

The Sandwich Obsession

By Samantha Snyder

Doodle Art Alley

It started when Joey turned six years old, when his sister made him a snack. She had no idea peanut butter and jelly could have such a tremendous impact.

For two whole years that's all he ate for lunch everyday of the week. When his parents would offer him something else Joey would make a big stink.

Her parents grew more concerned, as his lunch was always the same. Until at last they thought of a plan, that could finally get his meal to change.

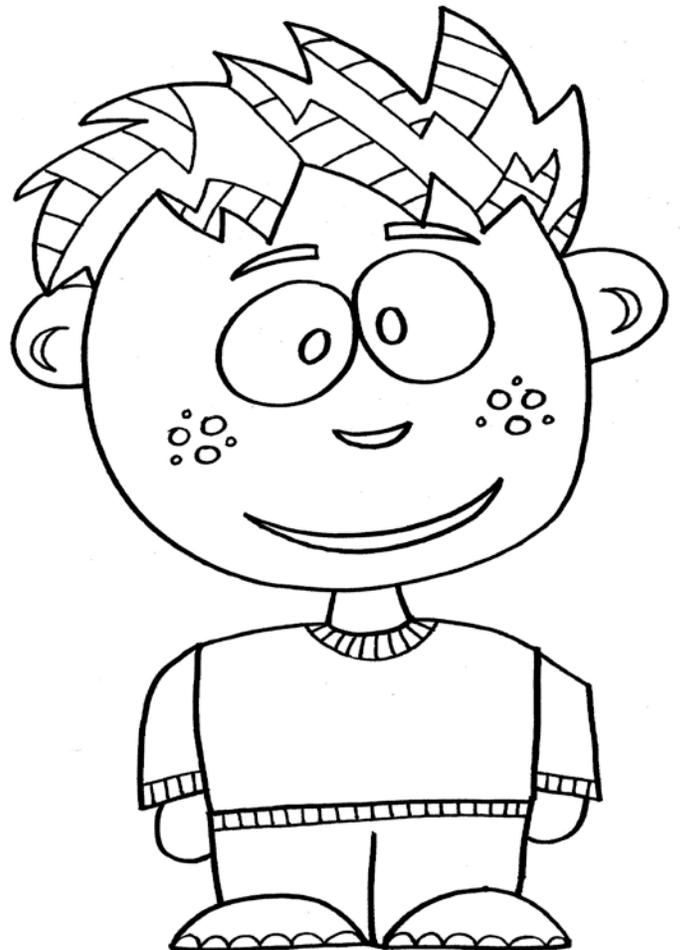
So one day while Joey was outside playing his mother took two pieces of bread. She secretly spread on tuna fish, with mayonnaise and cheese instead.

