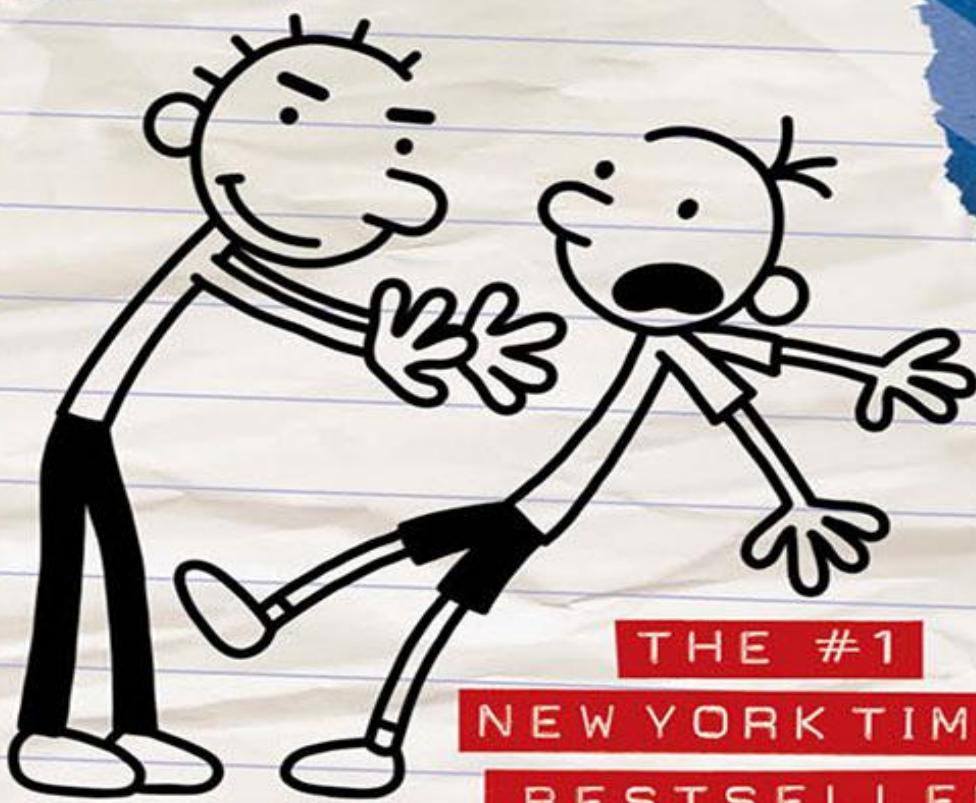


DIARY of a **Wimpy Kid** RODRICK RULES



THE #1
NEW YORK TIMES
BESTSELLER

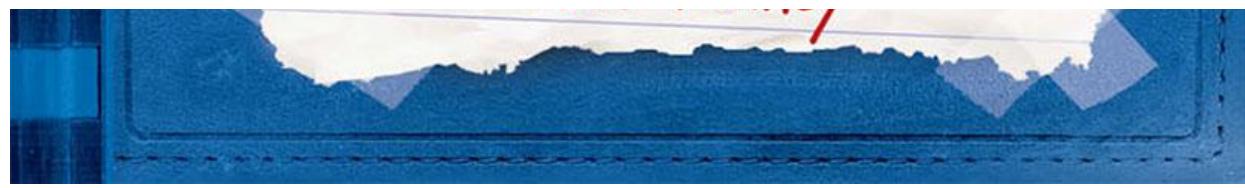
Jeff Kinney

DIARY of a **Wimpy Kid** RODRICK RULES



THE #1
NEW YORK TIMES
BESTSELLER

Jeff Kinney





Dear Reader,

I'm very excited that you're holding the Kindle edition of Diary of a Wimpy Kid in your hands.

When I read my first e-book on a Kindle, I was amazed at the possibilities. Carrying a whole library around with me on a device I could fit in the palm of my hand? Amazing.

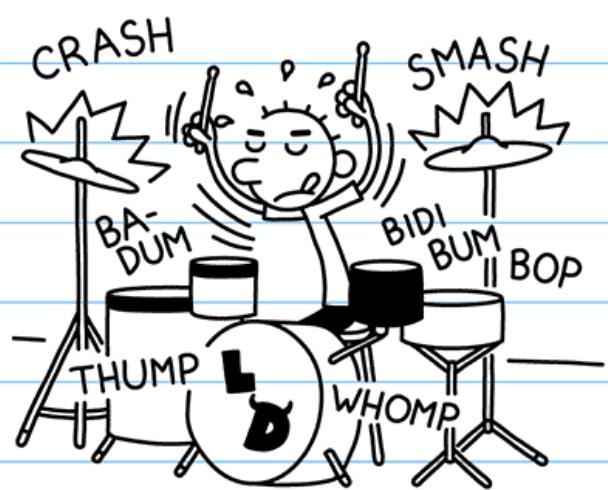
What's been very rewarding to me as an author has been seeing kids carrying their dog-eared copies of Diary of a Wimpy Kid with them. The Kindle allows kids to have the whole series at their fingertips, and the reading experience is crisp and clean every time . . . with no chance of today's breakfast staining the pages.

Thank you for purchasing Diary of a Wimpy Kid on your Kindle. I hope it gives you lots of laughs and you have as much fun reading it as I did writing it.

LJH



Jeff Kinney



OTHER BOOKS BY JEFF KINNEY

Diary of a Wimpy Kid

Diary of a Wimpy Kid: The Last Straw

Diary of a Wimpy Kid: Dog Days

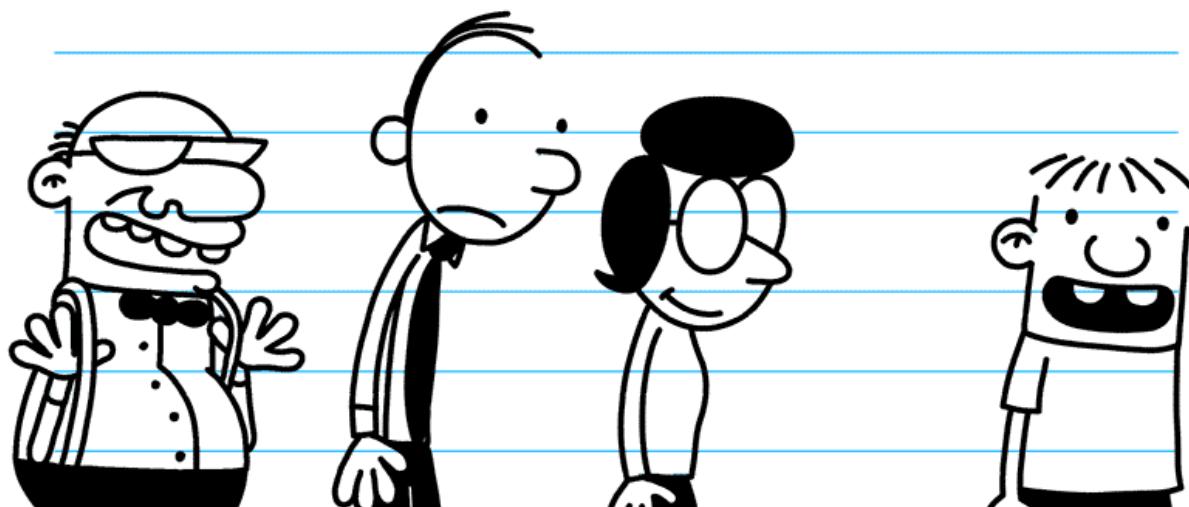
Diary of a Wimpy Kid: The Ugly Truth

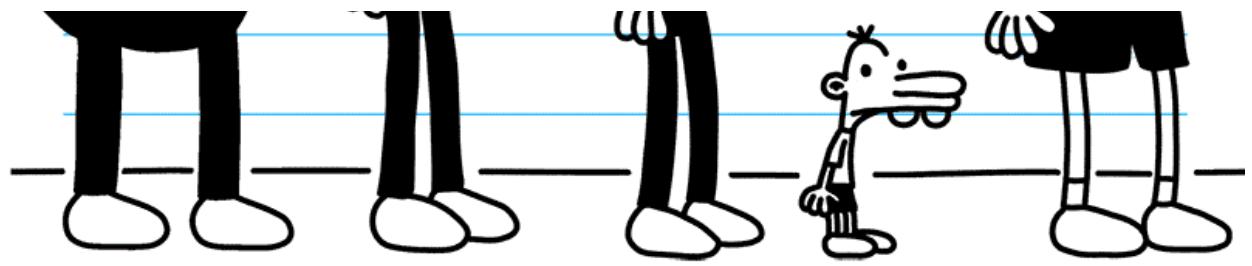
Diary of a Wimpy Kid: Cabin Fever

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The Wimpy Kid Do-It-Yourself Book

The Wimpy Kid Movie Diary





DIARY of a Wimpy Kid

RODRICK RULES

by Jeff Kinney



AMULET BOOKS

New York



PUBLISHER'S NOTE: This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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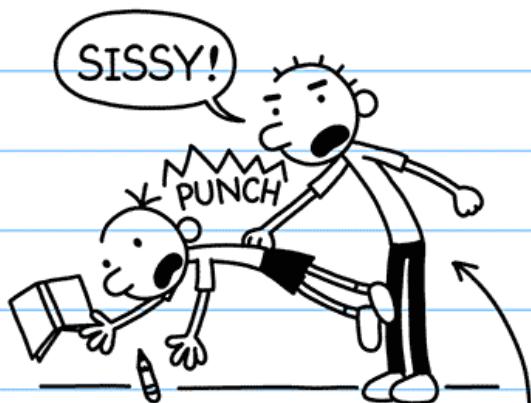
TO JULIE, WILL, AND GRANT

SEPTEMBER

Monday.

I guess Mom was pretty proud of herself for
making me write in that journal last year, because
now she went and bought me another one.

But remember how I said that if some jerk
caught me carrying a book with "diary" on the
cover they were gonna get the wrong idea?
Well, that's exactly what happened today.



(MY BROTHER RODRICK)

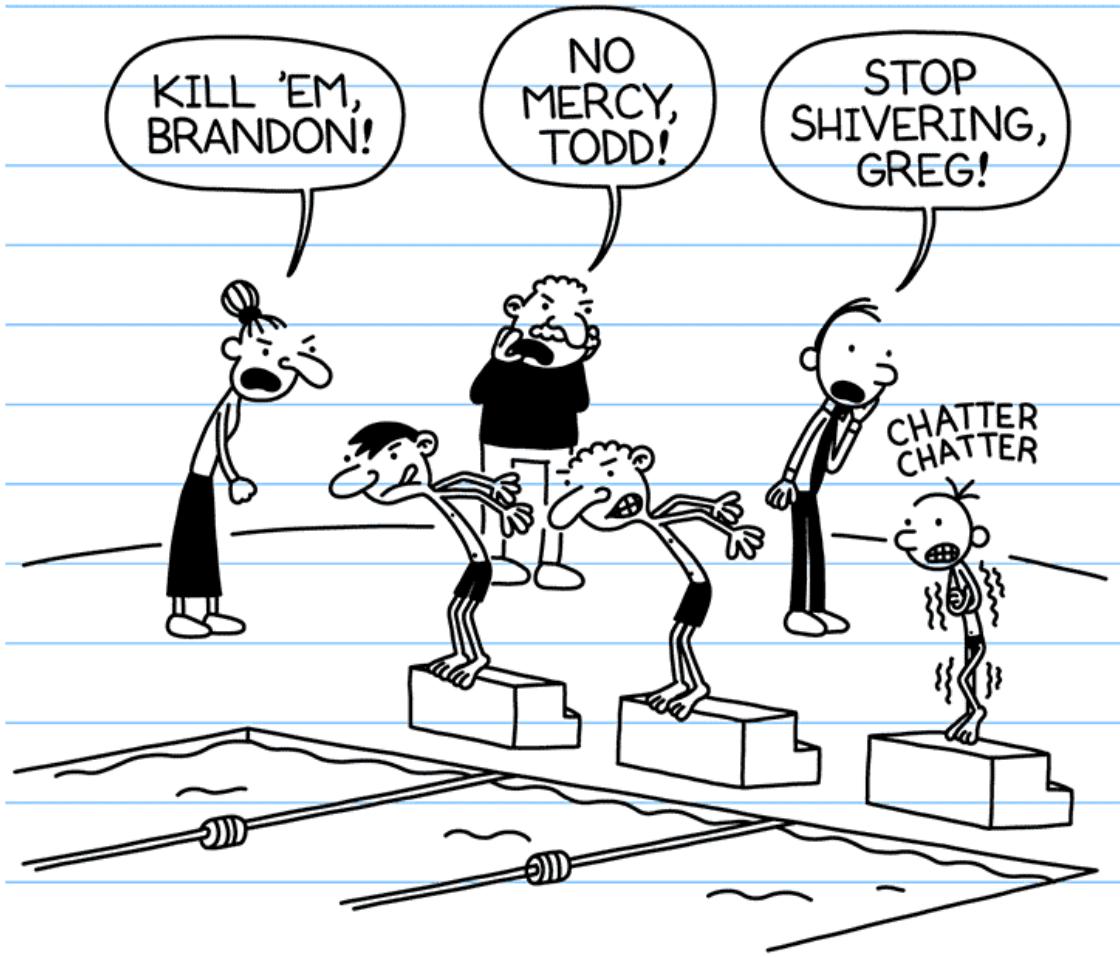
Now that Rodrick knows I have another journal,
I better remember to keep this one locked up.
Rodrick actually got ahold of my last journal

a few weeks back, and it was a disaster. But

don't even get me started on THAT story.

Even without my Rodrick problems, my summer
was pretty lousy.

Our family didn't go anywhere or do anything
fun, and that's Dad's fault. Dad made me join
the swim team again, and he wanted to make sure
I didn't miss any meets this year.



Dad's got this idea that I'm destined to be a

great swimmer or something, so that's why he

makes me join the team every summer.

At my first swim meet a couple of years ago,

Dad told me that when the umpire shot off the

starter pistol, I was supposed to dive in and

start swimming.

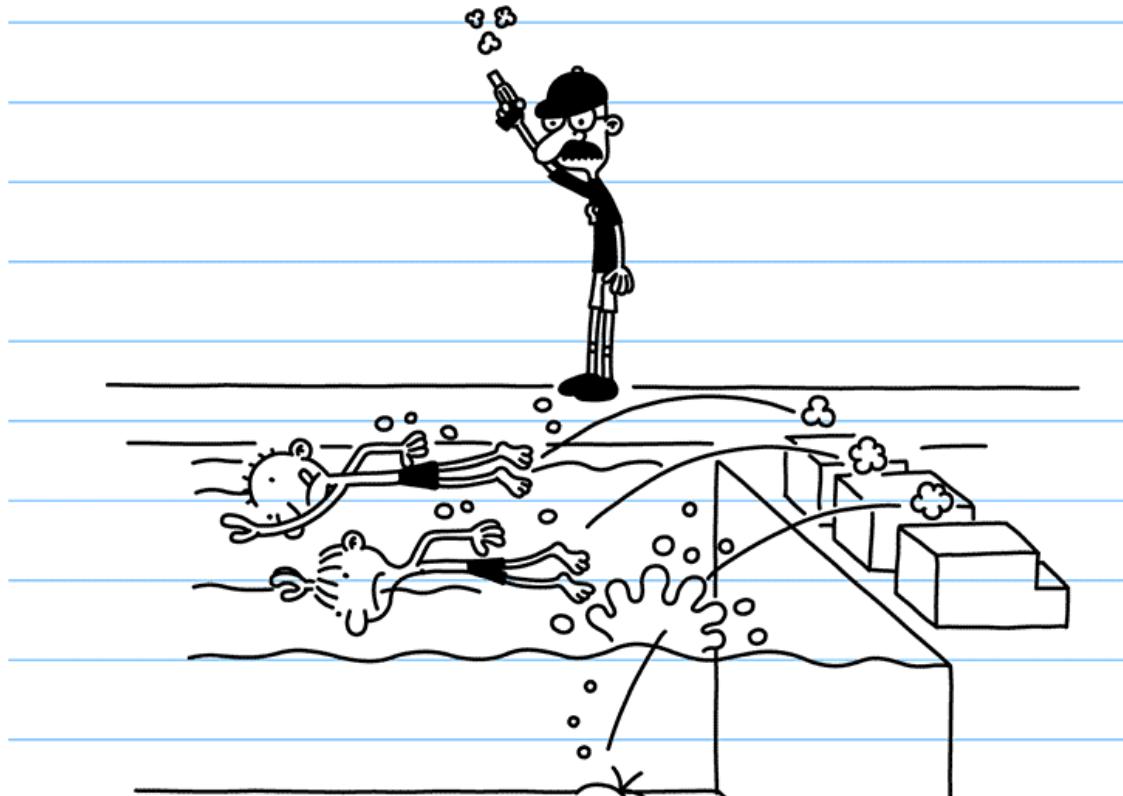
But what he DIDN'T tell me was that the starter

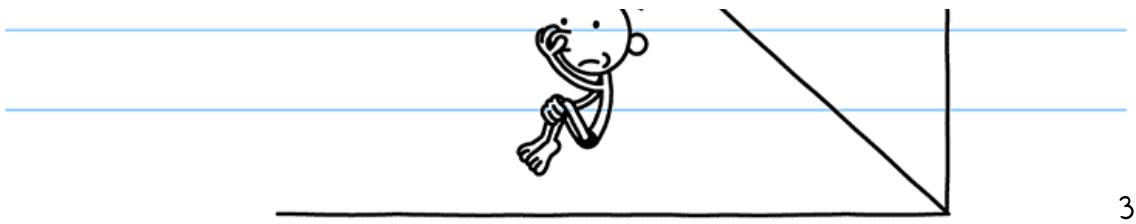
gun only fired BLANKS.

So I was a whole lot more worried about where the

bullet was gonna land than I was about getting

myself to the other end of the pool.





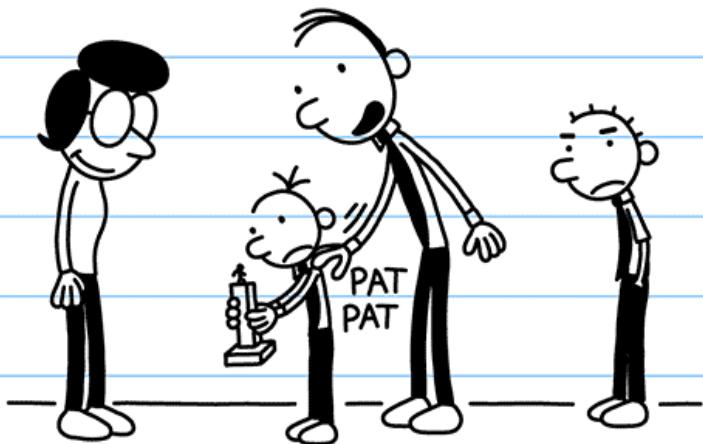
3

Even after Dad explained the whole "starter pistol" concept to me, I was still the worst swimmer on the team.

But I did end up winning "Most Improved" at the awards banquet at the end of the summer.

That's only because there was a ten-minute difference between my first race and my last one.

So I guess Dad's still waiting for me to live up to my potential.



In a lot of ways, being on the swim team was worse than being in middle school.

First of all, we had to be at the pool by 7:30

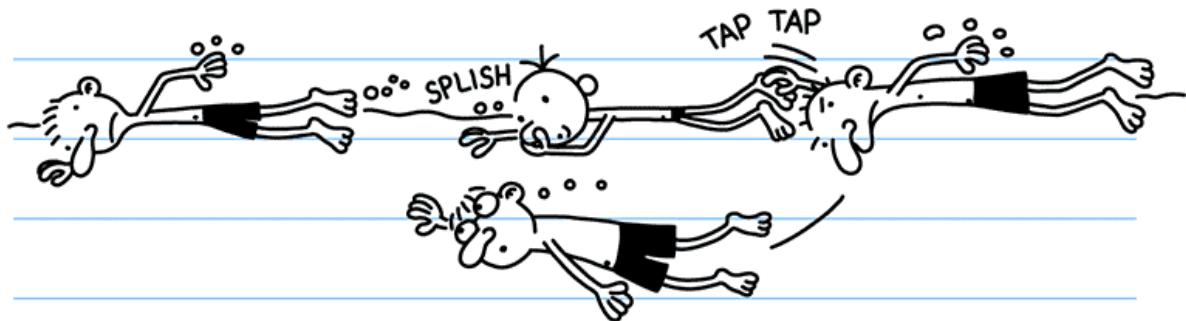
every morning, and the water was always

FREEZING cold.

And second of all, we were all crammed into two

lanes, so I always had somebody on my tail trying

to get around me.



The reason we had to use two lanes was because

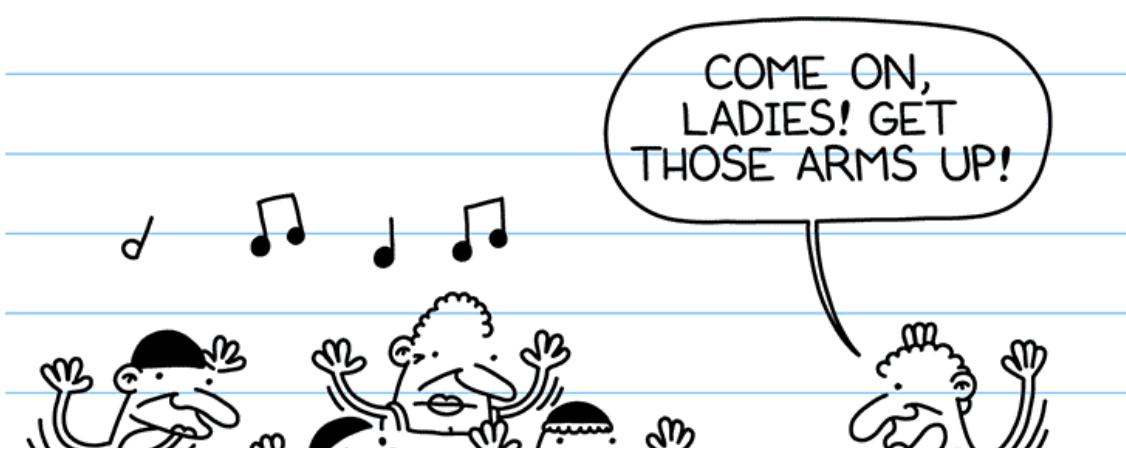
swim practice was at the same time as the Water

Jazz class.

I actually tried to convince Dad to let me do

Water Jazz instead of swim team, but he wouldn't

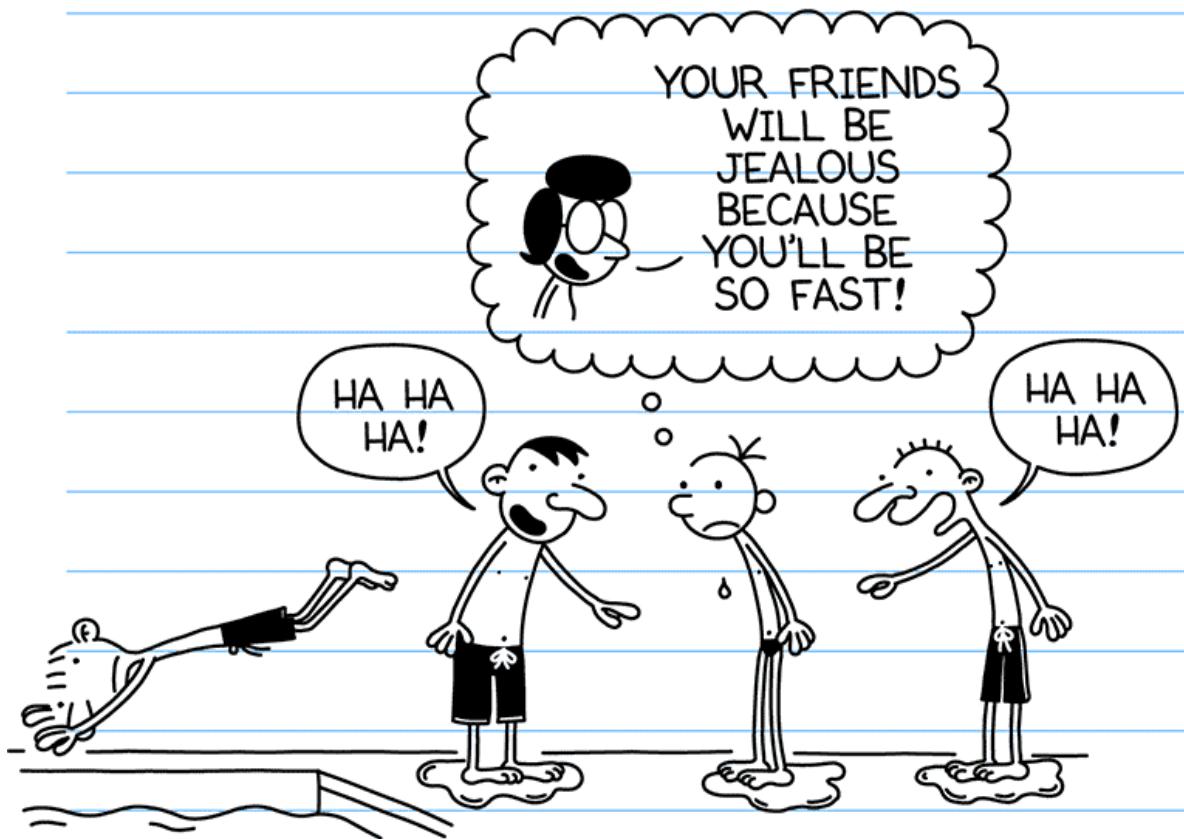
go for it.





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This was the first summer the coach let us boys
wear swim trunks instead of those skimpy racing
trunks. But Mom said Rodrick's hand-me-down
bathing suit was "perfectly fine."



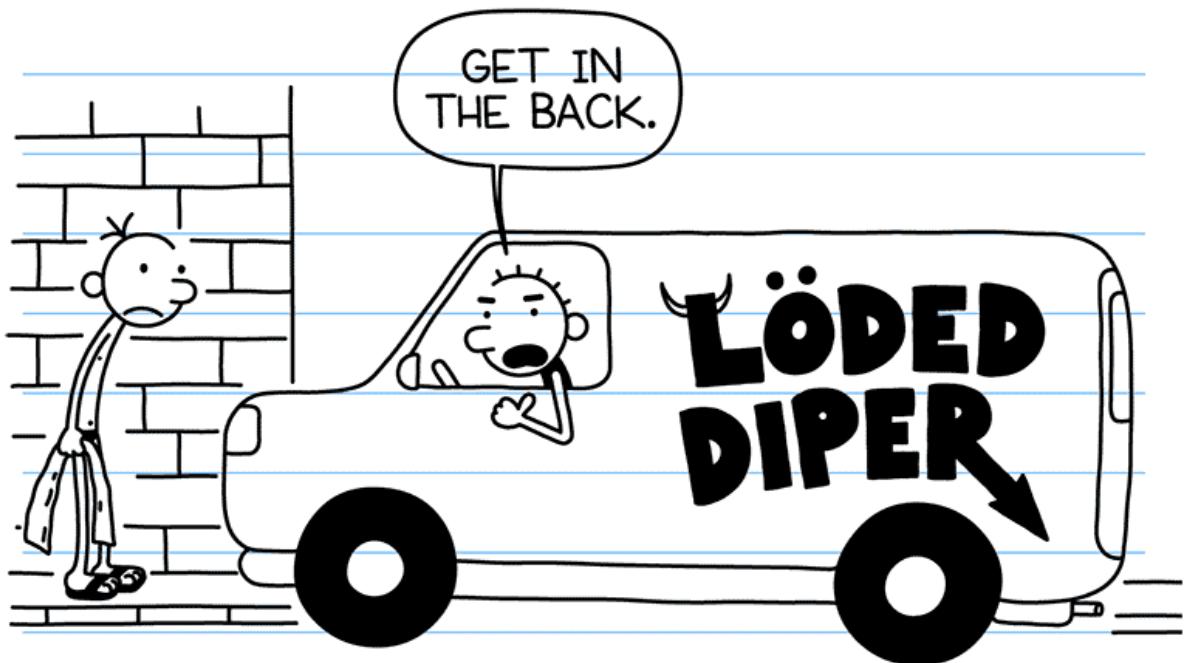
After swim practice, Rodrick would pick me up in
his band's van. Mom had this crazy idea that if
me and Rodrick spent "quality time" on the ride
home every day, we wouldn't fight as much. But
all it did was make things a lot worse.

Rodrick was always a half hour late picking me up.

And he wouldn't let me sit up front. He said the

chlorine would ruin his seat, even though the van is

something like fifteen years old.



Rodrick's van doesn't actually have any seats in

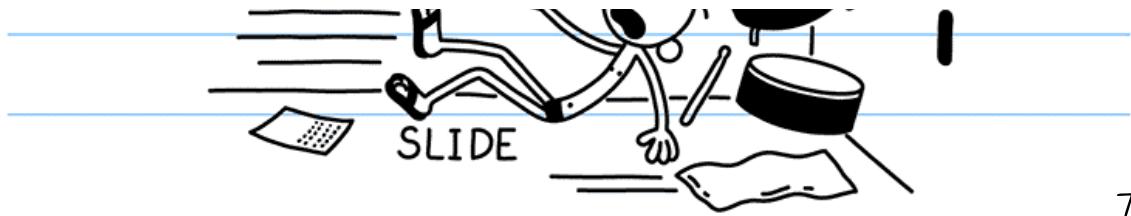
the back, so I had to squeeze in with all the

band equipment. And every time the van came to

a stop, I had to pray I didn't get my head

taken off by one of Rodrick's drums.





7

I ended up walking home every day instead of
getting a ride from Rodrick. I figured it was
better to just walk the two miles than to get
brain damage riding in the back of that van.

Halfway through the summer, I decided I was
pretty much done with swim team. So I came up
with a trick to get out of practice.

I'd swim a few laps, and then I'd ask the coach
if I could use the bathroom. Then I'd just hide
out in the locker room until practice was over.

The only problem with my plan was that it was
something like forty degrees in the boys' bathroom.

So it was even colder in THERE than it was in
the pool.

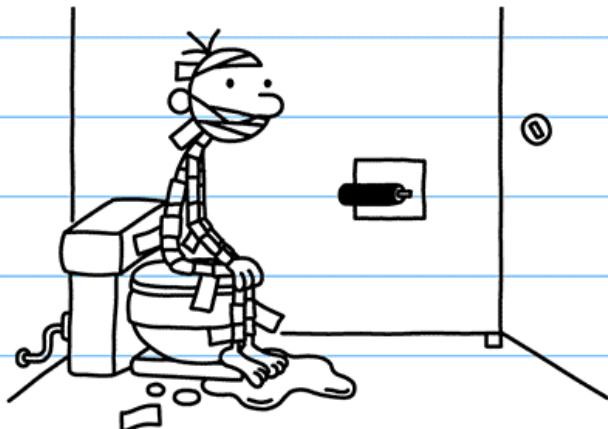




8

I had to wrap myself up in toilet paper so I

didn't get hypothermia.



That's how I spent a pretty big chunk of my

summer vacation. And that's why I'm actually looking

forward to going back to school tomorrow.

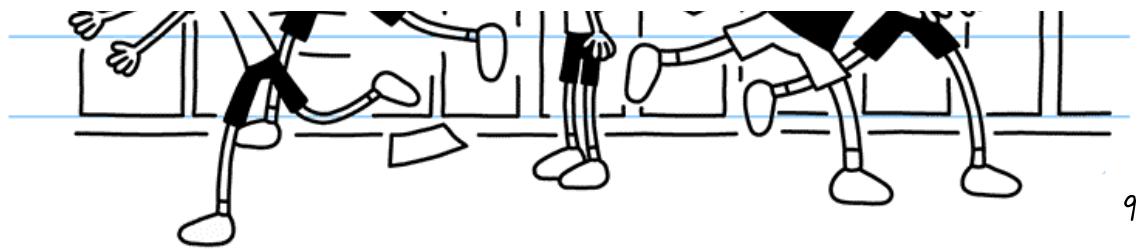
Tuesday

When I got to school today, everybody was

acting all strange around me, and at first I

didn't know WHAT was up.





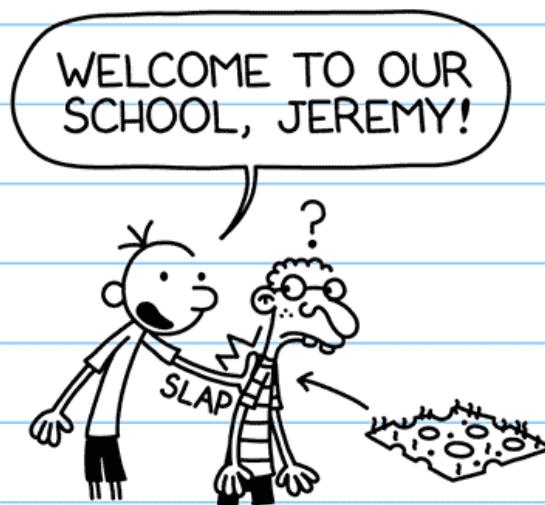
9

Then I remembered: I still had the Cheese Touch
from last year. I got the Cheese Touch in
the last week of school, and over the summer I
COMPLETELY forgot about it.

The problem with the Cheese Touch is that you've
got it until you can pass it on to someone else.

But nobody would even get within thirty feet of
me, so I knew I was gonna be stuck with the
Cheese Touch for the whole school year.

Luckily, there was a new kid named Jeremy Pindle
in homeroom, so that took care of THAT problem.



My first class was Pre-Algebra, and the teacher

put me right next to Alex Aruda, the smartest
kid in the whole class.

10

Alex is SUPER easy to copy off of, because he
always finishes his test early and puts his paper
down on the floor next to him. So if I ever
get in a pinch, it's nice to know I can count
on Alex to bail me out.

Kids whose last names start with the first few
letters of the alphabet get called on the most
by the teacher, and that's why they end up
being the smartest.

Some people think that's not true, but if you
want to come down to my school, I can prove it.



ALEX ARUDA



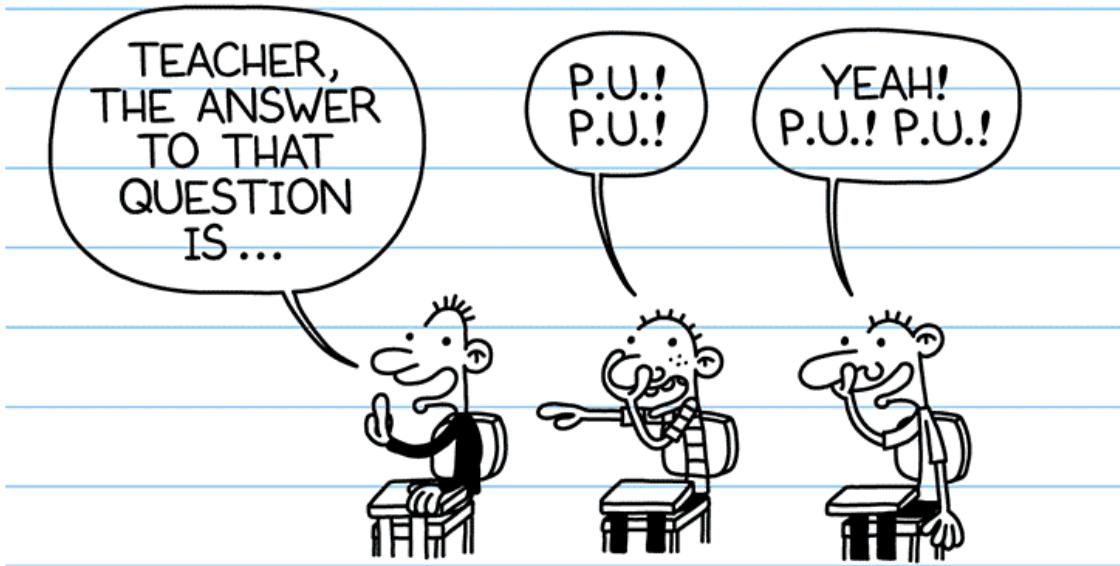
CHRISTOPHER ZIEGEL

I can only think of one kid who broke the
last-name rule, and that's Peter Utiger. Peter

was the smartest kid in the class all the way up

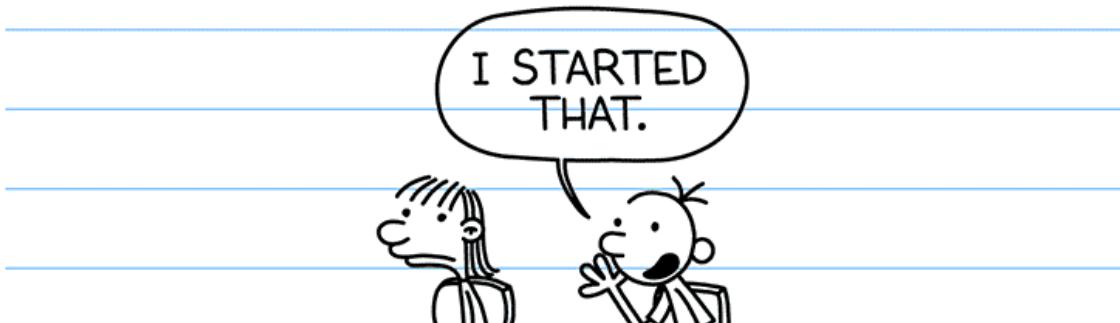
until the fifth grade.

That's when a bunch of us started giving him a
hard time about how his initials sounded when you
said them out loud.



These days, Peter doesn't raise his hand at all,
and he's pretty much a C student.

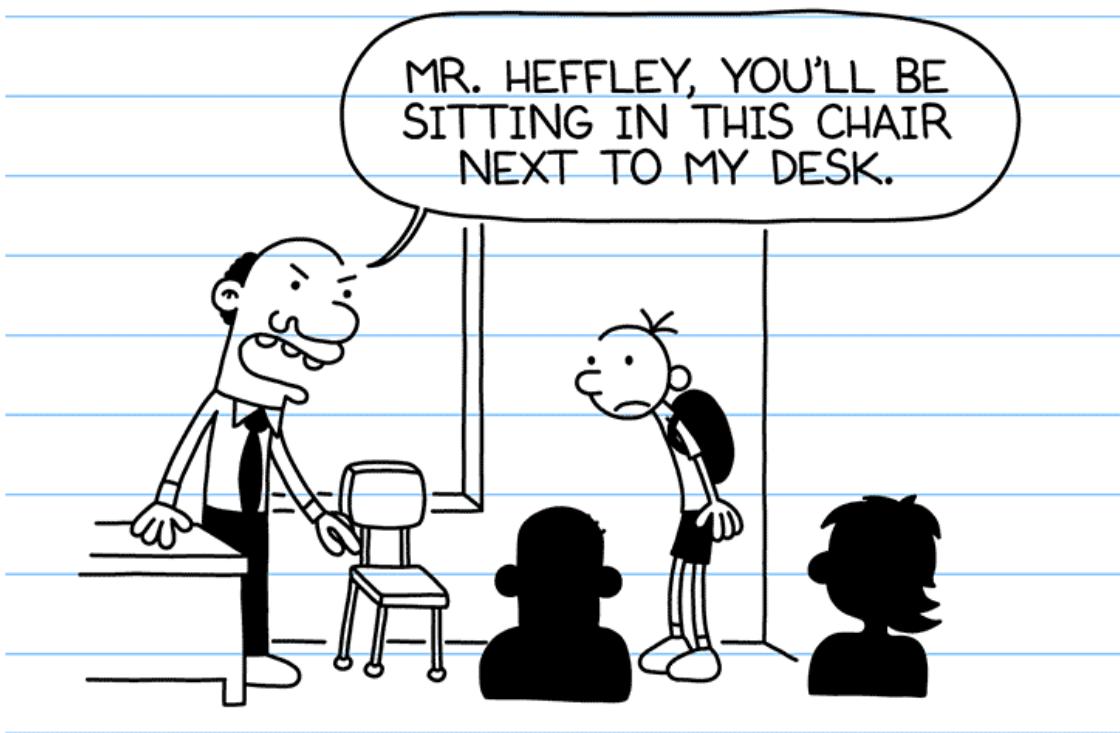
I guess I feel a little bad about the whole P.U.
thing and what happened to Peter. But it's hard
not to take credit whenever it comes up.





12

Anyway, today I got pretty decent seats in all my classes except seventh-period History. My teacher is Mr. Huff, and something tells me he had Rodrick as a student a few years back.



Wednesday

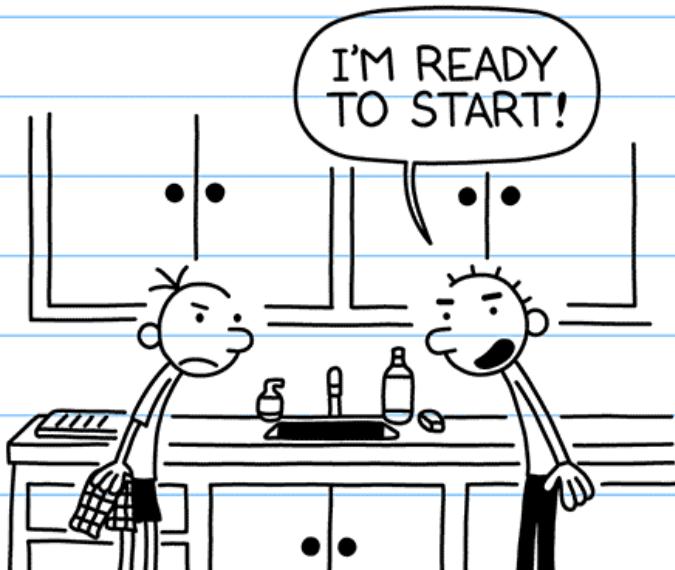
Mom has been making me and Rodrick help out more around the house, and now the two of us are responsible for doing the dishes every night.

The rule is that we're not allowed to watch any TV or play video games until all the dishes are

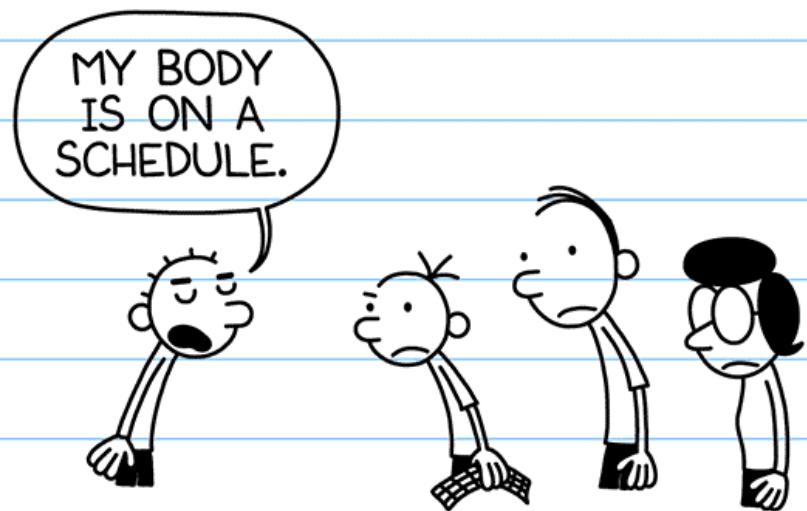
done. But let me just say that Rodrick is the

WORST dishes partner in the world.

As soon as dinner is over, he goes upstairs to the
bathroom and camps out there for an hour. And
by the time he comes back downstairs, I'm
already done.



But if I ever complain to Mom and Dad, Rodrick
always pulls out the same lame excuse:

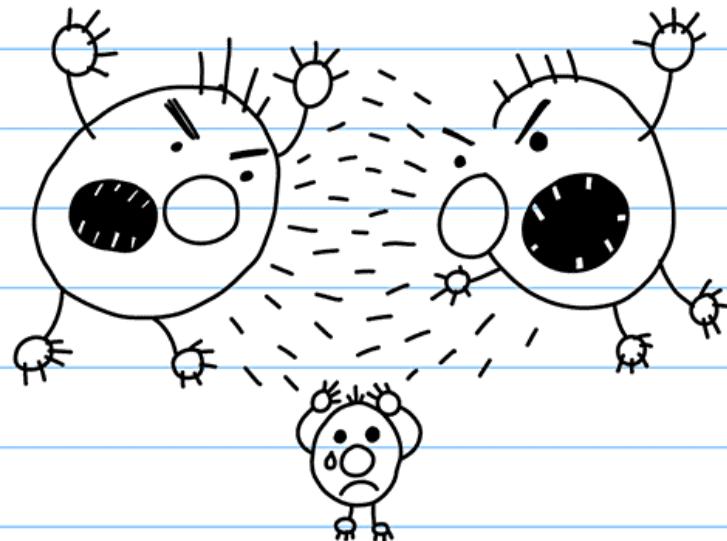


I think Mom and Dad are too worried about my

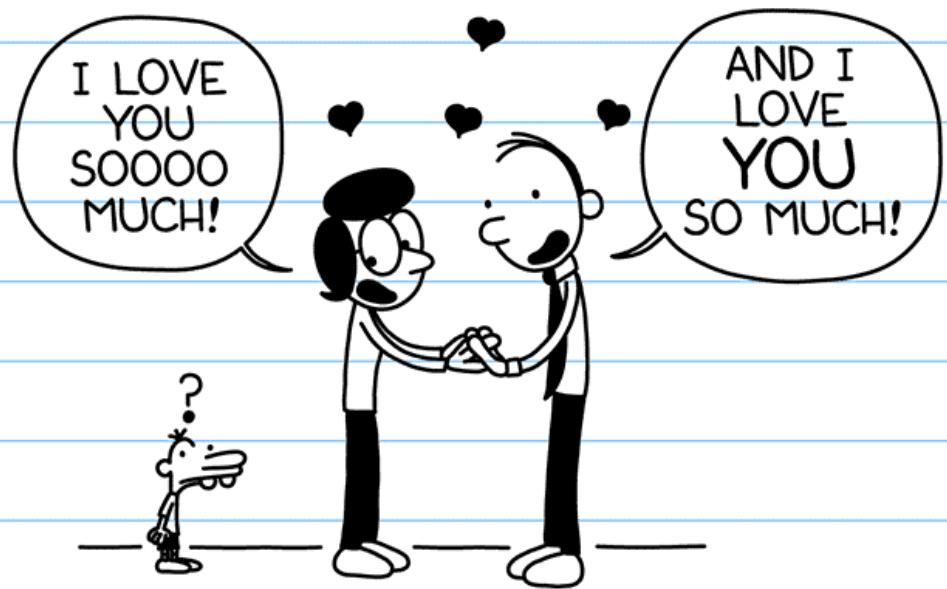
little brother, Manny, to get involved in a fight

between me and Rodrick right now anyway.

Yesterday, Manny drew a picture at day care,
and Mom and Dad got really upset when they
found it in his backpack.



Mom and Dad thought the picture was supposed
to be of them, so now they're acting all lovey
in front of Manny.



I knew who it was REALLY supposed to be in

the picture: me and Rodrick.

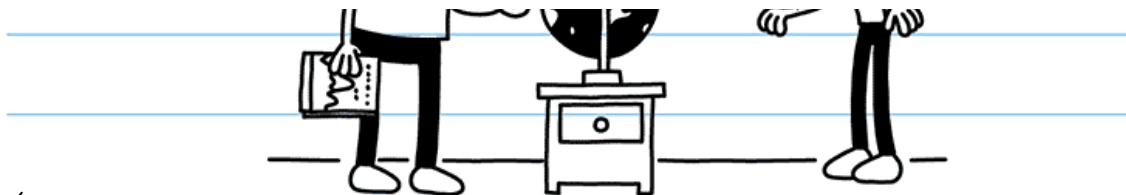
We got into a big blowout over the remote control
the other night, and Manny was there to witness
the whole thing. But Mom and Dad don't need to
find out about THAT.

Thursday

Another reason my summer was kind of lame was
because my best friend, Rowley, was on vacation
pretty much the whole time. I think he went to
South America or something, but to be honest
with you, I'm not really sure.

I don't know if this makes me a bad person or
whatever, but it's hard for me to get interested
in other people's vacations.



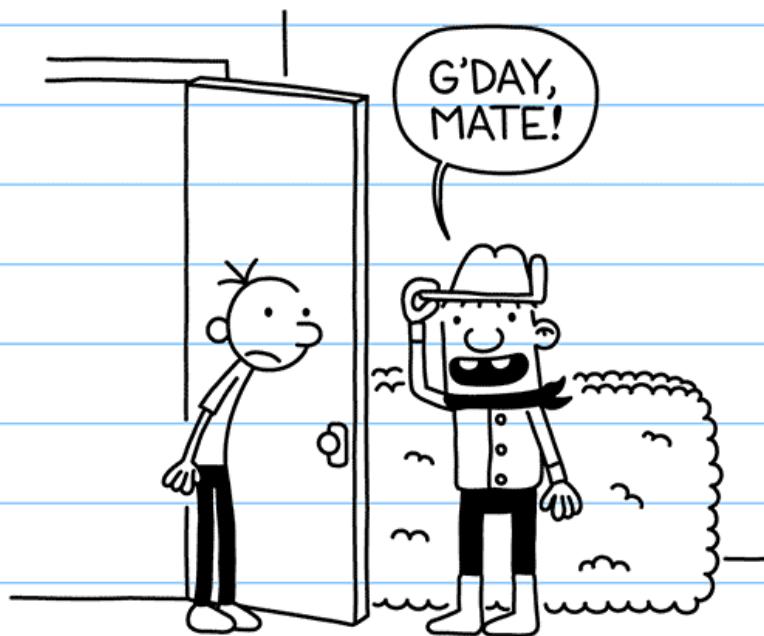


16

Besides, it seems like Rowley's family is always traveling to some crazy place in the world, and I can never keep their trips straight.

The other reason I don't care about Rowley's trips is because whenever Rowley comes back from one of his vacations, he always crams it down my throat.

Last year, Rowley and his family went to Australia for ten days, but from the way he acted when he got back, you'd think he lived there his whole life.

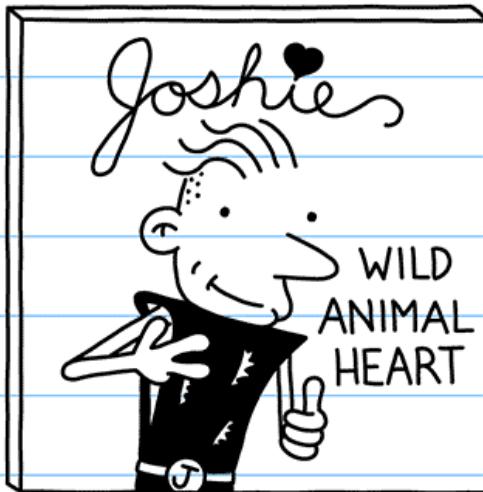


Another thing that's really annoying is that

whenever Rowley goes to some new country, he

gets into whatever fad is going on over there.

Like when Rowley got back from Europe two years ago, he got hooked on this pop singer named "Joshie," who I guess is some huge star or something. So Rowley came back with his bags full of Joshie CDs and posters and stuff.

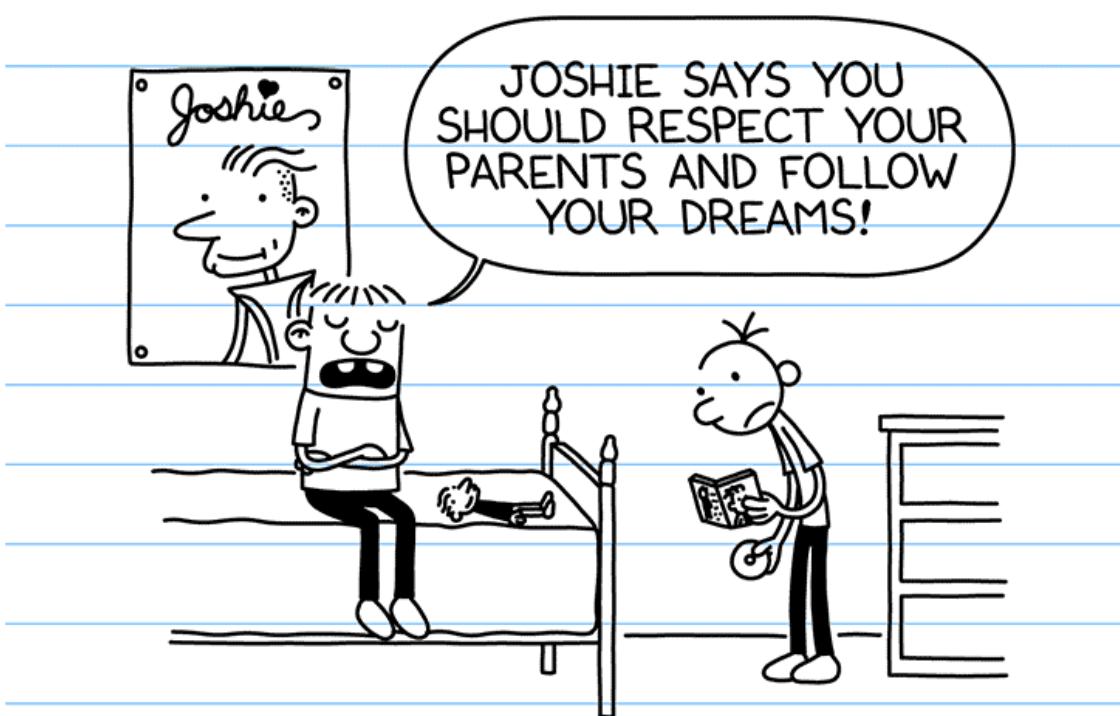


I took one look at the picture on the CD and told Rowley that Joshie was supposed to be for six-year-old girls, but he didn't believe me. Rowley said I was just jealous because he was the one who "discovered" Joshie.

And what made it really irritating was that now this guy was Rowley's new hero. So if I ever

tried to say anything critical at all, Rowley didn't

want to hear it.



Speaking of foreign countries, today in French

class, Madame Lefrere told us we're going to be

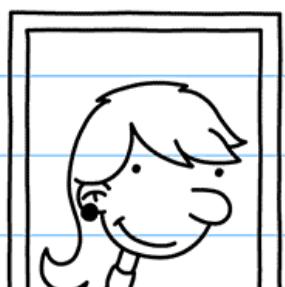
choosing pen pals this year.

