First published in the United Kingdom by
HarperCollins *Children's Books* in 2026
HarperCollins *Children's Books* is a division of HarperCollins*Publishers* Ltd
1 London Bridge Street
London SE1 9GF

www.harpercollins.co.uk

HarperCollins*Publishers*
Macken House, 39/40 Mayor Street Upper
Dublin 1, D01 C9W8, Ireland

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ISBN 978–0–00–873819–8

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A CIP catalogue record for this title is available from the British Library.

Typeset in Dreaming Outloud Sans 12pt/18pt
Printed and bound in the UK using 100% renewable electricity at CPI Group (UK) Ltd

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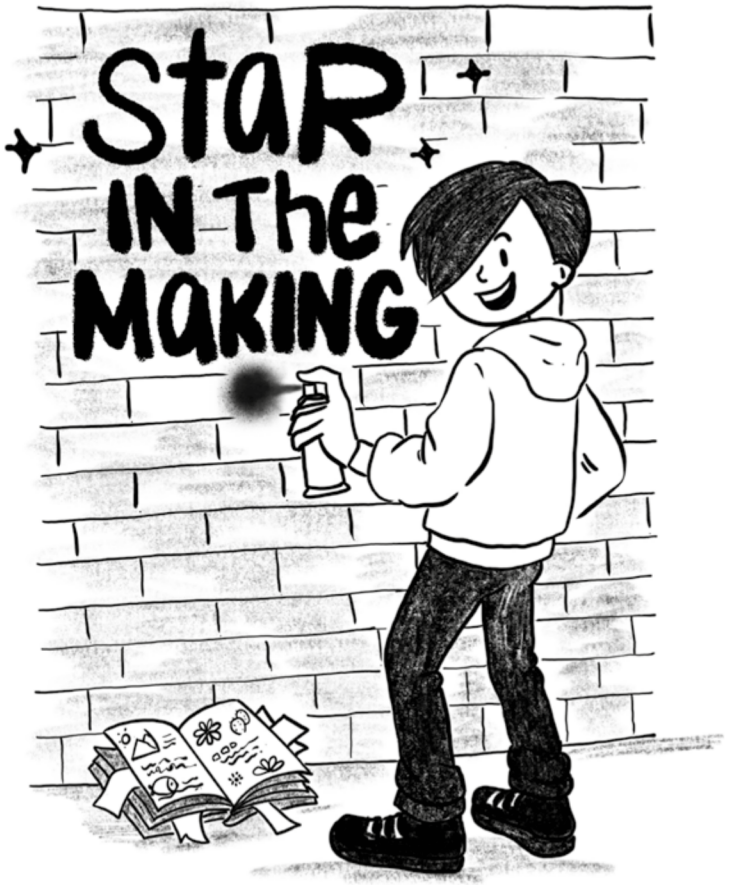


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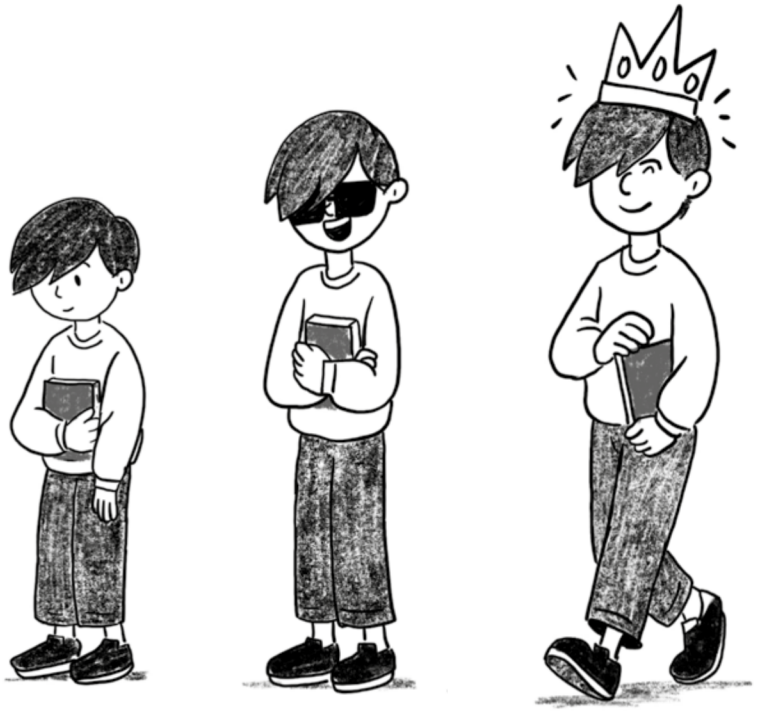
To anyone who sees themselves in these pages, even for a moment – this one's for you.





Hi. I'm Hari Kumar and I'm ten years old.

If you're reading this journal, it means one of three things: > .



