

TUESDAY, MARCH 25th

AAAAAAHHH!

(That was me SCREAMING☹!!)

My life is turning into one of those over-the-top teen TV dramas! Minus the sappy, Emo music.

You know. Where the dimwitted, teen drama queen accidentally-on-purpose ruins her chances with the guy of her dreams.

Only to HATE herself for it later!!!

Then, she whines obnoxiously all day long about the relationship that SHE torpedoed.

And feels so pathetically sorry for herself that you just want to PUKE! Or, change the channel. Or, BOTH!!

I'm really worried about my friendship with Brandon.

I need to talk to him and apologize again for being too busy to help him with his scholarship project.

Oh! And, for standing him up last week.

And, for, um...falling asleep in the library. While he waited for me, like, FOREVER!!

ARGH☹!!! I'm such a HORRIBLE friend. And, Brandon deserves better.

Lately, I've just been reliably UNRELIABLE. And, the guilt is totally eating me up inside☹.

I really think I should talk to my BFFs, Chloe and Zoey. I'm sure they can help me with my Brandon problem. They always do!

Anyway, I was waiting for my BFFs when suddenly MacKenzie walked up to me and got all up in my face.

Then she actually started screaming at me...

NIKKI MAXWELL! WHERE WERE YOU AND WHY DIDN'T YOU RETURN MY CALL? YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE AN HOUR BEFORE SCHOOL FOR DANCE PRACTICE! YOU'D BETTER HAVE A DARN GOOD EXCUSE!!



I was already in a pretty cruddy mood. So, I looked right into MacKenzie's beady eyes and told her off really good!

"Okay, MacKenzie! Here's my excuse...my CRAZY choreographer had plenty of time to tell me about a MORNING practice when she forced me to rehearse until 10:00 p.m. last NIGHT! But instead, she decided to call me at 6:00 a.m. this morning, while I was in the shower, and leave a message that I just got 10 minutes ago! Which was 15 minutes AFTER the practice was OVER!"

"Well, you better make up that practice or I'll call Trevor Chase?! " MacKenzie threatened.

"Actually, MacKenzie, go right ahead! You can call the TOOTH FAIRY for all I care! I barely have time to breathe. So, I can't just drop everything anytime YOU get the whim to torture me with an unscheduled dance practice. Sorry, but I'm NOT giving YOU the pleasure of giving ME a nervous breakdown! I know you're trying to make me quit so you can take over my band AND my TV show!"

"So, are you done with your delusional little rant?! It's not totally MY fault that your life's a wreck!" MacKenzie sneered and narrowed her icy cold blue eyes at me. Then, she just stared at me for what seemed like FOREVER!

I could tell the gears were turning in that tiny brain of hers. She was up to something!

"Actually, Nikki! You're right! You DO need a break. I've been pushing you too hard. So, dance practice is cancelled for the rest of the week!"

"W-WHAT?!" I sputtered. My mouth dangled open in complete shock.

