
EVAN JACOBS
THE PIE THAT WOULDN'T DIE

One Mean Pie

Recipe

Some of the ingredients:
flour, sugar, butter, blueberries

Instructions:

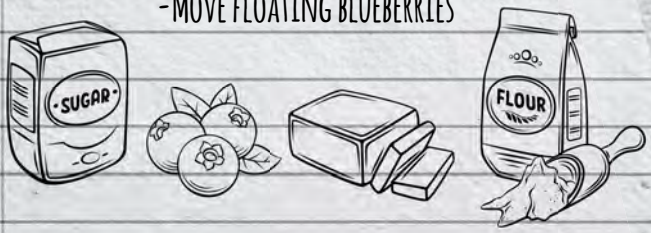
1. Make the crust
2. Add what you love
3. Bake at 325° only
4. Say the chant

In case of unexpected results . . .
Do not:

- Panic
- Run without a plan
- Forget Lady Grazelda's words

Do:

- Work together
- Think fast
- Move floating blueberries









No slacking off – especially when food fights back!





CHAPTER 1

STICKY SITUATION

Isa, Michael, and Doug were in home economics class at Poe High School. Most schools no longer offered the class. It was a mystery as to why Poe High still did. The three friends thought the class was old-fashioned and boring. In fact, they thought all classes were dull. School was their least favorite place to be.

Their classmates were busy making lasagna at their stations. The aroma of beef, cheese, and pasta sauce permeated the room.

Mrs. Doogie was their teacher. She slowly walked past students, checking their progress. The teacher was always brimming with joy. Her grin showed it. "Five minutes left, everyone!"

Most students liked Poe High. They were motivated to do well. This was especially true in Mrs. Doogie's class. She was one of the nicest teachers there. Isa, Doug, and Michael thought so too. But they avoided anything that was like work. None of them were making lasagna. The three just sat at their station.

Michael and Doug were on their tablets. They browsed through short videos on a popular social media site. It was called ClipClap. Isa was scrolling on the site from her phone.

The three had been friends since elementary school. Back then, they didn't do much schoolwork. Nothing had changed with time. Each of them did the minimum to earn passing grades.

Mrs. Doogie continued observing students. She was taller than any other teacher. But her

height intimidated no one. Her kindness was overwhelming. Most figured Mrs. Doogie didn't even know how to get angry.

She brushed away her gray hair and smiled. "Don't forget to clean up your tables!"

Mrs. Doogie would often look at Isa, Michael, and Doug. She commented to them at times.

Once, she passed Isa and chuckled at her. "You can't cook on your phone."

Isa had grinned. "Not yet."

That made Mrs. Doogie chuckle again. "Well, try putting it down sometime. I'd love to see what you'd cook up then."

Mrs. Doogie always laughed at what Isa, Michael, and Doug said to her. Then she would say something that made them think about their behavior. The three liked their teacher. They appreciated how she gently pressured them. Her words often made them want to try harder. But that desire never lasted long. Something else would always distract them.

Doug turned his tablet toward Michael. "Look at this! Imagine being that guy."

Michael glanced over. He started cracking up.

Mrs. Doogie didn't hear them. Her class was loud. Food preparation was noisy. There were sounds of banging pans. Cooking utensils and bakeware were always hitting counters and stovetops. Students talked constantly too. That was essential for preparing food in groups. Most had to speak loudly to be heard over the noise.

Isa kept her eyes on her phone. She flipped her brown hair. "What are you two looking at?"

Doug laughed hard. "It's a guy getting pied in the face!"

"Yeah," Michael said, laughing. "The video caption says, 'No, I don't want any coffee!'"

Isa rolled her eyes. "Sounds amazing." Then she mumbled. "Makes no sense at all."

The boys continued replaying the video and laughing. Eventually, they noticed everyone cleaning up.

Doug smiled. “Almost lunchtime! What are you two going to eat?”

Isa sighed. “That’s the only bad thing about not doing the work in here. Everyone else takes what they make to lunch. But we never make anything. So we’ve only got the cafeteria.”

“I’m not hungry anyway,” Michael said.

Isa laughed. “Oh yeah! You ate those three huge donuts this morning.” She paused. Then she dug in her backpack. Half of an apple fritter was still there. It would suffice for lunch.

Doug grinned at Michael. “You ate all *three*? Dude, I know Pete’s Donuts are the best. I got my fill this morning too. But now I know why you’re not hungry.”

Michael shook his head. “I couldn’t help it. Those things are delicious. Why can’t we make food like that in this class?”

The lunch bell rang. Students started grabbing their stuff.

“Now don’t forget!” Mrs. Doogie called to

the class. "Your pies are due tomorrow! We're having our pie potluck. Come to class hungry!" She grinned.

Isa, Michael, and Doug looked at one another. They had forgotten about the pies. This was a major group assignment. It was needed to pass the class.

Michael whispered to Isa and Doug. "We'll just pick one up. Sugar's Bakery should work."

"Remember," Mrs. Doogie continued. "No premade pies of any kind! You must make everything. Crust to filling!" She patted her tummy. "I plan to taste *all* of your pies. If you bring one that you didn't make, I'll find out. What would you get then?"

"An F!" most students said. They were almost in unison. Many were smiling too.

Isa looked at her classmates. They baffled her sometimes. It was like everyone was under a spell. She couldn't believe how much the students loved the work.

Her puzzled gaze shifted to Michael and

Doug. They shrugged at her and laughed before heading to lunch. Isa followed them.

Doug stopped. "Oh, wait! This is really bad."

Michael shook his head. "What are you talking about?"

Doug looked sick with worry. He slowly walked into the cafeteria. "You heard Mrs. Doogie. We have to *make* a pie."

Isa removed an earbud. She was streaming a show on her phone. "Duh. We're going to pick one up. Let's be sure it's in one of those foil pans. It'll look homemade. Mrs. Doogie says she'll be able to tell. But I doubt it."

Doug grabbed a plate of chicken tenders. "You don't know that, Isa. I bet Mrs. Doogie has been to all the bakeries. She'll figure out our pie is from one. My life will be over."

Michael plopped a plate of pizza on his tray. He eyed Doug. "Okay, man. Be honest. What's really going on?"

Doug sighed. "My parents saw my last progress report. They freaked out. I got all Fs."

Michael sat down at a table. He shrugged. "So did I. My parents were really mad."

Isa pulled out her fritter. "I think I got a couple of Ds."

"Neither of you get it." Doug stared at his food. Then he picked up a tender. But he didn't eat it. "My dad is tired of my grades. He and my mom want them to change. I brushed it off until they threatened me. Now I have to do better. If I don't, they're sending me to military school." He finally stuffed the chicken in his mouth.

THE PIE THAT WOULDN'T DIE

SOCIAL MEDIA VIDEOS, MRS. DOOGIE, TASTY FOOD

LADY GRAZELDA, WEIRD CHANTS, FIGHTING A PIE

ISA, MICHAEL, AND DOUG USUALLY DO THE BARE MINIMUM AT SCHOOL. BUT WHEN A PROJECT SPIRALS INTO CHAOS, THE THREE FRIENDS REALIZE THAT THEY CAN'T FALL BACK ON THEIR OLD WAYS. HANDLING A SHOCKING TURN OF EVENTS MIGHT BE THE HARDEST THING THEY'VE EVER DONE. WILL THEY LEARN THAT TEAMWORK AND TRYING CAN TAKE THEM FARTHER THAN GOOFING OFF EVER DID?



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