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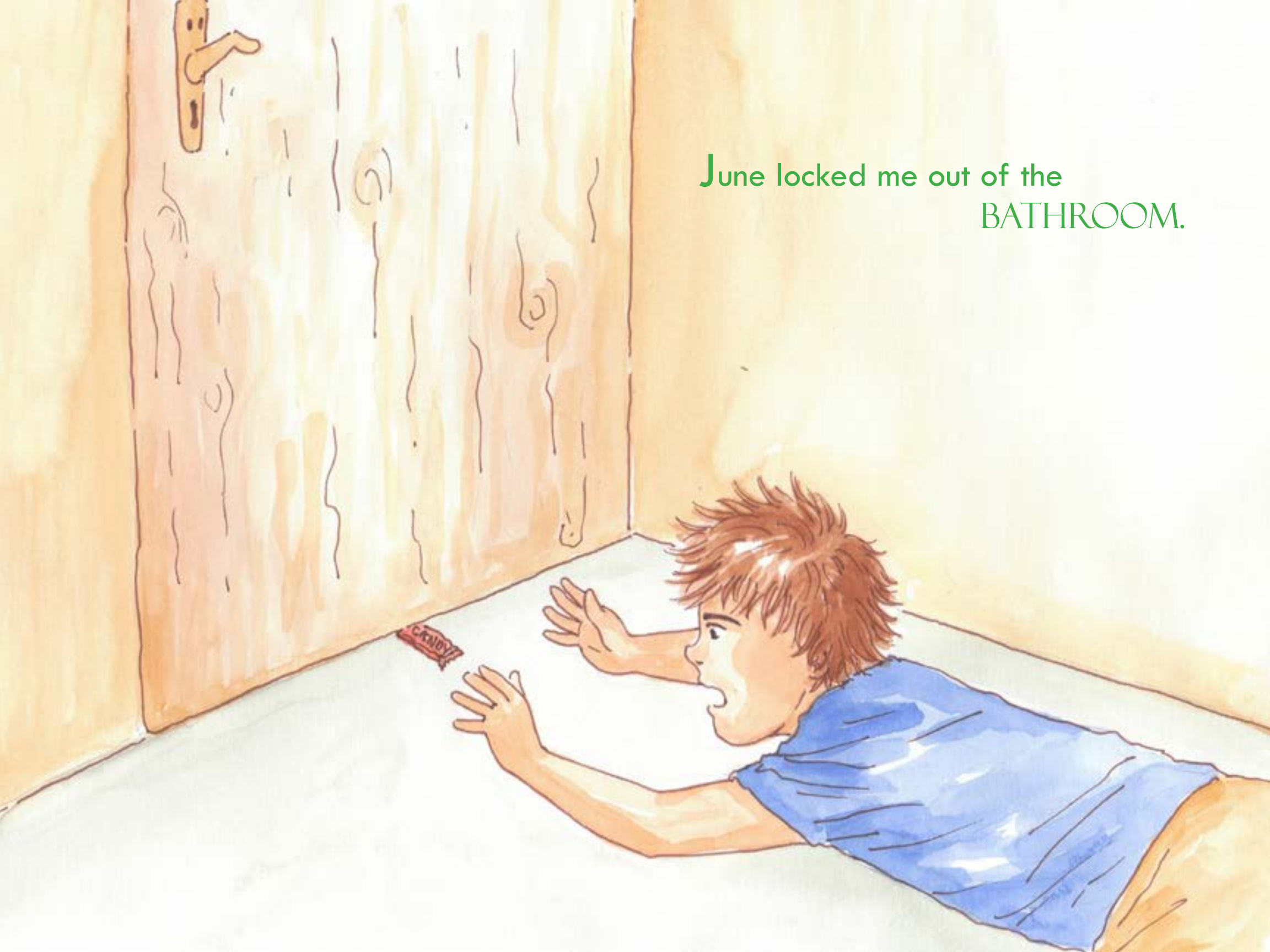
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