

The Boy in the Sandwich

by Vincent Eaton

Previous chapters:

<http://www.vincenteaton.com/Blog/2011/03/28/the-boy-in-the-sandwich-chapters-1-2/>

Chapter 4.

I found out that blue spiders, who do all sorts of recreating and lots of creating most of the time, resulting in lots and lots of a million and more spider babies, find it easier to have everyone's birthday on the same day every three weeks, because they figured who could remember a million and more birthday dates for the members of just your immediate family?

"So Happy Birthday Everybody!" everybody screamed, shouted and yelled at one another inside my sandwich, all blowing out the candles on the million and more cakes at the same time. And all at once, everything inside my sandwich went dark, and everything was still. There was a hush. No one moved.

Then I felt movement. As though the sandwich was rocking back and forth.

"Oh no!" someone shouted.

"Chomp!" someone else yelled.

"Chew!" another blue spider voice right beside me screamed.

I asked in the darkness, "Excuse me. I'm here. I'm not going to eat you."

"No, foolish boy of six years and a few weeks. It's your brother. He found your sandwich. He's picked us up!"

"He picked us up?" I repeated like a silly, stupid boy of four. "But it's my sandwich!"

"It's his now! And he's going to eat us! Everyone, head for cover! Here come the teeth!"

And in the dark I heard all sorts of running to and fro, in the distance, and right next to me. Spider legs making sticky sucky sounds running in my sandwich. Spider hairs brushed against me and everything went to the left, then to the right. I felt as though I was on a boat and someone was rocking it.

"Teeth!" the blue spiders were yelling. "Teeth coming! Get out of the way! Watch out! Here come the teeth!"

Next thing I knew, with a chomp and a chew, I was someplace else. Someplace I had never been before!

Chapter 5.

There was just a whole bunch of confusion, blue spiders running everywhere, things flying, food moving underneath my feet and over my head, a lot of light and dark, spider screaming, or was that me? Then the bread above me and the bread below my feet came down on me, pressing down, and I got squeezed by something all around me. Then the next thing I knew, the bread ripped and I was suddenly surrounded by teeth. Teeth to the left of me, to the right of me, straight in front of me. Teeth everywhere!

And in a chomp and a chew I was in my brother's mouth! He had taken a great big bite out of *my* sandwich, and the part he bit off had me in it.

Now, I had never been in my brother's mouth before, at least not of all me at once. Parts and pieces of me had been between his teeth before, sure. When we played and fought and goofed around, he sometimes bit my arm, or my ear, or sometimes my forehead when he could get his mouth open real wide. But never, ever had he fitted all of me in his mouth in one bite like now.

Then he started doing something I didn't like the feel of at all. And I mean, *at all*. He started making his teeth go chew-chew.

Choppers!

Chewing choppers!

His tongue pushed around the part of the peanut butter and grape jelly sandwich I was hanging on to. Push, pull, went his tongue, and chew-chew went his teeth-teeth. I was getting peanut butter and grape jelly food *all* over me. I was becoming terrifically filthy and completely fully sticky, which was okay and even pretty fun, but I didn't have time to enjoy myself because I had to watch out for the chomping of my brother's teeth. They zoomed up and down and mashed and moved everything in his mouth around and about as they searched for more peanut butter and grape jelly to eat, really tearing everything into complete smithereens. Boy, was he enjoying *my* sandwich!

The piece of bread I was hanging on to was getting closer and closer to his choppers. My blue spider friends were right. I should have run for cover when they said *run*. But I hadn't known where to run. They must have, because I couldn't see one single blue spider in there with me.

Then my brother's tongue made a little flick, throwing me and the piece of bread right smack on a bumpy big brother molar near the back of his mouth. I sat there on the squishy lump of bread settled on his tooth, looking around. Then I glanced up. Oh dear. *Oh oh!* There was this huge, bumpy, chewing molar just like the one I was sitting on, suspended there right over my head, about to chomp down and make me an ex-little-brother person out of me. Oh double dear-dear me. I went into immediate *leap* action. Arms out in front of me, I jumped just as the top molar came smashing down and made the piece of bread I was sitting on go splat and crunch and become an ex-piece-of-bread.

Jumping, I found myself sailing towards the back wall of my brother's mouth. There was this funny looking fleshy thingy hanging back there, like a rope on a bell hanging in a church I'd seen in a book or a movie or on television or something. I made a grab for it. Got my fingers around it, and nearly slipped right off. There was nothing much to grab hold on to, no little knob or branch or something to get my fingers around. It was just all fleshy and slimy wet, hanging b there, and I was slipping off. So I looked down to see where I would land if I slipped off. Oops. Major oops.

Oops beyond major where words end and a scream-sound like this

-- (°)00!!!} """":-{ --

begins, because boys and girls and little people reading this, I saw that if I slipped off this piece of slick hanging flesh, guess what? I would fall and fall down and down into some deep darkness that was probably a one-way ride to my big brother's tummy. Uh-oh. And I mean a triple *uh-oh-uh-oh-uh-oh*. Because being in my brother's mouth was one thing, but being in the really dark place where he digested his food and junk to make poo was a new experience I didn't want to do right then. If ever.

So *oh no!* I was hanging in there, dangling over the deep gulping hole of my brother's innards when my brother's mouth opened wide and light came in and he put another big piece of my sandwich in there with me. He took another big bite of sandwich and started chewing and chomping again. And I'm thinking, I'm starting to slip, so say goodbye to life.

Goodbye, Life!

Then he swallowed some of the sandwich. And all of me.

It was as if some invisible something took hold of my legs and gave one super yank down, and I was gone.

