

Rachel Renée Russell

DORK
diaries®



with Nikki Russell and Erin Russell

Aladdin

New York London Toronto Sydney New Delhi



THIS DIARY BELONGS TO:

Nikki J. Maxwell

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If found, please return to ME for REWARD!

(NO SNOOPING ALLOWED!!!☺)

MONDAY, MAY 5—7:15 A.M.

AT HOME

NOOOOOO ☹️!!

I CAN'T believe this is actually happening to me!!

I just found out yesterday that I'm going to be attending North Hampton Hills International Academy for one week as part of a student exchange program!

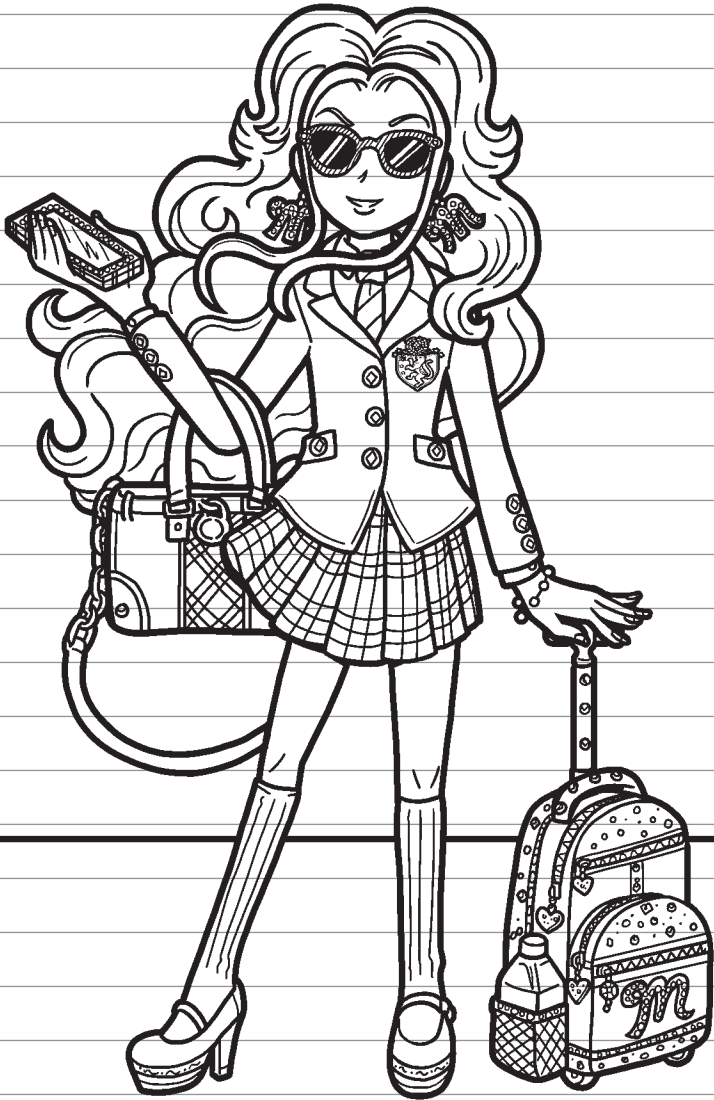
Yes, I know. It's a VERY prestigious school, known for its outstanding students, rigorous academics, chic uniforms, and beautiful campus that's a twist between Hogwarts and a five-star luxury hotel!

Most students would give up their CELL PHONES for a chance to attend there.

So WHY am I totally FREAKING OUT?!!

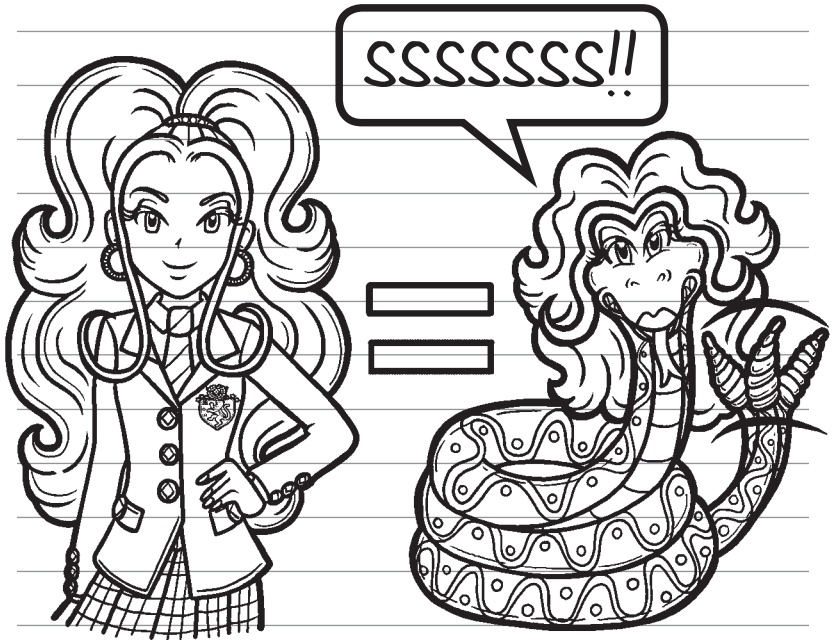
Because it's ALSO the school that a certain DRAMA QUEEN just transferred to ☹️!

