smitten kitchen In one of my favorite October traditions, we picked too many apples a few weekends ago. As in maybe perhaps 25 pounds more than we needed? It’s hard to gauge. I realize that if you’ve never been in an apple orchard in October, when you’ve escaped the city to find yourselves in a quiet grove as the leaves are just starting to turn and the sky is unimaginably blue and you’re wearing your first thick sweater of the season, it’s hard to imagine how one accidentally picks 25 pounds too many apples. But I bet if you’ve been there and felt that, how fun it is to pluck crisp, unblemished, unwaxed apples from trees and let the branches snap back and the leaves flutter droplets of last night’s rain over your face, you’ve probably gotten carried away too. I think picking too many apples in October is about as important of a tradition as burning food on a backyard grill over July 4th weekend and going through a whole jar of cinnamon every fall. It’s going to happen either way; it’s best to embrace it. But when we got back to our distinctly not-grove-sized apartment, we didn’t have anywhere to put them. So, we started with applesauce, eight pounds of it. We moved onto oatmeal cookie-ish crumbles (would you like the recipe?), which chipped away at a few pounds apiece, and then my son’s preschool was making something with apples and I was all “LET ME DONATE THEM PLEASE.” There were whole wheat apple muffins (which enlisted 2), then apple pancakes (another 2), and then we made more applesauce (4 pounds) and all of a sudden we had only 6 apples left and I was devastated, because I’d forgotten to make pie. Who forgets to make pie? Nobody you should be friends with. Especially when it comes to this pie. I realize that the slab pie is not something new here, but we only discussed it in the realm of sour cherries, which have a season as long as the average blink. Slab pie deserves to have more time with you, and there are several good things to know about it. It has a higher proportion of crust-to-filling than your standard 9-inch round double-crusted pie, so if you’re into flaky, buttery crusts, hello, welcome home.\* Speaking of flaky and buttery, I’ve found that the crusts of slab pies, unweighted by thick fruit fillings, tend to puff into gorgeous flakes far more readily than standard pie crusts do. But who’d be into a thing like that? Slab pie slices are portable, like a thick, thick pop tart or a hand pie, but not the kind that requires all of that pesky rolling and cutting and sealing, to be repeated until you’re no longer certain that you even really like pie or your friends enough for it to be worth it. Slab pie would never do that to you.