1. You're Future Hari, looking back over the time we began our rise to greatness.

2. You're my parents (or my little sister). In which case . . . **WHAT ARE YOU DOING SNEAKING AROUND MY STUFF?**

OR



3. My grand plan has worked, and I'm

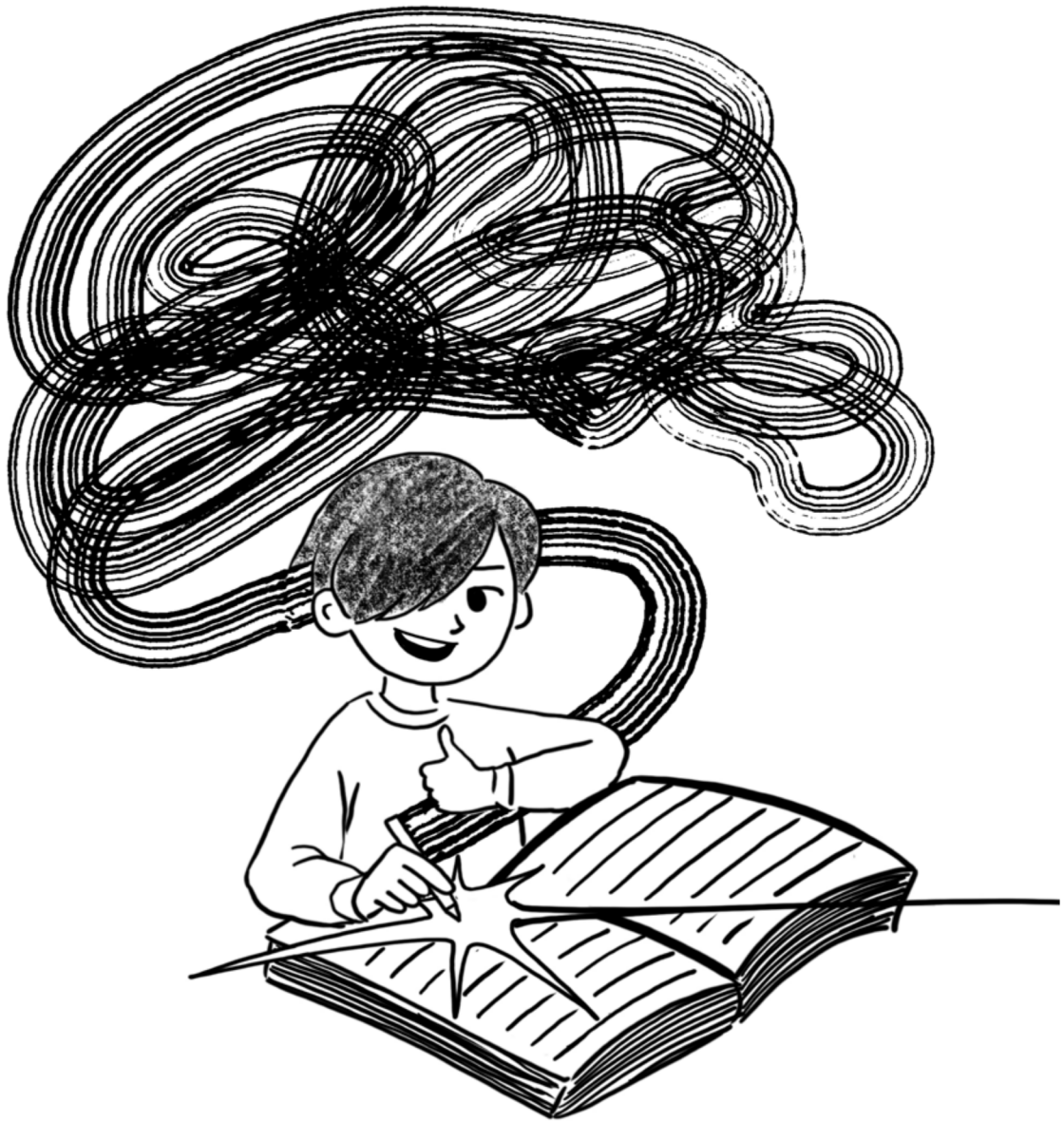
FAMOUS,

and everyone wants to read about me. In which case . . . *hello there*, fans! Get comfortable. It's about to get **real**.

And no judging the whole *journal* thing, ok? The biggest brains in history kept journals. Take these ultimate dudes right here:

- **Leonardo da Vinci**
- **Frida Kahlo**
- **Albert Einstein**
- **Marie Curie**
- **Nelson Mandela**
- **Greg Heffley, AKA Wimpy Kid**

Besides, Mr Gill, the learning support teacher at school, says journalling will help me 'process my thoughts and feelings' and 'channel my energy'. You've got to admit, it's a pretty cool image.



You see, I'm autistic and I've got ADHD, which stands for Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder – a genuinely RUBBISH name to describe how my brilliant brain works (usually *at a zillion miles per hour*). It means I'm full of ideas and energy and feelings and I've got lots to say. But with the type of ADHD I have, it also means I can get distracted and daydream and forget stuff.



