

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, MARCH 1

OMG!! I STILL can hardly believe what happened to me yesterday!! THREE totally-awesome-completely-unbelievable-too-good-to-be-true-exciting-wonderful things!!

Totally-awesome-completely-unbelievable-too-good-to-be-true-exciting-wonderful thing #1:

I ACTUALLY WENT TO THE VALENTINE'S DAY SWEETHEART DANCE 😊!! SQUEEEEE!

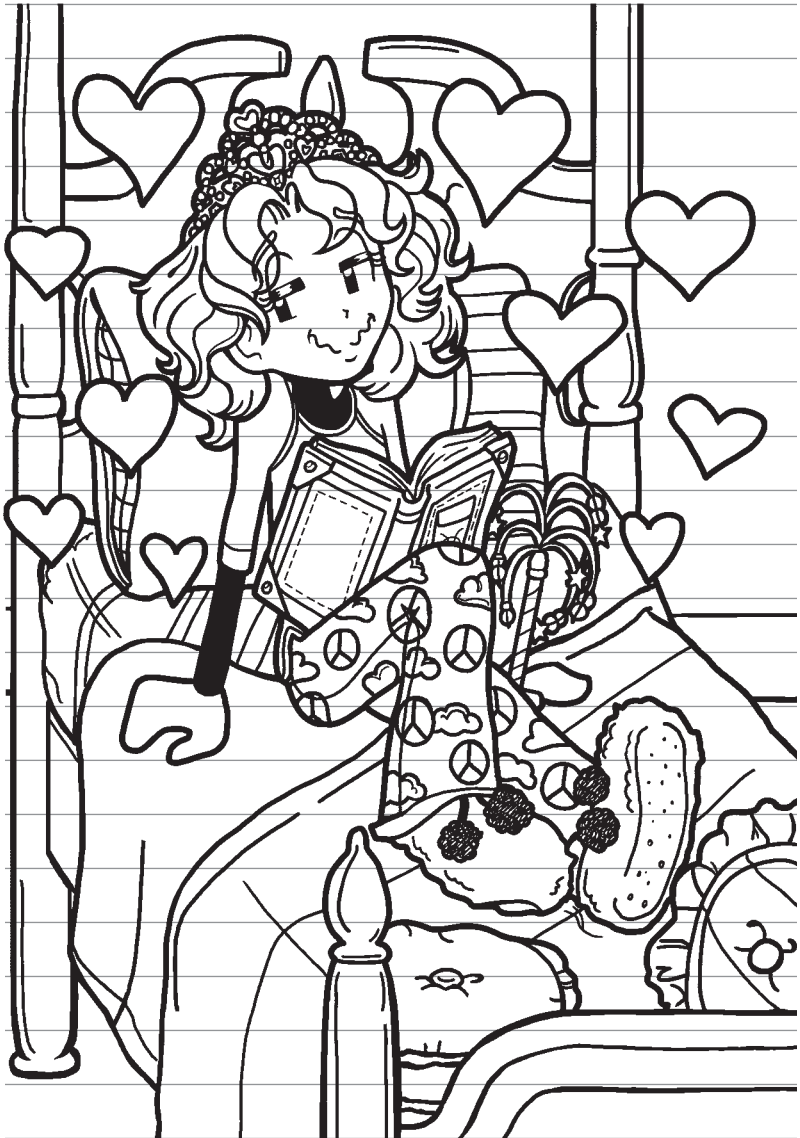
Yep! It was girls ask the guys! And at the very last moment, I FINALLY got up the nerve to ask my crush, Brandon!

Totally-awesome-completely-unbelievable-too-good-to-be-true-exciting-wonderful thing #2:

I WAS CROWNED SWEETHEART PRINCESS 😊!! SQUEEEEEEEEE!!

I still don't know exactly how THAT happened. But it did! And I have my TIARA to prove it!!

ME, STILL WEARING MY DAZZLING TIARA  
FROM LAST NIGHT!



