

Competition Eshal

...It was time. I was finally in the ring waiting for the creature to come out. We had been chasing it for a whole year. It was powerful, bigger than me, I didn't know how I was going to defeat it. I had a thought, a thought of quitting, I couldn't we had come this far I had to stay strong for Auntie Bimba and my family. The broad metal doors opened revealing the monstrous creature. The floor shook as it walked out. I was nervous sweat dripping down my head. My hands clammy as if I had just washed my ~~had~~ hands and didn't dry them. I took a step forward strutting as if I was confident but inside my heart was pounding as fast as a cheetah. I felt as if I was going to jump out of my own skin. This could lead to my family's death. All 20 of its eyes stared into my soul. I picked up my first pie ready to eat. Before I could take my first bite it had already eaten

6. My stomache felt so big like I'd swallow a whole elephant, I had only eaten 3. How much pie could a 9 year old boy handle? I looked at the hundreds of pies, apple filling oozing out of the crumbling pie crust. I had just finished my 5<sup>th</sup> one ~~and~~ <sup>but</sup> the creature had already eaten 15. My face red as a tomato, my stomache gurgling telling me to stop but I couldn't. If I wanted to keep my family alive I had to keep eating. Then, all of a sudden I felt a rush, a rush of confidence that I could defeat the creature. I'd gobbled down 12 pies in one minute ~~at~~ and proceeded to do this for 30 minutes. Now you do the maths.  $30 \times 12 = 360$ . Thus 360 pies I had eaten, and to this day I still feel bloated. I had ~~beaten~~ beat the creature by 3 pies. I didn't have to run I could finally go to sleep in my bed not worrying that the creature was going to come...

351 words.

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