

# LAUGHABLE LEGENDS OF MIDDLE SCHOOL 99

VOL. 2

*By David Paris*

*Illustrations by  
Joseph Shepherd and Andre Vitali*

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# INTRODUCTION

How would you cover up the biggest fart in middle school history? What technology could fix middle school problems? How could a relationship become so toxic that an entire school loses all hope? Why would a basketball team refuse to win?

How could a class that couldn't stop talking ever learn anything? When and why did birthday punches become a thing? What would happen if the meanest and nicest teacher became romantic? What student truths do teachers need to hear?

What's the loudest noise you could make in class and not get in trouble? What is an unstoppable force in middle school? How does a legendary substitute teacher become legendary? What does a real middle school hero look like?

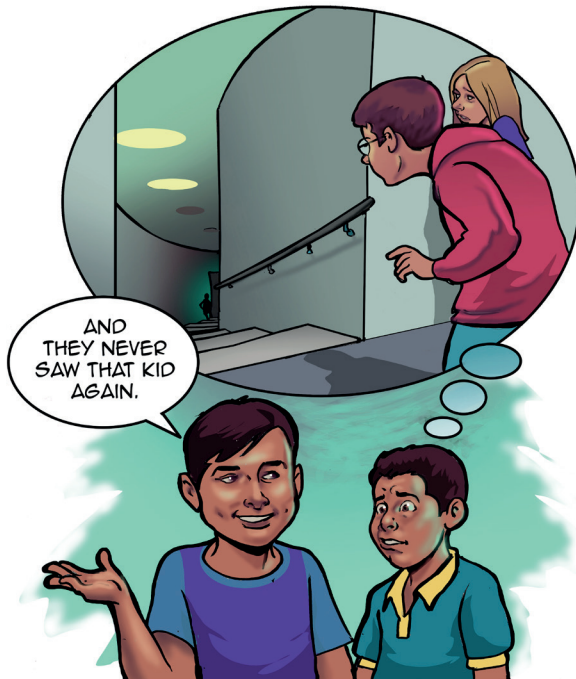
*Laughable Legends of Middle School 99 Vol. 2* has all of the answers.



## FIRST DAY FEARS

On the evening before Freddy's first day of middle school, his brother was a typical older brother.

"On my first day of school, one boy went down a wrong staircase and never was found again," Freddy's brother Rogelio told him.



“Another boy turned around to see who was following him and he never stopped spinning. One girl sweated so much she dried up like a raisin.”

Freddy was already scared about going to a new school. After listening to his brother, he was terrorized. Seeking solace, Freddy went to his older sister.

“This one new girl noticed that no one noticed her and she disappeared out of existence,” Yohira told Freddy with a hint of joy. “Another boy was told by his teacher to stop talking and the boy could never open his mouth again. But don’t worry, you’ll be okay. And if not, I still have another brother if you don’t make it.”

Freddy started crying and ran to his mom.

“No te preocupes mi hijo,” Freddy’s mom tried to console her son. “Almost everyone survives their first day. And if you don’t, you have had a very good life.”

Freddy ran to his father.

“It’s time I share with you the truth,” Freddy’s father said. “Middle School is like swimming in a pool of hungry piranhas. And I know you can’t swim.”

Freddy fled to his room in panic. He spent the night imagining the very worst of what would happen on the first day of middle school and he did not sleep a wink.

The next morning, he tried to pretend to be sick, but when his mother told him that she would take him to the school nurse, he suddenly felt better. He thought about hiding, but he was trembling too loudly to stay hidden. He considered going back to elementary school, but he was too embarrassed to explain why. His only option was to enter the doors of Middle School 99.

When Freddy walked into his first period class, he couldn't say hello to anyone because he was too busy saying goodbye to the world. Oddly though, nothing happened. In science class, it turned out that no one who raised their hand became a disposable subject in a lab experiment. In social studies, they didn't have to learn about war by using real weapons on other classmates. In math class, the kids didn't have to learn subtraction by giving up their lunch money or worse.

