

Drinking Peach Schnapps

A KingCobraJFS Story

Written by u/xaiolongbitch

The video begins. There is a young man sitting to the left, behind him a view of the lonely apartment in which he lives. There's a shitty bike in the background and for some reason a dream catcher. Hanging above the inexplicable work bench in the living room, complete with vice grip, is the same Pink Floyd poster very young millennial man had in their room as a teen. The one with the naked women facing away from the photographer as he takes the snapshot of them with their most famous albums painted on their back.

The man's name is "Josh" but he refers to himself as "KingCobraJFS or just Cobra." He's got a lazy eye, large lips, and parted, thinning hair. His eyes are lined haphazardly with what appears to be sharpie and his eyebrows have been shaved much too far from the center. Around his neck are various chains and a dog collar, he wears a tank top with art meant to emulate the appearance of a skeletal torso.

Immediately he checks to ensure his webcam is recording before taking a deep performative sigh. "Hey youtube." He says the same way one might when greeting an old friend before brandishing a large cane dagger and an upside down Christmas mug. "Just uh... sharpening one of my blades here. You can actually use the bottom end of a coffee cup to sharpen it so..." He begins to run his fingers along the edge. "This blade was pretty fucking dull so now I got it... nice and sharp." His fingers reach the tip of the blade as he admires his handiwork, sliding them back down to the hilt as he brings it up to the bottom of the Christmas mug. The blade makes a harsh *sshhhhhhiip* sounds as he drags it across the mug. He repeats the process a few times before he speaks again. "It's a long and ongoing process sharpening this blade cuz it was pretty fuckin dull and very thick on the sides here." He continues running the blade across the mug. "But um... yeah..." He inspects the blade for a few seconds and runs his thumb up it again to the tip. "Now it's got a nice edge to it. It's not too terribly dull but it's... sharp enough now well if somebody gets stabbed with it." He pauses to chuckle "They're gonna... be in a lot of fuckin pain so...yeah..."

He continues swiping it across the mug in silence before stopping to face the camera. "Here's the thing we have a very sharp point that'll pierce your skin. And then forcibly driving it through with the duller end of the... dual sided knife. She'll fuckin hurt man! Just BLEEEAAAAUGGHHH!" He does an impression of the sound one might make upon being stabbed with said knife. "So... yeah..." He looks down at the blade, running his fingers up the edge yet again. "It's got an edge to it now so... it's got a good start on it. I might sharpen it later, but right now I'm... been workin on it for an hour and a half just sharpening it so. Yep." He leans forward in his seat to put the mug away, there's clanking and a loud bang off camera. From behind where he was sitting previously obscured by him is a ventriloquist dummy sat on a shelf above the aforementioned livingroom workbench.

Taking a deep sight he exclaims "ANYWAY." His tone has changed from the casual and matter of fact knife descriptions to somebody now tired, disappointed, or exasperated as he leans back into the chair with the sheath of the dagger cane. "Once again! King Cobra gets trolled." He inserts the blade into the sheath and begins screwing it to the hilt. "And you know what? This is what kills me about it really is that these people who... work soooo freakin hard to troll me that... anything they can to get me to react- I must be doin something right." He smiles a tense smile and exhales a single humorless laugh from his nose. He breaths deep before beginning to speak again. "Here's the thing: Um I had a very attractive young lady attract uh- not only attract me but also get me- hit me up on facebook and stuff and um... pretty attractive. Turns out she might have been a fake account from someone's real account. Sooo

don't even know so... yeeeeaaaah." He makes a pained angry smile and looks away from the camera to reflect.

"Oh the irony! So I was mentioning this and saying yeah we- we contact her telling how fake she was and dadada she told us to fuck off and blocked us and then she deleted the account. She really did." He turns back to face the camera. "I thought is it she would delete the account because she was a troll or cuz somebody tried to fuck with me again or she deleted the account cause she was tired of people calling her fake?" There's a pause as he stares into the distance deep in thought. "This. Is bullshit... Okay? I'm sick and tired of dealing with this crap man. Okay?" There's a humorless chuckle, more born out of exhaustion or disbelief. "I really am." He turns to face the camera, looking directly into it as if to address and speak directly whoever may be on the other side. "But... what exactly did I do to deserve this? Not a goddamn thing. Not. A. goddamn. Thing... so.... Yep."

