

## Spaghetti Problem Solved

By Julia Daniels

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Sheila Amaral, Teacher

Stanislaus County

Illustrated by Sheldon High School

Chef Tony Noodlony had worked as a chef in the Italian restaurant Bene Pasta for more than thirty years. He decided it was now time to retire. The staff wanted to give him a retirement party at his restaurant. Of course, he wanted spaghetti for his party and, of course, he wanted to make it.

"I will surprise my staff by making the pasta," Tony said. He began to search for the ingredients.

"What? No pasta?!" Tony exclaimed. "We are out of flour too! I must run to the store."

Tony searched the aisles and could not find flour or pasta, so Tony looked for Sam, the grocery man.

"Sam, where is the pasta?" Tony asked, when he finally located Sam.

"If there is none on the shelf, there is no more," Sam replied.

"What about flour? I will make my own pasta," Tony said.

"Sorry, something has happened to my delivery and supplies are low," Sam replied.

"Oh no, the party is tonight," Tony thought. "I must get word to Farmer Ron."

Across the street, he noticed a sign that said "Pigeon Express."

"I will see if they can get word to Farmer Ron Harvesten," he thought. He walked in and asked the man at the counter, "Can you get a note to my friend, Farmer Harvesten, across town, and *fast*?"

"My pigeons are the fastest around," the man replied. "The note will be there in twenty minutes. Write your note and I'll send it immediately."

Tony asked the man to send the note and then watched the carrier pigeon fly away.

"What's this?" Farmer Ron wondered. "A note from a pigeon? It must be important!"

He read the note and thought for a moment. "I have an idea," he thought.

Farmer Ron arrived, Tony raced to the door to greet him.

"I have brought you a truckload of my spaghetti squash," Farmer Ron said.

"I am not sure about this. It's really hard. And how do you get spaghetti out of it?" Tony asked.

“Just wait. I eat it all the time, and I will show you how to prepare it,” Farmer Ron replied. “You must first cut the squash in half lengthwise and scrape out the seeds. Drizzle with olive oil and season with salt and pepper. Place the squash cut-side down onto the prepared baking dish. Place into the oven, and roast until tender for about 35 to 45 minutes,” Ron said.

“Then what?” Tony asked.

“You scrape the squash out with a fork like this,” Ron responded.

“It does look like spaghetti. Yum, this tastes wonderful, especially with my sauce that has been simmering all day!” Tony exclaimed.

“I knew you would like it,” Ron replied.

“Do you have enough squash for my party?” Tony asked.

“My truck is loaded,” Ron said.

“Great,” Tony replied. “Let’s bring it in and start cooking.”

As Tony and Ron walked to the truck, they noticed the staff putting up a banner for the party.

Soon, the squash was baking in the oven, the sauce was simmering on the stove, the salad was made, and the bread was baked.

“I think we are ready,” Tony sighed.

The guests arrived and dinner was served. Tony watched their faces as they began to eat. He heard comments like, “What is this?” “This tastes wonderful,” and “How did he get the pasta so yellow?”

“Ladies and gentlemen,” Tony began. “Thank you for coming. I thought tonight would be a disaster because there was no pasta or flour to be found. My dear friend, Farmer Ron, saved the day. You have been eating farm-grown spaghetti squash. Thank you, Ron!

Great news! My daughter, Allee, will take over the restaurant, and we will add this healthy spaghetti dish to our menu. Thirty years of Italian cooking, and I just today find out about this new and wonderful spaghetti!”

Tony took his apron off and handed it to his daughter, then said, “Again, thank you for coming tonight and an extra special thank you to Farmer Ron. You saved the day!”

## Addison and Her Award-Winning Artichoke

By Skylar Fredieu

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Illustrated by Franklin High School

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Addison, who loved vegetables. She grew up in Monterey County, on a farm right next to the fairgrounds. Every year, the fairgrounds held a contest to find the largest vegetable grown. One day, Addison decided she would enter the contest. She picked her favorite thing of all, an artichoke.

Addison ran to tell her parents. Addison's parents thought it was a great idea, however, they tried to get her to pick something else. Her parents were worried that she might be disappointed because artichokes are hard to grow. Addison's parents still encouraged her. They told her it was a big responsibility and that she needed to make sure she knew everything about growing them. Addison agreed.