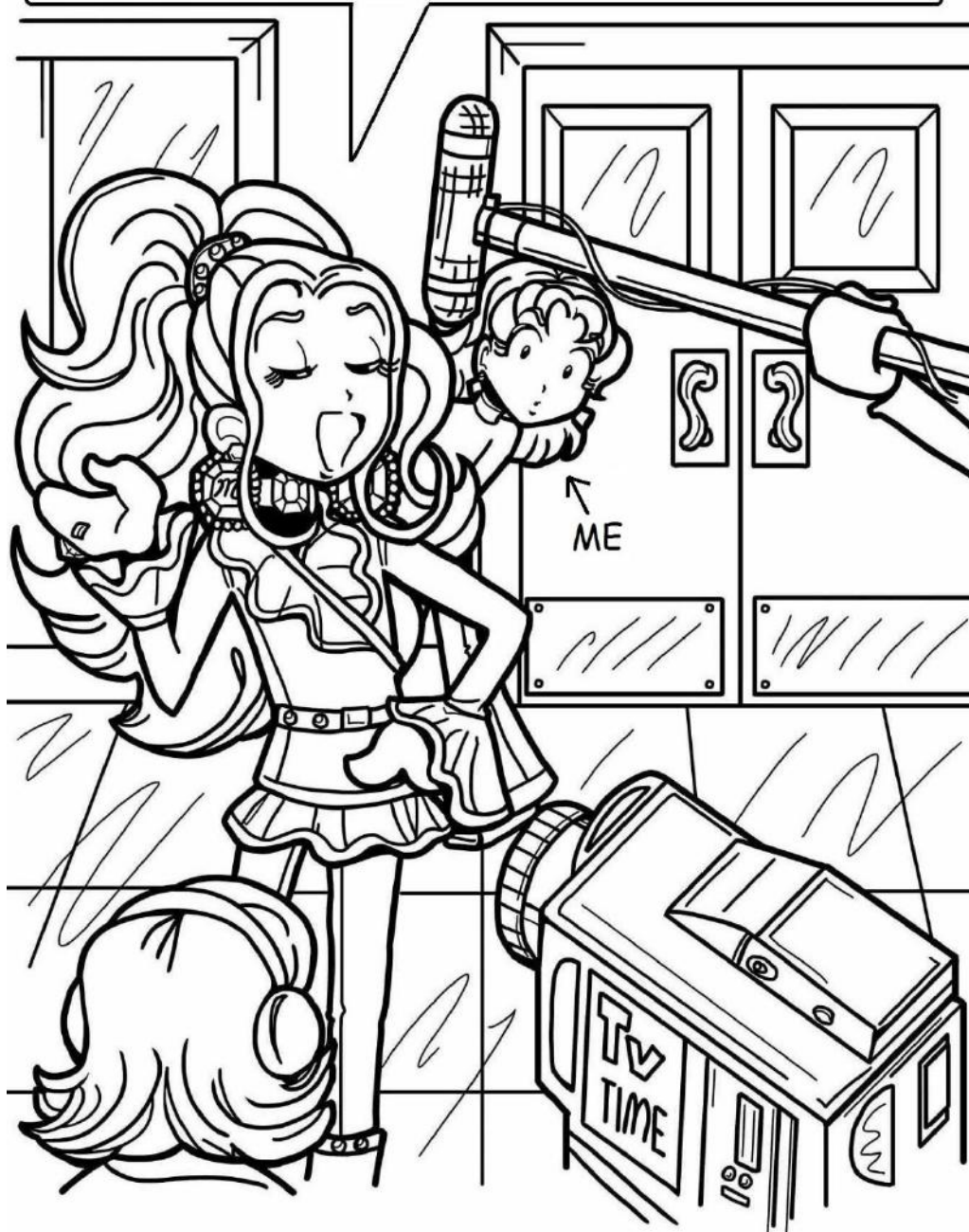
"I said, I'm giving you the week off! You know the choreography so well you could do it in your sleep. And, believe me, I've actually seen you do it in your sleep! Use the time off to get some rest!"

Before I could say a word MacKenzie turned and sashayed down the hall. I just hate it when that girl sashays!

No dance practice?! That was too good to be true! I could apologize to Brandon at lunch today and offer to help him with his project.

I was starting to think maybe MacKenzie wasn't such a WITCH after all. That is, UNTIL she HIGHJACKED my TV crew!!...

HI, MY NAME IS MACKENZIE, AND I'M NIKKI'S CHOREOGRAPHER AND VERY CLOSE FRIEND. I'M JUST WORRIED SICK ABOUT HER. THE POOR GIRL IS AN EMOTIONAL WRECK! SHE CAN'T KEEP PUSHING HERSELF LIKE THIS...!!



A large crowd of kids gathered to watch as she continued, "I can't say much because this is a personal matter. But, I feel SO sorry for her. Especially since she's in this messy LOVE triangle with a member of her band. But, he's secretly crushing on another girl who's WAY out of Nikki's league. And, Nikki's insanely jealous. Sorry, that's all I can reveal at this time."

The director's eyes lit up. "Now THIS is the stuff we've been waiting for. Conflict between band members! Turmoil! Heartbreak! Intrigue! Get a close-up of her, Steve! And, and keep that tape rolling."