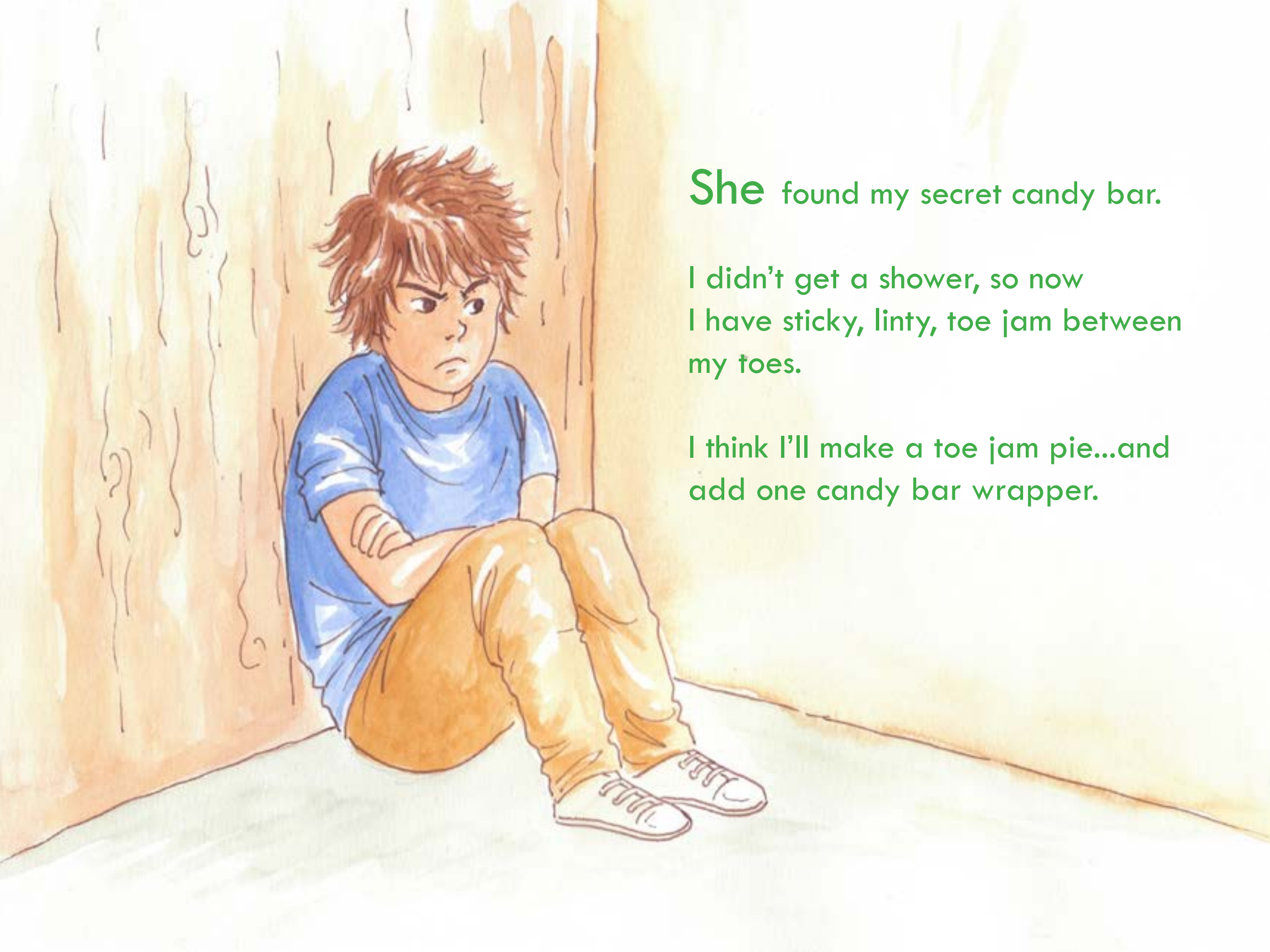
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Publisher's Note: This is a work of fiction.