And finally, the most AMAZING thing EVER!

**SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!**

Totally-awesome-completely-unbelievable-too-good-to-be-true-exciting-wonderful thing #3:

DURING THE VERY LAST DANCE OF THE MOST PERFECT, ROMANTIC, FAIRY-TALE EVENING, BRANDON AND I . . .

Hey! Wait a minute! Is that my cell phone ringing?!!

YES! My phone IS ringing!!!

Hey! Maybe it's . . .

**BRANDON!! 😊!!!**

(Checking my caller ID . . .)

NOPE!! It's NOT Brandon calling.

**WAIT!! OMG!!!** I can't believe it's . . .



He's just THE most famous TV producer in the entire WORLD! And the host of my FAVORITE TV show, a reality TV show/talent boot camp called . . .

15 Minutes

OF  
FAME

SQUEEEEEEEE 😊!!

Gotta answer my phone!

I'm on spring break from school this entire week. So I'll have plenty of time to finish writing this . . .

LATER!!! 😊!

SUNDAY, MARCH 2

OMG! Saturday night was a complete NIGHTMARE!! How bad was it? SO bad I'm breaking into a cold sweat and having traumatic flashbacks just writing about it.

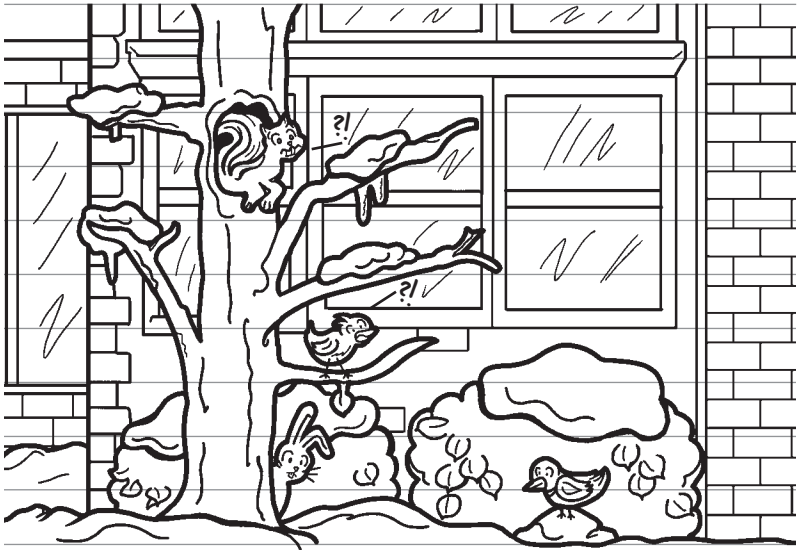
AAAAAAAAAAAAHHH! That was me screaming!! Sorry!! Must. Stop. Screaming! Anyway . . .

I can hardly believe the KA-RAY-ZEE mess I got myself into THIS time!

I wondered if they allowed diaries in JAIL! Because that's exactly where I was headed. No JOKE!! The authorities were about to place me under arrest 😞! But girlfriend wasn't going down without a fight!

And by fight, I mean trying to figure out whether I could sneak out of a nearby window, crawl onto a six-inch ledge, dangle by my fingertips over a railing, and then jump five floors to the ground below . . . without SPLATTERING myself all over the parking lot!!





Hmm . . . ?!

Probably . . . NOT ☹!!

But it gets worse! My BFFs, Chloe and Zoey, were getting arrested too. And it was all MY fault!

I was such a HORRIBLE person! I TOTALLY deserved it if they UNFRIENDED me on Facebook!

If only I HADN'T dragged them into this MESS!

I was just minding my own business and writing in my diary when I got that call Saturday morning. . . .

