



I will Never NOT EVER Eat a Tomato

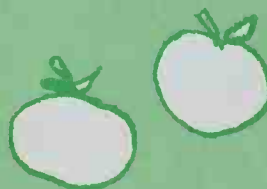
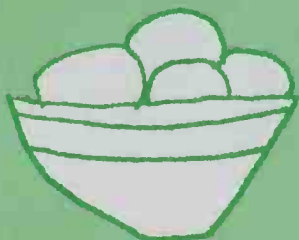
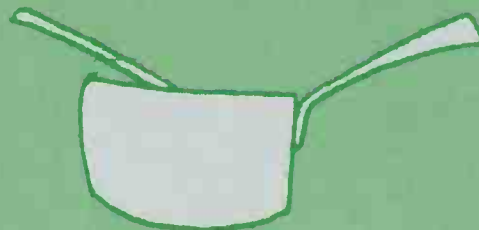
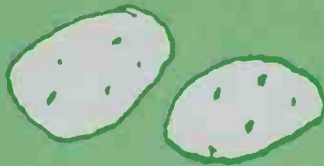
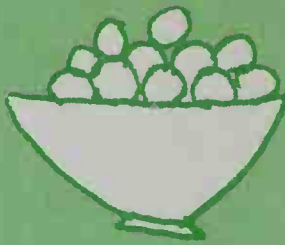


l a u r e n c h i l d





BEL-TIB J NEW PICTURE BOOK
E Child
Child, Lauren
I will never not ever eat
a tomato
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l a u r e n c h i l d



I will Never
NOT EVER
Eat a **Tomato**



CANDLEWICK PRESS
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS



**This book is for Soren
who is crazy about tomatoes
but would never eat a baked bean
with love from Lauren
who is keen on Marmite
but would rather not eat a raisin**

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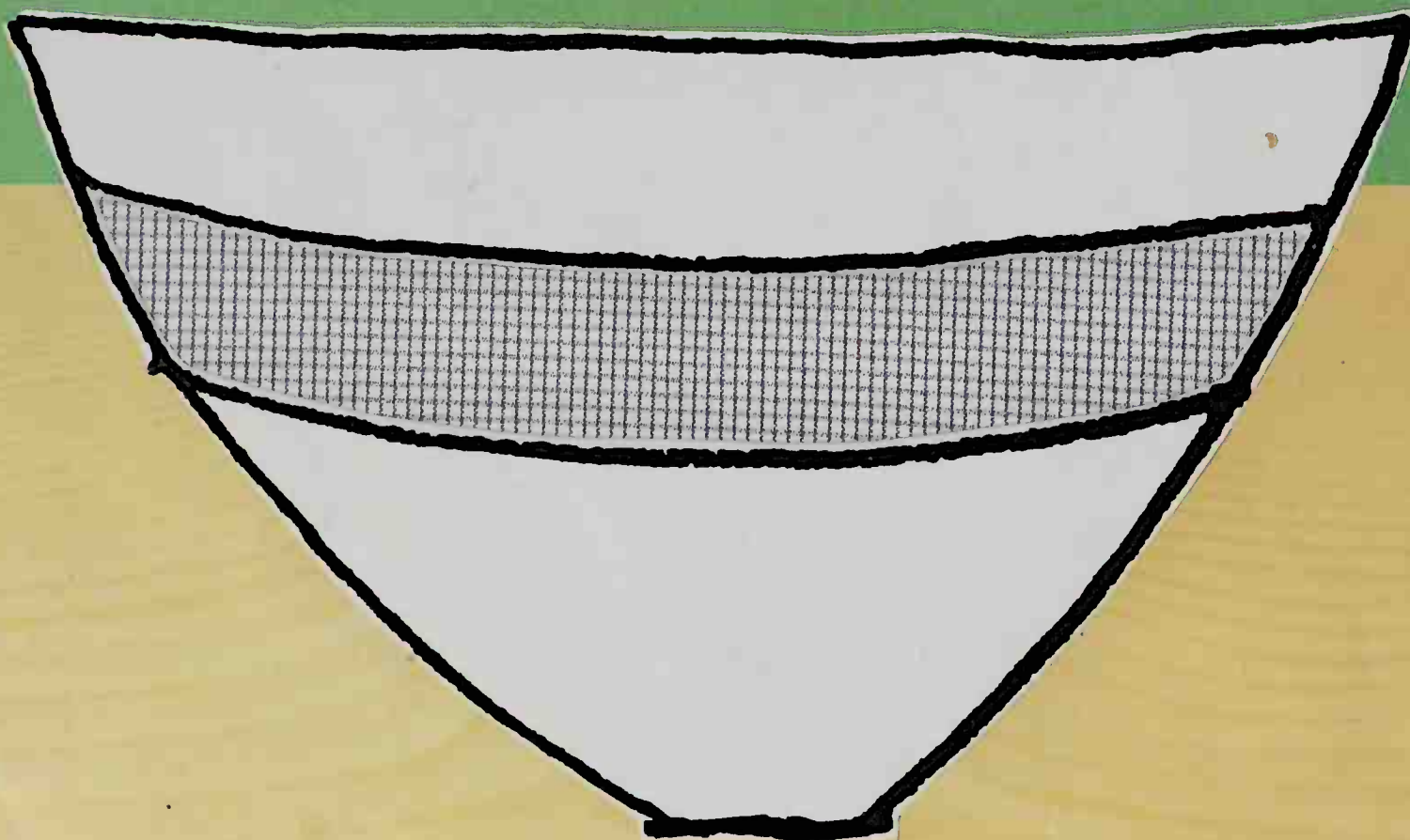
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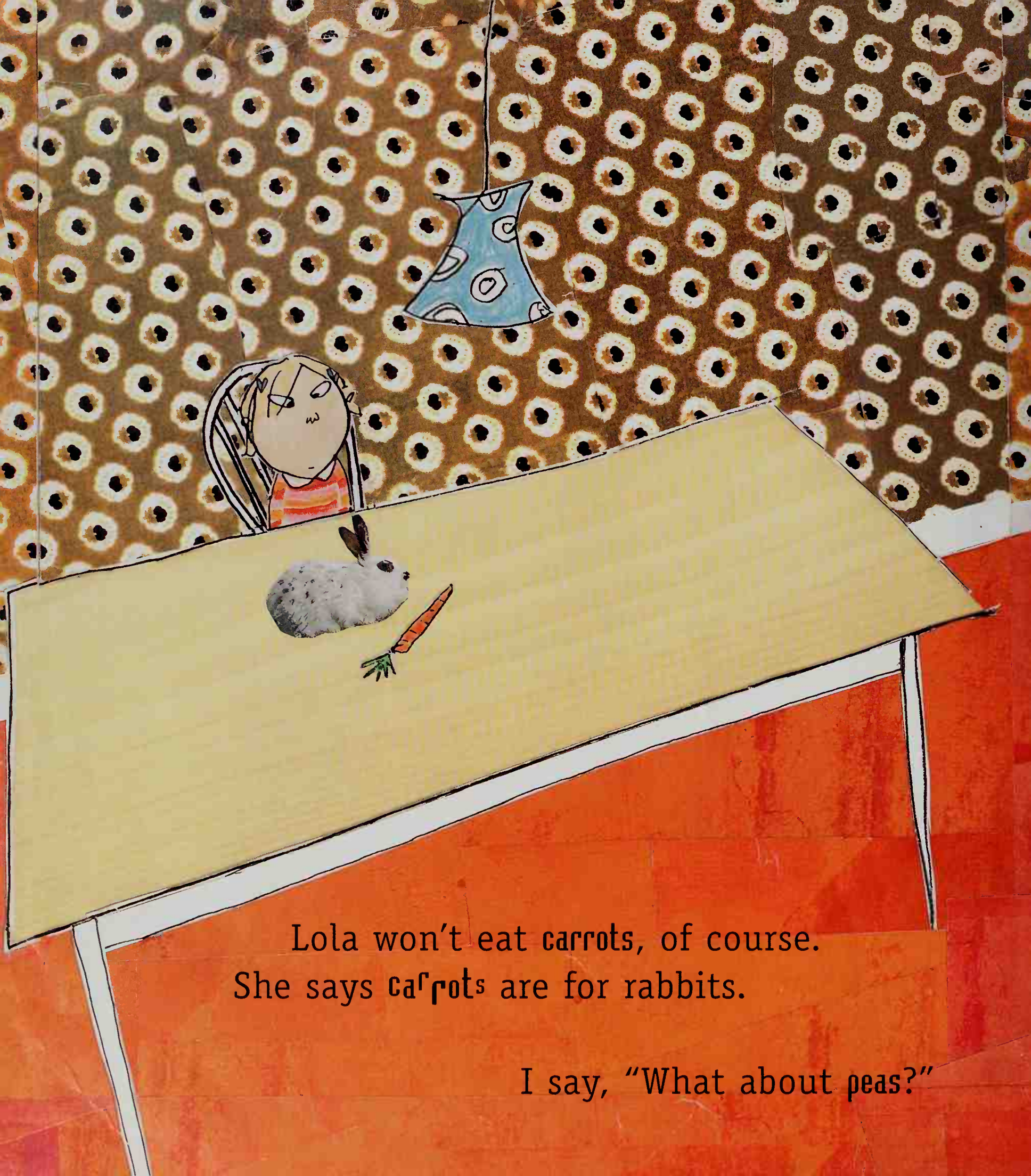
I have this little sister, Lola.

