

Author: Mia S

## *The Competition*

Becca was a twelve-year-old girl who loved to cook. Her mother owned a small food truck called “*Taco ‘Bout Love*.” After school every day she would go to help. She liked nothing better than cooking with her mother and father to serve delicious food.

Her school was just down the street in Birchwood, the small town she lived in. She was walking to the food truck on the way back from school with her friends Emilia and Liz.

“Did’ya hear the Birchwood Food Competition is back?” Emilia asked.

“Really? I thought it was done for good after the one two years back.” Becca replied curiously.

“I thought so too,” Emilia admitted. “But it’s back! And this year’s prize is 50,000 dollars!”

They walked until they saw the truck parked in front of the coast’s pier area. “Hi!” Her mother’s cheery voice greeted them. “I made some nachos with jalapenos for you.” Yum. Nachos with jalapenos were their favorite after-school snack. “Becca, could you help me make some of the food before rush hour?”

Her mother’s definition of “rush hour” was when all the kids from school came with their parents or friends. Lots of business but also lots of work.

“Mom, the Birchwood Food Competition is back!” She told her mother once they went inside the truck’s mini kitchen and started dicing the veggies.

“Oh yes. I heard.” Her mother continued dicing with a small frown on her face.

“Mom? I thought you would be more excited.” She pried.

“I am! It will be fun to watch. We could all make snacks and such.”

“Well. . . I thought we could enter in the competition!” She blurted out stopping what she was working on.

“Oh Becca. I would love that. But the fee for the competition is too much right now. We’re making it through sales enough to keep the truck, but we haven’t nearly enough to enter.” She turned towards her. “I’m sorry Becca. Maybe some other year.” She continued dicing.

Later that night, Becca lay in bed unable to sleep. *There has to be a way to get in. But just how would we get the money. . .*

“I have an idea!” She yelled as she ran down from her room to the living room the next morning. She felt as if she’d barely slept at all that night being too busy thinking up her idea.

“Becca! You scared me.” Her mother said, startled. “What’s this idea of yours now?” She asked.

“You know the annual Birchwood Fair coming up? Why don’t we make a whole special menu, make a special sale, and try to get as much money as we can!”

“What are you talking about? Slow down.”

“Sorry, but just think! If we can get the right amount of money, we could enter in the competition! And if we win, we’d have enough money to pay for any and all expenses with much to spare. Maybe we could get a bigger truck, or maybe even a restaurant!” She jumped up and down with excitement.

“You’re thinking too far ahead. What if we *didn’t* get into the competition? And even if we did, the chances of winning are *very* slim. But. . . I guess we could think about doing a sale for the fair.”

“I agree!” Her father added poking his head through the door.

“Oh thank you, thank you, thank you!” She grabbed her notebook and headed outside. The festival was in a week, so she had time to prepare. She started thinking up ideas for a themed menu. Eventually, she had an idea. *I know!* She thought happily. *What if it’s seaside themed!* Birchwood was a coastal town after all. *It could have fish tacos, anchovy pizza, nachos with anchovies, and so much more!*

She wrote everything down and shared it with her mother. They started preparing signs and fliers about their festival sale.

A few hours before the festival officially started, they prepared all the foods that would be used in the new menu. When it was almost time to start, Becca felt ready for anything. As soon as the clock tower next to the lake pier struck one, people started coming for the festival.

“Becca, me and your father can handle things here for now. Why don’t you go and enjoy the fair? I see Emilia and Liz over at *Papa Churro’s* stand. The biggest crowds come in about an hour, so try to be back here at about two o’ clock. Sound good?”

“Yes! See you then. Good luck!” She rushed off to join her friends. They ate lots of delicious foods, joined in the festivities and had a blast.

“Whoa, it’s almost two already!” She exclaimed. “I’d better head to the truck. Themed sale and all. If you come you could probably get a good place in the line.” She rushed off to the truck not waiting to see if they were coming.

“Oh good you’re here!” Her mother handed her one of the aprons hanging on the hooks. “Start taking orders please. Me and your father will handle the food.”

By 2:30 the lines were packed. She was taking orders non-stop. Her friends had even started delivering some of the orders in between the bites they took of the anchovy pizza they were sharing. Finally, the festival ended. They all went back to her house -including Emilia and Liz- and collapsed on the couch.

“Well, that was fun!” Her mother said drowsily.

“It was!” Becca said happily. “How much did we earn?”

Her mom put the sales into a special calculator in her office. She came back in looking at the numbers. “Well?” Becca asked anxiously.

Her mom broke into a big grin. “We got enough for the competition!” She cried.

“YES!” They all cheered together.

They went on to enter the competition. But Becca knew that even if they didn’t win, it was all about the experience her and her family would have shared.

*The End*