the misadventures of MAX CRUMBLY

MASTERS OF MISCHIEF

BOOK THREE

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1. TRAPPED IN THE DUMPSTER OF DOOM!

I knew middle school was going to be really hard, but I never expected to be BURIED ALIVE in a DUMPSTER full of ROTTING GARBAGE, wearing an ICE PRINCESS COSTUME and BIKER BOOTS!

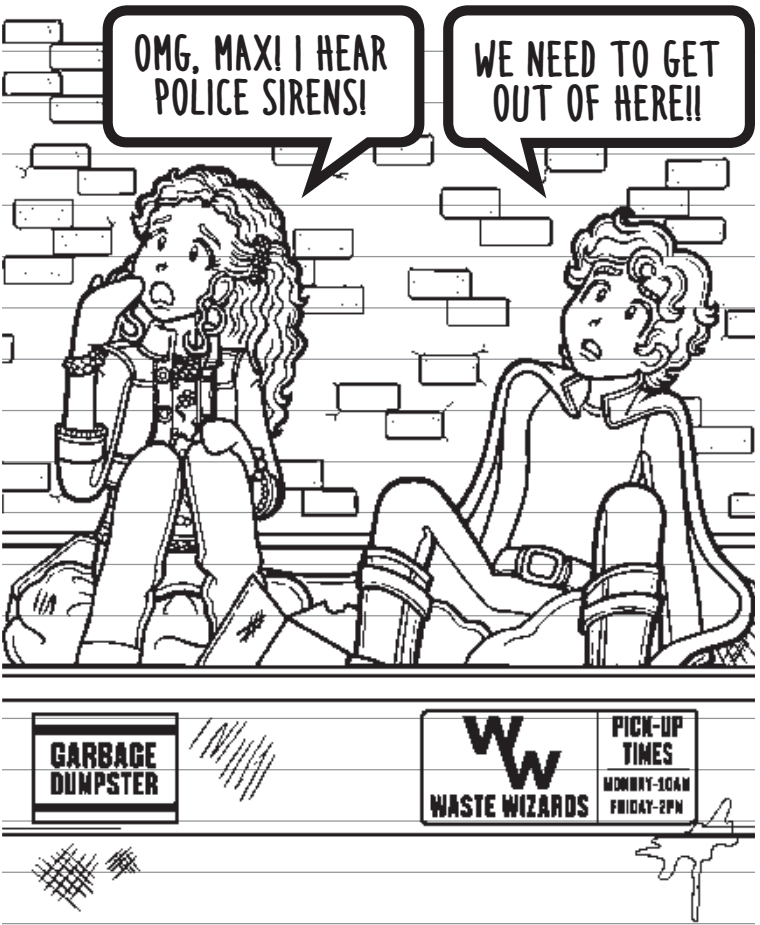
Are we having FUN yet?! Give me a break!

My life as a wannabe superhero totally STINKS!

Okay, that FUNK-TASTIC stench I'm smelling is actually the Dumpster, not my life. But STILL . . . !

There's only ONE thing more HUMILIATING than being TRAPPED at my SCHOOL in a NASTY Dumpster in the middle of the NIGHT. And that's being trapped with ERIN MADISON, a ~~cute~~ computer whiz and the SMARTEST kid in the entire school. And . . . NO! I'm NOT crushing on her!

Any minute now we're going to get ARRESTED by the POLICE and thrown in JAIL for trespassing, destruction of property, and several FELONIES! . . .



FINALLY! Here is my chance to be a REAL SUPERHERO and ~~rescue Erin~~ get us out of this Dumpster before it's too late.

If this were a scene in my favorite superhero comic book, it would go down like this:

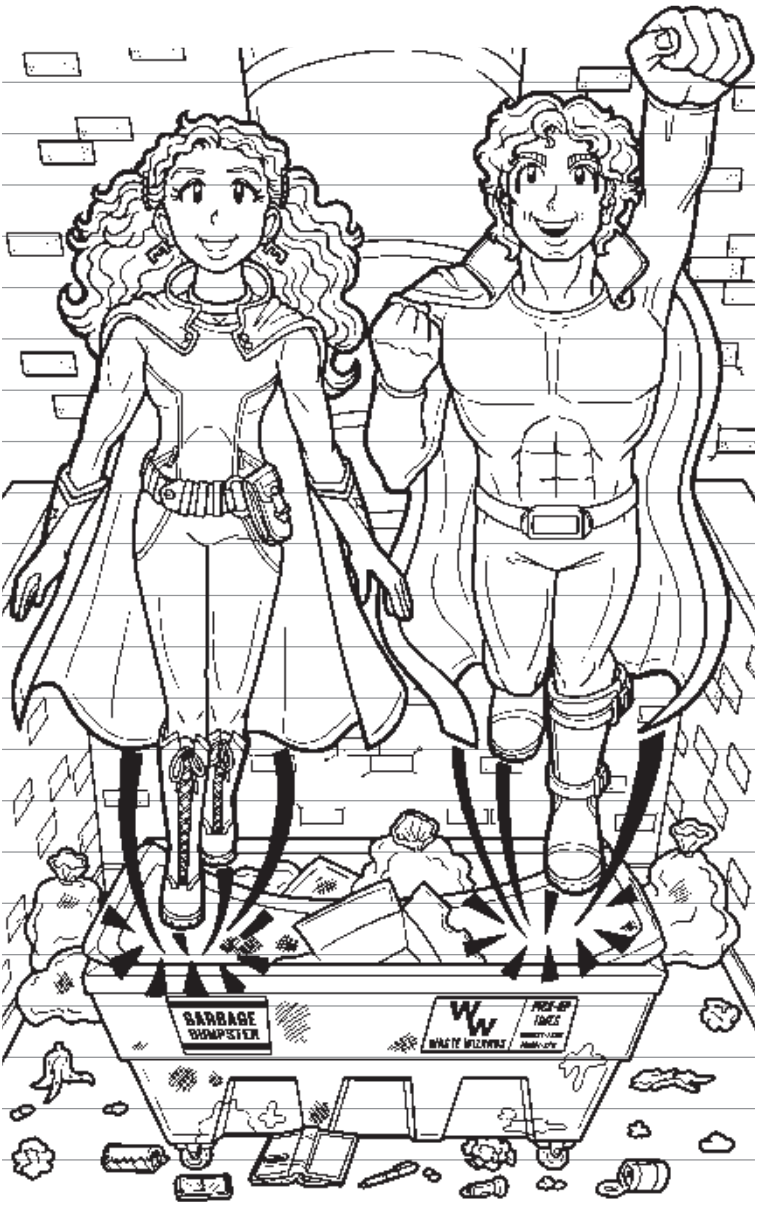
When we last left our courageous hero and his ~~CRUSH~~ trusty sidekick, they were sitting in a pile of rotting mystery meat, smelly gym socks, a vomit-stained mattress from the cot in the school nurse's office, and other frightfully foul things, hopelessly TRAPPED within four inescapable brick walls as police officers raced to the scene.

Will our desperate dynamic duo be DOOMED by this dreadful and disgustingly dirty DISASTER?!

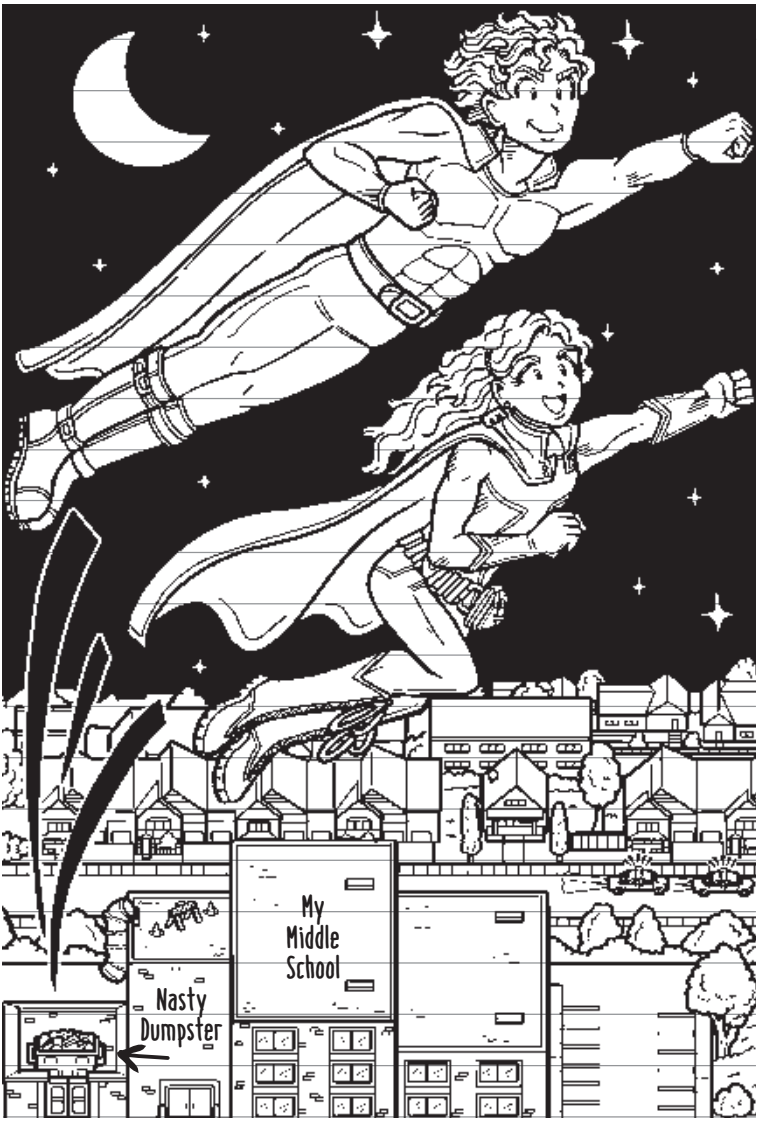
Or will they be FRUSTRATED by their feeble failures to flee this filthy fifteen-foot fortress?!

