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Opening extract from

Diary of a Wimpy Kid: Cabin Fever

Written by

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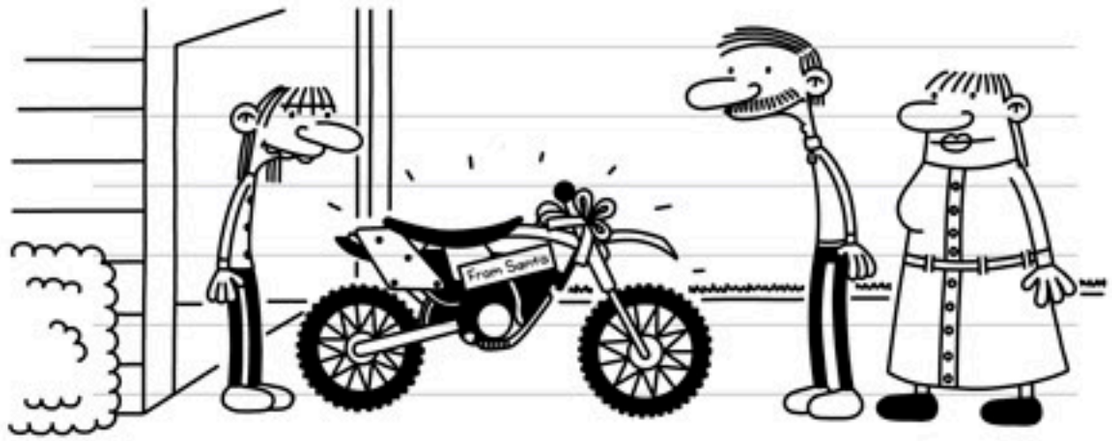
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Then there's this "Naughty or Nice" list they're always talking about. You hear about it, but you never actually get to SEE it, so it's up to grown-ups to tell you where you stand at any given moment. And something about that just doesn't seem right.

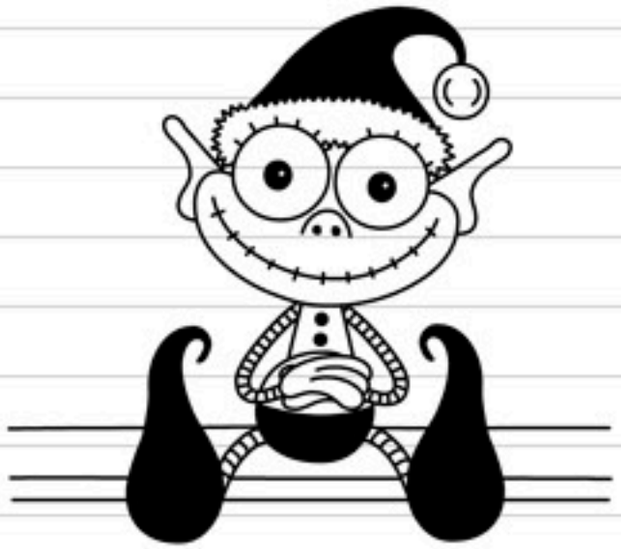


I kind of wonder how accurate the list really is anyway. There's a kid named Jared Pyle who lives up the street from me, and if there's ANYONE who deserves to be on the "Naughty" list it's him. But last year he got a dirt bike for Christmas, so don't even ask me WHAT Santa was thinking on THAT one.

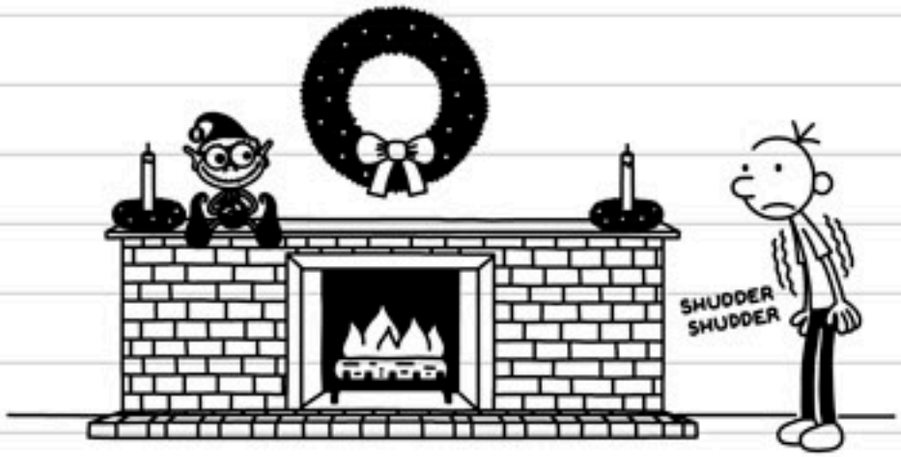


It's not just Santa I've got to worry about, either. Last year, when Mom was going through some old boxes, she found a homemade doll from her childhood.