When Rodrick was in middle school, he had a

seventeen-year-old girl from Holland as his pen

pal. I know because I've seen the letters in his

junk drawer.



I like the
sunshiny
days &
ice cream.



Do you, too? 

When Madame Lefrere handed out the forms, I
made sure I checked off the boxes that would
get me a pen pal just like Rodrick's.

But after Madame Lefrere read over my form, she
made me start over and pick again. She said I
had to choose a boy who is my age, and he has
to be French. So I don't exactly have high
hopes for my pen-pal experience.



Je m'appelle
"Philippe."

Friday.

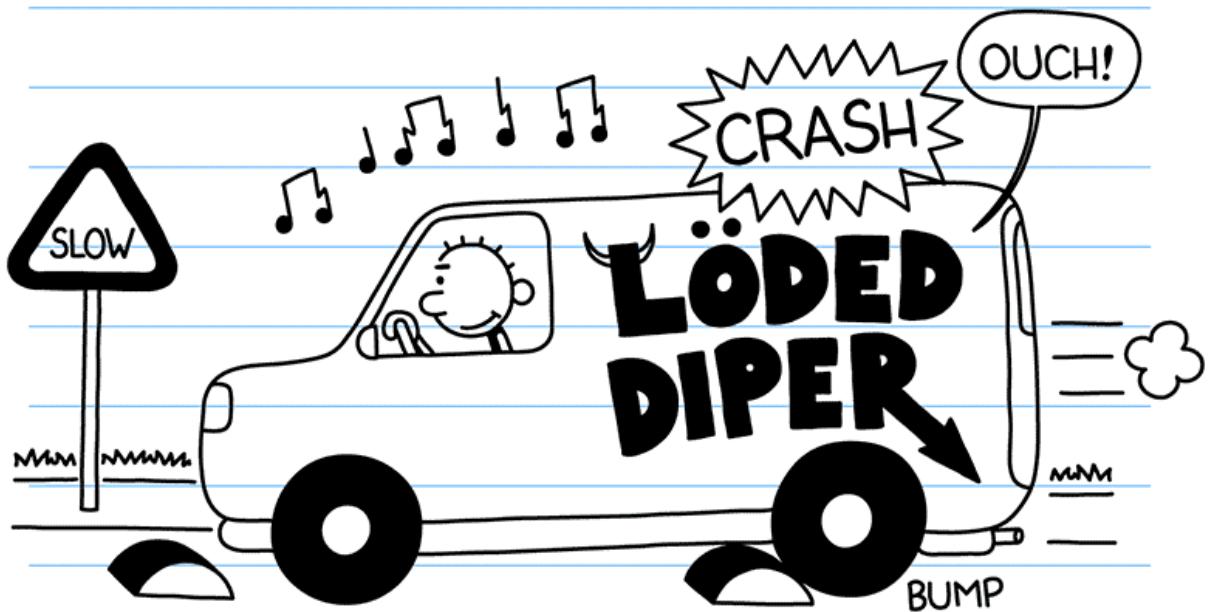
Mom decided to start making Rodrick pick me up
after school, just like he picked me up after swim
practice. I guess that means she didn't learn
from THAT experience. But I did. So when

Rodrick picked me up today, I asked him to

please take it easy on the brakes.

Rodrick said ok, but then he went out of his

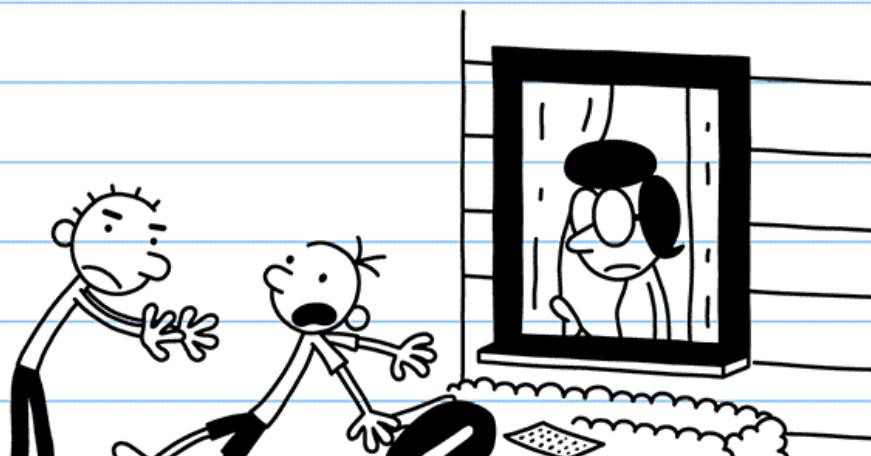
way to find every speed bump in town.



When I got out of the van, I called Rodrick a

big jerk, and then it got physical. Mom saw the

whole thing unfold from the living room window.





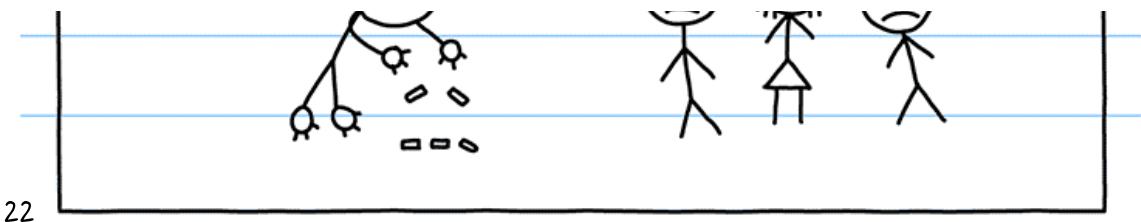
Mom made us come inside, and she sat us down at
the kitchen table. Then she said me and Rodrick
were going to have to settle our differences in a
"civil manner."

Mom told me and Rodrick we each had to write
down what we did wrong, and then we had to
draw a picture to go along with it. And I knew
exactly where Mom was going with THAT idea.

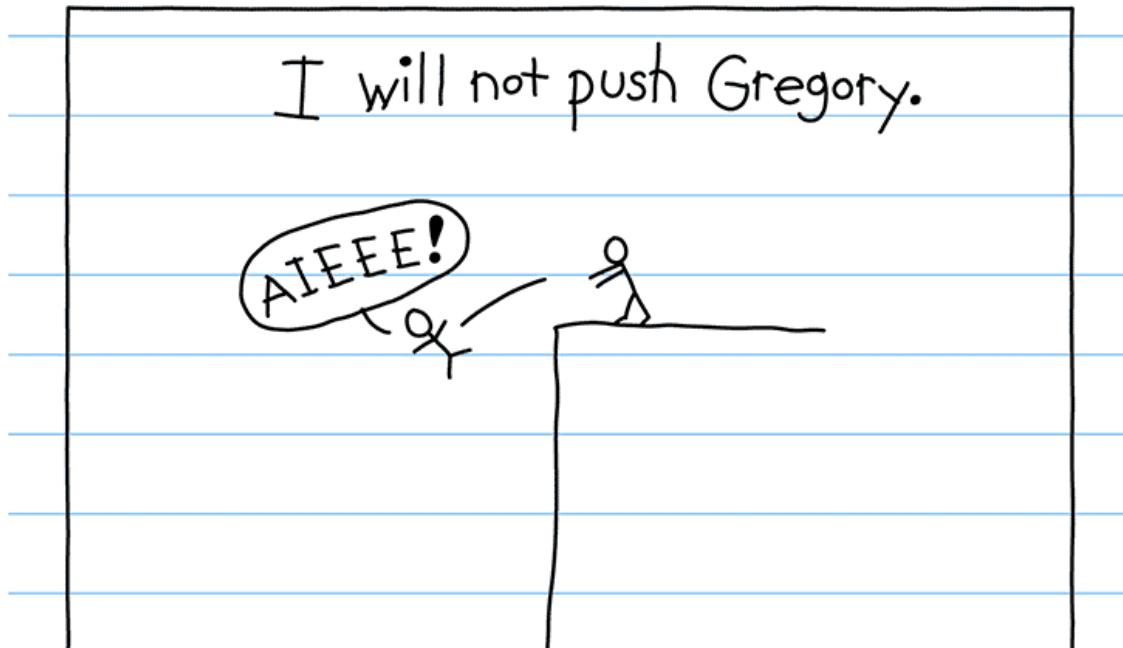
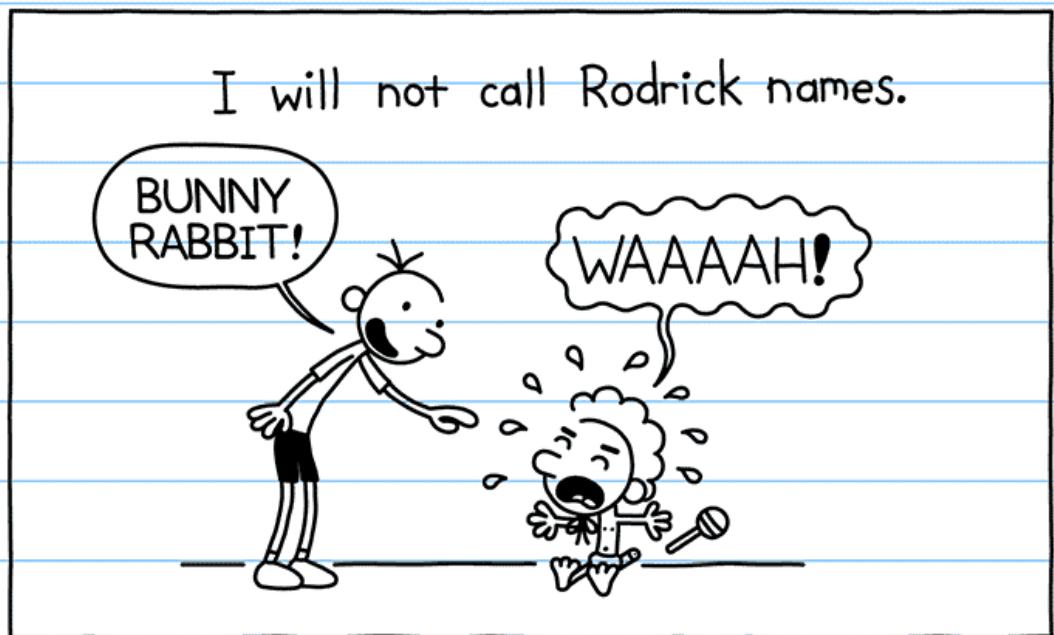
Mom used to be a preschool teacher, and whenever
a kid would do something wrong, she'd make him
draw a picture of it. I guess the idea was to
make the kid feel ashamed of what he did so he
wouldn't do it again.

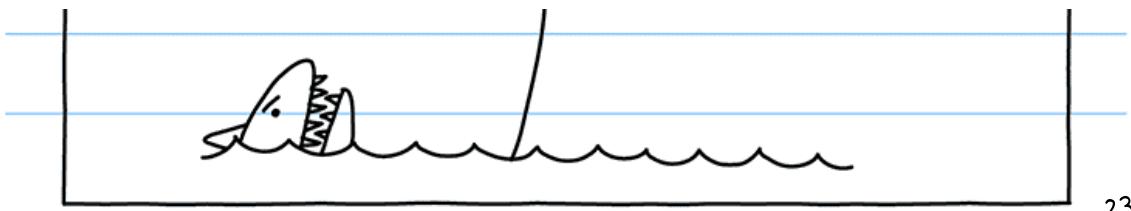
I will not break the
crayons because that
makes the other children
very sad.





Well, Mom's idea might have worked great on a
bunch of four-year-olds, but she's going to have
to think of something better if she wants me
and Rodrick to get along.





23

The truth is, Rodrick can pretty much treat me
any way he wants, because he knows there's nothing
I can do about it.

See, Rodrick is the only one who knows about this
REALLY embarrassing thing that happened to me
over the summer, and he's been holding it over my
head ever since. So if I ever tell on him for any-
thing, he'll spill my secret to the whole world.

I just wish I had some dirt on HIM to even
things out.

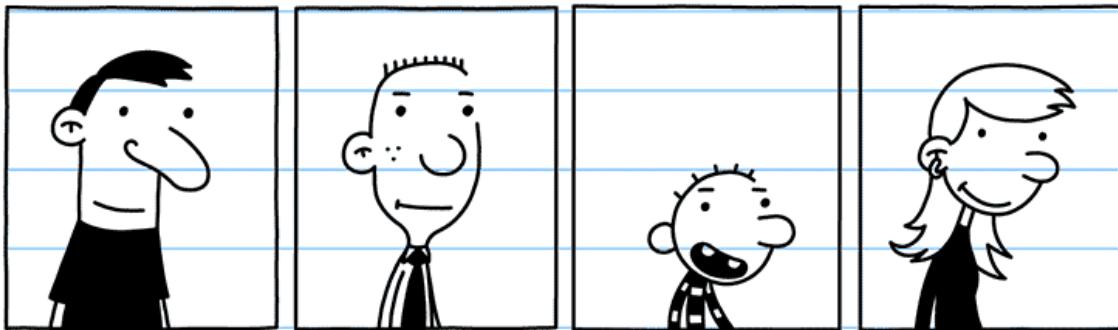
I do know ONE embarrassing thing about Rodrick,
but I don't think it's gonna do me any good.

When Rodrick was a sophomore, he was sick the day
they did school photos. So Mom told Dad to mail in
Rodrick's freshman picture for the school to use
in the yearbook.

Don't ask me how Dad screwed this up, but he

sent in Rodrick's SECOND-grade picture.

And believe it or not, it actually got printed.



Harrington,
Leonard

Hatley,
Andrew

Heffley,
Rodrick

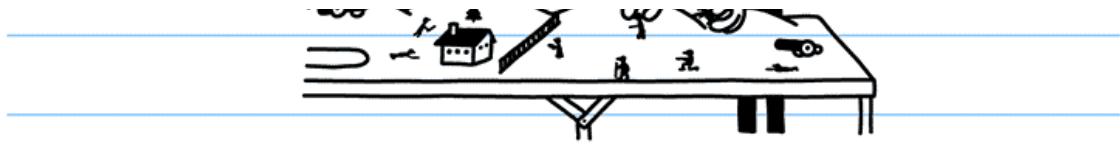
Hills,
Heather

Unfortunately, Rodrick was smart enough to rip
that page out of his yearbook. So if I'm ever
gonna find something to use against him, I
guess I have to keep digging.

Wednesday

Ever since Mom assigned the dishes to me and
Rodrick, Dad's been going down to the furnace
room after dinner to work on this miniature Civil
War battlefield of his.

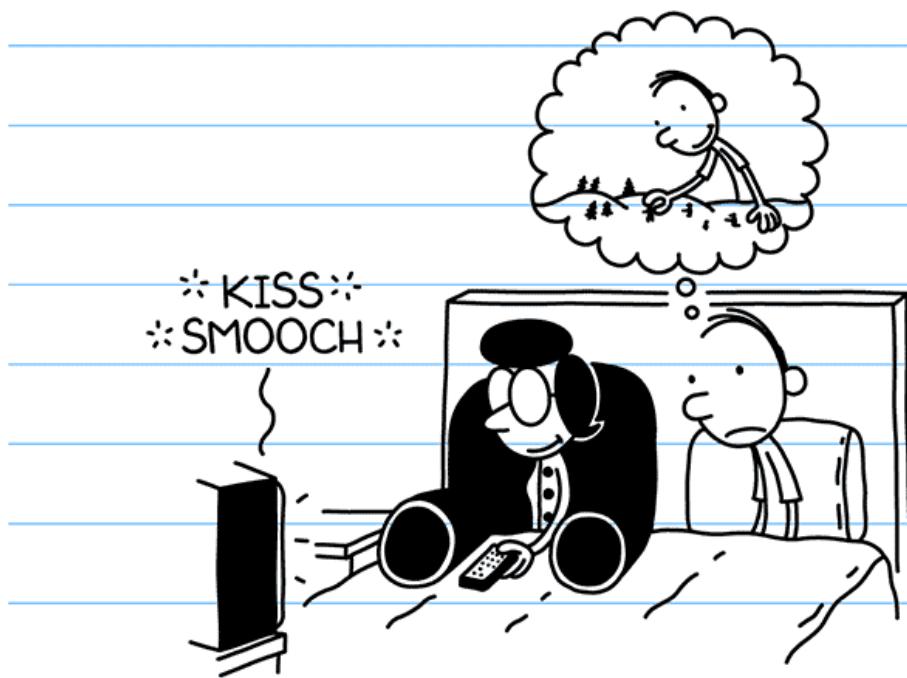




25

Dad spends at least three hours a night down
there working on that thing. I think Dad
would be happy to spend the whole weekend
working on his battlefield, but Mom has
OTHER plans for him.

Mom likes to rent these romantic comedies, and
she makes Dad watch them with her. But I
know Dad is just waiting for the first chance to
break away and go back down to the basement.

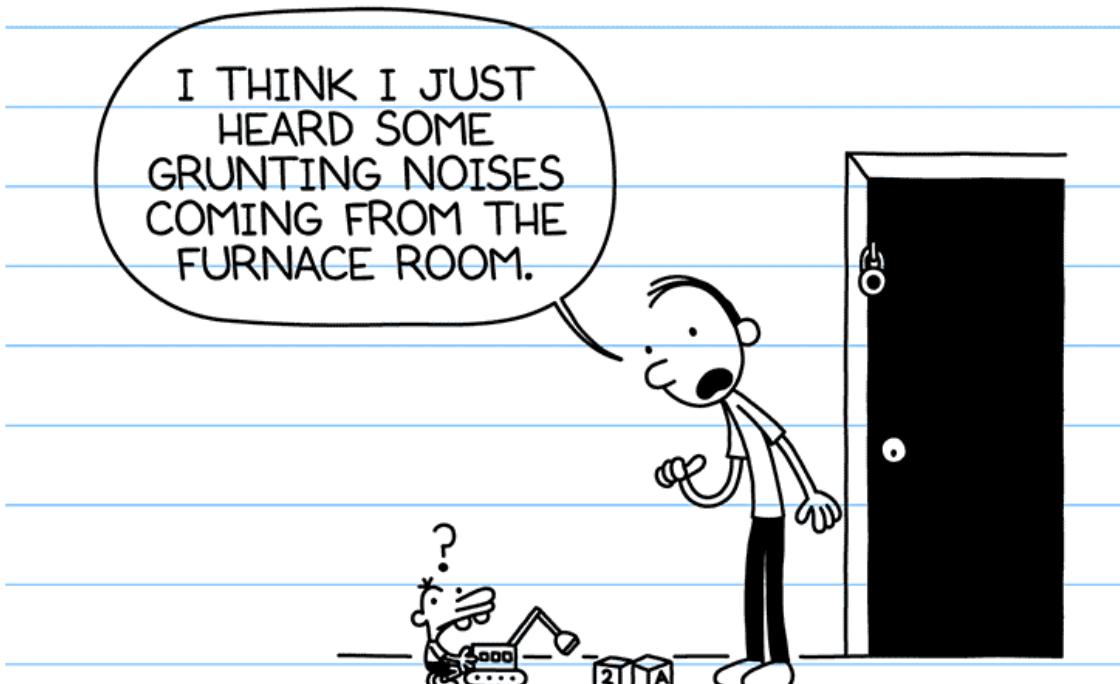


Whenever Dad can't be down in the furnace

room, he makes sure us kids keep away from it.

Dad won't let me or Rodrick go NEAR his
battlefield, because he thinks we're gonna mess
something up.

And earlier today I overheard Dad say something
to Manny to make sure HE doesn't go poking
around back there, either.



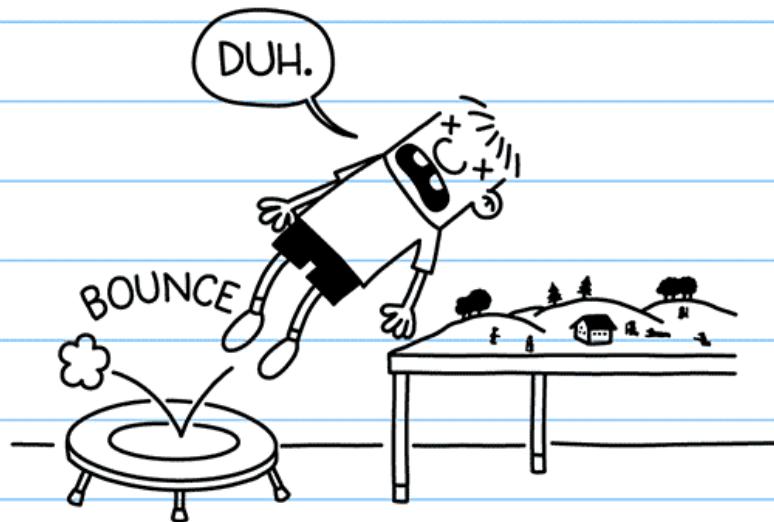
Saturday

Rowley came over to my house today. Dad doesn't
like it when Rowley comes over, because Dad
always says Rowley is "accident prone." I think

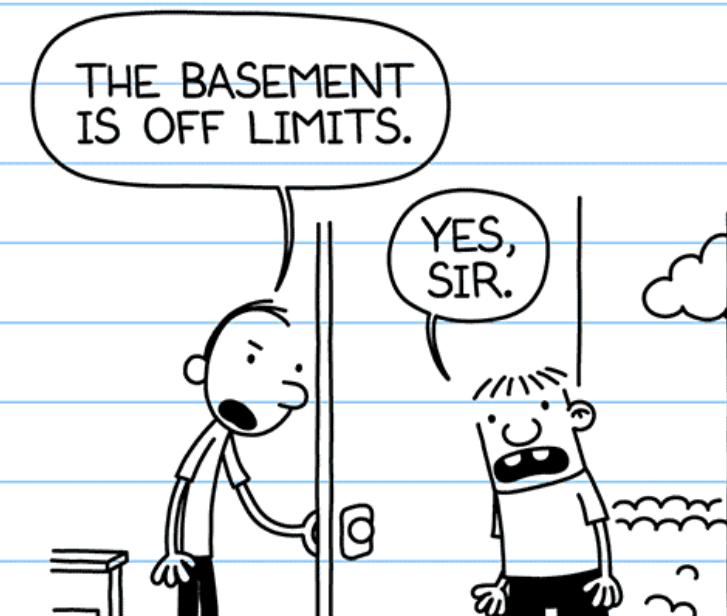
it's because this one time Rowley was eating dinner

here, and he dropped a plate and broke it.

So now Dad has this idea that Rowley is going
to ruin his whole Civil War battlefield in one
klutzy move.



Whenever Rowley comes over to my house these
days, he gets the same greeting:





28

Rowley's dad doesn't like ME, either. That's why

I don't go over to his house much anymore.

The last time I spent the night at Rowley's,
we watched this movie where some kids taught
themselves a secret language that no grown-ups
could understand.



TRANSLATION: AT EXACTLY 2:30 P.M., LET'S
ALL DROP OUR BOOKS ON THE FLOOR.

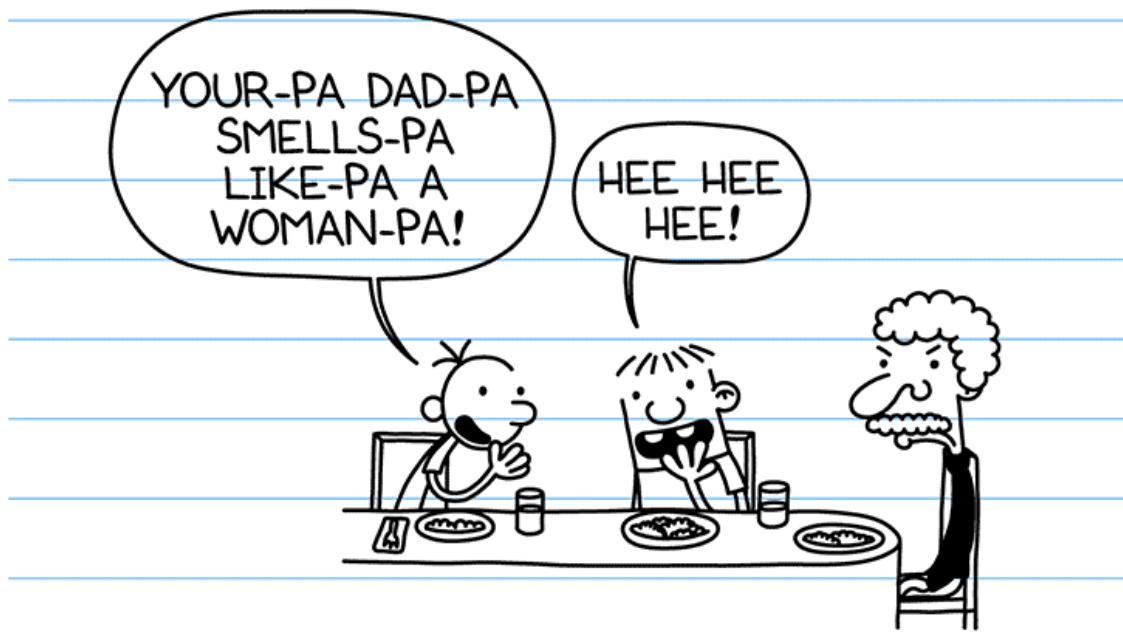
Me and Rowley thought that was pretty cool,

and we tried to figure out how to talk in the
same language the kids were using in the movie.

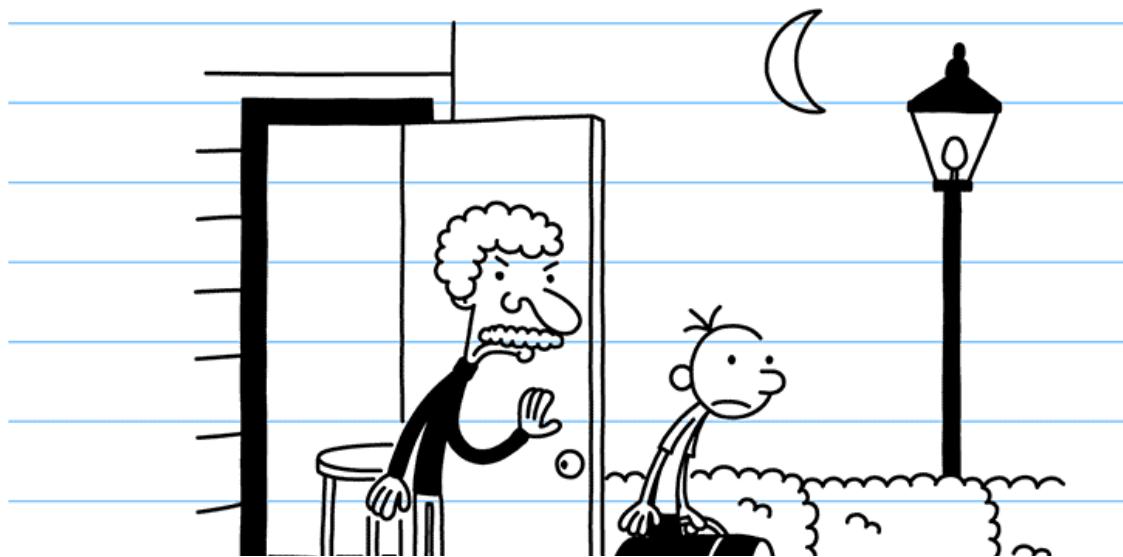
But we couldn't really get the hang of it, so we

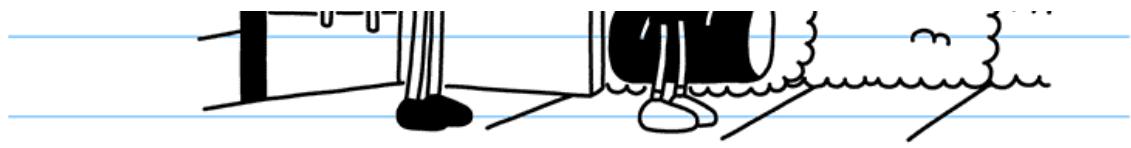
made up our OWN secret language.

Then we tried it out at dinner.



But Rowley's dad must have cracked our code,
because I ended up getting sent home before
dessert. And I haven't been invited to spend
the night at Rowley's ever since.



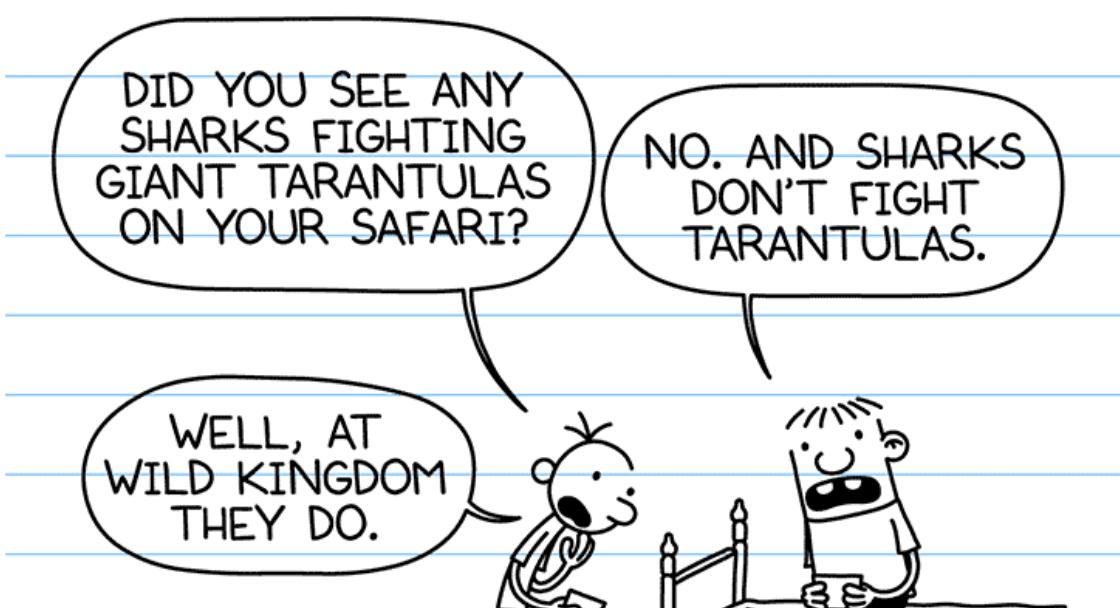


30

When Rowley came over to my house today, he brought a bunch of pictures from his trip with him. He said the best part of his vacation was when they went on a river safari, and he showed me all these blurry pictures of birds and stuff.

Now, I've been to the Wild Kingdom amusement park a bunch of times, and they have this River Rapids ride where they have these awesome robot animals like gorillas and dinosaurs.

If you ask me, Rowley's parents should have just saved their money and taken him there instead.



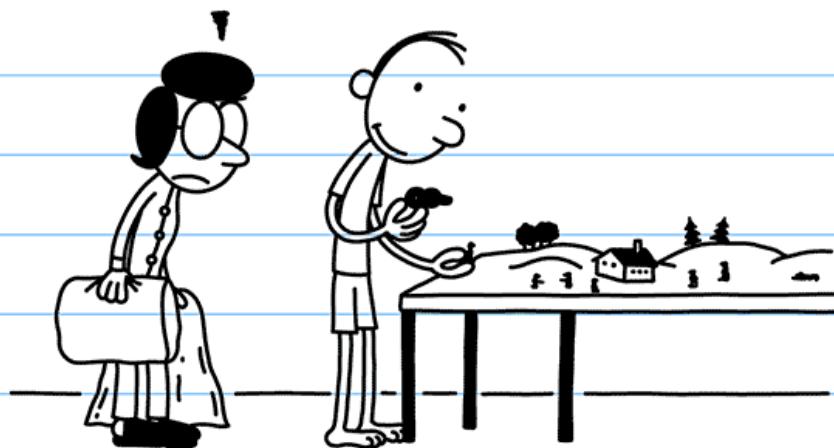


But of course Rowley didn't want to hear about
MY experiences, so he just gathered up his pictures
and went back home.

Tonight after dinner, Mom made Dad watch one
of the movies she rented, but Dad really wanted
to work on his Civil War battlefield.

When Mom got up to go to the bathroom, Dad
stuffed a bunch of pillows under the blanket on his
side of the bed to make it look like he was asleep.

Mom didn't find out about Dad's decoy until after
the movie was over.



She made Dad come to bed, even though it was
only 8:30.

And now Manny sleeps in Mom and Dad's bed,

because he's afraid of the monster that lives in

the furnace room.



Tuesday

I thought I was done hearing about Rowley's

trip, but I was wrong. Yesterday, our Social

Studies teacher asked Rowley to tell the class all

about his vacation, and today he came to school

wearing this ridiculous costume. But what was even

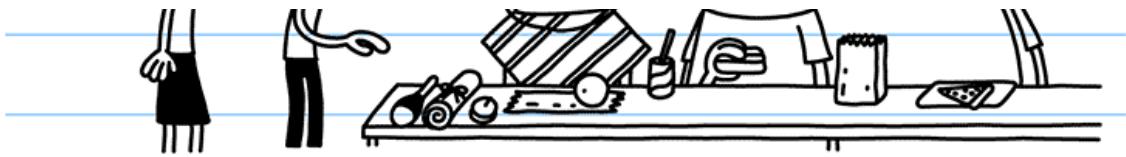
worse was when some girls came up to Rowley

at lunch and started kissing his butt.

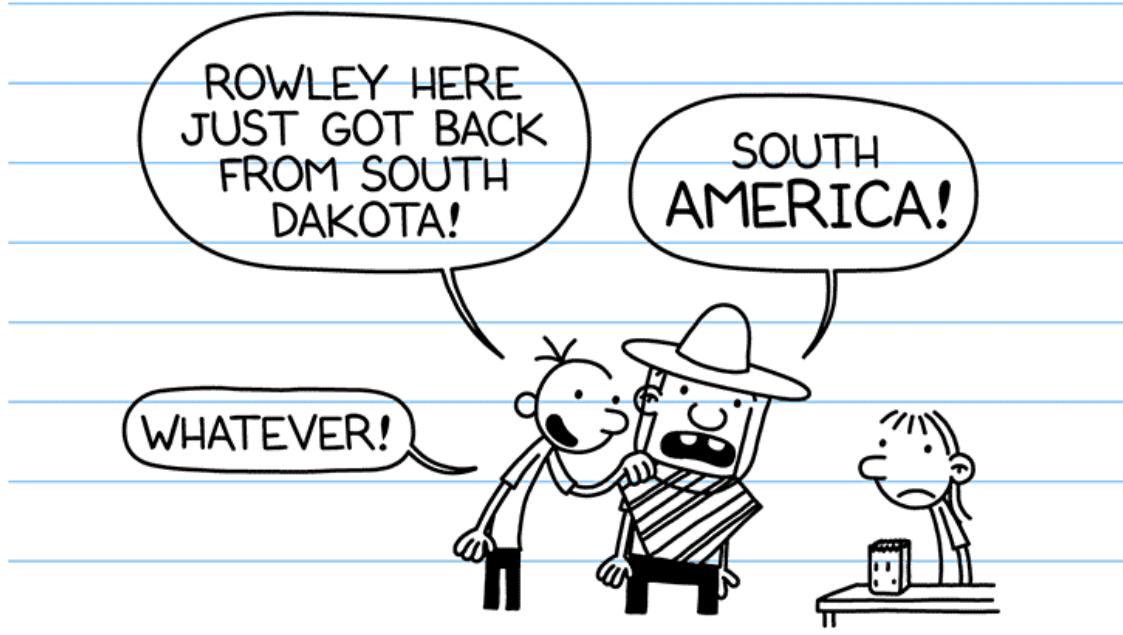
WILL YOU
TELL US MORE
ABOUT YOUR
TRIP?

"SÍ!" HEH,
HEH.





But then I realized maybe that wasn't such a
bad thing after all. So I started parading
Rowley around the cafeteria, because after all,
he IS my best friend.



Saturday

Dad has been taking me to the mall every Saturday
for the past few weeks. At first, I thought it
was because he wanted to spend more time with me.

But then I realized he's just making sure he's out
of the house for Rodrick's band practices, which I
can totally understand.

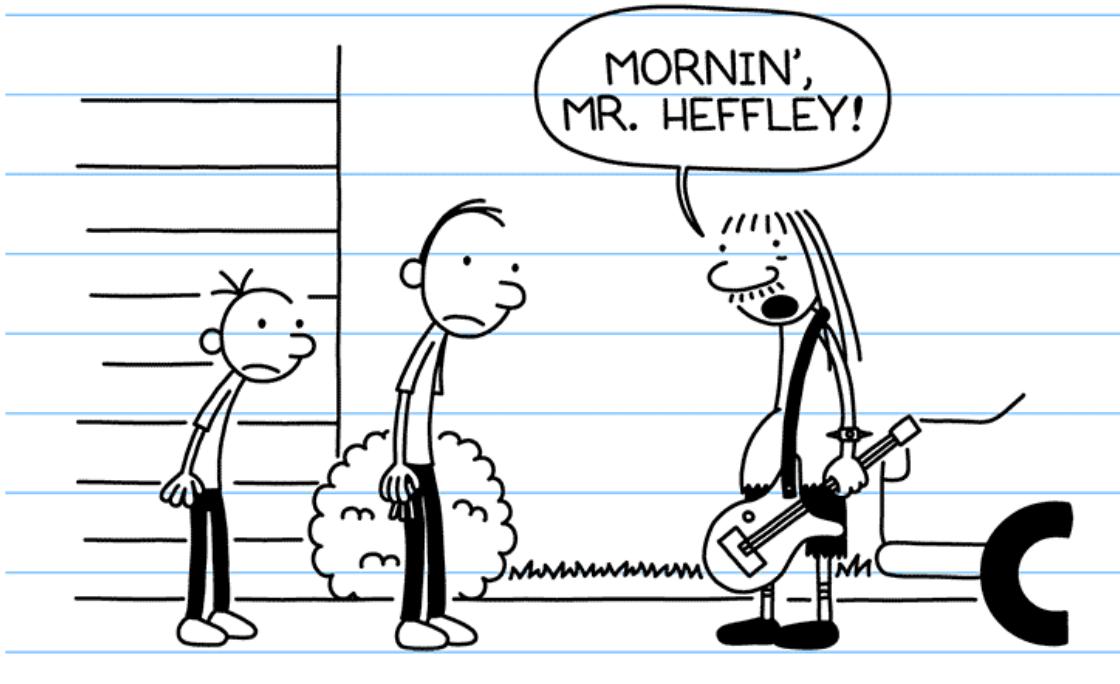
Rodrick and his heavy-metal band practice in the

basement on weekends.

The lead singer of the band is this guy named

Bill Walter, and me and Dad bumped into Bill on

the way out the door today.



Bill doesn't have a job, and he still lives with his

parents, even though he's thirty-five years old.

I'm pretty sure Dad's worst fear is that

Rodrick is going to see Bill as some kind of role

model, and that Rodrick will want to follow in

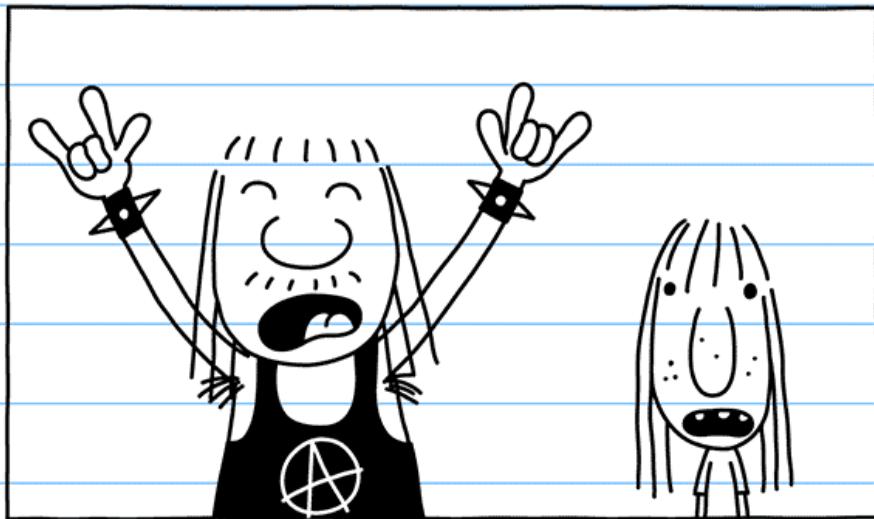
Bill's footsteps.

So whenever Dad sees Bill, it just puts him in a

bad mood for the rest of the day.

The reason Rodrick invited Bill to be in his band
was because Bill got voted "Most Likely to Be a
Rock Star" when HE was in high school.

Most Likely to Be a Rock Star



Bill Walter

Anna Wrentham

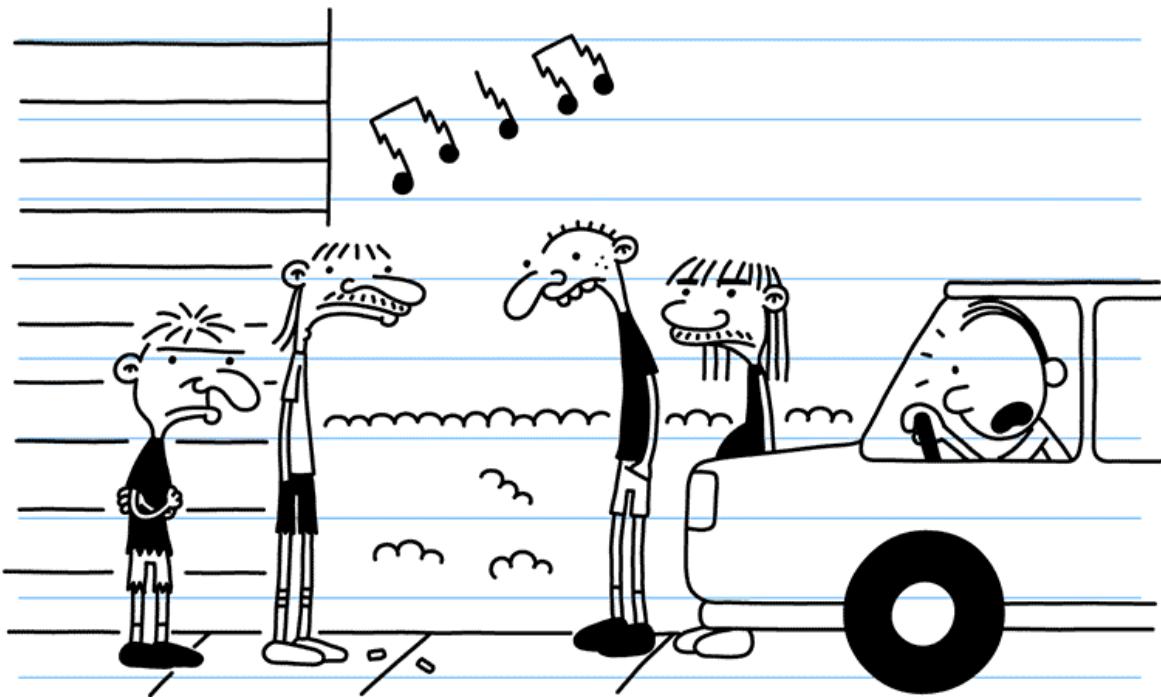
That hasn't really worked out for Bill yet. And
I think I heard Anna Wrentham is in prison.

Anyway, me and Dad went to the mall for a few
hours today, but when we got back, Rodrick's
band practice wasn't over yet. You could hear the
guitars and drums from a block away, and there

were a bunch of random teenagers hanging out in
our driveway.

I guess they must have heard the music coming
out of the basement and got drawn to it, sort
of like how moths get drawn to a light.

When Dad saw all those teenagers in the driveway,
he TOTALLY freaked out.



Dad ran inside to call the cops, but Mom
stopped him before he could dial 911.

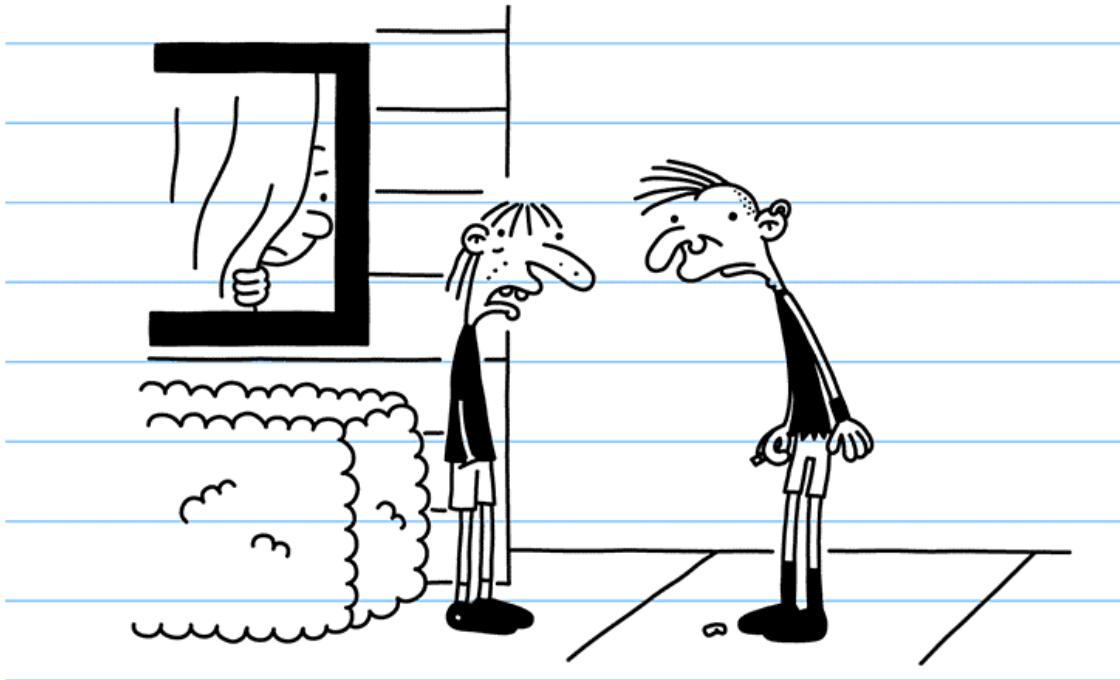
Mom said those teenagers weren't doing any harm,
and that they were just "appreciating" Rodrick's
music. But I don't even know how she could say

that with a straight face. And if you ever heard

Rodrick's band, you'd know what I mean.

Dad couldn't relax with all those teenagers out in

our driveway.

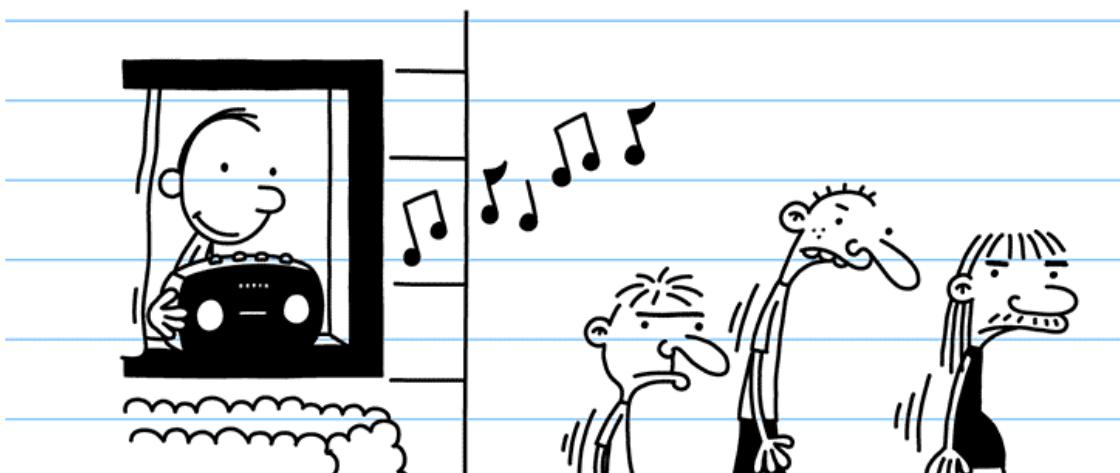


So Dad went upstairs and got his boom box.

Then he put in a classical music CD and let it

play. And you would not BELIEVE how quickly

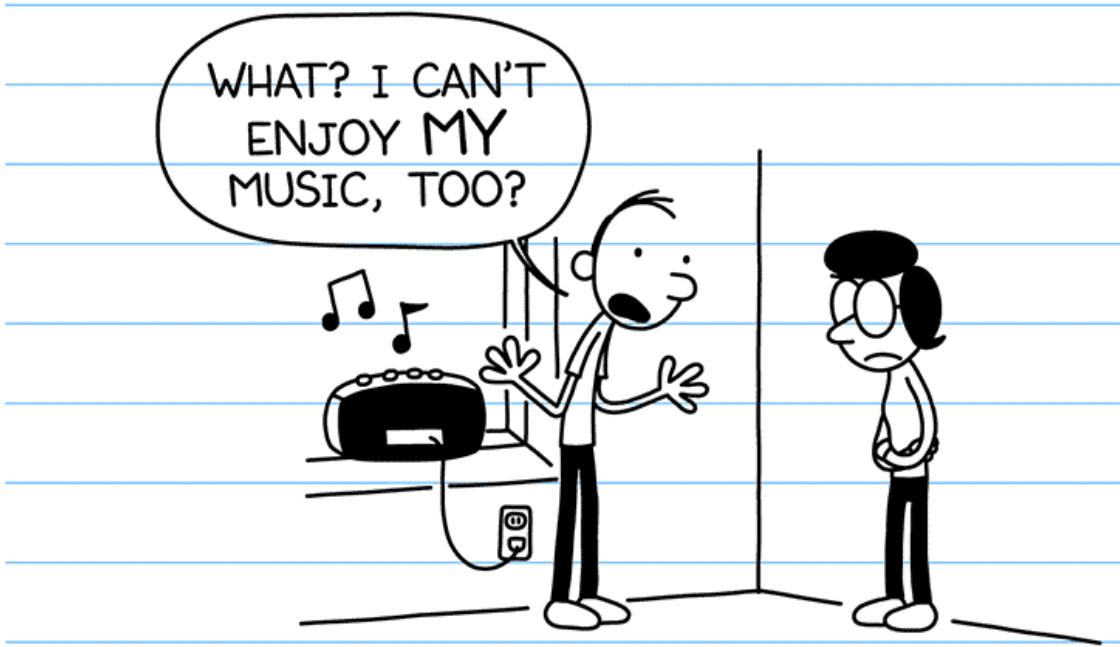
the driveway cleared out after that.





38

Dad was pretty proud of himself for thinking up
that one. But Mom accused him of getting rid of
Rodrick's "fans" on purpose.



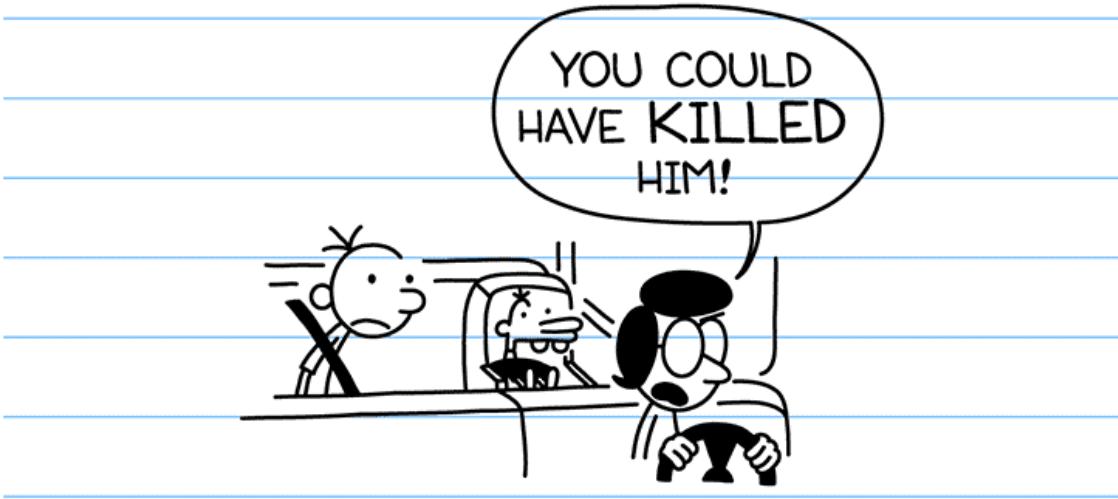
Sunday

Today, on the car ride to church, I was making
faces at Manny, trying to get him to laugh. I
made this one face that made Manny laugh so
hard that apple juice came out of his nose.





But then Mom said:



Well, once Mom put that thought in Manny's

head, it was all over.



See? This is the reason I keep my distance from

Manny. Every time I try to have a little fun

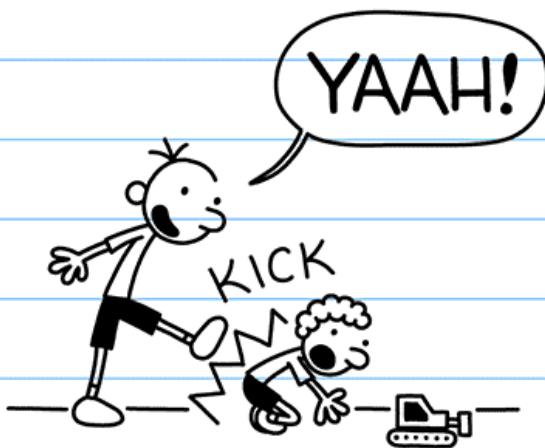
with him, I end up regretting it.

I remember when I was younger, and Mom and

Dad told me I was getting a little brother. I

was REALLY excited.

After all those years of getting pushed around
by Rodrick, I was definitely ready to move up a
notch on the totem pole.



