The Sweet Dilemma

By Audrey Lee
Once upon a time, in a grand place called Sweet Ceremonial Empire, there was a cookie named Sugar. Sugar was a sunflower shaped cookie who loved everything, especially, “The Bakery.” It was her home, her kingdom. And that’s where our story begins.

“Opening time! Get in your positions!” Leader Tiramisu.

Everyone hurried around. “Cakes in the left corner, cookies in the center, brownies and other pastries in the right.” Sugar ran to the center. *I wonder what the new day will bring*, she thought. The first customer walked in. The head leader was talking to the hungry creature. Everyone went silent. Suddenly, a giant hand reached down and took Butter, a cream puff. The whole street of Sugar’s neighborhood was delighted and cheered. “Congratulations!” Sugar shouted. The day went on and lots of pastries got picked for a good home. The next day, some new treats moved in. Sugar’s family went to welcome them. They gave them a welcoming gift, too. Her family filled the basket with flour, eggs, and Sugar’s personal favorite, butter. Butter was a fine snack for any pastry. It was sweet and creamy, (Especially
when softened) and was enjoyed by everyone. Who didn’t like it? Then they went to the town square and got into their positions. The bell rang and a customer walked in. They asked for a few things actually, an eclair, a peanut-butter brownie, and saving the best for last, a sunflower cookie! Sugar was so excited. “Could this be my chance to be chosen?” she whispered. A hand reached into the sunflower cookie section. Someone grabbed Sugar's sunflower body and placed her into a small, paper bag. She squealed excitedly. This was finally her chance to prove how sweet she really was! “Hello!” she called to her fellow treats. “Are you guys excited to have a brand new home?” The brownie looke at her. “What do you mean by excited? This is the worst day of my life, if not my last day.” “I’m not sure I understand,” Sugar replied. “Do you know where all the other pastries go when they get selected?” “I’m actually not sure.” “They get eaten.” What’s that? A cave with razor sharp teeth. RAZOR SHARP TEETH!
Sugar’s world turned upside down and she felt like she couldn’t breathe, (It might have been because the paper bag was stapled shut.) She started hyperventilating. “I can’t get eaten today!” She shouted. “I’ve only just turned 1 day old!” “I know it’s hard to believe,” the old brownie sighed. “I was just as shocked as you are when I first found out.”

There was a sudden stop, and light came pouring in. They were now in a different country, it seemed like. Sugar had heard of this strange place. She could sort’ve remember it was called the Land of the Kitchen. It truly was a grand place. There were all sorts of bakeware laughing and joking with each other. Sugar even almost forgot she was about to be consumed. A tentacle reached down and snatched up the eclair. “Help me!” she cried. It was too late. The creature had already devoured her, and Sugar was next. However, the foul creature picked up the bag and put the brownie and cookie in a big, boxy, cold place. *This must be the Shiverlands.* She thought as she shivered.
I might as well get comfy and sleep. She yawned. Sugar set up her paper sleeping bag and got snuggled in. She quickly fell asleep. The next morning, the creature picked up the bag and slammed it on the table. The hand picked Sugar up and she screamed. “AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!” she howled. The hand dropped her in shock. Sugar took her chance and darted away. She ran past Shiverland and ran past the Breakfast Table. She ran all the way out of the frightening home of the frightening monster and out of the giant door.

She looked up above her when she ran out and gasped in fear. There were giant buildings that towered over her and everyone else. Sugar had to get back home. Suddenly, she felt hot breathing behind her. She turned around and saw a hairy creature slobbering and snarling. She ran as fast as she could to outrun the monster, but could feel it catching up. She finally saw her hometown.
Sugar ran through the tiny door with the flap. (A dog door.)
She gasped for air. The chase took a lot out of her.
Sugar climbed up to her neighborhood and collapsed on the ground.

She woke up to see that multiple pastries were crowded around her, whispering. “Is she okay?” someone asked.
“Wasn’t she chosen to be in a new home?” another wondered. Sugar sat up and told everyone what happened. She told everyone of her adventures of the hairy monster and the poor eclair. All of the pastry people were amazed. They’d never heard a story like this.
After the crowd departed, one of the cupcakes came up to her. “Hello,” she said. “My name is May Sprinkle. I am a literary agent. I was wondering if you would like to make a story of your amazing tales. Your story would amaze so many sweet treats.”
Sugar didn’t know what to say. She had never gotten an offer like this. She thought. And thought. And thought some more. Finally, She decided to answer.
“I accept your offer.”
“Thank you so much. So many young pastries will be inspired by your story.”
That night, Sugar got to writing her story and finished the next month. The story got installed into the pastry library,
(I actually didn’t know pastries even had books.)
Sugar moved into a house on Cream Swirl Street and had her happily ever after.

    The End. (Who knew a terrifying creature could get her to be an author?)