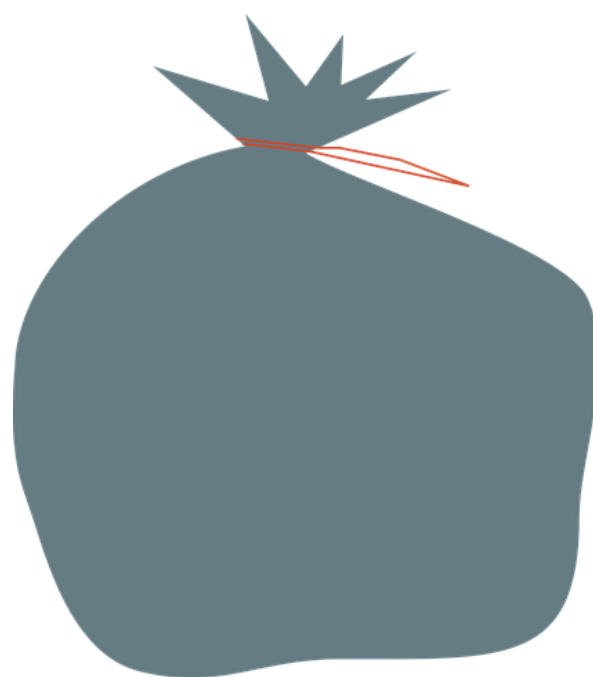


# **The Big Sack**



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## Chapter 1

Mack's parents yelled. "Mack, Pick up you room at once!"

Mack hated to clean his room. He had piles of stuff everywhere from toys, clothes and papers tossed around with no rhyme or reason. Before when Mack was younger every week, his mother would clean his room. Until four months ago when Mack turned 10 years old, he had to clean his own room all by himself, just like his older sister Molly.

Mack first started cleaning his room just to show up Molly, but he lost interest fast and he just let it pile up, because Mack felt, *why clean your room; it would just get messy again. It is a waste of time! I rather watch TV, play soccer, and even do yucky homework, than clean my room. Wait, I like my room like this, messy and unkempt!*

One-day Mack's parent could not even open Mack's bedroom door, it was so stuffed and messy. They both screamed together. "No ands or buts about it, you are old enough and it's time for you to clean your own room, no matter what!" Even if it takes days!"

Mack was so upset he tried to explain, he rather be playing soccer or flying a kite, than cleaning his room but they would not take no for an answer.

Mack had a perfect plan he would make Kate his little sister cleans his room.

"Hey squirt! I will pay you a whole dollar to clean my room!"

"Hiccup, Hiccup! That is a lot of money; I will do it for you Mack! Hiccup!" Kate ran downstairs to get her play vacuum and pink mini duster.

Mack thought his plan was going to work, he was about to go and play basketball with his best friend Tommy when Mack heard his full name. "Mack Joseph Johnson get down her at once!"

When the full name called, Mack knew he was in big trouble. Mack found out quickly that little Kate started **HICCUPING** so much, when she got excited, she told Mother everything about Mack's plan.

Mack's parents lectured Mack for one hour about the importance of cleaning and not using his little sister as a scapegoat. No television until his bedroom was clean.

Mack yelled, "No television! That is my lifeline, I could not survive without television." Both parents pointed up the stairs! "Go, and it better be neat and clean!"

Mack and his dog Scout marched upstairs and he shut the door with a big **WHAM** causing everything to shuffle and fall around Mack like hazardous landslide! Mack had an adventure just trying to walk around his room. Somehow, the path he created last night, has overflowed, and caused an avalanche making it a dangerous adventure to his overstuffed bed in the corner.

On the way to his bed he tripped over his fire truck, lost his footing, and stepped on his rubber duck **SQUICK**. Unstable footing with no place for his right foot, there was something slippery under his shoe. Trying to find leverage, he grabbed what he thought was his nightstand. Suddenly down comes fifty comic books plus a rack of hundred miniature cars.

