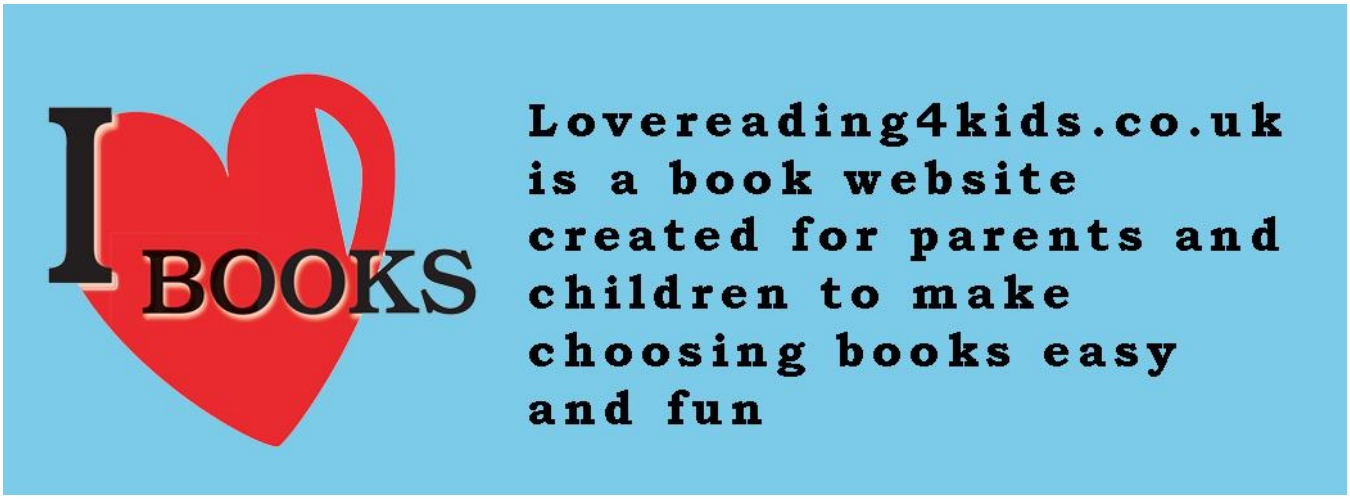


Opening extract from

Dork Diaries

Written by

Rachel Renee Russell

Published by

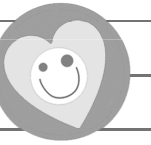
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DORK diaries



ALSO BY

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How to Dork Your Diary

OMG! All about Me Diary!

Double Dork

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Locker Hero

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With Nikki Russell and Erin Russell

SUPER SQUEEE
LIMITED EDITION
WITH SPECIAL CONTENT AND UPDATED ARTWORK!



SIMON & SCHUSTER

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Hi Team Dork UK!

Can you believe that the very first Dork Diaries book was published more than seven years ago???

A lot has happened to Nikki Maxwell since then and with Dork Diaries book eleven now published I feel very blessed to have been on a journey with Nikki and Dork Diaries fans across the world. So many of you have written, emailed or messaged me to say how much you relate to Nikki and for a while I've wanted to revisit this first book, changing it up a little to make sure Nikki's world keeps reflecting YOUR lives.

So here it is – the SUPER SQUEEE edition of DORK DIARIES with updated content and illustrations – I hope you enjoy it!

Always remember to let your inner dork shine through!

Rachel Renée Russell

(PS. Don't forget to check out the dorky extras at the back of the book!)

To my daughter, Nikki,
who tried her hardest to be the best
little ant in the ant colony, when all along
she was a beautiful butterfly

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31

Sometimes I wonder if my mom is BRAIN DEAD. Then there are days when I know she is.

Like today.

The drama started this morning when I casually asked if she would buy me one of those cool new cell phones that do almost everything. I considered it a necessity of life, second only to maybe oxygen.

What better way to clinch a spot in the CCP (Cute, Cool & Popular) group at my new private school, Westchester Country Day, than by dazzling them with a wicked new cell.

