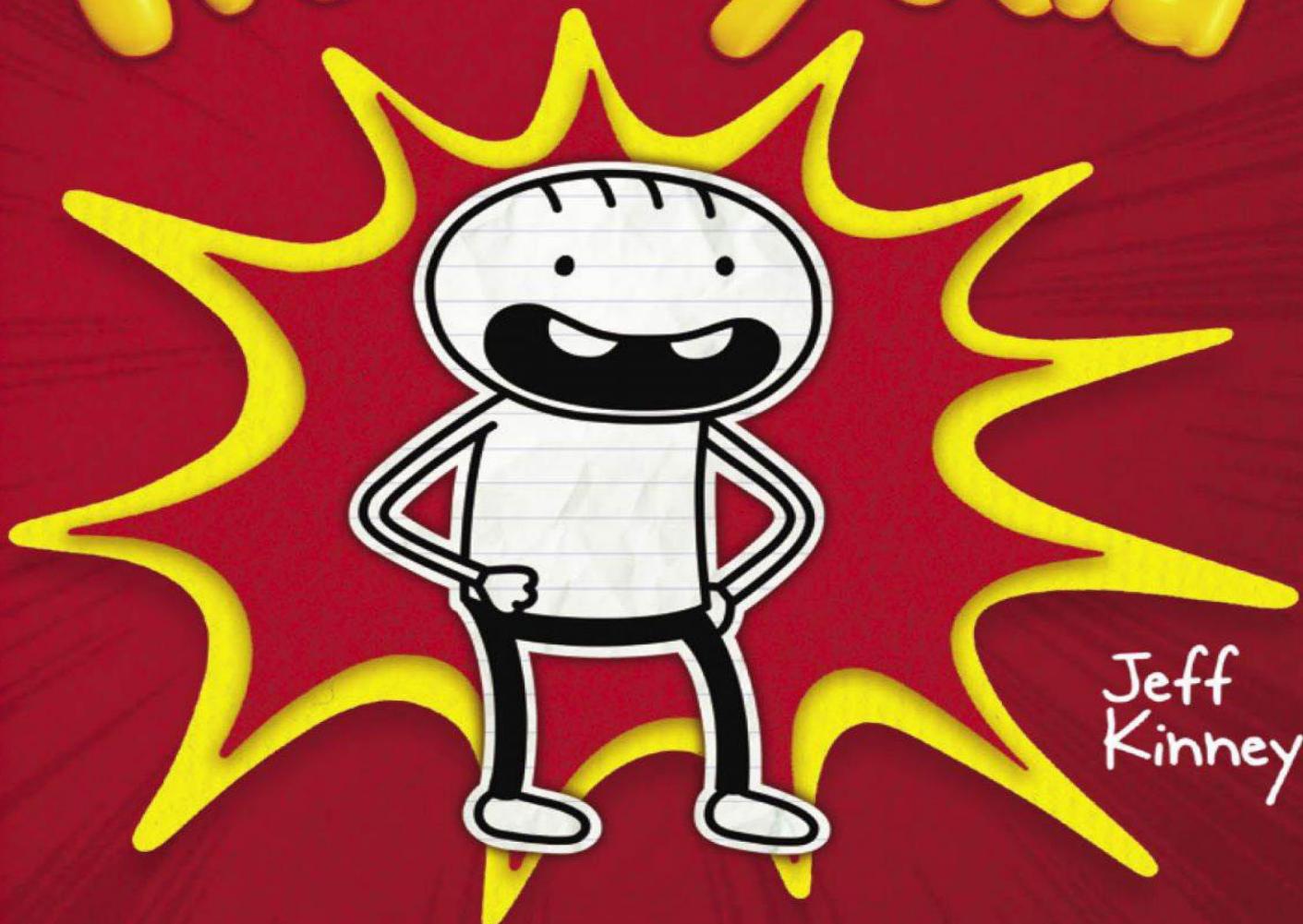




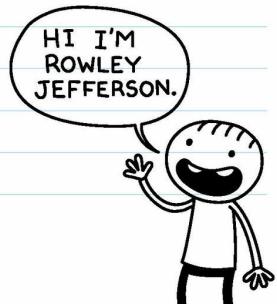
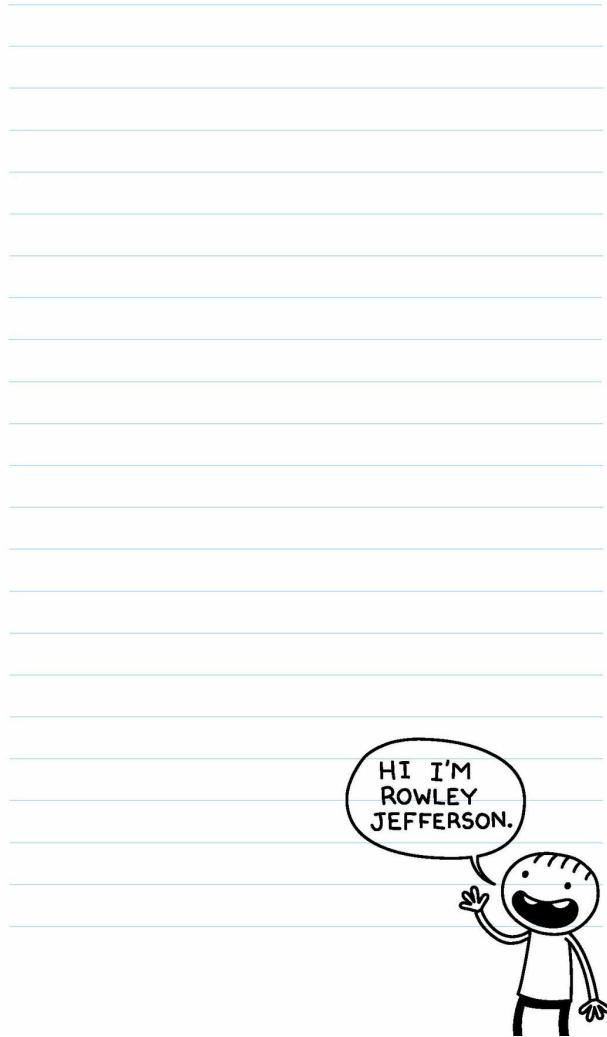
DIARY OF AN Awesome Friendly Kid



Jeff
Kinney

Rowley Jefferson's
JOURNAL







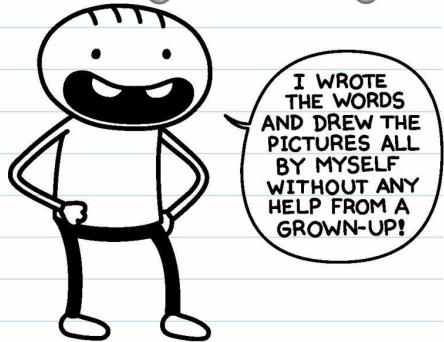
HERE ARE SOME
BOOKS MY BEST FRIEND
GREG HEFFLEY WROTE.

THE DIARY OF A WIMPY KID SERIES

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 Diary of a Wimpy Kid | 8 Hard Luck |
| 2 Rodrick Rules | 9 The Long Haul |
| 3 The Last Straw | 10 Old School |
| 4 Dog Days | 11 Double Down |
| 5 The Ugly Truth | 12 The Getaway |
| 6 Cabin Fever | 13 The Meltdown |
| 7 The Third Wheel | |



DIARY OF AN Awesome friendly Kid



I WROTE
THE WORDS
AND DREW THE
PICTURES ALL
BY MYSELF
WITHOUT ANY
HELP FROM A
GROWN-UP!

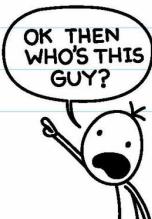
Rowley Jefferson's JOURNAL

by Jeff Kinney



AMULET BOOKS

New York



OK THEN
WHO'S THIS
GUY?

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

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My First Entry

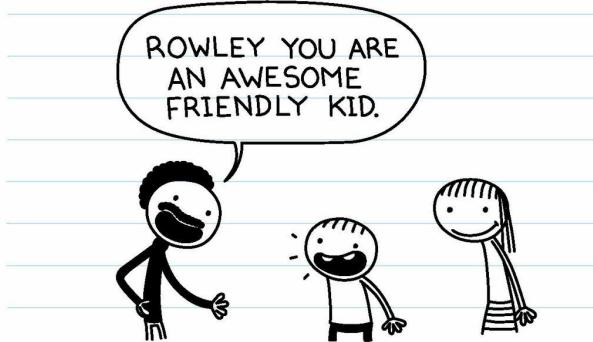
Hi I'm Rowley Jefferson and this is my diary. I hope you like it so far.

I decided to start a journal because my best friend Greg Heffley has one and we usually do the same stuff. Oh yeah I should mention that me and Greg are



I'm sure you're probably like "Well tell me more about this Greg guy." But my book isn't about HIM, it's about ME.

The reason I called my book Diary of an
Awesome Friendly Kid is because that's
what my dad is always saying about me.



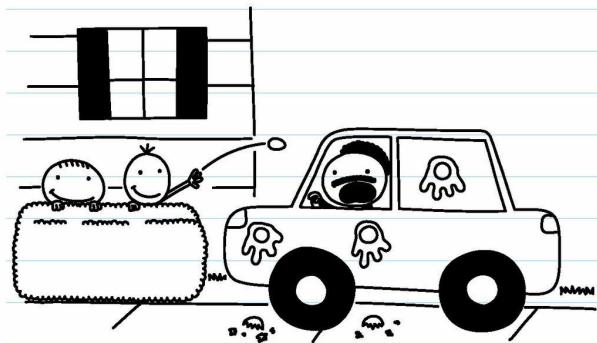
Like I mentioned already, Greg is my best friend which makes my dad my SECOND best friend. But I don't tell him that because I don't want to hurt his feelings.



Now that I brought up my dad I should
mention he doesn't seem to like Greg
all that much. And the reason I get
that feeling is because my dad is always
saying it.



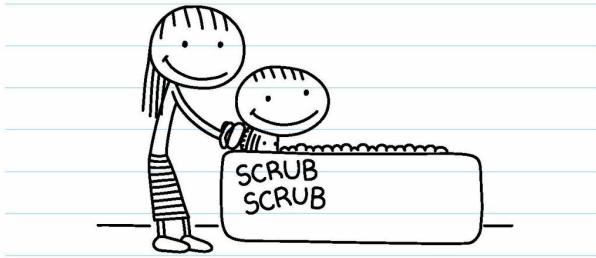
But that's only because my dad doesn't
really get Greg's sense of humor.



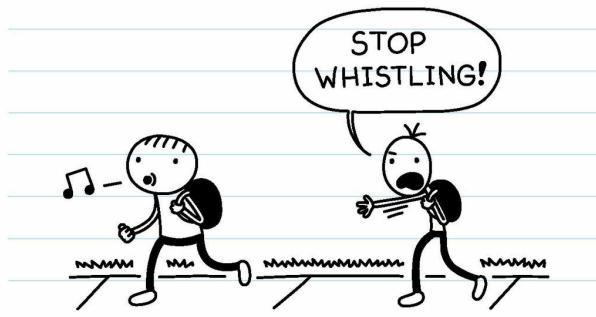
Right now you're probably thinking "Hey Rowley I thought this book was supposed to be about YOU." Well you're right so from now on I promise there's gonna be a lot more Rowley in here.

The first thing you need to know about me is that I live with my mom and dad in a house at the top of Surrey Street, which is the same street my best friend Greg lives on.

I already talked about my dad but my mom is pretty great too because she feeds me healthy food and helps me keep my body clean.



Every morning I walk to school with my friend Greg. We usually have a total blast when we're together but sometimes I do things that annoy him.



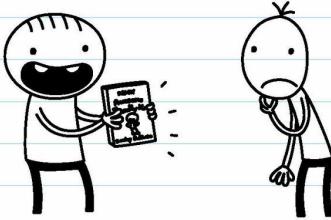
But what REALLY gets on Greg's nerves is when I copy him. So I'm probably not gonna let him know about this journal because it's just gonna make him mad.

Anyway writing in this book is a lot of work so that's all I'm gonna do for today. But tomorrow I'll put a little more Greg in here because like I said we're best friends.

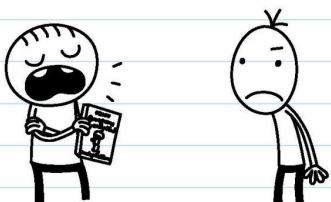
My Second Entry

OK so bad news: Greg found out about
my diary.

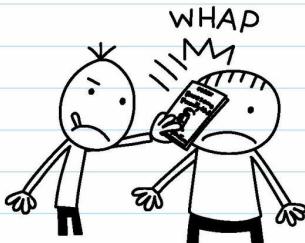
I guess I felt kind of proud that I had my
own journal and I wanted to show him.
But just like I predicted it made him MAD.



Greg said I totally ripped him off and
that he was gonna sue me for stealing
his idea. I said well go ahead and TRY
because you're not the FIRST person to
write in a diary.



Then Greg said it's a JOURNAL not a diary and then he whapped me with my own book.



I told Greg if he was gonna be a jerk then I wouldn't say nice things about him in my journal. Then I showed him what I wrote so far.

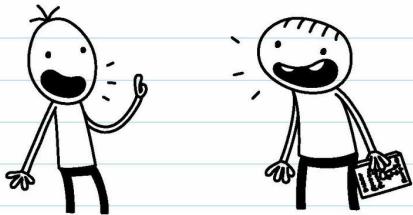
At first he seemed annoyed because I always forget to draw noses on people. But then he said my book gave him an IDEA.

Greg said one day he's gonna be rich and famous and everyone will want to know his whole life's story. And he said I could be the one to WRITE it.

I said I thought that's what your
JOURNAL is for and he said that's his
AUTObiography but my book could be
his BIOGRAPHY.

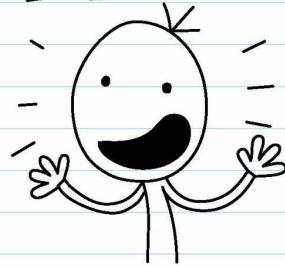
Greg said there are gonna be a LOT of
biographies about him one day but he'd
give me the chance to write the first one.

I thought that sounded like a good idea
because I'm Greg's best friend and no one
knows him better than ME.



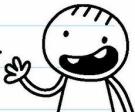
So I'm gonna start this book over with a
new title and now the main character is
gonna be Greg instead of me. But don't
worry I'm still gonna be in it a lot too.

DIARY OF **GREG** **HEFFLEY**



by Greg Heffley's
Best Friend

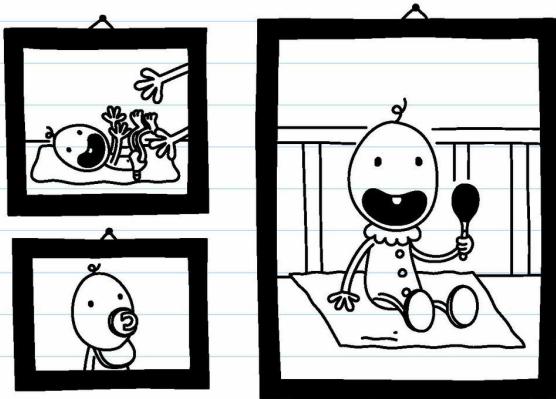
Rowley Jefferson →



EARLY LIFE

Most biographies about presidents and famous people start with a chapter called "Early Life." Well the problem is that I didn't meet Greg until the fourth grade so I don't know a lot about what happened to him before then.

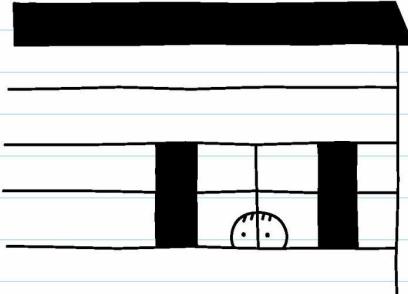
I've seen a few photos hanging on the walls in Greg's house and from what I can tell he was a regular baby. And if he did anything important when he was little you can't really tell from the pictures.



Anyway fast-forward to right before
the start of fourth grade and now this
biography is gonna get a lot more detailed.

We used to live in a whole different state
but then my dad got a job and we had to
move. My family bought a new house at
the top of Surrey Street and we moved
in over the summer.

The first few days I didn't leave the
house because I was scared about being in
a new place.



I know you are probably wondering "Well
when is he going to meet Greg?" but just
wait because I am getting to that part.

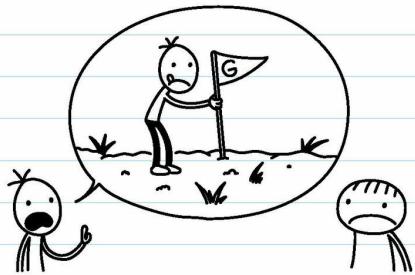
My mom said maybe I should try to make
some friends and she even bought me a
book called "How to Make Friends in New
Places" to help me do it.

The book had all kinds of things like
knock-knock jokes to help a kid like me
meet new people. But the tricks in the
book didn't really work on Greg.

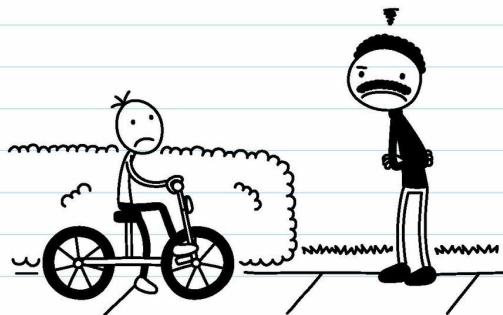


Luckily me and Greg became friends
anyway.

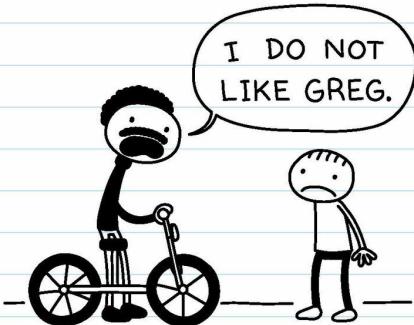
I told Greg I lived in the new house at the top of the hill and he said that was kind of bad news for me because when our lot was empty he planted a flag there so now he owned my house plus everything in it.



But later on my dad told me that wasn't true and then he went to Greg's house to get my bike back.



I'm pretty sure that's the first time my
dad told me what he thought about Greg.



But I like Greg a LOT. He is always doing
hilarious things like making me laugh right
after I take a big gulp of milk.



Plus Greg is always playing wacky pranks
on me and they usually make me laugh
pretty hard too.

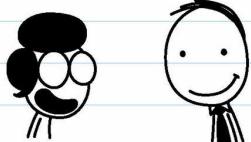


So I'll bet you can tell why me and Greg
have been best friends since fourth
grade. I even got us a locket to make it
official but Greg says those things are
for girls and that's why he won't wear
his half.



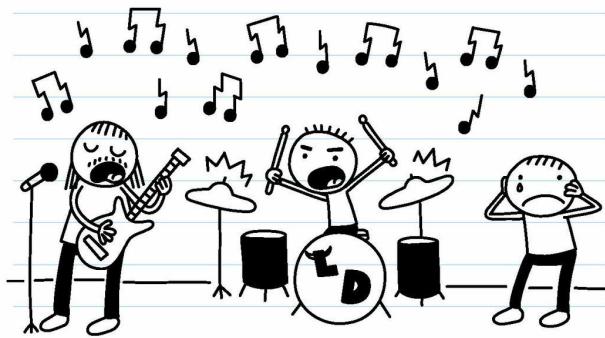
Well I could probably fill up a whole book
with all the zany things me and Greg do
but since this is his biography I should
probably write some stuff about his
family.

Greg has a mom and dad just like I do
but they are pretty regular parents so I
don't have a lot to say about them.

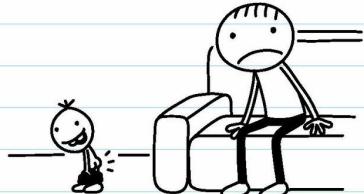


But Greg isn't an only child like me. He's got
an older brother named Rodrick who has a
rock band called Loded Diper.

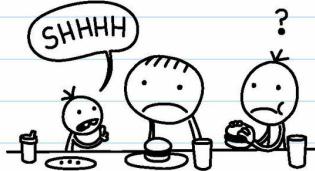
Some of their songs have swears in them
so my mom and dad won't let me be at the
Heffleys' house when Rodrick has practice.



Greg also has a little brother named Manny
who is only three. And don't ask me why
but the first time I went to Greg's for a
playdate Manny randomly pulled down his
pants and showed me his heinie.



Now every time I see Manny he acts like
we have this big secret or something
which makes me feel uncomfortable.



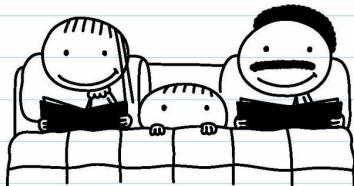
Anyway I guess that wraps up the
first chapter of Greg's biography. And
if you're thinking "Rowley when are we
gonna get to the exciting parts?" then
just WAIT.

THE TIME I HAD MY FIRST
SLEEPOVER AT GREG'S

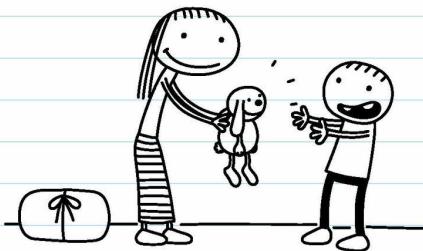
After me and Greg met we had a few playdates at MY house and a few playdates at HIS house. Oh yeah I forgot, Greg doesn't like it when I call them "playdates" so I will have to change that in the next draft or else I'm gonna get whapped again.

Anyway me and Greg "hung out" a lot at each other's houses but then one day he invited me to his house for a SLEEPOVER.

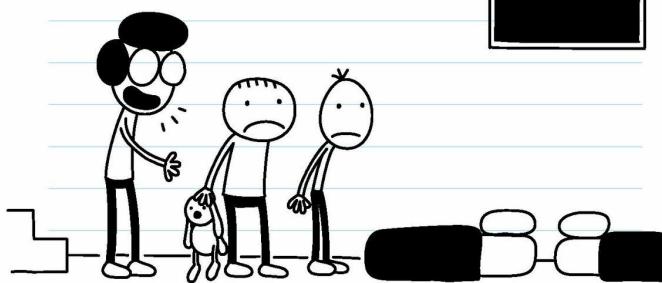
I was pretty worried because I'd never slept away from home before. In fact I wasn't even sleeping in my OWN bed yet because I was scared.



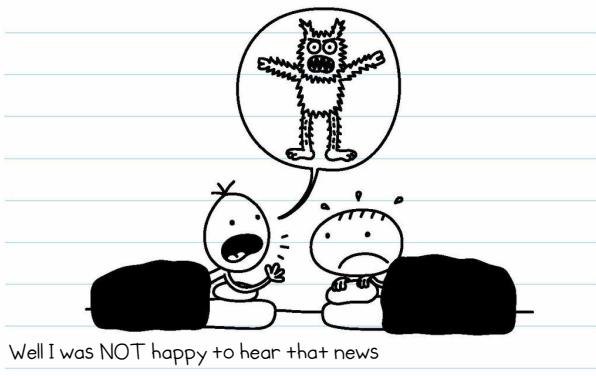
I told my mom I was too nervous to stay
at Greg's but I got a little LESS nervous
when she said I could take Carrots with me.



When I got to Greg's we played in his
room for a while but at 9:00 Mrs. Heffley
said it was time to go to bed. And she said
we had to sleep in the BASEMENT. Well
now I was SUPER nervous because I think
basements are really creepy.



As soon as Mrs. Heffley turned the
lights off, Greg said he needed to tell me
something important. He told me there's a
half man, half goat that lives in the woods
in our neighborhood so I probably shouldn't
go outside alone at night.

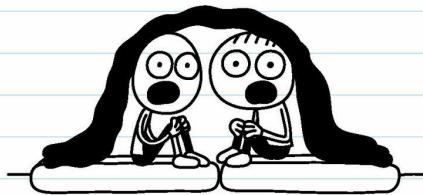


Well I was NOT happy to hear that news
and I really wished someone told my
parents about this goat guy before we
moved into the neighborhood.

Anyway the goat thing got me TOTALLY
spooked so I hid under the covers. But
I think Greg got pretty spooked too
because he crawled under them WITH me.

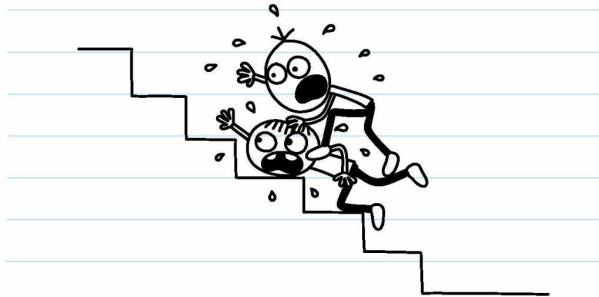


Then all of a sudden there was this crazy
noise right outside the window and it
sounded exactly how a half man, half goat
would sound.

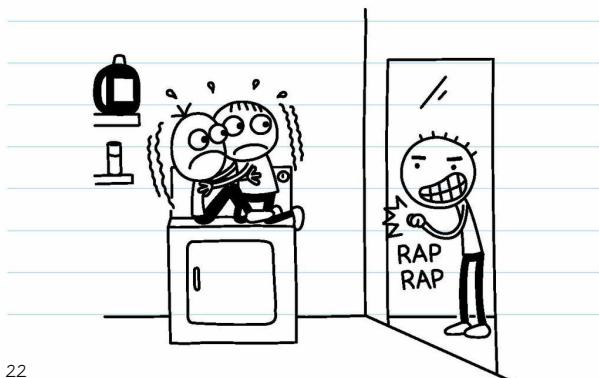


Me and Greg didn't wanna get eaten by
this goat guy so we got out of there as
fast as we could.

But we almost died anyway because we
trampled each other running up the stairs.

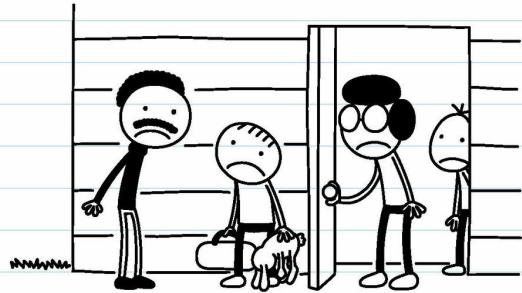


We locked ourselves in the laundry room
so the goat man couldn't get us. But
that's when we found out it wasn't the
goat guy at ALL, it was just Greg's
brother Rodrick playing a trick on us.



OK this next part is embarrassing but
since it's a biography I've gotta tell the
whole truth. I wet my pants when we
were in the basement and heard those
noises outside.

Mrs. Heffley gave me an extra pair of
Greg's underwear but they were too
small. So my dad had to come get me and
bring me home in the middle of the night.

