Pies for Thanksgiving



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About This Book

At a Glance

- **Reading level:** English level A1 (CEFR)
- **Age:** 7+
- **Length:** 9 chapters · ±7,000 words

Edition

This is the **first edition** — version 1.0, published September 2026.

Version	Date	Notes
1.0	September 2026	First edition

About the Story

The Series

Rosie's Bakery sits on Main Street in the little American town of Maple Falls, where Evie and her mom bake fresh bread every morning and cakes to order. Evie loves to bake — and most of all to decorate, with a ring of red cherries on top. In each book she takes on one baking job, from the first mixing bowl to the last cherry, while her little brother Billy tastes everything and Crumble the shop dog waits for a crumb. Warm, gentle stories for children just starting to read English.

This Book

It is November in Maple Falls. The leaves are red and gold. Thanksgiving is this week.

The Lee family lives across the street now. But their own family is far away. So Mom says: "Then you come to us. All four of you."

Ten people at one long table. Ten people need pie! Two apple pies and one pumpkin pie.

But Evie has never made a pie. Not one. What is in a pie?

First the pumpkin, from Grandpa's garden. Then twelve apples from Sara's store. Then flour, cold butter and cold water.

And then, one day before baking day, the big oven stays cold.

Who has an oven for three pies?

Chapter 1: Far away



It is November now in Maple Falls.

The November mornings are gray and cold.

Evie stands at the big shop window. She looks up Main Street.

The maple tree stands by the town square. The tree is red now. Red and gold and orange.

The leaves fall on Main Street. They fall on the cold sidewalk. They fall and fall.

“Look at that, Mom,” says Evie. “The leaves fall.”

Mom comes from the kitchen with a tray of warm bread.

“It is very cold today,” says Mom.

But inside the shop it is warm. The shop smells of fresh bread.

Crumble sleeps by the shop door.

Ding!

The door opens. Mrs. Lee comes in. Tess comes in too.

"Morning!" says Evie.

"Morning!" says Mrs. Lee. "Oh, it is cold out there!"

Tess has red cheeks. She rubs her cold hands.

"Two loaves, please," says Mrs. Lee.

Mom puts two warm loaves in a bag.

"Thanksgiving is this week," says Mom.

Thanksgiving is a big dinner in November. Family and friends come to the house. They all eat together at one table. They say thank you for the food.

Mom puts the bag on the counter.

"What do you do for the big dinner?" she says.

Mrs. Lee is quiet. Then she smiles a little smile.

"Our family is far away," she says.

"Far away?" says Evie.

"Very far," says Mrs. Lee. "Grandma Lee lives far, far away. She does not come this year."

Tess looks down at the floor.

"This year it is just us four," says Mrs. Lee. "Mr. Lee, me, Tess and Sam."

Mom does not wait one second.

"No," she says. "You come to us."

"To you?" says Tess.

"Yes," says Mom. "Come here to the bakery. All four of you."

Mrs. Lee looks at Mom for a moment.

"You asked us," she says. "At Sam's party."

"I asked you," says Mom. "And now I say it again. Thanksgiving at Rosie's Bakery."

Mrs. Lee is quiet again. Then she smiles a big smile.

"Thank you, Rosie," she says.

Tess looks up from the floor.

"The big dinner at the bakery?" says Tess. "With all of you?"

"With all of us," says Evie.

"And Grandpa comes too," says Mom. "Grandpa comes every year."

Evie holds up her two hands. She counts on her fingers.

"Mom, Dad, me, Billy and June," she says.

Five fingers stand up in the air.

"And Grandpa," says Evie. "That is six."

Now the other hand.

"Mr. Lee, Mrs. Lee, Tess and Sam," says Evie.

"Four," says Tess. "Six and four."

Evie looks at her two hands. All ten fingers stand up.

"Ten," she says. "Ten people!"

"Ten," says Mom. "That is a big table."

Billy comes in from the kitchen. He has flour on his nose.

"Ten people?" says Billy. "Ten people eat a lot of pie."

"Yes," says Evie. "Ten people need pies!"

"PIE!" says Billy. Very loud.

They all laugh. Crumble wakes up on the floor.

"How many pies?" says Tess.

"Three," says Mom. "Two apple pies and one pumpkin pie."

"Pumpkin?" says Billy.

"Grandpa loves pumpkin pie," says Mom. "Every year. It is his favorite."

Evie is quiet now. She looks down at her hands.

She makes cakes. She makes cookies. She makes bread.

But a pie? No, not one pie. Not ever.

"Mom," says Evie. "I do not make pies."

"Not yet," says Mom.

"Is a pie hard?" says Evie.

"No," says Mom. "A pie is not hard. A pie is just different."

Tess stands by the counter. She looks at Evie.

"I can measure," says Tess. "I measure for you."

Evie smiles. "Yes," she says. "Thank you, Tess."

Ding!

The door opens again. Sara comes in with red cheeks.

"Morning!" says Sara. "Brrr! It is cold out there!"

"Sara!" says Evie. "We make pies. Three pies for ten people."

Sara stops in the middle of the shop.

"Ten people," she says. "Then we need a list. I check the list!"

"Every time," says Billy. "That is her job."

They all laugh again.