"Hello, Nikki! Great news! I'm in town today with my new group, the BAD BOYZ! I'd love to meet with you to discuss recording your band's song 'Dorks Rule!' The only problem is that we'll be leaving soon to go on a world tour. So I can only meet with you TONIGHT. Otherwise, it'll be about seven months before my schedule clears up again. Do you think you can make it to the Bad Boyz concert tonight?"

"OMG! Mr. Chase?! Yes, I'd love to! But that concert sold out months ago in, like, ten minutes. My two BFFs camped out in line overnight and STILL couldn't get any tickets."

"No problem! I'll give you three backstage passes so you can bring a couple of your band members. Just pick them up at the reserved-tickets window, okay?"

That was when I completely **FAINTED!** Well, actually, **ALMOST** completely fainted.

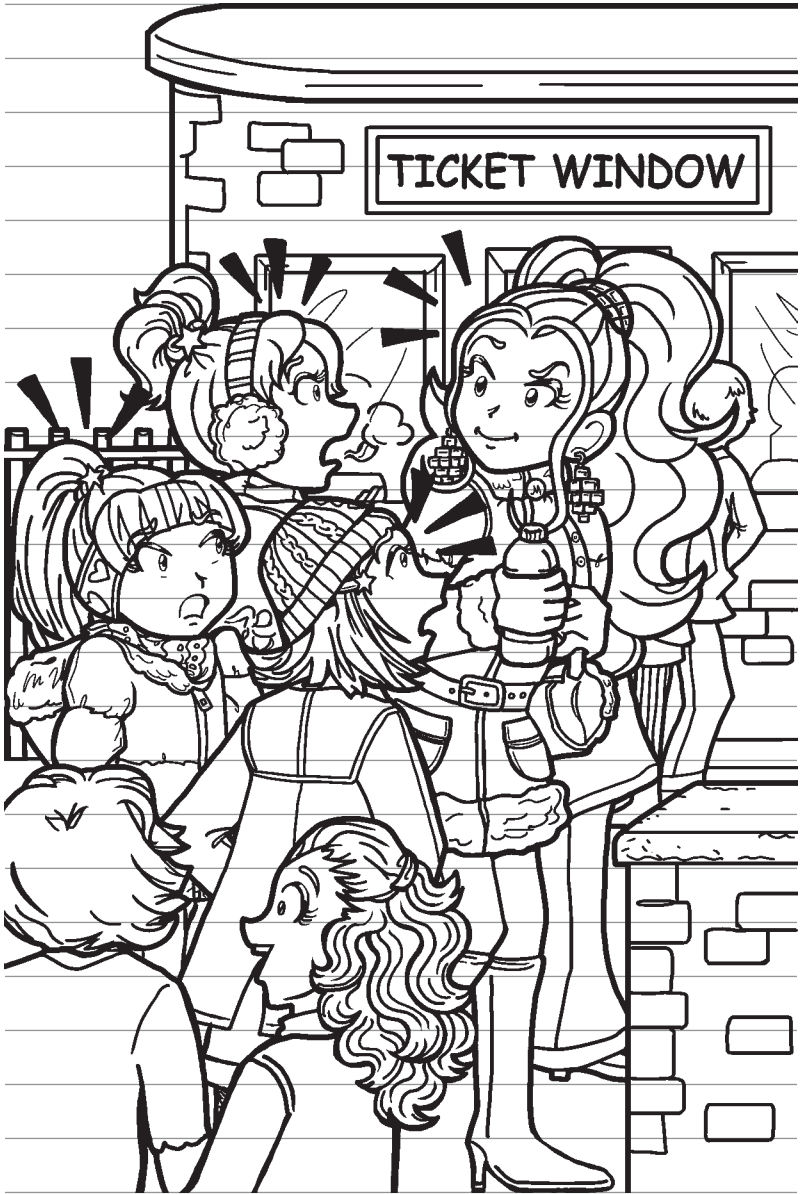
"Backstage passes?! That's **AWESOME!** Thank you, Mr. Chase! I'll see you **TONIGHT!**"

I could **NOT** believe this was happening! My band, Actually, I'm Not Really Sure Yet, might get a record deal! I hung up the phone and immediately called Chloe and Zoey to see if they wanted to go to the concert.

