

SUCH A WACKY FAMILY,
MAGALI!

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LA TIRA



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SUCH A WACKY FAMILY,
MAGALI!

NÚRIA BUSQUET

MÀRIAM BEN-ARAB

Translated by **ANDY MCDUGALL**



1

A PROPER INTRODUCTION

Hello everyone!

My name is
Magali ButterBun,
I hate maths
and spinachs.



I Love soccer and cheese. At school I have a homeroom teacher, whose name is Dorothy. If you ever happen to talk to her, don't let her know I've been telling you things about her. I wouldn't want her to think that I pay any attention when she speaks. It's a tradition: since the beginning of time students from all over the world have always pretended not to pay any attention to what teachers say.



And Dorothy always tells us that whenever we speak to new people, we need to introduce ourselves properly.

Stories should always start from the very beginning and, before telling anything to anyone, you need to use the key question words, which are the following ones:

WHO?

WHERE?

WHEN?

WHY?



Hi, Dorothy.

WHO?

My name is Magali Butterbun and I'm ten years old.

Magali, there's no need for you to raise your hand or introduce yourself, because I already know who you are.



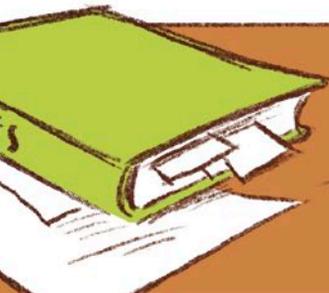
Please, don't interrupt me, Dorothy. I'm starting the story from the very beginning.

WHERE?

I'm a 7th grader at the public school in Upper Lowshire, in Frangorn County.

WHEN?

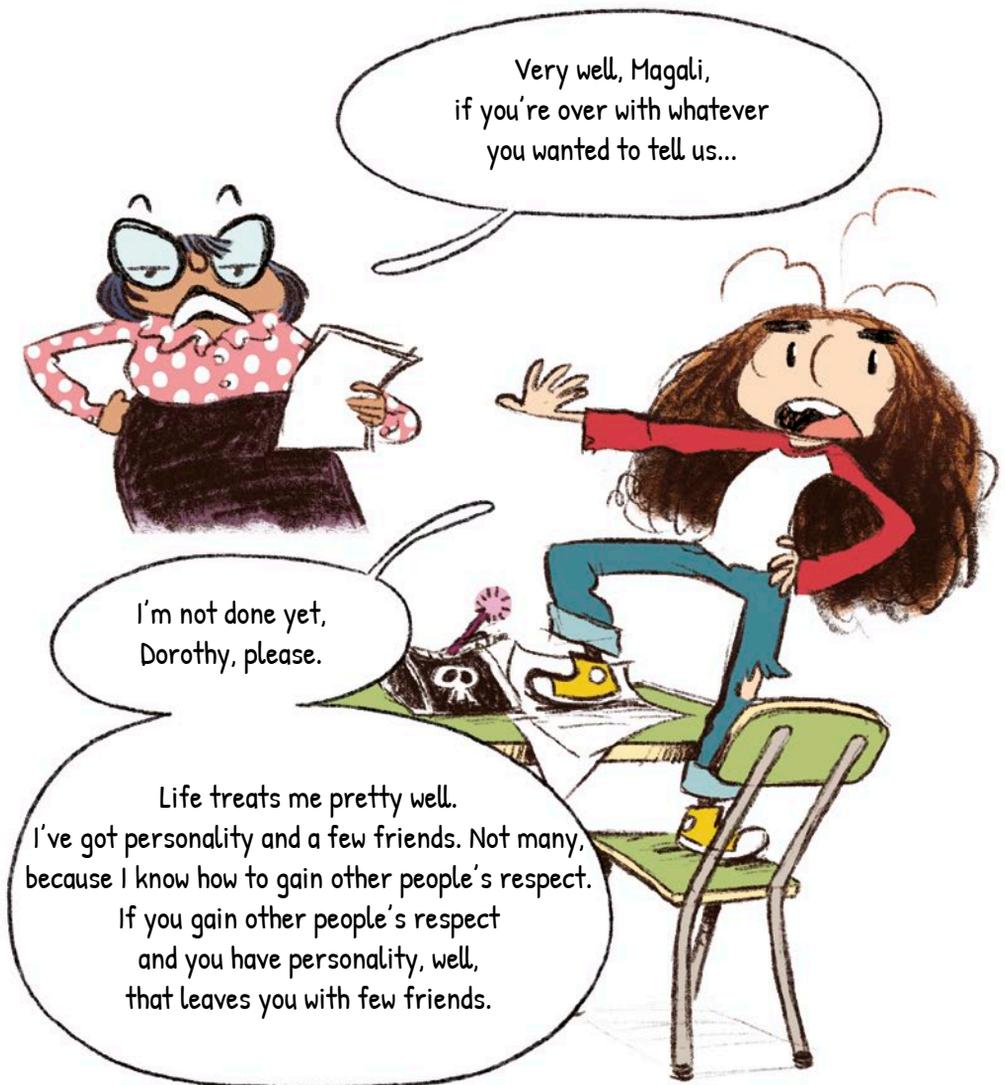
I attend school every day except on Saturday, Sunday and when it's a holiday. I don't go there either during breaks. **WHY?** Well, let me very clear about it: if I go there it is because they force me to, namely my parents.



My mother thinks going to school is a must, as long as I'm not forced to do anything «which has to do with wild capitalism or government mass control».



