

**PUT THE CORRECT DATE ABOVE EACH PARAGRAPH. (YOU NEED TO FIND THEM IN THE STORY)**

I thought about asking Isabella over for dinner, to take another crack at changing her mind, but Isabella, like all my friends, sort of doesn't know how to interpret a dinner invitation.

Everybody is aware of my mom's cooking challenges, even the teachers.

Anytime Angeline wants to, she can flip her hair in one direction or the other and shoot a delicious waft of fragrance right at your unsuspecting nose.

Fortunately, I had the foresight to make a candy necklace out of Roloids, so I can kind of medicate myself throughout the meals. Dad's not so lucky.

But when Miss Bruntford took a bite of the meat loaf, and her mouth was filled with the flavor that many have described as a combination of a petting zoo in July and a burning bag of hair, well, I have to tell you, it was a beautiful, beautiful moment.

I think that's kind of like saying that recording a song is the same as singing one, but Miss Anderson is one of the few teachers I really really like, so I only performed a mild dirtylook when she said it.

I called Isabella to see if she wanted to do something today, but her mom said she was at the mall with her dad. I could hardly believe it! Isabella has identified the five most embarrassing things a dad can do in public, and her dad does four of them.

**TUESDAY 10**

**SATURDAY 07**

**THURSDAY 05**

**WEDNESDAY 04**

**MONDAY 02**

**SUNDAY 01**