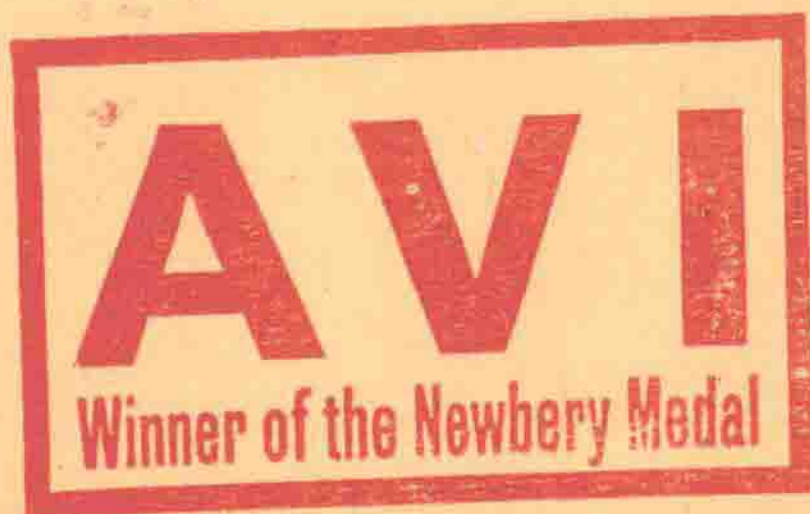
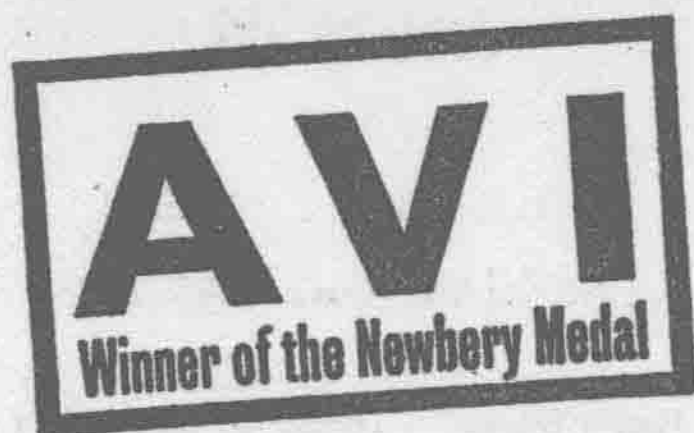


"The story of Philip Malloy shouts to be shared."
—*The New York Times*



**NOTHING
BUT THE
TRUTH**



NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

A DOCUMENTARY NOVEL

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Note: The text of "The Star-Spangled Banner" is reprinted in several encyclopedic sources with slight variations in capitalization, punctuation, and spelling. The version used in this book is taken from *The Dictionary of Cultural Literacy*.

Nothing But the Truth
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FOR BETTY MILES

Two Questions

Do you swear to tell the truth,
the whole truth, and
nothing but the truth?

Does anyone say no?

MEMO

HARRISON SCHOOL DISTRICT

Where Our Children Are Educated, Not Just Taught

Dr. Albert Seymour
Superintendent



Mrs. Gloria Harland
Chairman, School Board

STANDARD FORMAT FOR MORNING ANNOUNCEMENTS ON PUBLIC-ADDRESS SYSTEM

1. 8:05 A.M. The Principal, or in his stead the Assistant Principal, or in his stead a designated member of the faculty, will say, "Good morning to all students, faculty, and staff. Today is Monday (or whatever day), January (or whatever month) 3 (or whatever day). Today will be a Schedule A (or B) day" (depending on what schedule).
2. Say, "Today in history ..." (Please consult *Book of Days* in Principal's office for appropriate references. Limit is three items.)
3. Say, "Please all rise and stand at respectful, silent attention for the playing of our national anthem."

4. Turn on tape of anthem.

5. After anthem is complete, say, "I have these announcements." All administration and faculty announcements shall be made at this point.

