

the MISADVENTURES of

MICHAEL vol. 2

McMICHAELS

the BORROWED BRACELET

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BOYS TOWN
Press



Boys Town, Nebraska



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 stick-



ing 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 it’s important to stay focused, not distract others, and get along with your classmates.” She also said she was thinking of calling my mother. “You’re really pushing it, Michael.”

Pushing what? I thought.

Anyway, Harriet went to the front of the class and started her show and tell.

“This ring is really valuable so no one touch it, okay?” she said.

She is so annoying! Who’s going to touch it anyway? She acts like it’s a million dollars or a puppy or something.

“This is a ring that my mother’s, mother’s, mother’s, mother’s, mother’s, mother... um... how many mothers is that?”

“Six,” said Tommy Lam from the back of the room. He’s kind of strange but always pays atten-

tion to people when they talk. He got a merit badge for listening last month. It made him really happy, too. You should have seen him—he went nuts.

“Well, it’s really seven. It’s my mother’s mother times seven. She got this ring when a prince, a REAL prince—his name was Prince Sir... Sir... Something, yes, that’s it, Prince Sir Something—asked her to marry him. She said ‘No’ but kept the ring and married some other bloke. I would have said ‘Yes’ because then I would have been a princess who lived in a castle, and I would wear pretty clothes and swing on my garden swing all day long,” Harriet bragged in her annoying English accent.

I couldn’t believe it. Everyone in the class was looking at each other, amazed.

“That was a terrific show and tell, Harriet,” Mrs. Mitchell said.

“I think it was the best one so far, Mrs. Mitchell. Wouldn’t you agree?” Harriett said as she walked to her seat.

“Well, they’ve all been terrific so far this year.” Mrs. Mitchell turned around and wrote on the blackboard.

Just before she took her seat, Harriet looked at me and whispered, “Top that.” Then she made that SAME nasty face and stuck out that lizard tongue of hers. I wanted so badly to throw my pencil at her, but this time I was smart enough to look up first. Mrs. Mitchell was walking down our row, looking directly at us.

“Okay, everyone,” she said. “Take out your multiplication tables. We need to review them for tomorrow’s quiz.”

I closed my eyes, held my breath, and made a wish. “Please, if anyone is listening—any genies or angels or even that magician who came to Kenny’s party a couple of months ago and said he could hear people’s thoughts—PLEASE make Harriet move back to England soon. Thank you.”





Chapter 2

Well now I've done it. Harriet challenged me so I really didn't think I had a choice. I mean, it's almost like a triple-dog dare when she made that face, stuck out her tongue, AND told me to try to top her show and tell. But still, I can't believe I actually stole—I mean borrowed—my grandmother's bracelet for show and tell tomorrow. It's just that I have to top Harriet and everybody really loved that dumb ring from Prince Sir Something.

It wasn't very long ago when I really messed up by throwing a rock at an alligator at the zoo then lied about it. That caused all kinds of problems. I apologized to Erik (the boy who I said threw the rock), my parents, his parents, and the principal. I even wrote a very sincere poem to the alligator and

vowed never to do such a thing again. And I was serious, really. I really wasn't planning on causing all kinds of problems for myself and for others again, but maybe the truth had to be stretched just a bit in order to have a killer show and tell. It just had to be great... so I put on my thinking cap.

All week long I was thinking and thinking really hard about what to bring. First, I thought about bringing my father's Swiss Army knife, but you're not allowed to bring "weapons" to school. People would freak out and send me to a special school for kids who like "violins"... or is it "violence"... I can't remember right now. So many words sound alike; it can be very confusing.

Last night at dinner, my mother asked me what I was bringing for show and tell.

"Um, I don't know. I'm still thinking," I said.

"Oh, you can actually think? I didn't know you had a brain," my big brother Joey said, laughing like an idiot.



“Joseph, stop that,” my mother said as she cut the chicken on my little sister Abby’s plate.

“It’s okay, Mom. I’m ignoring him. I don’t even see him,” I said. “Too bad I can still smell him, though.”

“Boys, enough already!” my father said, but I could tell he was trying to hide his laugh. He always tries to hide it, but I can still tell. That lets me know I’m not in TOO much trouble.

“Bob, please. Who’s the adult and who are the children here?” my mother said.

“Hey, I have an idea for your show and tell, Mikey,” Joey said. “You can take Abby and say she’s an alien. We can paint her face green and—”

“Joseph, that is enough,” my mother said. “Look at what you did. Now your sister’s upset.”

“Jerk!” Abby said with a frown.

I kind of felt bad for little Abs. I know I make fun of her, too, but she’s really not half bad. You know what, though? She kind of does look a little bit like an alien, or maybe a lollipop with her big