

The Sugar

by Paul Hargreaves

He sees the black kid smashing the candy dispenser, draws his weapon. Jelly beans scatter.

POLICE!

The kid grabs fistfuls, jumps into a car. Approaching, the cop sees the sweat-soaked driver slumped over, the kid feeding him, pleading chew Grandpa chew! He hesitates then grabs the radio, even before the kid can say it.