Can our heroes use their supersmarts and uncanny creativity to build two antigravity energy beams from the random recyclable junk in the Dumpster?!

Just keep reading to discover if our Masters of Mischief will escape this cataclysmic catastrophe and bravely BLAST OFF into the night sky like two blazing ROCKETS! . . .



ERIN AND ME, BLASTING OFF . . .



. . . TO FREEDOM!!

FREAKING AWESOME!! RIGHT?!

Hey! This could actually happen!

NOT!!

Superheroes make it look EASY to get out of an IMPOSSIBLE situation like this.

But let's be real, people. I don't have any superpowers!

Yet somehow I pulled off an EPIC capture of three criminal MASTERMINDS planning to steal our school's expensive new computers!

Okay, so maybe they weren't exactly masterminds.

"MEATHEADS" is probably a better description. Even though they had the combined IQ of a red crayon, they were mean, ruthless, and very dangerous!

Erin and I teamed up and declared WAR on them earlier tonight.

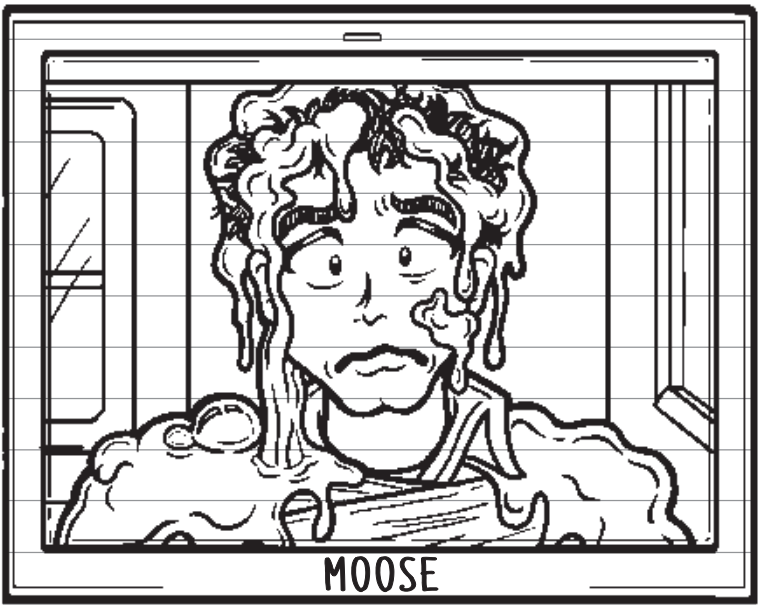
It was like a real-life video game battle, only ten times SCARIER! I'd had Erin's phone with me, and she'd been "playing" along from home on her computer, helping me set traps in the school. It took us hours, but we kicked their butts and took them out one at a time.

In the end, not only did we outsmart them, but we booby-trapped those three MENACES and then left them at school for the authorities to find.

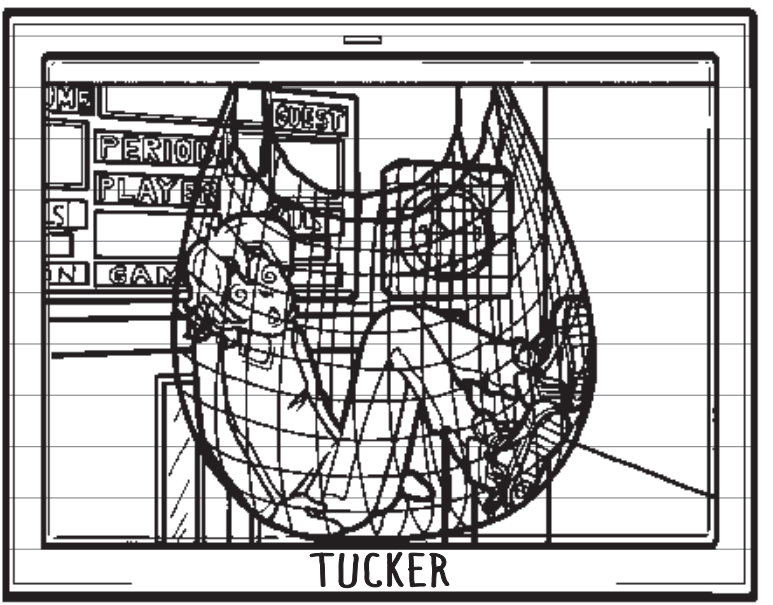
Those guys will NEVER roam free again!!