**THUMP, THUMP, THUMP**. Mack lost his footing again, slammed **WHACK**, and hit his headfirst against his stereo knocking over piles of schoolwork and scattering them around the room.

Mack sat down in his messy room more disappointed than ever. Looking under his foot, he found the culprit a plastic bag that made him slip and fall. He tried to toss the bag, but it just flopped and landed on his knee.

Irritated and annoyed he looked at this bag, "Stupid Bag!" Mack started tossing things into this plastic sack. Mack scratched his head, "How about it, it didn't even tear." Mack sat staring at the bag, then he got the most huge, monstrous, and gigantic idea to clean his room and get his parents' off his back. "Gosh! Why didn't I think of this before, Scout?"

Mack ruffled his dog's hair, and then tossed some of his clutter off his bed, so he could finally sit

down. Mack still holding the plastic sack started examining it. "Why not use a **Big SACK**. I would not have anything out, just a **BIG SACK** to store my whole bedroom in. No more yelling and complaining to pick up my room, if there was a **Big SACK**, instead."

Mack tossed the plastic bag on the floor. "Hmmm! I need some money because a **BIG SACK** wouldn't be cheap!"

Mack started crawling around his room searching for his piggy bank. "Where could it be?" Scout started sniffing and digging for something under Mack's bed. " Good dog! Now I remember, I toss my bank under my bed for safe keeping!" Mack started pushing away old candy wrappers, artwork from preschool, broken blocks and puzzles, oozes of toys, trying to locate his piggy bank.

Scout pulled out a sucker half eaten and sat chewing happily. Mack was crawling deeper and deeper under his bed. " Ah, ha!" Mack finally found his piggy bank; it was hidden under his smelly underwear. PEE-U!

He broke his piggy bank **CRACK** and out poured \$10.00 in change

Mack and Scout ran to the local grocery store to find himself a **Big Sack** for his new **SACK** bedroom.

## Chapter 2

Mack searched high and low but was deeply disappointed; he found big, medium, and tiny bags but not one that could hold his whole room.

He even asked Mr. Smith the manager of the grocery store. "Mack, that is a strange request! We do not sell anything that big. Are you sure, you need a bag? We sell brooms, trash bags, dusters, vacuums and cleaning products to help with cleaning rooms, but no Sack that big for a whole bedroom!" Mack would not listen; his mind was set on a **BIG SACK**, and that was that!

Mack was worried, no Big Sack insight and he was losing time. His favorite TV show would be on at three p.m. He needed to clean his room and he needed a **Big Sack** now, unless he wanted to clean it the old fashion way **YUCK!**

Mack was walking back home disappointed and mad, 'if only I could find a **BIG SACK!**'

Tommy his best friend rode up on his new blue bicycle. "Hey Mack, what's up, we were going to play basketball."

"Tommy we are best friends and can you keep a secret!"

"Sure Buddy, what is it?" Tommy could not wait to find out what new invention Mack has planned this time. Just last week, Mack created an electrical rowboat with dual exhaust just using items around the house.

Mack told him all about his plan of using a Big Sack to clean his room. Tommy started to giggle "**HeeHee**" then a big "**HeeHA Wwwwwww**" laughing nonstop. Tommy could not believe Mack the genius could think of a hilarious thing as a Big Sack for a whole bedroom.

Tommy, almost fell off his bike laughing. Tommy suddenly stopped when Mack's face turned a bit red and he looked like a Pitbull terrier ready to attack.

Tommy holds back his giggles and with a straight face and finally spoke. "Mack, what a great idea, if you need anything, gives me a call!" Tommy rode his bike so fast; he was out of sight in seconds; but you could still hear giggles of laughter coming from Tommy a mile away.

"Tommy if I get my hands on you!" Mack walked home so upset he could not find a **BIG Sack**.

