

## The Coffee Shop - Harry, Year 5, VIC

Ding! Dong! The wooden door creaked open as the strong smell of delicious coffee filled the air. Jack's spiky blonde hair waved in the air as his thoughts about coffee filled his head like a water bottle.

Jack stepped into the rustic room with a hanging sign that read "Whitehouse Coffee," staring at the black Coffee machine. A smile formed on his face. He wore a red T-shirt, brown shoes and a pair of blue jeans to compliment it. His natural features were his blue eyes and peach skin. He walked towards the counter, salivating for his daily Whitehouse Coffee. He emptied his pockets, spilling a coin or two, and took a sip out of his delicious morning energizer.

He was very cheeky, and sometimes slightly crazy, which he probably got from drinking so much coffee. On top of this, Jack was truly a very warm person.

Whitehouse coffees were simply the best, especially in the morning.

After he had consumed his coffee, he felt strange, and strong. He suddenly felt a burst of adrenaline pulsating aggressively through his veins. His red T-shirt sleeves were torn off by his huge muscles that he had grown. He felt brave, and unusually strong. Suddenly, his biceps had beefed up.

"Don't panic," said John, the employee. "Everyone here has a superpower too. We've given you powers to stop the Decaf Company. They forced us to sell their decaf, which turns people into decaf Zombies!"

After hearing the news, Jack decided to go for a walk. He put his hands in his blue pockets, whistled, and stared at the clouds.

*What just happened? thought Jack. Why is the Decaf Company doing this? Why can't the Whitehouse Coffee Shop just say no? And what's the cost if they don't accept the Decaf? And what is a Decaf Zombie?*

All of these thoughts were incomprehensible to Jack, so he just rolled with the confusion, trying not to go too deep and get even more confused.

As he was walking, he spotted a strange looking figure on the other side of the street. The figure had the same shape of any normal human, but they were in a leaning position, with arms reaching out. They had pale grey skin and yellow teeth and light-yellow eyes with black emotionless pupils. They made strange grunting noises and walked weirdly, just like a Zombie. But then it came to him: Reaching arms, pale skin, yellow eyes: It was a Decaf Zombie!

"Decaf Zombie!" Jack shouted. He sprang into action, dashing as fast as time.

He alerted the others, telling them to take action. He assembled the team of 14: Laser Eyes, Mind Reader, Sword Fighter, The Waker-Up-Er (Probably the most useful against Decaf Zombies), Smarty Pants, THE EMPLOYEE, The Puncher, Baby Boomer, The Dash, The Trickster, Reality Doodler, The Imitator, Coo-Coo Coffee-Er, and Super Strength (Jack).

But, by the time they got there, a ring of Decaf Zombies had suddenly formed around them. There were sounds of groaning blasting into Jack's little ears. They thought it was over. Jack closed his eyes, shielding himself from the terrible sights and transformations of the Decaf Zombies

He peeped into the scene with his eyes for the terror to be finished, but surprisingly, nothing was happening, and the terror never started in the first place.

The zombies had passed everyone. Everyone, except Jack.

His heart sprinted in him, as fast as a plane. The terror, rushing through him like it had never before. He tried to back away, but he fell to the ground, pushing his body with his hands. He could have punched the Decaf Zombies, but he didn't want to.

And at the moment of it all, he was bitten.

His heart dropped. Shock had overcome his entire body. He couldn't think. He wouldn't think. It was all over for Jack. It was his end.

But something strange happened. He felt in control of himself. He felt energetic (Like normal) and not tired. His heart went back together.

He was not affected!

This was because he drank so much coffee. He had six coffees a day! And no matter how many times he was bitten, he appeared to be with eyes open.

The team loaded their arms with coffee and launched the ammo at the dull Zombies. The Zombies collapsed and transformed back into Humans, but they were still needy of caffeine.

Jack ran into the shop and brought hundreds of coffees. He got some sugary chocolate and chucked it in half of the coffees. He called this chocolate delight a Mocha. For the other half, he chucked in some caramel (which is melted sugar) and called this sugary energizer a Frappuccino.

Jack threw these creations at the half-Human Decaf Zombies. The zombies transformed into regular, energetic Humans.

Jack and his team had saved the day! Almost... There was one more thing to do: To shut down the Decaf Company, and with that, they proposed a Court Case.

The next day was the day of the case. Jack had arrived perfectly on time.

*Knock, knock!* The judge swiftly banged his hammer on the wooden table. He had peach skin, blue eyes, wore brown shoes and a black gown and a white, curly wig.

“Jack,” boomed the Judge swiftly. “You are here to prosecute the ‘Decaf Company,’ right?”

“Yes,” replied Jack.

“Give us your evidence,” snapped the Judge. His voice was quite posh and deep, and he liked to say things quite quickly, but he always liked to use a slower voice for good suspense and emotion.

Jack told him the whole story. “And that’s why you should sue the Decaf Company,” Jack said in his persuasive voice. Jack’s voice was always quite light and fluffy and he always spoke at a regular pace.

“Decaf Zombies!?” said the Judge in disbelief, speaking quite slowly for his pace. “You’ve got to be kidding yourselves. What a load of rubbish. The opposition wins. Case closed.”

But then, something fascinating happened.

“Boo!” shouted the crowd.

“I saw the whole thing,” said someone in the crowd. “It’s real! I saw it happen! Drink it yourself if you want evidence!”

“Yeah,” agreed another person in the crowd. “Decaf Zombies are real! The Decaf company is intelligent, but they used it for the wrong use. Jack speaks the truth!”

Soon, everyone agreed that Jack was not lying.

*Knock, knock!* “Silence!” the Judge shouted. “Okay, okay. You win, Jack. The Decaf Company will now officially be torn down.”

“Yay!” the crowd cheered. Jack had won and the Decaf Company had been sued. He had won the case.

Jack still drinks coffee and he keeps his powers a secret. So does the rest of the team. The Decaf Company is also a secret, but you are lucky because that is what this story is about.

The lesson of the story is to not drink Decaf that turns you into a Decaf Zombie... Or something else.

So, that wraps up the story, and Jack is still crazy, just like an iPad under a thunderstorm.

Now, that's a special coffee shop!