They answered with one word: "**SQUEEEEE!**" 😊!!

We all agreed it was going to be the **MOST** fun we'd had together since, um . . . yesterday!

When we arrived at the arena, we waited in line with **THOUSANDS** of excited fans. But you'd **NEVER** guess who we just happened to run into on our way to the ticket window. . . .



MACKENZIE 😞!!!

And of course she was surprised to see US, too!

"OMG! What are YOU losers doing here?" she said, turning up her nose at us in disgust like we were . . . a bunch of lowly . . . maggots . . . suffering from a terminal case of . . . diarrhea or something.

"We're here to see the show! What else?" I answered, like it wasn't a big deal at all.

"Well, have fun way up there in the cheap, nosebleed section. I managed to snag FRONT-RROW SEATS! If the Bad Boyz come down onto the main floor, I'll tell them you guys said hello. NOT!!" MacKenzie taunted.

Then she waved her tickets right under our noses really sloooowly like they were freshly baked red velvet cupcakes with extra sprinkles or something.

But I just stared right into her beady little eyes.

"Well, girlfriend! I hope you have fun in the front row, because WE'RE going to be BACKSTAGE!!" I said.

Then I waved OUR tickets right under HER nose really sloooooooooowly.

"Yeah!" Chloe added, doing jazz hands. "We have VIP, special access, BACKSTAGE PASSES! While WE meet and greet, YOU can weep!"

"And if WE run into the Bad Boyz backstage, we'll tell 'em YOU said hello," Zoey said, batting her eyes all sweetly. "NOT!!"

Mackenzie just stood there in shock, staring at us with her mouth dangling wide open.

The thought of us dorks hanging out with the celebs backstage must have given Mackenzie a mini nervous breakdown or something. Because she accidentally knocked over her bottled water and completely drenched Chloe!

Thank goodness Zoey had a pack of tissues in her purse.

We tried our best to calm Chloe down and dry her off.



CHLOE, FREAKING OUT AFTER  
MACKENZIE SPILLED WATER ON HER!!

I couldn't believe MacKenzie didn't even bother to apologize to Chloe for being such a KLUTZ. She just disappeared. How RUDE!!

Anyway, since the show was going to be starting in less than ten minutes, we placed our coats and stuff in a locker and rushed to the backstage entrance. A grumpy-looking security guard was stationed there, checking IDs and buzzing people in.

"Um . . . excuse me, sir," I said excitedly. "We need to get backstage. We were invited here by Mr. Trevor Chase and have backstage passes."

"Yeah, right!" he grumbled. "And I'm Sleeping Beauty! You and nine hundred other girls ALL have backstage passes. Now, stop bugging me before I have you removed from the premises for attempted unauthorized entry!"

"No, we REALLY do!" I said, opening my purse to grab our tickets. "SEE? They're right here . . . !" Only there was a small complication. The tickets weren't in the little pocket thingy inside my purse.



"Um, wait a minute . . . !" I giggled nervously as I dug around in my purse. "I just have to find them. . . ."

The security guard rolled his eyes and glared at me.

"Nikki, give the nice man our tickets. Now!" Zoey said with a fake smile plastered across her face.

