

Magical holiday candy specialness

Give a sweet gift that says it's okay to skip dinner

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They're amazing when they're young, aren't they? So full of wonder and unconditional love. So much promise and possibility ahead. How do you sum up your feelings for that scrumptious little granddaughter of yours, or spoil her in a way that's fitting for the princess she is? Sweets for the sweet, as the expression goes! This imported tin bucket is brimming with an energizing assortment of hard-to-resist treats. It's a holiday for her baby teeth as she sinks them into a decadent chocolate-like bunny, feels the sweet grit of third-tier jelly beans, or cracks her way through a classic candy sucker that's left over from several Halloweens ago. There's a love of glucose starting right here, and it's sure to last an abbreviated lifetime. Just close your eyes and imagine her in the future — fully grown at 35 and resplendent in those ever present sweat pants of hers, zipping through the aisles of her favorite superstore on one of those fun electric scooters. Can't you just hear her now, as she reaches up high for a three liter (yes, they make them that big!) bottle of Dr. Pepper with a charming, winded little grunt? Can't you just see her as she's hoisted into a minivan by a blank faced husband in a grimy camouflage hoodie? Your current passion for smoking (and wasn't it your own grandma that instilled that love in you all those years ago?) means that you may not live long enough to see the milestones in her life: the team of doctors sawing off another gangrenous foot or grimly informing her next of kin that her kidneys are in the process of shutting down. But as she lays there unable to breathe on her own, a thick, syrupy glacier of cholesterol choking the last drops of life out of her, alone with her thoughts against the hypnotic beeping soundtrack of the ICU machinery, she'll try and look back through the haze of a lifetime of lazy indulgences and bad choices, and realize that it was you — and this ocean of high fructose corn syrup in its decorative imported tin — who helped make it possible. And that's the sweetest 'Thank you!' a grandma could ever hope to receive.

You ought to be ashamed of yourself, filling a kid up with this garbage; Still, that's not a bad price, though

Was \$32.99

Now \$24.99

