

Snacking Sneak

by kate gillespie

He was sitting in the library, slipping the pistachios nuts between his wet lips.

Then, carefully and quietly, you could hear him cracking them open in his teeth as he held the book up to hide his face with one hand. He looked down at just the right moment to secretly spit the shells into the other hand.

Martin was a major sneak, in a lot of ways.

Recess was his chance to be a cigarette pack mule for the older kids.

He would slip two at a time in the back of his socks, and saunter past the teacher.

No one bothered him, because he always played just a little stupid.

Not enough for a bully to attack him, but enough to leave him be as a possible "special".

It became a hobby of mine to observe him, count the ways he got over on the adults and the less savvy kids.

Then things changed, for the worse.

Martin became the hall monitor and the taste of power brought out the maniac hidden behind the goofy slack jawed face.

An open can of Pepsi was contraband; any snacks seen outside the lunchroom were now his property.

Especially baby carrots, he has a passion for them.

One could hear his crunching on an orange mouthful from down the hallway, a warning to hide your kiddie stashes.

The disappearance of the classroom pet " Mr. Fishytales" was what finally ended his reign of annoyance.

It was whispered that he was responsible; that on a dare he had become a crocodilian fiend and swallowed the fish whole. No-one could say for sure, but there was a tell-tale spatter of orangery colored vomit on the flagstone steps behind the school, and Martin had been wearing a green complexion ever since.

