

DIARY of a Wimpy Kid

CABIN FEVER

LAUGHTER
GUARANTEED!



OVER
250 MILLION
BOOKS SOLD

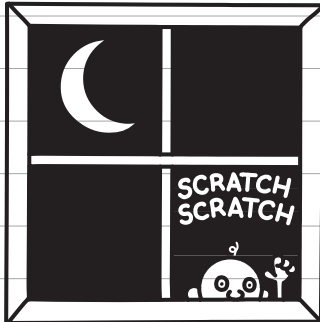
Jeff Kinney



PUFFIN BOOKS

DIARY OF A WIMPY KID

CABIN FEVER



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THE DIARY OF A WIMPY KID SERIES

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MORE FROM THE WIMPY WORLD

The Wimpy Kid Do-It-Yourself Book

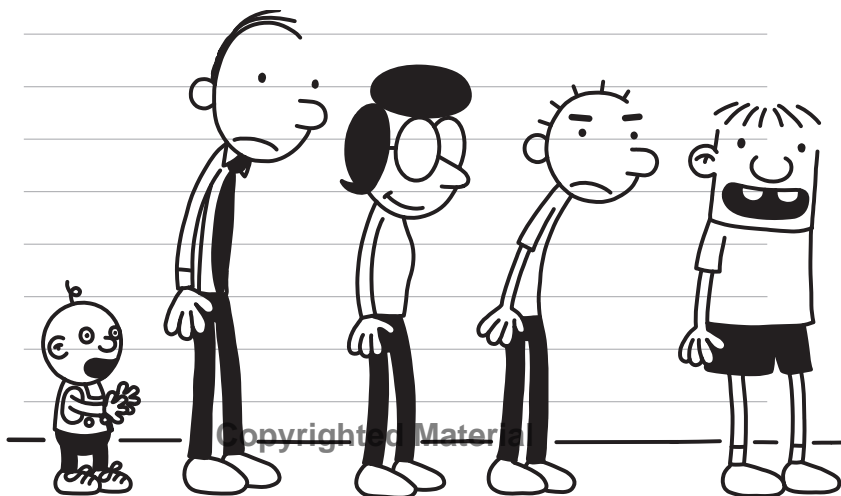
The Wimpy Kid Movie Diary

The Wimpy Kid Movie Diary: The Next Chapter

Diary of an Awesome Friendly Kid: Rowley Jefferson's Journal

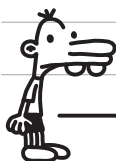
Rowley Jefferson's Awesome Friendly Adventure

Rowley Jefferson's Awesome Friendly Spooky Stories



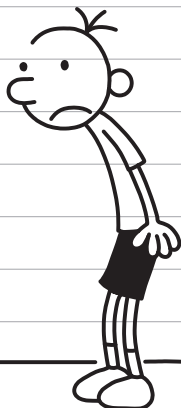
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CABIN FEVER

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TO TICHINO

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NOVEMBER

Saturday

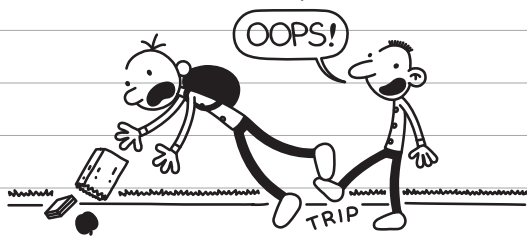
Most people look forward to the holidays, but the stretch between Thanksgiving and Christmas just makes me a nervous wreck. If you make a mistake in the first eleven months of the year, it's no big deal. But if you do something wrong during the holiday season you're gonna pay for it.



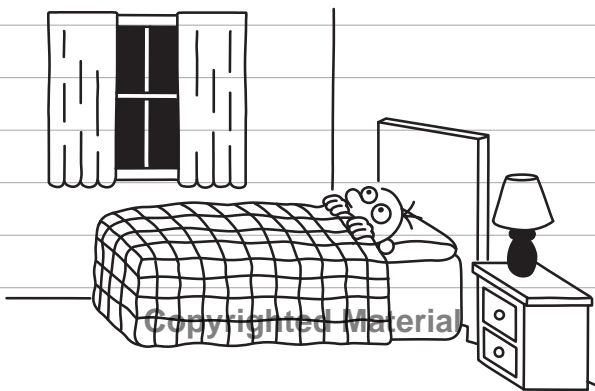
It's too much pressure to be on your best behaviour for a whole month. The most I can really handle is six or seven days in a row. So if they moved Thanksgiving to the week before Christmas it would be fine by me.

