

Jim Benton's Tales from Mackerel Middle School

DEAR DUMB DIARY,

NEVER DO ANYTHING,
EVER

BY JAMIE KELLY

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This Diary property of

Jamie Kelly

School: Mackerel Middle School

Locker: 101

Phys Ed: Mr. Dover

Main Sport: Jump property

Worst Sport: Baby Tossing

Main Inner Beauty: Get back to ya on that one

Most Embarrassing Moment: We'd
need a lot more paper

ONLY A SUPER
GROSS PERSON
READS ANOTHER
PERSON'S DIARY

SERIOUSLY,
you have a bowl of
TUNA Casserole where your
SOUL is supposed to Be
if you read a person's
Diary





Dear Whoever Is Reading My Dumb Diary,

Are you sure you're supposed to be reading somebody else's diary? Maybe I told you that you could, so that's okay. But if you are Angeline, I did **NOT** give you permission, so stop it.

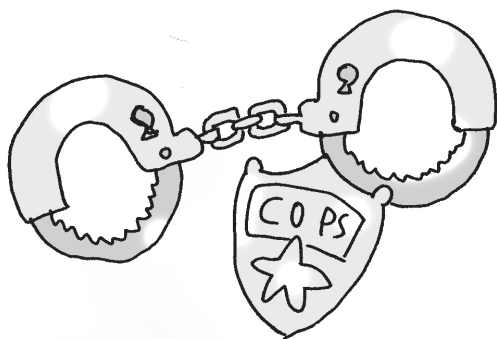
If you are my parents, then **YES**, I know that I am not allowed to call people idiots and dipwads and blondwads and half-wits-and turds and all that, but this is a diary, and I didn't actually "call" them anything. I **wrote** it. And, if you punish me-for it, then I will know that you read my diary, which I am **not** giving you permission to do.

Now, by the power vested in me, I do promise that everything in this diary is true, or, at least, as true as I think it needs to be.

Signed,

Jamie Kelly

PS: Angeline, if this is you reading my diary, then you should know that reading another person's diary is a **federal crime**, and a very **ugly** thing to do, and no amount of staggering beauty — inner or outer — can compensate for it.



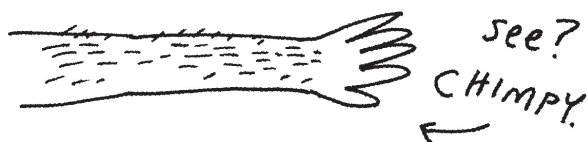
PPS: Which means that you stand a good chance of being the **ugliest** girl in prison, and if you have ever watched any of those **REALITY POLICE VIDEOS** on TV, you know that most of those girls would need an **EXTREME MAKEOVER** just to achieve the delicate good looks of a warthog.



Sunday 01

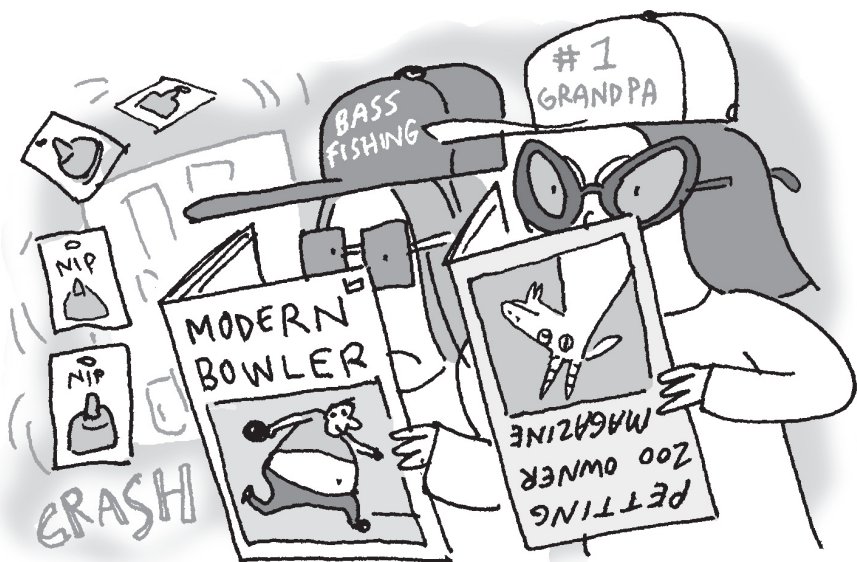
Dear Dumb Diary,

Isabella and I happened to see Angeline at the store today. Isabella wanted to buy some of that hair-removing foam because her arms are too weirdly hairy. I tried to talk her out of it, not because her arms aren't hairy (because they **ARE** kind of chimp), but because little hairless naked baby arms would be way more weird.



Angeline was sniffing around over by the hair stuff, obviously shopping for whatever secret things she uses to keep her hair all perfect.

As you may recall, Dumb Diary, Isabella is a master of disguise. She quickly grabbed us some sunglasses and hats so we could secretly follow Angeline and see what she bought. (Quick note on disguises: As you're walking, you have to occasionally lower the magazine you're hiding behind so you don't knock over a display of baby-bottle nipples.)



Surprisingly, Angeline didn't buy shampoo or conditioner or coloring gel or hair straightener or unstraightener or anything big like that. She only bought one little item and she carelessly led us right to it. **A BARRETTE.**

It must be some sort of special barrette because Angeline, as everyone knows, is beautiful to the point where you know it probably even actually sickens her sometimes to look in the mirror.

BUT NOW HER PRIVATE
BARRETTE SECRET
IS OURS!!!!

Ha-ha, Angeline! Let's see how you
stack up to me now that I also possess your
precious, secret, simple barrette.

BEHOLD!



I would've bought more than one except the
store guy wanted me to pay for the magazines I
wrecked during the nipple event.