

Max Alfred Sags His Face Idiotically as a Doofus!

Max Alkali Alfred is his name. But after he got bonked on the head with a Basketball, his skull cracked. He couldn't think properly, so he changed his name to "Max Alchoholey Alfred."

The Middle School Council wasn't too happy about his name-change, but at least he didn't really drink alcohol. And I'm not talking about beer or wine, I mean pure alcohol!

Max used to have a friend named Quint Manhyro. But he got very annoyed with Max's "pant-sagging" fad.

Max was used to sagging his pants low ever since third grade, but now he learned his lesson. He's never going to get detention for sagging ever again! But how could he ever quit? Max was particularly unhappy about quitting his favorite fashion trend, so he's thinking about other ways to sag.

It was a hard time to go through as a sag-addict. So now he sags his face! I mean, it's logically correct. If you can't sag your pants, why not sag your face? But common sense proves it just weird.

Today's the first day of school in seventh grade, and Max was still snoring in bed. Drooling saliva was leaking everywhere, and Max had no idea it was already seven-o'clock.

Then the alarm went off. Max was so startled that he tumbled straight off his bed! "Oh yeah," Max murmured. "It's time for school." But to his surprise, his leg was broken from falling off his bed. Now what?

Max limps downstairs. He felt no pain in his leg at all, because he was drunk from drinking an alcoholic soda. But the Council still thought the name-change is a practical joke, and had no clue Max does drink alcohol.

And the alarm was still left blaring.

Anyways, Max grabs several sheets of construction-paper and an Elmers Glue-All bottle. He glues the paper to his broken leg. "There!" Max exclaims. "A perfect cast!" But then the cast gets soggy, and glue seeps everywhere.

Max heard the notorious rumble of the school bus. He didn't even get to eat breakfast! Briskly, he snatches his backpack and races out the door. But it turns out he grabs it too hard, because the handle ripped off. Max groaned, and put on his backpack.

The bus driver had a poster on his wind-shield that said, "Don't drink and drive." Apparently the driver had no relation with that poster, because there was a green beer-bottle right there! The driver got drunk. His arm accidentally hit the "close door" lever, and Max crashed into the bus's folding doors.

The driver got startled, and he opened the doors for Max to get in. Eventually, Max had to go to the middle-school nurse to get a real cast for his broken leg. Also, he got a helmet for his cracked skull.

When Max returned to class, Adam was standing in the doorway. He was kneeled slightly, with a Basketball in his hands. The last time Max got dunked in the head with a ball, it was a genuine NBA ball. But this time, he could tell it was phony due to the pooppy smell to it.

SLAM-DONG-K! The Basketball hit Max's head again. But with his helmet on, the Basketball just bounced off of it and hit Adam instead.

Adam didn't get back up. He was still laying on the ground. It turns out that the ball was very hard and bouncy, a common characteristic of fake Basketballs. Adam's nose had been hit, and the nasal-bone pierced his brain!

Max suggested, "Hey, why not use these?" He pulls out a pack of cigarettes. Quint just shakes his head.

"Dude," Quint replied. "You're do stupid! Cigarettes? Seriously?"

"It's just adult humor," Max complained. That was a convincing excuse, but Quint didn't give in.

He slapped Max's face. "Well, we're not adults yet!"

"Oh yeah?" Max challenges as he punches Quint's face. The force from the punch threw Quint's cheeks sideways, and his tongue wobbled wiskily. His eyeballs cross-eyed, and he finally flew across the classroom.

Quint's facial features were dragging downwards. Oh, no! First it was Max Alfred, then it's Quint Manhyro. Who's the real master-sagger?

Max tried to prove he sags his face more. So he just pulled his eyeballs until they stretched a long distance, and let go. The bloodshot eyeballs sagged all the way to the ground!

"No," Quint disagreed. "Watch this!" He pulls his eyebrows, cheeks, and chin-skin directly to the floor all at the same time. As he released the flesh, they were all sagging violently.

Max's facial expression looked smug. He simply trotted down the hall to the Lamination Room. He stuck his face into the lamination machine, and closed it on top of his skin. Then he stared to extract plastic. What's he planning to do?

Max walked down the hall, but the skin on his cheeks were still caught in the machine. The skin is stretching down the hall! Then Max heard a "BEEP." The machine let go of the skin, and the stretched-out cheek-skin fell on the floor. The skin dragging from his cheeks were almost a hundred feet long!

"Now look how far I can sag my face," Max concluded to Quint. Quint just rolled his eyes.

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