She is small and very funny.

Sometimes I have to keep an eye on her.

Sometimes Mom and Dad ask me to give Lola her dinner.

This is difficult because she is a very fussy eater.



Lola won't eat carrots, of course.
She says ca^rro^ts are for rabbits.

I say, "What about peas?"



Lola says,
"Peas are too small
and too green."

One day I played a good trick on her.

Lola was sitting at the table,
waiting for her dinner.

And she said,

"I do not eat



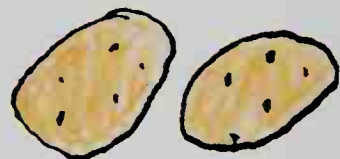
peas

or



carrots

or



potatoes



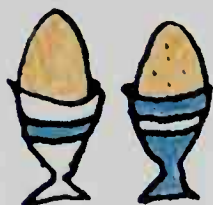
Mushrooms

or



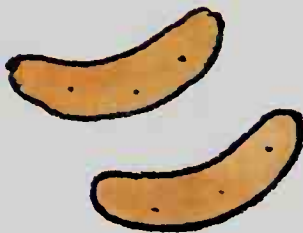
spaghetti

or



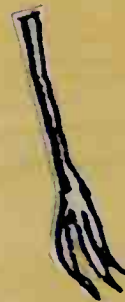
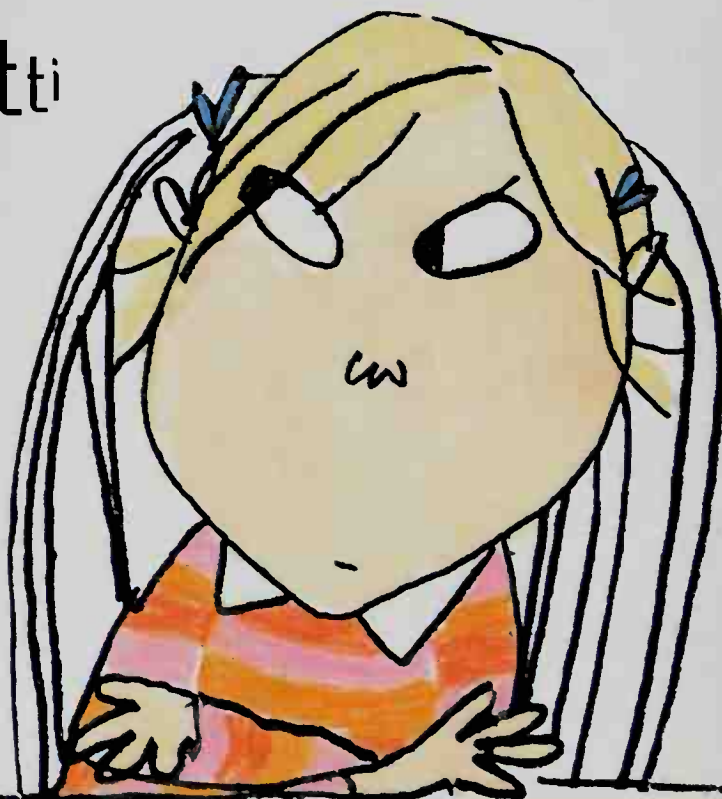
Eggs

or



sausages.

