

Jim Benton's Tales from Mackerel Middle School

DEAR DUMB DIARY,

CAN ADULTS
BECOME HUMAN?

BY JAMIE KELLY

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THIS DIARY PROPERTY OF

Jamie Kelly

SCHOOL: Mackerel Middle School

Locker: 101

Favorite Teacher: Miss Anderson

Favorite Animal: KOALA. Also dogs
But not smelly ones.

Most Hated Candy of all time:
Butterscotch HARD CANDIES

A DECENT
HUMAN BEING
WOULD NEVER
READ ANOTHER
PERSON'S DIARY.

ONLY A TOTAL
BEAST
WOULD DO
SOMETHING
LIKE THAT





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 I am not allowed to call people idiots and dopes or to talk about *gross bodily functions* and all that, but this is a *diary*, and I didn't actually "say" any of it. 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.

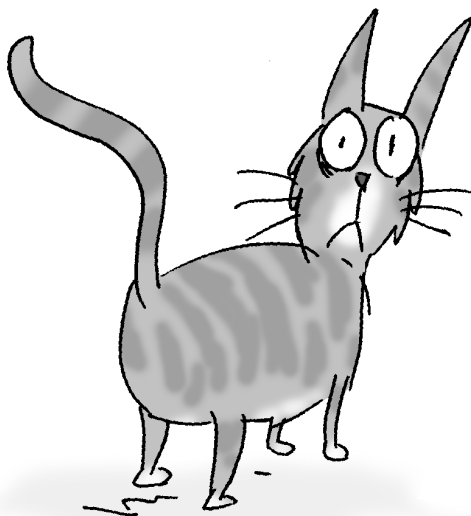
Signed,

Jamie Kelly

PS: What kind of animal reads a person's diary, anyway?

PPS: Oh! I bet I know. I bet it's one of those big, dirty animals that eventually ends up on a bun with mustard and onions. Hint, hint.

And let's
not forget
what curiosity
did to that
cat...



Monday 02

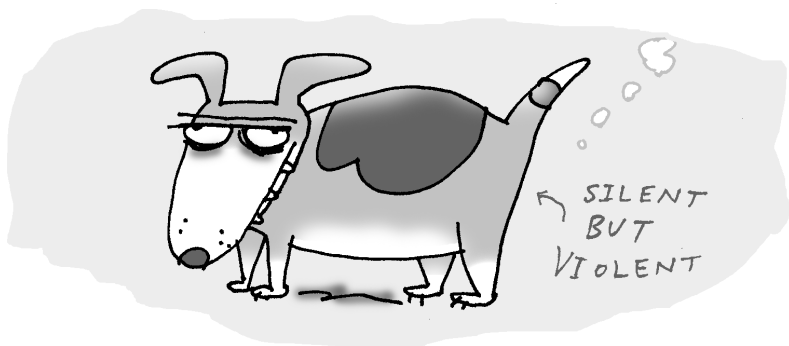
Dear Dumb Diary,

TEACHERS DON'T FART.

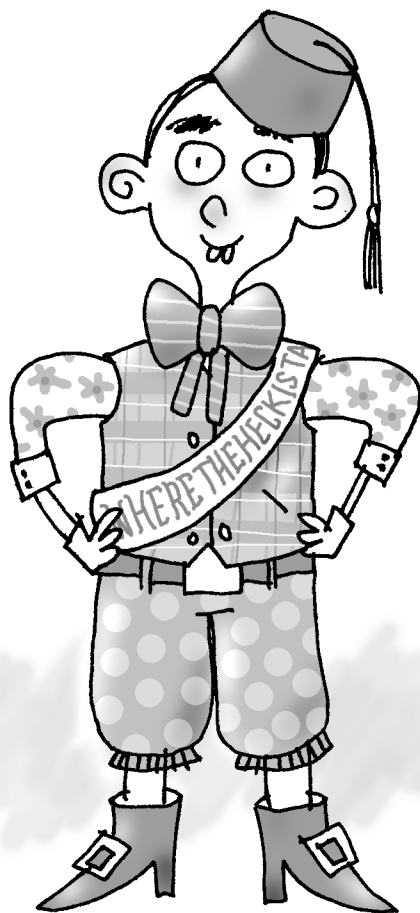
I spend something like **eight months** a year, **seven hours** a day with teachers. If they did, I'd know it. Moms do it. Dads do it. Beagles do it (sometimes so bad that your eyes burn and your lungs might try to escape by jumping out your mouth).

Even I do it. One time I had a fart that lasted so long, that around the middle of the fart I was thinking back to when the fart began.

Anyway, I was thinking about teachers and their intestinal gas today in school and that may have prevented me from learning anything. Maybe the teachers just need to try harder. (To teach me things, that is. Not to cut one.)



Seriously though, it's hard for me to blame teachers. It's probably pretty tough to stand up in front of us normal human beings and try to convince us that the equator is interesting, or that the clothes that the people in Wheretheheckistan wear are beautiful. (Fashions in other countries sometimes appear to be based on one person daring another person to wear something in public.)



Fortunately, I do have one teacher who I always like: Miss Anderson, my art teacher. She's my **BTF**, which is like a **BFF** but it's for teachers. She is pretty enough to be a waitress, and she notices important things like when I create my own private glitter blends. (Currently, I'm using a secret mixture of gold, red, and magenta. It's pretty much magnificent.)

Art class would be perfect if Angeline (Miss Blondy BlondWad) wasn't in it. Angeline is not an artist and when she stands next to something, she has a way of making it look less pretty by comparison. Which, when you think about it, is a form of vandalism that sadly, our legal system has no penalty for yet.



See? she made the MONA LISA into some weird old lady with no eyebrows

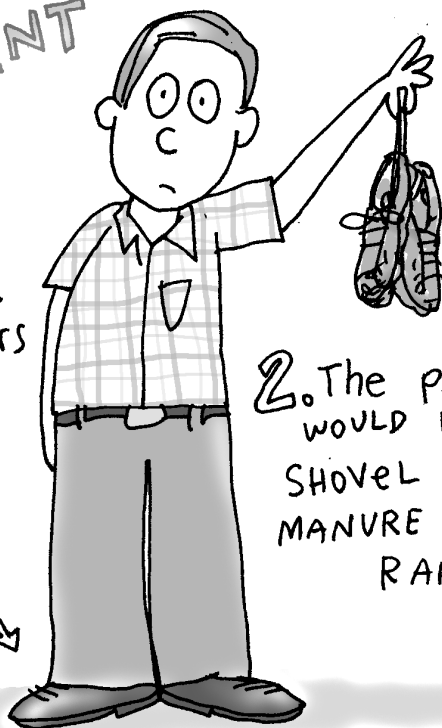
Oh, and Mom **FINALLY** got me the shoes I wanted. Dad, being a dude, only has, like, two pairs of shoes and can't fully appreciate how much you can need a pair of shoes that you don't need at all.

Mom is totally immune to my begging for most things, but since she is a girl — or used to be one — she has way too many shoes and sympathizes with other females who also want too many shoes.

Anyway, they make me look 20 or something.

DAD'S HUGE SHOE ASSORTMENT

1. The pair
He wears
to work
every
DAY



2. The pair He
would wear to
SHOVEL BURNING
MANURE IN THE
RAIN.