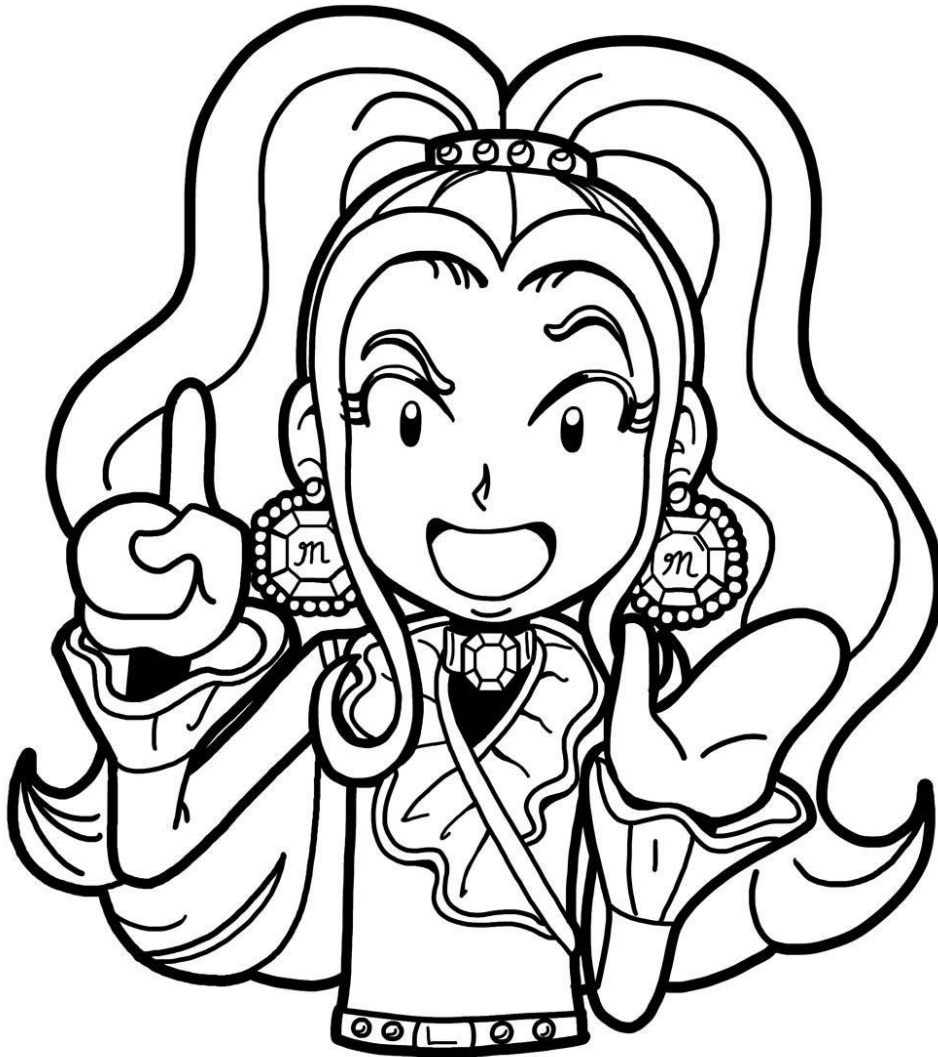
The camera guy quickly zoomed in on MacKenzie's face for dramatic effect. She batted her eyes all innocent-like and then took out her "Raging Revenge Red" lip gloss and applied like 7 layers.

"Go ahead and vent, sweetie! You'll feel so much better! You obviously really care about your friend, Nikki," the director said egging her on. "Now, what can you tell us about this other band member?"



Mackenzie sighed deeply and then dabbed at phony tears to heighten the drama.

"Well, I'm not one to spread gossip, but, he and Nikki are in this on-again-off-again relationship. *OMG*, it's *SO* dysfunctional! All they do is argue, and Nikki is fed up. I have a really bad feeling she's going to dump him tomorrow. Or, he'll dump *HER*. As soon as he sees all of this dirt aired on TV! It's going to be *AWFUL!* Awfully *JUICY!*"





I could NOT believe that girl was LYING on camera like that! Has she no SHAME?!!