In English class, everyone had to write a writing sample about what their first day of school was like. Danielle wrote about her concern that the lunch meat turned your skin translucent. Wiley was worried about springing a trap door underneath his seat if he wasn't paying attention. Jackson thought he

needed bodyguards to protect him from roaming invisible zombies that snatched unsuspecting new students. When students started sharing their writing samples with each other, reality finally set in, and everyone could finally relax. It turned out that none of the stories were true.

When Freddy came home, his family was waiting for him. His mother had a cake to celebrate Freddy's safe return and she smothered him with kisses.



His dad celebrated Freddy's courage. His sister explained that they were sorry about scaring him, but that the stories were actually just preparing him for the worst case scenario.

Freddy's brother however showed no remorse. He warned Freddy that nothing happens on the first day so that students will let their guard down. The real danger happens on the second day.

Freddy smiled, feeling the love of his family and the relief of his first day being over. While he did harbor some fear that his brother was telling the truth, he would never be alone with his fear again. And he also couldn't wait until next year so he could tell the same stories to next year's incoming students.



## 2

# THE BEST WORST BASKETBALL TEAM EVER

10 years ago, Middle School 99's basketball team was not legendary for losing all of its games. They were legendary for never scoring a point. It wasn't that they were bad, they just liked making other teams look good. They refused to score so that the other team would feel great about themselves. If there was someone to blame, it was coach Payne.

"Stop playing for yourselves, play for the team," yelled coach Payne, on the first day of practice. What he didn't realize is that his players thought the team meant the opposing team.

"If you care, it will show on the court," Coach Payne taught his players. His players thought there was no better way to show they cared than to help the other team win.

"You can always learn from defeat." Coach Payne preached the philosophy of learning from your mistakes. His players felt even more motivation to lose.

Clearly, what Coach Payne said wasn't always what was heard. He realized something was amiss when his team was down 48–0 at halftime in the first game. He asked his players in the locker room, "Are you trying to get me fired? Is this a political protest? Did my ex-wife put you up to this?"



Ettienne responded first, "You told us to be legendary. We are going to be the best worst team ever."

"You taught us to respect our opponents. We did!," Eric jumped in.

“You taught us that you miss 100% of the shots you don’t take. I never got 100% before, so I didn’t take any shots.” Darnell added.

Coach Payne sensed the satisfaction in his player’s voices. They were clearly happier than any other team he had ever coached before. He had only one thing to say, “Let’s go out in the second half and lose!!”

And with those inspiring words, his team did even worse in the second half.

After the game, the lopsided score of 100–0 caught everyone’s attention.

“Historical loss,” was the headline on the schools website.

“We made history!,” Etienne commented on the article.

“It was a historical win for our opponent,” posted Eric.

“A historical loss is a legendary victory,” added Darnell.

Even Coach Payne chimed in, “Life is a seesaw. If we go down, we help someone else go up.”

In the second game, they were better at being worse and lost 102–0. Coach Payne and his players were ecstatic. Principal Harris was not.

“Why should I pay you if you can’t score a point,” yelled principal Harris at Coach Payne in his office after the game.



“I asked the players to score points,” Mr. Payne explained. “But they made intellectual points instead of scoring. I was very confused.”

"It better be different next game, or your fired," said principal Harris.

In the next practice, Coach Payne demanded that each of his players get at least one basket each. What his players heard was that they should bring gift baskets for the other team.

"Coach, check out my gift basket of energy drinks," Etienne said.

"Look at my gift basket of energy bars," said Eric proudly.

"Coach, my gift basket has our playbook in it," Darnell said.



Coach Payne looked at the situation dejectedly and accepted his fate. The team went on to lose 111–0, and he knew what that meant.

The next day, Coach Payne walked into the principal's office to accept his failure. Surprisingly, principal Harris was smiling.