Now Crumble stands by Billy's feet.

"Later," says Billy. "Later you get a cookie."

Evie looks out the window at Main Street. Red leaves and gold leaves fall on the street.

This week: ten people at one big table. And three pies.

Evie turns around.

“Mom,” she says. “What is in a pie?”

Chapter 2: What a pie needs



Mrs. Lee picks up her bag of warm bread.

“I go home now,” she says. “Tess, you stay here.”

“Thank you, Mom,” says Tess.

Ding! The door shuts behind Mrs. Lee.

“Come,” says Mom. “Come to the back.”

Mom goes to the back. They all come after her. Crumble comes last.

The big table is clean and empty. Mom puts her two hands on it.

“Now,” she says. “What is in a pie?”

They all look at Mom.

“A pie has two parts,” says Mom. “A crust and a filling.”

“Crust?” says Billy. “What is a crust?”

"The crust is the outside," says Mom. "You hold it in your hand. The crust is dough."

"We know dough," says Sara. "We make bread."

"Yes," says Mom. "But this dough is not the same. This dough is flat and thin."

"And the filling?" says Evie.

"The filling goes inside the crust," says Mom. "The filling is the sweet part."

"I want the filling," says Billy.

"You want all the parts," says Evie.

They all laugh.

Sara takes out her paper and her pencil. Tess stands next to her.

"Sara writes the words," says Tess. "I write the numbers."

"Good," says Mom. "First the crust."

She counts on her fingers.

"Flour. Butter. A little salt. And cold water."

"Cold water?" says Evie.

"Very cold," says Mom. "And cold butter too. Cold butter makes a good crust."

Sara writes it down. Flour. Butter. Salt. Water.

"We have flour," says Evie. "We have butter and salt."

"All of it is here," says Mom. "The crust is easy. Now the filling."

"Three pies," says Evie. "Two apple pies and one pumpkin pie."

"Yes," says Mom. "The apple filling first. Apples. Sugar. And cinnamon."

"Cinnamon?" says Billy. "What is cinnamon?"

Mom goes to the shelf. She takes down a little jar. It is brown inside.

She holds the jar under Billy's nose.

Billy smells it. His eyes get big.

“Oh,” he says. “It smells warm.”

“That is cinnamon,” says Mom. “It is brown and sweet. It is very good with apples.”

They all smell the little jar. Crumble smells it too. Then he sneezes.

They all laugh again.

Mom shakes the jar. There is not much in it.

“This is not enough,” she says. “Three pies need more.”

“Cinnamon on the list,” says Sara. She writes it down.

“And the pumpkin pie?” says Evie.

“Pumpkin, eggs, milk and sugar,” says Mom. “That is the pumpkin filling.”

Tess writes a small number on the paper. Then she looks up.

“How many apples?” she says.

“Six apples for one pie,” says Mom.

Tess is quiet for a second.

“Two apple pies,” she says. “Six and six. That is twelve. We need twelve apples.”

“Twelve,” says Sara. Tess writes the number down.

“Not more,” says Tess. “Not less.”

Evie smiles. Tess is never wrong.

“Twelve apples,” says Evie. “Where do we get twelve apples?”

Sara stands up tall.

“My store!” she says. “We have red apples and green apples.”

“And cinnamon?” says Mom.

“My store too,” says Sara. “We have all of that.”

"Good," says Mom.

Billy looks up at Mom.

"And the pumpkin?" he says. "Is there a pumpkin at the store?"

Nobody says a word for a moment.

Then Evie knows.

"Grandpa!" she says. "Grandpa has a garden!"

"A garden?" says Tess.

"Behind his house," says Evie. "Down at the end of Main Street."

"Things grow in that garden," says Mom. "Beans grow there. Carrots grow there."

"Grandpa grows pumpkins every year," says Evie. "Big orange ones."

Billy holds his two arms out wide.

"This big?" he says.

"Bigger," says Mom.

Mom looks at the wall. The calendar hangs there.

"Come and look," she says.

Evie comes and looks. Mom puts her finger on the days.

"Today is Monday," says Mom. "Tomorrow is Tuesday."

"Tuesday," says Evie.

"On Tuesday we get the apples," says Mom. "And the pumpkin."

"And Wednesday?" says Sara.

"On Wednesday we bake," says Mom. "Three pies in one day."

"And Thursday?" says Tess.

Evie puts her finger on Thursday.

"Thursday is Thanksgiving," she says. "On Thursday ten people come."

Sara writes on her list. Tuesday. Wednesday. Thursday.

“Three days,” says Tess.

Billy pulls at Evie’s yellow apron.

“And I taste,” he says. “That is my job.”

“Every time,” says Evie.

“First we bake,” says Mom. “Then you taste.”

Evie looks at the list. Words and numbers. Flour, butter and salt. Twelve apples. And one big pumpkin.

Then she goes into the shop. She looks out the big window. The leaves fall on Main Street. Down at the end of the street is Grandpa’s house.

“Tomorrow we go to Grandpa,” she says. “We need one big pumpkin.”

“Not one big pumpkin,” says Billy.

He holds his arms out wide again.

“The biggest pumpkin!”

Chapter 3: The biggest pumpkin



It is Tuesday. It is cold outside.