OMG!! I had to restrain myself from walking over and SLAPPING the lip gloss right off of her!

MacKenzie stared into the camera pretending to be distraught, "I'm warning you! Soon, you're going to be up to your eyeballs in drama. I'm concerned it could damage Nikki's music career and be extremely mortifying for BRANDON."

Then she placed her hand over her mouth in mock dismay, "OOPS! Did I just reveal his NAME?!! I've already said way too much! And, as a friend, I feel it's important to respect their privacy. Sorry!"

"Actually, your observations have been very insightful!" the director gushed. "The ratings for this episode are going to be through the roof! It just might win me an Emmy award!"

MacKenzie smiled, batted her eyelashes and twirled her hair around and around and around. She was obviously trying to hypnotize the director into doing her evil bidding. I KNEW what she wanted.

"Well, I think you deserve an award! So, how about a TV show about ME and my VERY fabulous life! I'm a super talented dancer and fashion designer, and my Aunt Clarissa owns the—"

But, the director totally ignored her blabbery.

"Okay guys, listen up! Tomorrow we keep a camera on Nikki every minute of the day. Don't let her out of your sight, understand? And, we'll need a second camera to follow that Brandon kid around. Somebody get me a copy of his class schedule!"

Suddenly, I felt SICK to my stomach.

Right now, I'm hiding out in the library writing all of this in my diary. Thank goodness I'll be leaving school for a dentist appointment in 15 minutes.

I'm still in shock that MacKenzie would actually do something so VILE!

I don't have a choice but to try and warn Brandon!  
Before it's too late!!

☹!!

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26th

I don't know if I'll EVER recover from MacKenzie's outrageous little stunt.

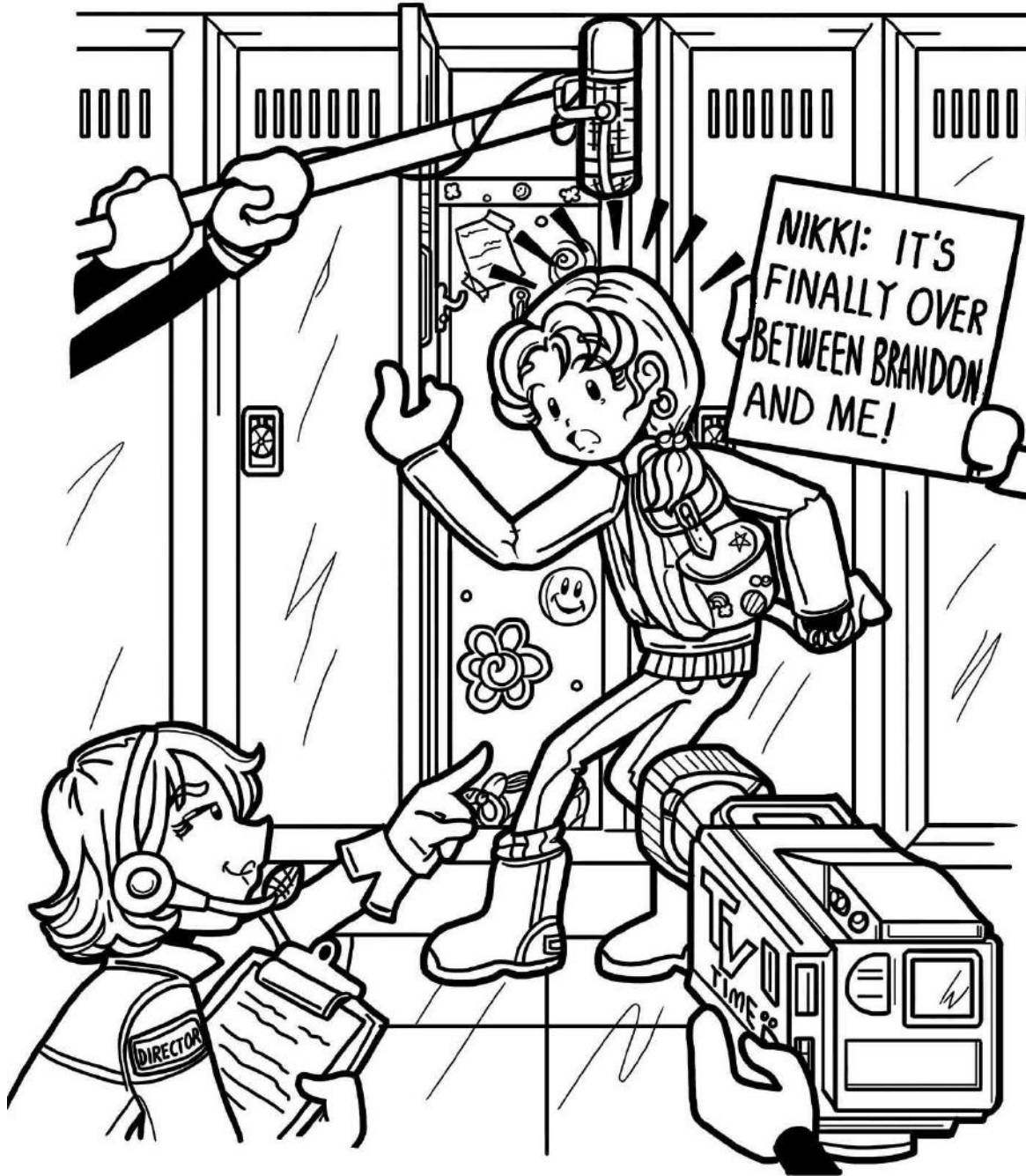
For her to portray Brandon as some heartless dude in a crazy, drama-filled, love-triangle with me and MacKenzie was just AWFUL!

