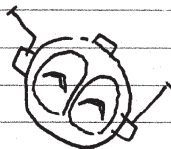


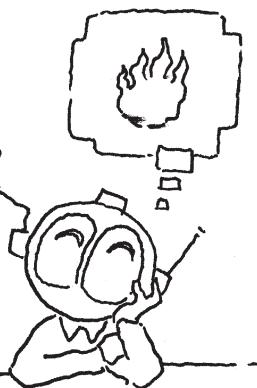
CHAPTER

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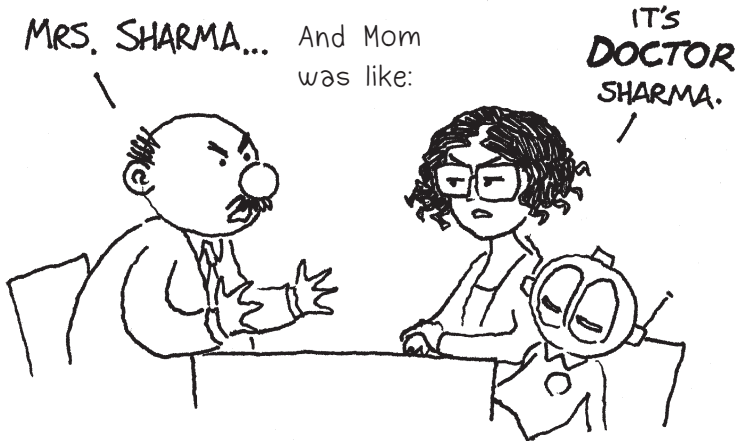


My mom has had to come into school to have meetings about me lots of times. Like, **LOTS** of times. And the thing that annoys me is, not **ONCE** has it been about anything good. It's never "Oh, hey, we just wanted to tell you that Freddy is really awesome and is doing great in school." Oh no. It's always "We regret to inform you that Freddy has accidentally destroyed **THIS** or set **FIRE** to

THAT or exploded **SOMETHING ELSE** with **LASERS.**"

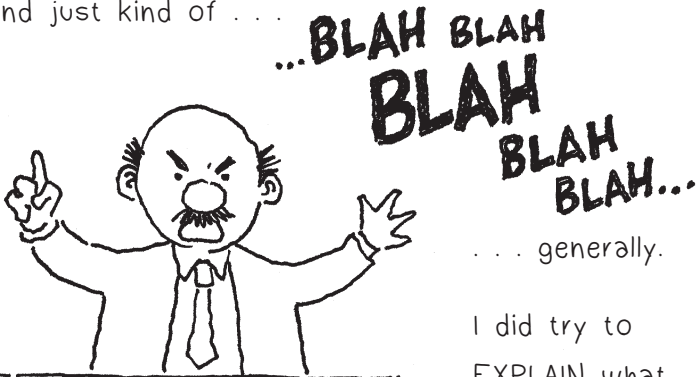


THIS time, Mr. Javid—he's the vice principal—was all:



And he didn't like that, either.

So he was all: "Doctor Sharma, I'm sure you appreciate that . . . incidents like this put the school in a very difficult position . . . We have tried to be sensitive to your children's, uh . . . particular needs . . . But we have to think of the other pupils . . ." And just kind of . . .



I did try to EXPLAIN what had happened . . .



We had been playing catch, and I was just **trying** to catch a ball Fernando threw . . .



And OKAY, so maybe I used my **ROCKET BOOSTERS** a tiny bit . . .



and maybe I lost control a tiny bit . . .
but anyway, **who** puts a window so close to where people are playing **CATCH?**

Anyway, of **COURSE** it turned out that the window I accidentally flew through was the one in the staff room. The teachers were all sitting around in there drinking coffee and, I dunno, doing whatever teachers do in there. They are all quite old, so . . . talking about **BUYING HOUSES** and how much their **BACKS HURT**, probably?



Then I came **CRASHING** through the glass, and our class teacher Miss Obasi jumped like three feet in the air and spilled her coffee all over the carpet and had to be taken off for a Nice Quiet Nap.

