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Opening extract from

Old School
Diary of a Wimpy Kid 10

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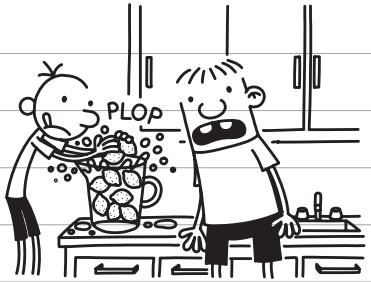
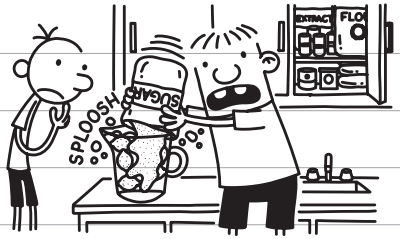
If me and Rowley were gonna open a lemonade stand, the first thing we needed was some lemons. We weren't sure the exact number you were supposed to use, so we went on the high side just to be safe.

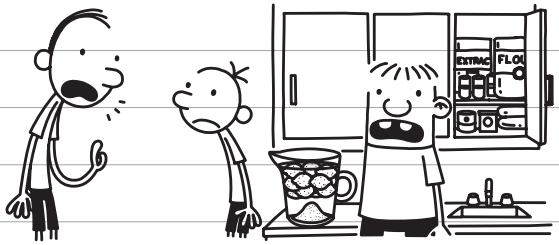


The only other ingredient for lemonade besides water is SUGAR, but we didn't know how much of that we were supposed to use, either, so we just eyeballed it.



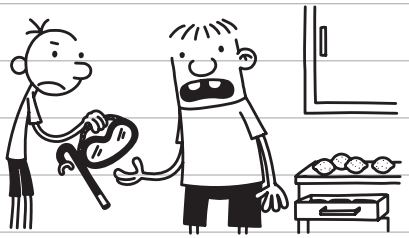
I figured after we added the sugar we were pretty much good to go, but Dad came by and told us we were doing it all wrong.

Dad said that to make lemonade you need to cut the lemons in HALF and then SQUEEZE them into the water, which would've been nice to know at the beginning.

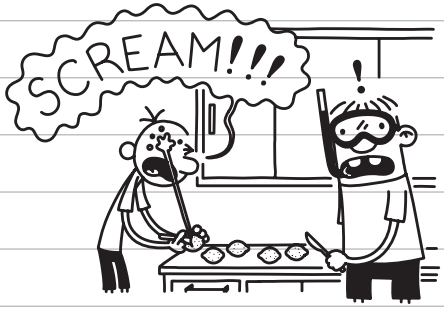


But Rowley was too scared to cut the lemons because he said that would make his eyes water. I told him he was getting lemons confused with ONIONS, but he was really fixating on the eye-watering thing.

So I dug around in the garage until I found something Rowley could use to cover his eyes.

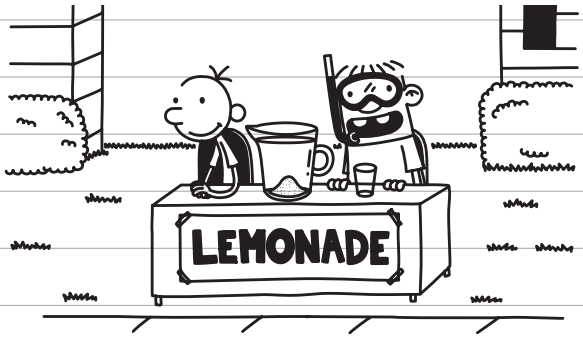


Once Rowley was taken care of, we started cutting the lemons—which was a whole lot harder than I thought it would be. And when I squeezed the first lemon, I got a shot of juice right in the eye.

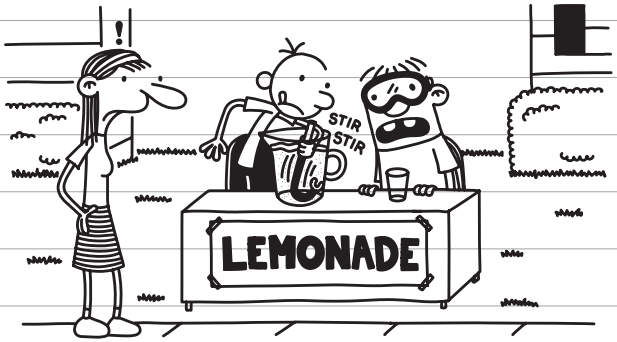


It stung like crazy and I could barely see. Rowley started in with the whole "I told you so" stuff, but I really didn't wanna hear it.

