

# INTRODUCTION



## PROFILE\*

Name: Jimmy Bishop (me)

Age: 11

Occupation: Kid

Interests: Crime fighters, vampires, dogs, not girls

\**STOP! POLICE!*—which is my all-time-favorite TV show, by the way—does these cool profiles of all the new characters on every episode. So I thought I'd do it too. It's not like I'm stealing the idea or anything. Just paying tribute to it. There's a difference. I think.

## I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

You're thinking that just because I love crime fighters, vampires, and dogs, I made up the whole thing about having a crime-fighting vampire dog.

Well, I didn't. It's all true.

Here are three reasons why you know I'm telling the truth.

REASON ONE: First of all, if I was going to invent a crime-fighting vampire dog, do you think I would name her Abby? No. I would name her something totally vampire-ish. Like Hexomitrus.

REASON TWO: If I made up the part about Abby being a crime-fighting vampire dog, why wouldn't I make up the whole rest of the story? Like, why wouldn't I also just say I was the most popular kid in the whole school, a world-champion long-distance runner, and extremely, extremely handsome?

And REASON THREE: This story is so crazy that I don't think *anybody* could have made it up. Not even Elroy Evans, writer of the greatest vampire books ever, or Stanley Murdock, creator of the greatest TV show ever.

So, yeah. What you're about to read is the absolute, exact truth.

I swear!



# PART ONE

THE BLOTCH

# TUESDAY, AUGUST 26



I'M ONE OF THOSE KIDS WHO LIKES TO STAY busy, because it helps me forget that I don't have a lot to do.

Which makes sense, right?

That's why, on the morning of August 26, I wasn't just eating cereal.

I was also searching for funny dog videos on the computer.

And I was watching YouTube clips of my favorite old TV show—*STOP! POLICE!*

And I was rereading a Jonah Forrester book—*Fang Goodness*—for approximately the six hundred and twenty-eighth time.

In other words, Tuesday, August 26, was a typical summer morning, until my sister, Misty, walked into the

kitchen, looked at me, and dropped her phone.

“EW!” she screamed. “Jimmy, you have a huge blotch on your face!”

**FACT:** There’s never a good time for a blotch to suddenly appear on your face, but some times are worse than others. And 8:24 in the morning, two days before the first day of fifth grade, is probably just about the worst time of all.



By the way, I had no idea what a blotch was.

“What’s a blotch?” I asked Misty.

“A big, disgusting, gross mark!” she explained happily.