June locked me out of the
BATHROOM.





She found my secret candy bar.

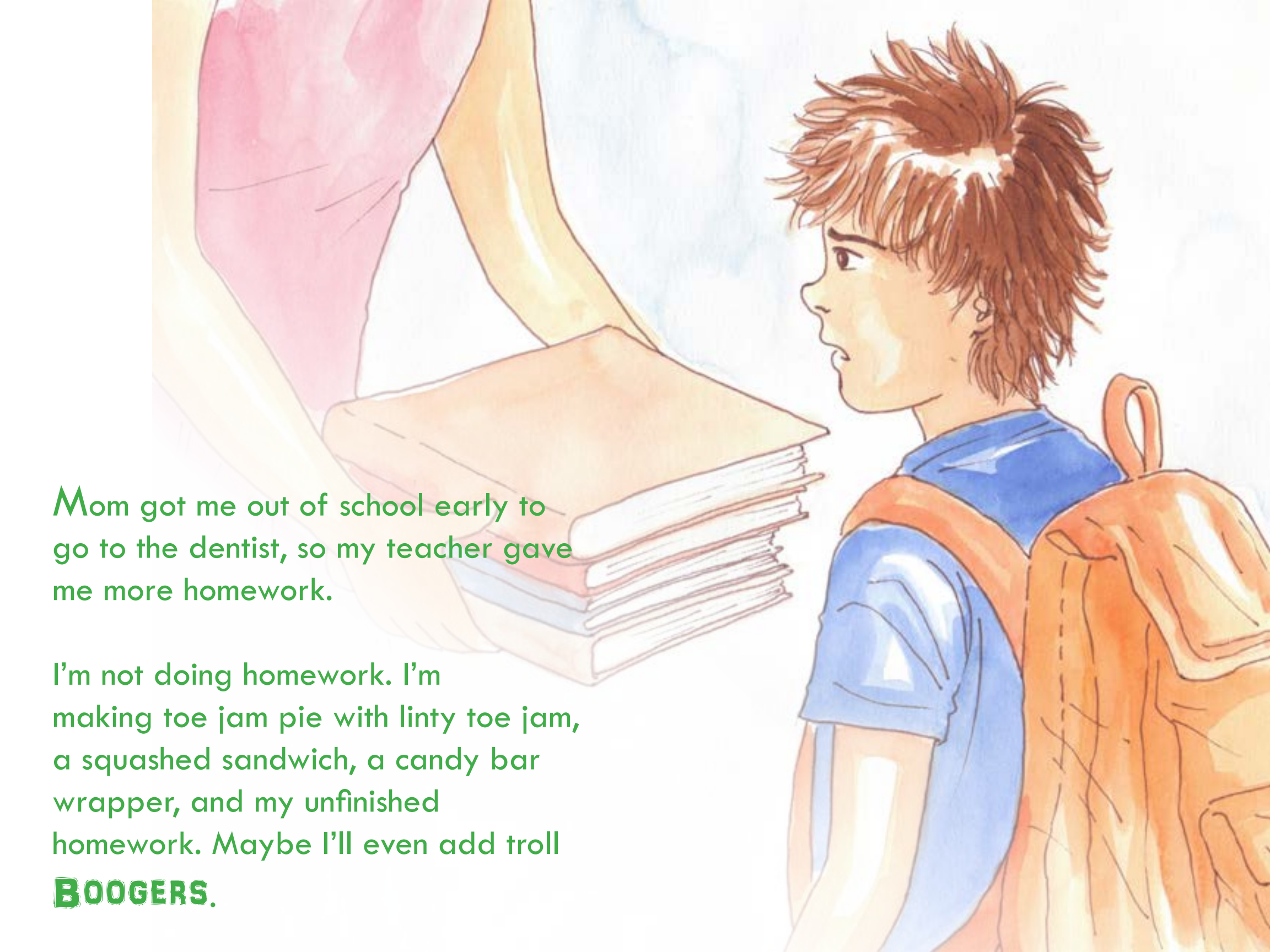
I didn't get a shower, so now
I have sticky, linty, toe jam between
my toes.

I think I'll make a toe jam pie...and
add one candy bar wrapper.

A kid took my favorite seat on the bus, and I accidentally sat on my lunch.

I think I'll make a toe jam pie with one squashed sandwich and a candy bar wrapper.

