



**BAD  
FOOD**

**Live and Let Fry**

**By Eric Luper**

**Illustrated by  
"The Doodle Boy" Joe Whale**

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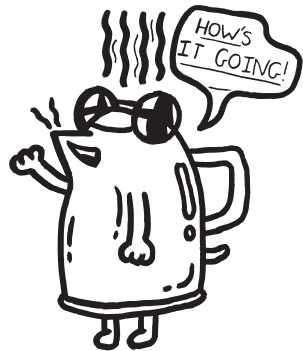
Book design by Katie Fitch

# CHAPTER 1

## Letting Off Steam

**A**s always, night had come to Belching Walrus Elementary. The doors were locked, the hallways were silent, and the intercom didn't let out a crackle. Oh, and everyone in the cafeteria was letting off steam.

No, what I meant to say is that every piece of food and every



plate, fork, and spoon in the cafeteria at Belching Walrus Elementary come alive each night to have fun. Every night.



And ever since the folks from the other rooms in the school helped Slice, Scoop, and Tutz stop the sneaky Class Pets from setting their traps . . .

Well, it's all been pretty good since then.

And, as always, best friends forever 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) were blowing off their own steam under the utility sink.



“Hey, where’s Tutz?” Slice said.

Scoop looked up from the painting she was working on. “I don’t know,” she said. “I’ve been too busy working on my newest creation.”

She spun her canvas around. The painting was divided into four squares: one blue, one yellow, one green, and one pink. Each square had a painting of Scoop in it.

“It’s a self-portrait,” Scoop said.



Slice flexed his arms to make tiny muscles. “Wouldn’t you rather paint a picture of me?”

Scoop laughed. “A self-portrait is more than just a picture,” she said. “It shows how the artist sees themselves.”

Slice looked at the painting again. “So, you see yourself in four colored squares?”

Scoop rolled her eyes.

Just then, they heard a grunt. Totz was hanging upside down from a string above them.



“What are you doing?” Slice asked.

“Shhh . . . Act natural,” Totz said. “I’m being a spy.”

“How long have you been hanging up there?”  
Scoop asked.

“Too . . . long.” Totz grunted.

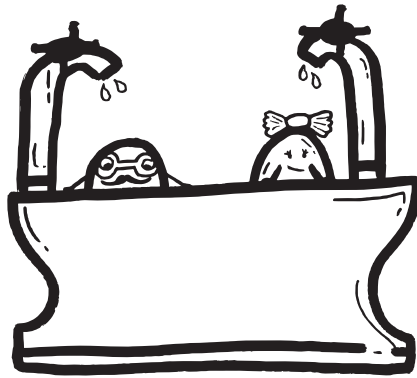
Suddenly, the string let go and Totz fell.

He sprang to his feet and straightened his headphones. “I told you to hold on to that string until I tugged three times,” Totz called out, looking up.

Their egg friends, Sal and Monella, poked their faces over the edge of the sink.

“You’re too heavy for our little hands,” Sal said.

“Plus, we’re late for our daily speed walk,” Monella added.



And with that, Sal and Monella disappeared. Slice, Scoop, and Totz could hear them as they went off.



*Left, right, left, right, left, right . . .*

“Hey, nice self-portrait,” Totz said. “It shows the many sides of you—similar but also different.”

Scoop smiled and then glared at Slice. “At least someone gets me.”

“So why do you want to be a spy?” Slice asked Totz.

“Now that I’ve learned to play the banjo, I need a new hobby,” he explained. “I thought being a spy would be fun and interesting.”



“What do you know about being a spy?” Slice asked.



“Plenty,” Totz said, leaning against a box none of them had ever seen before. “We are always sneaking around and solving problems. Our friend Rasher can make gadgets. And I already have the sunglasses.”



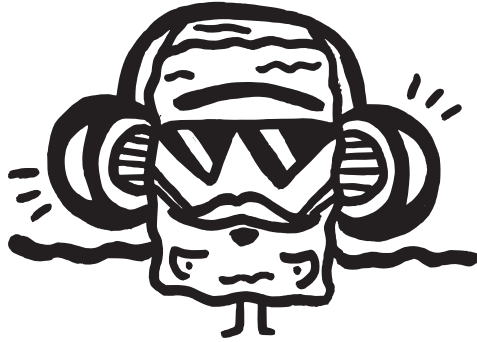
“Have you learned any spy skills?” Scoop said.

“Like what?” Totz asked.

“Like problem-solving,” Slice said.



“Being a master of disguise,” Scoop said.



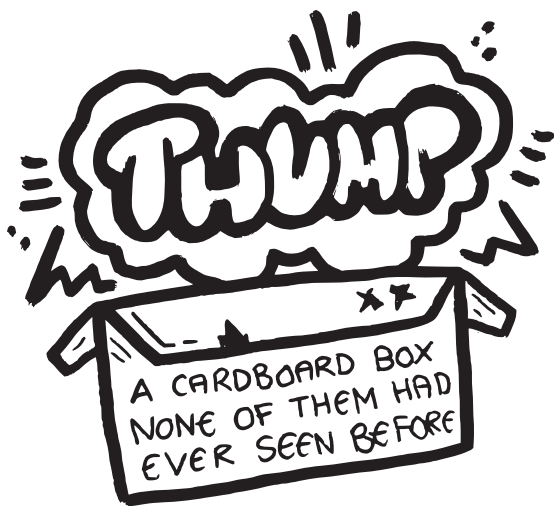
“And blending in with other cultures,” Slice said.



