Peanut Butter

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I awoke to the smell of peanut butter. Thick globs dripped from the ceiling. It was everywhere. I set my feet on the floor, or at least I tried. There was only peanut butter, and it oozed through my toes. I attempted to crawl to safety.

When I got out of my room, I stood up and immediately fell back down. I was a puppy who hadn't grown into his legs. If it was chunky I could have gained some traction, but this was that oily all-natural stuff, no way I could walk correctly. After hours of slips and falls I made it over to Jacob's room. I pounded on the door.

"Are you okay man? What is happening?!"

Muffled screams emanated from behind the door. I had to force it open. On the other side was a carpet of peanut butter two feet thick. A cement truck was parked outside his window, pouring gallons of peanut butter into the room. Jacob's lone arm protruded out from the ocean of peanut butter. If only he had heeded my advice and invested in a proper bed frame. Jacob and his paper-thin mattress never stood a chance. He continued to scream, but I left him there. I wanted to help him, but I also really wanted his cat, Mittens, who stood atop the golden sea pawing at my hand. Mittens climbed on to my shoulder, and we left Jacob to die.