Candy Wrappers

By David Bruce

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It's not everyday that a child saves a park from big black beetles that go CRUNCH, mice that steal candy, and birds that force people to wear white hats, but I did. Here's how I did it.

While sitting in the park, I ate a candy bar. One bite here, one bite there, another bite here, another bite there — soon it was gone and nothing was left but the candy wrapper.

I looked around, and by the swings I saw a can marked DON'T BE A LITTERBUG. This is a can used for throwing away candy wrappers. Should I walk to the can and throw away the candy wrapper, or should I throw the candy wrapper on the ground? I started to wonder.

I wondered, what if? What if all candy-eaters threw their candy wrappers on the ground? What would happen?

Soon the ground would be covered with candy wrappers. Everywhere I would go, there would be candy wrappers.

Every time I wanted to see a flower, I would see a candy wrapper instead.

Every time I wanted to seesaw, I wouldn't be able to find the seesaw because it would be hidden under a pile of candy wrappers.

Every time I wanted to climb the monkey bars, my feet would touch the ground because the ground would be piled high with candy wrappers.

My friends and I eat lots and lots of candy bars!

What else would happen if all candy-eaters threw their candy wrappers on the ground?

This would make some things very happy.

Big black beetles would be very happy. Bits of candy stick to the candy wrappers, and the big black beetles would eat the candy. Big black beetles would be everywhere. Soon every step I took would go CRUNCH as I stepped on the big black beetles!

Every time I walked to the swings, I would hear CRUNCH.

Every time I walked to a tree, I would hear CRUNCH.

Every time I walked to the slide, I would hear CRUNCH.

I would never look at the soles of my shoes because I would NOT like what I would see!

Mice would be very happy because the mice would eat the bits of candy stuck to the candy wrappers. Soon lots of big, fat, happy mice would be in the park. Lots and lots of big, fat, happy mice.

Every time I wanted to tie my shoelace, I would have to play tug of war with a mouse because the mouse would grab my shoelace.

Every time I wanted to kick a ball and send it flying, I would have to be careful I didn't kick a mouse and send it flying.

Every time I wanted reach into my pocket to get a candy bar, instead of a candy bar I would pull out a mouse.

I would smell candy on the mouse's breath.

Birds would be very happy because the birds would eat the bits of candy stuck to the candy wrappers. Soon the park would be filled with birds. One bird is very nice, a flock of birds is very nice, but a park full of birds is not so very nice. Birds are not toilet trained. Birds are why some cars and statues have splashes of white on them.

Every time I wanted to wear blue, I would have to wear white instead.

Every time I wanted to wear green, I would have to wear white instead.

Every time I wanted to wear yellow, I would have to wear white instead.

I think I would soon start wearing white hats.

So instead of throwing the candy wrapper on the ground, I walked to the can marked DON'T BE A LITTERBUG and threw the candy wrapper in it.

And that's how I saved the park from big black beetles that go CRUNCH with every step I take, mice that steal my candy, and birds that force me to wear white hats.