He picks up a box of cigarettes with a deep sigh and flips up the top of the pack. "Oh look I got cigarettes. Yaaay" He says in a tired, sarcastic tone but still seems to be happy he has them. He picks one out from the pack and throws the box back onto the desk. He places the cigarette in his mouth and reaches behind him to grab a lighter, taking a moment to glimpse at himself on the screen to admire how cool he looks with the cigarette in his mouth before loudly flipping the zippo lighter and lighting said cigarette. The lighter loudly slams shut as he takes his first draw. He exhales the smoke and quickly sucks it back into his lungs, holding it in just for a few more seconds before exhaling again.

"I often ask myself: Why am I still on youtube all I'm doin is getting trolled, ya know? And sometimes it's hard to believe there are actually people out there who actually like watching my shit cause you know it seems like I'm getting trolled so much." He's looking away from the camera as the cigarette burns away held out in front of him. He's either deep in thought and contemplating or trying to appear like he is. "and you think to yourself 'boy howdy I got him again I got that King Cobra JFS good this time! Ha ha ha haa' If it was a real a real woman contacting me on facebook I apologize. Didn't mean for you to get caught in my youtube drama... Ugh damn it to fucking hell" He takes a drag from the cigarette "I wished... none of it would of... you know... AND that's just the thing I didn't think I would get this big on youtube. I really didn't. Yet it grows every day like a poisonous disease." He scoffs.

"And some people get me, some people don't... so I'm not gonna sit here trying TOO hard to explain to you what I'm about I mean... If you're an observant person you understand who I am as a person. If not you're just wasting my time so... yeeeeaah." He takes a deep breath before mimicking is so called trolls again "Jeessus chhrist your forehead gets bigger in every video have you gained weight you look faaat" He takes a deep breath to prepare his argument against this imaginary person he himself constructed. "Not really. If you can tell my cheeks are starting to hollow in" He says as if that's a good thing, poking his finger deeply into his cheek. "Yeah. Nice, huh? Plus when I sit down like this just kind of like whatever- hunched over. Yeah." He eyes the camera and sucks in his cheeks. "Thinking 'dude he looks like shit!' I feel like shit. Don't really care though because..." he shrugs "Making the best of what I got"

He flicks the cigarette before bringing it to his mouth, taking a long drag while he watches himself in the camera. He opens his mouth to let the smoke pour out without exhaling, it billows out of his mouth and into his eye before he sharply inhales it and exhales from his nose. There's another deep sigh. "It's why I enjoy work more than I enjoy... youtube these days because at work nobody's makin fun of me, if they do it's all in good fun. It's not meant to... be mean, not tryin to fuck with me just like 'hey Josh how's it goin?' I'm like 'ehh It's goin good' ya know? So... yeah. I pretty much get along with all my coworkers I

don't... try to start shit with anyone if I can avoid it. Ya know if I'm angry. If I'm having a bad day I'll um... keep to myself. You know if I'm having a bad day, I don't wanna talk about it then fine I won't... I won't say anything I'll just um... keep to my work and not worry about it ya know? So...you know that's a lot better than getting pissed off and getting angry cause it's not going to solve a goddamn thing to be honest with you." He takes a deep breath and looks away from the camera "It's gotten to the point where I'm so angry I don't even care anymore just like "why fuckin bother" ya know? Just pointless"

He looks back at the camera with a sudden burst of energy "And OH THE IRONY! I thought about killing myself. I woke up. In bed this morning thinking 'what's the point the point in getting out of bed? I should find something to kill myself with.' Call up one of my buddies see if I can borrow a gun 'What for?' Don't ask. Just give me the gun. Just so I can go..." He brings up his fingers in the shape of a gun and points it at his head. "chchhk PPPPOOOOFF" He imitates the sound of cocking and firing a gun while moving his hand away as if affected by the recoil of firing an imaginary bullet into his head. "You knowwim sayin?"

