DEAR DUMB DIARY,

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE YOUR DUMBNESS

BY JAMIE KELLY

SCHOLASTIC inc.

New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney Mexico City New Delhi Hong Kong Buenos Aires

For Craig Walker, without whom there might never have been a Dear Dumb Diary.

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as "unsold and destroyed" to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this "stripped book."

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permission, write to Scholastic Inc., Attention: Permissions Department, 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

ISBN-13: 978-0-439-82596-2 ISBN-10: 0-439-82596-2

Copyright © 2008 by Jim Benton

All rights reserved. Published by Scholastic Inc.

SCHOLASTIC, APPLE PAPERBACKS, and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5

8 9 10 11 12 13/0

Printed in the U.S.A.

40

First printing, March 2008

This Diary Property of:

Jamie Kelly

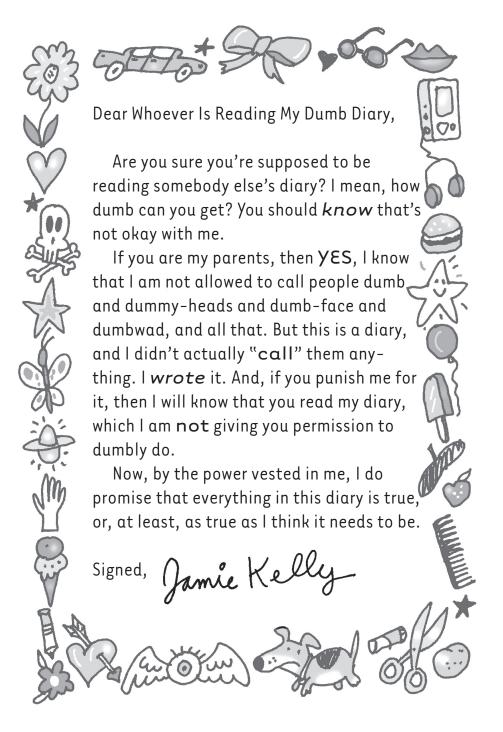
SCHOOL: Mackerel Middle School

Best friend: Isabella

Expert on: cuteness, DUMBNESS

Least favorite color: Gross-colored

Least favorite thing about CLOTHING: POOFYNESS



PS: Just in case you're wondering how dumb you are, you can find out for yourself on this handy, highly-accurate, Dumbness IQ Scale:

How Dums Are You?



EATS stuff that has fallen on floor. Loses things often. Likes sound of busy signal.



Believes that Baby
Powder is made from
powdered Babies. PANTS
frequently too SHORT.



Afraid that her toys come to life at hight. Likes taste of her own SNEEZES.



Thinks that recycling means riding your bike AGAIN. Thinks Angeline is pretty. BRAIN is SOLID Brick of fudge.

Sunday 01

Dear Dumb Diary,

How would you feel if your uncle ate your sock and pooped on your lawn?

- a) I'd feel grossed out.
- b) I'd feel so grossed out, I could never be grossed in again.
- c) I'd feel like staying on the porch.



I would choose all three. My uncle didn't do it, but my dog has, and for some reason, we just go out there and clean it up without calling the police — which we will do if an uncle ever does it. (Hey, uncles! I'm not kidding. Take the hint if you're reading this.)



Will I ever understand why we put up with a dog whose main purpose in life is to perform odors and get tripped over? How dumb are we?