Evie stands at the shop door. Sara and Tess stand next to her.

Billy comes out of the kitchen. He pulls his little red wagon.

The wagon is small and red.

“Why the wagon?” says Sara.

“A pumpkin is big,” says Billy. “A pumpkin is heavy. My wagon can carry it.”

Mom stands at the door with June.

“Go to Grandpa,” she says. “I stay here. The shop is open.”

“We will come back soon,” says Evie.

A door bangs across the street. Sam runs out.

“Wait!” he calls. “Wait for me!”

Sam runs to Billy. Sam always runs.

Mrs. Lee comes to her door.

“Can he come?” says Tess.

“Yes,” says Mrs. Lee. “Stay with Tess, Sam.”

“Come, Crumble,” says Evie.

Crumble runs ahead down the street.

They walk down Main Street. Leaves lie on the sidewalk. Red leaves, gold leaves, brown leaves.

The wagon goes bump, bump. Billy pulls and pulls.

Sam walks in the leaves. The leaves go crunch under his feet.

“Look at me!” says Sam.

Tess rubs her cold hands. Sara rubs her hands too.

“My hands are cold,” says Tess.

“Put them in your pockets,” says Evie.

They pass the big maple tree. It stands by the town square. It is very tall.

The tree is red and gold and orange. The leaves come down slow.

Sam holds out one hand. A leaf falls in it.

“I have one!” he says.

Main Street is long.

At the end of the street is a small house. That is Grandpa’s house.

“Grandpa!” calls Evie.

Nobody comes. The front door is shut.

“He is in the garden,” says Evie. “Come. It is behind the house.”

They go around the house. And there is the garden.

Grandpa stands in the middle of it. He has his cap on. He has a basket in his hand.

"Well!" says Grandpa. "Look at all of you!"

Crumble runs to him first. Grandpa rubs his ears.

"We are here for a pumpkin," says Evie. "Mom says pumpkin pie. For Thanksgiving."

"Ah," says Grandpa. "Then this is the right place."

The ground is brown and wet.

"The beans are done," says Grandpa. "The carrots are done. They are all in my kitchen."

Then he points.

"But look there," he says.

On the ground are the pumpkins. Big orange pumpkins. One, two, three, four.

Sam's eyes get big.

"They are orange!" he says. "They are so orange!"

"Pumpkins are orange," says Tess.

"Pick one," says Grandpa. "Pick any one."

Billy walks to the pumpkins. Sam walks after him.

"This one?" says Sam.

"No," says Billy. "Bigger."

"This one?"

"Bigger!"

Then Billy stops. He puts his two hands on one pumpkin.

"This one," he says. "This is the biggest pumpkin."

"Then pick that one," says Grandpa.

Sam claps his hands.

"The biggest!" he says.

Billy pulls at the pumpkin. It does not move.

"It is heavy," says Billy.

Sam pushes. Billy pulls. The pumpkin sits on the ground.

"Do not lift it," says Grandpa. "Roll it. Push it and roll it."

The two boys push together. The big pumpkin rolls.

It rolls one time. It rolls two times. It rolls over the brown ground.

"It rolls!" shouts Sam. "Look! It rolls!"

They roll it to the wagon.

"Now I lift it," says Grandpa.

Grandpa puts his hands under it. He lifts it up slow. He puts it in the wagon.

The pumpkin just fits.

"Oh," says Tess. "It is very big."

Grandpa looks at his garden for a long moment.

"My dad had a garden too," he says. "A big one. Every year, pumpkins."

"Your dad?" says Sam.

"My dad," says Grandpa. "He had big hands. And big pumpkins."

Evie smiles.

"Now you grow them," she says.

"Now I grow them," says Grandpa.

He puts his arms around them all. Evie and Sara and Tess and Billy and Sam.

"Thank you, Grandpa," says Evie.

"I come on Thursday," says Grandpa. "I come every year."

"Ten people come," says Evie. "You too."

"Save me a big piece," says Grandpa. "A big piece of pumpkin pie."

“The biggest piece,” says Billy.

Grandpa laughs.

They walk back up Main Street.

Billy pulls the wagon. Sam pushes it from behind.

Bump, bump, bump. The wagon goes over the sidewalk.

The big orange pumpkin sits in it. It rolls a little. It stays in.

They come to the bakery door.

Ding!

Mom comes out. She looks in the wagon.

“Oh my,” says Mom. “Now that is a pumpkin.”

“The biggest one,” says Billy.

“It is orange,” says Sam.

Sara takes out her list.

“One pumpkin,” she says. “Done.”

“Now the apples,” says Sara. “Twelve apples. To my store!”

Chapter 4: Apples and a cold oven



The wagon stands at the bakery door. The big pumpkin sits in it.

“Bring it in,” says Mom. “Bring it to the kitchen.”

Billy pulls. Evie pushes. The wagon goes over the step.

Mom lifts the pumpkin onto the big table.

“Now that is a pumpkin,” she says again.

Across the street a door opens. Mrs. Lee stands there.

“Sam!” she calls. “Come home now.”

“Bye, Billy!” says Sam. He runs across the street. Sam always runs.

“Now the apples,” says Sara. “Come. To my store.”

