



Sweet Tooth

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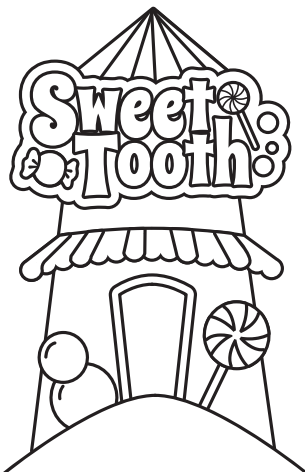
THE LEMON BOMB

“Ugh. Dax Davis! Did you shower today?”

Dax rolled his eyes at his little sister.

“Yes, Bea,” he lied. “Of course I did.”

They were browsing Sweet Tooth. It was a candy shop. Kids flocked there after school.



*They have
the best
candy!*



Sweet Tooth carried all kinds of candy. They even had ice cream. Dax loved their chocolates. Bea liked the hard candy best.

The shop was owned by an old man. His name was Salvatore. Everyone called him Sal.

He was tall and skinny. A thick mustache sat above Sal's upper lip.



Bea laughed at Dax. She held her nose. “Then why do you smell so bad?”

Dax sighed. He never had time to shower. His parents always told him to. But there

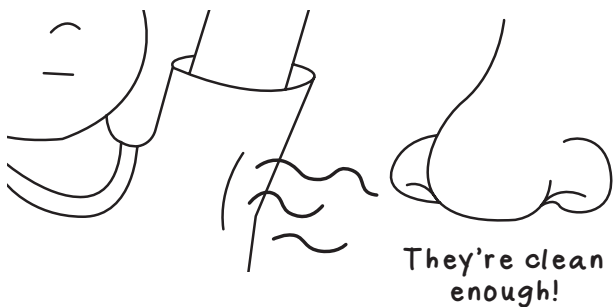


was homework to do. Plus, he had video games to play.

Then there was candy. Dax loved it. Nothing tasted better to him. He collected it too. But he never shared.

“I’m fine,” Dax said. He was eating a Fun Bar. It was his third one that day. “I changed clothes this morning.”

Dax looked at his hands. They looked clean. He sniffed under his arms. They didn’t smell too bad.



“Sure,” Bea said. “Changing clothes is as good as a shower.” She rolled her eyes.



Dax was a sixth grader. He went to Sea Middle School. Bea was in third grade at Rupp Elementary. Every day, Dax walked her home from school. They often stopped at Sweet Tooth.

“Hmm.” Dax looked around the shop. He loved this place. The candy came from all over the world. “What else can I buy?”

“Do you have any money left?” Bea eyed a huge candy apple. It was covered in a red coating.

“No.” Dax laughed. “I spent all my allowance.”

“You mean you blew it? On candy?”



Dax shrugged.

“Hey,” Bea said. “Why are we still here if you’re out of money?”

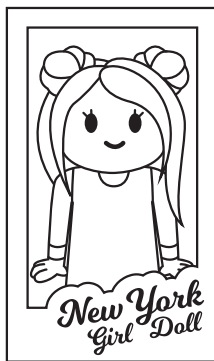
“Because.” Dax looked away.

“Because of what?”

“*You* have money.”

“Yeah.” Bea folded her arms across her chest. “But I’m saving it for a New York Girl doll. Besides, I don’t have any money with me.”

Limited
edition!



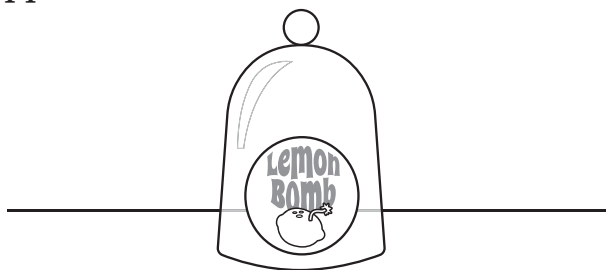
You can dye
her hair!

“Fine.” Dax had one piece of Fun Bar left. He stuffed it in his mouth. It tasted so good. “Let’s go.”



They were about to leave the shop. Then Dax saw it.

A glass case sat on the counter. In it was a small piece of yellow candy. It glowed like a tiny sun. Lemon Bomb was printed on the wrapper.



“No way!” Dax said. He stared at the case in awe.

Bea eyed her brother. “Dax? What is it?”

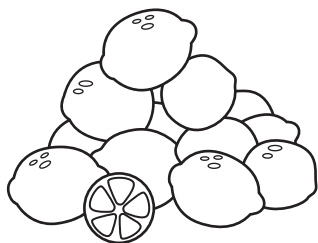
“A Lemon Bomb.”

“Yeah. I see that. What’s so cool about it?”

The Lemon Bomb was famous. It was the sourest candy ever made. No one could eat a whole piece. There were videos. People put

a Lemon Bomb in their mouths. They tried to suck on it. But they always spit it out. Twelve seconds was the record. Dax was sure he could beat it.

He turned to his sister. “It’s really sour, Bea. You couldn’t handle it. Trust me.”



*It's more
sour than
13 lemons!*

After checking the price, he looked at Sal. Dax was shocked. “Ten dollars?” he cried. “Sal! How can you sell it for ten dollars?”

“That’s the price,” Sal called. He was behind the counter. Kids were lined up to buy ice cream. Sal scooped out cone after cone. “And it’s the only one in town. They’re very rare.”



Bea laughed at her brother. “Too bad. Guess you’ll have to save up. Now come on. Let’s go.”

“Fine.” Dax sighed. But he couldn’t let it go. He glanced back at the Lemon Bomb. Then he looked at Sal. The old man was busy serving ice cream.

I need that candy, Dax thought.

He lifted the case’s lid. Dax grabbed the Lemon Bomb. Then he put it in his pocket.

