

Jim Benton's Tales from Mackerel Middle School

DEAR DUMB DIARY,



**DUMBNESS IS A DISH
BEST SERVED COLD**

BY JAMIE KELLY

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**DUMBNESS IS A DISH
BEST SERVED COLD**

KEEP

THIS



BIG WEIRD THING

TO
YOURSELF

AND

**DON'T READ
MY DIARY**

LOOK

Doctors say that we
have to get our
MINIMUM DAILY REQUIREMENT
OF PRIVACY...



WHICH IS

A

TON

OF

PRIVACY



Dear Whoever Is Reading My Dumb Diary,



We all know that we're **not** supposed to read other people's diaries. We're all mature enough to understand that certain things are just private, and we should just keep our **nosy noses** out of other people's business.

But honestly, I sort of can't blame you for being a horrible, nosy person. I mean, if I knew somebody who had been involved with a **Big Weird Thing** like **The Big Weird Thing** that I've been involved with, I would probably behave like the type of horrible turd who reads other people's diaries.

Yeah, right.

Who are we kidding?

Of course I wouldn't.

I know that reading another person's diary can reduce the amount of money you earn one day, add unwanted calories to your diet, and can result in tooth decay, intense blondness, and a whole bunch of other things nobody likes.





Trust me, I'm doing you a favor here.
 Put down the diary and walk
 away slowly.

Signed,

Jamie Kelly

P.S. Oh yeah, everything in here is true. I swear.
 At least, as true as it **needs** to be.

SUNDAY 01

Dear Dumb Diary,

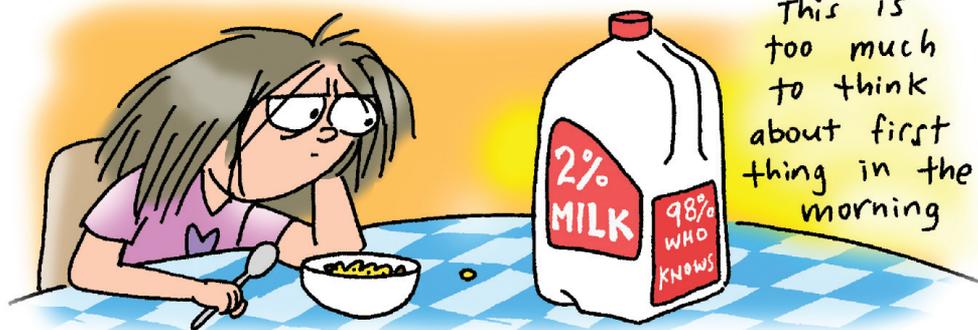
So the carton says this stuff we buy is 2% milk. Am I the only one who wonders what the other 98% is? It could be **anything**, right? Mouthwash, udder sweat . . .

It just seems to me that what we **really** would like to know is what **MOST** of the stuff in there is — not just the 2% that's milk.

At our house, for my cereal I can use 2% milk, or coffee creamer, or skim milk, which my mom buys because she says it's helping her lose weight.

But she really **hates** drinking it, so my dad uses it in his coffee so she won't have to. He hates it, too, but he drinks it for her out of love.

Sometimes I feed it to the dogs out of my love for them both.



At breakfast, I usually have one of these cereals to choose from:

We might have **WheatyOs**, which are like little dehydrated clown lips. Or we could have the **Fibergrunt Flakes**, which, based upon what I've heard about fiber, are eaten mostly because you also want to poo them. Or we might even have the **Frosted Crispy Wonderfals**, which are purchased just for me — but my parents secretly eat them, so those are gone about four hours after they're purchased.

There's also always oatmeal, but I never eat that unless it's really cold out and I want to eat livestock feed. Or if the criminals that are holding me hostage are forcing me to eat it. (It's probably the **main way** you'll know that I'm being held hostage, and you should call the police.)



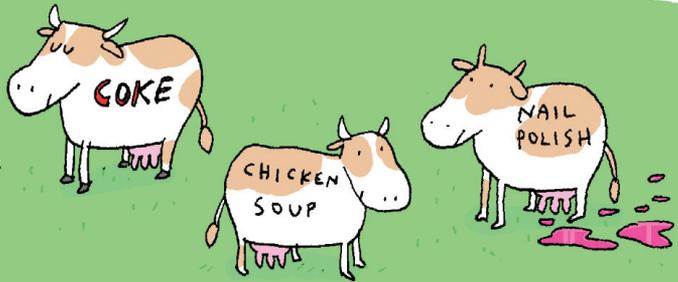
And that's it. Those are my choices.

Well, on a GOOD day those are my choices. On a good day, Life lets me choose between the Fibergrunt Flakes and oatmeal. With skim milk.

I've always wished there was a way to demand that Life takes you out for pancakes.

While we're at it, I also DEMAND:

Cows that give stuff other than milk.



Cereal so big that you only need one single cereal.



Comforters made out of pancake so you don't even have to get up.

