

Claire and the Pizza Monster

A Lesson on Crusts and Courage

Told by Claire



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One sunny day, my dad made the best lunch ever—pizza! The smell of melted cheese and warm dough filled the air. I was so excited. But when it came time to eat, I noticed the crust. Ugh! I didn't want to eat the crust. "Just eat it, Claire! It's good for you!" Dad said with a smile. But I shook my head. I didn't want it. So, I made a sneaky choice. I hid the crust under my napkin and tossed it into the trash when Dad wasn't looking. "Bye-bye, crust!" I giggled to myself. But little did I know, trouble was brewing. Suddenly, a loud roar echoed from outside. I peeked out the window and saw a gigantic pizza monster! It had gooey cheese for skin and pepperoni spots all over. I gasped! The monster stomped closer, its eyes locked on me. I felt my heart racing. What was I going to do? I was scared! I wished I had listened to my dad. "Help!" I shouted. Just then, I saw Dad riding in on a shiny horse, his cape flowing in the wind. He jumped off and charged at the pizza monster!



Dad pulled out his trusty spatula and waved it like a sword. Back, pizza monster! he yelled. The monster looked confused, then started laughing. What's wrong with crust? it asked. I felt a little silly. I was so worried! Dad swung the spatula, and the pizza monster stumbled back, giggling even more. Finally, the monster sat down, its cheese melting slightly. I just wanted to have fun! it said. Dad turned to me, and I could see he was smiling. You see, Claire? Crust can be fun too! I nodded, my heart lightening. I realized I was wrong to hide my crust. I took a deep breath and said, I wish I would have listened to you, Dad! The pizza monster grinned, and we all shared a laugh. Dad and I invited the monster to join us for lunch. We all munched on pizza, even the crust! From that day on, I never hid my crust again. Crunchy and delicious—just like Dad said! I kept thinking about lunch.

The End