

To: Susan

Time period: 1940s

Items: A snare drum, a pie safe & a family quilt

PIECE OF THE PIE

In a small farm community in Oklahoma, a group of young boys call themselves the black spur gang. Even though most of them can't ride a horse, they all sport hand painted black spurs on their cowboy boots to make them seem tougher than the other kids in town. Despite the fact that the gang doesn't do much other than get together and play board games in their "headquarters," which is a ramshackled fort of old wood and car parts haphazardly attached to a branch on an old oak tree. Only five are allowed in the fort at a time, in fear of the fort collapsing. The kids aren't afraid of getting hurt, they are afraid of their parents finding out about it. A fate worse than death. For those who are not selected to be in the prized fort, hide and play in the nearby trees. Constantly on the lookout for parents coming in to check on them.

The only thing that they fear more than their parents finding out about their unsafe playing environments, is the old woman who lives by the abandoned windmill at the edge of town. Known only for her nickname "Scar eyed Jane" because of the massive scar down her left eyelid, causing her pupil to be discolored to a milky white haze. Never seen around town and is only rarely spotted staring out of windows in her house. The kids Don't dare talk to her or even think to look her in the wrong eye, for her ghastly facial expressions tell them everything they need to know.

One night while the gang plays their annual "dodge the dry cow poop" at the nearby field, Ed, the unofficial leader of the gang, claims that he had seen her floating around outside her house. The gang suddenly stop pelting poop at each other and listen with a chilling intent. Ed continues on with the story, describing how her long toenails brush against the grass as she glides around, humming quietly. The dramatic silence quickly shifts to laughter as a dried poop pie explodes onto Ed's face. The kids return to gather cow poop for another round of pelting one another. The horrors of Scare Eyed Jane are soon forgotten, until one night the gang decide to go to her house and see her float for themselves.

The moon overhead bleeds with a red glow as the gang presses out past the woods into the old cow pasture. The windmill creaks and moans as

the wind tests its old wooden foundation. "Are you guys sure about this?" Morton whimpered as he picked mud out of his spurs. "Quiet!" Ed cut out. "I thought you didn't believe in the stories." "I don't!" Morton replied. "Then what's the problem? Why are you scared of something you don't believe in?" He jabs at his chest. "Unless you really are just a coward afterall." The rest of the group howl and laugh at Ed's insults. Morton stands in anger before he quickly runs off towards the house by the windmill. The rest of the group look at each other in confusion and terror before following behind him.

The gang catches up to Morton and prop themselves up against the wooden fence close to the front of Scar eyed Jane's house. The old decaying farm house is dark except for a lone light shining out of a second story window. The gang quietly stands behind a wooden fence, peering out towards the house between the fence's boards. "You guys hear that?" The group grows still as a haunting hum echo's out from within the house. Ed gulps loudly. "Well, What now?" Ed whispers. "Are you gonna throw it or not?" Morton glances at Ed and then back at the house. Gerald, steps out of the cow field smiling. "Here's a nice and hard one!" Holding a massive cow patty. "Give me that!" Morton snarls as he takes the cow patty out of Gerald's hand. "Hey! That's mine! I found it! I get to throw it!" Gerald fights to get back his prized brown treasure. But it was too late, Morton launches the cow patty straight at the house. It breaks into dust with a loud thud as it makes contact with a first story window. Most of the gang immediately runs off laughing except for Morton, Ed, and Gerald. "Come on, Morton! You're the worst!" Gerald sulks. "Shut up and go beat your drum!" Morton yells.

Suddenly the gang stops in their tracks as they hear the first story window slide open. They duck down and glanced through the cracks in the fence to get a better view. Long, warped hands reach out of the window as a figure crans its neck out. The boys shoot down in fear. The figure taps it's long dirty fingernails against the wood of the house as it scans the yard. Long white hair waving in the wind. Ed watches the figure look about before it precludes back inside. The group of kids glance at each other in a hushed panic, unsure of what to do next. Suddenly, a delicious aroma unlike anything they had ever smelled fills the air. Ed and Morton reposition themselves to get a better look inside the now open window as the smell beckons them. Their eyes glisten as a large pie safe sits cracked open, revealing several pies inside. Morton whispered "I dare you to go grab that pie." Ed glances at Morton and lets out a devilish grin before he hops the fence and sprints towards the front of the house. "Wait!

Comeback! She'll catch you!" Morton whispers out, but Ed didn't hear him. The only thing that existed right now was himself and that pie.