Yes, it's true! Unfortunately . . .



MACKENZIE HOLLISTER ATTENDS
NORTH HAMPTON HILLS!

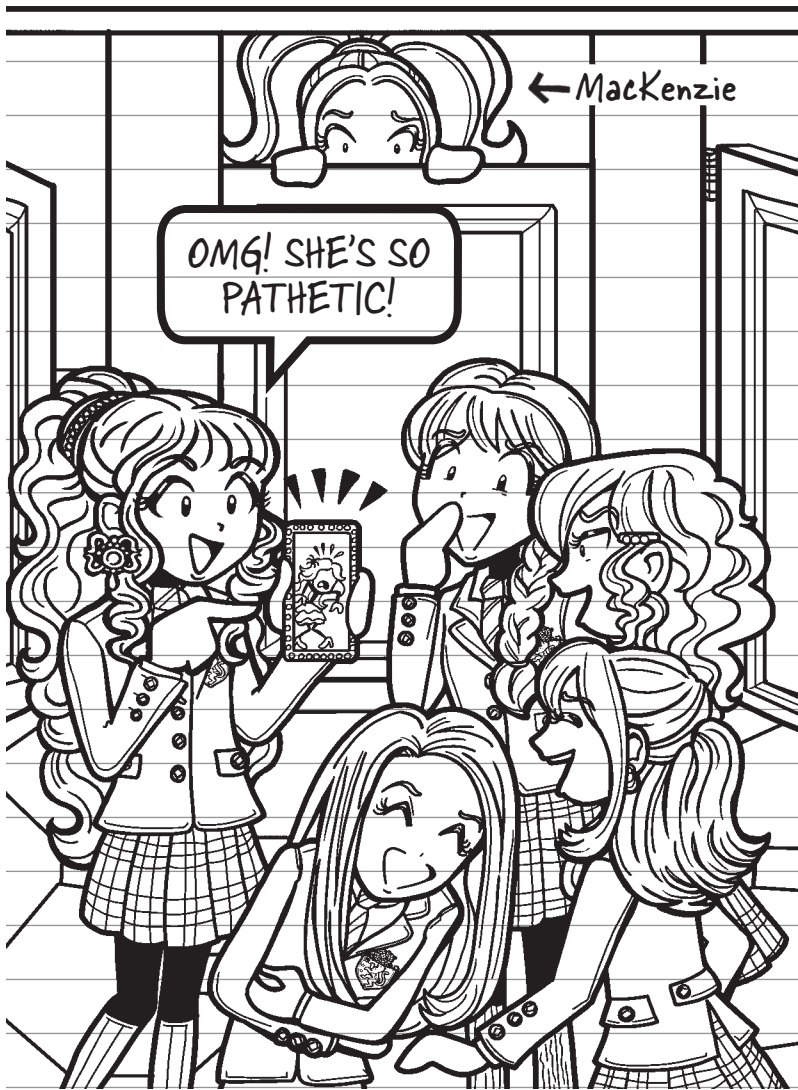
Calling her a mean girl is an understatement. She's a RATTLESNAKE in lip gloss and hoop earrings and blond hair extensions. . . .



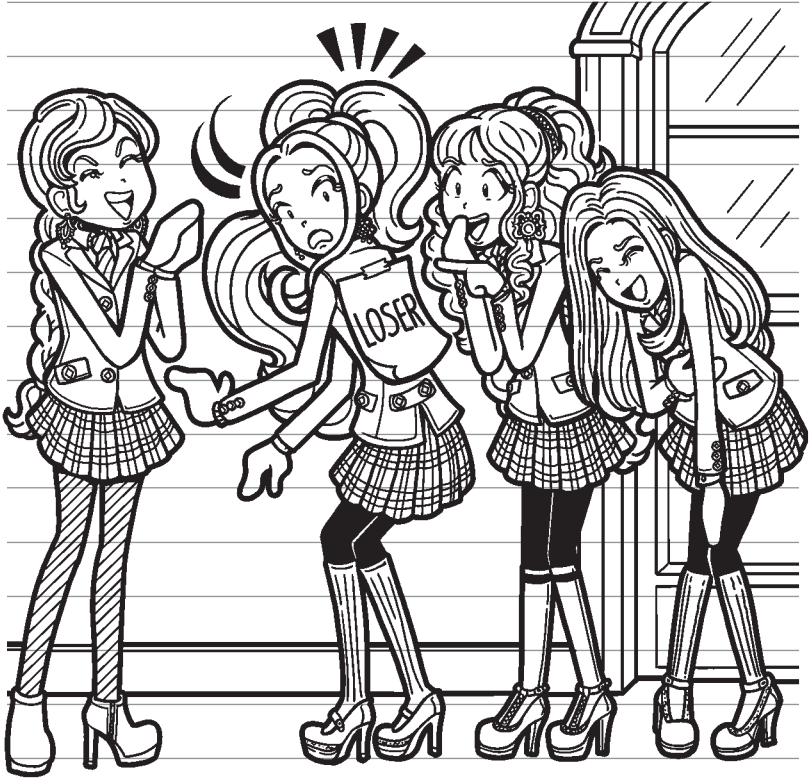
I have no idea why she HATES my GUTS!