I guess I will have to attend school for many years to come. Now I'm ten: I'm much more mature than when I was only nine and have gained a lot of experience in life. And this provides lots of upsides: you can make fun of small kids, seize their ball while at playground time and, of course, teach them the ancient tradition of paying NO attention to teachers.



My mother also has personality and gains other people's respect. That's why she's got few friends. She says a lot of things because she's always talking. I pretend I don't listen to her, the same I do with Dorothy, and that's why she's always shouting:



I'm being grounded quite often, that's a new one, right? Well, not really often but everyday, more like, and always in a most unfair way. When I swear, unintentionally, my mother says it's because I have personality and that I'd better swear instead of being sworn and all of this while I'm smiling. But after saying that to me, I'm always grounded.



Mother, if you allow me,
you're using your position of power
to force your ideas on me. You're grounding me
because you know you can.

GROOOOUNDED!!!

My dad says that this tendency to swear may have something to do with an unsophisticated upbringing. We should talk more about things and read more about universal thinkers, that is wise people. Dad is a lawyer, and



This is happening to us because of your mother, who didn't want you or your siblings to go to Saint Michael's School, along with your stepsiblings. Had you attended that school, you would all be well-spoken and well-read! Because, as Rousseau would say, blah, blah, blah...

Do flies poop?

If I mix up shampoo and powder cocoa, I'm sure my hair will smell like chocolate...

I love quinoa... Beyoncé, does she eat it?

he sorts everything out by talking. He talks and talks, until people stop listening to him. It seems that at his job this is normal, but at home...



Polo match on Saturday.
Hooray!

Pretty please,
make them buy me
the Play Cool 2000.

Blimey,
I'm not being paid
enough to put up
with this lot.

You are a real pain in
the ass when you get
intellectual.

Now that I'm ten I'm beginning to imagine that grown-ups don't really know what they are doing. When they are with other grown-ups they pretend they control the situation, but we kids know it's not true.



Charlie, my stepfather, says that there's a lot of iron in spinachs. Thing is, if it's so, why are they so light?

I think it's a kind of special iron, invented by NAFA, the North-American Flying Agency, I went to Florida to visit their facilities. When I grow up I'll own a rocket, I take it you already know that, don't you...?

Grown-ups who are around us give us contradictory information, which means they never agree on anything. Sometimes we need to pick who we have to listen to. It's most stressing.

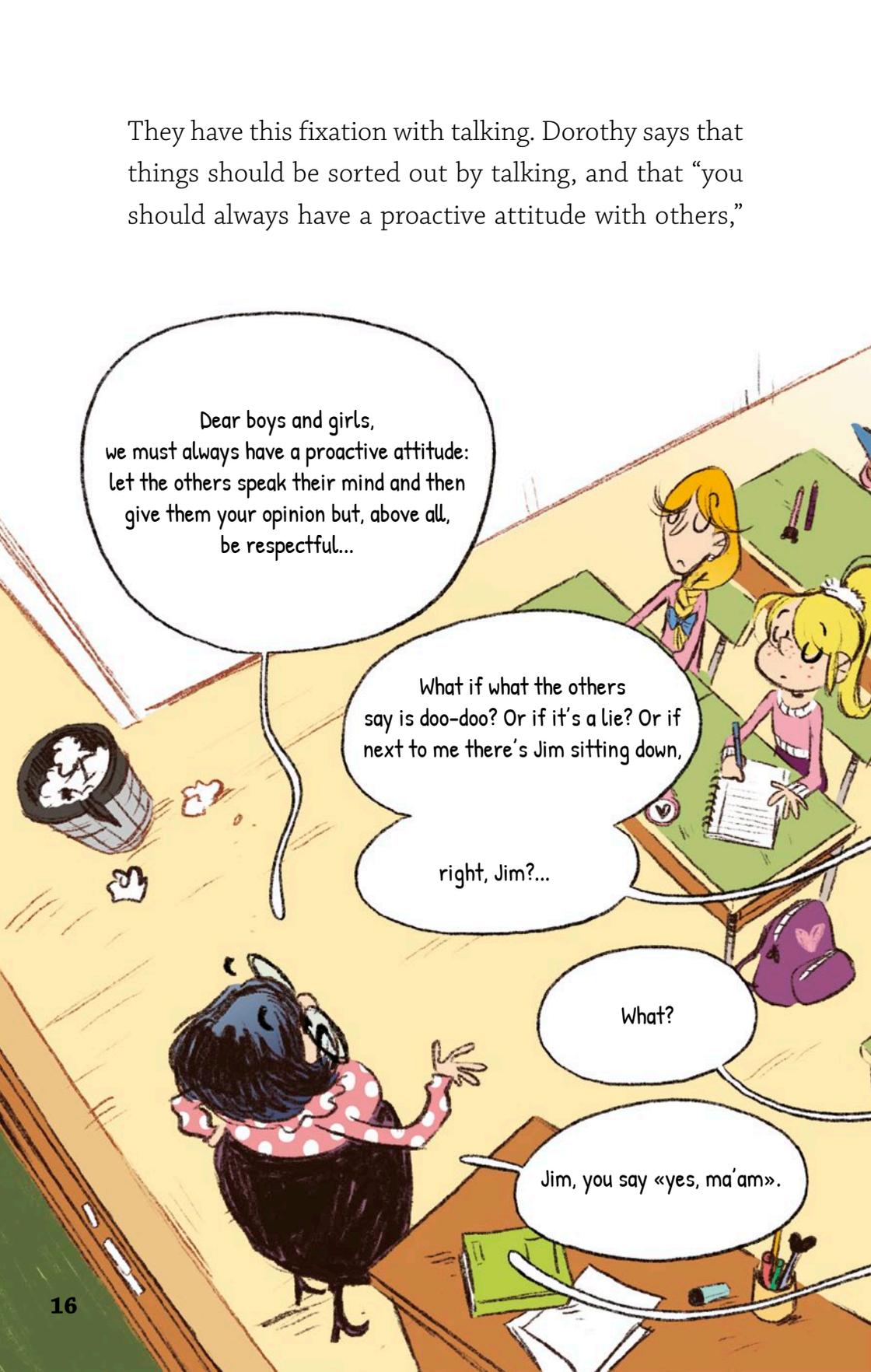


Maybe, Max.
Second question: if spinachs are delicious,
why do I find them so revolting?

