

## Iron Chef

I am nine-years old, my competitor twelve. The judge starts a slow countdown beginning at three with pauses in between the numbers the size of a semi-truck: 3... 2... 1... GO! I look at the secret ingredient racking my brain to figure out what I could make with it. Peanut butter is tasty on its own so it can't be hard to find something to add to its creamy goodness. I run to the cabinet, grab a piece of bread, throw it into the toaster, and start thinking about my next move as time ticks away. I scan the kitchen and see bananas sitting on the counter. I grab one and take a knife to cut it in half long ways, spreading some of the secret ingredient in top of each. I take some chocolate chips and delicately place them to sit perfectly on top of the spread and then...

DING! The toast is done. I grab the perfectly crisp piece of bread and set it on a plate before adding the peanut butter and drizzling just the right amount of honey onto it to complete my second dish. My competitor has been whooshing around the room and something smells delicious, but I stay focused on myself and my last plate. Apples and peanut butter are good, but that's too simple. I need to add something... marshmallow fluff! I take a scoop of fluff and a scoop of peanut butter and start to whisk them together. The judge starts counting down from ten as I sloppily cut up apple pieces to go with the dip. I place the last piece onto the plate right as she yells "Time!".

I take a look at my competitor's plates and start to get a little worried. It's going to be a close call. The judge takes her time with each plate, chewing her bites slowly to ensure she gets a taste of each and every flavor included in the different platters. After what felt like hours, the judge was ready to make her decision...

My aunt had too big of a heart to pick me or my brother to be the loser, so she called it a tie and we all enjoyed the rest of the peanut butter filled food together.