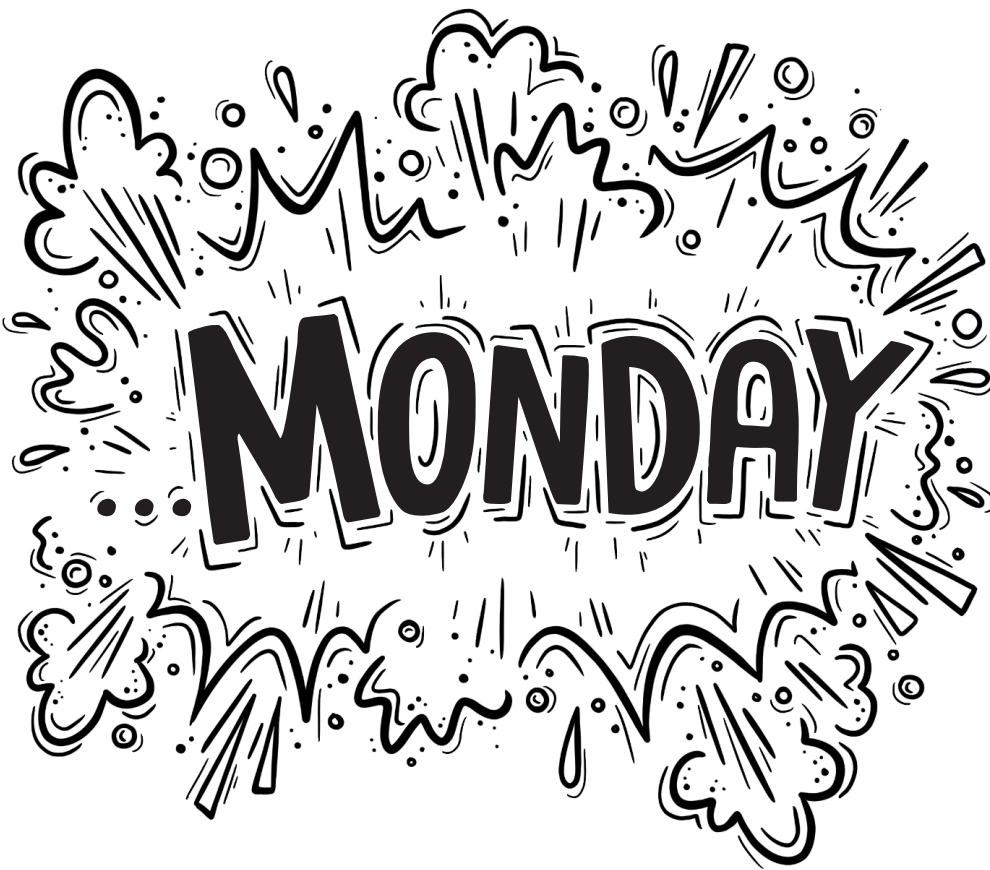


EVA AMORES & MATT COSGROVE



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AND
IT ALL
STARTS
HERE!

5:00 a.m.

“WAKE UP!”

TV moms wake up their kids with a loving kiss on the forehead. A delicate, gentle shake. A soft, singsong whisper of “time to rise and shine.”

My mom is **NOT** a TV mom.

“**WAKE UP!**”

She is standing in my bedroom doorway, flicking the light switch on and off. Like this...



CLICK!

Each burst of light stabs at my eyes. I try to pull my covers over my face, but they are whipped off my body.