The Boy in the Brother

Chapter 6.

Once I was falling it was like dropping into The Great-Dark-Unknown-Wherever-Place where everything was scary and there would be no mommy or daddy to turn on the light and make everything better.

But then it didn't turn into like a Wherever Place.

Nope.

It was more a moist-slick-narrow place. Like going down in an elevator that's way too liquidy and oh so squeezey small. I slipped and slid, putting out my hands on the insides of his throat that went zooming by, trying to slow my fall a bit. But his neck was full of non-stick slime so I kept saying goodbye to my life going down lickety-split to my brother's waiting tummy.

Suddenly I went *pop* and gone was the narrow throat-fall. I fell, then sort of floated fell, then landed on something really soft, really gooshy. I sat there, waiting to see if more stuff I had no control over was going to happen to me. But I couldn't actually see anything. It was as dark as being in my bedroom with all the lights off and my eyes closed tight. It was that dark. It was also like sitting on a soft-soft mattress like a little ocean, rocking up, down, back, forth. I put my hands out to feel around me some. First my right hand, then my left hand, going pat-pat out in the dark. Hands went pat-pat in stuff. Mucky yucky feeling stuff sticking between my fingers. Like gunk webs.

Webs made me think of spiders and that brought my mind tumbling to blue spiders and where were the blue spiders? They weren't talking to me here, or anything. They were probably used to getting bit at by sudden human teeth, hanging out in sandwiches as they did all the time. At my brother's first bite they probably spun web parachutes and were safely out before they were in my brother's insides.

"Hello?" I tried out in the dark to see if I would be greeted with happy words.

Sssshhh-type silence came back at me from all around me. I had 360 degrees of being all alone.

I brought my hands back to me from the dark and slowly stood. I stepped forward into the blackness and my foot landed in something that went squish. Then my other foot went squash. Both made unhappy sounds I did not like. Whatever my feet were in oozed up and over and into my tennis shoes, filling them with thick stuff.

As this was my brother's stomach I didn't want to know what it was because I had seen the kind of junk he put in his mouth. Uncooked beans in a cold greasy sauce by the spoonful when mom wasn't looking. Mashed potatoes mixed with peas and chicken skins and fat and he swallowed it all in one big gulp, no chew, no chomp. He

squished bananas in milk and then added grapes and some cinnamon dust, licking his lips before slurping in. So I knew anything could be in my brother's stomach - *anything* - and there I was, standing in the middle of the anything of it.

There was only thing for me to do, what any normal, red blooded little brother kid would do finding himself sunk in his brother's tummy. *Try to get out!*

I felt some soggy bits of my peanut butter and jelly sandwich fall from above and smack right onto my head with repeating *glop* sounds as they landed on my head one, two, three. I went *ooooooooh* because he was up there eating more, chewing more, swallowing more. And I was taking an unhappy shower in his food bits that should have been mine. Then I felt liquids start to rise above my ankles. It sizzled a little. Was he doing a really bad, dumb thing right now, like beginning to digest me? He probably *knew* I was in here. He was going to try and digest me just to show me he was The Big Brother. His digestive juices were busy experimenting how best to dissolve me!

Then he swallowed again and I heard *smack* and again *smack* sounds of stuff landing around me in the dark.

I put my hands out like I do when someone ties a blindfold over my eyes and tried to find a corner to be out of the way of my brother's swallow and drop. I couldn't find any corner. Just a long roundy stomach wall of moist yuck-ness.

I stood figuring some, making an idea come into my head. Figuring the only way out was the way I came in. Yeah, if I came in through the mouth, well, it was back out through the mouth I had to go.

So I began tickling him inside his tummy. I didn't hear any laughing sounds, so I began using my fingernails. Maybe making him go ouch some, instead of ha-ha, would

get me out of here. But I didn't hear any moan or yelling sounds from him out there. So I screamed for help and heard my voice bounce off the inside of his stomach and disappear without going all the way up and out his mouth and wouldn't that be great, my voice out his mouth!

I jumped up and down and shouted some more drumming on his insides with my fists. I pretended his stomach was the pillow on my bed that I beat up regularly when I'm angry at my brother and can't beat him up because he's bigger than me. I stomped up and down, seeing whether that would help me get out, then ran up one side of his stomach, then up the other side, yelling and screaming in the dark, falling down in a pool of muck once in a while. Boy it was slimy and gooey. Just like my big brother.

And right when I was in the middle of tickling and kicking and yelling I suddenly felt a tremor. It was as though my brother's guts were becoming a trampoline. Up I suddenly went, then I dropped down like being on a roller coaster ride and bounced back up and even ricocheted off his stomach sides. The bottom dropped out again, then rose up, once, twice, more, doing these funny movements, making me go tumble and toss. Wow, my brother knew some neat tricks.

He kicked into an extra gear and really began throwing me around, bouncing me off every which way. Everything inside him got real still for a long, long moment. I sat in his sizzling muck, listening for anything I might recognize as a warning sound. The bottom of his stomach, with me sitting there in the middle of it, suddenly sucked in and in and down and down, then flopped me once, twice, and whoopie I felt a great big wind rushing from all sides. *Wham!* I shot upwards at a super-duper speed, going up much, much quicker than I came down, as though being launched to the moon and I was actually going to make it!

Everything was a big blur. There was a light – I was going into the light! - the farther I went up and up. The more I went zoom and *Zooooooooom!!*

And there I was, suddenly outside in the real world again, shooting across the kitchen followed by the rest of the gucky stuff of my brother's stomach.

Wow, I had never been thrown up before.

More on this book:

<http://hidden-people.net/boy-in-the-Sandwich.html>