

# MY MADE UP LIFE

Once upon a time my life was normal.

Then the mirror in my basement ate me.

Do you think I'm joking? Do you think I'm making this up? You do don't you?

You're thinking, Um, Phoebe, mirrors don't usually go ahead and slurp people up.

Mirrors just hang on the wall and reflect stuff. Well, you're wrong, so very WRONG.

Every thing I'm going to tell you is the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I'm not making anything up. And I'm not a crazy



person who thinks she's telling the truth but secretly isn't. I am, in fact, a very logical person. Fair, too. I have to be, since I'm going to be a judge when I grow up. Well first I'm going to be a lawyer, and then I'm going to be a judge, because you have to be a lawyer first. That's the rule. But yeah. I am an extremely logical, extremely practical, and extremely un-crazy ten-year-old girl whose life went completely beserk after her parents forced her to move to Smithville. Still don't believe me? You will

When you hear all the facts. You will when  
you hear the whole story.