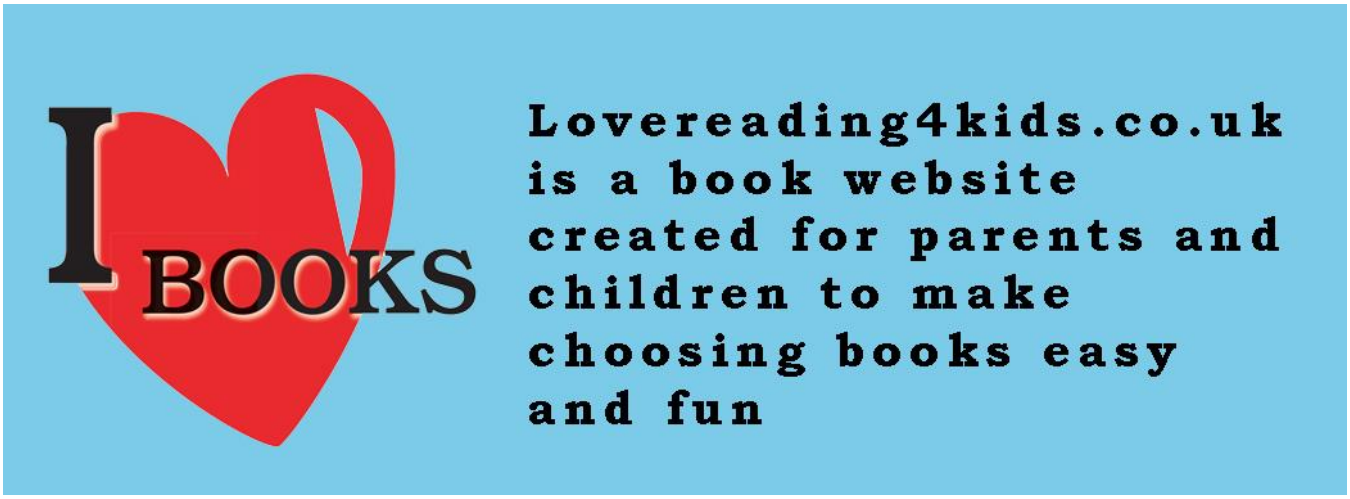


Opening extract from

I Funny TV

Written by

James Patterson

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Young Arrow
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Chapter 1

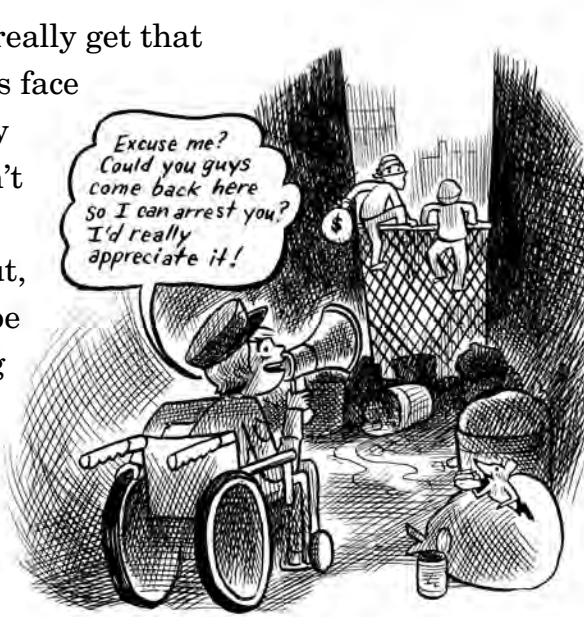


TV or NOT TV?

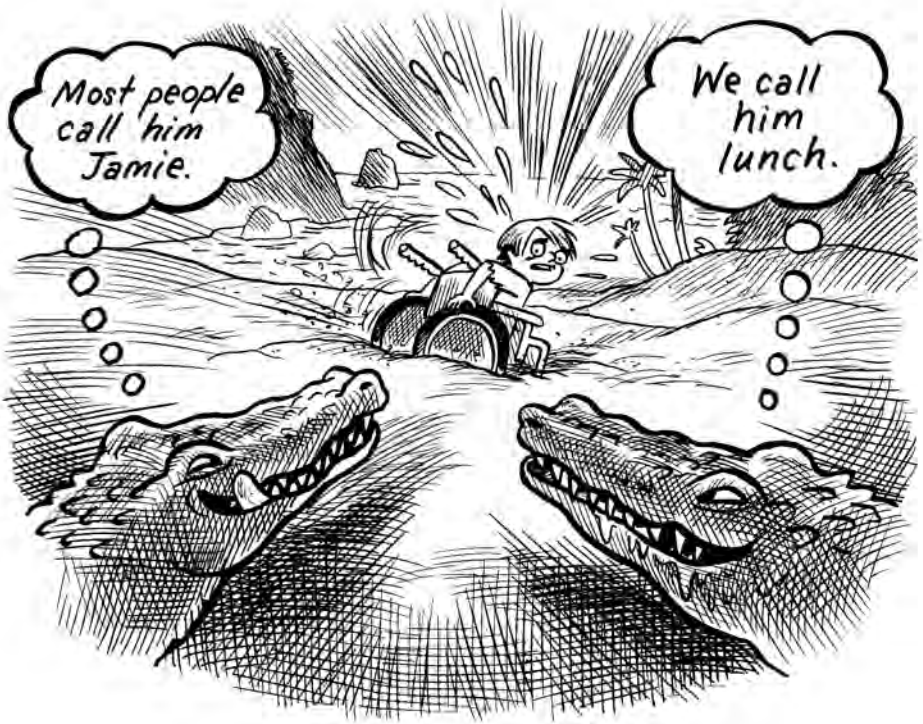
Hi, I'm Jamie Grimm, and I really hope you watch my brand-new TV show if I ever actually do one.

