

# Max Alfred and the Quantum Mechanics Dilemma

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Max Alkali “Alcholey” Alfred is a seventeen-year-old smart-aleck. He’s smart at sagging and bagging his pants and cheekbones, but yeah, that’s about it. Even though he’s seventeen, he’s still in eighth grade.

It’s the first day of school. Specifically, Slap-Jack Middle School. As soon as Max wakes up, he runs to the bathroom and blasts diarrhea all over the toilet seat. Then he goes to the kitchen counter to take his “brain shrinking pills.”

Today he has to go to a new class he’s never been to before. Quantum Mechanics. Except for the fact that there was a substitute. She was obese, and the storage closet is filled with soda-cans with five-quadrillion kilograms of fat in them.

Max expected he had to learn about boring old physics he never understands, but the obese substitute wrote something on the board: “Mental Rteardation 101.”

“Hello, I’m Mrs. Stinkface,” the sub said. “And welcome to Mental Retardation 101. We hope-”

“Uh, you spelled ‘rteardation’ wrong,” Adam interrupts.

The Mrs. Stinkface erased the “Mental Retardation,” and replaced it with “Toilet-Sinking Sensation.” She continued, “As we all know, mental retardation is when the circumference of your brain is smaller than the diameter of your neck-size. So your brain might as well be 3.14 times smaller than your neck. How pathetic!”

Suddenly... “SWAG!” It was Adam, Max’s friend. He likes how Max is a master-sagger, but yeah, that’s about it.

“How dare you interrupt me, you slang-jack simpleton!” She whacks Adam’s face. But I guess his neck wasn’t screwed on tight, because his head flew straight off.

SMACK! The skull shatters into pieces. One particular bone fragment shoots off towards Max, and slices his right ear off.

“Oh, I’ll fix it, Mrs. Drink-Lace!” Max suggested. He went into the supply closet, and fetched a few soda cans. He stacked them one by one, until the headless Adam had a soda-face. “There, whaddya think ‘o that, Mrs. Drink-Lace?”

Mrs. Stinkface shook her head, and frowned. “It’s Mrs. Stinkface,” she corrected.

“Oh, yes, Mrs. Shrink-Case,” Max replied. He rested his arm on Adam’s soda-head. “Smart idea to replace his head with-YEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRGGG!”

Too many sodas stacked on top of each other won’t do good. And that’s right, because they just exploded.

But remember about the five quadrillion kilograms of fat? Quint, Max’s arch-nemesis (formerly friend), opened his mouth wide. He swallowed the exploding soda, and his belly instantly grown bigger. But you know what else happened instantly? He dies.

“Uh, Mrs. Shrink-Case, somebody did that,” Max says as he pointed to Quint laying on the floor, farting wildly.

“No, you did! Go to the office!” Mrs. Stinkface yells. “And by the way, it’s Mrs. Stinkface, not ‘Drink-Lace’ or ‘Shrink-Case’!”

Max thinks for a minute. “Yeah, but before I go, I’m gonna save a life.” He walks to the supply closet, and grabs several gallons of Elmer’s Glue. Super-permanent glue.

“What’re you doing?” Mrs. Stinkface asks.

“Gluing his skull back together,” Max replies. He started to squeeze white globs into Adam’s cranial mass.

“Aww, but not with twenty gallons for Pete’s Sake!”

“Oh, sure, that’ll do!” Max drenched his hand into the glue, and smeared it on his face. “How racist!” he remarked.

In the principal’s office, the teachers had a conference about Max’s past behavior.

“So, like, I was grading papers, and this chunk of poop explodes in my face!” Ms. Dumbo starts.

“Oh, wasn’t that your student, Fax Sharkhead?” Mr. Ness asked Mrs. Stinkface. For your information, his real name is Phlatt P. Ness.

“Uh, no,” Mrs. Stinkface replies. “That was Max Alfred. He claims he drinks gallons of denatured alcohol.”

“Is that true?” Ms. Dumbo confirms.

“WELL OF COURSE, YOU DEMENTED TOENAIL CLIPPER!”

“Yeah, but you ain’t have ’ta be so bushy about it!”

“Huh. Well I bet you have M.R!”

“What’s that? A low case of pant-sagging where the pant-line is at least ten meters-”

“Aww, no, no, no! It means when the circumference of your brain is smaller than the diameter of your neck-size. So your brain might as well be 3.14 times smaller than your neck.”

“Really?”

“WELL IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE SO!”

After a while, the teachers called Max into the office. “No, but I have to go-” Max complained.

“It’ll be all right,” the teachers assured.

“But-”

“No butts allowed, unless on the toilet.”

“Okay.”

“So, it looks like you’ve been misbehaving.”

“Ha-ha, only after you smacked Adam’s face off!”

“Don’t talk rude to the teachers.”

“Does this count as talking?” Max pulled down his pants (which are sagging down by thirty miles), and shoots a fiery blast of diarrhea at Mrs. Stinkface.

Aww, darn!