Evie, Sara, Tess and Billy walk down Main Street.

“Twelve apples,” says Tess. “Six for one pie. Six for the other pie.”

Sara's store is not far. Wooden crates stand on the sidewalk. Apples lie in the crates. Red apples and green apples.

Sara's mom stands by the door.

"Hello, Sara," she says. "Hello, girls. Hello, Billy."

"Hi, Mom," says Sara. "We need apples today."

"We make pies," says Evie. "Three pies. For the big dinner on Thursday."

"Then you need a lot of apples," says Sara's mom.

Sara takes out her paper and her pencil.

"Apples," she says. "And cinnamon. That is my list."

Tess goes to the crates. She looks at the apples for a long moment. Then she picks.

"Six red," says Tess. "And six green."

She puts them in a big bag. Sara's mom holds the bag open.

"Is that enough?" says Billy.

"Twelve is enough," says Tess. "Not more. Not less."

Sara's mom goes to the shelf behind the counter. She takes down a little jar.

"Cinnamon," she says. "A new jar. This one is full."

"Thank you," says Evie.

Sara looks at her list. She makes two little marks with her pencil.

"Apples. Done," she says. "Cinnamon. Done."

The bag of apples is heavy. Billy holds out his two hands.

"I will carry the apples," he says.

"Careful," says Evie. "Apples will fall out."

"I am careful," says Billy.

Then Billy looks in the bag. He looks at the red apples. He looks a long time.

"Can I eat one?" he says. "Can I eat one apple?"

Evie smiles at him.

"You asked," she says. "Yes. One."

"One," says Billy.

Sara's mom takes one more apple. She gives it to Billy.

He takes a big bite. Crunch!

"Good?" says Sara.

"Sweet," says Billy.

Sara's mom laughs. "Come back soon," she says.

They say thank you to Sara's mom. Then they walk back up Main Street.

At the Lee house Tess stops.

"I go home now," she says. "I will come back tomorrow. Early."

"Tomorrow we bake," says Evie. "Three pies in one day."

Tess goes in the door. Ding! — Evie, Sara and Billy go into the bakery.

Billy puts the bag on the big table. The apples lie next to the pumpkin.

"Good," says Mom. "Everything is here."

She goes to the big oven in the wall. She opens the iron door. She shuts it again.

"Now I warm up the oven," she says. "I bake bread for tomorrow."

Mom turns on the oven.

"It is cold now," she says. "In one hour it is hot."

They wait. Evie washes the apples. Sara puts the empty bag away. Billy sits on the floor with Crumble.

Then Mom goes to the oven. She holds her hand on the iron door.

"Oh," says Mom.

"What?" says Evie.

"It is cold," says Mom. "The oven does not warm up."

She turns the oven off. She turns it on again.

They wait one more time. Nobody says much.

Mom holds her hand on the door again. The door is cold.

"It does not work," says Mom.

"But it always works," says Evie. "It works every day."

Ding! The bell rings. Dad comes in from the mill. There is flour on his checked shirt.

"What is wrong?" says Dad.

"The oven," says Mom. "It does not work."

Dad puts his bag down. He opens the iron door. He looks inside for a long time.

"Hm," says Dad.

"Can you fix it?" says Evie.

"A part is broken," says Dad. "It sits in the back. It is a small part."

"Broken?" says Billy.

"Broken," says Dad. "I can fix it. But not today. I need a new part."

"When?" says Mom.

"Tomorrow," says Dad. "I will get a new part."

Nobody says anything. The kitchen is very quiet.

Evie looks at the twelve apples on the table. She looks at the big orange pumpkin. She looks at the little jar of cinnamon.

Then she looks at the floor.

"But tomorrow is Wednesday," she says. "Tomorrow we bake."

"No oven," says Sara.

"No pies?" says Billy. "No pies for Thursday?"

Evie does not say anything. The oven is cold.

Three pies. Ten people. And no oven.

Chapter 5: Our oven



It is early on Wednesday morning.

Evie comes down to the shop. She looks at the shelves.

Mom stands by the door with baby June. Billy sits on the floor with Crumble.

“No bread today,” says Mom. “Not one loaf.”

“Is the oven still cold?” says Evie.

“Still cold,” says Mom. “Dad is out. He is looking for a new part.”

Ding! Tess comes in. Sam runs in after her.

“Morning!” says Tess. “I am early. I am always early.”

“Morning,” says Evie. But she does not smile.

Tess looks at the empty shelves.

“Where is the bread?” she says.

“There is no bread,” says Evie. “The oven does not work.”

"A part is broken," says Billy. "Dad can fix it. But not today."

"No pies?" says Sam.

"We have apples," says Evie. "We have a big pumpkin. And no oven."

Tess does not say anything. She stands very still.

Then she looks up at Mom.

"I want to say something," says Tess.

"Say it," says Mom. "We want to hear it."

"We have an oven at home," says Tess. "It is small."

"But it works. It works every day. Come to our house."

"Your oven?" says Evie.

"Our oven," says Tess. "Our kitchen is small and warm."

Ding! Mrs. Lee stands in the open door.

"Yes!" she says. "Yes, come to us!"

"Oh, Mrs. Lee," says Mom. "Three pies in your little kitchen?"