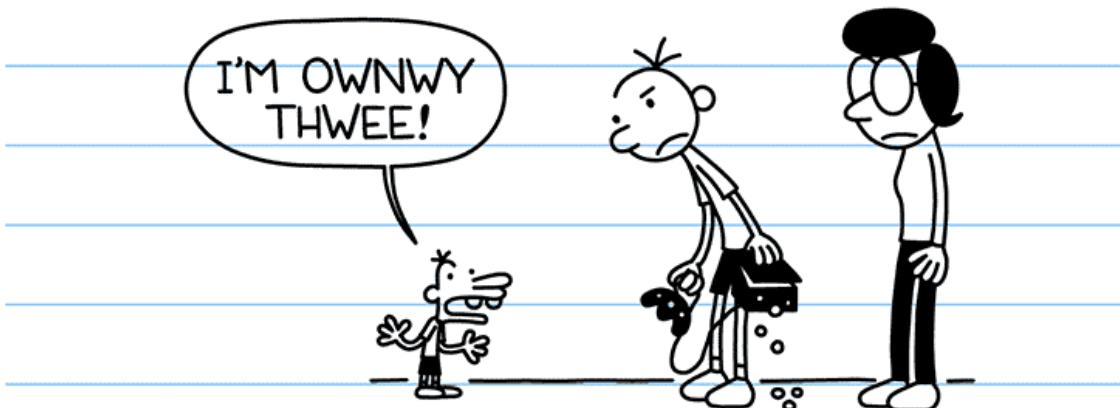
But Mom and Dad have always been SUPER
protective of Manhy, and they won't let me lay a
finger on him, even if he totally deserves it.

Like the other day, I plugged in my video game
system, and it wouldn't start. I opened it up

and found out that Manny had stuffed a chocolate-chip cookie in the disc drive.

And of course Manny used the same excuse he

ALWAYS uses when he breaks my stuff.



I really wanted to let Manny have it, but I

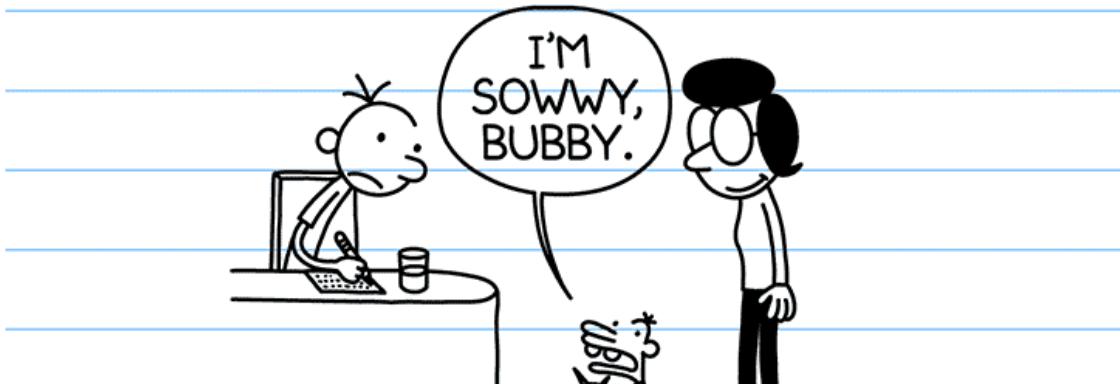
couldn't do anything with Mom standing right there.

Mom said she would have a "talk" with Manny, and

they went downstairs. A half hour later, they

came back up to my room, and Manny was holding

something in his hands.





42

It was a ball of tinfoil with a bunch of toothpicks

sticking out of it.



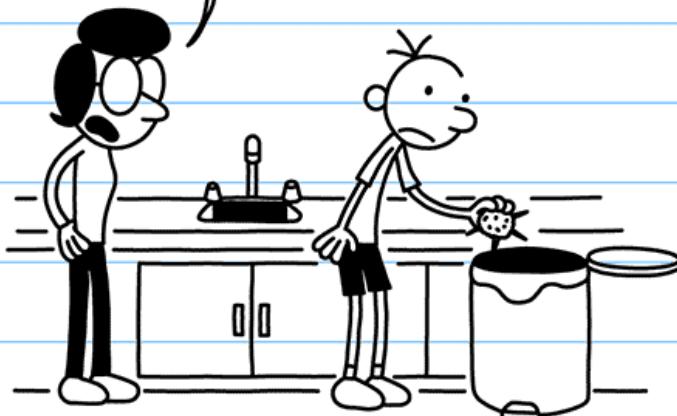
Don't ask me how that was supposed to make up

for my broken video game system. I went to

throw the stupid thing away, but Mom wouldn't

even let me do THAT.

YOUR BROTHER
MADE THAT
FOR YOU!



The first chance I get, that thing's going in the

trash. Because mark my words, if I don't get rid

of it, I'm gonna end up sitting on it.

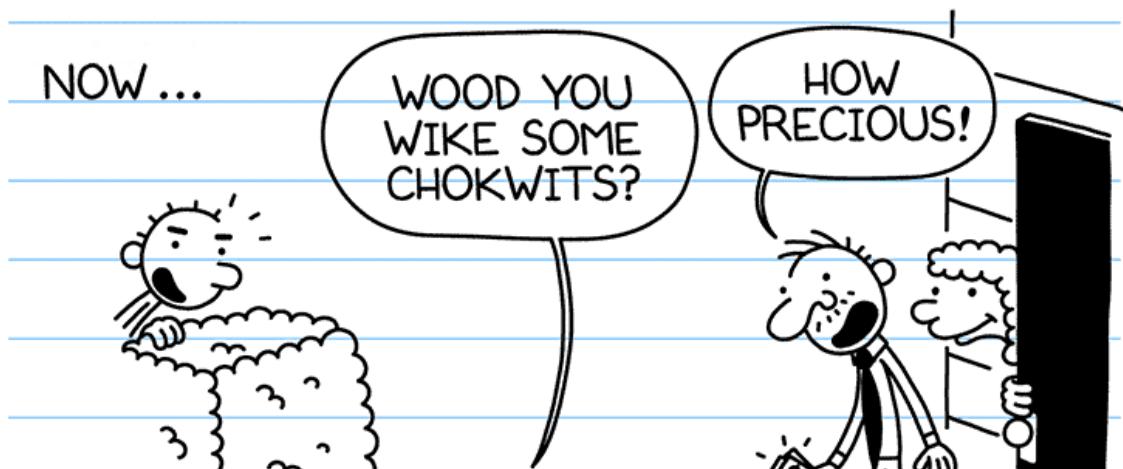
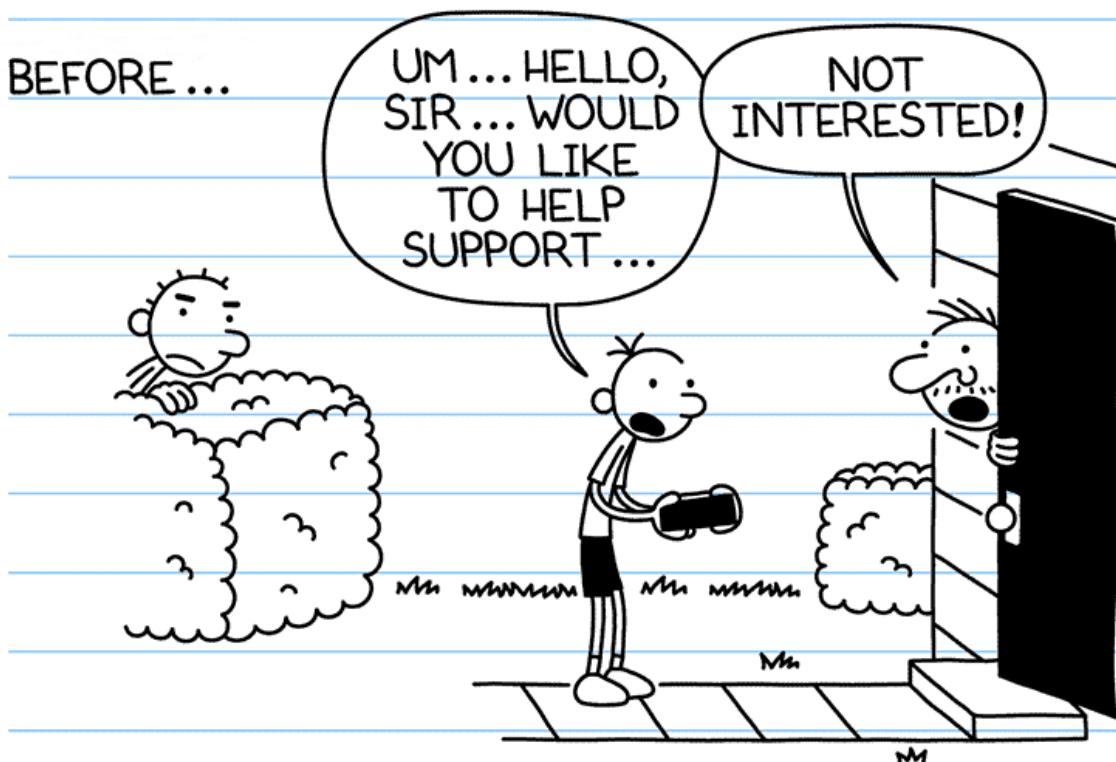
Even though Manny drives me totally nuts, there is

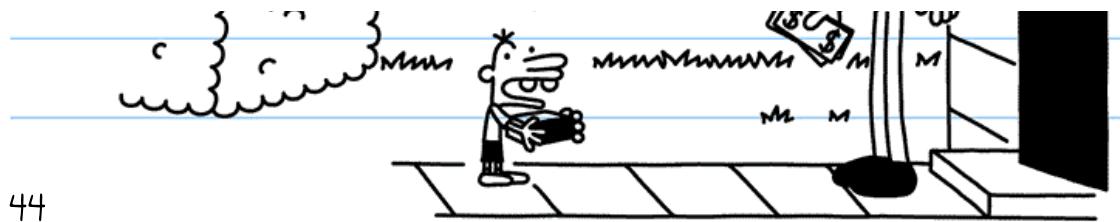
ONE reason I like having him around. Ever since

Manny started talking, Rodrick has stopped making

me sell chocolate bars for his school fund-raisers.

And believe me, I'm grateful for THAT.





44

Monday

Madame Lefrere made us write our first pen-pal letters today. I got assigned to this kid named Mamadou Montpierre, and I guess he lives someplace in France.

I know I'm supposed to write in French and Mamadou is supposed to write in English, but to be honest with you, writing in a foreign language is pretty hard.

So I really don't see the need for both of us to stress out over this whole pen-pal thing.

Dear Mamadou,

First of all, I think we should both just write in English to keep things simple.

By the way, remember how I said I was gonna

end up sitting on Manny's spiky tinfoil ball thing?

Well, I was half right.

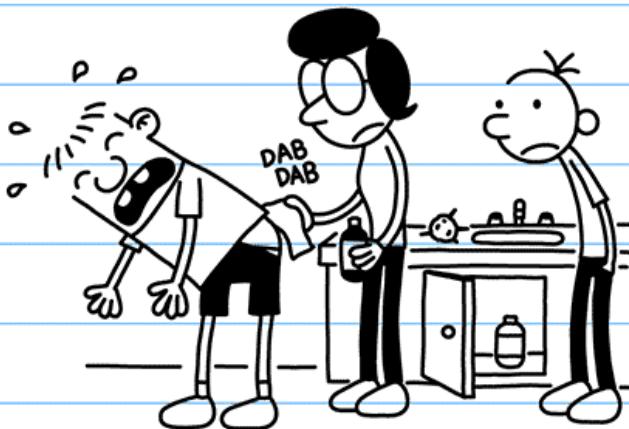
Rowley came over today to play video games, and

HE ended up sitting on it.

I'm actually kind of relieved, to be honest with

you. I lost track of that thing a couple of days

ago, and I'm just glad it finally turned up.



And in all the commotion, I threw Manny's

"gift" in the garbage. But something tells me

Mom wouldn't have stopped me this time.

Wednesday

Rodrick has an English paper due tomorrow, and

Mom's actually making him do it himself for once.

Rodrick doesn't know how to type, so he usually

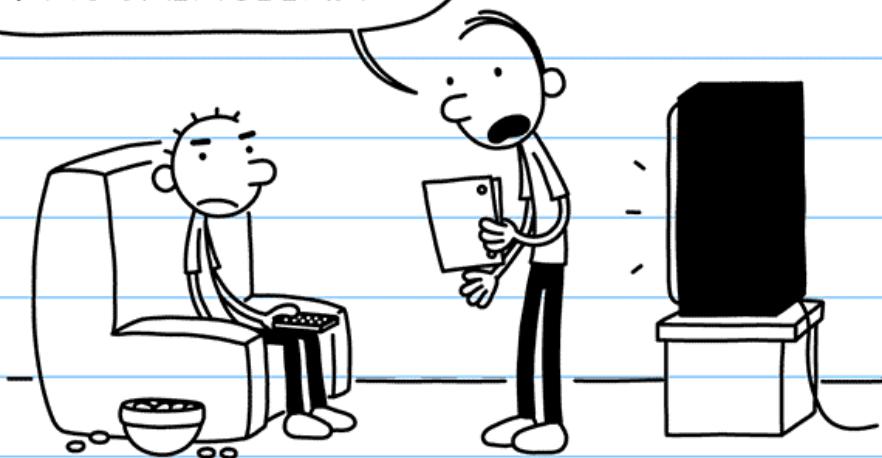
writes his papers out on notebook paper and then

hands them off to Dad.

But when Dad reads over Rodrick's work, he

finds all sorts of factual errors.

WELL, FOR STARTERS,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
DIDN'T WRITE "TO KILL
A MOCKINGBIRD."



Rodrick doesn't really care about the mistakes, so

he tells Dad to just go ahead and type the

paper like it is.

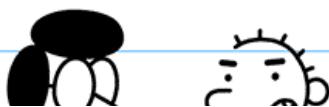
But Dad can't stand typing a paper with errors

in it, so he just rewrites Rodrick's paper from

scratch. And then a couple days later, Rodrick

brings his graded paper home and acts like he did

it himself.

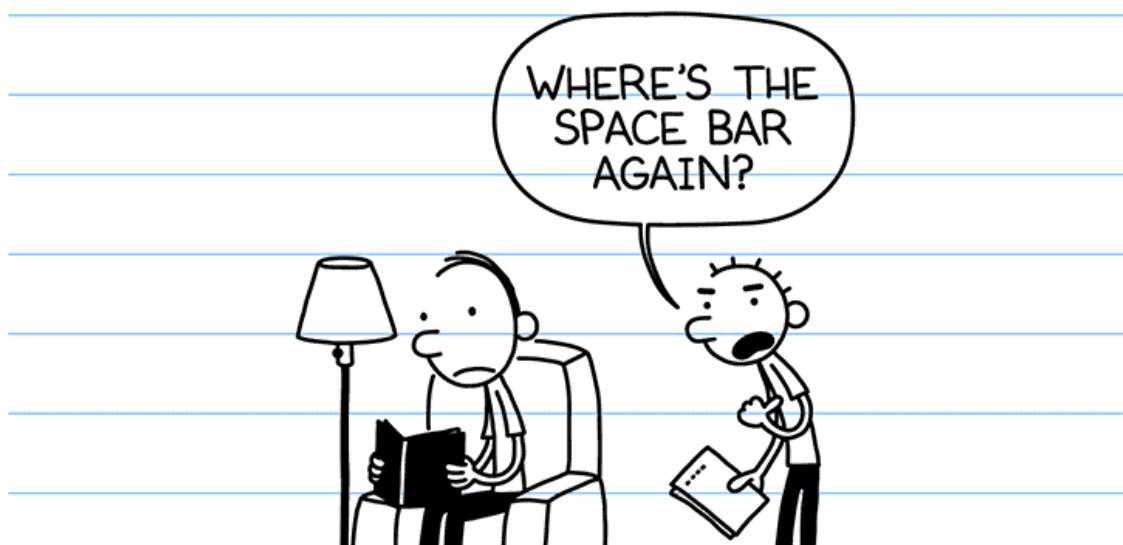




This has been going on for a few years, and I
guess Mom decided she's going to put an end to
it. So tonight she told Dad that Rodrick was
going to have to do his OWN work this time
around, and that Dad wasn't allowed to help out.

Rodrick went in the computer room after dinner,
and you could hear him typing about one letter
a minute.

I could tell the sound of Rodrick typing was
driving Dad totally bananas. On top of that,
Rodrick would come out of the computer room
every ten minutes and ask Dad some dumb question.

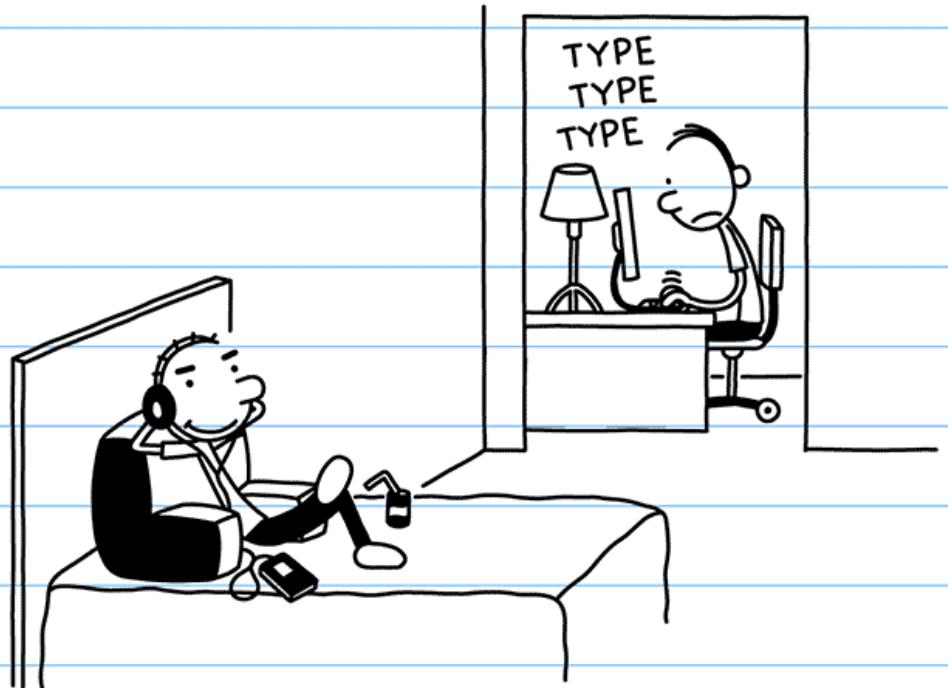




48

After a couple of hours, Dad finally cracked.

Dad waited for Mom to go to bed, and then he typed Rodrick's whole paper for him. So I guess this means Rodrick's system is safe, at least for now.



I have a book report due tomorrow, but I'm really not sweating it.

I found the secret to doing book reports a long time ago. I've been milking the same book for the

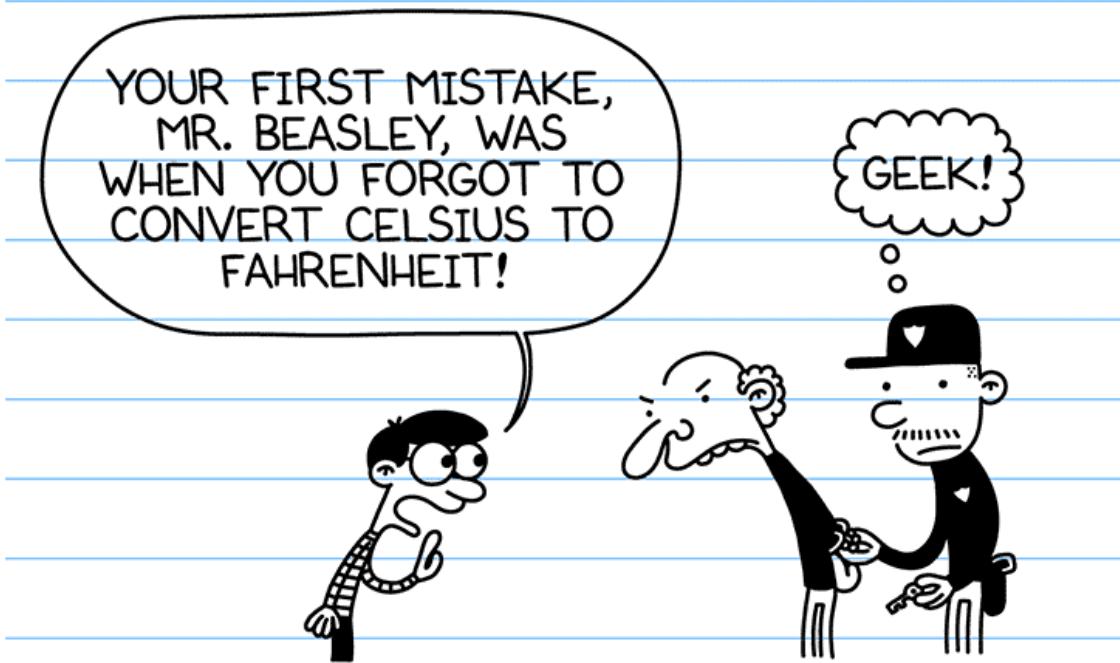
past five years: "Sherlock Sammy Does It Again."

There are about twenty short stories in

"Sherlock Sammy Does It Again," but I just
treat each story like it's a whole book, and the
teacher never notices.

These Sherlock Sammy stories are all the same.

Some grown-up commits a crime, and then
Sherlock Sammy figures it out and makes the
person look stupid.



I'm kind of an expert at writing book reports

by now. All you have to do is write exactly what

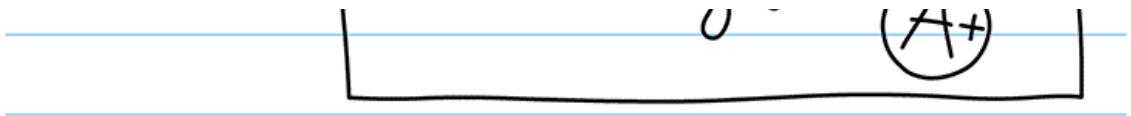
the teacher wants to hear, and you're all set.

Man, Sherlock Sammy is so smart, and I'll bet that's cause he reads so many books.

I'll bet
you're
right!

There were a bunch of hard words in this book, but I looked them up in the dictionary so now I know what they mean.

I guess you're a bit of a "sleuth" yourself! ↗



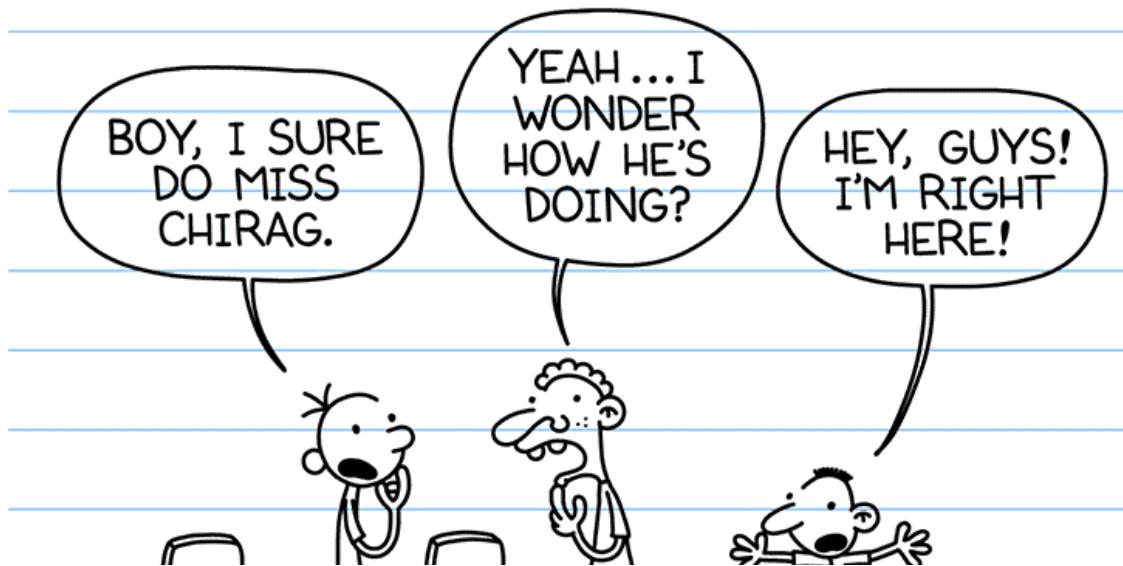
OCTOBER

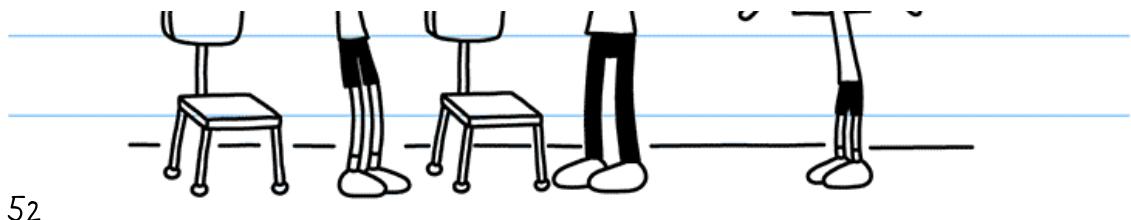
Monday.

There was a kid named Chirag Gupta who was one of my friends last year, but he moved away in June. His family had a big going-away party, and the whole neighborhood came. But I guess Chirag's family must have changed their mind, because today Chirag was back in school.

Everyone was happy to see Chirag again, but a couple of us decided to have a little fun with him before officially welcoming him back.

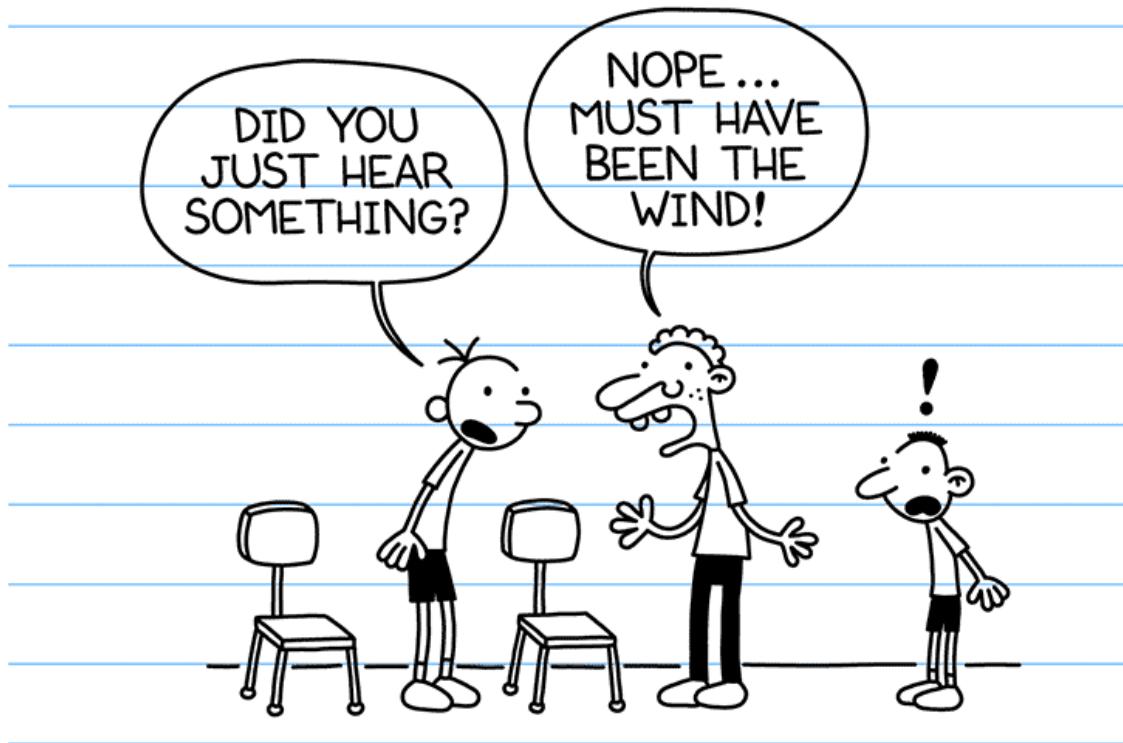
So we basically pretended he was still gone.



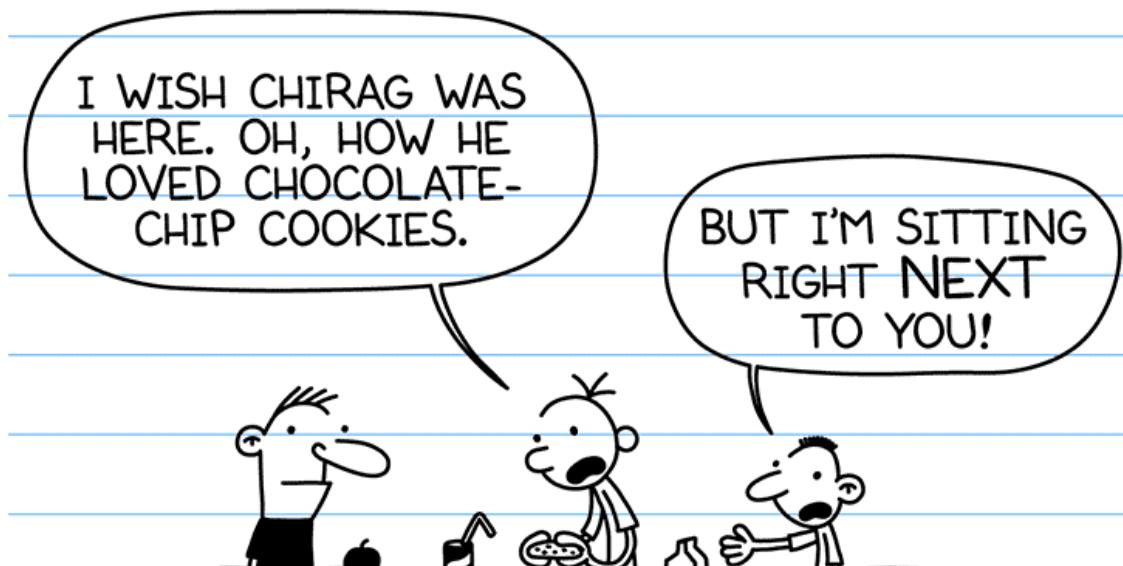


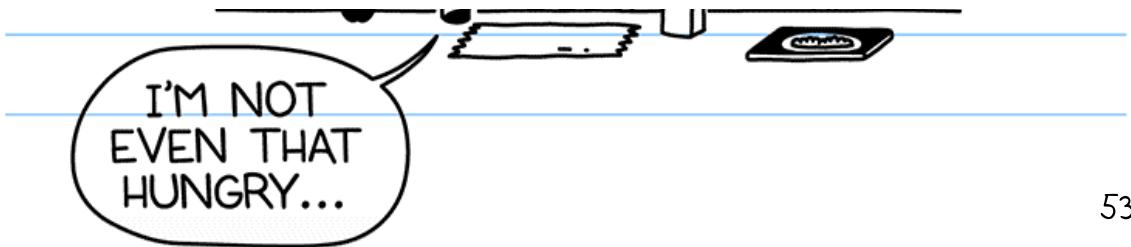
52

I have to admit, it was pretty funny.



At lunch, Chirag sat next to me. I had an extra chocolate-chip cookie in my lunch bag, and I made a big deal about it.





OK, so maybe that one was a little cruel.

(GOBBLE GOBBLE
SMACK SMACK)



I guess we'll probably let Chirag off the hook
tomorrow. But then again, this Invisible Chirag
thing could turn into the next "P.U."

Tuesday

OK, so the Invisible Chirag joke is still going,
and the whole CLASS is in on it now. I don't
want to get too far ahead of myself or anything,
but I think I might have Class Clown in the
bag for dreaming this one up.

In Science, the teacher asked me to count the
number of kids in the classroom so she'd know

how many pairs of safety goggles to get out of

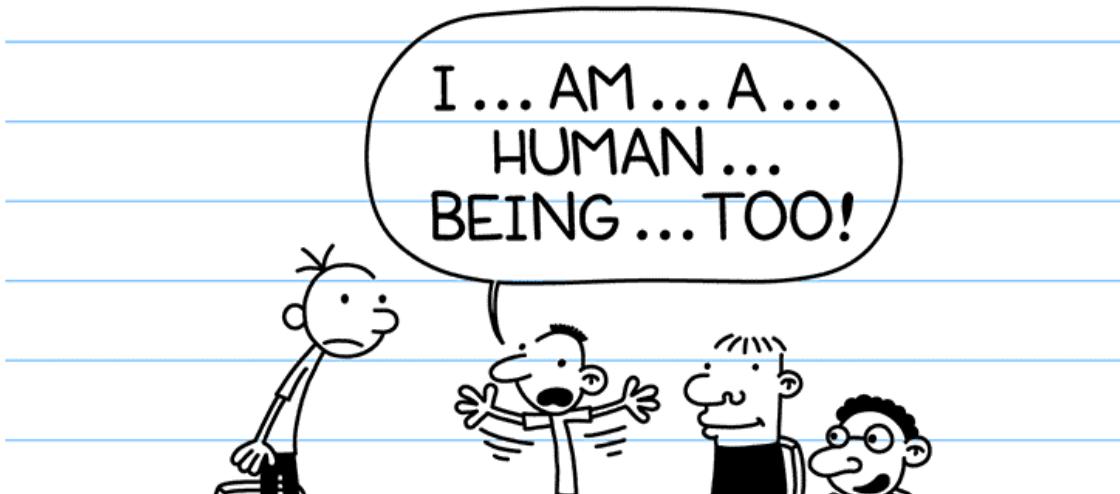
the closet.

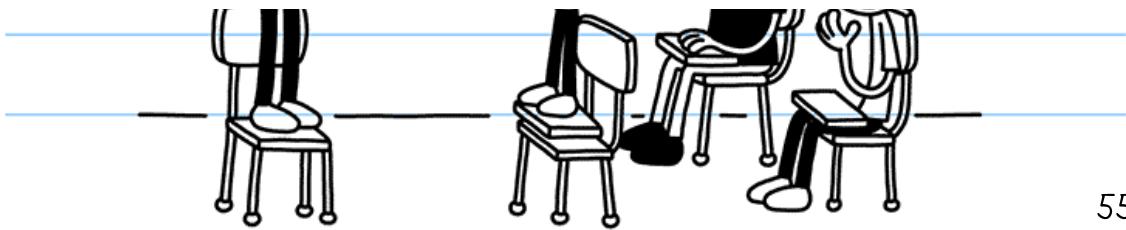
54

So I made a big show of counting everyone in
the room except Chirag.



Well, that REALLY set Chirag off. He got up
and started yelling, and it was really hard to
stare straight ahead and act like he wasn't there.





I wanted to tell him that we never said he wasn't
a human being, it's just that he's an INVISIBLE
human being. But I managed to keep my mouth shut.

Before you go and say I'm a bad friend for teasing
Chirag, let me just say this in my own defense:
I'm smaller than about 95% of the kids at my
school, so when it comes to finding someone I can
actually pick on, my options are pretty limited.

And besides, I'm not 100% to blame for dreaming
up this idea. Believe it or not, I got the idea
from Mom. This one time when I was a kid, I
was playing under the kitchen table, and Mom
came looking for me.





56

I don't know what made me do it, but I decided

to play a joke on Mom and stay hidden.

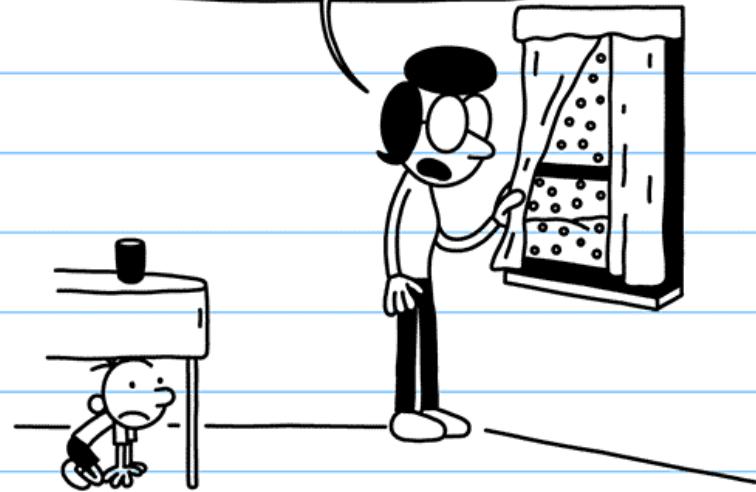
Mom went all around the house calling my name.

I think she must have finally seen me under the

kitchen table, but she still pretended she didn't

know where I was.

POOR GREGORY, ALL
ALONE IN THE SNOW.
OH, BOO HOO HOO.



I thought it was pretty funny, and I probably

would've stayed hidden under there for a little

while more. But Mom finally got me to crack when

she said she was gonna give my gum-ball machine

to Rodrick.

So if you want to point fingers on the Invisible

Chirag joke, now you know who's really to blame.

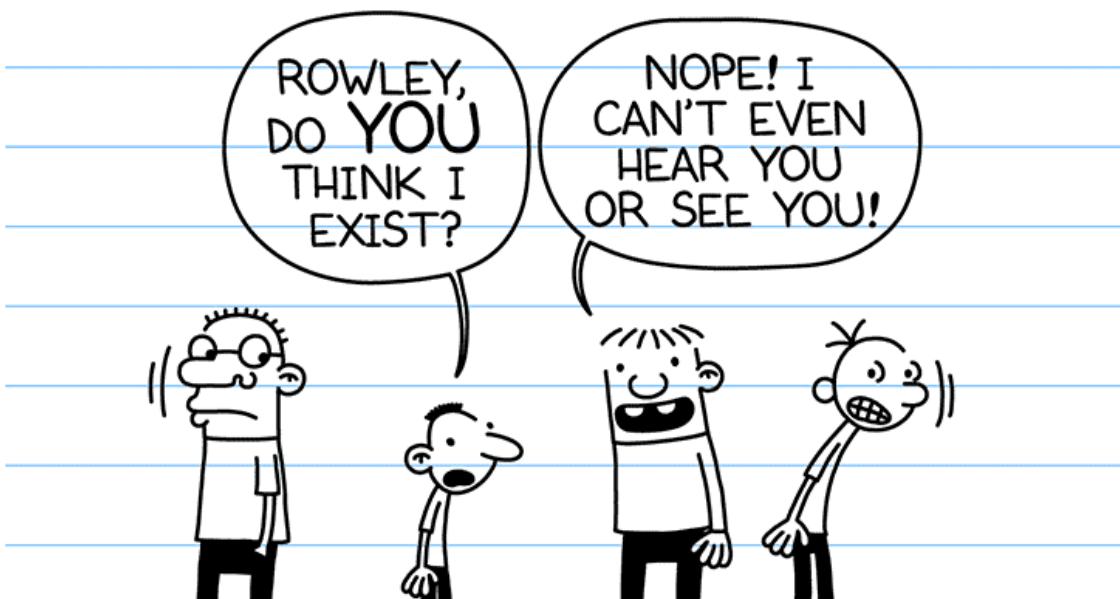


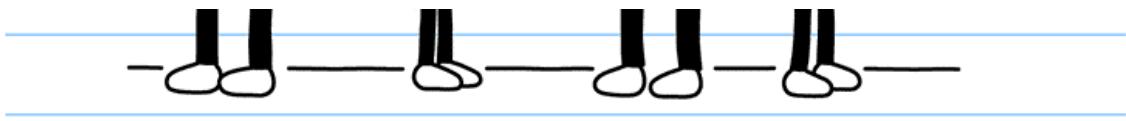
Thursday.

Well, yesterday, Chirag pretty much gave up on

trying to get anyone in our class to talk to him.

But today he found our weakness.



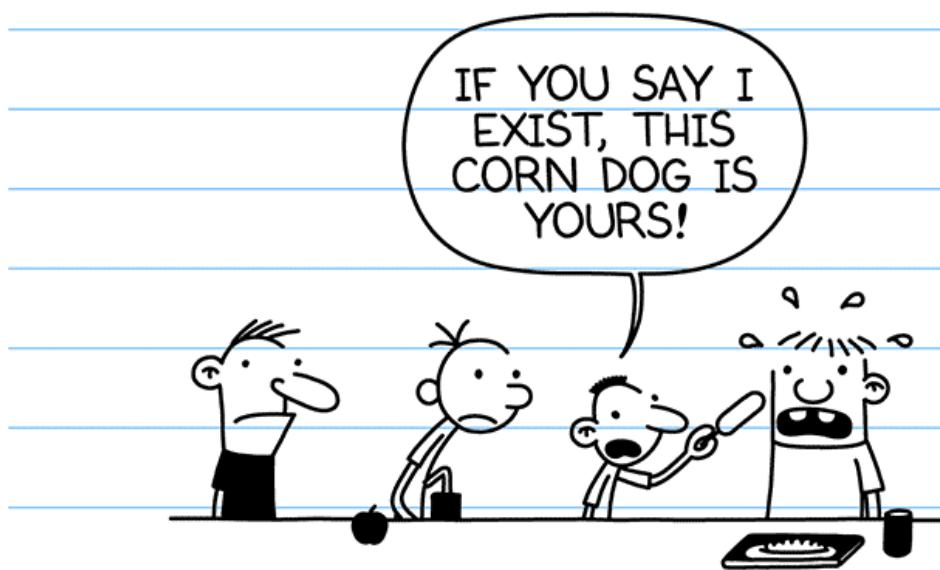


58

I forgot ALL about Rowley. When the joke first started up, I made sure to keep him away from Chirag, because I had a feeling Rowley would blow the joke.

But I guess I kind of got too cocky and let my guard down.

Chirag started working on Rowley at lunch, and he came really close to getting him to crack.



I could tell Rowley was about to say something, so I had to act quick. I told everyone there was a floating corn dog hovering above our lunch

table, and then I plucked it out of the air and

ate it in two bites.

So thanks to my quick thinking, we were able to

keep the joke going.

(GOBBLE, SMACK.)
NOT AS GOOD AS
THE REGULAR
KIND, THOUGH.



But that REALLY made Chirag mad. He started

punching my arm, but of course I had to pretend

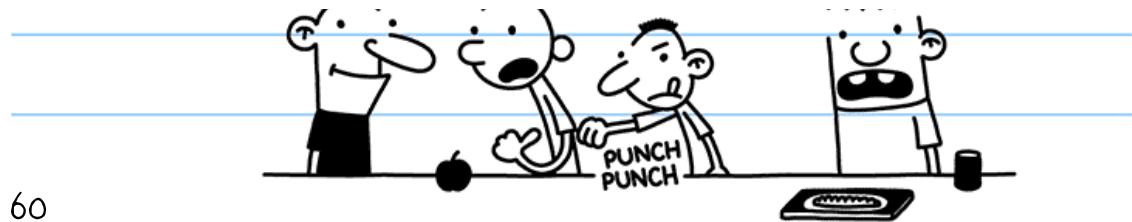
like I didn't notice.

And let me tell you, that wasn't easy to do.

Chirag might be small, but that kid can really punch.

IS THERE A FLEA BREATHING
ON ME? BECAUSE IT FEELS
LIKE A TINY LITTLE FLEA IS
BREATHING ON ME.





60

Friday.

Well, I guess Chirag must have complained to a teacher about my little joke, because today I got called down to the front office.

When I got to Vice Principal Roy's room, he was pretty mad. He knew all about how I started the joke, and he gave me a speech about "respect" and "decency" and all that.

But luckily, Mr. Roy got one crucial fact wrong, and that was the identity of the person we were playing the joke on. So that made the apology part a whole lot easier.

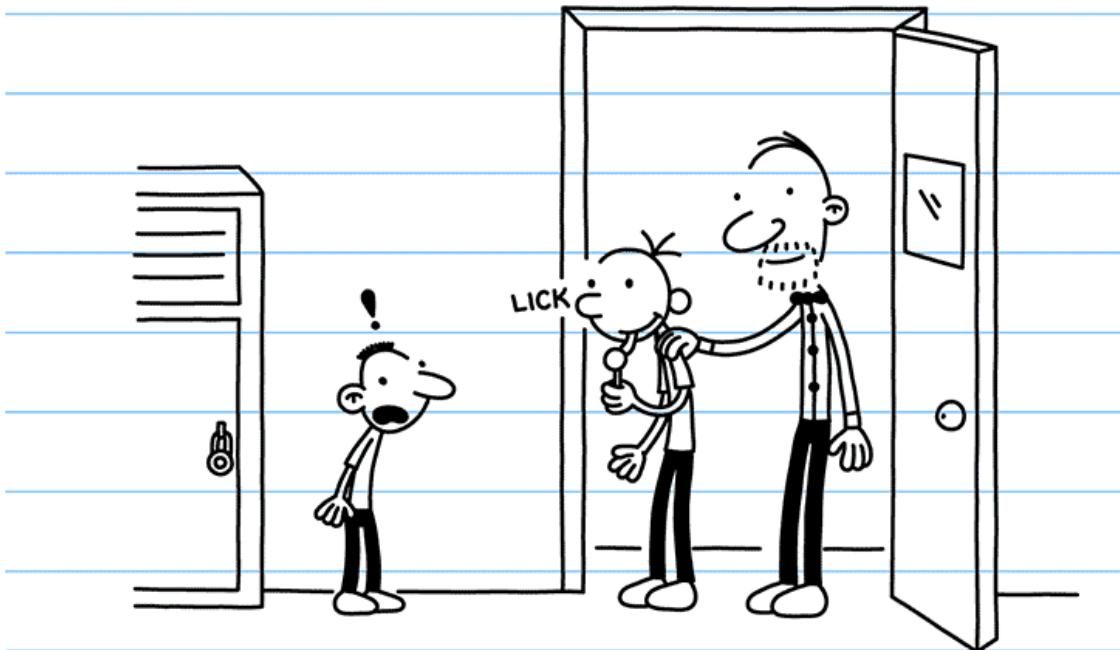
I AM DEEPLY SORRY,
AND NOW I DO
INDEED ADMIT THAT
YOU EXIST, SHARIF.





Mr. Roy seemed pretty satisfied with my apology,
and he let me go without even tacking on any
detention.

I've always heard that when Mr. Roy is done
chewing a kid out, he sends them off with a pat
on the back and a lollipop. And now I can tell
you firsthand that it's true.



Saturday

Rowley's birthday party is tomorrow, so Mom
took me to the mall to get him a gift. I picked
out this cool video game that just came out, and I

handed it to Mom so she could pay for it. But Mom

said I had to buy it with my OWN money.

I told Mom that first of all, I have zero money.

And second of all, if I DID have any money, I wouldn't be wasting it on ROWLEY.



Mom didn't seem too happy with what I said, but it's not MY fault I'm broke. I actually had a job this summer, but the people I worked for stiffed me, so I didn't earn a single penny.

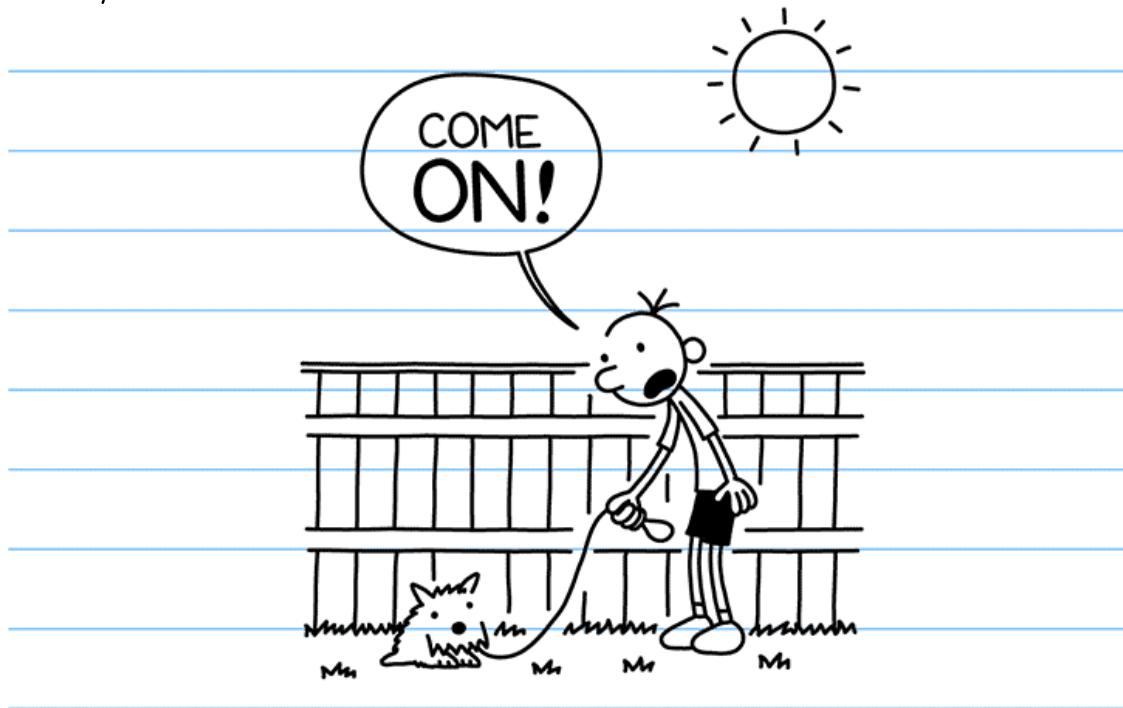
We have these neighbors named the Fullers who live a few doors up, and they go away on vacation every summer.

They usually leave their dog, Princess, in the kennel, but this year, they told me they'd pay me five bucks a day to feed Princess and take her

out. I figured I'd earn enough to buy a whole

pile of video games with that kind of money.

But I guess Princess is gun-shy about going to
the bathroom in front of strangers, so I
ended up spending a lot of time standing
around in the hot sun waiting for this dumb dog
to hurry up and go.



I'd wait and wait and nothing would happen,
and then I'd just take Princess back inside.

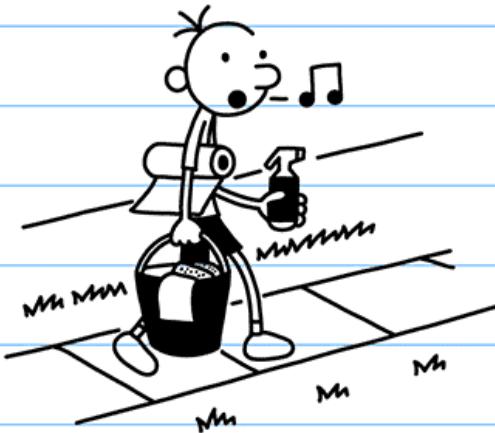
But EVERY time I'd leave, Princess would make a
big mess in the foyer, and I'd have to clean it up
the next day. Toward the end of the summer I
got smart and realized it would be a whole lot

easier to just clean up all of Princess's messes at

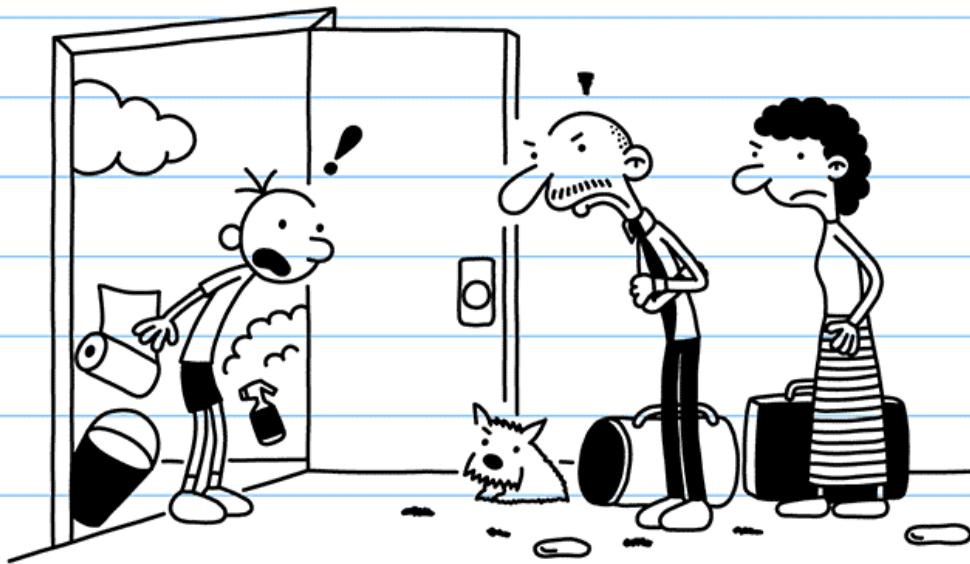
once instead of doing it every single day.

So I fed her and let her do her business on the
foyer floor for about two weeks.

Then, the day before the Fullers were due back,
I headed up the hill with all my cleaning supplies.



But guess what? The Fullers cut their trip short
and got home a day EARLY.



I guess they didn't know it's polite to call ahead

and let people know when your plans have changed.

Tonight, Mom called a house meeting with me and
Rodrick. She said that the two of us are always
complaining that we don't have any money, so she
came up with a way for us to earn some cash.

Then she pulled out some play money she must've
dug up out of a board game, and she called the
money "Mom Bucks." Mom said we could earn Mom
Bucks by doing chores and good deeds and stuff
like that, and we could trade them in for
REAL money.

Mom handed us \$1,000 each to get us started.
I thought I had struck it rich. But then she
explained that each Mom Buck was only worth a
penny of REAL money.



Mom told us how we should save up our Mom Bucks,

and if we were patient, we could buy something we
really wanted.

But Rodrick cashed in his whole stash before Mom
was even done talking.



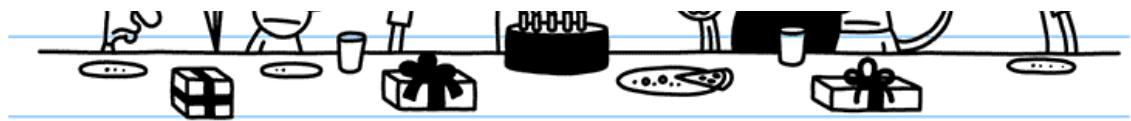
Then he went down to the convenience store and
blew his money on some heavy-metal magazines.

If Rodrick wants to waste his money like that,
he can go right ahead. But I'm gonna be smart
with MY Mom Bucks.

Sunday

Today was Rowley's birthday party, and he had it
at the mall. I'm sure I would have thought it was
a lot of fun if I was about seven years old.

