

(1) Enemy Pie

One sunny summer morning, a boy felt cheerful and excited. The weather was perfect, the sky was clear, and he had a long list of fun activities to enjoy. He believed this summer would be the best one of his life. However, something unexpected happened that changed everything.

“There’s a new kid in our neighborhood,” the boy said to his dad.

“His name is Jeremy Ross, and I’ve already decided—I don’t like him.”

His father raised an eyebrow in surprise. “Oh? What makes you say that?”

The boy crossed his arms, visibly annoyed. “He laughed when the pitcher struck me out during the baseball game, didn’t invite me to his trampoline party, and even called my best friend a terrible name! Jeremy Ross is officially my number one enemy.”

His dad nodded thoughtfully.

“That sounds rough. You know, I had enemies too when I was your age. But I had a special trick.”

“A trick?” the boy asked curiously.

“Not merely a trick, but a secret weapon,” Dad said with a sly grin. “Enemy Pie.”

The boy’s eyes widened. He had never heard of such a thing, but it sounded powerful. He imagined a disgusting, revolting dessert filled with worms, mud, and other horrifying ingredients which was something so awful that no enemy would ever dare mess with him again.

“I want to make Enemy Pie!” he exclaimed. “Let’s make it right now!”

His father nodded. “We can. But there’s one very important rule. For the pie to work, you must spend the whole day with your enemy before he eats it.”

The boy stared in disbelief. “You mean I have to hang out with Jeremy Ross?”

“Exactly,” Dad confirmed.

Though unsure, the boy agreed. If this was what it took to defeat his enemy, he was willing to endure it.

The next morning, feeling both nervous and determined, the boy walked to Jeremy’s house, rang the doorbell, and asked, “Want to hang out today?” Jeremy looked surprised, but then smiled and said, “Sure!” They spent the day playing basketball, riding bikes, and competing in video games. They even shared lunch and laughed at silly stories. As the afternoon passed, the boy felt more and more confused. “Jeremy isn’t mean at all,” he thought. “He’s actually pretty fun.”

When it was time to go home, Jeremy asked, “Can you come over again tomorrow?” The boy didn’t know what to say. Jeremy had once been mean, but today, he had acted like a true friend.

Back at home, the boy told his dad, “I don’t think Jeremy should eat Enemy Pie. He’s not really my enemy anymore.” Dad smiled kindly. “That’s good to hear. But the pie is ready. Want to share it with him anyway?” The boy hesitated, then nodded. “Okay. But I’m going to try it too, just in case it’s gross.”

Later that evening, Jeremy came over. They sat at the table as Dad served two big slices of pie. The boy watched Jeremy closely. Jeremy took a bite and smiled. “Mmm! This is delicious! What’s in it?” The boy took a bite too and was surprised. “It tastes like apples and cinnamon! This isn’t Enemy Pie—it’s just... pie.” Dad winked. “Maybe the real Enemy Pie was the time you spent together.” The boy laughed. He had started the day with an enemy, but now he had a new friend.

From that day on, the two boys played together almost every day. And the boy knew that if he ever had another enemy, he would use the same recipe—not just the pie, but the friendship too.