He looks back into the camera to address the audience directly "But then that girl texted me... Saying she got the problem figured out cause she was she the prob what what was the problem can I help you? Ya know?" Unfortunately I, as nothing more than a humble scribe, do not know, and couldn't tell you, dear reader. Josh does a performative stress sigh and continues. "And then it turns out shesthebesthadpin" Again, this was unintelligible nonsense, I tried to emulate the sound he made with his mouth using words as an approximation. The matter of fact and disappointed way he said it seems to imply it turns out she was never real, or at least not an actual woman genuinely interested in him.

With another deep sigh Josh brings the cigarette back to his lips "I don't even know man" He inhales, releases a cloud of smoke from his mouth, quickly sucks it back up and sharply exhales. "Well to be honest with you I don't think I deserve to be fucked with on youtube- I don't think anyone does. I don't know what I did personally to deserve it... but... whatever. And shit like this made me go "you know what? I don't need to be online fuck this shit this is just depressing." If I could say fffuck youtube for a couple days and... make my music. But then nothings coming to me creative-ly so I'm like 'FUUCK!' and so I was just thinking you know what? fuck it I'll video games... and then that became my life: Work. Come home play video games. Work. Come home play video games. Shower in between. Work. Come home. Shower. You know? It's just..." He scratches at his cheek awkwardly with his thumb as the rest of his hand hold the cigarette. "Nice little cycle I got goin here so..."

He takes a drag from the cigarette and exhales the smoke with a sigh, gently shaking his head. "But..." He looks back to the camera for the first time since starting his last monologue "OH WELL! shit happens, I guess." He admires himself in the camera as he coolly drags from the cigarette, lets the smoke pour from his open mouth and sucks it in. "And personally I don't know what I did to get so big on youtube. I really don't. All I do is speak my mind... that's all I did. Play my music, share my weed thoughts about life. That's all I did heh... ya know? I don't uhm... recall... wondering... exactly what I did to deserve... the um... tons of fucktards on... youtube to... ya know? And by acknowledging it 'Ohh we got to him hah haha let's do it some more and make him more famous.' You see the vicious cycle I got goin here? Probably not cause you don't care- all you care about is getting me to react to your stupid little trolling. And I- this the unfortunate irony of it all"

There's silence as he takes a draw from the cigarette and watches himself on the screen. He sighs out deeply the smoke and raises his eyebrows briefly as a matter of fact gesture. Looking away from the camera he fidgets with the lighter, opening it and snapping it shut. Another performative sigh escapes

his lips as he places the lighter on the desk and addresses the camera again. "I'm so freaking depressed right now. That it's unbelievable heh. What I wouldn't give for a nice beer right now, just a nice cold..." He seems to briefly struggle to remember the name of a popular beer brand "Guinness. Be nice but I ain't got the money for that shit so... I didn't spend a dime of that shi-" he leans forward to pick up a comb off camera, coming through his greasy and thinning hair. "All of my money on alcohol last paycheck... um... Which is weird cause I think you know what? I don't need to drink during my depression it's not going to help only going to make things worse."

He switches the comb to the other hand to comb through the other side of his head. "But then there's times where... a beer just sounds really good. And you don't even care you just want a fuckin beer you want a nice cold beer you want to sit down and say 'fuck it!' you know? But oh well..." He places the cigarette into his mouth to hold it as he switches the comb back to his right hand to finish up, combing either side of his parted hair behind his ears. "So when I get paid next I might... might buy some alcohol. I have a little bit of alcohol in my fridge. It's not much though. Couple shots of peach schnapps so... yeap."

He takes a small draw from the cigarette and immediately exhales it as he loudly throws the comb down on the desk "In fact..." he begins to get up from his seat, throwing something on his bed off-screen, possibly the cane knife from before. He steps behind the chair and to the left to go to the kitchen but is suddenly distracted when he catches a glimpse of himself in the camera, he pivots his whole body like a basketball player who can't take a step without a travelling call to face squarely the camera. He abruptly lifts his shirt up to his chest, revealing his hairy, milk-white stomach and chest. "I'm not fat" he says as he uses his left thumb to hook and keep his shirt lifted while brandishing the smoldering cigarette and his right hand rubs his belly. "I'm not fat. I'm actually losing a lot of weight. So... yeah." He gives his belly a satisfactory slap and proceeds to pinch the flesh on his ribs. "Can actually see my ribcage" He drops the shirt and raises his arms in a sort of half shrug/matter of fact challenge to the audience.

