

Claire and the Pizza Monster

A Lesson in Listening

Told by Claire



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Once upon a lunchtime, in a cozy little kitchen, Claire was excited for the special pizza her dad had made just for her. The aroma of warm dough and bubbling cheese twirled around her like a merry dance. But when Claire spotted the crust, her nose wrinkled. "I don't want to eat the crust!" she declared, shaking her head. Her dad chuckled, kneeling beside her. "But Claire, the crust is the best part! It's crunchy and delicious."

Claire rolled her eyes. She didn't want to listen. Instead, she hatched a sneaky plan. When her dad wasn't looking, she carefully tucked the crust under her napkin, hiding it away like a secret treasure. With a mischievous grin, she tossed it into the trash can, feeling a little thrill of rebellion. But oh, what trouble lurked just around the corner! Suddenly, a huge, wobbly Pizza Monster, with gooey cheese dripping from its chin and pepperoni eyes, burst through the kitchen door! "I'm hungry for a snack!" it bellowed, reaching for Claire. Claire gasped, her heart racing. What had she done? How could she escape this pizza predicament? I took a deep breath. I felt sorry. I decided to listen next time.



Just then, her dad rode in on a shiny white horse, his cape fluttering like a superhero! Fear not, Claire! I'll save you! he shouted, brandishing a spatula like a sword. The Pizza Monster froze, confused by this unexpected hero. With a swift swing of the spatula, her dad sent the Pizza Monster tumbling back with a splat! Cheese and toppings flew everywhere, and Claire couldn't help but giggle at the sight. The monster, defeated but still silly, slunk away, leaving a trail of crumbs behind. Claire turned to her dad, her eyes wide with realization. I wish I would have listened to you, Dad! The crust really is the best part! Her dad smiled, pulling her close. Next time, let's enjoy it together, crust and all. From that day on, Claire never tossed away another crust. Instead, she shared her pizza adventures with her dad, who always made each slice extra special. And the Pizza Monster? Well, it became a funny story they shared at every lunch! The air felt busy with tiny sounds—shuffling feet, a soft laugh, and something far away clinking. Something nearby smelled warm and cozy, like the promise of a good idea.

The End