

## Deep in the Homeroom of Doom

after the "Give Yourself Goosebumps" series  
by R. L. Stine

### Page 1

You are in 9th grade at a private Catholic college-prep high school. You are not Catholic. You have never heard of Lacoste Birkenstock, or the NorthFace. Detention here is called Justice Under God. Khaki is not your best color. You've got to find a way to survive your freshman year! But first you'll have to figure out how to be cool.

*Turn to Page 2*

### Page 2

Kelsi Carroll is cool. Way cool. Blonde, blue-eyed Kelsi's double polo collar is perfectly popped. Her Birkenstocks curl like baby otters around her socks. She invites you to a party at her house tomorrow night jots her number down and signs her name with a tiny heart over the i.

*To ask your mom if you can go to Kelsi's party, turn to Page 23*  
*To ignore the invitation, go home and watch Boy Meets World reruns alone, turn to Page 48*

### Page 23

You call your mom at work to ask about the party. She asks for Kelsi's Mom's number, wants to call and make sure parents will be home, make sure there will be no dark unsupervised basements full of drugs and heavy petting.

*If you grow a pair and ask Kelsi for her mom's number, turn to Page 30*  
*If you chicken out and tell Kelsi you can't make the party, turn to Page 70*  
*If you give up on trying to be cool and go watch Boy Meets World, turn to Page 48*

The next day in homeroom you ask Kelsi for her mom's number. She gasps and stares at you in shock as her Blackberry clatters to the ground. The classroom falls silent and four rows of pale stank faces turn to you like a plot of spotlights. Your face catches fire! The chemistry teacher has to extinguish your burning skull. Who said black girls can't blush?

THE END

After school, you plop down on the couch to watch *Boy Meets World*. As the opening credits roll, you begin to feel bloated. Your belly swells. You reach for the remote and realize your arm is rooted to the cushion! Is that the smell of burning french fries or your pubescent B.O.? Guess you should have listened to Mom about watching all that television. You really did become a couch potato in

THE END

You can't bear the idea of asking Kelsi to ask her mom to talk to your mom about the likelihood of dry humping or mary-g-wanna going on at the party. So in homeroom the next day you make up a lie about needing to babysit your siblings. You say you don't have a ride to the North Side, your train stops running, you wouldn't have a way home. The words drool from your mouth and come out garbled like grownups' voices on Saturday cartoons. Kelsi listens until her smile goes slack. You never get another invitation.

THE END

**Epilogue**

In later years, you stalk Facebook pictures of Kelsi's friend group and try to imagine yourself there: at the beach picnics, the ugly Christmas sweater parties, the prom night dinners and trips to Michigan lake houses. Your cheeks muscular from fake smiles at their lunch table. Their mothers' fridges full of milk, your good manners and stomachaches. The arches of your feet fallen from wearing knockoff Birkenstocks you begged your mother to buy. The boys you partied with but never touched. Your father staying late after work at the hospital to pick you up. The girls unsure how to hold your hair back when you had too much.