

The Accidental Genius of Weasel High

By Rick Detorie

Kelly was sporting her new look this morning. Lately she's been wearing a plastic thing under her hair that makes it look like there's a little speed bump on top of her head. I think she ordered it from an infomercial.

As they left the room, I heard my mom say, "Now, Kelly, breakfast is the most important..."

I checked in the refrigerator, and miracle of miracles, in the freezer was one solitary fudge bar. It was left over from last night. And it was Kelly's.

Hey, I had no choice.

I was hungry, and, as you heard: "Breakfast is the most important something or other," so I started to remove the wrapper.

Kelly shouts, "Put it back, Larkin, or I'll, I'll..."

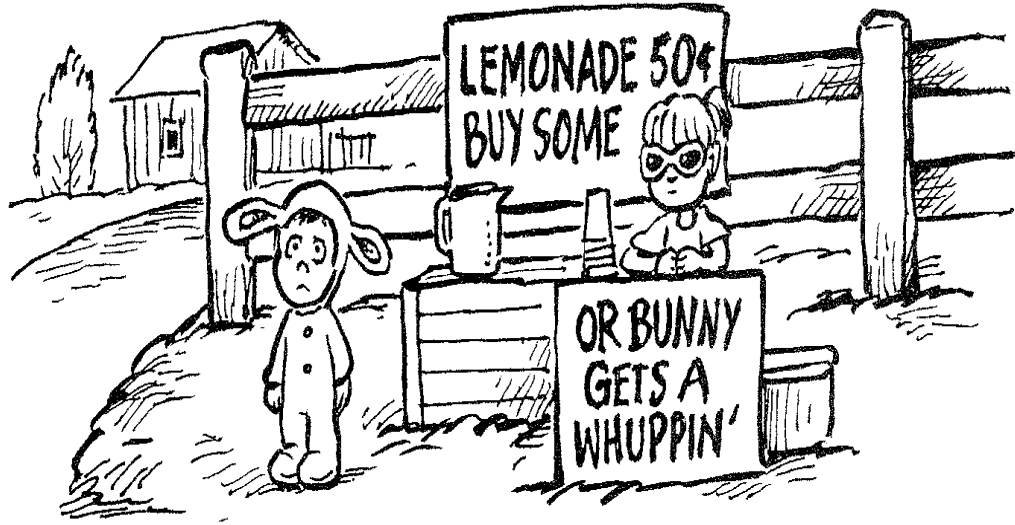
Or she'll what?

Although I do admit, she *used* to, and I mean BIG-TIME.

When we were little, my big sister Kelly was a total thug. She once held me down and threatened to let loose a giant loogie on my face if I didn't submit to being her slave.

But the worst thing she ever did to me was make me dress up in a bunny costume to help her sell lemonade at the front gate of our farm.

a bunny costume
our farm.



“Or you’ll do what,” I asked her, “make me wear a hot, itchy bunny suit on the side of the highway in the middle of August?”

“I’ll tell mom you let the dogs in the house the weekend she and Daddy went to New York,” she said.

“Big deal,” I said. “I shampooed the carpets afterwards, and besides, that’s ancient history.”

“Oh, yeah?” said Kelly. “Was it ancient history last week, when I saw you hitchhiking home from school?”

Uh-oh, busted.

Now she had me.

So I gave in to Kelly’s threat and gently returned the fudge bar to the freezer, giving it a little good-bye kiss.

As soon as she left the room, I sprang into action. I removed the fudge bar from the freezer, tore off a corner of the wrapper, and tiptoed over to her backpack. I unzipped the back pouch, dropped the fudge bar inside, and re-zipped it.

Mission accomplished.

Later that evening, when Kelly got home from school, she was so mad she was foaming at the mouth, and it was all because the fudge bar in the backpack had melted into a sticky mess all over her learner's permit. Just as I had planned.

Then she ran crying upstairs and slammed her bedroom door so hard that a picture frame in the hallway fell off the wall and broke, and now I have to pay to replace it.

\$10.99 plus tax!

There goes my monthly budget.

But you want to know something?

It was totally worth it.