POUR SHIRA ET TOM
SO SMALL I CAN SEE INSIDE EVERYONE ELSE'S NOSTRILS (EWW).

WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO READ IS MY COULD EAT MAC AND CHEESE WITH PICKLES EVERY DAY. OBSERVATION NOTEBOOK.
So small I can see inside everyone else's nostrils (EWW).

Slightly grumpy look (even when I'm not).

Could eat mac and cheese with pickles every day.

Permanent long-sleeve dress (I love it, ok?).

Hate wearing socks or shoes!

What you're about to read is my observation notebook.
I like to watch stuff. All kinds of stuff. If you are weird, or a bit strange, or look like a turtle, I will watch you and write things down. I might even be watching you right now.

Just kidding. I'm not. I've got more interesting things to watch, like

![Animals](image)

Let me tell you about the cool animals I've studied.
ANIMALS

BEST.

YES WE ARE!
All of them. I am on excellent terms with animals, except maybe mosquitoes. Animals are so much cuter than humans.
Also, animals don’t pollute the planet and make wars and lie to you and steal your erasers and call you names. They’re just there, minding their own business, watching you with their big beautiful eyes, being adorable.
I LOVE ANIMALS
MY WHOLE HOUSE IS AN ANIMAL MUSEUM

MY ANIMAL OBSERVATION LAB:

MICROSCOPE
(TO LOOK AT TINY ANIMALS)

TEST TUBES AND FLASKS
(BECAUSE THEY LOOK SERIOUS AND COOL)

ANIMAL BOOKS

TONS OF STUFFED ANIMALS

ANIMAL UNDERWEAR

@64@1JJOEE
SO MUCH!
ANIMAL MUSEUM

ANIMAL FOOD
(IN CASE I MEET A HUNGRY ANIMAL)

ANIMAL POSTERS

ANIMAL PAJAMAS

ANIMAL LAMP

ANIMAL SLIPPERS
OBSERVATION #1:

IF WE WERE TO COMPARE HUMANS AND ANIMALS IN CUTENESS CONTESTS, ANIMALS WOULD WIN ALL THE TIME. LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THESE PEOPLE, FOR EXAMPLE:

FIG. 1:

THIS MAN  A BUNNY

THIS WOMAN  A HAMSTER

See? It's obvious. Animals are THE CUTEST.
Even animals that people usually dislike are cuter than humans, in my humble opinion. But then some people will tell you that I have weird taste—which is perfectly fine with me, thank you very much. Nobody’s forcing them to read this book.

Not too hard to pick a loser here, is it?
In case you’re still not convinced that animals are cuter than humans, consider this: almost EVERYTHING ANIMALS DO IS CUTE. But if humans did the same things, it wouldn’t be cute at all.

- Human sniffing another human’s behind
- Human chewing slippers
- Human licking another human’s face
EVEN THEIR FARTS ARE CUTE.
OK, I have to admit, SOME humans are not bad. Like babies. Babies are

CUTE.

I would love a planet entirely populated by babies ANYTIME. Although, come to think of it, it would be a pretty weird planet.
It’s when they grow up that they become less cute. Look at Shalala and Farla. They’re my neighbors. They think they are adorable, but they’re not. All they care about is what they wear and how they do their hair, and Bip Bibop, a Korean pop star who most human girls are in love with.

But not me. I am not in love with anybody. Ew.
We’ve been neighbors forever, but for as long as I can remember, they’ve always annoyed me.

**TWO YEARS AGO**

Our dresses are fluffy and yours isn’t!

**FIVE YEARS AGO**

We have princess shoes with high heels and you don’t.

**TEN YEARS AGO (YES, I’M SURE)**

Our diapers are pink and yours isn’t.
Sometimes I wonder what it would feel like to have human friends.

Right now my closest friend is cooler than any human friend I could imagine. Her name is Rita. She’s a spider who lives under the bathroom sink. She’s very nice and polite, her legs are just the right length and not too hairy, and she’s a very good listener.

