DEAR DUMB DIARY,

LET’S PRETEND THIS NEVER HAPPENED

BY JAMIE KELLY
This DIARY PROPERTY OF

Jamie Kelly

School: Mackerel Middle School

 Locker: 101

Best Friend: Isabella

Pet: Stinker which is a beagle

Eye Color: Green

Hair Color: Brownish Blond with Brunette Brownness
WARNING

READ NO FURTHER
The Last Person Who Kept Reading
This is not your diary

I can tell
Dear Whoever Is Reading My Dumb Diary,

Are you sure you’re supposed to be reading somebody else’s diary? Maybe I told you that you could, so that’s okay. But if you are Angeline, I did NOT give you permission, so stop it.

If you are my parents, then YES, I know that I am not allowed to call people idiots and fools and goons and halfwits and pinheads and all that, but this is a diary, and I didn’t actually “call” them anything. I wrote it. And if you punish me for it, then I will know that you read my diary, which I am not giving you permission to do.

Now, by the power vested in me, I do promise that everything in this diary is true or, at least, as true as I think it needs to be.

Signed,

Jamie Kelly
PS: If this is you, Angeline, reading this, then HA-HA! I got you! For I have written this in poison ink on a special poison paper, and you had better run and call 911 right now!
PSS: If this is you, Hudson, reading this, I have an antidote to the poison and it is conveniently available to you through a simple phone call to my house. But don’t mention the poison thing to my parents if they answer. I think they might be all weird about me poisoning people.
Monday 02

Dear Dumb Diary,

I was out playing with my beagle, Stinker, this afternoon and I was doing that thing where you pretend to throw the ball and then don’t throw it and Stinker starts running for it until he realizes you didn’t really throw it at all. Usually I only do it two or three times but today I guess I was thinking about something else, because when I finally realized that I hadn’t thrown the ball yet, I had probably done it about a hundred and forty times. Stinker was a little bit cross-eyed and foamy and he wouldn’t come back in the house for a long time.

I wonder if dogs can hold a grudge.