



8<sup>th</sup> Grade Best of the Best, Round 3

## Ten Burgers in Ten Minutes

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"No. You can't!" Drake Doyle egged me on. "Of course I can. I've once eaten 4 burgers in 3 minutes!" I bragged with a conceited upper right lip curl. "Then do it!" Drake said an inch away from my face.

Buddy's Burger Place was our town's restaurant/hang out. Drake had dared me to eat ten burgers in ten minutes. "Piece of meat," I thought. So the bet was on.

The first plate put in front of me. The burger look puny and I ate it in thirty seconds flat. The burgers kept a-comin'. Meat juice drizzled down my chin. A dollop of ketchup somehow got on my cheek. As the burgers came on, they seemed to appear bigger than the first puny little burger. Slowly, I got queasy, but it wouldn't stop from finishing strong!

The eighth burger came out with a trail of steam following it. A crowd formed like they were flies and I was a light bulb. As I felt the crowd's eyes on me, I also felt a weird bubbling in the depth of my stomach. I clenched the burger, squeezing all of the condiments out of it. I stared at it, and it stared back. I shoved it down my throat and downed it with a glass of cool ice water. I had two minutes to go and two burgers left to eat. The ninth burger came out. On this burger I used a new strategy... I separated it into bite-size pieces. Down flat in forty-five seconds. One minute, fifteen seconds left. My head began to throb, my heart pounded a very strange pattern. Maybe my heart was sending me Morse Code signs to STOP!

But then I heard a sound that I hate. My body ran cold... the room became still! A tank of a burger was slammed down in front of my face. There must have been at least 1,000,000 sesame seeds on the top bun alone. Dare I lift the bun to see what contents it holds? A slab of meat... red... juicy... meat! "Oh, cruel world," I thought as I dug my nose into the plate, gobbling up every last bite... snozzling, guzzling, gargling every bit of meat on the plate. As I finished the burger, I stood on the table and yelled to Drake... "I won the battle!!!" And with the last syllable on the word "battle", pouring out of my mount came... ten burgers!!

Drake smiled an evil grin and smirked... "Sure you won the battle, but you lost the war!"