or



I do not eat



cauliflower

or



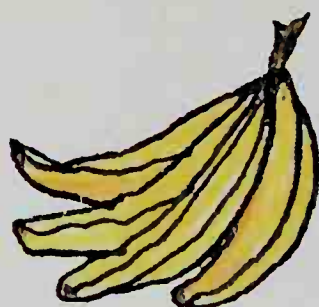
cabbage

or



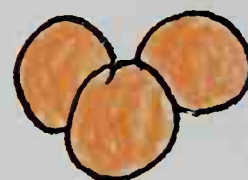
baked beans

or bananas



or

oranges.



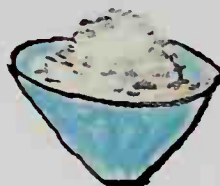
And I am not fond of



apples

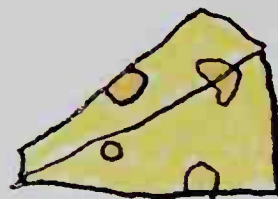


or



rice

or



cheese

or



fish sticks.

And

I absolutely

will never

not ever

eat a tomato."



(My sister hates tomatoes.)

And I said,
"That is lucky

because we are not having any of those things.

We are not going to eat any peas or carrots
or potatoes or mushrooms or spaghetti or eggs or sausages.

There will be no cauliflower or
cabbage or baked beans or bananas or oranges.



We don't have any apples or
rice or cheese or fish sticks

and **certainly**
no tomatoes."



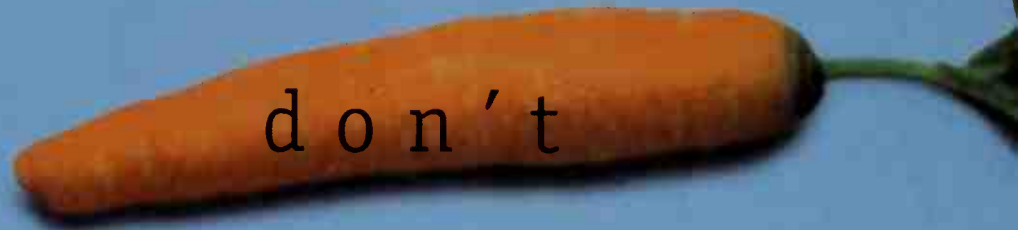


Lola looked at the table.

"Then why are those Carrots there, Charlie?"



I



don't



ever



eat



Carrots."

And I said,
"Oh, you think these are carrots.
These are not carrots.
These are orange twiglets from Jupiter."



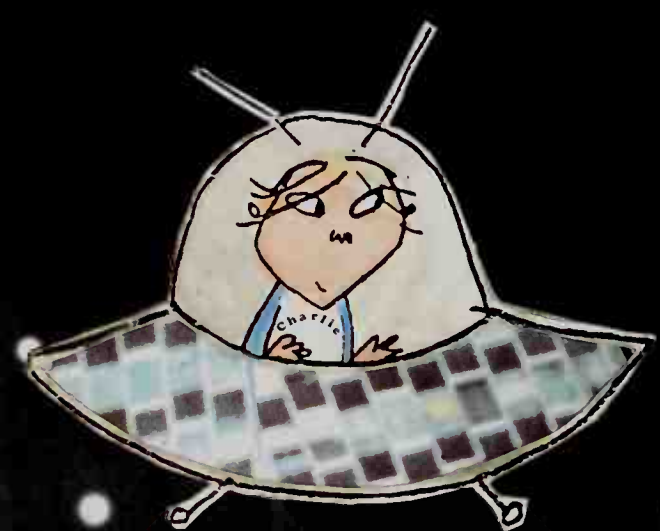
"They look just like carrots to me," said Lola.

"But how can they be carrots?" I said.
"Carrots don't grow on Jupiter."

"That's true," said Lola.

"Well, I might just try one
if they're all the way from Jupiter.

Mmm, not bad," she said, and took another bite.





Then Lola saw some peas.

"I don't eat peas,"

said Lola.

I said,

"These are not peas.

Of course they are not.

These are green drops

from Greenland.

They are made

out of green

and fall from the sky."

"But I don't eat green

things," Lola said.





"Oh goody,"

I said.

"I'll have

your share.

Green drops

are so

incredibly

rare."