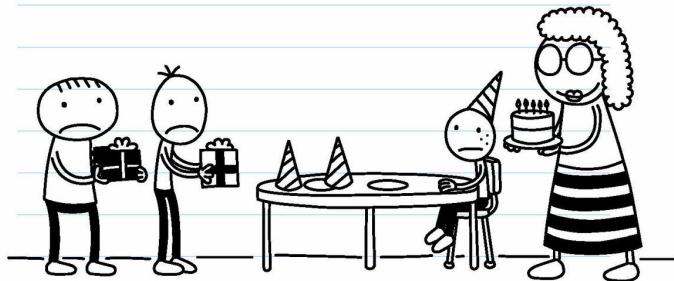


It was a long time before I was allowed
to go to Greg's for another sleepover,
but that's a MUCH longer story and I'm
not even sure there's room for that one
in this book.

THE TIME I SAVED GREG FROM
TEVIN LARKIN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

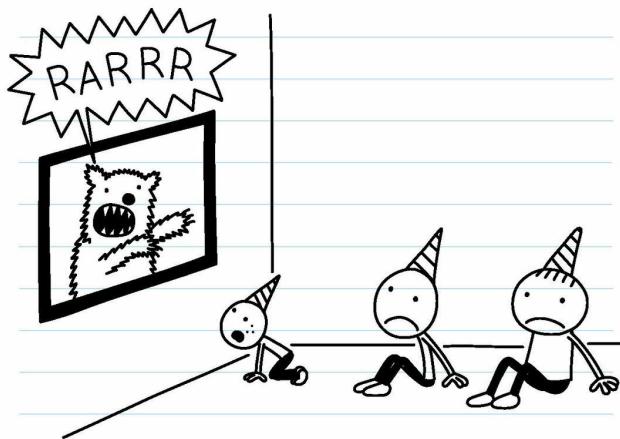
There is a kid named Tevin Larkin who lives over on Speen Street and last summer his mom invited me and Greg to Tevin's birthday party. We didn't wanna go because Tevin is hyper but both of our moms said we HAD to.

It turned out that me and Greg were the ONLY kids invited to Tevin's party but we didn't know that until we got there.



After we gave Tevin his presents his mom said it was time for party activities.

The first activity was to watch this movie
about a guy who could turn into a bear and
an eagle and a bunch of other animals.



When the movie was over Tevin wanted
to watch it AGAIN. But me and Greg told
Tevin's mom we didn't wanna watch the
movie a second time so she said we could
move on to the other activities like pin
the tail on the donkey.

Well that just made Tevin MAD.

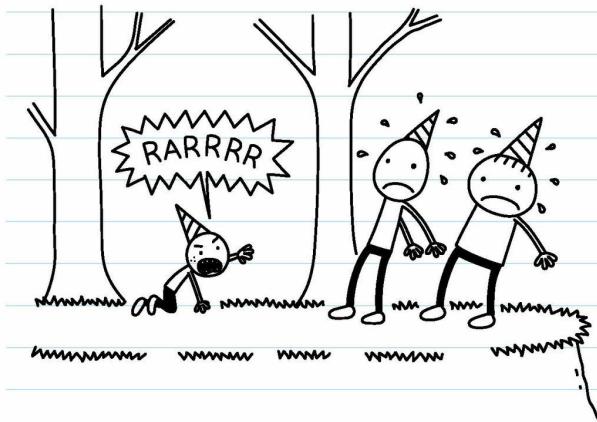
He got all wound up and started acting
like the guy in the movie who could turn
into animals.



I guess Tevin's mom was used to this sort
of thing but me and Greg didn't know
what we were supposed to do. We asked
Mrs. Larkin if she could take us home but
she said there were still two hours to go
in the party.

So we went out the back door and
waited in the yard for Tevin to calm
down.

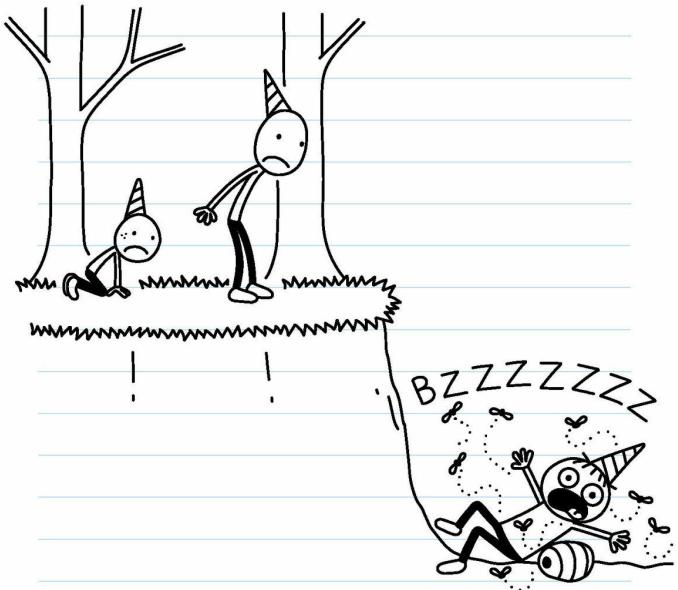
But eventually Tevin found us and now he
was acting TOTALLY nuts.



I took a few steps back to get out of
Tevin's way but that's when I fell into a
giant ditch. Luckily the ditch wasn't TOO
deep or I probably would've broke some
bones. But when I got to my feet I heard
this buzzing noise all around me.

It turned out there was a HORNET'S
NEST at the bottom of the ditch and
they were all stirred up.

I got stung twelve times and two of the
stings were inside my MOUTH.



Mrs. Larkin drove me home early and
Greg hitched a ride too.

Anyway Greg is always saying he "owes
me" for getting him out of that party
and I put it in this book in case I ever need
to remind him.

GREG'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Every biography I've ever read for school
has a chapter called "Accomplishments" so
I figure I better add that in here before I
forget.

The problem is that Greg is only a kid
and most of his accomplishments haven't
happened yet. So I'll leave some blank
space here and I can fill it in later on.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.
- 9.
- 10.

THE TIME ME AND GREG DISTURBED
AN ANCIENT BURIAL GROUND

If you were spooked out by that goat
man story from before then you might
want to skip this one. OK if you are still
reading, remember I warned you.

One time me and Greg were playing vikings
and ninjas in the woods and then some
teenagers came by and ruined our fun.

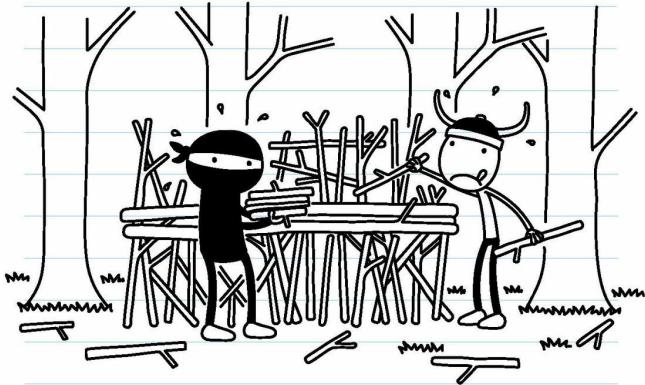


BUT THAT'S NOT EVEN THE SCARY
PART YET so keep reading.

Me and Greg went farther back in the
woods to get away from those teens.

Greg said we should build a fort so
if they came looking for us we could
protect ourselves.

So we spent the rest of the afternoon
making a fort out of sticks and logs.



Greg said we should put some rocks in our
fort in case things got REALLY bad, but
it was starting to get dark and there
weren't a lot of rocks lying around in the
woods anyway.

But then I tripped over something and
guess what? It was a big ROCK.



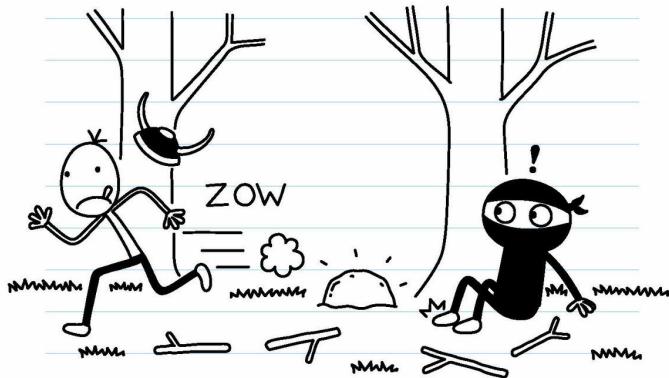
I told Greg I thought I sprained my ankle
but he was a lot more worried about that
rock than my injury.

Greg said it wasn't a rock, it was a
GRAVESTONE and we just disturbed an
ANCIENT BURIAL GROUND.



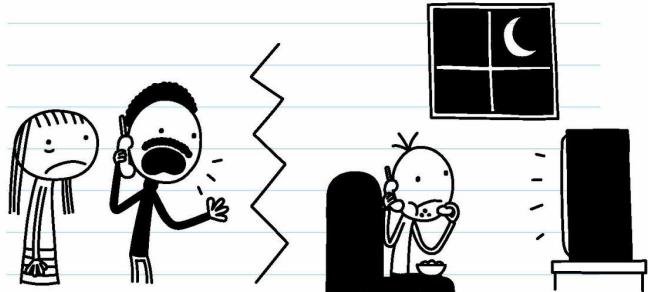
I guess you already knew that was coming
because it was in the title of this chapter.
I'll probably change it later on so I don't
give the surprise away.

Anyway me and Greg were TOTALLY
spooked out by this ancient burial ground
thing and by now it was REALLY dark
out so we were extra scared. But Greg
must've totally forgot about my ankle
because he took off and I couldn't keep up.

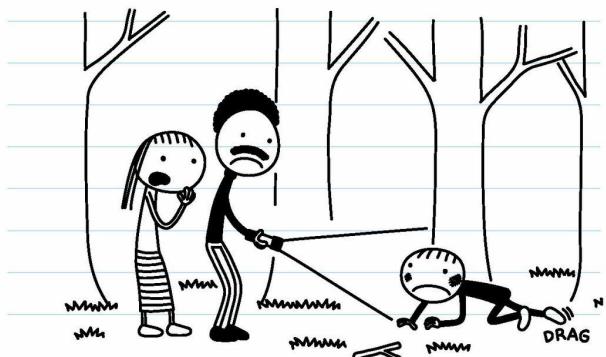


I kept waiting for Greg to come back but
he never did.

Luckily my parents called Greg's house
to ask where I was and that helped him
remember I was still out there.



And just to show you what a great pal
Greg is, he let my parents borrow his
flashlight and pointed them in the right
direction.

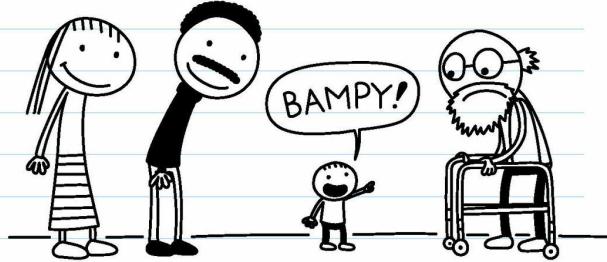


AN EVEN MORE SCARY STORY

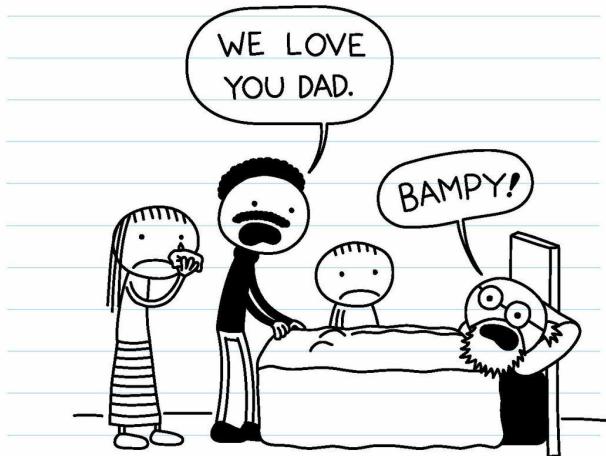
OK while I'm on the topic of scary stuff
I want to share a story about something
that happened a couple years ago.

One time I was at my grandpa's log
cabin with my dad for the weekend and
we took a hike and I got kind of dirty.
Well technically it's my DAD'S cabin now
because my grandpa died the year before.

I called my grandpa "Bampy," and the
reason I called him that is because when I
was two I couldn't say "Grampa."

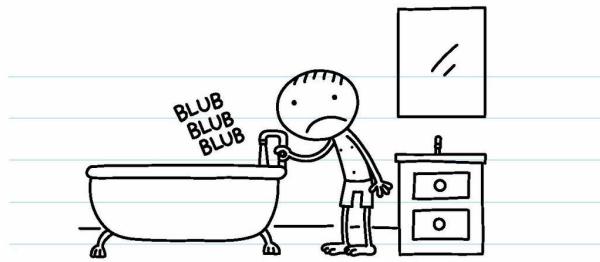


But when I got older and I COULD say
"Grampa," nobody would let me change it.
And when my grandpa got older it's the
only word he really said.



So anyway back to the story. After I got
dirty from that hike my dad said I had to
take a shower.

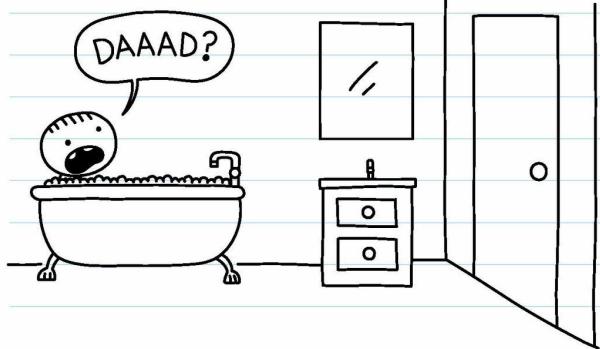
But Bampy's cabin is really old and it
doesn't HAVE a shower, it just has one
of those creepy old-fashioned tubs.



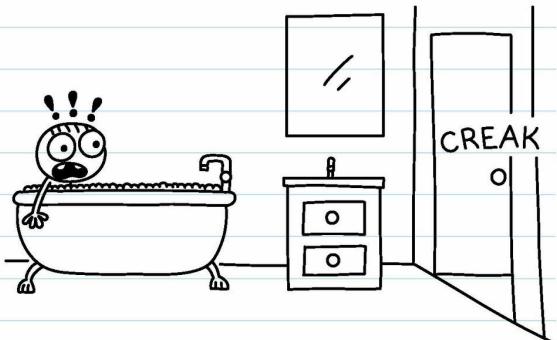
After I filled up the tub with water and
got in, here's what happened NEXT.

I heard footsteps coming down the hall
and I thought it was my dad bringing me a
towel or something.

CLOMP
CLOMP
CLOMP



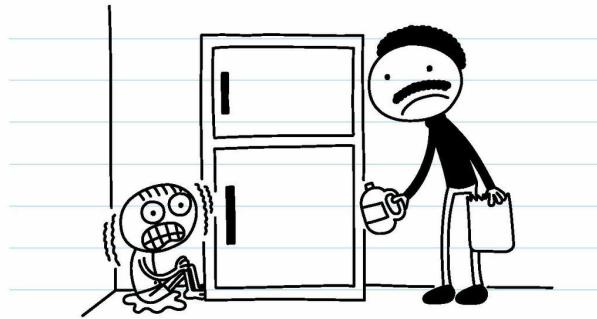
Then the door opened real slow, but
guess what? NO ONE WAS EVEN THERE.



I jumped out of the tub and ran around
the house looking everywhere for my dad.

And if you're thinking "Oh Rowley the
door thing was your dad playing a trick
on you," well guess what? It WASN'T.

My dad was getting some milk at the
store and he didn't come back until like a
half hour later.



I told my dad what happened with the door
and he said it was probably just the "wind."

But I know what it was: the GHOST OF
BAMPY.



BAMPY!



THE TIME GREG PLAYED A
HILARIOUS PRANK ON ME

OK I know the last chapter didn't have a lot of Greg in it but I wanted to mention that story real quick because the Bampy thing totally FREAKED ME OUT.

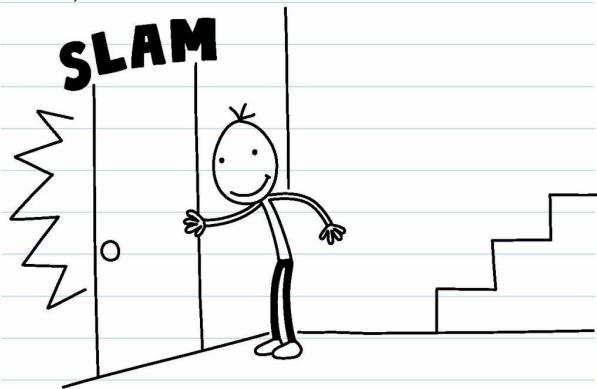
If you like scary stuff then you're in luck because this one is pretty scary too.

One day me and Greg were hanging out at my house and Greg told me he saw on the news that there was a burglar going around breaking into people's homes.



Then he said he had to go home for dinner,
and once he left I started getting scared
because my parents weren't around.

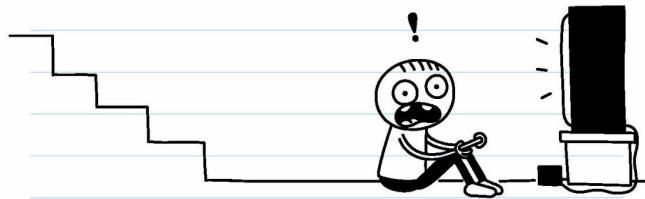
But here's the thing: I found out later
that Greg just PRETENDED to leave.
He shut the front door but then stayed
inside my house.



He took off his shoes and walked up the
stairs super quiet so I couldn't hear him.

Then he started stomping around real
loud upstairs. At first I thought it was the
ghost of Bampy all over again.

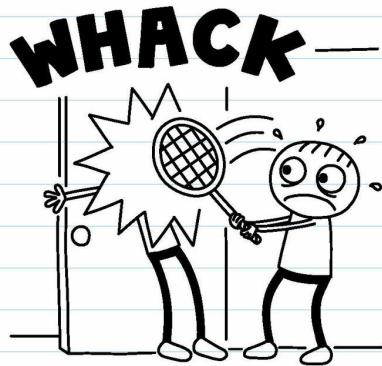
Then I realized it was probably that
BURGLAR Greg told me about and I
almost peed my pants for the second
time in this biography.



I heard footsteps coming down the
stairs and I ran into the garage to hide
from the burglar.

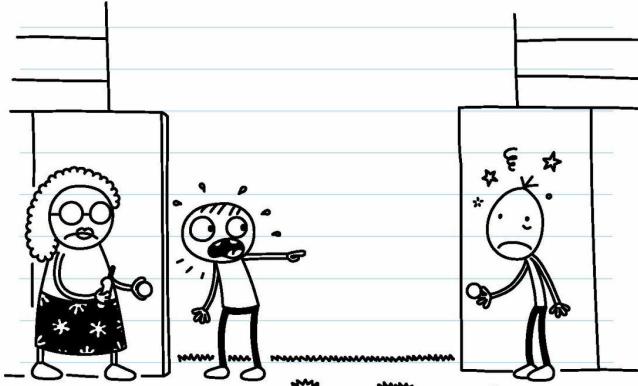
It was PITCH BLACK in the garage but
I didn't want to make a move until I was
sure that guy was gone.

Then all of a sudden the door to the
garage opened real slow and I knew the
burglar was gonna get me if I didn't do
something. So I whacked him in the face
with my dad's tennis racket and made a
run for it.



Then I ran out the front door and went
to Mrs. Monroe's house next door to tell
her to call the COPS.

But then Greg came out of my house and
that's when I found out the whole thing
was just one of his hilarious pranks.



Greg was mad at me for two whole
weeks and he said I should've known from
the way the footsteps sounded that it
was HIM and not a burglar.

I guess he's got a pretty good point
about that since he is always playing
wacky pranks on me. So I feel kind of bad
about whacking him with a tennis racket.

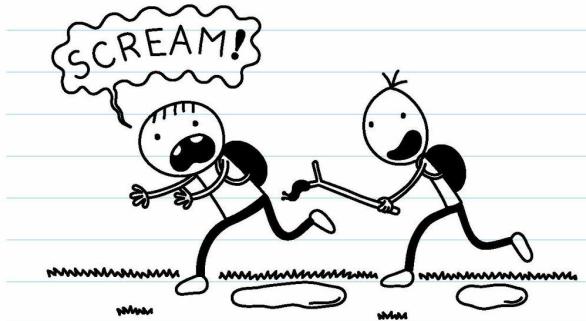
but not really

ANOTHER TIME GREG

GOT MAD AT ME

OK that last story made me remember
another time Greg got mad at me.

Me and Greg were walking home from
school a few months ago and there were
slugs everywhere because it just rained
the night before. And whenever there
are slugs lying around, Greg chases me
with one.



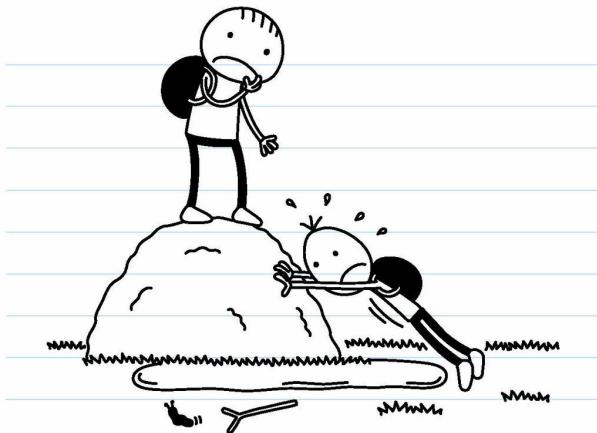
I guess it's pretty funny if you think
about it but it's never that funny when
it's happening.

Luckily I am really fast when someone
is chasing me with a slug so I got away
from Greg by climbing up on the big rock
in Mr. Yee's front yard.

Greg tried to get me to climb down but I
stayed right where I was.



Greg tried to fling the slug at me but he
lost his balance and almost fell in a giant
puddle in front of the rock. He was stuck
and I felt bad for him because he is my
best friend after all.



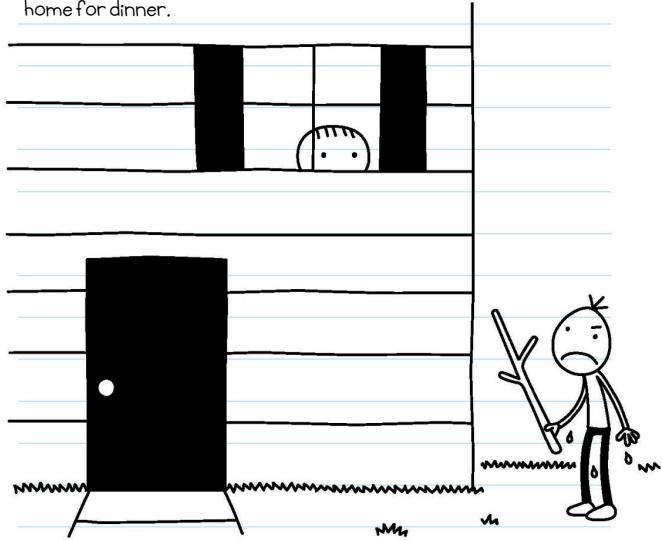
I got down from the rock and tried to help

Greg. He told me to pull him back up on his
feet but I guess I heard him wrong.

I grabbed him BY his feet and that turned
out to be a pretty dumb move.



I didn't know WHAT Greg was gonna do
once he got out of that puddle but I didn't
wanna stick around to find out. So I ran
to my house and locked myself in my room
and didn't come out until Greg got called
home for dinner.



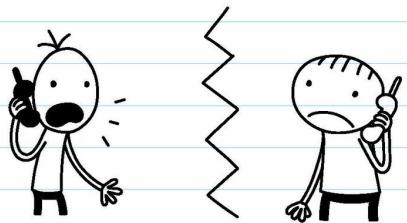
The next day Greg said he was gonna
get me back when I "least expect it." I
just hope Greg forgets because when
it comes to paybacks he's got a good
imagination.

THE TIME WHEN GREG CREATED
A SPECIAL AWARD JUST FOR ME

OK the last two chapters were about times Greg got mad at me but this chapter is the total OPPOSITE.

This one's about the time when I did something Greg thought was really awesome so then he did something really awesome for ME.

Anyway this one Saturday last fall me and Greg were supposed to hang out at my house but he said he couldn't because he had to clean his garage. Then he said if I came and helped him we'd be done TWICE as quick. But I said no thanks I'll wait.



Then Greg said if I helped him he'd give me
HALF of his Halloween candy.

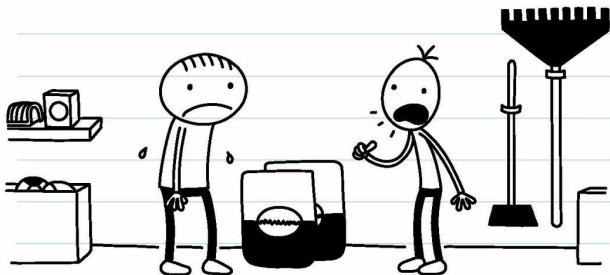
Well that was a really big deal to me
because my parents went through all my
candy on Halloween night and they barely
let me keep ANYTHING.



But I knew Greg still had a TON of candy
because his parents don't make him throw
out ANYTHING. So I told him OK I'll be
right over.

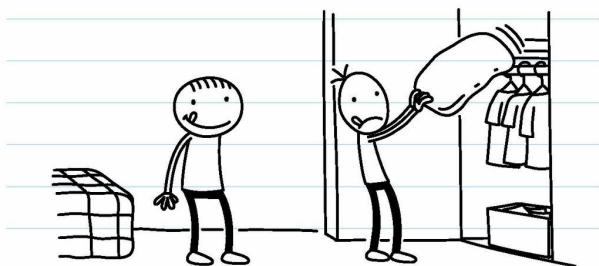
Cleaning Greg's garage was hard work and
it took like three hours.

After we were done Greg said OK now
let's go hang out at your place.

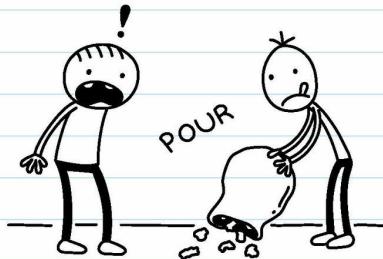


I said hey what about that CANDY and
Greg said oh yeah I forgot. But I knew
that was gonna happen because whenever
Greg owes me stuff he forgets.

We went up to Greg's room and he got his
bag of candy out of the closet.

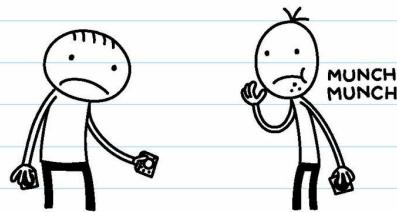


But when he emptied out the bag it was
almost all WRAPPERS.

