

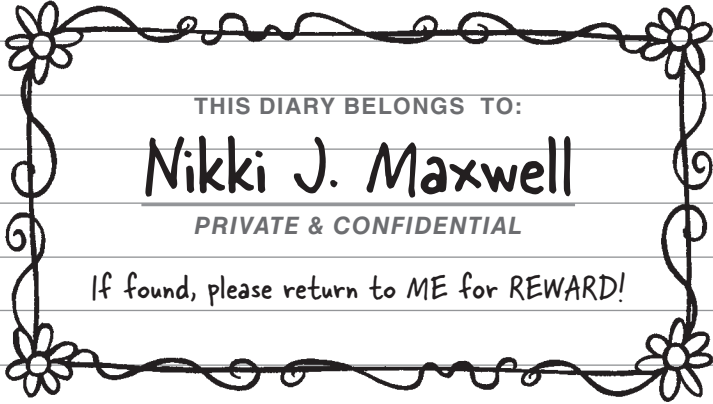
Rachel Renée Russell

DORK
diaries



Aladdin

New York London Toronto Sydney New Delhi



THIS DIARY BELONGS TO:

Nikki J. Maxwell

PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL

If found, please return to ME for REWARD!

(NO SNOOPING ALLOWED!!! 😡)

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1

OMG!

I think yesterday was probably the BEST day of my entire life 😊!!

Not only did I have a FABTASTIC time at the Halloween dance with my crush, Brandon, but I think he might actually like me! SQUEEEEEEEEE!!!! 😊!!

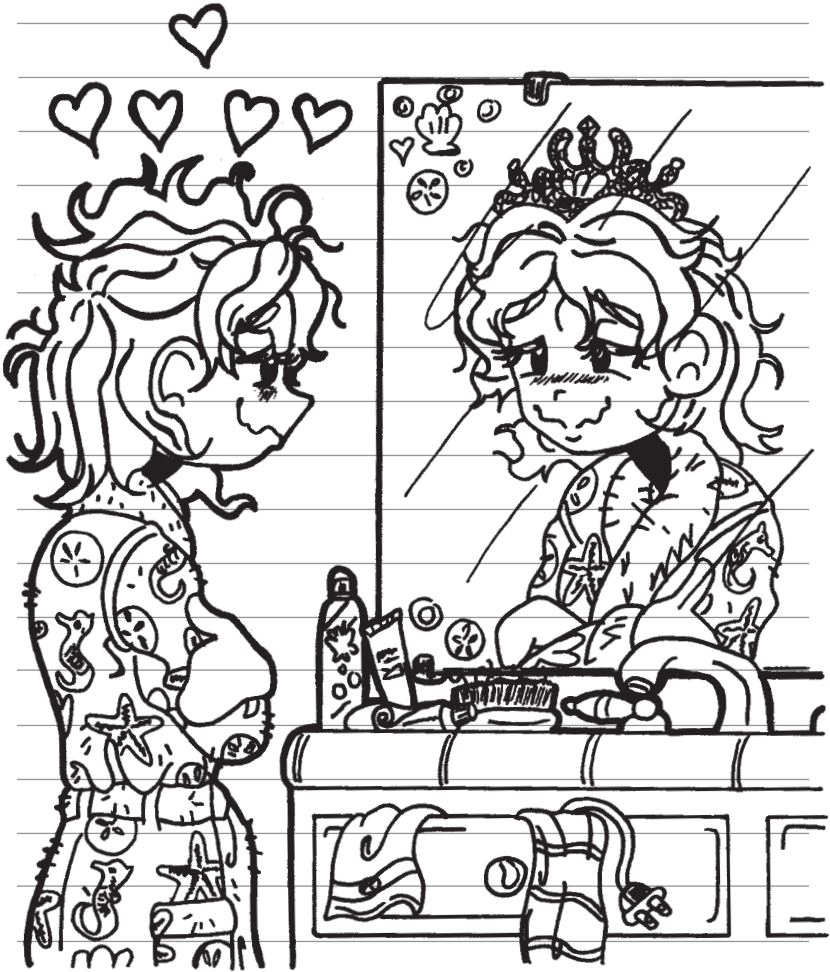
By "like," I mean as a REALLY good friend.

