

King Iam's Ice Cream

by

Patrick Lacaire

© 2006

Patrick Lacaire
21 Kimball Hill Road
Holland, MA 01521
413.245.4439
spurgeon90@hotmail.com

Iam's Ice Cream

Far, far away in a place way beyond imagination was a land called Yumland.

Yumland was like all of the best dreams every boy and girl ever had, all dreamed together in one great big colorful dream.

Gummy people of all colors, and sizes, and funny words and names lived there.

Iam was king of Yumland. He was the most powerful of every thing that was powerful. He was the most colorful of everything that was colorful. He was more magical than everything with magic was.

In fact, everything that was in Yumland somehow made the gummy people think of King Iam. He was the happiest of everything that was happy.

The rainbows that gummy boys and girls would slide on were like King Iam's smile, if you were upside down!

The cotton candy clouds were blue and pink and white. They looked a lot like King Iam's hair looked, or so the really old gummy people said in their really old books.

Sometimes thunder was silly, and sometimes it was scary. The gummy boys and girls all thought it sounded like far away laughing when they heard the silly thunder. The scary thunder made the gummy people hide and sometimes cry.

Some really old gummy people in their really old books said that the thunder was King Iam's voice.

You see; King Iam was not just King of Yumland. He made Yumland--all of it! All the gummy people, and all the clouds and rainbows and candy cane trees—and the blue rain that tastes like everyone's favorite drink, even though everyone had a different kind of favorite drink.

King Iam also made a very special food for all the gummy people to eat – ICE CREAM!

The most delicious, coldest-but-not-head-freezing ice cream there would ever be.

This ice cream was made of the chocolatiest chocolate, the vanilliest vanilla, and the strawberriest strawberry in all of Yumland.

The odd thing about it, though, was that the chocolate wasn't nearly as chocolatey if you didn't have the vanilla and strawberry with it. And the vanilla wasn't nearly as vanillery if you did not eat the chocolate and strawberry with it. And the strawberry wasn't nearly the strawberriest unless you ate it with vanilla and chocolate. What a wonderful mystery this was.

When gummy people ate this ice cream, it would make them sing, and smile, and be really nice to the other gummy people.

Sometimes when they ate Iam's Ice Cream, gummy people would remember how they were not kind to someone, and they would tell that person they were very sorry.

Other times they would remember how it felt when another gummy person did not share their toys and treats. One bite of Iam's Ice Cream made that bad feeling go away too. Somehow, they just weren't mad about it anymore.

The more a gummy person shared Iam's Ice Cream, the better his or her own tasted!

But best of all, when they ate the ice cream that King Iam made, King Iam would suddenly be right there with them, no matter where they were.

They could not touch him. He moved in every direction at the same time, without standing still long enough to really touch.

Not all of the gummy people ate Iam's Ice Cream though.

M.T. Gummy was one of the gummy people who never had tasted Iam's Ice Cream before.

Oh, he heard all about it from other gummy people, lots of times. But he never really wanted to try any. He did not know why there was such a fuss over another ice cream.

After all, he had tried many ice creams before. In fact, he was famous all over Yumland for all the ice cream flavors he had tried. He used to eat more ice cream than any gummy person ever could.

M.T. Gummy spent many years trying to make his own flavor of ice cream. He mixed colors and flavors and candies and every sweet thing he could find.

Sometimes he would make a flavor and try it for a whole month. But, he always got sick of it.

So, he tried some of the ice creams that other gummy people ate.

There were gummy people who would eat only the chocolate in Iam's Ice Cream. These were really grumpy gummy people. They talked about King Iam a lot, and they always

made up new rules for all the games. But mostly, they made other gummy people feel sad.

M.T. tried that ice cream; he did not like it very much.

Then there were the really silly gummy people. Oh, how they laughed all the time! They would only eat the strawberry in Iam's Ice cream. They seemed very friendly to M.T., and invited him to all their silly parties. Sometimes, these gummy people would laugh until they fell down. They jumped a lot too. They talked about King Iam sometimes, but usually they were just very silly and very noisy. They hurt M.T.'s ears.

M.T. tried that ice cream too. But he did not like it very much either.

Finally, M.T. met some strange gummy people who only ate the Vanilla in Iam's Ice Cream. Unlike the other gummy people who still called the Ice Cream Iam's Ice Cream, even though they only ate parts of it, these gummy people didn't even do that. In fact, they would get angry with the other gummy people for calling it Iam's Ice Cream. They even tried to get other gummy people to think that King Iam wasn't the only king.

M.T. tried that ice cream. After a little while though, he would get dizzy when he ate it. This ice cream really made his head feel like it froze up. So, very soon, he stopped eating that ice cream, too.

Now, he was just tired of trying ice cream. In fact, he didn't even like thinking about ice cream anymore.

Perhaps, he thought, trying cookies would be a better idea.

So, he tried every kind imaginable. Some round, and some square. Some just one color, and some many colors. Some better hot, and some better cold.

