

My name is Delaney Manherz, and my greatest accomplishment was smuggling a ridiculous amount of cookies. You see, when I was in 8th grade, there was a Valentine's Day Dance that only 8th graders could attend as it was the only dance of the year. This was actually quite a big deal since 6th and 7th graders felt cheated out of an experience (honestly they were) which led to a couple failed pep assemblies and a rift between upper and lower classmen. That year, my classmates were acting fairly cocky about our special dance and lording it over the Art Club, which was made up of all grades and meetings that day. I was also a member of Art Club and had decided it was time to take action. I had brought a couple plastic bags to take cookies home (no one ever said NOT to) and was wearing a top hat - perfect for inconspicuous cookie smuggling. The dance lasted 2 to 3 hours, so I managed to hoard a plethora of those heart-shaped baked wonders having only had one bag stolen (I will someday find that dirty thief) before taking my plunder to the art room. There were enough cookies for each member (about 30) to each have 2 with about 28 cookies I was saving for myself (yes, I counted them as I am a little paranoid). I had effectively smuggled 84 cookies. It was glorious I tell you. None had celebrated me so fervently before, yet my identity remained a mystery, for I was adorned with Sugar Skull make up. And in that moment, I was a god.

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The God of Cookies.