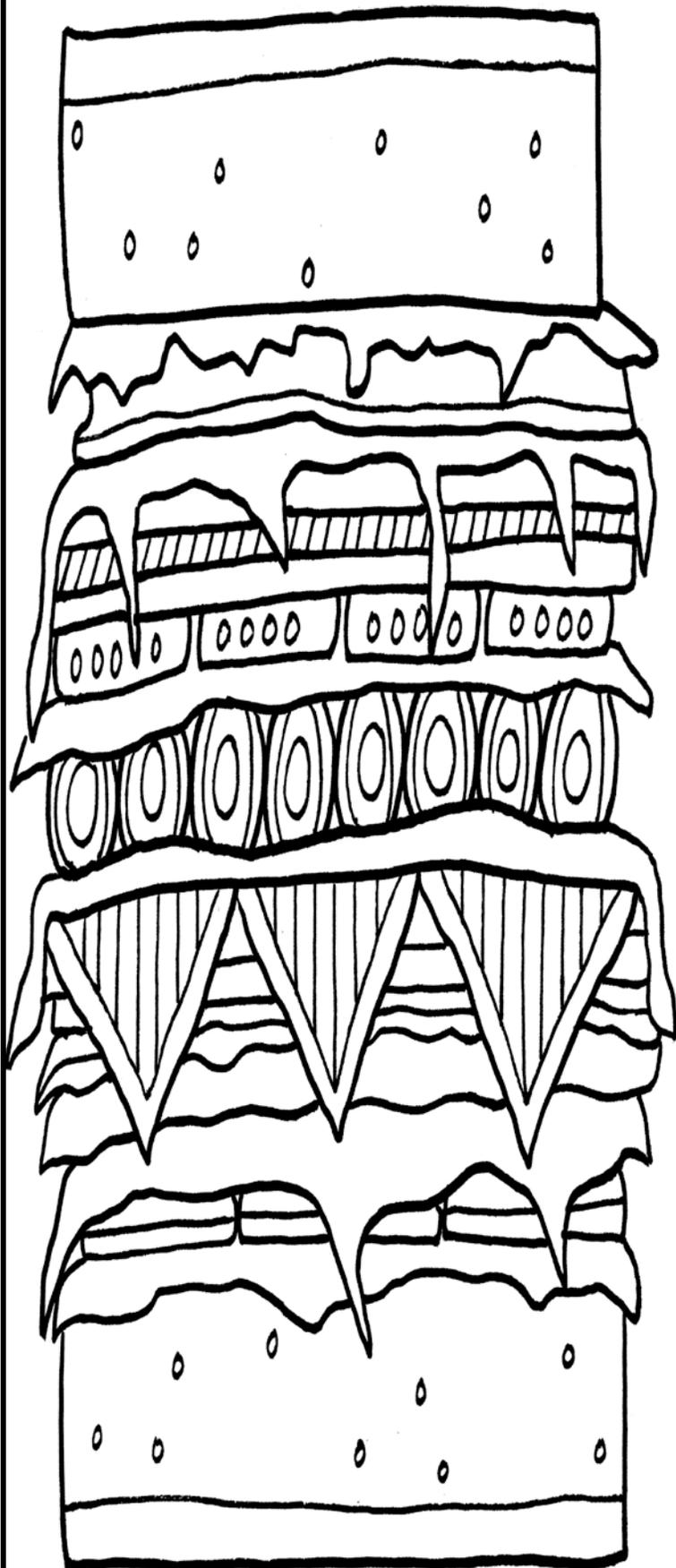
Joey came in and didn't notice the change. Without looking, he took a big bite. He glared up at his mom and his eyes became small. His mom stood back in fright.

"What is this?" he cried, "It tastes so good, much better than the sandwich before. I'm going to eat this everyday from now on. Now quick, give me some more!"

So until he was 8, tuna was his choice dish and his parents didn't have any say. Every day at twelve noon, right on the dot, Joey would scarf his sandwich away.

The obsession went on for four more years and his parents tricked him twice more. They switched from tuna to ham until he was twelve, then back to PB&J like before.





So now at 13, Joey's story begins. The morning was filled with gloom. When Joey walked down that long flight of stairs, the family could feel the doom.

Breakfast began in an ordinary way, with toast and oatmeal laid out. Until Joey sat down at his usual place, looked around, and begin to shout.

"Toast and oatmeal are no longer for me. Sandwiches are all I will eat from dawn until dust and all the night long!" And with that he got up from his seat.

He started to build on one slice of bread. First came some mayo spread thick.

