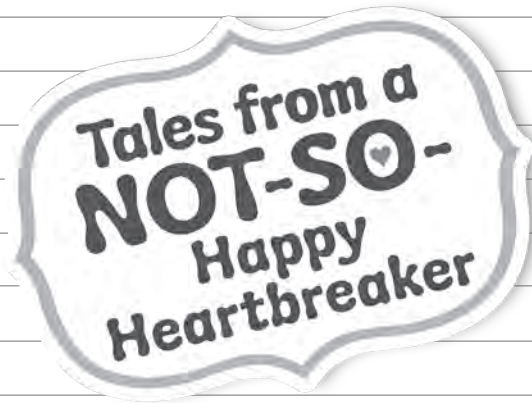


Rachel Renée Russell

**DORK**  
diaries



with Nikki Russell and Erin Russell

**Aladdin**

**New York London Toronto Sydney New Delhi**



THIS DIARY BELONGS TO:

**Nikki J. Maxwell**

*PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL*

If found, please return to ME for REWARD!

(NO SNOOPING ALLOWED!!!☹)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1

OMG! I'm suffering from the worst case of CRUSH-ITIS ever!

This morning I had these fluttery butterflies in my stomach that were making me feel SUPERnauseous 😞!  
But in a really GOOD way 😊!

I felt SO insanely happy I could just . . . VOMIT  
sunshine, rainbows, confetti, glitter, and . . . um . . .  
those yummy little Skittles candy thingies!

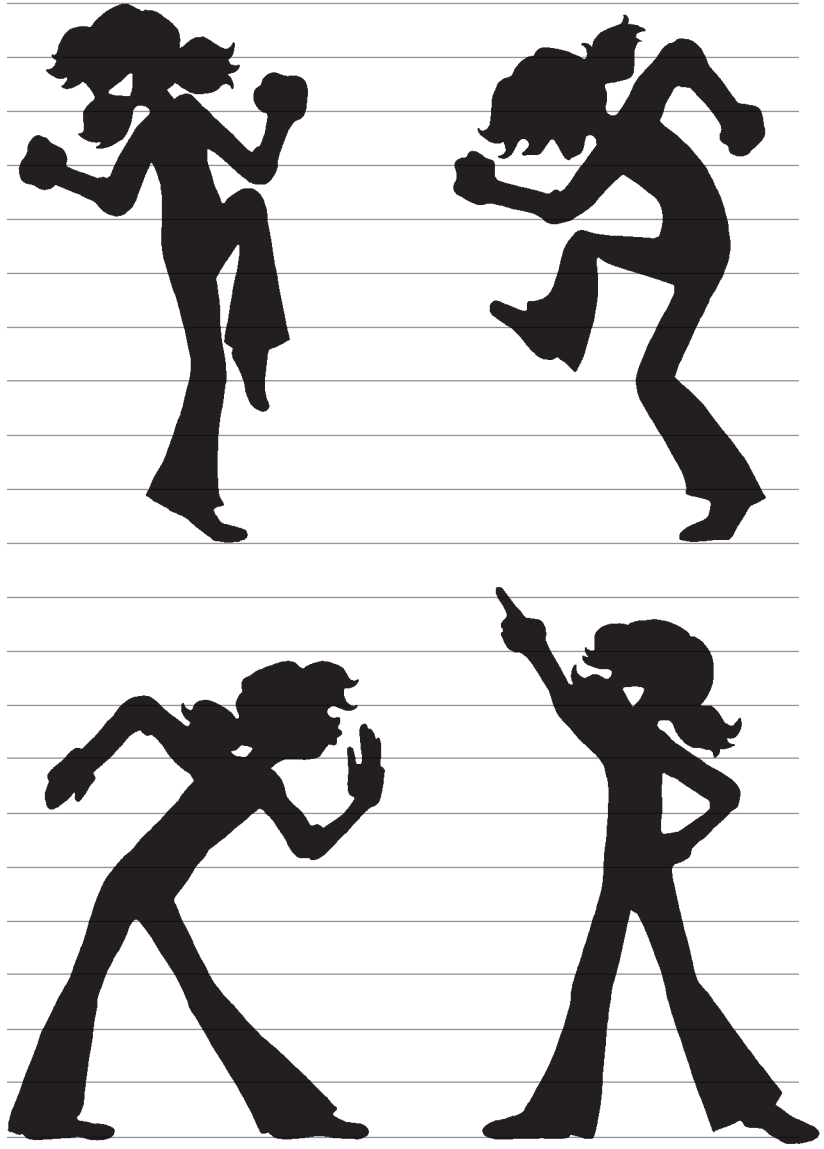
I still can't believe my crush, Brandon, actually  
texted me last night after I left his birthday  
party.