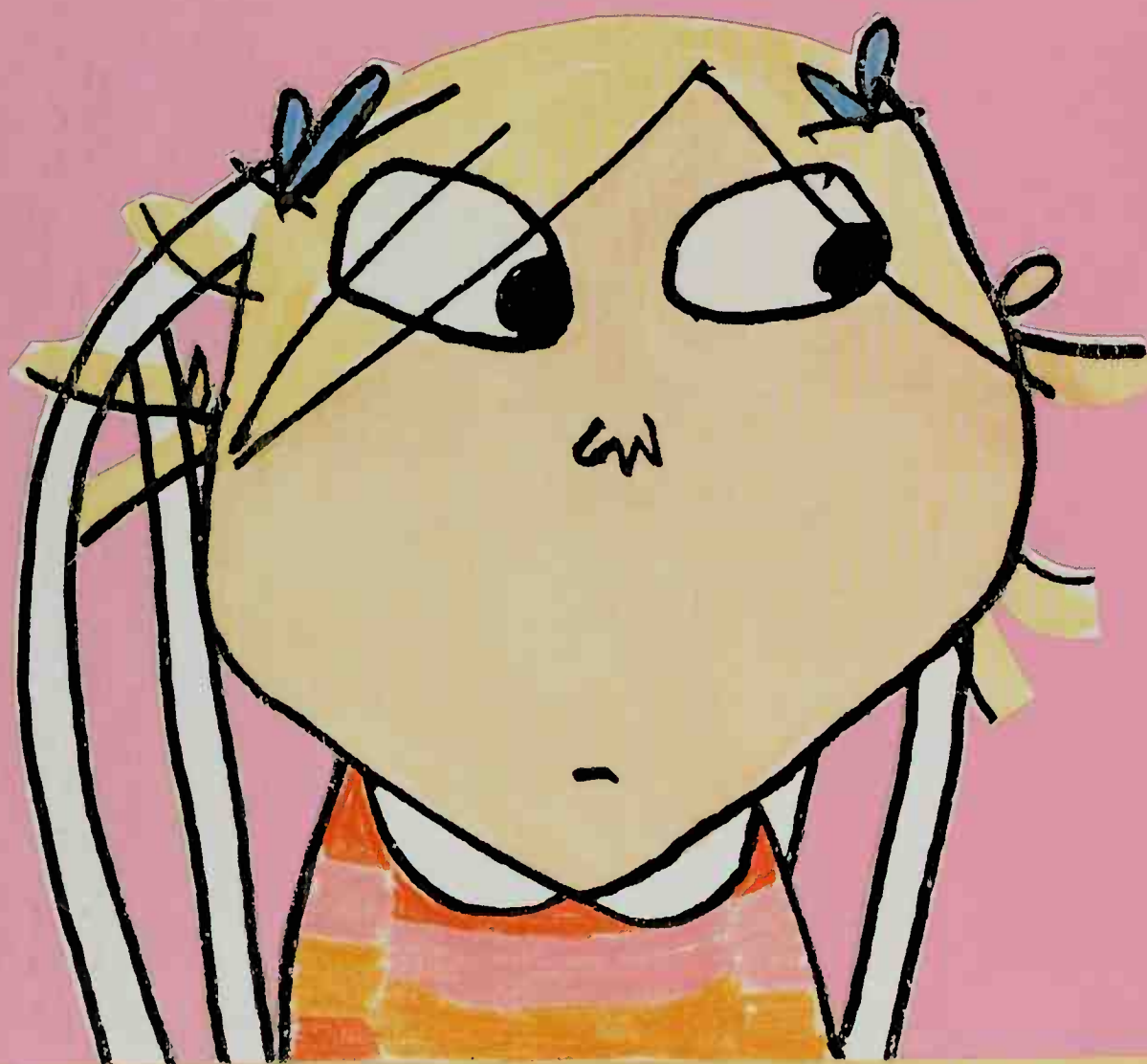




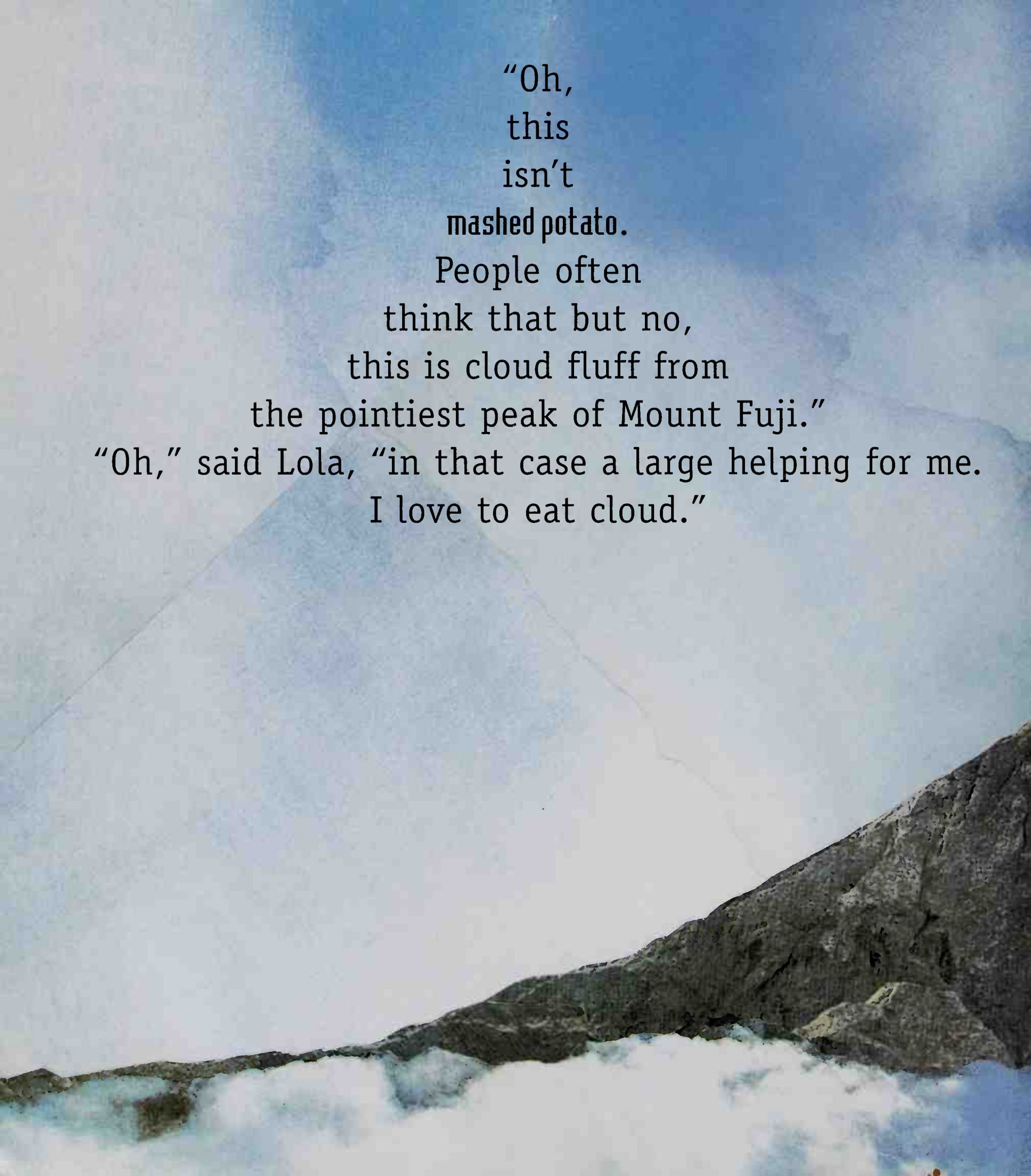
“Well,
maybe
I’ll nibble
just one
or two.
Oh,” said
Lola, “quite
tasty.”

