

Claire and the Pizza Monster

A Lesson in Listening

Told by Claire



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Once upon a sunny afternoon, Claire Briggs was at home, her tummy rumbling with hunger. Her dad, a master of pizza-making, had whipped up a delicious lunch. The kitchen smelled of bubbling cheese and zesty sauce. "Yum!" thought Claire as she sat at the table. But when her dad handed her a slice, she scrunched up her nose. "I don't want the crust!" she exclaimed with a pout. Her dad chuckled, "The crust is the best part, Claire! It's crunchy and delicious."

But Claire had other plans. With a cheeky grin, she secretly tossed the crust into the trash can, thinking no one would know. I'll just eat the cheesy part! she thought. But little did she know, mischief was brewing. That night, as the moon glowed brightly outside, a rumble shook the house. Suddenly, a gigantic Pizza Monster, with stretchy cheese limbs and pepperoni spots, burst through the door! Roar! it bellowed, reaching for Claire with a cheesy hand. Just as Claire's heart raced, her dad charged in, riding a shiny white horse, gleaming armor shining like stars. Fear not, Claire! I shall save you from this pizza beast! The scene was wild and funny, and Claire's eyes widened in surprise. She was in for quite the adventure!



With a swift swoosh, her dad charged towards the Pizza Monster, brandishing a wooden spatula like a sword. Take that, you cheesy fiend! he shouted, swinging with all his might. The Pizza Monster stumbled back, its cheese limbs flopping comically. Roar! You cannot defeat me! it roared, but her dad didn't flinch. Suddenly, Claire remembered her discarded crust. Dad, wait! The crust is the secret weapon! she cried. Just then, the Pizza Monster spotted the crust in the trash can, its eyes wide with greed. Crust! My favorite! it exclaimed, momentarily distracted. Now's our chance! her dad shouted as he galloped closer, and together they tossed the crust at the monster. With a big, cheesy gulp, the Pizza Monster devoured the crust and shrank to a tiny size, squeaking, I just wanted the crust! It then wobbled away, leaving behind a sprinkle of cheese. Breathing a sigh of relief, Claire turned to her dad, I wish I would have listened to you, Dad. The crust really is the best part! Her dad smiled, giving her a gentle hug. They both laughed together as they enjoyed the rest of the pizza, crust and all. From that day on, Claire never tossed away her crust again, and they had many more pizza adventures together. And so, they learned that listening and sharing is always the best recipe!

The End