

Hershey's Special Dark Mildly Sweet Chocolate with ... well.

Giggle.

I giggled again and picked up another piece of chocolate, brought it to my nostrils and breathed in deeply.

“Ahh. The aroma. The fragrance. Of ...” I checked the wrapper. “Mmm, of chocolate with crispy rice. Ahh.”

I picked up the Special Dark Mildly Sweet Chocolate chunk with one hand and the wrapper to the one with crispy rice in the other, and began wrapping the chocolate.

I picked up a chocolate with peanuts and the wrapper for Mildly Sweet Chocolate and wrapped the candy.

“Oh, wait, I should wrap one in its real wrapper, just for fun. My sister will love this! She loves this candy, but to have it all mixed up? Fun.”

I picked through the pile of candy. “One ... Wait. Is this crispy rice or ... Is it uh, plain dark. And is this, no wait, is this one,” I said, as I picked up another, “peanut?”

I contemplated the chocolate piece in my fingers. And popped it in my mouth.

“It's peanuts.” I searched through the pile, finding one more with peanuts and searched the wrappers. “Here. I'll go Crispy rice.” I hesitated. “Or maybe just Dark. Yeah.”

I held another piece next to my nose. And opened my mouth.

Burp.

My hand flew to my mouth, as I checked the dwindling pile of chocolate.

“I can do this. It's okay that her bag of candy is almost gone. That'll teach her.”

I unwrapped and ate. Wrapped and ate.

The kitchen door slammed. “What are you doing with my bag of ... They’re all gone!” My sister stormed to the counter and stared at m—stared at my fingers stained brown.

“No they’re not.”

I held up the remaining piece of candy. “See?”

She thought a minute. “Well, I guess you might as well know.” She twirled and retrieved her book bag. “That bag was for you because you helped me with my science project last week.”

My eyebrows arched in question. “When did I help you with your science project? What did I do?”

“You stayed out of my way.” She tweaked my hair as she sauntered past me.

My stomach gave up a deep rumble that stopped her.

“Was that you?”

I belched, shaking the table and stool I sat on.

I nodded.

She walked around to the front of me, lopsided smile and chuckled. “Really?”

I pursed my lips and covered my mouth with my fingers. A belch began in my stomach and traveled up to my throat and vibrated the floor.

Her eyes wide, she stepped back. “Oh ... Maybe you need a drink of water. I’ll just ...”

“Ohhh ...” A roar shook me from my stool, spewing Hershey’s Special Dark Mildly Sweet Chocolate with Peanuts and Crispy Rice all over my sister.

She looked at me with wide eyes, covered with brown goo. There wasn't a clean spot on her. Except her eyeballs. They were, well, brown too, except for the white. That was white.

She looked down at her bad self. Covered.

She licked a finger. "Mmm, Crispy Rice." She checked her other hand and licked. "My favorite. Peanuts."

Surely she was gonna kill me.

I ate all her candy—well, except the last one—and I spewed and hurled all over her.

I was gonna die.

"Mom?" She yelled.

I chuckled, even though my stomach felt like it was churning.

When she yelled like that, all you could see were the whites of her eyes and her pink tongue and white teeth.

Pretty amazing. I should take a picture, only I didn't have a phone—yet.

On the other hand, because of what I'd just done, I might never get my own phone until I was thirty-seven.

Mom scooted around the hallway, but stopped.

She started to laugh, her hands covered her mouth. "Bethanne, did you?" Mom looked at my sister again and pointed. "Did you do that?"

I pointed at my chest and shook my head, but my stomach was beginning to talk again and it wanted to say the same thing it had said before.

I belched.

My sister's eyes popped. "Not again!" She turned her head from side to side, possibly searching for a place to hide. But did it make any difference? She was already covered from head to ... well behind the counter, she was pristine.

Not a drop of chocolate on her.

"Mom! Make her stop!"

Mom grabbed the only thing close to wipe up the spatters on the counters, then my sister.

I shrieked. "My jacket!" I sputtered. "You can't use my jacket."

"Why not? Everything is going into the washer. Everything!"

Later, as I stood in front of the washer, next to my sister, Marianne, she started to giggle. "You are such a dork."

I looked over at her. There was still chocolate in her eyebrows and in her nose. Her ears, too. Laughter bubbled up.

She backed away. "Again?"

I laughed out loud.

"Oh. I thought ... thank God." She shook her head and swished her hips back and forth to the tune of the washer. Back and forth. "I have more candy, you know. Want some?"

I belched. "Do you hate me, or what?"

She giggled. "No. But I do thank you for eating all of last year's Halloween candy."

I stared at her. "What?"

“You heard me.” She crossed her arms over her chest. “I put out last year’s candy because I knew that if I put this years out in that bowl, that you’d eat every bite. And now this way, last year’s candy is all gone, thanks to you, and I can just eat the fresh candy.”

“Mom!”