

"VICTORY"

I won, mom. I won. I WON! Again. I WON!!! I beat Buddy Johnson. THIRD year in a row. Even after he swore to me that I wouldn't. Ha! Take that, Buddy-boo.

Oh where are you now, Buddy? Hiding in the corner, crying like a big fat baby? Boo-hoo-hoo!

Okay fine, mom, I know – *that's ruuuude. It's not how you raised us.* But he started it, even before the contest.

Buddy's such a cheater. A big, fat, smelly, cheater. He tried to mess me up like a million times. He kept kicking me under the table and wouldn't stop. No one saw it though or they would've blown the whistle. You know, the kind the lifeguards use at the pool when we're running when we're not supposed to. Yeah, THAT whistle.

Aren't you proud of me, mom? I won! I did it for you. *Your little pun'kin beat Tess' neighborhood monster child.* Again! That's right, AGAIN!!! THIRD YEAR IN A ROW.

But there was a second there when I thought Buddy was going to beat me, and all I could think about was: *eat faster, eat faster, EAT FASTER!!!* Just like we practiced. So I just ate, and ate, and ate. Barely even swallowed. I don't know where the stuff went. My belly, I guess. I mean, it had too.

I was soooooo thirsty though. I wanted a coke so bad but there wasn't any, and even if there was, I didn't have time to take a sip. It was just one pie after another. Apple. Blueberry. Cherry. Peach. Blueberry. Blueberry was my favorite. Those pies were soooooooo good. I was just stuffing them in my mouth as fast as I could. I wanted to beat Buddy so bad. More than anything. More than fishing at the tank with Uncle Erik.

Halfway through the contest, Buddy jabbed my toe with something real hard. I don't know what it was, but it hurt like heck. I know he was hoping I'd bite my tongue, or choke, or even die. But nothing was gonna get me to stop. Even before we started, early this morning when we first got here, Buddy

came up to me and said all kinds of mean things about John and Lilly. He even said really mean things about you too, mom.

He said you were a cow. You're not a cow! Buddy's an idiot. Cows are animals that eat grass and go moooooo. He's so stupid, he doesn't even know what a cow is – and his dad's a farmer. What a retard.

And when that didn't work, he started calling me bad words. He said that "*F-one*" I heard you say once when you dropped that pot of boiling water on the kitchen floor. Then he frogged me in my left arm and said: *there was more of that where that came from*. But I did what you told me, mom. I just kept my mouth shut, held my head high, and walked away. Just like a gentleman.

But that was only after I gave him the finger and told him his breath stunk like dogs' butt.

Ha - just kidding, mom. Owwww! MOM! I was just kidding. I swear.