

A stylized illustration of a woman with dark skin and curly hair, wearing a pink headband and a pink top. She is holding a large peach pie with a blue star award on it. The background is a blue vertical rectangle with a yellow cloud-like shape containing white dots. A black-bordered box with a pink inner border contains the title text.

# Sweet Peach Pie

by Teresa Taylor

My name is Grace. I am in sixth grade. My dad is Keith and his wife is Kate.

Kate has two kids: a boy, Shane and a girl, Sage.

After school, the five of us have a great time at home.

Kate, Shane, and I like to play games and make a lot of noise.



One night, Shane came home late from a track meet. It was eight o'clock but he was in the mood for a treat. We got things ready to bake a sweet snack for the whole crew.

“But what should we make?” Shane said in a loud voice.

Each one of us had a treat that we thought might be great to eat.



When dad was a boy, he won a prize with his home-made fruit pie. But Dad told us that the pie had a tart taste and it was hard to make.

Kate said that her peach pie was the very best. She made it from scratch three times.

Shane and I thought Kate's pie would be the right pie to try to make.

Kate gave us the notes for how to make the pie.

## **Recipe:**

5 cups fresh peaches  
1 cup sugar  
½ cup flour  
1 big spoon sugar  
1 big spoon soft butter  
½ cup oats

## **Directions:**

Peel and slice the peaches.  
Mix the sugar and flour into the peaches.  
Pour this mix into the pie crust.  
Mix the butter, sugar, and oats and put on top of the pie.  
Bake at 325° for 1 hour.

## KATE'S PEACH PIE



Shane found ripe peaches in the fridge. Next, I had to make the crust. I had to roll it out and put it in the pan to get it nice and brown.

“I want a turn to bake,” said Sage.

We gave her the oats to mix into a dough. She put the sweet dough on top of the peaches. Then we had to bake the pie until the crust had a golden shine.

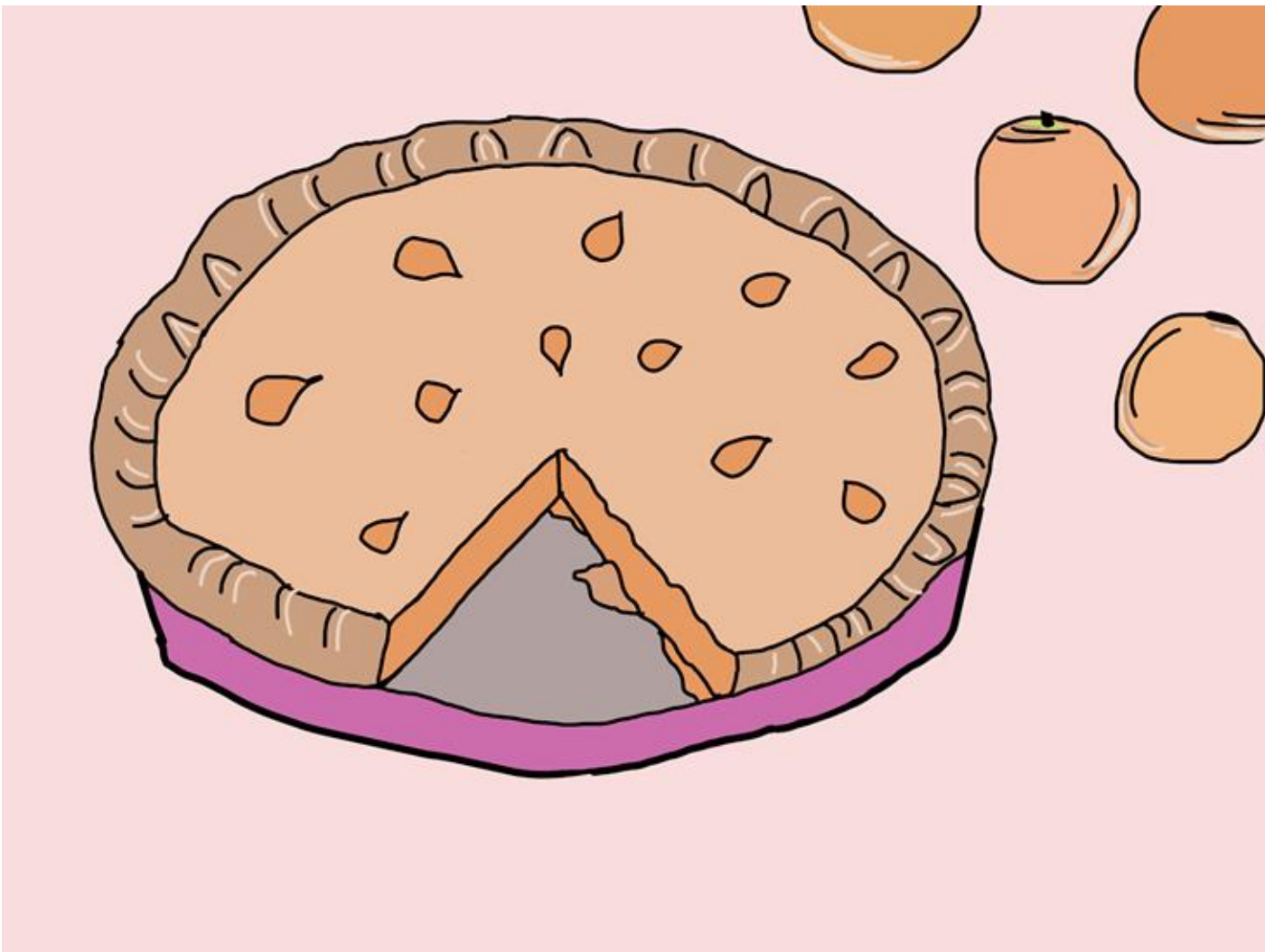




It was late when the peach pie was done. I cut five slices with a sharp knife. Shane gave out forks and plates. Each of us got a big piece to try.

