

# “Waiter! There’s an Eye in my Soup”

5th grade

Fiction

Grade	<u>5</u>
Fiction	<u>X</u>
Poetry	<u>      </u>
Nonfiction	<u>      </u>

I am Jacob Small. I am sixteen and I have a lot of friends but I went missing a few years ago so I'm going to tell you the story of how it happened.. It was a Friday and I had gotten my stuff for school and my mom had dropped me off. School started with P.E. So I went to put on some gym shorts and we ran all around the school. During Math I ran into my friend John he was tall and smart "Hey! Do you think cannibals live here since they used to live in this area long ago?" I asked. Suddenly the bell rang before he could answer. I noticed a car parked in the parking lot of school. It was not a familiar car but it felt weird. Someone was in the car and when they looked at me they were licking their lips. I shook it off and went to class.

"So what are you going to do this Weekend."asked John, counting down the seconds until school Was over.

"I think I am going to Goreatoes" said my best friend Dick as he hopped around very excitedly.

" Wasn't that place shut down ,something about cannibals?" I asked. Before they could answer the bell rang and the halls Had filled with people all across the school. I grabbed my stuff and was running outside to the bus thinking about how I could not wait for tomorrow because tomorrow, I was going to ***"le Banquet"***.

The next day, I noticed that there was a white ball floating in my soup it was small, about the size of a Golfball, but it was covered in the red soup inside the bowl. I decided to try and eat it. It felt gooey and it squirted juice on the inside my mouth. I guessed that it was some sort of fruit. I also noticed that the chef was acting very strangely. He would always say "It's so good, it's practically family!" I didn't get what that meant at all but it sounded weird.. I decided that I was going to get to the bottom of this. I called my best friend Dick. He said that he had noticed it before too. Dick came over the next day with his I.T.A.S. cap [I.T.A.S was a club he made, it stands for Investigators That Are Sixteen] We packed up our supplies and went over to ***le Banquet***. That night Dick and I went to sneak inside. When we got there something weird happened, the wind was pushing us away from the restaurant. We fought against it but we could not budge. The breeze eventually went away and we went inside but it gave us the chills. When we walked in I noticed two doors. One was labeled freezer and the other was labeled basement.

We had decided to go into the basement to see where their food was coming from when suddenly, a bloody ghost with no skin came out of the door and tried to grab me. We ran as fast as we could. We tried to leave but the entrance door was locked from the outside. The ghost followed us to the door and so I tipped over a table to make a barrier from him, little did I know that he was able to walk right through it. he ran into the kitchen. It had a long and huge knife hanging on the wall I jumped inside A the big room in fear of the ghost, but I suddenly noticed that Dick wasn't around anymore. I suddenly realized he was caught by the ghost. I heard Dick's screaming and heard the ghost yell "You look like a good meal!" With Dick in his arms he suddenly started to sprint for me. I ran as fast as I could into the basement but there in front of me was a crying ghost.

I asked "What's wrong?"

He said to Me "My life was taken by a person of glutton and sins."

Just at that moment the other ghost broke open the door and he was holding something sharp, it was a knife. I sprinted past as he swung the knife. I ran around the kitchen and hid in a kitchen drawer for what seemed like hours. The noise had gone away and I peeked out of the drawer and through the window. My heart leaped because it was day. The ghost was gone but I knew that he had taken Dick with him. Suddenly the door flew open and the chef of "*le Banquet*" came into the room.

"What are you doing here?" he yelled as he stared at me. I recognized him but I didn't know where from.

He looked around the room and the mess and Said "No problem, no problem, this can still be a great restaurant! We just need to make sure people are fed!"

He then grabbed a knife, then grabbed me and stabbed me through the heart. It was the most incredible pain. He grabbed me as I fell and threw me in the freezer. He then shut the door and locked it. I tried to get out but I couldn't. I was too weak. It didn't take long for me to bleed out and that is where I died. As I took my dying breath I remembered the car and then realized where I recognized the chef. He was the one licking his lips and staring at me. I knew then that he was going to feed me to the people of this town. The man in the car was the chef looking for his next victim. The ghosts I saw were his other victims. I knew that I

was headed to join them. My ghost now haunts the walls of inescapable torture and dismay, forever doomed to roam. But at least I am with friends. I hope someone finds this and tells the police, I had to kill a pen to make this story, that's pretty hard as a ghost, ya know.

Anyone?.....hello?