He does a halfhearted flexing motion with his right arm, which we can see has a strangely phallic tattoo. "And I still got the arms too so... I'm still doing better than these trolls." Said trolls are presumably double amputees. He raises his arms up into the half shrug/half "come at me" position, his tone has taken on a more aggressive sound as if trying to provoke somebody with his bravado. "I'm still on youtube makin videos. Ain't gonna stop me! That kind of attitude challenges trolls, unfortunately." He becomes more agitated at this point, his frustration showing through. "So the harder I try, the harder they try. I give up.... They still try. So it's just..." He presses his lips together tightly and lightly flails his arms, his frustration is now on full display. "Complete bullshit. It really is just complete bullshit." He abruptly turns and walks out of frame.

In silence we see the full view of the empty room. Sat atop the shelf, like an elf, is the menacing ventriloquist dummy. Its feet dangling down over the living room work bench. In the silence and suspense one couldn't help but anticipate it slowly turning its head to face them. Thankfully, it remains inanimate. There is some shuffling sounds heard off camera, a deep sigh followed by the loud slam of a fridge door. Seconds later josh comes back into frame with a deep brown bottle sporting an orange label. He gently shakes it as he sits down as of to get a feel for the volume of liquid inside. "Aaah peach schnapps. 'Ere we go."

He unscrews the cap and brings the bottle to his nose. Savoring the sweet scent of the peachy alcohol, he looks like he's about to puke or possible kiss it as the expression on his face can barely be put into

words. He brings the mouth of his bottle to his lips gently before throwing his head back and the bottle up as the liquid loudly glugs out. He stops and leans forward loudly swallowing whatever collected into his mouth with a satisfied “aaaahhhh” like you’d see in an old ice tea commercial. Immediately he winces and widely opens and closes his eyes. “ughh” The bottle touches his lips again as he throws his head back a second time. The peachy poison loudly glugs into his mouth and he shakes the bottle just on the tip of his lips as if to suck down every last drop. He brings the bottle before his face and lightly shakes it, it rings hollow, empty. “ugh”

Struggling not to gag he scrunches up his face before letting out a satisfied sigh. “That’s better.” He says as a pained expression of somebody fighting back tears makes its way onto his face. He lets a noticeably more stressed or frustrated sigh escape his lips before he screws the cap back onto the bottle. He sits for a couple of seconds in silence staring down with disdain at the schnapps before abruptly snapping, rage flashes on his face as he swings back with the bottle and throws it across the room. It loudly bounces off the wall with a surprisingly loud plastic on wood sound. Josh lets out a couple more stressed sighs as he brings his hands to his face, placing his thumbs on his temples and slouches back into the chair.

His arms suddenly jerk forward and he sits up, making a brief exhalation like one does when pouting or on the brink of tears. Another couple of sighs follow as he picks up the cigarette from before, now no longer lit and barely more than a butt. He looks at it, looks at the lighter, looks at it and hesitates before placing it back between his lips. Taking up the zippo he loudly flicks it open, sets the flame alight and slowly ignites the tobacco which is now uncomfortably close to the filter. He takes a small puff and immediately exhales as he sits in silence. He looks around the room, blinking more than usual, it’s hard to tell if he’s trying not to cry or trying to appear as somebody who is trying not to cry.

“Alcohol on an empty stomach goes right to your head.” He smiles a very goofy, satisfied smile complete with closed eyes. It’s the smile one might see their drunk middle aged aunt make at the dinner table after she thinks she’s dropped some bombshell of gossip and is waiting for others to “deal with it.” Cobra drops the smile and takes on a look of peace as he whispers to himself, like a junkie finally getting relief from withdrawal “ahhhhh there we go.... that’s better.” Apparently drinking to deal with emotions and getting orgasmic relief from “a couple shots” of peach schnapps is badass. It really just comes off in the same vein as a “momma needs her wine” facebook minion meme.