But you'll NEVER believe THIS!

According to the latest gossip (from her little sister, Amanda, to my little sister, Brianna), a few of the North Hampton Hills girls have actually been HATING on MacKenzie! . . .



THEY MADE FUN OF MACKENZIE
BECAUSE OF THAT VIDEO
WITH THE BUG IN HER HAIR!



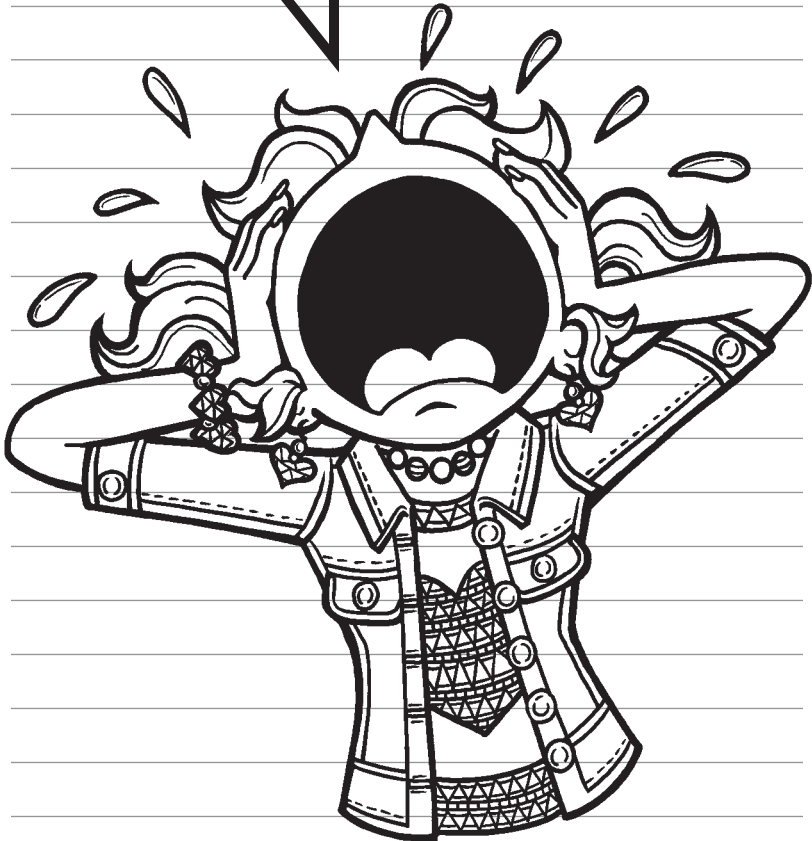
AND WENT OUT OF THEIR WAY
TO MAKE HER LIFE MISERABLE!

But all of this gets even STRANGER!

I saw MacKenzie a few days ago at the CupCakery,
and she was hanging out with some of her new
friends. PRETENDING to be . . . ME!

It was so BIZARRE, I almost flipped out! I wanted to rush down to the local POLICE STATION and scream . . .

HELP ME, PLEASE! IT'S AN EMERGENCY! MY IDENTITY HAS BEEN STOLEN!!



Thanks to MacKenzie, my life is a never-ending

DRAMAFEST!!

In just the past month or so, she has:

1. slammed me in the face with a dodgeball

2. stolen my diary

3. hacked into my newspaper advice column

4. accused me of cyberbullying her

AND

5. pretended to be ME.

Like, WHO does that?!!

Only a complete and utter . . .

SICKO!

After MacKenzie transferred, I was hoping I'd NEVER have to see her face again.

But NOOOO!!!

Next week I'll be stuck attending North Hampton Hills with a spiteful, lip-gloss-addicted IDENTITY THIEF 😞!

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE let my BFFs, Chloe and Zoey, get assigned to that school too.

With them by my side, I can get through just about ANYTHING!

Including a PAINFULLY long, MISERABLE week with my WORST enemy!



MONDAY—7:50 A.M.

AT MY LOCKER

I just got to school a few minutes ago, and the eighth-grade students are already buzzing about Student Exchange Week.

I'm dying to talk to Chloe and Zoey about it.

But right now I'm so SLEEPY I can barely keep my eyes open.

Yesterday my parents surprised me with a . . .

NEW PUPPY!

Yes, it's true! The Maxwell family has a dog!

Her name is Daisy, and she's a golden retriever.