### Chapter 3

Mack climbed into the big oak tree in his front yard and started climbing until he reached his favorite branch that looked over the whole street. Mack sat daydreaming all about his **Big SACK** used in every kid's room around the world. His slogan,

**You Would Not be COOL, if you didn't have a Big Sack by Mack.**

Mack screamed aloud, "I would make millions with my **Big Sack** invention!"

Mack dreamed of what he would do with all that money. *I would have an enormous pool in the shape of a big "M", own all the toys shown on television and the Internet; have a personal jet to take me around the world. Tommy would be jealous, I would own a major league baseball team of course, and have tickets to every sporting event possible!*

Mack stopped daydreaming while watching a public bus going down the street. "Wait, the coolest thing is riding to school in my own limo! If only I could find a **BIG SACK!**"

Then something caught his eye; he noticed something flapping in the wind in the vacant field next to the baseball diamond on Maple Street. Something was hanging on the big willow tree. Mack rubbed his eyes.



Mack thought, *Gosh! Could this be the **BIG SACK**, I have been waiting for? I better get a closer look and check this out!* Mack hurried down the tree and started running with Scout, his dog nipping at his feet. Mack's head was in the clouds; his dream was going to come true, and it is only a few steps away.

Mack could not believe his eyes when he noticed this thing hanging in the big willow tree. Mack walked around the tree, this is just what he was looking for, the perfect **BIG SACK**. "Fantastic, this is just the right size!" Looking round and checking if anyone owned this **BIG SACK**, patting Scout on top of his head.

"It's just lying in a public place and no owner insight. Hey Scout, what do you think, finders' keepers!" Mack pulled it out of the tree, threw it over his shoulder, and headed for home.

"C'mon Scout, we have work to do!"

## Chapter 4

Mack dragged the **BIG SACK** upstairs quickly before his Mother would see it. Glancing outside he noticed his mother working in her flowerbeds and Father reading the newspaper in his favorite lounge chair. Mack wanted to surprise his parents, with his new invention.

Mack thought to himself, *'my parents would surely say, what a wonderful idea, a **BIG SACK** only our brilliant, clever, genius of a son Mack, could invent such a thing!'* Mack's buttons were bursting as he hurried to get the job done.

Mack pushed the whole **Big SACK** into his bedroom and shut the door behind him. "Phew!" Mack went to work and started stuffing everything insight into his new **BIG SACK**.

The items being tossed in were his Bed, cabinets, chairs, and armoire. Games with lost pieces, toys broken and new, clothes from every season, hats from every major league, computer accessories, and socks without mates. Pillows and marshmallows left behind the door. Do not forget the big stuffed elephants and Rhinos, comics books, thousands of marbles, and toy soldiers.

Kate his little sister yelled from his bedroom door. " Psst.... Mack whatcha doing? What did

you drag in? Can I help, **HICCUP?**" Mack looked up from pushing his stereo into the **BIG SACK**. "No way little weasel tattletale! Go and play, I'm too busy cleaning my own room!"

"I'm not a weasel you are **HICCUP!**" She stood pouting and waiting by her brother's door, hoping to get a peek of what he's doing that was so secretive and noisy, that he would not share with her. Kate sat in her bedroom doorway with her stuffed Blue and Purple Poky-Dot Tiger under her arm, waiting to see what her big brother had hidden in his room.

The sack was getting bigger and bigger as it expanded, O Dear!  
Mack threw it all in with a **BIG BANG!**

He stuffed, pushed, punched, and dragged all his stuff into one **BIG SACK**.  
No time to relax just stuff it all out of sight into the **BIG SACK**.

Mack was tired and **POOPED!** Mack had another fantastic idea. He stopped his stuffing.  
"Whoa! Scout, you stay here and protect my **BIG SACK** and don't let anyone in!" Scout lay down, stretched, and fell back to sleep.

## Chapter 5

Mack ran to his friend Tommy's house, and his Grandmother Dillie, asking to borrow their vacuums to help clean his room. Mack dragged the two machines home and picked up his mother's vacuum on the way up to his bedroom.