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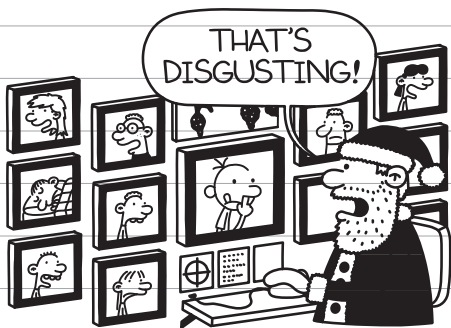
Kids whose families don't celebrate Christmas are lucky because they don't have to stress out whenever they do something wrong at this time of year. In fact, I have a few friends in that category who I think act a little extra jerky around now just because they can.



The thing that REALLY makes me nervous is this whole Santa issue. The fact that he can see you when you're sleeping and knows when you're awake really creeps me out. So I've started wearing sweatpants to bed because I really don't need Santa seeing me in my underwear.



I'm not really convinced that Santa has the time to keep an eye on you twenty-four hours a day anyway. I figure he can only check in on each kid once or twice a year for a few seconds - and, with my luck, that happens at the most embarrassing moments.



If Santa really DOES see everything you do, then I could be in trouble. So, when I write to him, I don't say what I want for Christmas and all that. I use my letters to paint myself in the best possible light.

Dear Santa,

I did not throw a crab apple at Mrs Taylor's cat, even though it might've looked that way from a distance.

Sincerely,

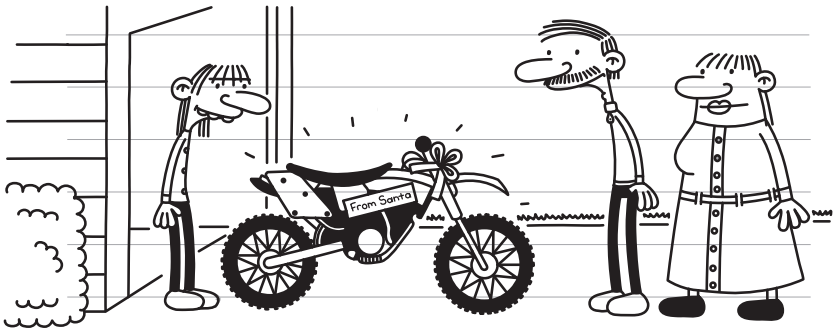
Greg Heffley

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.



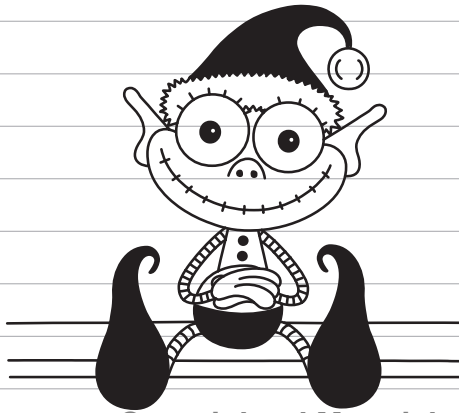
I kind of wonder how accurate the list really is anyway. There's a kid named Jared Pyle who lives up the street from me, and if there's ANYONE who deserves to be on the "Naughty" list it's him. But last year he got a dirt bike for Christmas, so don't even ask me WHAT Santa was thinking on THAT one.

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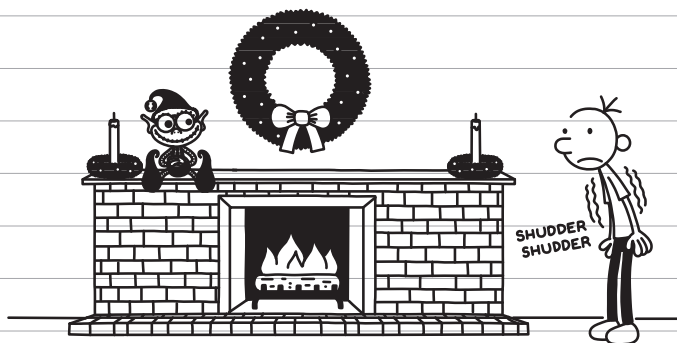
It's not just Santa I've got to worry about, either. Last year, when Mom was going through some old boxes, she found a homemade doll from her childhood.