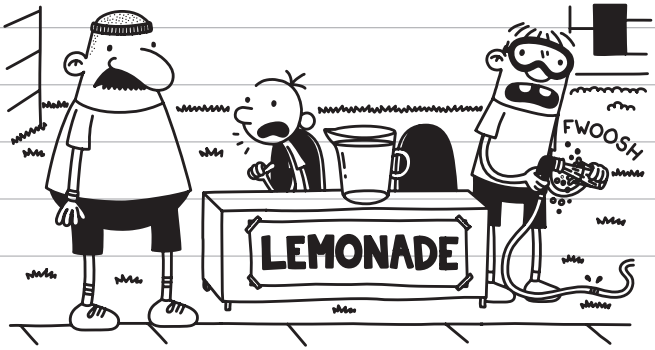
After I got my vision back and we squeezed all of our lemons into the water, we set up our stand on the sidewalk in front of my house.



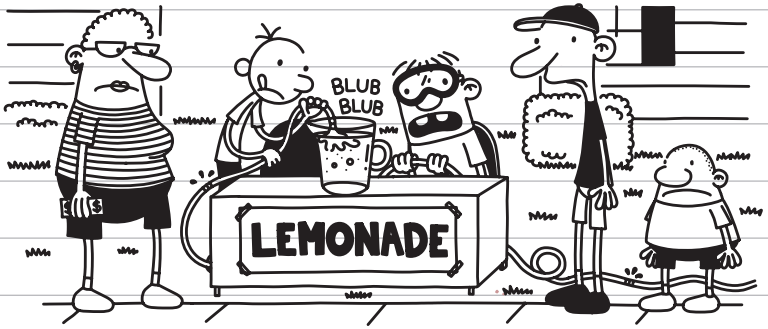
A few people stopped by our lemonade stand, but it was just to criticize everything we were doing. One lady told us we needed to stir the lemonade to mix the sugar in better. But even after we did that, she didn't make a purchase.



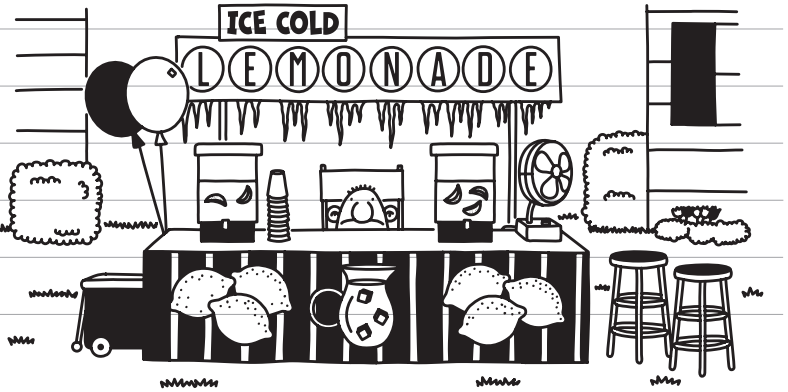
Another guy who tasted our lemonade complained that it was too SWEET and demanded his money back. Then the guy after HIM had a problem with the fact that we were using the same glass for every customer, even though we were rinsing it out after every use.



I got tired of people complaining that our lemonade was too sugary, so I dumped out half the pitcher and added more water. But of course people had a problem with THAT, too.

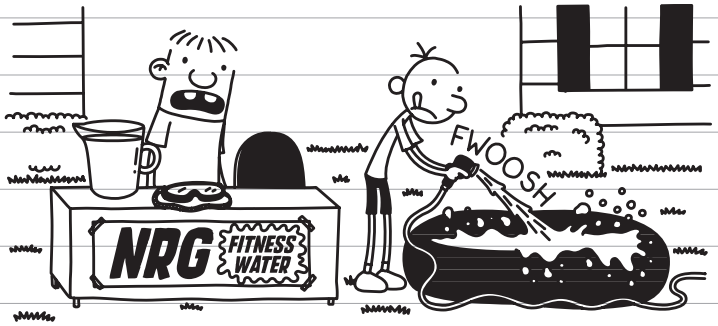


I was starting to wonder why we ever even got into the lemonade business to begin with. Especially after some little kid set up his OWN stand across the street. And it was pretty obvious he had help from his parents, because his stand made ours look like a JOKE.



