We were all devastated when Claudia got unfairly accused of cheating on her math test, and when Kristy had to write a one hundred-word homework assignment on the meaning of decorum, but how did a book series with such a gender-neutral title get so damn girly? Surely there’s room for Joe and the Crippling MMA Addiction, Josh Loves Pantera, or your own manly babysitter book. Give us the ﬁrst chapter and cover art. [5 points]

Logan Likes Bacon Boobs

I looked at my assembled charges/shock troops. “Boys! Today we are going to learn how to be men!”

Being a baby-sitter is hard when you’re a guy. You’re always getting teased, or mocked, or told that you’re totally gay even though I have a girlfriend (although she won’t let me get to second base), or having some guy shove your head into the toilet. Or maybe that’s just because nobody likes me. Even when I hung out with T-Jam, everyone thought I was lame. Maybe it’s because I hung out with a guy named T-Jam.

It could be because I have a southern accent. These Yankees are so prejudiced. They’ll get theirs when the South rises again.

But anyway, every so often, you just have one of those manly urges where you just have to kill something or start a fight or set something on fire. And I thought it was only fair to bring in some of the best and brightest boys I baby-sat to learn the ways of being a man, or at least how to set things on fire.

I’d put up fliers all around the neighborhood. “Boys 2 Men -- show up in the park on Friday at 3.” Surprisingly, this hadn’t actually gotten of my regular charges to show up. There were only 40-something guys in the park that day. Must have been some kind of party.

Since that didn’t work, I’d sweet-talked some of my regular clients into letting me bro-sit today at my house. I had three of the best and most memorable of our clients: Nicky Pike, Mallory’s eight-year-old brother who had totally turne doff by women by his sisters; Jackie Rodowsky, Walking Disaster; and Jamie Newton, who was only four, but had a baby sister who got all the attention. This was a primo group for machoism.

“You are boys now, but you will be men soon. And what do men like?”

Dead silence. Okay, this was weird.

“It starts with a B,” I prompted.

Jackie scrunched up his weird-ass Polish-Irish hybrid face. “Boogers?”

“No, you ignorant slut! Boobs! And bacon. Bacon boobs.”

“What are boobs?” Jamie asked.

“Boobs are the things that goes in bras,” Nicky informed him. “Also, you can wear them as hats.”

“Or parachutes!” Jackie said.

I stared at my charges in disbelief. These were the men of the future?

“Dudes! Focus! Do the man thing!” All three boys stood at attention and saluted. I loved the power I had over small children. “What separates women from men is that women have boobs. They are the best things in the world. They are soft, and beautiful, and my girlfriend won’t let me touch them. So, what I do a lot of is look at pictures of boobs on the Internet.”

“What’s the internet?” Nicky asked.

“Oh right, your family’s poor and can’t afford a computer. The internet is a magical series of tubes that produces porn.”

“What’s porn?”

I sighed. “Clearly, I have to start earlier.” Stupid Yankees and their prudishness. Mah daddy had shown me mah first porn when I was jest a li’l ol’ boy wadin’ in the crick.

Three videos later and Jackie and Nicky were totally onboard with the porn. Jamie had wandered off and was probably sticking his finger in a socket or something.

“So now, we are going to do the thing in the last video.”

Nicky looked skeptical. “I don’t think I can bend that way.”

“No, not that! Remember how the girl was wearing a bra that the guy ate off of her?”

“Ooh, it looked like a fruit roll-up!”

“Yes. But what’s better than fruit roll-ups?”

“Two fruit roll-ups?”

“Shut up, Nicky. The answer is bacon. Bacon is the best thing in the world, except for boobs. So, the absolute best thing in the world would be...”

“Three fruit roll-ups?”

“Nicky, go stand in the corner and cry. Jackie, do you know what the absolute best thing in the world would be?”

“Bacon boobs!”

“Exactly! So today, I’m going to teach you how to make a bra out of bacon.”

“Isn’t cooking kind of girly?” Nicky asked.

“Shut up, Nicky!” I turned back to Jackie. “Do you know how to make bacon?”

“Sure I do!”

Fifteen minutes later, I was calling an ambulance.