

Davey is a young boy whose greatest talent starts inside his nose and ends at the tip of his index finger. Everyday, he enters his school's playground and scans the many kids who are running around. He places his finger inside his nose and digs up anything that will stick on the tip of it. Usually, that "anything" feels slimy and comes in the size of tic tacs. He chases the girls with his arms stretched out and his finger ready to wipe it on their arms. He hunts the boys with his fingers ready to flick the slimy thing so it can fly onto them.

This Tuesday morning is like any other day. He wakes up by the sound of his mother's soft voice, who promises him delicious smiling blueberry pancakes if he gets up. He sprints down the hall and toward the bathroom before his sister has a chance to lock herself in. Davey looks into the mirror, raises his chin up, and peers into his nose, seeing if there's a promising new batch to unload onto his classmates. There is, of course. He skips down the stairs and takes a seat next to his father. As Davey starts stuffing his mouth with pancakes, his sister, Jen, sits down across from him.

"Mom," Jen says. "Davey keeps slipping papers full of boogers under my door every night!" She cringes at the memory. "I've told him to stop, but he won't."

Their father says, "Davey is just expressing his feelings toward you."

"Feelings?" Jen says. "What feelings?"

"That you're boogers!" Davey replies, putting more pancakes into his mouth. Jen makes a face at Davey, only to have Davey stick out his tongue.

"That's really disgusting," Jen says.

“It’s his work of art,” their father states with a newspaper permanently placed in front of his face, ignoring what is being said.

Jen shakes her head, “No. Look.” She points at Davey. “His nose is drooling.”

“Oh Davey,” their mother says as she grabs a napkin and wipes the snot that was hanging down from his nose. “Blow.” Davey shakes his head as he tries to get away from his mother. “Davey,” she says firmly. Davey blows his nose into the napkin and pouts.

His mother pushes Davey outside when they hear the school bus sound its horn. “Have a good day at school,” she says, kissing his cheek and handing him his lunch.

By the time Davey gets to the school, his nose is filled again with those ooey-gooney friends of his. He chases the girls down the hall, screaming, “I am the Booger Monster!” Davey wipes a piece of booger on his paper when he should write his name. He scrunches the boogers around a piece of string and places them on the backpacks in the cubbies when he has to get his snack. And that is just in the first forty-five minutes of his day.

Right before recess, his teacher assigns the class to make artwork to display in the hallway. Davey quickly rises from his seat and grabs blue construction paper and glue. When he has his supplies, Davey decides to get a drink of water before he starts his artwork. He walks into the hall and towards the water fountain. He drinks the water and when Davey looks up, he sees the janitor wiping the floor with a mop. Davey grins evilly and begins to gather as many boogers he can dig up from his nose. He is squeezing them together when he hears, “That’s a bad habit.” Davey frowns at the janitor who has his eyes focused on the ground. He ignores the janitor and gets ready to flick it. “I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” the janitor says with his eyes staring at Davey.

“Why not?” Davey asks.

The janitor shakes his head. “You just shouldn't.”



Davey frowns. “You can't tell me what to do. I can do whatever I want. You're not my mother.” Davey flicks the bigger-than-M&M sized booger onto the janitor. Davey watches the booger land on the janitor's gloves and hears him sigh.

“Davey!” Davey turns his head to the shrieking voice of his teacher. “Get back to your artwork.” Davey rushes back into the classroom. He returns to his seat and starts digging into his nose to make his booger masterpiece. “Rats,” Davey says under his breath. It seems he had run out of boogers to make his artwork.

He sees the glue and an idea pops into his head. If he puts glue on his finger and sticks it into his nose, boogers will attach itself onto the glue and he'll have more! Davey unscrews the top and pours out a large amount of glue onto his right index finger and

sticks it into his nose. When Davey tries to pull his finger out of his nose, his finger will not budge. He glances around the classroom, looking for something that will make his finger come free.

