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DOORK

EXTRA!
EXTRA!

diaries



New
York Times
Bestselling
Series

Tales from a
NOT-SO-SMART
Miss Know-It-All

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1

OMG! I CANNOT believe I'm actually going to go through with this!

It's supposed to be just a little prank. But I have to admit, I'm a little worried. I really need to think about the consequences of my actions.

Because if something goes wrong, there's a chance SOMEONE could actually end up . . . DEAD!

YES, that's correct. DEAD 😱!!

Namely . . . ME! Because if my parents find out about this stupid stunt I'm planning to pull, they're going to KILL me!

It all started when Chloe, Zoey, and I decided to have a sleepover during our winter break from school.

We excitedly counted down the seconds to midnight . . . "TEN . . . NINE . . . EIGHT . . . SEVEN . . . SIX . . . FIVE . . . FOUR . . . THREE . . . TWO . . . ONE . . ."



CHLOE, ZOEY, AND I CELEBRATE!!

I was really looking forward to a brand-new year. Mainly because last year was filled with SO much drama.

What better way to start things off than with me and my two BFFs having a WILD and CRAZY New Year's Eve pajama party at Zoey's house?

We pigged out on pizza, double-chocolate cupcakes, M&M's, and ice-cream sundaes, and then washed it all down with soda.

Soon we were giggling hysterically and bouncing off the walls from a major sugar buzz

We were having WAAAY too much FUN painting our nails funky colors and playing TRUTH OR DARE to watch some lame disco-ball thingy drop in Times Square on TV.

"Zoey! Truth or dare?" Chloe asked, locking her eyes on Zoey with an eager grin.

"Truth!" she answered.



CHLOE, ZOEY, AND ME, EATING JUNK FOOD AND PLAYING TRUTH OR DARE

"I have a really good one!" Chloe squealed. "It's SOOO romantic and from my FAVE book! Okay, who would you rather kiss, Deadly Doodle Dude or Hunk Finn?!"

"Oh! That's easy!" Zoey giggled. "I pick Hunk Finn. He's the sensitive artist type and supercute."

"Yeah, but Deadly Doodle Dude is so . . . morbidly . . . beautiful and intensely . . . doodley," Chloe gushed.

That's when I almost choked on my pizza.

I know my BFF is a hopeless romantic, and I love her to death. But sometimes I worry that her TEETH might be BRIGHTER than SHE is.

Crushing on a DOODLEY guy is just so . . . WRONG!

I mean, is that even a REAL word?!

If I was going to create the perfect guy, he would be KIND, have a good sense of HUMOR, and be adorably CUTE (just like my crush, Brandon). . . .



ME, MIXING UP THE INGREDIENTS TO MAKE MY DREAM GUY

"Your turn, Nikki," Zoey said, and turned to me. "Truth or dare?"

"Oooh! I have a really good one!" Chloe exclaimed.

A wicked grin spread across her face as she whispered in Zoey's ear.

Zoey's eyes got as big as saucers. "OMG, Chloe! Nikki is going to DIE if we ask her that!" she shrieked through her giggles.

I scrunched up my face and nervously chewed my lip.

Answering a truth about a fictional guy was fun and exciting.

But answering one about a REAL guy could be totally EMBARRASSING.

And I was hoping to AVOID discussing ONE guy in particular, if you know what I mean.

Which meant I didn't have a choice.

"DARE! Nobody's been brave enough to try a dare, so I'll do one. Give me your hardest!" I challenged Zoey.

She tapped her chin, in deep thought.

Then suddenly a sly smirk appeared on her face. "Are you SURE about that, Nikki? Requesting a truth might be A LOT easier."

"Or maybe NOT!" Chloe said smugly.

"Yes, I'm sure. DARE!" I blurted. "Bring it!"

Sometimes I really wish my brain worked faster than my big, fat mouth.

Because it was quite obvious that Chloe and Zoey were up to some mischievous, evil-genius stuff!

But there was just NO WAY I was going to voluntarily SPILL MY GUTS about Brandon in a game.

Until I heard Zoey's dare. . . .

OKAY, DARE! NIKKI, I DARE YOU TO SNEAK OVER TO MACKENZIE'S AND TOILET-PAPER HER HOUSE!



I just stared at Zoey and gasped. I couldn't believe my ears.

"OMG!" Chloe exclaimed. "That's so dangerous and sneaky . . . and totally the BEST dare ever!! You GOTTA do it, Nikki!"

I immediately broke into a cold sweat.

"I d-don't know, guys!" I stammered. "I mean, what if I get caught?! I could get in really big trouble! I guess I'm just a big . . . CHICKEN! Sorry to ruin all of the fun."