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.

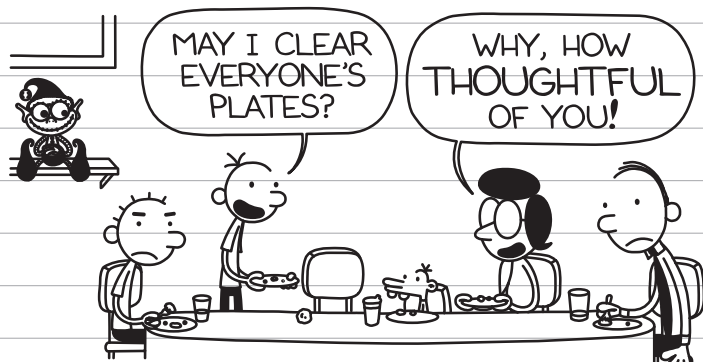


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Well, I'm not a fan of that idea. First of all, I think you have a right to privacy in your own home. And, second, Santa's Scout gives me the willies.

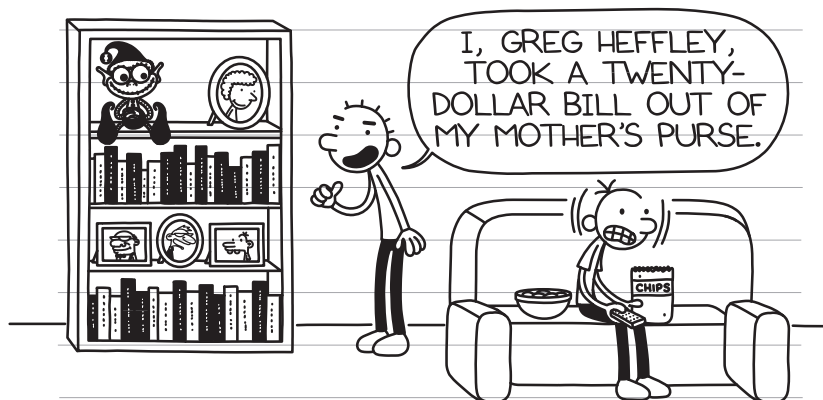


I don't really buy the idea that this doll is feeding Santa information, but, just in case, I try to be extra good whenever I'm in the same room as Santa's Scout.



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

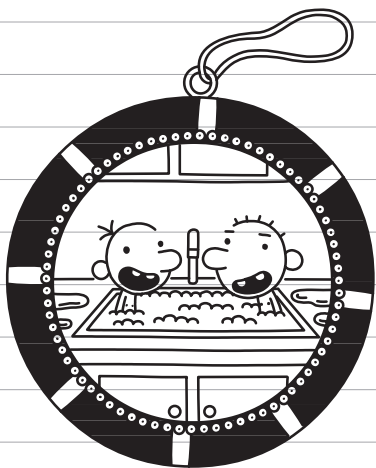


Every morning when I wake up, Santa's Scout is in a new place, which I guess is supposed to prove that he travelled to the North Pole overnight. But I'm starting to wonder if it's really Rodrick who moves him.



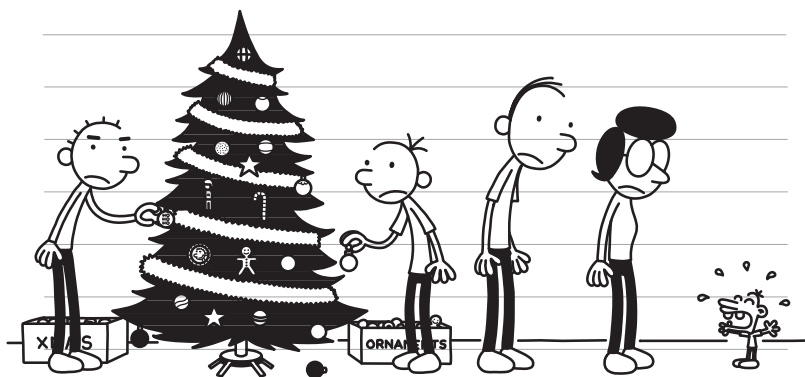
Sunday

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.

