

The Best Part of Being an Adult

By Jay Miutz

I think the best part of being an adult is eating all the candy I want...

As an adult I have the ability to walk into any CVS, Rite Aid, Duane Reade, BP, Circle K, Speedway, Superstore, Walmart, Sam's Club, Costco or any other establishment I damn well choose and do as I please when it comes to the selection, purchase and consumption of sweets. I can stroll down a candy aisle like a decrepit oil baron at a Texas titty bar if I want – 'cause everything's up for grabs. It's a veritable orchestra of options, a symphony of flavors, a palatable paradise filled with shiny foil labels, gleaming cartoon mascots and choices that were once off limits in my youth.

But no more.

As an adult it's open season when it comes to eating candy. Time spent in the dessert row makes you feel like a...like a...well, like a kid in a candy shop.

But you're not – it's even better because you're an ADULT in a candy shop. The only limit is that which is imposed by the fine debt collectors at the local Wells Fargo. Even with that on the line, the idea that the bill is at least four weeks away means buying Twix bars and Three Musketeers by the sleeve is a viable option. Even in the event of the catastrophic circumstance that this perfect piece of plastic, the one that gives me an all access pass to diabetes, gets declined - my freedom of choice over the inhalation of refined sugar means I can simply walk across the street, cash out my life savings and blow it all on Butterfingers. As an adult the world is my oyster – and that oyster has a nougat center, a chocolate coating and comes with a warning that it may contain nuts. No longer am I confined by the ironed bar cage that is, "You can get one thing, because it's your [insert special event here.]"

Hell no.

Every day is a special day – you know why? Neither do I, but that's not stopping me from shot gunning king sized Snickers bars in the parking lot next door at 8:30AM on a Tuesday.

There are no adults around to swat away my hand, tell me to put it back or warn me of the dental repercussion of the constant ingestion of Tootsie Pops – BECAUSE I AM THE ADULT.

I'm waltzing down this glorious array of caramels, peppermints, puffed rice and corn syrup like I'm the Franz Joseph of refined sugar. As an adult, I can fill a cart with a plethora of treats or simply grab a Hershey bar for the road.

Oh no, I didn't get allowance this week...SIKE...I'm a full-time, salaried employee.

Every two weeks a corporation sends me an envelope that can essentially be exchanged for candy. A ton of candy. I'm not thumbing through the take a penny leave a penny tray trying to buy a Now-or-Later, because I'm an adult and that means I am fully capable and undeniably willing to spend cold hard cash on as many delicious treats as I can possibly cram down my candy coated throat if I so choose.

As an adult I am absolutely immune to the seedy stares of the 17 year old, pizza faced cashier as I bring my cart around. That's right I've got a big old stack of Sprees under my arm, and a whole bag of Jelly

beans under that, I've got Reese's cups for days in this metal chariot, a couple Milky Ways in case I get bored later and a pocket full of wrappers from my last trip through. So ring it up young buck, because you know what else I've got – a 401K, a heating pad for when my back gets tight, and crisp dollar bills to pay for these sweet treats.

Yeah the best part of being an adult is eating all the candy I want...

...the worst part is paying taxes.