

## The Trash Can

Once upon a time there lived a little boy named Anthony McTrashcan. He lived in the United Kingdom. Anthony lived in a well taken care of house with his family the McTrashcans. Well, it all started on one very cold day. Anthony was in the trashcan as usual. Now, there is something you must know about the family; the McTrashcans trashcan was not a normal trashcan, it was a special trashcan! When the McTrashcans moved into their house, they noticed the trashcan smelled like roses and summer with hint of lavender. Young Anthony wanted the unusual trashcan to be his bedroom.

“No Anthony! You can’t have this trash can as a bed room!” Anthony’s older brother raged.

“Well I called it first Hatred Henry,” Anthony said loud and proud.

“MOM!” Henry shouted ruefully.

“Yes,” their mother, Mary McTrashcan, said with exhaustion.

Anthony talked first, “Mom I want this wonderful trashcan as a bedroom.”

“No! You can never have this as your bedroom! I’m way more big than you,” Anthony’s older brother said harshly.

“Well big bro, I’m way smarter than you and I’m...”

Anthony got interrupted by his mother’s harsh voice, “STOP!” The two children stopped dead in their tracks. “Now Anthony, you may have the trashcan as a bedroom because you thought of it first. Your brother and I will have the two big bed rooms.”

“Yes!” said Anthony

“Darn!” said Henry.

“Now will you both please go away so I can move into my trashcan?” Anthony pleaded.

Days and days went by and Anthony always spent his time in the trashcan. He got so attached to it that he made a name for the trashcan.

“Hey burrito trashcan,” Anthony’s voice called as he walked into his room from school. Anthony plugged his nose. Today it was extra smelly which meant something was wrong. His trashcan always smelled so good. He looked up and said, “Hey what’s that lever up there? I never noticed it before?”

Anthony jumped up and pulled the unusual looking lever down. Suddenly, the floor fell beneath him and he began falling through a tunnel. He banged his head so many times he fainted.

Anthony woke up to find two soccer players hovering over him.

“Hello mate,” one soccer player said.

Anthony just stood there.

“Umm, where in the crazy name am I?” Anthony protested.

“Oh, sorry we did not tell you before,” the other soccer player said. “You are in the Land of Soccer also known as Football.”

Anthony touched his clothes, and he realized he wasn't in his regular clothes. He was in a burrito costume!

“Excuse me. Why am I in a burrito costume?”

“Well, when anyone new comes into town they are always our new mascot,” Number 42 said.

“U-mmm when will I be able to go back to my world?” Anthony asked a bit

confused.

“Well, of course you may go back, but you have to help us find something first,” another soccer player said.

“Look kid, you really want us to tell you why you’re here?” the coach of The Burritos team called out.

“Yes, well of course. Am I in a different planet or world? I need answers!” Anthony frantically.

“Young boy,” the coach said. “Let us take you to soccer town, and we will tell you everything.”

“Are you sure I can trust you?” Anthony asked.

“Oh yes very much. Like you can trust your mother,” the coach insisted.

“Oh all right,” Anthony said nervously.

As they walked away Anthony looked around. What he saw was nothing like he had ever seen before. He saw trees with orange leaves and black bark on them. He looked up towards the sky and saw cows flying. In fact, he saw all land animals flying. Animals that normally flew were walking. How strange Anthony thought.

“Boy, what’s your name?” the coach asked very calmly.

“Anthony. What’s yours?”

“Just call me Coach. That’s my name.”

“Okay, Coach, may you please tell me why I am here now?” Anthony kindly asked.

“Uh, kid, you really want me to tell you why you’re here? Kid, you’re here because we need you. We need you now!”

“What? That doesn’t make sense. Nobody has ever needed me before.” Anthony said a bit embarrassed, but proud at the same time.

“Well, we do! We need you because the evil soccer players are taking over our soccer territory. They have taken a field and hidden it from us! We know you are brilliant at finding lost things,” Coach said pleadingly.

“It’s true,” Anthony said proudly. “Like once my brother lost his homework, and I found it. Hint, hint. It was shoved in the couch, and my dad had sat on it.”

“Kid, yah know you’re thinking out loud, right?”

“Oh, umm I? Oops, sorry,” Anthony said a bit embarrassed.

“Oh don’t worry about it,” Coach said reassuringly.

“C-coach. What should I do to help you guys?” Anthony asked eagerly.

“Well kid, you got to look for clues.”

“Clues,” said Anthony with excitement. “Do you have an example of what the evil soccer players look like?”

“Yes!” Coach clapped his hands twice. One of the soccer players came in and brought a picture. He handed it to Anthony. Anthony gasped.

“I know. They look vicious!” exclaimed the soccer player.

“Coach, where should I start looking?” questioned Anthony.

“I will show you. Follow me.”

Coach brought him to the spot where he said the soccer field was last seen.

Anthony spotted the first clue right away.

“Coach, I found the first clue!”

“Really? Where?”

“It’s simple. They want you to find the field.”

“But how?”

“Easy. When I look down I see G. When I look up it shows O. That’s GO.

They obviously want to either capture us or it’s a test. Sir, when was the last time you saw one of these soccer players?”

“Well, on an island across from here.”

Coach took Anthony there. Again, Anthony looked up and saw an R. He looked down and saw an I. He looked straight and on a peculiar boat saw a G. He looked behind him and birds were making an H. Then out of the blue a book fell, and on the cover was a T.

“Oh of course we go right!”

“Wake up. Wake up!” Anthony heard someone yell.

“Huh? What happened?” asked Anthony a bit confused.

“You missed school because you were in such a deep sleep. You must have fallen and hit your head on something. You’ve been out for an entire day!” Anthony opened his eyes and found his mother stroking his head with her hand.

“What a dream!” Anthony exclaimed.

“Sweetie, you can tell me all about it after you get something to eat. You must be starving, but now you need to get up!” His mother left and Anthony closed his eyes falling back into a deep sleep. He found coach waiting for him.

“Hey kid. It’s about time you got back down here.”

“I know. Sorry, my mother woke me up.”

“Yes she did. Now you were saying go right I suppose.”

“Yup.”

Coach and Anthony went diving into the water, to the right of course. They spotted the soccer field. The evil soccer players were clapping for him.

“Huh?” Anthony gasped a bit confused. He couldn’t figure out why they were clapping for him.

“Oh kid, we were testing you, and you passed. You have to go. Your mother is trying to wake you up. Boy, make sure to visit again. We need you. You can always visit us in your dreams. Just think about us before falling asleep, and leave the rest to us.”

Anthony now visits them every two nights. He was eventually welcomed to the team where his number was 25. He is the best soccer player on the team. It all happened because of that magical burrito trashcan.

“Good bye, kid. See you soon.”