Next Lola saw the potato.

“I will not eat potato
so don't even try,
not even **mashed.**”







“Oh,
this
isn't

mashed potato.

People often

think that but no,

this is cloud fluff from

the pointiest peak of Mount Fuji.”

“Oh,” said Lola, “in that case a large helping for me.
I love to eat cloud.”



“Charlie,”
she said,
“those look like fish sticks to me,
and I would
never
eat a fish stick.”





"I know that. These are not fish sticks.
These are ocean nibbles from the supermarket
under the sea — mermaids eat them all the time."



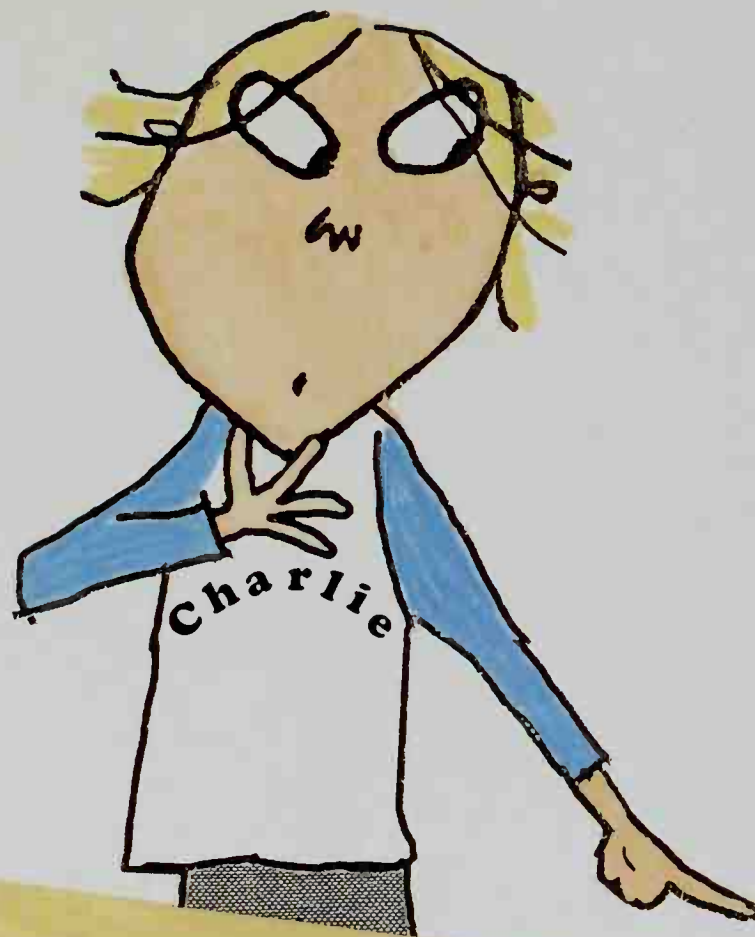
"Oh, I went to that supermarket
one time with Mom.
Yes, I know the ones.
I think I've had them before," Lola said, gobbling.
"Are there any more?"



And then she said,

“Charlie, will you pass me
one of those?”





And I said,

"What, one of those?"

And Lola said,
"Yes, Charlie,
one of those."

And I couldn't believe my eyes
because guess what she was pointing at —
the **tomatoes.**



And I said,

"Are you sure?

Really?