I think
grown-ups lie to us because
they find it amusing when they
see us do what they tell us to.
They abuse their power.

Everybody does that
with their juniors: We, 7th graders,
do it with 6th graders, for example.
That's why we need to break free.

They have this fixation with talking. Dorothy says that things should be sorted out by talking, and that “you should always have a proactive attitude with others,”



Dear boys and girls,
we must always have a proactive attitude:
let the others speak their mind and then
give them your opinion but, above all,
be respectful...

What if what the others
say is doo-doo? Or if it's a lie? Or if
next to me there's Jim sitting down,

right, Jim?...

What?

Jim, you say «yes, ma'am».

which means that you should let others talk and you should listen, and if you have something to say, raise your hand.



... am I supposed to wait until he's finished breathing to let him know I don't like him breathing? Wait, Dorothy, hold your tongue as I'm not done yet. What am I supposed to do if Max...?

Enough is enough. Alright, let's open our book on page 53...

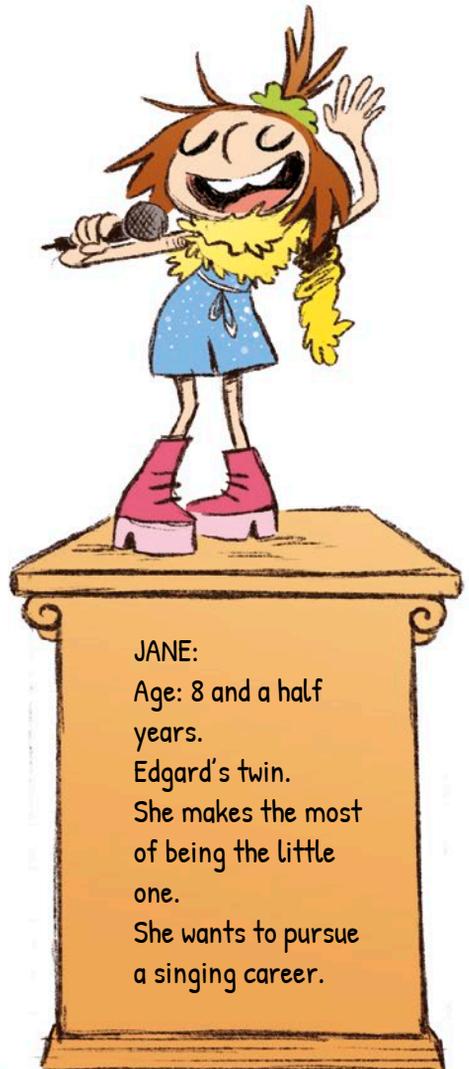
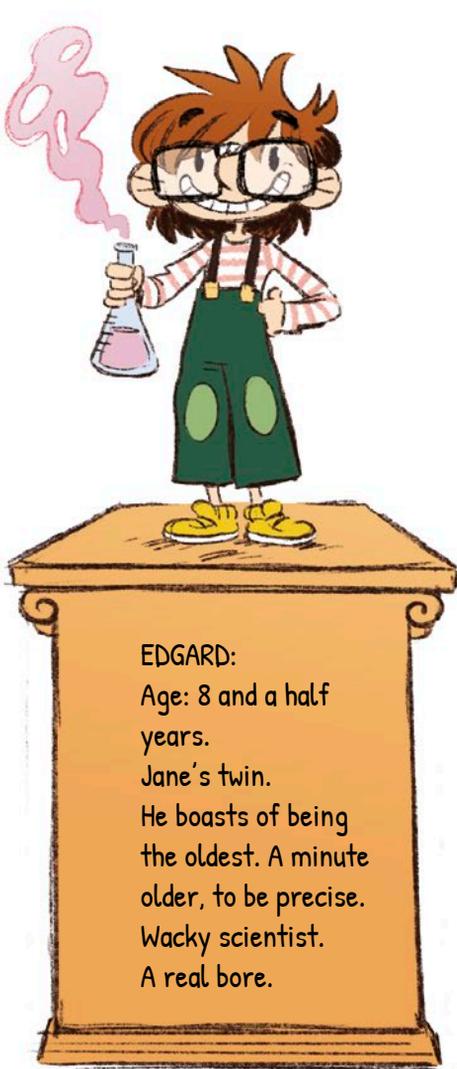
Whenever she doesn't want to answer me, Dorothy does this, and then the *goody-goody girls* in the class, especially Olivia Ponytail, tuck their hair behind their ears, obey immediately and do what they're asked, and me... Well, I just feel like throwing up.