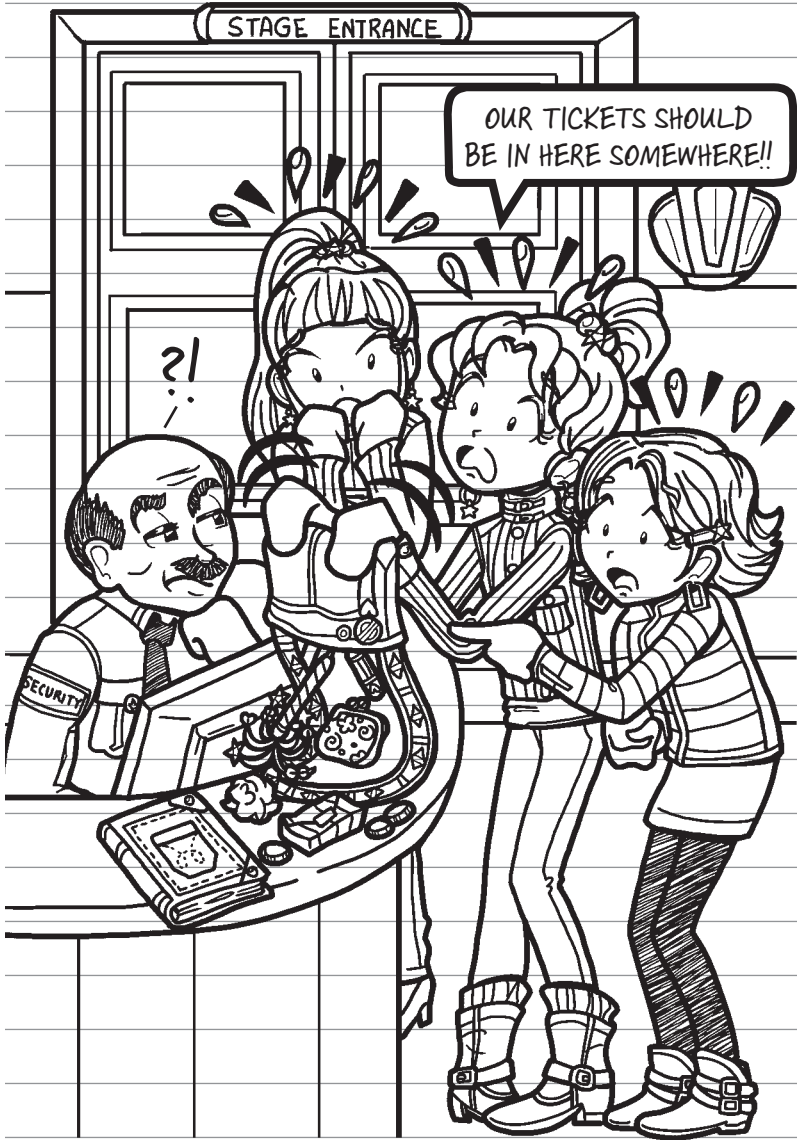
"Stop messing around before you get us thrown out of here," Chloe whisper-shouted in my ear.

I grinned at the scowling security guard. "Um, sir, could you please excuse us for a moment?"

We turned our backs to the security guard and huddled together for an emergency meeting. "I CAN'T FIND OUR TICKETS!!!" I shrieked quietly. "It's like they've disappeared into thin air."

"WHAT?!!" Chloe and Zoey both gasped.

"Maybe I just overlooked them . . . ," I muttered as I frantically dumped out my purse.



ME, DUMPING OUT MY PURSE WHILE TRYING  
TO FIND OUR LOST BACKSTAGE PASSES

But there were no tickets to be found. That's when we started to PANIC.

"Listen, they've got to be around here somewhere!" Zoey said, trying to stay calm. "Nikki, you rush back to the ticket window to see if you left them there. Chloe and I will check the locker to make sure you didn't leave them with our coats and stuff. Don't worry, guys. I'm SURE we'll find them!"

Then we took off in search of our lost backstage passes. By the time I made it back to the ticket window, it was closed because the show had already started. Unfortunately, I didn't see our tickets anywhere. And Chloe and Zoey didn't have any luck either.

It was my brilliant idea to call Trevor Chase and explain our predicament. But unfortunately, his voice mail was full ☹️.

Things quickly went from bad to worse. When we told the security guard we'd lost our tickets and asked for his help, he just yelled at us.

