

Hunger

My tummy is growling, waiting to be filled with tasty food. It's 11:59 am, and it's nearly lunchtime. Hooray! We're studying the digestive system in school, and they talk about all sorts of junk food, making my mouth water. But then, I remember my manners and stop myself from drooling. Then I heard it.

"Pranav, please read paragraph 4," our substitute teacher said, Mr. Boyd. I started to read, but my luck was rotten. It was exactly the part where they listed what, and whatnot, to eat.

The more I read, the more my stomach grumbled. It was mad at me. I couldn't help it. It couldn't barrage out of the room and start eating. I looked at the clock. 12:00pm. Only one minute? It felt like one year! The more I think about it, it seems that time wants to mess around with me, and it ticks slower.

"Tiiiiicccccckkkkkk Toooooooooocccccckkkkkkkk Tiiiiicccccckkkkkk Toooooooooocccccckkkkkkkk."

My tummy was getting impatient by the second. The teacher was explaining how the digestive system functions. Usually, our teacher, Mrs. Farnsworth, lets us two minutes early. But Mr. Boyd lets us on dot at 12:05. And if a peep comes out of our voice, we must all wait. The time is 12:04. I couldn't wait a second longer. I was ready to dash to the first of the line.

"Yesss. The time's 12:05," I mumbled to myself." But Mr. Boyd was still reading. How could he? This is crueler than somebody punching me in the face, but, blaming it on someone else. He's not looking at the time.

"Ok, you may *walk* outside now," Mr. Boyd said. The way he said it seemed he was doing us a favor.

I immediately got my food. A bag of Maple Syrup flavored pancakes, a pouch of strawberry-flavored cranberries, chocolate milk, a cheese stick, and welches. What a feast, for a long time of suffering. First, I open the bag of pancakes and take a minute to admire the size and warmth of it. Then slowly bite the pancake and pay attention to the flavors. The flavor of the fresh, crimson sweet, and sticky maple syrup. The handmade dough was the size of mandolin pancakes. Then I eat the cheese stick. I tasted the white milk, from the cows who gave birth to the calves. The strawberry-flavored cranberries taste fantastic. The aroma, and the artificial strawberry, with a touch of the actual cranberry make an exceptional combination. The chocolate milk, made from melted Hershey, tastes as Hershey dipped in milk fresh from the cows, making my mouth want to drink more. At last, the welches. The variety of flavors makes me drool, as I take the time to enjoy every unique taste that was carefully woven into the gummy.

Finally, the tummy is now at peace and is pleased by the food.

By Pranav Rajesh who studies at WestPark Elementary in fourth grade.