

Claire and the Pizza Monster

A Cheesy Adventure

Told by Claire



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It was a sunny day, and my dad made the best pizza for my lunch. The smell of gooey cheese and tomato sauce filled the kitchen. My dad said, "You have to eat the crust, Claire! It's the best part!"

But I didn't want to eat the crust. It looked all brown and crunchy. I thought it was yucky. So, I lied. I hid the crust under my plate and tossed it into the trash can when he wasn't looking. That night, as I went to bed, I heard a strange noise. It sounded like a rumble and a squish. Suddenly, I saw a big, silly pizza monster creeping into my room! It had pepperoni eyes and a cheesy grin. "I'm hungry for a snack!" it roared. I screamed! The pizza monster came closer. I dashed around my room, feeling scared and silly. What could I do? I wished I had listened to Dad about the crust! I noticed a warm, cozy smell nearby. I heard tiny sounds all around me. I kept thinking about monster.



Just then, I heard a loud thud outside. It was my dad riding in on a shiny white horse, his cape fluttering behind him like a superhero! No monster will eat my daughter! he shouted. With a swoosh of his mighty spatula, he charged at the pizza monster. They danced around the room, the monster swinging cheesy arms while Dad dodged and twirled. Eat your crusts next time! he called out to me. Finally, with a big whoosh, Dad slayed the pizza monster! It crumbled into a pile of toppings, and the room filled with the smell of pizza. I rushed to Dad, my heart full. I wish I would have listened to you, Dad! I said. He smiled and ruffled my hair. We both laughed. From that day on, I never tossed away a crust again. We shared pizza every Friday, and I learned that every part of a pizza is special, just like my dad! I kept thinking about Claire. I felt a little breeze and a little surprise. I made a quiet plan and leaned in close. I took a careful step, and the moment turned toward action. I kept thinking about pizza.

The End