She's a sweet, happy, wiggly bundle of energy.

I LOVE her SO much that I'm thinking about making a new designer fragrance for teens called . . .



PUPPY BREATH!!

Daisy is absolutely PERFECT 😊!! She's SUPERplayful and so silly that she makes me laugh.

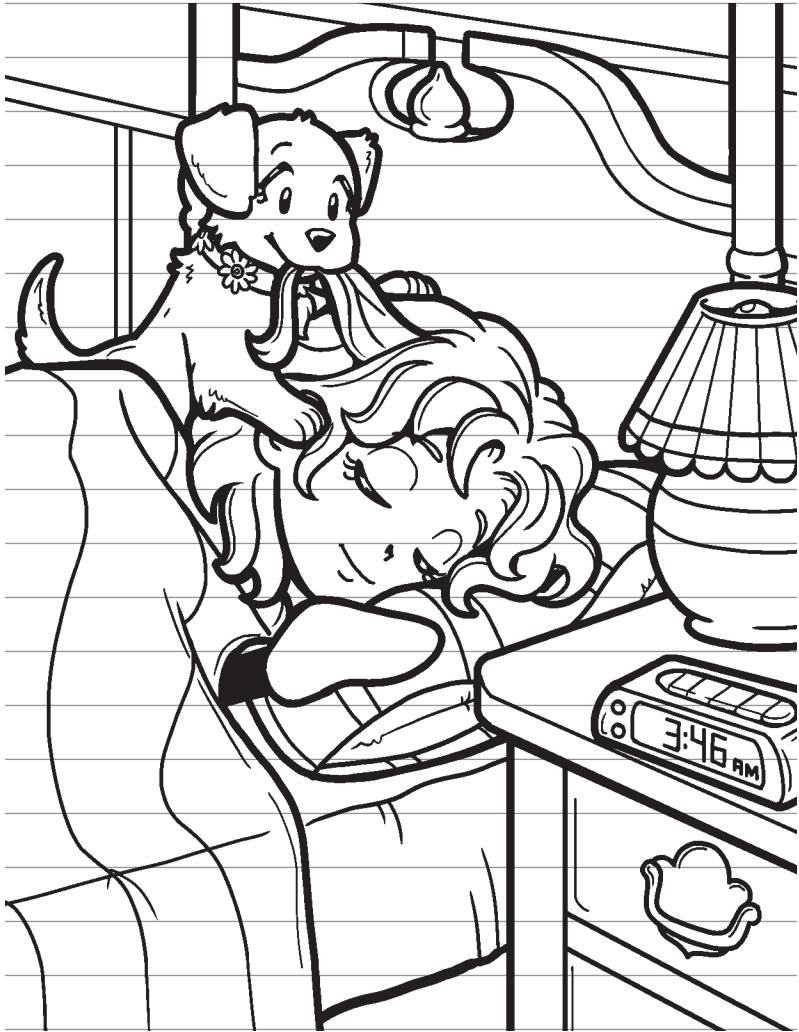
Anyway, I was so stressed out about having to attend North Hampton Hills that I barely got any sleep last night.

Although Daisy didn't help matters. As much as I
adore her, I'm starting to wish she had an ON/OFF
switch, because . . .



THAT DOG NEVER SLEEPS!

And every time I drifted off to sleep, she'd get bored and lonely and want to PLAY. . . .



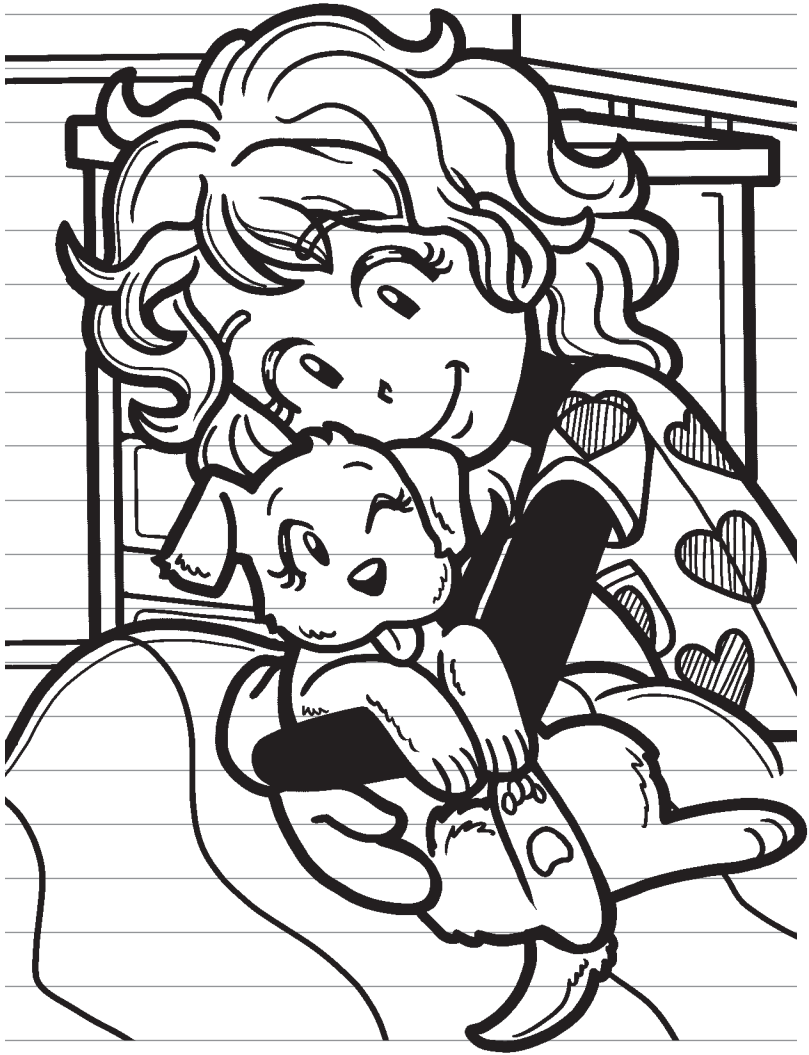
DAISY DECIDES TO WAKE ME UP!