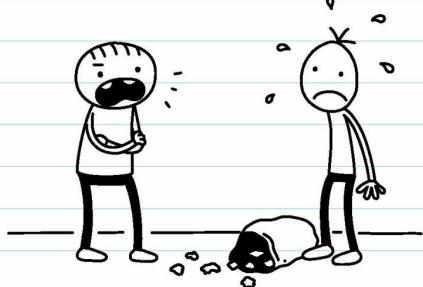


The only things LEFT were three
jawbreakers and a little box of raisins.

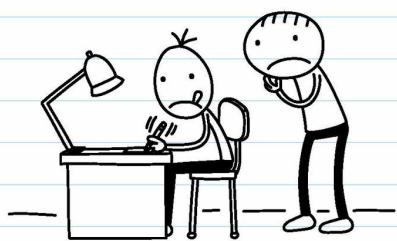
I told Greg he promised me a TON of
candy and he said he only promised HALF.
Then he said a deal's a deal and he gave me
a jawbreaker and the box of raisins.



I told Greg I was gonna tell his MOM. And
then Greg got real worried because he
said his mom would be mad at him if she
found out he ate all his Halloween candy
already.



Greg said he was gonna give me something
WAY better than candy, and he got out
a piece of paper and a pencil and started
drawing at his desk.



When Greg was done he handed me the
piece of paper and here's what was on it.

GOOD BOY

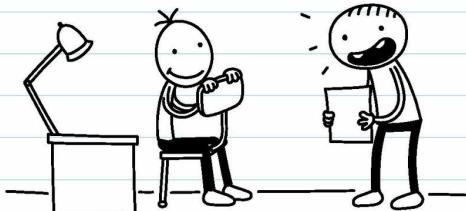


AWARD

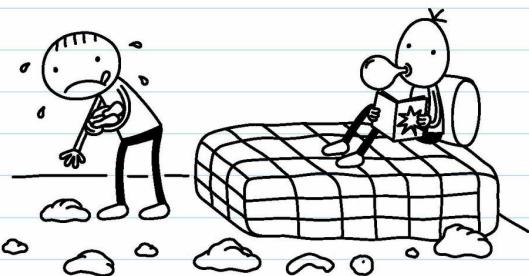
Greg said Good Boy awards are SUPER
rare and you have to do something really
AWESOME to get one.

He said I was EXTRA lucky because this
was the first ever Good Boy award he'd
ever given out and it was gonna be worth
alotofmoney.

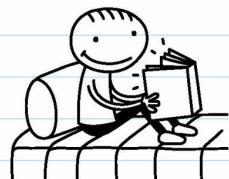
Well I knew Greg was just trying to get
out of giving me the candy he owed me so
I tried to act like I thought this Good Boy
award thing was dumb. But somehow Greg
could tell I thought it was kind of COOL.



Well that was only the FIRST Good Boy
award but I got a lot MORE. For the next
few weeks Greg made me one every time
I did something awesome for him.



After a while I had a TON of Good Boy awards. And I kept them in a binder in clear plastic sheets so they wouldn't get messed up.



But then I started to feel like maybe my Good Boy awards weren't that rare anymore since I had so MANY of them. Plus Greg was making the new ones a lot quicker than he made that first one and they didn't seem all that special.

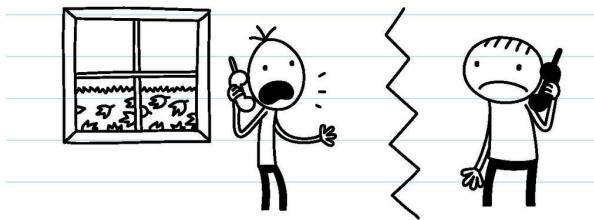
GOOD BOY



AWARD

So one time when Greg called and asked
me to come down and help him rake his
yard I told him I couldn't because I had
homework.

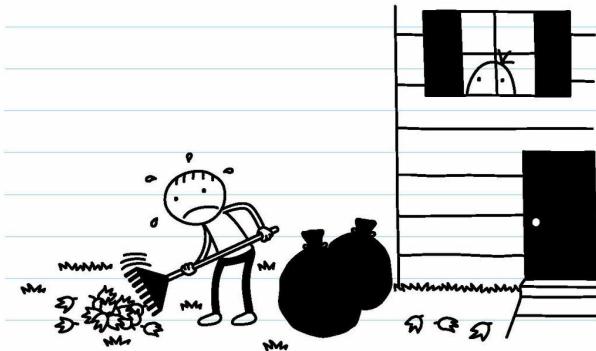
And Greg said that's too bad because he
came up with a totally new kind of Good
Boy award and he was sad I wasn't gonna
get to see it.



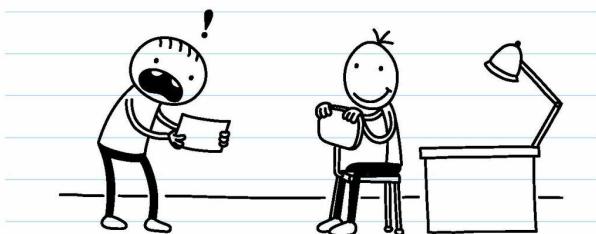
I was like well at least TELL me about it,
and Greg said he COULDN'T because it
was top secret and he didn't wanna ruin
the surprise.

Then he said he was gonna call Scotty
Douglas and see if HE wanted to help rake
the yard and I said OK I'll be right over.

Well I wish I knew we had to rake the
front yard AND the back because it was a
lot of work. Plus I had to do it MYSELF
because Greg was busy making that new
award.



When I was finally done Greg gave me my
award and I've got to say it was even more
awesome than I THOUGHT it would be.



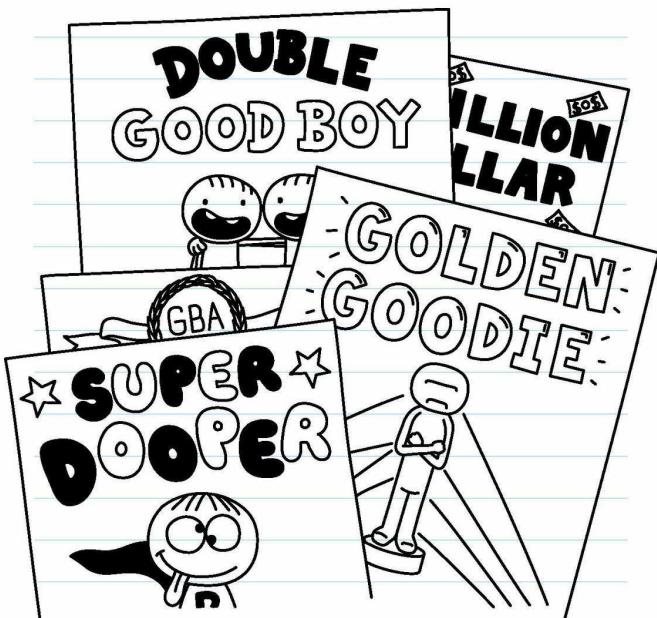
This new one was called a SUPER Good
Boy award. Greg said one Super Good Boy
award was worth FIFTY regular Good
Boy awards and I could totally see WHY.



In the next few weeks I earned a BUNCH
of Super Good Boy awards but after a
while even THOSE didn't seem all that
special.

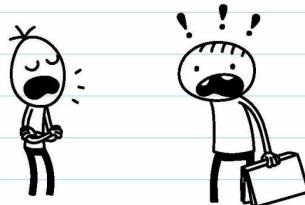
Besides I was spending a lot of time doing
stuff for Greg and I wasn't getting my
OWN chores done.

But every time I told Greg I didn't need
any more Good Boy awards he'd come up
with something NEW and then I'd have to
have THAT.



After a while I had so many awards that
my binder was STUFFED and I couldn't fit
new ones in. So I told Greg I wasn't gonna
try to earn any more no matter WHAT.

But Greg said that's OK because he made
up a whole NEW system and I should
probably just recycle my old awards.

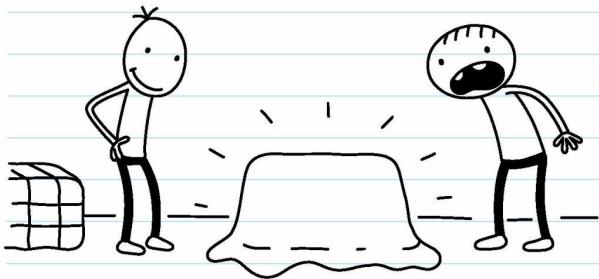


I was pretty mad because I worked HARD
for those awards and now Greg said they
were totally WORTHLESS.

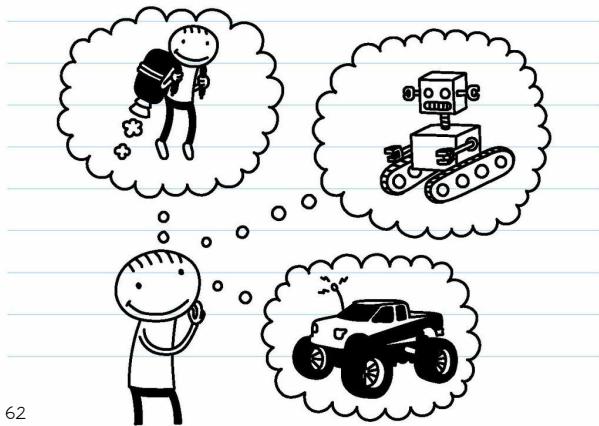
But I was still curious about this new
system so I asked him about it. Greg said
the new idea was called "Li'l Goodies" and
it was a POINT system and there wasn't
any paper involved.

Greg said that every time I did something
NICE for him I'd get a Li'l Goodie point.
And once I got fifty Li'l Goodies I'd get a
Fantastic Prize.

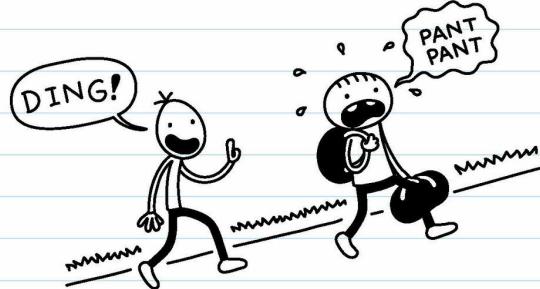
I was like OK what's the prize? And Greg
said he couldn't tell me but it was under a
sheet in his bedroom.



Well I couldn't figure out what was under
that sheet but I could GUESS. And a LOT
of my guesses were things I really wanted.



So I spent about a month doing lots of things for Greg and he gave me a Li'l Goodie point each time, like he promised.



Eventually I got to fifty Li'l Goodies. And I told Greg I was ready to turn them in for that Fantastic Prize.

But Greg told me that since it was the first day of the month my Li'l Goodie total got reset back to ZERO. And I said well you never told me about that rule and he said well you never ASKED.

I was really MAD and I yanked the sheet off the Fantastic Prize so I could see what it was.

But guess what? It was a LAUNDRY
BASKET filled with dirty clothes.



I told Greg he was a crummy friend for
making me do all that work for a phony
prize. But he said the laundry thing was
just a TEST to see if I'd peek and that
I failed the test.

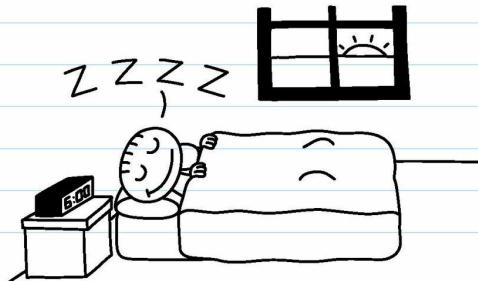
Then he said the REAL prize was locked in
the basement and that now I was gonna
have to earn a HUNDRED Li'l Goodies to
get it.

All I can say is I'm not a FOOL. I'm
gonna take my TIME earning those Li'l
Goodies, so if Greg thinks I'm in a rush to
get that Fantastic Prize he's gonna be
disappointed.

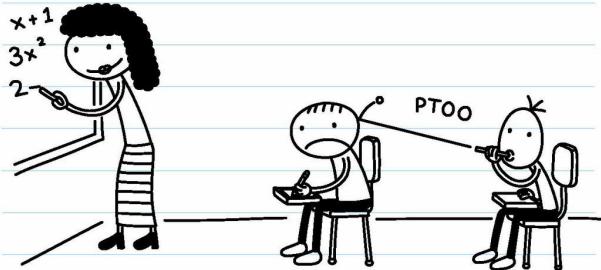
THE TIME I FOUND OUT GREG IS
A LOUSY STUDY PARTNER

OK I know this is Greg's official biography
and I don't want to put any negative
stuff about him in here. But Greg if you
are reading this I just need to say you
are a TERRIBLE study partner. I hope
that doesn't hurt your feelings but
somebody has to tell you the truth.

Most of the time I don't really need to
study for tests because I pay attention
in class and I do my homework. Plus Mom
always says it's important to get a good
night's sleep so on school nights I go to
bed extra early.



But this one time we had a really hard
chapter in math and I had trouble paying
attention in class that week. That's
mostly because Greg moved to the seat
right behind me.



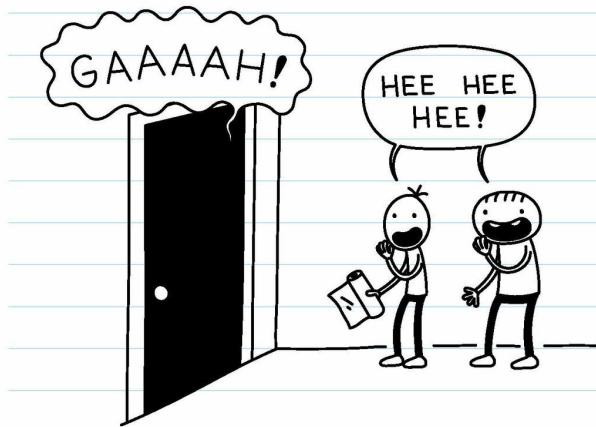
The night before the test I knew I was
gonna have to go over the chapter and
do some practice problems at home. But
when I told Greg my plan he said we should
study TOGETHER.

I wasn't sure that was such a good idea
because when it comes to school stuff
sometimes it's hard for Greg to focus.

But Greg said we're best friends and best
friends should study together so I guess
that made sense to me.

Well the FIRST thing we had to do
was find a place to study. Greg said
we couldn't be at HIS house because his
brother Rodrick was having band practice.

And Greg was banned from MY house
because he played a practical joke where
he put plastic wrap over our toilet bowl
and he got my dad pretty good.



Greg said we should go to the LIBRARY

because it was quiet there and nobody

would bug us. So Mrs. Heffley gave us a

ride to the library after dinner and we

found a table where we could do our work.

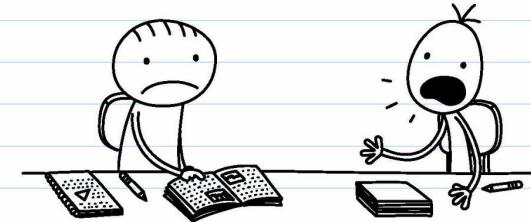
We got out our books and I said maybe we

should do practice problems to see what

we needed to work on. But Greg said he

hadn't even READ the chapter yet so we

needed to start from the BEGINNING.



Well that was kind of a waste of time

for me so I told Greg he could read the

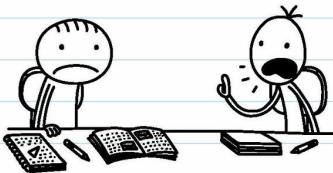
chapter on his OWN to catch up. But

Greg said I was being a bad study partner

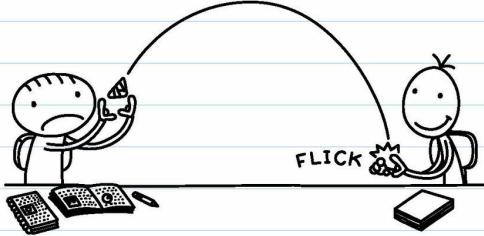
and that we were supposed to do

everything TOGETHER.

I said OK fine let's start from the beginning of the chapter and go through the whole thing. But Greg said before we got started we needed to plan our study breaks so we didn't get too stressed out.

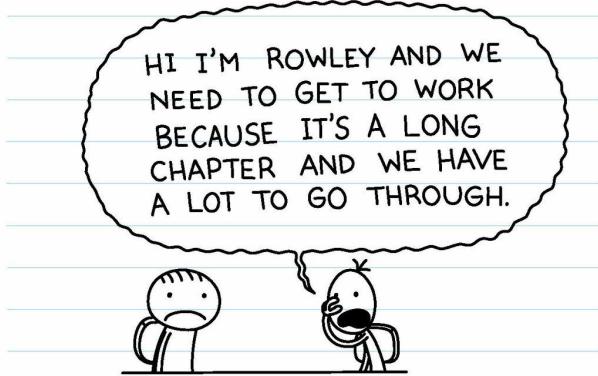


Then he said we should START with a break so we'd get off on the right foot. And that's what we did even though it seemed like a bad idea to me.

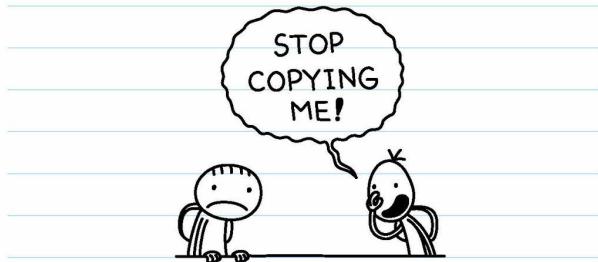


After like ten minutes I said we need to get to work because it's a long chapter and we have a lot to go through.

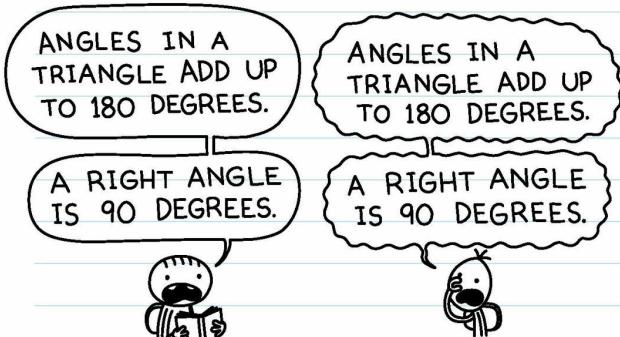
Well don't ask me why but Greg pinched
his nose with his fingers and said the
same exact thing I said but with a really
annoying voice.



I told Greg to stop copying me but that
just made him copy me even MORE.



Finally I got smart and started reading
the chapter out loud.

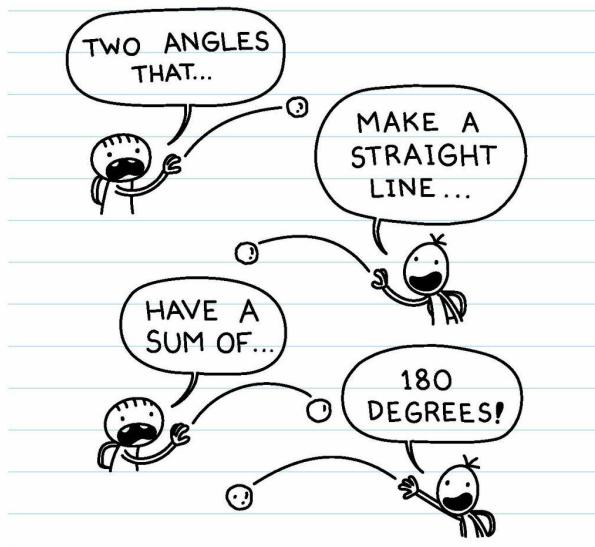


After a while Greg figured out what I was
doing and he stopped copying me.

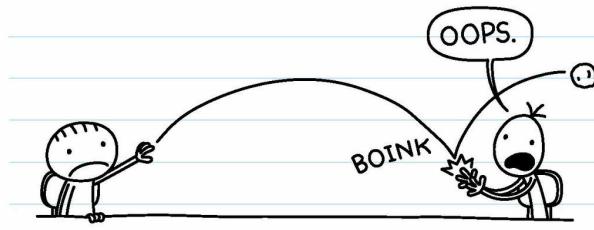
I told him maybe it would be better if we
both just read the chapter quietly, but
Greg said that wasn't his "learning style"
and he needed to make things FUN so
they would stick.

I said what do you mean? And Greg said he
knew a way to make learning math into a
GAME.

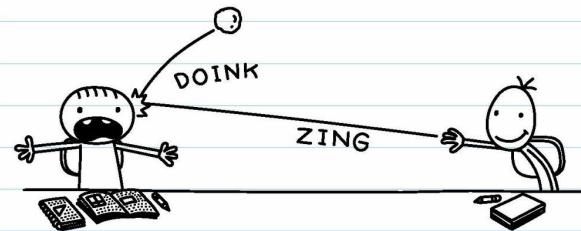
First he balled up a piece of notebook paper. He said we should take turns reading a few words from the chapter and toss the paper ball back and forth each time. So we tried it and it worked for a little while, I guess.



But whenever someone DROPPED the paper ball Greg said we had to start the whole page OVER.



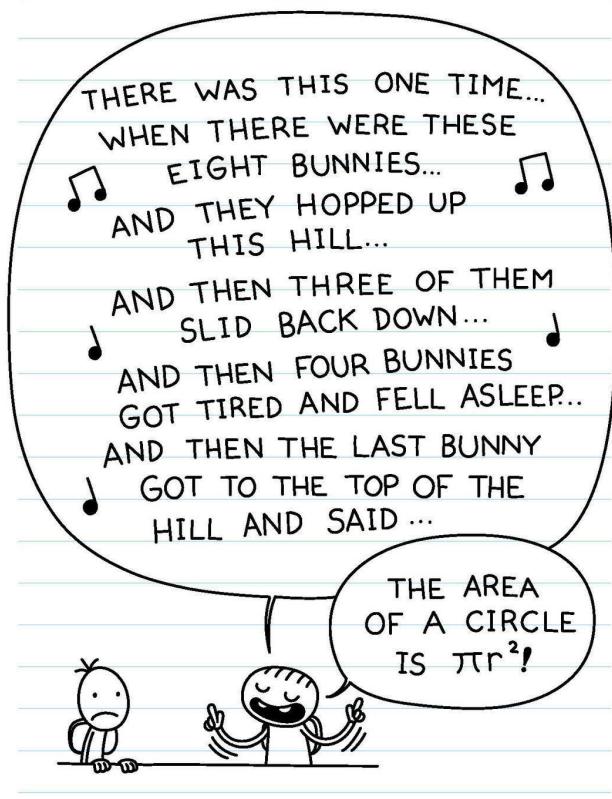
And sometimes I think Greg was trying to
make me drop the ball on PURPOSE.



I told Greg we were wasting too much
time and we needed to do this another
way. And Greg said he didn't care HOW we
studied as long as it was FUN.

So I told Greg a trick my dad taught
ME. He said that whenever I had trouble
remembering something I should make up a
SONG to make it easier.

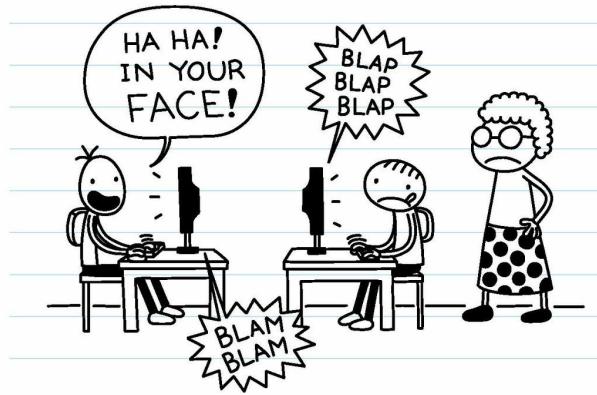
Then I sang the song I made up to help me
remember how to get the area of a circle.



Greg said that was the dumbest thing he
ever heard and I said well if it's so dumb
then why do I have a 95 in math and you
only have a 72?

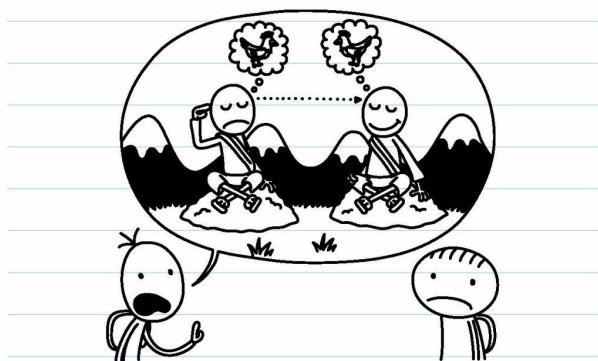


I guess Greg didn't have a good answer to
that and he said it was time for another
break. So we played video games on the
library computer until some grown-up
reported us to the librarian for making
too much noise.

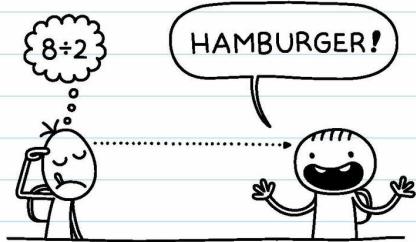


When we got back to the table Greg said
we weren't studying the right way and
that he had an idea of how we could do
it BETTER. He said he'd read the FIRST
half of the chapter and I'd read the
LAST half and then we could team up
during the test.

I said well you're not allowed to TALK
during the test so I didn't see how that
was gonna work. Then Greg told me
about these monks who can transmit
their thoughts through the air if they
concentrate real hard.



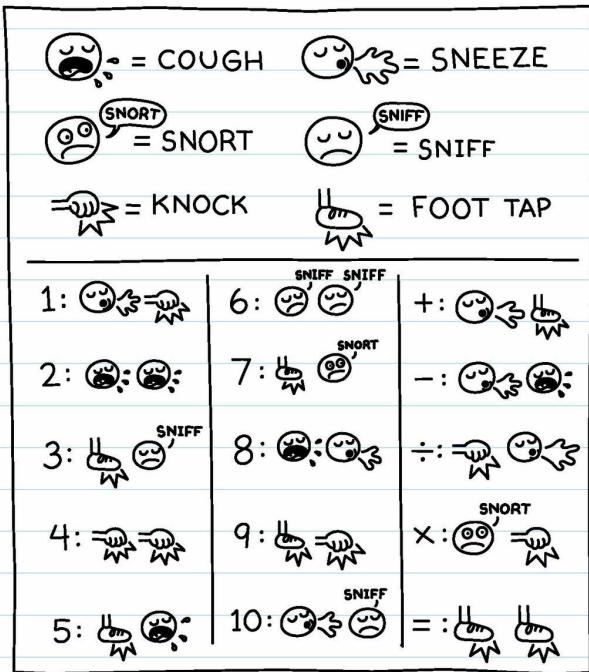
So we tried doing it but I guess I couldn't concentrate good enough to make it work.



Greg said we needed to figure out a DIFFERENT way to communicate during the test.

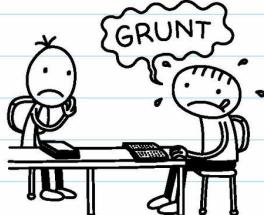
I said if we just studied the chapter we wouldn't NEED to communicate, but once Greg gets something in his head he doesn't let it go.