"Don't feel bad, Nikki. I gave you a supercrazy dare. Only the CCP (Cute, Cool & Popular) kids do stuff like that. Chloe and I are chickens too!" Zoey admitted.

"I KNOW that's right! Buck! Buck! Buck-aah!" Chloe clucked.

I think Chloe and Zoey said those things just to make ME feel better about NOT doing that dare. They're definitely the BEST friends EVER!

To vent our frustration, we played the "Chicken Dance" song and danced and clucked for nine minutes



CHICKENS "R" US

Afterward, we just sat there staring at each other, wishing our lives were a lot more—I don't know—EXCITING or something.

It was strange because the more I thought about all of the mean stuff MacKenzie had done to us, the more TICKED OFF I got.

There's only so much public humiliation, vicious teasing, malicious gossip, ruthless sabotage, and mean-girl backstabbing that a person can take.

I'd had quite enough of people who went out of their way to make my life totally miserable.

"People" being snobby, shallow, evil girls like, um . . . MACKENZIE HOLLISTER!!

Calling her a "mean girl" is an understatement. She's a DOBERMAN in lip gloss and designer jeans. And for some reason, she HATES MY GUTS!

MacKenzie having to clean up a few rolls of toilet paper is NOTHING compared to the very long list of horribly rotten things she's done to US.

And she's hurt other people too. It was HER fault Brandon almost moved to Florida.

"You know what, guys? I'm STILL pretty angry about MacKenzie locking us in that storage closet right before we were supposed to skate in the *Holiday on Ice* show!" I fumed.

"Yeah! If she'd had her way, we'd still be in there!" Chloe griped. "Until someone found our skeletons!"



ME, CHLOE, AND ZOEY, NOT LOOKING VERY CUTE AFTER BEING LOCKED IN THAT STORAGE CLOSET FOR THREE VERY LONG YEARS!!

"You're right! And THAT was the last straw! I've changed my mind about the dare. I'm going to do it! But only if you guys come with me," I announced.

"We've got your back, girlfriend!" Zoey said. "This isn't a dare anymore! It's PAYBACK! I'll get the toilet paper!"

So right now I'm locked in Zoey's bathroom, writing all of this in my diary.

And instead of doing the sleeping part of our sleepover, we're secretly planning the Great Toilet Paper Caper.

The good news is Miss Thang (also known as MacKenzie) is FINALLY going to get just what SHE deserves 😊!!

The BAD news is IF my parents ever find out about this, I'M going to be DEAD MEAT!

I can't believe it's only thirty-seven minutes into the new year and I'm already FREAKING OUT.

One thing is very clear.

THIS year is going to have WAAAAAY more DRAMA than LAST year.



THURSDAY, JANUARY 2

Have you ever had a REALLY bad feeling about something?

And inside your head a little voice is screaming, "NOOOOOOOO! Stop! Don't do it!"

Well, that little voice was warning ME that our Great Toilet Paper Caper was going to be a complete and utter

DISASTER!!

But did I listen? Of course not!

Although, I have to admit, part of me wanted to just call the whole thing off.

Sneaking out into the cold, dark night to wreak havoc on the world sounded exciting. But we could have had just as much fun staying inside doing all of the normal sleepover stuff.

You know, stuff like . . .

Crawling into my warm and cozy sleeping bag and PRETENDING to be asleep.

While my BFFs giggle uncontrollably and pour water on my hand to try and make me pee my pants.



Stealing Chloe's overnight bag and raiding Zoey's underwear drawer while they're both busy brushing their teeth.

Then secretly stuffing everything in the freezer.



Taking turns SCARING ourselves to death by telling superSPOOKY stories in the dark by flashlight.



But another part of me—a very dark and primitive side—wanted **DESPERATELY** to get even with MacKenzie.

The thought of being a teen rebel with a cause seemed so **COOL**. At the time, anyway.

Although I'd been to MacKenzie's house before, purely by accident (**OMG! THAT'S** a long and gut-wrenching story!), I didn't realize she lived only a few doors down from Zoey.

I felt a little better about the whole thing knowing we didn't have to walk very far in the dark.

Zoey and I found flashlights and gathered up rolls of toilet paper.

But Chloe was no help whatsoever.

She just sat in front of the mirror humming "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" while making up her face to look like a bunny.

AREN'T THESE
FUZZY BUNNY
EARS TOO CUTE?
NOW I'M READY
TO GO!



"Um . . . Chloe . . ." I gawked at her in confusion. "You realize we're not going to a costume party, right?"