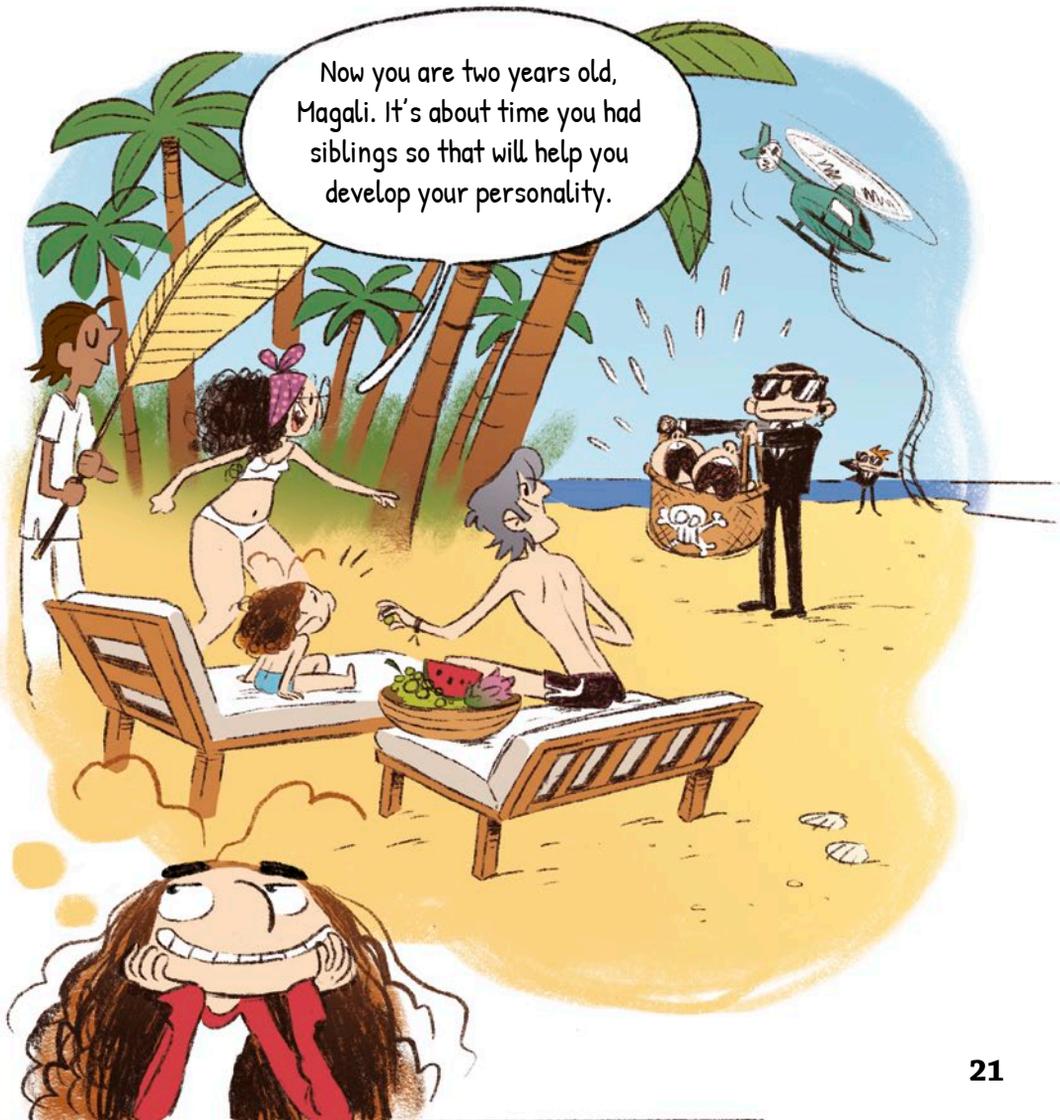
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A WACKY FAMILY

I want to begin the next chapter in my story to talk about two people with whom I'm not proactive at all: my siblings. I've got a bunch of them: a brother, a sister and two stepbrothers. I will talk about them later on. I'm the senior in the house and this is a big responsibility. Thing is I'm never thanked for anything.



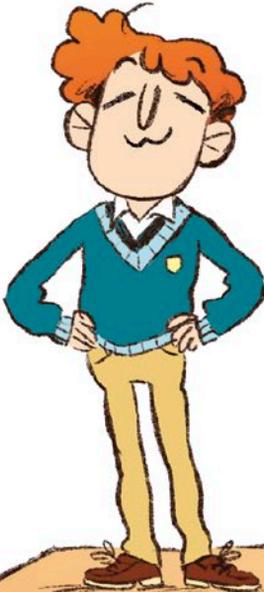
I used to be very happy before I had any siblings. I had everything I could wish for: I lived with my parents on a private island, on a rich people's yacht, eating fries and drinking Coke or Fanta. That was until the arrival of a bunch of men in Black, who left on the beach a small black basket with a white skull painted on it. Inside the Basket there were two horrible newborns, who wouldn't stop screaming.



The two monsters who were inside the Basket were so ugly that my parents hesitated, but in the end we decided to keep them because on the private island lived some murderous goblins that would eat every single person who didn't belong in our family and, since we have feelings, we didn't want them to get killed, no matter how horrible they were and how much they screamed.



Having little siblings is like having maths class or eating spinachs: it doesn't hurt you, but it's unbearable. Sharing a mother and a father, two stepfathers, grandparents, uncles and aunts and two houses. I also share a dog and a cat, two ponies, a turtle and a gold fish. And two stepbrothers, Aaron and Jeremy.



JEREMY:
Age: 11.
Aaron's brother.
Plays polo.
He is rich and
attends a private
school.



AARON:
Age: 9.
Jeremy's brother.
He plays video games.
He is rich and
attends a private
school.