He made up this whole system of sneezes and coughs and stuff so we could talk to each other during the test without our teacher Ms. Beck noticing. But there was a lot to remember so I wrote it all down.

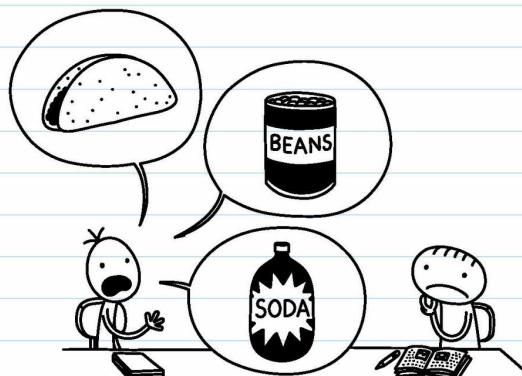


I said well what if one of us needs to ask
 the other guy a QUESTION and Greg
 said you just put a question mark at the
 end. And I said well we don't have a signal
 for a question mark and Greg said it could
 be a fart.

I told Greg I didn't think I could fart if I
didn't really NEED to and Greg told me to
try anyway and I did but nothing came out.



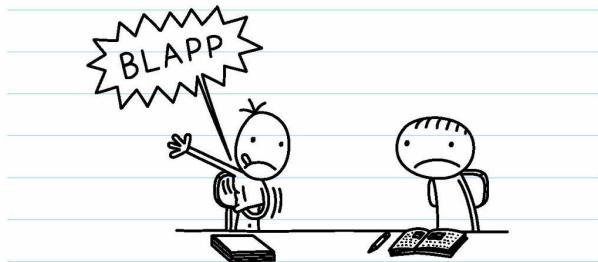
So Greg told me some different foods I
could eat for breakfast that would make
it easier to do a question mark.



But that idea made me nervous because
the last time I went to Greg's we drank
a bunch of soda and tried to burp the
alphabet, and I got sick on the letter "B"
and had to go home early.



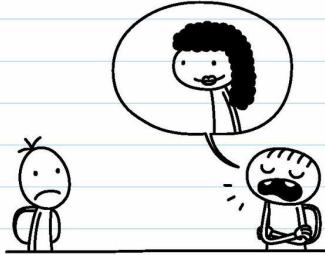
Greg said OK if I couldn't fart for REAL
then it would be OK to make a fake fart
noise under my arm.



That's when I told Greg I thought this
was a bad idea and it was CHEATING to
send each other signals during the test.

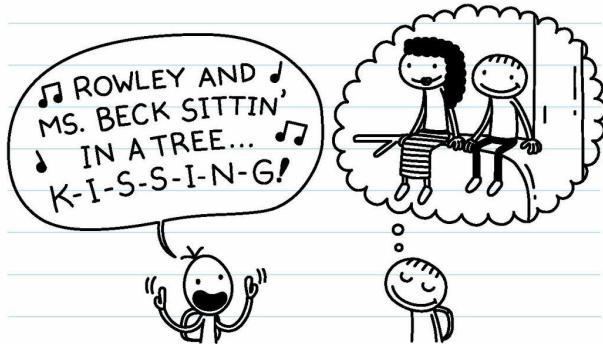
Greg said I was being a goody-two-shoes
and that the only reason I wanted to
get a good grade in math was because
I was a teacher's pet and I was in love
with Ms. Beck.

I said I was NOT in love with Ms. Beck but
that I just like her personality and the
way she smells.

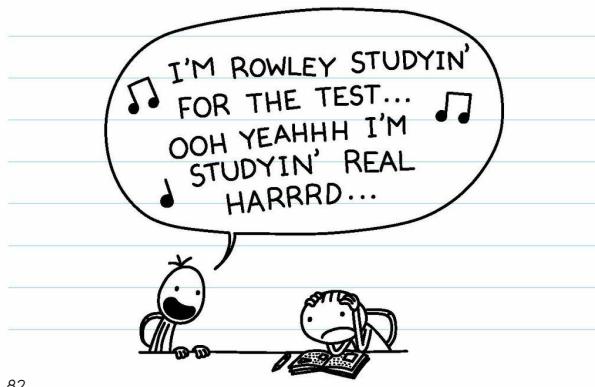


So Greg said that PROVES I'm in love
with Ms. Beck and then he sang that song
about two people sitting in a tree.

I knew Greg was trying to make me mad
but for some reason the song didn't really
bother me that much.



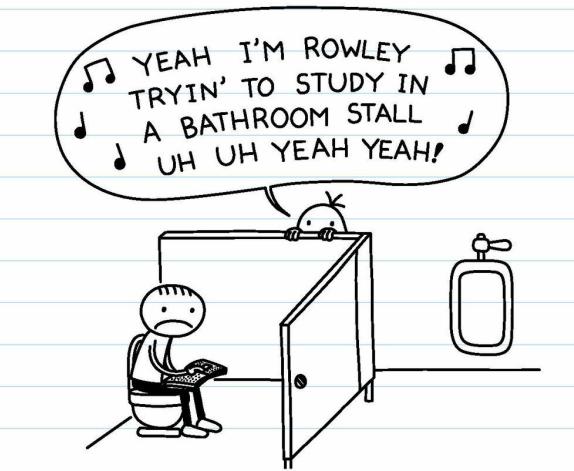
I guess Greg got mad that he wasn't
making ME mad so he started singing
even MORE.



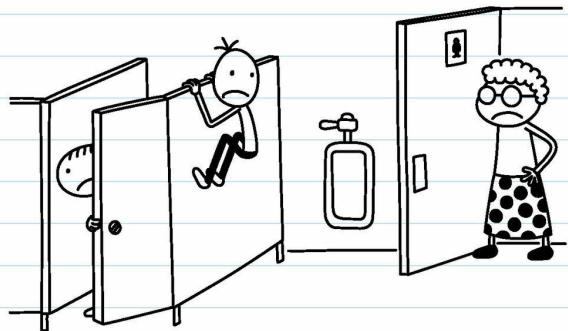
I tried to tune him out but he just got
louder and louder.



Then I went into the bathroom and tried
to study in THERE but Greg followed me.



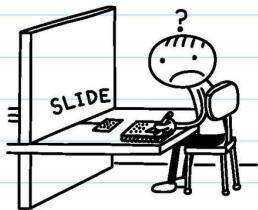
But I guess somebody else complained
because the librarian came in and told us
we both had to get out of there.



Then she said if we made any more noise
she was gonna have to call our parents and
have them come get us. Well that sounded
great to ME but I don't think Greg was
ready to go home so he promised we'd
quiet down.

I really didn't wanna sit at the same table
as Greg anymore so I moved to one of
those desks with dividers between them.
But Greg sat right across from me.

I was starting to get some work done but
then Greg slid a note under the divider.



He had a math question so I answered him
and passed the note back.

Hey Rowley
what do the
angles in a
quadrilateral
add up to?
- Greg

360
degrees.
- R

And then Greg asked me ANOTHER
question. But I didn't really mind because
this was a MILLION times better than
the way we were doing things before.

But then Greg slid the note back and it
had another question on it that didn't
have anything to do with math at ALL.

Check one. I am embarrassed
I wet the bed last night.

YES

NO

Well I checked the NO box because I
DIDN'T wet the bed. I slid the note to
Greg but then he wrote something on it
and slid it BACK.

YES

NO

Ha ha ha you're not
embarrassed you wet
the bed.

That made me kind of mad because that's
not what I MEANT. But I didn't wanna
spend a lot of time explaining myself
because I really needed to get back to
studying.

So Greg wrote ANOTHER note and slid it
under the divider.

Truth or Dare?

TRUTH DARE

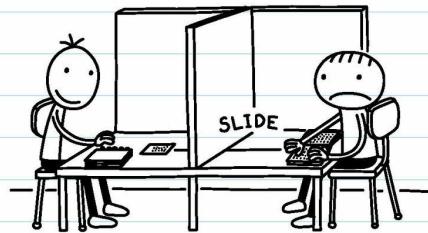
I didn't wanna take a dare from Greg
so I picked TRUTH. But I didn't like the
question Greg came up with.

TRUTH DARE

Are you in love
with Ms. Beck?

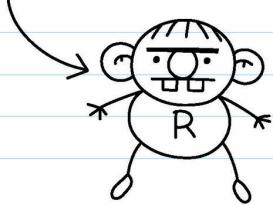
OK I switch
to Dare.

Then Greg dared me to get him a soda
from the vending machine. I didn't know
that was the way truth or dare WORKED
but I was just glad Greg didn't make me
answer that question.

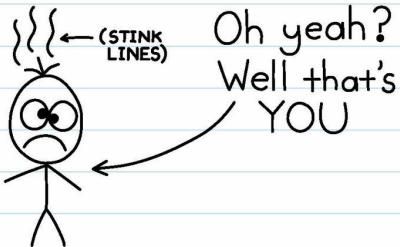


After I got Greg his soda I did a little more
studying but then he started up with the
notes again.

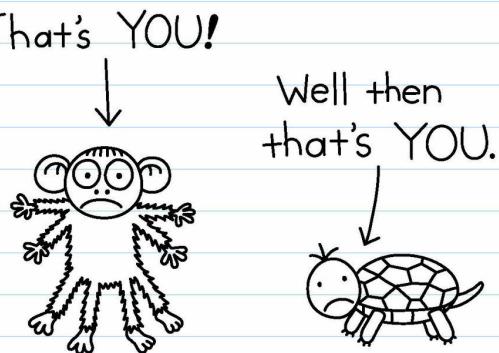
Hey Rowley
THAT'S YOU



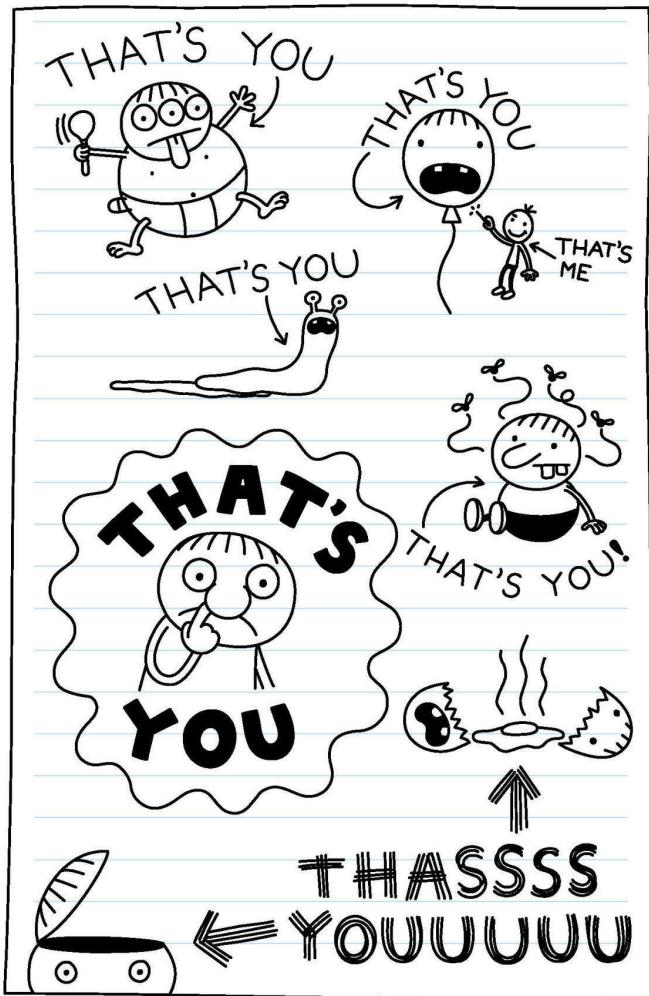
Well I didn't like THAT so I sent back a
drawing of my OWN.

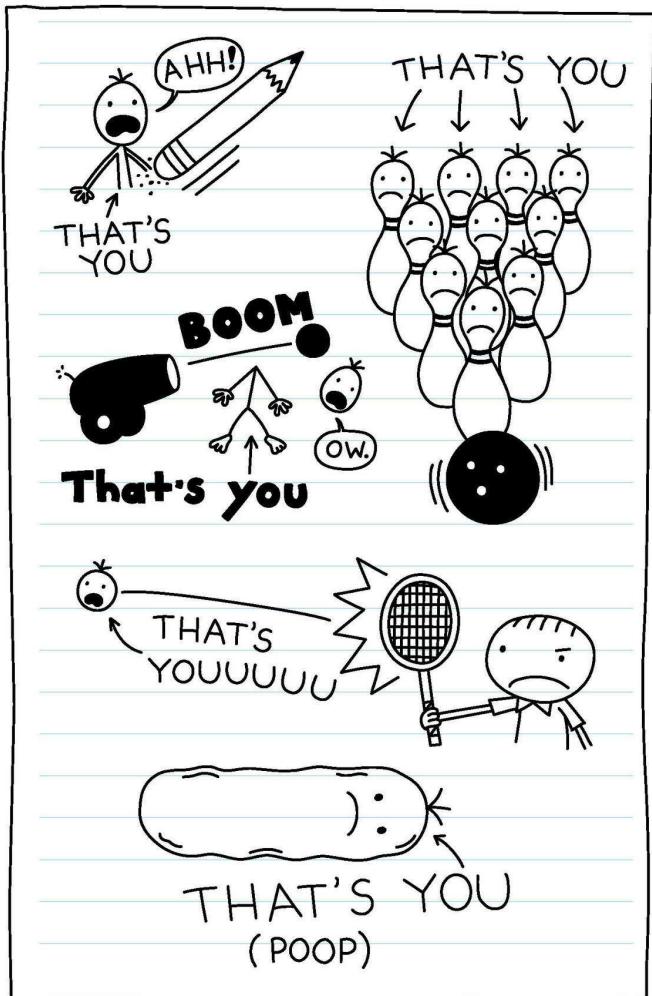


And then Greg drew another picture of
ME and I drew another one of HIM.

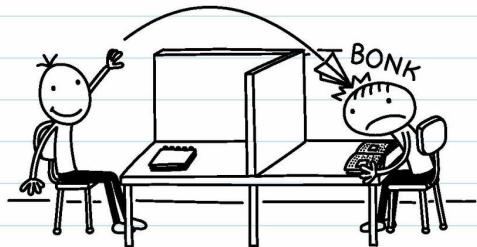


After a while we filled up two whole
PAGES with drawings.





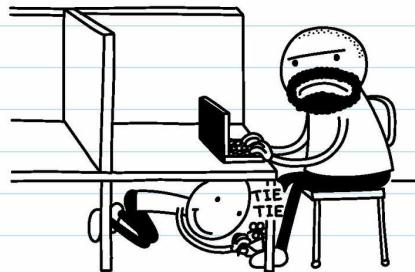
Greg tried to start a NEW page of
drawings but I just ignored him. And I
guess he didn't like that because he kept
trying to get my attention.



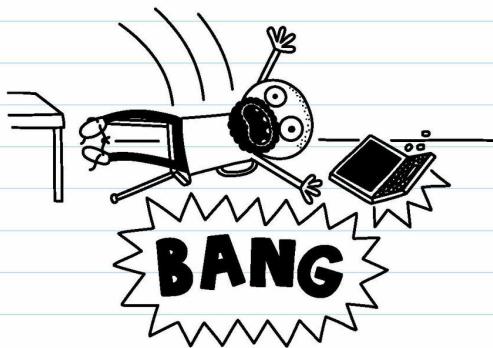
I decided to move to a new spot that
wasn't so close to Greg. I was glad I could
finally get some peace and quiet but
THAT didn't last long.



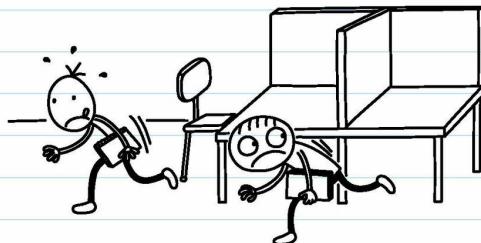
If you're wondering what that "bang" was
all about, well here's what happened. When
I got up and moved to another desk some
grown-up took my spot. And I guess Greg
thought it was still ME and he tied the
guy's shoes together.



Then when the guy stood up he fell
backward.



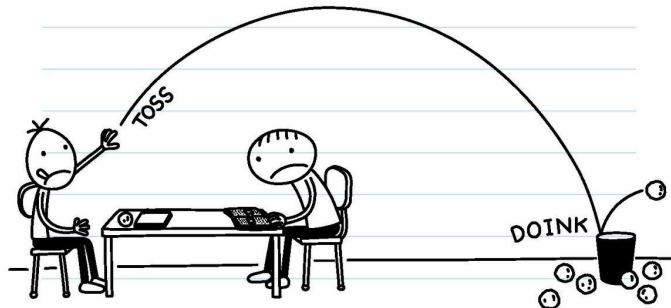
After that happened Greg got out of
there as fast as he could. I figured I'd
better get out of there TOO because I
didn't want that guy to think I was the
one who tied his shoes together.



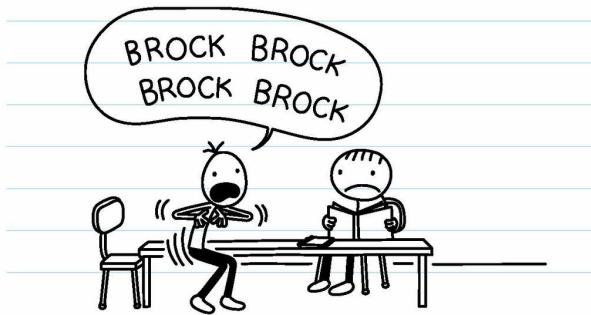
I followed Greg into the children's section
where there was an empty table. He put
his stuff at one end and I sat down at
the other so I didn't have to be too close
to him.

Greg said we should take another study
break but I said I was gonna keep working.
Then Greg balled up a piece of paper and
tried to throw it in the trash can across
theroom.

He missed but he kept shooting balled-up
pieces of paper which made it hard for me
to concentrate.

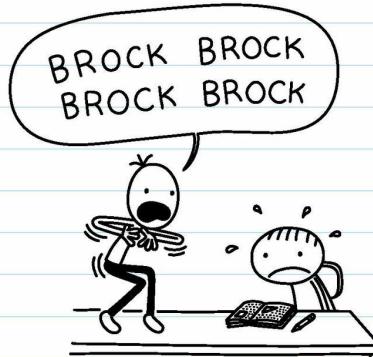


Then Greg finally made a basket and he
said he bet I couldn't make the same shot
as him. But when I told him I really needed
to study he said I was too scared to try
and then he started acting like a CHICKEN.



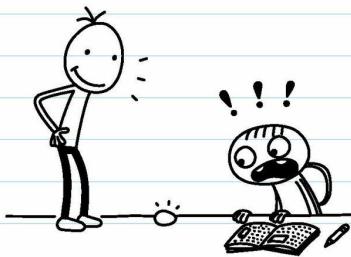
I tried to ignore him but it wasn't so easy.

ESPECIALLY when he got up on the table.

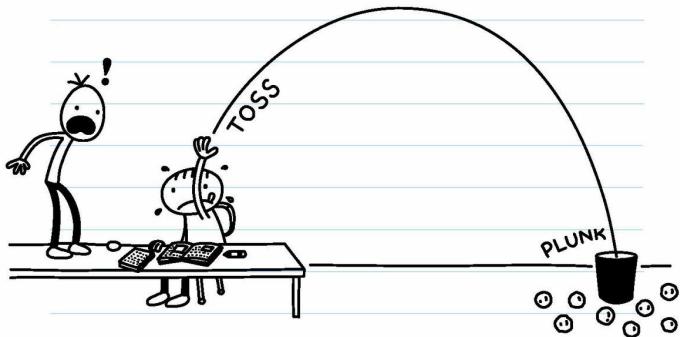


Then all of a sudden Greg sat down on the table and started making grunting noises.

At first I thought he might be having a bathroom emergency. But when he got up there was an EGG.



Well I didn't want Greg to lay another egg
so I balled up a piece of paper and tossed
it at the trash can. And I wasn't looking
to see if it went in but I guess it DID.



Greg said my shot was total LUCK and
there was no WAY I could make it again
even if I tried a thousand times. But I
decided I wasn't GONNA try again.

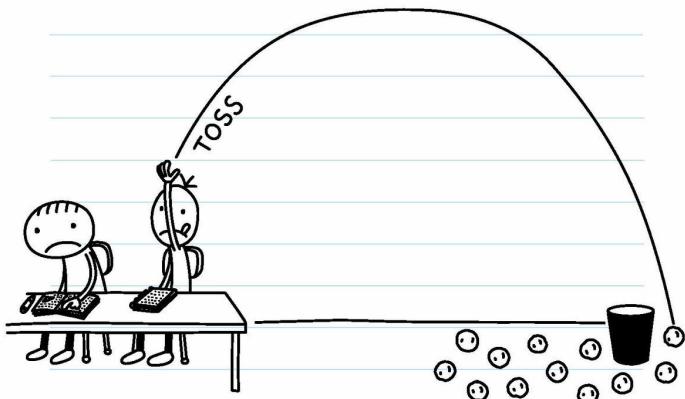


Greg said I COULDN'T retire but I said
yeah I COULD. And it was his own fault
for giving me the idea anyway.

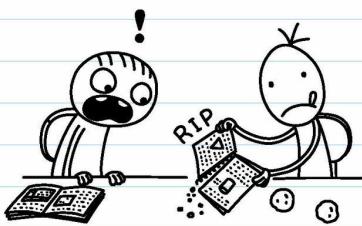
One time I had my birthday party at the
bowling alley and Greg hit a strike with his
first ball. Then he retired and it ruined the
game for everyone else.



When Greg couldn't get me to UN-retire he
tried making a backward shot HIMSELF.
But he went through like a million pieces
of notebook paper and he couldn't even
come CLOSE. I was just glad he was
leaving me alone because I was getting a
lot of work done.



I finished the practice test and then I was
gonna go over my notes from class. But
that's when I found out Greg was getting
all his paper from MY NOTEBOOK.

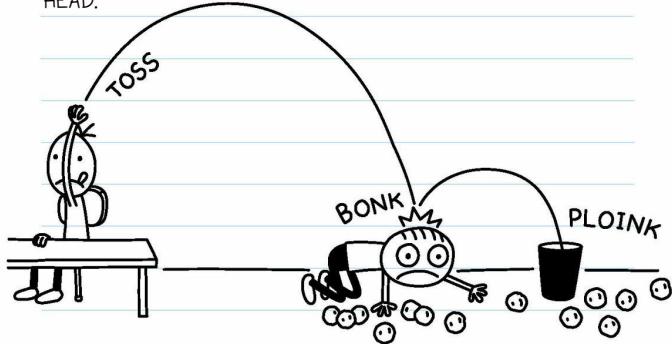


Well that made me really mad because
Ms. Beck said we were allowed to look at
our notes during the TEST.

So I got down on the floor and started
picking up all the balled-up pieces of paper.

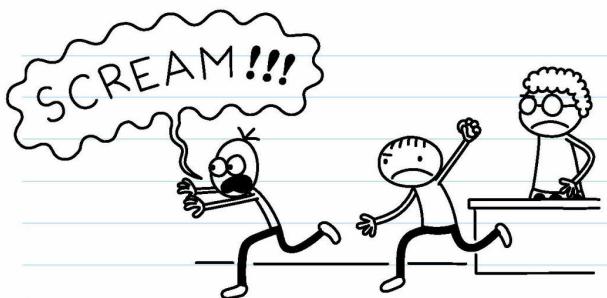
I figured maybe I could smooth the pages
out when I got home and then tape them
back into my notebook.

But Greg just kept SHOOTING and he
finally got one in by bouncing it off my
HEAD.



Well that made me really mad and I started
chasing Greg with that egg he laid.

But I guess we were making too much
noise and that got us in trouble with the
librarian again.



She made me call my parents to come get
us and that was fine with ME.

I had to stay up two more hours
uncrinkling my notes and taping them
into my notebook and was up ANOTHER
half hour researching stuff on my dad's
computer.



THE TIME I MADE THE BIGGEST
MISTAKE OF MY LIFE

OK this is just part two of that last chapter but I got so mad writing it I kind of had to take a break. But I've gotta take some deep breaths because this chapter is gonna be even HARDER to write.

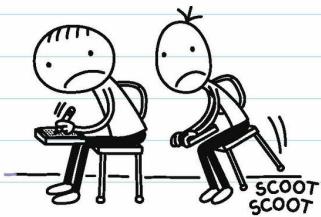
The next day during the math test I tried to use my notes to help but they were all out of order.

Plus it was hard to concentrate because Greg kept trying to ask me questions.



Some of the OTHER kids were getting
stressed out about the test too because
Timothy Lautner got dizzy and Ms. Beck
had to take him to the nurse's office.

Well as soon as Ms. Beck left the room
Greg scooted his chair real close to mine
and looked over my shoulder.

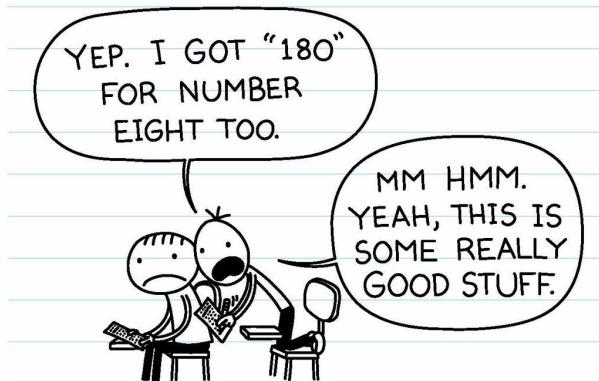


I whispered to Greg to go away because
he was trying to CHEAT. But Greg said
it's not cheating since we were study
partners and we both had the exact same
information in our brains.

I guess he had a point but I still didn't feel
GOOD about it.

Then Greg said he already FINISHED his test and was only trying to make sure I got the right answers. And that made me feel kind of nervous because I wasn't positive about a few of them.

So I let Greg check over my test, and believe me if I could do everything over again I wouldn't have LET him.



After a minute I started thinking maybe Greg wasn't just looking over my test to check my answers but that he was COPYING me.

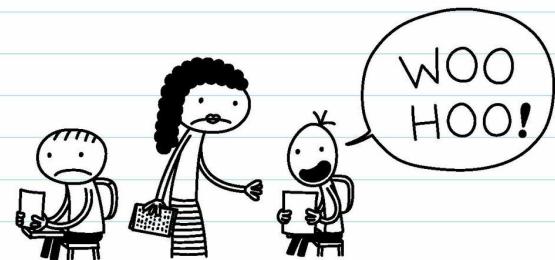
And it was too late to STOP him so I
tried to pretend it wasn't happening.



Greg pushed his chair back to its normal
spot right before Ms. Beck came back.
And when the bell rang for the end of
class she went around and collected all of
our papers.



The next day Ms. Beck gave us our tests back and I got an 89. I was kind of disappointed in myself because I usually do a lot better. But Greg got an 89 too which was a really good grade for HIM.