“Ewwww!!” Davey hears his classmate, Sandy, scream to the class. “Davey has his finger in his nose!”

“It's not like you've never seen it before,” Davey shouts at her.

“Make him stop!” she yells.

“Davey. Take your finger out of your nose,” his teacher orders.

“I can't,” Davey answers.

“You can't? Or you won't?” his teacher says. Davey stays silent. “If you're not going to answer, take a timeout right by that chair.” She points to a chair that's facing the wall. As Davey walks towards the chair, he hears his teacher say, “And take your finger out of your nose Davey.”

Davey shuffles to the chair. He tries his hardest to pull his finger out of his nose, but he can't. As Davey sits in the chair by himself, his classmates try to catch a glimpse of Davey with his finger up his nose. Davey hunches down to the floor so his classmates can't see anything, but one of his classmate, John, walks over to Davey and crouches down.

“Sandy's right! Sandy's right!” John shouts, lifting his head up. “The Booger Monster really does have his finger stuck in his nose! Look! Look!” He jumps around and points at Davey.

“John! Go back to your seat and finish your art project,” the teacher orders. John doesn't move from his spot. “Or do you want to join Davey in timeout? It's your choice.”

John retreats slowly to his seat. "If you would like to continue staring at Davey, you can join him in timeout. Or you can finish your artwork. Does everybody understand me?" she asks the class to which they answer in a harmonious "Yes".

Soon, the bell rings to inform the young students for recess. His classmates run out of the room. Davey waits quietly in his seat, his finger still in his nose, until his teacher says, "You can go out to recess Davey." Davey walks slowly out of the classroom and into the vast, neverending hallway. He stands at the glass door that separates the school from its playground. Davey decides to spend his recess in the bathroom so the other kids won't make fun of him. There won't be anybody in the bathroom. He turns around and walks toward the boy's bathroom.



As soon as he enters, Davey's body becomes completely still because what he sees in front of him makes him wish his finger isn't in his nose. He sees John and a

swarm of boys standing in front of Davey. Not a word is said. Utter silence. “There!” John screams to the other boys. “There he is!” There is silence once more. Davey slowly backs away from the boys, but his back hits the door. John and the other boys step closer to Davey.

“Why don’t you take your finger out of your nose?” one boy shouts at Davey.

“Hasn’t your mom ever told you not to stick your finger in your nose?” another one shouts.

“What did the teacher say?”

“How are you going to eat and drink with one hand?”

Davey tries to cover his ears, but it is hopeless since his finger is in his nose.

There isn’t any way to cover both ears with just one hand. Davey bolts out the door and slips on the floor, noticing the wet floor sign for the first time. Tears threaten to fall down Davey’s cheek, but he rubs his eyes with his free hand to keep from falling.. Davey walks back to his classroom and sits in the timeout chair. When the teacher sees Davey, she sighs and says, “Davey, take your finger out of your nose.”

Davey shakes his head and mutters sadly, “I can’t.”

During lunch, Davey sits in the quietest area of the cafeteria, looking up very often to see if any of the other kids are looking at him. He eats his peanut butter and jelly sandwich and when he is finished, Davey takes out a juice box from his lunch. He rips the little plastic straw from the side and starts to stab at the tiny silver circle on the juice box with his free hand. He keeps missing the circle so he tries to use the hand where his index finger is stuck in his nose. He smashes the straw into the juice box, only to have the juice box explode its liquid everywhere.

“Why don’t you try to put water in it? So your finger can slide out easily,” a voice says.

Davey turns to the voice and sees a red haired boy staring back at him. “Go away!” Davey shouts, not wanting to have another classmate make fun of him.

“Some kind of liquid to make your finger more slippery,” the boy continues. “Maybe soap will help! Yeah. That should work. Whenever I wash my hands with soap and water, it makes my hands really slippery.”

“What do you want?” Davey screams at the boy, angrily, startling him.

“I want to help,” the boy says. “I’m Bryce.”

“Davey.”