**"ZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"** Scout was still fast asleep snorting and running in his dreams.

Mack worked fast as he could, he took the vacuums apart to make one big mammoth machine, to help with the picking and stuffing the **Big Sack** without the work or stress. Mack plugged the vacuums all in one plug; the lights started to flicker.

Then he turned on the **ON** button when suddenly, Mack was flying around his bedroom, as the Three Headed Vacuums started sucking everything insight and pushing it all into the **Big Sack**. Scout awoke and started barking holding onto Mack's foot as both flew around the room.

Nothing was overlooked everything was going in. **"Bumpety, Bumpety, BUMP!"** O NO, even Mack's mother prized china and porcelain figurines were being stuffed in the **BIG SACK with a BIG WHAM!**

Mack had no control it was going into every room in the house, filling the **Big Sack** with sofas, chairs, tables, books, magazines, telephones, and all the cans from the cupboards.

Mack tried to pull the plug, but the power of the Three-Headed Vacuum was just too strong and powerful. Mack's house rumbled and stumbled like a stampede of rhinos going full speed as the three headed vacuums took control of Mack's house.

Mack saw his sister Molly coming out of her bedroom. Mack tried to push the Three Headed Vacuums away but with no results.

" Whoops! *'O NO, It's Going to Meet it Match, my Wicked Witch Older Sister Molly!'* The Three-Headed Vacuum pushed Molly down and it started picking up everything even Molly's diary hidden under the rafters.

Molly started screaming when her Victorian doll collection with their long beautiful hair was suck up into the **BIG SACK** with no time to react. The Three Headed Vacuums pulled it all in. The engine started puffing and making unusual sound.

Mack quickly looked and found all of Molly dolls' hair was stuck in the vacuum wheels causing the Three-Headed Vacuum to stop cold. Molly started crying and gave Mack a big **WHACK**, as she ran out of her bedroom.

She screamed all the way down the stairs, her bedroom was destroyed, and her beautiful dolls were stuck in a hideous machine, and no way of getting them out.

Mack and Scout ran back to his room pulling, pushing, and trying to get into his room and hide the Three-Headed Vacuums. Then he looked around his bedroom, it was a big jumble lumpy mess all overly stuffed in one **BIG PACKED SACK**. Mack did not have a room it was a **BIG Sack**.

## Chapter 6

Mack's parents screamed when they saw the **BIG SACK** taking up the whole upstairs and even growing into the living room downstairs. Mack's parents face turned into alarm when they found a blue and purple Poky-Dot Tiger with no Kate insight.

"What's that **BIG SACK**, and where is your sister, Kate?"

**"HICCUP, HICCUP, HICCUP!"**

The **BIG SACK** started to rumble, and started to move,  
Out came Kate like a mighty gift! **POOF!**

"Weee! That was fun Mack! **HICCUP!** Let's do that again!" Kate smiled while her mother kept hugging her and checking to make sure her baby was all right.

Mack's parents inspected this strange unusual **BIG SACK**. Mack's mother lost her voice and just stood there pointing at the Government seal on the backside of the **BIG SACK**.

"Mack where did you get this? It belongs to the American Government. You must return it at once! What is it anyway?" Mack's father wanted answers quick, and to the point with no blame

but from Mack himself. Instead, all his parents got, Mack looking dazed and not knowing what to say.

Mack just yelled, "It's a **BIG SACK!**" Then covered his mouth afraid he told too much.

Mack's parents yelled together, "Pick up this room without what you call a **BIG SACK!**"

Father pointed at the seal on the **BIG SACK**, " and return this item back where you found it and do it real fast."

Then Mack's father noticed the Three-Headed Vacuums. Looking closer, he saw Molly's dolls hair still attached to the machine.

"Whose vacuums are these? Explain son!" As Mack's father, unplug the machine and stood tapping his foot waiting for an answer.