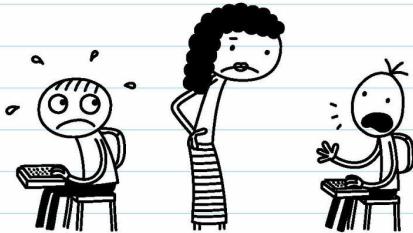


But if you think this chapter has a happy ending, well guess what? It DOESN'T.

When class ended everyone got up to leave but Ms. Beck told me and Greg to stay in our seats.

After everyone left Ms. Beck told us she wanted to talk to us about our tests. She said she noticed we got the same grade and we got the same answers right.

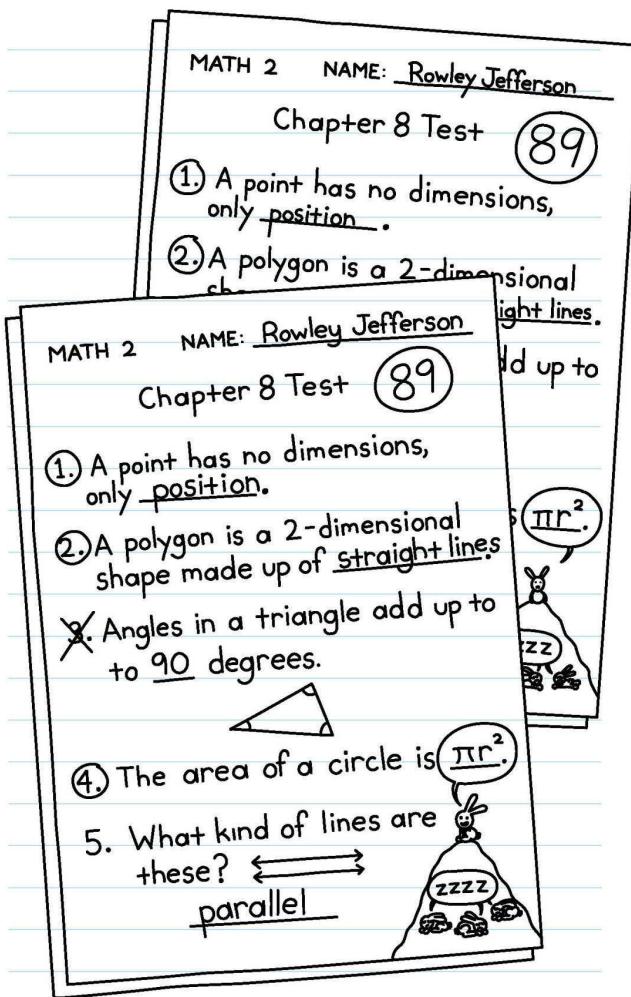
But Greg said that made SENSE because
we were study partners and we knew all
the same stuff.



I felt pretty glad Greg was my friend
because he's real good at explaining stuff
like that to grown-ups.

I thought Ms. Beck was gonna let us
leave but she DIDN'T. She said it seemed
a little suspicious that our tests were
IDENTICAL and she put them side by side
to show us what she meant.

Well that's when I found out Greg copied
EVERYTHING on my test, even my
NAME.



Ms. Beck said it was obvious that Greg
copied my paper so he was gonna have to
serve three days of detention PLUS he
had to take the test over.

I thought Ms. Beck was gonna give me
detention too but she DIDN'T. But what
she said was WORSE than detention.



Ms. Beck said she wanted us to learn a
lesson from this and we both swore it
would never happen again. Ms. Beck said
well that's good because once people
know you're a CHEATER it follows you
wherever you go.

Then Ms. Beck said we were free to go.

Greg got up and left but I gave Ms. Beck
a hug to show her I was sorry. But I think
maybe I hugged her for too long.

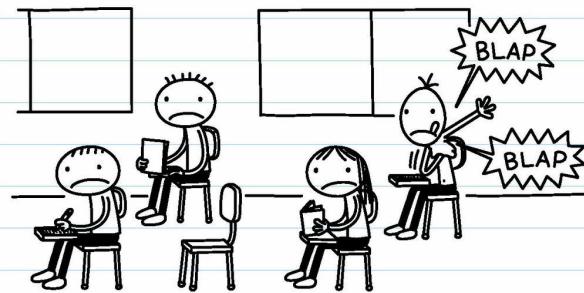


On the way home from school all I kept
thinking about was what Ms. Beck said
about being a cheater.



Well I learned MY lesson but I'm not so
sure about Greg.

The next day Ms. Beck made Greg sit in
the back of the class and retake the test.
But Greg was asking me questions pretty
much the whole time and I had to pretend
I couldn't hear him.



And if you're like "Rowley why are you still
friends with Greg?" well my answer is that
Greg's still a good FRIEND, he's just a bad
study partner.

Plus he's the only person I know who can
lay an egg.

THE TIME GREG TOTALLY

HAD MY BACK

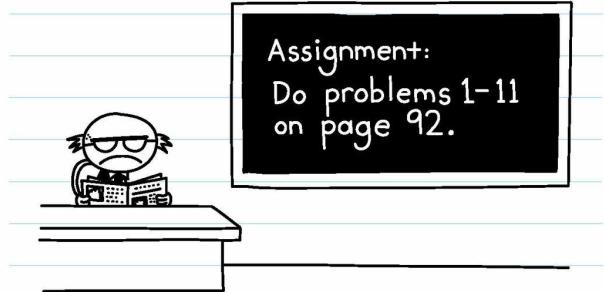
OK Greg if you're still reading this then
sorry if I made you look bad in the last
two chapters. But don't worry because
in this one you're gonna come out looking
pretty good.

So last year our science teacher was
Mrs. Modi, but when she had a baby the
school got this guy named Mr. Hardy to
fill in for her.

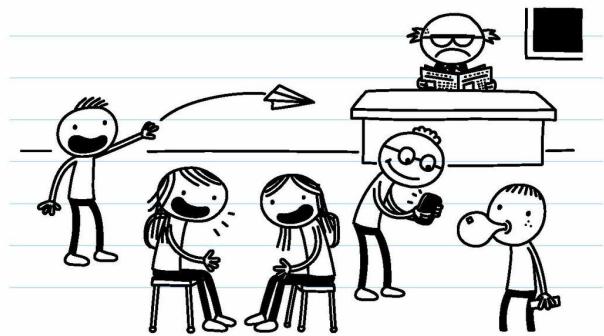
I think Mr. Hardy used to teach at the
school a long time ago and now they
bring him back whenever they need a
long-term sub.



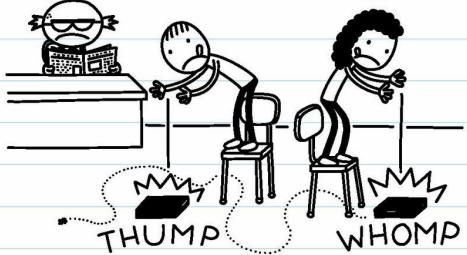
I thought Mr. Hardy was just going to do things the same way as Mrs. Modi but I was WRONG. All Mr. Hardy did every day was write our assignment on the board and then read at his desk for the rest of class.



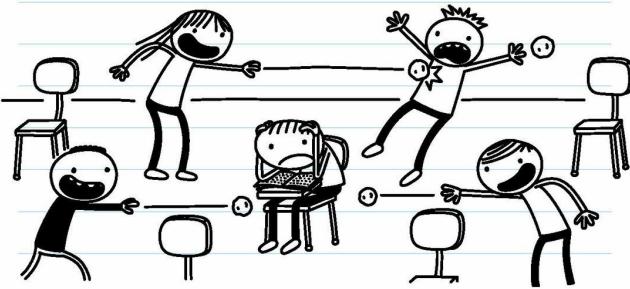
After like the third day, kids started goofing off during class. And Mr. Hardy didn't even CARE.



One time a couple of kids tried to kill a bug
by dropping their textbooks on it. Luckily
the bug got away but even with all the
noise Mr. Hardy never looked UP.



Well maybe Mr. Hardy wasn't bothered but
I couldn't concentrate on my assignments
with all that craziness going on everyday.

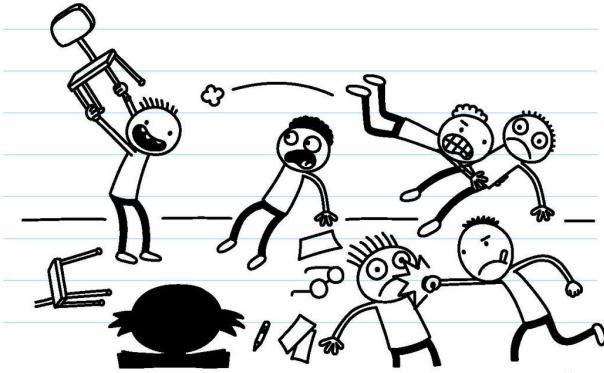


Greg told me I was wasting my time doing
the daily assignments because Mr. Hardy
was never gonna even LOOK at them.

Greg said I should just live it up with
everyone ELSE until Mrs. Modi returned
and things went back to normal.

Well guess what? Mrs. Modi DIDN'T come
back. She decided she wanted to be a full-
time mom and that meant Mr. Hardy was
our teacher for the rest of the YEAR.

Now that Mr. Hardy was our official
science teacher I thought things would
get better. But they got WORSE.



Then on the last day of school Mr. Hardy announced he was gonna give everyone their GRADES. Well that freaked out most of the kids in my class because just about everyone in there deserved an "F."

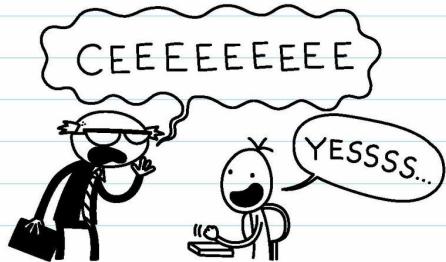
Mr. Hardy started going down the aisles and whispering each kid's grade in their ear. But Mr. Hardy doesn't have a whispering voice so everybody else could hear what he was saying.

The first kid to get his grade was Dennis Diterlizzi and he got a "C." But Mr. Hardy talks real slow so it sounded more like this:



The next kid got a "C" too and so did
every kid after that. Even Greg got a "C"
and he didn't turn in a single assignment.

And he was real happy about it because
he didn't wanna go to summer school.

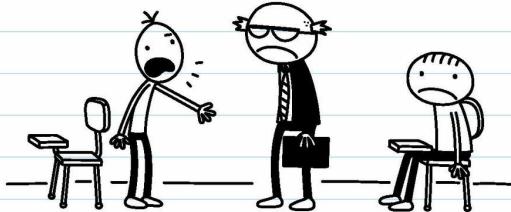


So then it was MY turn and I was kind
of crossing my fingers hoping I'd get a
GOOD grade. But I got the same grade as
everyone ELSE.



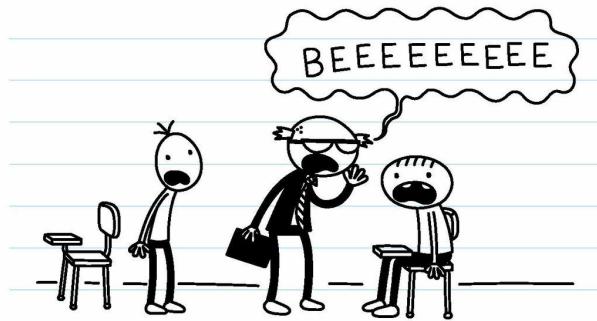
So I guess Greg was right that Mr. Hardy
never looked at those assignments.

Mr. Hardy moved on to the next kid but
all of a sudden Greg stood up and argued
with Mr. Hardy. Greg told him I was the
only kid who did any work and that he's a
terrible teacher and that someone should
report him to the PRINCIPAL.

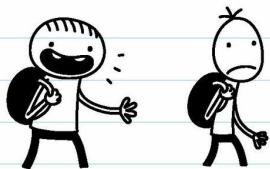


I was pretty shocked because Greg never
stood up for me like that before. For a
second I thought Mr. Hardy was gonna
send GREG to the principal.

But after a minute Mr. Hardy whispered
the NEW grade in my ear.

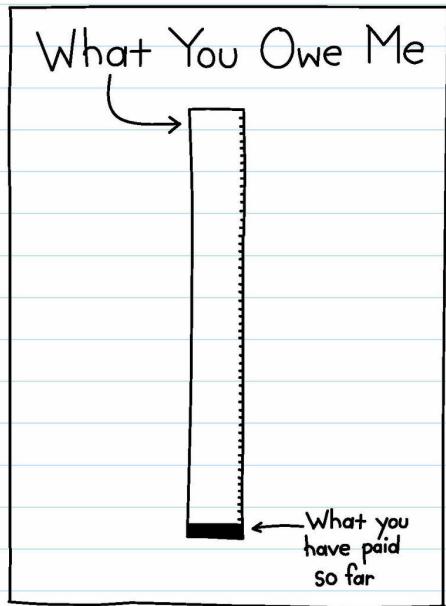


On the walk home I told Greg he was a
great pal for doing that for me. And I said
now we were even for that time I saved
him from Tevin Larkin's birthday party.



But Greg said what he did for me was
WAY better than getting him out of
Tevin's party. He said by getting me
that "B" he probably just saved me from
getting some crummy job later on in life.

So I said OK how much more do I have to
do until we're EVEN? And then he drew a
chart to show me.

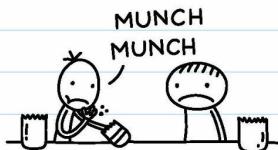


I guess that means I've got a long way to
go. But that's OK because me and Greg
are gonna be friends for a long time and
I'll get a lot of chances to pay him back.

THE TIME I REALIZED MAYBE GREG
DOESN'T ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH

So after that time me and Greg were
study partners I asked him how the heck
he laid that egg and he told me he can lay
any kind of egg he WANTS.

And I said OK then lay an OSTRICH egg,
and he said for that he'd need to eat
a lot of potato chips and then he took
some of mine.

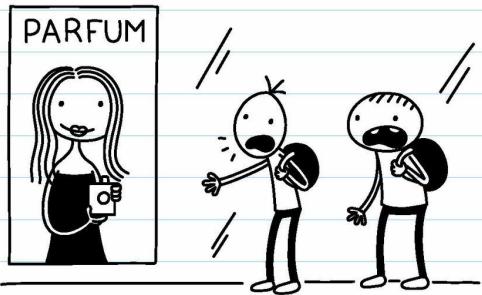


But a few days later when I stopped by
Greg's house to pick him up for school
his mom gave him an egg for his lunch.
And then I remembered Greg ALWAYS
has a hard-boiled egg for lunch and so he
must've had one in his coat pocket the
night we studied together.

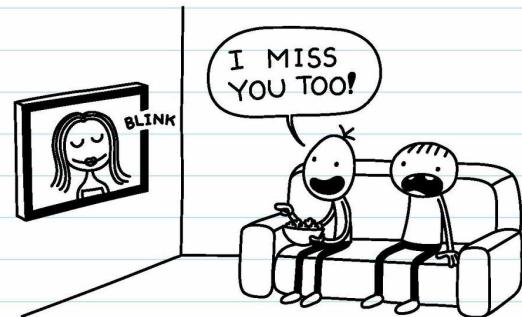
Well that made me start to wonder if
some OTHER stuff I know about Greg
isn't true. We've been friends a long time
and he's told me a BUNCH of things that
seemed a little shaky so now I'm kind of
thinking not everything he's told me is a
hundred percent accurate.

Here are a few things I'm starting to
wonder about.

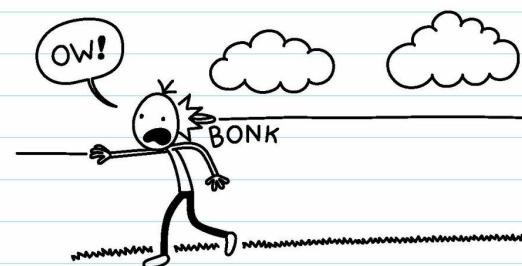
1. Greg says he is dating a supermodel but
they have to keep it a secret since her
career would get ruined if people found
out she was dating a middle school kid.



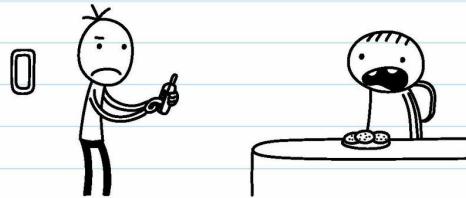
Greg said whenever she goes on TV she sends him secret messages by blinking.



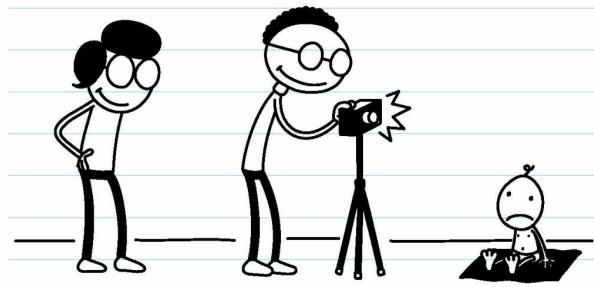
2. Greg says that one time he threw a Frisbee and the wind took it so far that it went all the way around the world and hit him in the back of the head so that's why he won't play sports anymore.



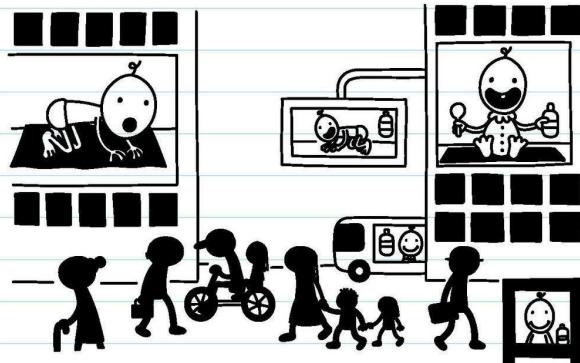
3. Greg says that the "star" on the dial
pad of a phone is really a SNOWFLAKE
and it's a direct line to the North Pole. So
whenever I do something Greg doesn't like
he tells me he's gonna report me to Santa.



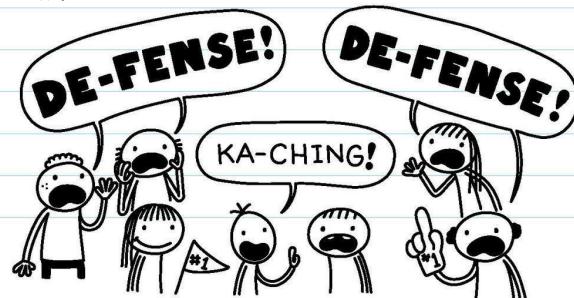
4. Greg says that when he was a baby his
mom brought him to a modeling agency
and they took some pictures for diaper
cream ads.



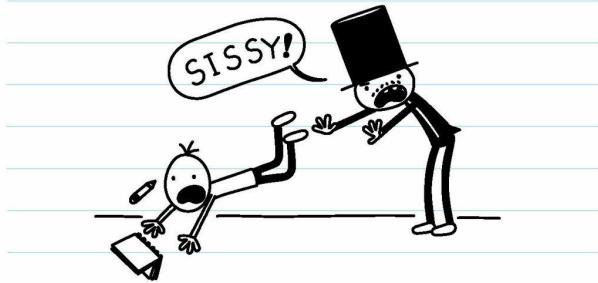
Greg said the ads never ran in the United
States but that if he went to China he'd
get totally MOBBED.



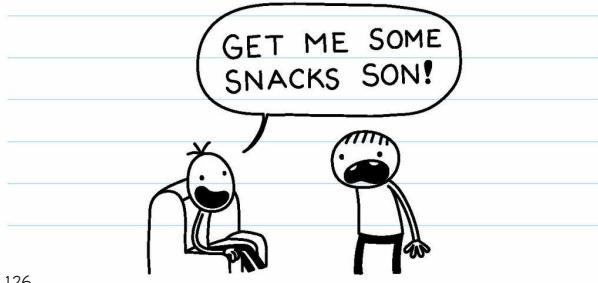
5. Greg says that he came up with the
"DE-FENSE" chant at basketball games
and every time a crowd says it he gets
one hundred dollars sent to his bank
account.



6. Greg says he's 500 years old but he
doesn't age and he has to move every few
years so no one will figure it out. He says
he knew Abraham Lincoln in middle school
and he was kind of a jerk.



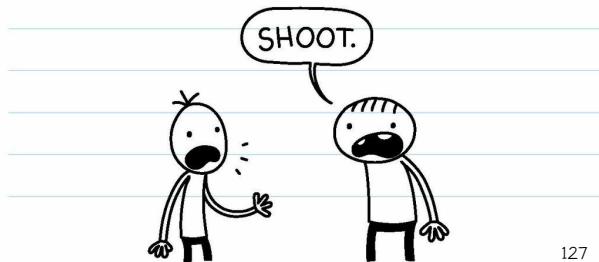
7. Greg says there's a form you can fill out
at town hall to legally adopt any kid you
want, and that he adopted me so now I
have to do whatever he tells me.



8. Greg says that he can turn into any form of water whenever he wants, but when I asked him to turn into a glass of water he said the LAST time he did that Rodrick drank him and it took two days to get back to human form.

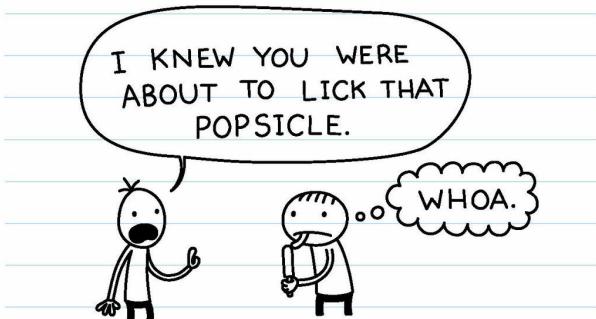


9. Greg says he only uses five percent of his brain, and if he WANTED to he could levitate a building with his mind. I said maybe I could levitate a building too but he said probably not because I'm already using one hundred percent of my brain.



10. Speaking of BRAINS, Greg says he's
got ESP and he always knows what I'm
gonna do before I do it.

That one might actually be true because
I've seen him do it a bunch of times.



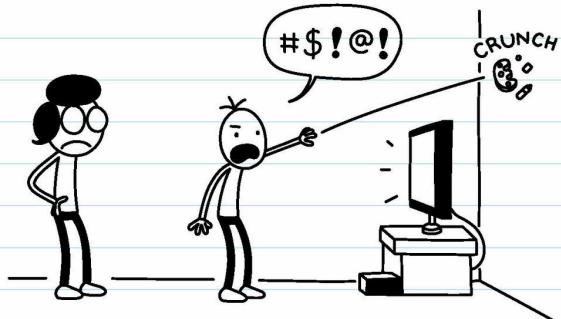
Anyway I'm guessing at least HALF this
stuff is made up but I'm just writing it
down here in case it ISN'T.

And for the record Greg's been eating
a LOT of my potato chips over the
last three weeks and there's still no
ostrich egg.

THE TIME ME AND GREG CAME UP
WITHOUT OUR OWN SUPERHERO

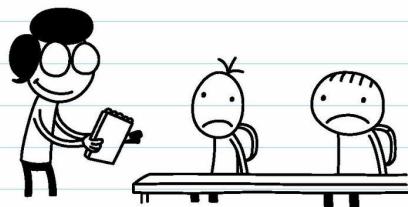
OK this is probably gonna be the best chapter in this book because it's the only one that's got superheroes in it. And I hope I didn't spoil the surprise but even if I did, trust me it's still gonna be a pretty good chapter.

This one day it was raining so me and Greg couldn't go outside. And Greg wasn't allowed to play video games because he lost his temper playing Twisted Wizard.



Mrs. Heffley said kids our age spend too
much time in front of screens anyway
and it was good for us to take a break.

Then she gave us some markers and a
sketchbook and told us we should use our
imaginations and make up our own comics
like we USED to.



Well the LAST time me and Greg made
some comics together it didn't turn out
so good for me. And if you don't know
the whole story then I'll give you the
short version.

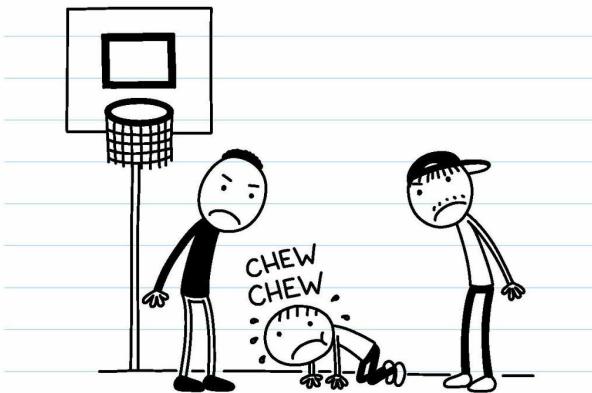
In our first year of middle school me and
Greg worked on a comic together called
"Zoo-Wee Mama."

But then Greg got bored of it and said I
should do it by MYSELF.

And then my comic got in the school paper
and Greg was mad at me even though he's
the one who TOLD me I should do it.

Then we got in a big fight in front of the
whole school and some teenagers came out
of NOWHERE and they caught me and Greg.

Then they made me eat a piece of
_____ that was on the blacktop.



I still can't eat pizza or mozzarella sticks

or anything else with _____ in

it but Greg says I need to "get over it"

because that happened a long time ago.

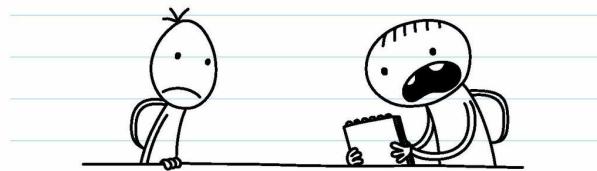


So anyway when I opened that sketchbook

Mrs. Heffley gave us, there were a bunch

of Zoo - Wee Mamas in there that we

never turned in to the school paper.

