



Diary of a Trident Splash Strawberry and Lime Flavored Piece of Gum Named Max

by Autumn, eighth grade writer

Friday, Oct. 12th

Dear Diary,

You wouldn't believe how sick and tired I am of sitting on this stupid Wal-Mart shelf for *-man-* like, a zillion years! Nothing could possibly cheer me up, except either being bought or being pink. Most gum is pink because the very first success of our kind was pink. But sadly, I'm not pink; I'm green. Man, I wish I was pink! All the pink gums are popular and loved by every kid in existence. Nobody likes me, but then again, who would? I'm just a sad little green piece of Trident Splash Strawberry and Lime flavored gum.

Love,

Your depressed friend, Max

Saturday, Oct. 13th

Dear Diary,

I can't believe it. I was actually bought today. This girl and her mom came in and purchased me at the check out counter. I think the girl's name must be Jessica, because I heard her mom call her Jessie. But anyway, Jessie put me in her purse. I'm so happy, and I just can't wait to be chewed! But sometimes, I can't think why anyone would buy me. I mean, I *know* that North American kids spend more than a half billion dollars on gum each year and all, but why would they pick me? Trident Splash isn't very popular, especially 'cause I'm not pink. But, oh well. Jessie bought me, stuck me in her purse and walked out of the store with me, so I must be popular with her.

Love,

Your excited friend, Max

Sunday, Oct. 14th

Dear Diary,

It's really interesting in this purse; there are all kinds of new species to talk to. There's, like, a bunch of pens and pencils and papers and money and even other species of gum. In fact, I made a friend named Pete today. Pete's a one dollar bill, and he's really cool. He told me all about his many travels. Man! He mentioned some places I never even knew existed. I also made a friend named Caitlin. She's really pretty and I wanted to ask her out, but I was too shy. Caitlin's another flavor of gum - cinnamon, I think. I'm kind of envious because she's cinnamon. I once heard that cinnamon is one of the top three most popular flavors of gum. I bet everybody likes Caitlin. She'd probably never go out with me. She could have any stick or piece she wanted.

Love,

Your heartbroken friend, Max

Monday, Oct. 15th

Dear Diary

Today, Jessie took her purse to school, with me in it, of course. I had just gotten up enough nerve to ask Caitlin out when my thoughts were rudely interrupted by some guy named Mr. Bonner, or whatever. I mean, like I really care what the guy's name is. But that's what all the kids called him. Anyway, he started droning on and on about matter and what matter's made of and something weird about particles. It was way too complicated for this piece of gum. In fact, it didn't make one lick of sense. It'll only take about a second to tell you what *I'm* made out of: I'm made of gum base, flavorings, colorings, preservatives, sweeteners, and softeners. Now, don't you think that's a lot simpler and more interesting than whatever some Mr. Bonner guy has to say? I sure do!

Love,

Your bored friend, Max

Tuesday, Oct. 16th

Dear Diary,

Today, this boy insulted me! He and Jessie were talking, and he said, "Yeah, I bet you ain't got nuttin' useful in that purse a yers." Jessie just replied, "Uh huh, whatever." But me? I've never been more insulted in my life! Who says I'm not useful? I certainly am! Not only am I a breath-freshening pleasure to chew, but I also help people not to cry while chopping onions. Now, I bet you didn't know that, did you? You wanna talk about useful? I'm useful. Moms across the world chopping onions for their family meal just *love* me. Man, I tell you, people can be rude these days!

Love,

Your insulted friend, Max

Wednesday, Oct. 17th

Dear Diary,

Well, I guess today sort of made up for that insult I got yesterday. See, this other girl was looking through Jessie's purse (without permission, I might add), and happened to pick me up and say to Jessie, "Hey, this is my favorite type of gum! Can I have a piece?" Wow, what a compliment! Out of over 1000 varieties of gum made in the U.S, I'm her very favorite? Wow! That's something to be proud of, isn't it? So anyway, Jessie said, "Yeah, sure, Maegen, have a piece." Then Maegen just put me in her purse. Sadly, I had to quickly say 'bye' to Caitlin and Pete. I never even got to ask Caitlin out. Soon, I'll probably get chewed and never see my new friends again. But after all, being chewed is my greatest ambition in life. Now, I'm in Maegen's purse. I liked Jessie's better. But, oh well, what can you do?

