

Reese's Peanut Butter Cups
by Brooke S., Sixth Grade

It started when I was six. I couldn't believe my mom and dad were getting divorced. Even though I would get to see my dad every other weekend it didn't feel right.

The first time I visited my dad I started crying immediately. I couldn't believe he didn't live with me anymore so he took me to the truck and started driving. I didn't ask where we were going because I thought he was taking me home but then he turned the other way. Before I knew it, we were at the gas station.

"What are we doing here?" I whispered so quietly I could barely hear myself. My dad gave me a sympathetic look and I knew he was trying to find a way to tell me to get out and go inside.

"Are we going in?" I asked so he can stop trying. He just nodded. "Okay, let's go then." I said to break the silence for the second time.

When we walked in, my dad took me to where all the candy is and asked me what I wanted. I pointed at the Reese's Peanut Butter Cups. He reached for three packages. He always did this so we could both have three peanut butter cups. We used to get Peanut Butter cups all the time when my dad worked for the construction company that my grandpa and mom owned.

After paying Daddy took me back to the truck and asked if I wanted to go home or to his house. I chose to go to his house. Instead of turning the truck on, he got the peanut butter cups out and opened one package. "Look at this pack of Reese's. How many are inside?"

"Two, daddy," I answered in a sigh wanting to reach out, grab it then shove it in my mouth.

"Just because they're separated doesn't mean they're gone. Right?" he asked waiting for me to understand.

"Right," I said. While I was comforted by having my dad with me I didn't quite understand that he was using candy to explain how things were going to be now that he and my mom were divorced.

It wasn't until my tenth birthday when I fully realized what my dad was really telling me that night in the truck. I guess maybe I was just too young to understand what he was talking about, but for some reason it just always stuck with me. I will be okay and I'll always have two parents. No matter what.

Chocolate Graham Crackers
by Tim K., Sixth Grade

When I was little, I would go over to my grandmother's house and she would give me chocolate covered graham crackers. And man did they taste good. The chocolate covering was smooth and almost felt like a wax texture. And the feeling of the chocolate melting in my mouth was a good feeling. The chocolate covered graham crackers are not the same as a regular graham crackers because the chocolate ones feel thicker and more crunchier than regular ones.

She also had a PlayStation 2 and she bought this game called Rayman Rabbids. The goal of the game is to do mini games to save these little frog guys. And for some weird reason, she would laugh at a sound that the character made in a Ninja Turtles game.

When she took me to Dollar General, I would always ask if we could get the chocolate graham crackers. But she always said yes when I asked for them. Whenever we were at her house, we watched TV and I always asked if American Ninja Warrior was on. While we watched that, I would make my own snack with cherry Kool Aid and the chocolate covered graham crackers.

It was always a special time going over to her house because she would tell me stories about what happened at her work and what she is going to do with her friends like going out to lunch and driving the kids from school to the city pool. And now whenever I have the chocolate covered graham crackers, it always reminds me of the days at my grandma's house.

Whatchamacallits and Me
by Hunter C., Sixth Grade

The Whatchamacallit is the best piece of chocolate on this planet. The first time I had one was at Casey's General Store in Des Moines, Iowa on my way to Canada. I needed chocolate bad. It was a long road trip up there, then I saw it. I 'd never had one before but for some reason it looked awful appealing. So I grabbed two. When I finally got back to the car, I tore apart the wrapper, and in an instant I could smell my gooey reward inside.

I bit into it and I don't know if I have ever felt like I was in heaven more than at that moment. My teeth sunk through every last layer that included milk chocolate peanuts and caramel center. I chewed through the chocolaty shell of wonderful. I savored every bite until the end and then a little longer.

Then sadly it was gone just as fast as it came. After that it was about the only thing that I craved. I looked for them every time we stopped somewhere. Sometimes I would get one and save it for when I had a sweet tooth at the house, which happens quite often. Now I don't crave them like I used to.

Sometimes trying something new is the best way to go. For example, if I wouldn't have tried this candy bar that day then I would have never figured out how delicious they were. I would still be eating Twix, Hershey's, and Reese's Peanut Butter Cups.

Whether it is a new job, sport, food, or school it won't hurt to give something new a try. Many people say I don't like this, or I don't like that, but if you ever asked that person have you ever tried it nine out of ten times they will say no. How do you know you don't like football if you haven't played it? How do you know you don't like meatloaf if you have never tried it? It's just like chocolate. I didn't know I liked a Whatchamacallit until I tried one.