

The Cooking Contest

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There was a little boy named Eric. He was 8 years old. Ever since he was 3 years old he loved to cook and so on. There was a person handing out yellow pieces of paper. He went over to grab one... Then one of his classmates ran up to him and said "Why would you enter this contest. You will never win even if you try your hardest!!!" Eric didn't listen to him. He went over and grabbed one and read "Cooking contest near you. On January Saturday the 5th, 2015, on Red Block road at 5:00 to 9:00 pm." The next day he got up at 5:00 am. He knew if he wanted to win then he would have to train and train. He practiced by making breakfast for everybody. Then he made lunch, dinner and then desert. He knew he would win he just knew. On the day he opened the door praying he would win. He saw all adults. He was very nerves. All the adults were staring at him one even asked why I was here. I just walked straight to my station. It was time. I grabbed my apron while he was counting us down. "5 4 3 2 1 start cooking a Blueberry Cake with Rice Krispy treats on top!" I thought to myself I have never made a Blueberry cake before but I will try my best. Eric began cooking his cake. At the corner of his eye he saw the kid that said he couldn't do it and his name is Floyd. Floyd was cooking and saw me. He came over and said "Stop trying you will never get it right. I'm going to win the contest. You're not going to win so just GIVE UP!" I just thought to myself about dropping out of the contest. My brain was telling me to drop out, but my heart says to just ignore him and to keep on cooking. I listened to my heart. "Just because you don't want me to win doesn't mean you can stop me from doing my dream." He just looked at me and rolled his eyes and went back to his station. I began to cook again. About 3 hours later I was almost done and the guy said "You have 10 more minutes to complete your cake." It was time I was done and the guy was counting us down "5 4 3 2 1 and hands in the air" He called on me first. I went up and set my plate down. He just looked at it and took a bite. Then he said "You may head back to your station". I went back and sat down wondering if he liked my cake. Then after he tried everybody's and then said "We have a clear winner here. This cook is very talented for their age. They may have a future in cooking. This person will get a trophy, 10,000 dollars and 4 free tickets to see Gordon Ramsey. Now for the moment you've all been waiting for the winner of this contest is Flooooo... Wait we have a mistake the real

winner is Eric! Congrats, Eric!!!” I couldn’t believe it I won. I had a huge smile on my face. Then I saw Floyd sitting down in his station. My smile was gone. I went up to him and he said “I’m sorry I just really wanted to win because my dream was to meet Gordon Ramsey. So that’s why I was being a meanie to you. Well great job you did great.” “Thanks” I said. Then I reached into my pocket and grabbed my tickets and said “Here you go. After all you’ve been through you need these.” He said “Thank you so much. You’re a great friend” Then he smiled. After that my mom picked me up and of course she asked me “Who won.” I said “I did but that doesn’t matter.” Then when I got home I went straight to Floyd’s house. He was just sitting on the couch watching T.V. Then I said “Can we be friends.” “Yes of course” he said. Then every single day we would meet up with and walk to school. I gave half of my money to Floyd and the rest to Charity. I will never forget that day. The past 10 years I was still friends with Floyd. I got a baby brother and sister. They were 2 when they discovered cooking. They loved cooking. I gave them my trophy to keep. They would cook so much. On their 7th birthday we gave them something special. When they woke up and came down stairs to their surprise they saw a cooking room for them. I was so happy. Then they saw Gordon Ramsey holding up tickets to a cooking contest in New York City. They flipped out of excitement. Then they ran over and hugged him. Mason (which is the boy) said “OMG I can’t believe it. You’re the best cook in the world. Someday I wish I could be on Master Chief.” Then he pulled out two tickets to go to Master Chief. Veronica (which is the girl) said “ I am so happy I am only seven I can’t handle all this but I am so HAPPYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!” The day was over and I was so excited because my birthday was coming up. I am turning 26 years old. On my birthday I got a scholarship to the best cooking school in Las Vegas. I was so happy. I lived a happy life. I had a blast.

The End!!!!!!!