

## Paige's Candy Bowl

"Ding Dong!" the doorbell was like an alarm that stopped my thoughts. "Trick or Treat!" followed shortly after by scary witches, cute dogs, black cats, and all kinds of mysterious beasts. Before I could scream "Help, Help!" I was already gone. I was snatched up by what I figured to be a black cat.

"Crinkle crinkle pop!" I shot up from my sleeping place half afraid and half confused. Where was I? Then I noticed it, a hand was digging through the bowl! I was so frightened I couldn't even seem to cough out, "help!" "Oh, no!" I thought, "the stories Mama and Papa told me! I-I thought they were just myths." My thinking was ended by "Paige, No candy today! I've told you!" I looked out the bowl. It was a woman. "Yes, Mom," replied someone who I assumed was "Paige."

"We need a leader!" said brave Skittles Bag. That's when I blurted out, "We need a plan! If we don't escape soon they'll eat us!" "This guy gets it." continued the Skittles Bag, "Will you be our leader?" "Yeah," roared the candy crowd. "Ok, I will be your leader but you must listen to me." I agreed.

"Didn't you s-say we n-needed a um . . . plan?" a shaky little voice stumbled over their words. "Yes, I did." I began to see it was a Tootsie Roll. "I don't like this ignorant fool being our leader! I feel the most fit to be leader!" grumbled a deep voice. "Stop being so sour, Warhead!" a strong little Heath Bar said. A Snicker Bar snickered until he realized nobody else found this scenario humorous. "Ok, enough of that! Everyone be thinking of plans ok?" I said trying to stay positive while annoying Butterfinger kept poking me in the side. Nobody had a clue what to do.

Later that afternoon, a light bulb lit up above my head. I had an idea. "Hey, I have an idea! I have an idea." I cried. "What?" everyone turned their heads excitedly "What is it?" "We have to pile up to get out!" I exclaimed. "What?" the crowd did not appreciate my thinking. They had scowls on their faces. Kit Kat pointed to his head and made circle motions with his finger. "See what I mean? I knew he wasn't the brightest-in-the-bowl." whispered Warhead. "C'mon guys it's all we have!" I encouraged. "We'll never know until we try!"

It was 7:00 PM and our plan was just beginning. We first tried to stack up and hoist little Starburst over the edge of the bowl. "It's not working!" complained Gummy Worms. "We've got to keep trying! It is the Leader's orders. We said we'd listen to her didn't we?" proclaimed Heath Bar. I was beginning to grow fond of her. Nothing followed except unsuccessful attempts to launch candies off of the the top of the stack.

"Listen up, we need a new idea!" I bolted out of frustration. It was then 9:00 PM. "I have a plan!" I said triumphantly. "We need to tilt the bowl!" "That makes more sense!" piped up smart-alec juvenile Smarties in the back. "Listen up Smartie, she didn't ask for attitude!" scolded the Heath Bar "Let's get to it!" Now I began to really like her, "Will you be my co-leader?" "Sure thing," Heath winked.

Our plan began and we were off to a great start. We had gotten it to shake, but not tilt just yet. We were working hard, all of us. "I'm so tired. This isn't gonna work!" an orange airhead huffed. "Don't be an airhead!" remarked the Heath Bar. Anyway, not one of us wanted to see if those "myths" really did exist. We pushed ourselves harder and harder. "Don't blow it Bubblegum!" cried Skittles, "C'mon you can do it!"

Bubblegum was running back and forth like the rest except he was running out of energy. "I-can't-do it-any-long-er." said Bubblegum in between pants. "Put some pep into your st-," I was saying until I was interrupted. The bowl fell over!

"Hooray!" roared the crowd with joy. "We did it! We did it!" "I'm so happy! I'm not gonna be swallowed by some candy-eating child!" I cheered. We all escaped out of the house and into the world.

Word Count: 715