Mrs. Lee takes Mom's hand in her two hands.

"You gave us bread," she says. "On our first day here."

"We had no table. We had no plates. And you gave us bread."

"Now we give you our oven."

Mom smiles at her. "Thank you, Mrs. Lee," she says.

"But our oven is small," says Mrs. Lee. "Two pies fit in it. Not three."

"Two now, then one more," says Mom.

"Then we bake today!" says Evie.

"Billy," says Mom. "Get your little red wagon."

Billy runs out. He comes back with the wagon. Bump, bump over the step.

They put everything in it. Three big bowls. The flour and the cold butter.

"Cold butter makes a good crust," says Mom.

Tess takes the measuring cup off the shelf. "I measure," she says.

Mom takes a long round piece of wood.

"What is that?" says Sam.

"That is a rolling pin," says Mom. "You roll the dough flat with it."

She lays it in the wagon with the apples and the cinnamon.

Last comes the big pumpkin. Mom lifts it in with two hands.

Ding! "Morning!" says Sara. She looks at the full wagon.

"We bake at Tess's house today!" says Billy.

"Then I check the list," says Sara.

"The sugar and the eggs," says Tess. "And the milk and the salt."

Sara makes a mark by every word.

Crumble puts his nose in the flour bag. Then he sneezes. Aaa-choo!

They all laugh at him.

Evie takes four aprons off the hook. Yellow, white, purple, and small blue.

Mom puts one more apron under her arm.

"Five?" says Evie.

"You will see," says Mom. "Today I close the shop."

They all go out into the cold. Mom carries June. Crumble comes too.

Evie puts her hands deep in her pockets.

Billy pulls the wagon. Sam pushes it from behind.

They come to the street. Sara stops them. "First we look," she says.

They look left. They look right. No car comes.

"Now we cross," says Sara.

They cross Main Street, slow and careful.

Sam runs ahead up the steps. He opens the front door.

They all go in.

"The kitchen is at the back," says Mrs. Lee.

The kitchen is small. But it is warm.

A real table stands in the middle. There are chairs around it.

"No boxes," says Billy.

"No boxes," says Mrs. Lee. She laughs.

By the wall stands the little oven. Mom opens the door.

"Two pies fit in here," she says. "Tess is right."

Mom turns the oven on. She holds her hand by the door.

"Warm," says Mom. "It gets warm."

"It works," says Tess.

Evie gives out the aprons. Yellow for her, white for Sara, purple for Tess.

"And the small blue one for me," says Billy. He puts his apron on.

Then one apron is still in Mom's hand. She holds it out to Mrs. Lee.

"For you," says Mom. "A baker needs an apron."

Mrs. Lee puts the apron on.

"Then today I am a baker too," she says.

She takes baby June in her arms.

The bowls stand on the table now. Mom claps her hands.

"Now," she says. "Now we make the crust."

"Cold butter," says Mom. "And cold water. Very cold."

Evie looks at her two hands. They are cold from the street.

"My hands are cold," she says.

"Good," says Mom. "Today cold is good."

Chapter 6: Cold hands



Mom puts the flour on the table.

“First the crust,” she says. “Tess?”

“I measure,” says Tess.

She takes the measuring cup. She fills it with flour.

Then she takes a knife. She pulls it over the top of the cup.

“Flat,” says Tess. “Not more. Not less.”

The flour goes in the big bowl. One cup. Two cups. Three cups.

“And a little salt,” says Tess.

“Now the butter,” says Mom.

The butter is cold and hard. Mom cuts it with the knife.

She cuts little bits. Bit, bit, bit.

The bits fall in the flour.

"Now your hands, Evie," says Mom.

"My hands?" says Evie.

"Your fingers," says Mom. "Ten cold fingers."

Evie puts her hands in the bowl.

She takes flour and butter in her fingers. She rubs.

She rubs and rubs and rubs.

The bits of butter get small. The flour turns yellow.

"Look," says Evie. "It looks like crumbs."

"Yes," says Mom. "Little crumbs. That is good."

"Are your hands still cold?" says Mom.

"Very cold," says Evie.

"Good," says Mom. "Cold hands make a good crust."

Tess looks in the bowl. "Crumbs," she says. "Now the water."

The kitchen door opens.

"Hello!" says a big warm voice.

"Dad!" shouts Sam. He runs to the door.

Mr. Lee comes in. He has his coat on.

"You are home!" says Tess.

"No work today," says Mr. Lee. "Tomorrow is Thanksgiving."

He takes his coat off. He looks at the table.

He looks at all the aprons.

"A bakery," he says. "A bakery in my kitchen!"

Mrs. Lee laughs. "Today I am a baker," she says.

"Then I am a baker too," says Mr. Lee. "What do I do?"

"The apples," says Sara. She looks at her list. "Twelve apples."

"Apples I can do," says Mr. Lee.

He sits down at the other end of the table.

Billy and Sam sit with him. Crumble lies under their chairs.

Mrs. Lee puts a big tray in front of them.

She has June in her arms. June watches everything.

Mr. Lee takes an apple and a little knife.

"Now I peel," he says.

"Peel?" says Billy. "What is peel?"

"Watch," says Mr. Lee.

