





Chapter 1

I'm Michael McMichaels, third-grader. You're not going to believe the mess I got myself into

this time. **MY LIFE**

STINKS! It stinks

worse than old milk. When my mother realizes the milk is spoiled, she usually makes a funny face. And then for some weird reason, I ask if I can smell the milk. I don't know why but I

always ask, and she always says, “Sure, whatever floats your boat.” Maybe I think one day it will smell different, but up until now it’s always smelled like old, spoiled milk. And, when she lifts the container to my nose, I always end up making the same funny face as my mother. I guess I get that from her.

Anyway, like I said, my life stinks. This time I really screwed up. This is bad, really bad. Thing is, it’s really not my fault. It’s that stupid brat in my class Harriet Simpson’s fault.

You see, last week was show and tell and it was her turn.

Every Monday morning one kid does it. Tomorrow is my turn.

When Mrs. Mitchell called Harriet to the front of the class for her show and tell, she turned to make a nasty face, and stuck out her tongue. She did it really fast, like a lizard, and covered the sides of her mouth with her hand so Mrs. Mitchell couldn’t see.

She’s so annoying! Why can’t Harriet and her family move back to England where they used to live?



So, of course, I made an even **WORSE** face by sticking out my tongue to get back at her. I mean, she started it, right?

Well, guess what? Mrs. Mitchell saw me and said, “This is the second time today I’ve had to talk to you about distracting other students. You will need to spend recess in the classroom with me to discuss why

