

The Ceremony

It was Arthur who spoke next. And, in a way, it was because it was one of my best friends who said it, that made it that bit worse.

"All you've got to do is eat these."

My hands twitched and I was going to pull my blindfold off, but they were grabbed by hard fingers. I wriggled but couldn't do anything.

"Come on," said Arthur. His voice was a bit quieter, more friendly and I knew he wanted me in.

I swallowed, but my throat was dry and it hurt. Something cold and slimey touched my lips. Ugh! My insides rolled over and my mouth filled with bitter tasting water. I opened my mouth and fingers pushed in a worm. I felt its cold body slide down my throat. Now I felt I really would be sick. I couldn't swallow, but fingers were already pushing in another. Together they went down. All I could taste were the dirty fingers that tasted of bike oil. It was horrible but at least it stopped me thinking of the worms. I coughed and spat out the taste.

"That's it then," said Georgie.

"Well done," said Arthur, "you're one of us now."

A few others said, "Well done", too. My hands were let go and I took off the blindfold.

Everyone was grinning and I felt a lovely warm glow come over me. For the first time I realised just how scared I'd been. They all started to chat at once and I was one of the gang.

A fat boy came up to me. He held a dirty old spaghetti tin in his hand and I saw that his fingers were all oily.

"You were very brave," he said and I laughed with happiness.

I was really glad to see what I had been

eating. It was a good trick though. You try it for yourself – cold spaghetti feels just like worms when you put it in your mouth. I was blindfolded and dizzy too.

On the way home I was still excited. I couldn't believe that I'd really done it. All that worrying and being really scared and at last I'd passed the ceremony. I was in.

Arthur was chatting to me friendlier than ever. I felt I had to tell him what I'd really felt like.

"You know," I said, and I tried to sound as if I was dead calm, "for a bit I thought they were real."

"What?"

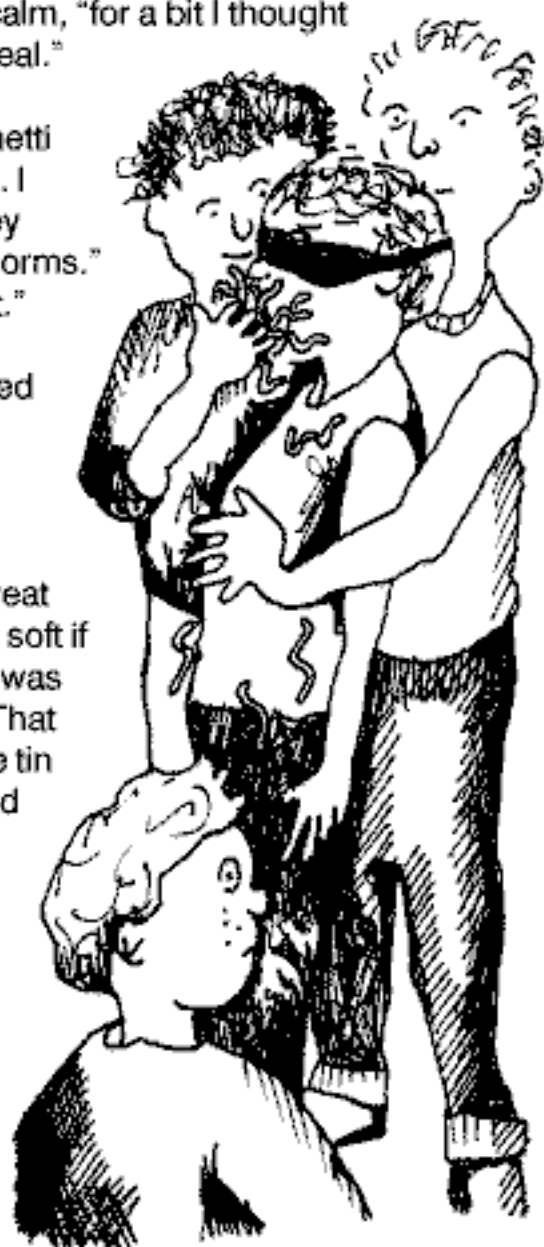
"The spaghetti from the tin. I thought they were real worms."

"You're soft."

"Yeah, but I soon realised and when I saw the tin, well, then I knew."

"No, you great fool. You're soft if you think it was spaghetti. That was just the tin we collected the worms in."

From: 'The Ceremony' by Martin Copus.



First Person Accounts
The Ceremony



Writing
Frame

Name: _____ Date: _____

Remember to write this account in the first person as the character of Arthur

My name is _____ I want to tell you about the day when...

What had the gang planned to do?

Explain what had happened to Terry with the blindfold.

What did they make Terry do?

How did Terry feel later?

Finish off by letting Arthur explain the truth!