My Newest JAM Inventions

Cherry Candy Floss

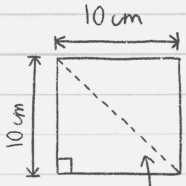


Cherry : Candy Floss 3:7

MELTS IN MOUTH

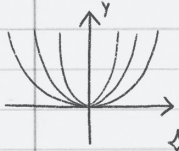
ELECTRIFYING elderberry Balls

$x = \frac{3}{8}/2(3x-1)^4 = \frac{}{4z}$ formula



Jam slice
- like a cheese slice, PUT STRaight on sanDWICH

4.5 mm thick



pineapple {with a TWIST}

~~paintball~~ Jam ball → shoot jam at each other

~~PIZZA JAM?~~

Wasp-Repelling Jam

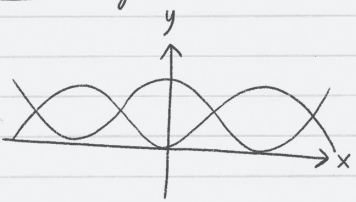
* Try adding Peppermint Oil!! ☑

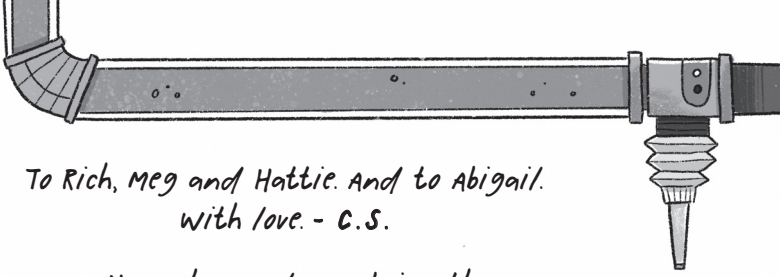
Brussels Sprout Jam! → perfect for CHRISTmas (gift dad this year!)



Too sour cherries = CHerry Bomb! Jam

CAution only 2 per Jar !!





To Rich, Meg and Hattie. And to Abigail.
With love. - C.S.

For Hannah for always being there,
and Isaac for having no choice - J.T.

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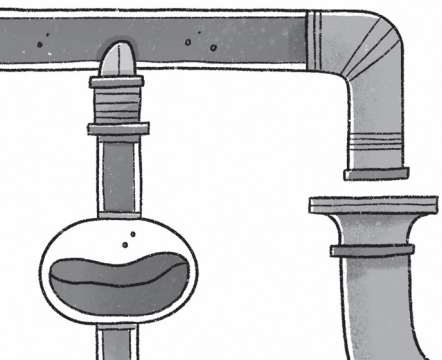
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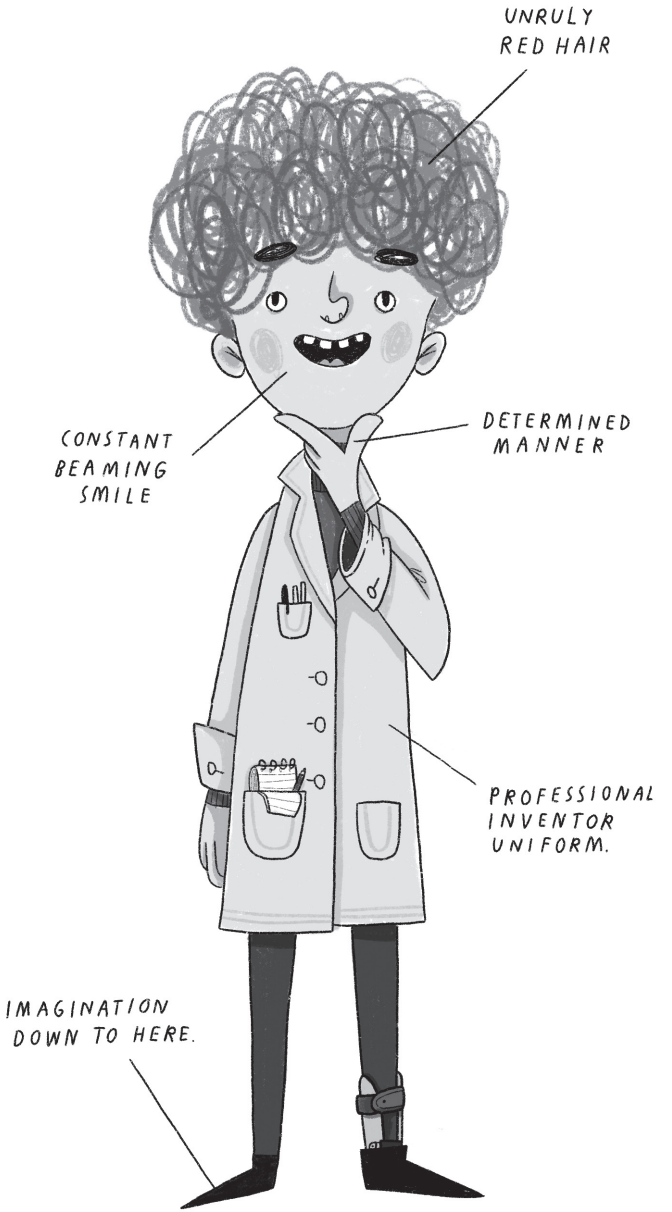
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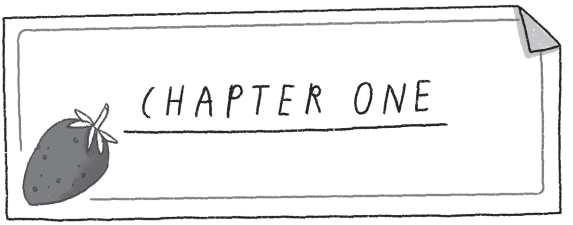