Definitely NOT as a serious girlfriend or anything. I'm sure THAT would NEVER happen in a million years!

WHY? Mostly because I'm the biggest DORK in the entire school.

And with three zits, two left feet, one cruddy social life, and zero popularity, I'm not exactly the type of girl who'll one day be crowned prom queen.

But thanks to my wicked case of CRUSH-ITIS, the slightly-goofy-blissfully-lovesick-shabby-chic style I'm currently rockin' would definitely put me in the running for . . .



PRINCESS OF THE DORKS!

It's just that I'm NOT a tag hag (also known as a totally obsessed fashion SNOB).

And I'm NOT hopelessly addicted to spending twice the gross national product of a small third-world country on the latest designer clothes, shoes, jewelry, and handbags, only to REFUSE to wear the stuff one month later because it's "like, OMG! Practically more ANCIENT than YESTERDAY!!"

UNLIKE some people I know. . . .

"People" being shallow, self-centered girls like . . .

MACKENZIE HOLLISTER ☹!!

Calling MacKenzie a "mean girl" is an understatement. She's a RATTLESNAKE in pink plumping lip gloss and ankle boots.

But I'm NOT intimidated by her or anything. Like, how juvenile would THAT be?!

I constantly wonder how girls like MacKenzie always manage to be so . . . I don't know . . .

PERFECT.

I wish / had something that could magically transform ME into my perfect self.

It would have the amazing power of Cinderella's fairy godmother, be easy to use, and be small enough to fit inside a purse or backpack.

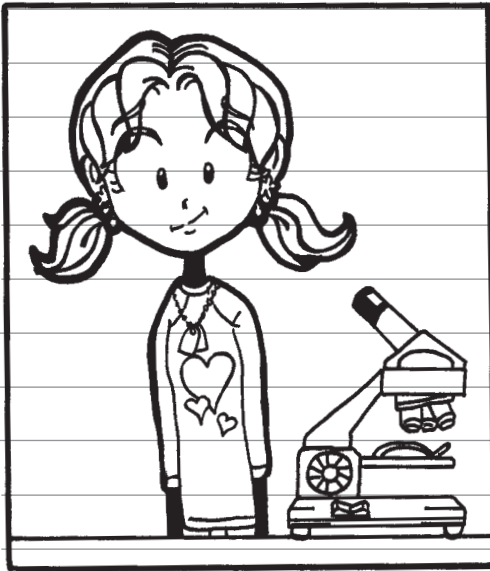
Something like, I dunno, maybe . . .

MAXWELL'S ENCHANTED LIP GLOSS 😊!

My special lip gloss would make each and every girl look as beautiful on the OUTSIDE as she is on the INSIDE!

How COOL would THAT be?!

AVERAGE NICE GIRL (LIKE ME)