He turns the apple slow. The knife goes round and round.

The peel comes off in one long piece.

It falls on the tray. Sam's eyes get big.

"Look!" shouts Sam. "So long!"

He holds the peel up high. It hangs down to the table.

"That is a long peel," says Mr. Lee. "Now the next apple."

The white apples go in a bowl. The peels go on the tray.

"Water now," says Mom.

Mrs. Lee brings a cup of cold water.

Mom pours a little in the bowl. Just a little.

Evie mixes it with her fingers.

The crumbs come together. They make a ball.

"Do not mix too much," says Mom. "Too much is not good."

Evie stops. "Is it good?" she says.

"It is good," says Mom. "Now we make three balls."

Billy comes to the bowl. He puts out one finger.

"Can I taste?" he says.

"Not yet," says Mom. "This dough is raw."

"First we bake," says Evie. "Then you taste."

"Then I taste," says Billy. He sits down again.

Mom puts three round pans on the table.

"Pie pans," she says. "One pie in every pan."

She gives Evie the rolling pin.

Evie puts a ball on the table. She puts flour under it.

She puts a little flour on top too.

Then she rolls. Roll, roll, roll.

The ball gets flat. It gets round. It gets thin.

"Flat and thin," says Tess. "That is a good crust."

"Not too thin," says Mom. "Then it breaks."

Evie puts her two hands under the dough.

"Careful," says Sara. "Slow and careful."

Evie lifts the crust up. She lays it in the pan.

It fits. She pushes it down with her fingers.

"One," says Sara.

Evie rolls the next ball. Flat. Round. Thin.

It goes in the next pan.

"Two," says Sara.

Now the last ball. Roll, roll, roll.

"Three," says Sara. "Three crusts in three pans."

Mrs. Lee looks at the pans on her own table.

"Pies in my kitchen," she says. "That is a good day."

Mom looks at the three pans. She smiles at Evie.

“The crusts are done,” she says.

Mr. Lee puts his knife down. The bowl of white apples is full.

“The apples are done too,” he says.

The big pumpkin sits on the table. It waits.

“Now,” says Mom. “Now the filling.”

Chapter 7: Apples in, pumpkin in



The bowl of white apples stands on the table.

“Now the filling,” says Mom. “Apples first.”

She takes an apple. She cuts it in two.

Then she cuts the parts in little pieces.

“Slices,” says Mom. “Thin slices.”

“Slice?” says Billy. “What is a slice?”

Mom holds one up. “That is a slice,” she says.

Mr. Lee cuts slices too.

Twelve apples make a lot of slices.

Billy looks at the bowl.

“Can I eat one slice?” he says.

Evie laughs. “You asked again,” she says. “Yes. One.”

Crunch. “Sweet,” says Billy.

“Sugar,” says Mom.

“One cup,” says Tess. She makes it flat.

The sugar goes on the slices.

“And cinnamon,” says Sara. “It is on my list.”

Tess opens the new jar. “Two spoons.”

The brown cinnamon falls on the white apples.

Evie stirs it all.

Then she puts the slices in two crusts.

Half in one pan. Half in the other.

The filling sits high in the middle.

“Now a crust on top,” says Mom. “An apple pie has two crusts. One under. One on top.”

“But our dough is gone,” says Evie.

“Then we make more,” says Mom. “It goes fast now.”

Tess measures flour. Mom cuts cold butter.

Evie rubs it with cold fingers. Crumbs again.

A little cold water. Two little balls.

Evie rolls the first ball. Flat. Round. Thin.

She lays it over the apples. It fits.

Mom cuts around the pan with the knife.

The dough at the edge comes off.

“Do not throw that away,” says Evie.

She presses the edge with her fingers.

Then the second pie. Roll, lay, press.

“Two,” says Sara.

Evie makes a ball of the extra dough.

She rolls it flat and thin.

Mom gives her the little knife.

“Soft dough,” says Mom. “Slow and careful.”

Evie cuts. Three and three. Six little shapes.

“What is that?” says Sam.

“A leaf,” says Evie. She holds one up.

“A maple leaf. We live in Maple Falls.”

“Leaves on a pie!” says Sam.

Evie lays three leaves on every apple pie.

Then she puts her hand in her apron pocket.

She takes out a little jar. Red cherries.

“That is not on my list,” says Sara.

“It is on my list,” says Evie.

She puts one cherry in the middle of every pie.

“And the pumpkin pie?” says Billy.

“No cherry on that one,” says Evie. “Two apple pies. Two cherries.”

“Now they are Evie’s pies,” says Mrs. Lee.

“Now the pumpkin,” says Evie. “In the last crust.”

“Not yet,” says Mom. “Feel it.”

Evie puts her hand on the pumpkin. It is hard.

“You cannot eat it like this,” says Mom.

“First we cook it. Then it gets soft.”

“Cook?” says Evie. “We do not cook the apples.”

"Apples are soft," says Mom. "A pumpkin is not."

Mrs. Lee gives June to Mr. Lee.

Mom takes the big knife. "This is my job," she says.

She cuts the pumpkin in two. Then in pieces.

Inside it is orange. Wet seeds sit in the middle.

"So many seeds!" shouts Sam.

