

The Fudge Monster

By Jeffrey G. Peirce

There is a legend that has been around for as long as I can remember. Passed down from generation to generation, family to family, and person to person. The kids believe that it exists. No one really knows who started the legend, but I believe I know who passed it through our family. The following is true, only the ingredients have been changed to protect, well, people with allergies.

Some people wake up in the early morning hours feeling like they are still in a dream. For me, it was more of a nightmare. My head on the still cool pillow, I slowly opened my eyes. There was a flickering of moonlight on the wall that shimmered as the blinds moved with the breeze from the cracked window.

The noise was a strange one, a metal-on-metal type of sound. Trying to catch more of the sound, I slowly tilted my head to uncover both my ears. My eyes were barely slits as to allow me to see, but not be seen. I felt the hair on my arms stand-to, as I awaited my senses to capture what was upon me. The room went dark as the wind pulled the blinds against the windows blocking what little moonlight was shining. I could feel my palms start to grow cold with a light sweat that only made my nerves more alert.

The sound was getting faster. Was it a creepy animal scurrying across the wooden planks of my room, searching for prey to eat on this gloomy morning? Was it a bird scratching its beak against the open window, hoping to find its own treat? The thought of the bird, jet black feathers, and its bulging eyes, a ghastly yellow, staring into the room... Shivers made my body move beneath the worn covers that kept me warm through the dead of morning.

The smell! My twitching nose told me that my sense of smell was on high alert and started to adapt itself to the situation. There was something familiar about the scent that hung in the air: sweet, salty, and a hint of something dark and rich. What animal could bring such a scent into my bedroom at this early hour. What sort of malice would overtake me as I cowered under my blankets?

As the scent of doom became stronger, the sound of the danger grew louder and faster. It was although the very evil in the world was spurring it on! Faster! Louder! The smell changed, just a tad, as the smell of a roasted nut lent itself to the others that were attacking my nose. I could almost taste the smell.

Struggling to find my balance in the panic that was consuming me, I slowly slid off the bed. The moonlight sought to help as the blinds again parted at the window letting the ghostly

white light in, and the planks be seen. I slid to my knees, offering a quiet prayer on this fateful morning. I looked under the bed, desperate to see what might be causing me to shake with nervous fear. I took a deep breath as I noticed the smell and sounds were stronger and louder, the lower I crept to the floor. IT WAS COMING FROM BELOW!!!

“OK, I got this,” I said to myself, trying to slow my mind and control my nerves, as I rose from the floor. With feet as soft as marshmallows, I eased myself closer to the door. Like a hunting dog tracking down his prey, I let my nose lead me to the door. The smell is getting stronger with each step I take.

There! I could place the amazingly delicious smell, it was Fudge. Terror gripped me like a vise. *The Fudge Monster was back!*

It has been said there may be more Monsters than anyone can count. Depending on who you listen to the details vary wildly. A kid at school had told me that when he was visited by the Fudge monster, its eyes were red and white as if it had not slept for some time. Its teeth were pure snow white. Each time it opened its mouth, the teeth seemed to melt into its body and the eyes would slowly start to drip red and white tears, again melting back into its body.

My dad had told me that his Fudge monster was not that of a rich dark coating, but of a brown and black pattern that seemed to move along the floor as it melted and then recreated. Its eyes were white, bleeding white drops that left goeey tracks as it went down its face.

My mom told me of hers. The body of her monster was nearly pure white, with almost a soft glow from the light it was reflecting. The eyes looked like saucers, each the size of a small cookie. Specks of green could be seen glowing through out her pale face, a hint of a mouth almost like a thin slice of chocolate curling upwards in a smile. No tears, just happiness. (I always thought that she was describing an angel, not the dreaded captain of the Fudge.)

Through the years, we all heard the different sights and smells of these monsters. We go to bed late at night with hopes that the angel would visit us and praying that we could keep our wits about us if we were visited by the opposite.

Grandma Sue’s stories were always the most loved. Never to be feared. She told stories of the monsters wanting, needing, and demanding things to make them better. How she would help. Some wanted sugar to be placed atop there bodies to make them look nicer, some would ask for a different color of eyes and tears, and some would want milk to thin out their insides to be able to move along with more of a glide, then a chunk. The monster that always perplexed her was that one of the more furious looking monsters wanted to eat butter. It looked like a brick of dark mass with the drips of one of its tan eyes causing a golden swirl to appear throughout its body.

She would talk to each one, lovingly using different things to smooth out the edges of its body, adding a nip of red here, white there, green where she saw fit. Was she the trainer of such beasts? Could she be creator of such a creature and at the same time be such a gloriously kind, loving, brilliant Grandmother-Mother-Wife? Grandpa would watch her as he rocked in his chair smoking his pipe. He had gotten used to watching her in her workshop helping the monsters to become their own. Willing them into life...

This can't be! The stories can't be true! Now a Fudge Monster has come for me. Images flooded my mind as I reach the base of the stairs. Just outside of her workshop, I stopped and smelled the amazing scent that has captured me in its grasp. My mouth started to water. What awaited me? Certain pain as I needed to claw my way through the waves of monsters that were sure to attack me! I started to will myself to the edge of the entryway. This would be the day. The day that I hoped I would be able to tell my own children about. I must fight this Monster and prove that I can handle it. Taking a deep breath and glancing towards the floor, I noticed a silver spoon, I felt it calling my name. Glistening like a sword, I retrieved it. I need all the help I can get!

The odd sound of moaning grew louder. I had to slow my breathing and heartbeat to allow the sound to be analyzed by my brain. It had to be the monsters, but the moaning almost sounded like "The Yellow Rose of Texas".

Prepared for never ending waves of fudge to break upon me, I turned, jumped into the entrance with my spoon up for battle!!

"ROOOOOARRRRRR!" I screamed as I prepared to do battle with all of the peanut butter, caramel, marshmallows, Oreos, mint chocolate chip, white chocolate, dark chocolate, and peppermint that they could possibly throw at me!

"Geez, you scared me!" my Grandma Sue softly said. "I was just about to come get you." She had laid out on the table three silver pie tins and nodded. "They are just cool enough to eat. Be sure to get a napkin and make sure that you leave some for your grandfather. Make sure to also get a spo...oh wait, you already have one. Here's some milk. Enjoy!" With that she giggled as she swept past me and into the next room.

I peeked into the three tins glistening in the kitchen light. There they were!!!

The Peanut Butter Fudge with a chocolate happy face, Sweet Fudge with marshmallow eyes and greenish teeth, and the White Chocolate Fudge with glistening peppermint eyes and a thin chocolate smile.

As I was about to start my attack and eat as much as I could, I looked down at them with hunger in my eyes. To my surprise, they all winked at me...twice!

Victory was MINE!!

“Hmm...I think I forgot to tell him something,” Grandma Sue thought to herself. She eased back around the kitchen frame to see him eating the fudge like there was no tomorrow. A devious smile showed in his eyes as he devoured all the flavors in front of him.

“I forgot to tell you, if you eat too much fudge, you are likely to become...

A FUDGE MONSTER!