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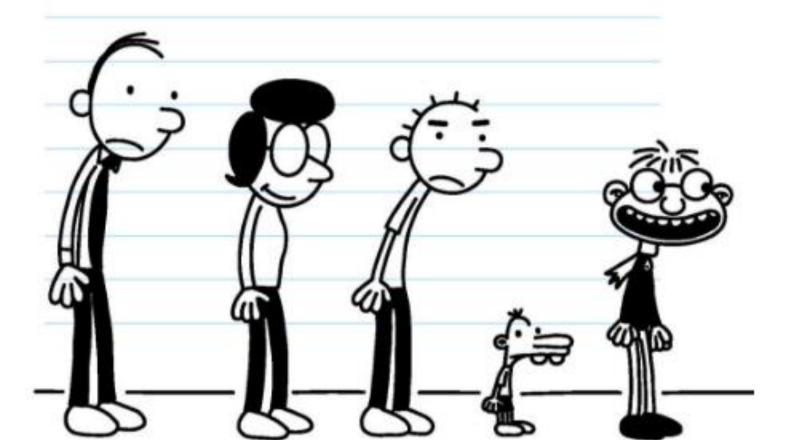
Diary of a Wimpy Kid: The Last Straw

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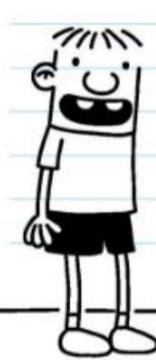
The Wimpy Kid Do-It-Yourself Book
The Wimpy Kid Movie Diary



DIARY of a Wimpy Kid

GREG HEFFLEY'S JOURNAL

by Jeff Kinney





AMULET BOOKS

New York



PUBLISHER'S NOTE: This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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Summary: Greg records his experiences in a middle school where he and his best friend, Rowley, undersized weaklings amid boys who need to shave twice daily, hope just to survive, but when Rowley grows more popular Greg must take drastic measures to save their friendship.

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TO MOM,	DAD, RE,	SCOTT,	AND PAT	RICK

SEPTEMBER

Tuesday

First of all, let me get something straight: This is a JOURNAL, not a diary. I know what it says on the cover, but when Mom went out to buy this thing I SPECIFICALLY told her to get one that didn't say "diary" on it.

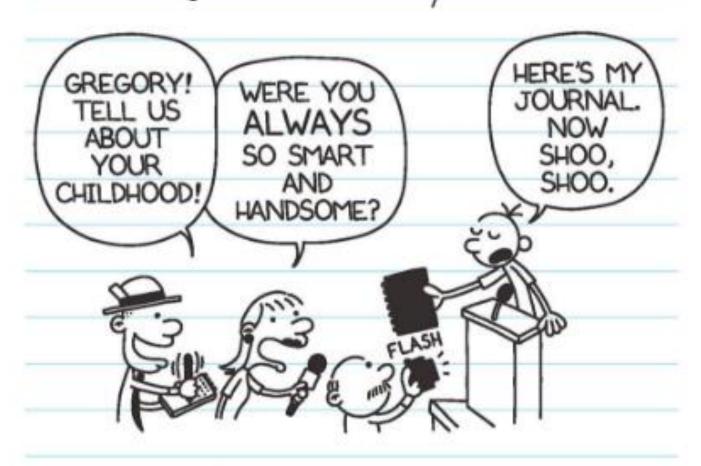
Great. All I need is for some jerk to catch me carrying this book around and get the wrong idea.



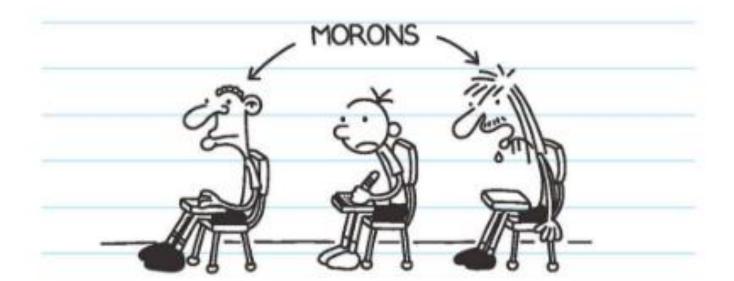
The other thing I want to clear up right away is that this was MOM's idea, not mine.

But if she thinks I'm going to write down my "feelings" in here or whatever, she's crazy. So just don't expect me to be all "Dear Diary" this and "Dear Diary" that.

The only reason I agreed to do this at all is because I figure later on when I'm rich and famous, I'll have better things to do than answer people's stupid questions all day long. So this book is gonna come in handy.



Like I said, I'll be famous one day, but for now I'm stuck in middle school with a bunch of morons.



Let me just say for the record that I think middle school is the dumbest idea ever invented. You got kids like me who haven't hit their growth spurt yet mixed in with these gorillas who need to shave twice a day.



And then they wonder why bullying is such a big problem in middle school.

If it was up to me, grade levels would be based on height, not age. But then again, I guess that would mean kids like Chirag Gupta would still be in the first grade.



Today is the first day of school, and right now we're just waiting around for the teacher to hurry up and finish the seating chart. So I figured I might as well write in this book to pass the time.

By the way, let me give you some good advice. On the first day of school, you got to be real careful where you sit. You walk into the classroom and just plunk your stuff down on any old desk and the next thing you know the teacher is saying—

> I HOPE YOU ALL LIKE WHERE YOU'RE SITTING, BECAUSE THESE ARE YOUR PERMANENT SEATS.



So in this class, I got stuck with Chris Hosey in front of me and Lionel James in back of me.

Jason Brill came in late and almost sat to my right, but luckily I stopped that from happening at the last second.



Next period, I should just sit in the middle of a bunch of hot girls as soon as I step in the room. But I guess if I do that, it just proves I didn't learn anything from last year.