"You have exactly sixty seconds to GET OUT of my arena!!" he snarled. "Or I'll place you all under arrest for TRESPASSING!!"

That's when I got really mad and totally lost it. "Yeah right, MR. GRUMPY! It's not like YOU actually own this arena. Besides, you're not even a REAL police officer!" I screamed at him.

But I just said that inside my head so no one else heard it but me.

I had a really SICK feeling in my stomach. Only one other person knew about our backstage passes.

**MACKENZIE ☹️!!**

And now it was quite obvious to me that she had accidentally-on-purpose dumped water on Chloe to distract us, and then disappeared into thin air.

**Right along with our TICKETS ☹️!!!**

OMG! I felt so angry and frustrated, I wanted to cry! If I didn't somehow figure out how to get backstage to see Trevor Chase ASAP, our record deal was going to be HISTORY!!

He MIGHT be available again in seven months. But life is SO uncertain. Hey, HE could be DEAD by then!! My BFFs were even more disappointed than I was.

"I'm really sorry things didn't work out as planned, Nikki!" Chloe said glumly.

"Yeah, what CRUDDY luck!" Zoey sighed.

We really didn't have any choice but to give up and leave. Plus, that security guard was eyeballing us like we were planning to rob a ticket window or something.

When he glanced at his watch, I knew he was probably thinking we only had thirty-five seconds left to get out of HIS arena or else!!

Heartbroken, Chloe, Zoey, and I blinked back our tears and then slowly began the long trek back to the front entrance.

My exciting career as a pop star has ended even before it officially got started.

Unfortunately, I have to stop writing now. My bratty sister and her crazy puppet friend, Miss Penelope, just came rolling up in my bedroom like they're my roomies or something.

Why was I not born an only child??!!

More later. . . .



MONDAY, MARCH 3

Now, where did I leave off yesterday?! Hmm . . . Okay. My BFFs and I had just left the backstage door area and were heading down the hall, when the SCARIEST thing happened! We were almost run over! By a rolling cart full of the most fabulous designer stage clothing I'd ever seen in my life. OMG! They were to DIE for!

I instantly recognized the famous fashion designer Blaine Blackwell from that popular TV show, *Ugly Dress Intervention!* and his new spin-off show, *Ugly Face Intervention!*

He was talking on the phone a mile a minute! "Just marvelous! Security is escorting me in. Your girls, the Dance Divas, will be the best-dressed dancers in the world . . . !"

Chloe, Zoey, and I stared at the rack of clothing and then at each other. Without saying a word, we knew exactly what we had to do. Together, we took a running leap and dived in headfirst. . . .



CHLOE, ZOEY, AND I SNEAK  
A RIDE BACKSTAGE!!!



After what seemed like forever, we cautiously climbed out of our hiding place. The clothes rack was sitting in a hallway right outside a door that said WARDROBE AND MAKEUP.

Our plan had worked! Chloe, Zoey, and I had actually made it backstage. Woo-hoo! We could hardly contain our excitement.

"Now we just have to find Trevor Chase!" I whisper-shouted.

"And avoid the security guards!" Zoey added.

"Yeah, this place is crawling with them!" Chloe said, and pointed to the far end of the long hallway.

Three guards were talking to Mr. Grumpy, the guy who'd told us to leave the premises.

That's when it occurred to me that security might be on the lookout for US! YIKES!! 😞!!

"Come on! Let's get out of here!" I muttered.

Suddenly, from right behind us, we heard a loud voice. "ACTUALLY, YOU GIRLS AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE!!"

OMG! The three of us peed our pants! Well, almost.

"FREEZE! Don't move a muscle! I'm about to SHOOT!"

We gasped, and clung to each other, TERRIFIED! I could NOT believe we were about to be GUNNED DOWN simply for sneaking backstage. That was so NOT fair!

"Just look at you! I really need to call the authorities and have you ARRESTED."