My plan was to avoid the TV crew the entire day, ditch them and then secretly meet up with Brandon after school.

However, I STILL needed to WARN him! Although, with all of the gossip going around, there was a good chance he'd already heard the TV crew was planning to hunt him down like an animal. Poor guy 😞!

Before going to class, I decided to stop by my locker and grab ALL my books. I knew the FIRST place they were going to look for me was at my locker. So, it was the LAST place I wanted to be.

I hid out in the janitor closet until the halls were completely empty. Then, I practically tip-toed to my locker. My plan was going really good until...



Oh CRUD!! Suddenly I was surrounded!

I'd been CAPTURED! Like a frightened little MOUSE in the deadly grip of a steel TRAP!

However, unlike the mouse, I unfortunately didn't have the option of chewing off my own leg to escape 😞! Sorry, but, I was desperate.

"Hi, Nikki! You're on camera!" my director said.  
"Today we're using cue cards to help you tell your story. Just read them and make us feel your pain. Okay?"

"We're using cue cards?" I glanced at the one an assistant was holding up and read it out loud, "It's finally over between Brandon and I...?! What?!"

Okay this was getting out of control. "Um, can we turn off the camera for a minute? Actually, that's not true. There's no way I can say that!"

"Well, you just did! And with a little editing, it'll be perfect. Keep up the good work!" my director said happily.

OMG! I was SO ticked off! It was quite obvious that calm reasoning was not going to get me very far with these people. I decided it would be smarter to just pretend to co-operate. It had worked like a charm on Saturday.

My biggest regret was that I HADN'T brought my red paint to school with me today.

Then, I could have TERRORIZED the TV crew with the Chicken Pox Apocalypse Part 2 😊!

"So when are you going to dump that guy, Brandon?" the director asked. "I was thinking we could do a wide angle shot and add some Emo music to help set the mood. This break-up is going to be AMAZING! No offense..."

"Um, actually, I have class right now! But, we can meet right here at my locker afterwards," I lied.

