Jim Benton's Tales from Mackerel Middle School

DEAR DUMB DIARY,

LIVE EACH DAY TO THE DUMBEST

BY JAMIE KELLY

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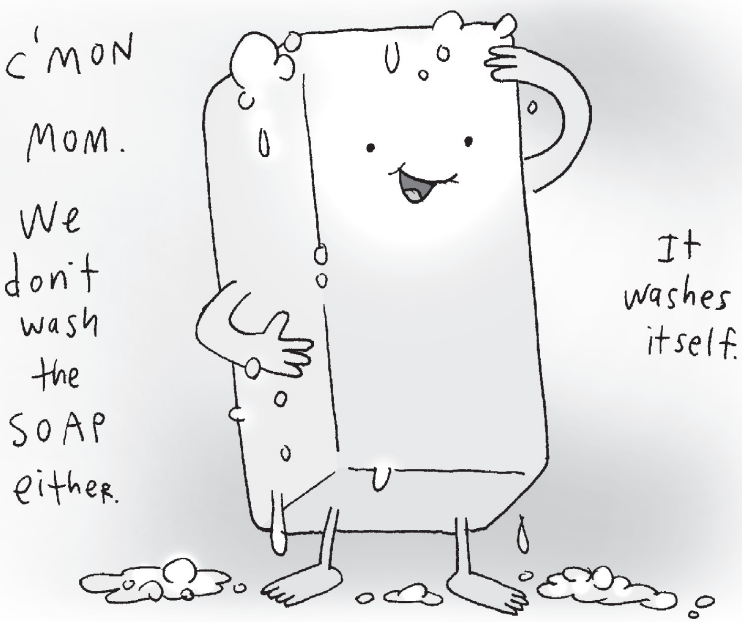
SUNDAY 01

Dear Dumb Diary,

Mom told me to clean the shower today, and I calmly explained that cleaning is what showers already do, so it's **ridiculous** to clean them. "Just go take a shower in it, Mom," I said, adding **"DUH"** because at that moment, it seemed like a good idea.

That moment has since passed, and now she's **also** making me clean my room.

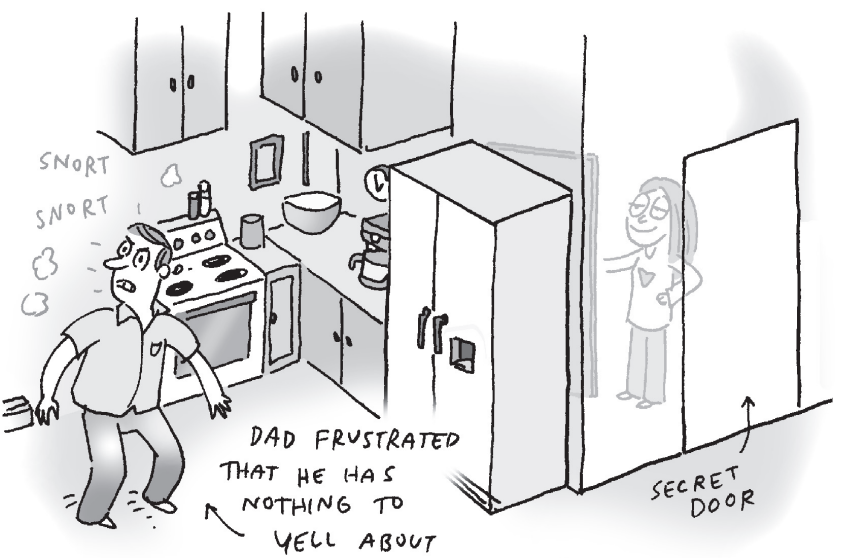


You know how when you clean your room you just shove everything into a drawer and push it closed and the room is **magically clean**?

Why don't we design houses so that our entire bedrooms are just huge drawers that we can push closed?

Honestly, when I think of something obvious like this, I wonder if architects are even really **trying** that hard.

It's like my idea for when you're looking in the refrigerator for something to eat and your dad starts yelling for you to not stand there with the door open. If architects were **really** thinking it through, they'd design refrigerators with a back door that dads didn't know about.



And what about **glitter**? Since we all love glitter so much, why don't we make more glittery food? Who wouldn't like a fantastically glittery sandwich with sparkly ingredients in all sorts of twinkly colors?

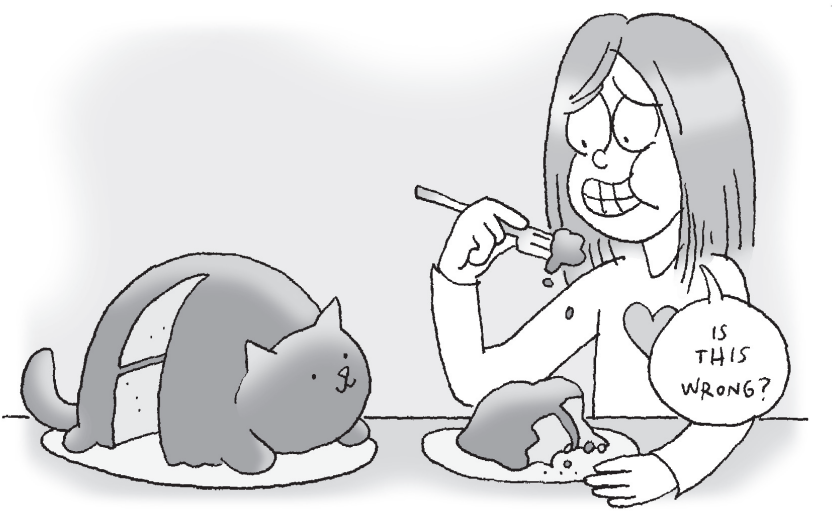
Or **fluffy**? Why don't we have more fluffy foods? Fluffy like a kitten. Wouldn't it be great to eat a kitten?

Not like a real kitten but, like, some kind of cake that you could pet and snuggle and kiss and then eat. And it would look like a kitten and maybe meow and chase a laser-pointer dot.

And it would **purr**.

Okay, so purring would make it harder for me to want to eat this cake.

Not **impossible**, but harder.



And what about **clothes**? Everybody knows that there are four main things that are done with clothes:

1. They are loved deeply.
2. They are totally hated right after that.
3. They are thrown on the floor.
4. They are yelled about and washed by Mom.

Don't forget Number 5:
Use old clothes to dress up Beagle

Also don't forget Number 6:
Learn treatment for Dog Bites

But what if we took everything that was so great about my edible kitten technology (and there's **a lot**) and applied it to socks? What if, after you realized that you hated your clothes, you could just **eat** them? Then Mom wouldn't have to yell and you could — I don't know — eat clothes, I guess.

That's not as good as I thought it was now that I see it written out like that.

More genius tomorrow, Dumb Diary!!!!!!!!! Good night.

P.S. How about an exclamation point that means **NINE** exclamation points for those situations where you want to exclaim something at nine times the normal volume but don't have the time to write that many punctuation marks? It looks like this:

Smart, right?