



BAD FOOD

Mission Impastable

By Eric Luper

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"The Doodle Boy" Joe Whale**

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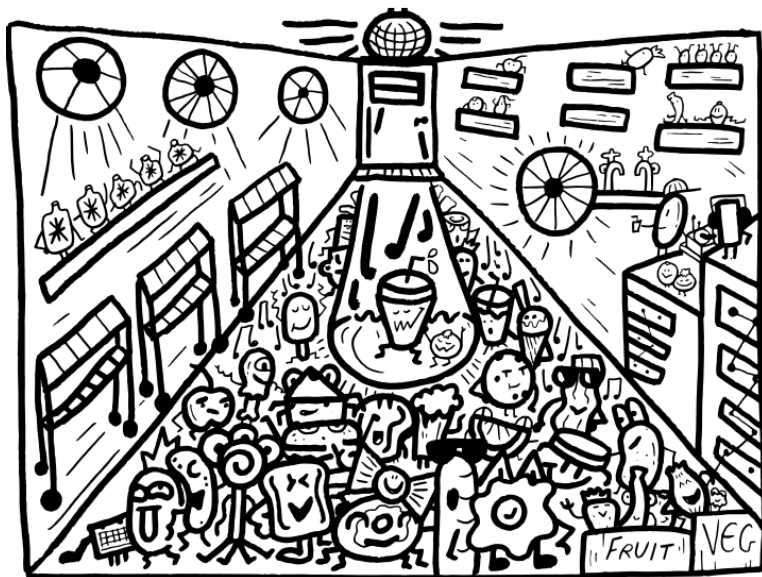
CHAPTER 1

Noodling Around

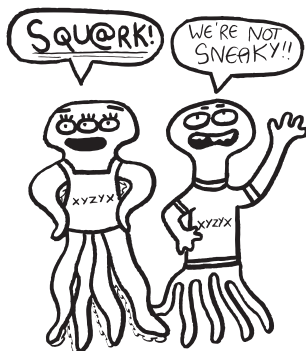
Once again, night came to Belching Walrus Elementary. The doors were locked, the hallways were silent, and the air-conditioning lazily puffed out cool air. Oh, and all the food in the cafeteria was chilling out.



No, what I meant to say is that the food in the cafeteria at Belching Walrus Elementary actually comes alive each night to hang out and have fun. Every night.



And ever since the folks from the other rooms in the school helped Slice, Scoop, and Tutz stop the sneaky plans of the aliens, Gleb and Lauren . . .



Well, it's all been pretty good since then. And, as always, best buds Slice (a brave triangular slice of pizza), Scoop (a triple scoop ice cream cone—vanilla, chocolate, AND strawberry), and Totz (a crunchy, delicious, and trendy tater tot) were doing a little bit of their own chilling out under the utility sink.

SCRITCH
SCRITCH
SCRITCH



“So, what have you guys been up to?” Slice asked.

“Not a lot,” Totz said. “Now that I’ve mastered the

art of the cartwheel, I'm back to writing my rhymes. Oh, and learning how to play the banjo."

"Can you play a song for us?" Scoop asked.

"Nah," Totz said. "I'm not good enough yet."

"Oh, come on," Slice said. "I'm sure it'll be great."

Totz plucked a few strings and then shook his head.

"Not yet," he said. "How about you, Scoop?"

"Me? I've been working hard at going legit."

"Legit?" Slice said. "What does that mean?"

Scoop turned around a small piece of canvas. On it, she had painted a beautiful picture of the word *zap* in bubble letters surrounded by all sorts of sparkly shapes and colors.

"I've started using glitter in my art," Scoop said. "And I paint on canvas now. I got it from the Art Room."



“I like when you paint on the walls,” Slice said.

“Yeah,” added Totz. “They are so big and eye-catching.”

“The cleaning supplies complained about the mess,” Scoop explained. “So, I started creating my art on canvas. I can give them as gifts.”

She handed one to Totz and another to Slice. “These are for you.”

“Thanks!” Totz and Slice both said at once.


“I know just where I’m going to hang it,” Totz said.

“Me too,” Slice said. “But, Scoop, you have to sign it. All famous artists sign their paintings.”

“Yeah,” Totz added. “Right down there in the corner.”

Scoop’s strawberry ice cream flushed a little pinker, but she dipped a finger in her chocolate scoop and signed her name along the bottom edge.





“Glizzy and Sprinkles want me to do an art show,” she said. “They hung my paintings in the hallway, but I’m not so sure.”

In case you were not paying attention in the first two adventures, or in case you didn’t know this was the third book in the series and you are new to Belching Walrus Elementary, or in case you completely forgot, let’s get to know a few of our characters . . .