He sits in silence for a little longer before sighing through his nose, pushing up his glasses and beginning to speak. “Go ahead...” he slyly turns his head to make eye contact with the audience. “Troll me. I’m an easy target.” He stares into the camera for a few seconds before closing his eyes and turning away to look at the wall. He slightly shakes his head and looks up to the ceiling as if trying to gather strength for what he must do. Turning he looks over his shoulder at the window, takes a final drag from the cigarette butt and puts it out, sitting in silence once more shaking his head.

“Must be nice having this much control over someone. But then I- I quit making videos then you got nothing to troll me with so...” he puts on a confident smile “Yeah.” He lets out a single pained laugh before his confidence fades and he looks away from the camera. He sits in silence for the next few seconds, stress sighing and contemplating. Deep in thought. Then, as if masterfully foreshadowed at the beginning of the video, he speaks:

“Wonder if that sword’s sharp enough to go through my chest...”

"Hm... its times like this I wonder what's the point of livin ya know?" There's a long silence and then he leans forward in his chair to reach for something off camera. He returns in frame with the cane knife he'd previously discarded. He holds it up in front of him as he unscrews the sheath, pulls it off and begins admiring the blade. "Be an ironic suicide wouldn't it?" a small chuckle "Stabbed to death a cobra sword because this guy loves cobras so much uhhh that's funny" He turns the knife in his hands so that he's looking down the point, like a man looking down the barrel of a gun. "That's too damn funny"

He slowly brings the point of the knife down to his chest and places it near the center, one hand grabbing the hilt as if ready to plunge it through his heart. "It's moments like this I hold the sword to my chest all it would take.... Tell myself I just want the sword against me. End it all. Then you couldn't troll me anymore see you fuckers in hell!" There's an awkward laugh that is stifled almost immediately. A pained expression makes its way onto his face as he continues to stare off, facing away from the camera with the point of the knife still pointing into his chest. "S'all it would take. Holding death in the hands, staring at it."

He gulps and sits in silence, the knife still pressed lightly into his chest. "I think to myself 'what would be the point of this?'" Another few seconds of silence until he removes the knife from his chest "heh the point! Heheh!" he brings the knife up and places the tip of his finger at its point, satisfied with himself for his clever pun but relents and presses the tip back into his chest. "Ooh dark humor for you." He takes a small stress sigh and changes his demeanor again to a man contemplating death. "Just imagine my dad coming to pick me up for my 22nd birthday party. Finding his son dead in the apartment covered in blood." His tone shifts to one of spite and malice "Ohh that shit would haunt him for the rest of his fucking life heh heh heh. You think to yourself 'WHAT?!' you're like"" He begins speaking in a high pitched voice, lightheartedly mocking somebody in the throes of extreme grief "muh muh son killed himself ohmagah!"

He turns the blade, point still pressed into his chest, on its access, rotating it clockwise and counter clockwise back and forth, no doubt feeling the point drill lightly into his skin through his shirt. "I dunno man... sometimes you just gotta find the strength to just say "fuck it" and keep goin you know what I'm saying? But how can you, man? Ya know? I get up this morning thinking about suicide and then that one girl texted. God she's pretty. I'm thinkin to myself 'You know what? it's gonna be okay' I was looking for my cellphone charger I found a pack of cigarettes I'm like 'Oh look at that a pack of cigarettes! Cool!' But then I find out that it was all fake. Some troll fucking with me." He laughs in disbelief while seemingly on the brink of tears he speaks with a voice shaking from sadness and laughter. "Can you believe that shit? Can you believe that shit, man?"

The blade pressed into his chest continues to turn in his hands "And you think to yourself 'What's the point of this shit'" He takes a breath to speak but stops himself, instead letting out a sigh and hesitating a moment. "I'm debating it right now 'Put the sword down, continue you're life. Stab yourself right now and just end it all.' 4 cd's to fail. Fifth one probably isn't gonna be really good either." He looks down at the knife held to his chest. "Try to find something positive in my life ta... motivate me to put the fuckin sword down and not stab myself with it."

