

Jim Benton's Tales from Mackerel Middle School

DEAR DUMB DIARY,

IT'S NOT MY FAULT
I KNOW EVERYTHING

BY JAMIE KELLY

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WARNING!

READ NO
FURTHER !!!



DO NOT
VIOLATE THE
SACRED SECRECY
OF THIS
DIARY!

EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT

**SACRED
SECRET**

IS THE
MOST

SECRET

KIND OF
ALL!!!

AND
≡

**THE
MOST
SACRED**

SO STOP READING MY DIARY!!!

THIS DIARY PROPERTY OF:

Jamie Kelly

SCHOOL: Mackerel Middle School

Occupation: GENIUS

BEST
FRIEND: ISABELLA

UNBEST
FRIEND: ANGELINE [☹]

BOYS WHO
LIKE ME: maybe all of them
But for sure HUDSON

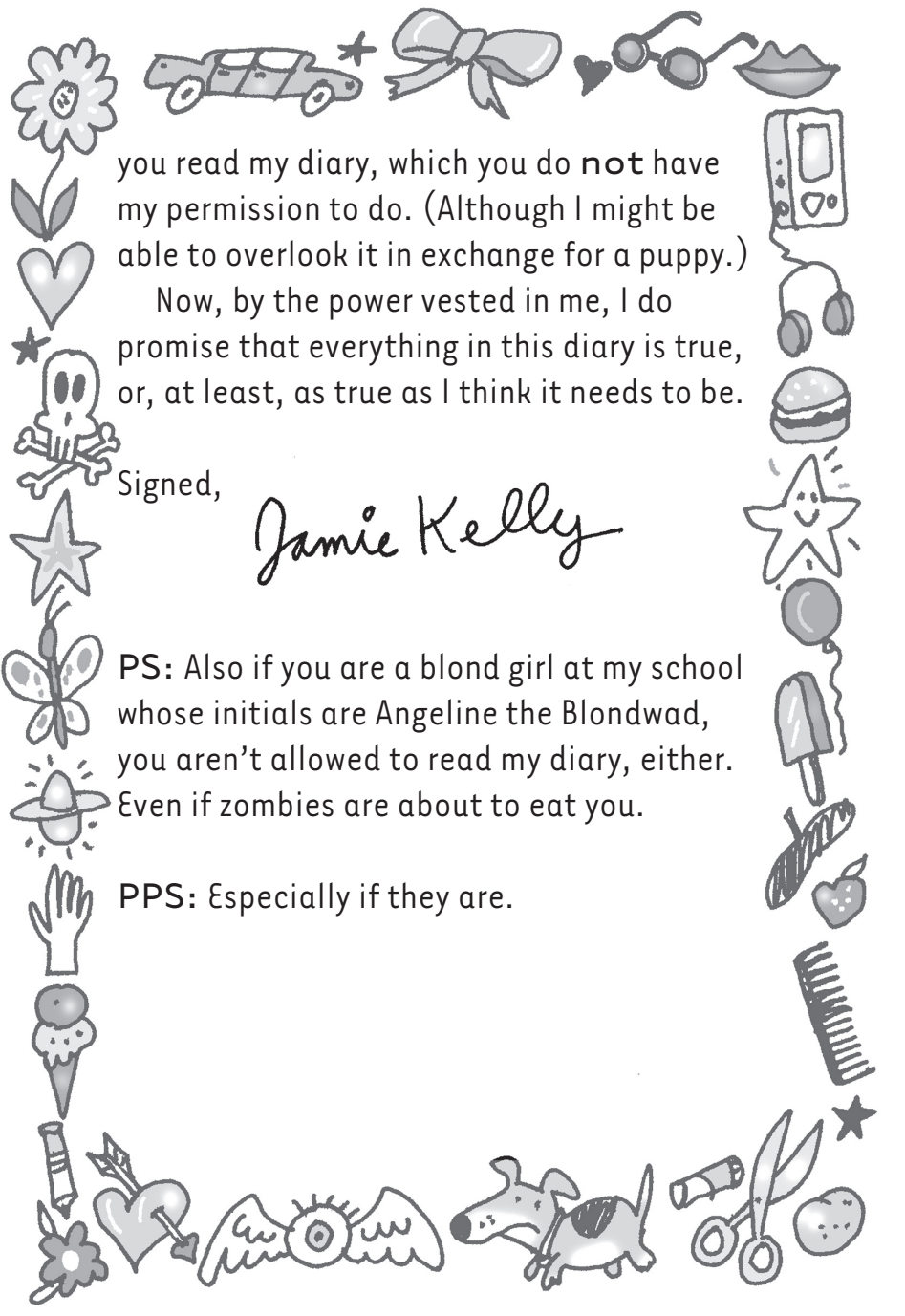


Dear Whoever Is Reading My Dumb Diary,

Are you sure you're supposed to be reading somebody else's diary? I mean, you must know about the **SACRED SECRECY OF THE DIARY** — it's a principle that must never be violated. Unless you were to find yourself in a position where you **HAD** to read another person's diary. Like if a bear or teacher or animal like that **MADE** you do it, then you wouldn't have a choice. Or if you just really really really really needed to know something, and there were at least four or more "reallys" involved, then that might be okay. And if there were some sort of zombie-related issues.

But none of these conditions apply to parents, so if you are my parents, then you are just committing unauthorized reading, and if you punish me for anything I may have written here, then I will cleverly know that





you read my diary, which you do **not** have my permission to do. (Although I might be able to overlook it in exchange for a puppy.)

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: Also if you are a blond girl at my school whose initials are Angeline the Blondwad, you aren't allowed to read my diary, either. Even if zombies are about to eat you.

PPS: Especially if they are.

Sunday 01

Dear Dumb Diary,

It's not my fault I know everything.