Addison spent all week studying and preparing to plant her artichokes. First, she found out that artichokes are actually the flower bud of a thistle plant. This worried Addison because she wondered how she could get a flower bud to grow big. But, she continued to study. She knew she could harvest them because she lived in Monterey County, California, where it was never too hot or too cold. She decided to start with seeds, even though she knew she could use cuttings from a previous root.

Addison began to prepare her garden. First, she turned the soil and added fertilizer, and then she set up rows four feet apart to place the seeds into. Then, she covered the seeds and watered them. Addison cared for her artichokes daily. One day, she noticed there was a plant with buds growing on it. She was so excited because she knew that those buds were the start of her artichokes.

One hot day, Addison's friends came over to go swimming. She said she could go swimming after she checked on her garden. Her friends began to ask what she was growing, and Addison told them she was growing artichokes to enter in the contest. Her friends laughed and said she was never going to win. Addison knew she should check on her artichokes, but she wanted her friends to stop laughing, so she left and went to the pool.

A few days later, Addison went to check on her artichokes and saw that they had stopped growing and looked weak. She remembered she had not watered them in days. She rushed to soak them with the hose. Addison knew she needed to add more fertilizer, but she decided to do it later. Later turned into a week and when she went back, her artichokes were ruined.

She began to cry and ask herself how this could happen. She wondered how she could fix things. Addison's mom saw her crying and went over and gave her a hug.

Right then, Addison knew how to fix it. Just like her momma's hugs, the answer is love.

Addison started over, and every day, she looked after her artichokes. She made sure her artichokes had good soil and water every day. She spent time with them, and when her friends came over, she introduced them to her artichokes. Her artichokes came first.

Months passed and the day of the contest was finally here. Addison was nervous as she walked in with a covered shoebox. She passed a bunch of people who laughed and whispered at her. She reached the contest booth. Addison took a deep breath, lowered her head and pulled back the cover. Inside was a tiny little artichoke. All the people around her began to laugh.

The judge said, "That is a beautiful little artichoke, but the contest was to see who could grow the biggest."

Right then, Addison raised her head with a smile on her face and said, "This is not the artichoke I am entering into the contest. This is to show everyone what a normal artichoke looks like. My artichoke is behind you."

Everyone turned around and gasped. They could not believe their eyes. There stood a ten-foot-tall artichoke; it was the size of a tree. Everyone cheered as Addison received her trophy for first place in the largest vegetable contest.

Addison's artichoke was so huge that many farmers asked for pieces of her roots to plant themselves. Soon, California became the leader in growing artichokes. The artichoke even became the state's vegetable.

Every year, we celebrate at the artichoke festival in Monterey County, and everyone remembers when Addison won first place for her giant artichoke.

## Carrot Civil War

By Sahib Sangha

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Ann Fry, Teacher

Tulare County

Illustrated by Woodland High School

These were ancient times, and it was a time that Romans were having a huge festival. It was a lively day with carrots on display and at work. Women danced around with long, flowing hair decorated with luscious green carrot tops. All the girls had a strangely beautiful glow. This look was naturally achieved by devouring lots of carrots.

Around the corner, a group of donkeys was being moved away from the festivities. Juicy carrots were being dangled in front of the stubborn donkeys, which were more interested in staying right in the middle of the action. The smell of carrots filled the air.

Old wise men brewed medicines using carrots and a line was already forming of people who brought household items to trade for this magic potion. On this day, butchers were not cutting meat, but were busy slicing carrots into coin shapes, which people thought brought good luck. Children helped elders bottle small containers of carrot food coloring in deep purple and brilliant yellow colors. They passed some on to bakers to mix into their butter, which turned the butter a stunning golden yellow color. With all the yellow and purple sights, it would seem as if these were the official colors of Rome.

While these colors complemented each other on land, underground these colors were being waved in a war, the Carrot Civil War. There was a Carrot Civil War happening, and this was no surprise. These fighting carrots were from an area of land owned by a poor farmer, who was not able to plant them in disease-free soil. Now, the carrots were all grown up, but their color, shapes, textures and critical-thinking skills had all been impacted.

The purple carrots were fighting the yellow carrots because they thought of them as mutants, since these carrots lacked the purple pigment. It was a hard battle because there were more purple carrots than yellow, but the yellow carrots had the biggest fighter. This yellow carrot weighed twenty pounds!

There were carrot tops flying left and right. Slices of carrots were all over the ground, which was not a sign of good luck, but a sign of being closer to defeat. The battle went on and on for days, without an end in sight.