"How easy it would be just to thrust the sword in my chest and say 'fuck it all' how easy it would be... Cause let's face it, I'm just a waste of space. Several moments like this in my life. Several times... somethings motivating me to stop but... fucking aey." There's a pause and a few seconds of contemplation before he abruptly snatches the knife away from his chest and holds it out in front of

himself looking up and down the blade and the handle. "Ya think that's part of life ya know? You're gonna struggle but your struggles get worse and worse by the minute to the point where I just wanna fuckin scream but... ugh." He closes his eyes and brings the point of the knife to his chest again. "Contemplating" he quietly says to himself, almost a whisper. He then proceeds to do an impression of one of his viewers or trolls reactions "You're just some emo bitch who's just complaining about life nyennyahnyen!" He visibly tightens his grip on the handle of the knife. "So I press harder on the sword ooohh its exhilarating" he whispers. "Feel the point dig deeper into my skin... deeper and deeper." He winces as he presses the knife into his flesh "It's too fuckin easy." He looks up at the ceiling and lets out a small sad chuckle. "They say when you die your life flashes before your eyes... funny thing is... haven't led much of a life. That's what it feels like anyway."

He sits in silence with his eyes closed for a few moments before slowly bringing the shaking point of the knife up and away from his chest. He turns the knife to look at it in contemplation before hesitantly closing his eyes and bring the point to his chest. He looks down at the knife when a thought occurs to him "I suppose I'm so frickin skinny just be easier to stab myself in the stomach like bluuuch!" he makes the sound somebody might while getting stabbed much like he did earlier, perhaps foreshadowing this. He coughs once and lifts his shirt, standing from his chair and turning to face the camera. His left hand is gently holding up his shirt to reveal his belly, his right is brandishing the blade. At first he brings the tip to his stomach just below his belly button before readjusting it to just above and beside his bellybutton, the tip of the knife presses into his skin enough to make a visible indent without breaking through.

"Right about here..." He holds the knife in his hand, pressing into his pale skin, looking down to see where it's placed and readjusting it a few times. The dummy sits on the shelf behind him, uncaring to the tragedy that is seconds away from taking place. He tightens his grip on the handle, twisting the blade ever so slightly as he exhales deeply from his nose. He's looking at himself in the camera to see how he appears, if the knife is in a suitable place. His grip on the knife loosens and it sits gently in his open hand before he tightens it again, his face flashes of pain and, he closes his eyes ready to finally plunge the knife through his belly when suddenly his grip loosens, the knife harmlessly rolls from his hand and falls to the ground with a loud thump as it bounces on the carpeted ground. He looks down with regret and as it falls, suddenly concerned it may cut his toes despite supposedly being on the brink of disemboweling himself a second ago.

"I can't do it." He says as he drops his arms to his side in defeat, his hand smacking off the desk as he does so. With his arms by his side and a pouting face he looks longingly out the window. "Something... is always motivating me to keep living... Somethings always reminding me that... there's bigger fish to fry man." He slowly sits back down in the chair utterly defeated as he buries his face in his hands and leans forward, out of frame besides for his back. "Somethings always motivating me to wanna just die and get it over with... I'll think about it." He leans back now holding the knife again this time with its sheath. "I'll keep it as an option." He slides the knife back into its cane sheath and beings screwing it back into place.

"I'll consider it. Well there's ways of dying... I think I can think of better ways than a sword." He finishes up with the knife and holds it in his lap. "Swallow some bleach and then... throw up my intestines heh bleach poisoning..." he smirks at the thought. "And then you know what I could to just ta f- be funny with the crime scene when they come to see my dead body I could put Bleach the anime on the computer... Have it like playin the video just ta fu- heh some Ironic fuck you to the... yeah. 'That's not funny that's just disturbing!' Yeah..." He stares at the wall across the room, the one he previously

assaulted with the peach schnapps bottle. "It's one of those things where... I'm angry and depressed... I go to work I won't even talk much I'm just... tryin to exist I guess. Try to trade in my cell but the... lobby won't close till 11 o'clock great... just great... But knowing how good I am at closing the lobby I should have everything done by 12:30 at the latest so... yeah." He sits quietly for a few more moments, bringing the knife up to rest on his shoulder like a noble knight and his sword then lowers it again, looking down at it. One can only imagine what he might be pondering. "Wants to some music" He says and throws the knife, it loudly strikes something off camera. He reaches for something out of frame and sits back at the desk. "That's one thing that hasn't judged me or tried to troll me or anything like that so..."