My parents don't live together. They all have their own house. My mother lives with Charlie, who is my step-father on my mother's side, in a very small apartment right in the middle of the village, and my father lives

1. I HAVE TWO HOUSES



with Nigel, my stepfather on my father's side, in a ranch in the suburbs, along with Nigel's whole family. My mother says they are filthy rich. Having such big families has its advantages:

2. THERE ARE ALWAYS PEOPLE



My grandmother often gets angry and says that it is just her luck to have such a messy family. It is clear that for her being loved by a lot of people is not nice. My grandfather John never says anything as he doesn't want to risk it and upset my grandmother, and my great-grandmother Mila, who lives with them, doesn't talk much either, because she usually devotes herself to playing hevi-metal music with her band and eating summersalties, the typical pastry from Upper Lowshire.



Grandma Mila plays in a hevi band and eats summersalties galore, which means lots of them, dunked in sweet wine to wash them down. She also likes threatening teens from high school with her walking stick as well as dozing off while she watches a soap opera on TV after lunchtime, right after the news.



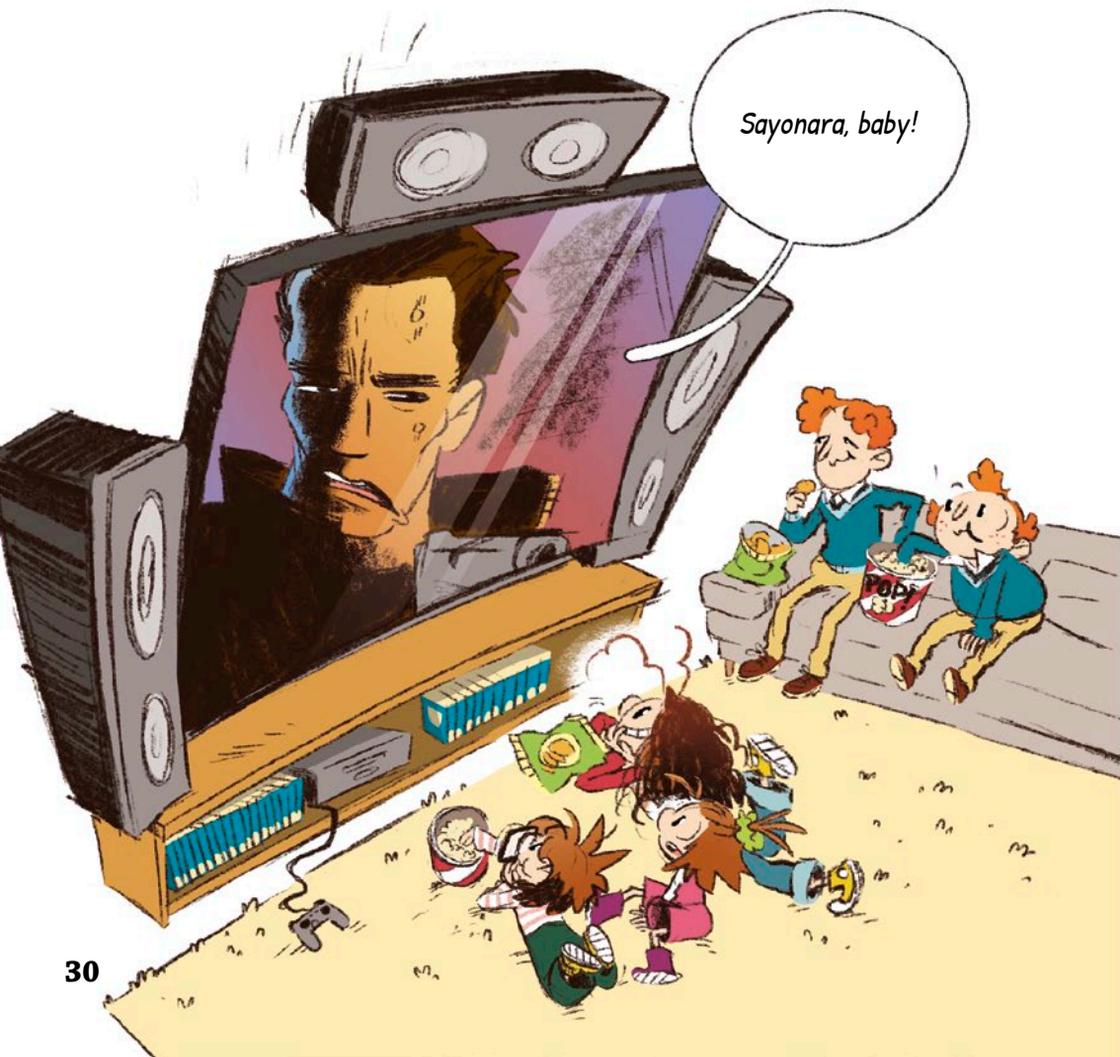
I also like watching that soap opera, but at my mother's we have no TV set. She claims it's like a drug all ready to be injected into the innocent minds of children. If we



watch it too much when we grow up we'll end up being a bunch of twats and the system will manipulate us in any way it wants.