"P-please d-don't shoot! I c-can explain!" I stuttered. "I'm Nikki, and this is Chloe and Zoey. Mr. Trevor Chase asked us to—"

"I already KNOW who you girls are! Sorry, but I don't have a choice! Shooting people is my job! I'll try to make this as painless as possible. Now turn around, please, and face me!"

We gulped and turned around very slowly to see . . .



BLAINE BLACKWELL,  
POINTING A CAMERA AT US?!

“Sorry, girls. But I always shoot a before and an after photo! If I were you, I’d be nervous too. Where do you ladies shop? The city DUMP?! Now, keep your eyes right on me. And say ‘Cheese!’”

We breathed a collective sigh of relief!

“For a moment I thought YOU thought WE were, um . . . criminals!” I giggled nervously. “We’re here to meet with Mr. Trevor Chase. He gave us—”

Blaine stepped closer to examine me and frowned.

“Honey, actually, those unruly eyebrows ARE criminal! And have you never heard of bronzer? It should be illegal NOT to use it. And that pukey orange sweater! You deserve the death penalty for wearing it in public! Have you no shame?!!”

I was speechless. OMG! Not everyone had the HONOR of getting ripped apart by the world-renowned Blaine Blackwell! Chloe, Zoey, and I just stared at him, totally mesmerized by his extreme awesomeness.

“Never fear, darlings! I’ve put together the most amazing wardrobe for your world tour! You’ll be the three most FABULOUS, best-dressed dancers in the fashion-forward universe.”

"But, but you're making a huge mistake!" I sputtered.  
"We're not backup—"

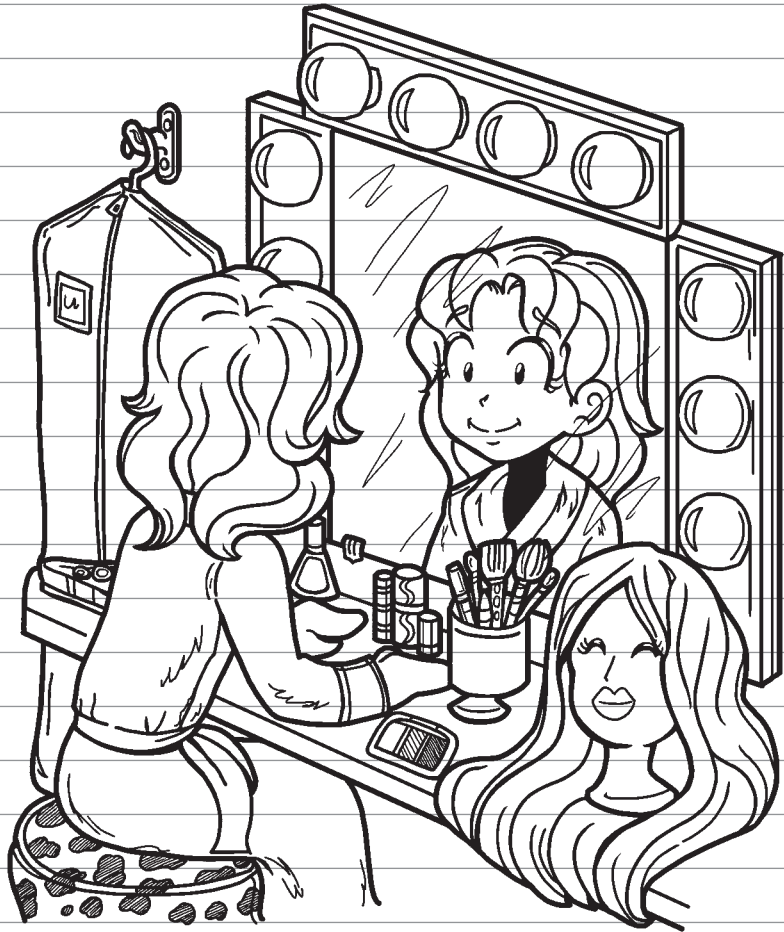
"No excuses, Miss Unibrow!" Blaine said, glaring at me. "Seriously! You ladies are a HOT MESS! Your makeovers are going to be a challenge even for me. Hey, I'm a world-famous designer and stylist, NOT a magician!"