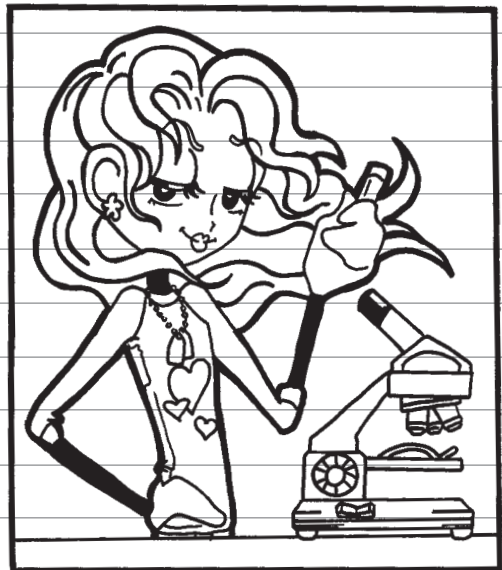


← BEFORE
ENCHANTED
LIP GLOSS

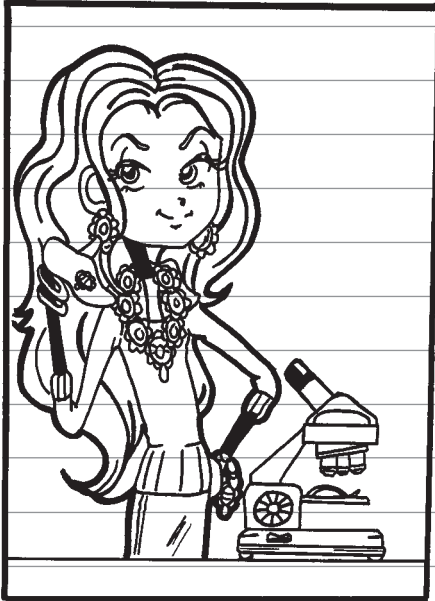
(WE SEE A
NORMAL GIRL.)

AFTER →
ENCHANTED
LIP GLOSS

(WE MAGICALLY SEE
MY INNER BEAUTY.)



AVERAGE MEAN GIRL (LIKE MACKENZIE)



← BEFORE
ENCHANTED
LIP GLOSS

(WE SEE A POPULAR
GIRL IN DESIGNER
CLOTHING.)

AFTER →
ENCHANTED
LIP GLOSS

(WE MAGICALLY SEE
HER INNER BEAUTY.)



After spending hours studying the potential global impact of the Enchanted Lip Gloss phenomenon, I was shocked and amazed by my scientific findings:

Enchanted Lip Gloss does **NOT**
look **CUTE** on **EVERYONE!**

Too bad, MacKenzie 😊!!

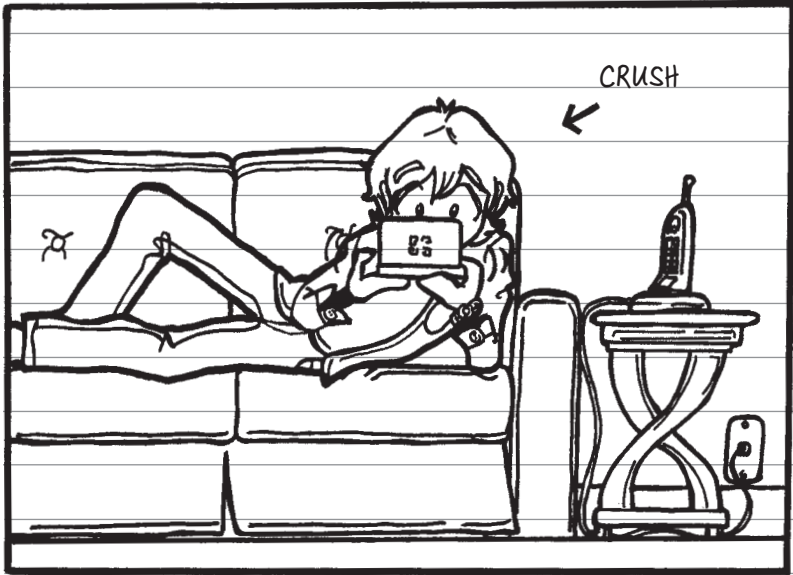
Anyway, I really hope Brandon calls me today.

I would totally **FREAK** if he actually did. But I'm pretty sure he probably won't. Which, BTW, brings me to this **VERY** important question. . . .

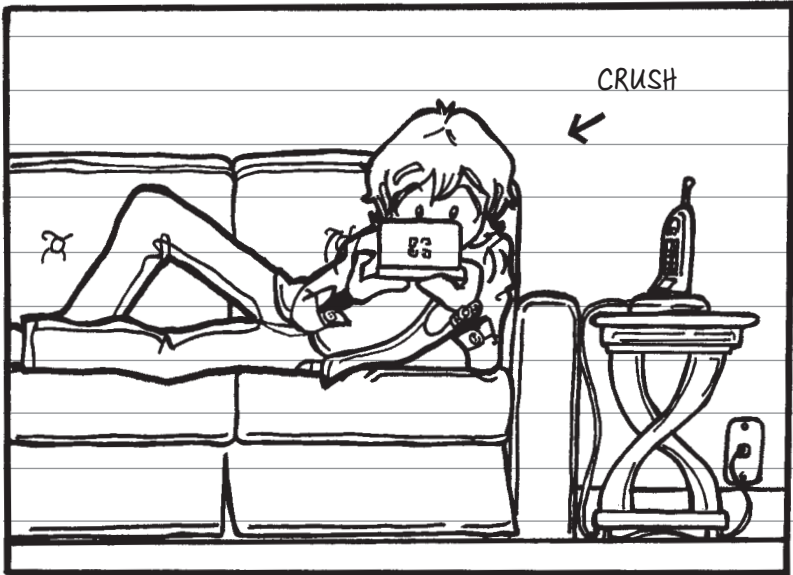
HOW ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHEN A GUY ACTUALLY LIKES YOU IF HE NEVER BOTHERS TO CALL????!!!