"Hey! I know what I'm doing," she assured me. "If we get caught, do you think the cops will arrest an adorable little bunny and throw her in jail? Of course not! But I'll definitely come and visit you and Zoey in the slammer."

Okay! NOW I was starting to get a little worried.

As we trudged through the snow to MacKenzie's house, it was pitch-dark and eerily quiet. All we could hear was the crunching of the snow underfoot and our heavy breathing.

I had to resist the urge to turn around and run screaming back to my warm and safe sleeping bag.

Finally we reached MacKenzie's house, and it was just like I had remembered.

GINORMOUS!!

Suddenly my stomach felt superqueasy.

Only, I didn't know if it was all the junk food I'd eaten earlier that night, OR the fact that I was very close to finally getting a meet-'n'-greet with some of my favorite rap artists who were doing time in prison.

As a fellow INMATE 😬!! YIKES!!

"Come on! Let's get this done before somebody sees us," I whisper-shouted.

Zoey took six rolls of toilet paper out of her backpack and tossed them to Chloe and me.

Chloe and Zoey ran toward a huge tree on the left, and I ran toward one on the right.

Then we frantically tossed the toilet paper over the branches until the two trees looked like towering twenty-foot mummies.

OMG! It was such a RUSH!! . . .



It was the most FUN we've had together since . . . um, yesterday.

Suddenly the porch light flicked on 😞!!

"OH, CRUD! Someone's coming outside!" I shouted. "HIDE!!"

We quickly dove into some nearby bushes and then cautiously peeked out.



The front door opened, and we saw a figure walk down the sidewalk.

"Hurry up and go potty already, Fifi! It's freezing out here!" said a very familiar voice.

It was MACKENZIE 😞!!

OH, CRUD! I'm going to have to finish writing this diary entry later. I'm trying to vent about some VERY personal and private stuff and my MOM just barged into my bedroom without even knocking!

She said that for Family Sharing Time, we're all going with Brianna to see the latest Princess Sugar Plum movie.

And then we're having dinner at Queasy Cheesy.

AGGGGGHHHHHHH! SPLAT!!

That was me BARFING!

I don't know which I HATE more, Princess Sugar Plum movies or Queasy Cheesy!

I guess I'm STILL traumatized by that time MacKenzie videotaped Brianna and me dancing at Queasy Cheesy and put it on YouTube.

Gotta STOP writing in my diary even though I don't want to!!

TO BE CONTINUED . . .

FRIDAY, JANUARY 3

So, where was I before I was so RUDELY interrupted (tapping chin, trying to remember)?

Oh! Right in the middle of the Great Toilet Paper Caper!

"Hurry up and go potty already, Fifi! It's freezing out here!" MacKenzie complained to her poodle.

Although her humongous yard had more landscaping than a city park, that stupid dog decided to PIDDLE on EXACTLY the same BUSH we were hiding in.



OMG! We didn't move a muscle. We didn't even dare breathe!

"What's wrong, Fifi? There's nothing there but bushes. Let's go back inside now."

We breathed a collective sigh of relief. WHEW!

Then, without warning, Fifi darted under the bushes and lunged at us, barking like a rabid pit bull.

"Bark, bark, bark! Bark-bark! Bark! Bark-bark!"

"AAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!" we screamed as we fell over each other trying to scramble out of the bushes.

Of course, we scared the juice out of MacKenzie. She gaped in horror and screamed even louder than us. "AAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

Realizing that MacKenzie had actually seen our faces, we just clung to each other and screamed louder. "AAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

Which freaked MacKenzie out even more and made her scream louder yet. "AAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

All of that barking, freaking, and screaming in the bushes went on for what seemed like FOREVER.



"NIKKI?! CHLOE?! ZOEY?!" MacKenzie finally sputtered. "OMG! You guys nearly scared me to death! WHAT are you doing out here in the middle of the night?!"

"Um, would you believe we were taking a little walk and got lost in your bushes?" I asked.

"NO! I wouldn't!" she said, folding her arms and glaring at us.

"I didn't think so . . .," I muttered. "Well, it was nice chatting with you. But we really must be going—"

"Not so fast! YOU have some explaining to do. WHY are you snooping around my house? And WHY is the Easter Bunny here on New Year's Day?!"

The Easter Bunny Chloe, Zoey, and I just stared at the ground.

Hey, I may be a coward, but at least I'm an HONEST one. I felt morally obligated to tell MacKenzie the truth.

"We . . . um . . . were sort of in the middle of toilet-papering y-your house," I stammered.

"You were WHAT?!" MacKenzie turned around and finally noticed the streamers of toilet paper dangling from her trees. "No way! Nikki, I can't believe you would actually—"

"It's NOT her fault. It was MY idea," Zoey said in my defense. "I dared her to do it."