Mrs. Lee takes the seeds out with a spoon.

She puts a big pan of water on the stove.

Mom cuts the peel off. The pieces go in the water. Now they cook.

They wait a long time. The water on the stove gets hot.

Mom puts a fork in a piece. It goes in easy.

"Soft," she says. "Now we mash it."

"Mash?" says Billy.

Mom puts the soft pieces in a bowl.

She presses them with a spoon.

Mash, mash, mash.

The pieces get small. Then there are no pieces.

"That is mash," says Mom. "Smooth and orange."

"Sugar," says Tess. "One cup. And the milk."

Evie breaks two eggs in the bowl.

Tess measures the milk. Not more, not less.

Evie stirs. The mash gets soft and smooth.

Then she pours it in the last crust.

It lies flat in the pan. Smooth and orange.

Billy looks at it. "That is soup," he says.

Mom laughs. “In the oven it gets thick,” she says.

Mrs. Lee turns on the little oven. It gets warm fast.

“Two,” says Mom. “Two fit. Not three.”

Evie carries the first pie to the oven.

Then the second one. The two pies fit.

Mrs. Lee shuts the oven door.

The pumpkin pie stands on the table.

“Two now,” says Mom. “Then one more.”

Billy and Sam sit on the floor with Crumble.

Evie, Sara and Tess sit by the oven.

Soon the kitchen smells of apples and cinnamon.

Billy puts his nose up. “Pie,” he says.

Evie looks in the little oven window.

The crusts are not brown yet.

“Are they good?” she says.

“We wait,” says Mom. “Then we see.”

Sara looks out the window.

“It is late,” she says. “And one pie is not in.”

Evie looks at the pumpkin pie. Then at the oven door.

Outside the window it gets dark.

Chapter 8: Three pies



Outside the window it is dark.

Inside the little kitchen it is warm.

Evie looks in the oven window again.

“Golden,” she says. “Mom! They are golden.”

Mom comes and looks too.

“Yes,” she says. “They are done.”

Mrs. Lee opens the oven door.

Hot air comes out. They all come close.

Mom takes the first pie out. Then the second one.

She puts them on the table.

The two apple pies are golden brown.

The maple leaves on top are brown.

The two red cherries sit in the middle.

At the edge the filling comes out.

Plop. Plop. It bubbles.

“Look!” shouts Sam. “It bubbles!”

“That is good,” says Mom. “A good pie bubbles at the edge.”

Billy stands very close to the table.

He does not say anything. He waits.

Evie laughs. “Billy,” she says.

“First we bake,” says Mom. “Then you taste.”

“We baked,” says Billy.

“We did,” says Mom. “Now you taste.”

She takes a little bit from the edge.

It is hot. Billy blows on it.

Then he eats it.

“Mmm,” says Billy. “Mmm, mmm, mmm.”

“Is it good?” says Evie.

“The best,” says Billy.

“Now the last one,” says Mom.

Evie takes the pumpkin pie with two hands.

“Slow,” says Mom. “It is still soup.”

Evie walks slow to the oven.

The pie goes in. Mrs. Lee shuts the door.

“Two out. One in,” says Sara. She checks her list.

They wait a long time.

Billy and Sam lie on the floor with Crumble.

Mr. Lee has June in his arms. She sleeps.

Sam sits up. “Is it done?”

“Not yet,” says Tess. “A pumpkin pie is slow.”

Crumble puts his nose up. He smells it too.

“It is late,” says Tess.

Mom looks in the oven window.

“Soon,” she says.

Then the last pie comes out.

The filling is not soup now. It is thick and flat.

Sam stands on his toes.

“It is orange!” he shouts.

“Yes,” says Evie. “And Grandpa loves pumpkin pie.”

Three pies stand on the Lees’ table.

Two apple pies. One pumpkin pie.

Evie looks at them a long time.

“I made a pie,” she says.

“You made three,” says Tess.

“Hot,” says Mom. “First we wait. Then we go.”

They wait. The pies are not hot now.

“Now we go home,” says Mom. “Coats on.”

Billy puts the bowls in the wagon.

The rolling pin. The measuring cup. The jar of cinnamon.

“Not the pies,” says Mom. “The wagon goes bump, bump.”

“That is not good for a pie,” says Evie.

“We carry them,” says Sara. “One pie for me.”

"And one for me," says Tess.

"And one for me," says Evie.

Mr. Lee opens the front door.

Outside it is cold and dark.

Mr. Lee gives June to Mom.

He takes a light out of his pocket.

Click. The light shines on the steps.

"I go first," says Mr. Lee. "I hold the light."

The three girls take the three pies.

With two hands. Down the steps. Slow and careful.

Mr. Lee lifts the wagon down the steps.

Billy pulls it. Sam pushes from behind.

Crumble runs ahead in the dark.

Mrs. Lee stands in the open door.

"Thank you for your oven," says Evie.

"Come tomorrow," says Mom. "All four of you."

"We will come," says Mrs. Lee.

"First we look," says Sara.

Left. Right. No car on Main Street.

They cross the street. Very slow.

Ding! The bakery door.

Inside it is warm.

Dad sits on the floor by the big oven.

The iron door stands open.

He has a new part in his hand.

