

Jim Benton's Tales from Mackerel Middle School

DEAR DUMB DIARY,



YOU CAN BET ON THAT

BY JAMIE KELLY

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THIS DIARY IS THE
PROPERTY OF:

Jamie Kelly

SCHOOL: Mackerel Middle School

PERCENTAGE OF NICENESS: REASONABLY NICE

PERCENTAGE OF MEANNESS: NORMAL AMOUNT

LOOK I'M PLENTY NICE. THE
PERFECT AMOUNT. NOT A CRAZY
AMOUNT OR ANYTHING.

I'M PLENTY NICE.

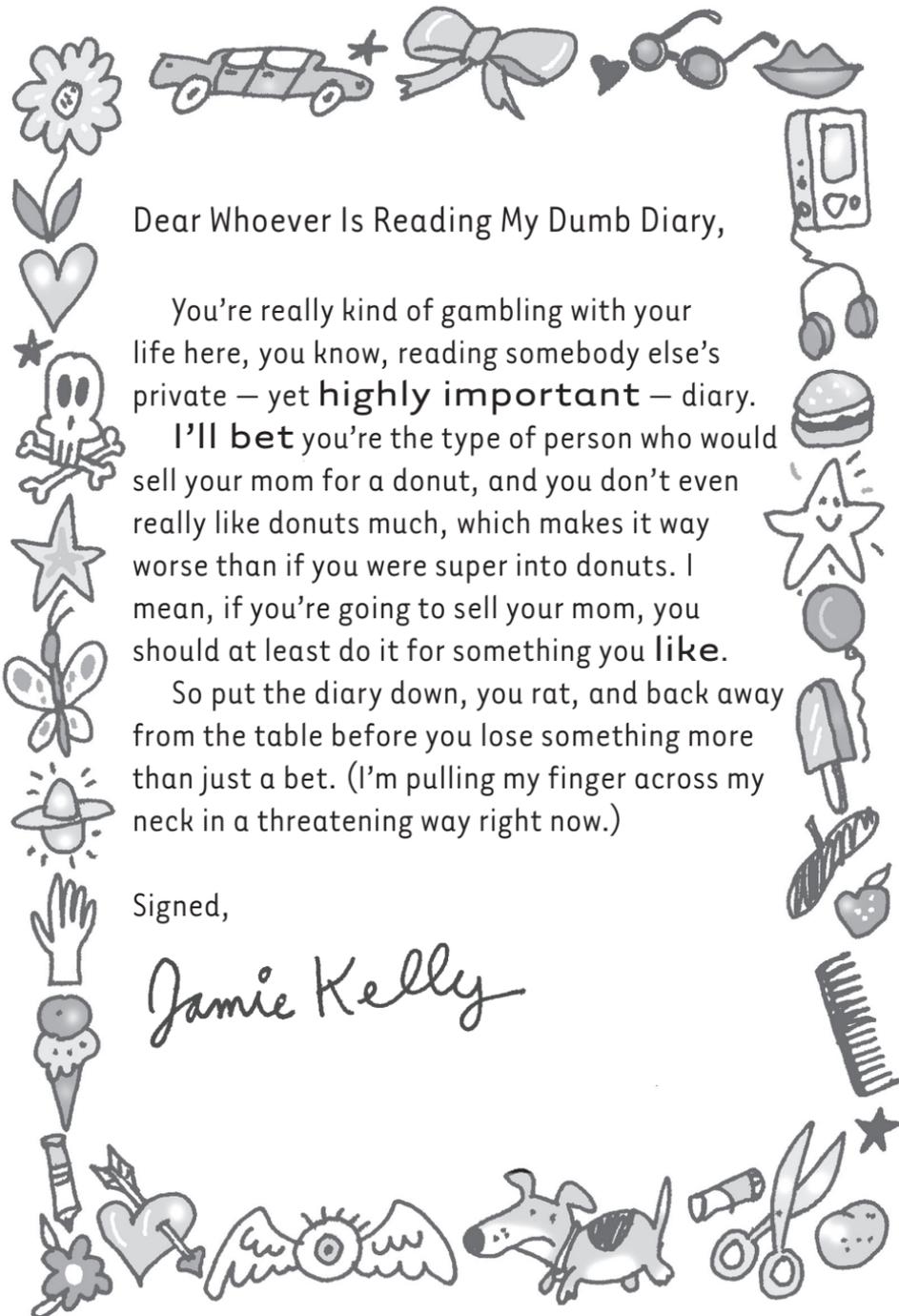
I'LL BET

that you think it's
okay to look at
somebody else's

DIARY....

But you are
Gambling with your
LIFE, PAL.





