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## **Best Served Cold**

### Best Served Cold

Just like that, my morning went from fun and lively to feeling like I had my whole life taken away from me.

“Hey, Teddy, pass the ball! I’m open,” Will said.

Then out of nowhere, Boom! An explosion ripped through my ears.

“Hey guys, I’m going home,” I said, dreading what I might find.

I ran home as fast as my legs could take me. Our house, if you could call it that, was a pile of coal-black ruins.

There were firemen, policemen and paramedics standing in the street.

My heart felt like it was going to pop out of my chest. I saw two stretchers with blood all over the blankets that were spread over what looked to be bodies.

I ran over to the ambulance, but a paramedic stopped me.

“What are you doing so close to the scene little fella?” he said.

“Where are my parents?” I yelled.

“Let’s calm down and take some deep breaths.”

He took a good look at me.

“Wait, are you the son? You fit the description perfectly.”

“Yes, now where are my parents?” I pleaded.

“Oh, I’m sorry, but they’re gone,” he said sadly.

“What do you mean gone?” I asked.

“I mean dead, Teddy, dead. They were killed by two guys named Karloff and Chen,” he said.

I feel like I just had my heart pulled out and served to me on a platter. A few seconds later I blacked out. When I woke up, I was in the hospital surrounded by doctors. I still felt woozy when I sat up, but the doctors helped me.

One of the doctors walked over to me.

“You are okay now Teddy. You fainted. Here, drink this. It will help.”

“Well, now we are free to release you,” he said.

“Okay, thank you doctor,” I said.

“You can call me Stilton,” he said.

“Okay, Dr. Stilton. Bye,” I said.

When I walked out of the hospital, I went to my “house”.

“Where am I going to live?” I asked myself.

I went to my best friend Will’s house and knocked on the door. He answered.

All he said was, “I am so sorry.”

“I’m fine,” I said laughably, with tears dropping down my face.

“You want to come in?” he asked.

“Yes please,” I said.

We went into his house and played video games to pass time and take my mind off things, but I was killed by an explosion and burst into tears. Will patted me on the shoulder and handed me some soda and half of his burger he was eating earlier.

“Can I borrow some money? I need some to get me through the week.” I asked.

He said yes and gave me 50 dollars.

“What are you going to do?” he asked.

“I don’t know. I’ll probably roam around for a while.”

“Can I come with you? My mother wouldn’t mind?” he asked.

“No, I don’t know how far I’ll go.”

I go to the bank where my parents had worked to see if I can use the money they'd saved up.

"Oh, hello Teddy, I am so sorry to hear about your parents. I assume you are here to see if how much money your parents left for you."

"Yes I am."

"I will bring it right out."

He showed me the money my parents left, and it had a note on it that said to spend it wisely. I leave the bank and walk around for about an hour trying to figure out what to do. I hear a large rumble and I jump a little. It was my stomach. I decided to go into the grocery store and get some food. I walked in and got the first things I saw. Then I went to the cash register.

"Did you shop well, sir?" The man asked.

"Yes, I did, Jerry," I said.

"Wonderful," Jerry said.

I walked out of the store and realized that I needed a plan. I went back to Will's house for ideas for what to do next on my journey. I felt lost.

"I thought you might be back," he said.

"I just want somewhere to go where I feel like I belong."

I sat down and started eating.

"What are you planning to do?"

"My mother and I have always wanted to go to Florida," I said. "Maybe I'll go there."

"There is a train leaving tomorrow morning to Florida, and you have enough money for a ticket!" Will said, half excited half sad.

"I can't get to the station before the train leaves."

"My mom will gladly drive you."

"Florida it is."

The next morning, we woke up and we left for the train station. While we were driving, I told stories about the great times I had with my parents. When we arrived, I bought my ticket, hopped on the train, and said bye to Will and his mother.

"I'll be back someday," I said as the train pulled out of the station.

I was on my way to Florida. Inside the train there was about fifty people. There was a dining cart, where I ate breakfast, lunch and dinner.

When we arrived, I felt like I was about to start a new life. There were tall buildings, pools, lots of people and lots of tourist attractions. I walked around a little bit and saw a poster for a concert. Music has always soothed me so, I went to see it. I went into the hall of the concert and took my seat. The orchestra started playing, then out of nowhere the ground started shaking. There was screaming and terror. Some of the people in charge of the hall ran inside and told everybody to get outside. There was a stampede of people running outside. It reminded me of what my street looked like after the attack. When we got outside there were huge hunks of rock falling from the top of the building. People started driving away, but, some cars were caved in by rocks. I ran over to a frazzled policeman.

"What is going on?"

"There were two terrorists going around and knocking building's down and setting things on fire. They go by the names Karloff and Chen."

I was dumbfounded.

The police surrounded the building, but when they went inside, Karloff and Chen were gone. I went to the police station to ask for a description of the terrorist. When I arrived, there were many police officers in the station.

"Excuse me, can I have a description of the men and a diagram of where they have attacked?"

"No get out of my face."

"These people killed my parents."

"That is in the past now."

"I need to tell someone about this."

I called Will and nobody answered.

"Well that interesting. What should I do now?" I thought to myself.

The officer left the room and left the files on the table. I thought about it for a minute, but then decided to take them. I ran outside and around the corner and looked at the blueprints and files. It looked as if they are attacking at every bank in the city. After about an hour I finally connected the clues and found that they are trying to take all the money and precious artifacts in the city. They will kill anyone in their path. I opened the first file on the table. Karloff is a Russian agent born in Moscow. He was trained to protect his country, but one day turned on his own force. He killed his generals and friends.

"He is definitely not someone to mess with," I told myself.

I opened Chen's file and it said almost the exact same thing, but while he was in China, he was trained to infiltrate government bases and cause havoc around the world. Apparently, they were paired together during an operation in Germany. According to the papers they killed 200 people that day.