NOTE: Fist bump to my fellow autistic/ADHD and other neurodivergent (ND) fans who are reading this. Hope you don't mind me explaining a few things for the neurotypicals (the *non-neurodivergents*) as we go along. Just so we're all on the same page, you know?

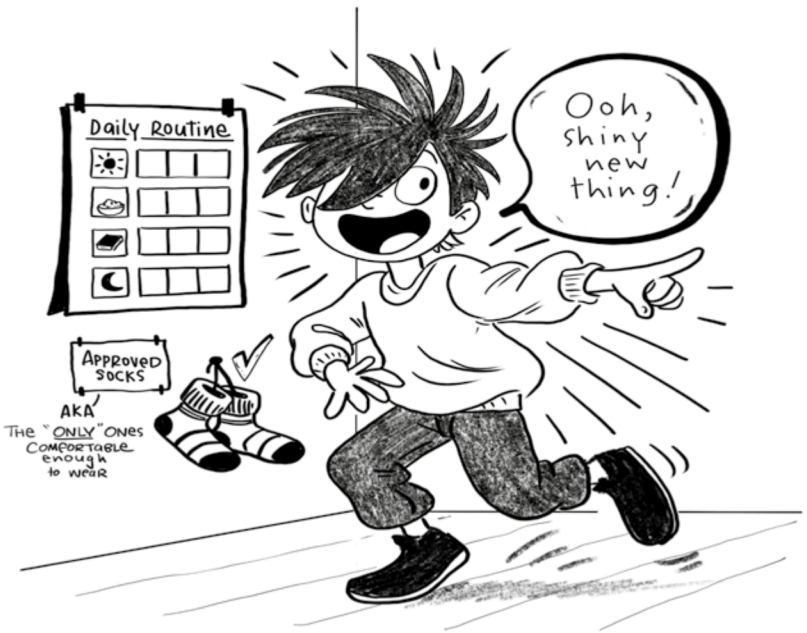
Like being autistic, having ADHD is what makes me ME.
And I LOVE being me.



BUT . . . sometimes, the world is a bit too intense. Sometimes, it gets too noisy up in my own head. Or in the outside world.

CRUNCH CRUNCH. CREEEEEEEEK.
TAP, TAP, TAP. SLUUUURP.

And sometimes, the autistic part and the ADHD part pull me in different directions, too – like the part of me that needs routines and for things to be exactly the same and the part of me that gets excited about shiny new things.



And because everyone's different, it's not like there's a manual out there on how to handle life and *humans*. Or how to handle all the chaos in my brain. But, I figured Mr Gill might have a point. Maybe journalling could be good for me. AND I get to record my story for my future fans.

I'll be honest with you, though. When I told Mr Gill my plan, he didn't seem quite as excited as I was . . .



But don't worry about Mr G. I'm still processing and channelling and stuff. The fan thing is just a bonus, I swear.

Anyway, here it is. My journal. My story.

CHECK IT OUT . . .

BUT FIRST . . .
HERE'S THE WHO'S WHO
Or as I like to think of them . . . 'THE CAST'

THIS is **me**.



Ten years old. 75% Indian, 25% French
Fizzy brain (AuDHD – autistic with ADHD)
Apparently a 'Bright Young Thing'



THIS is my little sister, **NISHA** (pronounced NEEESHA, unless Mum and Dad are yelling her name – then it's NEEEESHAAAAAAAA).

* Six years old
* Weirdly strong for her size
Spends half her life upside down and doing cartwheels



THIS is **DAD**.

* 50% Indian, 50% French
* Music teacher
* Sings and plays about 256 instruments



THIS is **MUM**.

* 100% Indian Autistic ADHDer (like me!)
* Surgeon (apparently . . . but I reckon she's secretly an undercover SPY)
* LASER EYES (ok, not really, but it feels like that sometimes!)



THIS is **MAMIE** (my French grandma).

* Computer whizz
* Coffee queen





Grandad (Dad's dad) isn't around anymore. He met Mamie in Paris.
She got her heel stuck in a drain.
Gentleman that he was, Grandad pulled it out.
One hot chocolate and five macaroons later, that was it:

L'amour.
LOVE.



Not sure how Mum and Dad met, but Mamie says it's got something to do with a library in Mumbai (India), a bag of banana chips and a bit of luck.



THESE are my Indian grandparents.

Nani

* Hotshot entrepreneur
* Perfectly styled hair (where do you think I get it from?)
* Saree (always ironed and tightly wrapped)





Nana

* Retired business wotsit
* Walking Bollywood encyclopaedia
* Will never say no to me or Nisha



THIS is Rocky

* The dog we WOULD have except we're not allowed a dog.



And THESE are my best friends.

Luna

* Superspeed runner
* How does she have muscles when she's like nine?!
* Will destroy anyone in Mario Kart





RaHeeM

* WICKED artist
* Never seen without a sketchbook
* Insists he's growing his beard (WHAT BEARD, MAN?)

