## 18. Candy Bars for Sale

(Guy)

I think I've totally missed the concept of fundraising. I'm supposed to sell things to *other* people to earn money for the class trip — not buy the stupid things myself! I'm down fifteen bucks already! Whoever came up with the idea of selling candy bars was crazy! How can they expect me — how can they expect any teenage guy — to pack around this box of goodies all day and *not* eat any! It's pure torture.

Even if I do want to sell them and not eat them, no one wants to buy one from me. Not when all the cute cheerleaders are selling them, too. Let's see ... buy from the geek in math class or the hot cheerleader with the cute little bow in her hair? I haven't got a chance. Even the girls buy from the cheerleaders because they want to be noticed by them. They all wish they can fit into the popular crowd and maybe — just maybe if they're really lucky and they buy enough candy bars — they'll get a bow in their hair, too!

17 It's pathetic. I can't even get the teachers to buy from 18 me. Everyone's on a diet! Duh! It's January. Everyone in the 19 entire world starts a diet at the first of the year. All the 20 would-be skinny people see me coming and run the other 21 way. I can't even unload one of these four hundred and fifty-22 calorie bars on people who actually are skinny because even 23 though they aren't worried about weight — they're worried 24 about being healthy! Of course they are! That's New Year's 25 resolution number two! Eat healthier!

The way I see it, I've got two choices. Forget the fundraising and just pay for the trip, or eat all the candy bars I want to earn my fifty cents on the dollar to pay for the

- 1 trip. It'll take me longer, but hey, if I'm going to pay anyway,
- 2 I might as well get something for it!