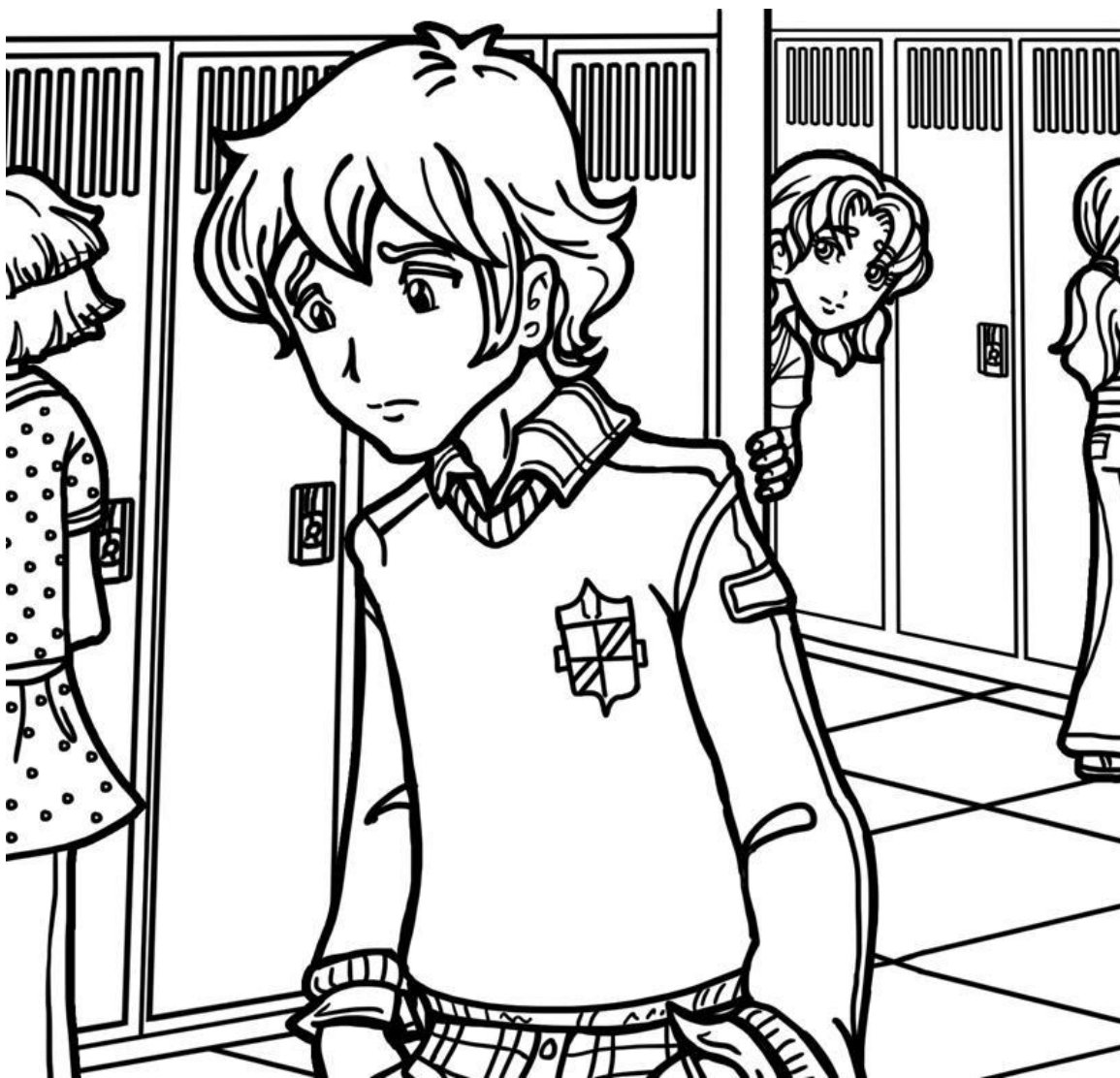
"Sounds good! We'll be waiting," the director said and gave me a thumbs-up.

My mind was racing as I trudged off to class. It was almost impossible to concentrate on the lesson and each minute seemed like an hour.

But, as soon as the bell rang I rushed into the hall in search of Brandon. I had to warn him. I just hoped it wasn't too late.

