

# Who Did It?

by Jon Scieszka  
in *Knucklehead*

My mom always used to tell us, “Don’t wrestle in the living room. You are going to break something.”

We would always answer, “Sure Mom.”

But one time Jim jumped me . . . in the living room . . . so I put him in a headlock. Jim tried to trip me with a karate-sweep kick. I flipped him over and we both landed *bam!* right on the couch.

The couch, of course, broke. The two front legs snapped right off.

“Oh man,” I said. “Mom is going to kill us. What are we going to do?”

We tried propping the couch back up on the broken legs. That worked great . . . until we touched it. Then it fell right down again.

“Don’t worry,” said Jim. “I know exactly what to say.”

My mom walked into the room and freaked out. “What happened to the couch?!”

Jim said, “Uhhh . . . Jon did it.”

I couldn’t believe he said that.

I said, “I didn’t do it. Tom did it.”

Tom said, “I didn’t do it. Gregg did it.”

Gregg said, “I didn’t do it. Brian did it.”

Brian said, “I didn’t do it. Jeff did it.”

And Jeff was the youngest. He didn’t have anyone else to blame. So he looked around and said, “I didn’t do it. Ummm . . . the dog did it?”

That’s where I learned it’s good to be the one telling the story.

Especially if you didn’t do it.