“Stop!” cried a wise, old carrot. Word of the war had spread to nearby fields and the wise, old carrot hurried to the battlefield when he heard the news. The wise, old carrot had grown in the best soil. He was incredibly smart and could predict the future. He claimed that none of them would survive if they kept fighting.

He told them that, in the future, a new carrot would be born, the orange carrot. However, if the purple and yellow carrots did not survive, the fate of the orange carrot would be in jeopardy. The orange carrot would be important because it would help win wars. In a war named World War II, aviators would be

given this magical carrot to beat night blindness. This new carrot would have higher levels of beta-carotene than any of the yellow and purple carrots. While this orange carrot would be the mightiest carrot, it would also be sweeter and more tender. This orange carrot would keep old and young people healthy.

Now, the carrots understood not to fight each other. They learned an important lesson. The color of the skin does not matter, it's what is inside that matters. What you can do for the world is what matters. Both sides dropped their yellow and purple flags and came together as one by raising an orange flag, which was a symbol of hope, peace, and greatness in the future.

Hundreds of years later, an orange carrot was harvested and became a part of every kitchen! The wise, old carrot was right all along.

## Cow-lifornia Cookies

By Grace Reis

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Sheila Amaral, Teacher

Stanislaus County

Illustrated by Valley High School

A “beep, beep, beep” echoes through the close-up corral of Cow-lifornia Cows Dairy. Roxy, a first-calf Holstein heifer, awakes to a sweet smell she has never experienced before. She stands up, following the scent to the edge of the corral, stretching her neck as far as she can, trying to find the source of this amazing aroma.

“What are you doing?” asks Chloe, a cow pregnant with her second calf.

Roxy snaps out of her trance. “I’ve never been in this corral before, and I smell something sweet coming from that building. Is that our feed? I’m not sure what pregnant cows eat.”

Chloe laughs, “No silly, we eat a mixture of oat hay, silage, alfalfa, and wheat. That helps us get the right nutrients to grow our babies and make great-tasting milk.”

“Milk? I’m going to produce milk?!” exclaims Roxy.

Chloe sighs, “Yes, you will produce milk once your calf is born. First, you’ll produce colostrum to feed your calf. Then you’ll produce milk to feed the world. In fact, that smell you’re following goes great with our milk!”

“Holy hay! That sounds like a big job. But, I’m still wondering what that smell is,” says Roxy.

“That building is the farmer’s kitchen. The farmer’s wife is making chocolate chip cookies for a school tour tomorrow,” explains Chloe.

“What in the moo are chocolate chip cookies?” questions Roxy.

“Those are treats for humans, like alfalfa hay is for us,” explains Chloe. “Without our milk, those cookies couldn’t be made.”

“I thought that they only drank our milk,” Roxy states.

“No, they use it for all kinds of food products like cheese, yogurt, butter, ice cream, and powdered milk,” explains Chloe.

“Wow, that’s a-MOO-zing!” says Roxy.

Chloe interrupts, “Those cookies contain butter and chocolate chips. Both have milk as their main ingredient.”

“How do they put our milk in those products?” asks Roxy.

“Butter is milk that has been churned, so the butterfat separates from the liquid. Our butterfat is very important. The better a farmer feeds us, the higher our butterfat content, and then, high-quality dairy products are made from our milk,” teaches Chloe.

“Butterfat is a very nutritious part of our milk. That’s why humans consider milk one of nature’s perfect foods. The chocolate chips are made with something called powdered milk. Powdered milk is made by evaporating milk to dryness. They add the milk powder to liquid chocolate to make it creamy.”

“I didn’t know that people used our milk to make so many human food products!” Roxy says.

“Most people don’t realize that a lot of the food they eat comes from local dairies and farms,” states Chloe. “That’s why it’s important for schools to visit dairy farms like this one, so that farmers can teach kids how their food is made. I heard there is going to be a tour tomorrow.”

“Will we be a part of the tour?” asks Roxy.

“Yes, they always come by the close-up corral,” explains Chloe. “Without us pregnant cows, the milk cycle stops.”

The next morning, Roxy awakes to the voices of Gratton’s third-grade class, gathering near her corral. Roxy walks over to find Chloe licking her new calf. Roxy listens as her farmer starts the tour.