Mack's mother looked closer and shrieked, "That's my best vacuum, Mack you have some explaining to do!" Mack's mother looked at the other two machines. " Mack this one is your Grandmother's vacuum!"

She looked at the third vacuum handle and noticed some initials **LTS**. "I know those initials, this vacuum is Liz Tina Streep, Tommy's mother's vacuum. Put all three machines back together. They had better work like new when you are through. Return them at once, to whom they belong, and shame on you!"

Both parents chimed together. "If this room and house is not cleaned up and everything put back where they belong, no television or Internet for Mack forever!" They both marched out of Mack's room leaving him holding the bag.

Mack cried out, "NO, Television or Internet **FOREVER**, I must work fast!" Sadly, he knew his big dream of a **Big Sack** invention and making millions, was only a pipe dream that could never

come true. Mack looked around his bedroom; it was such a dreadful mess.

Molly and Kate mumbled together. "It will take Mack years to pick up his room. Mack is a criminal with an illegal **BIG Sack that's forbidden!**"

"Should we help him Molly?"

"No way, that idiot destroyed my dolls and he did this all by himself! Come on and help me straighten my room, and I will help you with yours!"

**BAMmmm...Bammmm.... BAMMmmmm....** Someone was at the front door. Mack feared the worse. 'What if it's the owner of the **BIG Sack** was at the door?' Mack would be taken to prison and they would throw away the key.

Mack crawled, wiggled, and waggled into his **Big Sack** and called his faithful dog Scout, hoping they would not be found, in Mack's **BIG SACK** of a room.



## Chapter 7

Mack heard someone with a deep voice speaking so loudly it caused Mack's hair to stand on ends and his ears started popping. "Here is my parachute why is it stuffed with a whole room?" Mack heard his parents yelling for Mack to come out and tell this nice man all that happen.

Mack sat shaking like a leaf, behind his mess he wished he never thought of using a **BIG SACK** to clean his room.

Mack hoped if he closed his eyes, that when he opens them, everything would be the same before the **BIG SACK** idea entered his brain. When he opened his eyes, he saw a pair of enormous army boots coming closer to where Mack sat. Mack feared the worse.

Suddenly a Green Giant was pulling him out from his **BIG SACK** with Scout growling like he too was about to be punished.

Mack looked at this beastly man wearing all green: a hat that matched and medals that chimed, Mack started to shake with fear, and he wanted to run away. He wanted to be anywhere but not here.

"Hey boy did you steal my parachute. What are you using it for? It's stuffed and packed to the

gills with your bedroom?" Green Man stood looking around puzzled.

"Tell him son!" Mack's father spoke up.

Mack finally found his voice and without taking a breath in fear he rambled out all his plans of using a **BIG SACK**.

"I... I'm using it to stuff my whole room in, sir, so instead of a room I would have a **BIG SACK** instead. A new invention, I could have made millions! I am sorry I thought it would work, but I failed! I found it in the willow tree in the vacant lot on Maple Street and I thought it was answer to my prayers. I didn't think it belonged to ..... anyone. But...now my room is a disaster, my best friend thinks I'm crazy, my parents are upset, and my sisters all hate me, and I don't know where to begin!" Mack said it in only one breath.

"That's a new one kid! You cannot hide your room into a **BIG SACK**!" The big green man scratched his head and started to laugh so loud the whole house shook and the stuff in the bag started to roll out.

The sergeant slapped Mack on the back. "A sack is only good for trash or for storage and that's that kid! Never use a parachute as a **BIG Sack** my boy. **NEVER!** Also don't ever take anything without asking or finding out, who it belongs too, first!"

Mack wiped his tears and shook his head yes.

"No more fussing or whining over all that has happened. You must be strong, kid!"

Mack looked around his bedroom. The room he once cared and loved, was now a big heaping hodgepodge mess?

