

# EXTRA CHOCOLATEY

by Alexa, New York

As my Mom and I hopped in the car on our journey to Dunkin Donuts I asked, "Can I get a chocolate donut with extra chocolate frosting?" and she replied with my favorite word, "Yes." Once she parked, I bolted into Dunkin Donuts to find a suupppeerrrrrrr ginormous line. Ugh! 20 minutes later, the server shouted, "Next!" and I leaped forward requesting a delicious, chocolatey donut. When I finally held the yummy donut in my hand, I could not resist the urge to savor every single bite of it. The sweet smell filled the air around me and I couldn't take it anymore!!!

"Mom, may I please eat the donut in the car? It just smells soooo good," to which she responded, "No way! It will get the car very messy. You'll have to wait until we get home, Alexa." Bleh! I hate the word, "No." Not only did we live far away, but the growing temptation to eat it made the car ride even longer.

I was sad but in the meantime was imagining a world ruled by chocolate donuts; the perfect world where moms can't stop their children from eating too many sweets and where every donut free falls from the sky. But then again, someone could get hurt under chocolate donut rule, preventing me from ever eating chocolate donuts again! Okay, I'll stick to humans ruling the Earth.

The words, "Alexa, we're home," awoke me from this day dream. I ran inside, gobbled down my extra chocolatey donut, reached inside the fridge for some milk to wash it down, and suddenly, frustration rushed to my face. Mom had a chocolate donut in the refrigerator the whole time. Ugh! The entire morning could've been spent watching TV, gulping down the refrigerator's donut, and licking the final pieces off of my fingers. Well, at least mine was extra chocolatey.