None of them, though, made M.T. feel like he thought he should feel. He ate and ate and ate, but his belly kept making hungry noises.

Whatever shall I do about this, thought M.T.Gummy?

He stopped visiting the fun grounds.

He stopped singing his favorite songs, the ones that used to make his tongue tickle.

He even stopped answering his banana phone when it rang. Soon, his friends stopped calling him.

He was very, very sad.

Everyone just left M.T. Gummy alone—everyone except the very unusual gummy person named I.C. Gummy.

The first thing one might notice about I.C. Gummy was his color. Or should I say colors. For, as soon as I.C. began to speak and smile at other gummy people, he changed into the color of that gummy person he was with!

He would talk to other gummy people about their favorite songs. Then he would add a few words or change some words. Everyone would admit that the song always sounded even happier after I.C. was done with it.

I.C. Gummy always shared his Iam's Ice Cream with people who had never had it before. Sometimes people would not want him to share with them, but I.C. made it sound so delicious that many just had to try it! "If your ears like it, your tongue will love it", I.C. always said.

Many gummy people just had to agree. One bite of Iam's Ice Cream and they were never the same. Even N.O. Gummy, by the far the meanest, grumpiest, unsmiliest gummy person who ever lived in Yumland, was delighted after his very first bite. And he has had many more since then. He even changed his name to C.Y. Gummy.

But all of I.C. Gummy's funny ways and happiness still did not convince M.T. to try Iam's Ice Cream.

“So,” I.C. said, “I will just sit here and eat more and more and more of Iam’s Ice Cream until I find a way.”

I.C. sat and sat and sat...and ate and ate and ate. This was not so hard, because no one ever got sick eating too much of Iam’s Ice Cream. He thought and thought and thought, too. While he was sitting and thinking, without even knowing it, I.C. had done something with his ice cream he had never done before. He looked down into his bowl and was most puzzled. *What is this* he thought.

There in the bowl, Iam’s Ice Cream had become somewhat soft. I.C. had been turning his spoon in it while thinking about how exciting it would be to see a great big smile again on poor old M.T. Gummy’s face. I.C. had mixed it so much that it was no longer hard. It was smooth, and a little bit like really thick milk. AND it was one new color he had never seen before. *Should I taste it?* He thought. And he did. Just like always, it was the same chocolatiest chocolate, and strawberriest strawberry, and vanilliest vanilla that it ever was! “That’s it!” I.C. Gummy shouted out loud. He poured the soft Ice Cream into a huge glass, and sang and danced all the way to M.T. Gummy’s bubblegum house.

When he arrived, he found M.T. as sad as ever. He was singing a new sad song he had written. It was so sad, I.C. almost began to cry himself.

I.C. sat down beside M.T. with Iam’s Ice Cream, all smooth and milky. He could hardly wait for M.T. to try it. He took out a long bendy straw – one that had twelve curves in it,

and changed colors after each bend. He let out a long breath and then sucked up a great big gulp. "Ummmmmm!" I.C. said as the delicious cold drink slid down his tongue into his belly.

"Whatever is that?" asked M.T. Gummy, with a look of surprise and wonder that I.C. had never seen in him before.

"Why, this is shake milk", said I.C. "Have you never heard of it?"

"I doubt that anyone has ever heard of such a thing" said M.T. "What's it like? I am not sure I like the color."

"Oh", said I.C, "this tastes like what you wished everything would taste like. It tastes like things you remember from when you were still a new gummy person, but can't really think of now."

I.C. slurped another sip up the straw. M.T. could not help but watch with great wonder as the shake milk went past each bend. He never even noticed that at some bends the color looked brownish, and some a little white, and yet others were pinkish.

"Would you like to try it?" asked I.C.

M.T. thought that, at the very least, watching the drink go up the bendy straw would be good fun. But he was very careful not to slurp too big a sip. Then something very strange happened! He felt a bit like giggling. He nearly spilled the whole drink in his excitement.

The next slurp was the biggest slurp I.C. had ever seen anyone take at one time. M.T. slurped so long and hard his face turned every color of the rainbow.

Suddenly, M.T. was happy, happier than he could ever remember being. He started to sing, and slide down the rainbow slides, and drink the blue rain he had not had in years.

He saw King Iam with all his colors and it was just like the really old gummy people had said in their really old books. He could not touch Him for he moved in every direction so strangely. But there He was. *How wonderful to see the King*, he thought.

M.T. became one of the friendliest gummy persons in all of Yumland. He shared his Iam's Ice Cream with anyone who had never had it before, and the more he shared it, the better it tasted. He changed his name to Y.S. Gummy, and when he turned seventy gummy years old (that's like one hundred twenty human years) he joined King Iam's Carnival. To this very day Y.S. Gummy is singing silly songs, riding orange ostriches, and eating Iam's Ice Cream with King Iam every day at eleventy-four in the morning. (That's ten-thirty in earth time!)