The sergeant looked around. "A **BIG SACK** is definitely not the way to clean your room. You must organize and create **ORDER** as you go. **STRAIGHTEN, DUST**, and throw as you move. Anything broken, lost pieces and grown out of must be **TOSSED** or given away."

The Big Green man peeled a dirty T-shirt sticking to the side of the dresser. Taking a sniff of the shirt the Green man's face turned the same color as his uniform. Mack had to hold back laughing. "Phew! If it needs washing kid, have a laundry basket or hamper in your room, and fill it with dirty clothes and take it down to the washroom each Wash day. A better idea; learn how to wash your own clothes. Unless you are a pig or something, HAAaaaaaa?"

"Sort, label, use storage containers one here, there, under and over." The sergeant started pointing and tossing as he moved around the room. "Before you know it, your bedroom will be completed without a **SHOUT** and you must keep it that way after you are done. **MAINTENANCE and DISCIPLINE!** Did you get it Boy and little young lady?"

**"HICCUP, HICCUP, HICCUP!"**

"That's my little sister Kate! She hiccups, every time she gets excited or nervous! Get out of here squirt before you get hurt!" Mack looked upset at his little sister, who stood hiding, holding her stuff tiger watching and listening while sucking on her thumb. Sergeant placed his hat on her head, and she smiled.

"Hey little one, you too can learn to clean your room. Make your bed every day, put toys, books, and clothes away. Remember just because it has doors on it, like drawers or closet doesn't mean it doesn't need to get clean and organized."

**"HICCUP, I can do that! I like you!"** Kate ran out of Mack's room to her own and she worked quickly to make her room clean for the sergeant and her parent's inspection.

Sergeant found Mack's radio alarm clock lying on the floor, plugged it in, and turned it on. "Do not forget to make it fun with some music to get the beat, **BOOGIE, BOOGIE BOOGIE!**" as the Sergeant started tossing with a beat. "Hey boy, ready to clean your room?"

Mack whispered a quiet yes!

"Say it louder kid, I want to hear it from the North Pole to the South Pole!"

Mack screamed "**YES, Sir!**"

I will show you how to do it! **MOVE OUT!**" Sergeant handed Mack a broom and marched him around his room calling out orders.

## Chapter 8

Sergeant put Mack's father to work putting the three vacuums back together again in just 10 minutes. Mack could not believe his eyes; his Father is out of this world. Mack's Father even had time to change the three vacuum bags in 2 seconds flat and ruffled Mack's hair and smile at his son. As Mack's father started moving, the television and furniture back downstairs.

"Stop **GAWKING**, time is wasting, you have lot of work to do boy! Get going!" Sergeant lifted Mack's dresser with one hand.

Mack lifted and pulled, straightened, labeled, and pitched anything that did not work, fit, or use. Sergeant opened Mack's bedroom window and **TOSSED** the trash filled bags out. They all landed right at the curb, in a straight row and not one out of step. Anything that belonged in another room was placed outside of Mack's bedroom until his bedroom completed.

Mack started vacuuming with his mother's vacuum he could not believe he enjoyed vacuuming. He never knew how much fun it could be. Mack even added the attachment, cleaning the dirt in the corners of his room, and sucking out the dirt from his dresser drawers.

Even Molly listened at Mack's bedroom door. She went back to her own room and got it organized and clean. "I can do a better job than Mack when it comes to cleaning a room! I will show him, that nincompoop!" Molly shut her bedroom door behind her and started cleaning her

clothes closet.

An hour later, Mack looked at his bedroom; it looked so exact, clean, and neat! No more piles on the floor, not one pile on the dresser or any more overstuffed closets or drawers. **WOW!** Mack was impressed it was all clean and he could find things with ease.

Mack's mother mentioned lemonade, cupcakes, and bags of microwave popcorn for a quick break and she was a little curious to see what was happening. She could not believe her eyes! "Surely, this clean bedroom could not be her son's. Everything had a place to call home with labels showing what stored where and Mack's socks drawer was color-coded and folded."

