

Jim Benton's Tales from Mackerel Middle School

DEAR DUMB DIARY,

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE
YOUR DUMBNESS

BY JAMIE KELLY

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New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney
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*For Craig Walker, without whom
there might never have been a
Dear Dumb Diary.*

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This Diary Property of:

Jamie Kelly

SCHOOL: Mackerel Middle School

Best friend: Isabella

Expert on: cuteness, DUMBNESS

Least favorite color: Gross-colored

Least favorite thing about
CLOTHING: POOFYNESS



Dear Whoever Is Reading My Dumb Diary,

Are you sure you're supposed to be reading somebody else's diary? I mean, how dumb can you get? You should *know* that's not okay with me.

If you are my parents, then **YES**, I know that I am not allowed to call people dumb and dummy-heads and dumb-face and dumbwad, 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 dumbly 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: Just in case you're wondering how dumb you are, you can find out for yourself on this handy, highly-accurate, Dumbness IQ Scale:

How Dumb Are You?

NINNY



EATS stuff that has fallen on floor. Loses things often. Likes sound of busy signal.

BUFFOON



Believes that Baby Powder is made from powdered Babies. PANTS frequently too SHORT.

DUMMY



Afraid that her toys come to life at night. Likes taste of her own SNEEZES.

IDIOT



Thinks that recycling means riding your bike AGAIN. Thinks Angeline is pretty. BRAIN is SOLID Brick of fudge.

Sunday 01

Dear Dumb Diary,

How would you feel if your uncle ate your sock and pooped on your lawn?

- a) I'd feel grossed out.
- b) I'd feel so grossed out, I could never be grossed in again.
- c) I'd feel like staying on the porch.



I would choose all three. My uncle didn't do it, but my dog has, and for some reason, we just go out there and clean it up without calling the police — which we **will** do if an uncle ever does it. (Hey, uncles! I'm not kidding. Take the hint if you're reading this.)



Uncle in JAIL for
GROSSNESS in the FIRST DEGREE

Will I ever understand why we put up with a dog whose main purpose in life is to perform odors and get tripped over? How dumb are we?