Love,

Your bummed-out-but-flattered friend, Max

Sunday, Oct. 21st

Dear Diary,

Maegen finally chewed me today. I was so excited when she took me out of my package and popped me into her mouth. Man, it's wonderful to be chewed! And I'm sure Maegen thought it was wonderful to chew me, as well. I mean, chewing gum does burn twenty calories an hour, so why would any self-respecting teen *not* want to chew me? She gets minty-fresh breath and a great jaw workout all in one. After a few hours of chewing, Maegen wrapped me in a little piece of paper, and set me on her dresser. I don't know why, because most people just throw their gum away when they're finished. Well, I'm not complaining.

Love,

Your thrilled friend, Max

Monday, Oct. 22nd

Dear Diary,

Well, it turns out that in the morning, Maegen just took me out of the paper and put me back in her mouth. I don't know, maybe she doesn't like to waste gum. Anyway, she tried all day to blow a bubble with me, but it wasn't until her 6th period that she finally succeeded. Wow, that's pretty sad if it takes all day to learn to blow a bubble. And it wasn't even a very good one; it was, like, less than an inch in diameter. I wish she was the best bubble blower ever. Then, together, she and I could blow a bubble a whopping twenty-three inches in diameter, or more! We'd beat the world's record for the biggest bubble ever blown. But whatever! Like *THAT's* gonna happen. Her bubbles are puny, and she'll probably never learn to blow one correctly. I guess I'll never be the piece of gum to help break the world's record. That record-holding piece is probably a celebrity by now. I wish I was a celebrity. Oh, yeah. Maegen did the same thing with me this night, too; she stuck me in a piece of paper until morning.

Love,

Your disappointed friend, Max

Tuesday, Oct. 23rd

Dear Diary,

Today, Maegen took me out of the paper again and put me back in her mouth once more. She chewed me all the way to school and in all of her classes. But then, during her world geography class, some woman named Ms. Adams walked over to her and said, "You need to spit that gum out, Maegen! You don't need to chew gum during a test, or at any other time at school, for that matter!" Actually, for your information, Ms. Adams, chewing gum improves memory. The least you could do is give all your students a piece of gum before a test. Oh, yeah, and during assignments...every day in class...whenever you pass them in the hall... The students could always spit their gum out on the way out of class, if you're so worried about vandalism. But, of course, Maegen had to spit me out. So that's where I am now - in this stupid trash can in Ms. Adams' room. It's dark in here!

Love,

Your indignant friend, Max

Wednesday, Oct. 24th

Dear Diary,

Today, a little seven year old boy walked into Ms. Adams' class with his mom. Apparently, she wanted to talk to Ms. Adams before picking up her other, older child. As the young boy looked around the room, what treasure did he spot in the garbage? He spotted me - a delicious ABC piece of Trident Splash Strawberry and Lime flavored gum. (That's 'Already Been Chewed' to you uneducated folks.) Well, you know how little brothers are, so naturally, you know just what that little boy did when he found me. Yep. He quickly sneaked a look at his mother, making sure she was still deeply immersed in her conversation with the teacher. Then he grinned at the class full of students watching him intently. Then, eager to show off, he ostentatiously popped me into his little mouth. Yes, and not only that, but he swallowed me right then and there! I know what you're thinking: you're thinking I'm going to be stuck in this kid's stomach long enough for him to double his life. But, that just ain't the case. No siree. Fact is I'll pass through his digestive system the same way that all other foods do. No, I might not digest exactly the same way, but for the sake of politeness, let's just say I'll find my way out the other end. Hee hee!

Love,

Your undigested friend, Max