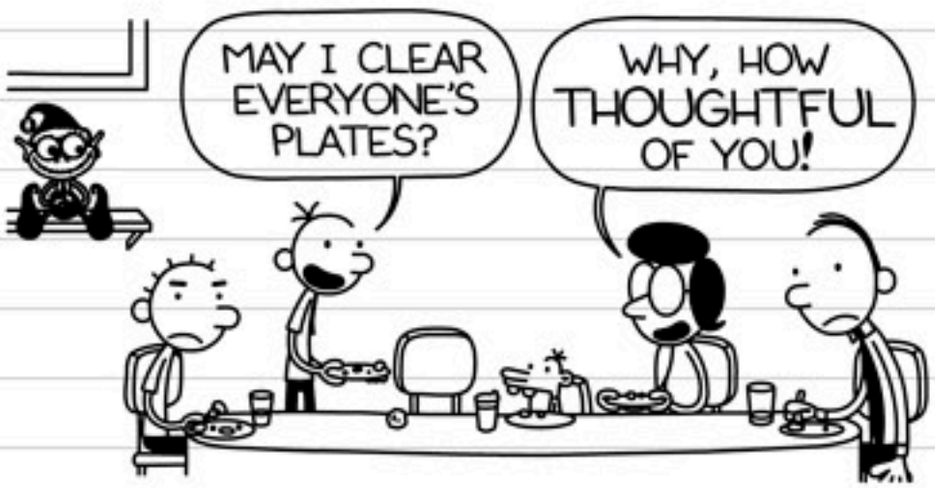
Mom said the doll is called "Santa's Scout" and that his job is to watch how kids behave and then report back to Santa at the North Pole.



Well, I'm not a fan of that idea. First of all, I think you have a right to privacy in your own home. And second, Santa's Scout gives me the willies.



I don't really buy the idea that this doll is feeding Santa information, but, just in case, I try to be extra good whenever I'm in the same room as Santa's Scout.



But it probably doesn't matter anyway, because my older brother, Rodrick, is constantly feeding Santa's Scout bad information about me.

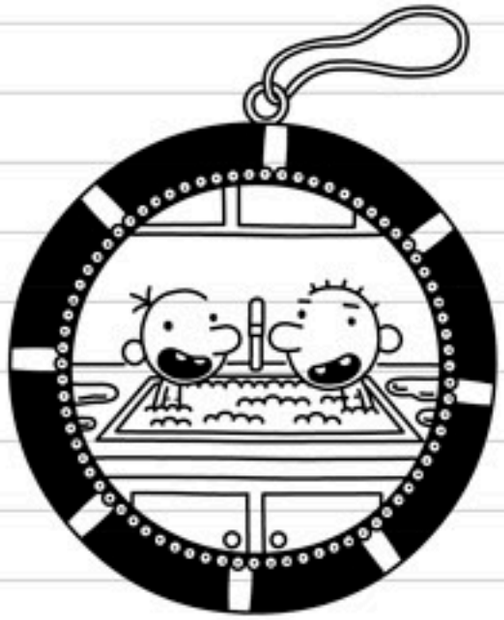


Every morning when I wake up, Santa's Scout is in a new place, which I guess is supposed to prove that he travelled to the North Pole overnight. But I'm starting to wonder if it's really Rodrick who moves him.



Sunday

Today we took all our Christmas decorations out of the storage room in the basement. We have boxes full of ornaments, and some of them are pretty old. There's one with a picture of me and Rodrick taking a bath in the sink that's really embarrassing, but Mom won't let me throw it out.



We put up the tree in the living room and started hanging ornaments on it. My little brother, Manny, was taking a nap upstairs and, when he woke up and found out we were decorating the tree without him, he had a total meltdown.



The reason Manny was so upset was because someone had hung his favourite ornament, this candy cane he really likes. So Mom took it off the tree and handed it to Manny to hang up himself.



But Manny wanted his ornament to be the FIRST one on the tree, so that meant we had to take all the decorations down, just so he could get his way.

And that's just the kind of thing that happens in my house every single day.

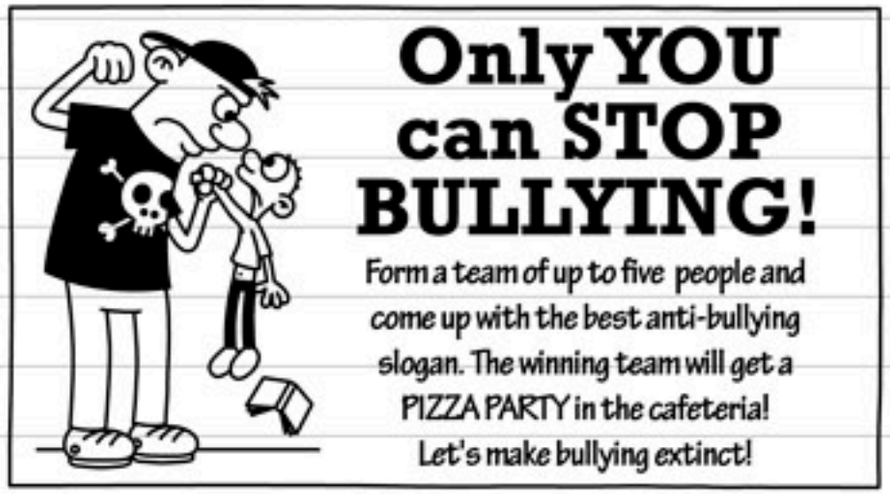


Mom hasn't started to use the threat of Santa as a way of getting Manny to behave, but I'm sure she will soon. I don't think it's such a good strategy for keeping us in line, though. Because the second Christmas is over Mom doesn't have any real leverage.



Monday

Right before Thanksgiving break, there was a contest at school to see who could come up with the best anti-bullying slogan, and the grand prize was a pizza party for the winning team.



Everyone wanted that pizza party, and people didn't care WHAT they had to do to win it. Two groups of girls in my grade came up with slogans that were really similar, and each group accused the other one of stealing their idea.

