

The Rise of Banana Cream Pie

One stormy eve, Mrs. Smith was opening the front door to her house, when she thought she saw something whir across her window. “ I must be seeing things. I need to go to sleep,” Mrs. Smith sighed. When she went inside her house, she collapsed on her couch and turned on the T.V.

Just then, her husband, the town baker, came into the living room. “ How was your day? ” Mr. Smith asked quite happily. “Anyway, I made you your favorite food! Banana cream pie!” Mr. Smith opened up a small box with a picture of a banana on it. Inside the box was a crispy and tender banana cream pie.

It was already cut, and the inside was as yellow as the sun. Mrs. Smith was about to take a slice, when suddenly, a little chunk of the pie stood up and started to play a tiny brass

trumpet. “Here ye here ye! Mr. King Chunky in charge, Chief of Sweets, and the Emperor of Dessert!” the pie announced. At that all the pieces of pie jumped into Mrs. Smith’s lap and Mrs. Smith fainted dead away. The desserts carried her out the door and into the bakery.

Mr. Smith had been too startled to move. “NOO! STOP NOW!” Mr. Smith shouted, but it was too late. The pastries forced her to make more and more sweets. “Yawn... let me at least have some coffee.” Mrs. Smith said, finally finishing up making 973,421 piece of pie. “Onwards!” King Chunky commanded, and his subjects carried a sleepy Mrs. Smith into the pantry.

When Mrs. Smith opened up her eyes, she discovered she was now as tiny as a pie! “Oh dear! I must be dreaming!” Mrs. Smith cried, “Wait, this smell seems awfully familiar. It... it’s like, the pantry!”

A cupcake stood up and walked across the room to where Mrs. Smith was and said, "I'm Bethany the Cupcake. Who are you?" "Hello. I'm Mrs. Smith." Mrs. Smith said, smiling. "You're not a sweet!" Bethany cried, very curious.

"Yes, so will you kindly help me get home?" Mrs. Smith asked. "this is correct! I know a fish that can grant your wishes that lives in Soda Lake! We can ride in my chocolate canoe!" Bethany said motioning for Mrs. Smith to follow her. "Wait, I remember that! It's a pink soda spill my husband never cleans!"

After the two of them had paddled in silence for a while, they heard a little rumble. "Whoa!" Bethany said, and stopped. Mrs. Smith giggled and said, "That's only my stomach! I'm starving!" "Let's take a snack break." Bethany said, and tied the canoe on a flour island. They picked a giant strawberry and dipped it in melted chocolate.

After their little lunch break, they were about to get back in the canoe when a hurt fish drifted on shore. “Oh no!” Bethany cried, “What do we do?” Mrs. Smith thought for a minute and grabbed a marshmallow. “You’re thinking about EATING?” Bethany shrieked. “No silly. I’m using this as a bandage!” Mrs. Smith laughed and gently picked the beautiful fish up and wrapped the marshmallow around it and put it in the water.

Suddenly, the fish seemed more alive, somehow. “Thanks for saving me. Since you did that great deed, I will grant you one wish.” Mrs. Smith thought for a moment and picked up a stone from the Soda Lake. “I wish,” she said, “to go home and be normal size again.”

With a poof, she was home. “Sweetheart,” Mr. Smith called, “Time for dinner!” Mrs. Smith opened her hand and took a deep breath. What an incredible adventure!

The End