Ed pokes his head through the window and glances around the starkly decorated kitchen before lifting himself up on the window ledge and hopping onto the kitchen floor. A hissing sound catches his attention. He crouches behind the kitchen island and looks into the living room to find the source of the noise. Light from the fireplace glistens into the kitchen, coating everything in a warm orange haze. A record skips on an antique gramophone as it continues to hiss and pop. Ed glances back out the window to Morton's petrified face as he signals to come back. Ed turns towards the massive pie safe and cracks the door open. Standing at about 7 feet tall, the multiple shelves house several elaborate desserts. He wraps his fingers around the biggest pie he could find but suddenly stops as the living room door creaks open. Ed holds his breath as he slides into the bottom shelf of the pie safe and silently closes the door just enough to peek out. The record player resets. An eerie song looms into his ears. The haunting melody of piano and violin travels throughout the once silent house. He glances through the crack and his eyes widen with fear as a shadowy figure glides into the living room, humming along to the music. Her voice is distorted and scratchy. Like nails on a chalkboard. Ed whimpers as Scar eyed Jane floats about the living room, dancing with someone who isn't there. Her long white hair seems to glow in the darkness of the living room. Ed watches her drift farther into the living room, past his line of sight. He peers out further from the pie safe to try and discover where she went. Her humming stops.

In an instant she is in the kitchen. Ed covers his mouth as he squishes against the back of the pie cabinet as a black silhouette now stands in front of him. He closes his eyes as her long fingers grip the knob of the pie cabinet doors, slowly pulling it open. A loud thud echoes out from the living room as Morton launches another cow patty at the house. Ed opens his eyes as the figure was now gone. The humming now in a distant part of the house. In a panicked frenzy, he runs out of the pie cabinet and leaps out of the window, running past the rest of the group.

"What were you thinking?! Are you crazy?!" Morton cries out, now in the safety of their tree house. Ed finally is able to catch his breath. "I don't know I just really wanted a taste!" Ed responded. "She could have killed you!" "You're lucky we all made it back in one piece!" Drumming echoed out into the night as the kids sunk in a deathly silence and slip down off the fort into the ground below. "Parents are coming!" Gerland calls out, approaching the group with a snare

drum in hand. The gang disperses into the night. As Ed and Morton walked home, they swore to never speak of what happened that night ever again.

Ed woke up to the smell of a delicious breakfast downstairs. Cloaked in his family's quilt, he excitedly runs down the stairs to the source of the smell. Much to his horror, Scar eyed Jane stands by the stove holding the same pie from last night. His parents stand next to her, adding the finishing touches to the elaborate breakfast spread. "Good morning sleepy head!" His mother smiled as she hands him a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice. "Jane stopped by to give us some pies, isn't that nice of her?" "What, why?" Ed says with a tremble as he tries to play it cool, spilling orange juice on his shirt. Scar Eyed Jane's crooked teeth shine through her smile. "Well I knew your grandmother very well, I thought I'd come and meet the family. I baked this fresh blueberry pie, I thought y'all could enjoy it with your breakfast." "Well that's very nice of you!" His mother added. Scar Eyed Jane sits down directly across from Ed, her eyes never leaving him. The milky white glow of her scared eye seemed to stare into his soul. Ed, unable to escape, slowly ate his breakfast in horror, avoiding looking at the strange woman completely. Shortly after breakfast, the family cuts up the pie and begin to eat it. Ed's parents gobble up their slices, moaning in delight with each bite. Morton resists at first, but something about the smell he couldn't fight. His mouth waters as he glances down at the almost glistening blueberry pie. "Eat it." A voice said in his mind. Ed's thoughts start to cloud and dull as he takes his first bite. Scar eyed Jane lets out a cackling laugh as his parents fall out of their chairs unconscious. Ed snaps out of his trance. Humming filling his ears. He made his way towards the front door as the room around him began to spin. Her haunting humming piercing his ears. He makes a desperate attempt to escape as he staggers towards the front door. Scar eyed Jane cackles out as she floats over the table and clings to the ceiling like a spider, her neck snapping and breaking as her head turns backwards to look at Ed. Ed screams out in horror as his hand stretches towards the door handle, but is met with the supernatural strong grip of Scar Eyed Jane as she worms her way down from the ceiling. The last thing he saw was the milky white eye of that strange woman gleaming at him with a smile as his vision fades into black.

Later that afternoon, The rest of the gang huddles around their fort, terrified as Ed and his family were nowhere to be found. Even worse, a delicious smell of meat pies floats through the air of the town. Tempting them to try a bite.