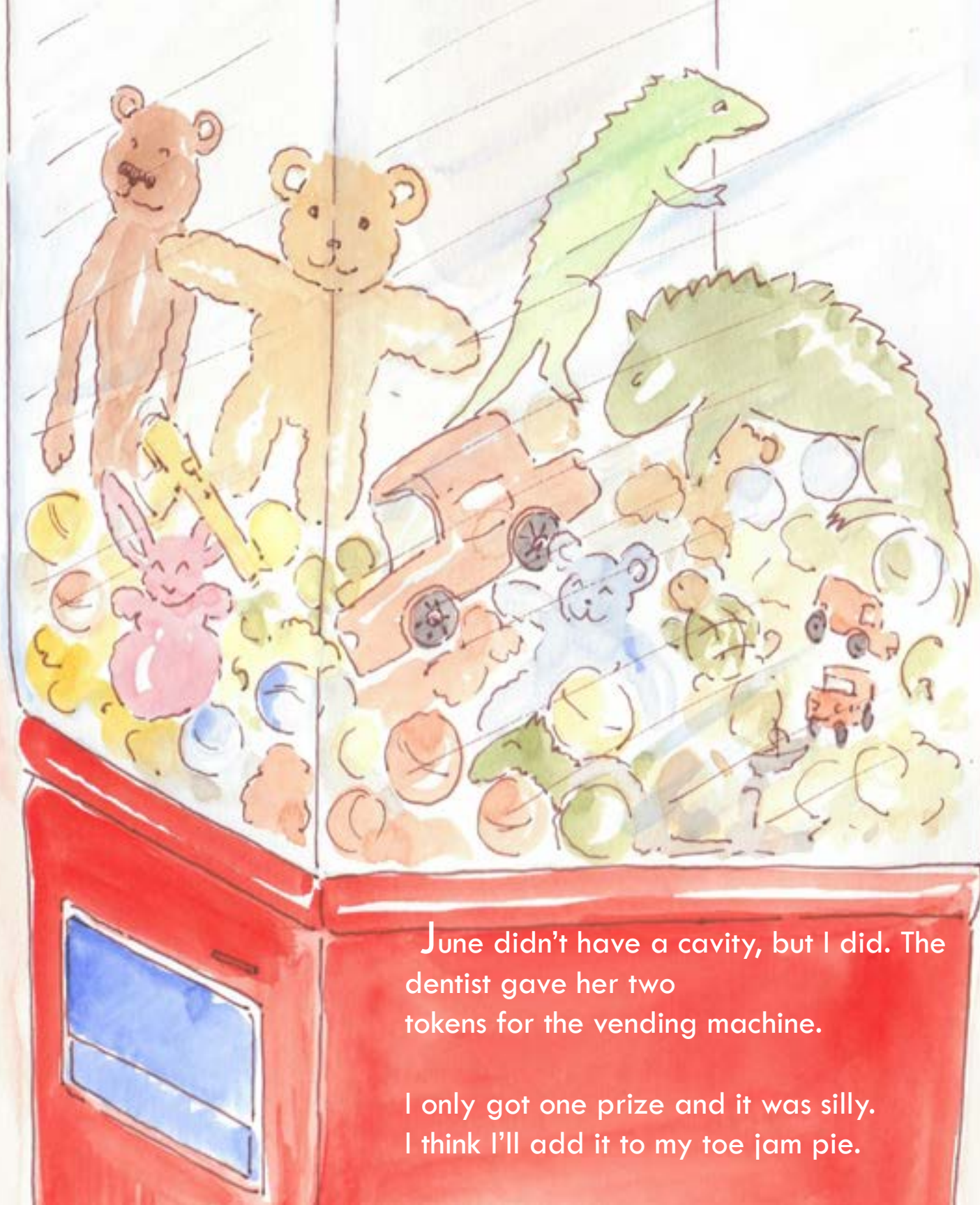


An illustration of a young boy with spiky brown hair, wearing a blue t-shirt and an orange backpack. He is looking to the left at a large stack of books. The books are in various colors, including pink, yellow, and orange. The background is a light, textured blue and white.

Mom got me out of school early to go to the dentist, so my teacher gave me more homework.

I'm not doing homework. I'm making toe jam pie with linty toe jam, a squashed sandwich, a candy bar wrapper, and my unfinished homework. Maybe I'll even add troll

BOOGERS.