By SCARING the SNOT out of me!



ME, BEING ATTACKED BY A FEROCIOUS
FURBALL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!

She was so cute that I couldn't stay mad. . . .



ME, SNUGGLING WITH DAISY
(AND TRYING TO GET HER TO SLEEP!)

OMG! I probably got LESS than seventeen minutes of sleep the ENTIRE night!

It's Daisy's fault that I'm tired and grumpy and will be SLEEPWALKING from class to class.

I'm almost too exhausted to even WORRY about Student Exchange Week.

I wish it were a REAL foreign exchange student program for some faraway, exotic place, like maybe . . . Paris, France!

I'd LOVE, LOVE, LOVE to spend a week in PARIS 😊! It's SUCH a romantic city!

I just turned in a project for French class about the Louvre art museum, which contains some of the world's most famous masterpieces.

I hope I get a decent grade on it since my report and hand-drawn illustrations took me FOREVER to complete!

Anyway, I just had the most brilliant idea!

Since I'm a library shelving assistant, I can use that as an EXCUSE to get out of the program.

I'll simply ask BEG our librarian, Mrs. Peach, to let me ~~hang out~~ HELP OUT in the library during Student Exchange Week.

School will be out for the summer soon, and there's a ton of work that needs to be done to get the library ready for next year.

So I am pretty sure she'll say yes.

PROBLEM SOLVED! RIGHT 😊?!

WRONG 😞!!

That's when Principal Winston made an announcement over the PA system about Student Exchange Week. He explained that the final week of the program would start on Monday, May 12, and those of us eighth-graders who hadn't already participated in a

previous week would be receiving a letter with details about our host school assignment later today.

He reminded us that instead of being graded on class assignments, students will receive one credit for successfully completing the program. Any student failing to do so will end up one credit short for completing eighth grade and NOT be promoted to ninth grade!

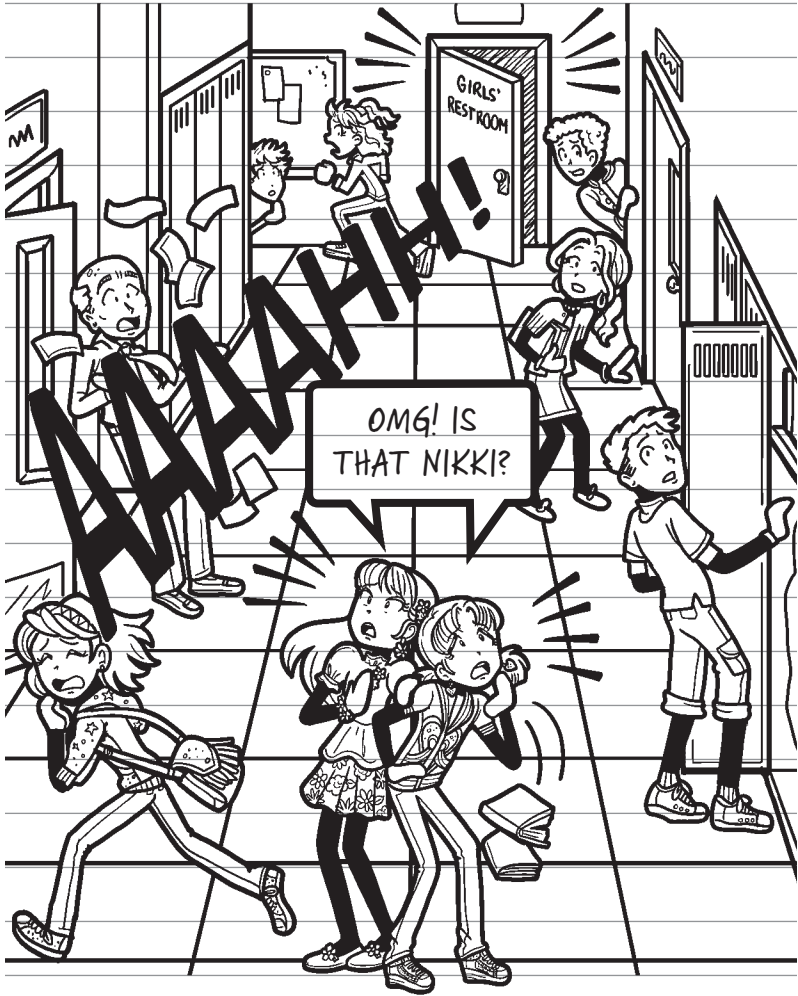
As if all of that news wasn't **BAD** enough, he said the credit would have to be made up by attending **SUMMER SCHOOL!**