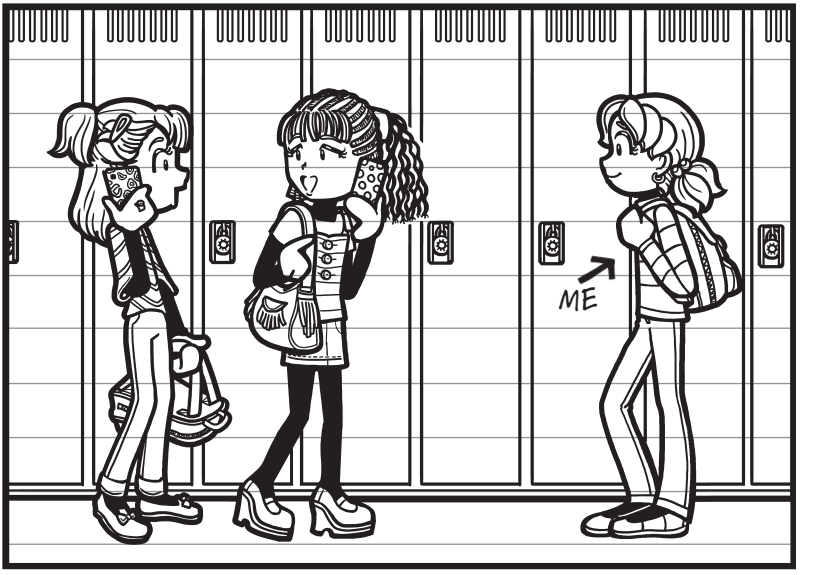
Last year, it seemed like I was the ONLY student in my ENTIRE middle school who didn't have one ☹. So I bought an older, used phone SUPERcheap on eBay.

It was bigger than what I wanted, but I figured I couldn't go wrong for the clearance price of only $12.99.

I put my telephone in my locker and spread the word that I had HOT gossip about my NEW phone and that everyone could now call me.

Then I counted down the minutes before my social life started heating up.

I got really nervous when two of the CCP girls came walking down the hall in my direction, chatting on their cell phones. . . .



They came right over to my locker and started acting SUPERfriendly.

Then they invited me to sit with them at lunch and I was like, "Umm . . . okay." But deep down inside I was jumping up and down and doing my Snoopy "happy dance." . . .



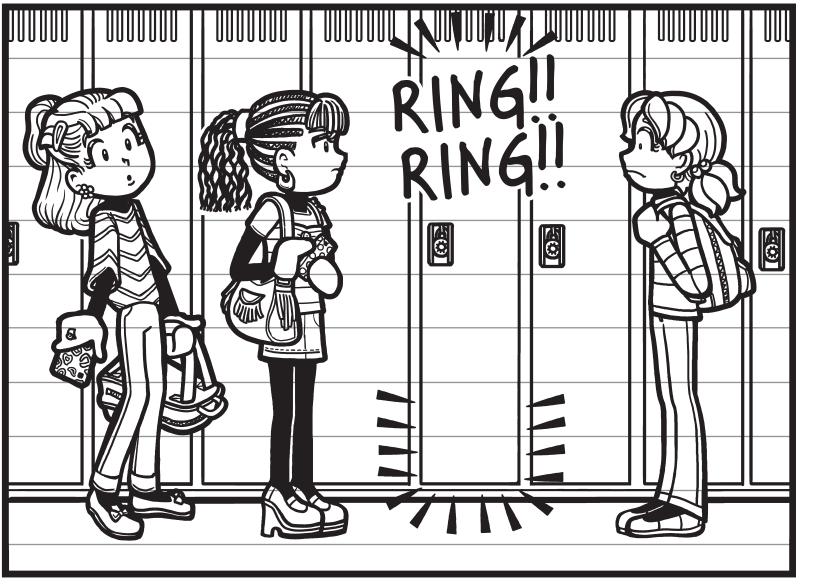
Then things got really strange.

They said they had heard the hot gossip about my brand-new iPhone and that everyone (meaning the rest of the CCP crew) was DYING to see it.

I was about to explain that I'd said "I had HOT gossip about my NEW phone" NOT "the HOT gossip is about my NEW iPhone," but I never got a chance because, unfortunately, my telephone started ringing.

Very loudly.

I was trying my best to ignore it, but both of the CCP girls were staring at me like, "Well, aren't you going to answer it?!" . . .