Okay, I don't know where Timbuktu is, but I **refuse** to know that. Even if somebody told me, I would flush my brain like a Thought-Potty and wave good-bye to Timbuktu as it swirled down my brain hole.

I know everything that I *want* to know.



Sunday is the day that many of the world's great civilizations set aside to do homework. Isabella came over today so we could do homework together, which makes the time we waste **not** doing it go faster.

To mask the scent of homework, she brought over a bunch of magazines with quizzes and pictures of celebrities. We noticed how ugly people turn nice-looking by being famous — like there's this one boy on this one TV show, and if he wasn't on a TV show he would look like a girl that had been bitten horribly on the face by an ape, but since he's on TV, he looks like a girl that was bitten handsomely on the face by an angel.



JUST
GROSS



NO LONGER GROSS
DUE TO FAME

Remember how I know everything? The reason this came up today is that these magazines feature lots of important quizzes and tests you can take, like **ARE YOU A FASHION HIT OR FASHION TWIT?** and **JUST HOW MUCH NICENESS DO YOU HAVE?** and **ARE YOUR PARENTS ANNOYING OR SUPER-ANNOYING?**

Magazine people are Geniuses and supercool because they can figure out your whole life with multiple-choice questions. I think they should make it so all Life's Questions are multiple choice.



Isabella kept getting mad at me because I always came out in the very top of the ratings in these quizzes. She kept coming out a little bit subhuman and said that we need better magazines with better tests. Then she tore them into a jillion pieces.

As I tried to put some of the pictures back together, I realized that the famous boy-girl actually looked better with most of his face torn off than he did when he was just famous.

Other Ways FAMOUS-BUT-UGLIES can improve their LOOKS.

HIRE UGLIER PEOPLE
TO STAND CLOSE TO
MAKE THEM SEEM
LESS UGLY BY COMPARISON.



TRY TO BECOME
EVEN FAMOUSER.

TAPE THEIR
PAYCHECK TO THEIR
FACE.

