

Supersize Him

My little brother, James, always eats his Oreos (as usual), when suddenly he runs out of his snack and begins to grow huge, not in weight, but in size! I always have to give him another serving just to keep him from destroying the house. He has been doing this since he was little, every time he throws a hissy-fit, he grows bigger, and bigger, and bigger, until – *KABOOM!* All we know about this is that he has a disease called *Hotheadgokaboomus* (sound it out...) that he's had since he was a baby, but we don't know how to cure him, so for now, we just make sure to keep him happy and fat.

Lately, my brother has been throwing hissy-fits left and right. We had to call our neighbor to fix our house because our regular roofer wouldn't do it anymore. Out of all the hissy fits my brother had, yesterday was the worst. My friend, Louis, decided to pull a prank on my brother when he came over to play video games while James was at a Fat Boys Club meeting. I tried to tell him it's not a good idea because James has *Hotheadgokaboomus*, but he just took every sweet in the house up to my room and replaced the sweets with cabbage and carrots.

"Hope he likes stew, or else this day is going to end quite horribly," I thought.

James finally came home from his meeting an hour later, just after Louis left. He looked in the kitchen to find the five bags of Lays his mom bought for him and was surprised to see carrots where his snacks should've been. I admit, it was a little funny to see a ten year old screaming like a five year old girl, and if it was anyone else besides the kid with *Hotheadgokaboomus*, I would have laughed. Anyway, just as expected, my brother hated the cabbage and carrots and grew to be as big as my home in Miami. I charged to my room to get a bag of the Lays he was looking for, but by the time I got back, he was gone.

I looked all around 2nd Avenue. I eventually found James near a Hop-n-Shop convenience store, looking inside through the open space where the roof used to be for snacks, unfortunately, all the snacks were taken and all that was left was lettuce and

carrots. This made James even madder and he grew even more. I felt like a baby compared to him, even though I am one year older than he is. He started running rampant throughout the suburbs, and eventually into downtown. It was good thing I remembered to bring my bike, movies were right for once, because giants *are* hard to chase, at least on foot. When we reached downtown, he stopped at a Subway (the restaurant, not the station). He ordered a meatball sub, talking to the cashier through the roof, with extra cheese on cheese bread, but the cashier said that they were out of everything except for (guess what?) lettuce and carrots. This made James so mad, that he was starting to turn red! I knew that one more thing to make him mad would have him explode, and that isn't good. If he were to explode at this size, it would destroy an entire *continent*!

James was looking all over downtown for treats just like I was looking for James so he doesn't explode from anger. I was about to get in front of him when suddenly – BAM! My bike tire broke, so I had to not only look for James on foot, but I had to walk all the way back home from downtown. I hope my mom doesn't have anything planned for me the next few days, because my feet will have melted off by the time I get home. Anyhow, back to the story. I tried to chase James around town, but I didn't even last a second. I was getting a little hungry, and I did have five dollars in my pocket, so I decided to head to a nearby McDonald's for a hamburger and fries. Sure enough, James was there. I thought he was going to explode for a second, but he left happily with a giant sundae. I could tell he was "lovin' it" just from the smile on his face. He started to shrink and even lose his reddish color. All I could say or think was "*that was a close one*".

I lost James, but thankfully he left a trail of vanilla ice crème behind. I was really hungry, so I went inside the McDonald's and the cashier asked me "lettuce or carrots?" "*That was a REALLY close one*" I thought.

After that event, I followed the now fly-infested vanilla trail. After a few minutes of walking, I saw James, and his ice cream was almost gone. I couldn't let his sundae run out, or else - *KABOOM!* Luckily, there was a Burger King right down the street. I bought the biggest burger they had, which blew my five bucks, and gave it to James. Thinking that it

would keep him busy, but he ate it in *one bite* without even chewing. That's the last time I buy anything for James.

I needed to shrink him somehow, and that's when I remembered. James's favorite food is a banana split covered in fudge, chocolate, nuts cherries, whipped cream, and mint chocolate chip ice cream. I gathered up a few of my friends, including Louis – the Jackbutt who started this in the first place, and told them to gather as many bananas, nuts, chocolate bars, and mint chocolate chip ice cream as possible. We were going to make a banana split.

It took hours to make, but the end result was brilliant! We made the biggest ice cream banana split in the world. I told Louis to look for James and bring him back here. He agreed to his task and came back with James in less than five minutes, soaking wet. James was excited to see our masterpiece and ate half of it before saying he was full and shrinking back to normal size. We each helped ourselves to a spoonful for a job well done. My mom eventually came by in her green mini-van to pick us up. She even offered to take Louis and the other kids home.

This morning, I woke up to a loud banging noise from the living room. Thinking it was a robber, I pulled my secret weapon (a water gun) out of my drawer and crept to the living room with "The Splasher" in my hands, only to see James doing jumping jacks. He pulled out a dusty, portable scale from under the couch and weighed himself. He lost three pounds and seemed pretty happy. He went to the kitchen again to get something to eat. I reminded him that the snacks were in my room, but he ignored all reminders and opened the cabinet.

"I'm not going through this a second time. If you want to explode, then explode!" I said. Surprisingly, James didn't say anything and pulled out a carrot from the cabinet and ate it like an Oreo! I told him that I thought he hated carrots, and he replied:

"Sweets are so yesterday. For now on, I'm only eating healthy things!"

"Good job. You're finally working on handling your *Hotheadgokaboomus*! Keep this up, and you'll be fit by college!"

“Do you want to jog around the lake a few times?” James asked. I stood there shocked, being asked to do something with James that he hardly ever does.

“Sure! I’d love to” I said with my mind being blown. I put on my jogging pants and T-Shirt and we jumped outside. During our exercise, I noticed that James was going real fast – faster than me! I wonder...