Pie R Squared

Lulu & Vernon's Restaurant
1440 Commerce Street
Mobile, Alabama

"Pie? Pie are squared? Pies ain't square; they're *round!* That don't make sense!" grumbled Jack Horner, a first-year instructor in the Blancmange Department at the Jello Culinary Institute. Blanche Axelrod, the Institute's Professor of Mathematics, sighed as she picked up a sliver of crust that had broken off of the pie and chewed it thoughtfully. Chicken? Yes, that's what it tasted like, a little. "First of all, Jack, I'm not referring to this pie here," she said, gesturing at the swollen pastry that Chloe, the Dessertier, had placed down in front of them, its yellow-hot innards still radiating enough heat to warm the entire meeting room. "It's a mathematical formula, not a recipe, where pi expresses the ratio of the circumference to the diameter of a circle, and 'r' is the radius – the number you square to get the circle's area." The look Jack gave Blanche was as blank as the check he hoped the school would write him so he could purchase that new Eggolator™. The thought of the new labor-saving device reminded him that he needed to fetch some plums for his afternoon Puddings 102 class. According to line cook Eddie Pilaf, the pie was full of them. So he stuck his thumb into the heart of the pie ... and just as quickly yanked it out, scalded to the bone. "*Ow!*" he understated, crossly slamming his other hand down hard on the pie. And suddenly it was neither round nor square. And Jack was rushed off to hospital with second-degree burns all over his body.