

Mr. Flodstrom and the Muffin Machine

(That Makes Clones, Not Muffins)

*By William Warnell 7M*



From Google Images

The date was, wait, what day was it yesterday? Well whatever yesterday was it happened then, I was heading to Mr. F's room to get my minerals that I lent him to show the 6th graders. He didn't tell me where he was putting them, just that he was putting them somewhere safe. So I needed to get them back before my mom freaked out because I took her emerald necklace. When I got down to Mr. F's room he was already in his car leaving. I decided to follow him.

If I had known that he was going to Starved Rock I wouldn't have followed him because man was I tired by the time we got there. Luckily I have been working on an all legs workout, so I slept and ran at the same time. When he got out of his car he looked around to see if he was being followed, I was behind a bush catching my breath so he couldn't see me. He started walking into the forest once he thought the coast was clear. I figured, what the heck, I'm already this far, so I followed him into the woods.

We were walking about 15 yards from each other for at least a mile when Mr. F pulled out a small, black remote and hit a button. Once he hit it a bunker appeared out of nowhere! He walked in and closed the door almost all the way. I ran up and stopped the door before it could close. I stuck my head in the door to see what was happening.

Mr. F grabbed an old, frail looking gerbil and put it in front of a spooky looking laser, and zapped the gerbil. Instantly, the gerbil looked like it was 3 months old. Mr. F then put the gerbil inside of a muffin shaped contraption and hit a big, red button on it. Then he poured a gallon of sunflower oil into a tube that was attached to the machine and started meditating, the machine started to glow and hum when suddenly 30 gerbils popped out of the sunflower oil tube.

“Eureka, I did it, I did it.” He yelled. That’s when, (against my better judgment) I barged into the lab.

“What just happened and where are my minerals?” I asked.

At this Mr. F practically jumped out of his skin. He grabbed a sheet and covered the machine and the gerbils as best as he could.

“Who are you and what are you doing here?” he asked.

“I’m a girl scout selling cookies.” I said sarcastically.

”In that case, I’ll have three boxes of thin min... wait, is that you Will”

“Of course it’s me,” I yelled because I was starting to get irritated, “what the heck just happened?”

“Well” he said “It all started in the fall of ’96” the world started going wavy as if he were having a flashback “ I had just opened the Starved Rock casino in Las Vegas. Mrs. Sunken, the math teacher, walked in and started gambling, but because she wasn’t a math genius yet she lost all of her money. She asked if a gerbil was acceptable payment.

‘Why not?’ I said. And then she lost. Now I had a gerbil and I didn’t know what to do with it. So I decided to become a mad scientist. My first invention was a machine to keep the gerbil young so that if something went wrong in an experiment I could just zap him back. That’s when I realized that if this machine fell into the wrong hands it could spell disaster for the world.”

“No,” I said, “d-i-s-a-s-t-e-r f-o-r t-h-e w-o-r-l-d, that’s how you spell disaster for the world.” Mr. F gave me a disapproving look and went back to his story.

“So I started looking for a lab. I had heard rumors of an old, Cold War bunker in Starved Rock, so I decided to look there. It took me three months of metal detecting, but I found it. I built a cloaking device to keep the bunker hidden, and it worked until the government found out. They told me that I had two choices I could go to prison for owning property on state land, trespassing, and illegal scientific work, or I could help them solve a problem plaguing the world. Apparently some money hungry lumberjacks chopped down the last cacao tree and now the world’s chocolate supply was running low. I had to invent a cloning device to clone chocolate bars.

'Why couldn't they plant a pod from the dead tree?' I asked.

'Because that would make too much sense' Is what the government told me.

After that I got to work right away. I finally got it working when you came barging in here pretending to be a girl scout." Then the world went wavy and suddenly everything was back to normal.

"Does the gerbil have a name?" I asked.

"Raelf," said Mr. F "Raelf the Rodent."

"What will you call the clones?" I questioned.

" How about the Muffin Minions?" Mr. F suggested.

"That sounds awesome!" I said.

Suddenly Mrs. sunken busted through a window in the windowless bunker, dressed like a ninja and yelling "hie-yah!", and "Boo-ya-ca-sha!"

"What the heck are you doing you crazy lady?!?" I asked

"I came to get Raelf back, aaaand I just realized that he is probably dead. It has been 19 years and all, and gerbils only live 2-8 years."

Just then she noticed a clone crawl out from under the sheet.

"Raelf!!!!" She screeched.

"kind of...," Mr. F mumbled. "I'll tell you what happened if you explain to me how you jumped through a window in a windowless bunker afterwards." Then he re-explained the whole thing to Mrs. Sunken.

"Now," Mr. F said " how did you jump through a window in this windowless bunker."

"That was easy," Mrs. Sunken said, " I simply tracked you through a tracker I installed in your lunch, followed you to this location. By the way your bunker is visible. After I got in through the open door I held up a piece of glass, broke it, fell on my face, and started screaming because I saw a umbrella shaped demon that turned into Mrs. Anderson."

"I assure you there is no umbrella shaped demon and Mrs. Anderson knows nothing of this location" Mr. F said

"Any way, I challenge you to a game of blackjack, I will deal, If I win I get to take Raelf home." Mrs. Sunken said confidently.

"What happens if I win?" Mr. F asked.

" If you win I will quit teaching forever." Mrs. Sunken stated.

"Agreed." Mr. F said calmly.

Mrs. Sunken laid out her first two cards the first one face down and the second one face up. Her face up card was the king of hearts. then Mr. F was dealt the nine of diamonds and the ace of spades.

"Ha that's 20! there's no way you can beat me now!" Mr. F Exclaimed

Mrs. Sunken flipped over her down-facing card to reveal-

"The ace of hearts!!!" Mrs. Sunken yelled "That's 21!!! Blackjack!"

Unfortunately during the game one of the Muffin Minions disappeared ,but in the end Mrs. Sunken got Raelf and lifetime use of the younger ray. Mr. F didn't go to jail, and I got to keep one of the Muffin Minions as long as I never tell a soul about this whole thing.... Don't tell anyone that I told you this... Ever. >:-l I'm watching you.

**The end.**

(for more info on the umbrella demon read daniel's paper)