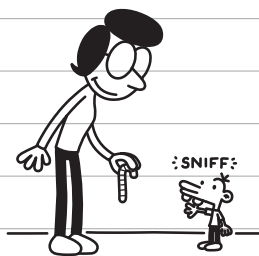


We put up the tree in the living room and started hanging ornaments on it. My little brother, Manny, was taking a nap upstairs and, when he woke up and found out we were decorating the tree without him, he had a total meltdown.

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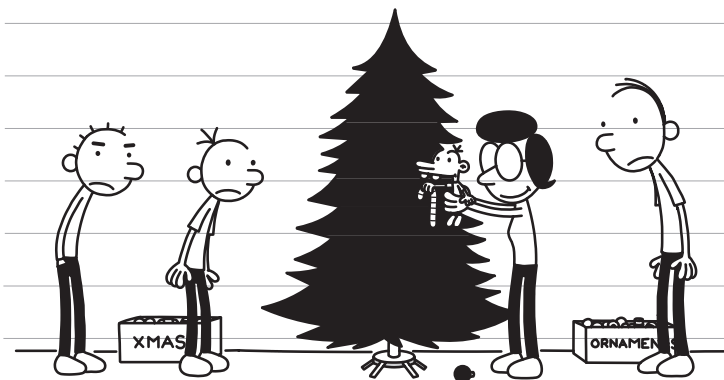
The reason Manny was so upset was because someone had hung his favourite ornament, this candy cane he really likes. So Mom took it off the tree and handed it to Manny to hang up himself.



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.

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

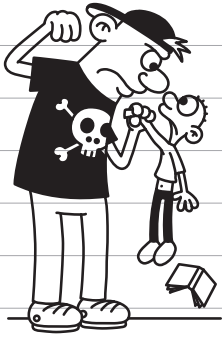


Mom hasn't started to use the threat of Santa as a way of getting Manny to behave, but I'm sure she will soon. I don't think it's such a good strategy for keeping us in line, though. Because the second Christmas is over Mom doesn't have any real leverage.



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.

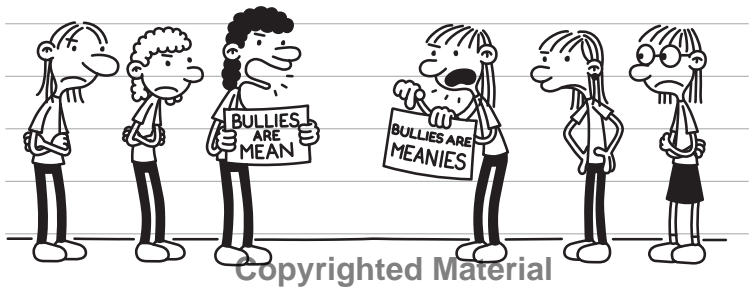


**Only YOU
can STOP
BULLYING!**

Form a team of up to five people and come up with the best anti-bullying slogan. The winning team will get a PIZZA PARTY in the cafeteria!

Let's make bullying extinct!

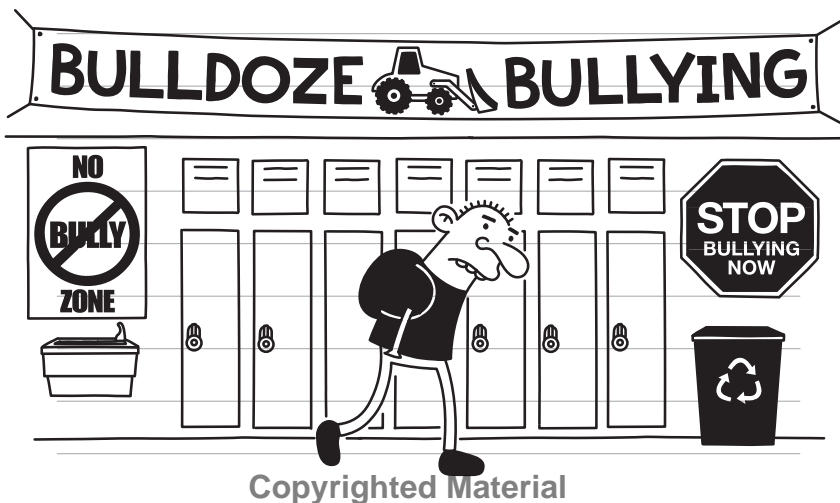
Everyone wanted that pizza party, and people didn't care WHAT they had to do to win it. Two groups of girls in my grade came up with slogans that were really similar, and each group accused the other one of stealing their idea.



