

# The Pizza Crust Mystery

A story told out loud

*Told by Claire Briggs*

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Claire and Dad shared a cozy pizza lunch at home. There was just one pizza crust left, and Claire wanted it so badly her fingers curled. Instead of asking, she tucked it away and told a small lie, and when Dad asked about the missing crust, Claire gave a tiny fib that felt like a pebble in her pocket. The room went quiet for a moment, as if the house was holding its breath. Outside the window, a shadow stretched long and a growl rumbled, soft at first and then louder. A pizza monster stomped into the yard, sniffing the air for pizza crusts, and it peered in with hungry, googly eyes. Claire froze, her stomach fluttering as the monster crept closer. The pizza smelled cheesy and warm, but the air felt prickly with worry. The table vibrated with each stomp, making cups tremble. Claire's heart beat fast, like a small bird in her chest. A curtain fluttered, and a shadow slid across the wall. The monster's footsteps thudded like drums outside. Dad looked up with a gentle question in his eyes. The afternoon light painted soft squares on the floor. Claire shifted her feet, unsure, while the room grew still.



The pizza monster lunged, and the table rattled as it swiped the air. Just then, Dad burst through the gate riding a shiny horse, its mane glittering like coins. With one brave swing, Dad sent the monster tumbling away and chased it from the yard. Claire's eyes filled with tears. She whispered, "I wish I would have listened." and she told Dad the truth about the pizza crust. Dad knelt beside her, hugged her tight, and said mistakes could be mended with honesty. Together they shared fresh pizza, and Claire promised to speak up next time. The sun set warm and golden, and the house felt safe and peaceful again. Dad brushed Claire's hair back and listened closely. A neighbor waved through the window, smiling at the excitement. The wind carried away the last rumble of the monster. They laughed in relief, the kind of laughter that turns fear into a story. Claire felt the knot in her chest loosen as the danger passed. Dad's horse snorted softly and stamped the ground, eager and brave. The kitchen smelled warm and buttery, and the plates clinked gently on the table. The house felt safe again, like a blanket tucked around their shoulders.

**The End**