

# Max Alfred and the Pant-Sagging Maniacs!

Max Alkali Alfred. There're two things wrong with that name. First of all, Alkali sounds like "Alchaholey," but I can assure you that he doesn't drink alcohol. Otherwise, the setting of the story would take place in Juvenile Court! And you can't sag pants in court.

Second, Max's name provides no hindrance of a sagger. And yes, Max is one of those teenagers who think they're so cool, sagging their pants really low. And Max was careful of how low he sagged, because School Dress Code won't allow excessive sagging.

Whatever Dress Code says, Max just protests non-violently against it. And how does he do that? He just sags lower. And getting detention for that is another way of protesting.

Today, Max was at his middle-school lockers. He didn't realize his pants had just slipped below his bikini line. Although most people would be grossed-out by that, Max was quite comfortable. He acted relaxed, and stuck his hands in his pockets. He put on sunglasses to be "cool." Now it was time for recess!

At recess, Max played his favorite sport, Basketball. His friend, Quint Manhyro, was on the other team. Just as Max was about to intercept the ball, he remembered the number-one sagging rule. All sagers should avoid spreading their thighs apart too much, or else their pants might just rip in half. The thigh muscles will transfer too much

stress to the pants! Just as Max thought that, he immediately lessened his stride distance.

But it was too late. Max heard a "ZPP-PH" sound coming from his crotch. Oh, no! He quickly made a shot, and rushed to the bathroom. In fact, he was so fast that he accidentally scored for the other team without noticing. Adam, a team-mate, got angry at such a moronic layup. He grabbed the ball, and headed for the bathroom too.

Max locked himself in the stall. He was pondering whether to keep with the "Cool Dude" trend, or quit sagging altogether. Sagging his pants had brought him a lot of trouble. Perhaps he should bring a spare pair of jeans next time, just in case.

Max had been sagging his pants since third grade. On the first day of school, he always wants to give a good impression to boys. To do that, he ripped the latest "Dude Drool" Magazine off the grocery store shelf. Eventually, the latest fashion trend, sagging pants, stuck until middle school.

Quint had repeatedly told Max, "You're in middle school. You need to be mature. Whatever elementary school trend needs to get tossed out!" But Max disagreed. He believed "fashion trends" shouldn't pass by so fast. Sagging should still be a valid middle school trend!

Back then, Max knew little about the long-term effects on sagging. One time, he accidentally let his pants slip under his bladder. But a bully stole his pants, and he had to spend the rest of the day with his bottom half naked. And yes, Max doesn't wear underwear.

Max sighed. Then he saw an eyeball staring at him in-between a slit in the bathroom stall door. It was Adam, ready to take revenge on Max for his Basketball team. He was standing in his defensive crouch, holding a genuine NBA Basketball.

Max didn't understand why Adam's ball was real. His strange teammate is always into fake balls, perhaps it was for easier dribbling. But as dumb as Max is, he knows that real NBA balls are harder, and the phony ones are softer.

Max couldn't take it any longer. He unlocks the stall door briskly, ready to confront Adam. And to his surprise, there was a whole cluster of boys standing around him.

"Quit thinking you're so cool," Adam snarled. Max removed his sunglasses and pulled up his pants.

Quint takes out a sheet of paper out of his pocket. It was Max's science test, and he got a zero on it. Max quickly retreats by taking a cigarette out of his pocket.

Quint frowns. "That's not cool, man." To support Quint's claim, Adam reached back, and dunked the Basketball straight on Max's head. The force from the Basketball transferred into Max's skull, through his jawbones, and down the flesh on his chin. In fact, the hit was so great that Max's facial features yanked downwards.

As Max got back up, everyone started chortling loudly. It was Max's face, everything was sagging due to the Basketball's hit. He looked like a complete doofus! The other teenagers started laughing maniacally.

As they laughed, the skin on their jawbones started to drag downwards. The vibrations of their laughs shook their pants down. Now everyone including Max, is a master-sagger.

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