

Short Story 8: Candy and Crazy

Warning: Too much candy is unhealthy, don't eat too much

The halls of Lowell High School were deserted as Lucas walked through it. It was 5:30 and he was going home. On his back, he wore his backpack, but in his hand, he had a bag. An entire bag of over 30 vines of foot-long licorice.

It was a lot of sugar for him to eat. Some people had taken some of it but mostly he kept it to himself. This week had been crazy. So many people have gotten weird magical cats. Akemi had been so excited for the playdate that would be happening next week.

It was a Friday. All he wanted was to go home and sleep, and maybe eat more candy. He dropped the bag and licorice spilled out. "Oh shoot," he muttered, trying to pick it up.

He couldn't pick it up. It kept on sliding out of his hands. Was this what the others described it as? A crazy phenomenon? Daniel would say, *Slay,* he was probably getting a cat.

He was right. The licorice began to tie itself together. It started to glow. Lucas looked at it with slight fear. Was it going to explode?

Boom! A blinding light engulfed him and when he opened his eyes, he found himself in an unfamiliar land. It was bright and rainbow and it hurt his eyes. He stared. Then, he realized something important... EVERYTHING WAS MADE OF CANDY! Did he eat too much candy? Was he hallucinating?

"Meow," his new cat was also made of candy.

He kind of wanted to eat it. It looked delicious. "What's your name?" he asked it.

The cat mewed and pointed its head toward a sign. 'Welcome to CANDYLAND!'

"Your name is..." he stared at the cat.

The cat ran towards the sign, its paw pointed to the candy in Candyland. "Candy?"

The cat purred in approval. "This is crazy!" exclaimed Lucas.

The cat nodded. Lucas nodded. "Do you have a bag?" he asked the cat. It was crazy he was asking a candy cat for a bag.

The cat stared at him as if asking, 'What do you need the bag for?'

He grinned, "I'm going to collect candy."

Candy shook it's head, 'You're crazy.' Then a candy-woven bag appeared out of midair and Lucas grabbed it.

The trees were made of marshmallows on sticks of chocolate. The grass and flowers were gummies. It was crazy. Very crazy. Lucas was probably crazy to want to eat grass... it tasted good.

"Put your hands up!" shouted a commanding voice.

Lucas jumped, startled, his cat ran to him, meowing with urgency. "Time to go?" asked Lucas as a group of people ran over.

"Off with his head!" shouted a fat lady in bright pink. Maybe she ate too much candy. She looked like the Queen of Hearts from Alice in Wonderland.

'Crazy,' thought Lucas as another bright light engulfed him and he was back at Lowell, in the hallway. The bag of licorice was replaced with his bag of candy and there was Candy (the cat) on his shoulder.

Moral of the story: Eat a whole bag of licorice to get a cat named Candy and feel crazy...
(Candy is mostly unhealthy for physical and mental health)