

Rachel Renée Russell

DORK
diaries

Tales from a
NOT-SO-
Graceful
Ice Princess

with Nikki 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!!! 😡)

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1

OMG!

I have never been so EMBARRASSED in my entire life!!

And this time, it WASN'T at the hands of my snobby, lip-gloss-addicted enemy, MacKenzie Hollister.

I still can't figure out why my very own sister, Brianna, would humiliate me like this.

It all started earlier this afternoon, when I noticed my hair was greasier than a supersized order of fries. I needed either a shower or an emergency Jiffy Lube oil change. I'm so NOT lying.

I hadn't been in the shower more than a minute when SOMEONE started pounding on the bathroom door like a maniac. I nervously peeked out of the shower and was like, "What the . . . ??!!"



"How much longer are you going to HOG the bathroom?" Brianna yelled. "NIKKI . . . ?!"

BAM!! BAM!! BAM!!

"Brianna, stop banging on the door! I'm in the shower!"

"But I think I left my doll in there. She and Miss Penelope were having a pool party and—"

"WHAT?! Sorry, Brianna! I do NOT want to hear about your poo in the potty."

"NO! I said 'POOL PARTY'! I need to come in and get my doll so I—"

"I CAN'T open the door right now. GO AWAY!!"

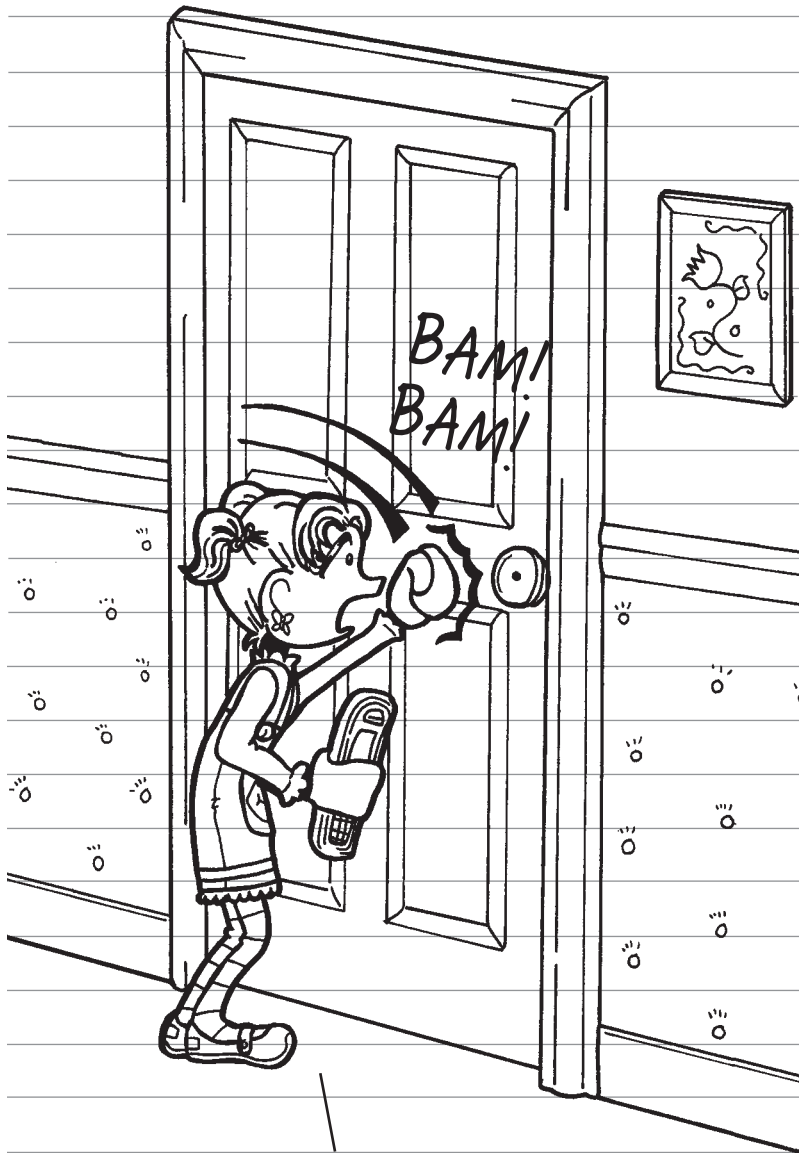
"But, Nikki, I gotta use the toilet! Really BAD!"

"Just use the one downstairs!"

"But my doll isn't in the bathroom downstairs!"

"Sorry, but you can't get your doll right now! Wait until I'm done with my shower!"

Unfortunately, one minute later . . .