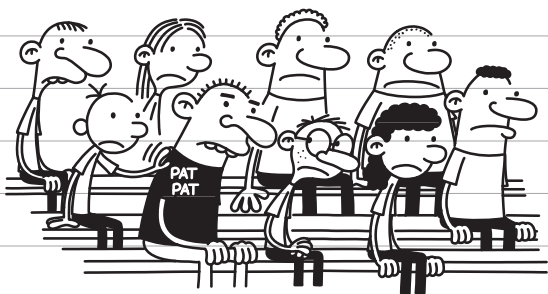
The whole situation spun out of control, and eventually the vice principal had to step in to stop it from turning into a full-scale riot.



Our school only has one legitimate bully this year anyway, and his name is Dennis Root. And with all the signs and posters everywhere I'm pretty sure the message is getting through to him.



The day before Thanksgiving there was a big anti-bullying assembly, and everyone in the auditorium was looking at Dennis the whole time. I kind of felt sorry for him, so I tried to make him feel better.

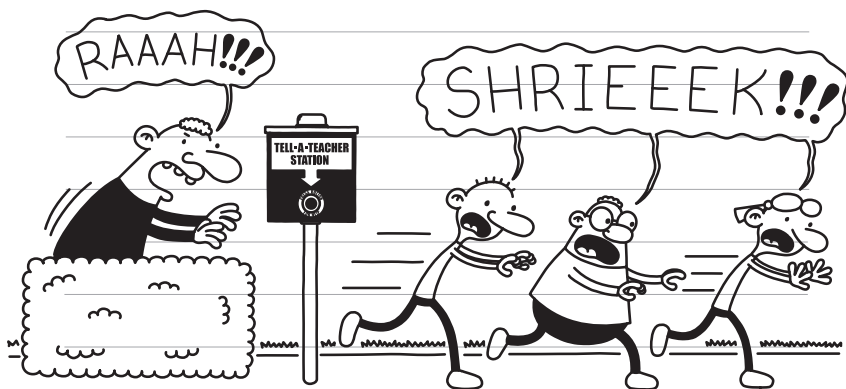


Even though Dennis is the only real bully in our school this year, we had a BUNCH of them LAST year. People were constantly getting picked on at recess, so the teachers set up a station on the playground where kids could press a button if they needed to get a grown-up's attention.



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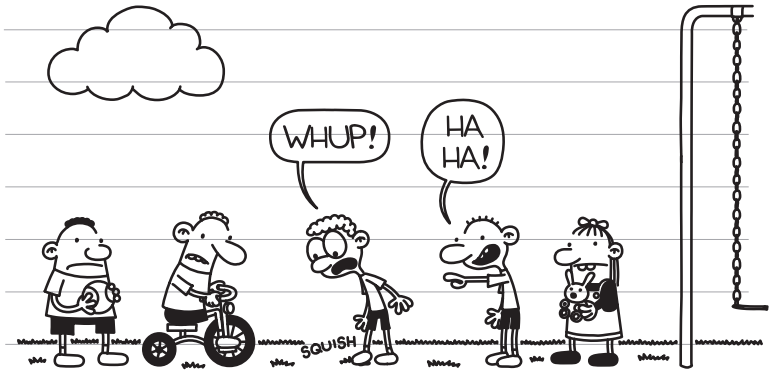
Well, the Tell-a-Teacher station just ended up being a convenient place for the bullies to hang out to find their next victims.



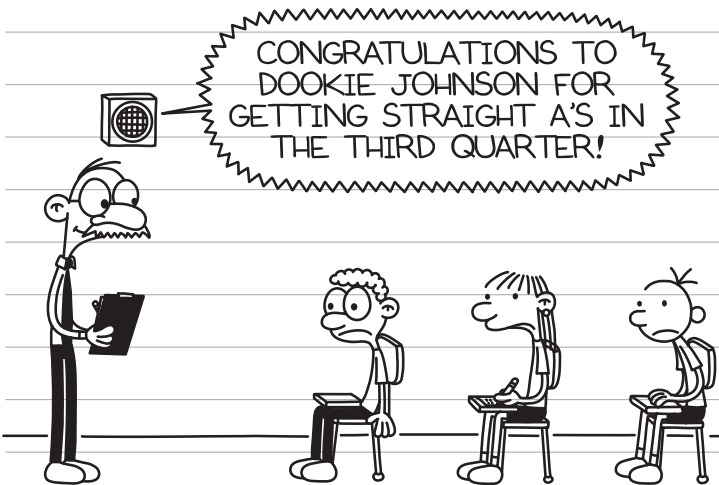
The teachers say TEASING counts as bullying, too, but I don't think there's any way they're gonna put a stop to THAT. Kids are always calling each other names and that kind of thing at my school. In fact, one of the reasons I try to stay under the radar is because I don't want to end up getting stuck with a nickname like Cody Johnson did.

