

Carrots Dispensat Machina
Adhan Ilyas

There it was, standing right in front of me. I had finally found the ungainly structure, neatly tucked away in a corner so as to avoid attention, in spite of its cumbersome appearance. It was more than just rumor and speculation. The anomaly did in fact exist. In fact, I was surprised that I hadn't seen it earlier, considering its distinct and unambiguous nature. I still struggled to believe the horrible truth, but there it was: the carrot vending machine.

For the most part, it looked like the vending machines beside it, except, perhaps a little more extravagant. But there was one significant difference: the food stocked within its recesses. There, inside the very belly of the beast, was where the fiend was patiently lying in wait. The awful carrots were wrapped in their seductively bright packaging. A tempting eye sore simply begging to be bought. You could almost hear each individual vegetable whispering so delicately "Eat me like junk food. I am worth the insignificant change jingling in your pocket. What are a few meaningless quarters that you know you won't use? Make them worth your while; buy me."

However, I came armed with the ability to recognize how vegetables should be eaten. I replied to the carrots "No, you will not claim me as a victim. I know what you are, and you are hard and full of preservatives, you are a liar and a cheat. You are a salty substitute for sweetness. I can see that you are not meant to be eaten like junk food; you are meant to be lightly dipped in ranch dressing. You are to be shaved and sprinkled gingerly onto salads. You are not a snack; you are an ingredient. You cause me just as much harm as a candy bar or a soft drink. You and your salt will give me an increased blood pressure and heart disease. Now, Mr. Carrot, I ask you to please leave that spot in the vending machine for what truly belongs there: junk food."

And with that, I turned my back on the monstrosity and its inhuman companions, leaving them wondering what had gone wrong with their clever pleas.



House Monster by: Justin Couchot