"I am getting tons of calls from the media. We are getting tons of publicity. It seems your loss is the school's gain. Keep up what you are doing. Or really, what you are not doing," said principal Harris.

And Coach Payne did or didn't do just that. He lost the next seven games by a total score of a 1000 to nothing. It was epic. It was legendary. They only had to lose their last game to arch rival Meddling Middle to achieve imperfect perfection. But they ran into a problem at halftime of the most historic game in Middle School 99's history.

"Coach, we don't know what to do," Ettienne said with despair.

"The score is 0–0," Eric said with confusion.

"They are competing against us by not competing," realized Darnell.



It was clear that Meddling Middle was trying to ruin Middle School 99's legendary status as the best worst basketball team ever. Something needed to be done.

"We must do the unthinkable," announced Coach Payne.

"Do we encourage them with motivational speeches?" asked Ettienne.

"Do we bribe them by suggesting we do their homework?" asked Eric.

“Do we remind them of the purpose of the game?” inquired Darnell.

“No, we will score points for them!” Coach Payne said.

It was brilliant. It was the most creative way to lose in the history of basketball. He had his players score points on their own basket, which gave Meddling Middle points. At the end of the third quarter, Middle School 99 was losing 20–0.

Unfortunately, Meddling Middle players figured out Middle School 99’s strategy and copied it. They also scored points on the wrong basket. At the end of the fourth quarter, the score was tied 30–30. However, a basketball game could not end in a tie. There would have to be overtime.

In overtime, both teams doubled their efforts to get the other team to win. It was a backwards competition to move forward. And the determination actually shocked the players.

“I haven’t tried so hard since I begged my mom for a cell phone,” Ettienne said.

“I haven’t moved so much since I got stuck in a washing machine,” Eric said.

“I haven’t been challenged to do something amazing since touching my nose with my tongue,” Darnell said.

Unfortunately, this was the last game of the season. As soon as one team lost, everything would be over. However, at the end of the first overtime, the game was still tied. A second overtime would need to be played.

And this is when an epic game became legendary. Both teams noticed something simultaneously. There might be a way to have their basketball season never end. Middle School 99 and Meddling Middle went from competition to collaboration. Both teams made sure that at the end of each overtime, the score was tied. This way, they had to continue to play another overtime. The teams did this repeatedly for hours, then days, and then weeks. They had school sleepovers. They played in their pajamas, and they figured out how to do what they loved best.

Both coaches didn’t mind, because they had never seen their players work so hard before. Principal Harris didn’t mind, because the game brought even more publicity to the school. And if you listen very carefully in the gym of Middle School 99, you can still hear the players fighting to keep their game alive, bouncing back and forth between competition and collaboration.



# 3

## BAD RELATIONSHIP

Tom and Tanya were two students in a legendary bad relationship. They hugged like snakes in a death grip. Their kisses were like shark bites. Their compliments were insults. Their gifts were punishments. They held hands to arm wrestle. They competed over who could make the other person feel worse. The closer they became, the more lonely they felt. They made hope hopeless.



Tanya flirted with other boys in order to make Tom jealous. Tom flirted with those same boys to make Tanya jealous. Tom thought he would be attractive if he was mean, and Tanya thought it was mean to be attractive. Tanya thought she could change Tom, and Tom hadn't changed his socks in two months. Tanya broke everything Tom gave her, and Tom was already broke. Their relationship felt like work, but nothing worked.



Most people break up when their relationships are bad, but not Tom and Tanya. They couldn't stand the idea of the other one being free and happy. They delighted in the other person's misery. Tom and Tanya read Romeo and Juliet and ar-

gued about who should kill themselves first. They were more stuck than a bottle of glue in cement.

Everyone at M.S. 99 was affected by Tom and Tanya's negativity. The loudspeaker announced obituaries. The school band played death metal. Cheerleaders told everyone not to bother. The school nurse locked the door. The guidance counselor was asking for directions.



