MADE WITH LITTLE STORYBOOK

Owen and the Runaway Pie Crust



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Serious Baking Boots

Thanksgiving morning smelled like nutmeg and warm cinnamon! Grandpa Rafi rolled a big smooth circle of pie dough on the floured counter. Nora measured spices into a bowl, and Owen stomped up wearing his bright yellow rain boots. "These are my serious baking boots!" he announced.





One Extra-Big Push

Grandpa Rafi stepped over to the sink to rinse his sticky hands. Owen eyed the wooden rolling pin. He wanted to help make the pie crust extra flat — just one tiny roll! Instead, his hands gave one giant push. Swoosh! The whole stretchy dough circle slid straight off the counter edge!

Plop, Wobble, Roll!

Plop! The giant pie crust bounced off the upturned lid of a mixing bowl on the low stool — and stood up on its bouncy rim like a wobbly pancake wheel! Across the wooden kitchen floorboards it rolled, leaving a silly dusty trail of flour behind.





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The Great Kitchen Parade

"Catch that pie crust!" shouted Owen, clomping after it in his bright yellow rain boots. Nora darted alongside waving a clean striped dish towel like a butterfly net. Around the table legs and right past the Thankful Jar zoomed the runaway crust!

The Floppy Baker's Hat

Owen bent low to scoop up the runaway dough — and bonk! The crust bumped gently off a chair leg, flipped neatly through the air, and landed splat right on top of Owen's curls like a giant floppy baker's beret! Maple tilted his head and wagged his tail so fast his whole bottom wiggled.





Grandpa's Warm Laugh

Grandpa Rafi hurried over, took one look at Chef Owen in his floppy dough hat, and laughed until his glasses fogged up. "Well," Grandpa chuckled, lifting the floor dough into the compost bowl, "that crust had more bounce than a trampoline! Let's wash up and mix a fresh batch together."

Little Leaf Pies

With clean hands and fresh silky dough on the table, Grandpa Rafi helped Nora and Owen press out tiny autumn leaf shapes with a blunt cookie cutter to decorate the top crust. Then Grandpa slid the pie pan safely into the warm oven while Nora, Owen, and Maple waited back by the bay window.





Pie That Stays in the Pan

At sunset, Grandpa Rafi carried the golden pumpkin pie — crowned with crispy baked autumn leaves — right to the center of the Thankful Table. Owen grinned with a tiny dot of whipped cream on his nose. "I am thankful for Grandpa," he cheered, "and for pie that stays in the pan!"

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THE END

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