

EPISODE 1: I'M KIND OF A BIG DEAL



01 VIEWS

0 FANS

I mean, we grew up playing videogames so that pretty much makes us experts at everything. If I can get first place in Mario Kart, then I'm PRETTY SURE I'll be fine driving to school.

I've actually got TONS of brilliant ideas like that. I don't want to brag, but I'm SUPER smart. I even got an "OFFICIAL GENIUS" score on a test that was on the back of a cereal box. I framed the award that came inside it, too.

Anyways, my name is Davy Spencer, and you're watching my first YouTube video!

MOST first episodes are boring, but not mine. This one is AWESOME so hit that Fan button and share this with your friends because today I just got...

Wait for it...

MY NEW CAR!!



It's the new Cobra Spitfire that doesn't even come out until NEXT YEAR, but I got mine early because I'm kind of a big deal. And now that I have a brand-new convertible, I'll be the coolest kid in town.

Babes love guys with nice cars, ask anybody. All I have to do is drive with one arm out the window and one hand on the wheel.





Chuck and I came up with a simple plan. He'd run around the woods in the bear costume, while I led Annie on an expedition to find him. Then, after the sun went down, Chuck would turn the tables and start chasing after us.



The hunt started the second we got home. The three of us packed a bunch of stuff into a bag and went out to the woods behind the motel. But just as we got there, Chuck **PRETENDED** to sprain his ankle so he could leave and get into his bear costume.

I acted like I was bummed, but only because Annie needed to believe it was for real. She totally fell for it, too, because I'm kind of a naturally talented actor. Not to toot my own horn or anything, but when I was in 2nd grade, I had the **LEAD** role in a Sunday School play about Noah's Ark.

And no, I **WASN'T** Noah.

I was God.



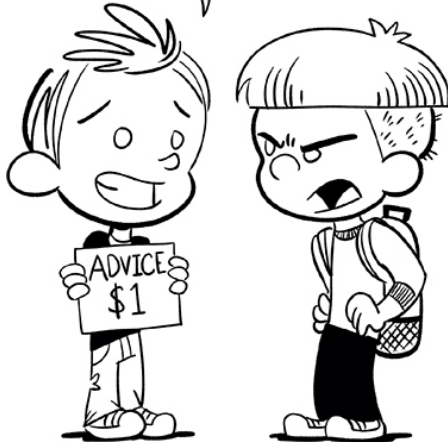
When I counted my quarters, I realized I didn't make as much as I thought. My pockets were so full that my pants were sagging, but when I added it all up, I found out that I only made about \$10.

My last attempt at a "Get Rich Quick" scheme before school let out didn't last very long either. Kids just don't wanna hear the truth.

MY ADVICE IS THAT YOU SHOULDN'T CUT YOUR HAIR LIKE THAT. IT MAKES YOUR HEAD LOOK FUNNY.

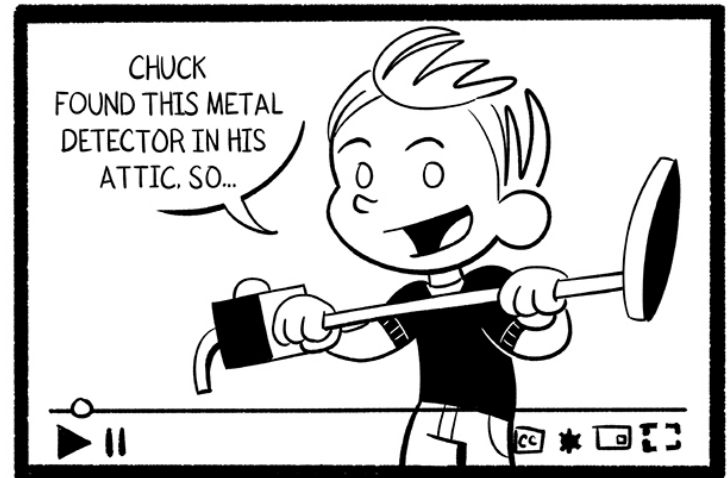
BUT YOU GAVE ME THIS HAIRCUT.

OH... THEN MY ADVICE IS TO NEVER LET ME GIVE YOU A HAIRCUT.



By the end of the day, I had made \$17.25. That's not bad, but it's still not enough for the Raptor.

EPISODE 14: THE SEARCH FOR MORE MONEY



04 VIEWS

4 FANS

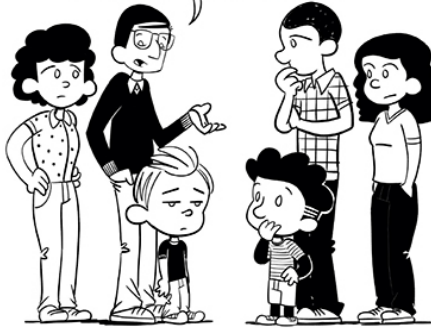
OBVIOUSLY, we used it to try and find loose change in the parking lot. I was hoping to find some kind of buried treasure, but nope. We were out there for three hours, and all we detected was seventy-five cents and a rusty belt buckle.

MY DAD'S GONNA BE MAD WHEN HE SEES WHAT WE DID.

YOU MEAN WHEN HE SEES WHAT YOU DID. YOU'RE THE ONE WITH THE SHOVEL.



YOUR ACTIONS STILL HAVE CONSEQUENCES, DAVY.
AFTER YOU FILL IN THOSE HOLES, MAYBE MR. METROPOLIS
HAS SOME OTHER CHORES HE COULD USE SOME HELP WITH.



Chuck's parents thought that was a GREAT idea, and that's how I spent the longest weekend of my life - as a victim of child labor.

It took about half a day to fill in all the holes we dug because there were so many of them. The seventy-five cents we found was definitely NOT worth it.

And it was hot outside, too, but not just A LITTLE hot. It was A LOT of hot - the kind of hot where they tell the newborn babies and the elderly to stay indoors. It was so hot that Chuck started seeing things that weren't there.

SO MANY TINY FLYING
UNICORNS OUT HERE! HELP
ME CATCH ONE SO I CAN
KEEP IT AS A PET!



And then, RIGHT after we fixed the parking lot, we had to take care of a hornet's nest. I was expecting something small, maybe as big as a golf ball or something, but nope. The nest was the size of my HEAD.



I almost had a panic attack because I'm deathly afraid of ANY insect that can grow a weapon out of its body. I'm not allergic or anything - it's just that I don't like getting stung.

I mean, does anybody?

Mr. Metropolis didn't even give us any kind of armor for our battle with the hornets, so we had to find some ourselves.

We searched for thirty minutes, but all we came up with was a hockey stick, a pool skimmer to put over our head, and some dishwashing gloves. It probably wasn't the best protection, but it was better than nothing.

Chuck and I played rock, paper, scissors to see who would attack the nest. Of course, I was the one who lost, but only because that game doesn't make any sense when you think about it.