And you'll NEVER guess what happened??!!

**HE ASKED ME OUT TO CRAZY  
BURGER!! SQUEEE 😊!!**

And yes, I know it's NOT like a real date or  
anything. But STILL!

I was SO elated, I blasted my FAVE music and danced around my bedroom like a MANIAC. . . .



Hey! I was beyond FIERCE! I was an air-guitar-  
playing, dancing machine!



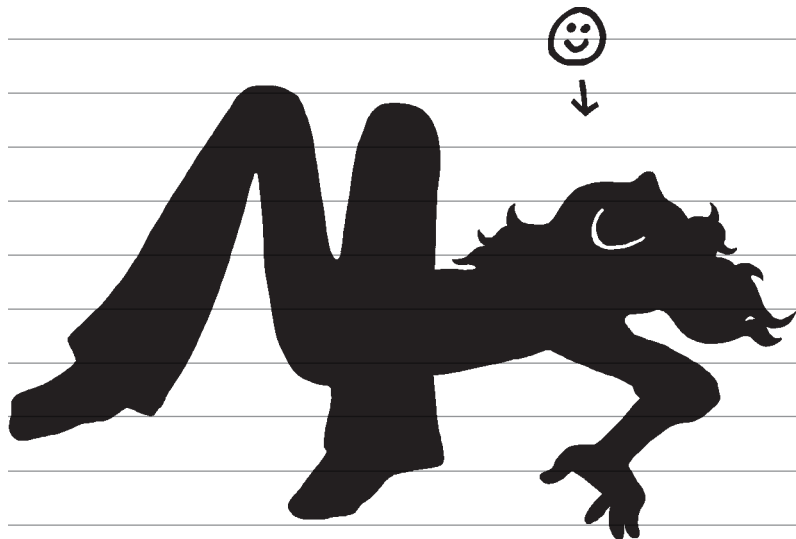
After dancing in my room for an entire hour, I was so tired I could barely breathe.

That's when I collapsed into a wheezing, sweat-soaked mass of body odor and sheer exhaustion.



GASP!!  
COUGH!!  
HACK!!

A very *HAPPY* wheezing, sweat-soaked mass of body odor and sheer exhaustion.



ME, WITH A BIG FAT DORKY  
SMILE PLASTERED ACROSS MY FACE!!

WHY? Because any minute now, Brandon was going to contact me so we could make plans to hang out at Crazy Burger.

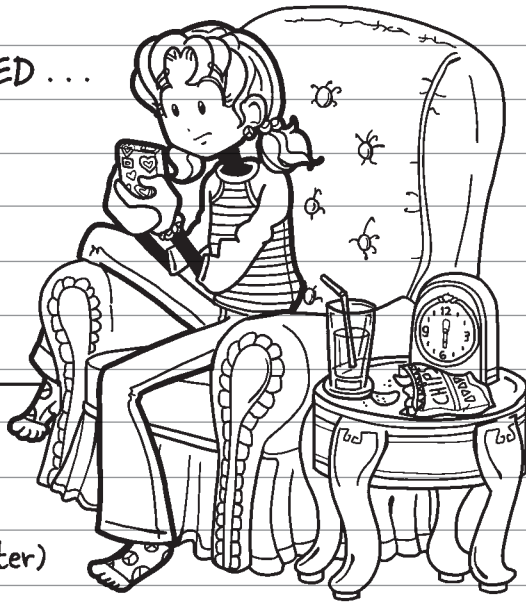
**SQUEEEEEEE 😊!**

So I snuggled into a comfy chair, stared at my cell phone, and waited patiently for his call.

I WAITED ...



And WAITED ...



(2 hours later)



And WAITED ...