An Alien in the Jam Factory

CHRISSIE SAINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JENNY TAYLOR


UNRULY
RED HAIR
CONSTANT
BEAMING
SMILE
DETERMINED
MANNER
PROFESSIONAL
INVENTOR
UNIFORM.
IMAGINATION
DOWN TO HERE.



When Scooter McLay decided to do something, there was very little that anyone could do to stop him. Everything about Scooter screamed determination. From the tips of his unruly red hair, that stuck out as if he'd been plugged into a power socket, to the very ends of his toenails, that grew so quickly he needed to cut them every two days.

Even Scooter's life had started in a rather determined manner.

You see, he hadn't died.

When Scooter's tiny body was first thrust into the world, it was eight long minutes before he took his first breath. Eight minutes of panicked resuscitation, while his parents looked sadly on, quietly fearing that their son's





short life had already ended.

And then, just as all hope seemed lost, Scooter opened his tiny mouth and took a lungful of air so huge that his red hair bolted up from his head like a resplendent bristling bog brush.

It never lay flat from that day forward.

Not when a kindly doctor explained to Scooter's parents that spending eight minutes between life and death had led to a condition called cerebral palsy. And not when that same doctor went on to say that even though cerebral palsy was different for everyone, it was possible Scooter might never walk.

But Scooter *could* walk.

True, it had taken years



of special doctors' appointments. His muscles on his left side were a little stiff and he had to wear an uncomfortable splint to stop his left foot from dragging.



But that didn't worry Scooter.

He'd looked death in the face and he'd been the victor. Special doctors' appointments and a splint weren't going to stop him.

What the doctor didn't tell Scooter's parents (because he didn't know this bit) was that those eight minutes had also produced something else:



hyper-creativity.

This meant that Scooter's brain was *full* of ideas. They popped into his head like bubbles in a very fizzy bottle of lemonade.













And it didn't stop there.

Those idea bubbles twisted and grew until they were so much more than just an idea. They were whole inventions and calculations and if you popped the top off the lemonade bottle of Scooter's brain, they would fizz out and overflow everywhere.

This proved very useful, given where Scooter grew up.

When Scooter's parents first bought the jam factory (after quitting their jobs at Dodgy Doughnuts next door, where they had to make jam for over a thousand doughnuts from just two strawberries), the plan had simply been to make and sell the most delicious strawberry jam, using as many strawberries as they pleased. There was a flat where they could live just above the factory and a small jam production unit.









































But Scooter and his hyper-creativity had changed that.

McLay's Jam now sold over a thousand different flavours of jam.