*These guys are no joke. Maybe I should go and check out the crime scene.*

I walked about four blocks to get to the bank. There was yellow police tape all around the building. It reminded me of my house and my parents. I almost cried, but I remembered that I was doing this for them. There were too many officers in the front, so I went to the back and quietly snuck under the police tape and into the building. I started walking and tripped over a weirdly shaped object, but I could hardly see anything because it was so dark. I turned on a light and I almost had a heart attack. What I tripped over was...a body.

*These guys are insane.*

I went upstairs to where Karloff and Chen had been.

*Apparently, the police haven't been to this area yet.*

I walked over to where they were causing most of the destruction, and my heart skipped a beat. A message was written on the wall.

"Stay out of our way kid or you will end up like your parents."

A tear rolled down my face while I looked around the room once more. My eye caught what looked like a white piece of paper. I walked over and picked it up. It had an address on it, not too far from here.

*I guess I should give this to the police.*

I looked at the message as I walked out of the room. I clenched my hand around the paper.

*That's it, I'm taking the fight to them.*

As I walked outside my I felt a sharp pain in my stomach.

"I need to take better care of myself. I haven't eaten since I was in the concert hall."

I walked down the street and found myself at a nice restaurant and thanks to my parents, I could afford it. I walked inside and was immediately stopped at the door. A large man wearing a suit and sunglasses towered above me.

"Sorry, but you're too young to come in here."

He pushed me out of the restaurant and shut the door.

"Who wears sunglasses at night," I mumbled to myself.

I looked around again and saw a rundown fast food restaurant. My stomach rumbled once more.

"Well, they probably don't have an age restriction."

I walked over to the restaurant and opened the door. A man was standing at the counter with a big smile on his face. So big it was a little creepy.

"Welcome to Wheely Shack, may I take your order," he said.

"I will have one Wheely Burger with some fries and a medium Coke," I said.

"So, you want four Wheely Burgers all with fries and drinks."

"No, I said one."

"Oh, sorry sir. You want one Wheely Burger with two fries and two drinks."

"You know what, I am hungry, so whatever."

"Your total is 50 dollars."

"For what!"

"Five Wheely Burgers, six fries, and three drinks."

I handed him the money and he brought out the food.

"Have a good day sir."

Once I was done eating, I went to a library and I got straight to work. I looked at the piece of paper and decided that I should learn about where I am going before I go. I walk down to the public libraries and use one of their computers.

"Karloff, Chen where are you hiding?"

I looked up the address and apparently it is some creepy storage building. I found a picture and printed it out. On the way out I ran into the librarian and she dropped all the papers she had in her hand.

"Oh, sorry Ma'am," I said

"No worries," she said.

I helped her pick up everything I knocked over.

"Did you find everything you were looking for?"

"Yes, I did, but I was wondering if you know anything about this place?"

I showed her the picture.

"I have been in this city for a long time. That used to be a factory where they made metal. It was running smoothly until the accident."

“What is the accident?”

“After about 20 years of that place being open something mysteriously went wrong with the machines and almost everything on the interior of the building crumbled or was on fire. If you were wondering, the reason I am putting air quotations on “the accident” is because some people thought that somebody did it on purpose. Mainly because the outside of building was unharmed and so were some things on the inside. It was almost as if someone was just trying to clear out some space. Everybody made it out alive, and that factory has been abandoned ever since.”

“Thank you, that was very helpful.”

I left the library thinking about what she said.

*How long has this been going on?*

I started walking towards the factory.

*Should I really be doing this? I could get myself killed?*

Then I thought about my motivation, my parents. After about ten minutes I reached the factory and as the librarian said, it looked abandoned. I snuck in through a side door and found that Karloff, Chen and other men in their group had their headquarters in the factory. I called the police station and told them the news.

*While I wait for them to arrive, I guess I can investigate.*

Karloff, Chen and all their friends left the room, and that was my chance to make a move. I walked towards the tables in the middle of the room and looked at the pieces of paper. They are maps with different places, circles, and very large numbers written next to them.

*These must be the places that they have already been to and how much they have gotten from each place.*

I walked around for a little longer and found different types of weapons and written strategies.

“The destruction in the building around the bank yesterday was a distraction so others could get the money.

“This is bad. They could hurt a lot of people doing this.”

“Only if they get in our way,” a deep voice said from behind me.

I turned around and a big dark figure was standing behind me, flanked by Karloff and Chen. Just after I saw him a bag went over my head.

“We can’t have you see too much, can we now?” he said.

They took the bag off my head and I was tied up in a chair.

“What did you see,” a dark shadow said.

“Not much.”

The shadow turned around and started talking to other shadows.

“What should we do with him boss?”

“He has seen all of our work. There is only one thing we can do with him. We are going to have to k . . .”

Before he finished his sentence, I heard cars pull up outside, and a bullhorn:

“Move in troops. We have to stop them here and now.”

“Did you do this kid?” the shadow asked.

“Maybe I did. Maybe I didn’t.”

“I’m going to kill this kid.”

“Boss we need to leave.”

“Fine, this is your last warning kid. Don’t get in our way.”

Just like that, they were gone. Just seconds after they left, the police busted in.

“Are you okay kid?”

“Yes.”

They continued with their search around the factory. Another officer came to untie me from this chair.

“Aren’t you the kid that came to try to get the information about these people.”

“Yes.”

“I knew I should not have given those to you. I wasn’t thinking straight. You need to let this go kid. You will get yourself killed.”

I left the building and started walking back to the main city to recover and process what just happened.

I sat on a bench and thought about my parents.

“This isn’t over yet. Their plan cannot succeed, and I will be the one to make sure it doesn’t.”