

The USU Writing
Center and the Logan
Library Present

Helicon West



Pie

Dianne Hardy

Grandma tended me on school days when I was four. She made gooseberry pies one afternoon, wrapped one in waxed paper and told me to carefully carry it home. I set it on the kitchen table and went out to swing.

"You threw a perfectly good pie in the trash," Daddy accused Mama. "Why?"

"I'm not having your mother send food home with Dianne. If you want to be babied, you'll have to go to her house."

"How's that babying me?"

"It's her way of saying I don't cook enough and with your belly the last thing you need is pie. I hate my life."

"You hate me too, don't you Larene?"

Mama raced to her bedroom. Daddy banged out the door and headed to the school. Mary ate cold cereal and went to play paper dolls in our bedroom. She blocked the door so I couldn't get in.

I'll bet parts of that pie are good.

I got out a plate and opened the trash. Sure enough, there was pie untouched by garbage. I spooned a bunch of it onto my plate, poured myself a glass of milk and had a fine supper.