SORRY!! But as much as I **HATE** the thought of spending a week with MacKenzie, I **HATE** the thought of spending the **ENTIRE** summer in school **EVEN MORE ☹!**

This student exchange program was quickly turning into a **MASSIVE HEADACHE!**

Even though I felt overwhelmed, I decided to handle my problem in a very calm and mature manner.

So I went straight to the girls' bathroom. . . .



And had a **COMPLETE MELTDOWN!!**



MONDAY—10:55 A.M.

AT MY LOCKER

We just received our letters. . . .

FROM THE OFFICE OF
PRINCIPAL WINSTON

TO: Nikki Maxwell

FROM: Principal Winston

RE: EIGHTH-GRADE STUDENT EXCHANGE WEEK

Dear Nikki,

Each year, all eighth-grade students at Westchester Country Day Middle School participate in Student Exchange Week with local schools. We feel this helps to foster community and good citizenship between students and faculty at the host schools. Participation is mandatory for YOU to meet your eighth-grade requirements.

Next week you will be attending NORTH HAMPTON HILLS INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY (NHH). You are expected to be on your best behavior and follow the NHH handbook. Photos for student IDs will be taken on Friday, May 9.

If you have any questions or concerns, please feel free to contact me.

Sincerely,

PRINCIPAL WINSTON

Everyone was excitedly reading their letters and discussing their school assignments.

Principal Winston had also placed the master list right outside the office door.

I was at my locker writing in my diary when Chloe and Zoey rushed up to me, happily waving their letters in the air.

"OMG, Nikki! Guess what?! WE have the SAME school!" Chloe shrieked hysterically.

"WHAT?! NO WAY!" I blinked in surprise. "WE DO?! Are you sure?!"

I assumed that Chloe and Zoey had already checked the office list for my assignment.

"Chloe's right!" Zoey smiled. "WE'RE assigned to the same school! Can you believe it?!"

That news was almost too good to be true. I smiled and breathed a sigh of relief.

I had wasted all that energy worrying for no reason.

I was FINALLY starting to feel excited about the exchange program. It might actually be FUN!

"We're going to have a BLAST!" Chloe squealed.

"Group hug, everyone!"

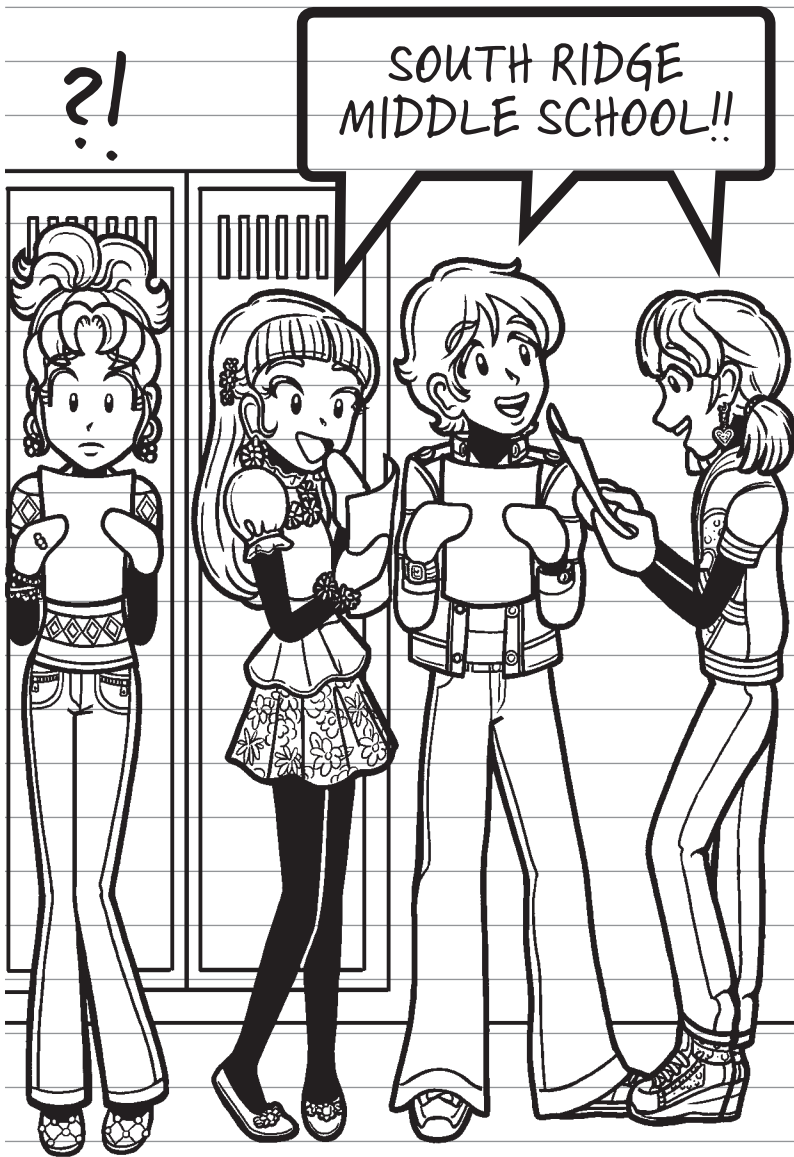
We were doing a group hug when Brandon walked up.