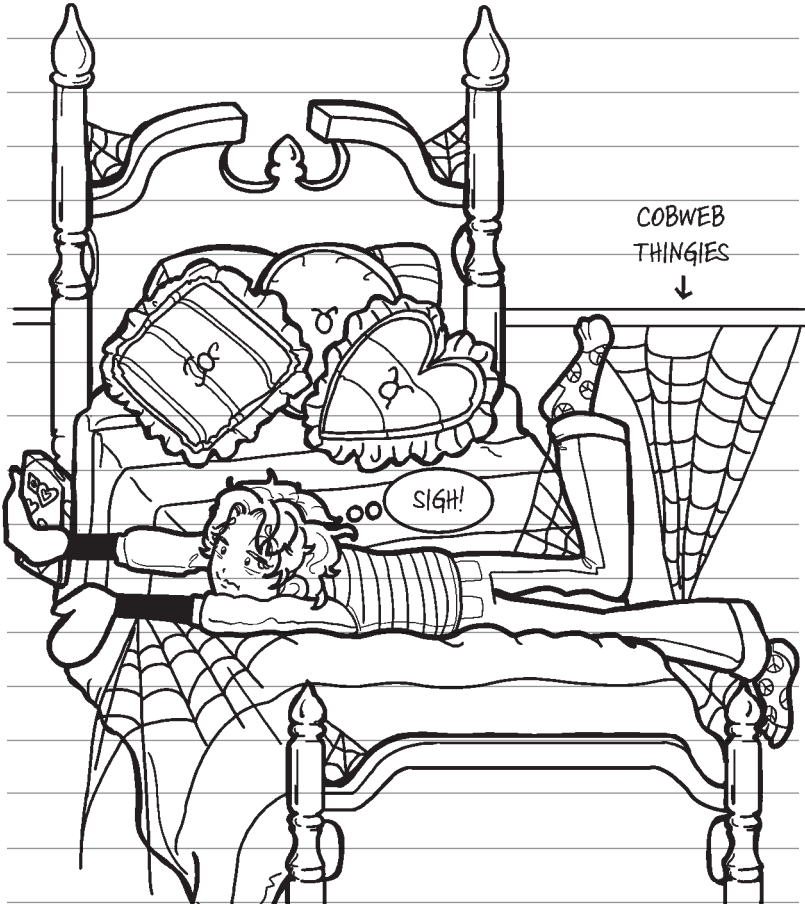
(4 hours later)

And WAITED!!



(6 hours later)

Before I knew it, it was bedtime. I felt like I'd been waiting FOREVER . . . !!



ME, FLOPPED ACROSS MY BED, SULKING

But no call! No e-mail! Not even a text message! I even checked my cell phone to make sure the battery thingy hadn't run down or something.

Unfortunately, my last call was from my BFFs, Chloe and Zoey. They had called me late last night with some REALLY juicy gossip.

Apparently, someone had showed up at Brandon's party unexpectedly to drop off a present for him shortly after I had left.

You'll NEVER guess who it was!

**MACKENZIE ☹️!!**

Okay, I'll admit it was really nice and sweet of her to do that. But she had totally overlooked one very important little detail. . . .

**SHE WASN'T INVITED!**

**☹️!!**

Which meant MISS THANG had basically CRASHED Brandon's party! Like, WHO does that?!

My BFFs told me that MacKenzie was twirling her

hair, giggling, and flirting with Brandon like crazy. Then she got superserious and asked to talk to him PRIVATELY about something really important!

JUST GREAT ☹️! Now I'm really starting to worry PANIC!

What if MacKenzie told him some awful lies about me so he wouldn't want to be friends anymore?!!

She was always talking about me behind my back and saying stuff like, "Nikki's a hopelessly insecure, fashion-challenged, diary-obsessed DORK!"

Which is so NOT true! Well . . . maybe it's a little true. Okay! Actually, a LOT true. But STILL!!

WHY did all of this have to happen just when Brandon and I were about to have our very first date-that-really-isn't-a-date ☹️?!

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE let Brandon call me tomorrow!!

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2

I've been awake now for

**7 hours, 11 minutes, and 39 seconds**

and Brandon **STILL** hasn't called 😞!!

I'm starting to worry that something really **BAD** happened to him.

I think he sincerely **WANTED** to call me.

And he sincerely **TRIED** to call me.

But he just **COULDN'T!**

Because maybe . . . he got, um . . . abducted . . . by . . .

**ALIENS 😞!!**

Hey, don't laugh!!

It could have actually happened . . . !!



"I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING! I DROPPED MY PHONE AND NOW I CAN'T CALL NIKKI!"