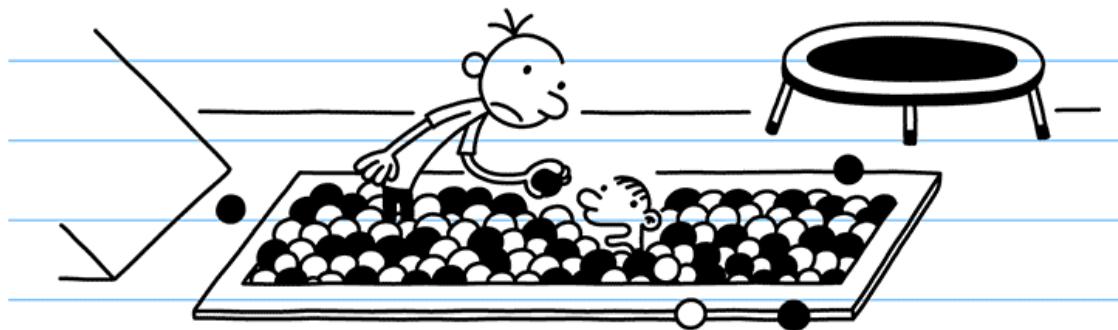




That was the average age of the kids at Rowley's party. Rowley invited his whole karate team, and most of those kids are still in elementary school. I just wish I would have known what the party was gonna be like so I could have skipped it.

We started off playing these dopey party games like Pin the Tail on the Donkey and stuff like that. The last game we played was Hide-and-Seek.

My plan was to just hide in the ball pit and stay there until the party was over. But some OTHER kid was already in there.



It turned out this kid wasn't from Rowley's

party. He was from the LAST birthday party

that happened an hour earlier.

I guess he must have hid in there during Hide-and-

Seek, and nobody ever FOUND him.

So Rowley's party had to be put on hold while

the staff tried to track down this kid's parents.



After that situation got cleared up, we had cake

and watched Rowley open his gifts. He mostly

got a bunch of kids' toys, but he seemed pretty

happy about it.





Then Rowley's parents gave him their present.

And guess what? It was a DIARY.

It kind of ticked me off, because I knew

Rowley asked his parents for a diary so he could

be just like me. After Rowley opened his present

he said:

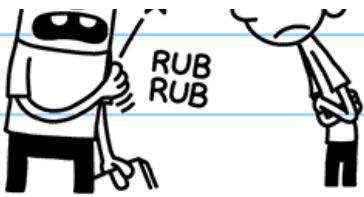


I let him know exactly what I thought of that

idea by slugging him in the arm. And I really

don't care that it was his birthday, either.





One thing I will say, though. I used to be mad
at Mom for getting me a journal that looked too
girly. But after seeing Rowley's diary, I'm not
so mad anymore.



Lately, Rowley has been TOTALLY riding me.
He reads the same comic books I read, drinks
the same kind of soda I drink, you name it.
Mom says I should be "flattered," but to be
honest with you, it's totally creeping me out.

A couple days ago, I did an experiment to see

just how far Rowley would go.

I rolled up one of my pant legs and tied a bandanna
around my ankle and went to school that way.

Sure enough, the next day Rowley came to school
wearing the same exact thing.

And that's how I ended up in Vice Principal
Roy's office for the second time in a week.



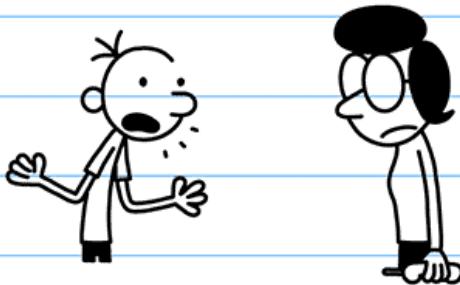
Monday

I thought I was totally in the clear for the
Invisible Chirag thing. But, boy, was I wrong.

Tonight, Mom got a call from Chirag's DAD.

Mr. Gupta told Mom all about the prank we were playing on his son, and how I was the ringleader.

When Mom questioned me, I told her I didn't even know what Chirag's dad was talking about.



Then Mom marched me up to Rowley's house to hear what HE had to say.

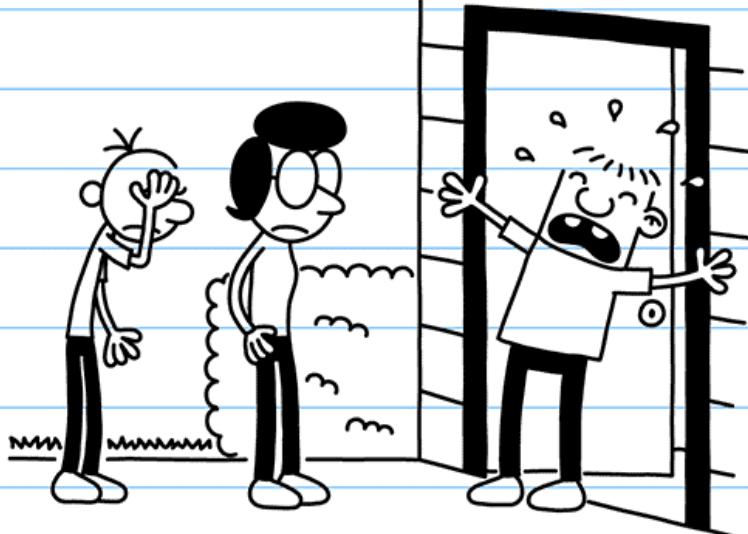
Luckily, I was prepared for this kind of thing. I had already drilled Rowley on what to do if we ever got busted, and that if we both just denied everything, we'd be OK.





But the second Mom started asking Rowley

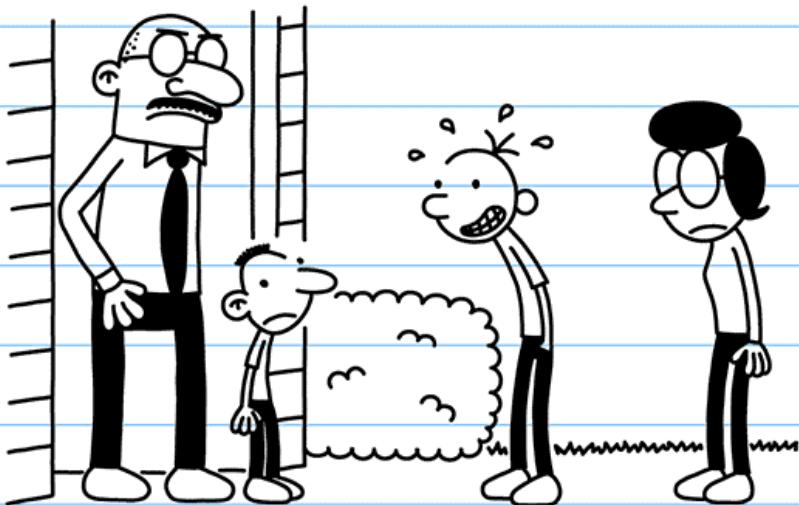
questions, he broke down.



So after our visit to Rowley's house, Mom drove

me over to Chirag's to apologize. And let me tell

you, THAT wasn't a whole lot of fun.

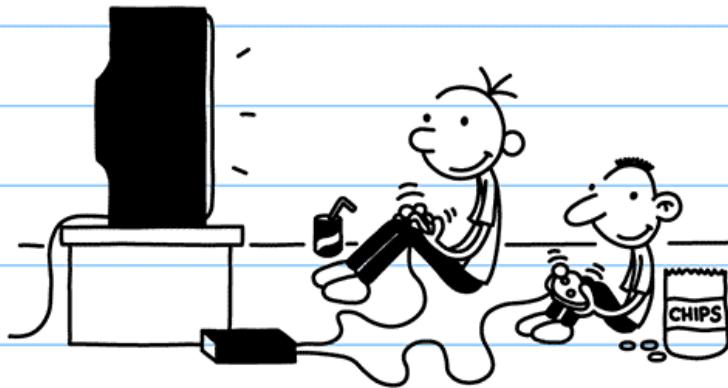


Mr. Gupta didn't seem too impressed with my

apology, but believe it or not, Chirag was actually

pretty cool about it.

After I apologized, Chirag invited me inside to play video games. I think he was so relieved to finally have one of his classmates talking to him again that he just decided to forgive me for the whole incident.



So I guess I forgive him, too.

Tuesday

Even though Chirag let me off the hook last night, Mom wasn't done with me yet.

She wasn't really that mad about the joke or how I treated Chirag. She was just mad that I LIED about it.

So Mom told me she'll ground me for a MONTH

if she catches me lying again.

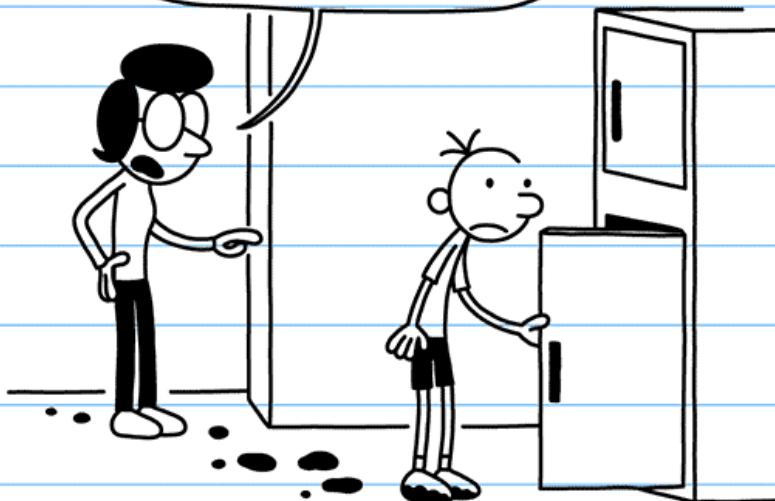
And that means I better watch my step,

because Mom's not gonna forget what she said.

When it comes to my screwups, Mom has a memory

like an elephant.

THAT'S THE SECOND
TIME YOU TRACKED
MUD INTO THE
KITCHEN!



(FIRST TIME: SIX YEARS AGO)

Last year Mom caught me lying, and I paid the

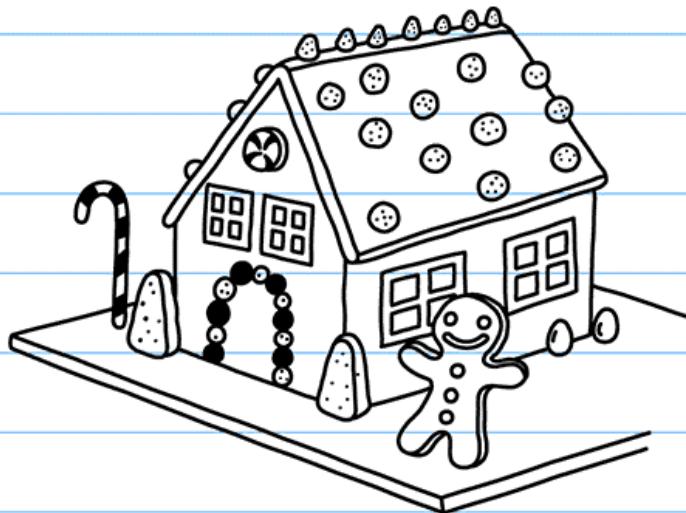
price for it.

Mom made a gingerbread house a week before

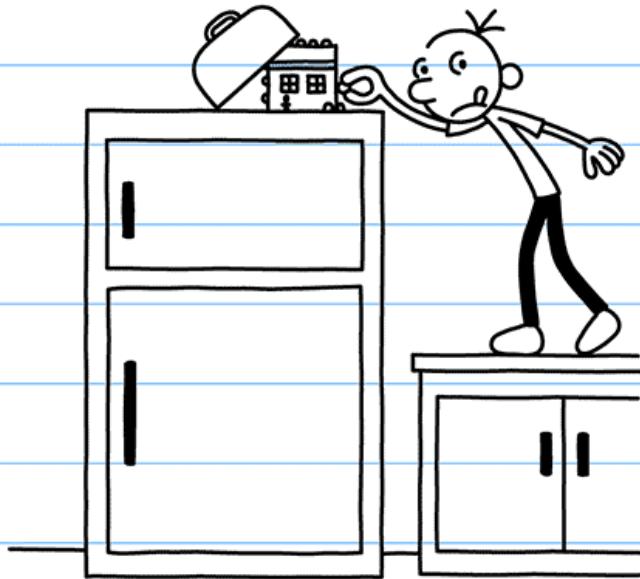
Christmas, and she put it on top of the

refrigerator. She said nobody was allowed to

touch it until Christmas Eve dinner.



But I couldn't help myself. So every night, I'd
sneak downstairs and pick off a little piece of the
gingerbread house. I tried to only eat a tiny
piece each time so Mom wouldn't notice.



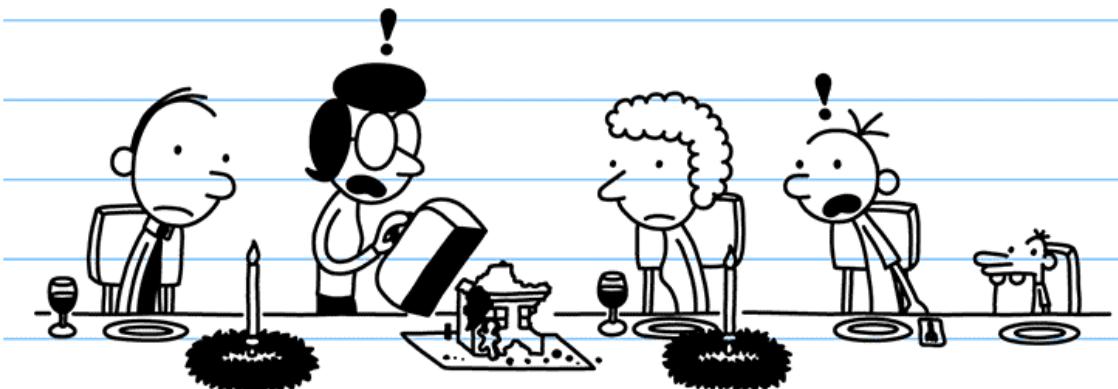
It was really hard to limit myself to one gumdrop

or one little crumb of gingerbread each night, but

I managed to do it anyway.

I didn't know how much I had actually eaten until

Mom took it down off the fridge on Christmas Eve.



When Mom accused me of eating all the candy, I

denied it. But I wish I just fessed up right away,

because that fib totally backfired on me.

Mom had just gotten hired to write a parenting

column for the local newspaper, and she was always

looking for material. So that incident pretty much

made me into a local celebrity.



When your child is being deceptive

*Susan
Heffley*

The weeks leading up to Christmas
can be a source of stress for a child

and can harbor untoforeseen temptations. My son Gregory found that

You know, now that I think about it, Mom isn't
exactly squeaky clean when it comes to being
honest HERSELF.

I remember when I was a kid, and she found out
I wasn't brushing my teeth every night. She faked
a call to the dentist's office. And that call is the
reason why I still brush my teeth four times a day.

DR. KRATZ, DO YOU HAVE
DENTURES FOR LITTLE
BOYS? OH, ONLY WOODEN
ONES? I GUESS THAT WILL
HAVE TO DO, THEN.



Friday.

Well, it's been three days and I've kept my promise

to Mom. I've been 100% honest the whole time,

and believe it or not, it's not that hard.

In fact, it's kind of liberating. I've been in a couple of situations already where I was a lot more honest than I would have been a week ago.

For example, the other day I had a conversation with this neighborhood kid named Shawn Snella.

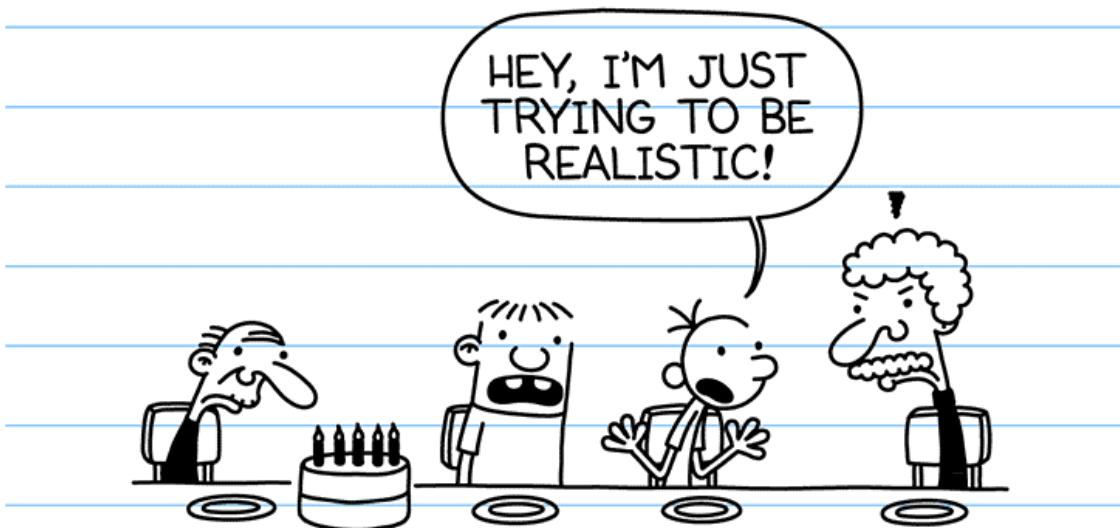
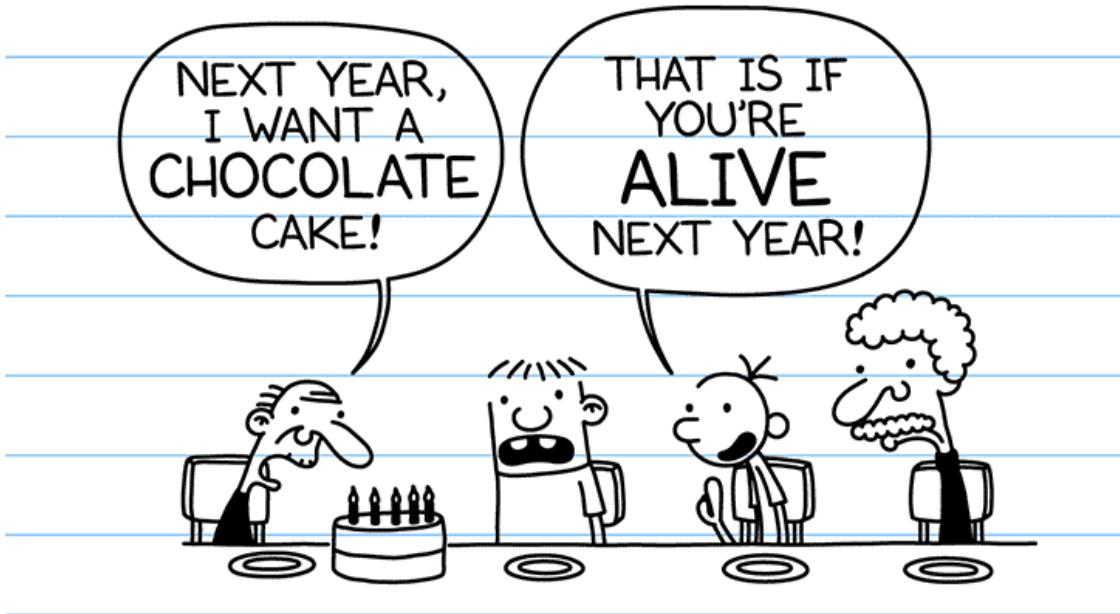




80

And yesterday, Rowley's family had a birthday

party for his grandfather.



Most people don't seem to appreciate a person as

honest as me. So don't ask me how George

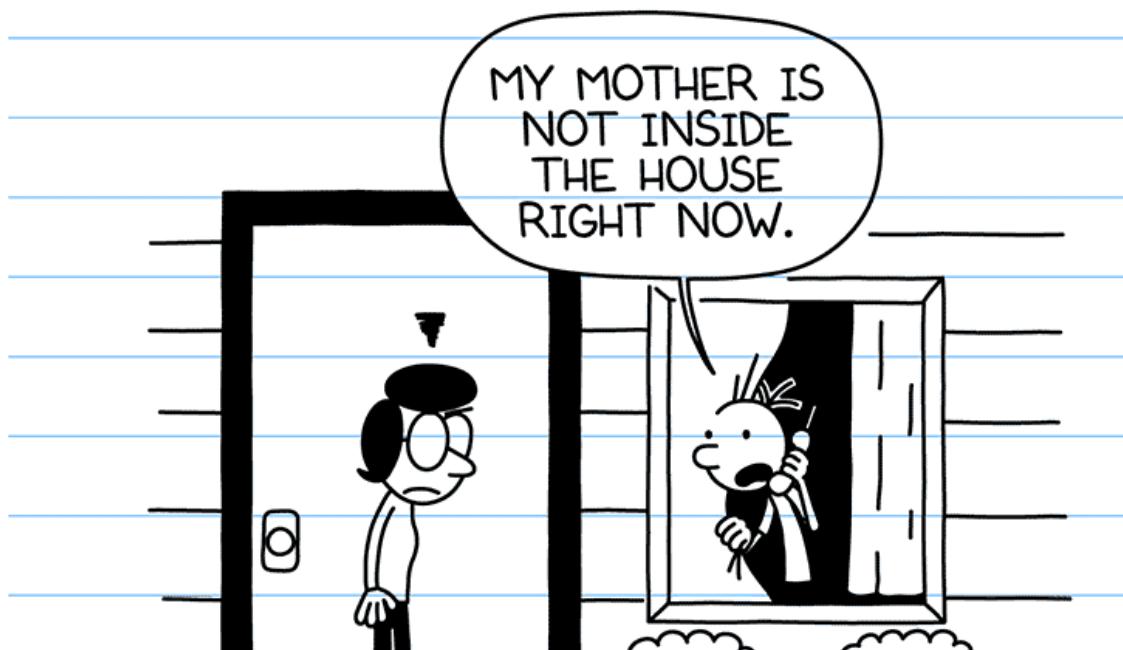
Washington ever got to be president.

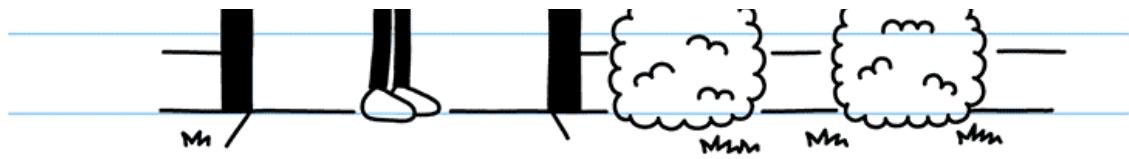
Saturday

Today I answered the phone, and it was Mrs.
Gillman from the PTA, looking for Mom. I tried
to hand her the phone, but she whispered for me
to tell Mrs. Gillman that she wasn't home.

I couldn't tell if Mom was trying to trick me
into lying or WHAT, but there was no way I
was going to break my honesty streak over
something as dumb as THIS.

So I made Mom go out on the front porch before
I said a word to Mrs. Gillman.





82

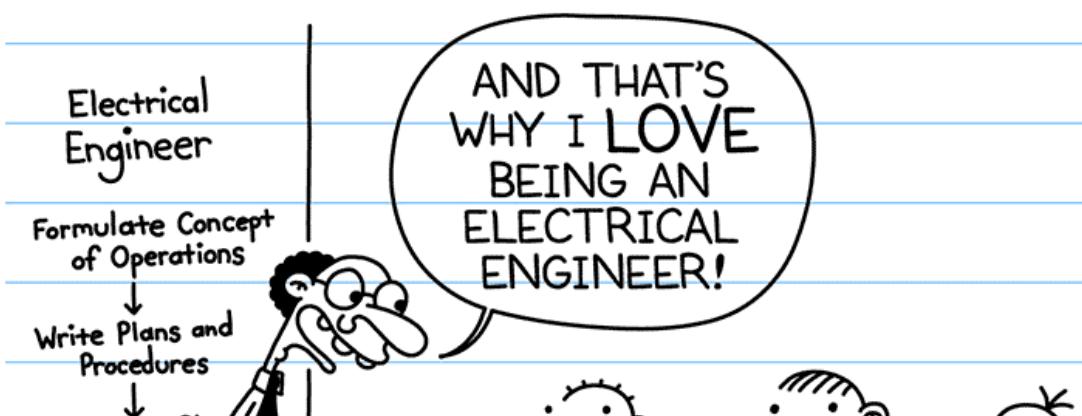
And from the look Mom gave me when she came back
in the house, I kind of get the feeling she's not
gonna hold me to that honesty pledge anymore.

Monday.

Today was Career Day at school. They have
Career Day every year to get us kids to start
thinking about our future.

They brought in a bunch of adults who had all
these different jobs. I think the idea is that us
kids will find out about a job we like, and then
we'll know what we want to be when we grow up.

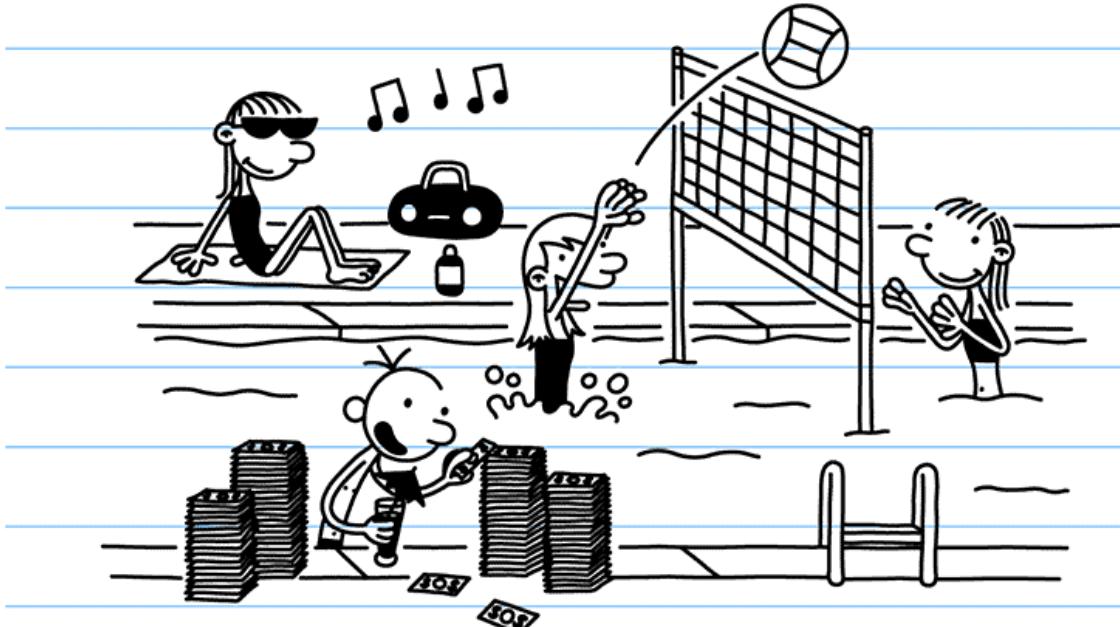
But what REALLY happens is that you just
find out which jobs to rule out.





After the presentations, we had to fill out
these questionnaires. The first question was,
"Where do you see yourself in fifteen years?"

I know EXACTLY where I'll be in fifteen years:
in my pool, at my mansion, counting my money. But
there weren't any check boxes for THAT option.



The questionnaires are supposed to predict what
kind of job you're going to have when you grow
up. When I was finished, I looked up my job on
the chart, and I got "Clerk."

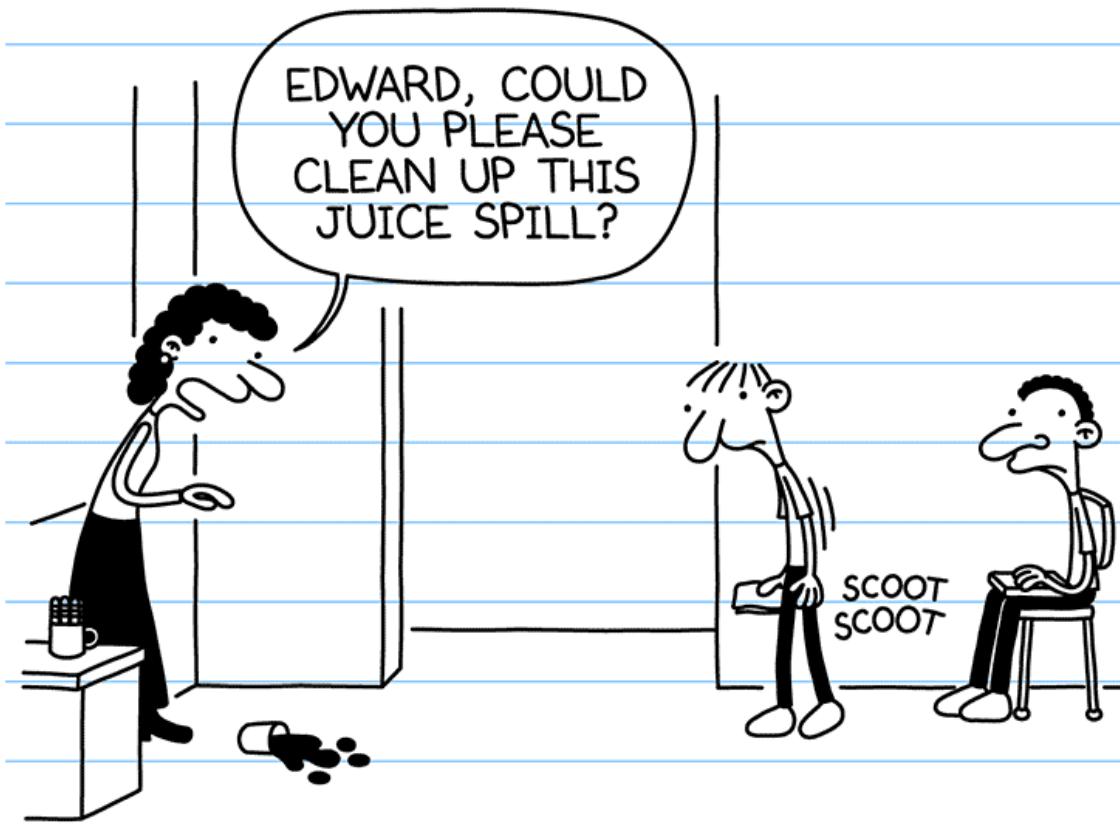
Well, there must be something wrong with the way

they set these forms up or something, because I

don't know any clerks who are billionaires.

Some other kids were unhappy with the jobs
they ended up with, too. But the teacher said
we shouldn't take these things too seriously.

Well, try telling that to Edward Mealey. Last
year, he got "Sanitation Worker" on his job
chart, and the teachers have been treating him
different ever since.



Rowley got "Nurse" on his job chart, and he
seemed pretty happy about it. A couple of girls

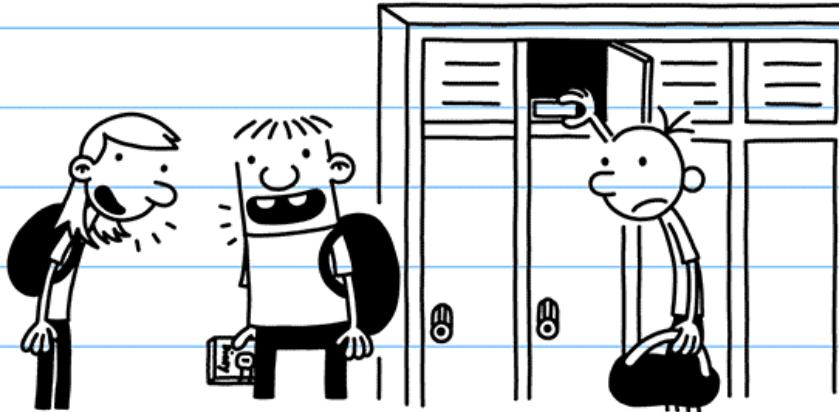
got Nurse, too, and they were chatting away

with Rowley after class.

Next year I have to remember to sit next to

Rowley and copy his job form so I can get in on

some of that action.



Saturday

Me and Rodrick were just sitting around the

house today, so Mom sent us over to Gramma's to

rake her leaves.

Mom said she'd pay us \$100 in Mom Bucks for

each bag we filled. Plus, Gramma said she'd give us

hot chocolate after we were finished.

I really didn't feel like working on a Saturday,

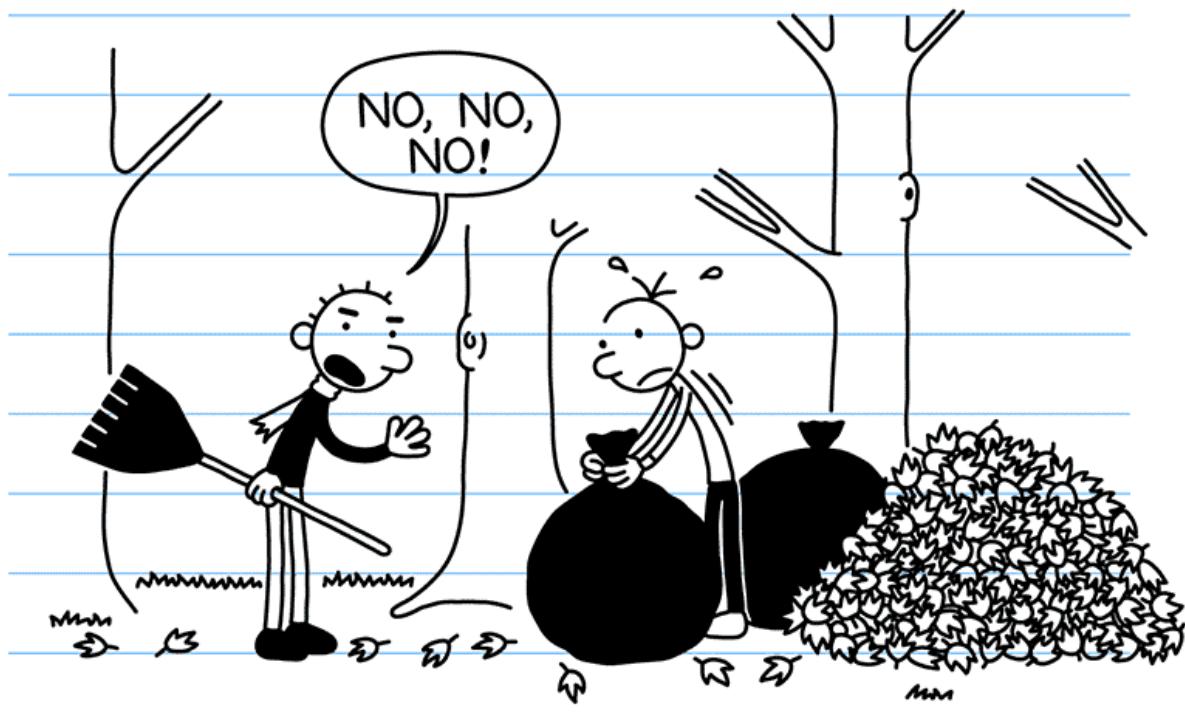
but I needed the cash. Besides, Gramma makes

really awesome hot chocolate. So we got some

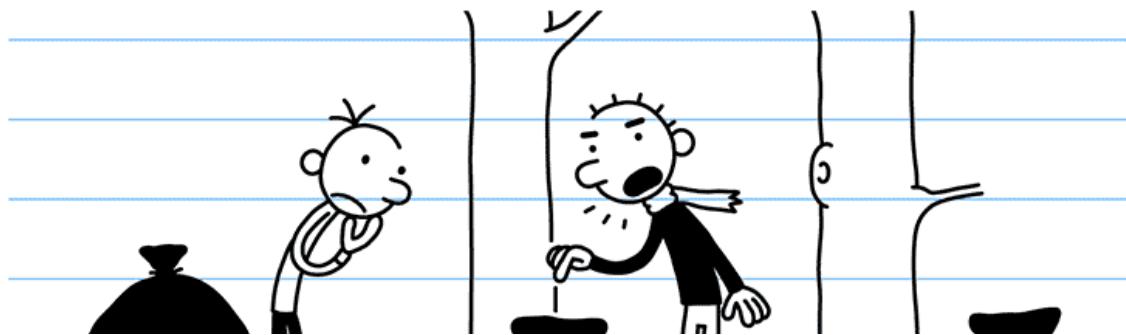
rakes and plastic bags from our garage and

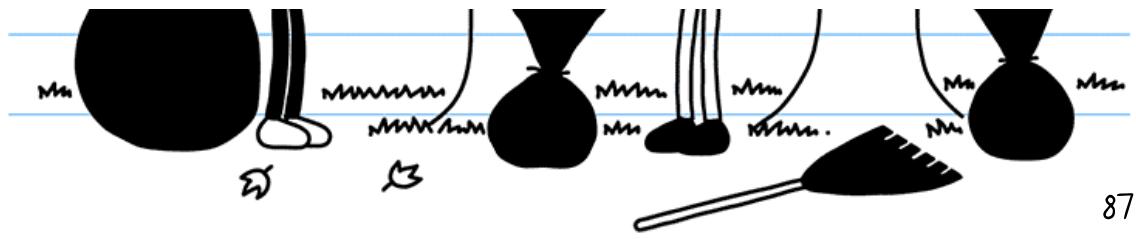
headed down to Gramma's house.

I took one side of the yard, and Rodrick took
the other. But ten minutes into the job,
Rodrick came over and told me I was doing
everything all wrong.



Rodrick said I was putting WAY too many leaves
in each bag, and that if I just tied the bag closer
to the bottom, I could get done a lot quicker.





87

See, now this is the kind of advice you're

SUPPOSED to get from your older brother.

After Rodrick showed me that trick, we went

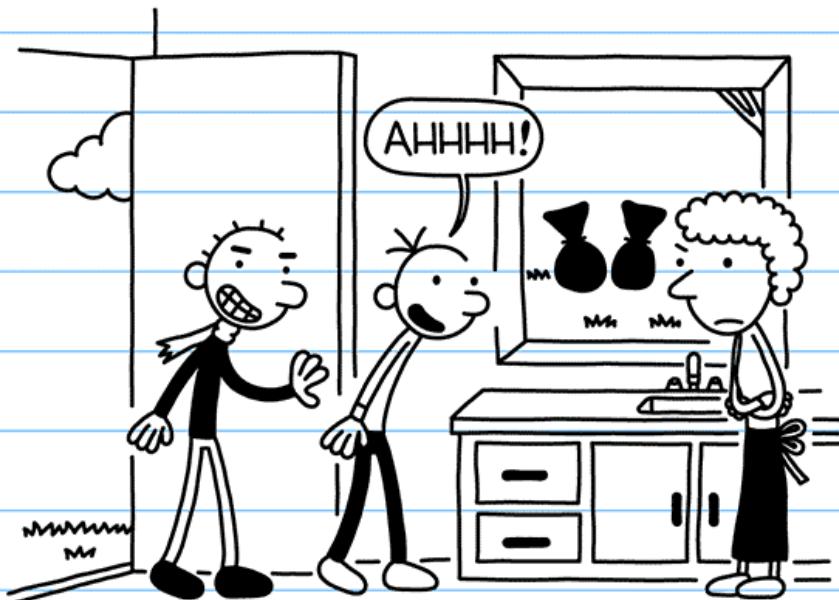
through bags like nobody's business. In fact, we

ran out in half an hour.

Gramma didn't seem too happy about forking over

the hot chocolate when we came inside. But like

they say, a deal's a deal.



Monday.

Ever since Career Day, Rowley has been spending

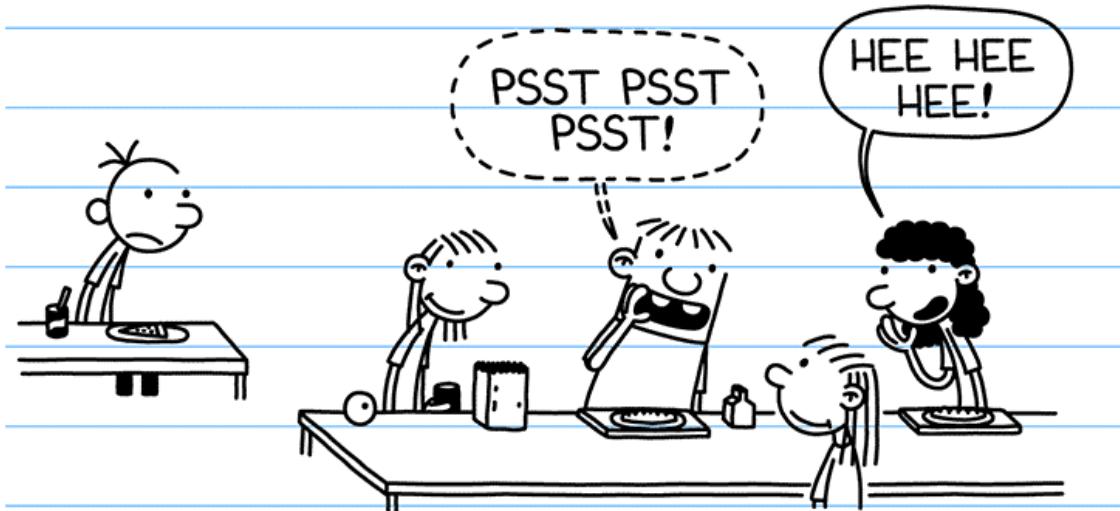
lunch with a bunch of girls who sit at the corner

table in the cafeteria. I guess the group of them

is like the Future Nurses of America or something.

Don't ask me WHAT they talk about over there.

They just whisper and giggle like a bunch of
first-graders.



All I can say is, they better not be talking
about ME.

You remember how I said Rodrick is the only one
who knows about that really embarrassing thing
that happened to me over the summer? Well,
Rowley knows the SECOND most embarrassing
thing that ever happened to me, and I really
don't need him digging it back up.

Back in fifth grade, we had a project in Spanish

where we had to do a skit in front of the class,

and my partner was Rowley.

We had to do the whole skit in Spanish. Rowley
asked me what I would do for a candy bar, and
I said I'd stand on my head.

But when I tried to do a headstand, I tipped
over, and my rear end went right through the wall.



Well, the school never bothered to fix the hole, so
for the rest of my time in elementary school, my
butt-print was on display in Mrs. Gonzales's room.

And if Rowley's spreading that story around,

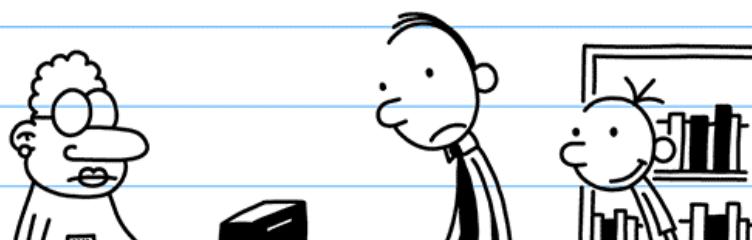
believe me I'm gonna tell the whole world who ate
the Cheese.

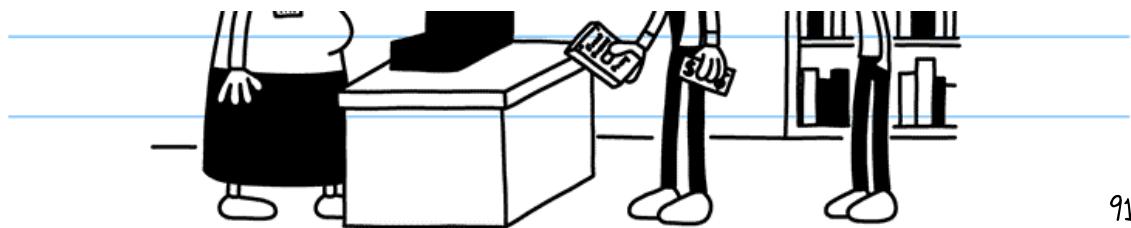
Wednesday

Today I realized that if I wanted to know what Rowley and those girls are talking about at lunch, all I have to do is read his DIARY. I'll bet he's writing down all sorts of juicy gossip in that thing.

The problem is, Rowley's diary is LOCKED. So even if I got ahold of it, I wouldn't have any way to open it. But then I thought of something. All I had to do was buy the same exact diary HE has, and then I'd have a key.

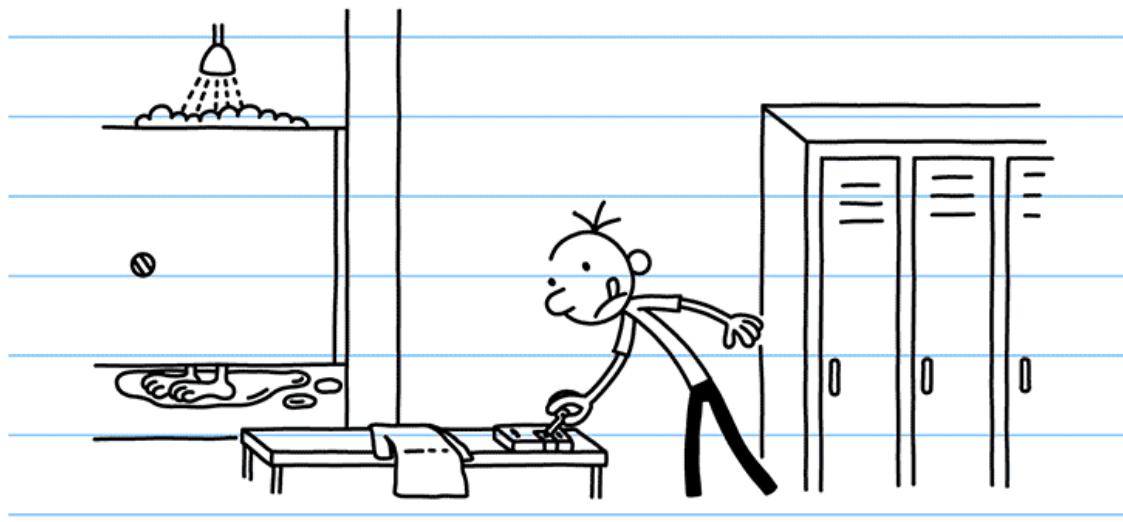
So I went to the bookstore tonight and got the last one on the shelf. I just hope buying this thing was worth it, because I had to cash in half of my Mom Bucks to pay for it. And I don't think Dad was too thrilled with the idea of me buying a Sweet Secrets Diary, either.





Thursday.

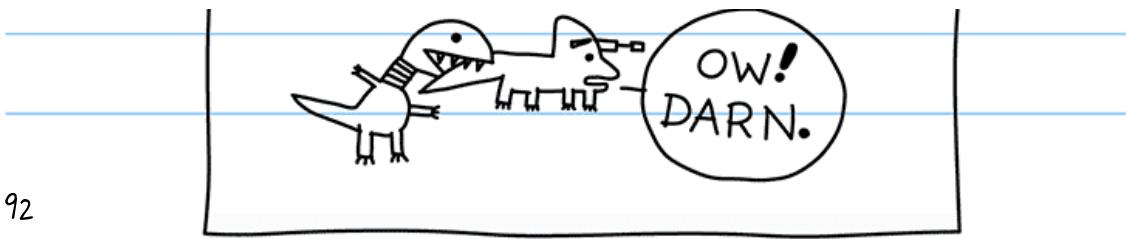
After Phys Ed today, I saw that Rowley accidentally left his diary on the bench. So when the coast was clear, I used my new key on his diary, and sure enough, it worked.



I opened it up and started reading.

Dear Diary,

Today I played with my Dinoblazer action figures again. It was Mecharex vs. Triceraclops and Mecharex bited Tri-ceraclops in the tail.



And then Triceraclops turned around and said oh yeah well how do you like that and he shot Mecharex right in the heinie.



I flipped through the rest of the book to see if my name was in there anywhere, but it was just page after page of this garbage.

After seeing what's going on in Rowley's head, I'm kind of starting to wonder why I'm even friends with him in the first place.

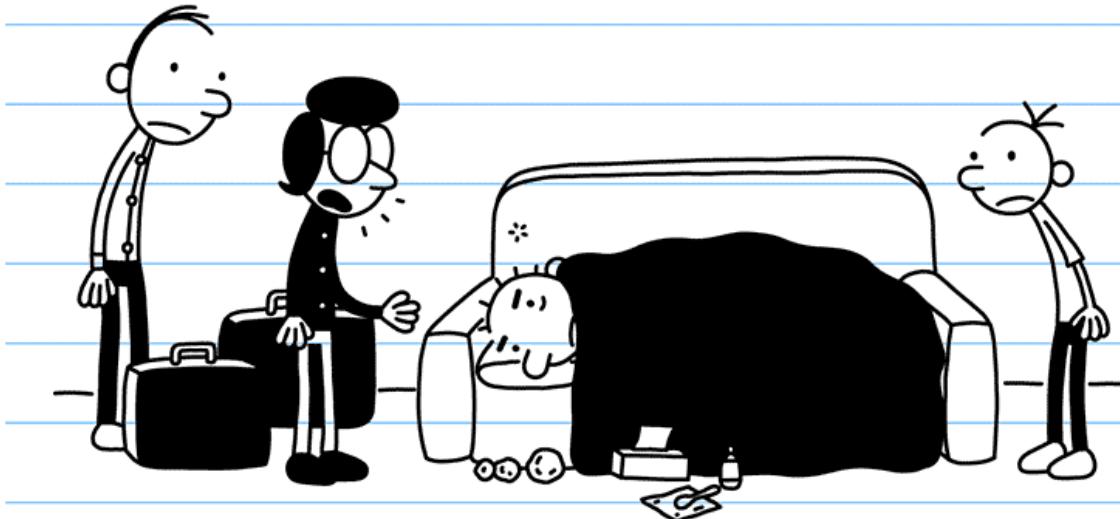
Saturday.

Things at home have been really good for about a week. Rodrick has the flu, so he doesn't have

the energy to bother me. And Manny has been

at Gramma's, so I've had the TV all to myself.

Yesterday, Mom and Dad made a surprise
announcement. They said they were going away
for the night, and that me and Rodrick were in
charge of the house.



That was some pretty big news, because Mom and
Dad have NEVER left me and Rodrick on our
own before.

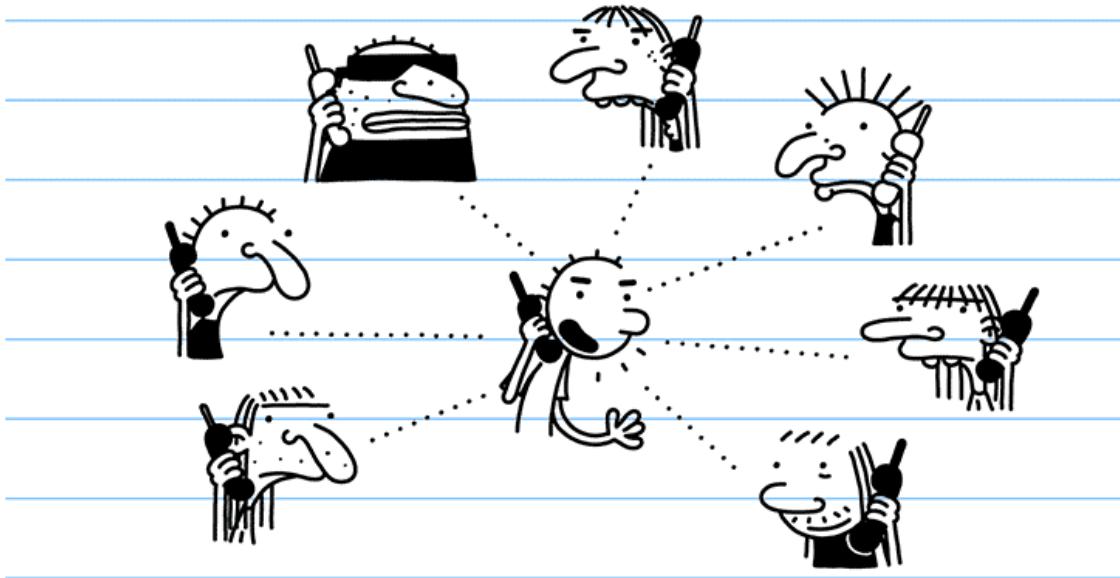
I think they've always been afraid that if they
go away, Rodrick is gonna have a huge party
and trash the house.

But with Rodrick knocked out with the flu, they
must've seen their big chance. So after Mom gave

us a speech about "responsibility" and "trust" and

all that, they took off.

The SECOND Mom and Dad walked out the door, Rodrick jumped up off of the couch and picked up the phone. Then he called every friend he knew and told them he was having a party.



I thought about calling Mom and Dad to tell them what Rodrick was up to, but I've never actually BEEN to a high school party before, so I was curious. I decided to just keep my mouth shut and soak it all in.

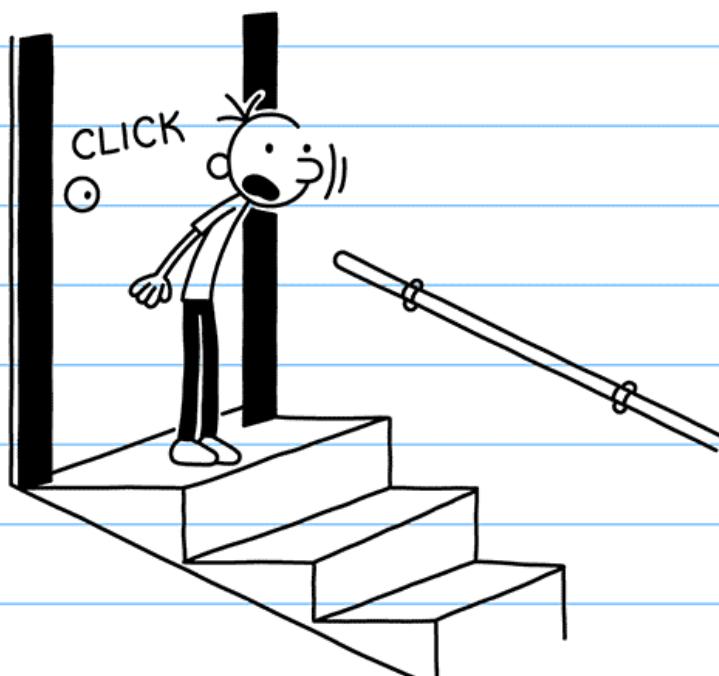
Rodrick told me to get some folding tables out of the basement and bring a couple of bags of ice out of the downstairs freezer. Rodrick's friends started

to show up around 7:00, and before you knew it,

there were cars parked up and down the street.

The first person to walk through the door was
Rodrick's friend Ward. A bunch more people
started showing up after that, and Rodrick told
me we were gonna need more tables. So I went
downstairs to get them.

But as soon as I stepped foot in the basement,
I heard the door lock behind me.



I pounded on the door, but Rodrick just
cranked up the music to drown me out. So I was
stuck down there.

Man, I should've known Rodrick would go and
pull something like that.

