



Venus, TJ, and Michael K. felt a deep, invisible pulse (like the lowest and loudest note ever) rumble right through them.



# CHAPTER 5A ALL OVER AGAIN?

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**E**eek week,” said Major Fluffy. “Eeek ee—”  
Michael K. grabbed Major Fluffy and quickly stuffed him into his coat pocket.

“Oh, no,” said Michael K. “I don’t think Venus and TJ are quite ready for that.”

“Mrreeef eeeef,” said Michael K.’s pocket.  
“Mmeee reef fff sssss rrrr mmmmmm ph fffffff.  
Eee rrrr rrrrrhhhh ghghghgh—”

The 8:30 homeroom bell suddenly stopped ringing. And the reason it had stopped ringing was because a large lady in a white school nurse uniform had just smacked the bell with a large wooden paddle.

Nurse Dominique spotted the fifth graders.



### III. HAIR TODAY/ZIA

8:28 A.M.

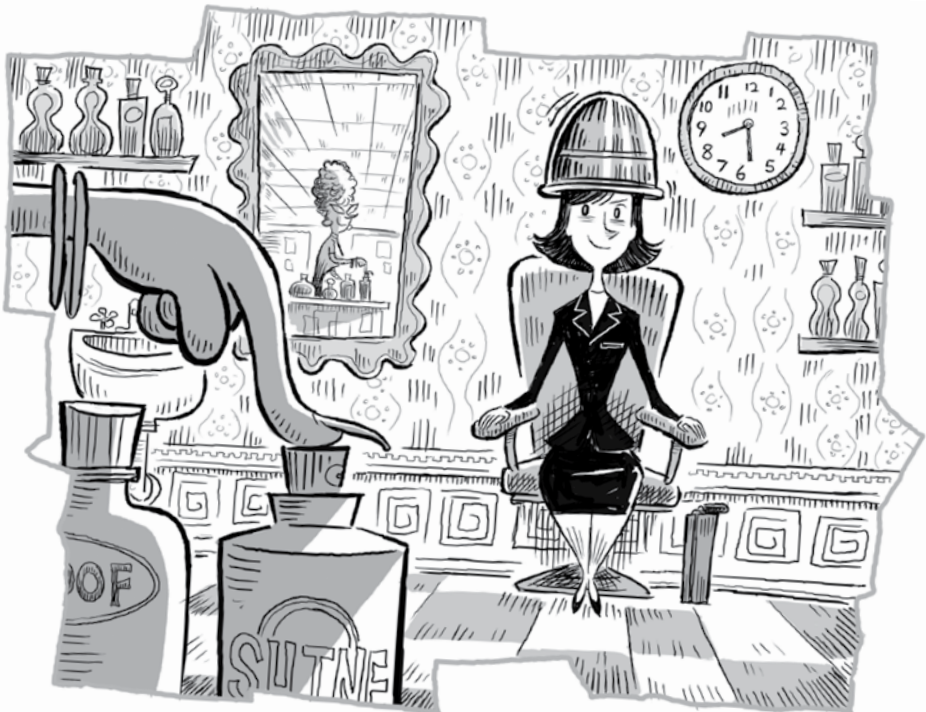
“Hello, Chrissy. Good morning, Carol,” Mom K. called to the Hair Today stylists at the shampooing sink and the hair dryers.

Chrissy nodded.

Carol nodded.

Mom K. sat in the last chair, near the back wall.

Chrissy pressed a small green button on her spray nozzle.





# RZZZZ, RZZZZ

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U mber slapped at his Picklephone®, hidden in his pocket under his chicken suit. For some reason it had been going off like crazy—buzzing and twitching and playing ringtones Umber had never heard before.

It was probably the same electrical surge that had blown out the top of the Alabama Fried Chicken sign just a few minutes ago.

*Rzzzzz, rzzzzz.* Now the Picklephone® was buzzing again.

He kept it hidden, and on vibrate, because Sergeant Sanders was very picky about his chickens acting like real chickens.