**Bonjour!**

*I like to pretend that Rita speaks French, but she doesn’t. She’s a spider. (Bonjour! means “Hello!”)*

Observation #2

Spiders are not very cuddly.

I’d like to give you a hug, but you would die.

Yeah, don't, s'il vous plaît.**

**Please
I may not have many friends, but I am never bored. I am always very busy, and amazing things are ALWAYS happening to me. Also, I have big, big plans. I’m going to be a zoologist. A zoologist is a scientist who studies animals. I’ll have a very cool lab coat, an office up a tree in the jungle, and, of course, a monkey lab assistant who I will dress up in pajamas and name Herbert.

OINK UK!* 

THANK YOU,
HERBERT.

*TRANSLATION: GENIUS PROFESSOR OLGA, I AM SORRY TO DISRUPT YOUR VERY IMPORTANT RESEARCH, BUT YOUR MAC AND CHEESE WITH PICKLES IS READY.
I will study animals and protect them from evil humans and their pollution. Also, I will create new animals from existing species. I will probably become very famous for that. More famous than Bip Bibop, even.
I’ll be a cool and fascinating person one day. I’ll probably hang out with Jane Goodall and her chimp friends in the jungle. We’ll drink tea and talk about how silly humans are.

Just wait.
Something very weird happened today while I was trying to get Rita to play Monopoly with me.

**Observation #3**

*Spiders are very bad at board games.*

**Désolée.**

*Sorry.*

I heard a noise in the trash can on my back porch. I thought it might be a raccoon, and my heart leaped.

*A pet raccoon would be the best!*

Or maybe it was a rat! I loooooove rats. A white one with red eyes that I would name Yogurt, and I would carry her on my shoulder everywhere. The Lalas would be so jealous!
I ran to the trash can but stopped myself when I had a thought: Wait a minute, maybe it was *something else*. Like maybe the trash can was crawling with maggots! I’ve seen maggots in the trash can before. Or maybe it was a dangerous burglar, hiding from the police!

**Observation #4**

Neither of these would make a good pet.

- **Pet Burglar**
- **Pet Pile of Maggots**

FLB.

PLP.
What if it was MORE dangerous than a raccoon? I grabbed a broom, shielded myself with the dustpan, and gently pushed the cover of the trash can aside.

OLGA,
NO FEAR

*ALMOST

*BOP!
Whatever it was, it was gone. The trash bags were torn up pretty badly—which was a clue indicating that this was no small animal, and certainly no maggot. Unless it was a . . .

I looked around the trash can and found another clue: an odd trail of poop leading toward the shed. And when I say ODD, I know what I’m talking about.
Being an observer of all things animal, I have seen many a poop in my time. On my nature expeditions, I have come across and documented:

FIG. 4:

CAT POOP

DOG POOP

BIRD POOP

FISH POOP

DEER POOP

MOUSE POOP

BUTTERFLY POOP

(YOU CAN ONLY SEE IT WITH A MAGNIFYING GLASS)

DR. OLGA, POOP EXPERT

(OR SHOULD I SAY “POOPOLOGIST”?)
Now THIS was an entirely different kind of poop. It was the size of green peas, and shiny like marbles, but multicolored, like Skittles.

It was the first time I’d seen:

RAINBOW POOP!

FASCINATING!
“Well, Dr. Olga,” you might ask, “how can you be so sure it was poop, then?”

Well, I know, and I know with absolute certainty, because, um, it, um . . . smelled like poop.

**Observation #5**

**Poop smells like poop.**

More questions?

The poop trail led right up to the shed door, which I approached on tiptoe because I’m not a fan of dark places where things might be lurking, and I didn’t know what kind of thing might be in there.
That’s when the mysterious poop began to glow in the dark.

Well, I don’t know about you, but I declare this poop:

Maybe it was unicorn poop. What else could it be? There was only one way to know.
I SLOWLY RAISED MY BROOM . . .