One

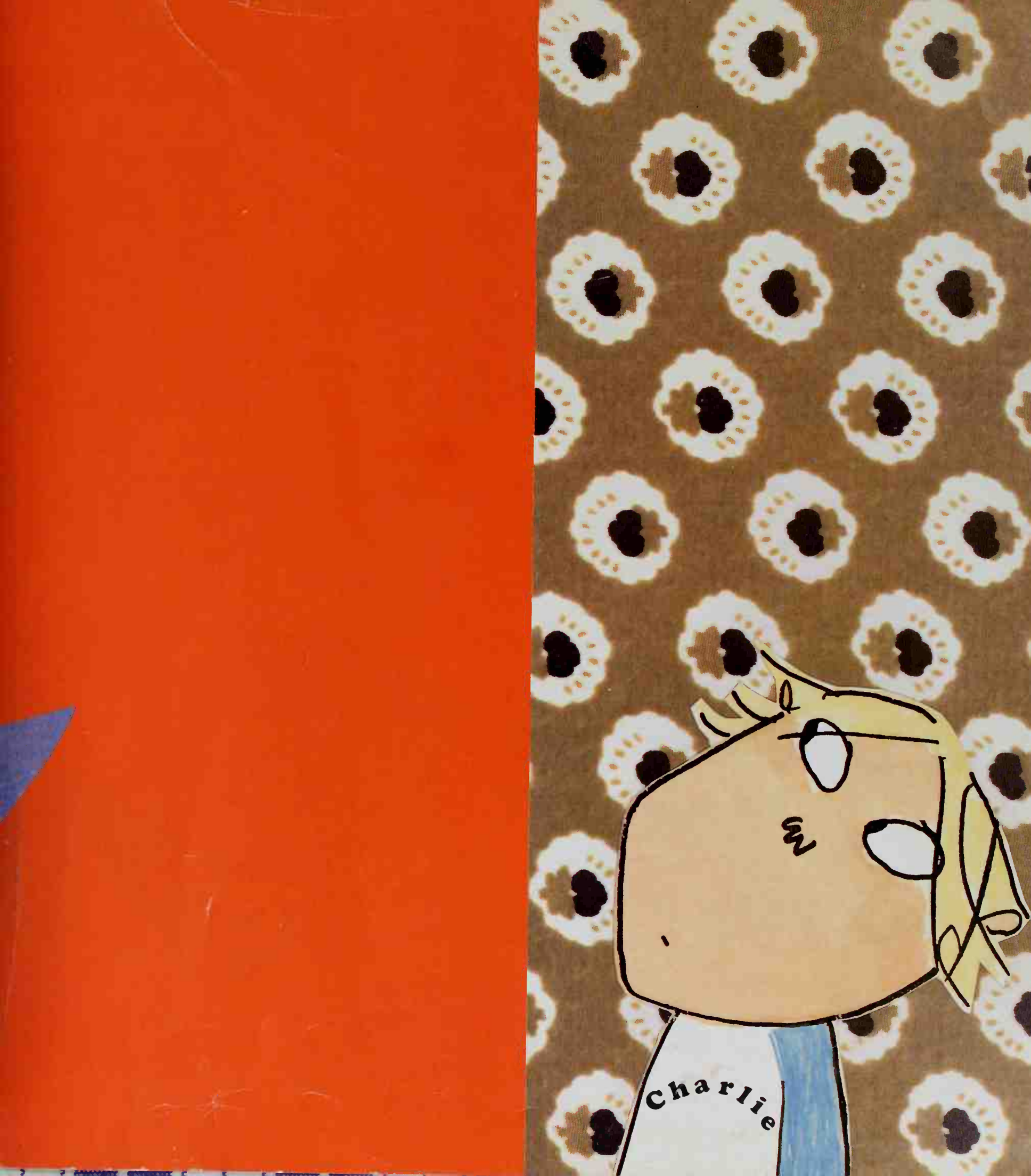
of these?"