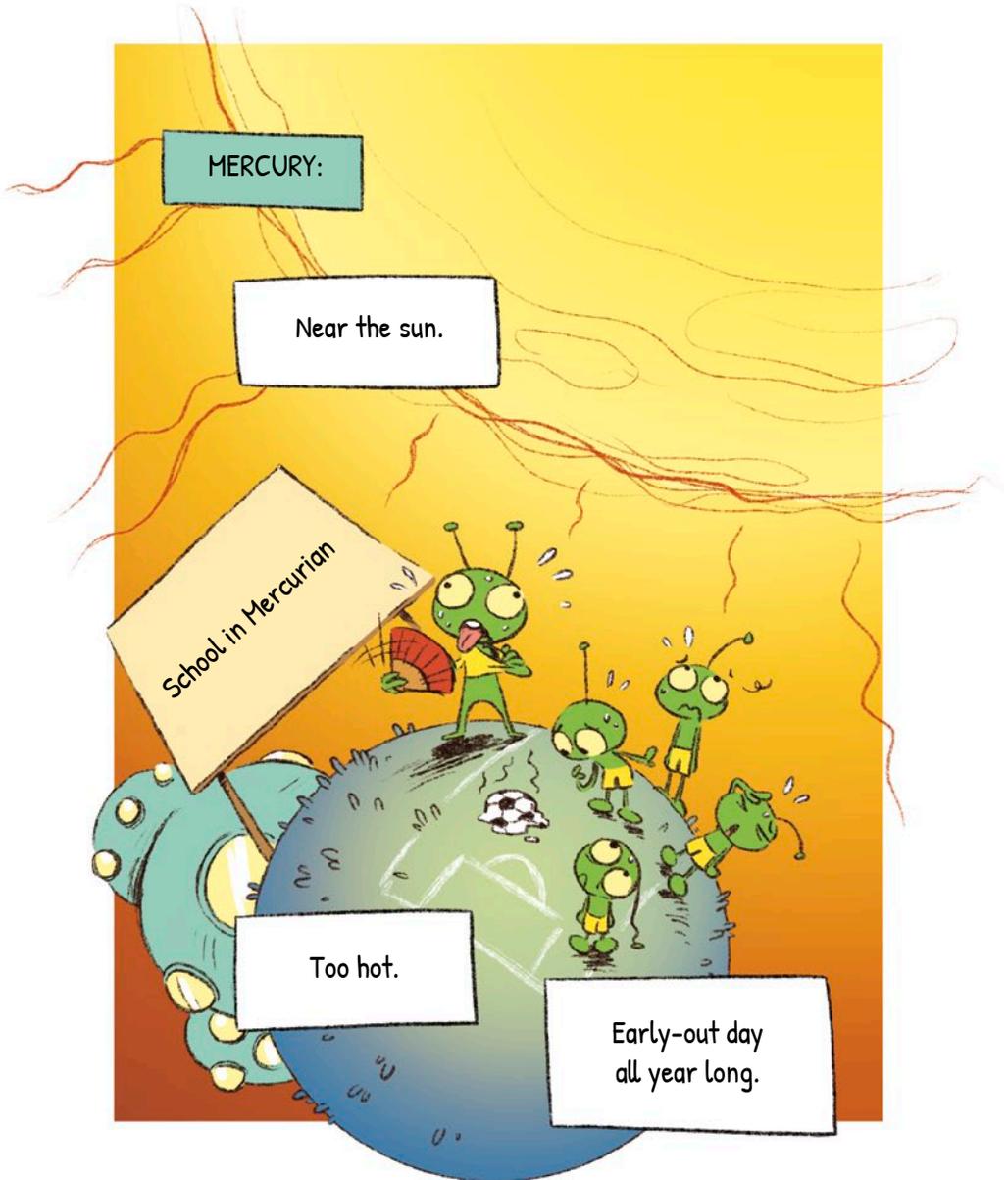
When we are at mum's apartment we pretend we are innocent-minded and look at the scenery, we play, we fight, and then mum gets angry. On the other hand, when we are at dad's ranch, we are all silent and dad never gets angry, because we have a 200-inch Bolby Russound TV that takes up the entire wall. Dad has been watching it much, much longer than me, and he still hasn't ended up being a twat.



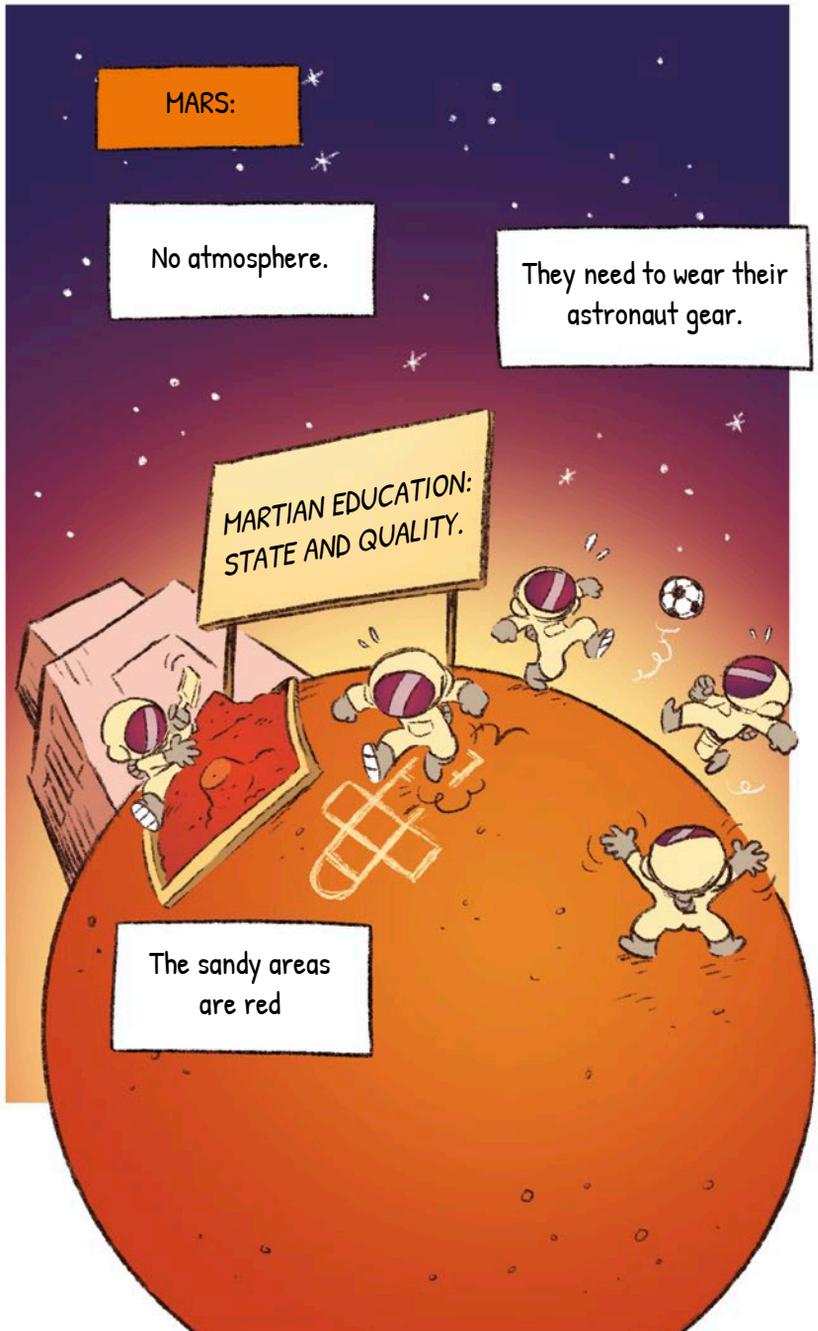
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**THE BEST SCHOOL
IN THE GALAXY**

