

Chapter 3: Cinnamon and Strategy

It started with cinnamon toothpicks.

My brother and I didn't have much, but we had hustle. He'd boil the sticks, dip them in a bottle of cinnamon, then let them soak overnight until they were hot enough to light your tongue on fire. We'd wrap them in foil, bag them, and I'd head out to sell them like they were gold.

Fifty cents a pop. Two for a dollar.

I sold them in the schoolyard, on street corners, anywhere a kid had change in his pocket and a craving for that fire. I didn't just sell a toothpick? I sold an experience. A burst of heat, a badge of courage, a taste of rebellion.

That's where it all began.

That small fire in my hand became the flame that lit the path I'm still walking.

Everything I've done since started from that same place: passion, grind, and finding a way when there is none.

Diary of a Car Salesman is the full story.

And this? This is just the beginning...