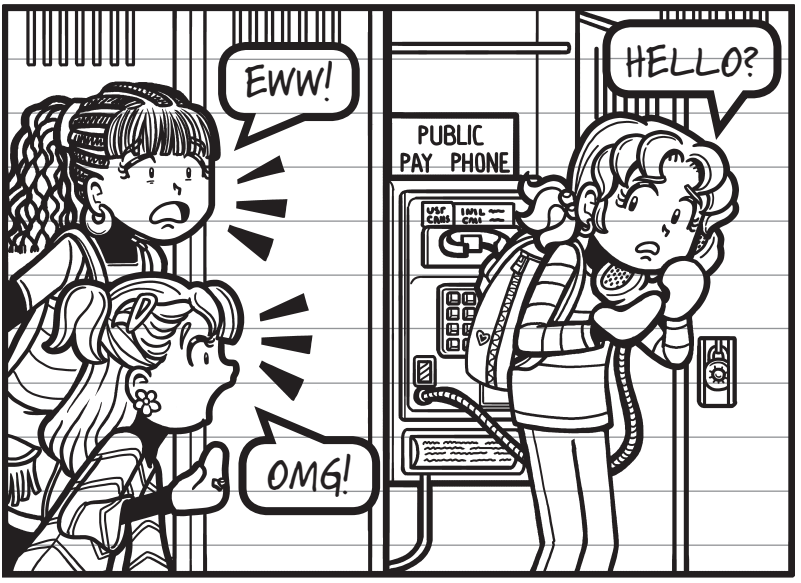


Obviously, I didn't want to answer it because I had a really bad feeling they were going to be a little disappointed when they actually saw my phone.

So I just stood there praying that it would stop ringing, but it didn't.

And pretty soon, everyone in the hallway was staring at me too.

Finally, I gave in, snatched open my locker, and answered the phone. Mainly to stop that AWFUL ringing. . . .



I was like, "Umm . . . sorry. Wrong number."

And when I turned around, both of the CCP girls were running down the hall screaming, "Make it go away! Make it go away!" I guessed it probably meant they DIDN'T want me to sit with them at lunch anymore, which was really HUMILIATING!

The most important lesson I learned last year was

that having a CRUDDY phone—or NONE at all—can totally RUIN your social life. While millions of kids regularly FORGET their homework, not a single one would be caught DEAD without their cell phone. Which was why I was nagging my mom about getting ME one.

I've tried saving up my own money to buy it, but that was impossible to do. Mainly because I'm an artist and TOTALLY ADDICTED to drawing! Like, if I don't do it every day, I'll go NUTZ!

I spend ALL of my cash on sketchbooks, pencils, pens, art camp, and other stuff.

Hey, I'm so BROKE, I have a milk shake on layaway at McDonald's!

Anyway, when Mom came home from the mall with a special back-to-school present for me, I was pretty sure I knew what it was.

She rambled on and on about how my attending a new private school was going to be a "stressful time

of tremendous personal growth" and how my best "coping mechanism" would be to "communicate" my "thoughts and feelings."

I was absolutely

ECSTATIC

because you can communicate with a

NEW CELL PHONE!

Right?! ☺

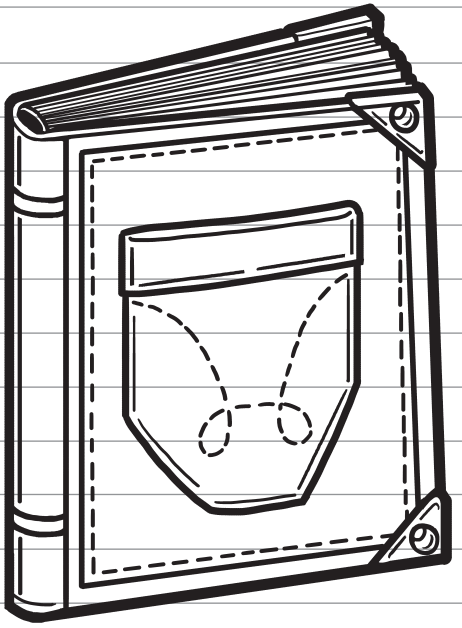
I kind of zoned out on most of what my mom was saying because I was DAYDREAMING about all of the cool apps, games, and music I was going to download.

It was going to be LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT! . . .



ME AND MY NEW CELL PHONE!!

But after my mom FINALLY finished her little speech, she smiled really big, hugged me, and handed me a BOOK. . . .



I opened it and FRANTICALLY flipped through the pages, figuring that maybe she had hidden my new cell phone inside.

It made perfect sense at the time because all the advertisements said it was THE thinnest model on the market.

But slowly it dawned on me that my mom had NOT gotten me a cell phone, and my so-called present was just a stupid little book! ☹

Talk about major HEARTBREAK!

Then I noticed that ALL the pages of the book were BLANK.