NIKKI, OPEN THE DOOR! YOU HAVE A
PHONE CALL! NIKKI?!

"You need to open the door so you can talk on the phone!"

BAM!! BAM!! BAM!!

Did Brianna think I was stupid or something? I was NOT about to fall for the old open-the-bathroom-door-because-you-have-a-very-important-telephone-call trick.

"Sure, Brianna! Just tell 'em I don't feel like talking right now."

"Um, hello. Nikki says she doesn't want to talk right now. . . . I don't know? Hold on . . . !
Nikki, the person wants to know when to call back."

BAM!! BAM!! BAM!!

"NIKKI?! The person wants to know when—"

"NEVER! Tell them to call back NEVER! And they can DROP DEAD for all I care. All I want to do

right now is TAKE A SHOWER!! So, please, Brianna!
Just LEAVE ME ALONE!!”

“Um, hello. Nikki said to call her back never! And
drop dead too! . . . Uh-huh. And guess why . . . ?!”

That’s when it occurred to me that just maybe
someone WAS actually on the telephone. But WHO?
I hardly ever get any telephone calls.

“Because YOU got COOTIES! That’s why!”

Brianna laughed like a criminally insane clown.

I was a little worried because that insult sounded
really . . . familiar. She’d said the exact same thing
to someone just yesterday. But there was no way
that person would EVER call ME!

Suddenly I got this really sick, panicky feeling
deep inside, and my mouth started screaming,
“NOOOOOOOO!”

I grabbed a towel and scrambled out of the

shower soaking wet and completely covered in soap suds.

"Okay, Brianna!!" I whisper-shouted. "GIVE. ME. THAT. PHONE. NOW!"

But she just stuck her tongue out at me and continued blabbing on the phone like she was talking to a long-lost friend from kindergarten.

Nikki ALWAYS hogs the bathroom! My mom yells at her because she's so messy. And when she wakes up in the morning, she looks superseary. But that's because she has hairy legs and crusty eye boogers!



I could NOT believe Brianna was telling all of MY personal business like that. How DARE she?! "Brianna! Hand over that phone or else . . . !"

"Say 'pretty please with sugar on top!'"

"Okay! Give me the phone, pretty please with sugar on top!"

"NO! Too bad, so sad!" Then that evil little munchkin stuck her tongue out at me (AGAIN!) and continued blabbing on the phone.

"Anyway, my friend Miss Penelope sneaked Nikki's new perfume. She loved how it smelled even though she doesn't got a nose. We sprayed it on stuff to make it smell pretty. Like my feet, the garbage can in the garage, and that dead squirrel in Mrs. Wallabanger's backyard!"

Hijacking my phone calls was bad enough. But she's been fumigating things with my Sassy Sasha perfume as well?! I wanted to STRANGLE her!

"Give me that PHONE, you little BRAT!" I hissed.

But she just said "Toodles!" and took off running.



Chasing Brianna was *VERY* dangerous!

OMG! At one point I slipped and almost slid right down the stairs and into the kitchen. That would have been a first-degree rug burn for sure! OUCH! It made me cringe just thinking about it!

I finally cornered Brianna and was just about to tackle her, when she dropped the phone and ran screaming down the hall. "Help! Help! The slime mold in the shower grew arms and legs and is trying to SLIME me! Somebody call 911!"

I picked up the phone and tried to act coolly nonchalant, and not like I was standing there . . .



1. In a bath towel
2. Dripping wet, AND
3. Covered with enough soap suds to wash a small herd of very dirty llamas.

I cleared my throat and answered in my cutest, most perky-sounding voice . . .

"UM . . . HELLO-OO!!!"

"Nikki? What's up! It's me, Brandon!"

I could NOT believe what my ears were actually hearing. This was the very FIRST time my crush had ever called me! I thought I was going to have a heart attack right there on the spot.

"Hi, Brandon! I'm really sorry. That was my little sister. She makes up the craziest stuff. Actually."

"No problem! So . . . I'm just calling to let you know I'm inviting a few friends over for my birthday in January. I was hoping you, Chloe, and Zoey would come."

That's when I fainted. Okay, ALMOST fainted.

"Wow! Um, well! I, er . . . Can you hold on for a minute? There's something I need to do."

"Sure. Do you want me to call you back?"

"Nope. It'll only take a minute."

I carefully covered the phone with my hand and then

proceeded to have a massively severe attack of RCS,
also known as . . .

ROLLER-COASTER SYNDROME!!



Okay. So maybe I overreacted just a little bit.

It wasn't like Brandon was asking me out on a date
or something. I wish!