"Dad!" says Evie. "Look! Three pies!"

"One moment," says Dad. "Wait."

He puts the part in the back. He turns it.

Then he shuts the iron door.

He turns the oven on.

Nobody says anything. They all wait.

Evie holds her hand near the iron door.

Warm. It gets warm.

"It works!" shouts Evie. "Dad, it works!"

"I fixed it," says Dad.

"Good night, all," says Mr. Lee. "Come, Sam."

Ding! The bakery door.

The three girls put the pies on the big table.

"Tomorrow the turkey goes in," says Mom.

A turkey is a big bird. People eat turkey at Thanksgiving.

Mom's turkey is very big.

"Do we bake bread too?" says Billy.

"One loaf," says Mom. "For the table."

Evie looks at the three pies.

Then she looks at the big oven.

"Tomorrow is Thanksgiving," she says.

Mom smiles. "Tomorrow ten people come."

Chapter 9: Thank you



It is Thursday. It is Thanksgiving.

Today the shop is closed.

No bread on the shelves. Nobody comes to buy.

But the bakery is warm and full.

The big oven works again.

The turkey is inside. The whole house smells good.

In the shop Dad and Evie push two tables together.

Now it is one long table.

It is very long. It fills the shop.

Evie puts the chairs around it.

She counts them. “One, two, three, four.”

“Five, six, seven, eight, nine.”

Nine chairs.

"That is not ten," says Billy.

"June sits on Mom's lap," says Evie.

"Nine chairs and a baby," says Billy.

Ding! The bakery door.

The Lees come in. All four of them.

Mrs. Lee has a big bowl in her hands.

"Rice," she says. "We eat rice every year."

She puts the bowl on the long table.

Sam runs to Billy. Sam always runs.

Ding! Grandpa comes in with his cap on.

His cheeks are red from the cold.

"It is cold outside," he says.

Crumble runs to him. Grandpa rubs Crumble's ears.

Mom takes the turkey out of the big oven.

Dad carries it to the long table.

One loaf of fresh bread lies next to the turkey.

On the counter stand the three pies.

Two apple pies. One pumpkin pie.

Nobody eats pie first. Pie comes last.

"Now we sit," says Mom.

Ten people sit at one long table.

June sits on Mom's lap.

Everyone is quiet.

Grandpa looks around the table.

"Thank you, God, for this food," he says.

"And thank you for our friends."

Then they eat.

Dad cuts the turkey. They all get a piece.

The rice is white and warm.

Billy eats rice two times.

Sam eats turkey and rice and bread.

Mom looks around the long table.

"This year we made a lot," she says.

"What did we make?"

Evie thinks for a moment.

"A cake for Grandpa," she says.

"The best cake in Maple Falls," says Grandpa.

"And a hundred cupcakes," says Evie. "With Sara."

"And I ate a cherry," says Billy.

They all laugh. Billy laughs too.

"You made bread for us," says Tess.

"On our first day here."

"And a blue cake!" shouts Sam. "Cake! Six candles!"

"I measured," says Tess. "Every time."

"And three pies," says Dad. "In the Lees' oven."

"Twelve apples," says Mr. Lee. "One long peel."

"Our oven," says Mrs. Lee. "Your pies."

"I am thankful for good neighbors," says Mom.

"And we are thankful for you," says Mrs. Lee.

Then Evie brings the pumpkin pie to the table.

It is smooth and orange.

Mom cuts it. Billy watches every piece.

“A big piece for Grandpa,” says Billy.

“The biggest piece.”

“I asked for a big piece,” says Grandpa.

“And you get the biggest,” says Billy.

“You did not forget,” says Grandpa.

Grandpa takes the first bite. He eats slow.

Everyone looks at him.

“Is it good?” says Evie.

“The best pumpkin pie in Maple Falls,” says Grandpa.

Evie smiles big.

Mom cuts one apple pie too.

The maple leaves on top are brown.

The red cherry sits in the middle.

Crumble comes and sits under Evie’s chair.

He looks up at her.

“Today you get a cookie,” says Billy.

Billy gives him one. It is gone in one bite.

Ding! The bakery door again.

Sara comes in. Her mom comes with her.

“We ate at home,” says Sara.

“But I am here for pie.”

“Come in,” says Mom. “Sit with us.”

Dad brings two chairs from the kitchen.

Evie cuts two pieces of apple pie.

“A baker always bakes extra,” she says.

Sara looks at the top of her piece.

“Maple leaves,” she says. “For Maple Falls.”

“Thank you, Rosie,” says Sara’s mom.

Then Billy looks out the shop window.

He stands up fast.

“Snow!” he shouts. “Look! Snow!”

Sam runs to the window.

They all look out the window.

Something white falls on Main Street.

It falls on the sidewalk.

It falls on the big maple tree.

“The first snow,” says Mom.

“Winter is coming,” says Grandpa.

“Time for cookies.”

“Cookies?” says Billy.

“Cookies for the whole town?” says Mom.

Nobody says no.

Evie looks around the long table.

Ten people. And Sara. And Sara’s mom.

And one dog under Evie’s chair.

She is thankful too.

Outside the snow falls slow on Main Street.

Inside the bakery it is warm.

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