First Last Name

Mrs. Aman

English 1

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Creative Writing: Wasted!

It was a cold, dark night. Apples shivered their smooth red skin off while oranges felt like peeling themselves because they couldn’t concentrate. Strawberries turned to blueberries and grapes jumped off of the top shelf till they hit the ground and wined.

“When is anyone going to open the refrigerator and look down at us with their gleaming eyes of grace and eat us?” said lemon.

“Stop being sour” said the banana, “your attitude makes me want to peel myself.”

“Stop it” said the apple, “your voices are going to cause me to jam!”

“Stop being a freakin crab apple!” said the strawberry

“Stop fighting! You guys make me depressed!” wined the grape.

“Hey! Depression is a real thing that millions of people suffer from every single year!” yelled the blueberry as it jumped in anger and hit the pumpkin.

“Oww!” bellowed the brown pumpkin.

The blueberry looked up to pumpkins eyes and said apologetically “Sorry.”

“Its ok.” Said the pumpkin, “just bruised me a little, one little pumpkin patch should do.”

“Hey, how about a little joke to cheer you up?” said the celery. The celery cleared its green strings and and then said, “What fruit is square and green… A lemon in disguise!”

“Everyone looked at celery and cringed.”

“I think you just killed like half of the very little brain cells that I have with that dumb joke of yours.” Said the lemon

“Yah well I don’t think that you could do any better!” celery exclaimed

“No one even likes you and your healthy freaking zero-calorie body anyway Mr. Comedian man that only tastes good with veggie dip. Nobody likes those annoying strings of your that always get stuck in your teeth. Face it, nobody likes veggies!” yelled the lemon

“You’re being sour again Mr. Lemon” pronounced the half eaten burger near the top shelf.

“Are you assuming my gender Burger Boy? Now get down here so I can beat your buns!

“Sure!” said the burger, “square up!”

“Gladly!” Bellowed the lemon shaking the whole refrigerator with his loud voice.

“Guys!” screamed the orange, “can’t we all just…”

“Just what?” said the apple.

Just then, a loud stomping noise was heard up from somewhere out in the distance yonder from outside the refrigerator. The noise of a slow big being walked up and stopped planting its feet right outside the refrigerator door. Then, the lights turned on and the door started to creep open.

“Shh, everyone be quiet.” Whispered the squashed grapes.

“Dang what is the awful smell?” exclaimed the middle-aged man.

“It’s probably just you Josh from your workout.” said a woman far off in the distance.

“I don’t think it’s me honey, I mean do I really smell like a diaper?”

“Well, maybe it’s just fruit or something in the fridge that spoiled.”

Then, the man squatted down to expose a rotting pumpkin in the back of the last layer in the fridge.

“Man, how long has that been in there?”

“What is it?” asked the woman

“It’s a freaking pumpkin!” Exclaimed the man, “How long ago was Halloween?”

The next thing that the fruit knew was that pumpkin was taken by the evil Human being named Josh and was yeeted vigorously into the garbage can by the man. A scared and quiet shriek was heard by the pumpkin as it flew through the air for all the other fruits and veggies (and others) to see. A loud thud was heard as the poor pumpkin was painfully squashed against the side of the garbage can by the sheer force of the man throwing him away. The other foods laid there in horror as the torturous yet quiet screams were heard by the pumpkin as the man closed the door to the trash engulfing the pumpkins cries once and for all never to be heard again. Every one of the foods then shivered from fear as the man came to the fridge again leaving them with only hope that they wouldn’t ever be thrown away like the innocent pumpkin that was never eaten.

“Did you throw it away?” asked the woman.

“Yes dear,” said the man as he grabbed the half eaten burger and the celery. “I will take the burger but not the celery!” (The lemon snickered in the background)

“Hooray!” Yelled the Burger (yet somewhat quietly).

The man shut the door and the lights turned off. After that, the apple and orange had a quiet conversation.

The apple asked, “Do you think that we’ll be thrown out like that?”

“No,” said the orange, “Only spoiled foods get thrown away… Right?”

“Yah!” said the orange, “I mean that would just be stupid to throw away good food.”

Meanwhile, the celery sat in the corner of the bottom shelf in shock.

“Told you nobody liked you!” exclaimed the lemon as he laughed hysterically.

The celery became angry at lemons mean comment and lunged at lemon just as a young grape was passing by to get to its mother.

“You monster!” yelled the green grapes mother.

The grape began to wine.

“He should have looked where he was going!” the celery bellowed. “Kids these days, geesh!”

Next, the door seemed to randomly open as a young woman’s face appeared illuminated by the blinding bright lights of the fridge.

“I’m feeling like grapes today!” exclaimed the young lady.

“Why do I care?” the young man far behind her said as he shoved a handful of buttery cookies in his mouth.

“I don’t know, maybe for you to realize that that eating healthy is the right way to go? I am your older sister by the way and have a little more knowledge than you after all.

“Well what knowledge do you have that causes you to eat healthy?” Asked the boy

“Well… I’m fat.” Said the girl expressing.

The young boy stopped for a minute and then began laughing so hard that tears were coming from down his eyes.

“What?” asked the girl.

“Bruh, you’re literally skin and bones and look very mal-nourished. Also, what is up with every single girl thinking that she is fat these days?” exclaimed the boy.

The girl sighed, the looked down at the grape she was about to eat and shrieked in horror.

“What is it?” asked the boy.