My school is the best one in the galaxy. I'm perfectly aware that there may be a better one, but I don't know it, which must be because it is found on a planet which has not been discovered yet. And the best thing about



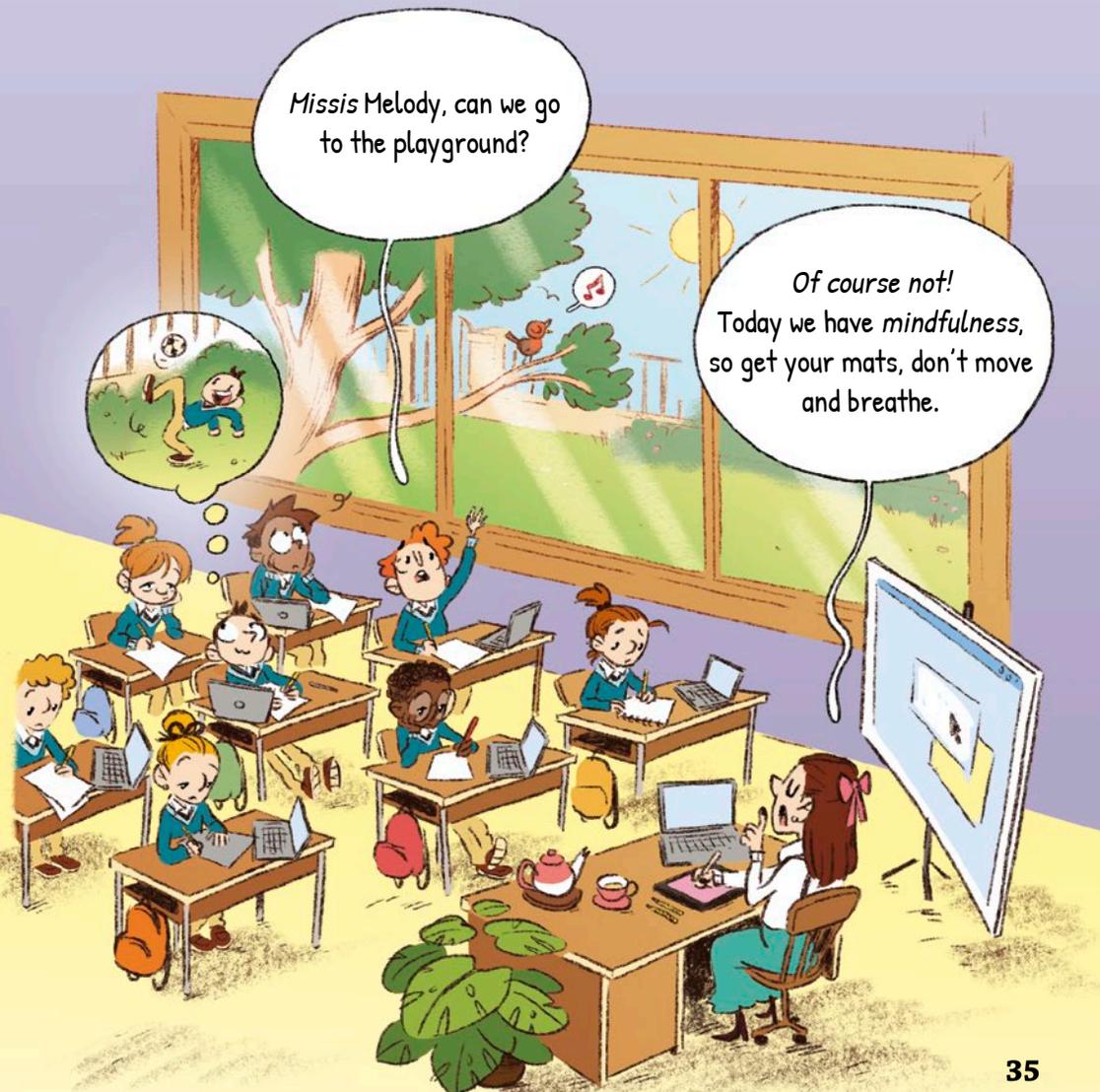
my school is, obviously, when it's playground break. On some planets, kids are not allowed to leave their classrooms to go to the playground:



I'm lucky enough to live in Upper Lowshire and our school is the best one, there's no doubt about that. It has a big, nice playground, some trees and a soccer field, wooden sheds and a teepee, which happens to be a camping tent with a ridiculous name. It's a state school and that means we don't wear a uniform, the teachers go on strike and we don't use eyepods.



