

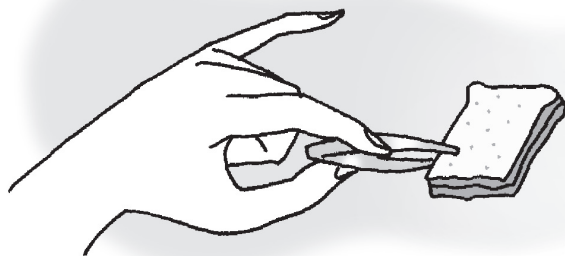
Perhaps you were at lunch a week before, and your friend said something about how one time she brought a kangaroo home from the zoo.

Sure, *you* know that Shmisabella actually did it, because it was your garage she hid the kangaroo in until she climbed into the kangaroo's pouch and you had to confess to your parents so they would call the paramedics to come and remove her from a kangaroo.

But another girl at the table, Yolanda, who is a dainty person — you know the type, eats popcorn one piece at a time, has those tiny little buttons on her clothing that people with regular human-sized hands can't operate — made this quiet, dainty *pfft* sound to indicate that she thought your friend was lying.

Now, Shmisabella didn't react to the *pfft* sound, so you knew that she either didn't care or just ignored it.

Yeah, guess what. **Wrong.** She noticed it.



The dainty  
also eat  
little sandwiches  
with tweezers.

You might think that your science teacher, Mrs. Curie, was out sick because teachers just normally get sick. Like maybe they got poisoned by that red ink they use to grade papers, or maybe the subject they teach finally just suffocated them in a big steaming pile of boredom.

You would never think that maybe Shmisabella had somehow **arranged** for the teacher to miss class that morning, maybe by calling her home and telling her that there was a large package waiting for her that had accidentally been delivered to a post office in the next town.

All of these things just don't add up until . . .