Don't believe me?

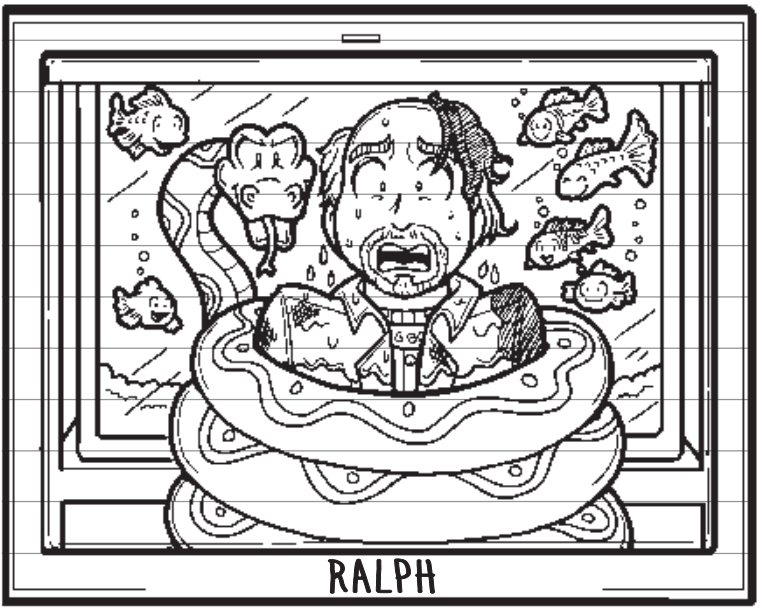
Here's my PROOF! . . .



MOOSE



TUCKER



The only problem is that unless Erin and I can figure out how to get out of this STUPID Dumpster, WE might never roam free again either!!

FOR REAL!!

It's all MY fault that she's in this HOT MESS!

Anyway, we don't hear the sirens anymore.

But that's because the POLICE have arrived and are parked right outside this brick wall!

We're both totally FREAKING OUT!

I'm not going to lie to you. Things are looking pretty BLEAK for us right now.

That's WHY I'm documenting everything in my journal: *The Misadventures of Max Crumbly*!

If the police actually find me, they'll probably throw me in the SLAMMER for:

1. unlawfully trespassing on school property

2. intent to do great bodily harm with deadly plastic cling wrap

3. assault and battery with a basketball hoop

4. cruel and unusual use of a python as a dangerous weapon

And, last but not least, the most serious and heinous offense . . .

5. vicious crimes against fashion (did I mention that I'm wearing an ice princess/superhero costume?!).

Hopefully, one day someone will find my journal hidden in this Dumpster.

Then the entire world will learn the truth about the night I MYSTERIOUSLY disappeared and NEVER returned to South Ridge Middle School!

Even if I'm not able to save MY life, I'll at least save ERIN'S.

And maybe even . . . YOURS!

Hey, I'm not trying to be all super DRAMATIC. But by the time you read this, I'll probably be ROTTING in PRISON and working on my NEW escape plan! . . .



ERIN, BRINGING ME A VERY YUMMY SLEDGEHAMMER CHOCOLATE CAKE WITH HACKSAW ICING!

But don't get it TWISTED!

I haven't given up . . . YET!

Sorry!

But Max C. is NOT going down like THIS!!!

WARNING!

This journal might end with a big, fat CLIFFHANGER, just like my first two!

So if you're going to have a meltdown, you should probably stop reading this NOW!

Maybe your parents will read you a cute bedtime story about a fuzzy baby bunny instead.

Otherwise, buckle up and get ready for yet another gut-wrenching roller-coaster ride through the halls and horrors of middle school.

Now let's say it all together, people. . . .

BEEN THERE!

DONE THAT!

GOT THE T-SHIRT!!

Hey, no worries.

I GOT THIS!!