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# The Gum Dealer

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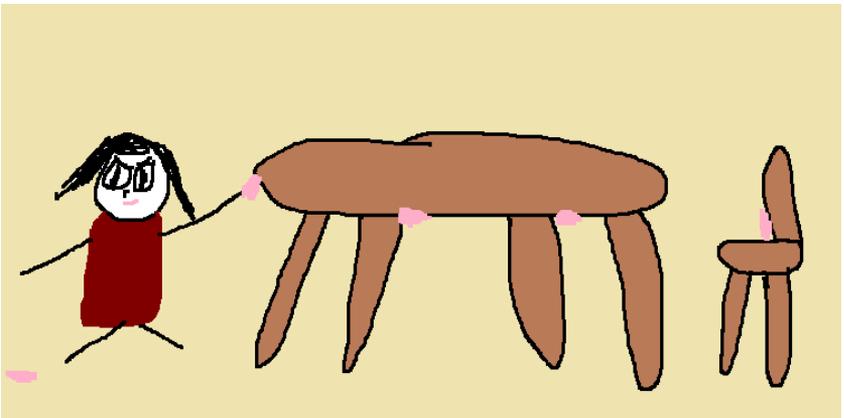
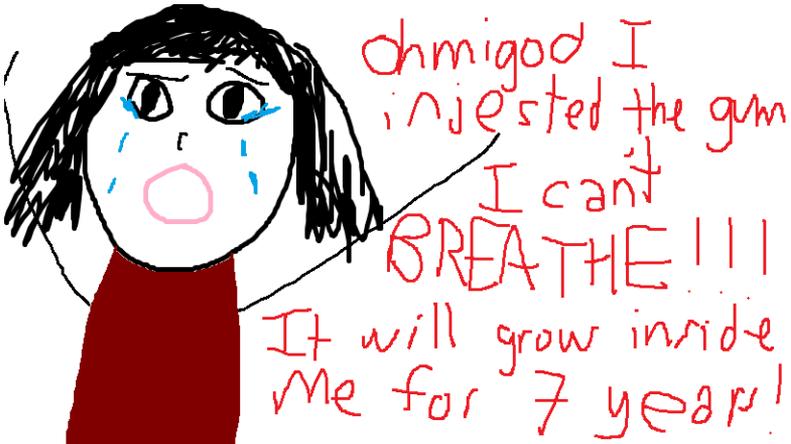
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## The Gum Dealer

*Angelika Cava*

When I was a little kid, gum fascinated me. My parents eventually forbade me from having it because every time my aunt gave me a piece, problems happened.



I decided to ask for gum again when I was a mature middle school student, and my parents were fine with it. Thus, I became addicted.

Every time my parents went to the grocery store, they came back with like three packs of gum for me.



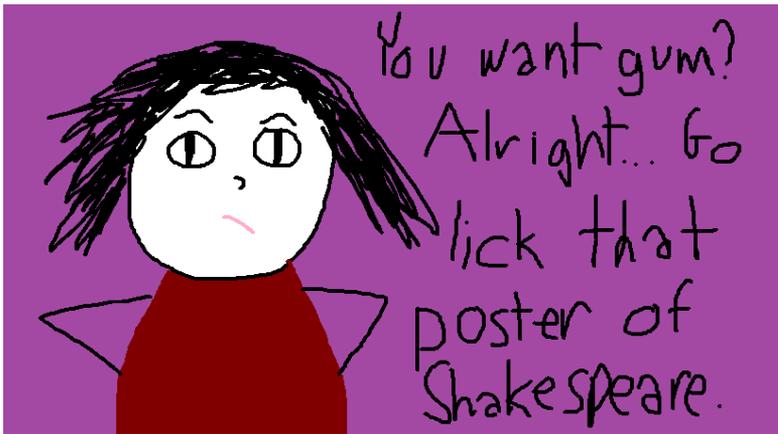
My family really likes food, so they go to the grocery store a lot. Eventually my stash grew and grew to the point where I couldn't handle it anymore.



I had to do something about my mountain of gum. So I became my school's top gum dealer.



At first, I basically gave it away for free, but then I realized I deserved payment for my business. Money became boring since not a lot of middle-schoolers have much of it. So I found other ways to receive compensation.





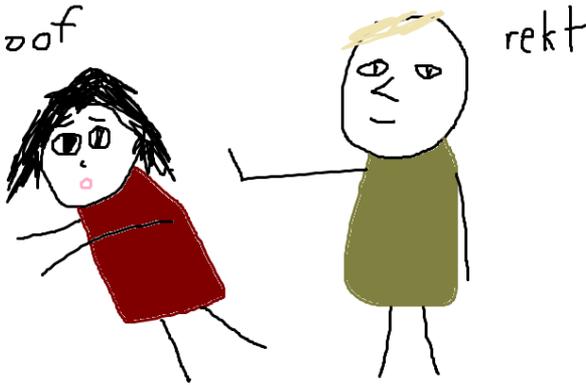
I don't know why, but most of my dares for my classmates involved licking. And I don't know why people were so willing to lick.



It's ridiculous what children would do just for a stupid stick of gum. My school was the only one in the district that outlawed gum, which probably added to the appeal. All the cool kids got caught chewing gum by a teacher.

For a while, nobody could resist my lucrative gum business. It seemed like everyone else stopped bothering to bring gum to school because they knew they could get it from me.

Even the jerk Rob wanted my gum. It's like he forgot that he apparently hated my guts.



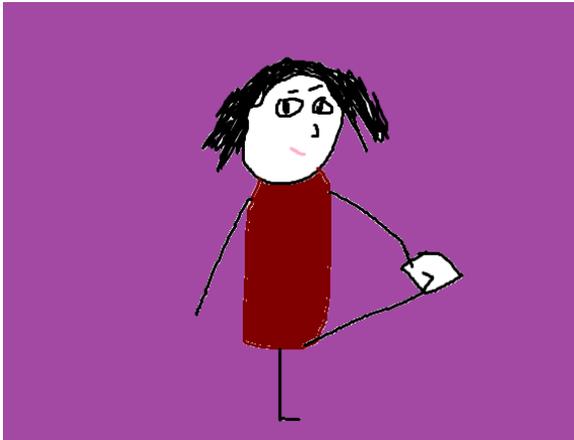
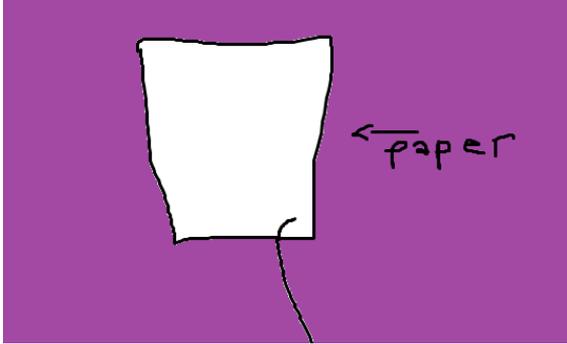
It's like he forgot that he'd stolen more expensive things from me before.





Why did he want to take part in my dares for gum? I guess he liked the challenge. So I figured I might as well make it worthwhile.





Growing up in an Asian family that never brought shoes into the house, I thought that shoes were absolutely contaminated and if your tongue somehow encountered them you'd get sick for sure. It seemed like the

grossest possible option to me. Looking back on it these days, I honestly wish I had dropped that piece of paper into the toilet instead.



And so he did. He may have gotten gum, but I got revenge. I felt powerful, like I was the Queen of Gum.



Too bad he eventually figured out what I did. He didn't even get sick. I lost my throne and became a simple dealer once again.