

Neves Wishes

Chapter 2

Frisk was frantic, leaping about and pouncing on the sweets; it really did seem as if they were alive! He gobbled up great mouthfuls of dolly mixtures and jellybeans, aniseed torpedoes and sherbet lemons. His white teeth crunched through the hard cases and gummed up with sticky caramel.

The twins weren't overly worried about their dog. They had yet to discover any chocolate that Frisk couldn't eat and, besides, they were too busy feasting themselves. There was no sorting or saving; the sweets were simply crammed into their mouths by the fistful. A jumble of flavourings flooded their senses: toffee mixing with chocolate, fudge blending with jelly, caramel mingling with mint. As the bright colours of the sweets merged with one another inside their mouths, sugary gloop stuck to their teeth and coated the tops of their tongues. It was glorious.

"Just eat the jelly ones," advised Joe, spying his sister unwisely heading towards a pile of mint imperials. "The hard ones take ages to swallow."

None of this came out clearly, though. His jaw was so stuck together that the words came out muffled and clumsy, the sounds merging together in much the same way as the sweets themselves.

Jess devoured the sweets with the same ferocity as her brother and Frisk. She chomped through great mounds of sugary goodness as the sweets kept on coming, erupting out of the box like lava from a sweetie volcano, on and on, high into the air before tumbling to the ground. They were in heaven, this had to be it; there was nowhere else in the world they'd have chosen to be at that moment. They were surrounded by peanut brittle, sticky nougat, flying saucers, milk duds, cherry drops, fizzy cola bottles, crumbly fudge... every kind of sweet imaginable!

"Maybe we should bag them," suggested Jess, after a few more minutes of noisy scoffing. She was slightly concerned as to how many sweets constituted "a lifetime supply" and whether in fact the three of them might drown under the colossal weight of what was being thrown at them.

Joe, now sprawled out on top of the sweets, which had risen to the height of Jess's bottom bunk bed, didn't answer. He had given up on using his hands and was instead slithering

about like a worm, using his mouth to gobble up only his favourites that presented themselves. He looked a bit like a sea serpent trawling the seabed for titbits.

Jess leant back and looked over at their bedroom door, which opened inwards into the room. The tide of sweets was almost up to the handle. They would need to open the door soon, or the weight of the sweets would be too much. She took a deep breath and waded her way towards it.

“We need to open the door!” she called to Joe, raising her voice to combat the increasing level of noise produced by the sweets. “We could suffocate under all these sweets!”

Luckily, Joe was just about able to make out his sister’s words and he slithered his way towards her.

At that precise moment, and without warning, every last sweet vanished. It was instantaneous, as sudden as flicking a light switch. Bang. Gone.

Unexpected and unprepared, Joe landed with a thump onto his belly, the wrapping paper on the carpet slightly breaking his fall. A sticky mess of half-chewed goo projected from his mouth and landed in the middle of a white, ripped open envelope. The blob spread out across the paper, covering the neat handwriting of their friend Sean in a way that was almost threatening. Joe was left feeling winded and ever so slightly sick.

Jess, who had grown almost accustomed to the thick, knee-deep river of sweets, also lost her balance and fell back onto her bottom.

Only Frisk landed on his feet. He pirouetted and galloped over to the twins to lick his thanks at the unexpected and overwhelmingly enjoyable treat he had just been given. It had to have been their creation after all: humans meant food.

“Get off, Frisk,” said Joe, getting up and pushing away the sugar-filled spaniel.

“They’ve gone,” said Jess, rather pointlessly, looking about the room as if the sweets were simply hiding from her, ready to reappear at any moment.

“I wished for a lifetime supply,” moaned Joe. “That was only a few minutes’ worth!”

Jess remained on the ground, gently rocking back and forth whilst hugging her knees. She felt queasy after such a feast and was worried that if she stood up too quickly she might fall straight back down again. If she was being honest, she was disappointed that the sweets were gone, too.

“That was excellent,” she said, before adding wistfully, “I hope they’ll come back.”

“Only one way to find out,” said Joe as he strode over to the box, which was laying on its side, exhausted after its triumphant sweet production. Joe picked it up and, before Jess could

stop him, lifted the lid and in a clear, enunciated voice, repeated his command: “I wish for a lifetime supply of sweets.”