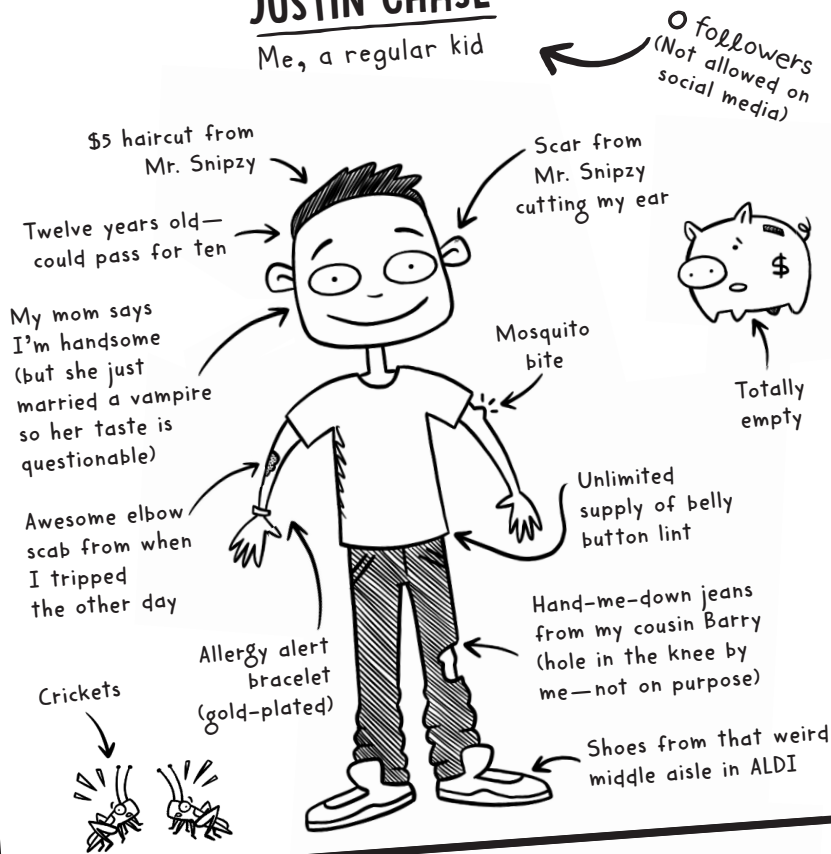
“Up. Now! We’re leaving in twenty minutes, Justin Chase.”

That's me. **Justin Chase**. Not the international pop star Justin Chase. It's pretty easy to tell us apart!

CAN YOU SPOT

JUSTIN CHASE

Me, a regular kid

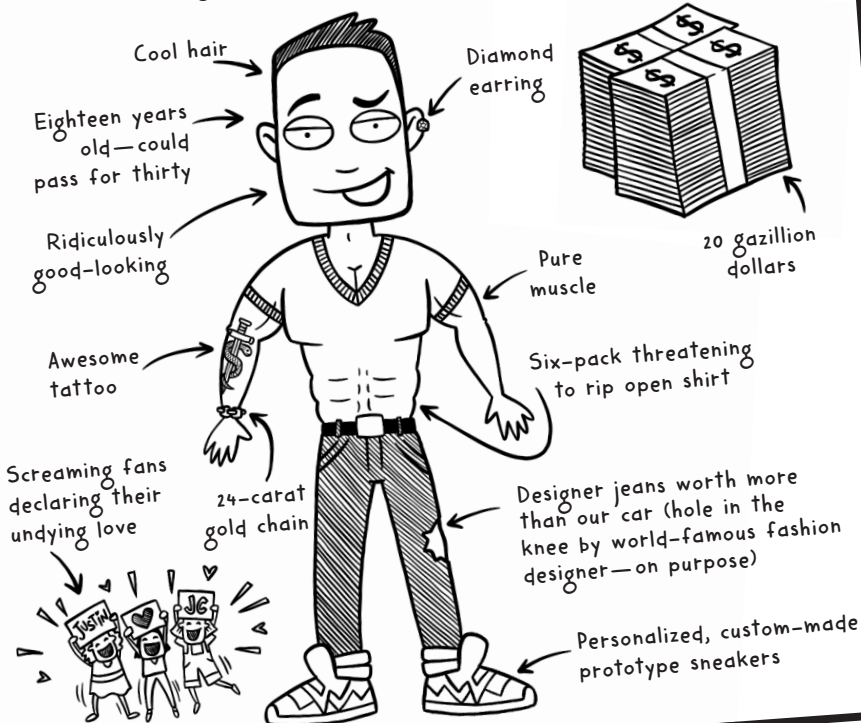


THE DIFFERENCE?