“I know,” Bryce says. “So? Have you tried putting water and soap on your finger?” Davey shakes his head. Bryce grabs Davey’s arm and drags him into the bathroom. Davey lathers his finger with the soap and water and tries to pull it out of his nose. Nope. That doesn’t work. Davey looks up at Bryce for another idea.

Bryce shakes his head, “I have no idea.” He frowns and shouts, “Oh! How about wiggling your finger slowly? I bet you haven’t tried that.” Davey tries wiggling his finger out of his nose slowly. Nope. That doesn’t work either.

“Huh,” Bryce says, sighing. “I thought that would work for sure. What am I missing?” Davey follows Bryce out into the hall. They spot the janitor walking towards them when he stops and sneezes. “That’s it!” Davey notices Bryce’s look of accomplishment. “You need to sneeze.”

Davey frowns. “Sneeze?” he says. Bryce nods. “I can’t just sneeze on cue.” Davey says.

“That’s true,” Bryce says. “Just keep saying ahh-choo until you actually sneeze.”

“That’s stupid!” Davey exclaims.

“Well, having your finger stuck in your nose is stupid,” Bryce says back.

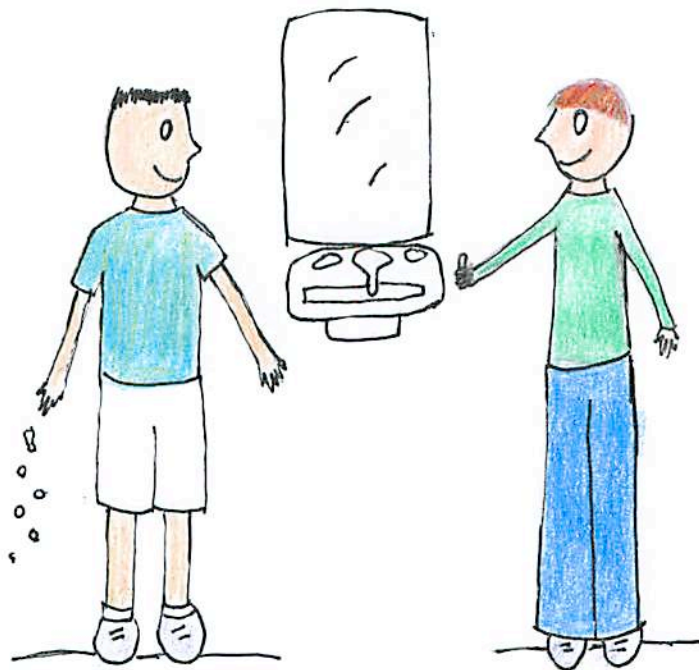
Davey sighs and begins to say “Ahh-choo”. When Davey says the third “Ahh-choo”, it is followed by a huge sneeze that Bryce has to turn away so he isn’t sprayed in snot.

“It worked!”

“I told you it would work,” Bryce says.

Davey nods. “Thank you.”

Bryce smiles and says, “Anytime.”



The next morning, Davey wakes up to the sound of his stomach growling and smell the delicious smiling eggs and bacons. He leaps into the bathroom before his sister

can fog up the room when she showers. Davey doesn't look in his nose, instead, he quickly dresses. He hops down the stairs and takes a seat across from his father.

"Look what Bryce gave me," Davey says to his family as he takes out a slingshot. "He made it." Davey grabs a tic tac from his pocket and places it on the slingshot. "He said I could come over today to play." The tic tac shoots from the slingshot and onto his sister's food.

"Mom! Davey's shooting tic tacs with his slingshot," Jen shouts.

"Davey is just having fun," their father says.

"What fun?" Jen asks in disbelief.

"It's better than having him flinging boogers at you," their father says, his newspaper on the table as he takes a bite of his bacon.

Davey snickers as one last tic tac hits his sister in the face.

"Davey," his mother says.

Davey puts the slingshot away and begins talking about what he and Bryce will do today.