In kindergarten Cody stepped in some dog poop at recess, and ever since then people have called him "Dookie".

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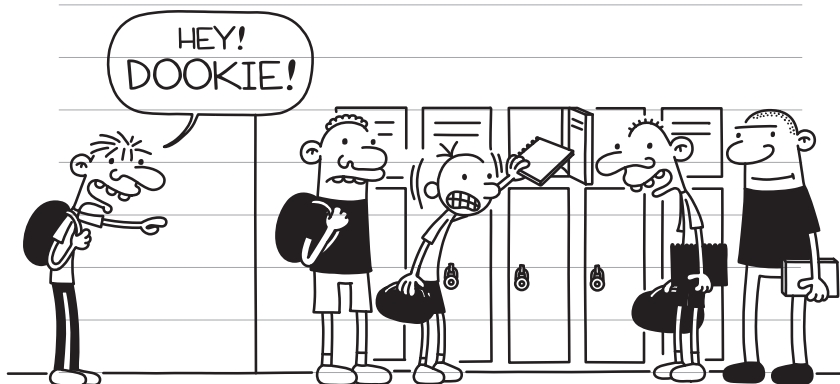
And I'm not just talking about the kids, either.
I'm talking about the teachers and even the
PRINCIPAL.



I'll tell you this: if I ever get a nickname like
Dookie, I'll move to a different town.

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But what would probably happen is that someone from my OLD school would move to my new town and the whole thing would just start back up again.



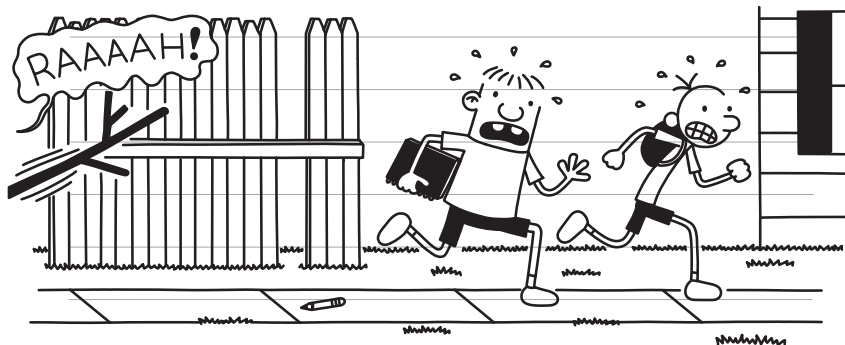
The teachers always say that when you're getting picked on you should tell an adult. I think that's a good idea, but it didn't work out so well when I was getting bullied.

There was this kid who lived in the neighbourhood next to mine, and for some reason everyone called him "Nasty Pants".

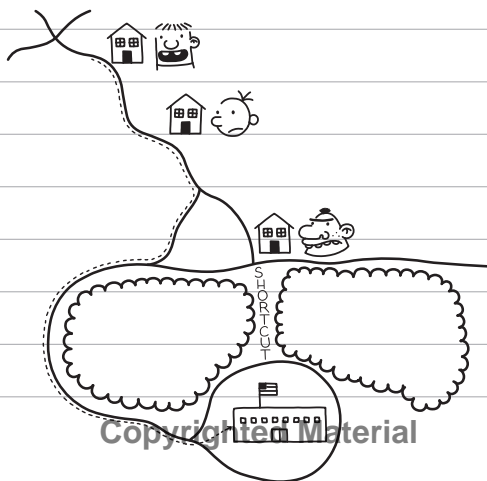


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Every time me and my friend Rowley went through Nasty Pants's neighbourhood, he chased us with a stick.



The thing that really stunk was that me and Rowley used the woods in that neighbourhood as a shortcut to get to school. So we started having to go out of our way to avoid getting harassed by Nasty Pants.



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