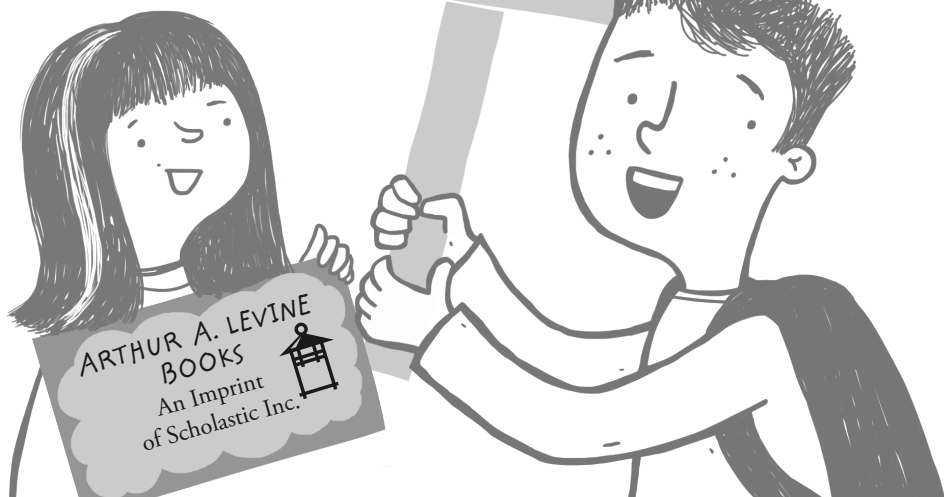


GREG PINCUS

The
Homework

STRIKE



ARTHUR A. LEVINE
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History's a mystery.

Science is a curse.



My English grade could use some aid —

My math one's even worse.



My Spanish skill is nearly nil.

PE's like a punch.

The only class I think I'll pass
in middle school is lunch!

1

Maple syrup is good on pancakes, but it's really terrible on homework.

Gregory K. was reminded of this simple fact as he hurried to finish a sheet of math problems while devouring breakfast—and dripping syrup—at the same time.

“Ugh. Right on the three problems I’ve already done,” Gregory moaned as he grabbed a napkin. “What are the odds?”

“The odds are terrible,” his older brother, O, said from the far end of the dining room table, “since the odds were poor that you really got three problems

done in the first place. Oh. Wait. You didn't say got them done right."

Gregory rubbed the napkin on the spill, leaving big chunks of shredded paper behind on his homework.

"You know," his younger sister, Kay, chimed in, peering over the cover of *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows*, "if you just add some bacon and eggs to that page, you could feed it to the dog and you'd have the perfect homework excuse."

"He has the perfect excuse already." O smiled. "He's Gregory K."

"My perfect excuse is that I have to live with you," Gregory said as he dripped water onto the homework sheet in an attempt to de-napkinize it.

"Believe what you want to believe, little brother." O grabbed his own plate and headed into the kitchen. "And by the way, 212, 397, 11 with remainder 4, 22, 3, 14, 6.2, 9.9, 10, and 14. You're welcome."

Gregory glared at his brother until he was no longer in sight, then quickly grabbed his pencil from the tabletop and wrote frantically on his wet, sticky homework.

"You don't really believe those were the right answers, do you?" Kay asked her scribbling brother.