

Albert had to go shopping. He hated going, there were too many people swarming around, yelling and bumping into his big belly. There was so much garbage that came up from the road that got into his eyes, and the smell from the horses that carried the little carriages was terrible. The noise from the cars was awful too.

Whenever something made him stressed, he always had to do something to make himself relaxed. That's why Albert had made an apple pie earlier and he had reminded himself that he could eat that when he got home.

Albert had to get himself ready for shopping. It was hard for him because he was a big person with no hair. He hated beards and mustaches because they always made him itch. The hair on top of his head had been shaved off because that was also very irritating to him. The only exceptions were his eyebrows; they were very thin though and you could barely see them. Altogether Albert looked like a very large, flesh-colored balloon. When Albert was ready he wore a red T-shirt and plaid shorts.

After Albert had made himself look acceptable, he got his shopping list. It was really long because he needed to stock up on lots of things so he wouldn't have to go shopping again for a while. Albert got some money to put in his wallet and some of his reusable bags. Then Albert left to go shopping.

When Albert got to the second-hand shop, he went to the extra large men's area. He needed some new shirts because some of his shirts wouldn't fit around his stomach anymore. He also needed some better socks.

Most of the things in this area wouldn't fit Albert. If he squeezed into an extra, extra large shirt, he might just fit. Finally, Albert found five shirts that might fit.

He checked the aisles around him and when he didn't find anyone around, he pulled the shirt on over his head. The first shirt wouldn't fit and he had a tough time getting it off. He even needed another person to help him get it off. An old man stopped to help Albert.

He was old and wrinkly. His hair was white and very long. He was a very patient person, which was good because it took a long time getting the shirt off.

When the shirt was off, the man waited for a bit after. It seemed like he was waiting for something. After nothing happened, the man walked away.

"That person is really creepy," thought Albert when the person was gone. "His hair is too long and itchy. This is why I hate shopping."

The second shirt was a bit looser and it slid easily over her head although it was snug over his stomach. He decided to get it anyways because he desperately needed shirts. In the end he had three shirts that fit. Next, he went off to find socks.

Finding socks was much easier. He had smallish feet compared to the rest of his body, but to most people his feet were average. The only problem with finding socks for him was that he had really fat ankles. All his socks needed to be very short so his ankles were comfortable.

When Albert started looking for socks, the person who helped him with his shirt came up to him. Wordlessly, the

man gave Albert five pairs of socks. The man seemed to be waiting for Albert to say something and when he didn't the man walked away moodily. After the man left, Albert tried on the socks. They all fit.

Albert went to the pizza place for lunch. He got a really big pizza topped with sausage, pepperoni and mushrooms and a soda. He devoured his pizza in five minutes and drank his soda in one big gulp.

After lunch, Albert drove to a little grocery shop not far away. Albert looked for pasta, chips, bread, rice, tomato sauce, cheese and other things on his list. Since he had made an apple pie recently, he got some apples. The same weird man gave the apples to Albert and again he waited. Then, after a while he stomped off. After, Albert went to the check out.

Albert got in line behind the same old man in the check out. The man didn't seem to notice him until he was just about to leave.

"You are what you eat," said the man as he turned around. Then the man left. Albert didn't know what the man was talking about so he decided to ignore it.

"That man is just being weird again," thought Albert.

When Albert got home, he started making his dinner: pasta with chicken and tomato sauce. It was one of his favorites. He remembered that his brother, John, was coming home so he made some extra. While the pasta was cooking, Albert got out his chicken. He seasoned it with herbs and some lemon juice then put it in the oven.

Suddenly the phone rang.

"Hello?" said Albert as he picked up the phone.

"At 7:00 you will be turned into the last thing you ate," said the person on the other end.

"Go away!" said Albert as he slammed the phone down. "It must be that old man again!" said Albert to himself. "How did he get my phone number?"

When Albert got back to the kitchen he saw that his pasta was over cooked. Albert was very mad at the old man. Now his pasta dinner would be mushy and gross.

When Albert's chicken had been in the oven for ten minutes, he got out his pie and put it in the oven with the chicken. He waited for his dinner to be ready while watching T.V. His favorite show wasn't on but that didn't matter much because he was too distracted of the old man.

When Albert's dinner was ready, it was 6:30. The phone had kept ringing and ringing making it hard to hear his show. When he picked up the phone the old man was counting down the time until 7:00. He had thought it was really annoying but the man kept on calling. After a while Albert just unplugged his phone.

On Albert's table was his pasta dinner. John still wasn't there yet so he ate the whole dinner in twenty minutes. He would have eaten it in ten minutes but Albert decided to savor his dinner. It wasn't as gross as he thought it would be.

Next, Albert started in on his apple pie. It was gooey and delicious. The crust was just a bit crispy just the way he liked it. The apples were soft but they still had a bit of crunch in them. His apple pie was perfect. He ate it in ten minutes.

After eating the pie, Albert felt tired. He lied down on the table and fell asleep. When he woke up, it was 7:01.

"That man is crazy," said Albert to himself. "I am what I eat, ha! I'm still the same as... Oh!"

Albert had looked at himself. He had become an apple pie!

"You're welcome," said a voice that sounded like the old man. "I gave you three chances to say thank you but not once did you say it. Remember your manners next time!"

"My manners? I just forgot!" cried Albert. "Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you!"

It was too late. Albert was stuck as an apple pie.

"It's not too bad.." thought Albert. "I'll just get my brother to help me when he gets here." Albert didn't know it, but he was slowly beginning to lose his ability to talk and the feeling of his body parts.

Albert's brother came half an hour later. Unlike Albert, he was a tall, skinny and successful man. The one thing the two brothers shared in common though, was the love for apple pie.

"Mmm! Apple pie!" exclaimed John as he came in. He didn't even bother taking off his jacket before he sat down in front of Albert. Albert tried to tell John what had happened but it was no use, he could no longer speak. John picked up the fork that Albert had used for his apple pie and took a big bite of Albert. A weird tingling sensation went through Albert as this happened. He soon felt light headed.

"I wish I had remembered my manners," was the last thing Albert thought.