

# Claire and the Pizza Monster

A Cheesy Adventure

*Told by Claire*



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One sunny afternoon, Claire was hungry for lunch. Her dad made her the most magnificent pizza. It was topped with gooey cheese, zesty sauce, and pepperoni that danced in the light. But when it came to the crust, Claire wrinkled her nose. "I don't want to eat the crust!" she exclaimed, her eyes darting away. Her dad chuckled, "But the crust is the best part!" He smiled as he took a big bite, savoring every cheesy morsel. But Claire had other plans. As soon as he turned around, she quietly slipped the crust into the trash can. Little did she know, that crust would come back to haunt her. Later that day, a wobbly, gooey figure emerged from the shadows—a gigantic Pizza Monster, with eyes like olives and a mouth full of cheese! "I'm here for lunch!" it roared, reaching for Claire with its cheesy hands. Claire gasped and ran in circles, her heart racing. What was she going to do? Would her dad save her? What a sticky situation! she thought, as the Pizza Monster lurked closer. Could her dad help her out of this cheesy mess? Claire lingered in everyone's thoughts for a moment. The air felt busy with tiny sounds—shuffling feet, a soft laugh, and something far away clinking.



Just when the Pizza Monster was about to catch her, a loud galloping sound echoed through the air. In a flash, Claire's dad burst through the door, riding a shiny, magical horse that sparkled like stars! Hold on, Claire! he shouted. With a mighty leap, he swung a pizza cutter like a sword, slicing through the air. You won't get my daughter, you cheesy beast! he declared. With a swift swoosh, the Pizza Monster was defeated, splattering gooey cheese everywhere. Claire looked at her dad, wide-eyed. I wish I would have listened to you, Dad! she admitted, her voice trembling with relief. Her dad chuckled and patted her on the head. Next time, remember, even the crust has its magic! As they cleaned up the cheesy mess, Claire couldn't help but giggle. Maybe I can make a pizza monster costume for Halloween! she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with mischief. And from that day on, Claire always ate her crust, dreaming of how deliciously silly pizza adventures could be! A quiet plan formed, and everyone leaned in as if sharing a secret. An honest apology changed the whole mood, like turning on a warm lamp. A soft breeze drifted through, carrying a hint of surprise.

**The End**