CRUSH IQ TEST: Carefully examine the following two pictures for sixty seconds. Can you spot the **DIFFERENCE** between them?

CUTE CRUSH WHO ACTUALLY LIKES YOU



CUTE CRUSH WHO DOESN'T LIKE YOU



ANSWER: There is NO DIFFERENCE! These two dudes are IDENTICAL!

Which, unfortunately, means your crush basically IGNORES you whether he actually LIKES YOU or NOT!

ARRRGGGGHH!!!

(That was me tearing my hair out in frustration!)

Lucky for me, my BFF Chloe is an expert on guys and romance. She learned everything she knows from reading all the latest teen magazines and novels.

And my BFF Zoey is a human Wikipedia and a self-help guru. She's basically a fourteen-year-old Dr. Phil in lip gloss and hoop earrings.

The three of us are going to meet at the mall tomorrow to shop for jeans. I can't wait to talk to them about all this guy stuff because, seriously, I don't have a CLUE!

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2

Can someone PLEASE tell me WHY my life is so horrifically PATHETIC 😞?!

Even when something FINALLY goes RIGHT, something else ALWAYS goes terribly WRONG!!!

My mom was supposed to be taking me to the mall today to hang out with Chloe and Zoey. So I was TOTALLY BUMMED when she told me I had to watch my bratty little six-year-old sister, Brianna, for forty-five minutes while she shopped for a new toaster 😞!

In spite of her cute little angelic face and pink sneakers, Brianna is actually a baby Tyrannosaurus rex. On STEROIDS!

There was no way I was going to hang out with my BFFs with HER tagging along.

So I told Chloe and Zoey I'd try to meet up with them as soon as my mom finished shopping.

I found a quiet, comfortable spot to chillax with my diary. Then I ordered Brianna to park her little butt right beside me on the bench and not move.



I hadn't taken my eyes off Brianna for more than a minute (or two or five) when I discovered she'd climbed into the mall fountain to hunt for coins!

Thank goodness that water was really shallow!

Then I made the mistake of asking Brianna what the heck she was doing in that fountain. She put her hands on her hips and glared at me impatiently.

"Can't you see it's an emergency?! A mean old witch has kidnapped Princess Sugar Plum. And Miss Penelope needs to get this money out of the water so we can buy a real, live baby unicorn from the grocery store and fly to save the princess!"

Hey, you ask a SILLY question, you get a SILLY answer!

I dragged her out of the fountain and made her toss back the big pile of coins she'd gathered.

Of course, Brianna was supermad at me for ruining her little treasure hunt.

So to distract her, I suggested we take a little stroll through the food court to try to find some FREE food samples to snack on. YUMMY!

That's when Brianna started nagging me to take her to her favorite kiddie pizza joint, Queasy Cheesy.