GOT READY TO POKE INSIDE THE SHED . . .

WHEN I HEARD A NOISE THAT MADE MY LEGS FEEL LIKE SPAGHETTI.
That was not the sound a unicorn would make, although I haven’t verified that fact, so it’s just a hypothesis. But in any case, I dropped my broom and ran. I love science, but I’m not ready to risk my life for it just yet. Maybe tomorrow.

The beast was right behind me, breathing down my neck. It was horrifying. I was about to be eaten alive by a creature that pooped rainbow glow-in-the-dark Skittles!
I ran and ran and ran.

AAAAAAAH

Out of the shed...

AAAAAAAH

Across the garden...

AAAAAAAH

Out of the backyard...

AAAAAAAH

Into the driveway...

AAAAAAAH

Along the alley...

AAAAAAAH
until I couldn’t run anymore because I was at the end of the alley facing a huge brick wall that I was way too small to climb.

I was trapped, and the thing was on my heels. Horrible sniffling noises were coming up right behind me. I had no choice. I had to face the beast. So I turned around and I saw...
THIS.
It obviously wasn’t a unicorn, nor was it a burglar or a giant mutant maggot. It looked like a cross between an inflated hamster and a potato drawn by a three-year-old.

It was looking at me with its small round eyes. It didn’t look scary at all, and it didn’t look scared of me. I took a few steps backward, and it followed me.
It would be hard to look less dangerous than this thing. It even looked a bit silly, with its tongue sticking out like that. Maybe it was hungry?

I held out my hand to let it have a sniff, and it licked me!

I had never seen anything like this creature, so this was an extra-special amazing scientific encounter. Time to take out my observation notebook and note down some observations.
OBSERVATION #6

THE THING’S BODY

FIG. 5:

FUR:
PINK AND COVERED WITH BITS OF TRASH

EARS:
SOFT AND ADORABLE AND STICKING OUT

TAIL:
LONG, SKINNY, AND HAIRLESS—LIKE A RAT’S

MEH.

SIZE:
A SMALL PIG

LEGS:
LIKE TINY STICKS

ODOR:
SARDINES (OLD ONES)
It was weird looking but kind of cute. I scratched it between the ears.

Then on its back, on its chin, and on its tummy. It seemed to like it.

I picked it up and gave it a kiss on the cheek. It didn’t turn into a prince or anything.
YOU’RE SAYING “MEH” ALL THE TIME. IS THAT YOUR NAME?

NICE TO MEET YOU, MEH. I’M OLGA.
I decided that Meh was coming home with me.

LET'S GO, CUTIE.

MEH.
3

MEH
Meh slept in my room all night. I tucked him into a little plastic bin next to my bed. Because I had found him in a trash can, I figured he liked it.

I used the word “slept,” but it’s not very accurate, because Meh:

1. **SNORES.**
2. **TALKS IN HIS SLEEP.**
3. **SMELLS SO BAD MY WHOLE ROOM SMELLS NOW, TOO.**
So I didn’t sleep much. When I “woke up” in the morning, he was standing in front of my face, showing me his behind. He seemed very proud of it.

Um, thank you.
It’s an honor,
I guess.

Meh’s butt looks pretty normal, like a dog butt maybe, and it smells just like the rest of him.
It was Saturday, so I could spend the rest of the day studying my new companion. I followed him around with my notebook in hand. Here’s a brief summary of his activities. Mostly, Meh does the following:

- **SLEEPS**
  - RHZZZRh.

- **RUNS AROUND LIKE A MANIAC FOR NO APPARENT REASON**
  - Dow-Dowd.

- **SLEEPS AGAIN.**
  - Zzz.
# OBSERVATIONS

#8 HE CROSSES HIS EYES AND LETS HIS TONGUE OUT WHEN HE’S RELAXED.

#9 HE LIKES TO BE RUBBED ON HIS TUMMY.

Meh.