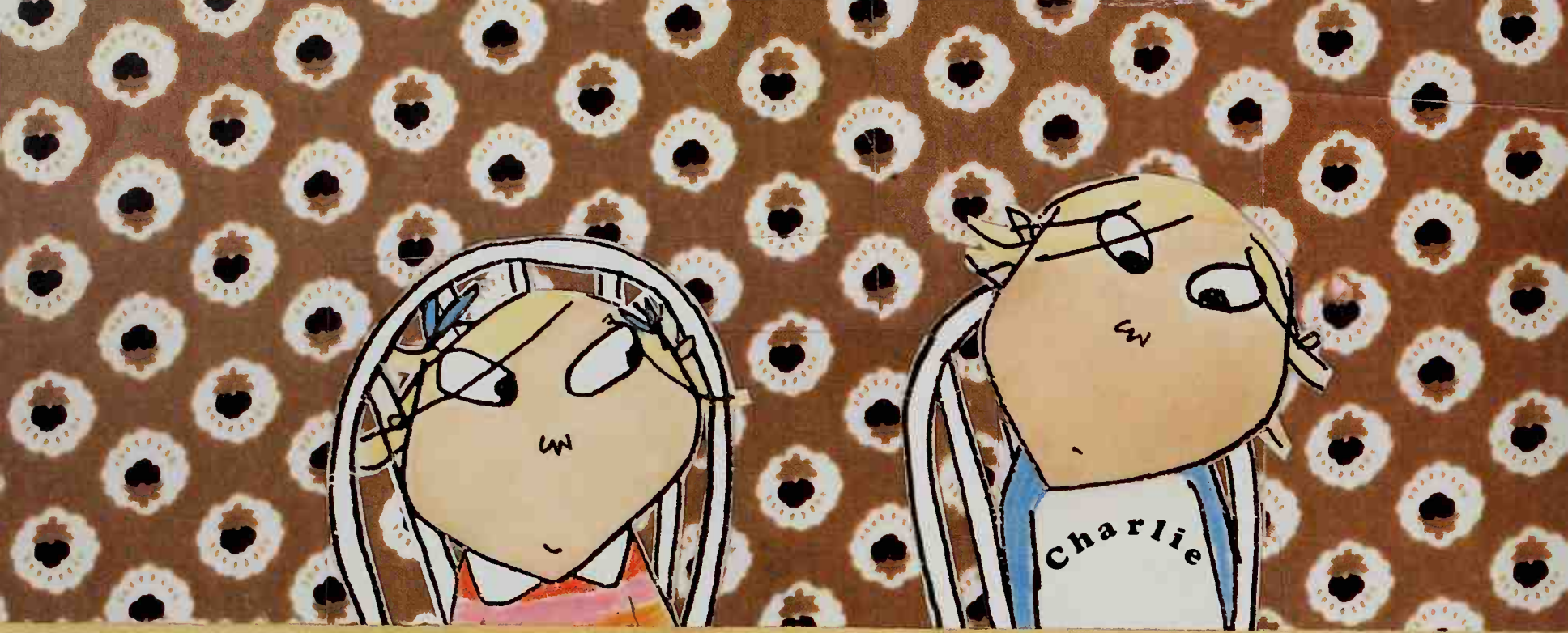
And she said,



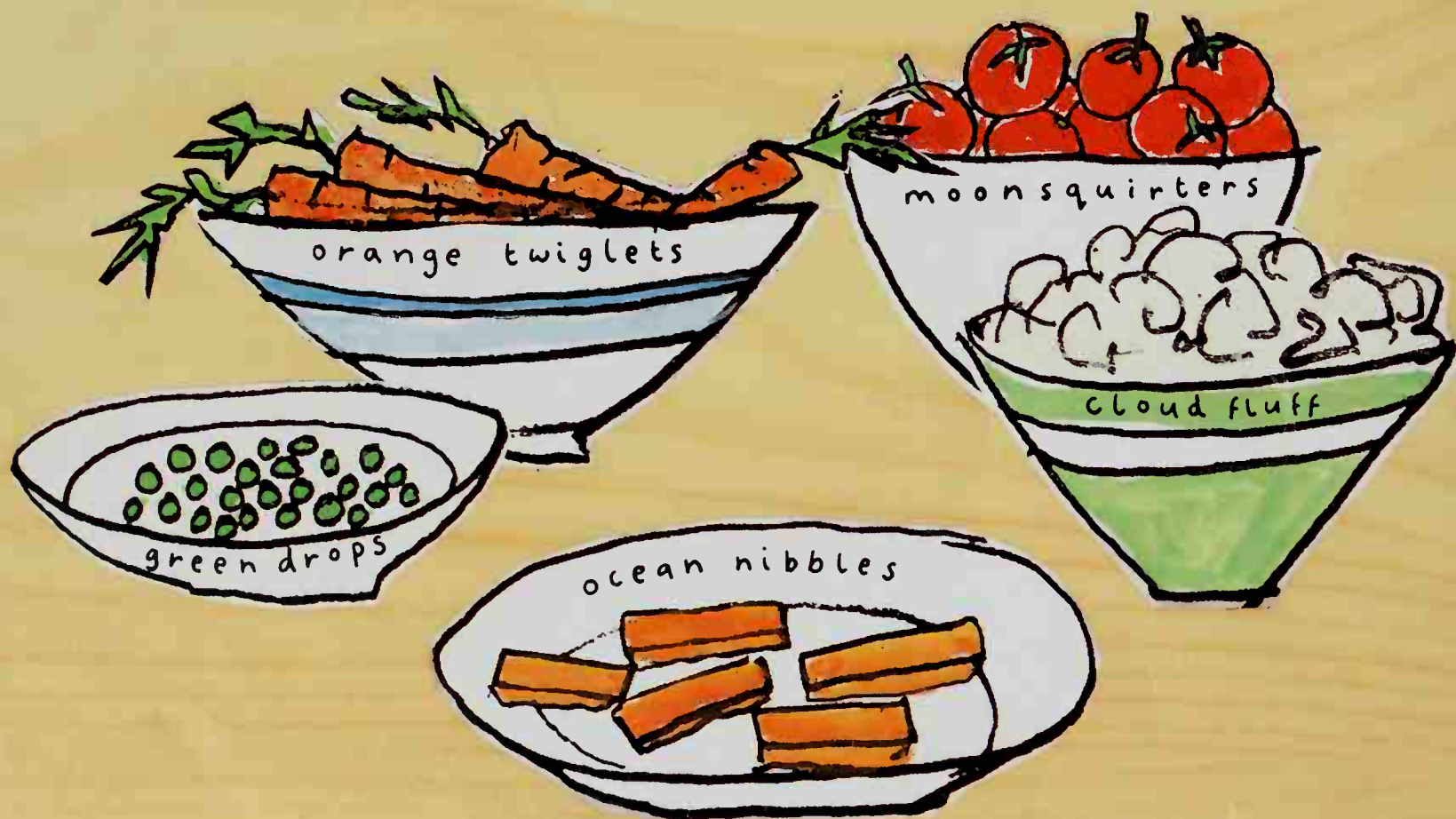
"Yes, of course, moonsquirters are my favorite."