I was like, OH. NO. SHE. DIDN'T!

My mom had given me two things: a DIARY and irrefutable evidence she IS, in fact,

CLINICALLY BRAIN DEAD!!

Absolutely no one writes their most intimate feelings and deep, dark secrets in a diary anymore! WHY?!

Because just one or two people knowing all your BIZ could completely RUIN your reputation.

You're supposed to post this kind of juicy stuff online on your BLOG so MILLIONS can read it!!! . . .



Only a TOTAL DORK would be caught WRITING in a DIARY!! This is THE worst present I have ever received in my entire life!

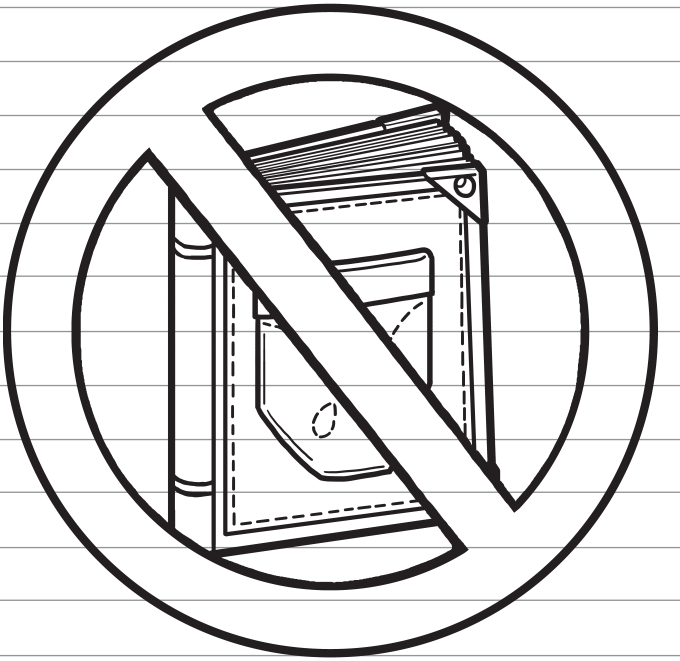
I wanted to yell at the top of my lungs:
"Mom, I don't need a STUPID book with 336 BLANK pages!!"

What I NEED is to be able to "communicate" my "thoughts and feelings" to my friends using my very own cell phone.

Wait! Silly me. I keep forgetting. I don't have any friends. YET. But that could change overnight, and I need to be prepared. With a shiny new cell!

In the meantime, I will NOT write in this diary again.

NEVER! EVER!!



MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

Okay. I know I said I'd never write in this diary again. I meant it at the time.

I'm definitely not the kind of girl who curls up with a diary and a box of Godiva chocolates to write a bunch of really sappy stuff about

MY DREAMY BOYFRIEND,

MY FIRST KISS,

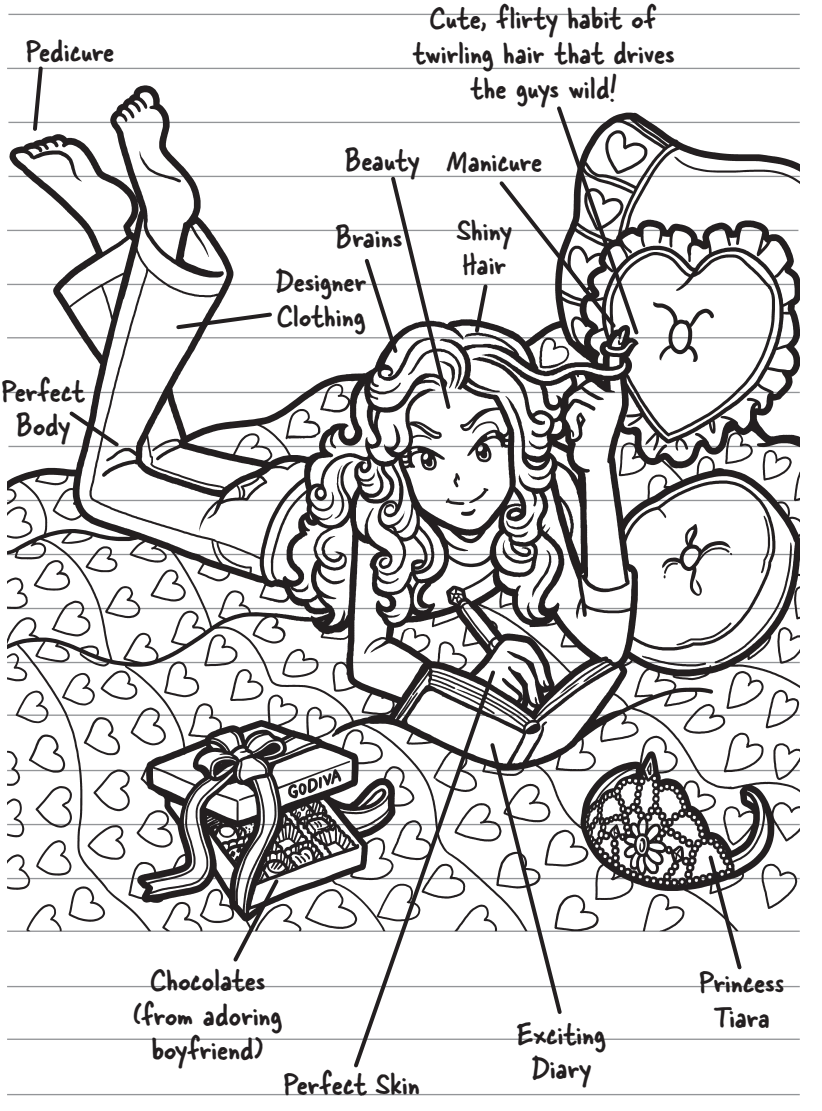
or my overwhelming ANGST about the HORRIFIC discovery that I'm a