From here he proceeds to light a cigarette and play "Whisky Lullaby" off his computer while singing along loudly to it. When the song ends he clicks on his mouse some more "Alright we'll go to videos. Here's a song I hold true to my heart it's by Green Day it's called Boulevard of Broken Dreams" Immediately Boulevard of Broken Dreams roars into the room and begins playing, he proceeds to sing along horribly to the already blown out song. He sits without emotion on his face as the song reaches its outro and smiles a satisfied smile when it ends.

"Okay here's one more song just because I can play it and it really is it really kicks ass..." He clicks a few times with a smile on his face. His mood has clearly improved after listening to the music. A testament to what it means to people and how much music can make a positive impact on our lives and be there for us when we need it. Or maybe it's just the power of the peach schnapps taking its full effect. Guitar loudly begins playing as he begins nodding his head to the song. "Papa Roach BLOOD BROTHERS!" He announces and throws up the devil horns metal hand sign. He yells something else that it's audible over the horrific sounds of the Papa Roach song and throws up the double devil horns, licking out his tongue "EEEEHHHH"

When the full song kicks in past the intro he begins head banging awkwardly, stiffly rotating his head in a circular motion or up and down. When the lyrics start he freezes and begins poorly lip syncing them but seems to be in pain or trying not to puke, possibly having hurt his neck. He leans in close to the camera to reach the cigarette and yell the lyrics, as he does so we can see that his skin has a very faint blueish tint and his hair is thinning. He continues screaming the lyrics but starts hacking and wheezing loudly. He finally catches his breath and sits back in his seat, looks at the screen, and then abruptly (and mercifully) the music stops.

"You know what? Screw this song I wanna do something different just a little different. Just. A liittle different" He clicks around some more taking a couple puffs off his cigarette "We'll try a different song." He lets out a sigh and loudly types each individual key on the keyboard, like a bird pecking at the ground to find a worm. "It's by my all-time favorite band... Cradle of Filth. It's my favorite song... Synvegemine" He clicks a few more times "this gonna play or what come on!?" A single note plays from the computer but stops "There it goes."

He waits in silence eyes darting around the screen and a voice comes on 'despite the-' and falls silent again. "Fuckin advertisements" he drags from his cigarette the ad continues 'we know the president is inside.' A man's voice says. 'one of our agents is inside' a woman says as sad piano and cheap sound effects play. 'but you're gonna come tonight right?' 'I'll try' the music raises into its climax but stops, Josh is enticed "Woaah! Dat looks like a really good movie!..." A few seconds of silence pass "Well don't stop playing come on play you sonuvabitch!" The ad resumes playing on command 'we're the only asset we have left' 'we're counting on you' 'roger that' 'we will rise stronger, united. Today we make our

stand.' 'Olympus Has Fallen. Rated R' "Cool" Josh says to himself and clicks the mouse, this time music begins playing. He waits patiently for the lyrics before begins poorly signing along and lip syncing when he doesn't know the lyrics. He makes exaggerated facial expressions to really sell the intensity when the death growling parts start, gets close when the lyrics are quiet like a whisper and loudly screeches "EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE" when the singer cries out. Gradually the song slows and reaches its outro, he nods his head as it ends as if completing a performance with the band.

"That song kicks ass... but... whatever" He runs his hands through his hair "Whatever. Anyways this is um... KingCobraJFS with another video thanks for watching see you guys later." The video abruptly ends.

Now dear reader, we all have our low points. I like to believe that what we just witnessed was a low point in Josh's life. A time of struggle before a time of perseverance. I believe he'll get his life together, he'll get through this harsh time and be better for it. Maybe he'll focus on improving himself, I bet he'll see that the trolls only have as much power over him as he allows and decides to leave youtube. I'm certain when he's lined up for a promotion at a job he loves in the future, living in his own house happily with a beautiful wife by his side he'll think back to this video and laugh at how foolish he was, but also feel a sense of relief that his lowest point was far behind him.

Things might be so tough he wants to disembowel himself now, but I'm sure it'll only get better for Josh from here on out! Who knows what the future holds for KingCobraJFS?

Thanks for reading!

- u/xaiolongbitch