

The Chocolate God

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"Respect the properties of others, as you would wish your own to be respected.

--Richard Sutherland

I loved chocolate. On anything and everything, chocolate was the best. I placed it within cookies, mixed it into my milk, shucks, I'd eat my underwear if only I could taste but a few of those precious drops of sweet black gold. Understand this, Reader! Chocolate was my burning passion, my ultimate lover. I would do anything for a nibble of that ultimate heart-tempter. Ah, but alas! It was my obsession with this mocking pinnacle of danger and malevolence that resulted in my ultimate demise.

My Grandfather was a god. Not a classical, overrated supreme being who could snuff out life at any instance--no, he was that god who held all power; that god who controlled the fate of all the puny men who took their abode on this earth; that god whose every wish was granted by the snap of his fingers. He was the Chocolate God.

Do not laugh in jest, Reader! The God of Chocolate is a title given to but an accomplished few. It is an honor craved by chocolate lovers around the world. Now, the obvious question following this line of seemingly senseless storytelling is as what follows. What made my Grandfather the God of Chocolate? The answer is quite simple: could shape chocolate to his will, bending and twisting and mixing his lifeless lump of onyx candy into that special and bitesize morsel, the Turtle.

Ah, the Turtle. Familiarity with the Turtle, Reader, is an experience to which I do not recommend total ignorance. For those out there whose contact with the Turtle is minimal, or depressingly nonexistent, I will give a brief, yet tidy description. A Turtle, put simply, is a mass of chocolate and peanut butter with a few pecans shyly trying to have any attention given to their chocolate counterparts, put onto their plain selves. The chocolate serves as the body of the Turtle, while the pecans act as the legs. Now that I have adequately explained this matter, I may move forward into that story which combines the Chocolate' God, the trouble-making Turtle, and humblesome me.

Speedily approaching the birthday of my eighth year, one day I grew familiar with the wrathful nature of the Chocolate God. Acting as any normal boy at that age, I was oblivious to the principle of other people's property, and frequently expressed my opinions by 'borrowing' an item in exchange for nothing.

My Grandfather had, as part of her annual Christmas present, given my mother a tin full of those tempting Turtles. I knew what inevitable results would occur if I chanced to munch on a few chocolate shells. Regardless of the consequences from the Chocolate God, I gobbled up a Turtle. It was during this time I fooled myself into believing the powers of the Chocolate God were but puny, insignificant items with which I could easily destroy with a few childlike tears and an endlessly runny nose. I promised myself I would not eat anymore, but what is a promise to a little boy, especially one made to himself? Fifteen minutes later, only a few minuscule crumbs had escaped the jaws of the Chocolate Monster in the search of goods produced by the estimable Chocolate God.

It was not long soonafter that my mother and Grandfather returned to the scene of the crime after Christmas shopping for something to satisfy their loudly growling and impatient stomachs. My Grandfather suggested they eat some of those delicious, homemade chocolate Turtles. With my heart jumping clear through my throat and lodging within my nose, I realized I was in a dilemma. I needed to do something drastically clever--but, it was too late.

With the pop of the tin came a gasp of incredulity. Instantly, my Grandfather threw his fiery eyes upon me, and I felt the stinging blows of fire as he used his powers as the Chocolate God against me. Verbal assaults turned into streams of radiated fire and brimstone as they seared my youthful flesh. Nothing was spared. Volley after volley I suffered, not only losing some figurative physical attachment of mine, but also a piece of my ignorance towards the property of others. I had set the wrath of the Chocolate God upon me, but by doing so, learned an important lesson--respect the property of others.