PRINCESS

of a small French-speaking principality and now worth

BILLIONS!!

THIS IS SO NOT ME!



MY LIFE TOTALLY SUCKS!! All day I wandered around my new school like a ZOMBIE in lip gloss. Not a single person bothered to say hi.

THIS IS ME!



MOST OF THE TIME
I FEEL INVISIBLE!

How am I supposed to fit in at a snobby prep school like Westchester Country Day?! This place has a Starbucks in the cafeteria!

I wish my dad had NEVER been awarded a bug extermination contract from this school.

They can take their little pity scholarship and give it to someone who wants and needs it, because I sure DON'T!

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

It's way past midnight, and I'm about to freak out because I still don't have my homework done.

I was really surprised to hear a knock on my bedroom door this late at night, and I assumed it was my six-year-old sister, Brianna.

About a week ago, she lost one of her front teeth and buried it in the backyard to see if it would grow.

She is FOREVER doing crazy-weird stuff like that.

My mom says it's because she's still a little kid. But I personally think it's because she has the IQ of a box of crayons.

As a little joke, I told Brianna the tooth fairy collected teeth from children all over the world and then superglued them together to make dentures for old people.

I explained that she was in BIG TROUBLE with the tooth fairy, seeing as she had dug a hole and buried her tooth somewhere out in the backyard.

The funniest part was that Brianna TOTALLY believed me.

She actually dug up half of Mom's flower garden trying to find her tooth.

Since then Brianna has been paranoid that the tooth fairy is going to sneak into her room in the middle of the night and pull out ALL her teeth to make dentures.

But my prank kind of backfired, because now she absolutely REFUSES to use the bathroom at night unless I first check inside to make sure the tooth fairy is not hiding behind the shower curtain or under the bath towels.