“I think,” she paused dramatically, “I think that this grape is spoiled!” she yelled as she yeeted it into the garbage can.

“Dang!” yelled the boy in aww, “Somebody’s a baller!”

“Not my baby!” screamed the mother grape as her son flew across the air screaming till it hit the side of the garbage can and wined.

“Wait,” said the girl, “if that one was spoiled than that means that the others must be spoiled to!”

“Oh no.” Shrieked the grapes as one by one they all ended up resting in peace inside the garbage can with all the other good wasted food that lied inside the trash.

“We better go tell mom to buy more fresh grapes!” yelled the young boy.

They then closed the door to the refrigerator and skedaddled yonder away from the shocked foods in the fridge. Nobody said anything for a minute, no one could understand why anyone would throw away perfectly good grapes.

“This is all your fault celery!” yelled the lemon, “You murderer!”

“Well, it’s not my fault that people these days throw out perfectly good foods.” Celery said.

“What is wrong with all you veggies!” exclaimed the apple, “You guys think that you’re always right and never take responsibility for your actions!”

“I say we tear his strings out and snap him in half!” said sour lemon.

“Let’s group up and make him pay!” Yelled a lonely pear

“Let’s jam him!” exclaimed a bright red strawberry.

At that moment all of the other veggies started to hear all of the commotion and began to run over to assist the celery stick.

“What is wrong with you dumb fruits always being so acidic and sour?” said the dark green broccoli

“Maybe it’s time we show you who really is the popstars around here!” the yellow corn exclaimed.

“Lettuce beat him up!” Said the lettuce and the beat simultaneously.

The tensions raised as either side waited for the other side to throw a punch. The tomatoes waited eagerly in the upper shelf waiting to see which side would win, it was the showdown of the century.

Then, out of nowhere, a loud bang was heard from a punch somewhere around the refrigerator, neither side knew who had done it. Regardless of whoever which side threw it, both sides knew that the fight was on (It is still known to this day as the punch heard around the fridge).

The fruits immediately attacked squashing the poor spaghetti squash that stood in their path. The veggies immediately shot back with a full line filled with artichokes that choked everything that tried to cut through in the process, some of the unlucky blueberries and strawberries didn’t know this and tried to break through unsuccessfully. There was about ten minutes of more carnage until all of a sudden the lights turned on in the fridge as the door slowly crept open. All of the fighters in the bottom shelf arena stopped fighting immediately. The foods looked up to see a middle-aged women looking down at them with a very shocked expression on her face.

“Josh,” she said, “you better come see this.”

Josh quickly ran to the kitchen to look in the fridge and see food all over the place with some being cut up and squashed.

“Looks like we’ve got something getting into our fridge!” Josh exclaimed, “I’ll call a guy to come check it out but first, let’s get rid of all of our food so that the animal or whatever it is doesn’t come back.”

“But Josh, we won’t have any more food.” She said.

“It’s ok Nicole, we can buy more.” Josh said calmly.

It all happened too quickly for all of the remaining foods to remember. They could only recall watching one another being thrown away into the garbage one by one until they were all gone. None of them fought their way to freedom because they knew that it would be no use. No food that has ever lived has come even close to fighting their way out of being thrown away. It was very sad for most of the food because most of them were fresh fruit that should have been eaten but didn’t. There was no hope for any of them. The next thing that happened was them being taken out of the house that they lived in and thrown in a garbage truck that took them away to a landfill were they would rot and rot until every last bit of them was gone. They had been wasted.

“Dang, everything had happened so fast!” exclaimed the strawberry.

“I know,” said the corn, “One moment we had such a good chance of being on a dinner plate and now we’re here left to die inside this messy landfill.”

“I wonder where my twin went,” said the little pear

“She’s probably somewhere else around here rotting like the rest of us sweetie.” Said the depressed blueberry.

“Wait, guys, look ahead of us yonder!” Yelled the Banana.

All of the foods looked up to see millions and tons of other fruits and veggies mixed with other wasted foods that have been thrown out.

“It looks to me like we’re not the only good food that was ever thrown out.” The apple said.

“Nice observation Sherlly!” Said an angry old apricot up above them that no-one noticed before. “Around 30-40% of food in the U.S., which is around 150 billion pounds of food and 200$ billion dollars of good food, is wasted each year and ends up taking a ton of space in America in landfills. Growing food also takes up more than 70% of our used water in the U.S. each year as well.”

The food looked at each other in shock.

“Wait,” proclaimed the strawberry, “Why would they waste so much good food instead of eating it or donating it to help others in need. It seems as if the humans spend too much time throwing food away that they are too busy to help others.”

“Exactly!” yelled the Apricot, “you’re exactly right.”

“Well then, maybe there is a way,” said the banana, “maybe we can…”

The banana stopped in mid-sentence and never spoke another word in his life.

“I think he split,” said the apple looking at the strawberry. There was no answer. “Strawberry?”

The apple began to frown. The apricot responded with, “Boy, nobody makes it out of here alive.”

The apple turned around to look at his new friend corn. All he saw was a pile of kernels with popcorn. “I wonder how that popcorn got there, and where is corn?” apple said to the apricot. There was no answer. He looked down to see a squashed blueberry and a pear that had passed. He was the only one that remained. He didn’t last much longer just like his other friends and before he knew it he closed his eyes and saw a bright light. He was gone. No-one had survived, and no human had changed. Or will they?

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