That's when I had a GENIUS idea: I realized if we just sold WATER instead of lemonade, we would save ourselves a lot of money on ingredients.

But I knew the water was gonna have to seem extra-special to get people to pay for it. So I came up with an awesome-sounding name, then I filled up Manny's baby pool so we wouldn't run out for a while.



If we were gonna sell this stuff as "fitness water," we were gonna have to let people know it actually WORKED.

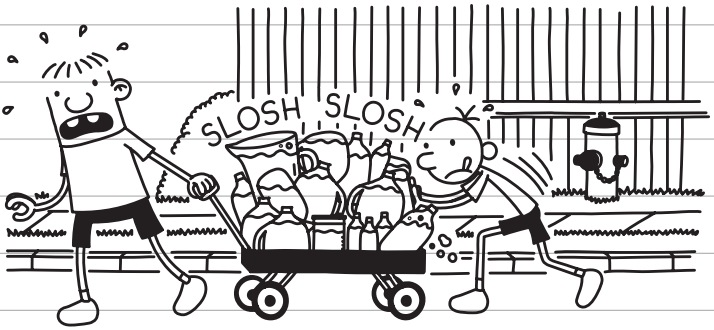
So I had Rowley do some jumping jacks and push-ups in front of our stand.

The problem is, he's not in the best shape, so it was a bad look for our company.

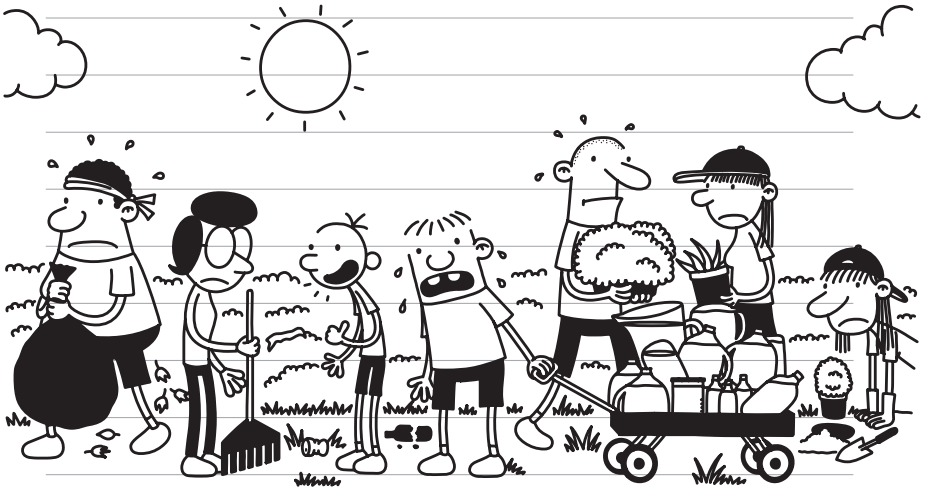
We had one or two people stop by, but we were still competing for people's beverage dollars with the kid across the street. And it was getting a lot tougher now that he'd put up a new sign.

I realized we needed to move our operation to a whole new market, and I knew just the place: the town park. There was a big community cleanup down there, and I figured there would be a TON of thirsty volunteers.

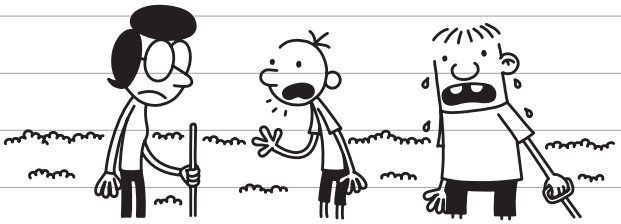
So me and Rowley loaded up a wagon with as much of our product as we could carry and headed down the hill.



Unfortunately, when we got there, Mom spotted us right away and asked what we were up to. I told her we were gonna sell our fitness water to everyone who was willing to shell out five bucks.



But Mom said it was "tacky" to make a profit off a bunch of volunteers who were sacrificing their Saturday to clean up the park. I told her everybody who drank our water would be able to volunteer TWICE as hard, and the whole cleanup would go a lot quicker.



While me and Mom were arguing about this, the ladies who were working on the flower bed totally raided our supplies. And before I could do anything about it, they had poured our entire inventory into the ground like it was some cheap junk.