

Crunchy Philosophy

Alanis Furtado

One day I found a Cheeto in the gravel on my way to class. It was raining, but I had an umbrella. It locked eyes with me, glaring helplessly, an unbroken stare it had, as if I was supposed to do something. It quivered in the wind and sleet, and at that moment I knew I should have kept walking, I should I have pretended I never ever saw it, but I didn't, I couldn't.

Then my friend Eddie stepped on it.

In a loud, prolonged crunch I heard it scream, and I heard the screams of every other abandoned snack food. I could see their endless production only for their destruction, everything made sense now and yet was senseless and I could feel the world collapsing in on itself, I could feel it in my soul...

Should I have done something? I could have stopped Eddie, but everybody who knows Eddie, knows there's no stopping Eddie. It wasn't my responsibility to play saviour, it's not like I knew this Cheeto or anything. But it's deep, seemly-never-ending-until-it-ended glare led me to the most painful period of self-condemnation I have ever felt, for the next 3 to 5 minutes anyways.

Maybe my mind evoked such a reaction because the Cheeto reminded me of someone I knew, a bright neon-orange beacon of light in a world of gravelly desolation. I think I thought too much about this, maybe I ought to be more like Eddie, he doesn't think, he just does, you know? Actually, no, I don't think I would like to be like Eddie the Cheeto slayer. Still a Cheeto is just a Cheeto no matter how you dress it, whether it be original, flamin' hot or chipotle ranch. It's just a Cheeto, Cheetos are meaningless, and an abandoned gravel Cheeto is much more meaningless than that. Still, I felt bad for it.

Or maybe,

It's a sign, special for me, maybe I'm the Cheeto and the gravel is society. Maybe someone is trying to tell me something about my life. Or maybe this is just another detour masterfully placed by the universe on this interminable train of thought, just to mess with me. No, the universe wouldn't do that to me, right?