"Yeah, but the Truth or Dare game was MY idea," Chloe said, hanging her head. "That makes ME totally responsible."

"Come on! Do you REALLY think I'm STUPID enough to actually believe you naïve little dorks could pull off a majorly deviant prank like this?" MacKenzie sneered.

Our mouths dropped open in shock.

"Um . . . YES! We think you're STUPID! And NO! We're NOT so naïve that we couldn't pull off a prank like this," I shot back.

"Yeah, right! You can't even LIE convincingly," MacKenzie scoffed.

Then she gave us the evil eye, like we were something her poodle had just left on the sidewalk.



MACKENZIE, GIVING US THE EVIL EYE

That's when it dawned on me that she didn't believe a single word we were saying. I was . . . FLABBERGASTED!

"Obviously, some really cute guys did this to get my attention! Boys are SO obsessed with me."

MacKenzie giggled and batted her eyes like she was flirting with some invisible crush only she could see.

"Hmmm . . . I bet it was Brady and some of the football jocks. Or maybe Theodore and his nerdy band members"

Then she put her hands over her heart and swooned.

"OMG! I think I know who did it! BRANDON!!!" she squealed. "Nikki, you must be SO jealous that he toilet-papered MY house and not YOURS! Eat your heart out, hon!"

"MacKenzie, I have seven words for you. YouNeedToGetAClue.com!" I said, staring right into her beady little eyes. "But since we made this

mess in your yard, I guess it's only fair that we clean it up."

Suddenly she narrowed her eyes at me.

"You came over here in the middle of the night to clean up the toilet paper in MY yard?! But WHY? I bet you didn't want me to see it. Then I would never know that Brandon is CRUSHING on me! Is that it?"

I rolled my eyes at her. "No, MacKenzie! Brandon had nothing to do with—"

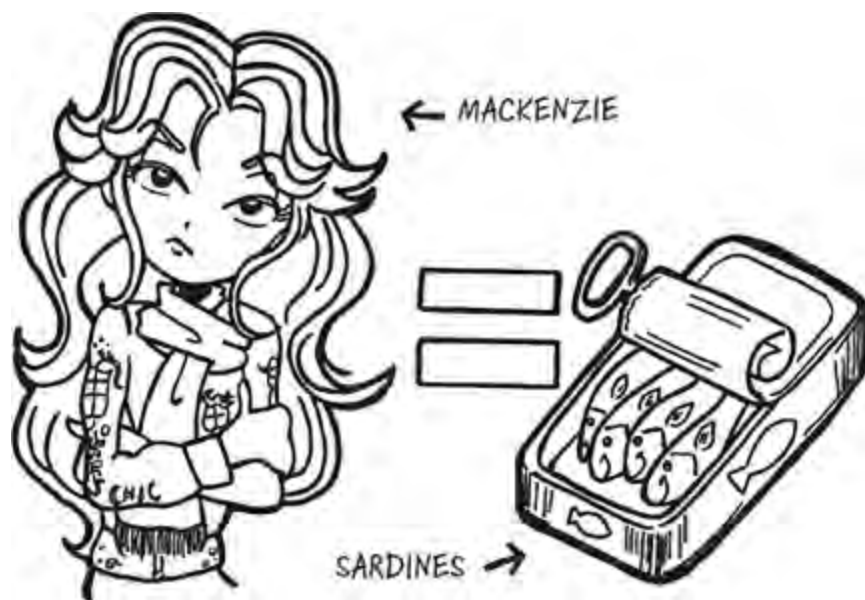
"You're LYING! It's MY toilet paper! So don't even think about touching it! If Brandon went to all this trouble, he must REALLY like me. And that's why you're hanging around here trying to UNDERMINE my love life!"

ME?! Undermine HER love life??!

SORRY! But I'm WAY too busy undermining my OWN love life. Which is why I don't have one.

MacKenzie thinks the whole world revolves around her, and I wanted to burst her little bubble SO badly. But talking to a SNOBBY AIRHEAD like her is a lot like eating a can of SARDINES

POINTLESS and NAUSEATING!



"Whatever, MacKenzie!" I sighed. "Believe what you want. We toilet-papered your house! We're TIRED!! And we're going HOME!!"

Chloe, Zoey, and I picked up the empty cardboard toilet paper rolls strewn across the yard and headed toward the sidewalk.

Hey, we were vandals, but we WEREN'T litterbugs!

"PUT THOSE BACK! THEY'RE MINE!" MacKenzie screeched. "Or I'll call the cops! It's illegal to take stuff from private property. LOSERS!"