Aaron and Jeremy study at a very expensive private school, because my stepfather's family is filthy rich. They look just regular boys, but at school they make them wear Parry Hotter costumes, they have to comb their hair and wear shoes and they use an *eyepod* wherever they go. At playground time, instead of playing, they have to do *mainfulness*.



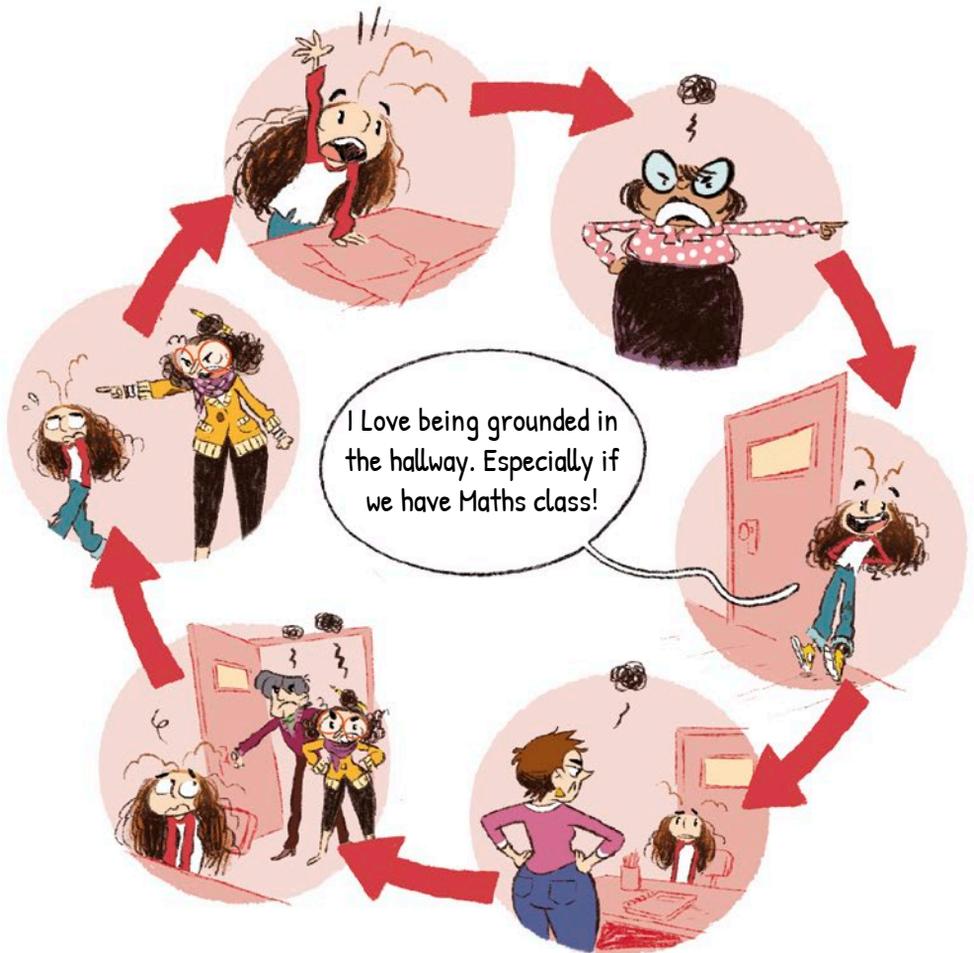
Jeremy, my eldest stepbrother, is one year older than me and is an eighth grader. He claims he speaks perfect English because he spends summer breaks at Oddfour with Aaron. Rich kids go to Oddfour to learn English. We spend our summers at Coldbank-on-Ferdvalley. It is also cool and there are green meadows, but it's your typical village with horses and cows.



My school has a flaw, which is called Jim Fatface. He's a bit of an ass and is always teasing me. To top it up, he gets on my nerves because he breathes like Varth Deider, from the movie *Wart Stars*:



Dorothy is my homeroom teacher. I like her a lot. I have to help her understand things, because she's a little bit scatterbrain and doesn't realise we kids need our freedom. She blushes when I raise my hand and sometimes I get on her nerves. Then begins the usual cycle. I'm a traditional lass:



The best thing in my school is Lara, my best friend. She's a very nice girl and she never gets grounded. What we share in common is that we both like French fries and chesse, we both have tiresome siblings and we get carried away with yellow color. We also hate the *goody-goody girls* in class.



Towards the end of the school year we will escape from school and walk to the port of Mardengoles. We will take a boat and sail to the first island we can find. I will talk to the orcs who live there and create a civilization of nice children without parents. Obviously, I will be the president of the island and its official language, of course, will be Martian:



*Khilom tokakh milung
Magalina!*

That is, I'm Magali,
your president and you will do
as told. From now on,
spinachs and maths are banned
on this island!

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