



CHAPTER 1

Hi, I'm Emma Easley, and I'm the chief **executive** of the E Club. That means I'm in charge. I'm ten and a half and in fifth grade, and the club was **entirely** my idea.

I **expect** you want to know what the E stands for.

Well, for one thing, E stands for **enuresis**. That's the official name for pee accidents, **either** overnight or during the day.

E also stands for **encopresis**. That means you have poop accidents.

The E club is for kids who have enuresis or encopresis. Or both, like me.

I've had enuresis and encopresis most of my life, but until this year, I didn't **even** know accidents *had* official names. I just thought accidents were, you know, *accidents*—**embarrassing episodes** that pretty much only happened to me.

But I was in **error**! It turns out lots of kids, **everywhere** in the world, have enuresis and encopresis. It's just that no one talks about it.

Well, **except** me, **evidently**! I'm an **extrovert**, as you can tell. I've always been outgoing, and I like to think out loud.

You've probably noticed I **elect** to use words that start with E. That's because 1.) my first and last names both start with E and 2.) I **enjoy** playing with words. In fact,

I **excel** at it. That's not an **exaggeration**!

I'm **endlessly entertained** by word searches, crossword puzzles, and word scrambles. For **example**, I found forty-six words using the letters in "encopresis." In this game, you can use any of the letters in any order. (Try it!)

Some words I found **easily**, like these:

CORN

NICE

OPEN

Other words took more **effort**:

NOISE

CRISP

SCORE

I even found an **eight-letter** word:

PRINCESS

Excellent, *eh?* You can check my work!

When I grow up, I plan to be **employed** as an **essayist**. That's a writer who **expresses** opinions.

I have a *lot* of opinions.

For example, in my **estimation**, a.k.a. my opinion, 1.) red licorice is superior to black licorice (which is barely even **edible**), and 2.) my mom **exaggerates** how much she **exercises**.

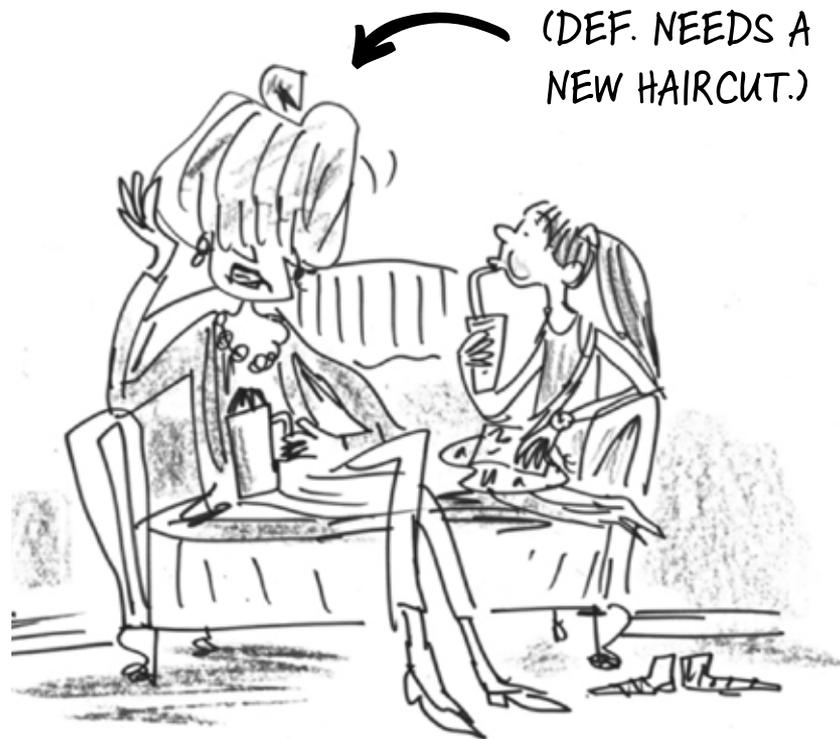
In case you weren't sure, a.k.a. stands for "also known as." My aunt, Jennifer, says "a.k.a." all the time, and I've started **emulating** her, a.k.a. being a copycat.

For example, yesterday Aunt Jennifer said, "Emma, my haircut is a catastrophe, a.k.a. a total disaster, a.k.a. I look like an **English** sheepdog."

She did. Her bangs **extended** into her **eyes**,

like a mop. I agreed with her, but she didn't seem happy about it.

AUNT JENNIFER
(DEF. NEEDS A
NEW HAIRCUT.)



For fun, I collect words that start with E. In fact, I have an **enormous** list of **E** words—1,036 as of today.

Whenever I **encounter** an **E** word, I **enter** it into my notebook. I've clipped the notebook to a shoulder strap, so I **essentially** wear it, like a purse. I keep my **E** list handy at all times, except during recess, P.E., and soccer. I doodle in my notebook and draw a  next to words I didn't know before.

One new word on my list is **enema**. An enema is a treatment that helps you poop. My doctor told me about it. You squeeze medicine up your bottom through a small tube.

You're probably thinking: *Ewww!*

That's **exactly** what I thought. To be honest, **enemas** do feel strange at first, but they don't hurt. I was surprised about that.

There's one kid in the E club, Lucas, who hasn't had an enema. So far, Lucas has been **emphatic**.

"No way," he told me. "*Not* happening."

"Never," he added. "In case I didn't make myself clear."

"Oh, you *did*," I replied. "One hundred percent."