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Opening extract from

Timmy Failure: Sanitized for Your Protection

Written by

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A Shocking Prologue That If All Goes Right Will Make You Want to Read the Rest of This Book

We're all in trouble when we can't tell the good guys from the bad.

But tell that to the photographers that surround the entrance to the hotel.

And tell it to the crowd of onlookers who want a glimpse.

And tell it to the police who try in vain to clear a path.

For the bad guy.

Who at precisely 9:07 p.m. is escorted out of the revolving glass doors of the hotel to an explosion of flashbulbs.

The lingering effect of which produces a bright ball of light in the center of his gaze.

Making it impossible to see the faces of the surging crowd.

As a cop shoves a photographer. And someone screams. And a woman faints.

And the bad guy is pushed through the throng.

His hands now cuffed.

His shoes quite scuffed.

A world gone mad.

The good now bad.

CHAPTER 1

Let the Fireworks Begin

It is a fireworks show like no other.

"Sit back, Timmy," says my mom.

"But I want to watch."

"There's nothing to watch," she says.

And as she says that, another large bug explodes across the windshield of our car.

"Ooooh, that was a big one," I say. "Very colorful, too."

"Timmy, we have hundreds of miles left on this drive," says my mother. "Now sit back or I'm stopping the car."

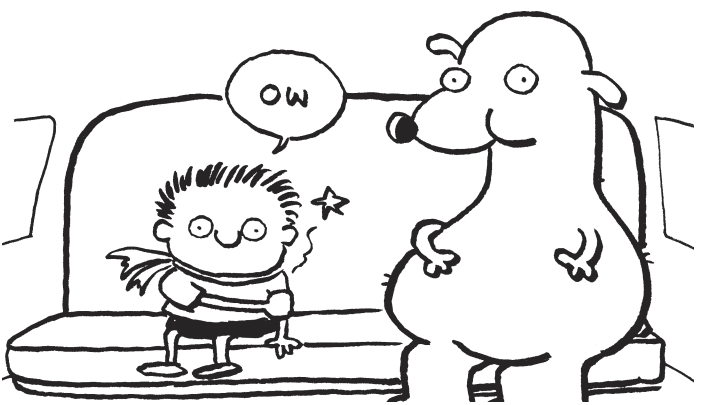
I sit back. But am hit in the arm by my polar bear.

"Ow!" I yell.

"What now?" asks my mom.

"My polar bear hit me."

It's true. He does it every time he sees a Volkswagen.



"That does it," says my mom, who before I know it is pulling our rental car into the parking lot of an E-Z Daze Motel.

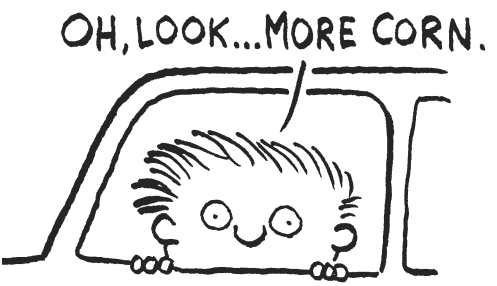
"You can't stop here," I tell my mother. "We're in the middle of nowhere."

But she doesn't answer. She just gets out of the car and says something to Doorman Dave, who has pulled his car in next to ours.

Doorman Dave is my mother's boyfriend. He's called Doorman Dave because he used to be the doorman in our apartment building. But now he got a job far away, so we're using my precious spring break to help him move.

And it is tragic beyond comprehension.

Tragic because I have stared at nothing but cornfields for hundreds of miles.



Tragic because it has all been to the tune of my mother's favorite country musician, Slim Chitlins.

And tragic because of the effect it is having on a boy a world away.

A boy named Yergi Plimkin.