

(3) Sherry High

Sherry High baked a pie. When she was four she sat in a mud puddle and made a great, huge, mud pie. She baked that pie in the hot summer sun.

“Here you go, Grandpa. Your pie is already.” she cried.

“My, that looks tasty.” said Grandpa.

Sherry watched happily as Grandpa held it close to his lips. Suddenly the pie slipped out of Grandpa’s hand and crumbled down on the ground.

“Oh, my goodness! Sorry, my dear. I drop the pie.” said Grandpa.

“I’ll make you another one,” Sherry said and went straight to work in the mud. Making pie is Sherry’s favorite thing to do and she got quite good at it.

When Sherry was five, she picked all the cherries off the cherry tree. She got a whole big bucket full. The Blue Jays sat in the trees and watched as she rolled out her play dough. “When your pie is ready, we’re going to eat it.” said the Blue Jays.

“Oh, no, you won’t! This is for my Grandpa.” cried Sherry.

But when the pie was ready, Grandpa was nowhere to be found. She looked again and again, and while she was looking, the naughty Blue Jays picked all the cherries out of her pie.

“Yum, yum, cherry pie!” cried the Blue Jays.

When Sherry was seven, she got a sack of flour out of the pantry. She took the dog’s huge water bowl and mixed in flour. She cut a bag of golden apples and put them into her dough. It took a long time for her to think about how to bake this pie. She made an oven of bricks and baked that pie all day in the hot summer sun.

“Grandpa, your pie is ready,” she spoke loudly to Grandpa.

Grandpa was working behind the barn, so Sherry went out to pull him all the way to her oven. Grandpa looked down at the pie and patted his shoe.

“It needs more cooking.” said Grandpa.

“What shall we do?” asked Sherry.

Grandpa got some sticks, dug down under the pie, and built a hot fire.

“Now we’re cooking,” he told her. But suddenly a whoosh of wind flew down under the pie. The fire jumped out and blazed up in the meadow grass.

“Call the fire station, Sherry.” cried Grandpa.

Sherry ran straight into the house and called the fire station on the phone. Soon the fire trucks arrived with sirens blasting. The firemen got out their long water hose and put water onto the fire. When the smoke died down the firemen leaned along the fence and said, “What’s that tasty smell?”

“That’s my pie. We were making fires to bake it more.” said Sherry. She took out the pie from her oven and saw it had baked to a golden brown. And Sherry treated all the firemen her wonderful pie.

“Your pie is delicious!” they said as they licked their fingers. And there was nothing left for the Blue Jays.