"Let me guess. The three of you have been assigned to the same school! Right?!" He smiled.

"YEP! So, what school did YOU get?" Zoey asked.

When Brandon held up his letter, Chloe and Zoey both screeched, "OMG!! BRANDON HAS THE SAME SCHOOL AS US!"

"This is KA-RAY-ZEE!" I giggled happily. "It seems almost UNBELIEVABLE that the FOUR of us have been assigned to—"



ME, FEELING TOTALLY CONFUSED!

"WHAT?!" I gasped in shock. "Wait a minute, guys! Are you sure?!"

But Chloe, Zoey, and Brandon didn't seem to hear me. The three of them were laughing and talking about how GREAT it was going to be to hang out with Brandon's best friend, Max Crumbly, at South Ridge Middle School.

Suddenly my stomach started to churn and I could taste the breakfast burrito I had eaten this morning. I bit my lip and tried to swallow the lump in my throat.

No one seemed to notice that I was upset. It was like I was invisible or something. And these people were SUPPOSED to be my FRIENDS?!

I didn't have any choice but to ask myself a very difficult question. . . .

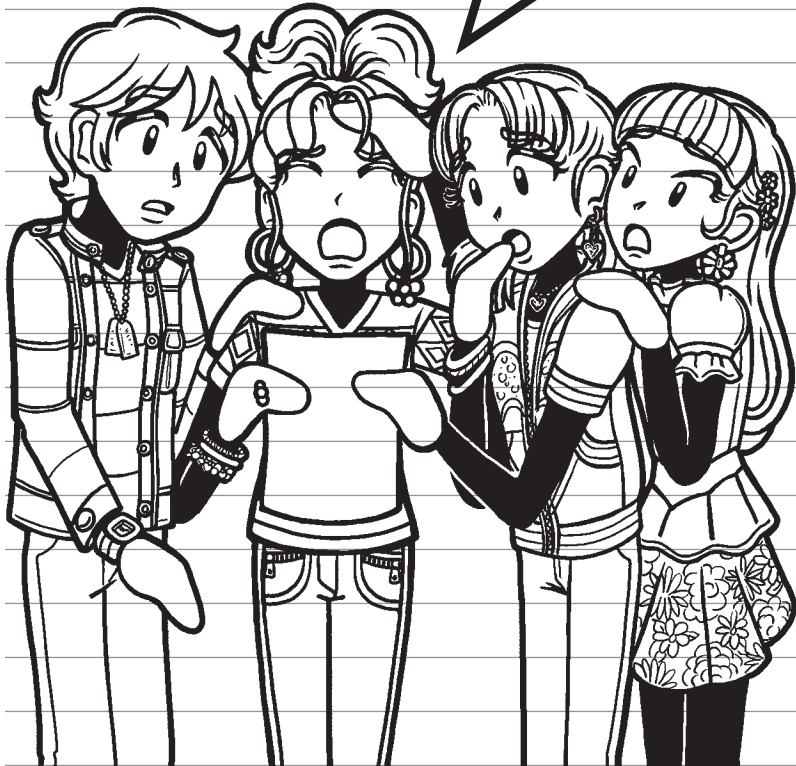
WHY DID I FEEL LIKE A... GIANT BUCKET OF...

PUKE?!!!
...

Suddenly everyone stopped talking and stared at me.
"Nikki, are you okay?!"

That's when I closed my eyes and wailed. . . .

I'M GOING TO NORTH
HAMPTON HILLS!!



"MACKENZIE'S SCHOOL?!" they gasped.

I totally lost it right there in front of my locker as my three friends watched helplessly.

"That's TERRIBLE!" Chloe groaned.

"You POOR thing!" Zoey moaned.

"What CRUDDY luck!" Brandon muttered.

OMG!

I was so frustrated and angry, I wanted to . . .

SCREAM!!

