

Grades 3–4: Grand Prize  
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### Pizza of the Dead

One day an unknown caller that never called before decided to place a delivery order for double-sided pizza. The local pizzeria made it as fast as they could and Tim was dispatched to deliver the pizza to 9th street in the 49277 zip code. He was supposed to go to the 2nd house on the left, but the caller wasn't clear about the address, so Tim ended up at the 2nd house on the right...putting him at the wrong house!

Tim, not knowing he was at the wrong house, dinged the ding dong doorbell. As he stood there waiting, the door slowly creaked open into a dark hallway. Tim looked around and started blabbing, "Hi! I'm Tim from Plenti-Pizza WITH YOUR ORDER!" But no one was there—the door had opened all on its own! Tim was getting really curious and as he leaned his head forward, a great big white boney hand grabbed him and dragged him into the house, shutting the door behind him.

"Help!" screamed Tim. As he panicked, he began to feel faint but at the last instant he regained his bravery and calmed himself. "Okay," Tim said to himself. "Time for me to be Brave Tim!" But just at the moment, a skeleton came out of a closet to introduce itself.

"Hi! My name is Slim!" said the skeleton while extending a boney hand.

"Oh, Hi," said Tim. Just as he was about to shake the scary hand, he caught himself and shrieked, "YIKES!"

Tim bounded up the staircase, pizza in hand, where more doors were waiting. He opened one door that lead to a two-story drop into a poisonous graveyard! "Not that way!" thought Tim. He opened another door that lead to a dungeon. "Good grief, how do I get out of here?" Tim screamed aloud. "And this pizza is getting really cold!" It was then, dear reader, that Tim realized he was in no ordinary house—this was a haunted house!

Tim looked around and then said to no one in particular, "Do you know any way out?" At that moment, the windows crashed and shattered, to be followed by a hollow voice, "Yes, we know the way out, but how will we tell you?"

"Just tell me!" cried Tim.

"Okay. Just follow the spider," said the hollow voice.

"Say what?"

"FOLLOW THE SPIDER!"

"Uh okay!" said Tim. He located the spider, which was easy because it was 12 feet tall and 600 pounds. The spider crashed its way through the house, knocking over the TV and refrigerator in the process. At the back door, the spider turned to get a bite.

“Here! Eat this pizza, it’s probably too cold by now!” said Tim.

He threw it at the giant spider, which grabbed it from mid-air and gobbled it up in 3 bites.

“Yummy!” said the spider in spider-talk which to Tim sounded like “Eee-eee-eee-oot!” The spider rubbed its belly with two legs while standing on the remaining six. “You may go now, Brave Tim,” said the spider, in English.

Tim made his escape to freedom in the backyard and promised to never go back to that crazy, haunted house!