

Jim Benton's Tales from Mackerel Middle School

DEAR DUMB DIARY,

Am i THE PRINCESS
OR THE FROG?

BY JAMIE KELLY

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THIS DIARY
PROPERTY OF
Jamie Kelly

SCHOOL: Mackerel Middle School

Locker: 101

Best friend: Isabella

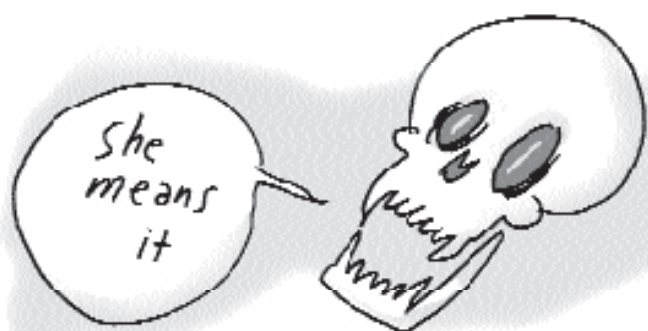
Destiny: Princess or Spy/Ballerina

Pet: Beagle-shaped thing

WARNING

GREAT DANGER AWAITS
YE WHO READS FURTHER.

I'm serious.
Thou shalt be
CURSED if thou
reads further. And
you can tell I'm
serious because it
says SHALT AND thou.





Dear Whoever Is Reading My Dumb Diary,

Are you sure you're supposed to be reading somebody else's diary? Have you done this before? If I did **NOT** give you permission, you had better stop right **NOW**.

If you are my parents, then **YES**, I know that I am not allowed to call people idiots and fools and turds and trolls 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 you do **not** have 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: Although if it's **You-know-who** that's reading my diary, well, then, it's totally okay. But if it's **You-know-who**, then you had better close this book right now, or else **You-know-who** is going to get a **you-know-what** in the **you-know-where**. You know?

PPS: I know that you don't believe in fairies or anything, so you probably wouldn't believe a fairy could turn you into a frog if you kept reading. But I'll bet you believe in hammers and I'll bet you believe that I have one and I'll bet you believe that I know where your head is. Let's just say that fairies are not your biggest worry if you decide to keep reading.

Saturday 31

Isabella was over for most of the day today and we worked out our entire future together. We're going to marry identical twins and live next door to each other and have exactly the same number of kids (nine girls, eight boys) and we'll time it so that they're all the same ages as each other's kids.

We'll have our own clothing store but we won't sell anything good to people we hate. Our husbands will be firemen or doctors or something, but they have to be the same thing so that neither one of us is richer than the other. And if one of our husbands gets in an accident and loses a foot or something, the other husband will have to cut his off just to be fair.



I really didn't think this was a reasonable thing to expect from a husband, especially if instead of getting a foot cut off it's something like falling out of an airplane. But Isabella says that she is much more of an expert on guys than I am, and that our husbands will be so totally into us that they will probably come up with this idea by themselves, anyway.