There's just NO WAY I'm attending school with Mackenzie only to be publicly humiliated by her.

AGAIN!!

I guess this means I'll be signing up for summer school.

Sorry, Principal Winston!

But now that I know none of my friends will be at NHH with me, I'd rather poke my eye out with a dirty stick than be in your STUPID program!



MONDAY—1:45 P.M.

IN BIOLOGY CLASS

Brandon and I are lab partners in bio and sit next to each other. I guess he must be worried about me or something, because he's been texting me nonstop. . . .

BRANDON: R U OK?

NIKKI: I'm fine. Just a little bummed out about the NHH fiasco.

BRANDON: How about I talk 2 Principal Winston about us switching schools?

NIKKI: ???

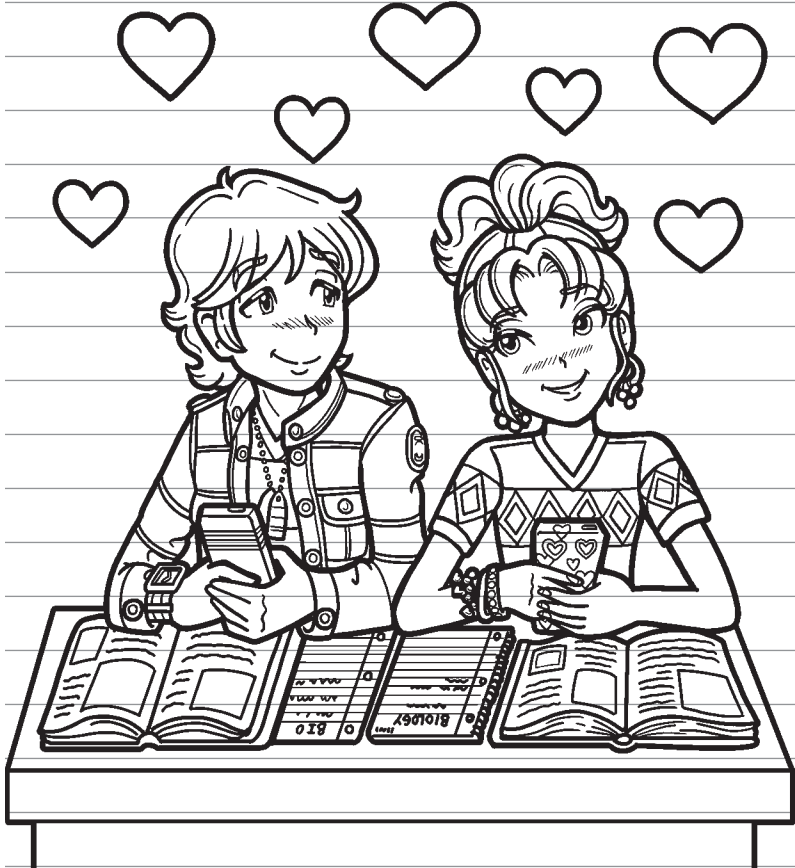
BRANDON: U go to South Ridge with BFFs. I go 2 Hogwarts. Then will U smile again?

NIKKI: R U kidding me? U would do that?!

BRANDON: Sure! 4 a friend.

NIKKI: Thanx! But I'm OK now. 4 real!

We stared at our text messages and blushed. Then we stared at each other and blushed. All of this staring and blushing went on, like, FOREVER! . . .



BRANDON AND ME, TEXTING IN BIO

BRANDON: This class is so boring.

NIKKI: Totally agree. I'm trying to stay awake.

BRANDON: If I doze off, please SLAP me.

NIKKI: OK. LOL! Stop making me laugh or we'll both get detentions for texting in class.

BRANDON: Hey, at least U R smiling again!

By the time bio was over, Brandon had cheered me up. I was starting to feel like maybe it WASN'T the end of the world after all.

It was really sweet of him to offer to trade places with me and attend NHH. But MacKenzie has an even bigger CRUSH on Brandon than I do! She would happily give up lip gloss for the rest of her life to spend an entire week hanging out with him at NHH.

Sorry, girlfriend! But that is so NOT happening!





PHOTOGRAPH © BY SINA LEE

Rachel Renée Russell is the #1 *New York Times* bestselling author of the blockbuster book series *Dork Diaries* and the exciting new series *The Misadventures of Max Crumbly*.

There are more than forty-five million copies of her books in print worldwide, and they have been translated into thirty-six languages.

She enjoys working with her daughter Nikki who helps illustrate her books.

Rachel's message is "Always let your inner dork shine through!"

Have YOU read all of

DORK diaries

by Rachel Renée Russell



EBOOK EDITIONS ALSO AVAILABLE

Nikki Maxwell's diaries?


#1 New
York Times
Bestselling
Series

MOST IMPORTANT TIP EVER
FROM NIKKI MAXWELL:

Always let your inner
DORK shine through!



This book is a work of fiction. Any references to historical events, real people, or real places are used fictitiously. Other names, characters, places, and events are products of the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual events or places or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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