

# Homework Crazy Cravin' Break

By: Firingwall

“And when you finish entering the calculations into my database,” Anna told Sam, “We should have the results for our control group!”

“And then can we take a break?” Sam grumbled, typing the data into her computer.

“Of course not!” Anna stated, looking over one of her many notebooks, “Then we need to enter the numbers in for the treatment group to see the results we get there. Then we compare the answers and run more tests to make sure our hypothesis is correct!”

*Don't you mean your hypothesis?* Grumbled Sam within her mind.

It was closely approaching two o'clock in the afternoon and the high school seniors were busy working away on a science project for a class. The two were working from Samantha 'Sam' Lodge's home, a large mansion that her parents owned. While one of the two was enthusiastic about their work, the other was less than thrilled.

Sam and Anna were polar opposites in almost every way it felt like. Sam was a lovable goofball who lived for fun, pranks, and spending most of her time with her friends. She viewed school as necessary for life, but not something that she cared TOO much about and was just a place she had to go.

Anna MacKenzie was way different from her. She was a super genius-level intellect, at least from Sam's perspective. She was a hard worker, always got good grades with minimum effort it seemed like, and loved going to school. She apparently even mapped out her life to the finest of details according to the school's rumor mill.

She wasn't a bad person by any means and when Sam got paired up with her for this big project, she was ecstatic. An easy A, she originally thought, but there would be nothing 'easy' about what was to come next.

Anna was a workhorse and super overzealous, constantly calling up Sam when they couldn't meet to go over their work and quadrupole test every experiment when they did meet. It was pure chaos to someone like Sam and while she felt she'll get that A, she feared losing her mind long before that happened.

Sam tapped her fingers against the desks impatiently, staring at the redheaded overachiever as she awaited the numbers that had to be written down in the notebook next. *So many steps in this project*, grumbled Sam in her mind, *I shouldn't have suggested that vague idea in the first...*

\*Growwwwl\*

Sam's eyebrows raised, her head jolting all around. The first bit of curious stimulation had grabbed Sam's wandering mind. She murmured, “What the heck was that?”

“Your stomach,” Anna replied without missing a beat as she wrote something down.

\*Growwwl\* Sam looked down at her belly and sighed. Only now, in all of this complete boredom, did she realize something important. The two of them haven’t had lunch yet.

“Oh,” the bored girl mumbled, poking her stomach. Glancing at it and at Anna, Sam stood from her seat and turned to leave, saying, “it’s like two soooo, you know, how about I get us something from the kitchen? What are ya hungry for?”

“A passing grade, which we won’t get by taking a break right now. We’re so close to getting the results we need!”

*You said that, like, an hour ago! Grumbled Sam, folding her arms, we just can’t skip lunch! It’s like one of the best meals of the damn day!*

GGGGRRRRROOOOOWWLLL! The noise nearly made Sam jump, her head around, looking for the noise’s origin.

It turns out, the sound came not from her stomach this time. It instead came from Anna, who had frozen up. Her eyes were wide and her face beet red, her hands trembling nervously.

Sam grinned and asked, “soooooo, you sure you don’t want to take a little small break to grab some lunch or at least let me get some for us? It does sound like you’re hungry for something tasty.”

“Ah,” Anna mumbled, trying to regain composure, “well ah... it’s nothing. Sometimes you just have to push on through hunger pains when it comes to science. So... ah... let us carry on then and keep on moving!”

The blonde frowned, running her hand through her hair frustratedly. *Oh, come on! She thought, she’s starving and she knows it! We can’t keep working like this! I need to do something before I go cra...*

And that’s when a lightbulb went off in her head. A smile appeared on her lips, devious and filled with maniacal glee. She just had the most wonderful idea, one to certainly liven things up and finally let her get some food in her belly.

“You know,” Sam casually spoke, glancing towards the cabinet near her bed, “I did have a snack in here. Mind if I at least get that since it is so close?”

Anna let out a long, tired groan, one that still not as loud as her stomach’s anxious cry for food. “Fine,” she muttered, “just get that so we can get back to work.”

Sam smiled and strolled over to her cabinet, grabbing a box from it. She hopped back into her office chair and playfully rolled up to Anna, shoulder to shoulder with her. The smart girl merely sighed and asked, “what is it?”

“Ooooh nothing!” Teased the blonde, “Nothing really... just gonna sit here and enjoy my nice, delicious, tasty treat!”

Anna’s eyes glanced over at Sam, only to be met with something larger and bright yellow in their way. It was a cereal box, one that Anna had seen plenty of times before. It was a Honeycomb Cereal box.

“Looks good right?” Sam giggled, licking her lips as she popped the top of the box. A soft, sweet aroma arose from the opening and wafted over to Anna’s nose, circling and sliding across it ever so gently.

“YEAH YEAH! SMELLS LIKE TOASTED HONEY!” Blurted Anna, her face twisting into a large, eager smile.

Almost as quickly as the smile and weird words came, they were gone as Anna smacked herself across the face. She made some kind of unintentional cutesy noise as her hands gripped her mouth shut. Sam just laughed.

“Oh man!” She laughed, “That was great! Sooo great!”

Anna merely shot her a dirty look, but Sam blew it off as she reached into the box. She yanked out a handful of the cereal, teasingly tossing a single piece into her mouth. “Mmmm!” She spoke, selling it for all its worth, “That sure is tasty, but as you said, science doesn’t want... something something.”