Anyway, after we finished our telephone conversation, I pinched myself really hard just to make sure I wasn't dreaming. OUCH!! Yep, I was awake! Which means CHLOE, ZOEY, AND I ARE INVITED TO BRANDON'S PARTY 😊!!!

It's gonna be a blast! I can hardly wait!

Especially considering the fact that I'm the biggest dork at my school and pretty much NEVER get invited to parties.

OMG! I JUST HAD THE MOST HORRIBLE THOUGHT 😞!!! . . .

After his conversation with Brianna, Brandon probably thinks I'm some kind of, um . . .

HAIRY-LEGGED . . .

CRUSTY-EYED . . .

FREAK!!!

Why would he want to hang out with ME?!!

There is NO WAY I can go to Brandon's party!

I'm going to call him back right now and tell him I can't come.

DUH!! I completely forgot! I STILL need to finish my SHOWER! So I'll call him afterward.

And then I'm going to crawl into a very deep hole and . . . DIE of EMBARRASSMENT!



MONDAY, DECEMBER 2

I'm totally dreading seeing Brandon in school today.

It's hard to believe that just a couple days ago we were rocking our school's talent show together in our band, Dorkalicious (also known as Actually, I'm Not Really Sure Yet). Yes, it's a crazy name and a long story.

He even gave me lessons on his drum set. It seemed like we were FINALLY becoming good friends.

But then Brianna the Brat RUINED everything!

I'm surprised Brandon even bothered to invite me to his party. I bet he only did it because he feels sorry for me or something.

I wanted to talk to Chloe and Zoey about all of this during gym, but I didn't get a chance to. Mainly because the entire class was buzzing about nabbing a really cool, FREE T-shirt for this show called *Holiday on Ice*.

But after our gym teacher practically shattered my eardrums, all I really wanted was for her to accidentally SWALLOW that stupid whistle!



Then she made a big announcement. . . .

"Okay. Listen up, people! We'll be starting our ice-skating section next week. Grades will be based on the skill level each student successfully masters. However, as part of our Westchester Country Day holiday tradition and to encourage community service, all eighth-grade students participating in the Westchester *Holiday on Ice* charity show on December thirty-first will get to practice their routines during class and receive an automatic A. Yes, folks! You heard that right! I'll be giving out As like candy canes to support this great cause. Just let me know whether you'll be doing the skills testing or the ice show. Now hustle up to the table and grab a free *Holiday on Ice* T-shirt. Then get started on your warm-up exercises."

That T-shirt thing did NOT go so well for me.

By the time I got to the table, all that was left was size XXXXXL. MacKenzie, of course, looked like she was ready for the summer cover of *Seventeen* magazine.

MACKENZIE, LOOKING CUTE AND
TRENDY IN HER NEW T-SHIRT



ME, LOOKING LIKE AN UGLY, SHAPELESS BLOB

I was so . . . DISGUSTED ☹!

Of course MacKenzie took one look at my T-shirt and started giving me unwanted fashion advice.

"Nikki, do you want to hear my idea for how to make your T-shirt stylishly elegant, yet practical?"

"No, MacKenzie. Actually, I don't."

"Just add three inches of white lace around the hem, a veil, and a bouquet of flowers, and you can use it as a WEDDING dress! Then all you have to do is PAY some FREAKISHLY ugly guy to marry you!"

I could NOT believe she actually said that right to my face like that.

"Thanks, MacKenzie!" I said, smiling sweetly. "But where will I find a freakishly ugly guy? Oh, I know! Do YOU have a twin BROTHER?!"

Only MacKenzie would be STUPID enough to make a wedding dress out of a five-sizes-too-big T-shirt. But that's because her IQ is LOWER than an empty bottle of nail polish!

MACKENZIE'S VERY STUPID IDEA FOR A
DESIGNER T-SHIRT WEDDING DRESS



Calling Mackenzie a "mean girl" is an understatement. She's a GRIZZLY BEAR with a French manicure and blond hair extensions.

But I'm not jealous of her or anything. Like, how juvenile would THAT be?

Anyway, I was excited about skating in class. The last time I did it was back in, like, third grade, and it was a lot of fun.

Chloe said we'd be skating at the ice hockey arena at WCD High School.

Apparently, the *Holiday on Ice* show is a big deal, and only students in grades eight to twelve can participate to raise money for their favorite charity. The show donates \$3,000 to every charity that a skater, skating pair, or group sponsors.

We were about to start our exercises when suddenly Chloe got this crazy look in her eyes and started doing jazz hands.

"Hey, you guys! Guess what I'm thinking!"

But I already knew. Lately, she's been obsessed with this new book called *The Ice Princess*.



It's about a girl and a guy who have been best friends since grade school.