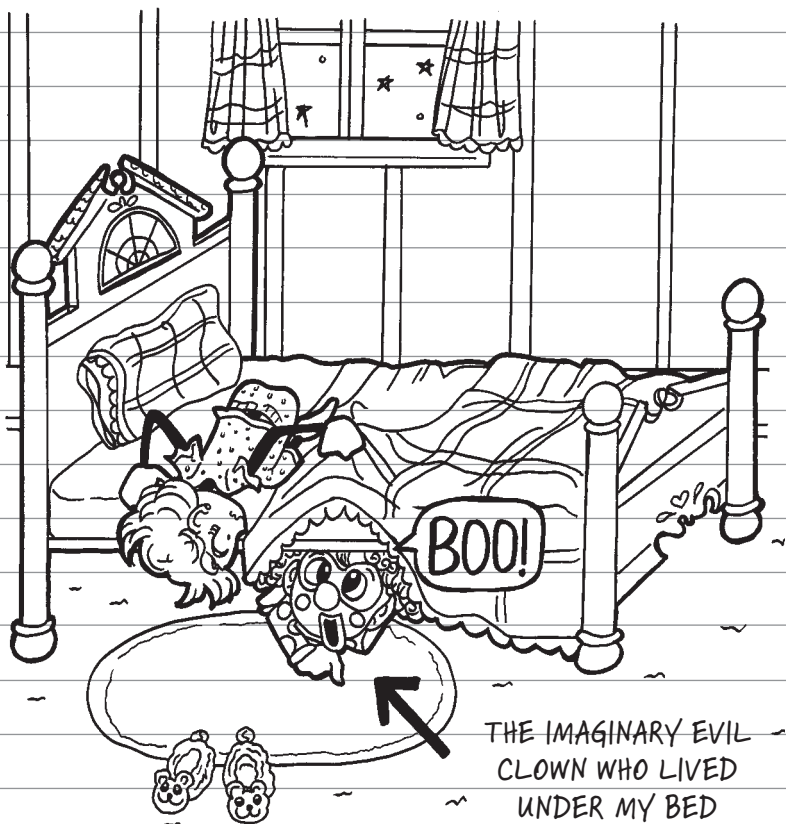
I don't have the slightest idea why little kids love that place so much. It has these huge, stuffed, robotic animals that dance and sing off-key.

Personally, I think it's supercreepy the way their eyes roll around in their heads and their mouths are always out of sync with their voices.

Maybe it's just me, but WHO would actually want to EAT in a restaurant that has a six-foot-tall, mangy-looking RAT scampering around? I don't care that it sings "Happy Birthday" and gives out free balloons!

To me, the **ONLY** thing **SCARIER** was that evil clown who used to live under my bed when I was really little.

My parents always insisted he was just a figment of my imagination. But he was **VERY** real to **ME!**



OMG! I was absolutely **TERRIFIED** he'd grab my ankles and pull me under my bed and I'd be **STUCK** there for, like, **ETERNITY**.

Thank goodness I'm older and more mature and NOT scared of silly, childish stuff like evil clowns.

Except maybe during thunderstorms on really dark nights when I see these strange shadows. . . .

Anyway! I was like, "Sorry, Brianna! I don't have any money. We'll have to wait until Mom gets back."

"But I can pay for it!" Brianna whined. "With my baby unicorn money from that magical fountain. I'm a RICH people practically! I wanna go to QUEASY CHEESY! NOW!!"

That's when I noticed that all of Brianna's pockets were stuffed with coins from that fountain.

My little sister WASN'T "a rich people practically."

But she DID have enough loose change to buy us a medium sausage pizza with drinks.

WOO-HOO!! 😊!!



The pizza was actually pretty good! For Queasy Cheesy, anyway.

Just as we were finishing up our meal, a waitress pulled a random number out of a bowl and

excitedly announced that the guests at table 7 were the "lucky ducks" she'd selected to come up onstage and sing the "I Luv Queasy Cheesy" theme song.

I was like, "Oh, CRUD!!" Brianna and I were sitting at table 7 😞!!

There was just NO WAY I was going up on that stage in front of all those people to sing that stupid song. And I made that fact VERY clear to the nice waitress lady.

