

Chocolate Frozen Custard

The year was 1955 and... the Tastee Freeze ...introduced a new flavor, chocolate! It was all I could do to contain myself. I was finally going to get to try this new flavor...(but) before I could answer ... the guy behind me spoke.

“He wants a cone of chocolate custard, and I wish you would give it to him so I can get mine.”

The vendor shook his head, reached for a cone, and began filling it with a smooth, chocolate stream of frozen custard. When he had finished, I gave him my money and wrapped the napkin around the cone to keep it from dripping all over me. I stepped aside quickly and let the impatient guy behind me move to the front of the line. I pretended I didn't see the disgusted look on his face because I was too busy licking my custard. The first lick tasted so good that I almost dropped the cone while celebrating. After a few more licks, I just knew I had to share my newly found marvel with the whole family. I climbed on my bicycle and sped off on my way home. That's when the rain began to fall. It was a thin mist that slowly covered the roadway making it somewhat treacherous for traveling on a bike. In spite of the mist and the danger of falling, I pressed on.

I started down the hill, breezed past the first curve, went over the hump, and headed towards the next level. The mist was coming down harder now. The spray was blinding my eyes. I knew I was in a precarious position riding on a slick road with one hand carrying an ice cream cone. In addition to the messy conditions, the evening lights had just come on. It had taken longer for me to get my treat than I had anticipated. It was getting dark, and my mother was going to miss me for sure.

As I turned the corner at the bottom of the hill, I entered the cobblestone roadway, which curved around the outskirts of our apartment complex. There was a bright light shining in my eyes from the corner post that marked the beginning of the street. For the briefest of moments I couldn't see a thing. Then, I heard the horn blow and wheels screech. I looked right into the jaws of death. I was headed straight for a military personnel carrier three sizes bigger than a Ford F150. I hit the brakes, braced myself, and waited for the truck to wipe me out.

The bicycle slipped to one side on the wet pavement and together we careened towards the front wheels of the truck. The whole scene was unreal. The street lamp shone brightly directly above the spot where it appeared the bike and truck impact would occur. I could see the mist floating wildly in the air as the light beam appeared to scatter its droplets. My frozen custard cone flew out of my hand, sailed into the air, and landed squarely against my chest. The bicycle handlebars twisted and the tires pointed skyward as we hurtled towards the truck.

The next few seconds were a blur...