I collapsed against a wall out of breath and checked for signs of the TV crew. They were probably STILL waiting for me at my locker.

I peeked around the corner and spotted Brandon just as he was leaving his locker. I couldn't help but notice that he looked kind of down...





I felt another pang of guilt for being such a cruddy, inconsiderate friend.

"Brandon!" I yelled and waved to get his attention.  
"Do you have a minute?"

He turned around, gave me a half smile and shrugged.

"Hi, Nikki. I have a math test next period. But, I can spare a minute. What's up?"

"Actually, I owe you an apology for...um, everything! I know your project is super important and I want to help you try to win that scholarship money."

"Nikki, your schedule is wicked crazy. So, I understand it if you don't have the time to—,"

"No Brandon, there's no excuse for what I did. I'm truly sorry! And, I really mean it this time. My dance practices have been cancelled this week, so I have some extra time. I thought we could meet in the library to work on your project after school today and then hang out at Fuzzy Friends!"

He gave me a big smile and brushed his shaggy bangs out of his eyes, "That's cool! I really appreciate you wanting to helping out with my project. I'm lucky to have a friend like you."

Try, UNLUCKY! I looked over his shoulder and saw the camera crew marching down the hall. I didn't want them to see Brandon. And, I definitely didn't want Brandon to see those crazy cue cards!

I had to finish talking and get out of there. FAST!

"Thanks Brandon, but please try to avoid the camera crew because MacKenzie told them a bunch of lies and now they're looking for you good luck on your math test I'll talk to you later bye!"

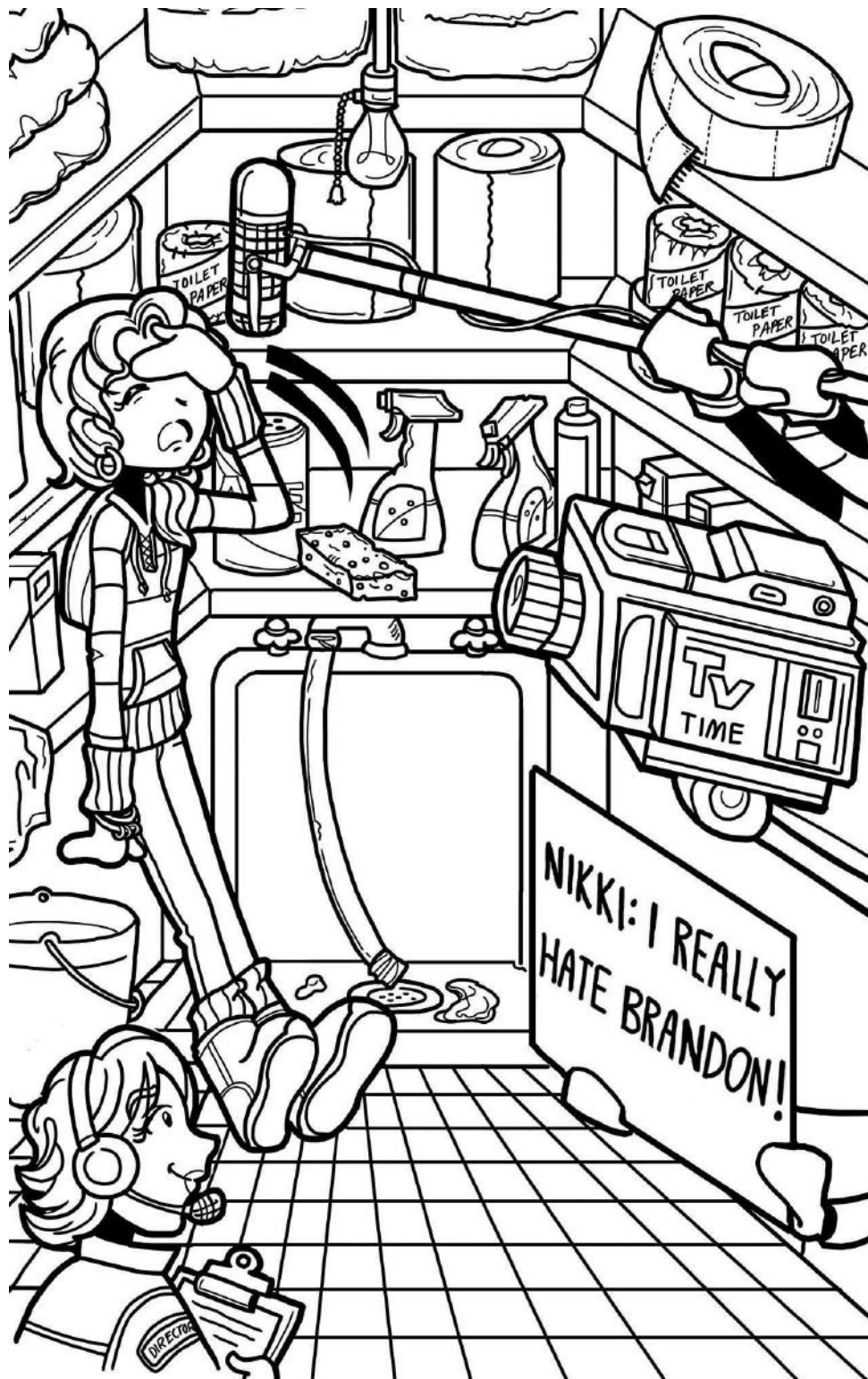
Brandon looked totally confused. "What'd you just say? Wait! What about my project? And, are we still meeting at Fuzzy Friends after—"