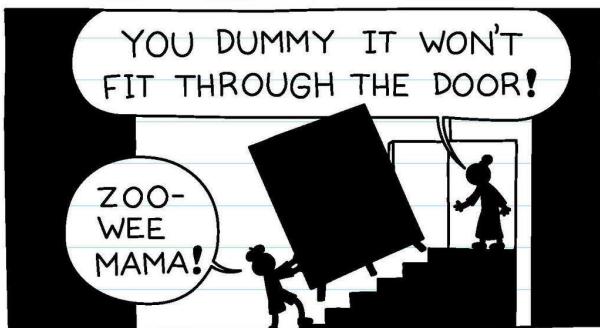
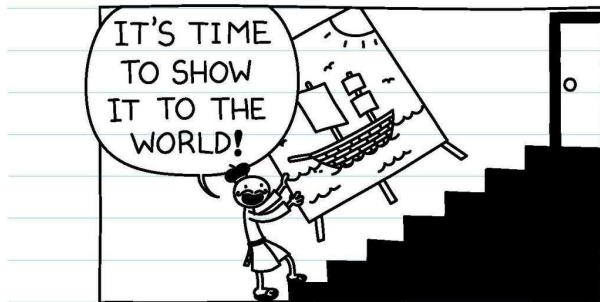


Greg said I should put them in here

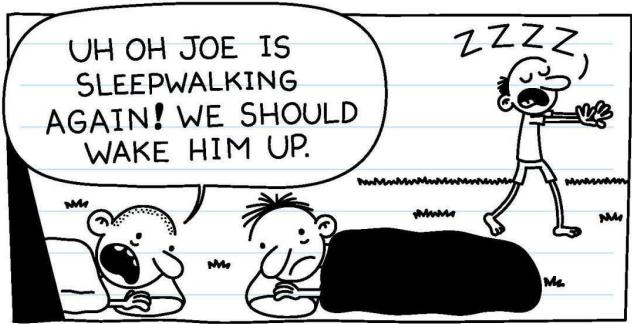
because they were gonna be worth a lot

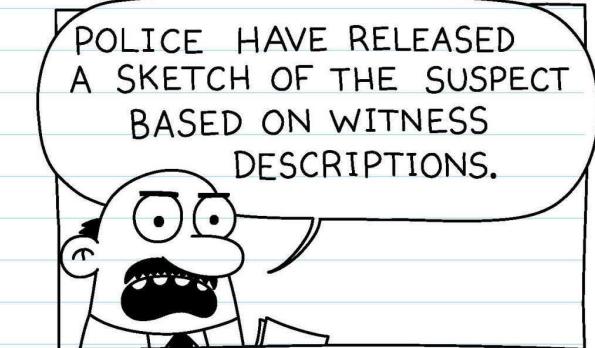
of money when he gets famous.

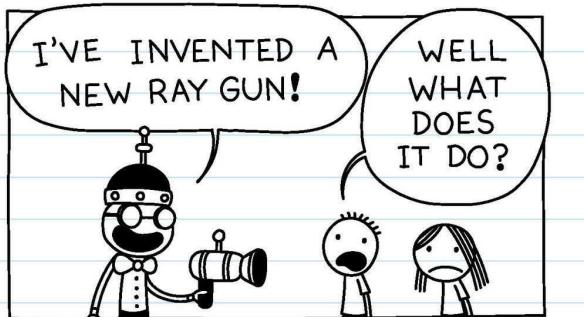


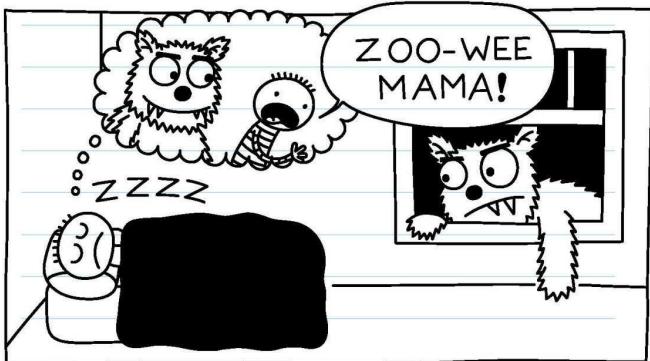
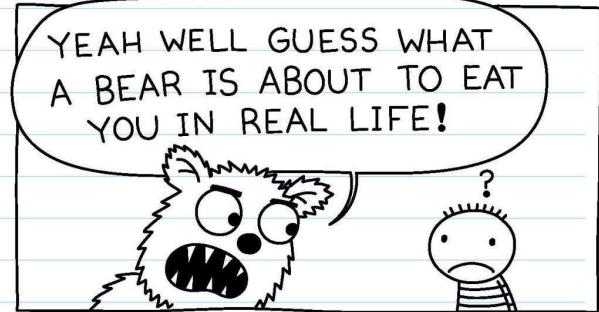




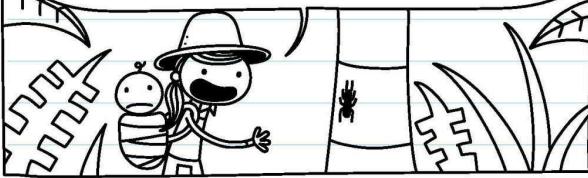




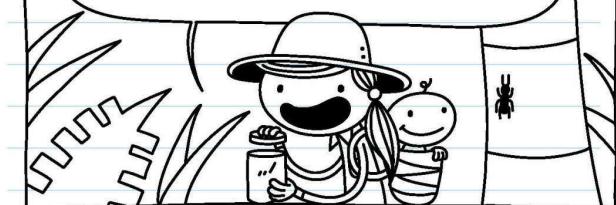




I'VE FOUND IT! THE LEGENDARY DRYOCOCELUS AUSTRALIS, THE RAREST INSECT ON EARTH!



AND MY SON IS HERE TO SEE ME CAPTURE IT!



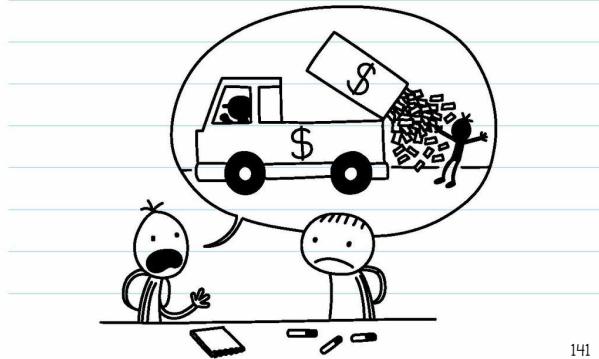
ZOO-WEE MAMA!



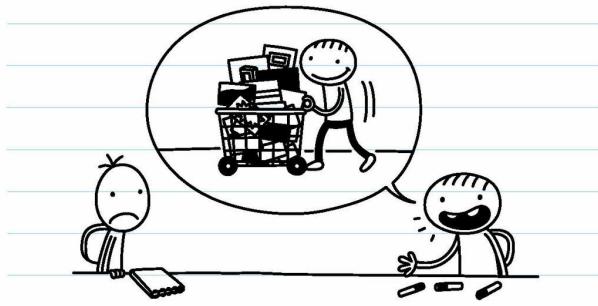
I told Greg maybe we should write some
MORE Zoo-Wee Mamas but he said that
joke is stale and we need to come up with
something NEW.

And then Greg had an AWESOME
idea. He said we should create our own
SUPERHERO. Well I liked that idea a lot
because it sounded FUN. But Greg said
that he didn't care about having fun, he
just cared about the MONEY.

Greg said that if you come up with a
superhero then you can sell the movie
rights and sit back and wait for the
money to roll in.



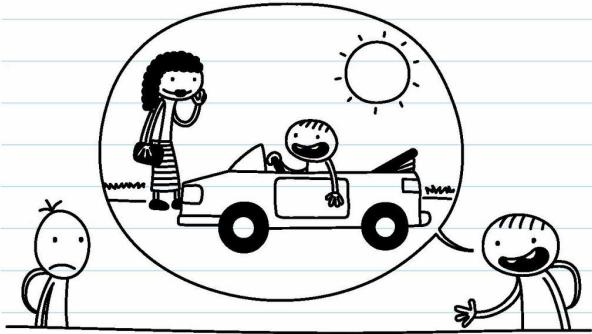
Then we started talking about what we'd do with all the money we were gonna make from our superhero idea. I said I'd go to the toy aisle at the store and I'd fill up a shopping cart with as many toys as I could fit.



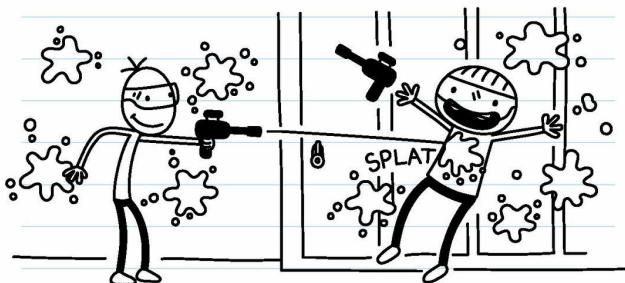
But Greg said I wasn't thinking BIG enough. He said he'd buy the whole STORE and wear a different pair of sneakers every day and he'd live in the snacks aisle.



Then I said I'd buy a fancy sports car and
I'd give Ms. Beck a ride to school every
morning.

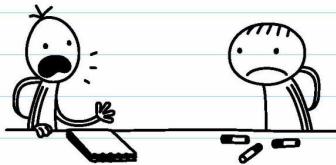


Greg said we were gonna be so rich we
could buy the whole SCHOOL and fire all
the teachers and have epic paintball fights
in the hallways.



I said maybe we shouldn't fire ALL of the
teachers because Ms. Beck is really nice
and she's good at teaching math.

Greg said we'd be so rich we wouldn't
NEED to learn math anymore but we
could keep Ms. Beck around because we'd
need someone to count our money for
us. And I guess that made me feel a little
better.



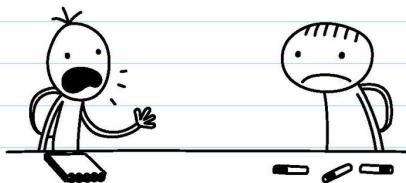
Greg said we had PLENTY of time to
figure out what we were gonna do with
all our money later ON but right now
it was time to get serious about this
superhero idea.

Greg said the FIRST thing we needed to
do was figure out what kind of POWERS
our superhero should have.

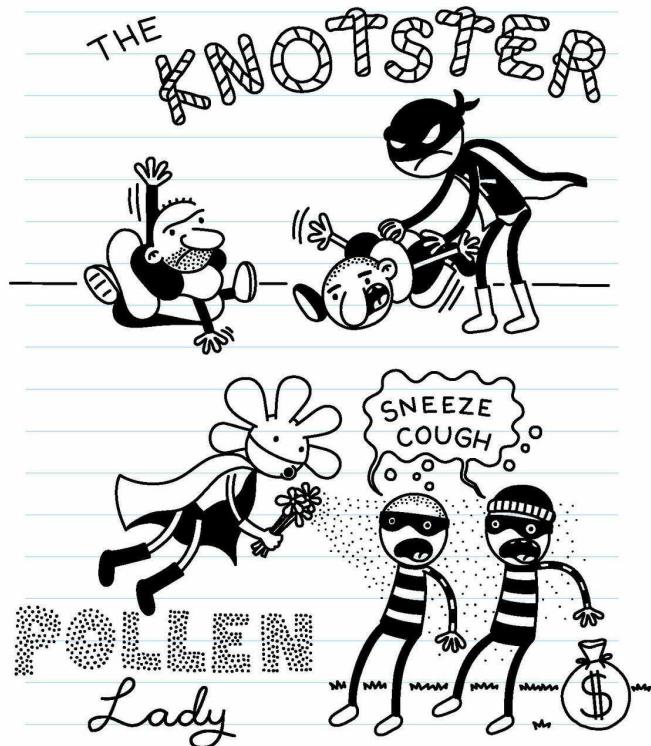
I said maybe he could fly or have
superstrength but Greg said both of
those ideas were dumb because they've
been done a million times before.

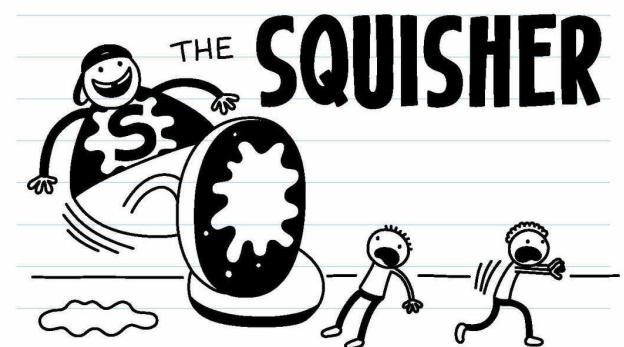
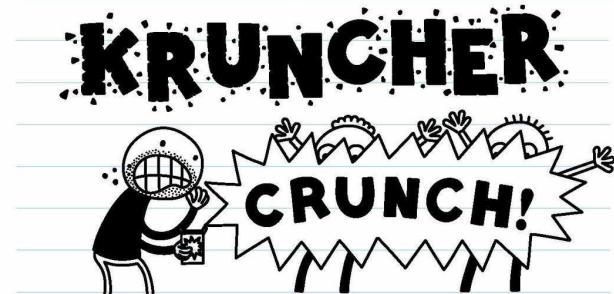


Then I said maybe our superhero could
have x-ray vision but Greg said that
wasn't a good superpower because once
he accidentally saw his grandpa naked and
he wishes he HADN'T.

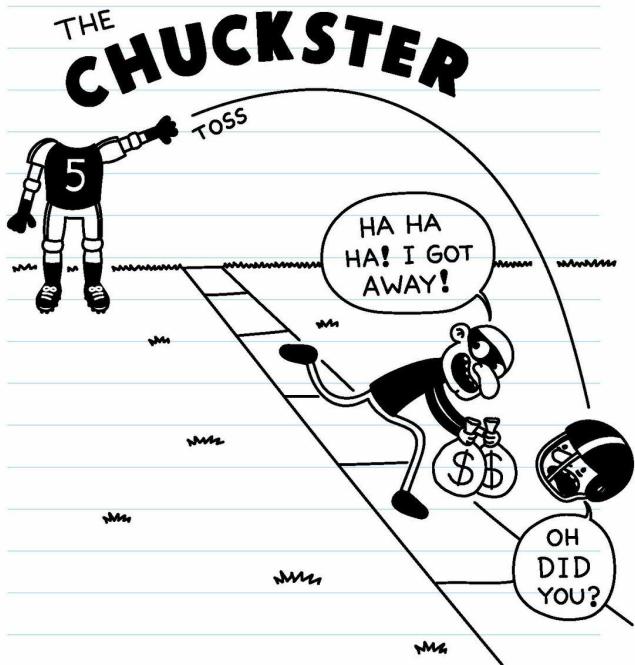


Greg said we needed to do something
ORIGINAL so we started coming up with
ideas that no one ever THOUGHT of
before. And the ideas we came up with
were OK but not great.





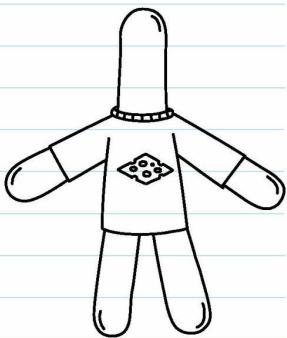
The one we liked the best was this guy
called the Chuckster who could throw his
own HEAD like a football.



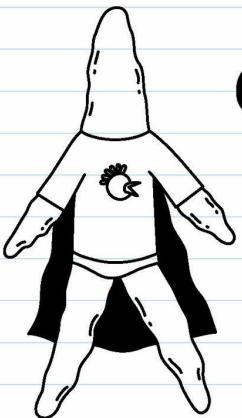
But Greg said the Chuckster wouldn't
work as an action figure because the head
would be a choking hazard for little kids.

Then we tried to come up with some
characters that WOULD be OK if a kid
accidentally swallowed them but most of
our ideas weren't that good.

CHEESE
STICK
BOY



CHICKEN
FINGER
LADY



Greg said moms are usually the ones who
buy their kids toys so we should come
up with something THEY'D like. But we
weren't happy with that idea either.

HEALTHY SNACKS



Greg said maybe the reason we weren't
coming up with anything good was that
we weren't a very good TEAM. He said we
should each try working on our OWN and
see who could come up with a better idea.

We both did our own thing and then we
showed each other our work.

Greg's superhero was a guy from space
who had a different kind of power in
every fingertip which was actually a
pretty awesome idea.



I told Greg his idea was cool and we should
go with THAT.

Then Greg said well what's YOUR idea?
But I didn't wanna tell him because I
knew he'd laugh. And then he promised
he WOULDN'T laugh so I showed him my
character.

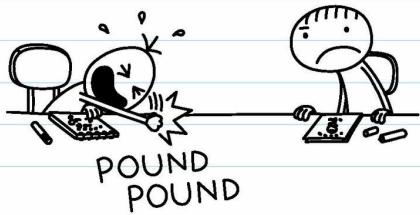


Greg asked what Amazing Guy's superpower
was and I said it was KINDNESS. And that
made Greg break his promise about not
laughing.



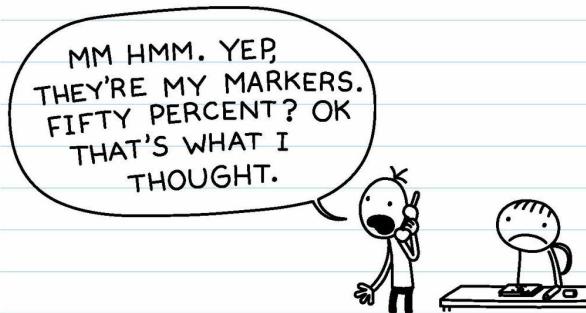
Greg said a superhero should be EDGY and
it would be cool if Amazing Guy had knives
coming out of his knuckles and wore a
black leather jacket and said swears when
he fights the bad guys.

But I said I wanted Amazing Guy to be
a role model for children, and that made
Greg break his promise a second time.



I told Greg if he didn't like my character
that was fine but I wasn't giving him any
money if I sold the MOVIE rights. And all
of a sudden Greg got real interested in
Amazing Guy and said if I get rich I owe
him half the money because I used his
markers and paper.

I said that wasn't true and Greg said
he'd call his lawyer to find out. Then
Greg dialed a number on the phone and I
listened in on his half of the conversation.

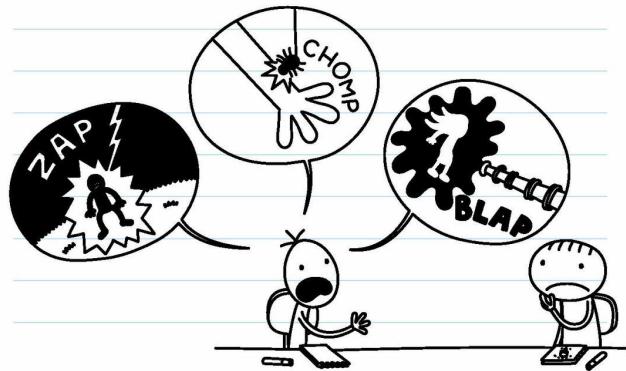


Then Greg hung up the phone. I told him
to call his lawyer BACK because I wanted
to ask him a few questions.

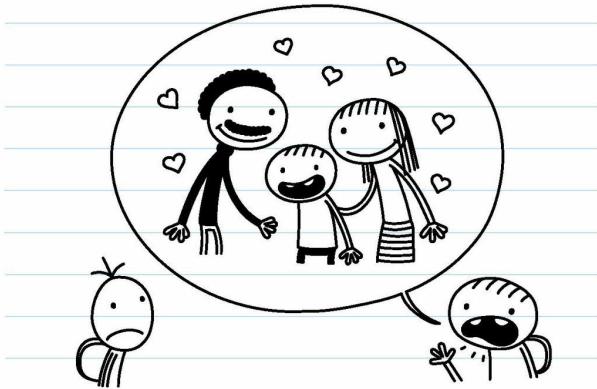
But Greg said I couldn't AFFORD his
lawyer and I had to get my own.

Greg said since we were gonna split things
50-50 then we were equal partners and
we needed to work TOGETHER. I said
fine but I still don't want Amazing Guy
to say swear words and Greg said OK we'll talk
about that later.

Greg said the FIRST thing we needed to
do was give Amazing Guy an "origin story"
to show how he got his powers. Then he
told me how OTHER superheroes got
their powers.

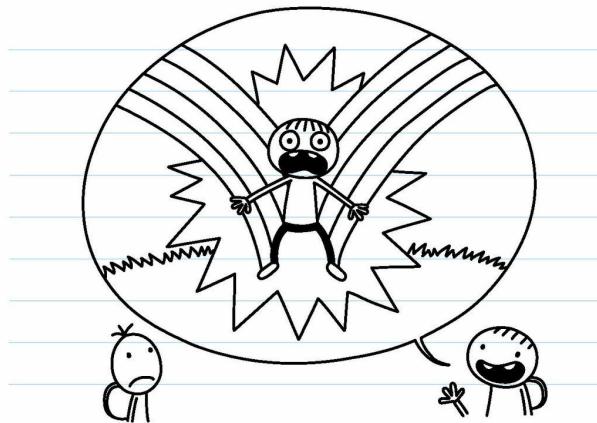


I said Amazing Guy just had good parents
who raised him to be a nice person and
that's why he decided when he grew up
he'd fight for people who needed his help.



But Greg said that's a TERRIBLE origin
story. He said something EXCITING
needed to happen, like Amazing Guy gets
hit by a meteor or gets bitten by a
radioactive bug or something like that.

And I said OK fine then Amazing Guy gets
hit by a double rainbow and THAT'S how
he gets his powers.

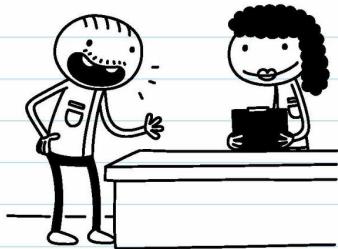


Greg said that didn't make SENSE but
he didn't feel like getting into a dumb
argument about rainbows so we'd come
back to the origin story later on too.

Greg said every good superhero has a
secret identity so we needed to come up
with one for Amazing Guy.

I said he could be a nurse at an urgent
care clinic and when he gets off work at
6:00 p.m. he becomes Amazing Guy and
then helps people until his bedtime.

And no one knows his secret identity, not
even Nurse Beck who works with him at
the urgent care place.

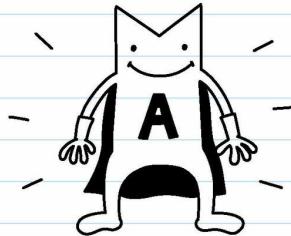


Greg said I got that name from Ms. Beck
our math teacher but I said nope it's just
a coincidence.

Greg said we were wasting too much time
talking about stupid stuff and we needed
to design Amazing Guy's SUIT.

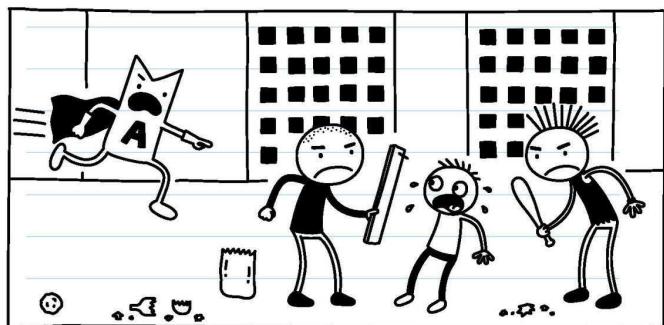
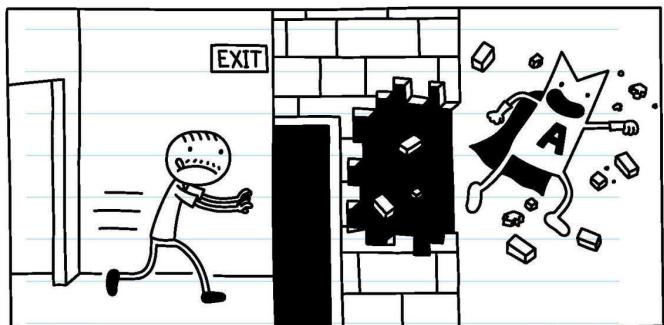
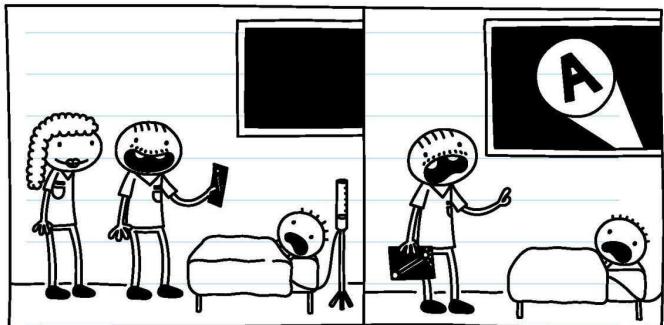
I said I liked the suit I came up with just
FINE but Greg said it was stupid because
everyone could tell who he was if they
saw him walking around in regular life.

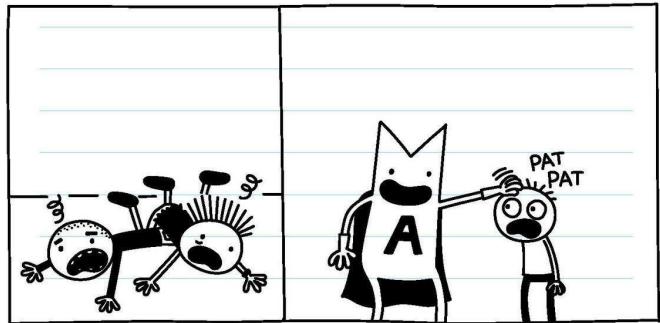
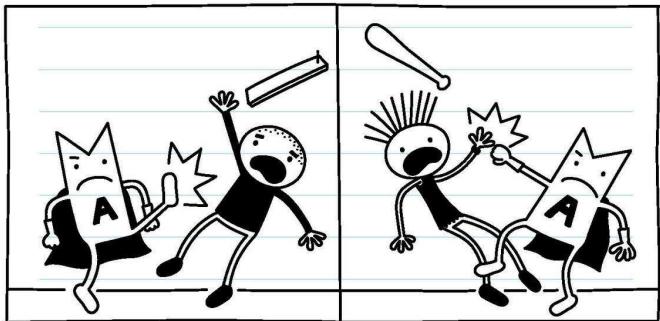
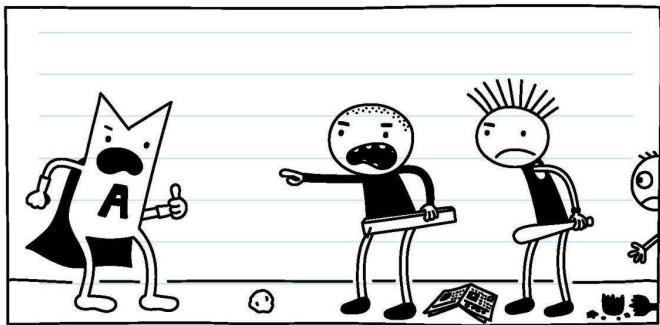
Greg said Amazing Guy needed a mask, so
he drew one that looked pretty awesome.
And he added a cape too.

