

Caution!!

Read this book at your own risk



Chapter 1



Have you ever been to Sunday School?

I bet your Sunday School is the fun kind. The kind they call Kids' Club, with skits and fun music, cool crafts, and games where you can win sweets.

That wouldn't be so bad. I'd quite like to be able to win sweets.



My Sunday School is NOT like that.

The Sunday School my parents drag me to every week is the kind where all the kids go into one little room in the church basement, and it smells like wet dog.



There, we have to listen to the teacher tell a story from the Bible— always one we've already heard before— then

we draw something from the story with crayons that don't really work unless you press super hard, and if we're really lucky we get a snack (always something healthy, like apple pieces). Then, we sing the same song as every other week, before we finally get to leave the smelly room.

They switch the teachers out every six weeks— I think it's so nobody has to spend more time with us kids than they have to.

The first week, the new Sunday School teacher comes in with a big smile on their face and tells us we're going to talk about how God created the world. Won't that be EXCITING?

The answer is no.





No, it won't be exciting, because we've already heard that story over and over again, and for some reason the teachers don't like when I ask questions. But come on; don't YOU have questions about it too?

Like, I know the BIBLE says God created the world in six days, but also, I go to REAL school. And there, they say it took THOUSANDS OF YEARS for the world to form. So, which is it? They can't both be right.

Anyway, I tried asking Miss Turner last time we went through it. I don't think Miss Turner likes me much. She was all smiley when she first started talking, but by the end of it, she wasn't smiling any more.

At the end, her face was all red, and I think I saw smoke coming out of her nose, like a dragon.

Maybe she
really is a
dragon,
disguised as a
cheerful old
church lady?

You never
know.

After
creation, the
teacher has
time to go
through one



week of Noah and the big ark, then David and Goliath,
Jonah and the big fish, Jesus' birth and then Jesus dying
on the cross. And then they switch teachers, and we start
all over again.

And let's face it, I have questions about all of these
stories.

Like A LOT OF QUESTIONS!

You know, Sunday School might not be so bad if once in a
while a teacher could actually answer some of my questions,
but I don't think THAT'S going to happen.

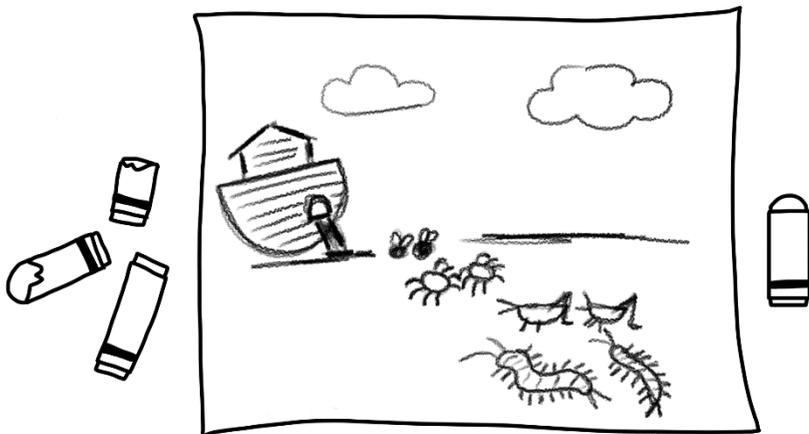
Today, Miss Turner talked about Noah and the animals. She
didn't like it when I asked how all the animals fit on the
ark, or if there were dinosaurs on the ark. And she REALLY
didn't like it when I asked how they knew how much food to

bring on the ark for the animals to eat and how they fit all the food with all those animals.

Afterwards, she patted her face with her handkerchief, smiled through gritted teeth, and told us to draw a picture of the animals walking into the ark. I don't know how many times I've been told to draw the animals walking into the ark.

Today, I decided I would draw the spiders, cockroaches, beetles, worms, millipedes, slugs, and all of their partners.

Miss Turner looked at it, scrunched her nose, and said 'Oh dear.'



I don't think she likes creepy crawlies.

I LOVE creepy crawlies. My favourites are worms, because without them, there would be no life on this planet, and also you can catch fish with worms. I love to go fishing with my dad.

Anyway, I had finally gotten Mum and Dad to leave the church after talking FOREVER to their friends, and we are on our way home in the car when Mum turns to me.

'How was Sunday School?'

They ask that every week. And every week, I answer, 'It depends on what you like, I suppose.'

Mum narrows her eyes at me and says, 'Hmmm... Is Miss Turner going to call me tonight?'

I look out the window. How would I know if Miss Turner is going to call her? I don't have a crystal ball. I shrug.



'Well,' Mum says and smiles. 'I signed you up to go to the church holiday club. It starts tomorrow.'

I groan. Really?
REALLY?? I have to go back tomorrow, already?

'Oh, that's nice,' says Dad.
'How many days does it last?'

'It's the next three mornings this week.' Mum smiles cheerily. 'The first three mornings of the May Break!'

'Great! I'm sure that will be fun, Jack,' says Dad.

Fun? FUN??

How can it be fun??

'I don't think so,' I say, painfully. 'Do I have to go?'

'Oh, I think you'll love it,' says Mum. 'Let's see how we get on tomorrow, and then we can make up our minds.'

Before, when she used to say things like that, I used to feel hopeful. I thought she might actually mean that I would go once and then, if I didn't like it, I wouldn't have to go again. But now, I know what that really means, and it does NOT make me feel hopeful anymore.

It means I'll be going to every one of those holiday club days.

I sigh. These next three days are going to SUCK.

Maybe if I pretend to be sick, I could stay home tomorrow instead? No, I've tried that before, and Mum always makes me go anyway.

Maybe if I really am sick? I could eat something bad and then maybe I'll throw up for real. Maybe she'll let me stay home then?

Survival Tip #1

- Move your watch on 20 minutes so you can show it to your parents at the end of the service to hurry them along.