I guess it was pretty dumb of me to think

Rodrick was gonna let me in on the action.

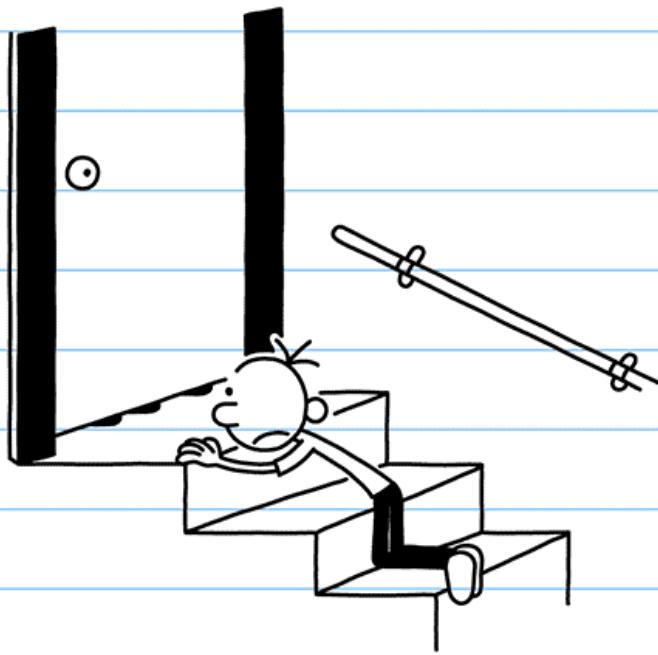
It sounded like it was a pretty wild party. I

think some GIRLS even showed up at one

point, but I couldn't be too sure, because it was

hard to keep track of what was going on from

just looking at the bottoms of people's shoes.



The party was still going strong at 2:00 A.M.,

but that's when I gave up. I spent the night on

one of the spare beds in the basement, even

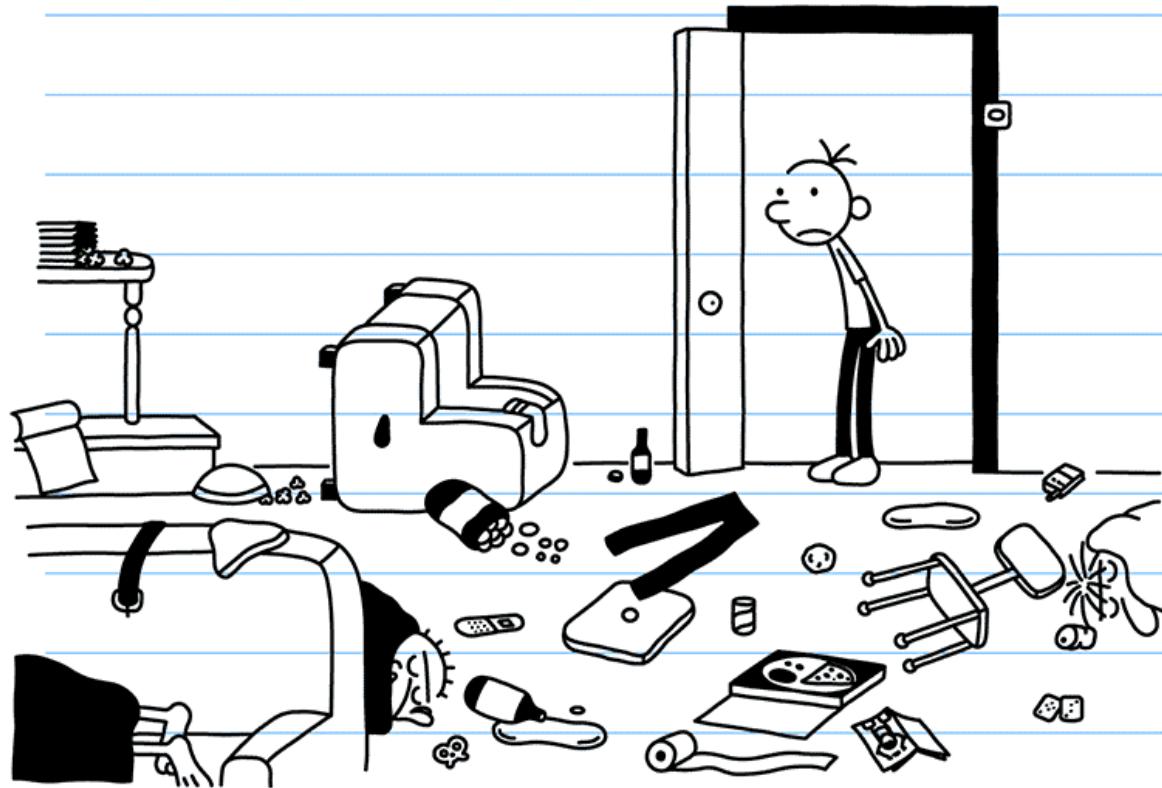
though there were no blankets on it. I practically

froze to death, but there was no WAY I was

gonna use a blanket from Rodrick's bed.

Somebody must've unlocked the basement door
overnight, because when I woke up this morning, it
was open. And when I walked upstairs, it looked
like a tornado had touched down in the family room.

The last of Rodrick's friends wasn't gone until
3:00 in the afternoon. And once everyone left,
Rodrick told me I had to help him clean up.



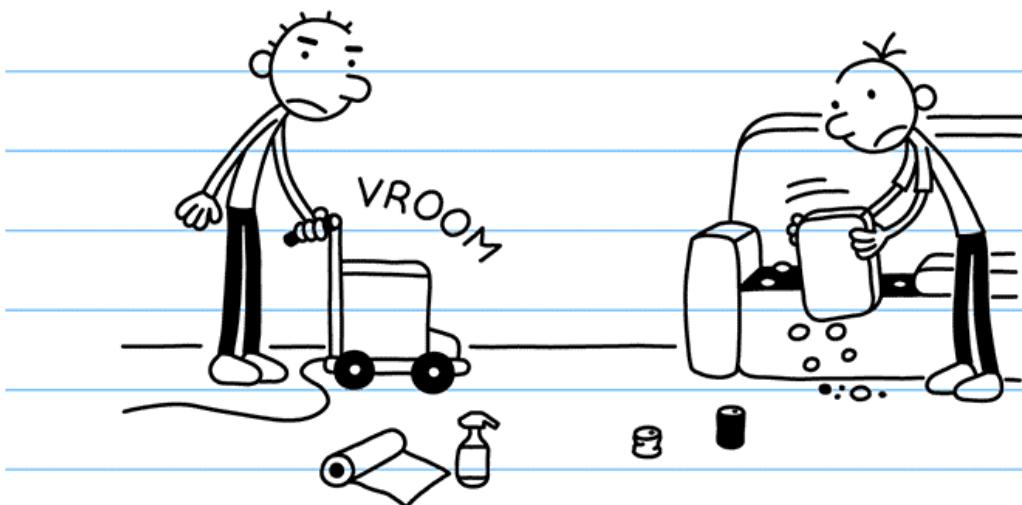
I told Rodrick he was out of his mind if he
thought I was helping. But then Rodrick said

that if he got busted for the party, he was

taking ME down with him.

He said if I didn't help him clean up the mess,
he would tell all my friends about the thing that
happened to me this summer.

I couldn't believe Rodrick would play dirty like
that. But I could tell he was serious, so I just
got to work.

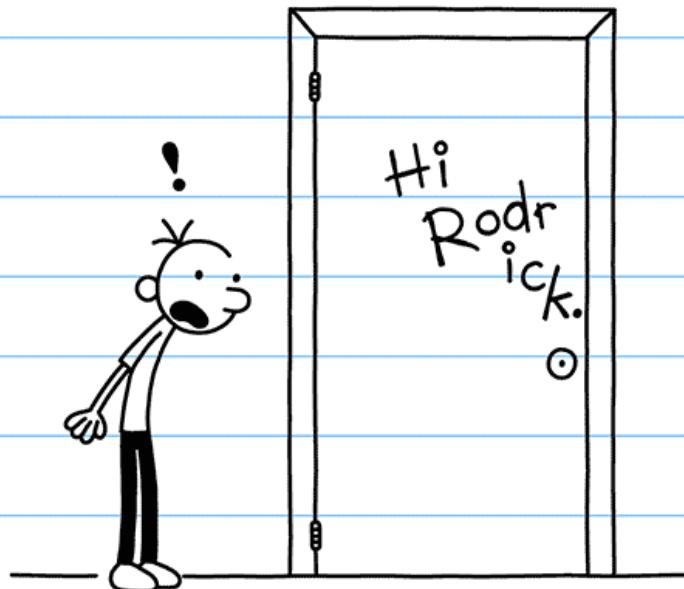


Mom and Dad were supposed to be back by
7:00, and we still had a TON of work to do.

It wasn't easy to erase all the evidence of the
party, because Rodrick's friends had left trash in
all these crazy places. At one point, when I

went to make myself a bowl of cereal, a half-eaten
piece of pizza fell out of the box.

By 6:45, we had things pretty well wrapped up. I went upstairs to take a shower, and that's when I saw the message written on the inside of the bathroom door.



I tried scrubbing the writing off with soap and water, but whoever wrote that thing must've used a permanent marker.

Mom and Dad were gonna be home any minute, so I thought we were doomed. But then Rodrick had a genius idea. He said we could switch the door out and REPLACE it with a closet door from the basement.

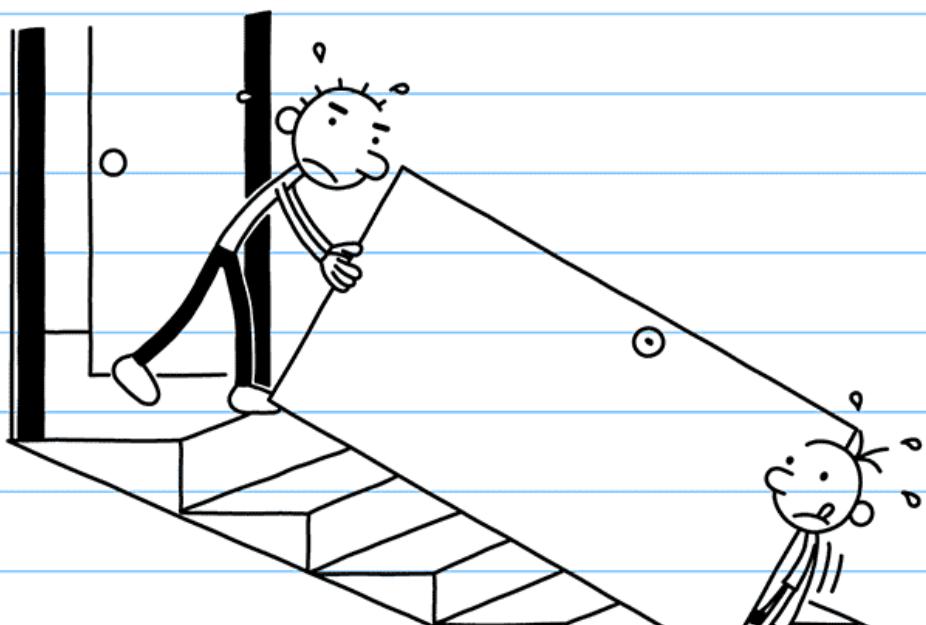
So we got some screwdrivers and went to work.

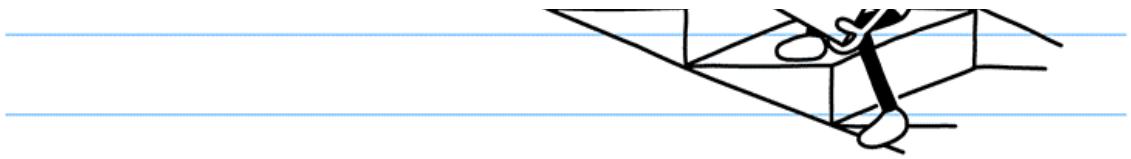
100



We finally managed to get the door off its
hinges, and then we carried it downstairs.

Then we got the closet door from Rodrick's room
in the basement and brought it UPSTAIRS.



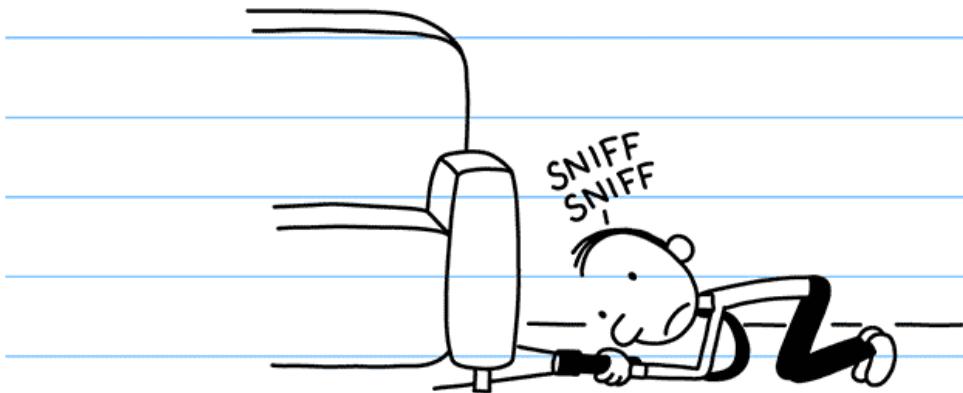


101

We made it with no time to spare. Mom and
Dad's car rolled into the driveway right when we
were tightening the last screw.

You could tell they were pretty relieved the house
hadn't burned down while they were away.

I don't think we're totally out of the woods just
yet. Because with the way Dad was poking
around tonight, I'm sure it won't be long before
he figures out about the party.



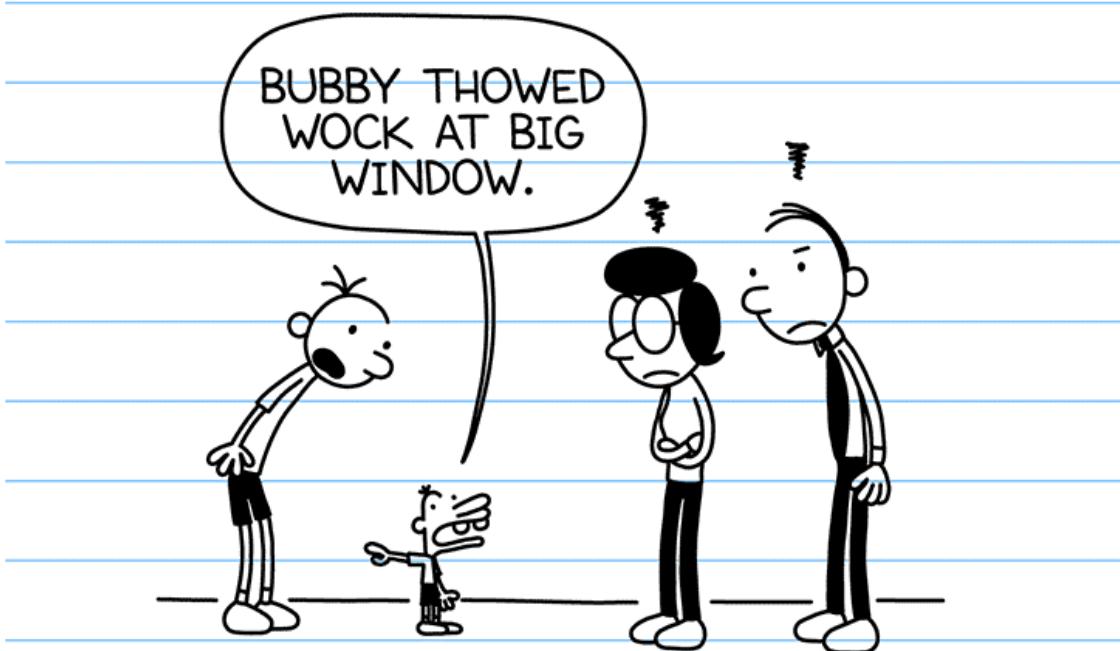
Well, Rodrick might have lucked out this time,
but all I can say is, he should be glad MANNY
wasn't there to see the party. Manny is a
HUGE tattletale. In fact, he's been telling on

me ever since he could talk. He's even told on me

for stuff I did BEFORE he could talk.

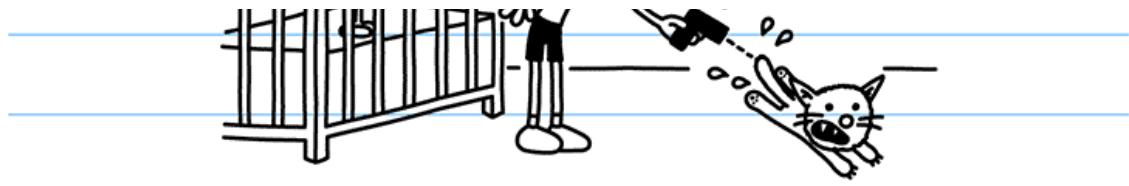
When I was a kid, I broke the sliding glass door
in the family room. Mom and Dad didn't have any
evidence that I was the one who did it, so they
couldn't peg it on me, and I was in the clear.

But Manny was there when it happened, and two
years later, he squealed on me.



So after Manny started talking, I had to
worry about all the bad things he saw me do
when he was a baby.





103

I used to be a big tattletale myself until I learned
my lesson. One time, I told on Rodrick for saying
a bad word. Mom asked me which word he said, so
I spelled it out. And it was a long one, too.

Well, I ended up getting a bar of soap in my
mouth for knowing how to spell a bad word, and
Rodrick got off scot-free.



Monday.

Tomorrow, I have an English assignment due where
I have to write an "allegory."

That's basically a story that says one thing but
means something else. I was having trouble getting

inspired, but then I saw Rodrick outside working

on his van, and I got an idea.

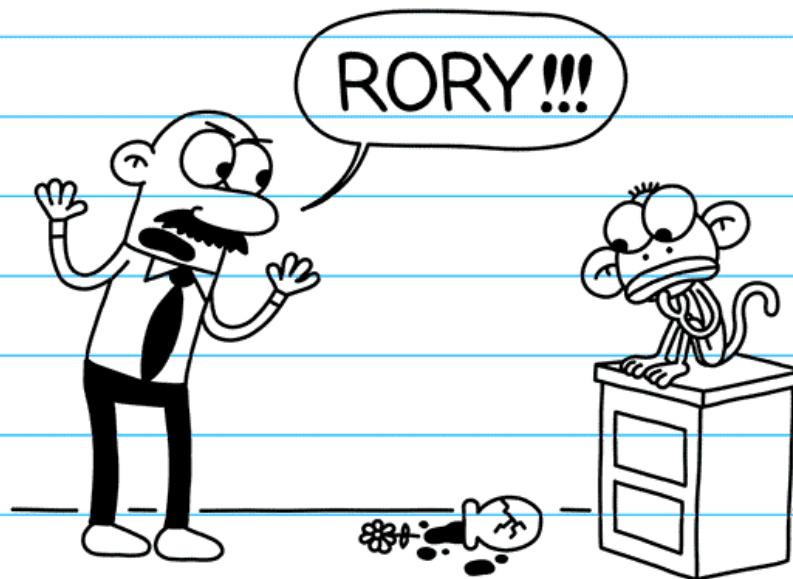
Rory Screws Up

by Greg Heffley

Once upon a time there was this monkey named Rory.

The family he lived with loved him very much, even

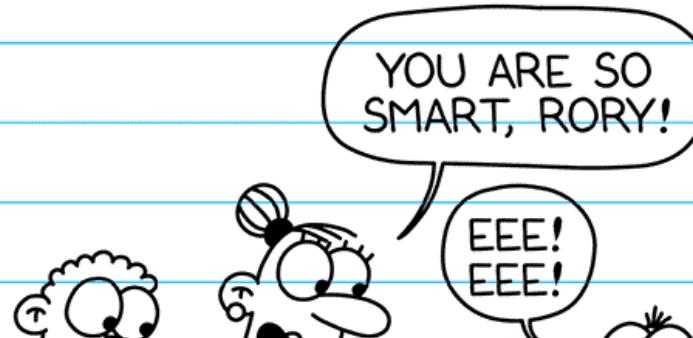
though he was constantly screwing things up.

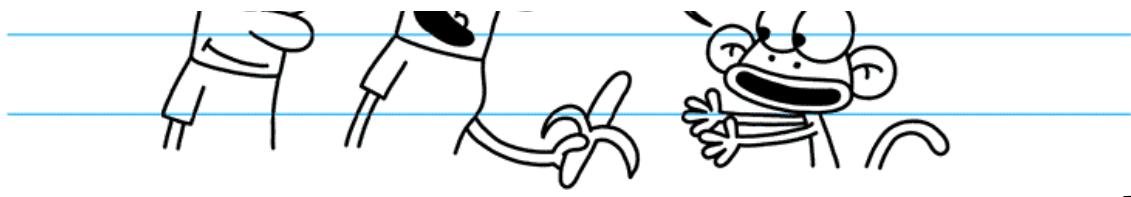


One day Rory accidentally rang the doorbell, and

everybody thought he did it on purpose. So they

gave him some bananas as a reward.





105

Well, now Rory was going around thinking he was

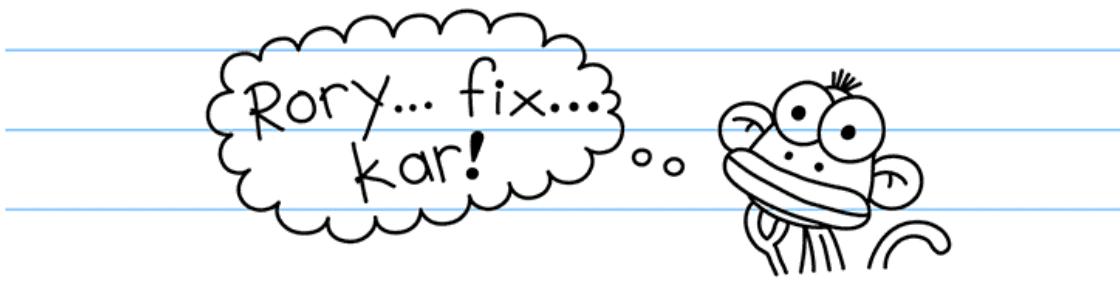
some sort of monkey genius or something. And one

day, he heard his owner say —



So Rory's primitive mind raced to formulate a plan.

And here is what he eventually came up with:



Rory worked all day and all night, and to make a long

story short, the end result was not a fixed car.





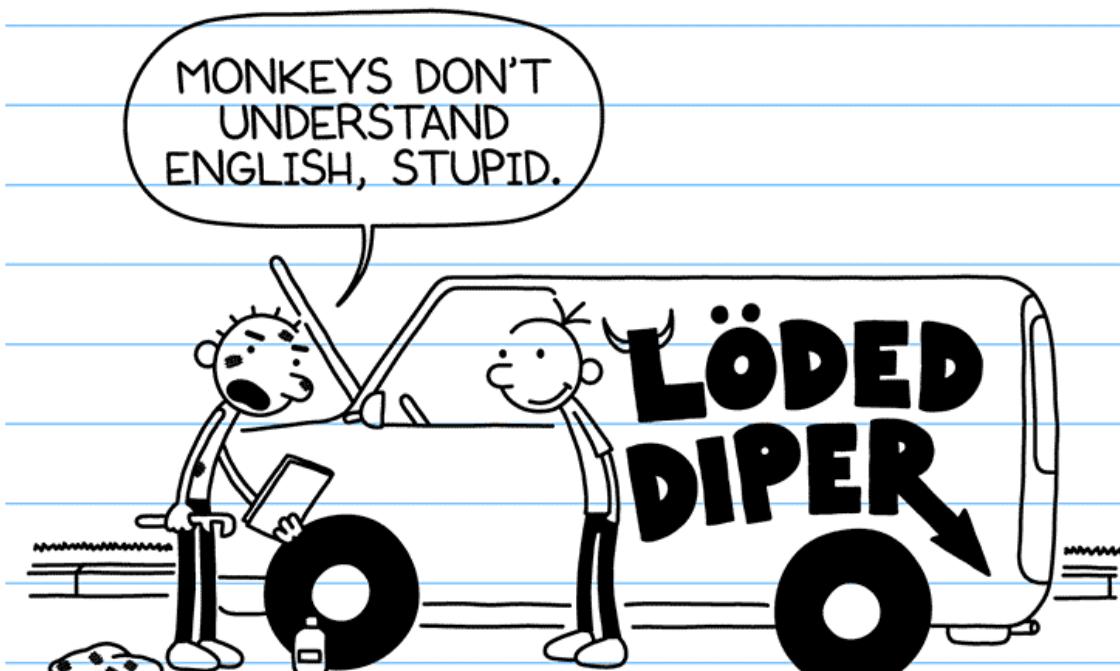
106

After it was all over, Rory had learned a very
valuable lesson: Rory is a monkey. And monkeys
don't fix cars.



THE END

After I finished my paper, I showed it to
Rodrick. I figured he wouldn't get it, and sure
enough, I was right.



Like I said before, Rodrick knows he's got me

under his thumb with this "secret" thing. So I

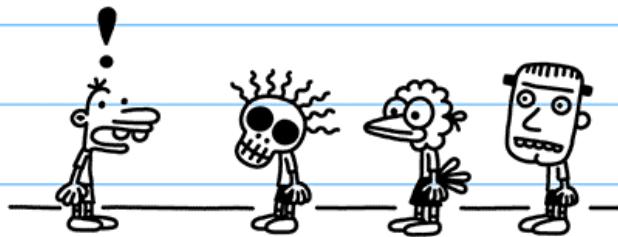
have to get my licks in any way I can.

Wednesday

Today was Manny's first day of preschool, and apparently it didn't go so great.

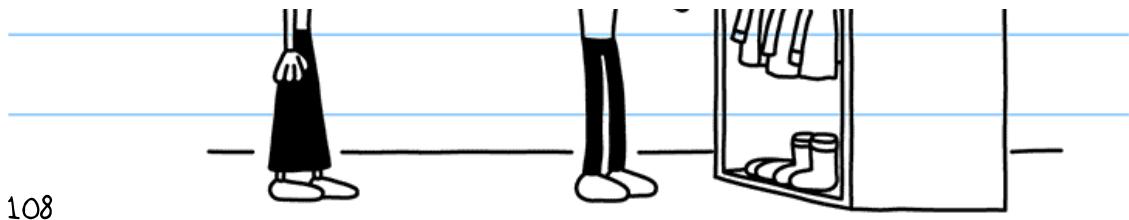
All the other kids in Manny's school started back in September. But Manny wasn't potty trained until last week, so that's why he had to wait until now to make the jump from day care.

Manny's preschool was having their Halloween party today, so it wasn't the greatest way to introduce him to his classmates.



Manny's teachers had to call Mom at work and have her come get him.





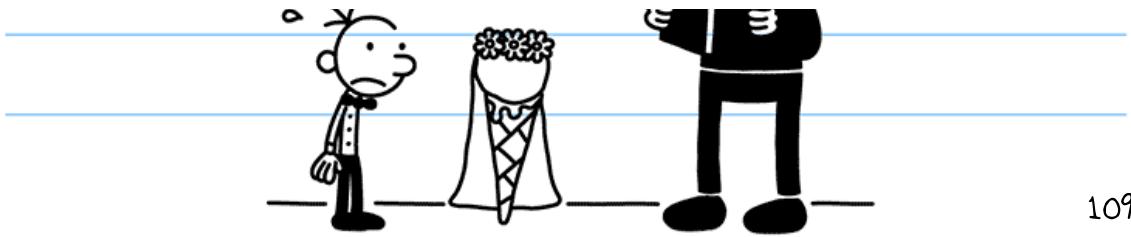
108

I remember MY first day of preschool. I didn't
really know anyone, so I was pretty scared
about being around a bunch of new kids. But this
boy named Quinn came right over and started
talking to me.



I didn't get that it was a joke, so it really
freaked me out.





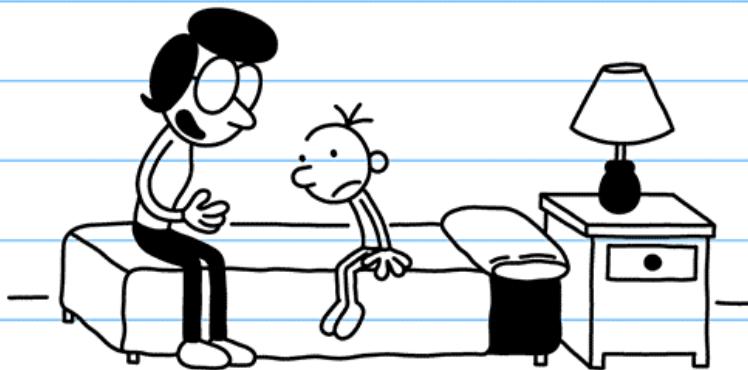
109

I told Mom I didn't want to go back to preschool,

and I told her all about Quinn and what he said.

But Mom told me Quinn was just being silly, and

I didn't need to listen to him.



After Mom explained the joke, I actually thought

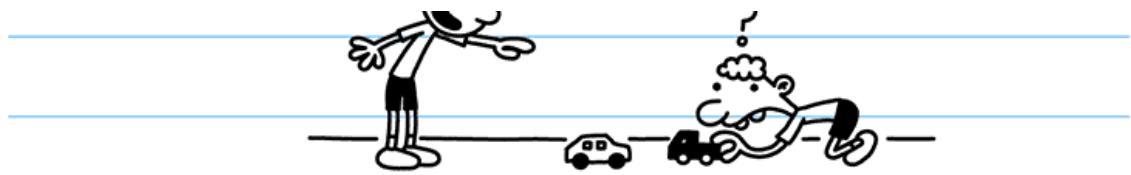
it was pretty funny. I couldn't wait to go back to

school the next day and try it out myself.

But it didn't really have the same effect.

YOU'RE GONNA
GROW UP AND GET
MARRIED TO SOME
ICE CREAM! HA!





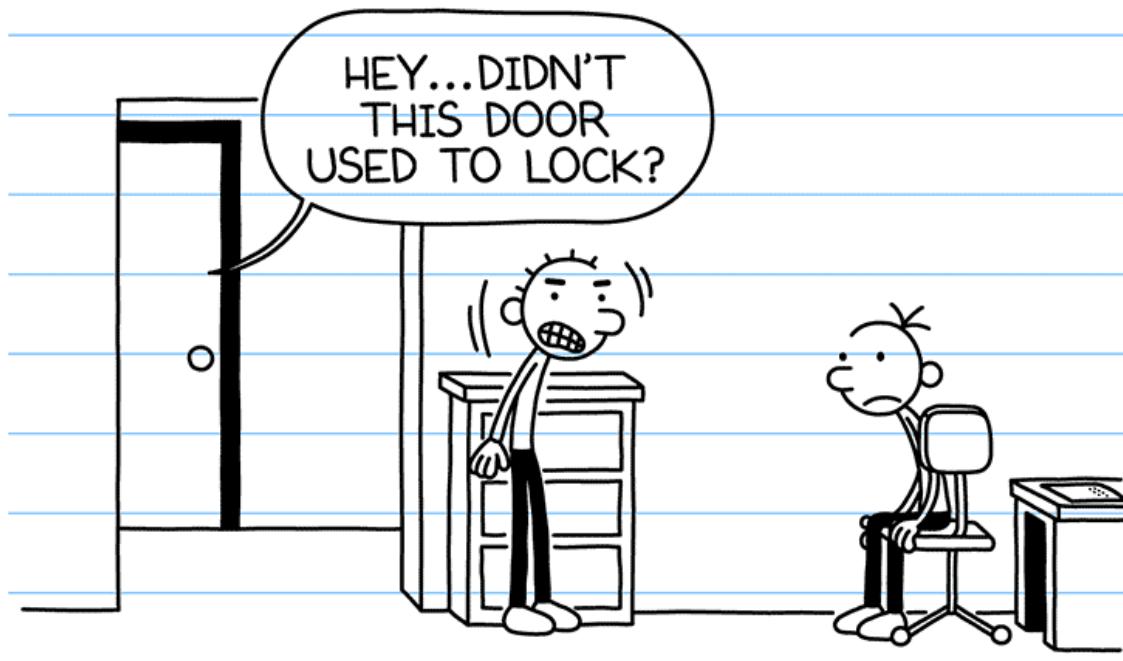
110

NOVEMBER

Monday.

It's been over a week since Rodrick's party, and I stopped worrying that Mom and Dad were gonna bust us for it. But remember that bathroom door we switched out? Well, I forgot all about it until tonight.

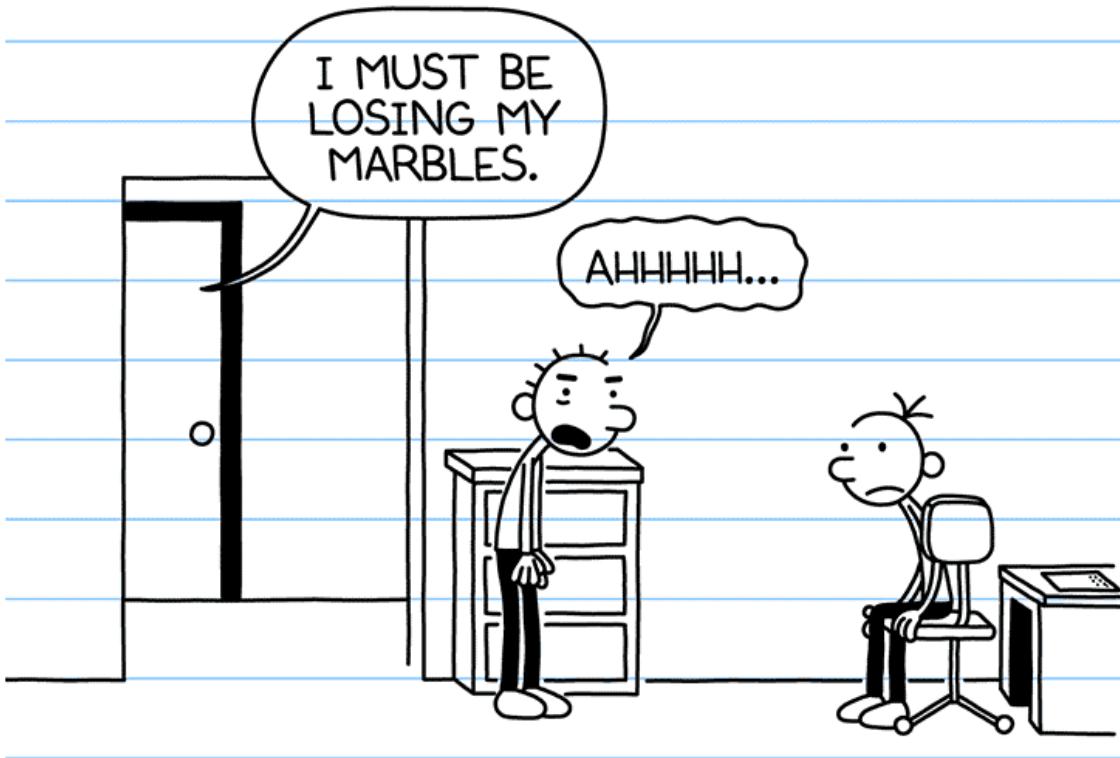
Rodrick was upstairs in my room bugging me, and Dad went into the bathroom. A couple seconds later, he said something that made Rodrick stop cold.



I thought it was over. If Dad knew about the

DOOR, it was just a matter of time before he
found out about the party.

But Dad didn't put two and two together.



You know, maybe it wouldn't be so bad if Mom
and Dad found out about the party. Rodrick
would get grounded, which would be AWESOME.

So if I can figure out a way to spill the beans
without Rodrick finding out, I'm gonna go for it.

Tuesday

I got my first letter from my French pen pal,
Mamadou, today. I decided to adjust my attitude
and give this whole pen-pal thing my best effort.

So when I wrote back to Mamadou today, I tried

to be as helpful as possible.

Dear Gregory,
I am very privileged
to make your acquaintance.

Mamadou

Dear Mamadou,

I'm pretty sure "acquaintance"
doesn't have a "c" in it.

I really think you need to work
on your English.

Sincerely, Greg

I think it's dumb that Madame Lefrere won't let

us use e-mail with our pen pals. Albert Murphy

has already written back and forth with his pen

pal a bunch of times, and it's costing them a lot

of money in stamps.

Dear Jacques-

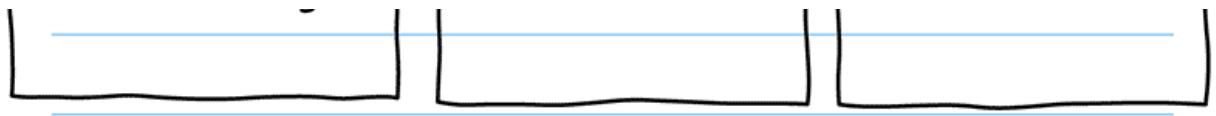
How old are you?

Dear Albert,

12.

Dear Jacques-

Oh.



COST: \$14

113

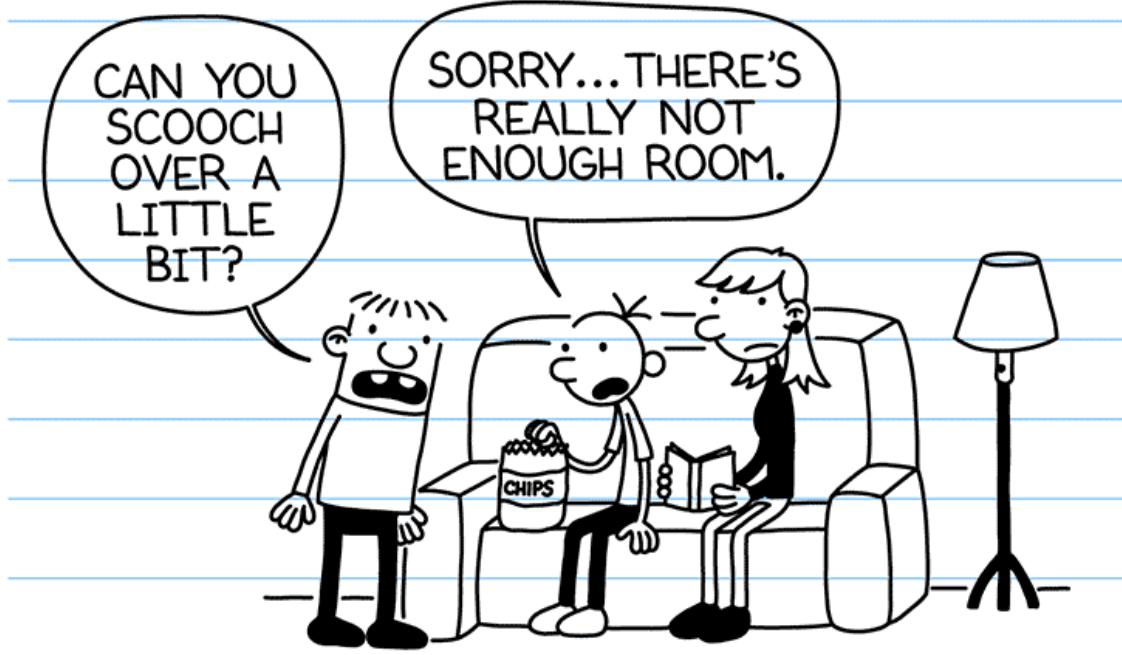
Friday.

Tonight, Rowley's parents went out to dinner,
so they got him a babysitter.

I don't know why Rowley can't just watch himself
for a few hours, but believe me I'm not complaining.

Rowley's babysitter is Heather Hills, and she's the
prettiest girl at Crossland High School.

So whenever the Jeffersons go out, I always make
sure to be up at Rowley's for "story time."



I went up to Rowley's at about 8:00 tonight. I

even splashed on some of Rodrick's cologne to make

sure I made a good impression on Heather.

I knocked on the door and waited for Heather
to answer. But I was caught a little off guard
when Rowley's next-door neighbor Leland
answered instead.



I can't believe Rowley's parents switched
babysitters from Heather to LELAND. They
should've at least checked with me before doing
something stupid like THAT.

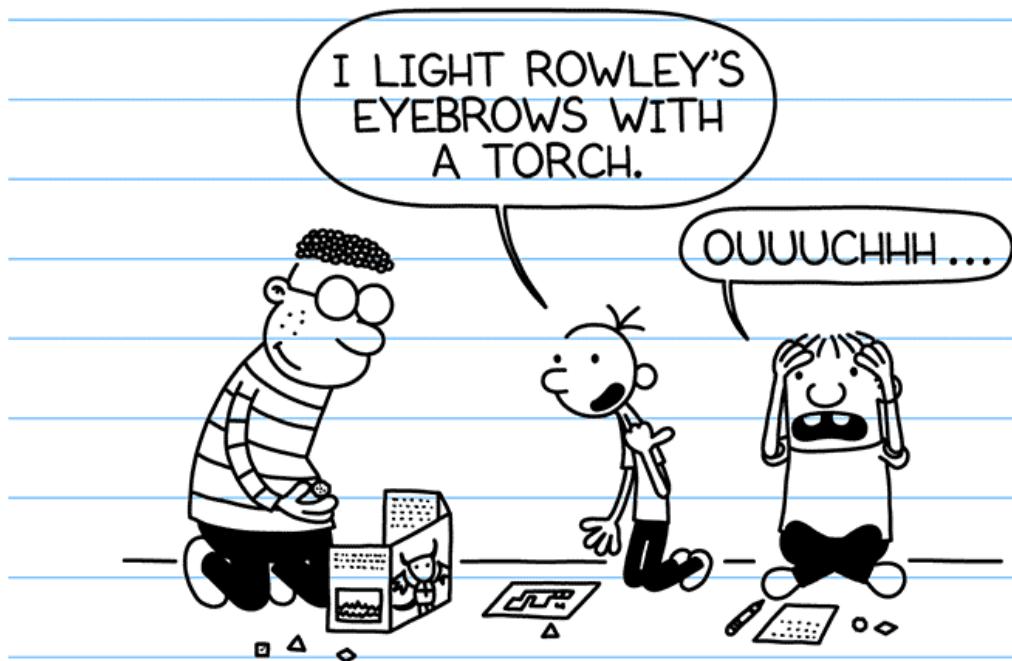
Once I realized Heather wasn't there, I turned
around to go back home. But Rowley asked me if

I wanted to hang out and play Magick and

Monsters with him and Leland.

The only reason I said "yes" was because I
thought it was some kind of video game. But
then I found out that you play it with pencils
and paper and these special dice, and that you're
supposed to use your "imagination" or whatever.

It actually turned out to be pretty fun, mostly
because in Magick and Monsters you can do all
sorts of stuff you could never do in real life.

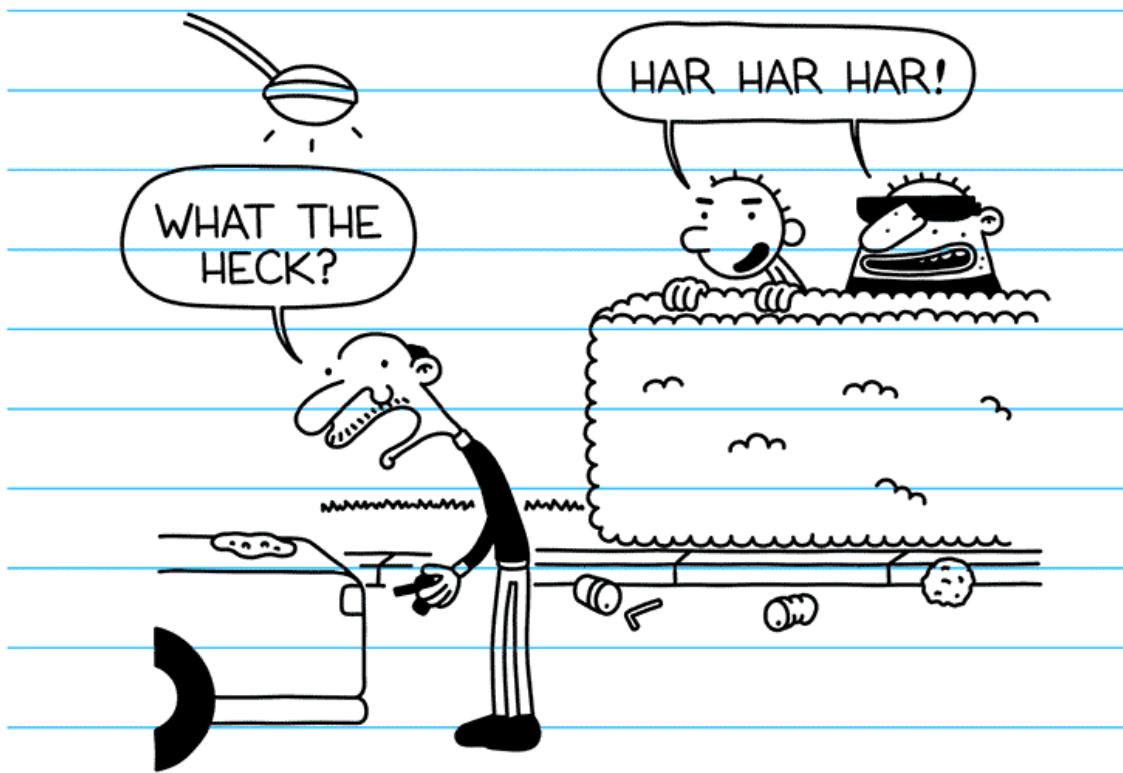


When I got home, I told Mom all about Magick
and Monsters and how Leland was a really awesome
Dungeon Keeper. Rodrick overheard me talking

about Leland, and he said that Leland is the

bigest nerd at his high school.

But this is coming from a guy who spends his
Saturday nights putting fake throw-up on people's
cars in the Home Depot parking lot. So I think
I'll just take Rodrick's opinion with a grain of salt.



Wednesday.

I've been going up to Leland's house every day
after school to play Magick and Monsters. I was
headed up there again today when Mom stopped
me at the door.

Mom has been acting real suspicious of this whole

Magick and Monsters thing.

And from the questions she's been asking me, I
guess she must think Leland is teaching me and
Rowley witchcraft or something. So today,
Mom said she wanted to go WITH me to
Leland's to watch us play.

I BEGGED Mom not to come, because first of
all I knew she would never approve of all the
violence in the game.



And second of all, I knew that having her in

the room would totally ruin the whole experience

for everyone.

When I begged Mom not to join us, it made her even MORE suspicious. So now there was no changing her mind.

Rowley and Leland couldn't have cared less that Mom came with me. But I couldn't enjoy myself, because I felt like a total dork playing in front of her.



I figured Mom would eventually get bored and just go home, but she stuck around. And right when I thought she was finally gonna leave, Mom said that SHE wanted to join in the game.

So Leland started setting up a character for

Mom, even though I was trying to signal to him

that it was a big mistake.

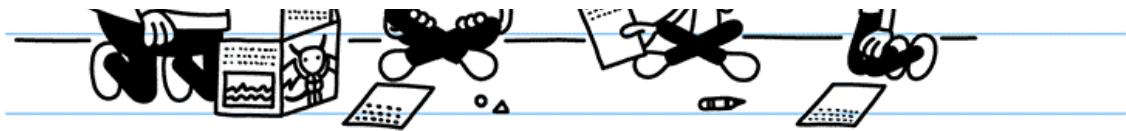
When Leland created a character for Mom, Mom
told Leland she wanted HER character to be MY
character's mother in the game.

I did some quick thinking and told Mom that all
the characters in Magick and Monsters are orphans,
so she couldn't be my mother.

And Mom believed me. But then she asked Leland
if she could NAME her character "Mom," and he
said "yes."

I have to give Mom credit for figuring out that
loophole, but it totally ruined the rest of the
game for me.





120

Even though Mom wasn't technically my mother in
the game, she sure ACTED like she was.

At this one point, our characters were hanging out
in a tavern waiting for a spy to arrive, and my
dwarf, Grimlon, ordered a pint of mead. Mead is
sort of like beer in Magick and Monsters, and I
guess Mom didn't approve of THAT.



The worst part of the game was when we got
into a battle situation. See, the whole point of
Magick and Monsters is that you're supposed to

kill as many monsters as possible so you can get

points and move up in levels.

But I don't really think Mom got that concept.



After about an hour of things going like this, I

decided to quit. So I gathered up my stuff, and

me and Mom headed home.

On the way back, Mom was really talking up
Magick and Monsters, saying how it could help me
with my "math skills" and stuff like that. All I
can say is, I hope she isn't planning on becoming
a regular at these games. Because the first
chance I get, "Mom" is getting handed over to
a pack of Orcs.

Thursday

After school today, Mom took me to the bookstore
and bought just about every Magick and Monsters
book on the shelf. She must've dropped about
\$200, and she didn't even make me cash in a
single Mom Buck.



I realized maybe I judged Mom a little too quick,

and maybe it wasn't such a bad thing having her

in our group after all.

I was all set to take my new books up to Leland's,

but that's when I found out there was a catch.

Mom actually bought all those books so me and

RODRICK could play Magick and Monsters

together. She said it was a good way for the

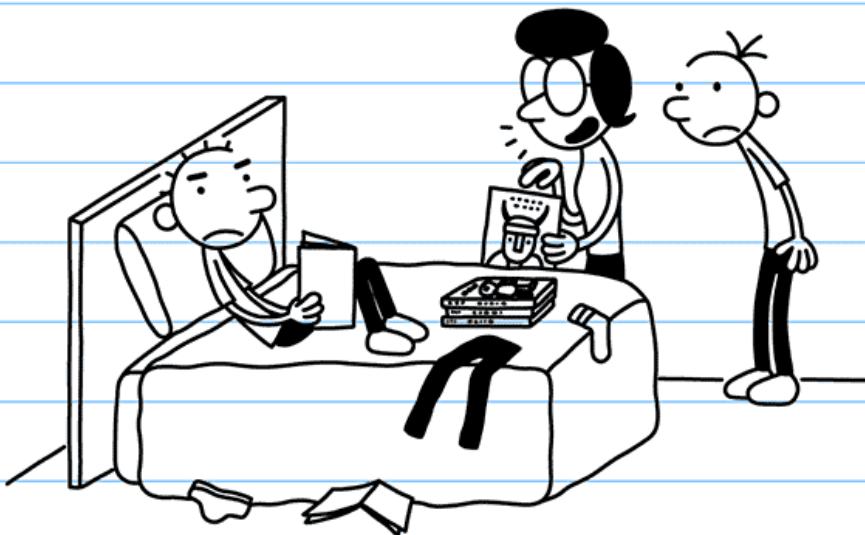
two of us to work out our differences.

Mom told Rodrick she wanted him to be the

Dungeon Keeper, just like Leland. Then she

dumped the pile of books on Rodrick's bed and

told him to start studying up.



It was bad enough playing in front of Mom at

Leland's house, but I knew playing with Rodrick

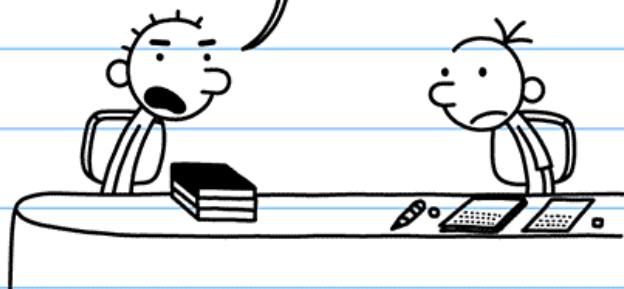
would be about ten times worse.

Mom was serious about me and Rodrick playing together, so I knew I was gonna have to go through with it. I spent about an hour up in my room making up characters with names Rodrick couldn't make fun of, like "Joe" and "Bob."



Once I was finished, I met Rodrick in the kitchen, and we started our game.

YOU AND YOUR GROUP OF NERDS FALL INTO A PIT AND IT'S FULL OF DYNAMITE AND YOU BLOW UP. THE END.



I guess I should be grateful that it was over

with quickly. And I just hope Mom saved her

receipts on those books.

Friday

The teachers have really been cracking down on

kids copying off of each other this year.

Remember how I said I was glad I got put

next to Alex Aruda in Pre-Algebra? Well, THAT

hasn't done me any good.

Mrs. Lee is my Pre-Algebra teacher, and I'm

guessing she also had Rodrick when he was in middle

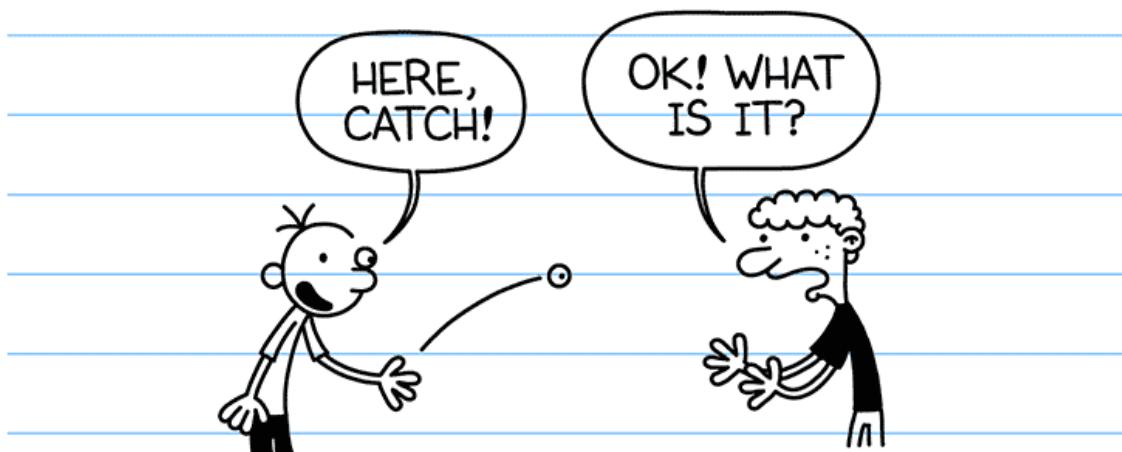
school. Because that woman watches me like a HAWK.

Sometimes I think it would be really cool if I

had a glass eye or something like that. First of

all, I could use it to play all sorts of wacky

tricks on my friends.



But the main thing I'd use it for is to help me

get better grades.

