

The Cooking Contest

By Manuel Strid

In a far distant land, deep in the woods there was a community of animals that lived peacefully together. There were massive lions with legs the size of small trees. Small birds that sung merrily all day. Large pigs that never seemed to stop eating and all other types of creatures. One day Mr. Pig, ruler over all pigs, decided to host a baking competition for his birthday.

“For my one hundredth birthday I shall host a great feast,” Mr. Pig declared to the creatures of the land, “there will be food and entertainment but, best of all there shall be a giant baking competition! The winner will be gifted with fifty thousand dollars!”

Soon all the land knew of this event and creatures from all places put their names into the competition. The event drew nearer and all everyone talked about was the feast. Finally the day of the feast came.

The feast was marvelous, the humming birds sang their beautiful music, the cheetah races excited all the animals and the food was delicious. But none could wait for the baking competition. Finally the time for the competition came and the chefs came out. First there was a tall giraffe with a seemingly endless neck. Next there was a giant, handsome and popular lion that was known to be quite a bully. Finally there was a small toad who always mumbled and was the main source of the lion’s bullying.

“What is this, some sort of charity competition,” the lion said when he saw the toad.

“I-I-kn-know how t-t-to b-bake,” the little toad mumbled. The whole crowd laughed; the lion’s laugh was the loudest.

The laughter died down and the competition started. The chefs worked for hours and finally their dishes were done and the judging began. The first dish that came was the lion’s. It was a tall, beautifully

crafted cake with golden icing adorning the outside. The taste was nothing short of marvelous, Mr. Pig, the head judge, said. Next came the giraffe's dish. It was a attractive apple pie that, Mr. Pig said, tasted pretty good. Finally came the toads dish, it was a brown pile of repulsive mush. All of the creatures laughed and mocked him. Mr. Pig decided not to try the dish exclaiming, "Why would I waste my time with such rubbish!"

The little toad cried and cried, begging Mr. Pig to try his dish. Mr. Pig felt bad for the toad so he decided to try it. Mr. Pig took a bite and, after swallowing, opened his mouth speechlessly.

"Why, this is this the best thing I have ever tasted!" he bellowed. "Mr. Toad, you have very well surprised us all; maybe we shouldn't have judged you."

Moral: Do not judge a book by its cover.