

## Allá Tú

By Wesley Trobaugh



What is the most stressful moment of your day? You might consider me lucky when I tell you mine. It's around 7:50 p.m. when I turn on the television to watch "Allá Tú." I am not a fan of television. In fact, I think I could estimate the number of hours I watch T.V. a week at around ten, sometimes less. I have better things to do. Well, I have better things to do the other 23 hours there are in a day but not when the singing boxes come on.

"Euros, euros, dubidu, si no los quieres, ¡allá tú!" So sing the boxes who, I promise, will give you nightmares! At first I thought the show was silly: Jesús Vázquez rambling and talking on the phone with an invisible banker and a bunch of crazy people from various provinces of Spain, opening boxes at random, hoping not to open the one that's worth €600,000 until the very end. So far, that box has never been won. But there's something more. You start to feel like these people are your family. Take Sonia from Lleida or Oscar from Málaga. I'm ready to take a trip to go visit them! You see them everyday, happy at the beginning, nervous at the

end, waiting for the day when they will answer the question correctly and get chosen to open boxes.

Some are too prudent and give up too soon, taking home half of what their box was worth, like the lady who looked like Rosa María Sardá (I forgot her name) from Álava the other day. Others let avarice get the best of them and keep gambling. The other day Vicky from Madrid won a light-up pin because she chose to stick with her box until the end. Sometimes the contestants are lucky and I get to go make dinner with a warm, fuzzy feeling, like when Pascual from Navarra got his €60,000!

The banker calls and offers the contestants money to stop playing. They usually say "no" the first few times and then start to doubt. As a viewer, I never want them to stop. "Keep playing, keep playing," I shout from my sofa. As a contestant, though, I suppose I would stop as soon as I saw anything more than €1000. Who knows? The fact is that you see the contestant stressing out on that swivel chair and feel their pain. Vicariously I have won and lost thousands of euros since I started watching.

I'm hooked; I'll admit it. I don't know what it is but I like the show. I'm fairly sure that it's not in the least bit random and that every cent that goes out of there is counted for but it's fun. No hard questions, no wheel to spin, no love to be found, just boxes.

Any one of these days you may turn on the T.V. and see Wesley from Gipuzkoa. But I doubt it. The casting directors would send me home calling me "soso..."