Mack's room smells so clean and new! Mack's mother started to cry. "My little boy is not a little boy anymore! Look at this room, it's organized and neat!" Mack's mother gave Mack a big hug and could not stop thanking the sergeant for all that he has done. Mack was smiling happily.

"Mommy, come and see my room, bring Daddy and Mr. Surf-Giant!" Kate grabbed her mother's arm and the sergeant's large hand and Kate pulled them out of Mack's room to her room for her bedroom inspection.

Mack with the help of his family even Molly put the rest of the house backed together again. Mack's family worked as a team getting the house organized and clean. So much fun and laughter as they work together.

Mack's family created cleaning and organizing games; one game consists of who can dust the room the fastest. **"Hi-Tidy! Hi, Tidy! Ho!"**

The three children had a race using the three vacuums all-humming together to see who completed a room first. When the job completed, they all sat back and admired how wonderful the house looked. They all made a pledge to keep it this way.

## Chapter 9

Sergeant looked at the family working together and saying to himself, 'my job is done here!' The sergeant picked up his parachute, departed, and saying as he walked out! Looking at Mack, "What one thing stand out that you learned today, boy?"

Mack smiled looked at his parents. "I know the answer sir, forget the **BIG SACK** and work smarts, instead!" Mack's parents, Kate, and even Molly gave him a big hug and a pat on the back. "**GOOD JOB!** We are so proud of our son!" Mack's mother brushed away a big tear.

The sergeant removed one of his medals an attached it to Mack's chest. "This medal is to remind you to clean your room and keep it up. A million dollars cannot beat family love or a clean an organized house.

The best **Big SACK** is a **BIG BAG of POPCORN** to Munch on!" He walked out of Mack's house with his parachute flipped over his shoulder and munching on some popcorn as he strolled out. Shaking Mack's parents' hands, while balancing boxes that included cupcakes, apple pie, cookies and a dozen bags of microwave popcorn given by Mack's mother for his journey home.

"**Remember Maintenance is the Key!**" Sergeant saluted Mack as he walked down the street.

Mack stood at the door and waved until he could not see the sergeant anymore. He closed the door behind him and looked at the grandfather clock in the hall, it chimed three times **BONG**,

**BONG, BONG.** "Awesome, I'm right on time to watch my favorite show at 3. It's not too late to reward myself with my favorite program and a treat!"

## Chapter 7

Before sitting down Mack's Mother, call him into the kitchen. Mack feared the worse, *what did I do now?* Mack's mother kissed him on the cheek and presented him with his favorite Jumbo Peanut Butter Cookies. "Dear I have to ask you something!" Mack started to get nervous.

"Honey, would you show your dear mom, how to organize and clean her kitchen drawers so they too will be organized and clean just like your room?" Mack was speechless and his buttons were bursting that his mother wanted his help. Mack could not wait until tomorrow as he munched on his cookies and went to watch his program.

Just when Mack sat down with Scout at his feet and both of their bellies full of Jumbo Peanut Butter Cookies, they both fell asleep exhausted and Mack missed his favorite program completely. He dreamed of his new organized and cleaned bedroom, the fun he had cleaning with his family, his awesome new friend, the Sergeant and his marvelous and outstanding new medal, "Tommy will surely be jealous!"

**"WHERE IS THAT LITTLE CREEP, MACK, WHO DESERVES A BIG SMACK?"**

Mack quickly awoke with his sister Molly screaming, yelling, and running after him. "You little creep you gave all my beautiful Victorian dolls crewcuts! When I get my hands on you!"

Mack grabbed Tommy and Grandmother Dillie's vacuums and ran out of the house to avoid Molly. With Scout, trailing behind he could not wait to return Tommy's vacuum and tell him all that happen with his **BIG SACK** adventure.



Mack wondered how he would clean his school locker tomorrow....

**THE END**

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