Every Flavor of the Rainbow

**By:** Georgia E. Alberta, Canada, Age 13  
**Gender:** Any  
**Genre:** Comedic  
**Description:** An ice cream flavor is having an identity crisis.

Hi, I’m Neapolitan. (Smirks at audience, winking flirtatiously.) I come from a mixed family, my mom’s like half cherry, dad’s rocky road. It makes me a whole lot of chunky, with a side of smooth. (Looks around, pause.) What was I talking about… Oh yeah, people ask what my biggest flaw is… I guess I’m just too strong. They just can’t take all this flavor, you know? (Gestures to entire body. Pauses.) It’s hard for me, you know? (Tone switches, slightly hesitant.) I have no idea who I am. My one aunt is certain I’m Vanilla, my uncle thinks I’m chocolate. But I’m strawberry too right? In the freezer section, the flavors pretty much stick to their own kind. Vanilla with Vanilla and Chocolate with Chocolate. They never accept me the way I am. That’s okay, though. I’m going to be myself even if they don’t accept me. I’ll scoop out my own sorta life. Maybe I’ll travel the kitchen, see the counter… visit the tower of pizza. We all need to accept who we are, like that Miss Strawberry chic. She’s natural, and I respect that. Even if she stalks me day and night. It’s kinda’ creepy… I can’t even re-freeze without being sure she’s not looking. But hey, at least she’s not one of those dairy-free flavors. I don’t buy that for a second.