Anna continued her glaring, trying to turn her attention back onto her work before her. However, her stomach let out another angry growl, her fingers trembling. Looking at them, she flinched as she watched the skin on her hands turn cartoonishly brownish-orange. Her fingernails vanished as her ring fingers merged with her middle ones.

“Oh crap!” She yipped, holding her hands away from her face, “Is... is this for real?!”

“Sure looks like it, don’t it?” Sam mischievously answered.

“I’ve only seen this before on the news,” Anna muttered, wiggling her cartoony-looking fingers.

“Cool, right?”

“Not really,” grumbled the redhead, shooting her partner another look, “It’s potentially fascinating from a scientific perspective, but that’s it! Now if you will please just put that...”

“Oh come oooooon!” Sam cheerfully spoke, shaking the box in her face, “You sure you don’t want some toasted honey? It’s sweeeeeet and crunchy!”

“SWEET ‘N CRUNCHY?! CRUNCHY SWEET!” Anna blurted out those words again in this higher-pitch, but goofy sounding voice. Accompanying it, her mouth stretched super far to the right and left, while only a few inches forward, developing a weird, bottlenose muzzle. Her nose even turned pitch black like a dog’s as well.

Anna shook her head rapidly and her mouth snapped back to normal. However, the same could not be said her hair, a lot of it shooting upwards into large, puffy, pointed spikes. The sight just made Sam burst into laughter again.

“Crapcrap! Pl-please put that away!” The smart girl exclaimed, tugging gently at her growing, puffy mane, “This stuff is done weird things to me!”

“Awesome things!” Sam declared, tossing another piece into her maw and biting into it, “C’mon, ya know you want some! That wonderful, toasted, sweet, honey taste that you can’t find anywhere else!”

**BOING!** Anna’s ears inflated into smooth, cartoony, pointed animal ears. They shot to the top of her head, pointing out and twitching. In each of them, a honeycomb piece earring jingled happily.

“See?” Sam teased, “You soooooo want some Honeycomb!”

“J-just take them away now!” Pleaded Anna, “Me not want honeycomb and toasted honey in belly!” She smacked her face again, unknown to her that her dress shoes turned into bright yellow tennis shoes.

“What was that? You wanted this some of this toasted honey that goes sooo good with milk?” Sam giggled, bringing a piece of the cereal to her face and waving it temptingly in front of it.

Anna’s eyes ballooned out into big, toony, dinner-plate size eyeballs that looked eagerly at the treat, watching it with every movement. All of her long, red hair stood up, giving her a wild, koosh ball-like mane that went up and around her head, even under her chin.

“Me want it to stop!” Anna firmly stated, drool leaking from her mouth as she licked her lips with a big **SLURP**, “But me soooooo hungry!”

“And you know what you’re hungry for?” Sam asked, pulling the piece back and tossing it into her own mouth, “Perhaps this?”

She shook the box and Anna’s entire body trembled and fidgeted. More of her skin turned that cartoonish, brownish orange as it happened, her face twisting between shock and delight. She was about to blow.

“Come on,” Sam said, “Say it. You know you wanna!”

Anna gulped and said slowly, before picking up speed and energy, “m-m-me... want... HONEYCOMB! **ME WANT HONEYCOMB NOW!**”

Her smile emerged again, stretching her face to the limit. Her face pulled in large, familiar canine muzzle once again, befitting of her new, large eyes. She licked her lips again with an even bigger SLLLUUURRRPP, her tongue looking bigger than her entire head. She hollered out, “ME NEED TOASTED HONEY!”

She somehow jumped into the air and landed perfectly on her feet in her chair. Well, not as she once was. Her entire body shoot back up into her hair, her arms on the opposite sides of her head and her feet sticking out just above her noggin. She was now fully Honeycomb Craver-ized.

Just as Sam wanted. The prankster laughed and applauded, “there we go! Now you really loosened up! Now we can have a nice long...”

SNATCH! In the blink of the eye, the Honeycomb Cereal box was gone from Sam’s grasp. Instead, the small little Craver had a big, nasty grin on its face as it clutched the box instead. “ME WANT HONEYCOMB!” Craver-ized Anna declared, “ME WANT IT ALL TO ME!”

With that, the little fuzzy creature dashed out of the room, slamming the door behind her. Sam’s jaw dropped and her hands trembled with anger. “WHAT?!” She yelled, getting to her feet and rushing after it, “Give it back! I... me want Honeycomb!!”

-E-N-D-S-C-E-N-E-E-N-E-C-S-D-N-E-

Dante was strolling up to the front door of Sam’s home, having finished up his long walk. “That took forever,” he said to himself, stretching his arms as he stepped onto the welcome mat, “but time to relax a little bit. I wonder if Mantha and her partner are done yet?”

Sam’s boyfriend unlocked the front door and opened it up. “ME WANT HONEYCOMB! GIMMEGIMME!”

“NO! MY HONEYCOMB!”

Shooting right towards him, spinning around his legs, and dashing away were two Honeycomb Cravers. One of them had bright red hair the other had a rather familiar shade of blonde to it. A shade that only made Dante frowned.

He let out an exasperated sigh and started chasing after them, thinking, *the things I put up with when living with Mantha...*

*THE END*