

The Boy in the Sandwich - Eaton

The Boy in the Sandwich

by Vincent Eaton

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Chapter 7.

Boy, a half a second later I found being part of a vomit party that my brother throws wasn't that wonderful a thrill. There are interesting points, but mostly I had done better things.

The gritty, gross details are not pretty. Oh, sure, everyone out there reading this may throw their hands up in the air, waving them around wildly, yelling, "Yes, yes, great stuff, tell us *all* the details about being thrown up from your brother's stomach and out his mouth." Okay, but here's the required warning. If you have a weak tummy, or are eating a peanut butter and grape jelly sandwich, or your older brother is around, skip this part and go straight to the part where the little green men carry me out of my bed and into another land that's coming up later on. Official warning ended. Here comes.

First of all, I flew through the air with the greatest of ease. Following close behind me was bits and pieces of my sandwich. Yuuuuuuuuuuuck! Super yuck, extreme yuck. Flying food and me, too!

Now, when you're just a young kid and you're flying through the air as though launched like a speeding missile, with chewed up food all flying around right next to you, guess what happens sooner or later? You stop flying through the air. You land somewhere. I stopped flying. And I landed, with a really terrific *plonk-crash!* on the

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counter next to the kitchen sink. It hurt and everything, and I think I said *ouch!* real loud.

And then all the food caught up and came splatting right on me. Smack, smack, smack and having food splat on me like that isn't nice and gentle like when mom or dad tucks me into bed and they take the blanket and lift it high into the air, letting it float all gently onto me, covering me up. It wasn't like that at all. And it wasn't like falling softly into deep snow, and it wasn't like having a nice wave in the ocean break over your body. No. Getting splat-splat-splat on my face and body with goop and half-chewed peanut butter and grape jelly sandwich and gooey stomach liquids was a real NO-FUN thing.

Meanwhile, my big brother was acting like a little brother, choking and crying out for our mommy. He was lying on his side on the floor like he was trying to run somewhere and getting nowhere. I laid there next to the sink looking myself over.

Now, I usually like to be a mess, and I'm real good at it, too, at getting messy. Some kids are clean, and some kids are like me, and that's the way life is sometimes. Gosh, I sound like my mom and dad. When they try to tell me to do something for my own good they say, "It's for your own good I'm telling you not to do that." Parent say these things. They don't seem to understand that *everything* I do, I do for my own good. Like eating old tree leaves rotting on the lawn. Leaves on the ground have so many neat colors. If they are old enough, they also sound crispy like potato chips when you walk on them. Sometimes, when I'm marching around the front lawn when all the leaves have fallen, playing as though I'm walking up the steepest, highest hill in the history of mankind, with the leaves going *crunch-crunch* underneath my feet, and I'm thinking, The steepest, highest mountain ever known to man or boy is made of potato chips! Potato Chip Mountain. And because I'm climbing I'm getting hungry and

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the potato chip leaves going *crunch-crunch* under my feet sound more and more like leaves saying, *Eat me, Eat me*. So I stop marching around and lift my foot up from some potato chips that imitate looking like plain old leaves. I reach down and grab a handful and stick them in my mouth and go *crunch-crunch*. And it's right then when mom or dad always leans out of the window and goes, "Don't eat those dirty old leaves, it's bad for you. And I'm telling that for your own good." Always ruining fun. But I spit the potato chip leaves out of my mouth anyway because, really, they don't taste all that much like potato chips. But I don't tell my parents that they were right. Parents like to be right too much. When they are right, they get this look on their faces that says, Of course, you're just a kid and I'm a hundred and fifty thousand years older than you, so I'm right. Their big faces full of, You're just a little boy and I'm a big mom-and-dad type person who's only telling you this for your own good---

"What are you doing and what have you done?!"

Oh.

Mom.

She stood right there in the kitchen doorway with her mouth all open and her eyes all wide and staring and her hands on her hips saying more stuff like, "What are you doing lying next to the sink and why are you such a mess?"

I was going to say something but she asked me another question right after the last ones.

"What did you do to your brother, why is he crying, and why can't you be good?"

She had asked me too many questions in a row and I didn't know which one to answer. I could choose one to answer, but I would probably be the wrong one. Anyway, I didn't think she really wanted an answer. She wanted to yell at me. I had done something I had never done before and made a mess, so now was my mom

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yelling part but sometimes when she did I would forget to pay attention. I wanted to pay attention, but I looked down at myself and what she was now pointing at. I seemed to be back to my normal six-year-old size. I was splattered with chewed up bits of white bread. There were gobs of blue grape jelly on my pants, on my T-shirt, my bare arms, bare feet, just everywhere. And peanut butter, stuck between my fingers, dripping from my eyelashes into my eyes, up in my ears and stopping up my nose. I was a complete and utter major mess-mess and the feeling was pretty okay. But mom was yelling. So I started listening to her halfway through.

Get off the counter! her voice was going. What *had* I been doing? Was this *peanut butter*? Was this *jelly*? What was this other sticky stuff? *What had I been up to?*

What could I tell my mom that she would believe? That I had been inside my brother's mouth and he had been trying to kill me with his teeth? That he almost crushed my bones into a million and one half pieces, almost making me an ex-little brother? That he had then swallowed me deep into his belly where he tried to digest me with all the other garbage he kept in there. That I had to take drastic action to escape digestive death and beat up his tummy from the inside. And that my big brother had made me into a human missile, launching me from his guts straight out his mouth and into the kitchen sink, but not quite. And I had survived all that! She should be proud, happy! Would she believe the truth? Maybe I should try it.

"Mom, I was eating my peanut butter and jelly sandwich when..." No, I couldn't tell her about the blue spiders. She'd only tell me to stop making up stories. So I told her something I thought she would believe. "I was eating my sandwich and it blew up in my face. And all over my body."

"Don't lie to me," mom said.

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That didn't work. At that moment, I figured anything I said probably wouldn't sound like something she would believe.

"What did you do to your brother?" mom asked, looking me straight in the eyes, which meant she was very serious.

"He tried to eat my sandwich and it blew up in his face, too."

"That's it. Go take a bath before I give you a spanking. I don't want to hear anything more."

I thought of saying, *I wouldn't be a sticky mess if you didn't buy exploding bread*. But I knew that would only get me in some more trouble, so I went to the bathroom to take a bath in the bathtub that always wanted to suck me down the drain and pull me into another world.

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