In spite of the fact that I was still suffering from a severe case of crush-itis AND having a really BAD day, my parents MADE me babysit my little sister, Brianna.

Just so they could go to a movie together! Like, how INSENSITIVE is that?! Sometimes I think Mom and Dad need to take a parenting class or something.

The last time I tried to talk to Brandon on the phone with Brianna around, it was a total disaster. She actually told him about my hairy legs and crusty eye boogers. It was SO humiliating!

Lately, Brianna has been totally obsessed with those diva hair salon shows on TV. And get this! She actually calls herself Miss Bri-Bri, Fashionista Hairstylist to the Stars!

I was shocked to see her sneaking into my parents' bathroom and stealing shampoo and perfume and stuff. It was like I had personally witnessed a MIRACLE!

Brianna was FINALLY trying to improve her very NASTY hygiene 😊!

WOO-HOO!

But later, when I peeked inside Brianna's room, I discovered she was MISSING!

And in her place was this strange little woman.

She was wearing fake diamond cat-eye glasses, a long scarf, four-sizes-too-big satin slippers, and a kiddie paint apron filled with Mom's designer makeup collection.

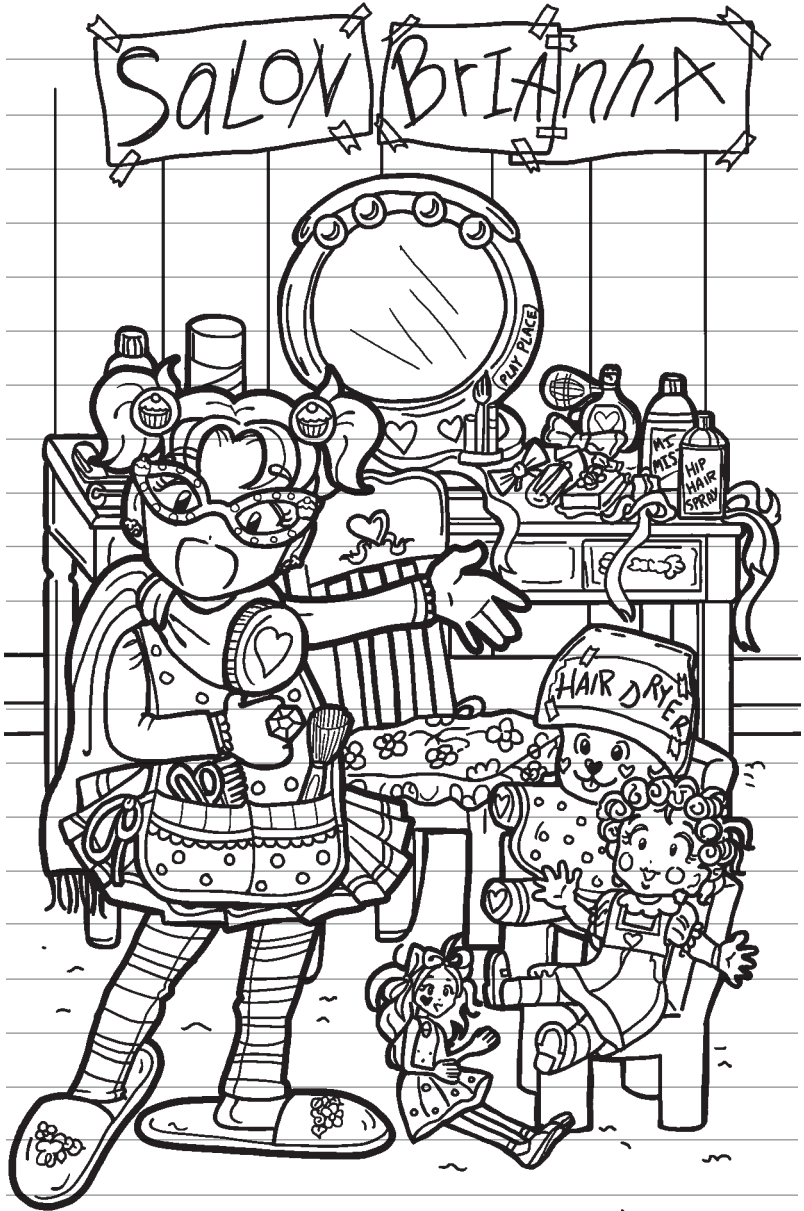
I didn't know WHO the heck she was.

