

Sweet Dreams

By Maria Dierkes

As pig walked into the pastry shop, a scrumptious treat caught his eye. There before him in a glass case, resting on a lustrous platter was a three layer, foot long cake, rich with chocolate. The icing: abundant. The chocolate frosting slowly dribbled down, for the sweet was still warm. Goopy globs of the topping oozed onto the platter, making



pig's mouth water. Small candy roses lay on top, just waiting to be eaten. "That is the dessert I am to have tonight!" squealed pig excitedly. "Oh boy!" he said, rubbing his cloven hooves together. He paid for the delight and jogged all the way home with the delicious looking pastry safe in his clutch. He could imagine the dainty melting in his mouth and trickling down his throat. The thought of the rich chocolate confection elevated him off his hooves. Pig licked his lips hungrily. He salivated. When he got home, he quickly set the table. When complete, a rose sat between two lighted candles. A gold rimmed plate rested on Pig's finest linen. Silverware lay on the table beside the porcelain tray. Pig sliced his final course and placed one large piece on his dish. He noted three separate layers perfectly spaced with a half inch of creamy icing. With his imported handkerchief tucked under his chin, pig took his silver fork and with a delicate scoop, filled the tines with the moist dessert. He smelled it. "Mmmmm," Pig murmured. He lifted it to his mouth, anticipating the chocolate to dissolve on his tongue. With his eyes closed, pig savored his first bite. Instead of the expected experience, the piece exploded in his mouth! Rather than swallowing, he spit! It contained no sugar. "This is a disaster!" Pig thought, as he guzzled a glass of water. "The baker must have switched the sugar for the salt!" Sorrowfully, he pushed away the remaining cake and got up. No dessert tonight.

Looks can be deceptive.