#10 MY FINGERS STINK A BIT AFTER I RUB HIS TUMMY.

Eww.
WHEN HE BURPS, IT SOUNDS A BIT LIKE THE WORD “RUBBER.”

RUBBER.

BUT HE DOESN’T SPEAK ENGLISH OR SPANISH.

WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM? WHY DID YOU COME HERE?

DONDE ESTÁN LAS BANANAS?*

MEH?

*I DON’T REALLY SPEAK SPANISH.
HE CAN GRAB STUFF WITH HIS TAIL, LIKE A MONKEY.

EWW!
NOT MY TOOTHBRUSH!

MEH.

HE'S NOT GOOD AT MATH.

WHAT'S EIGHT PLUS FIVE?

RUBBER.

HE'S VERY INTERESTED IN RITA, MY SPIDER FRIEND, AND I'M AFRAID HE WANTS TO EAT HER.

MEH!

BONJOUR, CHER MONSIEUR.
OMG, Meh hasn’t had any food since I found him. He must be starving. But what does he EAT? Judging by the appearance of his poop, I’d have guessed Skittles, but I offered him some and he wasn’t interested. I also tried:

CAT FOOD: NOPE.

MEH.

DOG FOOD: ALSO NOPE.

MEH.

FISH FOOD: NYET.

MEH-MEH.
Here’s a list of the foods I’ve tried:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Food</th>
<th>Verdict</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CEREAL</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MILK</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PEANUT BUTTER</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHEESE</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CAKE</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHIPS</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GUM</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHRIMP</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOOTHPASTE</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHAMPOO</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAYONNAISE</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOT DOGS</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FOOT LOTION</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COFFEE</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ICE CREAM</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAC AND CHEESE</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WITH PICKLES</td>
<td>(I KNOW, RIGHT? INCREDIBLE!)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

47
What did he find so appetizing in my garbage?

Note to self: this needs to be explored further.

In the meantime, since I’m a scientist-in-training, I decided to run a series of serious science experiments, in which I found out that:

He doesn’t like it when I put a sock on his head.

Meh.

Like Rita, he’s not too talented at chess or monopoly.

He looks really silly if I dress him in a baby’s pajamas.

Meh.
He's really scared of bananas. Dow dow dow

He's extremely funny if I make him wear a fake nose and glasses.

He can spend hours looking at my Michael Jackson poster.
I ran all the experiments I could think of on Meh, and I still can’t figure out what species he is, or where he comes from. I looked in all my science books and I can’t find anything like him.

He’s not a feline or a canine, not a bunny or a pig either, although he could be a cross between the two.

He’s not a reptile either, and certainly not a fish or a plant, or a mineral or a gas.

ALTHOUGH

HE SMELLS LIKE HE’S FULL OF GAS.

I’d say he’s a mammal of some kind, but I can’t be sure.
That’s when it dawned on me.

**MEH IS A NEW SPECIES!**

I discovered a new species! This is most extraordinary. He’s an unidentified mammal of the potato family. I will name the species:

**OLGAMUS RIDICULUS**

Why? Because I discovered it, and my name is Olga, and well, he’s funny-looking. And also because it sounds like a serious scientific name for a species, and it will look better in the dictionary.

_I DISCOVERED YOU! ISN’T THAT GREAT?_
He might even come from another planet. That’s highly probable, especially if we consider his glowing rainbow poop.

Maybe he was sent to Earth to collect information about us, and he communicates his findings via his tail, which looks very much like an antenna.

HELLO, ALIENS?
THIS IS OLGA, FROM PLANET EARTH. I AM YOUR FRIEND. YOU ARE WELCOME IN MY HOME WHENEVER YOU WANT.
I'm going to write a book about him. Maybe even film a documentary. I'll probably become very famous and have my picture in newspapers and be interviewed on TV.
But observing him here at home will only get me so far. My scientific library is pretty limited.

It’s time to hit the road. Meh, I’ll find out who you are.