

Charms L.P.

by Sean Lovelace

Dear Sir or Madam:

I am writing concerning your Super Blow Pop Bubble Gum Filled Pop, specifically grape flavor.

I have been eating Blow Pops—standard size—for years. I ate one during my first advanced swimming lesson (YMCA, 1979, a modified Finnish backstroke), as I competed in my first school chess tournament, while taking the ACT exam, during my first real date (this was in college—I started late due to my enormous unsymmetrical ears), and also a green sour apple blow pop as I was encouraging a young lady to accept a large diamond. All of these endeavors bore fruit: I did not drown, I got 2nd in the chess tournament, I scored 31 on the ACT and was accepted to the institute of higher learning of my choice (Alcorn State), and I eventually married my first date. (She has a uni-brow and a problem with caffeine, so maybe does not mind my ears!)

In any case...what I am saying is I have always had Blow Pops. And have I had to defend them! I once had a chemistry professor who disallowed them during exams. I dropped the class, told him off, and wrote an informative letter to the editor of the school newspaper. I've had several people mention Blow Pops are inappropriate for church service. Funny, you can drink wine and eat stale crackers, but you cannot suck a simple lollipop? Where does it say that in the bible? Nowhere, that's where. And I have friends who swear the candy cuts their tongues! Have you honestly ever had a case of someone lacerating his or her tongue on a Blow Pop? That's an urban legend, in my opinion, like rubbing fabric softener on your body will keep off mosquitoes. (People believe this.)

My dad says never play poker with a tattooed lady, though that hardly seems relevant here.

Anyhow, my concern: The Super Blow Pop, which was a bit of an extravagance for me—I usually go with regular size. I unwrapped this sugary sphere of purplish joy and, to my horror, found it, well,

destroyed beyond human repair. Imagine a tank rolling over an acorn. Think of the earth being hit by 10,000 earthquakes, the big Hollywood quakes, with cracks in the ground and cows tumbling in and people running around tearing their hair and stabbing each other with forks, etc. Imagine a bowling ball dropped from the moon onto a Wal-Mart parking lot. This is what my Blow Pop looked like!

Why? Tell me what happened. Help. I want to know. I need to know.

Sincerely,
Sean Lovelace

