

## Jill the Jelly Doughnut

By Amy S.

Once upon a time in a little shop called “Carlos’ Bakery”, there was a little jelly doughnut named Jill. One day, when Jill was sitting out in the powdered sugar covered display case - that smelled so good, like sugary warm goodness - she started talking to the cherry turnovers. One of their names was Chuck. Chuck and Jill started talking about how sometimes people would come into the bakery and point at which pastry they wanted. Chuck was a little older than Jill, so he knew a little more. Chuck then said, “If the bell rings, you’re toast!”

Jill then questioned him, “Hold on! Some people say that if you get picked then it’s a good thing.” Chuck told Jill that the story of getting picked being a good thing was just a total myth.

“So if you get picked, what happens?” asked Jill.

“When a person walks into this bakery, it makes the little bell ring. Then they will come up to the counter. After they come up to the counter and talk to Carlos for a little while, they will look at the display case. While they’re looking, they will come across something they want to eat.”

Jill couldn’t hold her excitement in. “What happens next? WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!?!”

Chuck asked her to hold on, and then he continued his story. “After they find the best, most delicious looking treat – we are wonderfully made, we just look so very delicious ...”

“I know! I mean we are so pretty. Why wouldn’t someone want to choose us?” asked Jill.

“Will you stop interrupting me, Jill? I am trying to tell you a story before we both get eaten.” When Chuck yelled at her, Jill realized how angry and scared he looked; she was scared by the look in his eyes, so she decided to stop interrupting him.

Chuck then decided Jill didn’t mean any harm, and he decided to finish his story. “So after they see the treat that they want, they will describe it to Carlos. Then either Carlos or the person will point to one of us. When that happens, it’s all over! Carlos will put on his little, latex glove and reach into the case. Next, he picks the unlucky treat up, and puts them in a sheet of waxed paper, and hands it to the person. After they get handed off, sometimes the customer takes a big bite right there. Other times, he will also buy a coffee from Carlos. Those times are the worst, because *they will dunk you into the burning hot coffee!* It’s horrible; you can hear the shrieks of the pastry. Aagh,” Chuck said as he shuddered.



Jill was extremely worried after hearing this story and asked Chuck, "Are you sure this is real? I've never seen it happen! If I've never seen it happen, it must be a myth. I know it's a total myth."

Chuck then replied with an eerie "Watch and see."

Jill then said, "I won't watch and see anything, because it's obviously not true! I'm never wrong, you watch and see!"

Within a minute of Chuck finishing his story, the little bell rang. DING! So the person walked in and started talking to Carlos very intensely.

"OH NO! You were right. This can't be happening! This is so scary, AHHH!" shrieked Jill.

Chuck just watched as the old man walked to Carlos and talked to him. Chuck held his breath and his eyes were filled with fear. Jill watched intensely, just waiting to prove Chuck wrong. The customer's eyes lit up with happiness while his boney fingers pointed in the direction of the cherry turnovers. Carlos slid on his sheer latex glove, and he reached down in Chuck's direction.

"No," the customer said, "I want the turnover to the right of that one!"

Chuck let out a breath so large it could fill a balloon. Chuck was safe, and Jill was ecstatic. Finally, the man got his turnover and his coffee. As he walked away, he dunked it. The pastries heard the shrieks of Terri, the cherry turnover, from across the room. The whole group of pastries shuddered -- partly with relief and partly with joy, but mostly with sadness for poor Terri.

Jill then exclaimed, "Chuck, I'm so glad you're alive. I'll never doubt you again!"

Chuck then looked over at Jill and winked; she knew everything was ok between them. Jill was so happy; she thought that nothing could bring her down. Unfortunately, she didn't know about what was going to happen next. Jill was so peaceful as she and Chuck talked and laughed; they appeared to have not a worry in the world. Even when the bell rang, they didn't notice at all; they were just so zoned out of the world around them. They finally noticed the little girl when she started crying because she couldn't decide what she wanted. She pointed to a cinnamon roll, and then she changed her mind. Next, she pointed to a delicious looking chocolate fudge brownie. Carlos' hand reached down and he even touched Barbra, the brownie. The little girl changed her mind again, and Barbra breathed out a huge sigh of relief. She changed her mind so many times that there were only three foods left: the jelly doughnuts, the cherry

turnovers, and the apple pie. It was at that point that Jill and Chuck started to get extremely worried. Then, Jill saw a way out which included her getting picked. After the girl thought about all three of the remaining selections, she finally pointed to the pie. Jill was so unhappy, she almost started to cry. But wait! The girl *still* didn't know what she wanted because now she was asking Carlos about the freshness of the jelly doughnuts. Carlos, obviously offended by the question, stated quite loudly, "Of course they're fresh!" Jill waited anxiously and prayed for the little girl to point to her; Jill wanted out of this horrible place. Then, the girl pointed to Jill and Carlos put on his latex glove. Jill just waited for his hand to grasp onto her firmly, and finally it did. Carlos then wrapped her in a little slip of waxed paper – which was surprisingly slippery - and placed Jill into the little girl's gooey, grasping hands.

Jill knew she had to do it. It was a now or never sort of moment for her. So, she "slipped" out of the little girl's grasp and dropped to the ground and started rolling. Thankfully it was a breezy, warm day, and on a day like that, Carlos left the front door open. Next, she rolled and rolled. She was so close to being out the door, she could taste the fresh, clean air. She was about three feet away, getting closer every second. Finally, she was right in the doorway half way in the shop, half way on the cement sidewalk. Then BANG! A huge gust of wind blew the door shut, right on Jill. Well, at least she didn't have to get eaten.

The little girl's mom let her choose a new treat, and she ended up leaving with Chuck, the delicious cherry turnover. As he was being carried out the door, Chuck looked at Jill and started to cry. He said to himself, "That poor little girl never got a chance at life." He was in so much pain for little Jill that he didn't even realize the little girl had taken the first bite of him.

When the girl took the first bite, she said, "Yum, the best cherry turnover I've ever had!"

Carlos was happy. It had been a successful day for him and the shop, as he'd sold a lot of treats. He couldn't wait until tomorrow. The pastries were very sad, not only did their good old friend Chuck leave them, but a lot of other friends did too.

The End