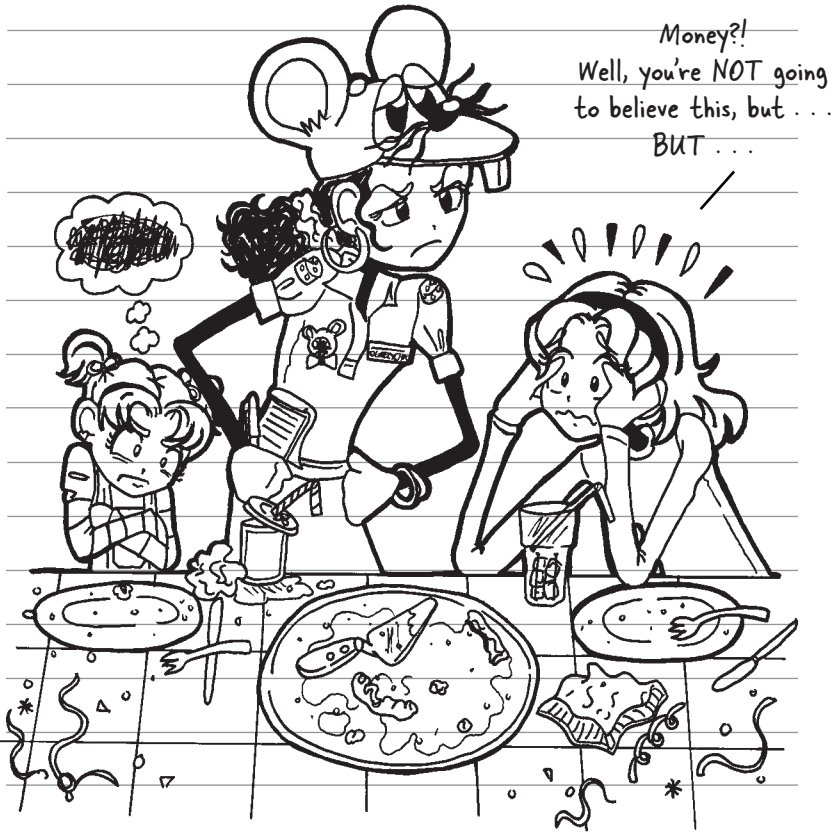
Of course, that's when Brianna got an attitude about the whole thing.

She actually threw a hissy fit right there in the restaurant and—get this—REFUSED TO PAY FOR OUR FOOD!!!!

OMG!

I had never been SO embarrassed in my life!

I totally panicked because all I had in my pocket was thirty-nine cents and some lint.



But the superSCARY part was that Brianna's silly little prank was going to land us BOTH in JAIL!

And YES! I'm aware that doing prison time is the latest fad for all those spoiled young celebs.

You know the type. The infamous party girl/
model/actress who manages to become both an
ICON and an EX-CON before her twenty-first
birthday.

She truly believes she's above the law, because in
her little mind the only REAL CRIMES against
humanity are . . .

1. Fake designer purses
2. FRENEMIES
3. People with visible ear and nose hairs

So out of sheer desperation, I did what I had
to do.

Namely, perform the "I Luv Queasy Cheesy" song
with Brianna so she would pay for our meal.

Thank goodness the people there were mostly
parents and little kids. I didn't see anyone I knew
from my school.

