## HA HA HA HA HA HA

"Eric Vale, Epic Fail! Get it? Hahahahahahahaha!" "What's so funny?"

"Eric Vale - Epic Fail. It rhymes!"

"Oh yeah. Hahahahahahahahaha!" ""Huh? What's the big joke?" "Eric Vale, Epic Fail! They're

almost the same!"

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"Hey, yeah! That's hilarious! Hahahahahahahaha!"

"What's the matter with Eric Vale?"

"He's an EPIC FAIL!" "I'll say! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" It just kept growing and growing and getting louder and louder and even Mr. Winter couldn't stop it. Soon everyone in the class was either laughing out loud or grinning like a monkey.

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Everyone except me.

And that's how 1 got the stupid nickname **"Epic Fail."** 1 wasn't that worried about it at first. 1 figured if 1 ignored it and didn't do anything else stupid for a while, it would just go away. At least that was my plan.

That turned out to be a bit of an epic fail as well.

The next morning at school, it started. For example:

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I'm practising my pen twirling while Mr. Winter is reading out morning notices and it spins from my fingers and bounces off my desk on to the floor.





Later on at morning tea 1 buy a fruit juice popper. 1 try to stick the plastic straw in the little hole in the top. But I'm squeezing the cardboard container too hard and when the straw goes through, the juice shoots straight up one of my nostrils and dribbles out the other.

It's Martin's best buddy, Tyrone Knowles. Tyrone makes Martin look like a **genius**. I'm pretty sure that Tyrone could make a bowl of **porridge** look reasonably **bright**. Back in class Mr. Winter calls me out the front to write an answer to a maths problem on the board.

"Epic Eric - Fail Vale!"