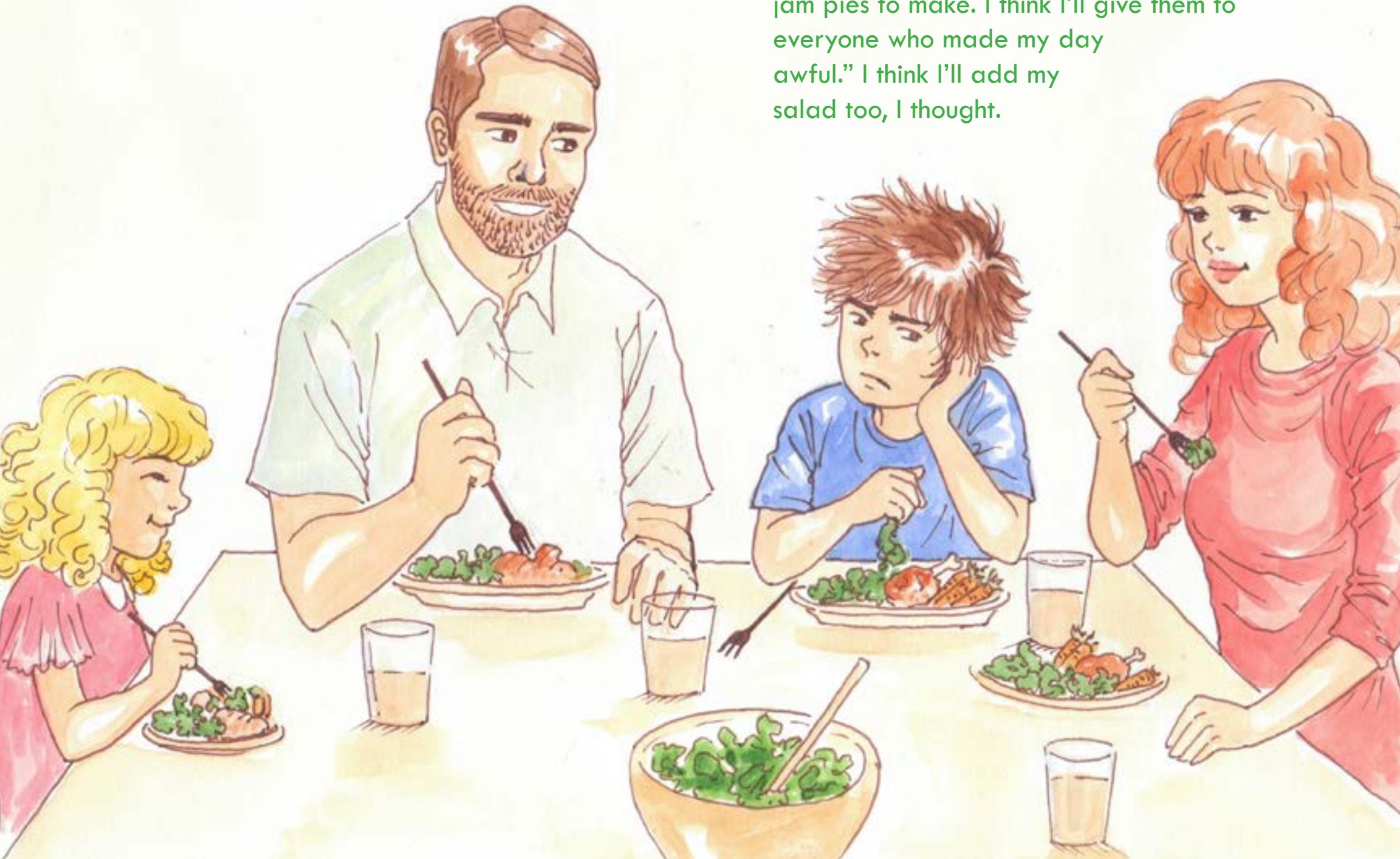
June didn't have a cavity, but I did. The dentist gave her two tokens for the vending machine.

I only got one prize and it was silly. I think I'll add it to my toe jam pie.



We went for ice cream and my cone fell on my lap. Mom looked mad. June laughed. No ice cream for me, just toe jam pie.

We had salad for dinner.
I hate salad.
Dad asked how my day went.
“Pretty bad,” I said. “I have several toe
jam pies to make. I think I’ll give them to
everyone who made my day
awful.” I think I’ll add my
salad too, I thought.



“Let’s make one together,” Mom said.
She got out a bowl and a spoon. I was surprised
that she would help.
“What are the ingredients?” she asked.



I had to think...



“Sticky Lint from between my toes,” I said.

So she put white stuff in a bowl and added water. Had Mom been saving my linty toe jam?

“**BOOGERS** from Trolls,” I said. So she poured in yellow goo and rolled it out. Where would she get troll **BOOGERS**?

I told her about my candy bar wrapper, the sandwich, ice cream, and the silly vending machine prize.