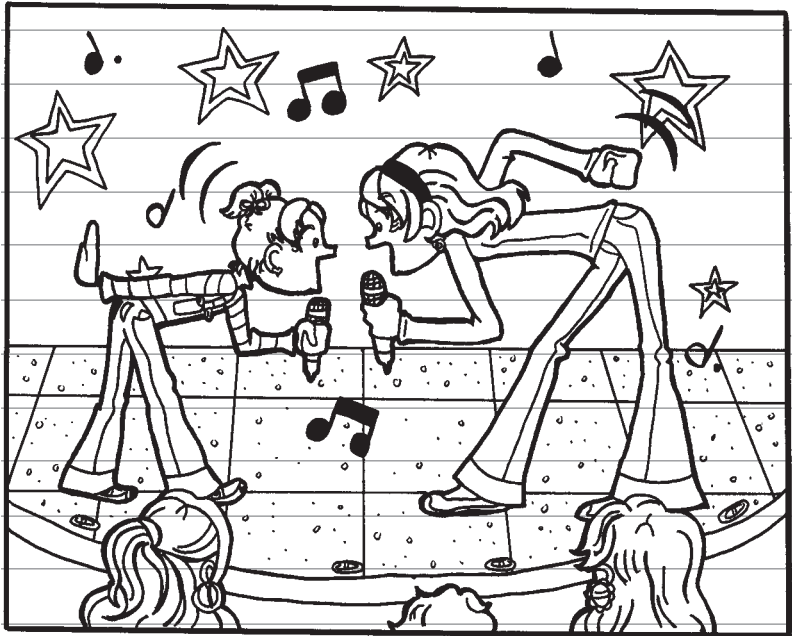
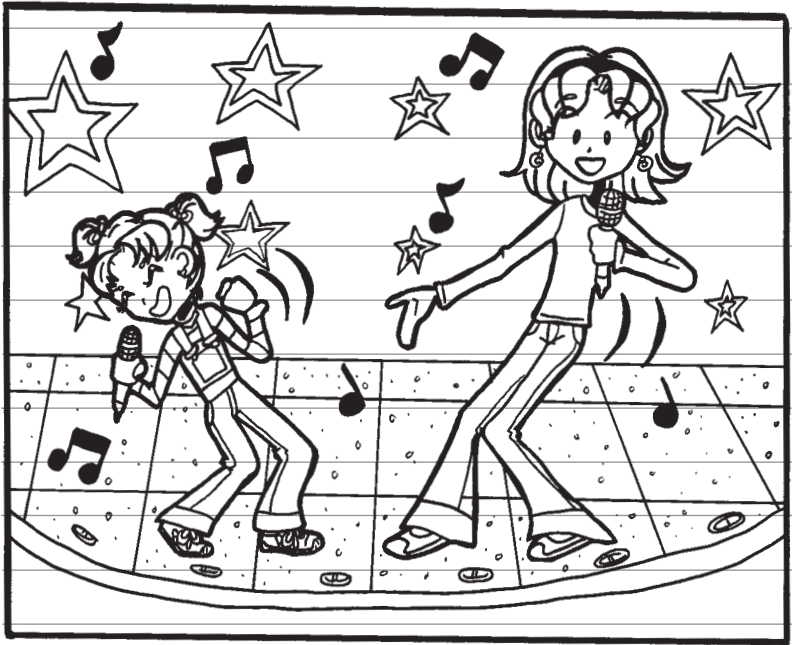
Once we took the stage and I'd gotten past my

feelings of extreme embarrassment and mild nausea (which is probably why they call the place QUEASY Cheesy!), I had to admit the whole experience was actually kind of FUN!!



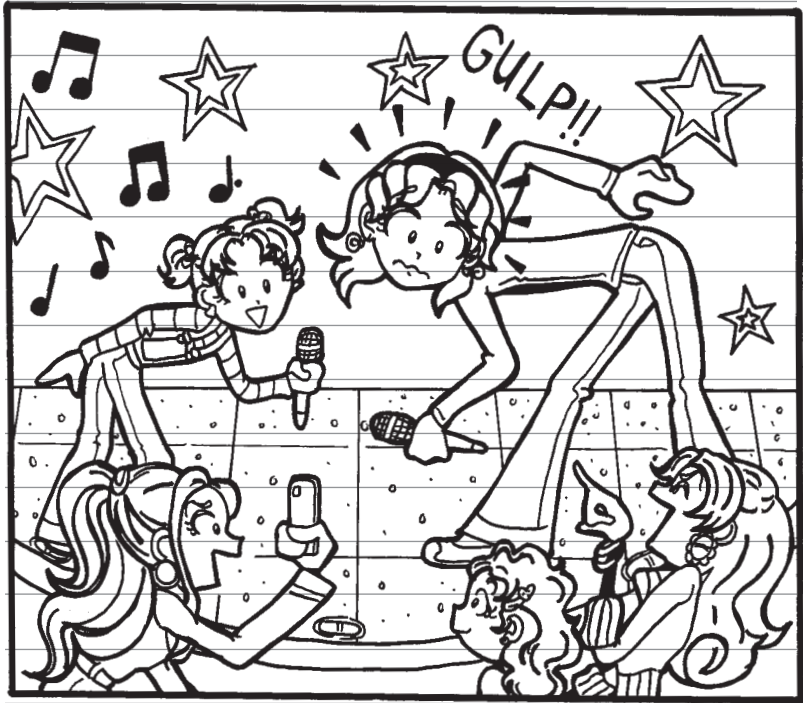
The crowd seemed to love us, so Brianna and I really

HAMMED IT UP!