6. Say, "May I now introduce _____ (name of student, grade) for today's sport and club news. Have a good day."

7. Student announcements.

8. All announcements should end by 8:15 latest.

DR. JOSEPH PALLENI
Assistant Principal

Tuesday, March 13

10:35 P.M.

From the Diary of Philip Malloy

Coach Jamison saw me in the hall and said he wanted to make sure I'm trying out for the track team!!!! Said my middle school gym teacher told him I was really good!!!! Then he said that with me on the Harrison High team we have a real shot at being county champs. Fantastic!!!!!! He wouldn't say that unless he meant it. Have to ask folks about helping me get new shoes. Newspaper route won't do it all. But Dad was so excited when I told him what Coach said that I'm sure he'll help.

Saw a thing on TV about Olympic committees already organizing all over the country. Olympics. I'm going to be there! County champs. State champs. College champs. Then Olympics! Folks always reminding me about the money they're putting aside for my college, which is the only way to go. That's what did Dad in, dropping out. Too hard to get noticed with just clubs.

Rainy and cold. I hate this kind of weather. Slows you down. Still ran six miles. I'm getting stronger.

Oh, yeah. . . . At lunch Sarah Gloss came up and said she had to speak to me. Said this girl, Allison Doresett, likes me. I had to act cool because I wasn't sure who she was. Then I remembered she's in my English class and is really decent. She must have liked that gag question I asked. The two of us would be front-of-the-line. Bet she heard about my running too. Girls go for guys who win. Ta-da! It's Malloy Magic time!

Talk about Malloy Magic. . . . This time for—da-dum!—Miss Narwin. I mean, what can you do with an English teacher who's so uptight she must have been put together with super glue. Try to make a joke—lighten things up a bit—she goes all flinty-faced. Shift to sweet, she goes sour. I mean, people can't have their own minds about anything!!! Talk about a free country!!! And the stuff we have to read! Can't believe how stupid and *boring* Jack London is! I mean, really. *The Call of the Wild*. Talk about dogs! Ma says she had to read it when *she* was in school. There has to be better stuff to read for ninth grade somewhere. I thought high school was going to be different.

Have to figure a way to run past Narwin.

10:45 P.M.

From a Letter Written by
Margaret Narwin
to Her Sister, Anita Wigham

Yes, Anita, I suppose that after doing *anything* for twenty-one years a body does get a little tired. And I *have* been teaching English at Harrison High for just

that long. All the same, I remain steadfast in my belief that my life was meant to be *the bringing of fine literature to young minds*. When the connection is made—and from time to time it *is* made—it's all worth it. Is it wrong to speak of the work as a calling? Well, teaching *is* almost a religion to me. I will complain from time to time, but—it *is* my life. The truth is, I like it.

But the *other* truth, Anita, is that students today are not what they used to be. There is no love of literature. Not the way you and I learned it from Mother. Young people don't read at all today—outside of school requirements. They come to literature reluctantly at best, fighting me every inch of the way. It's not as if they aren't bright. They *are*. And I like them and their capacity for independence. But the other side of that independence is a lack of caring for anything beyond themselves. If they ask me once more "What's this have to do with *us*?" I think I'll scream. Of course, I don't scream. You have to treat them with care *and* fairness. Fairness is *so* important to them.

For example: these days I'm teaching *The Call of the Wild*. A student raised his hand to say he didn't understand "who was calling who." Now if I were to laugh or mock, he would be insulted. And I would lose him.

This boy, Philip Malloy, is new to me. I met his parents at First Night, and they seem like pleasant folks; they come regularly to PTA meetings. They are educated—she is, anyway. I'm not sure what they do.

But this Philip—an only son, by the way, which may be the problem—is only a middling student, and it's a shame. A nice-looking boy. A boy I like. Intelligent. With real potential. Perhaps that's why he irritates me so—for he shows no desire to strive, to make sacrifices for the betterment of self, the way we were taught. And, oh, my, Anita, so restless! Worst of all, like so many of

them, he exhibits *no* desire to learn. No ambition at all! But it's not even *that* I mind so much. No, it's a certain something—a resistance—to accepting the idea that literature is important. For him or anyone! But it is. *It is!* If I could only convince students of that. It's that desire that keeps me going.