“Don’t forget the rotten apples,” I said, “blended with tennis shoe juice and homework.”

Mom said her apples were only sort of rotten. Finally, the pie was in the oven.

I hoped Mom put everything in the pie, but I was a little distracted by June and Dad.





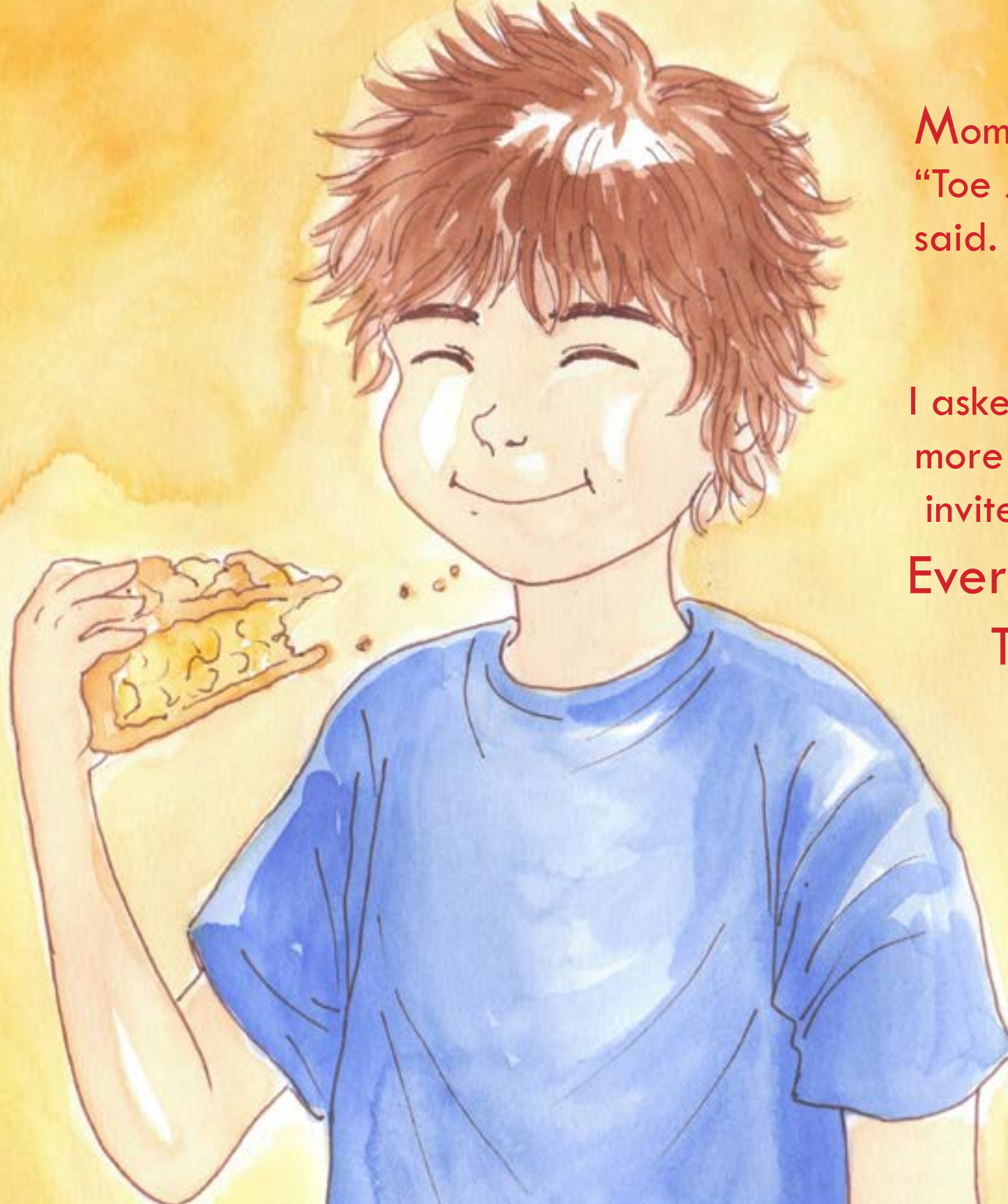
I waited for
the smell of old
shoes and
rotting food.

**Instead I smelled
something good.
The pie looked
crusty and
golden, not
stinky or molten.**

“It doesn’t look gross,” June said.