Something had to be done to break up this toxic couple. Their initials spelled TNT, but they were far more unstable and destructive. The school psychologist explained to them love languages, but Tom and Tanya only hated love and loved to hate. The security officer taught them to value security, but Tom and Tanya only wanted to make the other person insecure.

Principal Harris declared Tom and Tanya a disaster zone and forbade anyone to go within a 20 feet radius of them. Unfortunately, no one knew what the meaning of a radius was. Romantic couples that once had promise, promised to make the other person miserable. Couples that had broken up got back together just so that they could break the other person's heart again. Relationships were destroyed forever.

So if you ever have relationship problems, blame Tom and Tanya. And remember, adding two negatives never equals a positive. And if you come across two people in a legendary bad relationship, run.

# 4

## THE PRESIDENTIAL FART

In order for a fart to be legendary, it has to be louder than the student screams at the start of the school year. It has to smell worse than food left rotting over the summer in the lunchroom. It has to come at a worse time than asking a girl to prom right after she accepted a date from someone else. Kevin King's legendary fart did all of these things.

Kevin King was elected as Middle School 99's 33rd president. He planned an explosive acceptance speech in front of a packed auditorium. Kevin wanted trumpets to announce his royal coronation. He loved speaking to a large audience so he could toot his own horn. Kevin craved attention and yearned for the spotlight. He got everything he wished for and more.

Kevin's first step on stage was propelled forward from his behind. He had a small release from below that alerted him that he might have a problem. Kevin immediately regretted downing five energy drinks, but it was too late. He clenched his butt tightly and walked to the podium like a penguin, and he smelled like one too.



The problem with holding gas is that it doesn't like to be contained. It's like when a teacher holds a class after the dismissal bell. You can do it, but when the kids are finally released, they will start screaming the moment they exit the classroom.

Kevin waddled toward the podium and shook his insides like a soda can. Externally, he looked serious and in complete command. Internally, he wasn't. He knew he couldn't hold it any longer. Kevin had to let it go at the worst possible place and at the worst possible time. In front of the microphone with the whole school watching, he released the presidential fart.



The walls pulsated like a bomb went off, The ceiling cracked like it was surrendering. The floor made waves like it was at the beach. A cloud of putrid air descended upon the students, forcing them to hold their noses, run away, or question the meaning of life. The blast was so strong that it echoed back and forth like a game of ping pong. Only when the fire bell rang, did students escape their predicament and find refuge outside on the street.

Kevin immediately embarked on an alternative truth to anyone who would listen. "I gave the best firework display of any

student president in history,” Kevin claimed. “The best sound, the biggest impact, and the greatest crowd reaction. Epic!”

Most students couldn’t believe Kevin’s denial of passing gas, and that he was lighting fireworks. That’s called gaslighting.

Some students actually believed Kevin because they couldn’t fathom how a fart could empty a school. They just needed an explanation to explain the inexplicable. Fireworks was one explanation. Conspiracy was another.

“My haters are trying to ruin my presidency. I am the least fartiest student president ever,” Kevin posted on Lackchat. Social media was Kevin’s favorite tool to amplify his voice. His friends’ social media account was another.

“There is no evidence of a fart,” his friend Shawn posted. “The only thing I smell is jealousy.”

“No one is blaming his haters for farting,” Kevin’s friend Kylie posted. “How do we know it was Kevin?”

Kevin’s friends used the classic technique of accusing your accusers. If someone attacks you, you find a way to attack them.

“It was a perfect speech, everyone was telling me so,” Kevin posted that night. Kevin knew that projecting his certainty made students question their own. Especially if it seemed that everyone agreed with Kevin.

Silence also worked in Kevin’s favor. Some of his friends didn’t believe him, but they didn’t post it because they were afraid of getting attacked on social media. The students who did speak up were immediately deemed disloyal.

Kevin didn’t get everyone to believe that the fart didn’t happen. However, he got enough support that students still argue today about the legendary presidential fart. A lie may not have consequences if you can effectively control the truth. Everyone can thank Kevin for that legendary truth about lying.