On the first day of school, I'd aim my glass eye

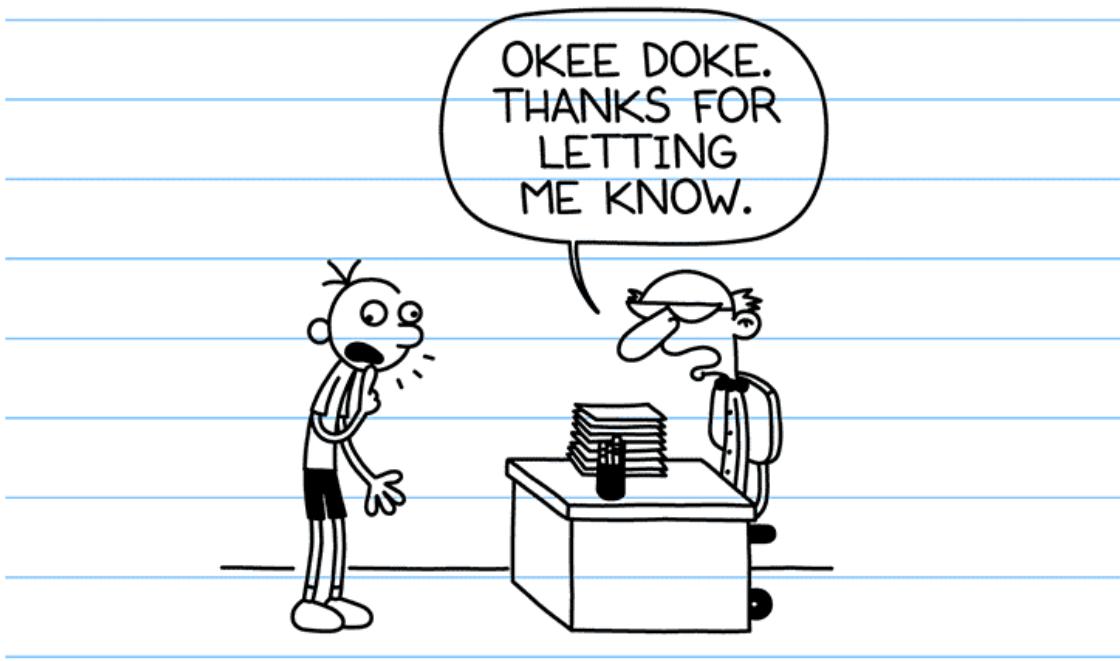
down like this:



Then I'd go up to the teacher and say, "Listen, I

just wanted to tell you I have a glass eye. So don't

go thinking I'm looking at other people's papers."



Then, during a test, I'd aim my glass eye down

at my OWN paper, and I'd look at some brainy

kid's paper with my REAL eye.





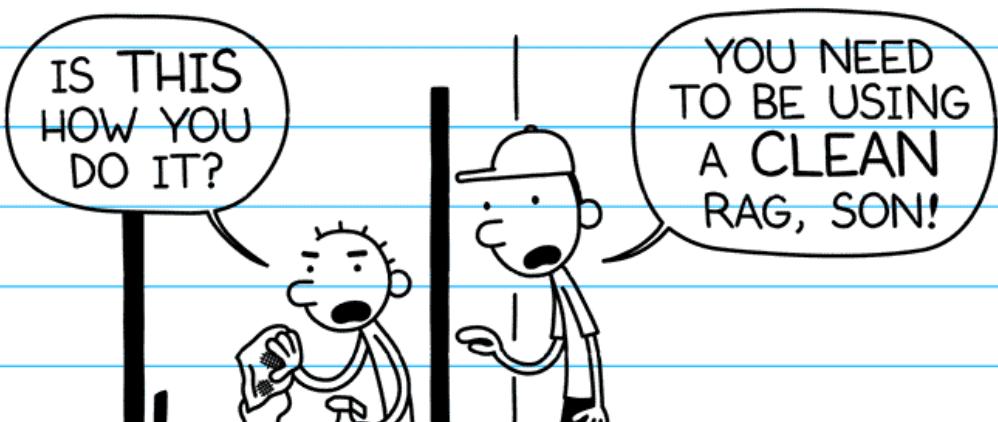
I could copy away! And the teacher would be
too dumb to notice.

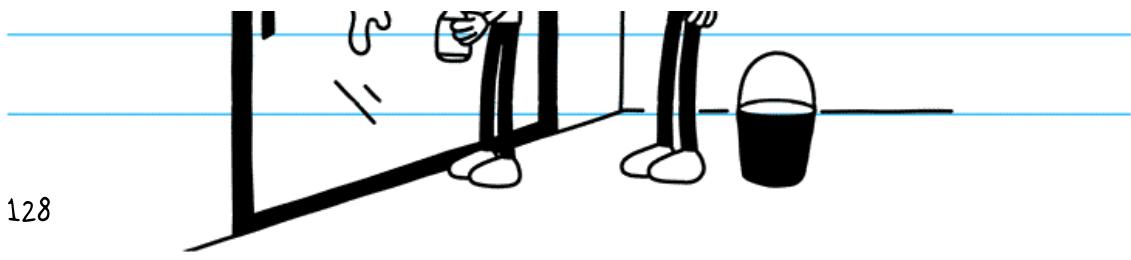


Unfortunately, I DON'T have a glass eye. So if
Mom asks me why I flunked my pop quiz in
Pre-Algebra today, that's my excuse.

Sunday

Rodrick has been hitting Mom and Dad up for
cash lately, so I guess the Mom Bucks program
isn't really working out for him. Mom has tried to
make Rodrick do more chores to earn some money,
but that hasn't been going too well.

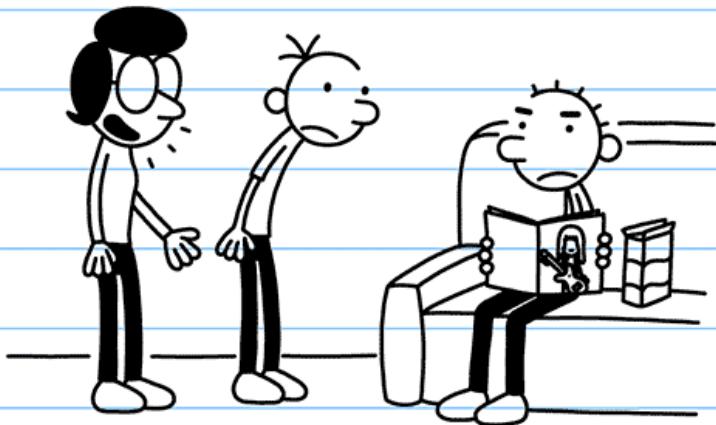




128

But tonight, Mom figured out a way Rodrick
could earn some cash. My school sent home a
newsletter saying that Music Education has been
cancelled because of budget cuts, so parents
should get their kids private music lessons.

Mom told Rodrick he could give ME private drum
lessons, and that she would PAY him for it.



I think Mom came up with the idea because
lately Rodrick's been telling everyone he's a
"professional drummer."

There's this local show called the "Community
Follies" where all the neighborhood parents do a

bunch of comedy skits, and it's been running in our

local theater for about two weeks.

The other night, the regular drummer got sick,

so Rodrick filled in, and he got paid five bucks.



I don't know if that really makes Rodrick a

"professional drummer," but that didn't stop me

from using it to score points with the girls at school.

MY BROTHER'S A
PROFESSIONAL
DRUMMER!

A large, rounded speech bubble is centered in the frame. It contains the text "MY BROTHER'S A PROFESSIONAL DRUMMER!" in a bold, sans-serif font. The bubble has a small tail pointing downwards and to the right in the bottom right corner.



130

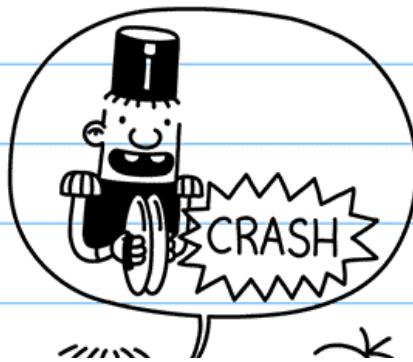
When Mom told Rodrick he should start giving
me drum lessons, he wasn't too hot on the idea.

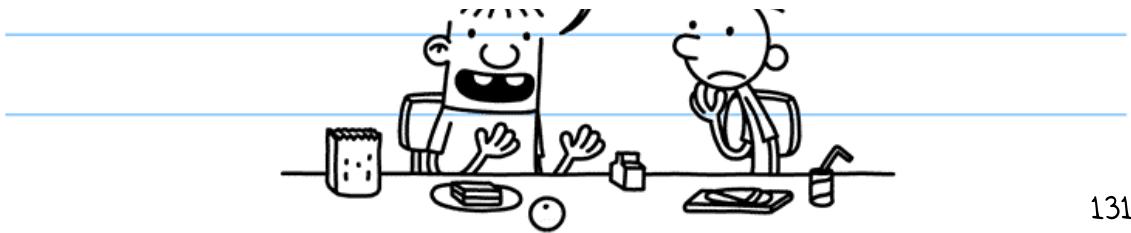
But then Mom said she'd pay him ten dollars a
lesson, and that I could get a bunch of my
friends to sign up, too.

So now I've gotta recruit some people for
Rodrick's Drum Academy. And I can already
tell, this isn't gonna be a lot of fun.

Monday

I couldn't get any of my friends to sign up for
Rodrick's drum school except Rowley, and I kind
of had to trick HIM into doing it. Rowley is
always saying he wants to learn how to play the
drums, but he wants to play the kind they use
in marching bands.





I told Rowley I knew for a FACT that

Rodrick was going to cover all that stuff in week

four, and that got Rowley pretty excited.

I was just glad I wasn't gonna have to take

drum lessons all by myself.

Rowley came over after school, and we went down

to the basement to start our first lesson. Rodrick

started us off with some pretty basic drum drills.

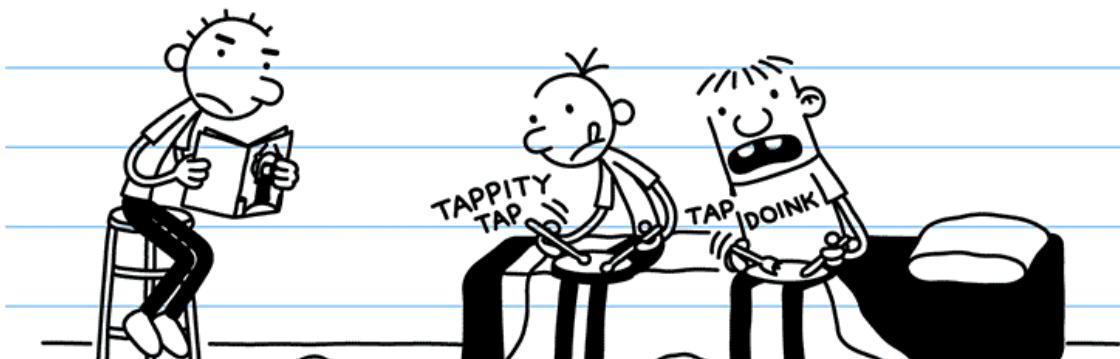
There was only one practice pad and two drum-

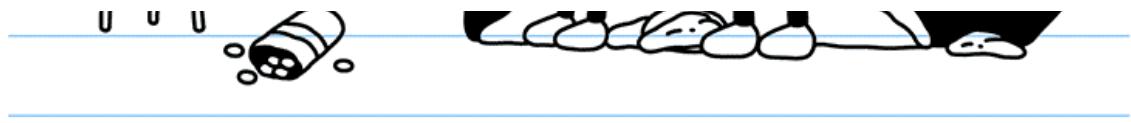
sticks, so Rowley had to use a paper plate and

some plastic utensils. But I guess that's what

happens when you're the last person to sign up

for a class.

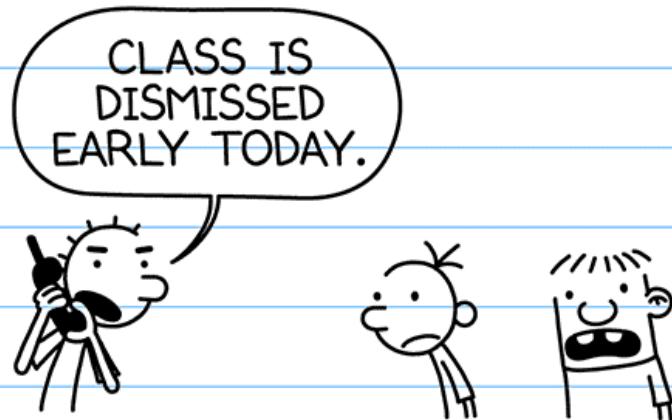




132

After about fifteen minutes, Rodrick got a call from

Ward, and that put an end to our first lesson.



Mom wasn't too happy to see me and Rowley

upstairs so soon, and she sent us back down to

the basement. She said not to come up until

Rodrick had at least given us a practice assignment.

So he did.



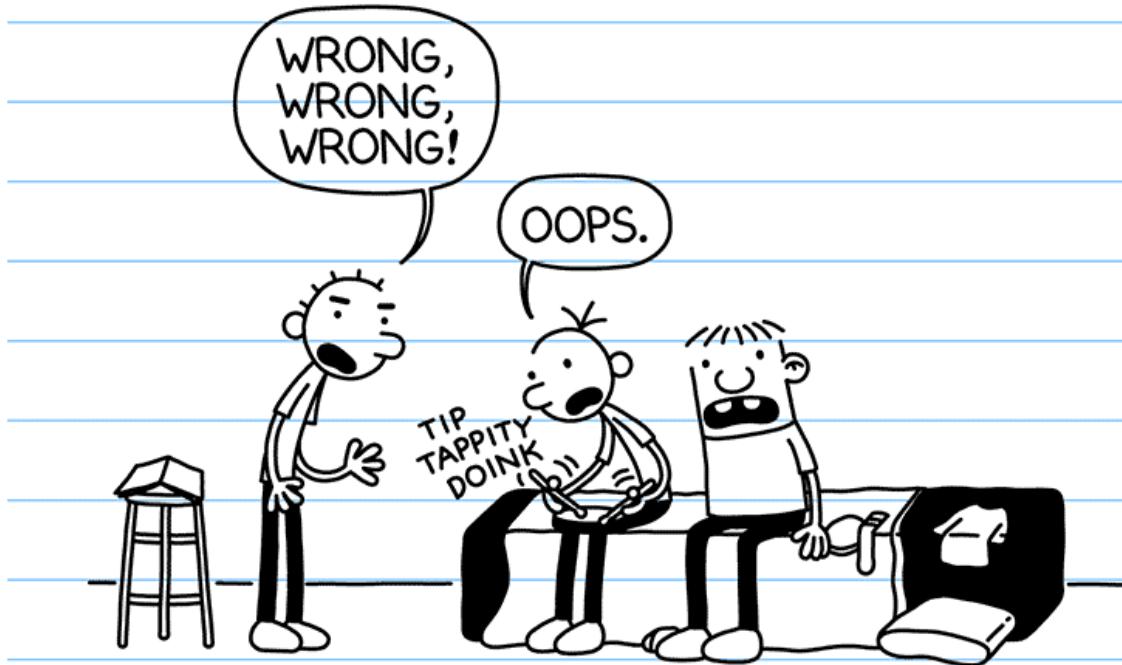


133

Tuesday

Me and Rowley had drum lessons with Rodrick again today.

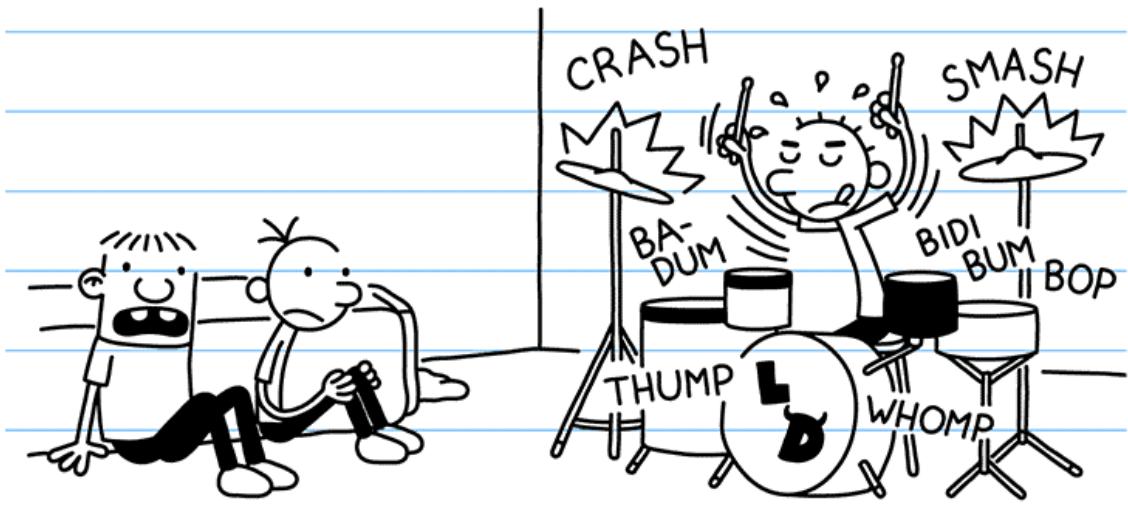
Well, Rodrick might be a good drummer, but he's not a good teacher. Me and Rowley tried our best to do the drills Rodrick taught us, but every time we messed up, Rodrick would get frustrated.



Eventually, he got so fed up that he took our drumsticks away. Rodrick sat down at his drum set and told us to "watch and learn." Then he started doing this really long drum solo that

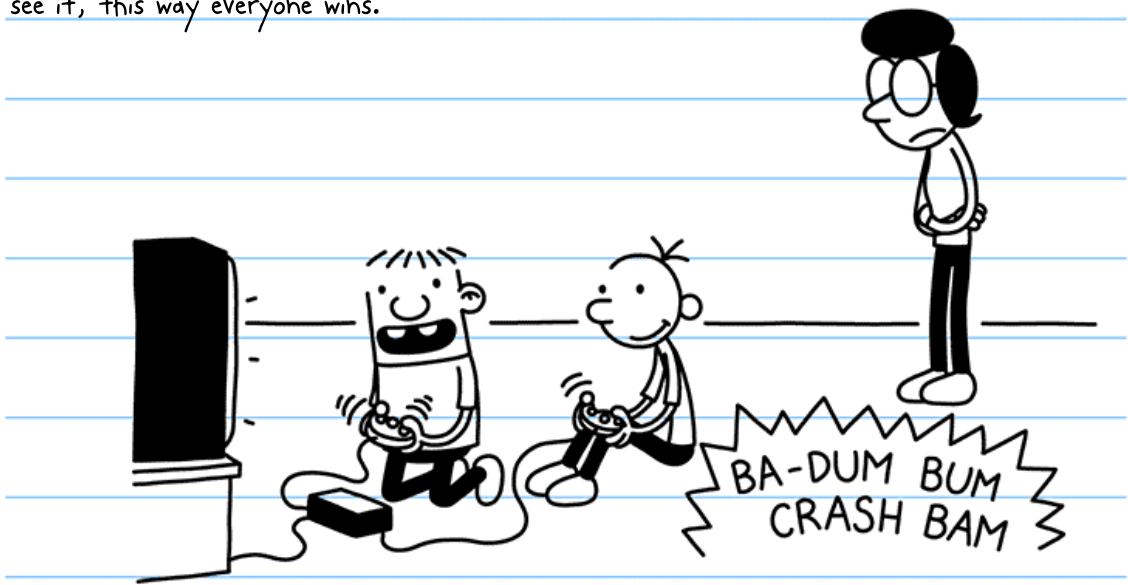
didn't have anything to do with the drills he

was teaching us.



Rodrick didn't even look up from his drum set
when me and Rowley left and went upstairs.

I'm not complaining, though. Because the way I
see it, this way everyone wins.



Thursday

We've got a History paper due the day before

Thanksgiving, and I'd better start getting serious

about it.

The teachers are getting a lot stricter about the quality of work we turn in, and the way I usually do things isn't working so good anymore.

Last week we had a paper due in Science, and Mrs. Breckman said we had to choose an animal to write about. So I picked the moose. I know I should have gone to the library and done research, but I just decided to wing it.

The Amazing Moose

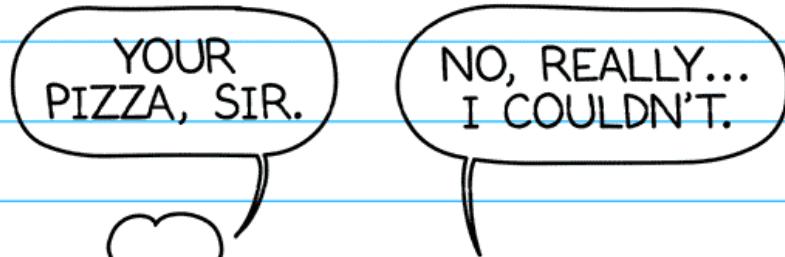
by Greg Heffley

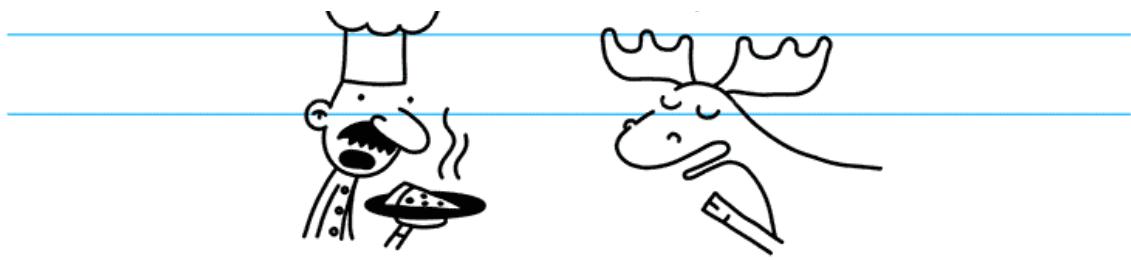
Diet: The moose eats many, many things, but the list would be way too long to put in this paper. So I will save us all some time by just listing the things that the moose does NOT eat.

BUBBLE GUM

METAL

PIZZA

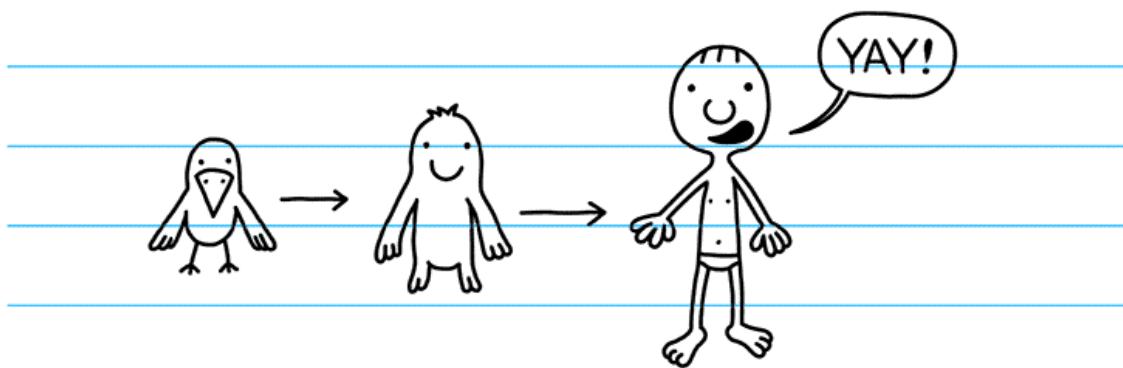




Even though there are moose habitats set up all over the place, the moose is almost extinct.



Everybody knows the moose evolved from birds, just like people did. But somewhere along the line people got arms, and the moose got stuck with those useless horns.





THE END

I actually thought I did a pretty good job. But
I guess Mrs. Breckman must be an expert on
mooses or something, because she made me go to
the library and start the paper over from scratch.

And my NEXT paper isn't gonna be any easier.
I have to write a poem about the 1900s for
Mr. Huff's class, and I don't know the first
thing about History OR poetry. So I guess I'd
better start hitting the books.

Monday

I was up at Rowley's playing board games
yesterday, and the craziest thing happened.
When Rowley was in the bathroom, I noticed
that there was some play money sticking out of
the box of one of the other games.

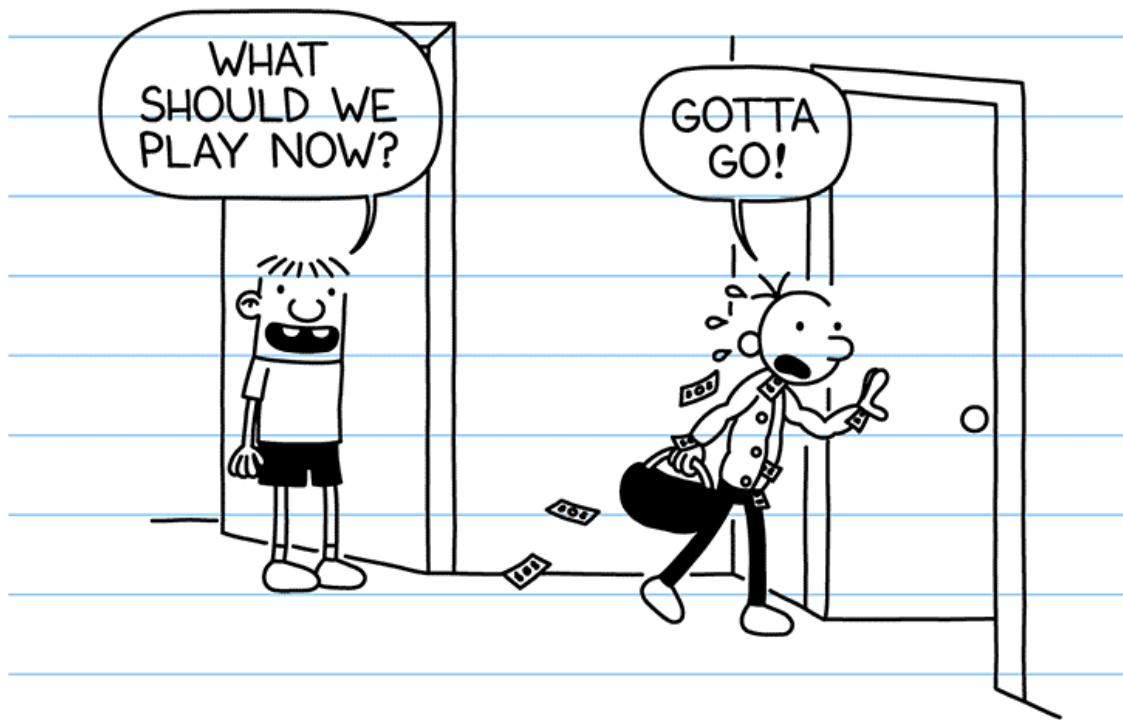




I couldn't believe my eyes. Because the play
money inside that game was the EXACT same
kind of money Mom uses for Mom Bucks.

When I counted it up, there was something like
\$100,000 in cash in that box.

It only took me about two seconds to figure out
what to do next.



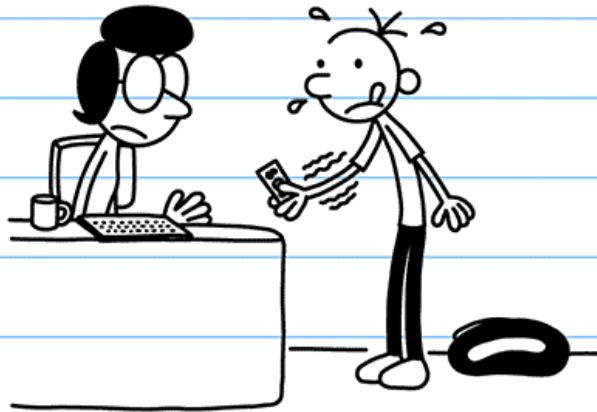
When I got home, I ran upstairs and stuffed
the money under my mattress. I tossed and

turned all night trying to figure out what to do

with my new Mom Bucks.

I realized Mom would probably have some way of
knowing the difference between phony Mom Bucks
and the real thing. So this morning, I decided
to try a little experiment.

I asked Mom if I could cash in some Mom Bucks
so I could buy stamps to write my pen pal. I
was really nervous when I handed Mom the money.



But she took it without even blinking.

I can't believe my luck! I figure I can make
this \$100,000 last all the way through high
school, and maybe even farther. I might not
even have to get a real job later on.

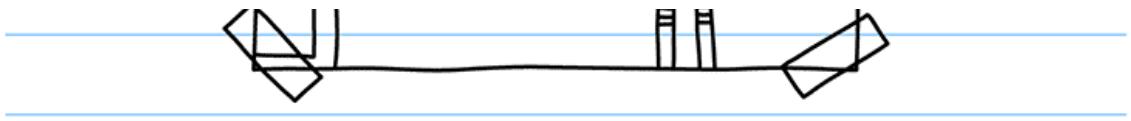
The trick will be to not cash in too much at one
time, or Mom will know something's up.

And I have to remember to earn a few Mom
Bucks for real here and there so she doesn't get
too suspicious.

I will say one thing for sure, though, and it's
that I won't be using the money Mom gave me
to buy stamps.

I got a picture from my pen-pal, Mamadou, in
the mail yesterday, and that pretty much killed
any chance of me writing HIM back.



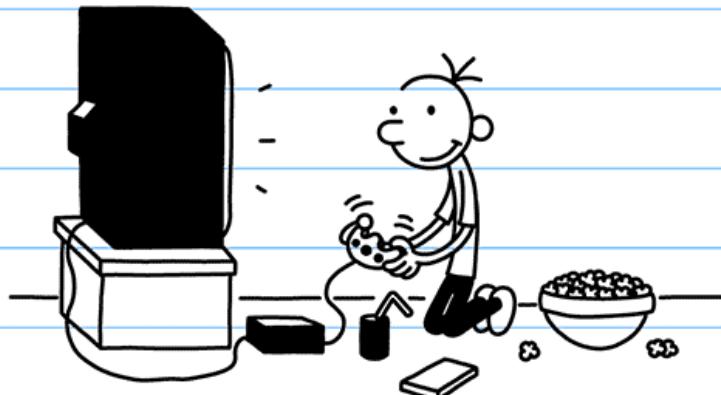


141

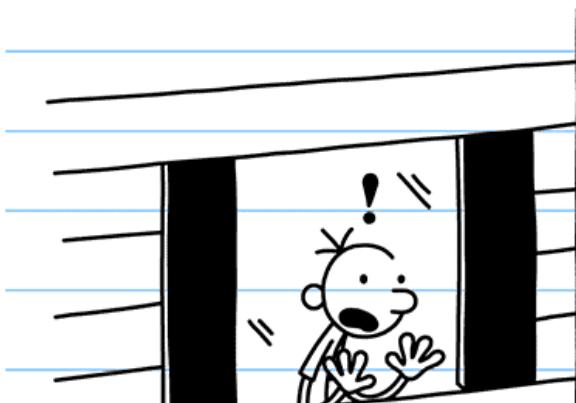
Tuesday

My big History paper is due tomorrow, but
they've been saying all week that it's gonna snow
about a FOOT tonight.

So I haven't really been sweating it all that much.



At around 10:00, I peeked out the window to
see how many inches of snow were on the ground
so far. But I couldn't believe my eyes when I
pulled back the curtain.





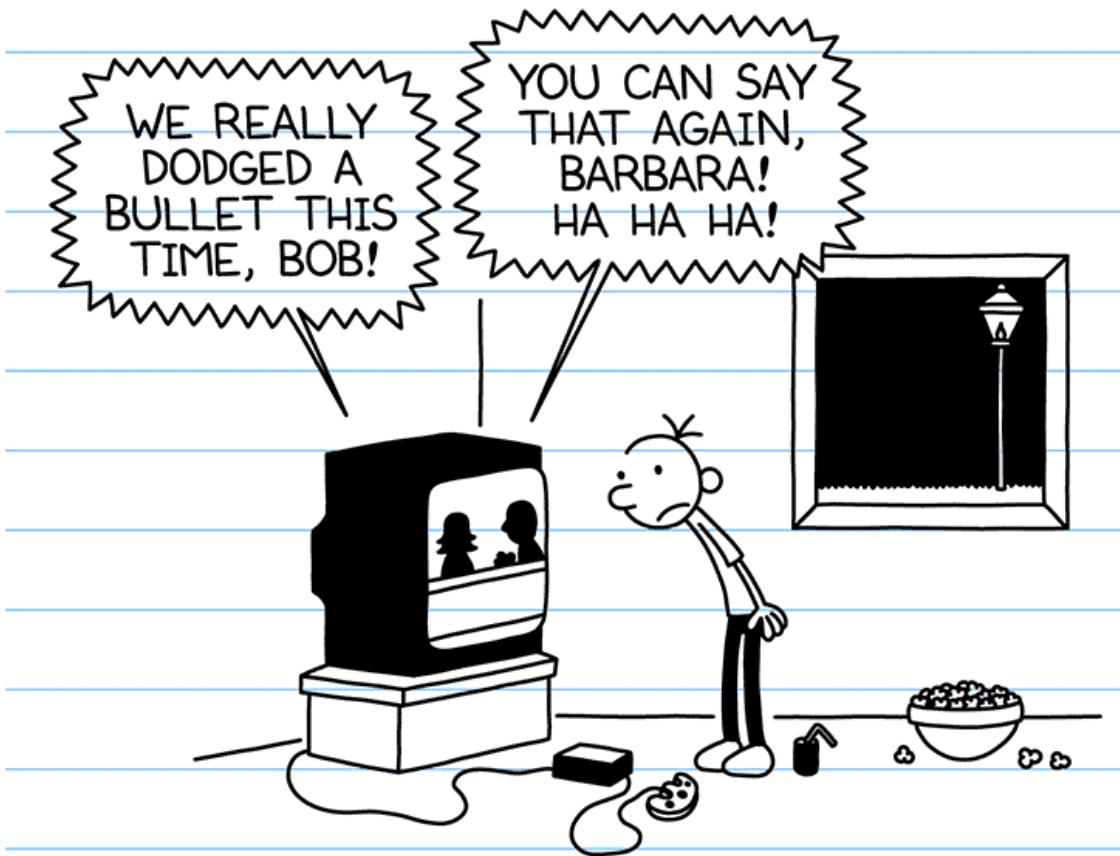
Man, I was counting on school being CANCELLED

tomorrow. I turned on the news to see what

happened, but the weather guy was telling a

TOTALLY different story than he was three

hours ago.



That meant I had to get cracking on my

History paper. The problem was, it was too late

to go to the library, and we don't have any

books in our house that are about the 1900s.

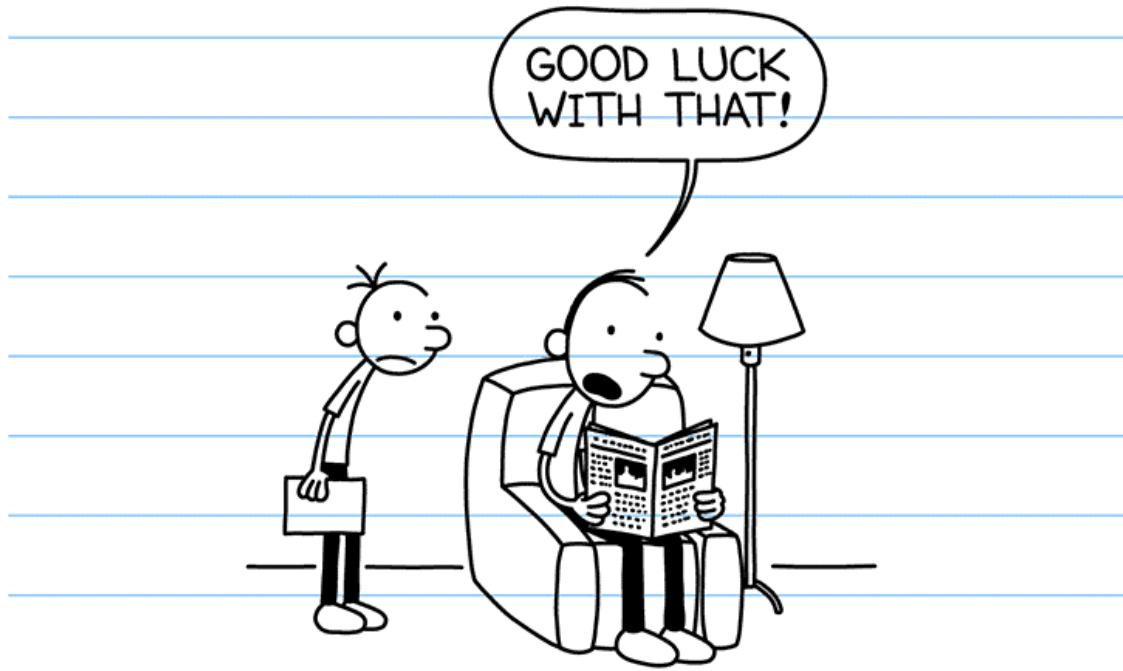
So I knew I had to think of something quick.

Then I had a great idea.

Dad has bailed Rodrick out a MILLION times

on his school papers. So I figured he could help
me, too.

I told Dad about my situation, thinking he'd
jump right in and help. But I guess Dad has
learned his lesson in that department.



Rodrick must have overheard me talking to Dad,

because he told me I should follow him downstairs.

You know how Rodrick had Mr. Huff, my History
teacher, in middle school? Well, it turns out Mr.

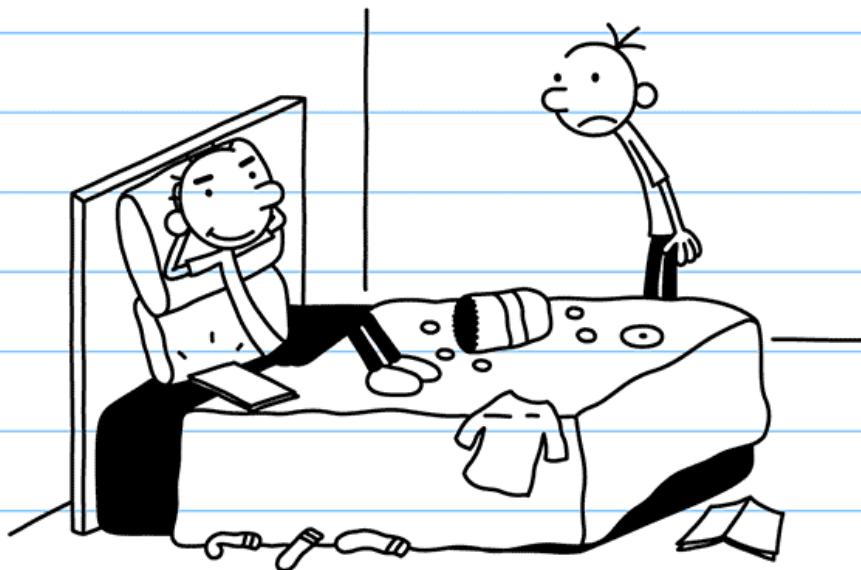
Huff gave Rodrick's class the EXACT same

assignment when he was in my grade.

Rodrick dug around in his junk drawer and found
his old paper. And then he told me he'd sell it
to me for five bucks.

I told him there was no WAY I'd do that.

I'll admit, it was pretty tempting. Because
number one, since all of Rodrick's assignments
have gone through Dad, I knew Rodrick got a
good grade on his paper. And number two, it
was in one of those clear plastic binders that
teachers go crazy for.



Plus, I had a huge stash of Mom Bucks under

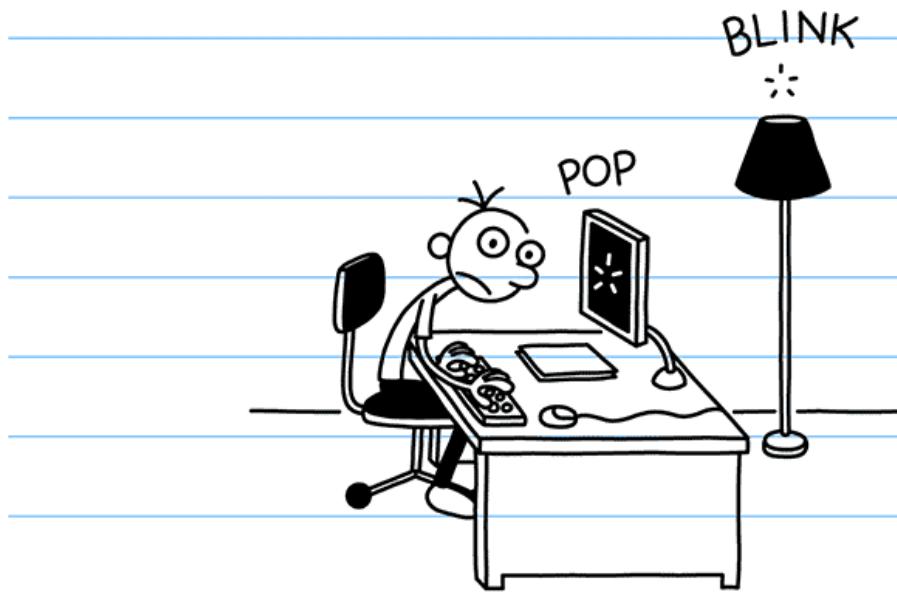
my mattress upstairs, and I knew I could pay

Rodrick with that.

But I couldn't do it. I mean, I've copied off
of people's papers on quizzes and stuff before,
but BUYING a paper off of someone would be
taking it to a whole nother level.

So I decided I was gonna just have to suck it
up and do the paper myself.

I started doing some research on the computer,
but at about midnight, the worst possible thing
happened: The power went out.



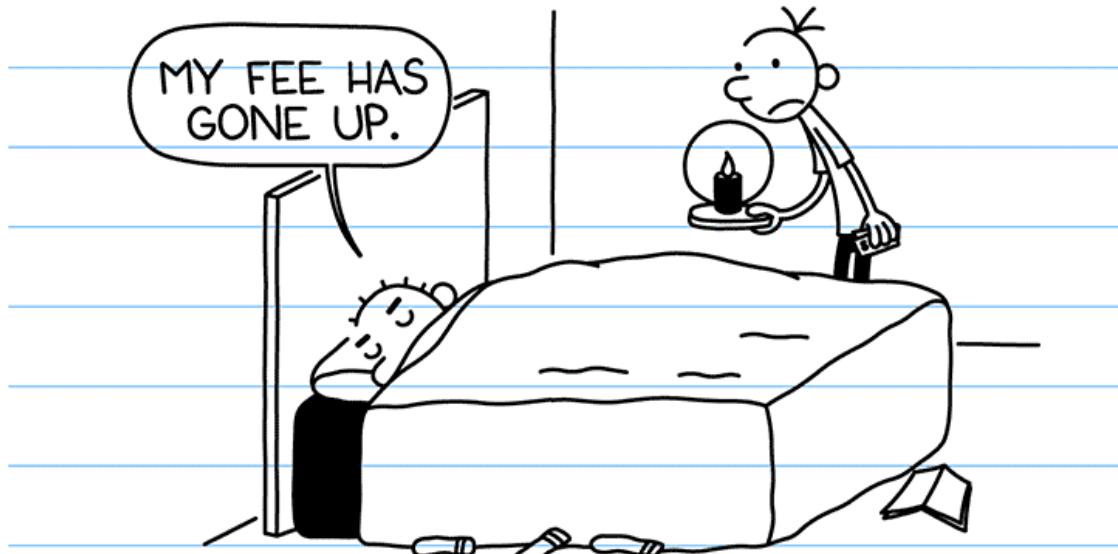
That's when I knew I was in some serious trouble.

I knew I'd flunk History if I didn't turn in a

paper. So even though I didn't want to, I decided

to take Rodrick up on his offer.

I scraped together \$500 in Mom Bucks and
went down to the basement. But Rodrick didn't
let me off that easy.



Rodrick told me his new price was \$20,000 in
Mom Bucks. I told him I didn't have it, so he
just rolled over and went back to sleep.

At that point, I was really desperate. So I
went upstairs and grabbed a big handful of
thousand dollar bills and brought them down to
Rodrick's room. I gave him the money, and he
turned over the paper. I felt really bad about

what I did, but I just tried not to think

about it and went to sleep.

Wednesday.

On the bus ride to school, I took Rodrick's paper out of my bag. But I took one look at it and knew something was seriously wrong.



First of all, the poem wasn't typed out. It was in Rodrick's own handwriting.

That's when it hit me: Dad only started doing Rodrick's papers for him once he got to HIGH school. So that meant this paper was Rodrick's OWN work.

I started reading Rodrick's paper to see if I

could still use it. But apparently, Rodrick was

even worse about doing his research than ME.

A Hundred Years Ago

by Rodrick Heffley

Sometimes I sit and wonder
About stuff I don't know
Like what the heck the earth was like
A hundred years ago.

Did cavemen ride on dinosaurs?
Did flowers even grow?
Well we could guess but that was back
A hundred years ago.

I wish they built a time machine
And they picked me to go
To check out what the scene was like
A hundred years ago.

Did giant spiders rule the earth?
Were deserts filled with snow?
I wonder what the story was
A hundred years ago.



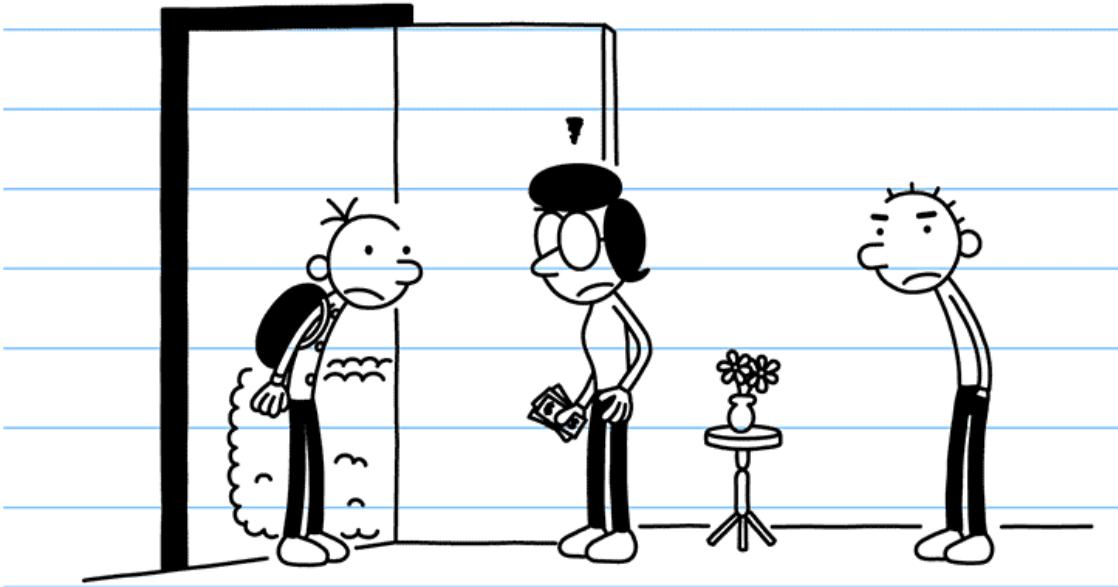
(F) See me!

I guess I learned my lesson about buying a
paper off someone. Or at least off of RODRICK.

When third period rolled around, I didn't have
anything to turn in to Mr. Huff. I guess that
means I'll be taking summer school for History.

And my day got a whole lot worse after that.

When I got home from school, Mom was waiting
for me at the front door.



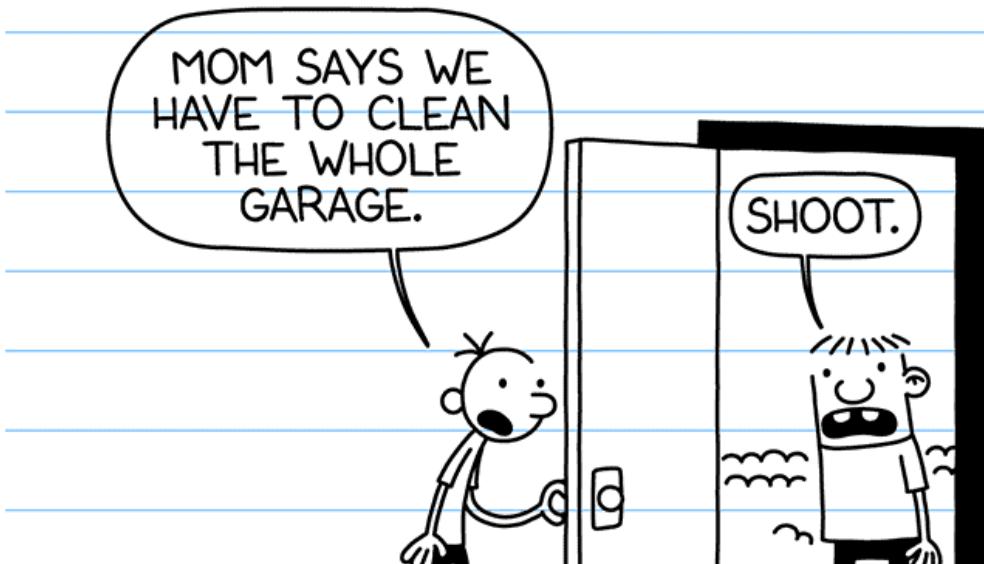
You know that stack of bills I paid Rodrick
with? Well, he tried to cash them all in at
once to get money for a used motorcycle. I'm sure

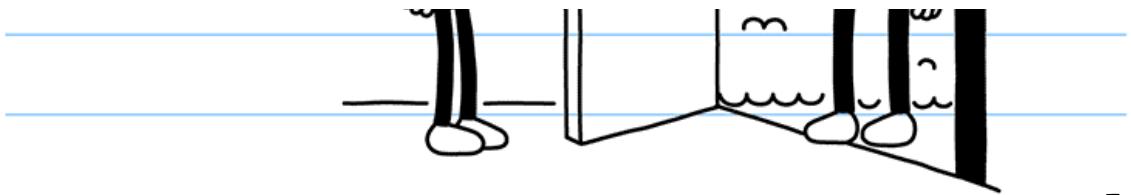
Mom knew something was fishy, since Rodrick has
never earned a single Mom Buck on his own.

Rodrick told Mom where he got the money, and
she dug around my room until she found my stash
under the mattress. Mom knew she never put
\$100,000 into circulation, so she confiscated ALL
my cash, even the ones I earned for real. I guess
that's the end of the Mom Bucks program.

To be honest with you, I'm kind of relieved.
Sleeping on that pile of cash every night was
really stressing me out.

Mom was mad that I tried to put one over on
her like that, so she gave me a punishment. But
I got that out of the way before dinner.

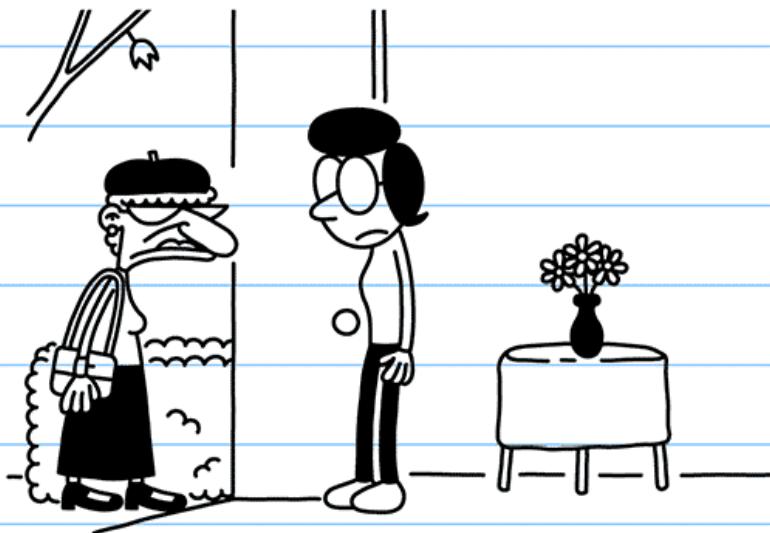




151

Thursday.

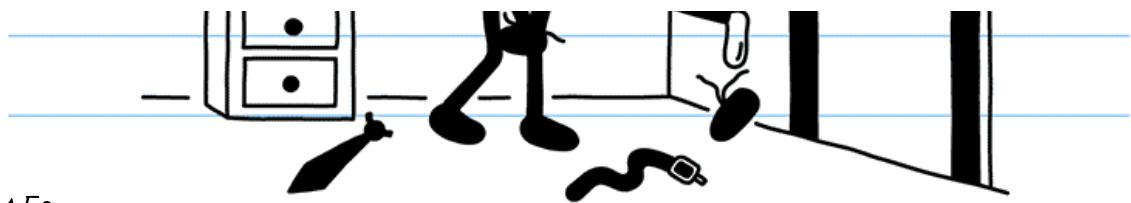
Today was Thanksgiving, and it started off like
it always does: with Aunt Loretta showing up
two hours early.



Mom always makes me and Rodrick "entertain"
Aunt Loretta, and that means talk to her until
the rest of the family shows up.

The biggest fights me and Rodrick have ever had
were over who has to greet her first.





152

The rest of the family started trickling in around
11:00. Dad's brother, Uncle Joe, and his kids
were the last ones to show up around 12:30.

Uncle Joe's kids all call Dad the same thing.



Mom thinks it's really cute, but Dad swears that
Uncle Joe tells his kids to do it on purpose.

Things are pretty tense between Dad and Uncle
Joe, because Dad is still mad at Uncle Joe for
something he did LAST Thanksgiving. Back then,
Manny had just started potty training, and he

was doing pretty good. In fact, he was probably

about two weeks from being out of diapers.

But Uncle Joe said something to Manny that

changed everything.



It was six months before Manny would even step

foot in the bathroom again.

Every time Dad changed a dirty diaper after that,

I heard him cursing Uncle Joe under his breath.

We had dinner around 2:00, and then people

went into the living room to talk. I didn't feel

like talking, so I went in the family room to play

video games.

154

Eventually, I guess Dad had enough of the family, too, so he went downstairs to work on his Civil War battlefield. But he forgot to lock the door to the furnace room, and Uncle Joe walked in after him.

Uncle Joe seemed pretty interested in what Dad was working on, so Dad told him all about it.

Dad gave Uncle Joe this big speech about the 150th Regiment and the role it played at Gettysburg, and spent about a half hour describing the whole battle.

But I don't think Uncle Joe was really listening to Dad's speech.





155

Thanksgiving didn't last too much longer after that.

Dad went upstairs and turned up the thermostat

until it got stuffy and everyone cleared out. And

that's pretty much how Thanksgiving ends every

year at our house.