Dad gave a loud, “Yummmmm!” We all broke into huge smiles.

The pie was sweet and warm. It had a great fresh peach smell.



The peach pie was a huge treat.

Shane slept with the last piece of pie on his night stand.

Sage ate part of her pie and saved the rest. The next day she took it to school in her lunch box.

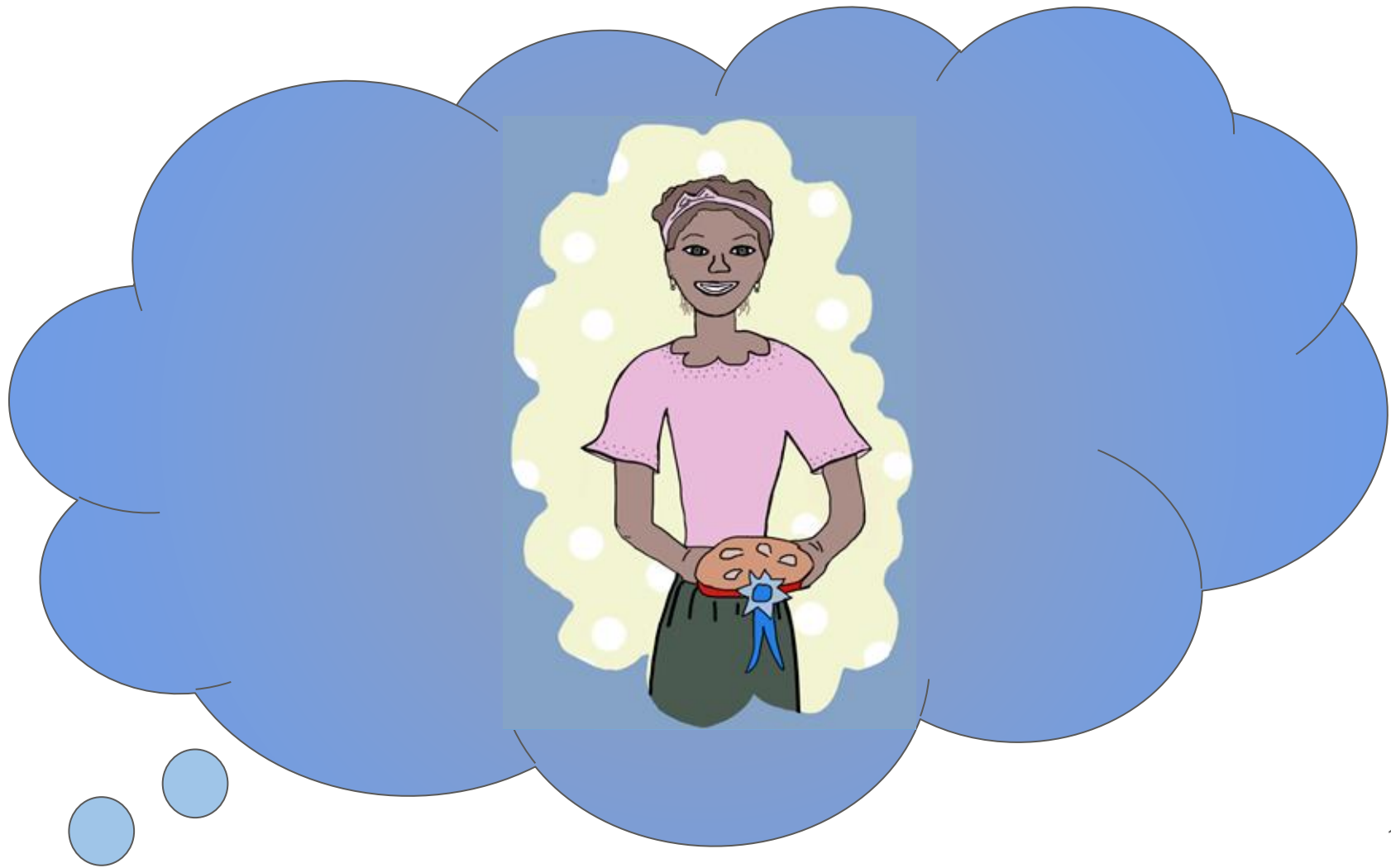
Kate and Dad ate their whole slice and said that we should make more.



That night I ate my whole slice of pie. Then I put the mess we made in to the sink. I was too worn out to clean and went straight to bed.

When I slept, I had a dream I got first prize for a peach pie I made.

The next time I make this peach pie for a treat, I will bake three pies. Then we we can eat sweet peach pie *all* week.



Green  
Long vowel sounds

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