“Yup,” Tutz said. “I can do all those things.”

Slice shrugged. “Then I guess you’re on your way to being a spy.”

Just then, a thump came from inside a cardboard box none of them had ever seen before.



“Stand aside,” a voice said. “Coming through.”

It was Glizzy the hot dog. He came running over with Sprinkles the donut, who (as always) was trailing sprinkles behind her. Glizzy pressed his ear to the side of the box.

“Hello?!?” he called out. He knocked on the box and said it again. “Hello?!?”

Muffled voices came from inside.

Glizzy and Sprinkles placed their hands on the side of the box and pushed. It didn't budge.

"Slice, Scoop, Tutz, can you please help us?" Sprinkles said.



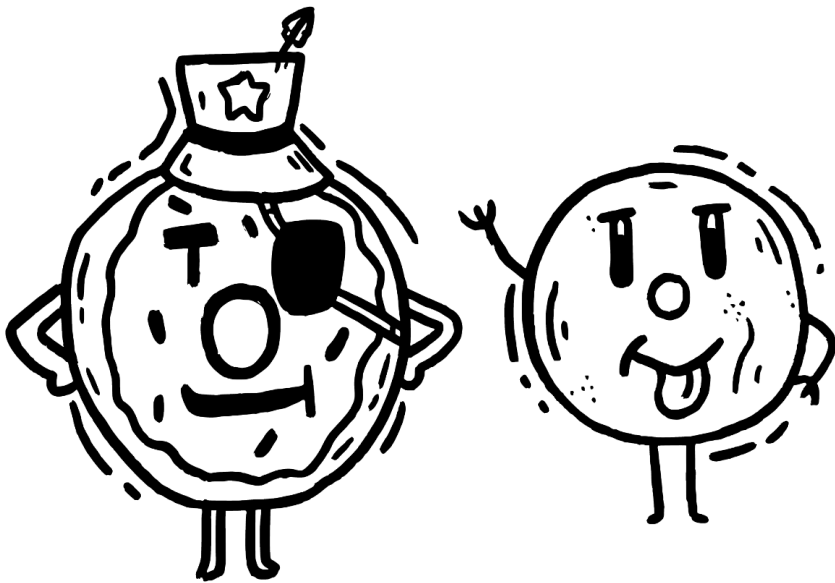
The group rocked the box back and forth. Finally, it tipped over and the lid popped open.

Out marched dozens of donuts. Some were round with a hole in the middle, some were long and twisty, and some were stuffed on the inside. Some



were glazed, some were frosted, some had sprinkles, and some had nothing at all. There were pink donuts, chocolate donuts, and a few that looked as though their sprinkles were baked right inside.

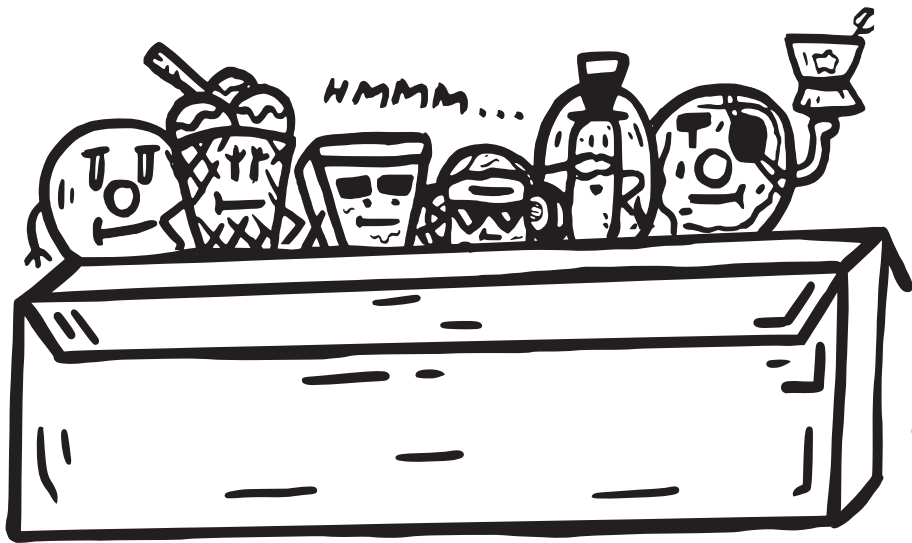
The largest of these donuts, a round fellow wearing an eyepatch, waddled out. He had short arms and legs and a perfect coating of purple frosting. Alongside him walked a much smaller, plain donut.



“My name is Captain Donut,” the largest donut proclaimed. “I am the captain of the Mobile Donut Command Center. This is my son, Fry. You are all in great danger. We are here to help.”

“Morty!” Sprinkles called out. She threw her arms around Captain Donut.

“Hi, Sprinkles,” Captain Donut said. “It’s been so long. But when I’m on a mission, please don’t call me Morty. Call me Captain Donut.”





“Oh, look who’s so fancy all of a sudden,” Sprinkles said.

Captain Donut went on, “As I was saying, there is a great danger lurking. We are here to help.”