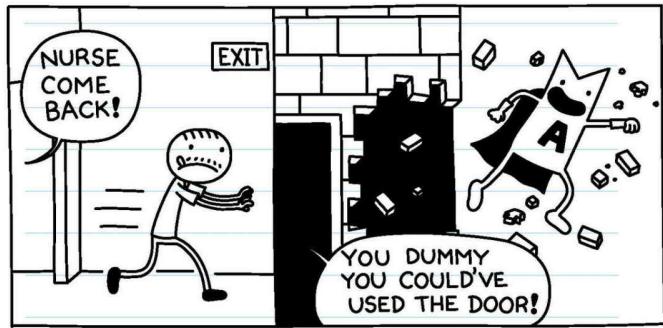
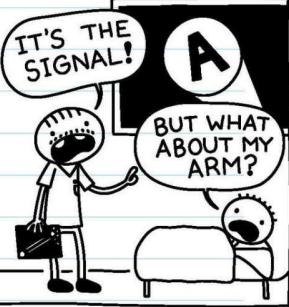
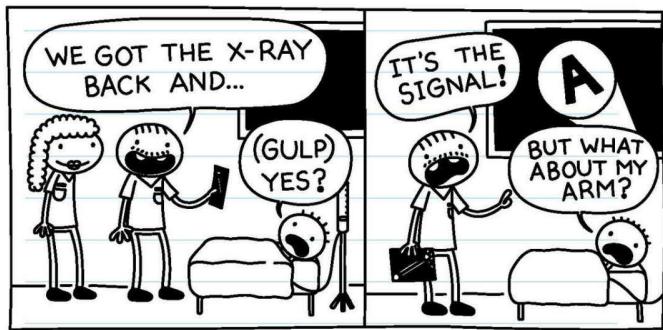


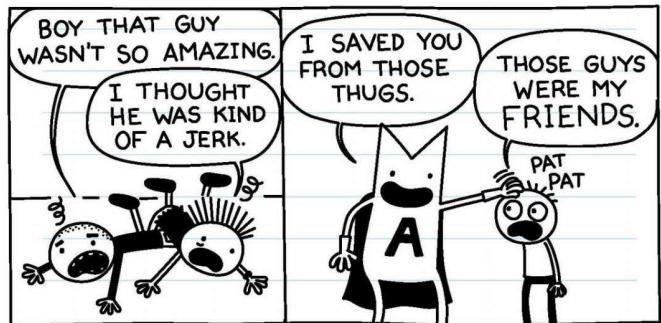
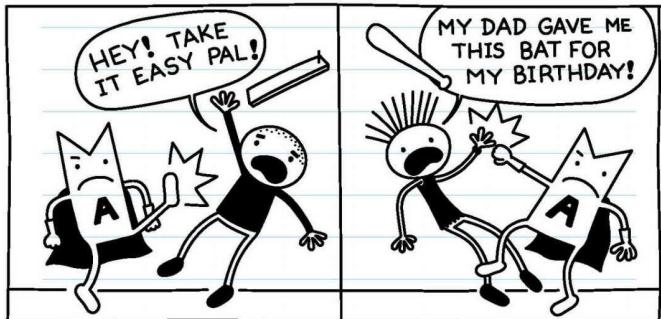
Then Greg said if Amazing Guy doesn't
have any real powers then maybe his
SUIT could have powers. But I said
Amazing Guy has the power of KINDNESS
and his gloves are padded so he doesn't
hurt the bad guys too much.

I said I wanted to do all the drawings
and Greg said that's fine but he'd do the
WRITING. So I drew this awesome scene
where Amazing Guy has to leave work
early to go fight some bad guys and I left
space for Greg to fill in the words.

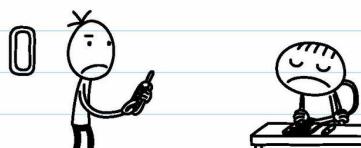






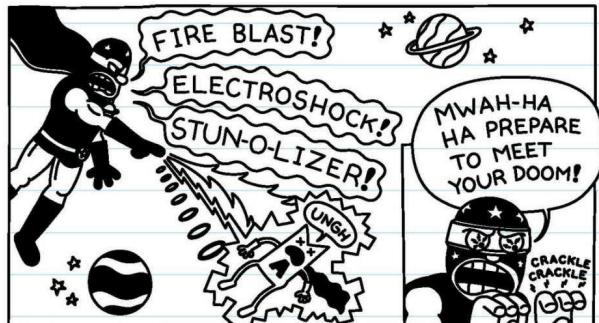
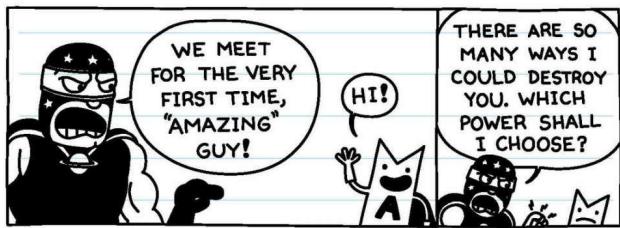


I told Greg he totally messed up my comic
and that from now on I'd do the drawing
AND the writing. Then Greg said he was
gonna call his lawyer again and I said go
right AHEAD. And even when he said he
was gonna call SANTA I wouldn't budge.



Greg said he didn't want to write for
my stupid comic anyway because my
superhero was terrible and he said he was
justgonnawriteIntergalacticMancomics
and I said fine because my character was
BETTER.

Then Greg said if Intergalactic Man got
in a fight with Amazing Guy he'd wipe him
out in like five seconds. And I said oh yeah
let's see about THAT. So then we drew
this battle and he drew HIS superhero
and I drew MINE.





I guess I got a little carried away with
that last drawing because after I drew
it Greg said it was probably time for me
to go home.



Maybe next time I won't have Amazing
Guy use his FULL powers on his enemies.
Because I wouldn't want his parents or
Nurse Beck to be disappointed in him.

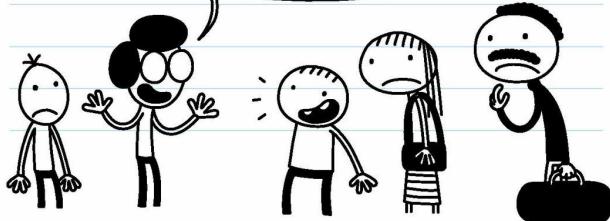
THE TIME ME AND GREG HAD A
TWO-NIGHT SLEEPOVER

OK you already know this from the title
of the chapter, but this one time me and
Greg had a TWO-NIGHT SLEEPOVER.

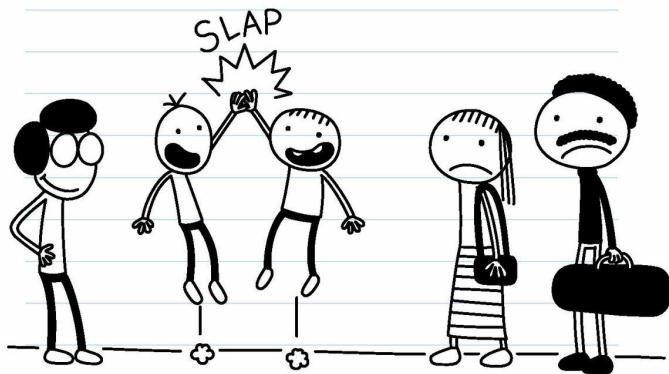
And I bet you think we had a total blast
and you want to read about all the wacky
stuff we did, but guess what? It was not
that fun at ALL.

The reason this sleepover happened was
because my Nana got sick and me and my
parents were gonna go visit her but then
Mrs. Heffley said:

WHY DON'T YOU TWO
GO AND WE'LL WATCH
ROWLEY FOR THE
WEEKEND?

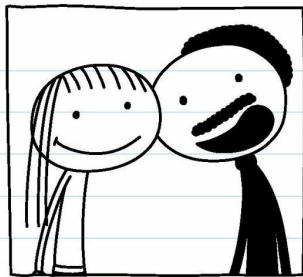


When my mom said OK to that idea, me
and Greg were HYPED because we never
had a two-night sleepover before. But I
guess we should've waited until later to
celebrate because of the whole Nana thing.



On Friday my mom packed my bag for
the weekend and she put in an extra pair
of underwear "just in case."

Plus she packed a picture of her and my
dad so I could look at it if I missed them
too much while they were gone.



Like I said before, the sleepover wasn't a
lot of fun but it started off pretty good.

We played video games in Greg's basement
and ate snacks. Then we prank-called
Scotty Douglas and he blew the whistle he
keeps right by his phone for when we do
that.

EXCUSE ME SIR YOUR
REFRIGERATOR IS RUNNING
SO MAYBE YOU SHOULD
GO CATCH IT.

TWEET



But then Mrs. Douglas called Mrs. Heffley
to tell on us for prank-calling Scotty.

Then Mrs. Heffley told us we were
"bullying" and that made me feel ashamed.

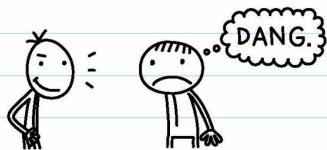


At 9:00 Mrs. Heffley said it was time for
bed and she went back upstairs.

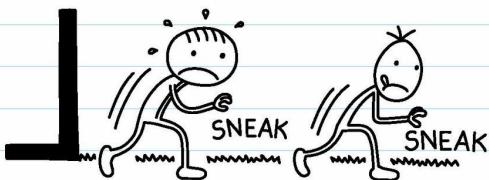
I was pretty tired but Greg said he had an
idea. There is this kid on our street named
Joseph O'Rourke who has a trampoline
but he never lets anyone use it. Greg said
we should sneak out and jump on the
trampoline while Joe was asleep.

Well I wasn't so crazy about this
sneaking-out idea but Greg said if I was
going to be a baby I should go up to
Manny's room and sleep in THERE.

I said I wasn't a baby and he said "Yuh-huh"
and I said "Nuh-uh." Then he said "Yuh-
huh times INFINITY" but I was ready
for that and I said "Nuh-uh times infinity
SQUARED." And I thought I had Greg beat
with that one, but he got me anyway
when he said "Yuh-huh times infinity
squared plus ONE."



So we snuck out the back door and I
followed Greg up to Joe's. It was really
cold outside and all I had on were my
jammies, but I didn't wanna complain
because then Greg might call me a baby
again.



Sure enough all the lights at the O'Rourkes' house were off so this was our big chance to use Joe's trampoline. Greg said we couldn't make any noise and then he climbed up and did a bunch of jumps but he was real quiet.

Then it was MY turn. This was my first time on a trampoline and it was REALLY fun, and I guess that's why I forgot we were being sneaky.

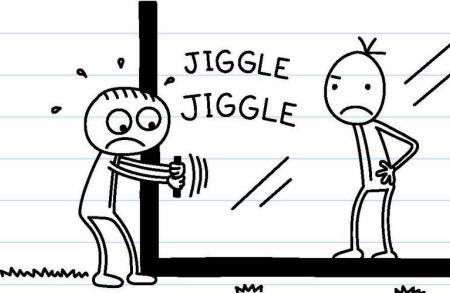


The lights came on inside the O'Rourkes'
house and their dog started barking and
Greg took off without me. I wanted to
run TOO but it's not so easy to stop
bouncing when you're on a trampoline.

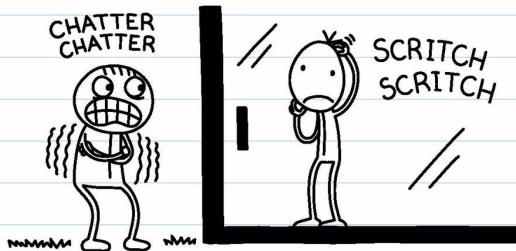


Once I finally stopped I ran to the
Heffleys' house and went around back to
the basement door.

But I guess Greg wanted to teach me a
lesson for making too much noise at the
O'Rourkes' because he wouldn't let me in.

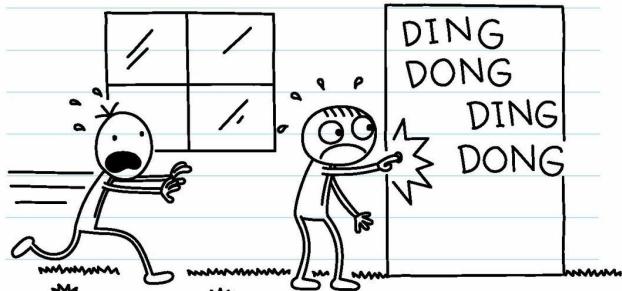


I tried to show Greg that I was freezing
but I don't think he really got what I was
trying to tell him.

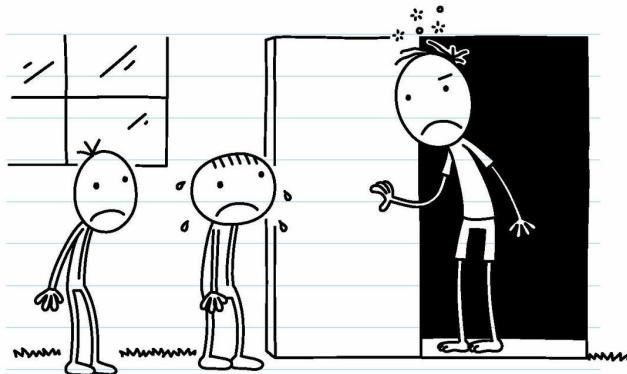


I thought he was gonna make me stay out
there all NIGHT so I ran around the house
to see if the front door was unlocked.

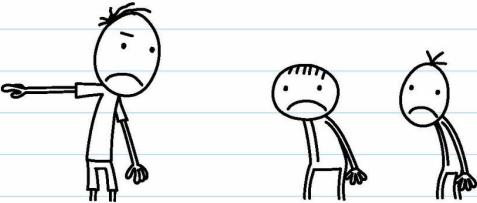
But it WASN'T and I kind of freaked out
a little.



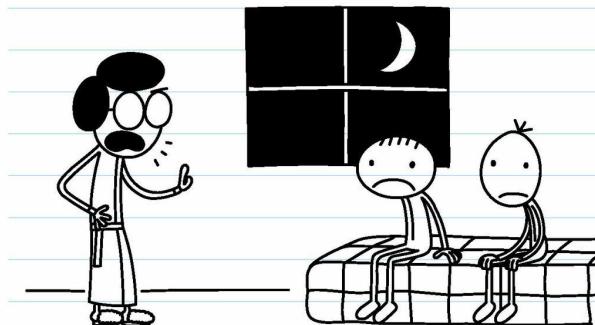
The good news is that someone came to
the door pretty quick but the bad news is
that it was Mr. Heffley.



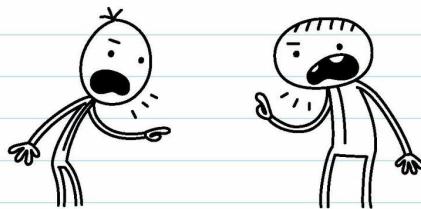
Mr. Heffley told us to get our stuff from
the basement because we were gonna
have to stay in Greg's room so he could
keep an eye on us.



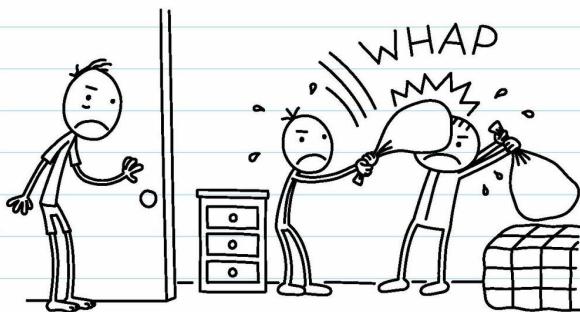
Then Mrs. Heffley came into Greg's
room and said she was disappointed in us
for sneaking out and that made me feel
ashamed all over again. But I think Greg
gets in trouble a LOT because he didn't
seem that ashamed.



As soon as Mrs. Heffley went to bed, Greg
said I was dumb for making all that noise
at the O'Rourkes' and EXTRA dumb for
ringing the doorbell. I said I was sorry for
saying "wheeee" on the trampoline but the
doorbell thing was all his fault.



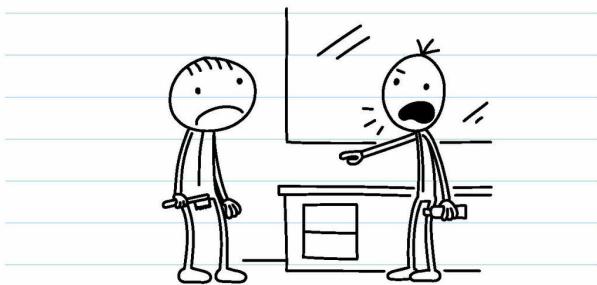
Then Greg whapped me with his pillow and
I whapped him BACK but I guess we made
too much noise and that's why I had to
see Mr. Heffley in his underwear for the
second time in one night.



Mr. Heffley told Greg he had to sleep in
Manny's room and all I could think was,
who's the baby NOW?

The next day Mrs. Heffley woke me up
and said breakfast was ready downstairs.

Greg was in the bathroom brushing his
teeth and he said he hoped I brought my
own toothpaste because if I wanted to
use his I was gonna have to pay for it
since it was his house.

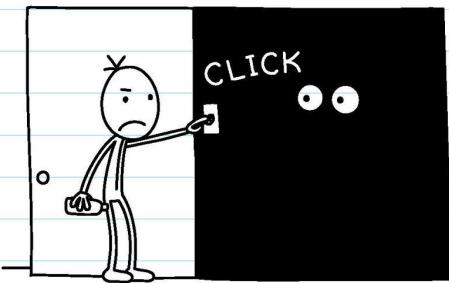


I told him I DID have my own toothpaste
and then he said I was gonna have to pay
for the water I used to brush my teeth.

I said I wasn't gonna pay for the water
because I was the guest and guests are
supposed to get treated SPECIAL.

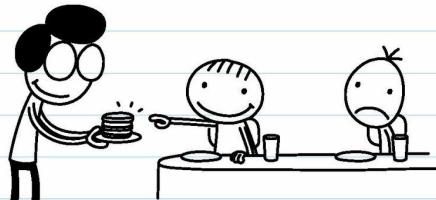
So he said if I wasn't gonna pay what
I owed I couldn't eat breakfast or any
other meals either.

I was like yeah RIGHT and then he said I
was using his electricity and he shut the
light off on me.



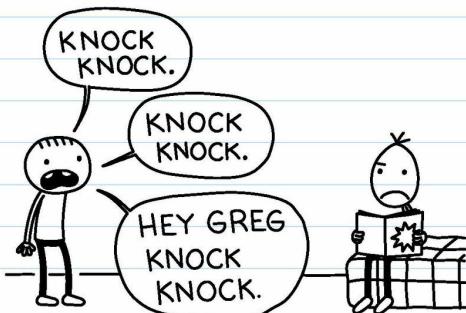
When I got downstairs I told Mrs. Heffley
about all the stuff Greg said upstairs and
she said I was RIGHT about guests being
special.

Then she let me pick which pancakes I
wanted before Greg got to pick.



After breakfast Mrs. Heffley said we had
too much screen time the day before and
that we had to figure out something to
do until lunch.

Greg was in a grumpy mood so I decided
to cheer him up with a knock-knock joke.
But he wouldn't do the "who's there" part
no matter how many times I tried.

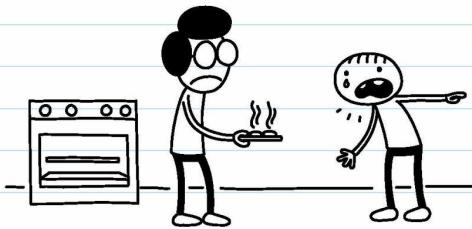


I told Greg I was gonna go upstairs and
tell his mom he wasn't saying "who's there."
And that finally made him do it.

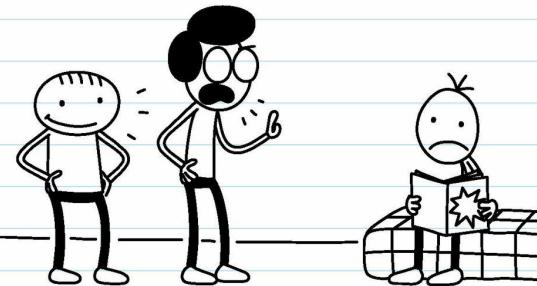


I said what do elephants do at night? But
Greg said you're not supposed to ask a
question in that part of a knock-knock
joke and I said yes you are.

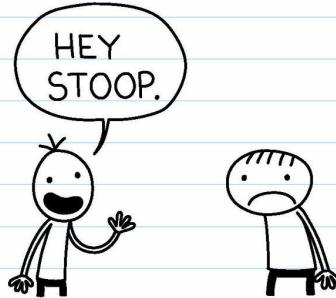
Then he told me I was dumb and I said I
was gonna tell on him for THAT. And Greg
said go right ahead and so I DID.



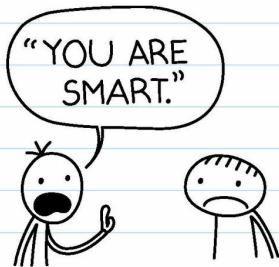
So Mrs. Heffley came down and told
Greg he wasn't allowed to call me dumb or
stupid or any other bad names either.



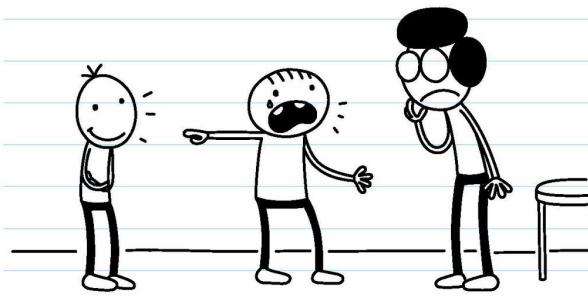
But then when she left, Greg said he had a
new nickname for me. At first I thought it
sounded cool but then I figured out what
he MEANT.



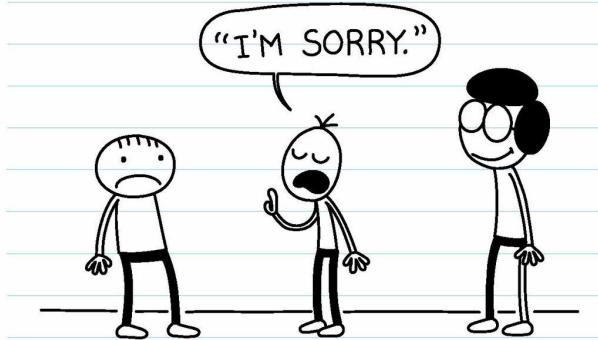
I told Greg I was gonna tell on him AGAIN
but then Greg said that it was Opposite
Day and everything meant the opposite
of what it was supposed to.



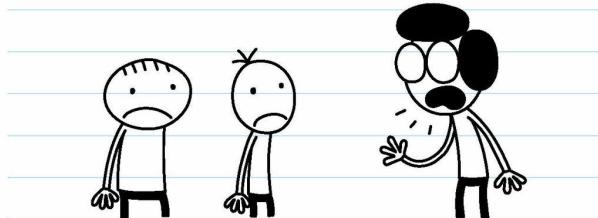
Well I knew what he MEANT so I went and
told Mrs. Heffley. But at first she didn't
get mad because she didn't know it was
Opposite Day.



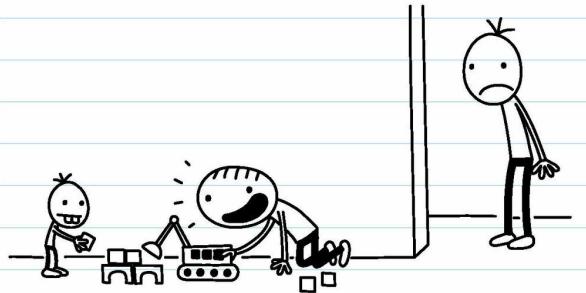
I explained it to Mrs. Heffley and she made
Greg apologize. But I think he might've
been being opposite.



Mrs. Heffley told us that sometimes
friends get on each other's nerves but we
needed to figure things out since we had a
whole day to go on our sleepover.



She said maybe we should spend some
time apart and I thought that sounded
like a GREAT idea. So I hung out with
Manny in his room for a while.

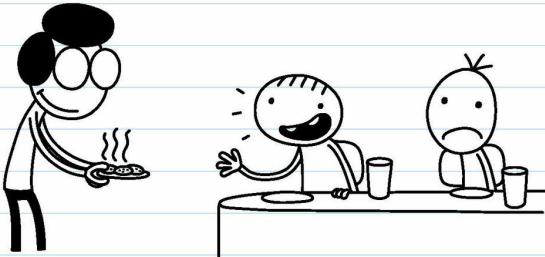


Even though I was having fun with Manny,
I missed my mom and dad and I looked at
their picture whenever I got the chance.



The next time I saw Greg was when
we had lunch. Mrs. Heffley made peanut
butter and jelly sandwiches and she even
remembered to cut the crusts off mine.

After we finished our sandwiches she gave
us chocolate chip cookies for dessert.
She gave Greg one but she gave me TWO
because she said I was the guest and
guests are SPECIAL.



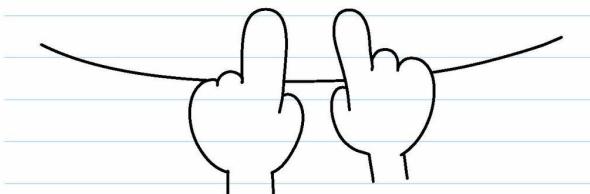
I ate one of my cookies but I made a shield
around the other cookie with my arms so
Greg couldn't get it. Sometimes if I have
something Greg wants he will lick it so I
won't want it anymore.

That's what he did last Halloween when I
got more candy than he did.

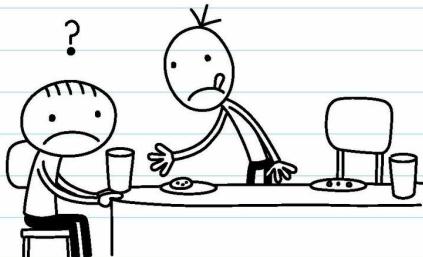


But Greg said he was full and didn't even
WANT my cookie. He said that while I was
playing with Manny he was reading a book
about magic and he wanted to show me a
trick. I really like magic so I said OK.

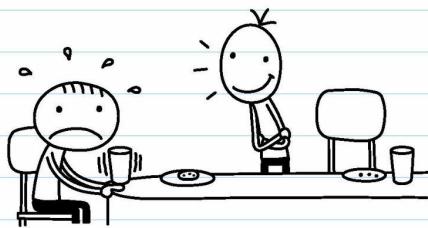
First Greg told me to put my fingers on
the edge of the table so they were close
together like this:



Then Greg took my glass of milk and put
it on top of my fingers.

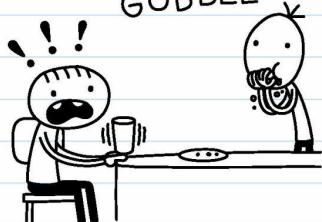


I asked him when the magic part was
gonna happen and he said it was ALREADY
happening because I couldn't move. Well he
was right because if I did, the glass of milk
would tip over and spill. And Mr. Heffley
gets mad when I spill stuff in his house.

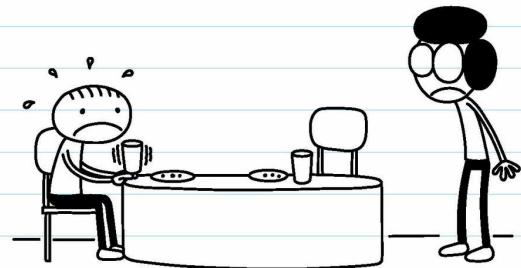


But then Greg said here's the REAL magic
part and he took my cookie and ate it up.

