



Wes and the Pie



Jon baked a big plum pie. He set it on a cloth in the field. "Wes, will you shield my pie from the flies?" asked Jon.



"I must go get plates." "Yes, I will," said Wes. Jon ran off, and Wes sat by the pie. It smelled so good! Wes tried one little piece.



Then he tried one more. Soon the whole pie was gone. Not one piece was still on the cloth. Jon came back with two plates.



"Where is my pie?" he asked. Wes felt hot and sick. "A thief ran off with it," he said. "He was quick, and I could not catch him."



That was a lie. Jon sat down in the grass and cried. Wes felt grief when he saw his pal so sad.



"Jon, I lied," he said. "There was no thief. I ate every piece of your pie." Jon dried his face and was still for a brief time.



Then he said, "Thank you for telling me. Will you help me bake a new one?" "Yes!" cried Wes. What a relief!



They picked ripe plums and baked a pie together. This time, Wes kept every fly away. Then Jon cut two big pieces, and the pals ate them in the field.