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We know  
books

DIARY  
of a  
Wimpy Kid

PARTYPOOPER

by Jeff Kinney



AMULET BOOKS

New York

Tuesday

When you're a kid, you've gotta make every birthday count. Because before you know it, you're a grown-up and the party's over.



The thing is, for the first three or four years of your life your birthday is totally wasted on you, since you basically have no clue what's going on. And then you've only got a few prime years before people start buying you grooming products and dress shirts for your birthday.

So if this year is my last hurrah, I'm going out with a BANG.

Unfortunately, I'm not sure how I'm gonna make that happen. My birthday is this weekend, and I haven't even decided who to invite or where to have my party. But that stuff can wait because the thing I'm focused on right now is figuring out my WISH.

Every year, you get one chance to make a wish that could change your whole life. But when the moment actually comes, there's way too much pressure.

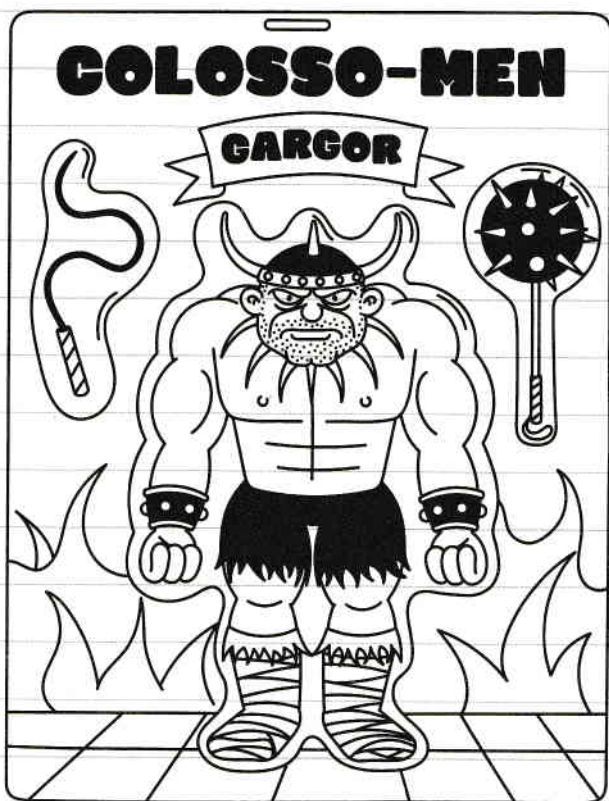


So I usually panic and just say the first thing that pops in my head.

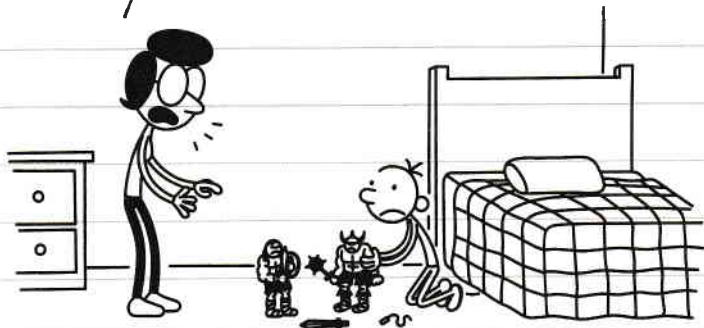


I've been racking my brain trying to come up with something good to wish for this year. But so far, I'm drawing a blank.

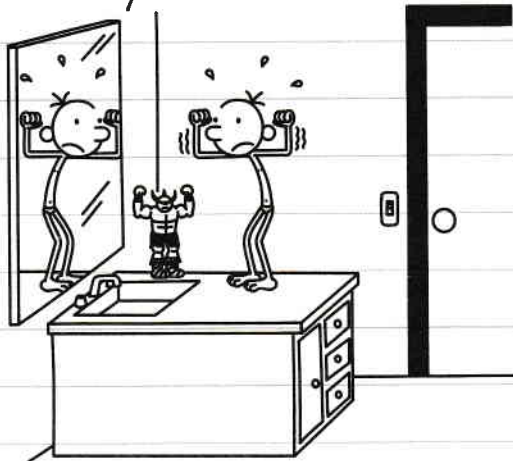
When you're younger, making a wish is easy because there's always some toy that you're hoping to get on your birthday. And when I was seven, I wanted these action figures that were really popular at the time.



But Mom said she didn't feel comfortable with me playing with toys that have "unrealistic body types" because they make kids feel bad about themselves.