Chloe, Zoey, and I froze and looked at each other in disbelief. Then we tossed the cardboard toilet paper rolls BACK into her yard.

It was pure INSANITY!

"Oh! And by the way . . . HAPPY NEW YEAR!!" MacKenzie chirped, all happy and friendlylike.

Did I mention that girl is SCHIZOID?

We walked back to Zoey's house in complete silence. The entire experience was just . . . SURREAL!

Suddenly Chloe started to snicker. Then Zoey caught the giggles. Finally I did too. We were laughing so hard we were practically staggering down the sidewalk.

"Thank goodness MacKenzie didn't believe us. Otherwise, she'd probably be burying our dead bodies in her backyard," I chuckled.

"Hey! We tried to tell her the truth. But her ego is so huge it has stretch marks." Zoey snorted.

In spite of everything, I think my BFFs and I learned two very valuable life lessons that night.

1. Revenge is NOT the answer, and

2. No one can make a complete FOOL out of MacKenzie better than . . . MACKENZIE!

The Great Toilet Paper Caper was an epic FAIL!

But personally, I'm just happy we made it out of there alive.

It looks like my new year is off to a really good start!



SATURDAY, JANUARY 4

Guess what I got in the mail today?!

An invitation to . . .

BRANDON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY!!

SQUEEEEEEE 😊!!

I was so happy I did my Snoopy "happy dance."



Brandon's birthday party is on Friday, January 31, and I can hardly wait!

Chloe, Zoey, and I are invited, but MacKenzie isn't. I have to admit, I feel a little sorry for her 😞.

NOT!! Too bad, MacKenzie 😊!

She was **SO SUPER** jealous about Brandon's party that she actually tried to **HYPNOTIZE** him into giving her an invitation by smiling, batting her eyes, and twirling her hair. But it didn't work.

Anyway, I don't have the slightest idea what I'm going to get Brandon for his birthday. But at least I have enough money saved up to get him something nice.

I was thinking about taking him out to dinner at a quaint little Italian restaurant. And we could share a romantic plate of spaghetti like in my favorite Disney movie, *Lady and the Tramp*. **SQUEEE!**

Speaking of restaurants, Brianna and I went to this brand-new place in the mall called Crazy Burger. They make these **HUGE** gourmet burgers that are supposed to be delicious.

However, after placing my order, I wasn't so sure the food was all that healthy. . . .

HI! WE'D LIKE A
CHEESEBURGER MEAL AND A
KIDDIE FUN MEAL, PLEASE!



OKAY! SO WILL THAT BE
BIGGIE SIZE OR KING SIZE?



UM, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN THE TWO?





I wanted to say, Um . . . NEVER MIND!

But I was absolutely STARVING!

I was SO hungry I could have eaten that foam-rubber burger right off the top of his ridiculously tacky hat.

Plastic googly eyes and all.

And get this. Those ridiculous hats were for sale for \$7.99. But WHO in their right mind would even buy one of those things?!

Anyway, that burger was superyummy and juicy. Brianna loved hers too.

Hey! Maybe Brandon and I could have a fancy, candlelight dinner at Crazy Burger for his birthday!

NOT!



SUNDAY, JANUARY 5

Today I received some exciting news from Trevor Chase, the producer of the hit television show *15 Minutes of Fame* and the judge of the Westchester Country Day Talent Showcase.

Back in November, I put together a band called *Actually, I'm Not Really Sure Yet*. And yes! I know it's the craziest band name ever. We were supposed to be called *Dorkalicious*. But MacKenzie stuck her big nose in my personal business and pretty much messed up everything.

Her dance group won the WCD Talent Showcase and a chance to audition for the TV show.

But Trevor was so impressed with MY band that he asked us to record an original song that we'd written called "Dorks Rule!"

Can you believe THAT?

Anyway, I was just hanging out in my bedroom writing in my diary when I finally got the follow-up call that he'd promised



I called Chloe, Zoey, Brandon, Violet, and Theo and gave them the fantastic news! We decided our band would start practicing again the week before Mr. Chase was scheduled to arrive.

OMG! Wouldn't it be great if we went on tour and opened for Lady Gaga or One Direction?! We could take this music thing and run with it.

Just imagine what our lives would be like if we became pop stars. We'd be on the covers of all the teen magazines and maybe even have our own really cute-smelling perfume.

The best part is that Brandon and I could star in a blockbuster movie called *Middle School Musical*. About two dorks in LOVE!
SQUEEEEE!!

I smell an Academy Award for Best Movie!

Hey, it could happen. Eat your heart out, MacKenzie!

