

## Rafe Is a Big, Fat Liar

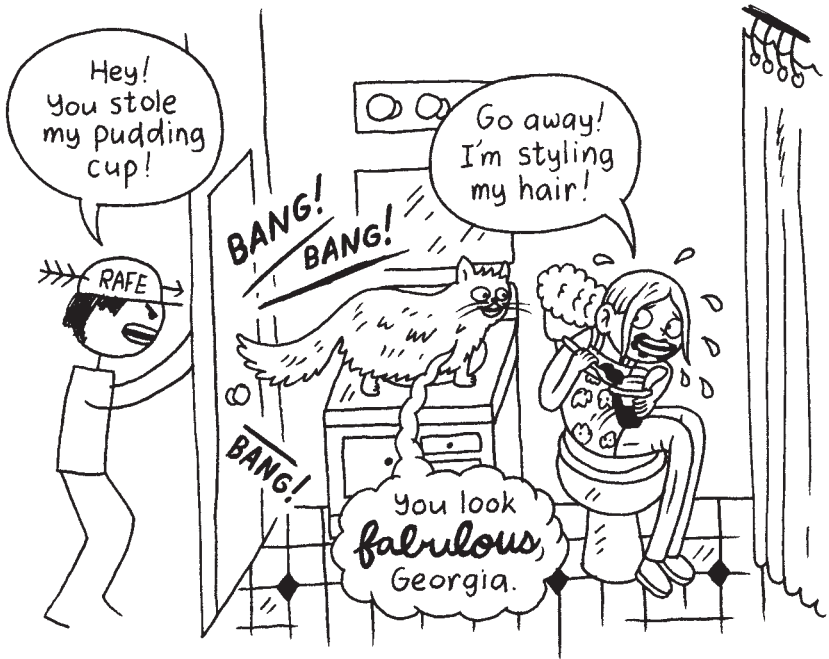
It isn't easy having a brother who's famous in all the wrong ways. It also isn't easy having a brother who's a blabbermouth. I'm sure Rafe has told you all about me. Let's see—what did he say? That I'm a tattletale? That I get on his nerves? That I always eat all the pudding cups?

Well, I have news for you:  
Lies. All lies.

I did it,  
and I'm  
**GLAD!**



Except the pudding-cup thing. That's...well, okay, that's accurate.



Let me make one thing perfectly clear: Rafe Khatchadorian is a big, fat liar. And just to prove I'm the kind of girl who tells the truth, I will now correct myself: Rafe is actually a skinny, normal-size liar. And his version of me is completely out of whack.

**LIES!**

**ABSOLUTE TRUTH!**



Here's the *real* story: Rafe does crazy stuff all the time, and nobody ever gets on his case about it. He just gets yanked out of sixth grade and sent to art school.

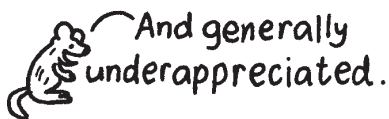
But when *I* do something wrong?



So what is Georgia Khatchadorian really like? Well, I'm much smarter than Rafe. Just ask the people who write the State Intelligence Assessment Tests.

Also, I'm hilarious.

# MY FAVORITE RAFE JOKE



Actually, I'm usually pretty kind. (Rafe thinks *I* tattletale? You should hear the stuff I *haven't* told!)

I have excellent fashion sense, which I choose not to express. This is because I'm always broke.

And I'm the innocent victim of my brother's slander.

So I guess this story is about what happens when a smart, kind, creative girl tries to live down her brother's bad reputation.

It's really not my fault that it all blew up in my face.



CHAPTER 2

## Don't Mess with a Khatchadorian

**F**ifty-five minutes until my first day at Hills Village Middle School, and I was stuck at the breakfast table with Captain Irritation.

“What is that? Rabbit poop?” Rafe asked, eyeing my cereal.

“It’s muesli,” I said.

“Moose pee?”



My older brother is sooooo sophisticated. “Muesli is like granola,” I told him. “They eat it in Europe.”

“They also eat slugs in Europe,” Rafe pointed out. “Snails,” I corrected. “Escargot.”

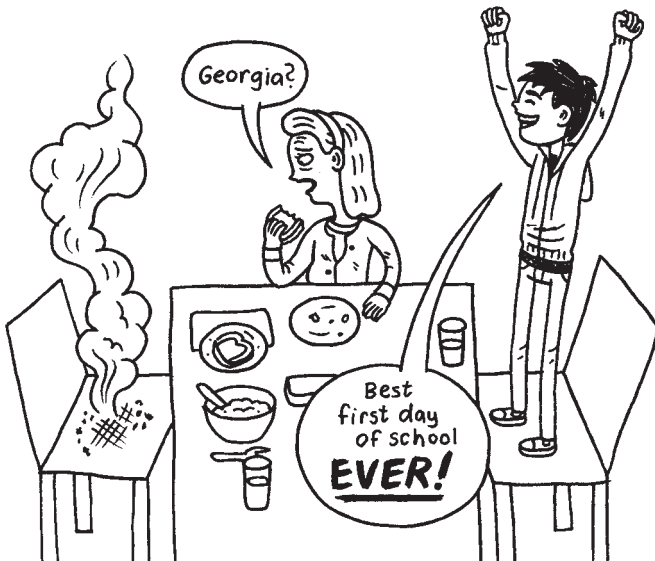
Rafe rolled his eyes. “That word even *sounds* like barf.”

I looked over at Mom. Her face was quivering, as if she couldn’t decide whether to laugh or frown. I love my mom, and I have no idea how she can find Rafe funny. It must be a gene I missed.

“So, are you two excited for your first day?” Mom asked.

Changing the subject. Nicely done, Mom.

“I can’t wait,” Rafe and I said together. Only his voice clearly meant “I *can* wait,” while my voice meant “I’m so excited that I’m about to explode!”





Rafe snorted. "You're nuts."

"Just because you didn't like sixth grade doesn't mean that I won't."

"Yeah, because you're nuts." He narrowed his eyes at me. "It's like prison in there. You'll get eaten alive, Little Miss Pink Backpack with a Pony on It," he growled.



"Mom!" I screeched.

"That's enough, Rafe," Mom said, casting a worried glance my way. "Stop trying to scare Georgia." I knew she was nervous about my first day. After all, Rafe had had a pretty rough sixth-grade year.

# RAFE'S SIXTH-GRADE YEAR

A bully made Rafe his personal ATM.



His Halloween costume didn't go over too well.





What? Did you just say I shouldn't worry,  
because *my brother is a big, fat liar*?

Hey—watch it. I can talk all I want about my  
brother, but nobody else can say bad things about  
him. I have Rafe's back. Mostly to throw stuff at,  
and for the occasional backstabbing.

The point is—his back is *mine*, not yours.

And even though my brother *is* a big, fat liar, I  
had a bad feeling he was telling the truth this time.