“Good morning. There’s no better place to start our tour than at the beginning of the milk cycle, with the birth of a brand-new calf. This female calf will grow up to produce milk. Her average milk production will be about 2,305 gallons of milk a year, or about 8-10 gallons every day. California produces more milk than any other state,” states Farmer Reis. “Can anyone name a product made from milk?”

A student shouts, “Ice cream!”

“Yes, it takes twelve pounds of milk to make one pound of ice cream, ten pounds of milk to make one pound of cheese, and twenty-one pounds of milk to make one pound of butter,” says Farmer Reis.

“Wow!” exclaim the children.

“My wife baked chocolate chip cookies, using butter and chocolate chips, made from milk. We have ice cold milk for you to dip them in. By drinking milk, you are getting calcium and vitamin D to strengthen your teeth and bones!” says Farmer Reis.

As the tour moved on, Roxy was excited about her part in the cycle of feeding the world. Soon, her calf would arrive, and she wondered if her milk would help make Cow-lifornia cookies someday.

## The Freezeless Flower

By Kylie Daws

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Amy Hurlimann, Teacher

Siskiyou County

Illustrated by Inderkum High School

It was late morning in mid-spring. All the dew had melted off the tips of the grass, and the soil was soft. The smell of sweet alfalfa lingered in the air. My name is Rylynn, and I was a pink carnation seed about to be planted in a garden.

The garden was on a ranch in Etna, California, in a greenhouse. The ranch house was surrounded by various products. There was alfalfa, grass, grain, vegetables, fruits, livestock, and cut flowers like me!

The farmer's wife, Vanessa, is in charge of the garden and cut flowers. She grows different flowers. She planted cut flowers to grow and make bouquets. I was going to be in a beautiful bouquet. I am a mass flower, so I take up the most space. My friend, Carrie, is a snapdragon, which is a line flower. She is tall. Her purpose is to give the bouquet height, width, and a balanced look.

After Vanessa gathered all the supplies, she started to plant us. One by one, we were placed into the soft, damp soil.

A little over a week later, we all started to sprout. She transplanted us. Instead of the warmth of the greenhouse where we began our lives, we were planted outside, in garden boxes. This makes more room for new plants.

Before going to sleep, I felt a slight chill. I didn't think about it that much and went into slumber. I dreamed about the stunning bouquet in which I would be included.

In the morning Vanessa ran outside, still in her PJs, and started to scream, "Oh, no! There was a freeze! All my flowers must be dead!"

I wish she could understand me because I tried yelling back, "I'm not dead! Save us!"

She tried reviving all of us. She placed us in flowerpots and brought us inside. She tried defrosting us with a blow-dryer, but it didn't work. I was the only one who didn't freeze.

She kept me inside her house, on a windowsill, and let me grow until I was big enough to be in a bouquet.

After that, she cut my stem. She cut it at an angle, so my stem would allow more surface area, and I could drink more water. She used me and other flowers that she grew, before the freeze, to make a gorgeous bouquet, just like the one in my dreams.

Back to the Farmer

By Will Morris

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Amy Hurlimann, Teacher

Siskiyou County

Illustrated by Delta High School

That morning started out like any other on our Northern California ranch. I received a text from my dad to hop on the four-wheeler and meet him in the alfalfa field.

My dad jumped out of his GPS-guided rotary swather, a technology that allows him to cut a perfectly straight windrow at 10 to 12 miles per hour. He reached for his smartphone, went to an app and turned on the center pivot. The pivot is an overhead sprinkler irrigation system, which applies the exact amount of water we need to irrigate the fields.

“Can you go check on the cows?” he asked.

I hopped back on the four-wheeler, drove back to the house and grabbed the drone, an unmanned aerial vehicle with a video camera attached. I set it up and flew it out over the cows. We use the drone to check on the health and welfare of the cattle without having to physically go there. After I was done, I went back to the house and grabbed some lunch.

Later that day, I walked over to the old barn. I grabbed the weathered barn door and pulled it open with a creak. The inside was covered with dust and old tools.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw something hidden under a tattered tarp. I reached for the tarp and pulled it off. Underneath was an old and rusty crank-start tractor. Out of curiosity, I hopped inside and turned the key. I jumped back with a start. It was red hot. I looked down in astonishment.

At that moment I saw a flash of light and then... nothing.

I woke up on the barn floor. I saw light shining through the barn doors. I must have passed out, I thought to myself. I looked to my right, and to my surprise, the tractor was missing. I walked out of the old barn, but when I turned around, it looked brand new. In the distance, I could see an old farmhouse and started walking toward it.

