

# Jake and the Magic Tacos

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## (Adaptation of Jack and the Beanstalk)

Once upon a time there was a poor kingdom called Spice Ville. In that small poor kingdom lived a small poor family; the Johnsons. In that family was a sick mother, a lumberjack father, and a 12-year old boy named Jake. One gloomy day, Jake was sent to the market by his father to get some food for his mother. Once he got to the town, he saw that there were many things that he could buy with four cows. There were enchiladas, burritos, and all the spices that you could imagine!

But the one thing that caught Jake's eye was the taco stand. It didn't have any bright colors, crowds, or even a nice look to it. It was the sign that was luring Jake towards the stand. As he looked around, he could see no kids in the marketplace, just adults. The sign on the taco stand read, '*Magic Tacos, Only Costs 1 Cow Per Taco!*'. A creepy looking dude popped up behind the stand. "Young boy," the creepy man said, "these are special tacos. You shall not eat them. You shall bury them in the ground. OK?" Jake thought that was crazy, but he believed him. He bought four tacos.



As Jake approached his house, he realized that he had no food for his mother. His father was going to be crazy mad! Jake had to think fast. But it was too late. His father came out of the house and stepped onto the front porch. He told Jake to come inside. Then he asked what was inside of the bag that Jake was holding. Jake didn't answer. Jake's father took the tacos out of the bag. "Perfect!" his dad

exclaimed. “Your mother loves these things.” But before Jake could say anything, his father had handed the tacos to his mother and she had gobbled them all up.

Jake stood silently and stared at his mother, like he was expecting something odd to happen. For about a minute, all three Johnsons were glancing weirdly at each other. Finally, Mr. Johnson said, “Okay, Jake. Time for bed.” Jake nodded and walked over to his room. Once he had climbed into the haystack bed, he couldn’t sleep. He kept thinking about his sick mother. What would happen to her? Or was the magic tacos thing just a trick? Suddenly, he heard a noise. It was coming from his mother’s room. He ran over and opened the door quietly. What Jake saw there was amazing. His mother was sound asleep with her mouth open. Coming out of her mouth was a GIANT taco tower that made a hole through the ceiling. The tower was so big, Jake couldn’t even see the top of it. There was only one thing for Jake to do—climb it.

Jake kept climbing and climbing for what seemed like ages. Finally, he saw land. Or at least he thought it was land. It kind of looked like a cloud. Jake reached out, expecting his hand to go right through the cloud. But it didn’t, and he jammed his finger. “OW!” Jake yelled. “Hm?” A tiny voice came from the distance. *Uh oh*. It sounded like Jake had just woken someone up. He was just about to make a run for it back down the taco tower, when he saw something that caught his eye—a giant gleaming gold monkey.

Jake couldn’t resist. He just HAD to get his hands on that monkey. Jake realized that there were other taco towers around, not just the one he had climbed up. He tiptoed over to where the golden monkey was resting. Jake froze as he heard the small, scratchy voice again. “FUM FOE FI FEE,” the voice said. Suddenly, a very small midget—about a foot tall—ran towards Jake from out of nowhere.

“YAHHHHH! DON’T TOUCH MY MONKEY!!!! !!!!!!!!!!!” After that loud and screechy scream, the midget is bending over and panting and sweating. Jake lets





out a subtle laugh. “NO, NO, NO!!!!” the midget shouted, “PLEASE DON’T TAKE MY PET—I MEAN... UH... DON’T TAKE MY GOLDEN MONKEY OR I WILL EAT YOU ALIVE!” For some reason, this startled Jake. He accidentally dropped the sleeping golden monkey down one of the taco towers. “NOOOOO!!!!!!!!!! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!?!?!?” Jake was frozen in guilt. The midget ran over to the taco tower, let out a shrill cry, and then ran away. *This is my chance!* Jake thought. He quickly climbed down the taco tower that was closest to him.

Jake climbed all the way down and found himself in the middle of Spice Ville. Jake sprinted all the way home yelling his parents’ names. Finally, he reached his house and rushed inside. “Mom! Dad! You’ll never believe this! There was a taco tower, and a dwarf and a golden monkey and—” Before Jake could finish his sentence, he realized that his house didn’t look the same. There were fancy curtains and laced red silk carpet. Also, his mother was walking! Was Jake dreaming? “Oh, hello son, there you are! You are just in time for dinner!” Jake looked over into the kitchen and saw a fancy long table set beautifully with a feast. “Dad? What’s going on? Where did all this stuff come from? Why is Mother walking healthily?” Jake’s mother and father laughed. “You wouldn’t believe it,” his mother started, “All of a sudden, a golden monkey fell out of the sky and landed in your father’s arms. Then we sold it for a TON of money! We were able to pay for all these fancy things, and more importantly, good health insurance!” Jake smiled, sat down, talked happily with his family, and enjoyed the feast.

THE



END