DECEMBER

Saturday

You remember how I said Mom and Dad were

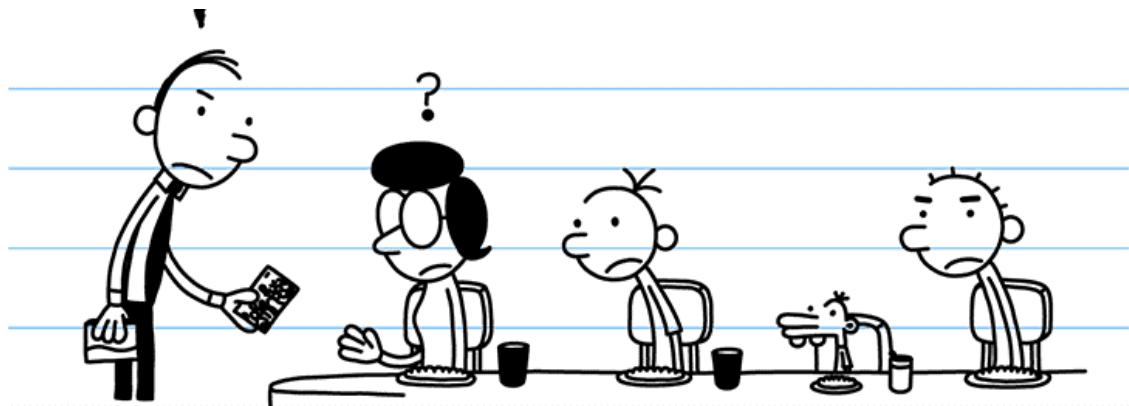
going to eventually find out about Rodrick's

party? Well, it finally happened today.

Mom sent Dad out to pick up the pictures from

Thanksgiving, and when Dad got back, you could

tell he wasn't happy about something.



The picture in Dad's hand was from Rodrick's party.

It looked like one of Rodrick's friends accidentally took a picture with Mom's camera, which she keeps on the shelf above the stereo. And when he took the picture, it captured the whole scene.





157

Rodrick tried to deny that he had a party. But
everything was right there in the picture, so
there really wasn't any point.

Mom and Dad took away Rodrick's car keys and
told him his punishment is that he's not allowed
to leave the house for a whole MONTH.

They were even mad at ME, because they said I
was Rodrick's "accomplice." So I got hit with a
two-week video game ban.

Sunday

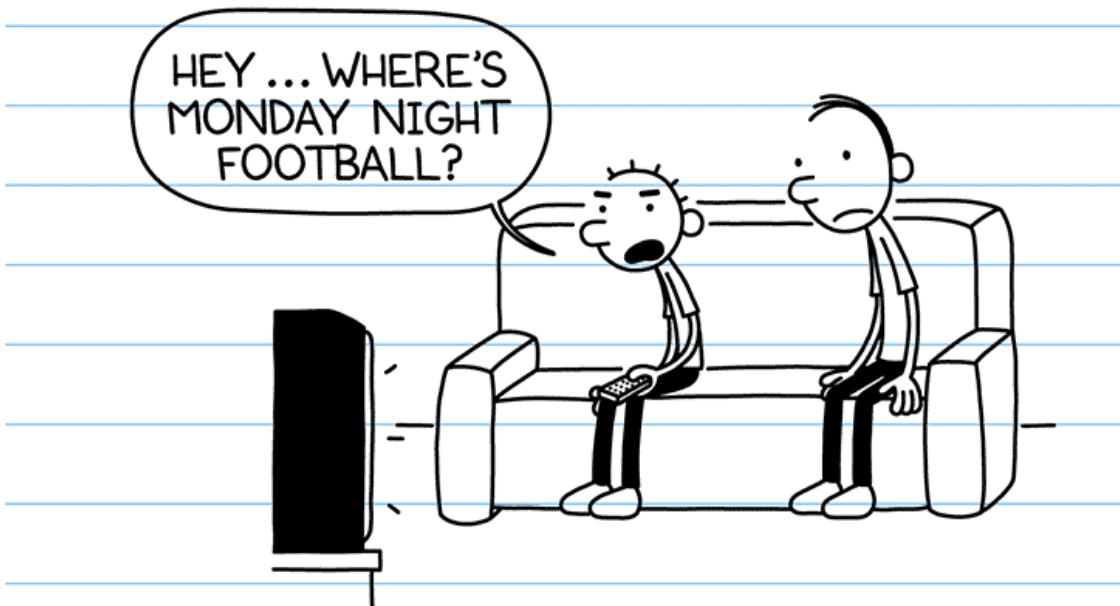
Mom and Dad have been all over Rodrick's case
ever since they found out about his party.
Rodrick usually sleeps until 2:00 in the afternoon
on weekends, but today Dad made Rodrick get
out of bed by 8:00 A.M.

Making Rodrick get out of bed early is a pretty
big blow to him, because Rodrick LOVES to

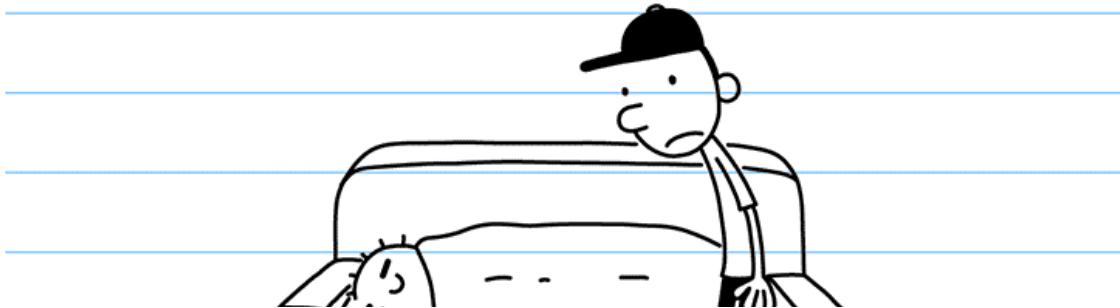
sleep. One time last fall, Rodrick slept for thirty-

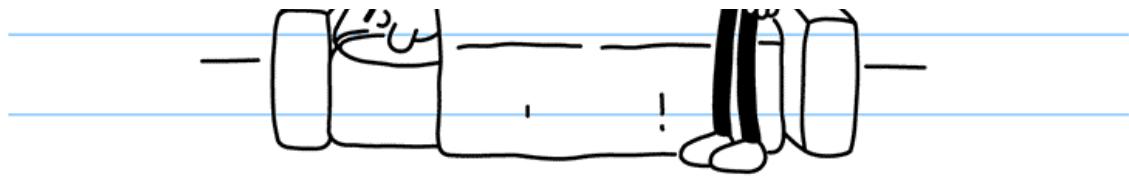
six hours STRAIGHT.

He slept all the way from Sunday night until
Tuesday morning, and he didn't even realize he
missed a whole day of his life until Tuesday night.



But it looks like Rodrick has found a way around
the new 8:00 rule. Now, when Dad tells Rodrick
to get out of bed, Rodrick just drags his stuff
upstairs with him and he sleeps on the couch
until it's time for dinner. So I guess you gotta
give this round to Rodrick.





159

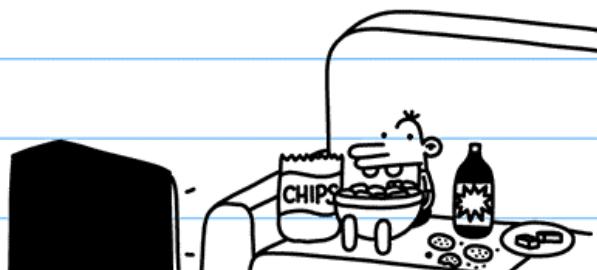
Tuesday.

Mom and Dad are going away again this weekend,
and they're dropping me and Rodrick off at
Grandpa's. They said they WERE gonna let us
stay home, but we proved we can't be trusted on
our own.

Grandpa lives over in Leisure Towers, which is
this old folks' home. I had to spend a week
there with Rodrick a few months ago, and it was
the low point of my whole summer.

Manny is staying with Gramma this weekend, and
I'd give ANYTHING to trade places with him.

Gramma always has her fridge stocked with soda
and cake and stuff like that, and she has cable
TV with all the movie channels.





160

The reason Manny is going to Gramma's is because

Manny is Gramma's favorite. And all you need to do

is take one look at her refrigerator for the proof.



But if anyone ever accuses Gramma of showing

favorites, she gets all defensive.

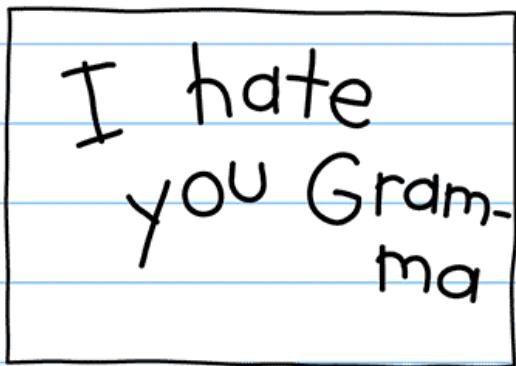
I LOVE ALL MY
GRANDCHILDREN
THE SAME.





And it's not just the pictures on the fridge,
either. Gramma has Manny's drawings and stuff
hanging up all over the house.

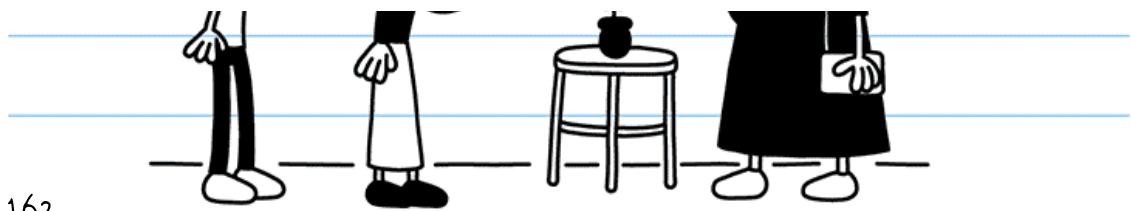
The only thing that Gramma has from ME is
this note I wrote her when I was six. I was
mad at her because she wouldn't give me any ice
cream before dinner, so here's what I wrote:



Gramma has kept that note all these years, and
she's STILL holding it over my head.

AND THIS IS WHAT MY
WONDERFUL GRANDSON
GREGORY MADE FOR ME!





162

I guess every grandparent has their favorite,

and I can understand that. But at least

Grandpa is up front about it.



Saturday

Well, Mom and Dad dumped me and Rodrick off

at Grandpa's today, just like they said they

were gonna do.

I started looking for ways to entertain myself,

but there's nothing in Grandpa's condo that's

fun to do, so I just sat down with him and

watched TV. But Grandpa doesn't even watch

real shows. He just keeps his TV tuned to the

security camera that's in the front lobby of his
building.

And after a few hours of THAT, you start to

go a little nuts.

OH, SURE! BARRY GROSSMAN
HAS TIME TO GO OUT FOR A
THREE-HOUR WALK, BUT HE
DOESN'T HAVE TIME TO
RETURN MY VACUUM!



At about 5:00, Grandpa made us dinner. Grandpa

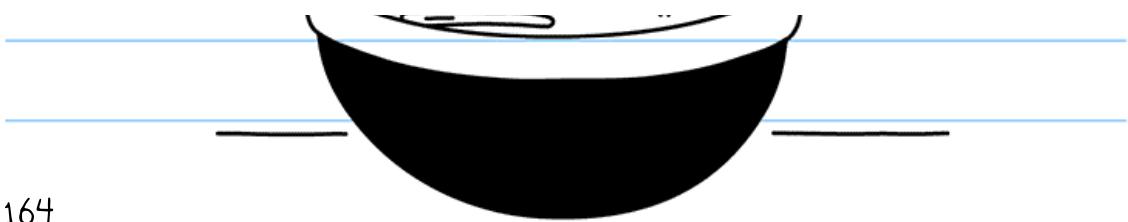
makes this awful thing called "watercress salad,"

and it's the worst thing you ever tasted.

It's basically a bunch of cold green beans and

cucumbers floating in a pool of vinegar.





164

Rodrick knows I hate watercress salad more than
ANYTHING, so the last time we stayed at
Grandpa's, Rodrick made sure to pile it on my plate.

GREG LOVES
WATERCRESS
SALAD!

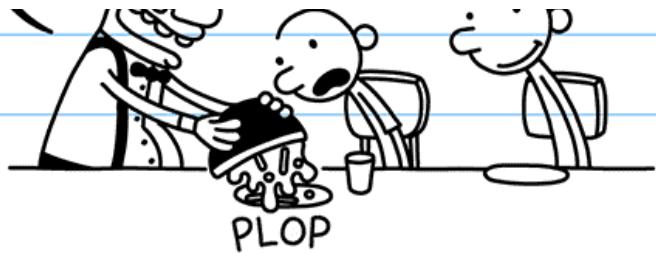


I had to sit there and choke down every bite so
Grandpa's feelings wouldn't be hurt.



And guess what I got as a reward for cleaning
my plate?

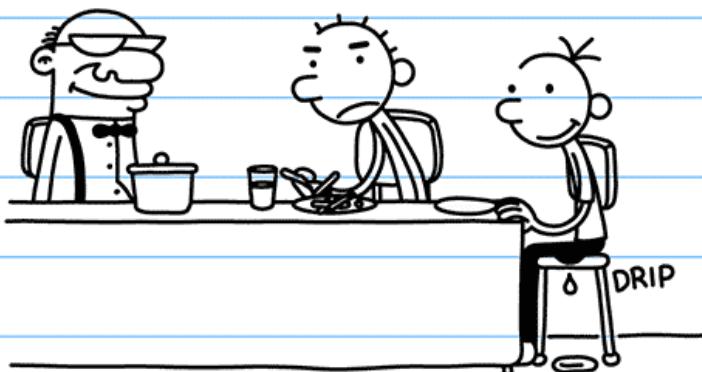




165

Tonight, Grandpa gave us our salad, and I
acted like I was gonna eat it. But then I
just stuffed it all in my pocket when no one
was looking.

It felt pretty disgusting when the cold vinegar
started running down my leg, but believe me it
was about a thousand times better than having
to EAT it.



After dinner, the three of us went into the living
room. Grandpa has all these really old board
games, and he always makes me and Rodrick play
them with him.

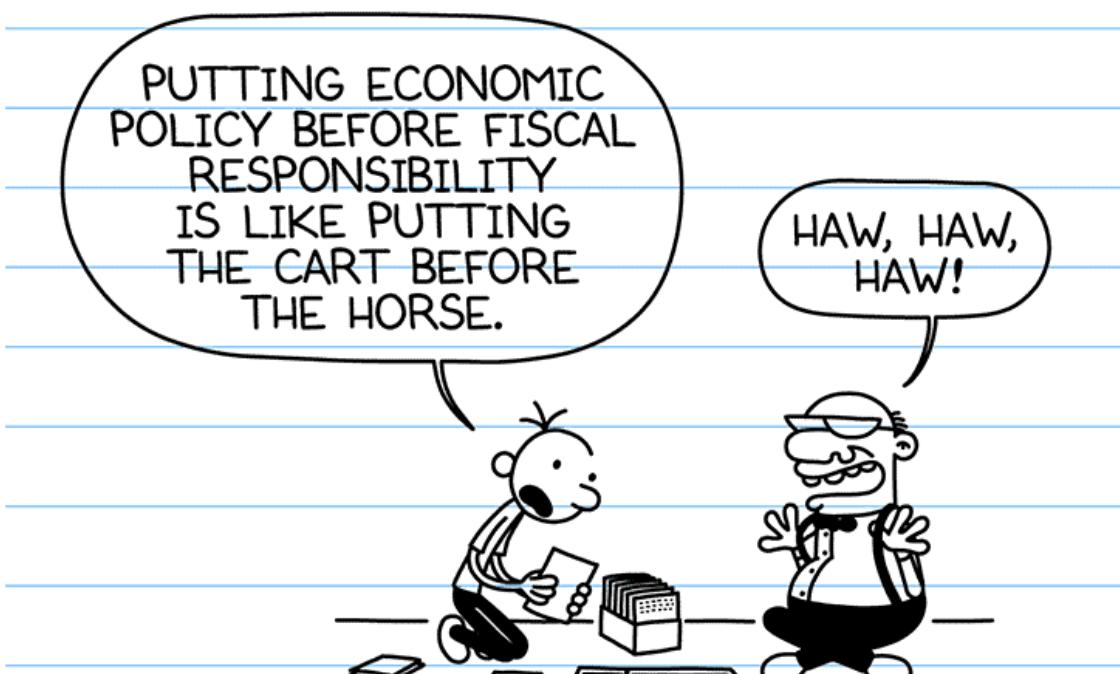
He has this one game called "Gutbusters," where

one player reads a card, and the other player

tries not to laugh.

I always beat Grandpa, mostly because the jokes

don't make any sense to me.



I always beat Rodrick, too, but that's because

Rodrick loses on purpose. Whenever it's my turn

to read a card, he makes sure he has a big

mouthful of milk.

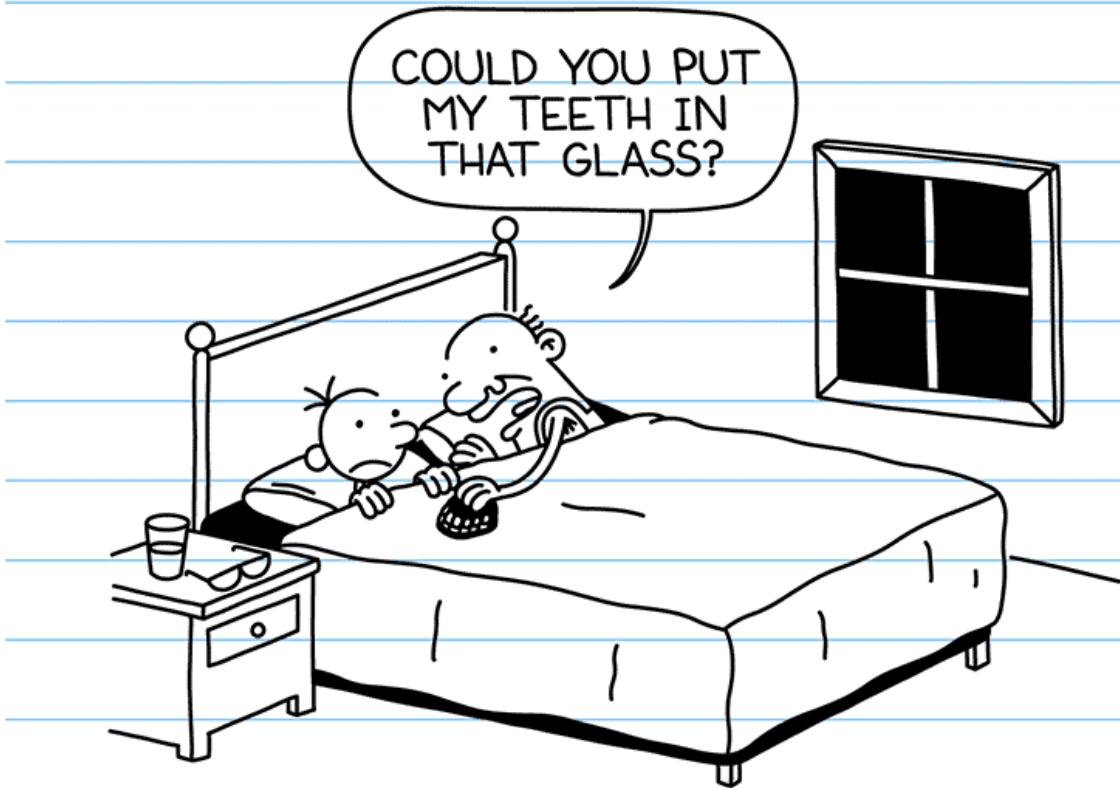




167

At 10:00, I was ready for bed. But Rodrick
called the couch, and that meant I had to sleep
with Grandpa again.

All I can say is, if Mom and Dad were trying
to teach me a lesson for covering for Rodrick,
well, mission accomplished.



Sunday.

Rodrick has a big Science Fair project due
right before Christmas break, and it looks like

Mom and Dad are making Rodrick do this one all

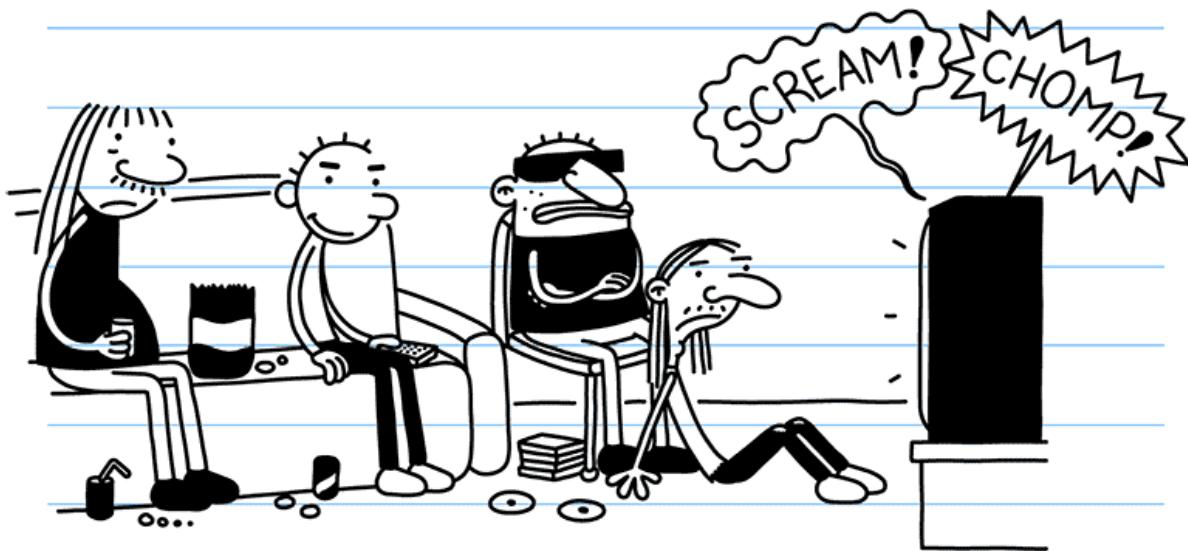
by himself.

168

Last year, Rodrick's science project was called
"Does Watching Violent Movies Make People Think
Violent Thoughts?"

I guess the idea was to have people watch horror
movies and then draw pictures afterward to show
how the movies affected them.

But it was really just an excuse for Rodrick and
his friends to watch a bunch of horror movies on
school nights.

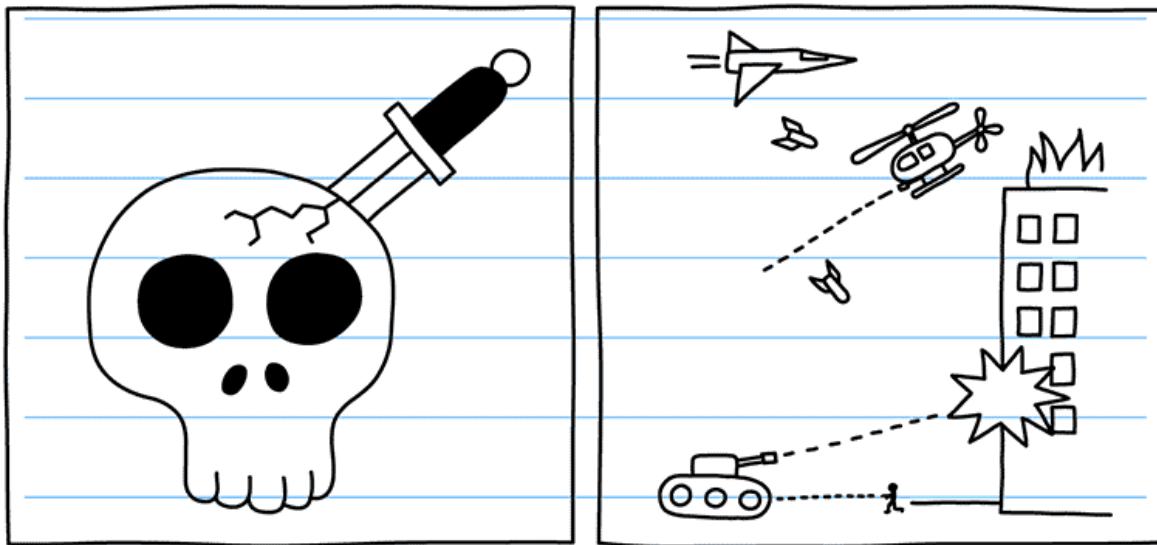


Rodrick's friends got the movie-watching part
done, but they didn't draw a single picture. And

the night before the Science Fair, Rodrick didn't
have anything to show for himself.

So me, Mom, and Dad had to bail Rodrick out. Dad typed up the paper, Mom made the poster board stuff, and I had to draw a bunch of pictures.

I did my best to imagine what teenagers would draw after watching violent movies.



The thing that REALLY stinks is that I caught heat from Mom when she saw my drawings, because she said they were "disturbing." And that's why I was only allowed to watch G-rated movies for the rest of the year.

But if you want to talk about "disturbing," you

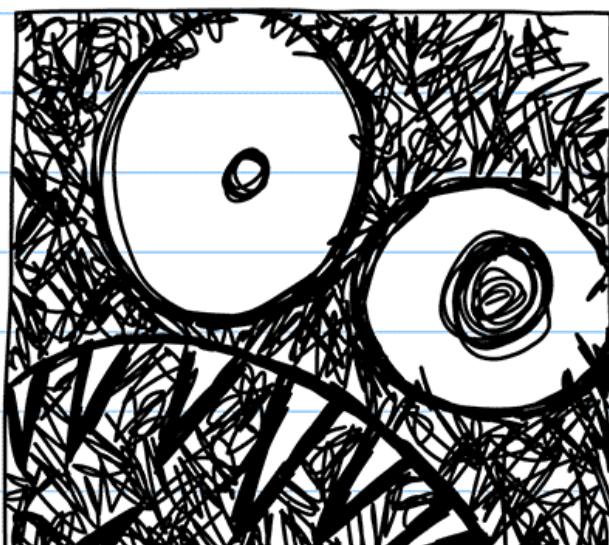
should've seen some of the stuff Manhy was

coming up with those days.

One night, Rodrick accidentally left one of his
horror movies in the DVD player, and when
Manny went to turn on cartoons the next day,
he got Rodrick's movie instead.



I came across a couple of Manny's drawings
after that, and some of them were enough to
give ME nightmares.



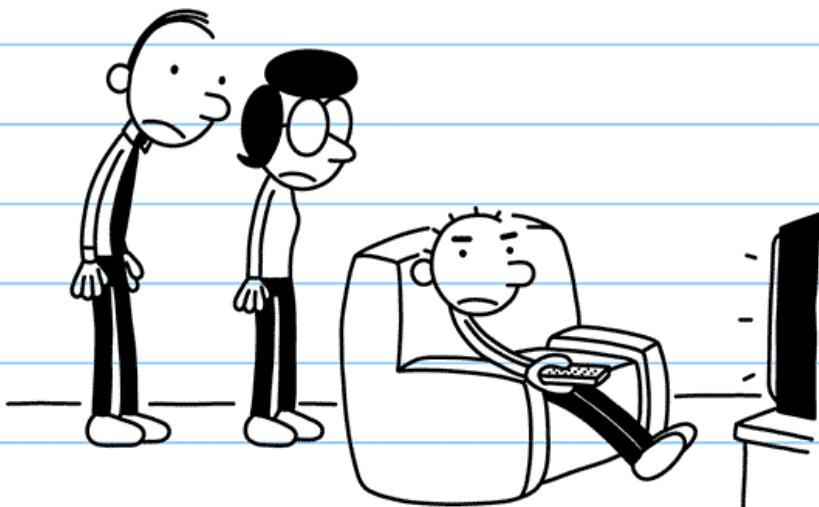


171

Tuesday.

Mom and Dad set up due dates for Rodrick on his
Science Fair project, and by 6:00 tonight, he was
supposed to tell them the theme of his experiment.

But at 6:45, things weren't looking so good.

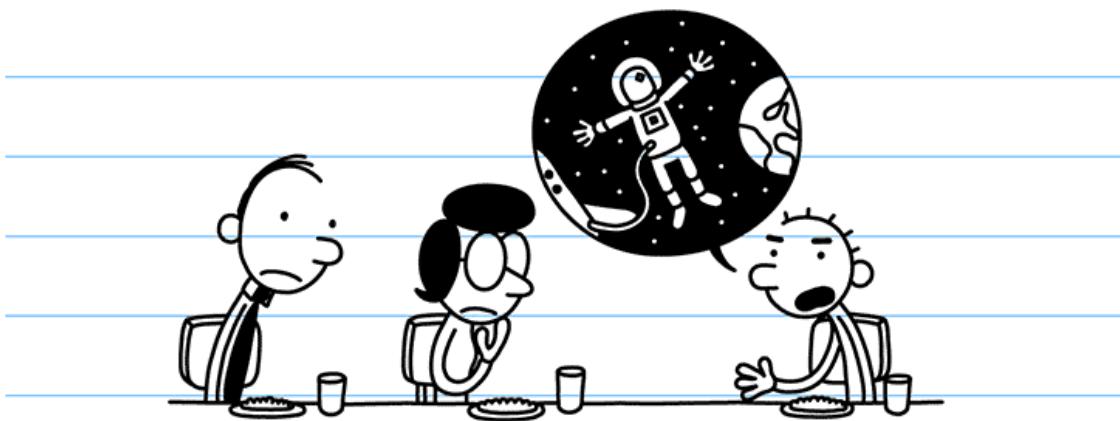


Rodrick was watching a show about astronauts,
and what happens to them after they've been up
in space for a long time. The show said that
when the astronauts get back to Earth, they're
actually TALLER than when they left.

And the reason is because there's no gravity in
space, so their spines decompress or something.

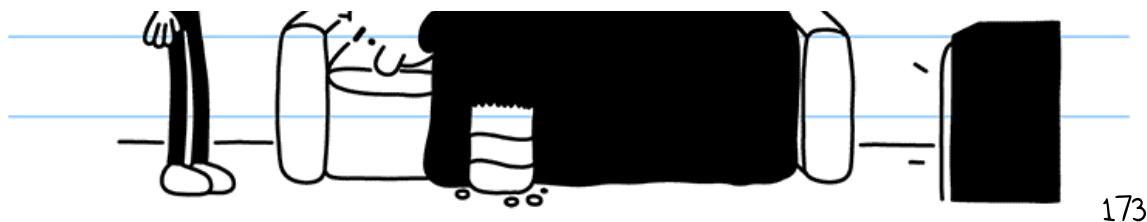
Well, that gave Rodrick the idea he was looking for.

Rodrick told Mom and Dad he was going to do
his science experiment on the effect of "zero
gravity" on the human spine. And from the way
Rodrick was talking it up, you'd think the results
of his experiment were gonna benefit mankind.



Dad seemed pretty impressed. Or maybe he was
just relieved that Rodrick actually came through on
his first task. But I think Dad started to see
things a little different later on when he told
Rodrick to take the trash out to the curb.





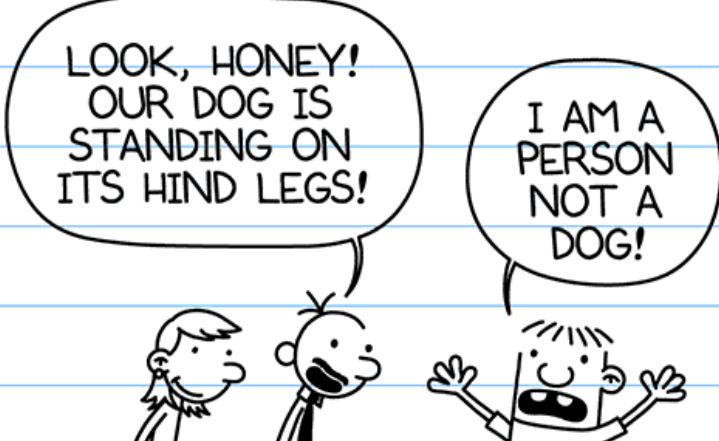
173

Wednesday.

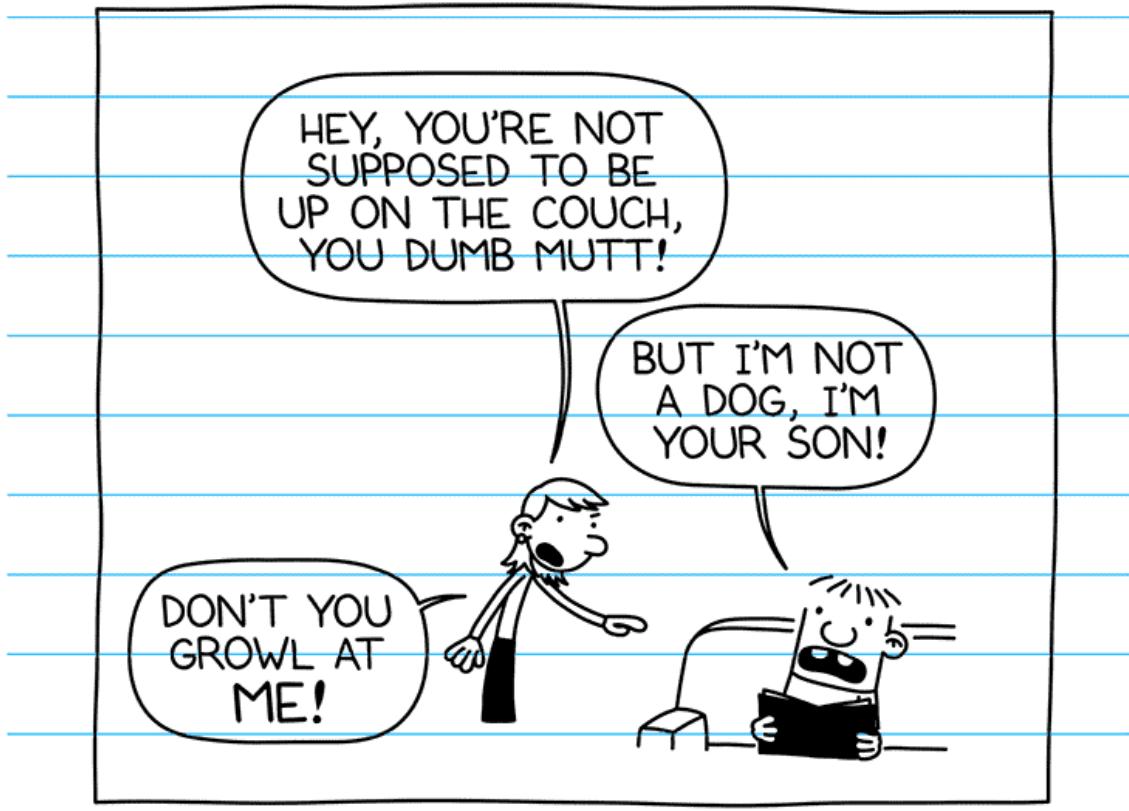
Yesterday at school, they announced tryouts for
the big Winter Talent Show.

As soon as I found out about it, I came up
with this AWESOME idea for a comedy skit
that me and Rowley could do. But I admit the
REAL reason I wrote it was to give myself an
excuse to talk to Holly Hills, who is Heather Hills's
sister and the most popular girl in my grade.

The Boy Whose Family Thinks He's a DOG







The End.

CREDITS

WRITER - GREG HEFFLEY

DIRECTOR - GREG HEFFLEY

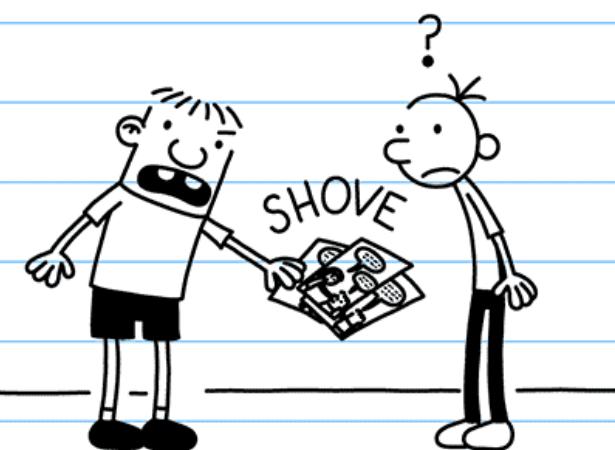
DAD - GREG HEFFLEY

MOM - HOLLY HILLS

DOG-BOY - ROWLEY JEFFERSON

I showed Rowley the script, but he wasn't too

enthusiastic about the idea.



You'd think Rowley would be grateful that I

was gonna make him a big star. But like Mom

always says, there are some people you just
can't please.

Thursday.

Rowley went and found someone ELSE to partner with for the Talent Show. He's gonna do a magic act with this kid from his karate class named Scotty Douglas.

And if you want to know if I'm jealous, let me put it to you this way: Scotty Douglas is in the FIRST GRADE. So Rowley will be lucky if he doesn't get beat up at school for this.



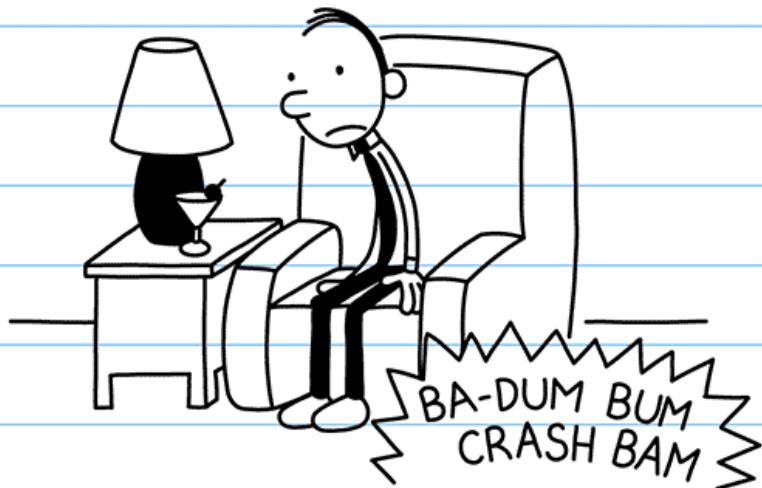
They're having one big Talent Show for the elementary school, the middle school, and the high school. So that means Rodrick and his band are gonna be in the same competition as Rowley and Scotty Douglas.

Rodrick's ALL fired up about the Talent Show.

His band has never played in front of a crowd,

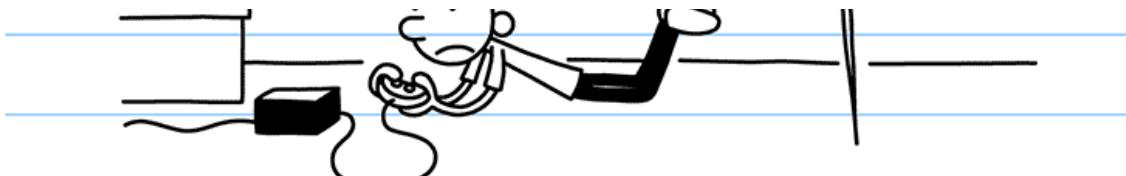
so they see this as their big chance to get noticed.

Rodrick is still grounded, but the rule is that he's
not allowed to leave the house. So his band just
comes over every day and practices down in the
basement. I think Dad's starting to wish he had
worded Rodrick's punishment a little differently.



But if Rodrick's band really thinks they can win
this Talent Show, they better get serious and
play some actual music. Because they spent their
last two practices fooling around with a new echo
pedal they got over the weekend.





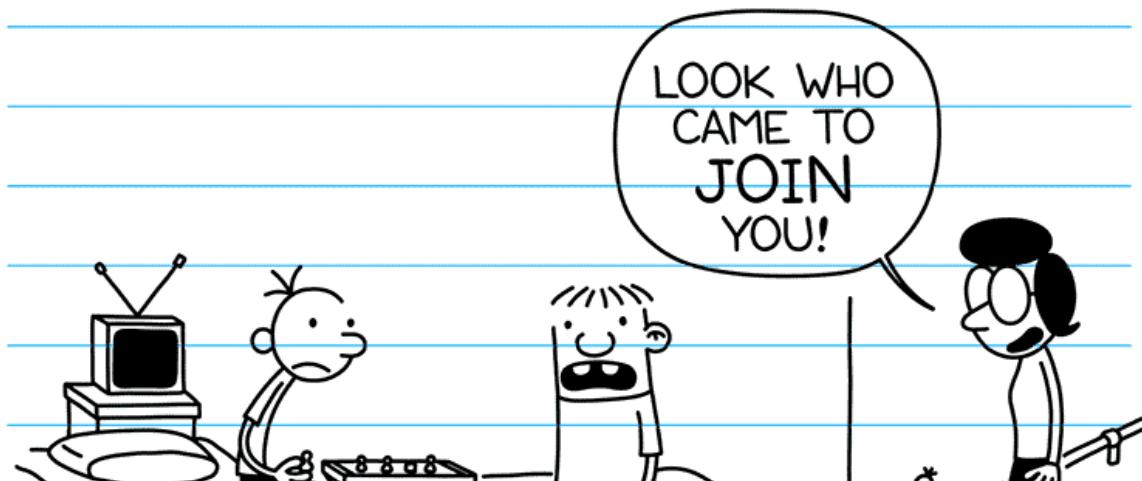
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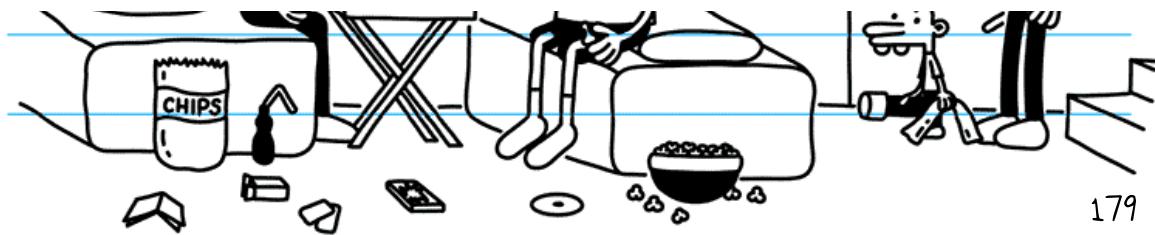
Friday.

Dad ended Rodrick's punishment two weeks early,
because he was going bonkers listening to Löded
Diper practice every day. So tonight, Rodrick
went to his friend Ward's for the weekend.

With Rodrick out of the house, that meant the
basement was free. So I invited Rowley over to
spend the night.

Me and Rowley bought a bunch of candy and
soda, and Rowley brought over his portable TV.
We even managed to get our hands on a couple of
Rodrick's horror movies, so we were all set. But
then Mom came downstairs with Manny.





179

The only reason Mom dumped Manny on us was
so he could spy and tell her if we were doing
anything wrong.

Every single time I've had a sleepover, Manny
has ruined it. The last time Rowley slept over
was the WORST.

Manny must've gotten cold in the middle of the
night, so he crawled into Rowley's sleeping bag
to get warm.



That freaked Rowley out enough to make him go

home early. And he hasn't been back to spend

the night ever since.

It looked like Manny was gonna ruin ANOTHER sleepover. Me and Rowley couldn't watch our horror movies with Manny around, so we decided to just play board games instead.

But I'm a little sick of board games, and besides, Rowley was kind of driving me crazy. He needed to go to the bathroom every five minutes, and whenever he'd come back downstairs, he'd kick a pillow across the room.



It might have been funny the first couple of times, but then it really started getting on my nerves. So

the next time Rowley went upstairs to use the

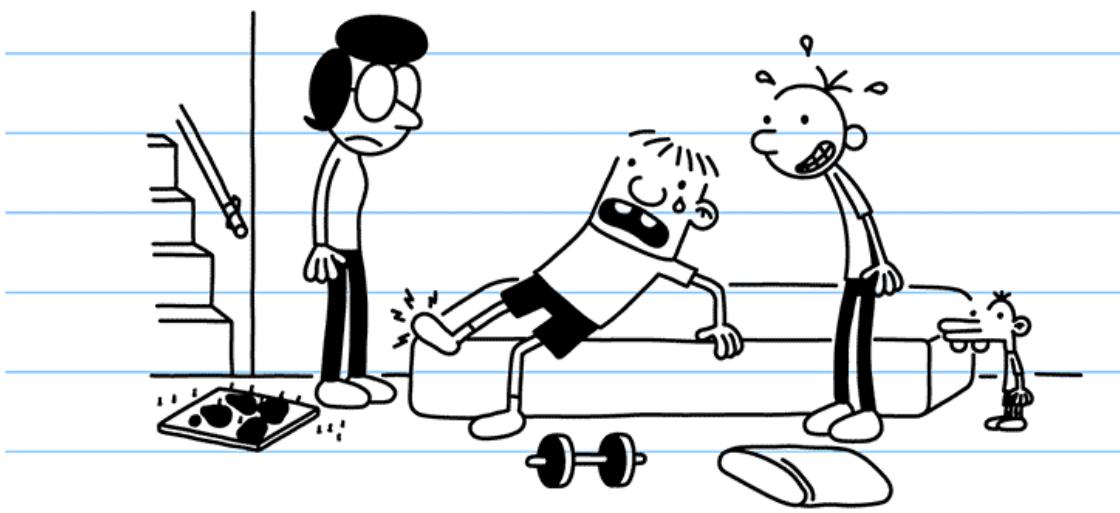
bathroom, I played a prank on him.

I put one of Dad's dumbbells underneath a pillow.

And sure enough, the next time Rowley came downstairs, he gave it a big kick.

Well, that did it. Rowley started blubbering like a baby, and I couldn't quiet him down.

And with all the racket Rowley was making, Mom came downstairs.



Mom took a look at Rowley's big toe, and she seemed pretty concerned. I think Mom's sensitive about Rowley getting injured in our house after the tinfoil ball incident, so she drove him right home.

I was just glad she didn't ask us how it happened.

As soon as Mom and Rowley walked out the door,

I knew I'd better start working on Manny.

Manny saw me put that dumbbell under the pillow,

and I knew he would tell Mom what I did. So I

came up with an idea to keep him from snitching.

I packed some bags and told Manny I was

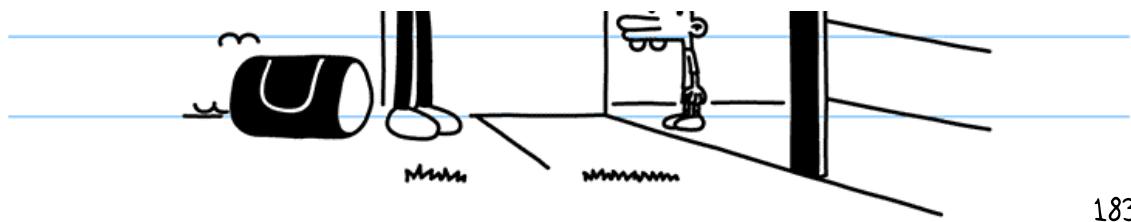
gonna run away from home so I didn't have to

face Mom for what I did.

Then I walked out the door and acted like I

was leaving for good.

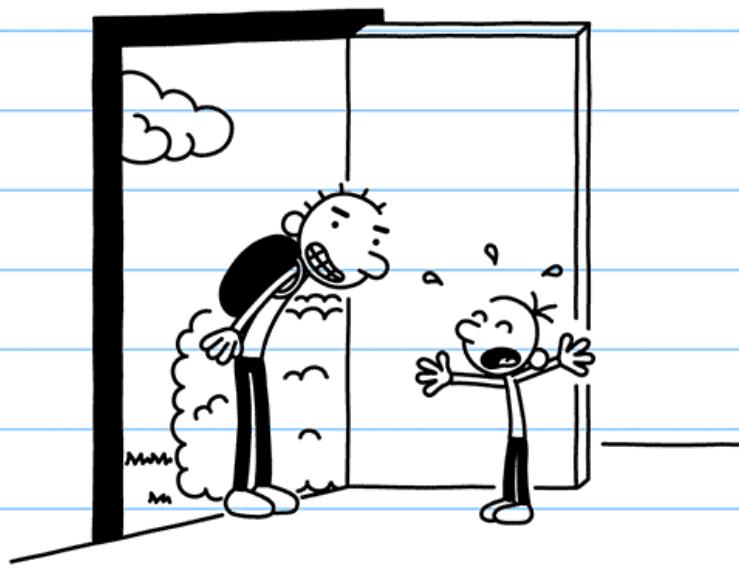




183

I got that idea from Rodrick. He used to pull
the same kind of thing on me when HE did
something bad and he knew I was gonna tell on
HIM. He would act like he was running away,
and then five minutes later, he would just walk
back inside.

And by that time, I was ready to forgive him
for whatever he did.

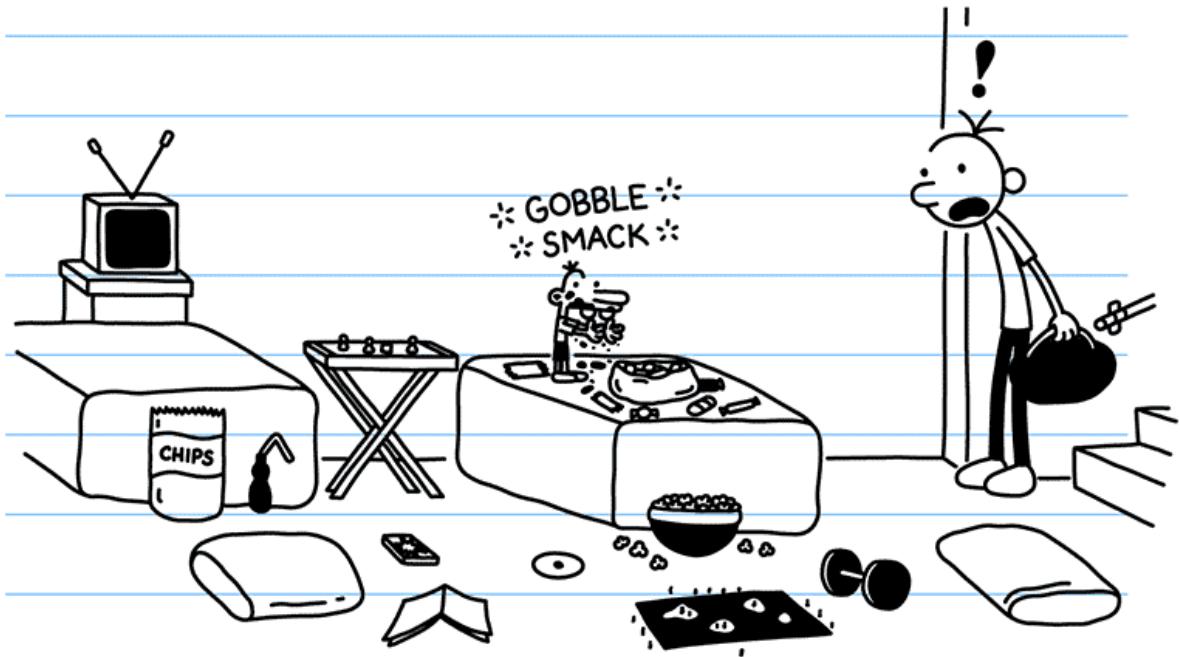


So after I told Manny I was leaving home, I
shut the door and waited outside for a few minutes.
And when I opened the door, I expected to find
him crying in the foyer. But Manny wasn't where

I left him. I started walking around the house

looking for him, and guess where he was?

Down in the basement, eating my candy.

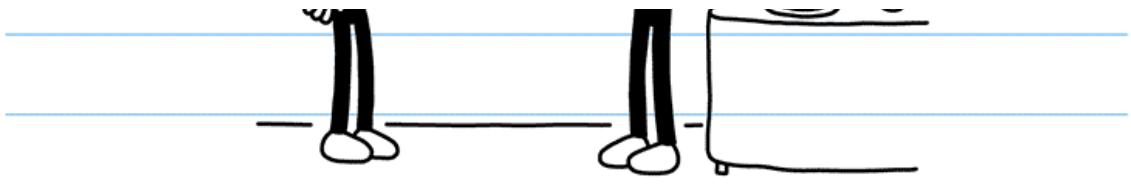


Anyway, if letting Manny eat my candy is the
price I have to pay to keep him quiet, I can live
with it.

Saturday

After I woke up this morning, I went down to
the kitchen. But one look at Mom's face told me
that Manny sold me out.





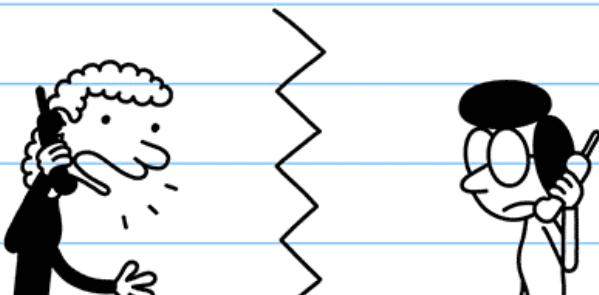
185

Manny told Mom everything. He even told her
about our horror movies. Don't even ask me how
he knew about THAT.

Mom made me call Rowley to apologize, but then
she made me talk to his parents and apologize to
THEM, too. So I don't think I'm going to get
invited back over to Rowley's house any time soon.

Then Mom got on the phone with Mrs. Jefferson.
Mrs. Jefferson said Rowley's big toe was broken,
and that he had to stay off it for a week.

Then Mrs. Jefferson said Rowley is "heartbroken,"
because this means he'll have to miss the Talent
Show tryouts. And he's been practicing his magic
act with Scotty Douglas all week.





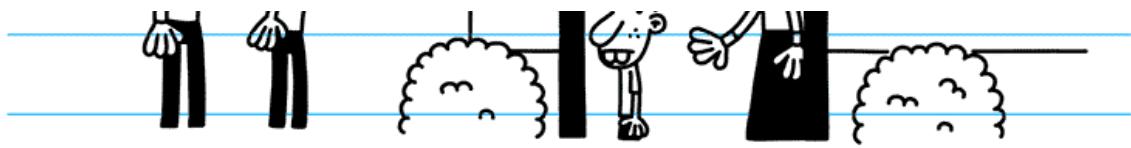
186

So Mom told Mrs. Jefferson that I would be
HAPPY to fill in for Rowley at the tryouts. I
started tugging at Mom's sleeve to let her know
this was a TERRIBLE idea, but of course she
just ignored me.

