

Jim Benton's Tales from Mackerel Middle School

DEAR DUMB DIARY,



**WHAT I DON'T KNOW
MIGHT HURT ME**

BY JAMIE KELLY

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ISBN 978-0-545-37765-2

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12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 13 14 15 16 17 18/0

Printed in the U.S.A. 40

First printing, July 2013

THIS DIARY IS THE
PROPERTY OF:

Jamie Kelly

SCHOOL: Mackerel Middle School

WHO I CAN COUNT ON: Isabella,

Mom, Dad, Stinker, Stinkette,

ANGELINE

AWESOME SUPERPOWER:

CUPCAKERY

You think that
you can just
BULLY your
way into my
Diary and start
Reading anything
you want?

Well,

YOU BIG JERK,

WE HAVE WAYS OF
DEALING WITH
BULLIES

even though I'm not exactly
sure what they are



Dear Whoever Is Reading My Dumb Diary,

I know you think it's okay to read my diary,
and I know that you think that there is **know**
way I'll never find out.

But I know I will find out, and when I do, I
know you're going to regret it, because I know
things like that. You know?

You never know when I'll find out, or where
you'll be when I do, but there is **know** escaping
it — and you know it.

Knowingly,

Jamie Kelly

SUNDAY 01

Dear Dumb Diary,

Today was the best day ever.

Said nobody.

My mom dropped me off at Isabella's house, because it's Sunday and that's our main day to do the homework that was due on Thursday, except that we got an extra day to turn it in and then another extra day after that because Isabella told our teacher that her house had been robbed and the burglars had stolen our homework. **Again.**

I think the teacher bought it because Isabella had a sketch of the burglar, which looked really official because she had me do a drawing of Abraham Lincoln with long hair. Isabella thinks he may have been a burglar before he went into **presidenting**. (She thinks a full beard without an accompanying mustache is suspicious.)

We often do our Thursday/Sunday homework at my house, but since my mom was working on getting dinner ready, I was concerned that there was a chance she might try to make us eat it, so I did what I could to avoid being there. Isabella's

mom, on the other hand, is such a good cook that she could even work at a Burger King or someplace awesome like that.

Unfortunately, Isabella's mean older brothers exist **and** were home, which meant that everybody was on **Extreme Red Alert**. Isabella and her brothers were listening carefully for anything that anybody said to be either:

- 1) Insulting.
- 2) Very Insulting.

And, if one of them did say something insulting, the other would say something back that was either:

- 1) Very Insulting.
- 2) Astonishingly Insulting.
- 3) Insulting enough that it could get repeated to a psychologist twenty years from now.

Then it was the first person's turn again. It was a lot like people playing tennis, but instead of a tennis ball, they used a dirty diaper full of **wasps** and **grenades**.



One of these fights broke out (because one always does), and it became so intense that at one point they were exchanging insults about each other's mothers.

"Your mother is so ugly that the mirrors charge extra to reflect her," Isabella spat.

"Oh, yeah, well, your mother is so fat, she has different weather on her front than she does on her back," one of her brothers said.

Here's the thing: Isabella and her brothers have the **same** mother, and she walked in just as they were exchanging these insults.



"So this is what my kids think of me?" she asked angrily.

"No, Mom," Isabella said, and ran up to her and gave her a big hug.

"So you think I'm fat?" her mom said quietly, the way the hissing fuse on a stick of **dynamite** is pretty quiet.

"No, no. Don't you remember? I was the one that said you were ugly."

By the time my mom got there, Isabella's mom had screamed until her voice was hoarse, and I had to go home early and eat the dinner my mom had made (a big salad, which she had somehow **badly burned**). Plus, I had to finish my homework by myself, which is one of the nine worst ways to do homework.

THE NINE WORST WAYS TO DO HOMEWORK

1. Alone.	6. While trampled.
2. On fire.	7. Without music.
3. Thoroughly.	8. Immersed in fart.
4. While buried.	9. In hieroglyphics.
5. Toothlessly.	10. There are only 9.