When I arrived, I opened the door and saw an old man reading a newspaper. I looked down at the newspaper and stepped back in horror. The date on the paper said July 15, 1932!

“Great Scott!” I thought to myself. “Then that must mean...”

And sure enough, the headline stated, “Thousands Still Suffering from Great Depression.” The old man looked up at me.

“What do you want, boy?” he grumbled.

“Uh...” I stuttered.

"I think he's the new ranch hand, dear," yelled a woman's voice from the kitchen.

I nodded hesitantly.

"Oh," he said. "Then, I have a job for you."

Later that day, I found myself cutting alfalfa with a sickle bar mower and a team of horses. It was an extremely tedious job, and the horses were beginning to act stubborn. It took all day and by the time I was done, it was nearly 10:00 p.m.

The next morning, my job was to feed the pigs, chickens, and cows, milk the dairy cow, and set tarps in the irrigation ditch to water the fields. I had to wake up before dawn to make sure I had time to do it all.

Before I left to do my chores, I asked the old man how many people he can feed.

"We only have enough to feed our livestock and our own family," he sighed.

I was amazed at the difference in farming in just 85 years. Modern technology allows us to feed 155 people per farmer in 2017. After that message, I went to do my chores.

When I came back, I saw the old man looking with pride at a tractor. I recognized it at once as the tractor from the barn in my time, but newer and nicer.

"Just arrived this morning," he announced. "This will change the way we do things around here."

"This is my way home," I thought. "Mind if I try it out?" I asked.

"Feel free," he replied.

I hopped inside, turned the key and felt the red hot burn again. Then, I saw the flash followed by darkness.

I woke up on the barn floor and saw the old tractor in its place. I opened the doors. Everything looked as it had when I left that morning. I was very grateful to be back in the future, where advancements in farming practices mean California farmers can truly feed the world.

## Poppa's Peaches

### *Honorable Mention*

By Katelyn Warmerdam  
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Aidan and Nadia were so excited! They were going to their Nanny and Poppa's fruit farm for a week! They lived in the city, so they wanted a break in the country. The last time the twins visited had been two years before, and now they were seven.

"We're here!" Dad said.

The children hopped out of the car. They knocked on the door. Their Nanny walked out and said, "Hello!" The twins ran up and hugged her. They were so glad to see her again!

"Where's Poppa?" Aidan asked.

"He's out by the orchard," Nanny said.

"Can we go see him?" Nadia asked.

"Sure," answered Nanny.

"Come on, Nadia," said Aidan. "Let's go to the orchard to say hi to Poppa!"

When they got to the orchard, Poppa was picking peaches.

"Hello, my little grandchildren!" said Poppa. "How would you like to help me pick some peaches?"

"Sure," said Aidan. "We would love to!"

"What do we need to pick peaches?" Nadia asked.

"Well," said Poppa, "you can just pick them with your hands, but the people who normally pick them use ladders to get the ones up high and baskets to hold them."

"How did these trees get so big, Poppa?" asked Nadia. "Last time we were here, they were tiny."

"Good question," said Poppa. "Trees need water and sun to grow, and if they get the right amount, they get bigger and produce a good crop."

"They look yummy! Can we try one?" asked Aidan.

"Yes, can we please?" asked Nadia.

"Sure," said Poppa.

"Where do all these peaches go when you are done picking them?" Aidan asked.

Poppa said, "They go to the packing shed."

“What is a packing shed, Poppa?” asked Nadia.

“It is the place they wash the fruit, sort it, and put it in a box.”

“What happens after that?” Aidan asked.

“The boxes go to cold storage, Aidan,” Poppa replied. “That is the place they keep the fruit cold until they sell it.”

“Is it like a huge refrigerator?” asked Nadia.

“Yes, it is like that,” said Poppa.

“Where do they go from there?” asked Aidan.

“Well, they go all around the world, but especially the United States. They go on big trucks and get shipped to lots of cities, just like where you live,” Poppa said.

“Does your fruit get shipped to where we live?” Aidan and Nadia asked at the same time.

“You betcha!” said Poppa. “Lots of our fruit gets shipped to stores by you.”

“They get shipped that far?” asked Nadia.

“Yes,” answered Poppa. “Now why don’t you help me bring these peaches inside to make a delicious peach cobbler?”

When they got inside, Nanny was setting out the ingredients to make a peach cobbler. Aidan and Nadia washed their hands and put on aprons.

