



**BAD  
FOOD**

**Night of the Living  
Bread**

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# CHAPTER 1

## Around the "Glampfire"

**N**ight had come to Belching Walrus Elementary. The doors were locked, the hallways were empty, and the lights in the Cafeteria were dimmed. The only light came from one single burner on one single stove. Food from the Pantry, the Cooler, and the Freezer huddled around the light to hear Glizzy, the oldest hot dog in the Cafeteria, tell his spooky stories. The blue flame from the burner reflected off his



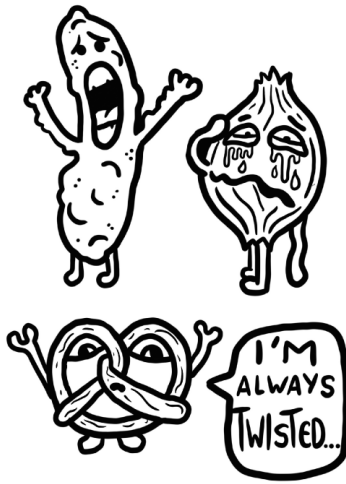
tinfoil wrapping, making long, creepy shadows on the walls and lighting the faces of all the frightened, young food.

“... and when that donut got too close to the edge, she fell between the Freezer and the wall, never to be seen again,” Glizzy whispered.

Pickles shrieked.

Onions cried.

Pretzels twisted.



Meanwhile, besties for all time Slice (a brave and cheesy slice of pizza), Scoop (a triple scoop ice cream cone—vanilla, chocolate, AND strawberry), and Totz (a crunchy, delicious, and trendy tater tot) stood nearby.



“I’m so excited for our camping trip,” Slice said.

“Yeah,” Totz said, tuning his banjo. “We’ve been so busy going on adventures that we haven’t had time to relax.”

“I’m not camping,” Scoop said.

“You’re not?” Slice and Totz said.

“Nope, I’m *glamping*,” Scoop said. “It’s camping but more glamorous.”

“Hours turned to days,” Glizzy said to the young food around the campfire. “Days turned to weeks. Soon, everyone in the Pantry began to hear moaning from behind the Freezer . . .”

A baby carrot gasped.

A fish stick cried for his mommy.

A Popsicle wet her wrapper a little.



“I don’t believe Glizzy’s stories for a second,” Scoop said, safely away from the blue flame so she would not melt. “He just tells them to scare everyone.”

“But it works,” Slice said, his voice trembling. “I’m never going near the Freezer again.”

“He’s telling cautionary tales,” Totz said.

“What’s a cautionary tale?” Slice asked.

Totz leaned against the wall. “A cautionary tale is a story someone tells to warn of a danger. It’s dangerous behind the Freezer, so the story warns us not to go there.”

“I’d *melt* behind the Freezer,” Scoop said. “I’ve heard it’s hot.”

“I’d probably go stale,” Slice said. “Or the rats would eat me. Mus Musculus and his army nearly ate us all!”

“Ahem . . .”

Slice, Scoop, and Totz spun around. Glizzy and the rest of the campers were staring at them.



“I am the one telling the stories,” Glizzy said. “Your whispering and your banjo playing are ruining the mood.”

Scoop’s strawberry ice cream turned brighter pink. “We’re sorry,” she said. “Please finish your story.”

Glizzy turned back to the group. “One night, a night just like this one, a group of campers huddled around a campfire just like this one. They began to hear a strange noise. *Stomp-sliiide . . . Stomp-sliiide . . . Stomp-sliiide . . .*”

“What was it?” Cup of Yogurt asked.





Glizzy turned to Cup of Yogurt. “It was something different—something not quite alive but not quite *not* alive. The heat of the Freezer motor, the dust from the floor, and the spiders—oh, the spiders! That donut turned into something different,” he said. “Some nights you can hear them walking around the Cafeteria. *Stomp-sliiide... Stomp-sliiide... Stomp-sliiide...* Some nights you can see shadows moving in the darkness. And some



nights . . .” Glizzy paused. “Some nights they come for you!”

Everyone, even Scoop, screamed.

“I want to go back to my fruit basket!” Banana cried.

“There is no need to worry,” Sprinkles said, taking off her tattered zombie costume and wiping the green frosting from her face. “Just please stay away from the back of the Freezer. Now, let’s look out the windows at some stars.”

Scoop chuckled.

Slice shivered.

Totz said, “And that’s Glizzy’s cautionary tale.”

