

# Claire and the Pizza Monster

A Cheesy Adventure

*Told by Claire*



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One sunny day, my dad made a big, delicious pizza for my lunch. The cheese was gooey, the sauce was tangy, and the toppings were colorful. But there was one part I didn't want to eat—the crust! "You should eat the crust, Claire. It's good for you!" Dad said with a smile. I shook my head. "I don't want it!" I lied. So, I hid the crust under my plate. When Dad wasn't looking, I tossed it into the trash can with a little giggle. But what I didn't know was that this little lie would lead to a big problem. Suddenly, the ground started to shake, and out of the trash can popped a **HUGE** Pizza Monster! It had gooey cheese for skin and pepperoni spots all over. "I'm hungry!" it roared, reaching for me with its cheesy hands. I gasped. This was not good! I turned to run, my heart pounding, but the Pizza Monster was right behind me. I needed to escape! What would I do? It felt exciting and risky at the same time—like balancing a secret on the tip of a spoon. They traded quick glances, deciding to be brave even if their voices were small.



Just when I thought all hope was lost, my dad came galloping in on a shiny horse! He wore a knight's shiny armor and had a big, silly grin. Don't worry, Claire! I'll save you! he shouted, charging at the Pizza Monster. With a swoosh of his pizza-shaped sword, he sliced through the monster's cheesy hands! The Pizza Monster let out a loud, cheesy whine and disappeared into a flurry of toppings. I stood there, wide-eyed, feeling a little silly. After the adventure, I looked up at my dad. I wish I would have listened to you, Dad! The crust really is good for me!

Dad chuckled and ruffled my hair. Next time, remember, the crust is part of the pizza magic!

From that day on, I always ate my crust. And I never forgot the funny lesson I learned about listening to my dad. And who knows? Maybe one day, the Pizza Monster will come back, but I'll be ready with my crust! Someone took a careful step, and the whole mood tipped toward action. The room held a quiet pause, as if waiting for the next brave move. Shoes scuffed the floor and a gentle hush settled in.

**The End**