She's training to be a world-class figure skater

while he's working toward a spot on the Olympic hockey team.

Just as they're about to fall in love, they discover that their ice arena is the secret hideout of the Deadly Ice Vambies, half-vampire and half-zombie beings whose supernatural ice-skating abilities grow more and more powerful every time they eat a double bacon cheeseburger.

"There is no reason why WE can't be Ice Princesses too! Just like Crystal Coldstone!" Chloe sighed dreamily.

Personally, I could think of TWO very good reasons why we COULDN'T be like Crystal.

First, we haven't been training with a skating coach for the past twelve years. Second, it was going to be really difficult to slay Deadly Ice Vambies on school nights and still get our homework done on time.

Zoey got this wistful, faraway look in her eyes.

"How ROMANTIC! And hockey players ARE kind of cute! Besides, I'd much rather make up a really cool skating routine and get an A than do boring skills testing. We'll have a blast! How about it, Nikki?"

"I don't know, guys. Skating for a charity is a really big responsibility. They're going to be depending on us for money to help keep their doors open. And what if something goes wrong?"

"Come on, Nikki!" Chloe whined. "We're not good enough to skate individually, and skating pairs require a girl and a guy. But the three of us can skate as a group. We can't do this without you!"

"Sorry, but you're going to have to find someone else!" I said, shaking my head.

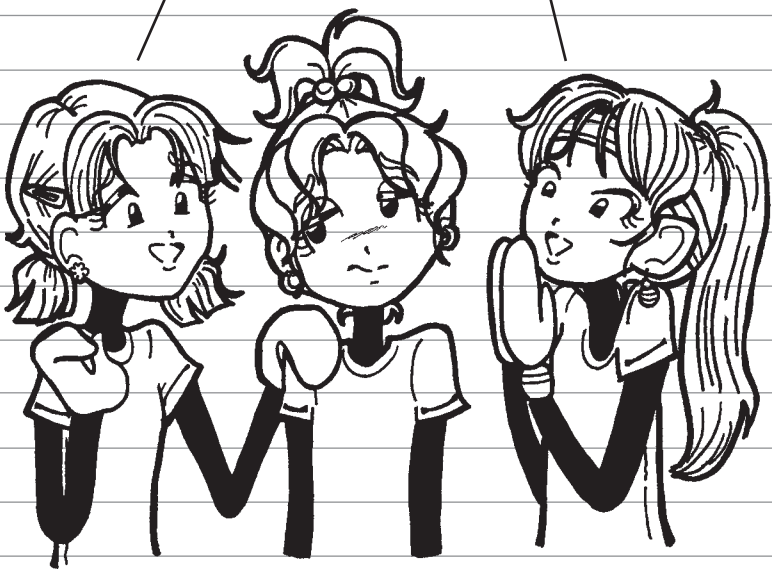
"But we want YOU!" Zoey pleaded.

"Yeah, and don't forget! We were there for you when you needed us for the talent show," Chloe argued. "BFFs help each other!"

Okay, I have to admit Chloe had a good point about the talent show. But it wasn't like I'd promised them my firstborn child in exchange for them singing backup.

Then Chloe and Zoey shrewdly resorted to a sophisticated tactic that effectively rendered me helpless. . . .

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE
PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE!!



BEGGING!!!

"Okay, guys! I'm IN! But you can't say I didn't warn you!" I sighed.

We sealed the deal with a group hug.

"Great! Now all we have to do is find a local charity to skate for," Zoey said.

"Unfortunately, that's going to be the hardest part," Chloe said. "All of the high school kids have been signing up charities for a few weeks now. So we're getting a really late start. But I'm pretty sure we'll find one," she added cheerfully.

"OMG!" Zoey squealed. "This will be just like our old Ballet of the Zombies days! Only we'll be getting an A instead of a D."

Actually, I kind of like that part too. It is going to be great to finally get an A in gym 😊!

Fortunately, ice-skating DOESN'T involve embarrassing armpit stains, painful stomach cramps, or getting whacked in the head by a ball, like most of the stuff we are forced to do in gym.

And all of our work is going to be for a really great cause that will help the community.

But most important, I'll be making Chloe and Zoey superhappy by allowing them to live out their dreams.

We decided to skate to "Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy" since it has a holiday theme. And we figured being fairy princesses would be superexciting and glamorous.

So I'm not going to stress out about this whole Holiday on Ice thing.

As long as I have my two BFFs by my side, everything is going to work out just fine.

I mean, how HARD can figure skating be?!





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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
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Series

MOST IMPORTANT TIP EVER
FROM NIKKI MAXWELL:

Always let your inner
DORK shine through!



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