As soon as they were in their sleeping bags, Glizzy started pointing out different constellations in the sky. “That’s the Big Spatula,” he said.

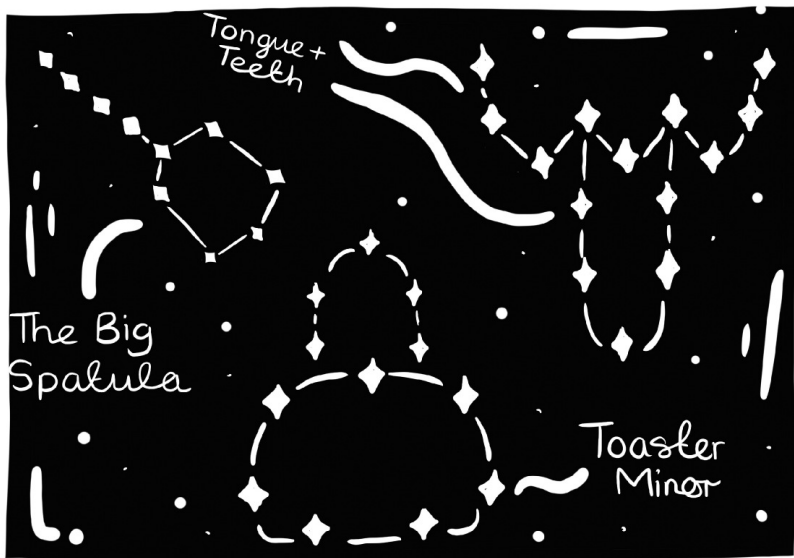


“And over there, just above that bright star, is Toaster Minor.”

“And through that window,” Sprinkles added, “is the scariest constellation of them all. It’s called Tongue and Teeth.”

“What’s Tongue and Teeth?” a small cracker asked.

“No one knows for sure,” Glizzy said. “But folks say it’s the last thing food sees before they meet their end.”





Scoop chuckled again. Slice shivered again.

“So, how are your painting lessons going?” Slice asked Totz.

“Great,” he said. “Scoop is an amazing teacher. I’ve learned so much about colors, paint, and brushstrokes. Today, she taught me about ‘blocking in.’”

“What’s blocking in?” Slice asked.

“It’s when you sketch your painting with pencil right on the canvas,” Totz explained. “It helps make sure your painting looks the way you want it to before you start.”

“Your family portrait is coming out so well,” Scoop said.

“It’s a big painting,” Totz said. “I have a lot of brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles and cousins.”

“You could be neater, though,” Scoop said. “You’re a bit messy with the paint.”

Just as everyone was starting to doze off, the

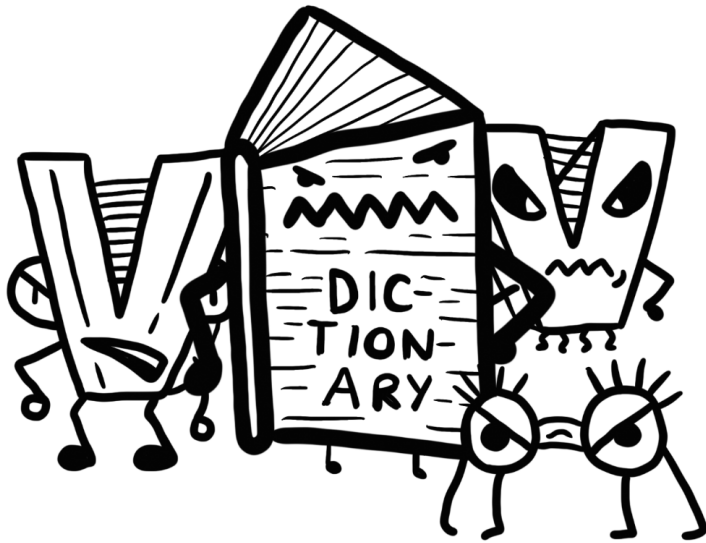


Cafeteria doors flung open and the overhead lights went on one by one.

“What is the meaning of this?” Glizzy called down from the top of the stove.

“I might ask you the same thing,” said Spex, a pair of glasses and the High Wizard of the Library. She marched in alongside Richard the dictionary and several stampers. “Food is not permitted in the Library.”





“We know,” Glizzy said. “That is why food does not *go* to the Library.”

Spex stepped forward. “Then how do you explain this?”

She raised her hands. They were covered in red.  
“Ketchup!”