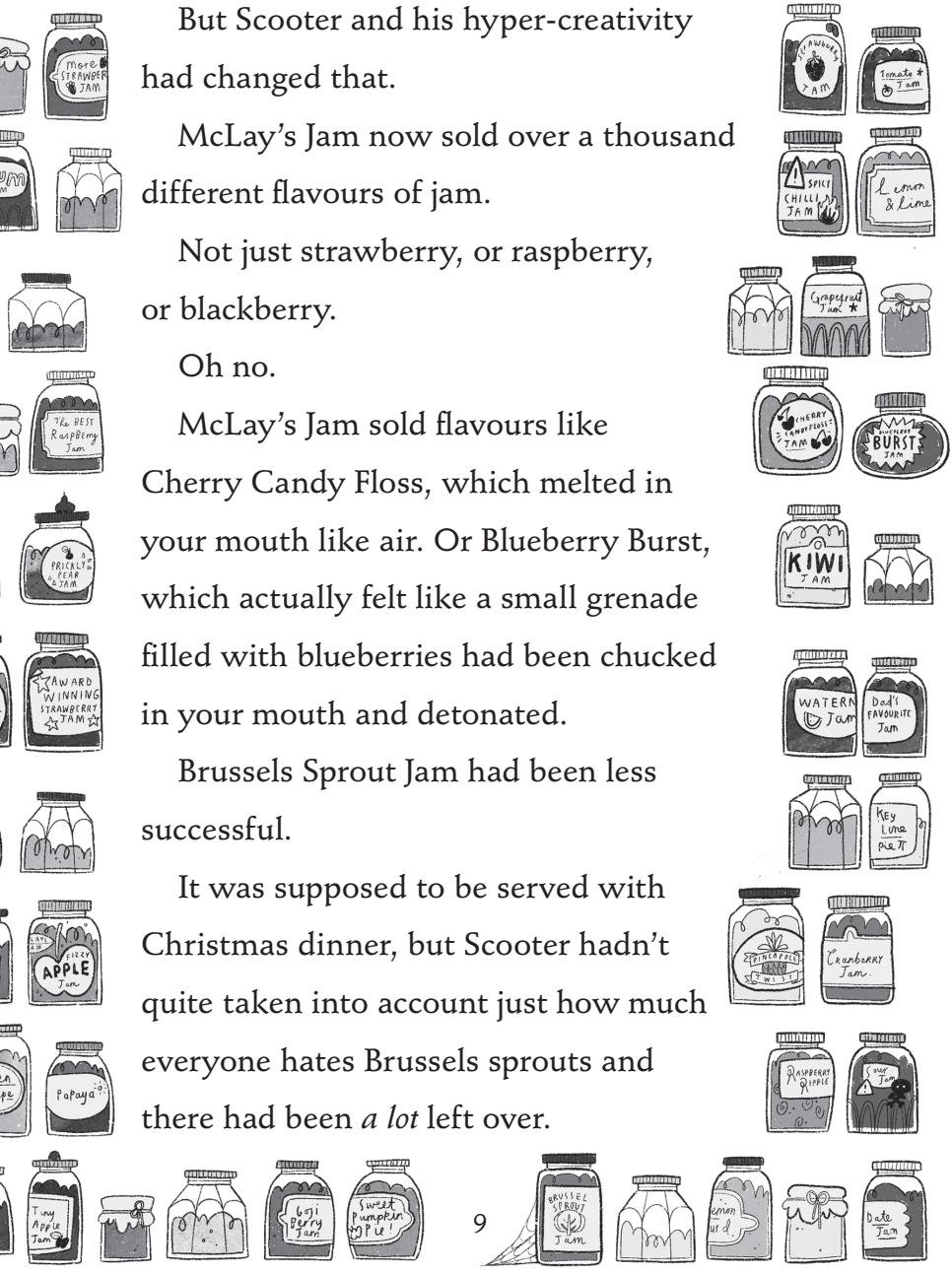
Not just strawberry, or raspberry, or blackberry.

Oh no.

McLay's Jam sold flavours like Cherry Candy Floss, which melted in your mouth like air. Or Blueberry Burst, which actually felt like a small grenade filled with blueberries had been chucked in your mouth and detonated.