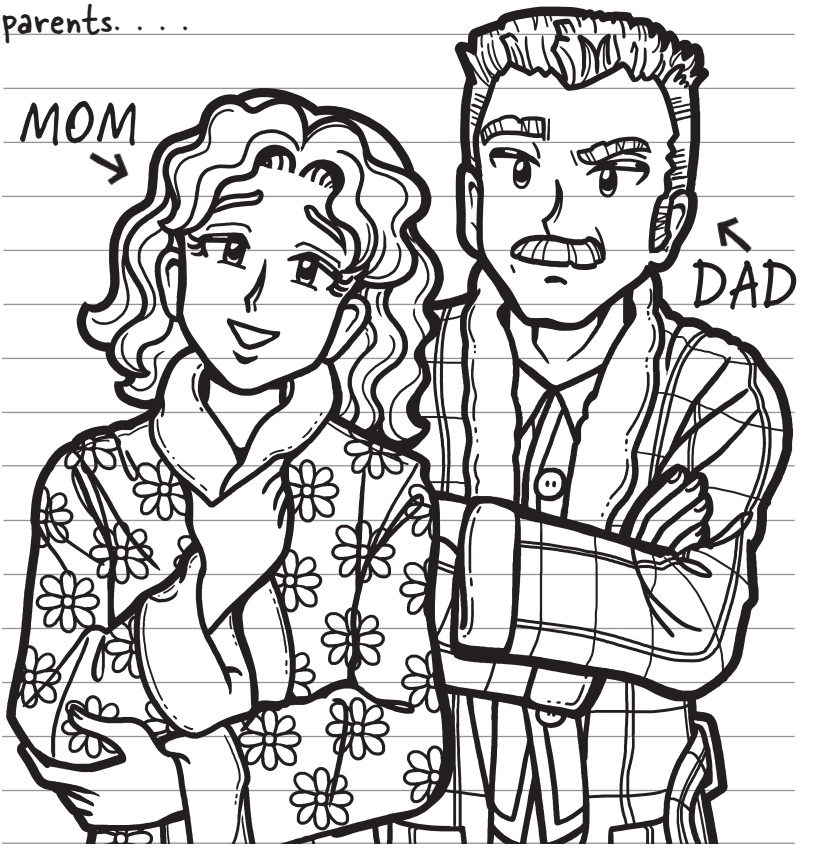
And if I'm not quick enough, Brianna will have a little "accident" right on my bedroom carpet.



MY LITTLE SISTER, BRIANNA

Unfortunately, I had to learn the hard way that (contrary to the TV commercial) Carpet Fresh DOES NOT remove all odors.

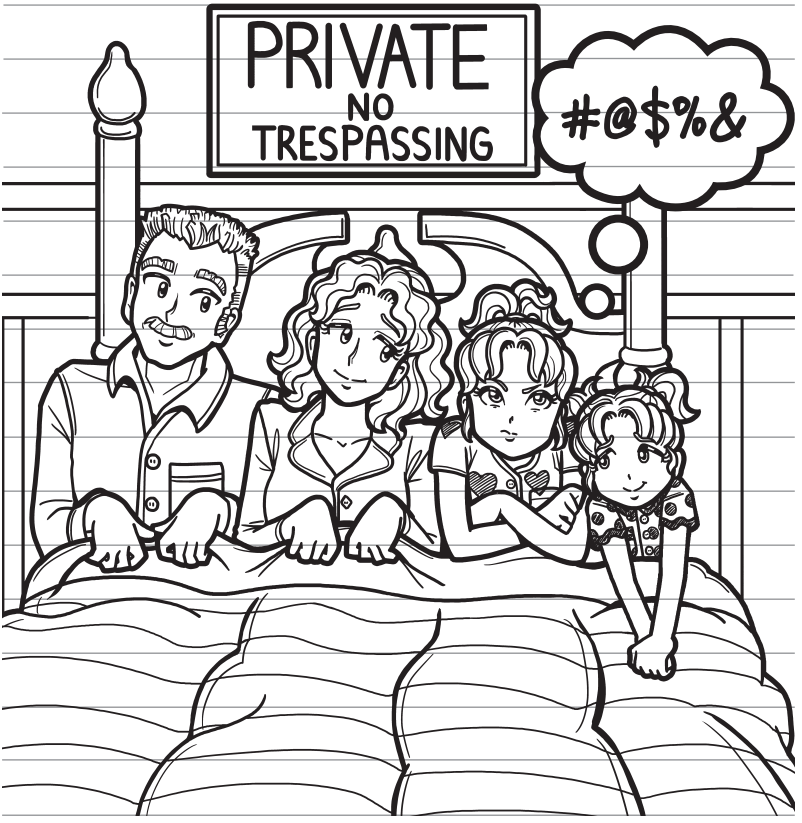
But it wasn't Brianna at my door—it was my parents. . . .



Before I could say "Come in," they just kind of barged in like they always do, which really irritated me because this is SUPPOSED to be MY room!

And I have a constitutional right to PRIVACY, which they keep invading.

The next time my parents and Brianna come rollin' up in here, I'm gonna scream . . .



"HEY! WHY DON'T YOU PEOPLE JUST MOVE IN?!"

Anyway, my parents said they were surprised to see that I was still up doing homework, and they

wanted to know how things were going at school.

It was really strange, because just as I was about to answer, I had a total meltdown right on the spot and burst into tears. . . .



My parents were shocked and stared at me and then at each other.

Finally, Mom hugged me and said, "My poor little Boo-Boo!" which only made me feel WORSE.