I wanted to scream, "Who are YOU? And what have you done with MY little sister?!"

But my gut told me to run away FAST and call the POLICE!

Then she smiled at me really big and said . . .





"BONJOUR, MISS NIKKI!  
WELCOME TO SALON BRIANNA!!"

I was halfway down the hall before Brianna caught up with me. She grabbed my arm and dragged me back toward her room.

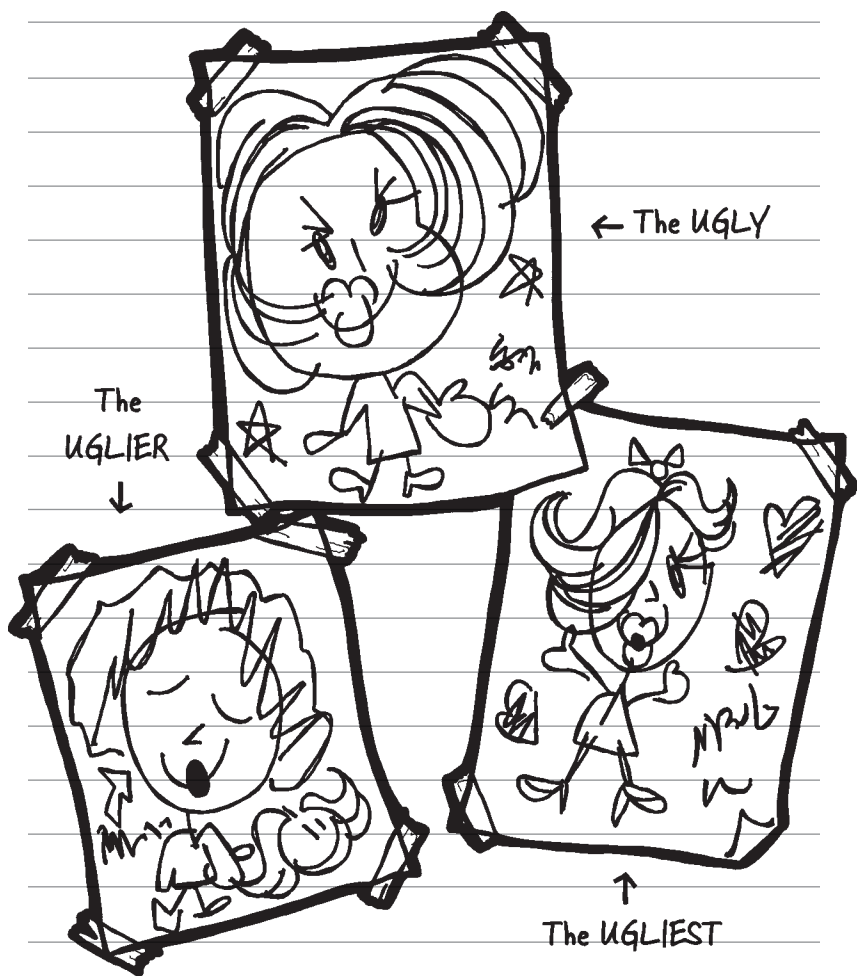
“Dah-ling! Where are you going?! Don’t be skurd!” Brianna said in an awful fake French accent that sounded more like a six-year-old Arnold Schwarzenegger.

“You’re playing with Mom’s new makeup and perfume?! You DO realize she’s going to KILL you when she gets home! Right?!” I scolded her.

“Never mind zat, dah-ling! You are Miss Bri-Bri’s next appointment! Wee! Wee! Come! Come!” she said, pushing me into her ~~desk~~ salon chair.

Kidz Bop music was playing in the background. And she’d drawn the most hideous hairstyle posters and hung them on her wall to help set the mood of a trendy, upscale salon.

Those posters should’ve been a WARNING to me about Miss Bri-Bri’s hairstyling abilities. I couldn’t resist coming up with catchy names for each one. . . .



"Don't worry, dah-ling," Miss Bri-Bri said. "I'm going to make you BOOTY-FUL! For your little friend Brandon. Yes?!"

For BRANDON?!!! I blushed profusely.

Hey! It was JUST a pretend makeover with Miss Bri-Bri, Fashionista Hairstylist to the Stars!

What could possibly go WRONG?

"Okay. As long as it's ONLY pretend!" I grumped.