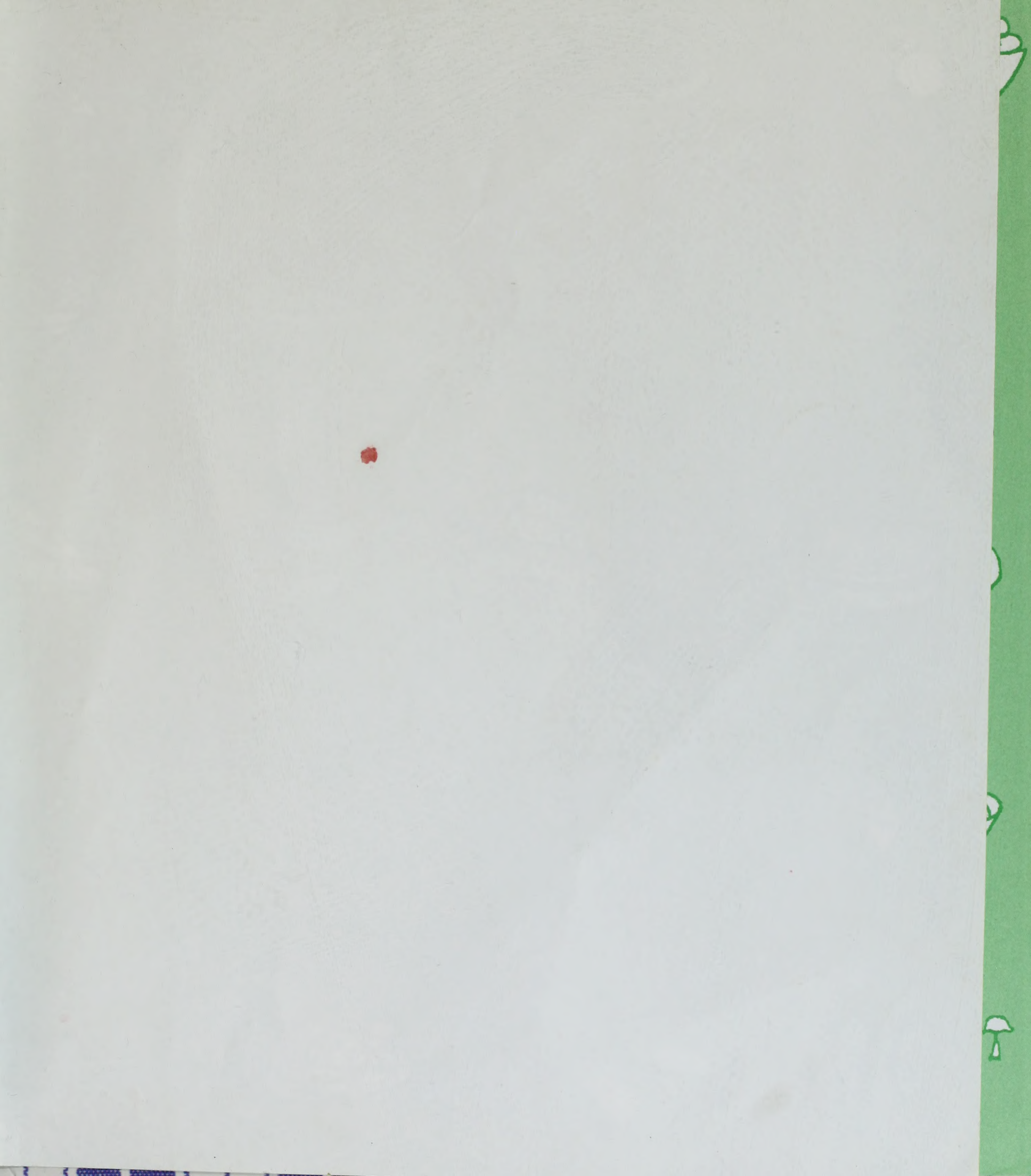


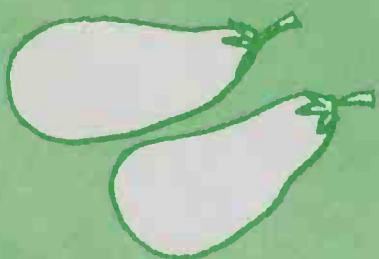
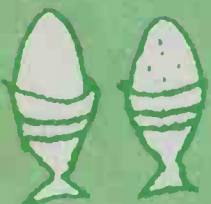
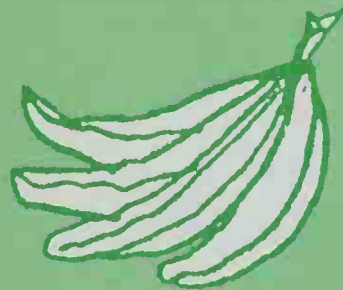
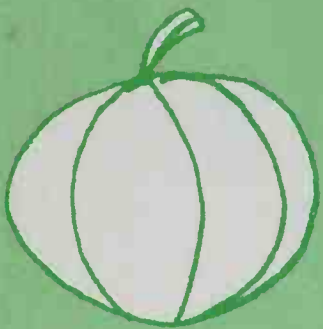
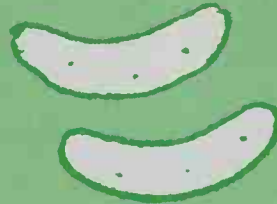
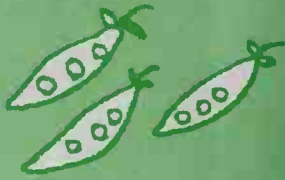
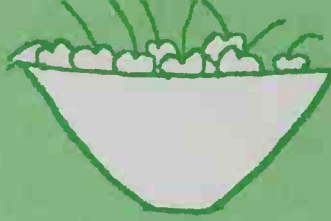
Charlie

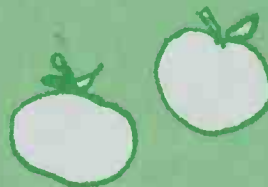
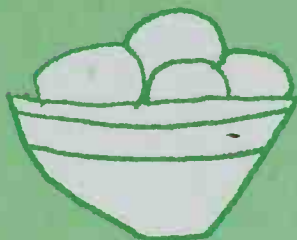
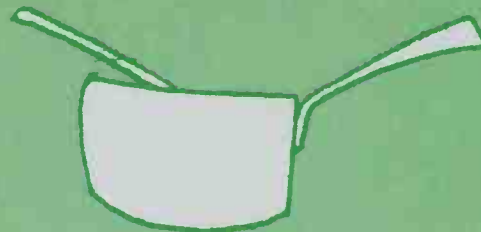
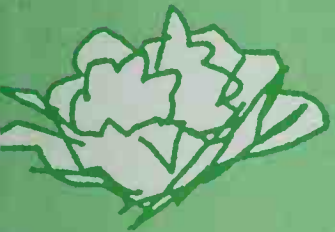
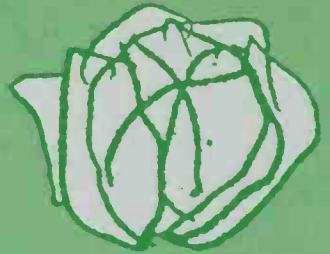
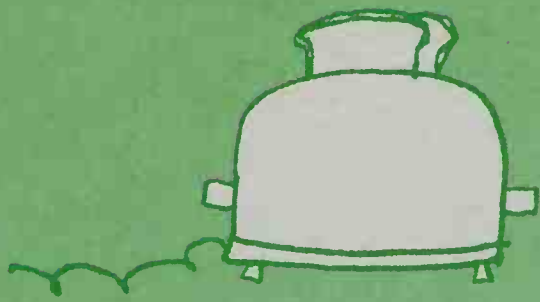


“You didn’t think they were
toMat^oes,
did you, Charlie?”









she is a very fussy eater.

Charlie has this little sister, Lola. Sometimes

Charlie has to give Lola her dinner.

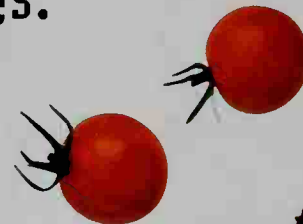
Lola says,

"I do not eat peas or
carrots or potatoes or
mushrooms or spaghetti
or eggs or sausages.



I do not eat cauliflower or
cabbage or baked beans or bananas
or oranges.

And I absolutely
will never



not ever
eat a tomato."

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