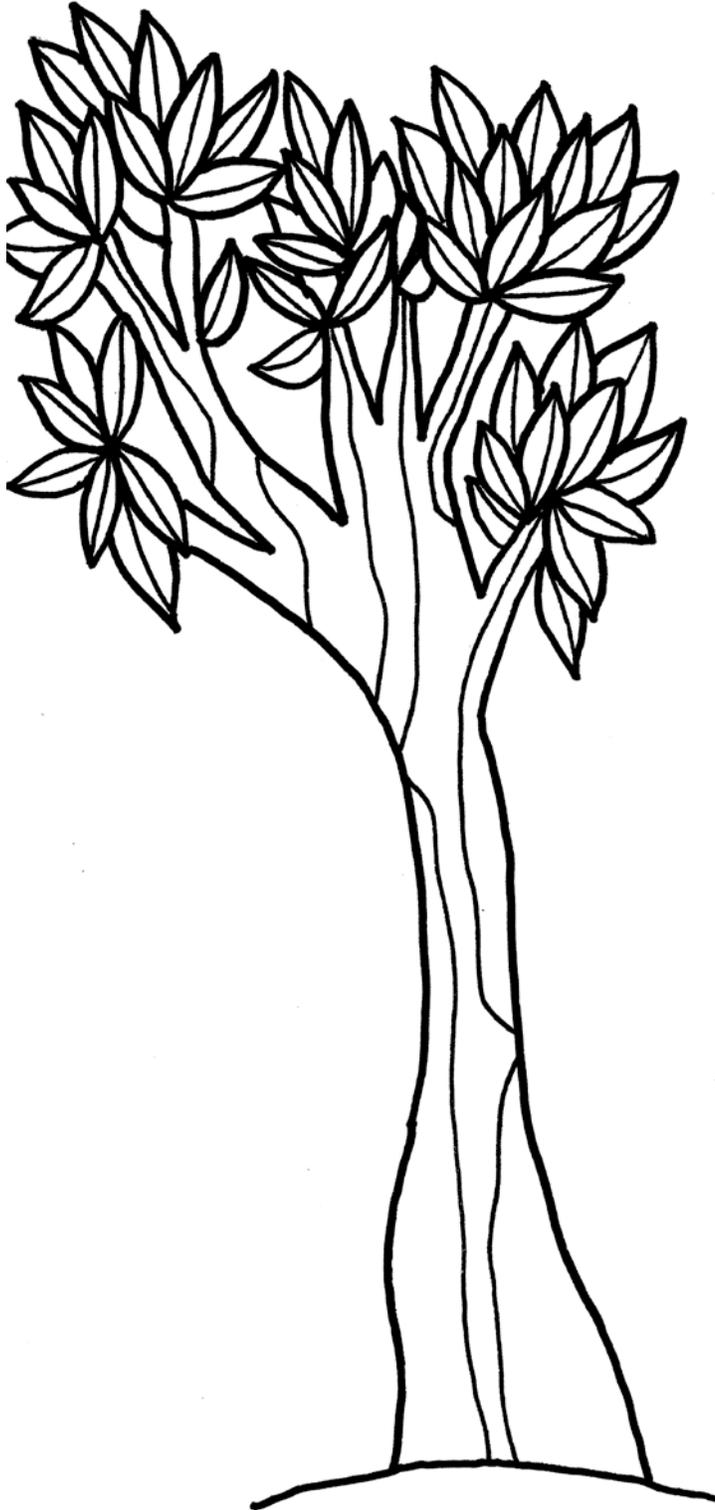
Then he added the toppings again and again. Enough to make anyone sick.

Peanut butter, jelly and tuna stacked on with turkey and cheese in between. Slices of ham on top of the humungous heap. It was like nothing you've ever seen.

He added some lettuce, tomatoes & sprouts, and squeezed some mustard on too.

Some pickles and olives he added on next. Then onions, but only a few.

When the sandwich arrived at 2 feet tall, Joey's building began to slow. He put the piece of bread on top of his work and then his eyes began to glow.



He had never seen such a beautiful sight in all of his younger years.

His favorite toppings together at last, the thought even brought him to tears.

Joey started taking bites of the towering treat and his eyes grew wide with delight. He began to drool all over his chin. It was quite a disgusting sight.

He then went outside, rested under a tree and slowly dropped to the grass. He felt tired and full with all he had ate and was asleep on the ground pretty fast.