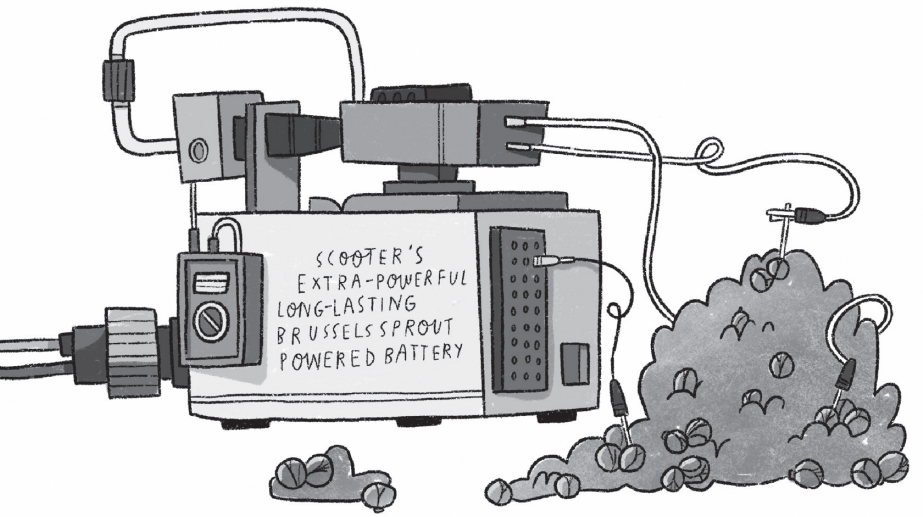
Brussels Sprout Jam had been less successful.

It was supposed to be served with Christmas dinner, but Scooter hadn't quite taken into account just how much everyone hates Brussels sprouts and there had been *a lot* left over.



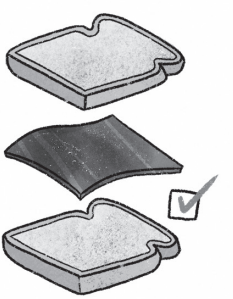
But Scooter had found a way to use them.

He created a giant Brussels sprout battery, harnessing the power of sprouts and converting it to electricity; enough to power the whole factory.



That was when Scooter began to really experiment.

He started with the Jam Slice. A bit like a cheese slice, but with jam, speeding up the jam sandwich making process by 68.2%.





Next, Jam Smoothie Capsules. Just add milk and create the most delicious jam smoothie.

It was during the testing phase of the capsules that Scooter came up with Jam Ball. A bit like paintball, but with jam.



The only problem with Jam Ball was that you really couldn't play it in wasp season. However, it had led to his latest invention: Wasp-Repelling Jam. Still delicious, but absolutely repellent to wasps, allowing you to eat a jam sandwich in the height of summer with wasps flying right past you.



McLay's Jam was now considered to be the best producer of jam and jam-based inventions in the world.

This was incredibly annoying for Daffy

Dodgy, owner of Dodgy Doughnuts. Her wicked little eyes watched from her office at the top of a tall tower, wishing that she knew the secrets behind their success.

But Scooter thought nothing of Daffy Dodgy. In fact, Scooter had an entirely different problem on his mind right now. A problem that his brain full of ideas hadn't found a solution to just yet. You see, Scooter desperately wanted a pet. But his parents had said no and they didn't appear to be changing their minds.

Not even a little bit.

Every time Scooter suggested a different type of pet, their answer was always the same.



OK, so those weren't their exact words. But it was definitely something like that.

That was why Scooter was now standing outside the steel door entrance to the jam inventions laboratory, holding a small snail in the palm of his hand.



In Scooter's typically determined way, he'd decided to prove to his parents that actually he could look after a pet perfectly well. He'd found Gary in a bush three weeks ago and had been looking after him in secret ever since.

Gary wasn't exactly the *perfect* pet. He had a bad habit of sliming onto Scooter's face when he was asleep. It was a bit gross. And he kept trying to escape out of the window. In fact, the only way that

Scooter could keep him in one place was to put a strawberry jam sandwich on a plate at the end of his bed.

Gary loved strawberry jam sandwiches.

Scooter would definitely prefer a dog or a cat, or even a shrimp. But once his parents knew that he'd actually been looking after a pet for three whole weeks without them even realising, how could they refuse?

This time they *had* to agree.