See, when I won the Planet's Funniest Kid Comic Contest out in Hollywood, one of the prizes was the chance to star in my own television show on the BNC network.

But I may never really get that chance, because, let's face it, there are so many TV-type things I can't do very well. A cop show is definitely out, because I wouldn't be very good at chasing the bad guys down dark alleys.



I'd be no good on a *Survivor*-type show, either. Especially if it was on a desert island with lots of sand.



Yep, I liked visiting Hollywood, but Long Beach on Long Island is my real home. So, basically, I'm back at the funniest place on earth: middle school.

Luckily, I have some pretty awesome friends. For instance, Jimmy Pierce and Joey Gaynor. They both walk with me to school most mornings.

Well, they walk. I *roll*.

But what's supercool about Gaynor and Pierce is that they never treat me like I'm different or handicapped (I hate that word—it makes me sound like a racehorse). As Gaynor put it once, "You'll just always be shorter than us, dude."

Whenever we come to a major uphill, Gaynor and Pierce don't hurry behind me to push me like I'm an overgrown baby in a stroller. But they might casually grab hold of a handle and give me a gentle assist without ever mentioning it.

Jimmy Pierce, by the way, is a certifiable genius. He's so smart, he once told me that elephants are the only mammals that can't jump. "Elephants and *me*," I reminded him.

Joey Gaynor? He's just certifiable. Lives on the edge of the edge. He has tattoos, nose rings, and those little metal studs that look like steel zits. Recently, he had a metal spike pierced through his ear. Made his lobes look like barbecued shrimp on a skewer.



Every morning on our way to Long Beach Middle School, we pass an elementary school.

When the kids see us coming, they crowd around the edges of the playground and start shouting jokes at me through the chain-link fence. Most of the punch lines are pretty corny, but the kids are cute.

Plus, they're the ones who voted for me when I did the Planet's Funniest Kid Comic finals.

So, of course, we always stop and listen.

Even when it turns out to be a big mistake.

Chapter 2



Laughing My Butt Off

We're running a little late, but the kids keep cracking jokes at us.

"One more," I tell them.

"Hey, Jamie?" says this redheaded girl with freckles. "Why do golfers wear two pairs of pants?"

"I don't know. Why?"

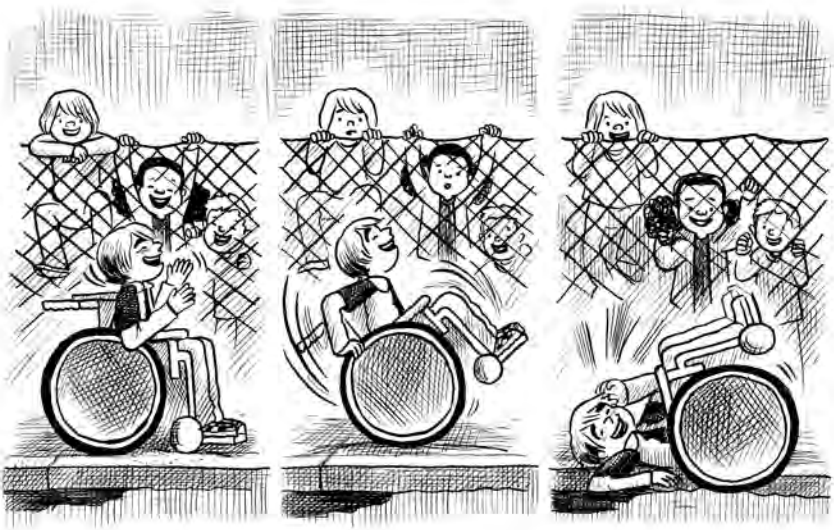
"In case they get a hole in one."

Hey, they're fourth and fifth graders telling the same jokes fourth and fifth graders have told since forever. Sometimes I pretend they're so hilarious that I have to let out a big belly laugh and pop a wheelie.

Today, I make a mistake. I do my wheelie-popping a little too close to the curb.


Hey, Jamie, did you hear the joke about the roof? Ah, never mind. It's over your head.
Jamie? Why can't your nose be twelve inches long?
I don't know. Why?
Because then it would be a foot!

Gaynor and Pierce haul me up and casually slide me back into my chair. This is another reason I love going to school with my wingmen.



Our friend Gilda Gold happens to be coming up the street with her video camera when I do my backflip dive into the gutter. Gilda's always making funny movies. I sometimes star in them—even when I don't know her camera is rolling.

"Hilarious reverse somersault, Jamie," she tells me when I'm back in my seat. "If your head ever gets too big from being a major celebrity, I'll post

that backward butt flop on the Internet. Maybe send it to TMZ."

"Thanks," I say with a smile.

Of course, I'm not worried about Gilda posting her video clip online.

Nobody would watch it. I'm not really a celebrity anymore. I'm just a kid who, once upon a time, won a joke-telling contest on TV.

A kid who should know not to pop wheelies too close to the curb. Especially near a puddle.

My soggy underwear stays squishy all day.