

Ice Cream

Milton loved ice cream. The delicious coolness in his mouth, the wonderful soft flow into his throat which warmed his tummy. On a cone, in a bowl, waiting on a spoon. Once a summer treat, now an any time treat, waiting in his freezer: tubs, pops, cones, sandwiches.

Milton savoured ice cream every day. He knew too much was unhealthy. Over the last twenty years, lower fat ice creams and ‘frozen deserts’ cropped up, rarely satisfying. Companies knew the public wanted better ice cream—and they delivered.

Salad Time mixed of three shades of green, formulated from romaine lettuce. It was a big hit and quickly followed by **Sunny Days**, a mix of bright blues and yellows (for the sky and sun) had a powerful hallucinogen enabling users to see the sky in a brand-new way. **Fat Freedom** contained a neosemaglutide which increased appetite, had twice the level of fats and turned users obese—but the included tranquilizer ensured they did not care.

Milton ate all the new types and gained thirty pounds in two months. Getting up stairs was difficult, even getting off the couch. Milton was glad the fridge was on the ground floor. But he was convinced the ice cream companies knew what was good for him—and it was a dairy product, from cows, basically natural.

Sadly, Milton’s trust was misplaced.

The companies cared about profits, not health. Chemicals increased in every spoonful, contaminants in every lick, as ice cream became ultra ultra ultra processed, the logical corporate extension of food. Company executives also ate the new ice creams, but they had private trainers and exercise machines to keep their weight down, either at home or in their Caribbean time share.

When Milton discovered the companies’ evil plans, he switched to frozen yoghurt. It had as much sugar and chemicals. Meanwhile, the companies sent their ICE CREAM agents to arrest people asking for less chemicals, chanting “I scream, we scream, we all scream for ice cream.”