GOBBLE
GOBBLE

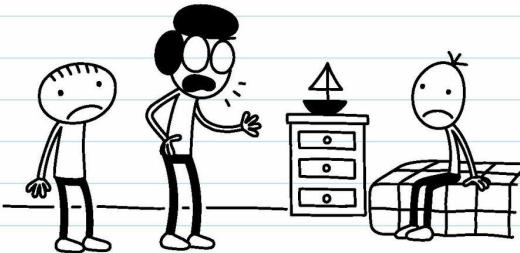


After that, Greg went upstairs but I was stuck at the kitchen table. And I was still there a half hour later when Mrs. Heffley came back to the kitchen.

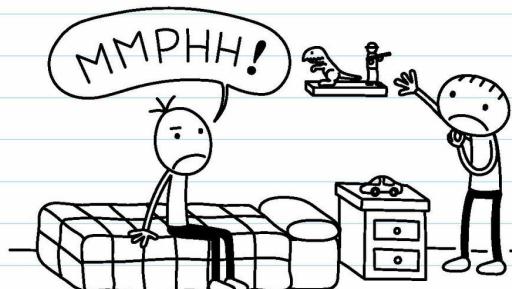


I told her what Greg did and boy was she mad but it wasn't because of the magic trick. She was mad that Greg took something that belonged to me without asking.

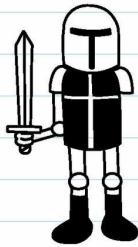
We went up to Greg's room and then
Mrs. Heffley told me I could pick out one
of Greg's things to take home with me so
we'd be even.



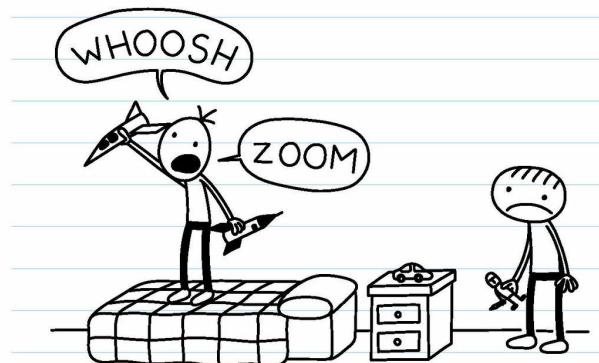
Well Greg had a BUNCH of cool toys that
he never let me play with so it was really
hard to pick. But every time I got close
to one of his favorites he kind of let me
know I shouldn't pick that one.



I picked an action figure that was a knight
with a missing arm and Greg seemed OK
with that.



But as soon as Mrs. Heffley left the room
Greg said I could play with my lame action
figure because he was gonna play with all
his cool stuff by himself.

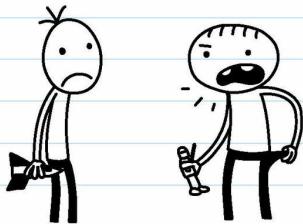


It kind of bugged me and I wanted to bug
Greg BACK. So I pretended I was having a
total blast with my toy.



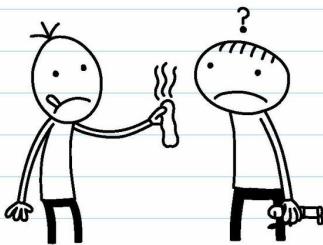
Well it WORKED and Greg said I had to
hand over his toy. I said no way and he
said he was just gonna wait for me to fall
asleep and he'd take it back HIMSELF.

I told him I was gonna put the action
figure down my underwear so he couldn't
get it and he didn't like that idea.



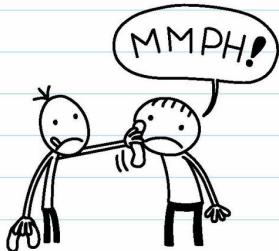
Then Greg said he'd TRADE me for the
action figure and I asked him what he'd
give me for it. Greg said he'd give me
ninety-nine cents for the knight and I said
OK to that.

But then Greg took a dirty sock out of
his hamper and tried to get me to smell it.

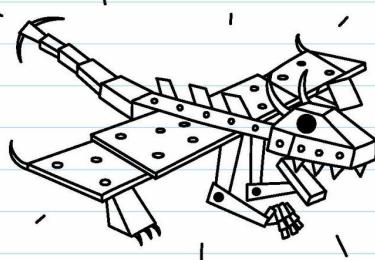


And I was like what was that for? And
Greg said that was my first "scent."

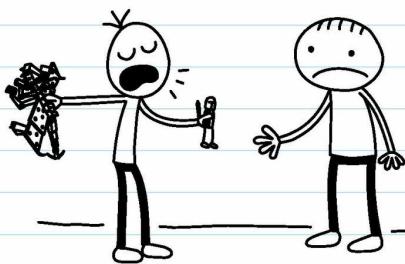
I said I wanted ninety-nine CENTS not
ninety-nine SCENTS. But Greg said a
deal's a deal and then he tried to get me
to smell another sock as my second scent.



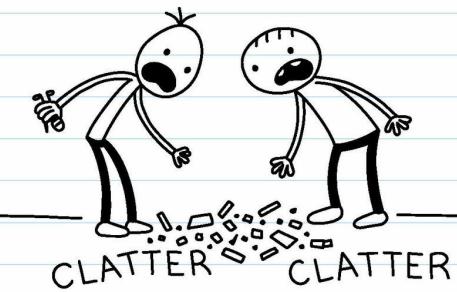
When I told Greg I was gonna go tell on
him again, he said he'd trade me his Lego
dragon for my knight and I said YES
because that dragon is way better than a
knight with no arm.



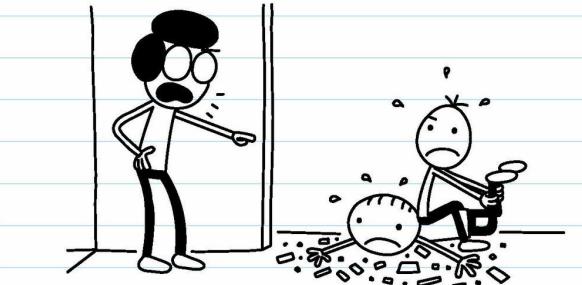
But then when I gave Greg my knight he
wouldn't give me the dragon because he
said I should've remembered it was still
Opposite Day.



Well that was the last straw for me and I
tried to grab the dragon from Greg. But
it kind of slipped out of my hands and hit
the floor and broke apart.



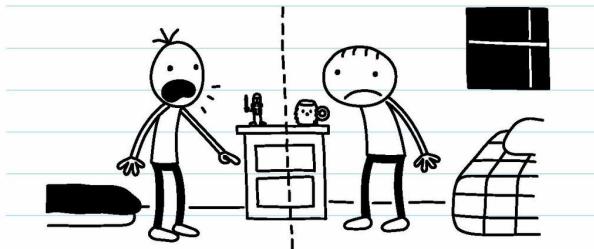
I guess we were making a lot of noise
because the next thing we knew Greg's
mom was back in the room. She said she
was gonna have to separate us for the
rest of the night which was fine with ME.



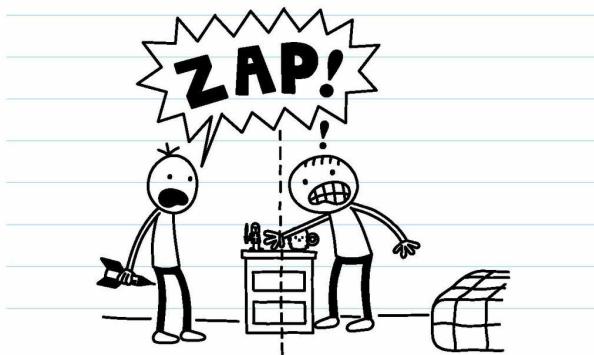
Mrs. Heffley said that we each had one
half of the bedroom and that we had to
stay on our own side. So she asked me
which side I wanted and I picked the side
with the BED which made Greg mad.

When Mrs. Heffley went back to her
room, Greg said he was turning on an
invisible force field between our two sides.

Then he said if someone crossed over
they'd get zapped.



Greg said he was fine with me having
the bed because he could sleep on an air
mattress and plus all the fun stuff was on
HIS side of the room. And when I reached
over to Greg's side for my action figure,
sure enough I got zapped.



I opened the drawer in the table next to
Greg's bed to see if he had any comics I
could read. Well there weren't any comics
but one of Greg's old handheld video games
was in there.

So I played it and Greg couldn't do
anything because of the force field.



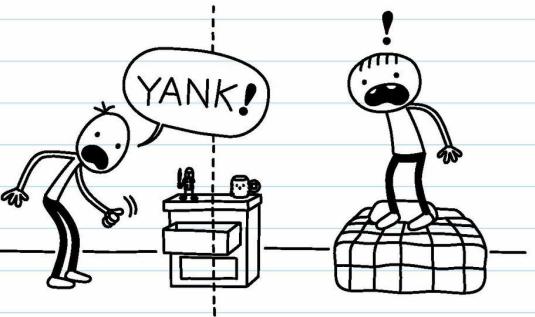
But Greg said I could play video games by
myself like a nerd because he was having
a wild party on HIS side of the room and
I wasn't invited. And I got kind of jealous
because his party looked pretty fun.



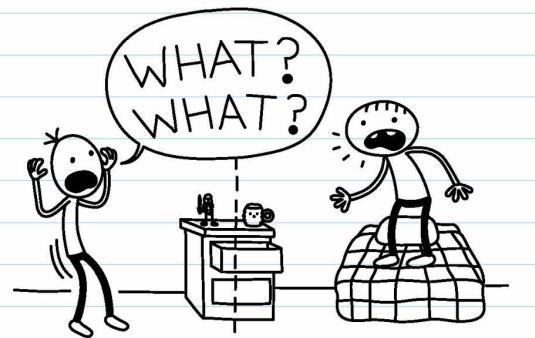
I said well I'm having a party on MY
side and it was even more wild than HIS
party and I had really good music. Greg
said I couldn't even come up with an
original idea but I still think he was jealous
of my party.



Then Greg said the plug to my party
speakers was on HIS side of the room so
he pulled it out to shut off my music.



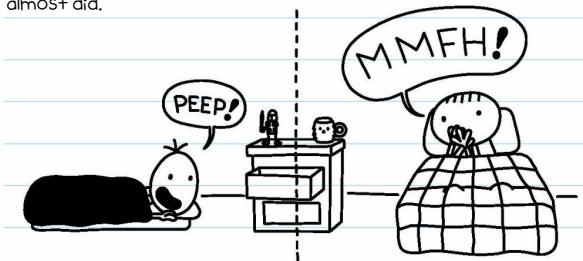
Greg got back to his party and I tried to
tell him to plug my speakers back in but
Greg couldn't hear me because the music
at his party was too loud.



But this time MR. Heffley came into the room and Greg didn't notice him standing in the doorway.

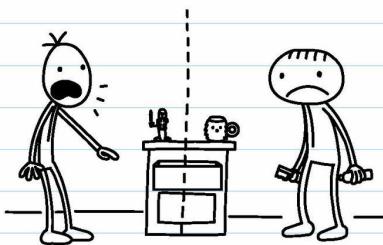


Mr. Heffley said he didn't want one more peep out of us and then he left the room.
We were both quiet for a long time but then Greg tried to get me to laugh and I almost did.



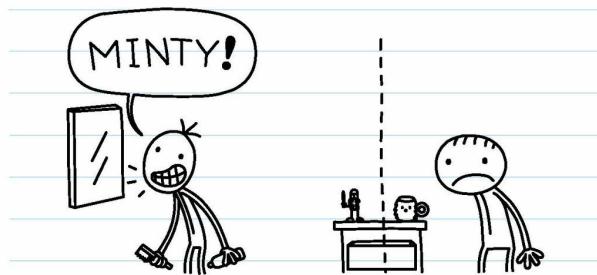
I was kind of glad we had to be quiet
because I was getting pretty sleepy
anyway and I wanted to go to bed.

I told Greg I needed to brush my teeth
and he said too bad because the force
field was still on and I was trapped in my
half of the room for the whole night.



So I asked if he could just turn off the
force field for a little while so I could brush
my teeth but he said once the force field
is turned on it stays on until the morning.

And then Greg went to the bathroom to
brush HIS teeth and came back to the
room after he was done.

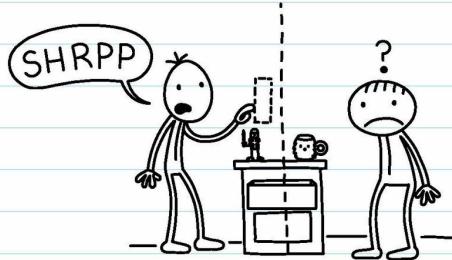


That's when I remembered I need to use
the bathroom before I go to bed every
night so I don't have any accidents.

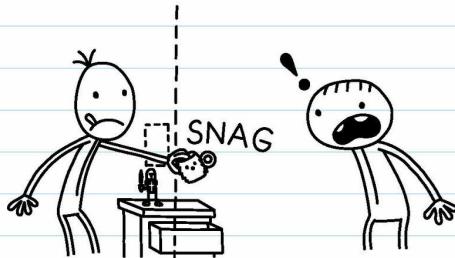
But Greg said I was just gonna have to
hold it until the morning. I said I couldn't
MAKE it all the way to morning and Greg
said that wasn't his problem.

I said if Greg didn't shut off the force
field I was gonna have to pee in the
Chewbacca mug on the table next to
Greg's bed. Then he told me he had a
special invisible knife that could cut
through the force field.

Greg showed me how the knife worked by
cutting a square in the force field right
next to the table where the mug was.



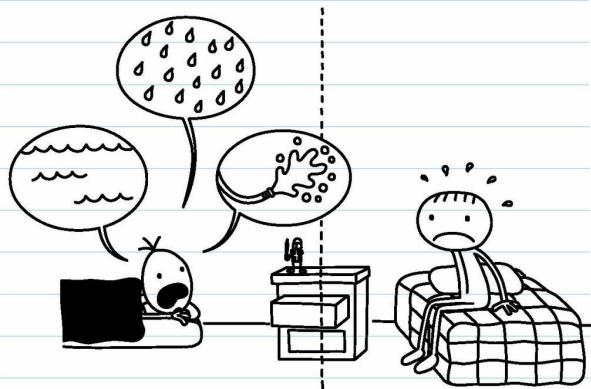
Then he reached through the hole and
grabbed the mug.



I asked Greg to cut a Rowley-sized hole in
the force field so I could get through it to
use the bathroom.

But Greg said the knife ran on invisible
batteries and they got used up when he
made HIS hole so I was out of luck.

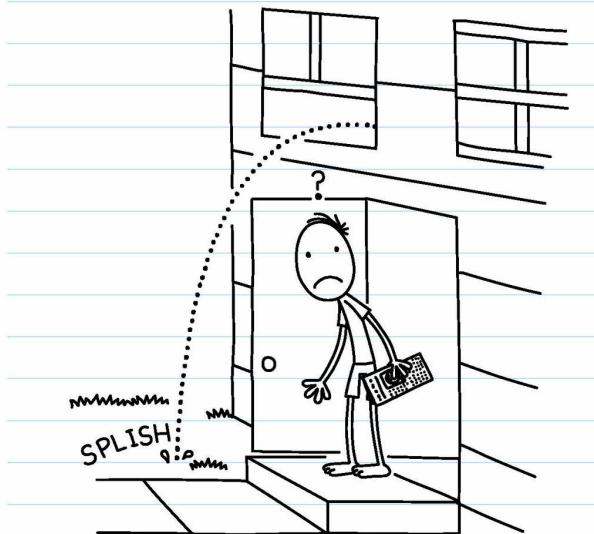
Then Greg started talking about all sorts
of things that made me feel like I really
needed to use the bathroom.



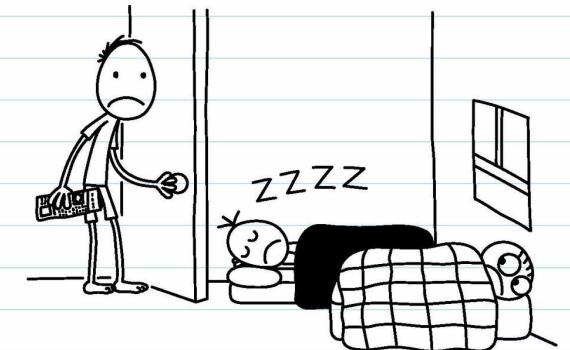
Finally Greg got tired and he fell asleep. I
thought about trying to sneak past him
but I was worried he was just faking it
and I was gonna get zapped.

After a while I fell asleep too. But I woke
up around six in the morning feeling like I
was gonna BURST.

I didn't care about the force field anymore
but I was worried that if I used the
bathroom I might wake up Mr. Heffley.
But I should've just used the bathroom
anyway because Mr. Heffley was already
up for the day.



Luckily Mr. Heffley didn't look up in time to
see me in the window and when he got to
Greg's room I was already back in bed.

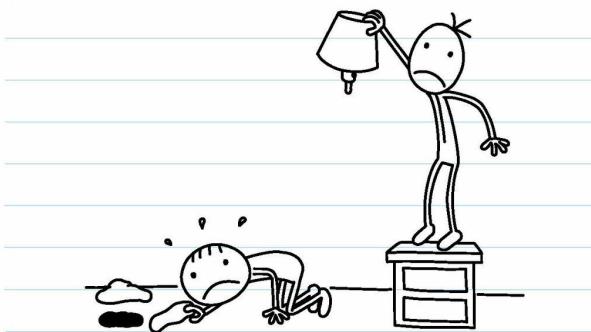


I fell back asleep after a while and got up
when Mrs. Heffley said it was time for
breakfast.

After we ate, I went to get my knight
action figure from Greg's room but I
couldn't find the toy ANYWHERE.

Greg said he didn't know what happened
to it, but Mrs. Heffley said he had to help
me look for it.

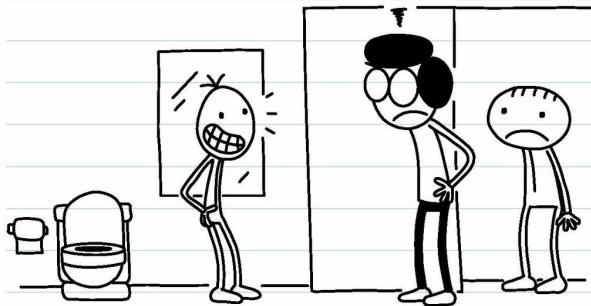
So the two of us searched Greg's room
but to be honest he wasn't all that helpful.



I guess Mrs. Heffley thought Greg was
hiding the action figure from me because
she said if he didn't hand it over in two
minutes then he was gonna be in big
trouble.

Greg said he needed to use the bathroom
but he'd keep looking for my action figure
after he was done. But I noticed he had
something in his hand when he went in
there.

Greg locked the bathroom door and
Mrs. Heffley told him to come out right
this instant. But then the toilet flushed
and when Greg opened the door there
wasn't anything in his hand anymore.



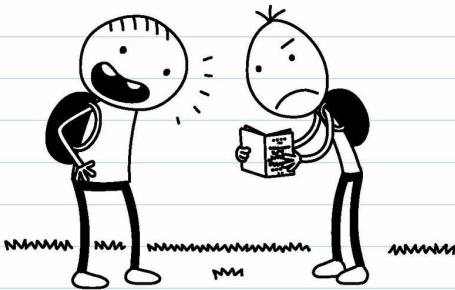
Mrs. Heffley made Greg give me THREE
toys and this time I picked out ones that
WEREN'T broken.

My mom and dad came and got me just
before lunch and boy was I glad to see
them. And P.S. if you wanted to know
the answer to that knock-knock joke, it's
"Elephants watch television."

THE ADVENTURES OF

GREG AND ROWLEY

I'm pretty much up to date on Greg's
life so today I showed Greg what I
wrote so far. I thought he would like it
but he was MAD.

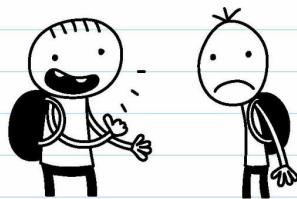


Greg said this book was supposed to be
about HIM and not about ME. I told him
it was hard to write about just HIM
because most of the time we do stuff
TOGETHER.

He said I need to go back through the book
and take out all the stuff with me in it. I
told him that would be dumb because then
the book would only be like one page long.

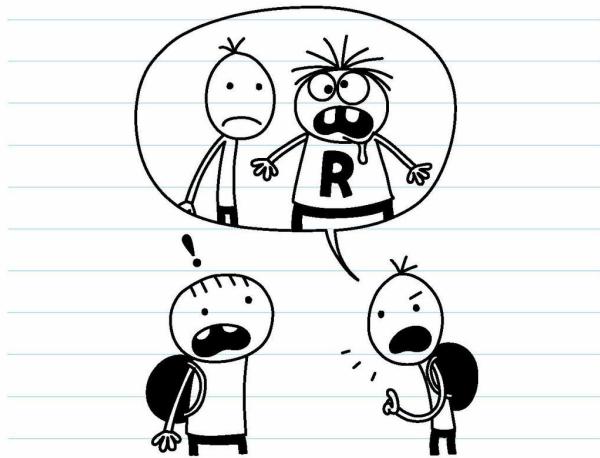
I said maybe we should change the title
to "THE ADVENTURES OF GREG AND
ROWLEY" and it could be OUR biography.

Then I said since there's a lot of scary
stuff in this book we could make it into a
spooky series where these two pals solve
mysteries. We could make a lot of money
and we'd BOTH be rich and famous.

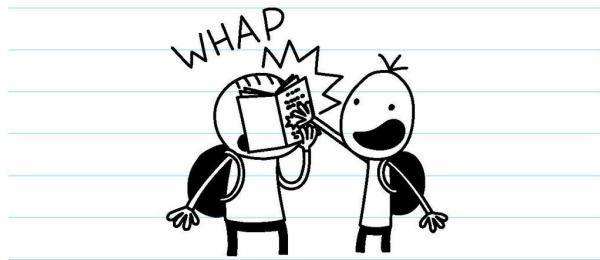


Greg said that was the stupidest idea he
ever heard.

He said this book is about HIS life and if
he wants to he can change the name of
Greg's best friend to "Rupert" and then
he wouldn't owe me ANYTHING. Plus he
said he'd make Rupert really dumb and
drooling all the time.



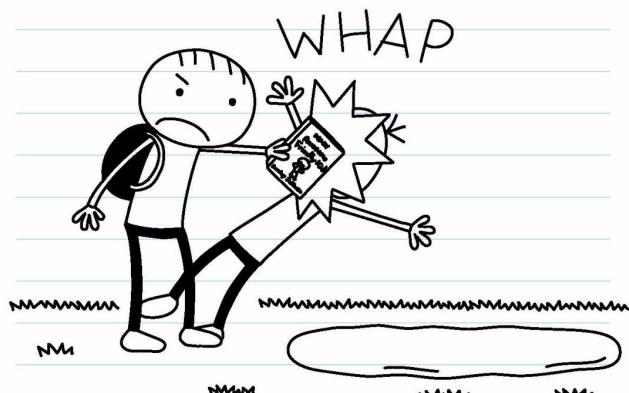
Then Greg told me the book smelled
funny anyway and when I brought it up
to my nose to sniff it he closed the book
on my face.



So I said hey what was THAT for? and
Greg said that's what I got for dropping
him in the puddle.

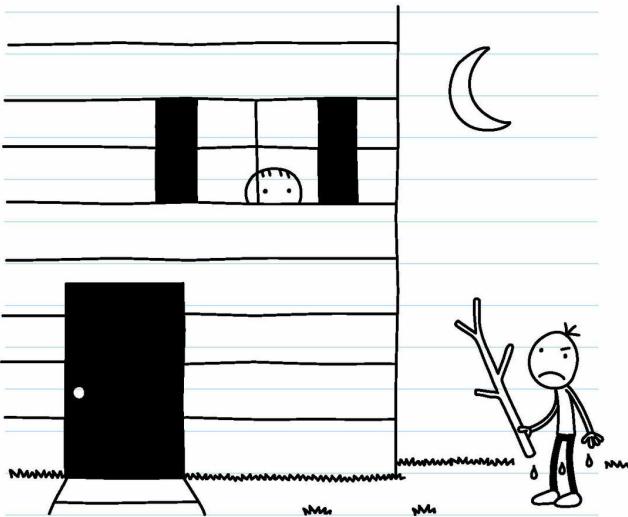
Then he said he got me back when I least
expected it and I guess he was right
about THAT.

But I was pretty mad and I whapped him
with his own biography.



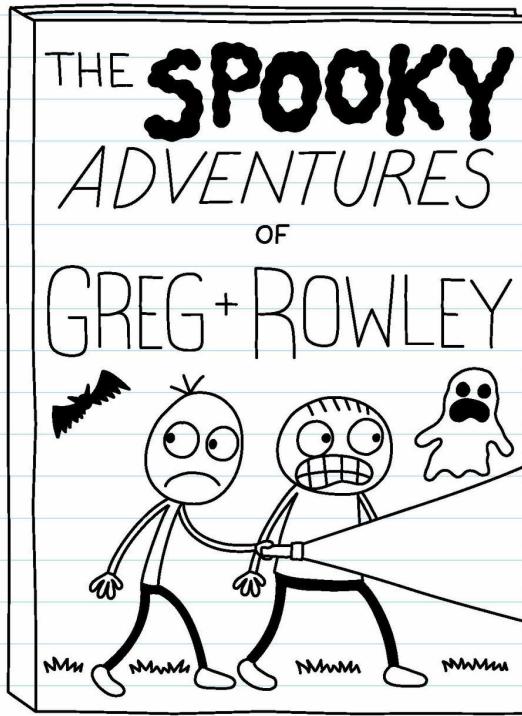
Well I guess Greg wasn't expecting THAT
because he lost his balance and fell in a
big puddle.

Anyway I am up in my room now and I
am hoping Greg's mom calls him home
for bedtime soon because he already
skipped dinner.



I'm glad all that stuff happened today
because it gave me a whole new chapter in
our biography. I'm sure we'll be pals again
tomorrow and we'll have a bunch of new
adventures that I can put in here.

And I'll bet if we go with my idea about
the scary stuff it'll sell a million copies.



But if Greg changes my name to Rupert I
just want to say for the record that he
wet his pants at that first sleepover too.

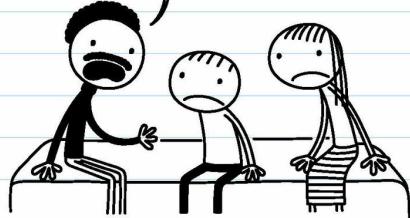
OK Now Back to This Being About Me

Well if Greg's not happy with his biography
then I can go back to using this journal to
write about MYSELF.

So now I'm officially the main character
of this book again. And from now on this
thing is just gonna be about me and my
mom and my dad and I might mention
Ms. Beck one more time if there's enough
room.

Speaking of my mom and dad, after my
last fight with Greg they came to my
room to talk about it.

ROWLEY MAYBE IT'S TIME TO
FIND SOME NEW FRIENDS.



But I don't really think I can add any new friends because Greg takes up so much of my time.

I know me and Greg don't always get along but like Mrs. Heffley said, sometimes friends get on each other's nerves.

Well me and Greg get on each other's nerves a LOT so I guess that just proves that we're