I left Brandon standing there. I blew pass the camera crew and they followed me just as I had planned. I cut through the cafeteria and ducked into the girls' bathroom near the gym. I dived into a stall and locked the door as my heart raced!

But there was no getting away from that darn camera and the wacky cue cards...



Everywhere I hid, the camera eventually found me.  
Including the janitor's closet...



Finally, I gave up and just let the camera follow me around school.

Which also meant I NOW had to stay clear of Brandon.

My situation was kind of depressing because, thanks to MacKenzie, I finally had some extra free time in my schedule.

But, no thanks to her little on-camera confessional, I couldn't EAT lunch with Brandon, TALK to Brandon between classes, WORK on Brandon's project in the library, or even HANG OUT with Brandon after school.

MacKenzie had managed to manipulate me AGAIN! And, drive a wedge between Brandon and I.

Of course, I didn't help our situation any when I just disappeared into thin air and left him standing there in the hallway flustered and confused.

After that little stunt, Brandon had every reason to avoid me like the plague.

OMG! I was so upset, I wanted to cry. But, I couldn't do THAT either with that stupid camera all up in my face!

I could hardly wait for the school day to FINALLY be over!

As soon as I got home, I ran up to my room, through myself across my bed and had a good cry.

Then I just stared at the wall and sulked. Which for some reason always makes me feel a lot better.

Soon, I fell asleep and had the most HORRIBLE nightmare! The scariest thing about it was that it felt SO real!

When I finally woke up it was almost midnight. And, since I was feeling better, I started writing in my diary. But, then I had the weirdest feeling that something else was in the room with me.

Something VERY evil! And, when I looked up, I actually saw it! OMG! I was so TERRIFIED that wanted to scream, but I COULDN'T...



**ME, HAVING A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE  
ABOUT THE TV CREW AND CUE CARDS!**



Finally, I woke up and realized it was all just a very bad dream. Thank goodness!

I was still a little paranoid though, so I checked under my bed and inside my closet for hidden cameras, crazy TV crews, and nasty cue cards.

I'm thinking I'll probably just sleep with the lights on tonight...



That's it! I hope you enjoyed this excerpt from, Dork Diaries Book 7: Tales From a Not-So-Glam TV Star.

Would YOU like to be the STAR of your own TV reality show? Why or why not?

Have YOU read Dork Diaries Book 7 yet? If so, tell us about your favorite part of the book?

If you're going to reveal something major about the book (like, for example, how it ends), be sure to warn us ahead of time by writing, "WARNING! Spoiler Alert!"

Please post your comments below.