Dear Whoever Is Reading My Dumb Diary,

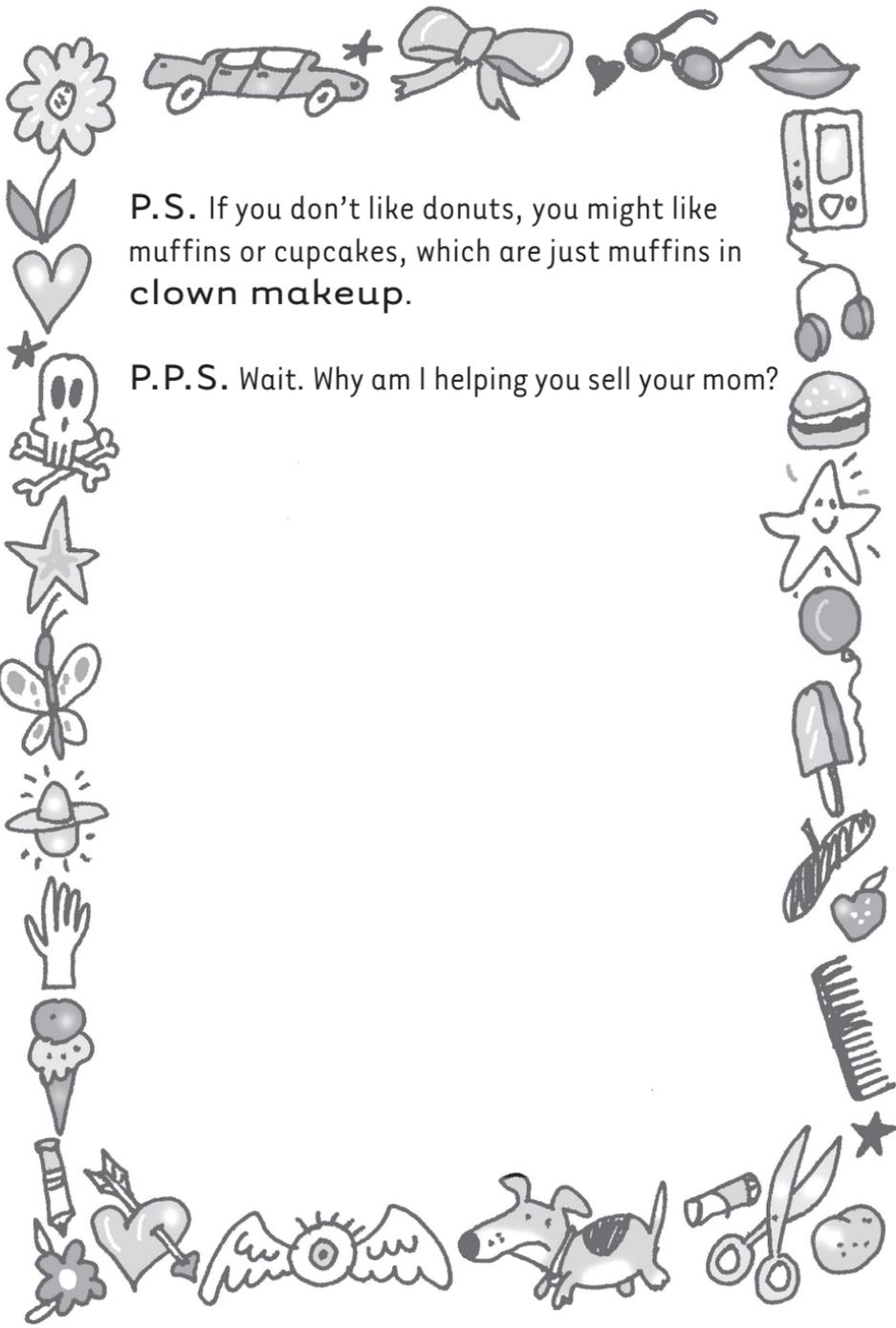
You're really kind of gambling with your life here, you know, reading somebody else's private — yet **highly important** — diary.

I'll **bet** you're the type of person who would sell your mom for a donut, and you don't even really like donuts much, which makes it way worse than if you were super into donuts. I mean, if you're going to sell your mom, you should at least do it for something you **like**.

So put the diary down, you rat, and back away from the table before you lose something more than just a bet. (I'm pulling my finger across my neck in a threatening way right now.)

Signed,

Jamie Kelly



P.S. If you don't like donuts, you might like muffins or cupcakes, which are just muffins in clown makeup.

P.P.S. Wait. Why am I helping you sell your mom?

SUNDAY 01

Dear Dumb Diary,

The Internet is one of the most sophisticated pieces of human engineering **ever**. It was designed to help people all over the world share pictures of cats and lie to each other.

Here's a handy checklist to help you tell if somebody on the Internet is lying to you:

- 1.) They write you an email.
- 2.) That's it.

They write you an email. **That's how you can tell.**

It will be an email from somebody you don't know and will say you've won a prize or inherited money, or there's something wrong with your computer/account/internal organs and they need all your private information to fix it. It makes me wonder what all the crooks were doing while they were **waiting** for the Internet to be invented.



We talk about Internet stuff like this often because everybody is using it more and more at my school. I think that's a good thing, but I dimly remember that there used to be human beings that we called "librarians," and I have this nagging feeling they did important stuff with things we called "boks" or "boacks" or something like that, before the Internet did everything for us.

Maybe I'm just imagining them.

Oh well.

You might remember, DD, that Isabella and I and this one blond girl are now all founding members of the Student Awareness Committee. So we have a little blog on the Internet that we started to make other students aware of things, I guess. I don't know. This was the blond's idea.

Personally, I don't really like being aware of things. It makes it harder to ignore them.



Sunday used to be the day I reserved for doing the homework I should have done Friday night or Saturday morning or Saturday afternoon or Saturday night, but these days I spend a lot of Sunday hiding from my mom, who has decided that she wants to **make me clothes**.

Let's just pause and take a deep breath and contemplate the staggering impact of what I just said.

Back when she was a little girl, making your own clothing was probably a **great** idea. Her mom and the lady who harvested coal or whatever would take a covered wagon over to where they were planning on signing the Declaration of Independence one day, and they would make their daughters clothes.

But not anymore, Mom. **Not anymore.**



So far, Mom has only made a couple of things, but the day will come when she expects me to wear one of them outside the house. I am a very optimistic person, and I'm hoping that all of humanity will have been destroyed in a massive flaming meteor strike by then.



Other Cool Things We Could Hope For

Earth
cracks
in half



with people
on one side
and Mom's
homemade
clothes on the
other



Zombies that crave
sewing machines instead
of BRAINS Attack only
my HOUSE

Mom goes
insane and
thinks threads
are
SNAKES



IS that too mean?
It's not too mean.
seriously. You don't
have to wear her
creations.