

## Why Every Young Man Should Work Outside (Instead of Sitting at a Desk All Day)

### What's popping people?

It's Dante, walking through the Garden of Eden here in Philadelphia — thinking about *work*. Real work. The kind that doesn't crush your soul.

And why, if you're a young man,  
**you should seriously consider working outside.**

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I swear, every time I spend hours indoors,

**it feels like my soul just starts to die.**

I'll never forget it — lockdown during the pandemic, trapped in front of a screen, stuck on Zoom calls for 10 hours a day.

Meetings.

Phone calls.

Filling out little spreadsheets and analytics dashboards and all that fake productivity crap.

***Holy hell, talk about a soul suck.***

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If you're a young man out there — just getting started, trying to make money —  
**don't go down the conventional path just because it makes "sense" to other people.**

Sure, you *can* do whatever you want.

But here's my honest take:

***Working outside changed my life.***

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There's this weird, seductive illusion —  
a thing we call *security*.

Comfort. A 401(k). Healthcare. Dental. Office perks.

It's like some modern demon that grabs your balls and whispers,

***“Come here... stay forever... never leave...”***

And before you know it, you're stuck.

Seated in a corner.

Staring at a screen.

Inhaling recirculated air.

Your soul — shriveling.

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But when you're outside?

- You move your body.
- You train your strength.
- You chop wood, dig holes, carry logs.
- You sweat, you breathe, you live.

Whether it's landscaping, construction, or just watering plants —  
**you're engaging with the real world.**

You feel the sun on your skin.

You walk freely.

You move your body.

You build something with your hands.

***And your mind? It's free.***

Nobody's scheduling back-to-back meetings.  
Nobody's pinging you on Slack every 15 minutes.  
You're not just a cog. You're not trapped in a box.

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Even if you're making less money than your tech bro friend with his startup job...

Even if you're earning minimum wage...

Even if you don't have all the fake "security" of some office life...

**You have more freedom.**

And that right there?

***That's the key to unlocking happiness.***

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The freedom of your body.  
The movement of your legs.  
The warmth of the sun.  
The clarity of your own mind.

During my breaks, I read philosophy.  
I study theology.  
I listen to high-level lectures on economics, Bitcoin, and history.

***While working with my body, I feed my mind.***

It's not just a job — it's a *vocation*.  
I see the physical world transform because of my labor.  
And my inner world grows at the same time.

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So yeah, maybe this is a rant.  
Maybe this isn't some polished YouTube-ready video.

But hear me loud:

***Do anything in your power to get your ass outside.***

Whatever it takes.  
Even if you're digging ditches.  
Even if you're slinging logs.  
Even if your work boots are soaked in mud.

**That's still a better life** than being a modern-day desk slave staring into LED lights,  
under fluorescent buzz, waiting to die slowly in a cubicle coffin.

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Return to your **primal instinct**.  
Return to the sun.  
Return to labor.  
Return to your *real self*.

If you're weak — mentally or physically —  
sure, it's easy to sit still, consume, obey.

But **you can't cage me in**.

*Give me a shovel and let me go.  
Let me breathe, think, and **be**.  
That's wealth. That's freedom.*

And weirdly enough?  
In 2025?

**That's a luxury.**

— Dante