If I was lucky, this would keep Brianna occupied until Mom and Dad got back home. And it was way LESS dangerous than us baking cookies and almost burning down the house. AGAIN!

"YAAAY!!! My first customer!" Brianna Miss Bri-Bri cheered. "Before I start, dah-ling, would you like something to drink? Juicy Juice? Hawaiian Punch? Chocolate milk?"

"Chocolate milk would be nice," I answered.

"Hans! Go get our customer, Miss Nikki, a glass of le chocolate milk! Extra cold!" she commanded, looking at the teddy bear in the chair next to mine.

The bear . . . I mean . . . Hans . . . didn't move an inch.

"Well?!" She glared at him. "Don't just sit there! Go get zee milk for her. Now! PLEASE!!"

Then she turned to me and laughed uncomfortably. "Please excuse my assistant. Hans is new here. He speaks la French, but very little English."

I looked at the teddy bear, looked back at her, and raised an eyebrow. "Um . . . okay?" I replied.

"I know just what to do with your hair, dah-ling!" Brianna said as she draped a ~~bath towel~~ smock around my shoulders. "Now, just relax and let Miss Bri-Bri work her magic! Yes? Hans, would you please grab that magazine and give it to— Oh, never mind! I'll do it myself!"

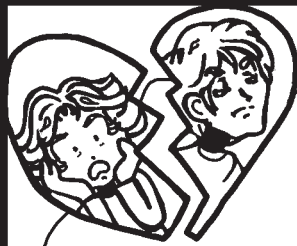
Brianna handed me a trendy teen fashion magazine to read, just like in a real salon. I was impressed. Until I realized she had swiped MY new *Teen Thing* mag from my room. The little THIEF!!

But I had to admit, Miss Bri-Bri, Fashionista Hairstylist to the Stars, seemed to know her stuff. . . .



ME, READING WHILE MISS BRI-BRI DOES MY HAIR

That's when I came across this very intriguing article about—you guessed it—GUYS!!



## HOW TO KNOW IF A GUY IS JUST **NOT** INTO YOU!

1. He agrees to a date and then rudely cancels at the very last minute.
2. He simply texts you an apology instead of telling you in person.
3. Suddenly he's always too busy to spend any time with you.
4. When you try to talk about your relationship, he just walks away.
5. He's spending way too much time with another girl.



That magazine article was just . . . SHOCKING!

Only a guy who was a total LOSER would do those things.

I felt really lucky I didn't have to deal with "DDD" (Dysfunctional Dude Drama) in my OWN life.

I ripped out the magazine page, folded it, and stuck it in my pocket. You know, for future reference. Just in case.

Suddenly I felt a tug on my hair.

Then a huge yank!

"Ouch!" I yelped. "Brianna, WHAT are you doing?!"

"Making you booty-ful, dah-ling! Zere eez no problem at all! No, no! Don't worry, please!"

In spite of her assurances, I sensed a little uncertainty in that jacked-up accent of hers.



Next I felt another slight tug and then . . . SNIP!

A chopped-off braid landed in my lap!

I gasped!

Then, with a trembling hand, I picked up the braid and PRAYED that it belonged to someone else.

Like maybe Hans, that lazy, French-speaking teddy bear assistant!

"What is THIS?!" I yelled at Brianna as I stared at it in horror.

"Nut-ting! Nut-ting at all. I throw away! Yes?" She snatched the braid from me and tossed it over her shoulder. "There! All gone!"

"Brianna! Give me that mirror! Now! Or this game is SO over!" I screeched, my eyeballs bulging.

Brianna handed it to me and giggled nervously.

I MAKE YOUR HAIR VERY  
BOOTY-FUL! SEE?!



BRIANNA HANDS ME THE MIRROR

Well, I took one look in that mirror and . . .

**OMG ☹️!!**

I don't have the words to describe how **BAD** my hair looked.

Maybe, um . . .

**HIDEOUS-A-LICIOUS!**

Which is, like, ten times worse than just plain ol' **HIDEOUS!**

I couldn't believe the **HOT MESS** I saw in that mirror.

I thought my eyes were going to rupture and bleed from being exposed to such awesomely wretched . . .

**UGLINESS!!**

AAAAAAH!!



(THAT WAS ME SCREAMING!)



PHOTOGRAPH © BY SUKNA 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?


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FROM NIKKI MAXWELL:

Always let your inner  
**DORK** shine through!



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