

# Freshly Baked Pie

Lora Rozler

Freshly baked pie sitting perfectly still

On the window sill.

“Don’t touch it!” Mom said.

“Only look,” Dad warned.

But how can I not?

It’s staring at me straight in the eye.

“Touch me,” it says.

“Eat me,” it dares.

I hide under the table, crumbs everywhere.

Dad’s footsteps are heard.

Mom’s shoes tap the floor.

I’m in trouble I think.



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

## Freshly Baked Pie

**Instructions:** Fill in the blanks to complete the poem.

Freshly baked \_\_\_\_\_ sitting perfectly still

On the window \_\_\_\_\_.

“Don’t touch it!” \_\_\_\_\_ said.

“Only \_\_\_\_\_,” Dad warned.

But how can I not?

It’s staring at \_\_\_\_\_ straight in the eye.

“Touch me,” it says.

“Eat me,” \_\_\_\_\_ dares.

I \_\_\_\_\_ under the table, crumbs everywhere.

Dad’s footsteps \_\_\_\_\_ heard.

Mom’s shoes tap \_\_\_\_\_ floor.

I’m \_\_\_\_\_ trouble I think.



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

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Sometimes waiting can be hard. I can relate to Emily.

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