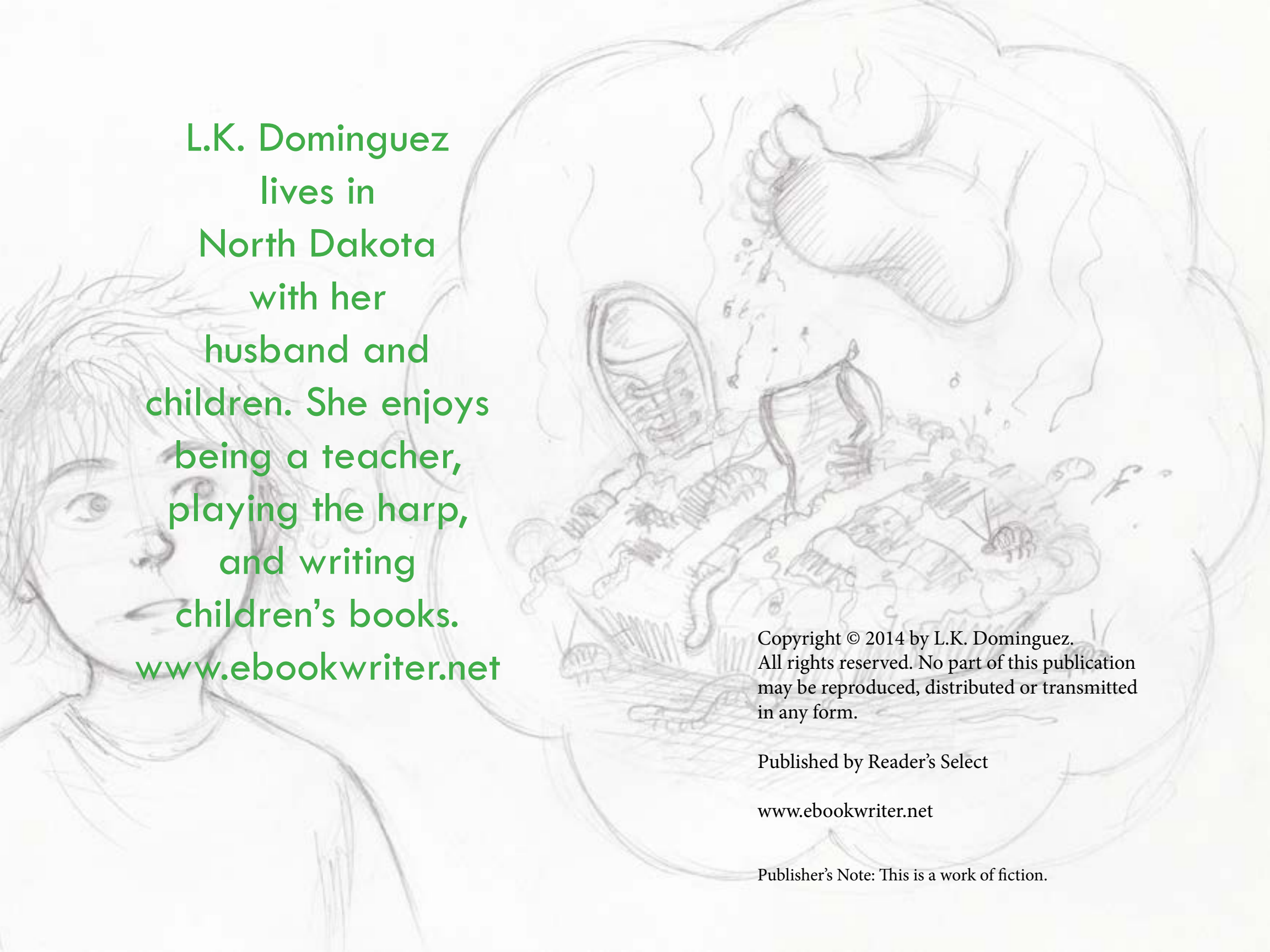
“What do you want to do with it?” Dad asked. I thought for a minute. “Maybe we should taste this pie first,” I said.





Mom cut me a slice.
“Toe Jam Pie is good!” I
said.

I asked Mom to make one
more tomorrow so I could
invite some friends over.
**Everyone should try
Toe Jam Pie!**



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