

Only after the third attempt did he become unhinged. He just couldn't wrap his head around this mystery, this unassailable challenge! There had to be some way to go about this that would result in his success, and he just needed to think of it!

Woe is he! However much he tried, he couldn't think of the probably simple solution to this puzzle. 'Damn it!' he thought. He began to think himself worthless. More trash than the scum attached to the bottom of his own shoe. Just think of it! The shit on his shoe was worth more than he, the owner and wearer of said shoe. If he was not worthy to wear his own shoe, then he sure as hell isn't worthy to be taking on such a monumental task as this!

He began to sink into a deep, deep depression. So deep, that even the hope of one day solving the riddle and claiming his prize became naught but a spec of light in his dark world. He began to cry. He cried a river over the task he failed. It was a task that no one in the world should truly be able to 'fail', yet he somehow found a way! Amazing, he was so low something so mundane could best him to this degree.

Though, eventually, he began to think of this from a new angle. If he was *this* awful at this, then that's a talent at that point! He realized he was incredibly talented at being a horrendous excuse of a human being, and this made him rejoice. "Yay! Yay for me and my incredible skills!" He yelled aloud, though there was not a soul around to hear his sad happiness.

Then he began to think even more, he went even further beyond! If he was in fact so talented, then he *must* be able to solve the conundrum that made him realize his talent in the first place. He had to! It was a matter of pride!

So, he tried again and again and again, to no avail. "Damn it!" He yelled. Maybe he was just a loser at life after all. Eventually he resigned himself to his fate.

Then he came to a realization. Not a realization that could feasibly aid him in solving the puzzle, no no no, nothing so useful as that. A realization that he was being a fool! If he had, in fact, managed to solve the predicament, he would've lost his newly found talent! If he, someone with a newly found talent for not being able to solve basic issues were to, in fact, solve a basic issue, what would that leave him with!

"Whew!" It's a good thing he failed in the end anyways. That was a close one! The relieved man, having officially given up on his initial task, put down the peanut butter jar, and went to go relax and watch some tv.

Initial prompt: "Only after the third attempt did he become unhinged."

Written in 13 minutes and 20 seconds.