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Cake

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Cake

Haley E. Foster

Winner of Writers' Bloc Competition

She sat at the head of the table, a huge smile painted on her face. She looked around the room, her brothers both to her left, cake shoved into their mouths and smeared all over their faces. Squelch.

Her mother to her right, fork in hand, lips parted and slightly stained with blue icing. Squirm. Her father sat opposite her looking quite silly with that pointed party hat strapped tightly to his head. He had only taken a few bites, but that was enough to make her happy. How he had praised her, what a big girl she was baking the cake all by herself. Squish.

The little girl sat, cheeks stuffed like a chipmunk's with the cupcakes her mother had picked up at the store just in case the cake hadn't turned out well. The smell didn't bother her one little bit. Her brothers both to her left, their heads smashed into their plates as they both stared at each other, wide-eyed looks plastered on their faces. Her mother to her right, stomach clenched tightly in her other hand, slumped over onto the table facing her daughter. Her father sat opposite her looking quite silly with his eyes sunken into his skull and his skin all grayed. How he had praised her, what a big girl she was baking the cake all by herself.

The squelching sounds of little white maggots filled the room deafeningly as they ate away at the pizza and chicken nuggets still sitting at the center of the table. She'd have to finish the remaining cupcakes quickly before they got into those; they had already started on her brothers after all. She watched them and giggled as they left the remaining cake untouched. They were smart little bugs, such a shame her family hadn't been that smart.

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Birthday Cupcakes Maryanne Zamora