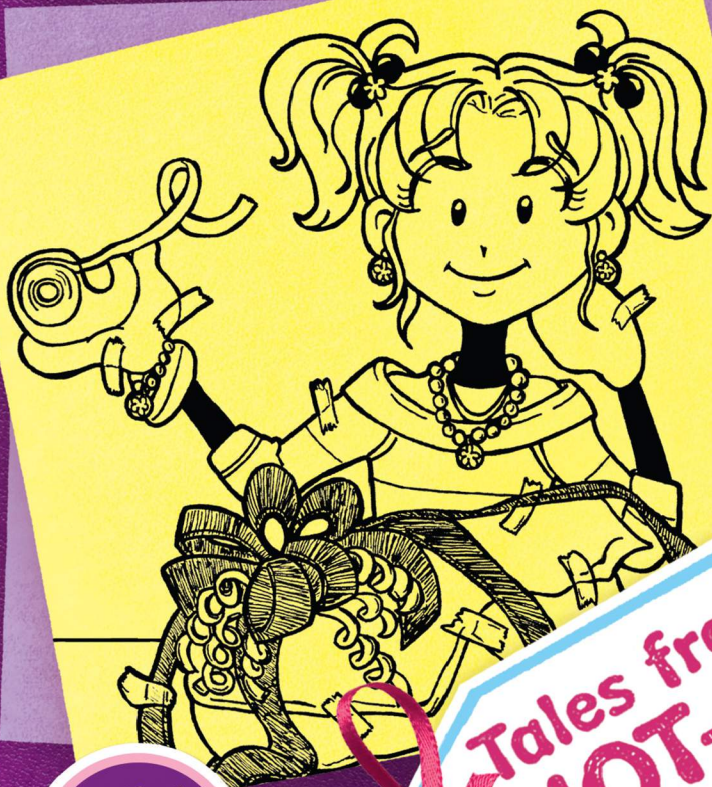


Rachel Renée Russell

DORK diaries[®]



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Tales from a
NOT-SO-
Popular Party Girl

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Rachel Renée Russell

DORK
diaries

Tales from a NOT-SO-Popular Party Girl

Aladdin

New York London Toronto Sydney

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29

AAAAAHHHHH!!

Okay. THAT was me screaming!

WHY?

Because I can't believe the HORRIBLE MESS I've gotten myself into!

AAAAAHHHHH!!



That was me screaming AGAIN!

My situation is BAD! VERY BAD!!

Right before lunch I got a note from Chloe and Zoey to meet them in the janitor's closet.

They said they couldn't wait to show me their new Halloween costumes.

But more than anything, I thought this would be the PERFECT time to FINALLY tell them about Brandon asking me to the dance.

Since he hadn't canceled on me (yet, anyway!) and the dance was in only two days, I thought now would be a good time to tell my BFFs.

So this was the plan I had inside my head. . . .

After I got done raving about Zoey's Beyoncé costume and Chloe's Canterwood Crest riding costume, I was going to tell them about MY fabulous Juliet costume. And maybe even invite them over to see it after school today.

Then I was going to blurt out:



Chloe and Zoey were going to be so surprised that they'd start screaming and jumping up and down.

We'd end the little celebration with a group hug.

I was also pretty sure that during the dance, Chloe and Zoey would insist that I secretly meet them somewhere to give them all the juicy details.

Which meant I'd probably have to tell Brandon I needed to go to the bathroom, like, once every hour. Just to update my BFFs.

THAT was the PERFECT plan I had inside my head.

But unfortunately, things didn't happen the way I had planned.

When I got to the janitor's closet, I told Chloe and Zoey that I had some surprising news for them, too.

They said, "Okay! You first!"

And then I said, "No! You first!"

Then they said, "Come on! YOU go first!"

And then I said, "No way! YOU go first!"

So they finally said, "Okay! We'll go first."

Then they made me close my eyes.

"SURPRISE!! Here's OUR costumes!!"

When I opened my eyes, I was expecting to see a Beyoncé outfit and a riding outfit.

But instead, I saw THREE trash bag costumes!!



The exact same trash bag costume I had suggested two weeks ago that Chloe and Zoey had called

really LAME!

"Aren't they CUTE?!" Chloe said, smiling really big and giving me jazz hands.

"Do you NOT love them?!" Zoey giggled.

"We figured that since the three of us were going to be hanging out at the dance together . . .," Chloe started.

"We might as well hang out as three BAGS OF TRASH!" Zoey finished.

"OMG! OMG! You—you guys SHOULDN'T have!" I stammered.

Only, I really meant it.

"Well, since you had your heart set on us being bags of trash, we didn't want to let you down. Especially after you agreed to do that clean-up crew thing with us. And if it wasn't for you, we wouldn't even be having a dance," Chloe said, tearing up a little.

"Yeah, we were being a little selfish about the whole costume thing. So after school yesterday, we met at Chloe's and worked on them until midnight. It's the least we can do to show you how much we appreciate having a really great BFF like you!" Zoey said, dabbing her eyes.

"Yeah, one who'll stick by us through thick and thin, no matter what!" Chloe added.