"Did he just say MAKEOVERS?!" Chloe and Zoey squealed happily. "SQUEEEEEEE!"

We followed Blaine into the dressing room. Then he assigned each of us our very own hair, makeup, and wardrobe TEAM.

We also had our own vanity tables with lightbulb thingies around the mirror. And we got to wear the softest plush robes and slippers to lounge around in.

OMG, it was  
**A-MAY-ZING!**



ME, ABOUT TO BE MADE OVER BY THE  
FAMOUS BLAINE BLACKWELL!!

Chloe looked through the collection of lip glosses on her vanity table. "Wow! I LOVE this pretty shade of pink! I think it would look great on me."

As soon as she picked it up, Blaine rushed over to her.

"Honey, NO! Don't do it!!" he cried, and knocked the lip gloss tube out of her hand and onto the floor.

"OMG! That was close!" he breathed heavily.

Chloe looked like she'd just seen a snake. "Was that lip gloss expired or something?!"

"Way worse than that!" Blaine gasped. "You were two seconds away from putting on a winter shade of lip gloss. And you are DEFINITELY an autumn!"

In less than an hour, I barely recognized my BFFs or my own image in the mirror.

OMG! We looked like a twist between fashion models and funky space aliens! Mostly due to our bright fluorescent-colored wigs and silver metallic glow-in-the-dark jumpsuits.

But one thing was for sure: I was TOTALLY convinced that Blaine Blackwell WAS in fact a MAGICIAN. . . .



OUR FAB MAKEOVERS, COURTESY OF BLAINE!

The best thing about our new costumes was that now we wouldn't be recognized by security.



Which was VERY convenient! Because according to the gossip in hair and wardrobe, a security alert had been issued by Mr. Grumpy (Gus the security guard).

Apparently, three teen girls had attempted to gain unauthorized entry backstage and then refused to leave the arena property after being instructed to do so by security.

They were now considered trespassers and were to be apprehended upon sight and physically removed from the premises.

Like, WHO does THAT?! Some girls my age are SO immature!

Anyway, the concert was going to be over in less than an hour, and the backstage area was huge.

But I was confident my BFFs and I would find Trevor Chase before it was too late.

I mean, how hard could it be?!

JUST GREAT 😞! Now I have to stop writing in my diary.

WHY?!!!

My mom wants me to take my little sister (Brianna the Brat!) to the movie theater to see *Princess Sugar Plum Goes to Hollywood: Part 2*.

UGH!! I HATE those stupid kiddie movies!!

I have this ENTIRE week off from school for spring break. And I plan on spending it doing REALLY SUPERimportant things like . . . um, well . . . maybe writing in my diary and stuff!

Hey, it's NOT a vacay in Florida. But STILL!!

Sorry, Mom! But I refuse to spend all of my time babysitting Brianna!!

😞!!



PHOTOGRAPH © BY SUNNA 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!



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10 9 8 7 6 5 \* Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data \* Russell, Rachel Renée. \* Tales from a not-so-glam TV star / by Rachel Renée Russell. — First Aladdin hardcover edition. \* p. cm. — (Dork diaries ; 7) \* Summary: Nikki is in the spotlight. A reality TV crew will follow her and her friends for the whole month of March as they record their hit song together. But will the excitement also cause unexpected problems, now that cameras are everywhere Nikki and her friends go? \* 1. Reality television programs—Fiction. 2. Sound recordings—Production and direction—Fiction. 3. Bands (Music)—Fiction. 4. Friendship—Fiction. 5. Diaries—Fiction. I. Title. \* PZ7.R915935Taf 2014 \* [Fic]—dc23 \* 2014002146 \*  
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