

FREE PIZZA

“We interrupt this broadcast to bring you breaking news.”

Tommy looked up from his homework to the TV.

“Seemingly overnight, a restaurant chain called Pluto’s Pizza has popped up in thousands of towns across America. Citizens cannot remember the construction of these restaurants, and even more amazingly, Pluto’s Pizza is offering unlimited free pizza for an entire week.”

“Awesome!” Tommy tossed his pencil onto the table and grabbed his jacket.

He hopped on his bike and rode into town. Along the way, hundreds of other people joined him, all making their way to the brand-new Pluto’s Pizza located next to city hall.

He saw his friend Andy on the other side of the street. “Hey Andy, can you believe this? Unlimited free pizza?”

“I know! I wonder if it’s any good.”

When the two arrived, the line was nearly a quarter mile long. People were walking out of the restaurant with truckloads of pizza boxes.

The boys waited and waited, and when they finally arrived at the door, they were surprised to find there were no employees, no seats, no kitchen, just a massive room filled to the ceiling with pizzas of every topping and flavor.

Andy stacked eight in his arms; he couldn’t ride home with any more. When he got back to his house, he sat the boxes on the table and opened the one on top. It was his favorite, plain cheese.

He took a bite. It was the most delicious pizza he had ever tasted. He stuffed his face until he could barely move.

He trudged over to the couch, plopped down, and soon drifted to sleep.

Bwwwoooooooooommmm

A thunderous sound shook the house.

Bwwwoooooooooommmm...

Bwwwoooooooooommmm...

Tommy jumped up from the couch and opened the front door. The sound was blaring all over town.

One of the pizza boxes was shaken off the table. Then it moved.

Tommy's eyes were fixed on the box. It moved again. There was something inside. He walked over to the box and lifted the top with his shoe.

A piece of pizza slithered out like a slug. It flipped over, revealing tiny black eyes and a mouth full of small, needle-like teeth. It hissed at Tommy and bit his foot.

Tommy screamed and fell to the floor as more pizza slices crawled out of the box. He got up and ran to the door. Utter chaos had spread through the neighborhood like a pizza plague. People were running through the streets in droves. Pizza slices were latched onto them, feeding on their flesh.

The emergency broadcast system buzzed on the TV.

“This is not a drill. Take shelter immediately. Citizens are urged to stay away from all pizza or pizza related items. We repeat, this is not a drill.”

Tommy felt another slice crawl on his back and slither up his neck. It hissed into his ear and then devoured it like a piece of pepperoni.