We were getting down with a few Beyoncé dance moves, and the audience was cheering us on.

Then the most AWFUL and SHOCKING thing happened. . . .



MACKENZIE HOLLISTER!

Apparently, she'd just arrived with HER little sister, Amanda, and her BFF, Jessica.

Jessica was pointing and laughing at me like I was the biggest joke since the interrupting cow.

And I totally FREAKED when I realized MacKenzie had her cell phone out and seemed to be taking a picture or something.

I grabbed Brianna and practically carried her off the stage.

"NOOO! Let go of me!" Brianna screamed. "The song isn't even over yet! We have to throw kisses to the crowd and—"

"Brianna! It's time to go!" I huffed, still out of breath. "Mom is probably waiting for us back at the fountain!"

But before we made it to the door, Amanda rushed over and shoved a pen and napkin into Brianna's hand. "I've NEVER met a real, live pop star before! Can I have your autograph?" she gushed.

Brianna beamed. "SURE! You can have it for FREE!"

And I'll draw a picture of my real, live baby unicorn too! I can ride him if I want. He flies in the air!"



Amanda's eyes widened to the size of saucers.

"YOU have a REAL baby unicorn?! Can I see it?!"

I could NOT believe Brianna was lying like that. I gave her a dirty look and she stuck her tongue out at me.

"Well, I don't have one just YET. But I'm gonna buy

it from the grocery store as soon as my mom comes back with our new toaster. 'Cause guess what?! Some idiot poured orange juice in our old one and it exploded and blew up our house. KABOOM!!"

"Brianna!" I scolded. "Move it! RIGHT NOW!!"

Actually, I was just trying to get out of there before MacKenzie came over. But no such luck.

"OMG!! Nikki! You were hilarious!" MacKenzie shrieked. "You stank worse than the boys' locker room!"

"Yeah, it took a lot of guts to get up there and humiliate yourself in front of the entire WORLD like that!" Jessica snorted.

I just rolled my eyes at both of them.

I knew I wasn't a professional singer or dancer, but the crowd seemed to like us. And since when had MacKenzie and Jessica become experts on talent?

"Oh, please! You two wouldn't recognize talent if it came up wearing a name tag, introduced itself, and slapped your face!" I blurted out.

MacKenzie and Jessica just glared at me. I think they were probably a little surprised because I usually just ignore them or say stuff inside my head that no one else can hear but me.

But there's only so much verbal abuse a person can take.

"And besides," I continued, "there aren't more than fifty people in here. I wouldn't call that the ENTIRE world."

"Well, it WILL BE when I post this on YouTube," MacKenzie said, sneering as she waved her camera right in my face. "Nikki Maxwell, LIVE at Queasy Cheesy!! And you can thank ME for launching your career as a NOT-so-talented pop star!"

Then MacKenzie and Jessica both laughed hysterically at her witty little joke.

I just stood there, stunned. Would MacKenzie actually do that to me?!

Something so . . . SINISTER and so . . . VILE?!

Suddenly my stomach felt really sick again and started making gurgling sounds like that angry chocolate fountain at MacKenzie's party.

Only it felt like I had just eaten a dirty gym sock and then washed it down with a large glass of room-temperature pickle juice.

If I didn't get out of there fast, MacKenzie and Jessica were going to have a SECOND video to post on YouTube. One of me BARFING stale pizza and watered-down fruit punch all over their \$300 designer jeans!

When we finally met up with Mom, she was surprised I was so anxious to go home.

I just told her I didn't feel so well and had decided not to go shopping with Chloe and Zoey after all.

So now I'm in my bedroom writing about all this and trying not to

FREAK OUT!

Because if MacKenzie posts that Queasy Cheesy video on YouTube . . .

OMG!!!

Somebody please DIAL 911 because I'm going to have a massive heart attack and DIE!!





PHOTOGRAPH © BY SUINA 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



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Nikki Maxwell's diaries?


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Bestselling
Series

MOST IMPORTANT TIP EVER
FROM NIKKI MAXWELL:

Always let your inner
DORK shine through!



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