BEFORE YOU READ THIS FOLLOW THE RULES!

1. NO LITTLE SIBLINGS READING THIS.

2. NO OLDER SIBLINGS READING THIS.

3. YOU HAVE TO BE AWESOME AND MATURE TO READ THIS.

4. NO EATING OR DRINKING WHILE READING THIS (YOU MIGHT SPILL).

5. LASTLY YOU CAN'T THROW THIS PRECIOUS PIECE OF WORK ON THE GROUND.
Dear Diary,

Today we went to art and we were working with Ms. Pale's class and a random kid from her class was painting at the pink pallet. So I told her it was my turn to paint at the pink pallet. And guess what she said, she told me- well actually she did not tell me anything, but she turned around and did this big eye thing and put her head on the table and started winning about how she did not even have seven seconds at the table. OH PLEASE! So I went to our art teacher and you know what she said! She said that Pinky (the girl at the paint table) wasn't there for at least seven seconds!

Then we went to PE. We did twenty laps around the gym and got one of those one-two-three save some for me drinks and went
outside to do some cheap one tiring mile run! I mean really why can't he give us a deck of cards and play Gold Fish or Uno! Anyway we had to do this event with boring old Ms. Pale's class! And guess who won! Mrs. Pinky Ms. Stinky won! I like my name for her.

It ended up that Mrs. Pinky Ms. Stinky had to verse a bunch of ninth graders on the one mile run! I am so glade I'm not in Mrs. Pinky Ms. Stinky's shoes! Really if I was trapped in Mrs. Pinky Ms. Stinks shoes well how do you suppose I got the name!

May 5, 2012

Dear Diary,

You know today is Saturday, and on Saturdays I always tease the adults that we have a free day and they don't! Today I rode my bike to my friend's house and I saw a pink bike. At first I thought it
My Diary

was Chloe's bike but then I remembered that she has a pink handle that's sparkly. So when I entered the house- well I bet you knew before me. It was the very same girl that took that pallet, and beat this class in the one mile run, has a boring teacher named Ms. Pale, and has stinky shoes! You got it Mrs. Pinky Ms. Stinky! When I went in the house Mrs. Pinky Ms. Stinky was just leaving. I turned to my friend (Samantha) and I said, "why were you hanging out with Mrs. Pinky Ms. Stinky?" And Samantha answered, "Who's Mrs. Pinky Ms. Stinky?"

"Oh I mean Pinky." I told her.

"Oh. She said. Well I wanted to see her."

"So you guys aren't BFFS?"

"Nope. She answered back"

After we played. I got on my bike and rode back to my house. So here I am. On my chair and writing in my diary on my desk.
Dear Diary,

Today is Sunday. On Sundays I end up going fishing with my dad. I mean it’s the Boringest thing in my life! All you do is sit down trying to put a worm on the end of the hook! I always hated it!

One thing is you have to eat that fish you just killed! Yuck! Well got to go my dad’s calling me.

I am not going to kill a fish

NEVER in my life!

Dear Diary,

I’m afraid it’s good-bye time. For one thing my diary was really made out of note book paper so it could hold only four pages! But there is good news I’m going to Algeria in five more days! Oh if you reading this I have to warn you that this is just a
copy! If you were to get the real copy it cost like

1,000,000,000 dollars! Oh ya Mrs. Pinky Ms. Stinky

lost the one-mile run. And she's moving today! Well

good-bye!

FROM YOUR DEARIST DIARY BUDDY,

ME!