We already gave Senhor Dirk your check!" Lucha cheered. Orien pumped his fist in the air. His first sponsorship check. It didn't seem like they could give him a lot, but even some pocket change could've helped Orien out tremendously. He could finally take public transportation and give his feet a break. When Orien opened his eyes, he noticed Joao and Lucha glancing at each other nervously. They looked like they wanted to tell him something.

"This may be a little rude, but..." Joao began.

"Go ahead, I'm listening."

“Could you maybe... help out at the market?” He finished, with a very nervous smile. Some sweat had collected on his forehead, his hands clasped. Lucha stepped forward, hesitantly playing with the jewelry on her arms.

“We have four boys, and we gave them the week off so they could relax before the big race. They’re huge fans of you, and we didn’t want them working when the Grand Prix was happening here. We can handle the store ourselves, but they usually keep it clean and restock the shelves. If we had the extra hands, it would mean a lot to us.”

Orien sat there and pondered the option. He could’ve been preparing for the race in Rio until then. Maybe he could’ve been seeing the sights. But the race wasn’t until Saturday, and he can’t just spend five days just circling the city, occasionally kicking over rocks. And besides, the Ferreiras have treated him like he was their own son ever since his arrival. They were also his sponsors. And a true racer always takes care of their sponsors.

“Alright, consider me an employee.” Orien shrugged, finding no better way to spend his time. The couple giggled excitedly, vigorously shaking Orien’s arm up and down. They just got a new employee, let alone a Grand Prix racer.