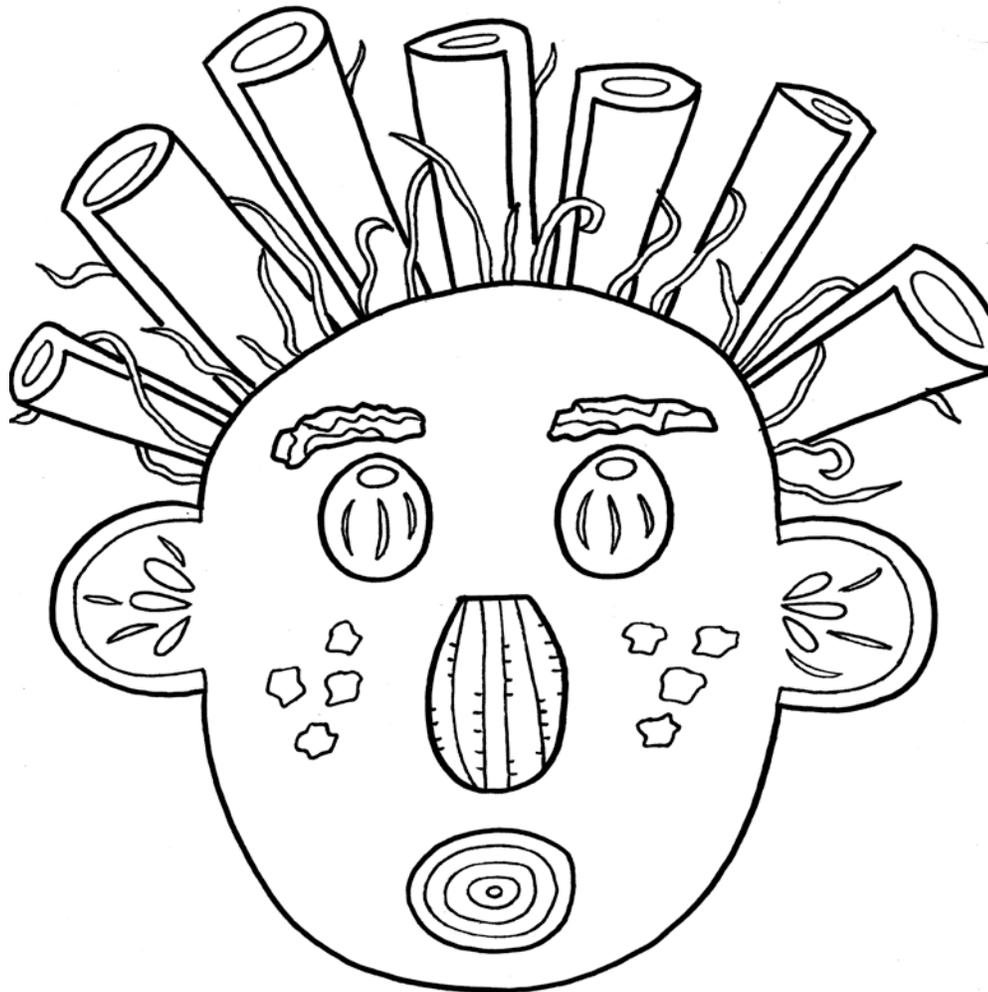
A few hours later he opened his eyes and saw people surrounding his bed. His sister, parents and others looked on. Joey cold sense their feeling of dread.

His mom leaned in and looked at her son, with traces of tears on her face. "Honey, something has happened to you, the sandwich has taken your place."

Joey brought the mirror up to his head. He didn't know what to expect. He slowly peeked in to the shiny smooth glass. His face he was about to inspect.

His skin was covered with sticky brown goo. Peanut butter it ended up being. Jelly where his rosy cheeks used to be. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. He looked up at his hair and cried in surprise, slices of turkey rolled up on his head. Sprouts curled around and in between, like little pieces of thread.

Bits of cheese took the place of his freckles, and a big dill pickle for a nose, two olives for eyes and a slick of ham for a tongue, his ears - two slices of a tomato.



All at once, a knock on the door made them all turn around in surprise. They all rushed down the stairs with hopes of a cure, leaving Joey alone to cry.

Downstairs, his sister answered the door, and there stood a calm, quiet man. "Excuse me senorita, can I come in? I have traveled far from my home land."

He came to the room where Joey lay scared and pulled something from inside his jacket. It was not very big, fit in the palm of his hand & sealed safely in a small package.

He took from the bag a single orange pepper and put it on a small paper plate. He passed it in front of the poor little boy, who quietly awaited his fate.

Now Joey couldn't see too well, for goo had overtaken his sight.

So he grabbed at what he thought was a pill and took a humongous bite.

His tomato ears turned neon red and his nose dripped pickle snot.

His jaws dropped open and his tongue hung out. His whole body was burning hot!

His chest began to ache, saliva dripped from his mouth and he quickly sat up in bed.

He had never felt such horrible pain. What was this that he had been fed?

For the next 20 minutes, Joey's body burned fire. But his eyes soon began to clear. He reached up to his face to feel the goo, only to find that it was no longer there.

Down on the ground was a pile of goop, mostly melted with some strange lumps. It seemed the heat that had taken over his body, melted the food off in clumps.

Joey looked down with a grin on his face, glad to be a sandwich no more.

His parents all hugged him, crying in joy, nobody thinking to look to the door.

No one noticed the quiet old man slip through the door without a word. Nobody

thanked Diego from way down south, who brought Joey his very own cure.

Today in Joey's room sits the stem of the pepper that cured this terrible curse.

He keeps it safe to always remember a time when life was much worse.

The End