“We’re ready to help you, Nanny!” they said.

Nanny, Nadia and Aidan worked together to make the peach cobbler, and then Poppa put it into the oven.

After the peach cobbler was done, Nanny put a big serving in each bowl and added vanilla ice cream on top. Then, they all sat down at the table and ate their peach cobbler.

“Mmmm, this peach cobbler is really yummy, Nanny! Thank you!” said Aidan.

Nadia added, “And it’s extra delicious because we know how much work went into growing the peaches!”

Want to find out just how delicious it was? Here is the recipe so *you* can make Nanny’s peach cobbler.

## Apricot Fruitwoman Saves the Day

### *Honorable Mention*

By Hayle Chavez  
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Once upon a time there was a land called Fresno, California, where fruits and vegetables were grown. One day a group of evil junk food came to their land. Candy Woman led the group of evil junk food. Candy Woman has every candy bar imagined all over her. One of her sidekicks was Soda Man, a giant bottle of soda. The second sidekick was Chip Girl, who was made of a variety of chips. The evil bandits were on a mission to get rid of all fruits and vegetables, so humans would only eat junk food.

The first place the evil junk food went to was the farm where the fruits and vegetables are grown. Candy Woman told her sidekicks, "Soda Man and Chip Girl, block all of the water pipes so nothing comes out!"

The evil junk food blocked all of the water going out to the farm, so the fruits and vegetables couldn't grow. Luckily, Apricot Fruitwoman and her superhero sidekicks arrived just in time!

Apricot Fruitwoman yelled to her sidekicks, "Bartlett Pear and Fuji Apple, unblock those water pipes!"

Candy Woman and her sidekicks were able to sneak out, just as Apricot Fruitwoman was able to return the water to the farm.

Fuji Apple shouted, "They're getting away!"

Bartlett Pear exclaimed, "They must be heading to the next stop in the farm-to-table process!"

Next, the superheroes went to the packing shed, where the humans inspect, clean, sort and package fruits and vegetables to get them ready to ship to grocery stores and restaurants. However, the evil junk food had already arrived at the produce wash station.

Candy Woman was yelling, "Replace all of the clean water with sticky, thick soda! I will start soaking the fruits and vegetables in it!"

Apricot Fruitwoman and her sidekicks heard the screams of innocent fruits and vegetables, so they ran as fast as they could to the wash station. When they arrived, Candy Woman was about to soak the first batch of fresh fruits in a bin of sticky soda!

Apricot Fruitwoman shouted from across the building, "Stop, Candy Woman!"

Bartlett Pear and Fuji Apple were fast at work, dumping all of the soda and replacing it with clean water. Meanwhile, Candy Woman ran outside and jumped on the tractor driven by her sidekicks. Apricot Fruitwoman flew across the building, but the evil bandits got away again.

Bartlett Pear was helping one of the innocent fruits dry off when she looked at Apricot Fruitwoman and said, "We had better head to the next stop in the farm-to-table process before it's too late."

The evil junk food bandits carried on with their plan to destroy all the fruits and vegetables by going to the next place, the sorting station. The bandits reprogrammed the machine that helps sort the boxes of fruits and vegetables for different stores. They changed the machine so it would throw all the healthful food into the dump! However, Apricot Fruitwoman, Bartlett Pear, and Fuji Apple came to rescue all the healthful food right before the first group of fruits and vegetables was about to be sorted to the dump.

Finally, Apricot Fruitwoman and her sidekicks got all the fruits and vegetables sorted correctly. While the sorting machine was organizing all the fruits and vegetables, the junk food bandits escaped once again. As the last fruit was being shipped off, Apricot Fruitwoman noticed the bandits getting away.

She said, "They must be heading to the final step in the farm-to-table process, the grocery store!"

Fuji Apple yelled, "We must get to the grocery store before they take all the fruits and vegetables out and replace them with junk food!"

The evil junk food bandits had just finished putting junk food on every shelf, when all of a sudden they heard a noise. Fuji Apple jumped on Chip Girl, popping her for good, while Bartlett Pear was able to lasso off Soda Man's lid, releasing all of the soda. Now, it was just Apricot Fruitwoman and Candy Woman standing in front of each other.

Apricot Fruitwoman was able to cover Candy Woman in a giant bag. The superheroes saved the day and shipped Candy Woman off to the Halloween candy plant. Now, humans can enjoy all the fruits and vegetables!