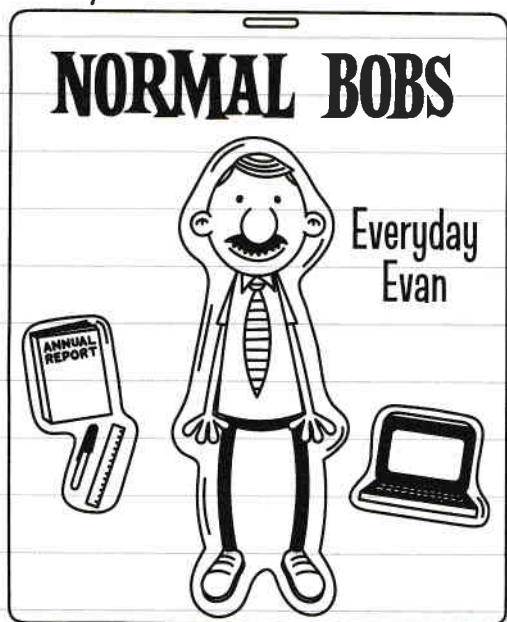


The thing is, I never felt bad about my body until she said that. And I haven't looked in the mirror the same way ever since.

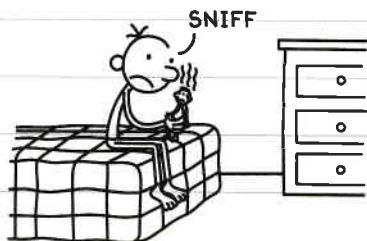


Eventually, Mom stopped getting me Colosso-Men action figures and started replacing them with ones she got at the educational toy store.

And even though the bodies of my new action figures were more realistic, they weren't half as much fun to play with.



If you ask me, those things were a little TOO realistic. If you didn't wash them every few days, they'd actually start to SMELL. And I have enough trouble keeping up with my OWN hygiene without having to worry about bathing my toys.



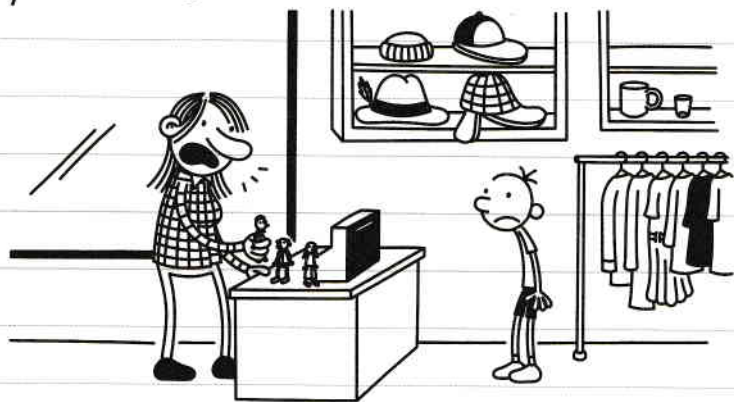
Mom got a little carried away, and she bought me so many Normal Bobs that my bedroom was starting to smell like a locker room. And I was going through a few cans of air freshener each week just to keep on top of the problem.



Eventually, I couldn't take it anymore, so I put all my Normal Bobs in the donation bin for Goodwill. And I was happy for them to become some OTHER kid's problem.



Then I saw this movie where toys came to life when nobody was home, and I started feeling bad about getting rid of my action figures. So I went down to Goodwill to ask if I could have them back. But the lady at Goodwill said if I wanted the toys, I was gonna have to PAY for them.



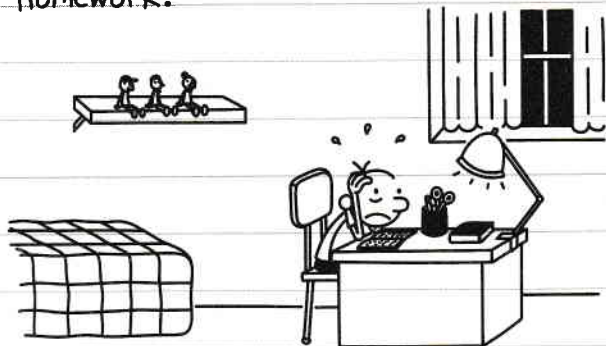
So I had to use my allowance just to buy my action figures back, which is something I never let them forget.



The people who make those kind of movies don't realize how they affect kids. I saw "Pinocchio" when I was little, and I thought my nose would grow if I ever told a lie. And because of that movie, I never believed a word my mom's cousin Gerald said.

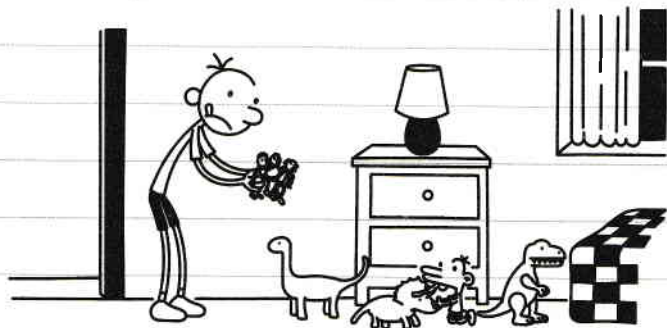


Once I started thinking my toys were alive, I worried they were mad at me for trying to get rid of them. And that made it hard to concentrate on my homework.



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Last year, I finally gave all my Normal Bobs to my little brother, Manny, so he could deal with them instead.



But it turns out that was a TERRIBLE decision. Because at the time, Manny was in the middle of his dinosaur phase.