I can hear you saying, "Come on down to Florida." Anita, I don't know if I am ready for that yet.

Yes, I could take early retirement. Mr. Benison (Science) is doing so. But then, he's older than I. And he has a wife who works. The truth is, Anita, I would be lost without my books, my teaching, my students.

I had a note from Ethel Truebel! Do you remember her? She used to be in the West Fork Church congregation years ago. It seems ...

Thursday, March 15

8:05 A.M.
Discussion
in Bernard Lunser's
Homeroom Class

MR. LUNSER: Let's go! Let's go! *Carpe diem*. Time to grab the moment!

INTERCOM VOICE OF DR. GERTRUDE DOANE, HARRISON HIGH PRINCIPAL: Good morning to all students, faculty, and staff. Today is Thursday, March 15. Today will be a Schedule A day.

MR. LUNSER: Get that, bozos? A day!

DR. DOANE: Today in history: on this day in 44 B.C., Julius Caesar was assassinated.

MR. LUNSER: And right after that they all sat down and ate a Caesar salad.

DR. DOANE: In 1767, Andrew Jackson, our seventh president, was born.

MR. LUNSER: So by the time this here Andy's term was over, he was four years old.

DR. DOANE: It was in 1820 that Maine was admitted to the United States.

MR. LUNSER: And by 1821 they wanted out.

DR. DOANE: Please all rise and stand at respectful, silent attention for the playing of our national anthem.

*Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming? . . .*

MR. LUNSER: Okay, Philip, is that yesterday's homework or today's you're working on?

*Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous
fight . . .*

PHILIP MALLOY: I'm trying to pass an exam.

MR. LUNSER: Ah, the famous wit and wisdom of Mr. Malloy. Philip, I'm the only one allowed to make jokes around here. Put the book away.

*O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming? . . .*

PHILIP MALLOY: Just one last paragraph?

MR. LUNSER: Away, Philip! Or I'll make you sing along solo!

*And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still
there.*

*Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?*

MR. LUNSER: Okay. Move it out! Move it out! Hey, and be careful in those hallways.

STUDENT: What about announcements?

MR. LUNSER: Seems there aren't any, for which we can all be grateful. Anyway, Philip needs the time to study for his exam!

11:05 P.M.

From the Diary of Philip Malloy

Winter term exams next week. Hate them. Studying is so boring! I read the biology book for about twenty minutes tonight. Then I realized I wasn't really *reading*. Must have been asleep or something.

Three exams scheduled in one day!!! The trick is getting past the teacher. It's like a race. You have to have a strategy—know when to take it easy, know when to turn on the juice. Get teachers to *think* you're in control. Have to know when to kick. Like—put in one of *their* ideas. Or when all else fails make them laugh.

The exam I really want to study for is math. I could get a good mark. People think I'm weird, but I like math.

I won't waste time on English. What can you say about a dog? Besides, it's just a matter of opinion, anyway!!! If I could only get Narwin to crack a smile.

Mom and Dad have been arguing a lot lately. Wonder

what *that* means? Dad said his business is in a cash flow squeeze. Mom says the phone company wants employees to pay more into the health plan. Says that's not fair. Dad says the point of business is to make the most money.

Been checking Allison out. She looked cool today. Dad says that when you're a sports star girls really go for you. Hey, Allison, remember me? Phil. Phil Malloy. Right! How would you like a box seat at the Olympics?

Mr. Bencroft—on Washington Street—owes me for three weeks of newspapers. Talk about dogs!!!!

Sunny at first today. Then cloudy. Bit of rain. Then sunny again. Still, I got in a couple of hours of workout. Mostly wind sprints. Then twenty minutes on Dad's rowing machine.

In *Running* magazine, there's this guy, Steve Hallick, who's 17, and he's doing the 55 meters in 6.51 seconds!!!!

Track team practice season starts next week. Can't wait. That's all Dad and I talk about.