



IMPOSTERS. IMPOSTERS, EVERYWHERE!

Ever since we've gained a little notoriety from our exploits (published fictions, televised stories, a fanatic-fueled Internet frenzy, and so on), we've been flooded with reports of copycats trying to steal our glory as the **Most Accomplished Mischief Makers in the World**.

Yes, copy *us*. We, the creators of the infamous *Reverse Flush* device. We, the masterminds behind *Operation: Bakery Fakery*, the worst upside-down cake catastrophe of the last decade. We, the joint winners of the coveted *Misery-Lover of the Year* award from the **Society of Schadenfreude**.

Yet somehow a plague of *Edgar & Ellen* competitors is creeping forth like an infestation of slipgibbet weed. Swindlers and attention hogs like these are giving honest deceivers and schemers a bad name:

BOO! **Medgar & Melanie**, the Icelandic "performance artists" who made headlines by dumping a load of frozen codfish into a harbor. Yes, *dumping*—they didn't even use a giant slingshot! Newsflash, wannabes: Codfish *belong* in the harbor, so your prank was pointless.

No offense to slipgibbet weed; it's my favorite wildflower. —Ellen

HISS! **Hector & Helen**, a pair of trivial pretenders who claim credit for our successful prank, *Operation: Cut the Custard*, and are demanding we cease and desist the imitation of their "act." Act? There is no **ACTING** on the path to glory, friends. On the advice of our legal counsel, we say: "Go sit on a pin!"

BAH! And then, those scoundrels: The **Kats-in-Jammies Kids**. Whatever you do, **DO NOT** buy their frivolous book, *101 Paths to Pandemonium*, which is full of second-rate advice, tired squirting-flower gags, and worst of all, a flat-out misleading title: The "paths" they promise might lead to *disorder*, perhaps zig-zag past *disturbance*, but land nowhere near pandemonium.

We forewarn you to avoid their other books—*dreck and doggerel*, with names like *Rare Beef*, *Tourist Tripe*, *Blunder Town*, and the wretched *Pat's Revenge*, just to name a few. —E&E

See? Nothing but shams and charlatans as far as the telescope can see. Well, we have news for those people:

*We hereby declare you fakers **TARGET #1** in our perpetual battle against know-it-alls, stuffed shirts, goody-goodies, and especially uncreative counterfeiters.*

How? How can we possibly hope to quash this surge of copycats spreading over the globe faster than festering throb-toe fungus? Simple: We're recruiting our own army of loyal henchmen.

That's right, Generalissimos Edgar & Ellen are calling all practicing (or potential) pranksters to join the **League of Mischievists**, a global network of havoc-wreakers under our thrall, all of whom will have been properly trained in the Mis-

My favorite fungus. —Ellen

chief Arts. Think of the possibilities! If we say *jump* in Juneau, Alaska will tremble; if we say *onward* in Oslo, all of Scandinavia will cover. Let's see any of those phony-baloney achieve such planet-spanning influence! They cannot. They will not. They *dare not*.

And *you*—you could be a secret agent in this scheme, an essential cog in the machine of our merriment.

If you qualify. That's a big *if*. After careful charting, graphing, plotting on paper (Edgar), and some shouting and foot-stomping (Ellen), we've created this humdinger of a book that will screen you, train you, and test you on our patented approach to the Mischief Arts.

"Gasp!" you gasp. "Your trade secrets will be secret nevermore!"

Oh, don't worry about us. We still hold all the cards here, and there's no way in Nod's name we'd give up *everything*. What we share in this tome is just enough to encourage you to *think* like us, *plot* like us, *make mischief* like us. We've kept entire swaths of our true genius in reserve; you'll see that for yourself...*if* you can prove your worth. That's what this book is for.

So fie, frauds! Fie, bastions of boredom! Fie! Fear the coming of our twinly wrath! Behold, *The Edgar & Ellen Mischief Manual!*

—Edgar & Ellen