Then Chloe and Zoey both grabbed me and we did a group hug.

Then they said, "Okay. Now what did YOU want to tell US?!"

I just stood there looking at Chloe and Zoey and feeling REALLY horrible!

I couldn't believe they were actually giving up their cool costumes.

To dress up like LAME bags of trash?!

JUST FOR ME???!

I didn't deserve great friends like Chloe and Zoey!

But another part of me felt bad because I knew true friendship was supposed to be based on honesty.

Which meant I had no choice but to tell them the truth. . . .

That Brandon had asked me to the dance and I had accepted.

That I planned to mostly hang out with him all night. Not them.

That I was going to be a beautiful, romantic, and moody Juliet. NOT a bag of trash.

So I just blurted it out.

"I'm really sorry, Chloe and Zoey, but I CAN'T wear that bag of trash costume or hang out with you guys at the dance!"

At first they were confused and kind of stunned.

"What do you mean . . . ?" Zoey sputtered.

"I d-d-don't understand . . . !" Chloe stuttered.

Then, as it sank in, their confusion turned into hurt, and they both just stared at me.

Okay, I liked Brandon a lot, and I really, really wanted to go to the dance with him.

But there was NO WAY I could do this to my two best friends.

So I smiled really big and gave them jazz hands to lighten the mood.

"Um . . . what I actually meant was . . . I can't wear that costume or hang out with you guys . . . UNLESS we get yellow rubber gloves, crazy wigs, and sunglasses!! We gotta have those! Right?"

Chloe and Zoey looked totally relieved and smiled at me.

"OMG! You almost gave us a heart attack!" Chloe chuckled.

"Rubber gloves, wigs, and sunglasses, coming right up!" Zoey said. She opened a bag and tossed one of each to me.

"Great! Then I guess we're ready to ROCK!" I said, smiling.

Even though deep inside I was so frustrated I felt more like crying.

"We're going to have SO much fun!!" Zoey squealed.

"I can hardly wait!!" Chloe giggled.

So that's why I'm now in my bedroom screaming.

AAAAAHHHHHH!!

Mainly because Thursday evening could turn into a major DISASTER.

I'm supposed to wear a rat costume and hang out with the ballerina brats.

I'm supposed to wear a Juliet costume and hang out with Brandon.

AND I'm supposed to wear a bag of trash costume and hang out with Chloe and Zoey!

All at the same time!

How did I ever get myself into this MESS?!

Okay, here's an idea. . . .

I'll just call Brandon, Chloe, Zoey, and Mrs. Hargrove and tell them I'll be home sick Thursday evening with a bad case of BUBONIC PLAGUE.



AAAAAHHHHH!!



WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30

This morning at breakfast I was

TOTALLY
GROSSED
OUT!!

I think I've lost my appetite for the rest of the year.

My mom put my dad on a diet last week, and he has started doing midnight raids on the refrigerator. It's very obvious because he forgets to put stuff back in the fridge.

Unfortunately, I always know at breakfast when he's had cookies and milk the night before.



Hey, call me a picky eater! But, personally, I don't like my Fruity Pebbles with sour milk chunks.

If this keeps up, I think I'll need to have a little talk with Mom about this situation.

I'll remind her that marriage is based on mutual love, trust, and respect, and that she didn't marry Dad for his looks.

But, most important of all, I'll gently bring up the fact that Dad gaining a few extra pounds won't really matter when I DIE OF STARVATION because all the food in the house is SPOILED!

I'm just saying . . . !!

Anyway, right now I'm feeling like the most HORRIBLE person on earth 😞!

I can't believe I'm lying to my friends like this!

Well, if not exactly lying, I'm NOT telling them important stuff they should probably know.

I haven't told Brandon, Chloe, or Zoey that I'm supposed to be helping out at the ballet class party during the dance.

I haven't told Chloe and Zoey I'm supposed to be Brandon's date to the dance.

And I haven't told Brandon I'm supposed to be hanging out with Chloe and Zoey all night as bags of trash.

WHY?

Because I'm trying really hard to make everyone HAPPY.

The last thing I want is for Brandon, Chloe, or Zoey to be disappointed in me as a friend.

But if I tell them the truth, all three of them will probably HATE me!

Unless I secretly try to . . . ??

NO WAY!!

It will NEVER work!!

Besides, I'm NOT a lying, sneaky little RAT, like MacKenzie!

Or am I...?!





Rachel Renée Russell is an attorney who prefers writing tween books to legal briefs. (Mainly because books are a lot more fun and pajamas and bunny slippers aren't allowed in court.)

She has raised two daughters and lived to tell about it. Her hobbies include growing purple flowers and doing totally useless crafts (like, for example, making a microwave oven out of Popsicle sticks, glue, and glitter). Rachel lives in northern Virginia with a spoiled pet Yorkie who terrorizes her daily by climbing on top of a computer cabinet and pelting her with stuffed animals while she writes. And, yes, Rachel considers herself a total Dork.



Recipe for disaster:

4 parties. Add 2 friends and
1 crush. Divide by 1 mean girl out
to RUIN Nikki. Mix well, put
fingers over eyes, and cringe!



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