**Two BuzzBallz Deep, I’m About to Lose This Scholarship**

Jasmine Mosher

Dear Philanthropic Donor,

I am deeply honored to have been selected as a recipient of your esteemed scholarship. The money you have so generously donated to struggling students, such as myself, not only will provide life changing opportunities, but will serve as proof that I was once worthy of such an award for years to come when employers see your glorious name on my curriculum vitae.

When the application for this scholarship asked me to describe the adversities I’d undergone in life, I thought to myself, how do I adequately render the realities of American poverty in under five hundred words? Luckily I remembered, as per standard procedure, the application would also require proof of financial need as determined by FAFSA so as to take economic status “into consideration.” With this element in mind, I realized that perhaps I still had a chance. In fact, maybe my fate did not rest entirely on my ability to effectively articulate to rich people why poor people need money to do things.

The premise was promising, but past experience still hindered my confidence. I was brought back to the many times I’d failed at this very task—when panels of tenured professors deemed my renderings of struggle to do the things they take for granted, like putting food in my mouth and paying for Plan B, unworthy of the slight economic advantages they had the power to offer. Instead, they awarded the bulk of funding to students who’d traversed through Europe, wore Lululemon as casual attire, and who’d never seen the inside of a Grocery Outlet. You know, the students they were proud to endorse. Those who’d earned their merit by opting to have parents who paid their bills, allowing them to dedicate more time to their studies instead of worrying about frivolous things like rent and medical insurance. The students with admirable priorities.

It was here that the inclusion of FAFSA always threw me for a loop. Why bother when the outcome would only add insult to injury? This is why your scholarship has been so meaningful to me. Though I was indeed a fool for not being born into generational wealth, you looked past that shortcoming and saw my potential.

Not only did you acknowledge my potential, but you gave it monetary value. The financial support you’ve granted will carry me far, but not as far as the validation I feel from knowing my academic strengths are worth two hundred and fifty dollars, because, as you know, you marvelous donor you, the gift of self-esteem is priceless.

That is why, despite being enrolled in five courses and spending thirty-seven and a half hours making lattes for deranged caffeine addicts this week, it is incredibly important I take the time to write you this letter of thanks. Everything else in my chaotic and exhausting existence can wait while I express my mandatory gratitude. The pages of arbitrary paperwork I filled out to apply for this opportunity are simply not enough. I must sacrifice yet another hour of sleep in order to prove my unwavering allegiance to kissing your ass. So, day or night, you best believe I’ll be puckered up.

Beyond that, all I can say is thank you, Philanthropic Donor, for your kindness, your beautiful heart, and your generosity. Because of you, I now have an extra two hundred and fifty dollars to live on, which will undoubtedly lead me to the kind of great academic success that my school can capitalize on to the fullest possible extent.

Forever Grateful,

One of Your Many Faceless Tax Write-Offs