JUSTIN CHASE

International recording superstar
& teen heartthrob

27 million
followers
on social media



Um, yeah. So basically all we have in common is our name. And for me, it's a **CURSE!**

5:10 a.m.

“Hurry up! We’re leaving in ten minutes!”

That’s my mom. She’s tiny, but don’t be fooled. Do **NOT** mess with this lady. Repeat: **DO NOT MESS WITH THIS LADY!**

Her name is Angelica Mary-Grace Joy Manalo Dela-Cruz, but everyone calls her **Angel**. Except me.

I call her **“YES, MOM!”**

She’s a registered nurse.

She speaks three languages.

She runs marathons.

She knows martial arts.

She’s **NEVER** late.

DO NOT MESS WITH HER.

Also, she gives **great hugs!**

Just not right at this exact moment in time.

“MOVE IT, MISTER!”



Other important Mom info:

LIKES

- Rules
- Cat videos

DISLIKES

- Rule breaking
- Rule breakers
- Rule bending
- Rule ignoring
- Rule forgetting
- Rule flouting
- Rule questioning
- Frogs

5:19:50 a.m.

Then IT begins.

“TEN SECONDS! TEN, NINE...”

My mom loves a countdown.

She should work at NASA! →



I congratulate myself for already being fully dressed.

Sleeping in my clothes was a stroke of genius!

“EIGHT, SEVEN...”

I grab my pre-packed overnight bag. This is the new me: organized, efficient, responsible.

“SIX, FIVE...”

Ready to rule my new life. New home. New school.

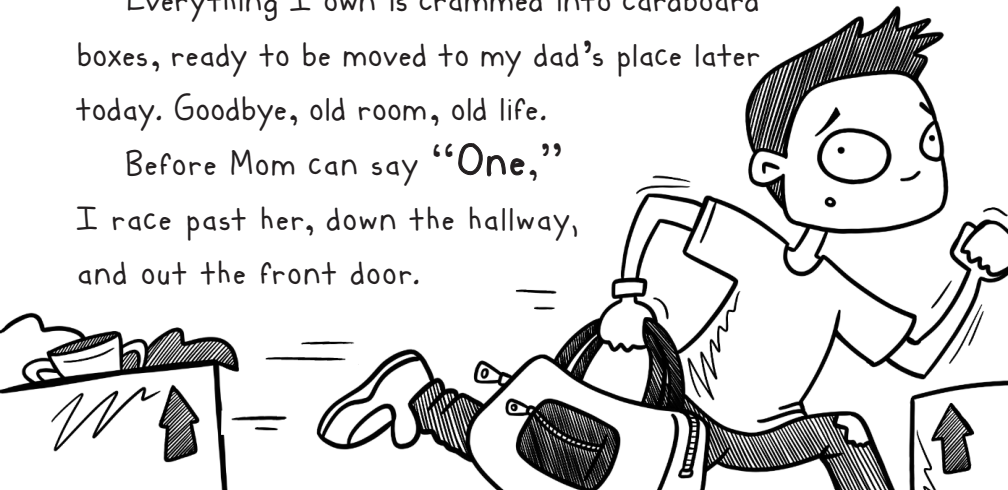
New me. It's going to be the best week EVER! I can feel it in my guts.

“FOUR, THREE, TWO...”

Everything I own is crammed into cardboard boxes, ready to be moved to my dad's place later today. Goodbye, old room, old life.

Before Mom can say “One,”

I race past her, down the hallway, and out the front door.



I don't know what happens if she ever gets to "ONE."
And I don't plan on finding out.

POSSIBLE OUTCOMES OF MOM REACHING "ONE"

Her head explodes



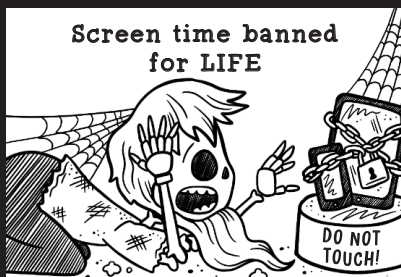
MY head explodes



Screen time banned
for a week



Screen time banned
for LIFE



The look. You know the one.
LASER EYES!



The OTHER look. You know
the one. Disappointment!