After Mom got off the phone, I told her the
last thing I needed at school is to be onstage
doing magic tricks with a kid who was in pull-ups
a year ago.

But Mom made me go through with it anyway.
She took me down to Scotty's house and
explained the situation to his mother. So now
there was no getting out of it.





Mrs. Douglas invited me inside, and me and
Scotty went up to his room to start practicing.
Well, the first thing I found out was that
Rowley and Scotty were not equal partners in this
act. Rowley was actually Scotty's ASSISTANT.

I told Scotty there was no WAY I was gonna
be a magician's assistant to a first-grader. But
Scotty said it was HIS magic set, and he started
throwing a big tantrum.



So I just went along with the idea to keep
Scotty quiet, because believe me, I did not need
any more trouble.

Then Scotty handed me this shirt that was covered

with all these sparkly sequins, and he told me

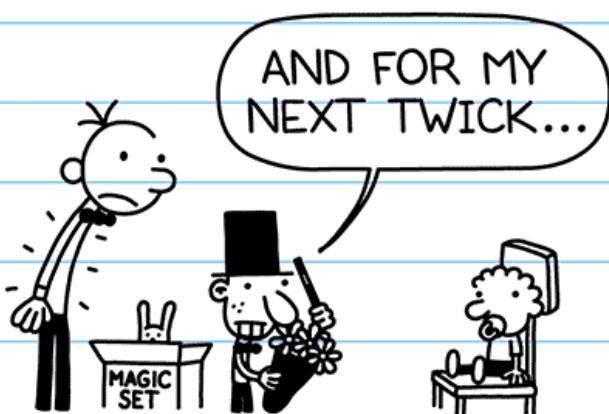
that it was my costume.

I looked like something Gramma would wear to

Bingo. I told Scotty maybe I could wear something
cooler, like a leather jacket, but he said that
wouldn't be "magic" enough.

Anyway, it turns out all I have to do for the
act is hand Scotty a prop every once in a while,
so maybe it really isn't going to be all that bad.

But ask me how I feel again if we get in and
have to perform onstage in front of five hundred
people instead of Scotty's baby sister.



Sunday.

I'll tell you ONE good thing that's come out of
practicing this magic act with Scotty Douglas:

It's given me a bunch of good ideas for more

Creighton the Cretin comics.

Rowley quit doing his comic strip “Zoo-Wee

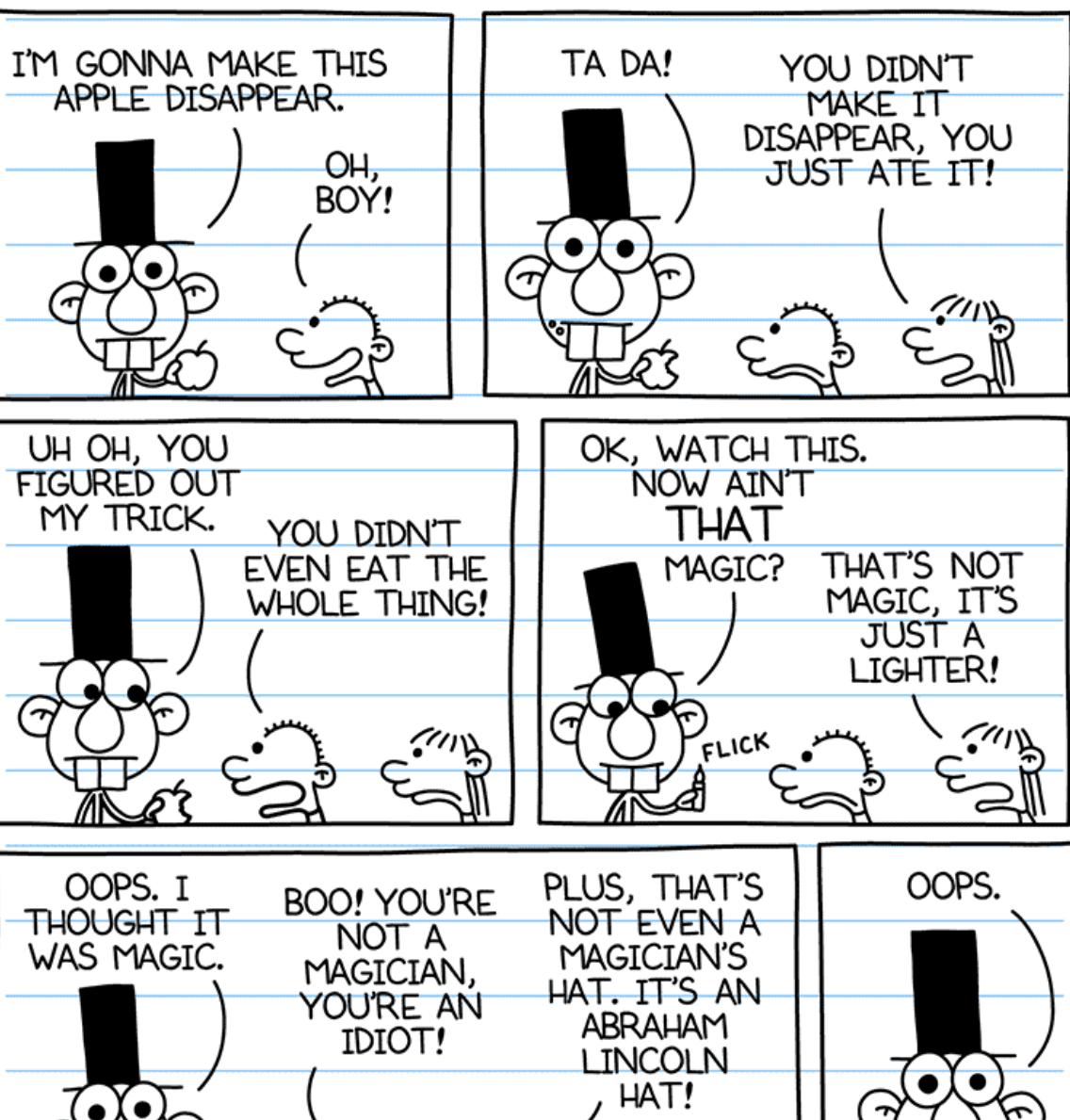
Mama! ” for the school paper a few months ago,

because he said he wanted to have more time to

play with his Dinoblazer action figures. That

means the cartoonist job is open again, and

maybe I have a shot.





190

Monday

Well, good news on the Talent Show. The tryouts were today, and me and Scotty didn't make it in.

OK, so maybe I could have done a better job as Scotty's assistant. But I didn't blow it on purpose. I just forgot to hand him his props once or twice.

We were the only ones who didn't make the cut, and that actually is kind of embarrassing.

I know we weren't exactly the best act trying out today, but we weren't the worst, either. Some of the acts that got in were a lot lamer than our magic act.

This kindergartner named Harry Gilbertson made the cut, and all he did was roller-skate figure eights around a boom box that was playing “Yankee Doodle Dandy.”

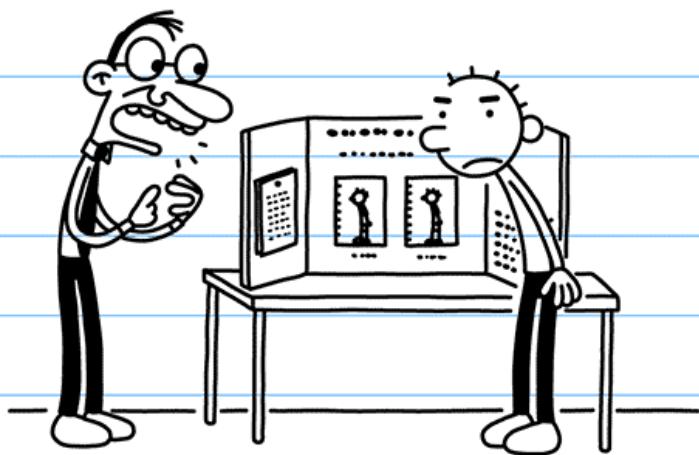
Rodrick’s band made it in, too, and he’s acting like that’s some huge accomplishment.

Like I said before, Rodrick is really excited about the Winter Talent Show. In fact, he actually got his Science Fair project done a day early so he could squeeze in some extra band practices before the big night.

But when Rodrick turned in his project, his Science teacher told him he was gonna have to start over and come up with a whole new idea. He said that Rodrick didn’t use the “scientific method” with a hypothesis and a conclusion and all that.

Rodrick told the teacher he actually grew a
sixteenth of an inch during his "zero gravity"
experiment, so that proved he was on to something.

But his teacher said that's a normal amount for a
boy Rodrick's age to grow in a month.



Well, this really stinks for me, because I had decided
to do my Science Fair project on "zero gravity," too.

And now it looks like all the research I did was
just a big waste of time.





193

Dad told Rodrick he's going to have to just skip the Talent Show so he can do a new experiment, but Rodrick says he's not going to do it.

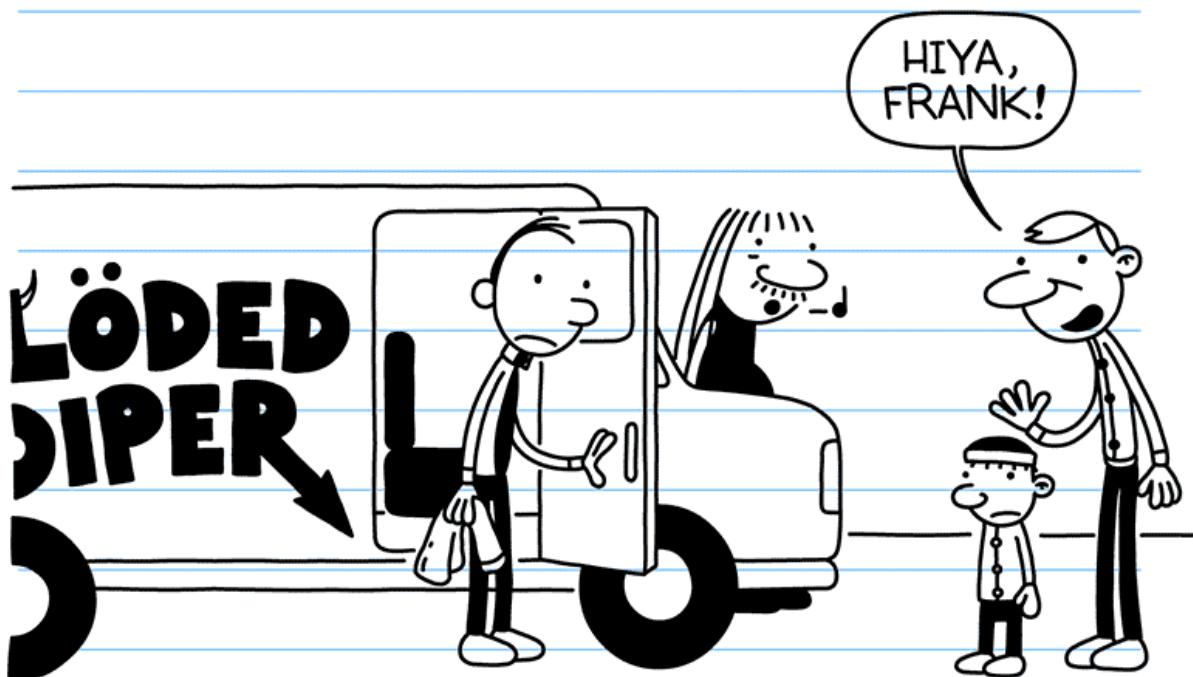
Rodrick told Dad he doesn't care about school anymore. He said his plan is to win the talent show and use the tape of the performance to get signed to a record label. Then he'll quit school and just do the band full-time.

It sounds like a terrible plan to me, but I think Dad is pretty open to the idea.

Wednesday

Tonight was the big Winter Talent Show. I didn't want to go, and neither did Dad. But Mom made us both go to show our support for Rodrick.

Rodrick and Mom went to the school early to bring some stuff that Rodrick's band needed, so Dad had to ride in the band's van with Bill. And Dad wasn't too thrilled when he ran into his boss in the school parking lot.



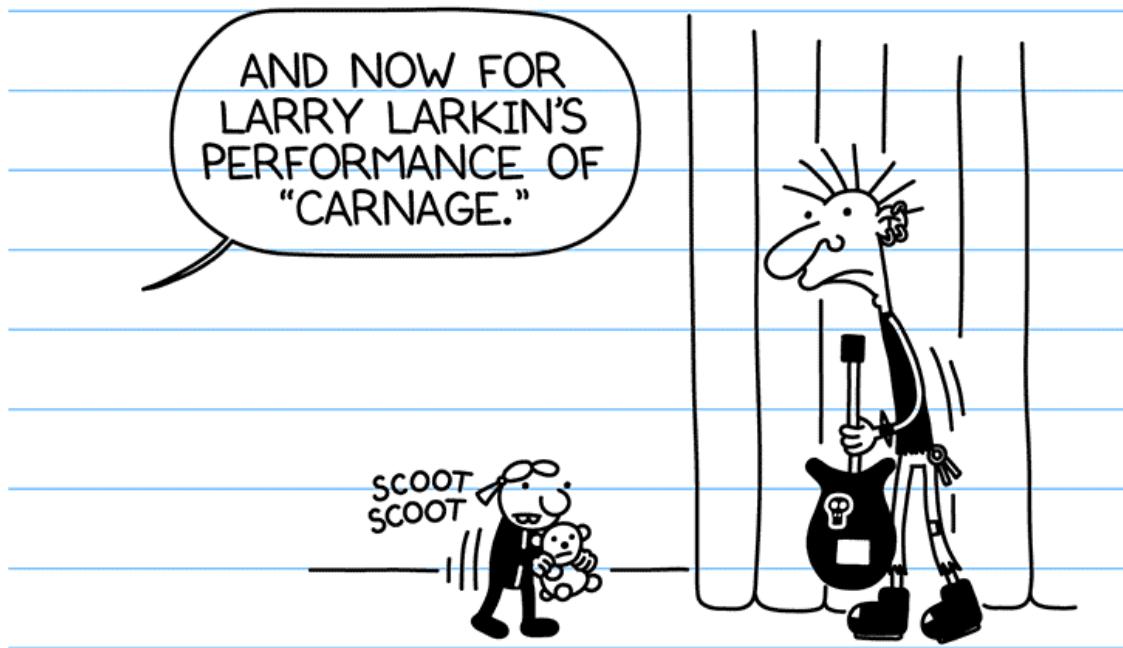
The show kicked off at 7:00, and let me just

say, I think it was a really bad idea to combine
the three schools for this thing.

They ended up having kindergartners singing

songs to their teddy bears followed by eighteen-

year-olds doing speed metal guitar solos.

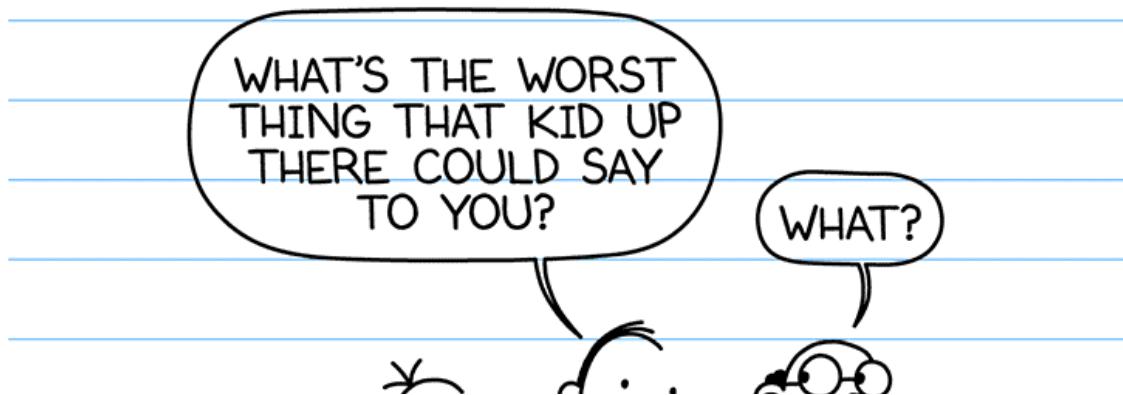


I don't think Dad approved of Larry Larkin

and all his piercings. Halfway through Larry's

guitar solo, Dad leaned over and whispered to

the man sitting next to him.





196

I wish I had time to warn Dad that the guy

he was talking to was Larry's father.

Another problem with combining the schools was

that there were too many acts, and the show

went on forever.

At 9:30 they decided to start running two acts

at the same time to keep the show moving along.

Sometimes it worked out all right, like when they

had Patty Farrell tap-dancing while Spencer Kitt

was juggling. But other times it didn't work out

too good, like when Terrence James played a

harmonica on a unicycle while Charise Kline read

her poem about global warming.

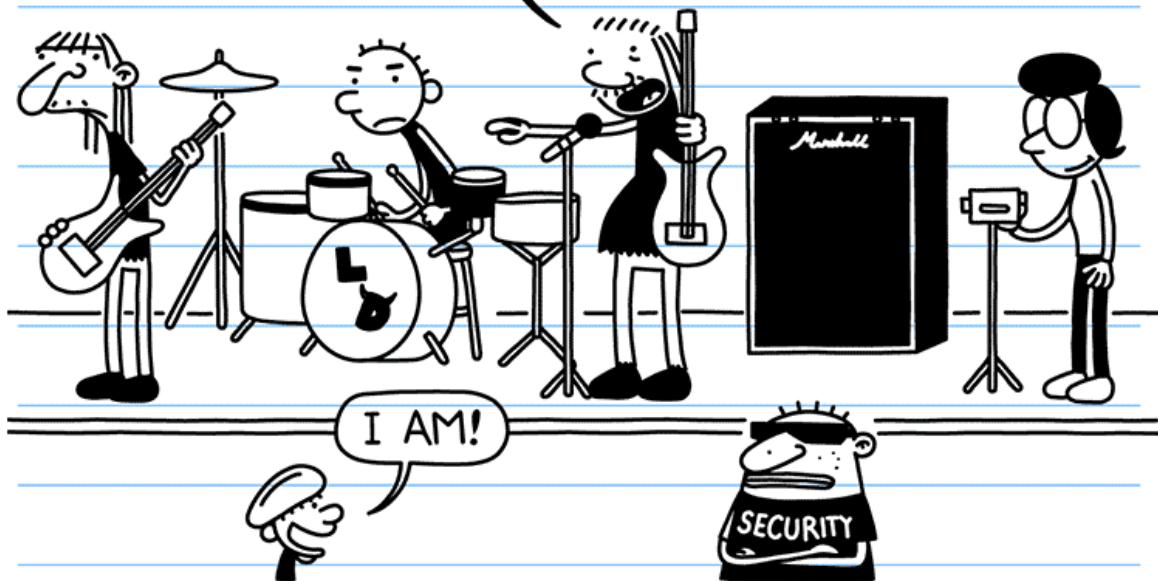
Rodrick's band was the last act to take the stage.

Before the show, Rodrick asked me to videotape his band during their act, but I told him no WAY.

He's been such a jerk to me lately that I can't believe he was trying to hit me up for a favor. So Mom volunteered for camera duty.

Rodrick's band got paired up with Harry Gilbertson, the roller-skating kid. And I'm sure Rodrick wasn't too happy about THAT.

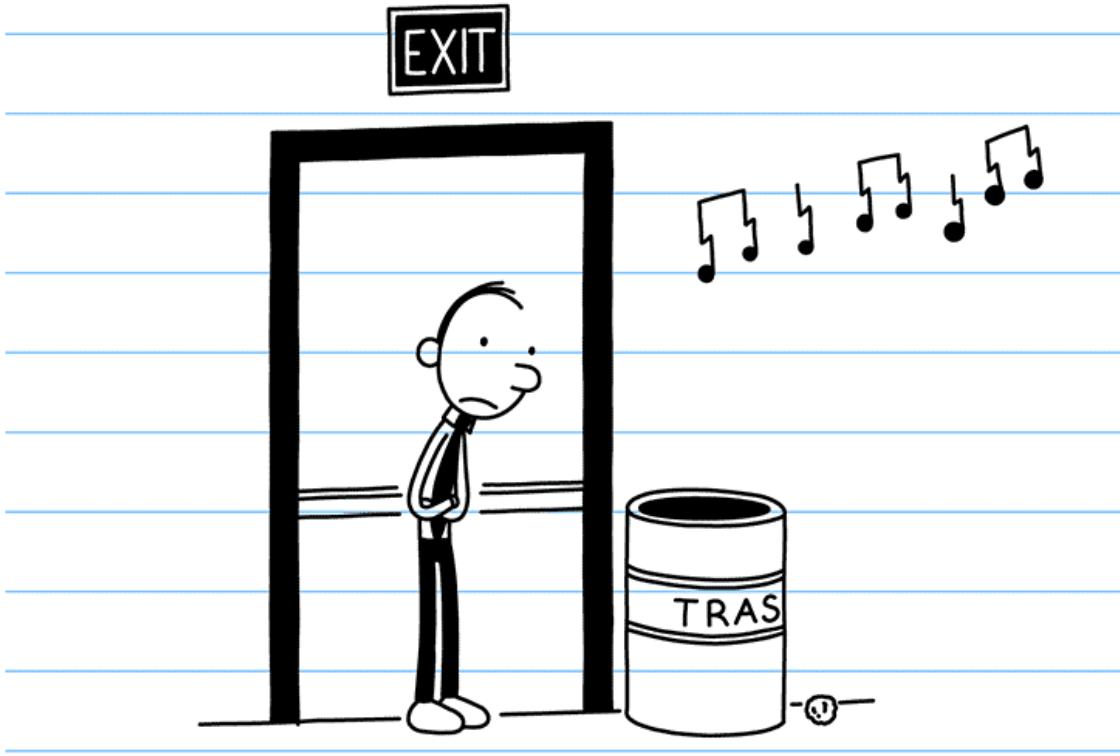
WHO'S READY TO
RRRROCCCCKKKKK?



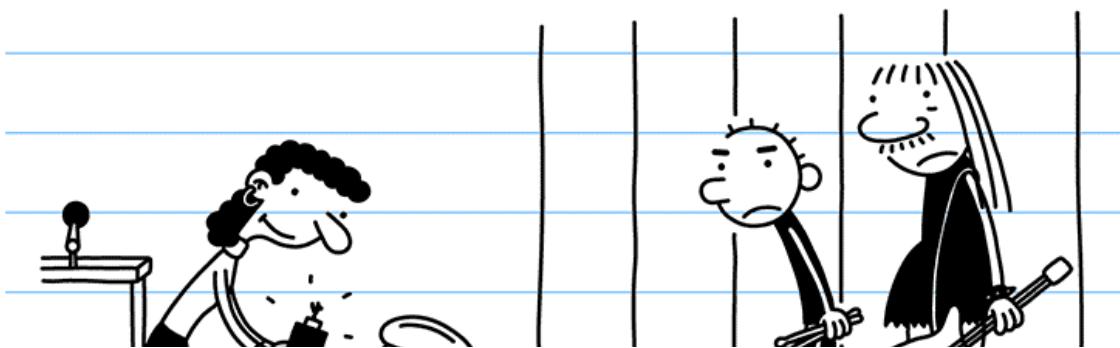
I noticed Dad wasn't sitting next to me while

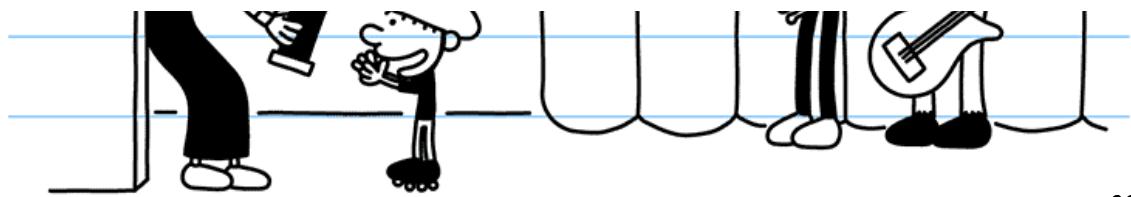
Rodrick's band played, so I looked around for him.

Dad was standing in the back of the gym with
cotton balls sticking out of his ears, and he stayed
there until the song was over.



After Rodrick's band performed, they handed out
the awards. Rodrick's band didn't win anything,
but Harry Gilbertson walked away with the prize
for "Best Musical Act."





199

But you'll never guess who the Grand Prize Winner

was: Rowley's babysitter, Leland.

He won for his ventriloquist act, because the judges

said it was "wholesome."

I never thought I'd agree with Rodrick on

anything, but I'm starting to wonder if maybe

he was right about Leland being a nerd after all.



After the show, Rodrick's band came back to our

house to watch the videotape of their performance.

They were all grumbling about how they got

"robbed," and how the judges don't know the first
thing about rock and roll.

200

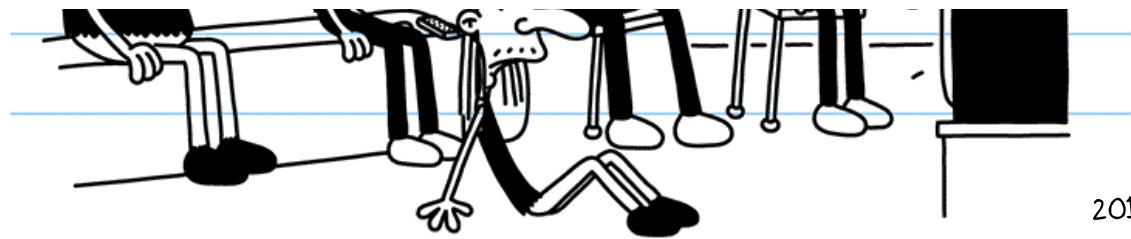
So their plan was to just mail the videotape off
to some record labels and let their performance
speak for itself.

They all sat down in front of the TV and
Rodrick put the tape in the machine. But it took
about thirty seconds for everyone to realize the
tape was worthless.

You know how Rodrick asked Mom to videotape the
show? Well, she did a pretty good job of filming, but
she talked nonstop during the first two minutes. And
the camera picked up every little comment she made.

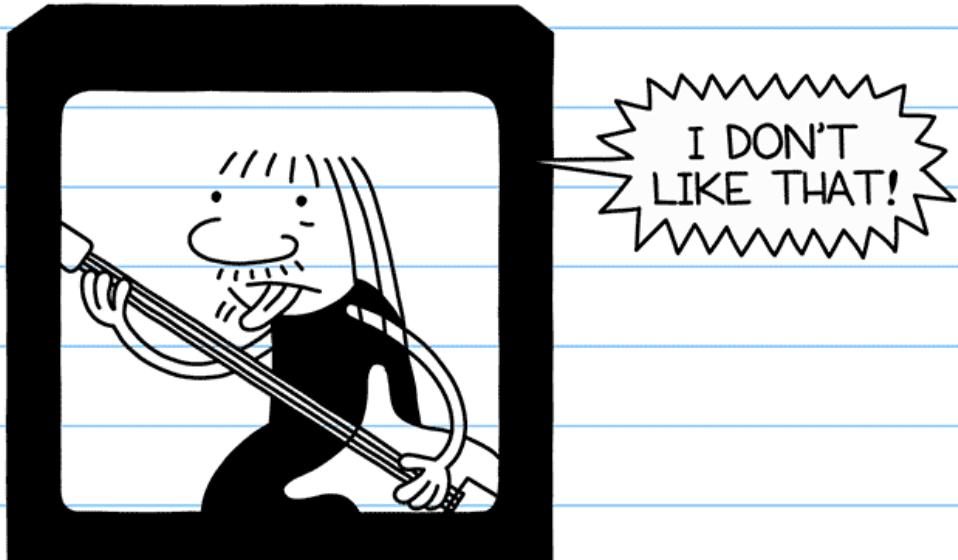
THAT SHIRT MAKES
RODRICK'S ARMS LOOK
SO SKINNY!





201

Every time Bill stuck out his tongue and flicked it
up and down like a rock star, you could hear Mom
ring in with her opinion.



In fact, the only time Mom stopped talking was
when Rodrick did his drum solo. But during that
part, the camera was shaking around so much that
you couldn't even see anything.

At first, Rodrick and his bandmates were really
mad. But then one of them remembered that the
school taped the Talent Show, and it's supposed to
be on the local cable channel tomorrow night.

I guess that means they'll all be coming back over

to watch THAT.

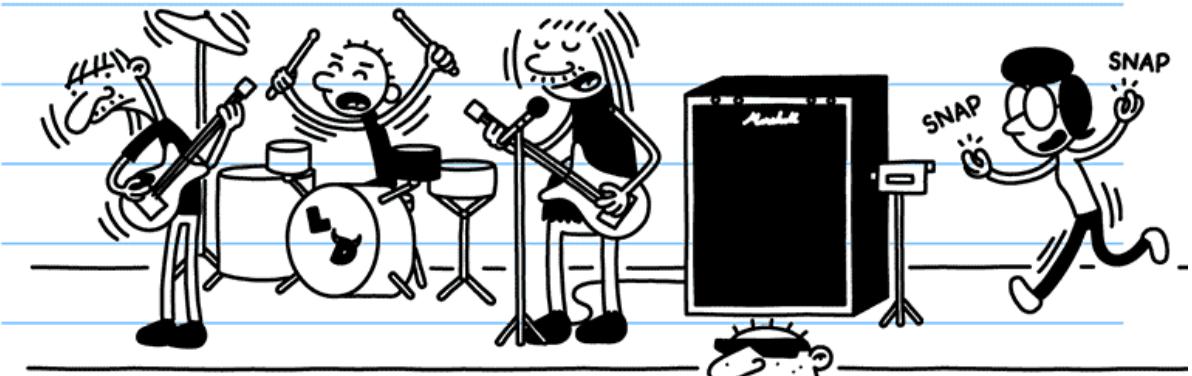
Thursday.

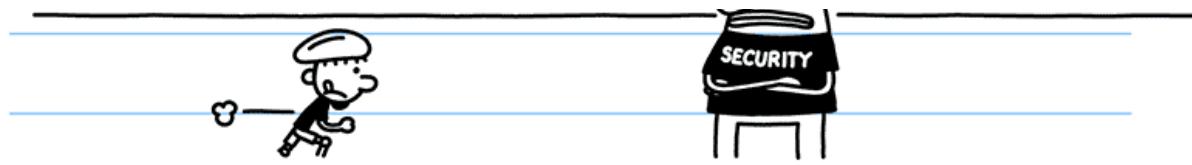
Well, things have gotten REALLY bad for me in
the last few hours.

Rodrick and his bandmates came over around 7:00
tonight to watch the Talent Show on TV. They
sat through the whole three-hour show until their
band came on.

The school actually did a decent job of taping the
performance, and things were looking pretty good
up until Rodrick's drum solo.

That's when Mom started dancing. And whoever was
doing the filming zoomed right in on Mom, and kept
the camera pointed at her for the rest of the song.





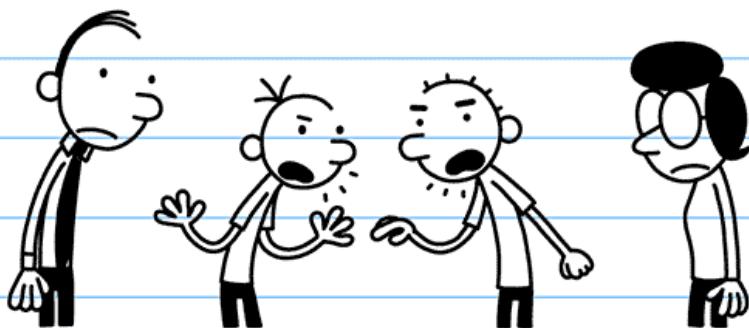
203

That meant Rodrick didn't have ANYTHING he could send to record companies. And he was really mad about it, too.

At first he was mad at Mom for messing things up. But Mom said that if Rodrick didn't want people to dance, he shouldn't play music.

Then Rodrick turned on ME. He said this was all MY fault, because if I just taped the show like he asked me to, none of this would've happened.

But I told him that maybe if he wasn't such a jerk, I would have done it for him.



We started to yell at each other. Mom and Dad

broke us up, and then they sent Rodrick down to

his room and me up to mine.

But a couple of hours later I went downstairs,
and I ran into Rodrick in the kitchen. He was
smiling, so I knew something was up.

Rodrick told me my "secret was out."

At first, I didn't know what he was talking
about. But then I got it: He was talking about
the thing that happened to me this summer.

I ran down to the basement, and I picked up
Rodrick's phone to see if he had made any
calls. And sure enough, it looked like he had
called EVERY friend of his who had a brother
or sister my age.



By tomorrow morning, EVERYONE at my
school will know the story. And I'm sure Rodrick

exaggerated the facts to make the story sound

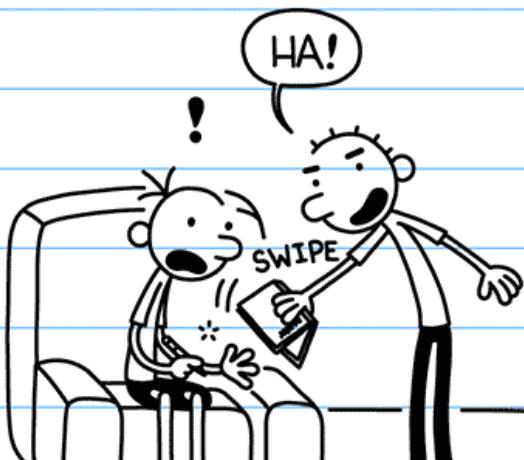
even WORSE.

Now that my secret's out there, I want to put
on record what REALLY happened, and not
Rodrick's twisted version.

So here it goes.

Over the summer, me and Rodrick had to stay
with Grandpa at his condo in Leisure Towers for
a few days. But there was NOTHING to do,
and I was going bonkers.

I was so bored, I broke out my old journal and
started to write in it. But taking out a book
that said "diary" on the cover in front of
Rodrick was a HUGE mistake.



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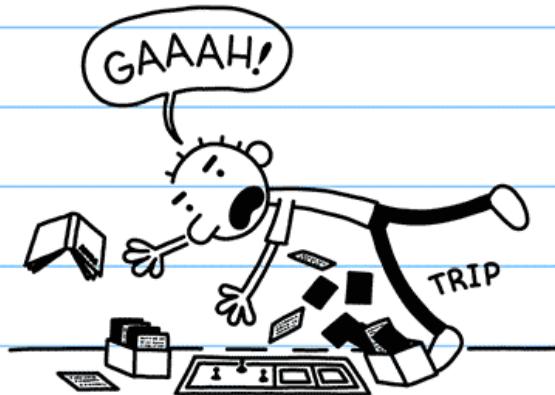
206

Rodrick stole my journal and made a run for it.

He probably would have made it into the bathroom

and locked the door if someone hadn't left

Gutbusters sitting out.



I scooped the book off the floor and ran out

into the hallway and down the stairwell. Then,

I ducked into the bathroom in the main lobby

and locked myself in a stall.

I kept my feet off the floor so that if Rodrick

came in, he wouldn't know I was in there.

I knew that if Rodrick got ahold of my journal, it

would be a nightmare. So I decided to just rip the

whole thing into tiny little pieces and flush them

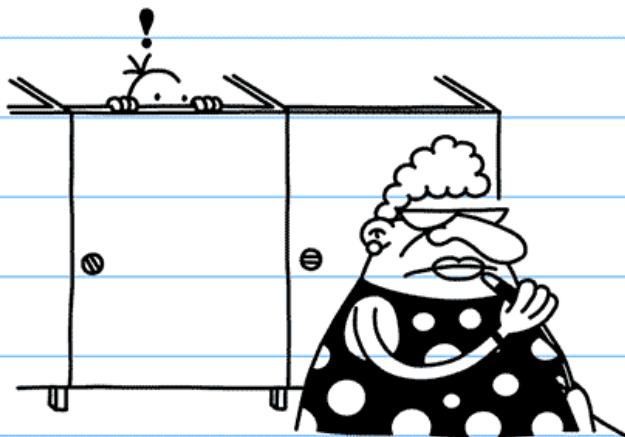
down the toilet. It was better to just destroy the

thing than risk Rodrick getting his hands on it.



But as soon as I started ripping pages out of the book, I heard the bathroom door open. I thought it was Rodrick, so I just stayed completely still.

I didn't hear anything, so I peeked over the top of the stall to see what was going on. That's when I saw a woman standing in front of the mirror, putting on makeup.



I figured the lady just accidentally wandered into

the men's room, because people at Leisure Towers are

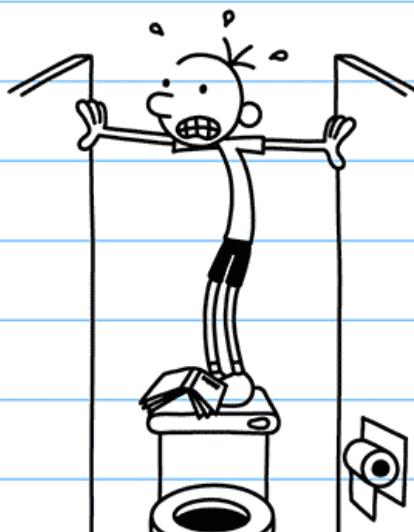
always doing stuff like that.

I was about to speak up and tell this lady she
was in the wrong bathroom, but right then
someone else walked in. And guess what? It was
ANOTHER woman.

That's when I realized that I was the one who
messed up, and I was in the WOMEN's bathroom.

I prayed that those ladies would just wash their
hands and leave so I could make a run for it.

But they sat down in the stalls on either side of me.
And every time one woman would leave the bathroom,
someone else would come in and take their place.
So I couldn't leave.





209

If Rowley thinks he had it bad when those kids
made him eat the Cheese, he should try being
stuck in the Leisure Towers ladies' room for an
hour and a half.

I guess someone eventually heard me in there, and
they reported me to the front desk. Within a few
minutes, word got around the building that there
was a "Peeping Tom" in the women's room.



By the time security came in and got me out of
there, everyone who lived in Leisure Towers was

down in the lobby. And Rodrick saw the whole

thing unfold upstairs on Grandpa's TV.

Now that the story was out, I knew I couldn't
show my face at school. So I told Mom she was
gonna have to transfer me somewhere else, and
I told her why.

Mom said I shouldn't worry about what other
people think. She told me that my classmates
would understand that I had just made an
"honest mistake."

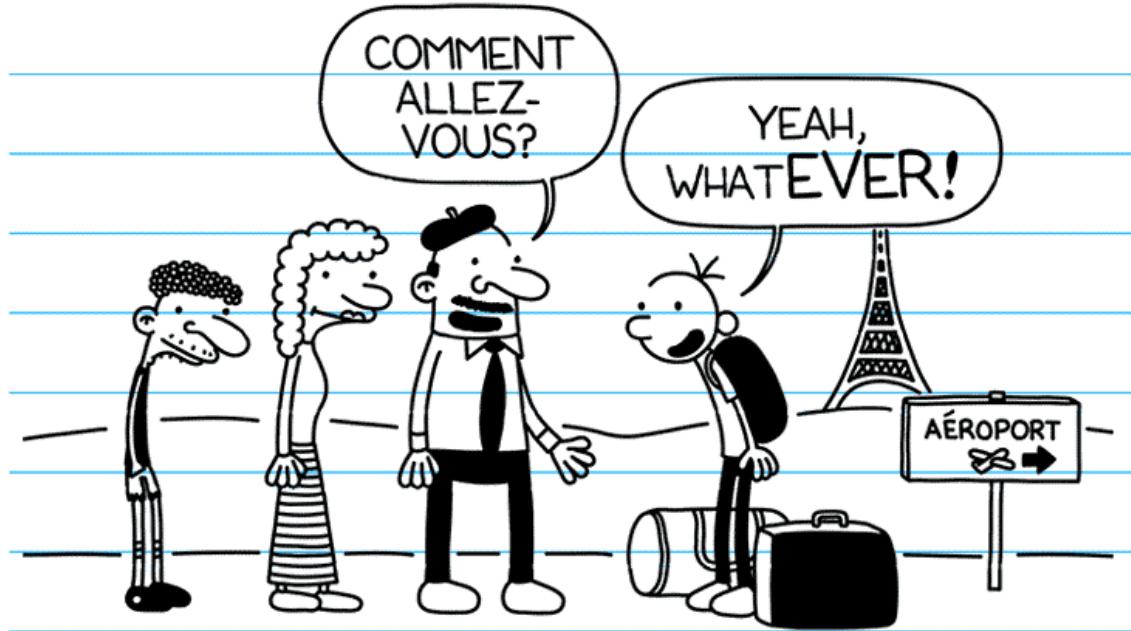


So that just proves once and for all that Mom
doesn't understand a THING about kids my age.

Now I'm kicking myself for not keeping up my
pen-pal relationship with Mamadou. Because if me
and him had stayed in touch, maybe I could have

gone to France as an exchange student and had

out THERE for a few years.



All I know is, the one place I don't want to
go tomorrow is school. And it looks like that's
exactly where I'm headed.

Friday.

The CRAZIEST thing happened today. When I
walked in the door at school, a bunch of guys cornered
me, and I braced myself for the teasing to start.

But instead of harassing me, they started

CONGRATULATING me.

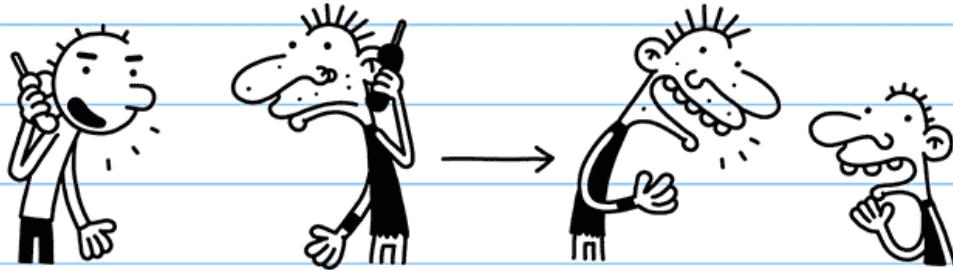




Everyone was shaking my hand and patting me on
the back, and I didn't know WHAT was going on.

With all those guys talking to me at the same
time, it took me a while to make sense of anything.
But here's what must have happened.

The story Rodrick told his friends got passed on
to their brothers and sisters, and then they
told THEIR friends.



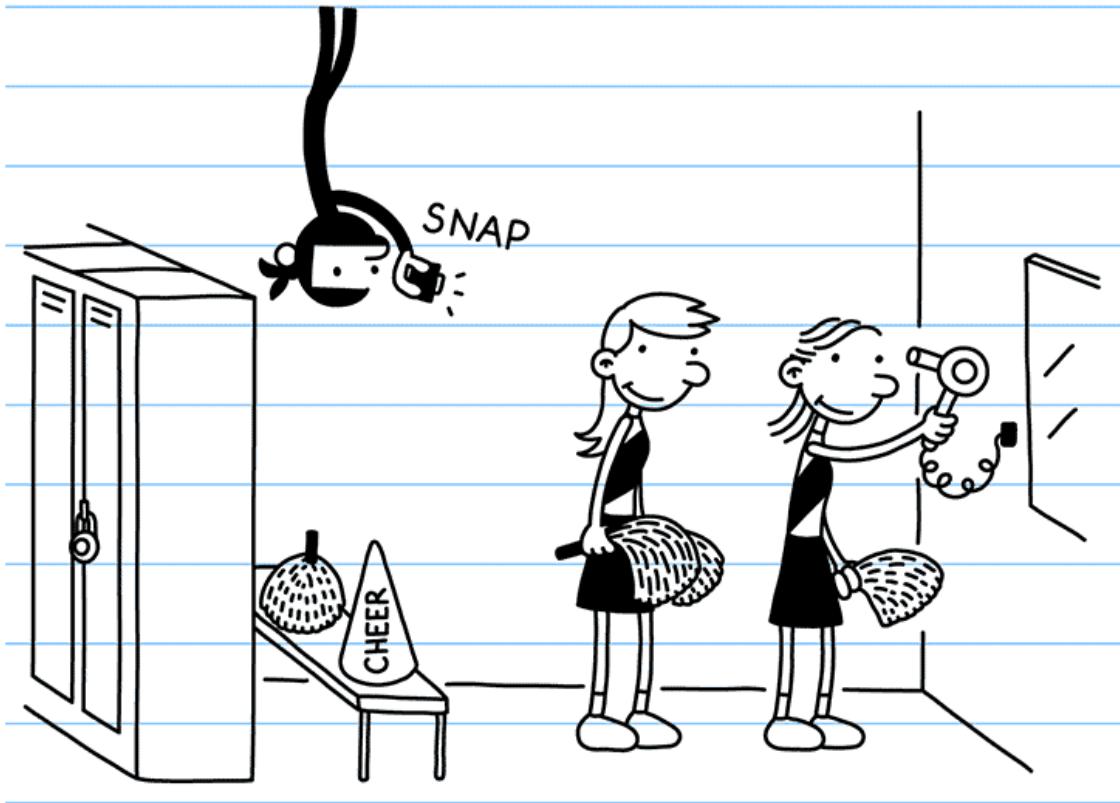
But by the time word spread around, all the
details got totally messed up.

So the story went from me accidentally walking
into the women's bathroom at Leisure Towers to

me infiltrating the girls' locker room at Crossland

HIGH SCHOOL.

I couldn't believe everything got twisted like
that, but I wasn't about to set the record
straight, either.



All of the sudden, I was the hero at school. I
even got a nickname. People were calling me the
"Stealthinator."

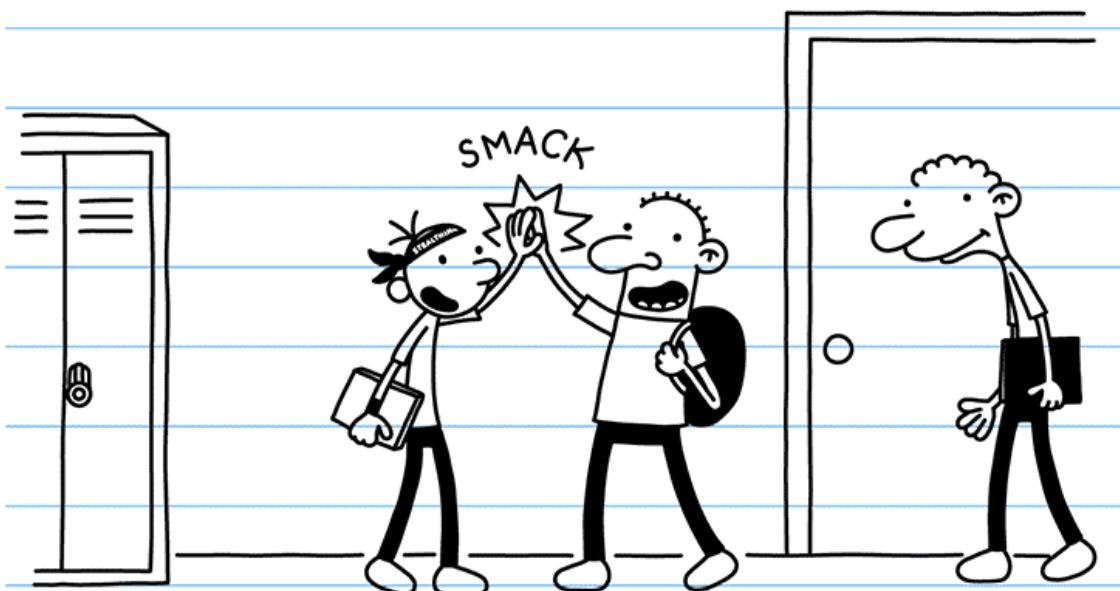
Someone even made me a Stealthinator headband,
and you better believe I wore it. Things like this

NEVER happen to me, so I wasn't gonna pass

up my moment of glory.

And for the first time ever, I knew what it

felt like to be the most popular kid at school.



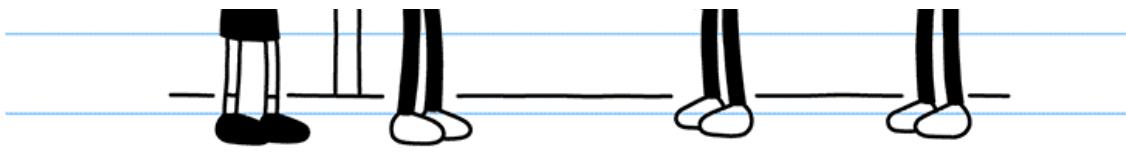
Unfortunately, the girls weren't as impressed

with me as the guys were. In fact, I think I

might have a little trouble getting someone to go

to the Valentine's Dance with me.





215

Monday

You know how Rodrick wanted his band to get

noticed? Well, he kind of got his wish, because

EVERYBODY knows who Löded Diper is now.

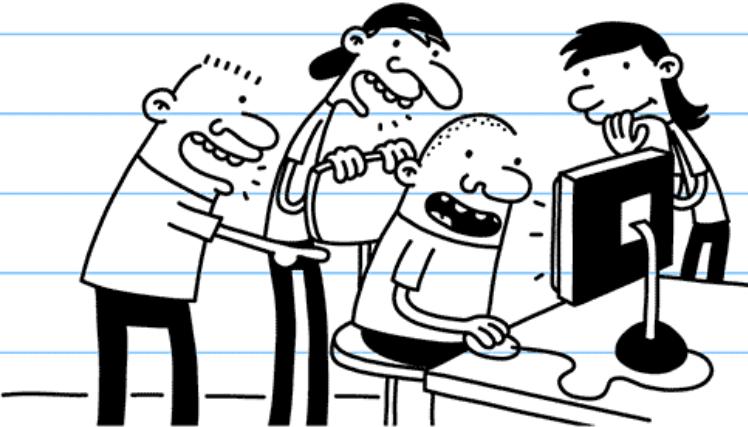
I guess somebody must have thought the tape of

Mom cutting loose at the Talent Show was pretty

funny, because it's all over the Internet. And

now everyone knows Rodrick Heffley as the drummer

from the "Dancing Mom" video.



Ever since, Rodrick's been hiding out in the

basement, waiting for the whole thing to blow

over. And I have to admit, I do feel kind of

sorry for him.

I'm getting teased about the video at school,

too, but at least I'm not IN it.

And even though Rodrick can be a huge jerk

sometimes, he IS my brother.

Tomorrow is the Science Fair, and if Rodrick doesn't

turn in a project, he's gonna flunk out of school.

So that's why I offered to help him out with his

project, but just this one last time. We worked

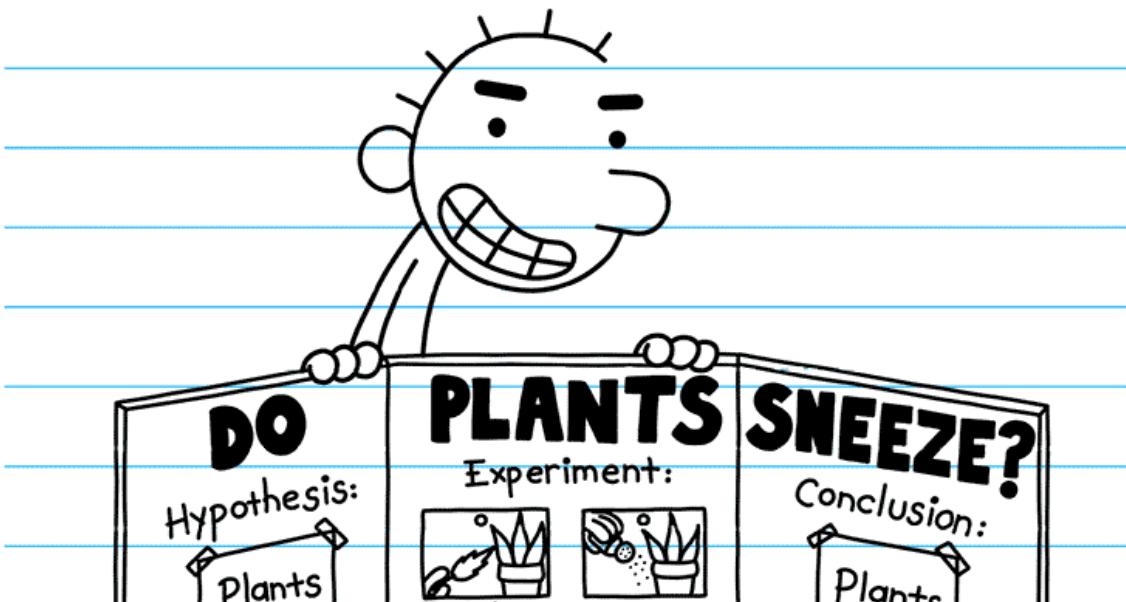
together all night, and I don't mean to brag,

but we did a really good job.

Anyway, when Rodrick gets First Prize tomorrow

and passes Science, I just hope he realizes how

lucky he is to have a brother like ME.



probably
sneeze.

feathers pepper



don't
sneeze.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I'll be forever grateful to my family for providing the inspiration, encouragement, and support I need to create these books. A huge thanks goes to my brothers, Scott and Pat; my sister, Re; and to my mom and dad. Without you, there would be no Heffleys. Thanks to my wife, Julie, and my kids, who have made so many sacrifices to make my dream of being a cartoonist come true. Thanks also to my in-laws, Tom and Gail, who have been there with a helping hand during every deadline.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jeff Kinney is an online game developer and designer, and a #1 New York Times bestselling author. In 2009, Jeff was named one of *Time* magazine's 100 Most Influential People in the World. He spent his childhood in the Washington

in the world. He spent his childhood in the Washington, D.C., area and moved to New England in 1995. Jeff lives in southern Massachusetts with his wife and their two sons.

Whatever you do, don't ask Greg Heffley how he spent his summer vacation, because he definitely doesn't want to talk about it.



As Greg enters the new school year, he's eager to put the past three months behind him . . . and one event in particular.

Unfortunately for Greg, his older brother, Rodrick, knows all about the incident Greg wants to keep under wraps. But secrets have a way of getting out . . . especially when a diary is involved.

**Praise for *Diary of a Wimpy Kid*, the *USA Today*,
Publishers Weekly, and #1 *New York Times* bestseller:**

"A delightful, cartoon-filled novel."

—People magazine

★ "A laugh-out-loud 'novel in cartoons' . . . should keep readers in stitches."

**—Publishers Weekly,
starred review**

"Unhinging hilarity."

**—Kirkus
Reviews**

"An excellent choice for reluctant readers."

—School Library Journal

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